**The New Me Ch. 01**

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I blame the wine. Well, a girl has to have something to blame, especially when she can't find a someone to press the guilt trip on.

Looking back, it's hard to believe that I had no clue, no hint, that I could find such intense pleasure from such a thing. Thirty years of life, and not the slightest indication or intimation that that sort of behaviour could morph my personality from "shy and retiring" to "party animal". Well, some sort of animal, anyway.

Hang on, I'm getting ahead of myself here. I just wanted to start by pointing out that the Jessica that everyone knew back then was... well, not exactly innocent, but certainly nothing like the Jessie that so many people know today. I was the sort of girl that was happy with my man, happy that for three weeks of every month I could normally find a way to get my satisfaction – behind the closed doors of the little house we shared, and without involving anyone else, or anything other than the occasional finger. Normally, it would be a shared experience with Mikey, but if that wasn't a solution open to me, then it would be a lonesome experience, and I even considered that a little daring if it included a photo of Mikey or very, very occasionally, a DVD of Johnny Depp (stop laughing!).

I was content. I was satisfied with my life – our lives. I thought I'd reached where I wanted to be, domestically... sexually, even. I knew that adventurousness was followed by some, but they were other people, and it was nothing to do with me – held no sway over my life in any way, and nor did it offer any temptation whatsoever.

Even looking back now with a wealth of hindsight and knowledge, I'm not really sure what changed everything, or what kick-started the process. If anyone or anything is to blame – or to take credit, more to the point – then I guess I would have to point to that heat-wave last summer...

We were planning a meal for Mikey's friend Lucas, who was due to be starting a new job five thousand miles away the following week. It was nothing too special, but a nice send-off kind of thing; a Saturday night of good food, a few beers (or wines, in my case) and lots of laughs. That was the plan, anyway.

An hour or so before Lucas was due to arrive, Mikey found me in our bedroom, the wardrobe door wide open and me – dressed in just lightweight cotton panties – muttering about the weather.

"Cute look, Jess. What's all the grumbling about?" Mikey's arms encircled me, his hands slipping up my stomach and coming to rest over my small (but perfectly formed – it's my story, I can exaggerate all I want) breasts.

I pushed his hands away. "All the grumbling is about what to wear tonight. It's too damned hot for most of the stuff I've got."

Mikey reached into the wardrobe and pulled out a bright yellow sun-dress, strapless and short in a 'for-the-beach' kind of way. "This doesn't look too heavy."

"Yeah, right," I snorted, "As long as you don't mind showing off quite that much of your girlfriend. Hardly appropriate with Lucas due here." I'd already given the delicate dress a few longing glances, rejecting it on the grounds of modesty.

Mikey's next words had a strange affect. "I don't mind at all."

That was it. That was all it took. From calm and slightly frustrated at the lack of choices open to me, I felt a surge of something that I couldn't even identify at first. It took the return of Mikey's hands to my breasts for me to realise what it was I was experiencing. A rush. Of arousal.

This was beyond anything in my experience to that point in time and I admit it – it flustered me in a way that no one who knew good ol' calm, cool, collected Jessica would have recognised.

"I... you... what.. I mean, um, ha, ha... nice joke, buster."

Mikey pulled me closer, "Well, well," his hands squeezed lightly, bringing forth a badly-masked moan from my lips, "My little Jess is all flustered..." His thumbs brushed across unmistakably rigid nipples, "In fact, I'd go as far as to say that my little Jess is all aroused, thinking of herself in that little dress. Thinking of herself being watched in that little dress."

"No way, buster," I managed, "You're mistaking me for-"

Mikey's right hand slid down my belly, and effortlessly under the waistband of my panties, a practised finger locating my warmth and wetness in an instant, silencing my protests, "Oh, Jess... Is my little princess getting all warm at the thought of allowing someone else to see just how damned sexy she really is?"

"Mikey..." I tried for another protest but my body was over-ruling my admittedly fevered brain.

"My sweet, sexy, Jess..." His fingers probed deeper, and more accurately, "You really are turned on, aren't you? And that, my princess, drives me wild."

His left hand swept down my body, snagging the waistband of my panties and tugging them down my legs in a swift, sweet motion. Bared for my man, I tried one last time o protest, "Mikey... Lucas will be here in less than an hour!"

My guy span me around and in the same motion, somehow contrived to pull his t-shirt over his head. With the smile of the wonderful, marvellous devil that he is, his shorts joined the smattering of discarded clothes and I sank back onto the bed under his expert guidance, my legs scissoring around his waist as he entered me with a soft, eager grunt.

"An hour, huh, princess? Well I guess I'd better not hang around..."

I let out an involuntary moan, "You'd better not hang around for any reason at all."

"As it happens, I won't... but I have to say that the thought of lasting an hour... being caught by Luke..."

"Mikey!" I gasped, desperately trying to disguise my reaction – the upward, hungry thrust of my hips, the surge of moisture at my groin.

"Oh, angel!" Mikey's smile would have made a wolf proud, "That thought really got to you, didn't it?"

My eyes were wide, I know – fear of my mind, or rather my body, giving away how I had begun to feel, causing me to gape. "I... I'm not..."

Mikey thrust harder and my body reacted, thrusting back, moans escaping me. "Jess? Princess?"

I bit my lip but couldn't stop myself replying, "Okay. Okay, buster – you got me. Pretend away."

It was our codeword for 'let's fantasise' – just a game but at that sort of time, almost serious. Mikey nodded, then shook his head. "Not this time, princess."

"Wh... what?" I was gasping for breath.

"I don't need to fantasise about Luke walking in on us now. I know how you'd react." His pace increased and my eyes widened even further as I realised my climax was close. Mikey laughed as he grunted, "Wow, my oh-so-slow little angel really is turned on by the idea, isn't she?"

"Just... just fantasy."

"Wear the dress, princess."

The apparent change of subject confused me for a second. "What?"

"When Lucas gets here tonight – wear the dress for me, for us. Say you will?"

Mikey's thrusts were amazingly increasing in pace and even depth. When I realised the thought was turning him on almost as much as me, the first shiver of orgasm threatened to get me yelling. "B... but Mikey..."

"Please, Jess, oh please, my princess."

"M...Mikey... it.. it doesn't stay up so well..."

He nodded, and the hunger in his eyes was replaced with a look that can only be described as ravenous, "On, princess, I know. Please?"

The tidal wave hit me, "Oh my god.. oh Mikey, oh... okay!"

"Yes? You will?"

"Yes, yes, yes, okay? Promise!"

Mikey gasped, "Oh fuck! Oh princess!!

From first waves to full orgasm took me no more than a couple of seconds, and when Mikey's pounding culminated in a thrust that had the tip of his engorged member brushing my cervix, followed by the deepest most welcome spurt of heat inside me I let out what Mikey later described as a wolf-howl.

Mikey continued thrusting as my body spasmed under him, wave after wave of glorious release threatening to tear the muscles of my belly. As the realisation of what I had agreed to – what I had promised – to wear that skimpy, hard-to-keep-up dress while Lucas was there – as that realisation sunk home, my climax went from strength to strength, and there was nothing I could do to disguise the intensity of my feelings. Mikey kept whispering, kept reminding me that the dress could slip, that it showed so much anyway whenever I bent forward, that there was a real chance of exposing more than just cleavage, that Lucas was flying out of the country in a couple of days and would never tell anyone anyway, that Mikey himself wanted it more than anything he'd ever wanted before... as he kept whispering these things, my climax – prolonged and intense – kicked in another spurt.

I've no idea how long it lasted, but I do know that as of that day it was the most intense sexual experience of my life. It left me gasping for breath, thirsty beyond words and most curiously of all, as if I had only taken the first step on an altogether wild road.

When, afterwards, as we lay sweatily entwined, Mikey asked whether I would back out of my promise, I couldn't bring myself to answer vocally. I just shook my head. Any doubts I'd harboured about being so bold evaporated in an instant when, deep inside me, Mikey's cock twitched and began to stiffen.

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There was only ten minutes to get ready in by the time we'd finished, and the trembling of my fingers didn't exactly help matters. When I'd finally managed to pull the little yellow dress on and fastened the three buttons on the bodice, it was apparent that it was even looser than I had remembered it. Mikey tugged gently at the skirt as I got up from the bed and whistled as the top slid lower, stopping only when my erect nipples halted the slide of the cotton.

"Oh, princess! Cute and some, but I guess that's too much for demure little you, huh?"

I glanced at my reflection in the wardrobe door mirror and felt another surge of completely unfamiliar arousal. When I turned back to Mikey to answer him, every last doubt dissipated at the sight of the nascent bulge in his hastily donned shorts. I swallowed hard, "Hey, a Jessie promise is a promise, okay? But you're gonna owe me big time."

It was Mikey's turn to stare wide-eyed, "You sure?"

"Yes."

"Oh, princess... I owe whatever you say I do. I'll strip for your sister and toss myself off, if that's what you want." It was an old joke, but it meant the world to me, because it signified absolute commitment from him. He rose from the bed and hugged me to him, "Jess... you know I adore you, don't you?"

"You think I'd ever even contemplate something like this if I didn't?" It was a truth that I hadn't even realised existed up until that point – and maybe that's what caused all of this to happen, rather than the wine.

"Angel, I hope so, because I would do anything for you anyway. This is just.. you gotta know that it's only because I know you're so beautiful, so sexy, so wonderful... I guess I just want to share a tiny bit of that knowledge... But only... only ever if you're totally sure..."

"You'll get your tiny bit, buster, and you're only gonna get that because I'm totally sure. About you, that is." My mind was on automatic – I was too flustered and excited for anything else – but I meant it with all my heart. Still do. "One thing. This don't go too far, okay?"

"Oh, princess, of course. This is already farther than I ever dreamed possible." He lifted his hands to the top of the dress and eased it higher, "But you've no idea how hard that was, given that Luke will be here any-"

The door knocker made us both jump.

I recovered first (somehow) and pushed at Mikey. "Go on, go answer it. And before you ask, yes, I'm sure!" Oh, I was. Even if I did wobble just slightly when Lucas walked into the front room and didn't bother to hide his delight at my choice of attire.

"Wow, Jessica with a J, nice dress!" Lucas turned to Mikey, "Luckiest dog in the pound, aren't you?"

"You got that right, Luke."

I laughed, nervousness tinkling along the edges of my voice, "Thanks, I think, Lucas."

"Well I'm serious, doll," Lucas gave Mikey a quizzical look and evidently got some sort of permission from my man, "You're looking ddg."

"Assuming that means drop dead gorgeous, I'm flattered."

Mikey took my hand, the trembling of his fingers sending electricity coursing down my belly, "He does, and he's right." His other hand settled on my back and inched just a fraction lower, his palm pushing my dress down that fraction.

I turned and gave him a wide-eyed smile which I hoped conveyed both acceptance and a quiet warning that enough was enough. "Well, guys, thanks for the compliments, and just for that I'll pour us some drinks. Beer you two?"

On receiving their eager nods and even eager looks, I somehow managed to pluck a couple of cans from the fridge and poured them. I left Mikey to hand them out and gave him the most nervous smile of my life. "I left my wine under the table, airing, I think. Can anyone see it?"

Mikey took a silent, deep breath, the look on his face a picture of amazement which he hastily rearranged to be a half-assed attempt at innocence. "The table here?"

Lucas bent and pointed to the left hand edge, "It's down there, Jess."

"Oh, so it is!" With my heart pounding loud enough for the neighbours to hear, I walked along the side of the table and turned back to face the two guys, Mikey looking shell-shocked, and Lucas just watching, albeit attentively. I bent forward and plucked the bottle from where I had placed it while Mikey was getting dressed. The top of the dress moved slightly, my breasts almost freed by the movement, and I was genuinely wondering what would happen when I straightened – my mind racing as I realised just how much I must have been displaying to Mikey's friend.

I stood up straight, my movement cautious as the dress settled across the tops of my breasts, slipping low enough to worry me but not so far as to panic me. The sense of potential panic dissipated at the sight of Mikey's eyes, virtually bulging from their sockets. An entirely new sensation swamped me when my eyes flickered lower and an obvious bulge presented itself for my approval. A sideways glance to where Lucas was sporting a similar protuberance that was being unsuccessfully hidden, had my heart racing.

"I.. um..." Mikey swallowed audibly, "That is... did you drop the cork?"

I smiled, somehow keeping a vestige of control, "No, it's on the table." It was a statement, but there was a hint of querulous questioning, not exactly requesting permission, or anything so obvious, but more an unasked 'is this getting out of hand already'. It was just as well we'd been together a few years because Mikey got the message.

"Oh, so it is, princess. Oh well, um... let me know if you drop it later and.. you know?"

I nodded, and turned a bright – albeit fragile – smile towards Lucas, painfully aware that the dress was a lot lower than when Mikey's friend had first walked in, "Your beer okay?"

"My...? Oh... oh, yes, it's almost as tasty as my host... well, hostess, anyway." Lucas' eyes flicked across to Mikey, and although I was too slow to pick up whatever look passed between them, it soon became clear that some sort of permission have been granted, "And, er, Jess.. I just gotta say I've never seen you looking tastier."

Even the day before a comment like that would have had me scrambling for cover, but the mood, the dress, the looks, the bulges... all of those things were combining to make me feel more alive – and a damn sight hornier – than I'd ever felt before. I let my gaze rest on Mikey's eyes for a couple of seconds before turning to our guest, "Well thank you, kind sir. Your words are much appreciated."

"Not as much," Lucas took a breath, "Not as much as that dress." He glanced across at Mikey and this time I saw the subtle nod that my guy gave our guest, "I always knew you were a cutie, Jess, but that number proves it beyond any shadow of a doubt."

My cheeks flared, but that was at least as much caused by excitement than embarrassment. They flared brighter when Mikey added, "I was just telling her before you arrived that she should show off her beauty more often."

Lucas was getting into the swing of things, so to speak, "You got that right, my Mikey. Jess has the most gorgeous shoulders, and damn if they don't lead on down to heaven itself."

My jaw dropped, although that was through a mixture of surprise and pleasure rather than true chock, "Lucas!"

Mikey laughed, his own voice trembling almost as much as mine had been a few moments earlier, "Come on, princess. Haven't I always said you could give a corpse a hard-on? You're too sexy to stay covered all the time."

"Mikey!" It was the only word I could manage. That sentence with 'sex' in it has almost overwhelmed me.

"Well if my man Mikey don't mind me saying it," Lucas' smile threatened to drown out the late afternoon sun, "I just gotta say he's right. It is so lovely to see you like that."

"Mind? I don't think so," Mikey laughed, "It's just so lovely to see the prude have a night off."

"Hey!" My racing heart didn't stop me objecting, and if a warning flashed up at the back of my mind, I ignored it, "I am not a prude!"

"Yeah, yeah," Mikey's eyes twinkled with more than just mischief, "After flashing your shoulders tonight you'll probably put on a cardigan when Lucas goes, and not take it off until next summer."

"Listen buster, I am not a prude, and I will prove it if you're not careful."

"You wouldn't dare, princess..."

Mikey's eyes had locked onto mine and a thousand silent words were passing between us, drowning out Lucas' whoops of joy... You sure? I'm sure? You're not joking? I'm serious. You really mean it? I want to, need to. I love you. I love you.

"Dare me again, buster, and you'll regret it."

"Oh no, princess. I won't regret it..." Mikey paused for what seemed like an eternity and a half, "I won't regret anything... because you won't do anything."

I raised an eyebrow, turned to face Lucas... and raised my arms. As the dress began to move down my breasts, I almost dashed from the room. Somehow I stayed still. My blood raced, pounding in my ears, reaching a crescendo as the cotton snagged on my tingling nipples. Without a thought – or rather, with a thousand thoughts none of which I could focus on, I spread my arms to the sides and the dress fell free. Cold-feeling air caressed my breasts, my belly, my thighs – as heat flooded through every inch of me.

Words came tumbling from Mikey, although now, all I can remember is him repeating over and over, "Oh, princess, oh, angel..."

Lucas whistled, "Oh my Mikey will you look at Jessie. Oh man... Oh fuck! She.. you, Jess, you are so fucking sexy!"

"Ah," I managed, my eyes flicking between Lucas and Mikey, "But am I a prude?"

Mikey stepped forward, close to me, "Princess, I swear on everything I hold dear, I will never, ever call you a prude again."

"So," I managed, my head spinning, "That's enough proof then?"

Mikey started to agree, "Yes, oh that's plenty..." The penny dropped, quickly followed by his jaw. His eyes flicked down to my panties and then back to my dazed glaze, "There's still more proof to come, I think."

I dropped my hands to my waist, my thumbs hooking through the waistband of my panties, "You mean you want more proof? Poor Lucas will be so embarrassed, won't he?"

"No way!" Lucas blurted.

Mikey nodded, "You heard the man."

"So baring my bre... my tits is not enough?" I flicked at the waistband, "You want me to bare more? Yeah?"

"Oh yeah."

I turned square to Lucas, "Sounds to me that Mikey thinks the proof is in the pussy. What do you say, Lucas?" Without a pause I pushed the panties down my thighs, kicking them into the distance as they dropped to my feet.

"Holy fuck!"

I twirled to face Mikey, "Tits and pussy enough?"

My mind had gone way beyond any point of recovery, my pussy – my exposed pussy – was throbbing with unfamiliar pleasures, I could feel those four male eyes drinking me up, and nothing – nothing – was impossible.

Mikey's mouth found mine before I even realise he was reaching for me, and I responded with a level of hunger and passion that was almost scary. I sucked that tongue for a few seconds before my hands started scrabbling at his waistband. Mikey's eyes grew even wider, and more questioning.

"What?" I said, "Let's face it, I'm not gonna be able to wait until Lucas goes, and he's seen everything else, so unless you don't want him looking at your hard cock, get it out and then get it in, buster."

Mikey grabbed his shorts and pushed down, "He can see what he likes, and there ain't nothing gonna stop me now..." Mikey pushed me back onto the sofa, "Not even Luke getting wild and touching my angel will stop me."

I looked sideways to where Lucas was kneeling down beside me, "Whatever you say Mikey, just... just fuck me now, hard, because I've never needed you more than I do now. Never wanted.. never wanted to be touched more..."

Mikey, my hero, my lover, entered me with a single lustful thrust that had me yelling. When his hands cupped my breasts, my moans began to spiral, but when hands three and four were laid on my exposed tits I simply exploded.

Mikey exploded as well, just seconds later, and again a moment or three after that when I nodded as he asked me whether I'd consider even more cock. I was out of control and knew it, just as surely as I knew that I was going to give in to ever secret fantasy that I could that night.

"Lucas?" I gasped as Mikey slid free of me, "You want it? You want to fuck little Jess? You want your cock in-" I squealed as he swung on top of me, his cock finding my entrance at the second thrust, "I... I guess that's a yes..."

"Oh my.. oh Jess!"

"Come on then, Lucas, oh come on and come in!" I grabbed Mikey's hand as Lucas thrust, "Oh... oh fuck, oh Mikey, oh Lucas!"

"Oh man!" Mikey was in ecstasy and his cock began to straighten again, driving me to another climax even as Lucas started to fill me.

By the time I'd climaxed a third time, and the guys twice each, I was a convert – and already I'd worked out what my new set of rules were. Even while I was fetching them fresh beer wearing just my little yellow dress, I knew that I'd changed forever, but that the night that was happening there and then with Lucas was a one-off. I took the beers back through to the living room and handed one each to the guys.

"Mikey? Are you now totally sure I'm not a prude?"

He shrugged, "Luke? Pull her dress off and tell me what you see."

I raised my arms as Lucas hoisted the dress. He stood back for a moment, "I see heaven, my Mikey." His hands slid across my breasts before sliding down my belly to the warm, wet centre of me. "Feels like heaven as well."

I looked across at my guy. "Well?"

"I guess you're not a prude."

So, I thought, Still only a guess, huh? Well, I guess I'll have to do something about proving it further then.

That was sixteen months ago. I'm still not quite sure I've proved it yet. Maybe you can let me know when I start to tell you my tales of what's happened between then and now... I'll start writing tonight.

**The New Me Ch. 02**

That first night is mostly crystal clear to me, even now, and sure it was intense enough to remain in anyone's mind for a long, long time, but it has probably been imprinted so deeply because firstly I spent so long replaying what had happened in an effort to work out what had changed me, and secondly because Mikey and me mentally relived certain moments a hundred times during the weeks that followed pretty much every time we had sex. Together or alone, come to that.

On the surface there was obviously no question about whether I could still be called in any way prudish, but this is where it got weird for me. Fundamentally, my day-to-day values hadn't changed at all – I still kept myself covered as I went about my work and my shopping and my nights out with Mikey or my girlfriends, and didn't have any urge to show off at all. But...

But there was an urge to get wild again, to explore the new sensations that the Jess from that night with Lucas had tasted. It's real hard to explain, even now, but it was like I had discovered an alternate ego, a hidden identity. Jessica Julie Jameson had found out that she was also Batgirl – or rather, Sexgirl.

That's another thing, you see? At first I would have used a name like 'Slutgirl' or 'Tartgirl' but after a period when I had started to think of myself as a covert slut, I realised that nothing had fundamentally changed – that I was still the same old Jess – but that I was simply tapping in to a highly sexual part of me. Mikey referred to it as tapping in to the male part of me – one memorable comment he made was that it was "good to see you getting in touch with your masculine side".

Like all good scientific approaches, experimentation was the key to understanding what was going on. I kept thinking about what had happened that night when Lucas had visited, and, when I'd stopped humping my hand or my boyfriend, I realised that there was a particular trigger, a threshold which, once crossed, opened up a whole new side of me. Or my puss, anyway.

I had let the little dress edge down my breasts and that had stirred excitement within me, but the big step – the difference between day and night, even – was the transition from a lot of cleavage to bared nipples. Once Lucas's eyes had taken in the rigid pink buds – once my entire breasts were exposed – everything changed. Jess became Sexgirl and my inhibitions disappeared. Even my breasts changed, becoming 'tits'. A door opened to my innermost desires and yet... and yet, my love for Mikey was heightened as well, and it was as much him I wanted to please in that state as it was me.

Not only that, but I knew without any shadow of doubt that I couldn't make that transformation without him.

In a very real way, it was this last fact that I knew without any deep thought, and that was the starting point for all of my introspective naval-gazing. And my naval-exposing. The experimentation itself began just a week after the night with Lucas.

Mikey had prescribed a weekend in Brighton of all places, somewhere neither of us were known, and somewhere that was renowned for the wildness of some of its clubs and their patrons. Bless my lovely man, because even at the hotel before we went out that evening he was still trying to ensure that I wasn't bout to embark on anything that was outside of my comfort zone.

"You're really, really sure about this, princess?"

I adjusted the top of my new summery dress, ensuring that the neckline was sufficiently low to make me wonder how I'd even step up a kerb without my boobs falling out of it. "For the last time, Mikey, yes!" A laugh was added to make sure he knew I was taking his concern as affection rather than a nuisance.

"Well... good. And you do know that I would love you just as much if everything went back the way it always was before..."

"Before that night with Lucas, you mean? And yes, I do. Just as long as you know that I genuinely don't want it to go back that way, that I need you to tell me honestly if I go too far the other way, and that your erection is ruining the cut of your new chinos."

"I guess a hard dick never lies, huh, princess?"

I laughed, a shivery sense of delight and something close to power washing through me. I allowed my features to settle into a more serious look, "Mikey, I want to find out if that night was a one-off, and... I just know, deep down, that I want to experience that feeling of wildness at least one more time. Tonight's the night," I reached down to his bulge and cupped it in one trembling hand, "and I guess I don't need to add 'if you're sure yourself' to that?"

"Oh princess, as long as you don't think this is all I want from you now that we had that one-"

I squeezed a little and laughed "Shut it, buster. I may look all eager and ready for this, but my nerves are ragged and I don't need any more pressure."

"Oh, princess! I didn't mean-"

I gave another laugh and squeeze, "Joke!" My breathing was coming faster as the enormity of the night ahead began to make itself known to me, "But I think a pre-club fuck might do us both good."

Mikey's eyes widened in surprise before narrowing in delight, "You know, princess? I think you're right."

He gave me a light shove, sending me giggling onto the surface of the bed. His hands pushed the bottom of my dress up my thighs in a – so to speak – flash, before he let out a whistle. "Nice knickers, if something so small can be referred to that way."

I lifted my head and made a show of looking down at the tiny white, silky thongs, "Do you approve of my other item of clothing then?"

Mikey nodded as he undid his chinos, "The dress is good, the thong even gooder."

"Is my poor baby getting his words all wrong in his excitement?"

Mikey stepped out of his chinos and boxers, his engorged cock pointing to heaven (in more ways than one). "Can you me blame, Jess?"

His hands ripped the tiny knickers down my legs and he was inside me inside a second, a litany of 'I can't believe you're so sexy, so wild' stirring my already racing blood.

"Oh, buster," I managed, "I love it when we make love, but sometimes all I need is a good fuck!"

As I said it, Mikey thrust hard enough to make me squeal like the stuck pig I gloriously felt like I truly was, and somehow I managed to add, "Now show me what you want someone else to see!"

My guy's animal-like thrusts took on a new urgency as he grabbed the front of the dress and pulled it down, exposing my breasts – my tits – and he leaned back until only his cock obscured any part of me at all. "All of you, princess," he gasped.

"Oh, buster, you got it. Anything you say, anything you want..." In that instant, any last vestiges of resistance or embarrassment washed away, and I meant those words with every fibre of my being. I felt empowered beyond anything I'd ever experienced before – and hornier. Way, way, way hornier. The whole paradox of giving Mikey – and some other guy – anything they wanted, was what I wanted. And the realisation took me by surprise and by storm. "Oh my fucking... Oh Mikey!"

"Princess?"

"Fill me, Mikey! Buster, do me now!"

The hour-to-orgasm queen was turning into a one-minute man, apparently, but the well-versed, ever-ready to please Mikey was more than flexible enough to give me exactly what I wanted, "Oh, princess, you mean you want me to fill you, huh? Fill you now?"

"Just. Fucking. Do. It." I was thrusting hard, panting harder.

"You want the first cock in you tonight... to explode now?"

"Oh you.. yes!"

"Fuck, Jess I was going to hold on for... oh my god! I can't... Jess! Princess!"

Mikey exploded inside me, and at the first sensation of his cum touching so deeply I let out a howl of delight. Mikey thrust deep – deeper – and my howl spiralled.

"Oh princess, yes! Wake up the whole fucking town!"

At his words, as my climax shook me, the very last barrier evaporated and I let every repressed, hidden, tied emotion free in a high-pitched, high-volume wail, "Mikey!"

My brain took a break.

Three or four minutes must have passed before any semblance of reality returned to me – or Mikey, for that matter – and even then it would have been longer were it not for a knock at the door of the room.

Mikey grinned and freed himself from my limp grip, "I wonder what they want? Some noise complaint would be my guess." He walked to the door, hoisting his chinos and paused, glancing back, "You might – note the word 'might' – want to cover up a bit."

He nodded at my dress which was bunched around my waist, my breasts and pussy exposed. I sat up, "True, I might." The bottom of the dress fell across my thighs, the top simply slipping lower. I shrugged.

Mikey rolled his eyes and grinned wider, reaching for the doorknob, "Ready?"

"Oh yeah," I returned his grin. Sexgirl was now in residence.

The door swung open to reveal a young guy wearing a black leather waistcoat, tight black leather jeans, and a lot of silver jewellery. He glanced past Mikey and gave me a small nod before returning his attention to my boyfriend – or more to the point to my shock. The cause was soon explained.

"So sorry to disturb you young lovebirds," he began in an accent that could only ever be described as 'camp', "but do you think you could keep the top notes down by a couple of decibels, lovey?"

"Sure thing," Mikey assured him, stepping back, "I think we're done for a while now anyway."

"Sounds like you're done for a week, but good luck to you." The guy smiled at Mikey and glanced back to me, "Nice tits, darling, but I don't suppose you have a cock under that frock, do you?"

"Thanks and sorry," I laughed, not sure whether to be flattered by a gay guy admiring my boobs, shocked that I was sitting there exposed to anyone, or disappointed that the effect was not more telling.

"Oh well, perhaps I'll get lucky later at 'Thais are Us'," The guy gave my boobs an appraising look which was oddly asexual, and then smiled at Mikey in way that positively dripped desire, "If you think you might like to join me, you'd be more than welcome."

"I think,' Mikey assured him, "that we'll give it a miss tonight, but you never know."

The guy sighed, nodded and left, Mikey closing the door before a fit of giggles took me.

My guy crossed to me and helped me to my feet, pulling my dress up, "'Nice tits, darling'," he mimicked.

"Well at least they got you all horny."

"True. Now let's see if we can find another guy to agree with that opinion. If you're still sure, I mean, I wouldn't-"

"Shut it, buster! My only doubt is whether you're ready for it."

"Oh, I am princess."

"Or whether you'd rather pop along to Thais are Us-"

The sharp smack on my butt had me giggling again, and also had me lodging another idea I'd just had in the suddenly exposed recesses of Sexgirl's filing system. Under 's' for 'spanking'. With a delicious, albeit unexpected shiver, I grabbed Mikey's hand, "Let's go buster."

He nodded to my white thong, hanging silkily from one of the handles of the chest of drawers, "Aren't you forgetting something?"

I giggled again and grabbed them hopping ungainly from foot to foot as I pulled them on, "Maybe next time I'll leave them behind, but I'm starting slow for now."

"This is slow?"

"Complaining?"

"Oh, princess," Mikey laughed, "I have no complaints at all."

It had been a warm evening and the temperature hadn't dropped as full night crept across the sky. Even with my skimpy dress on, I was more than comfortable sitting outside sipping at an icy drink, soaking up the admiring glances.

It was those looks as much as anything else that had both Mikey and me more or less wired by the time we chose a club and slipped inside.

The music was loud but not painfully so, and the atmosphere was just right for us – laughter everywhere, with a strong undercurrent of sexuality. People went there to meet other people and to have fun, and if that didn't match mine and Mikey's aims, I don't know what would.

I wasn't drinking much, being high enough already as it was, and wanting to make sure that nothing diluted my experiences that night in any way. Mikey, too, was being circumspect when it come to his own intake, but was soon being more generous with other people.

After an hour or so of sipping at drinks between brief tours of the club's dance floor, Mikey and me managed to get Nick talking to us in a relative quiet corner of the bar. At Mikey's insistence I had pointed out a handful of guys that met my 'Depp' criteria – fit-looking, slender, young, fanciable (and please note I didn't mention 'with a nice butt', but only because that's a given, okay?). Nick was one of the ones I had pointed out a few minutes before, and he turned out to be a great choice. He certainly fit all of the characteristics I had outlined, but was, by way of a bonus, engaging to talk to, obviously a visitor to Brighton looking for a nice time, and very, very clearly impressed with my looks. He was maybe a year or three younger than us, and no pale band of skin on his left hand fingers suggested that he was either unmarried or at least never wore a ring.

It was approaching midnight when I returned from an interminable wait at the ladies to find Mikey and Nick laughing uproariously, looking like nothing more than old, old friends, out for a good night.

"Hey guys, sorry I was so long, but it looks like you're having enough fun without me anyway," I grinned mainly for Mikey's benefit.

"Hardly," he grinned back, "We were just saying how cute you were compared to the other girls in here, and how lucky we were to be in your company."

"Oh, really?" I turned to face Nick, "You were taking a chance calling my boyfriend's girl cute."

He shrugged, "Hardly much of a chance. He seems like a nice guy, and certainly smart enough to know how cute his girlfriend is and how much any red-blooded male would agree with him." His earnest gaze was fixed on my eyes, even when he mentioned 'cute' – so he just scored a dozen brownie points.

"Nice answer, and thanks."

Mikey put his arm along my shoulders, "Not wrong, princess. Nor were you, Nick. I am officially the luckiest guy alive to have such a cute and sexy girlfriend."

"I never mentioned sexy," Nick smiled, "But you're right..."

It was a tester if ever I'd heard one, "Thanks again," I said with a half smile.

Mikey's hand gripped my shoulder more tightly as the atmosphere began to crackle with hints of what I might be feeling, "Yep, you're not wrong there, er, Nick, but I guess I thought that was a given even if Jess doesn't display everything very openly. Her sexiness, I mean."

Nick laughed, 'If you say so."

This time he did risk a glance at the top of my dress and I threw him an immediate lifeline, "This is as sexy as I get when it comes to dressing, but dressing is not all that makes up a woman."

Mikey pressed up against my side and my heart lurched as I felt his erection pressing against me through his chinos and my dress, "Is it me," he said, "or is it extremely hot in here?"

"Suddenly I think it is," Nick said, "They have a roof garden though, if you don't mind paying."

"Shall we, Jess?"

"Sounds good to me – do we need to get a drink to take with us?"

Nick shook his head, "There's not many go up there but there's a small bar, and the music is audible even if it's not very loud."

"Sounds perfect..." Mikey and me said it in unison and laughed.

When Nick had said that not many go up there, he hadn't been exaggerating. The twenty pound entry fee probably kept a few at bay, and the drinks were twice the price – but for us it was perfect. There were only ten others dotted around the rooftop garden (as far as I could see) and by the time we had bought three bottles of some vodka-based stuff and retreated to a small table amid the shrubbery, we couldn't even see anyone else.

"This is nice," I said to the guys, sipping my ice-cold drink.

"Perfect for you, I would have thought, princess... And an extra twenty pounds means that this table and the little patch of surrounding garden is ours and ours alone for a while, Perfect for a night when you're..."

Mikey was starting into one of our rehearsed scenarios, and my heart-rate started to accelerate. "That was a one-off," I admonished, laughing all the same.

"Sounds intriguing," Nick said.

Mikey nodded, "That's certainly one way of describing it." He laughed and squirmed as I pretended to try putting my hand across his mouth, "I think the term 'sexy' suits it better though, What was it, princess? Something to do with 'nature and the natural order'?"

"Shut it, buster!" I pretended to be alarmed, but laughing.

"Do tell," Nick grinned.

"I remember Jess saying something about the triumph of man, re-establishing nature in an alien environment, before telling me that it gave her the urge to get back to nature..." he dodged my hands again, "And that was just an ordinary ornamental garden, so what effect a garden on a roof will have-" "Mikey! You'll give Mike a really bad impression of me!"

"I think," Nick assured me, "That the word you're looking for is 'good', not 'bad'. 'Great', even."

Mikey sat me back down and grinned, "It was a one-off thing anyway," he said, "She's too uptight for that sort of thing without a few-"

"Don't you dare start that again!" I laughed, but there was an element of seriousness about it – the 'she's a prude, really' ploy from that night with Lucas was not what I wanted to re-visit or experiment with again.

"Sorry, princess," Mikey picked up my look and his eyes glowed in the dim light, "But you have to agree that you keep things pretty private like that."

I shrugged, "Maybe it's the company."

Nick was watching us as if he was at a tennis match. And had gambled his house on the result.

Mikey looked deep into my eyes, "I know you always say that getting back to nature would only ever be possible if the right people-"

"Person."

"The right person was present. But I always thought that was one of your jokes."

I sat back, "Sure you don't mean one of my 'teases'?"

Mikey feigned offence, "Hey, princess, that's not fair. I have never accused you of teasing!"

"Maybe, buster, that's because it's you who is secretly the prude, not wanting me to do anything that might upset you." I didn't look in Nick's direction, but I could almost sense his eyeballs straining against the ends of their optic nerves.

"No way, princess. Like I said to Nick earlier, I think your sexiness I obvious, but if you ever wanted to prove the point, so to speak, I'd be an ever more proud man."

I looked down at Mikey's lap, "Hard to believe you could get more proud than that."

"Like I said," he shrugged, "You're so sexy."

"But you wouldn't object if I proved that point to another guy?"

"Oh... no."

I think if I'd picked up my drink just then, steam would have poured off it. I turned to Nick whose jaw was hanging slack, "I wasn't joking about the effect that nature in an unreal setting can have on me. Nor about others. Are you easily offended, Nick?"

He glanced behind me at Mikey and could barely cover a gasp when he must have received some sort of signal from my boyfriend, "Um... n-n-no, Jess. I'm not easily offended at all..."

"That really is a relief," said, controlling a tremble in my vocal chords, "Only.... This garden really is having that strange effect on me... and I don't think I can control it for much longer."

"Then..." Nick took a deep breath, "Don't try."

I gave a single nod and turned to face Mikey, "Got it, buster? Free will, and the real me."

He nodded and mouthed his reply inaudibly. I love you.

I turned back to Nick and stood. With only the slightest of pauses I reached behind my neck and undid the ties of the dress. I glanced around. I could see over the tops of the shrubbery, but unless anyone was looking my way at that precise moment, no one would see what I was doing. Luckily for me, two guys by the edge of the roof, a fair distance away, were staring. I turned back to Nick and let the dress go, my blood pounding in my ears.

As the dress slithered down my chest I could feel a pressure rising inside me. As it fell from my nipples, exposing my breasts, my transition was complete, and Sexgirl emerged with a snarl and a deep, deep sigh of contentment. I closed my eyes for a moment soaking up the sensation of Nick's eyes on my bared tits – not 'breasts' or 'boobs' for Sexgirl – and already I wanted more. My eyes snapped open and my hands dropped to my waist, my thong sliding down my thighs in a second.

I moved my feet a few inches apart and stared down at Nick's astonishment and obvious lust. "I wasn't," I told him, "joking about how this garden makes me feel."

"S-s-so..." he took a breath, "So I see."

Behind me, Mikey stood, reached around and cupped my tits, "Way beyond sexy."

Nick stood as well. "I have to warn you... both of you... that I don't think I can keep my distance."

I reached out and took his right hand, pulling it to a spot between my tits, "I don't want you to." I half turned to Mikey, "I don't want him to keep his distance, okay?"

Mikey took Nick's hand and pulled it onto my left tit, "I don't want him to either."

Nick fondled me for a moment then swallowed noisily, "I... I don't just mean my hand.. and Mikey? Jess? This place... it's like...ours for a couple of hours."

"Good," I whispered.

"Good," came the echo from just behind my bare shoulder.

Another surge of sensation washed over me, and as I stood there, naked, displaying every part of me to a stranger and to my boyfriend, I suddenly felt so powerful, so full of sexual need and supply. I looked at Nick's hungry eyes and my heart rose into my throat. I felt moisture dampen my pussy. More than dampen it, flood it. The gentle movement of the night air on my naked, bared skin, sent wave after wave of delight through me, magnified a hundred fold by Nick's eyes and hands. I was consumed by my power and my needs.

"Nick?"

"Yes, Jess?"

"Do you want to help satisfy me?"

"Anything."

"Mikey?"

"Yes, princess?"

"Do you want it?"

His breathing was rasping in his throat, "I.. I want to help you and I want Nick to help you."

I leaned back into his embrace, "Hold me then. Nick? Kneel. Lick me, taste me."

The stranger's knees hit the packed earth of the rooftop as I lifted one foot onto the table-top beside his head. Cool air invaded my moist, hot centre for a just a couple of seconds before Nick's tongue blocked its passage, the full realisation of what was happening – what I had caused to happen – flooding me with a sense of dizzy, delirious joy. I gasped and groaned, my hips rocking automatically, pressing my mound harder against Nick's eager mouth.

Behind me, Mikey bore my weight, his arms underneath my armpits, his hands squeezing my tits almost painfully, delightfully hard. "You," he gasped, "are perfection."

"I'm yours," I told him, between pants and moans, "And if you want this, then you're mine."

"You'd better hope for help here – you just made me cum in my pants."

His revelation switched me on to an even higher level of excitement and this deliriously wonderful sensation of power surged higher yet as I touched Nick's hair. He looked up, "Yes?"

I said it slowly and clearly, "Fuck me."

He rose and spun me around so that my butt rested against the edge of the table. Without a pause, his jeans were around his ankles and his engorged cock was swaying before me, shorter than Mikey but thicker. "Please don't say you've changed your mind," he panted, "because I can't stop myself now."

"Don't you dare even try," I panted back, drawing him close.

I spread my legs as wide as I dared and between us we managed to guide the head of his cock against my slippery warmth. With a grunt that almost had me tumbling onto my back on the table, Nick thrust and the head of his cock entered me. I gave a muffled moan and stared up at Mikey. "Look, angel, buster, look at his cock in me!"

My boyfriend's eyes were wide with a type of desire I'd never seen there before and I knew – beyond any shadow of a doubt – that this was true start of something wonderful. As Mikey mouthed 'I love you' repeatedly, I gave in to my innermost desires.

"Oh yes, Nick! Fuck me just like that! Keep-" I gasped at a hard, beautiful thrust, "Keep at me! Go for it. Don't... don't stop for anything!"

I was, I realised finally and fully, in charge and under control. I had a stranger's cock buried inside me, thrusting and bringing me higher and higher, closer and closer. My man, my guy was hard again, enraptured, love pouring from his eyes, ready to take Nick's place, knowing he is all I desire. My protector and my hero, I felt another surge, then another as Mikey glanced briefly away to his left, my right and his grin widened.

I followed his look and saw those two guys I'd seen at the edge of the roof earlier, their mouths wide open as they stared it me – naked, me – being fucked by Nick. I let out a yelp of heightened rapture, arching my back so that my tits were as exposed as I could make them – and even while I knew that these guys couldn't get any closer to us all, I wanted to make sure that they knew that my exposure was for their benefit as well.

When my eyes locked which theirs, and when I felt Nick start to lose control inside me, when I yelled for him to fill me, to fill my pussy, when we were all in synch, I let my eyes roll back in the knowledge – the glorious knowledge – that these three strangers were mine. Nick spurted inside me and my mind spiralled off into the galaxy above us. A trembling started in my extremities and I knew that my own climax was not too far away.

As Nick slowed, gasping, I pushed him gently away and pulled Mikey to me more urgently. With a brief shake of his head – wonderment evident in the gesture – he lined himself up with my dripping my pussy and thrust himself inside me.

We grunted, yelped, in unison, and I gasped as he thrust, welcoming him as much as I could.

"I..." he gasped, "love...", another thrust, another grunt, "you!"

"Forever yours!" I managed, "Now come on, buster... show them all... show me... show them how to satisfy your princess!"

Mikey nodded between thrusts and his pace increased, his thighs slapping against mine, his balls swinging against me. His mouth pressed against mine, our tongues thrusting, my fingers – fingernails – digging into Mikey's butt, his hands squeezing my bare tits. We moved together, rabid but controlled, all of our experience together now on display and more intense because of that.

As I arched beneath him, Mikey pounded me harder, grunting urgently. He lifted his mouth from mine long enough to gasp "Ready?"

"For what?" I managed, a smile flitting across my eager features.

"My... my cum in your pussy, princess – my contribution to your display."

"Oh fuck yes!"

To my amazement Mikey's thrusts became faster still, and deeper. When he muttered "Come on, princess!" my body reacted and I was suddenly aware of every look, every eye on me, every bit of passion and desire I'd generated in my audience. I started to tremble more and the first spasm shook the muscles deep in my belly.

"Show them all, princess!"

"Oh fuck!" The wail started deep in my belly and as Mikey's cum started to spurt deep inside me, the wail became a yell and I let it loose. With the scream given it's freedom, my climax followed suit and the first of a series of spasms had my belly clenching in ecstasy. I wanted every quiver and tremble seen by my audience, felt by my guy, and I let my body have free rein as the orgasm sent wave after wave of joy rushing through me.

Mikey's cock was grasped by muscles deep within me, and despite him spurting so strongly, it seemed to stay hard and kept pulsing along with my own spasms. His voice was hoarse as he told me to 'let it all out, show them all'.

I did exactly that, and my climax reached a new high as my howl of joy shook the rooftop. Somehow I managed to look at each one of my audience, to focus on their delight, even as I was shaken by the spasms that flared inside me. I'd cum hard before that night, but nothing like as hard or intensely as I did right then.

Even as the spasms were slowing down, my body shuddering its way to rest once more, the whoops of joy and even – get this – applause began from my audience, eliciting just a little more climax joy from me. I barely even noticed Mikey slip from my arms and slip from inside me, but I did realise somehow that I was naked and exposed – which sent a final shudder of orgasm through me. My breathing began to slow.

It was some minutes, I guess, before we were under sufficient control for me to embrace my guy and Nick, thanking them both. I turned to the spectators beyond the shrubbery to find not just two, but at least six people – all male bar one – watching the show. When I waved – seriously – they all whooped and waved back. I couldn't see much of them from that angle, but enough to know that the one woman was topless at least and four of the five guys were bare-chested. That sent a final couple of shudders through me, and Sexgirl made another little note about spectator sports for later thought.

I finally grabbed my discarded dress and slipped it over my head. Nick offered me my thong.

"Keep them as a memento," I told him.

"I won't need any memory prompts," he assured me, "but I don't suppose a phone number-"

"Shush!" I pecked his cheek and turned back to Mikey, "Thanks, buster, I hope you enjoyed that as much as me."

"Now there's a question it would be impossible to answer, but I could guess that it's a yes. No regrets?"

I smiled, "I think it may be too early to say that, but my impression is that there aren't. I could get rather used to the feeling of power it gives me."

"Power?"

"Oh, yes. Weird but true." I looked around, noting that my audience were slowly filtering away now that the show was apparently over. Somehow that pleased me no end, "But having said that, I think that next time I-"

"Next time, princess?"

"That hopeful puppy look will get you nowhere. Or possibly everywhere. But anyway, as I was trying to say, I think that next time we should go for something a little less brazen, to start with at least."

"Less brazen? You mean this was too direct, too-"

"Shush, buster. This was perfect. I just meant that I want to try another angle."

Mikey let out a long, low whistle. "Wow."

"I'll second that," Nick said, buckling a belt around his jeans.

"You shush as well," I told him, "Mikey? Tell me straight: was that too much for you?"

"No way, princess."

"Good. It wasn't for me either, but that doesn't mean I don't want to try out something a little calmer next time. So don't fret, okay?"

Mikey shrugged, "I wasn't. More like, every day is a bonus or whatever the phrase is. Just knowing you can act that way will keep me happy for years to come."

"I'll second that as well."

"Nick!" Mikey and I said in unison.

I think I fell in love with Brighton ten seconds later when the barman coughed politely and set three long, cool drinks down on our rather messy table when Mikey nodded for him to bring them over.

"From some grateful customers," the guy told us, "But officially I'm supposed to warn you that any more excessive behaviour will lead to you getting barred." His smile told us all we needed to know.

We said goodbye to Nick an hour or so later and left the rooftop garden with a chorus of gratitude ringing in our ears. I felt indestructible and deliciously decadent – but also gloriously relieved that the more demure version of me was just waiting patiently in the wings for her turn at guiding my life for a while. Sexgirl was just as content to take a backseat for a while, and to judge by the slight limp my boyfriend had developed, I imagined that Mikey could do with a break as well.

Besides, the next round of activity would need some careful consideration and planning. The new me was here and here to stay, but quite where she would be taking me... well, that was a whole new adventure to look forward to.

**The New Me Ch. 03**

I hadn't been joking when I told Mikey that I fancied taking things down a notch or two for the next stage of my adventures. Although to be fair, I was referring more to the manner in which the fun started rather than where it might lead. In short, I wanted to appear to be the innocent little lady who somehow ended up as the ... well as Sexgirl.

I also wanted to try something different that made me feel rather strange when it was mentioned in passing on the rooftop when we were in Brighton. After a few days back at our house I cornered Mikey in the kitchen.

"Hey, buster, fancy another evening with Sexgirl?" I was standing in our kitchen, trying to seem busy.

My guy threw the can of beer he'd been guzzling into the trash can and pinned me up against the wall, "I thought you'd never ask, princess."

I laughed, "Well, if you'd care to take your hands off my shoulders, and stop trying to spear my belly with your dick, I'll tell you what I want to try next."

"What Jess did next... that has a great ring to it."

"Sorry to disappoint, but it's got nothing to do with my ring." I paused, "Actually, that's not quite true."

Mikey stepped back, "Stop teasing. What's my princess got on her mind?"

"Well... you know you mentioned 'spanking' the other night?"

"I never did," Mikey grinned, "But let's pretend I did."

I thought back to the club in Brighton, "Well you might not have mentioned it, but I seem to recall you slapping my butt."

"Ah, that might have occurred. Enjoy it by any chance?"

"Let's just say that it has intrigued me."

"Or 'yes', in other words."

As Mikey nibbled at my neck I gave an involuntary giggle, "Okay, okay, it's a 'yes', but maybe not in the way that you're thinking."

"Well I'm thinking about glowing red cheeks and squeals of delight. Am I wrong?"

I took a deep breath, "How about I say that surely you can't believe that any self-respecting girl would ever allow herself to be treated in such a demeaning way... if you get my drift?"

Mikey raised an eyebrow, "You know, I'm sure I hear a tiny little bit of emphasis on the word 'allow'."

"Could be," I shrugged, a tiny little bit of nervousness coursing through me. I genuinely wanted Mikey to take the lead here, but at the same time I was starting to fret that he would begin to see me as more slut than Sexgirl -- his Sexgirl -- if I led too much with these odd thoughts that I was experiencing.

"Princess?"

"Look," I said quickly, "it was just me being silly. Let's pretend I never said anything at all, okay? Let's just-"

Mikey put a finger to my lips, "Jess... I adore the new, wild you, and I'd do anything -- well, at least once -- to help you in this new quest of yours, but... maybe, just maybe, you don't need to say too much this time. Remember I know you, princess, and I can read a whole heap into just a word or two from you."

That sent a really weird combination of nervousness and excitement rattling it's way through my veins and nerves, "Um, Mikey, perhaps you might be reading too much into-"

He kissed me, hard, then pulled back and grinned, "You're not the only one with ideas, princess -- and this is a partnership, right?"

"Well, yeah, but-"

Another kiss took my breath away, "Shush, princess. I've let you lead for now, but tonight it's my turn."

I gave a soft chuckle, "Well I suppose in the grand scheme of things that fair is- Tonight?!" My eyes shot open as I finally realised what Mikey had said. "Oh no, I never said anything about tonight!"

"You're always telling me to strike while the iron is hot and all that stuff."

"But Mikey, I didn't mean tonight as in 'tonight when your friend Danny is here' and that's what you mean isn't it?" My heartbeat was almost painfully fast.

Mikey laughed, "Ah, the look on your face, princess -- that was precious!"

As I realised he'd been joking I groaned -- almost entirely with relief, "You sod!"

He gave another laugh and swatted my rump, "That's probably true -- but is there any chance you can wear a nice little skirt tonight so I can imagine some things?"

The thought of something so innocuous gave me a thrill that was totally out of proportion, but delightfully so, "I guess that could be arranged," I told him, "As long as you don't mind just the tiniest bit of teasing during the course of the evening."

I received another firm kiss, "Not at all, princess. Not at all."

One thing that had emerged from the evening with Lucas and the night at the hotel in Brighton was that I simply adored the looks on guys' faces when I was revealing a lot, or at the very least, more than would be normal. There wasn't really any question about what I had discovered within myself -- I was a latent exhibitionist of one form or another, and as well as that, I was finding it increasingly difficult not to indulge in this new passion at every possible opportunity. Whether I would have been quite so eager had Mikey not loved it as well, I don't know -- but fortunately I didn't have to make a choice like that because it drove him wild.

Danny was an opportunity for just a little bit of teasing exhibitionism, and there was no question in either my mind or Mikey's that it would be appreciated by all three of us one way or another. I was also already looking forward to the moment Danny closed the door behind him on the way out so that Mikey could demonstrate to me how much the evening would have turned him on. It was probably that particular thought that had me choosing a short, pleated skirt and a lightweight cotton top with a neckline that plunged whenever I leaned forward. Sexy matching undies (perhaps a tad more sheer than were entirely comfortable for me) completed my 'fit for the evening.

Mikey was drooling as soon as he saw me, but -- bless -- he still managed to remind me that Danny wasn't going to be like Lucas and emigrating the following week. "You do remember that he's going to be seeing you again in the near future? You'll have a constant reminder-"

"You want me to dress like this or not, buster?"

"You want to then?" he countered.

"Yes -- now you answer."

Mikey gave me a grin that would make a great white envious, "Oh yeah."

"Then what are we worrying about?" My voice cracked slightly with the pent up excitement.

"My only worry is that I make a mess in my jeans."

I giggled and grabbed Mikey's hand, pulling it under my skirt and against the front of my nearly sheer -- and already slightly damp -- knickers, "That help?"

"You behave yourself!" Mikey complained, smiling.

"I always do," I assured him, "Although I will admit that sometimes it's bad behaviour."

Mikey flexed his fingers against my dampness and warmth, "Just you be careful, princess."

I groaned, pressing against him, "Oh I will." I began to grind a little, "I certainly, definitely, absolutely, will be as-" I yelped as the doorbell interrupted us. "Damn!"

Mikey gave a final stroke and pecked the tip of my nose, "There'll be plenty more later. Now, you take a deep breath and I'll let Danny in."

Danny had always been one of my favourites among Mikey's close circle of friends, mainly because he was always so full of fun and life, respect, rather fine good looks and a deep-running masculinity that had long evicted any childish streak. The only mystery about Danny was why the heck no girl had managed to get him to commit. If I was going to flash a lot of thigh and maybe even a fair bit of cleavage, I could be confident that Danny would firstly enjoy it and secondly keep it to himself. As usual, Mikey had managed to somehow arrange for the perfect evening for a brief appearance of Sexgirl -- even it was to be a far more demure version than had been seen on her last two outings.

As soon as Danny walked into the living room, where I was waiting behind a completely artificial relaxed smile, he let out an appreciative whistle, "Wow Jess, you are looking seriously cute tonight! I thought you were lucky before, Mike, but... wow!"

I covered my embarrassment with a nervous laugh, "Oh stop it! But thanks anyway. Nice to see you again Danny."

Mikey put an arm across my shoulders, "I know I'm lucky, Dan, even if she's a pain at times with her fake shyness."

As I protested, Danny laughed, "Well I for one would say that was a cheap price to pay. I mean, seriously, dude -- wow."

I disentangled myself, blushing heavily, "I think that's my cue to go pour the drinks. Usual all round?"

"Absolutely," Danny nodded.

"You got it, princess," Mikey swatted my rump as I walked away.

The tone for the evening was set.

I can't deny that I felt gloriously under-dressed when Danny had first walked through the door. I know I wasn't showing anything more than a lot of leg, but it was certainly a lot more than Danny had ever seen before, and it totally appealed to the new exhibitionist streak in me. I was, without a doubt, revelling in the new sensations, and when I returned to the guys bearing drinks, I had another of the flashes of control that I had felt so clearly at the hotel in Brighton. I didn't exactly lift my knees higher as I walked in, but I was almost disappointed that I hadn't picked a skirt that was even shorter...

The plans for the evening were as open as they always were when Danny came to visit, and we were soon sitting around laughing and joking, listening to Mikey's somewhat retro tastes in rock music. When the topic of conversation turned towards my clothing, I was once again plunged into that weird mixture of nervousness and excitement. The latter emotion received a boost when Danny responded to a comment from my guy.

"I'll say it again, Mike, I've always admired Jess but that skirt is perfect for those lovely legs."

"I keep telling her," Mikey nodded, "But I think she's too shy to wear the right things too often."

I shot a warning look to my guy. This was getting a tad too close to the kind of conversation that had started up in front of Lucas. I realised I'd be disappointed if Mikey tried the same tactic again because I was on a mission to try to discover more about the new me -- about Sexgirl.

I needn't have worried. Or rather, maybe I was just worrying about the wrong thing...

Danny, oblivious to the silent conversation Mikey and I were having, nodded at my clothes again, "And that top is rather cute, as well."

"Same story," Mikey told him, "I do tell her, but she won't listen."

"I always listen," I assured them, "But I make my own mind up. Now, who wants another drink?"

"About time," Mikey grinned, "And also about time you were well behaved."

Danny nodded, "Another beer would be great, and Mike does have a point there. You really should listen to him, Jess."

I feigned a yawn, "Yeah, right."

As I bent to grab Danny's glass, Mikey swatted my rump again. An alarm bell began to ring, but I was so busy trying not to show off too much down my top that I must have ignored it. I laughed instead, "Hey, you. Watch the hands."

"Fair enough, princess." Without warning, I felt the hem of my skirt being momentarily lifted and another firm swat connected with my butt.

I squealed, "Hey!"

"Behave," Mikey grinned at my shocked look.

I frantically tried to say 'no!' without alerting Danny.

"What's up, princess? Annoyed that I've let Danny know who's boss here?"

Oh he's good -- I was answering before I could stop and think, "You are not the boss, buster! I am entirely my own-"

As Danny cheered, Mikey grabbed my arm and dragged me close, "Oh yeah?"

As the pressure drew me lower, towards my guy's lap, my eyes opened wider, realisation dawning, "You wouldn't dare!"

"In my own home? Oh, I would!"

I love Mikey with all my heart. He tugged at my arm and there was a silent question in his movement. Pull back and I'll stop -- do you want that? I collapsed across his knees, my mind whirling off into space.

"Mikey!" I managed as his free hand contacted the backs of my thighs and started to push upwards towards my barely covered butt.

"Too late, princess. Now I have to prove to Danny that I'm the boss in my own home." He gave an audible swallow, "Oh yeah, and show him just how much cuteness he's been denied!"

Danny gave another whoop of joy as I felt my skirt clear my butt, the almost sheer knickers all that stood between his gaze and my ass. When the first full-on slap came from Mikey's hand, I started to struggle for real.

"Mikey!"

He gripped tighter, "Sorry Danny -- I just had to let you see this. Is she cute or is she cute?"

"Mike, Mike, Mike! I mean oh wow, dude! I'm gonna be dreaming about that cute, cute ass for a lifetime!"

I squealed and wriggled, feeling as if the entire world could see me. I also felt the most incredible surge of arousal, and power like never before.

Mikey slapped me again, his fingers lingering in a way that sent ten thousand volts through me. I could feel his hardness pressing into my belly and my mind was accelerating past the outer planets. It accelerated when Mikey said, "Oh Danny! One off deal -- you think that's cute? You should see her without the knickers."

Danny whistled again as I squealed again, "If you're offering...?"

Mikey's hand grabbed the waistband of my knickers and started to pull as I wriggled even more fiercely, but with even more lack of direction. Mikey was struggling but knew he had enough control, "Go on then, Dan. You just have to see this once."

Before I could react, there were three hands on my knickers and my ass cheeks were exposed. "Stop it the pair of you!" I gasped.

The undies were off my feet before I could draw breath and I just knew what Danny could see, and how close he was. Sexgirl was busy telling me I was being too slow, and for once the real Jess was determined to make the most of Mikey's naughtiness. I wriggled and started to pull back away from my guy. My legs began to part, and more to the point, my top started to slide up my body.

All three of us were laughing, somehow, even though we all knew this was way outside our normal laughing experiences. With yet another squeal my top slipped over my head and I slithered from Mikey's grasp, my skirt barely covering my modesty, my boobs only covered by a skimpy bra.

"Enough!" I yelped, between laughs.

"Never!" Danny rejoined, reaching for my bra strap.

"Mikey! You wouldn't let him surely?"

Mikey laughed and unclipped my bra with stunning ease, "Princess, I've wanted to show you off for so long, I'm not letting this chance go!"

"Mikey!" I turned my attention to Danny as he started to try to pull my bra off completely, "Danny! I'm supposed to be your friend!"

"Believe me, Jess, you're getting to be even more of a friend by the second. Jeez, Jess, I've wanked over you in private a hundred times before, but this is going to serve me for the next thousand."

My already scrambled brain went ballistic, "You've....?"

Danny laughed, "Sorry Mike -- just had to be honest."

"Music to my ears, Dan!"

As I stared at them both, my fingers froze. With a whoop, Danny yanked my bra away from me and gave another yell of delight, "Oh, Mikey! Jess! Those tits... oh perfection!"

In shock I stared down at my nakedness, genuinely overwhelmed, surprised by Mikey's audacity, surprised to be feeling so wet, so hot. When Mikey stood and pulled me to my feet, I rose. When his trembling fingers unzipped my skirt, I let it fall.

I stared down at first Mikey's bulging shorts, then at Danny's. "Guys.... In one second I'm going to run out of this room." Mikey put a hand on my shoulder, "Unless," I added, "you stop me."

Danny stepped forward and raised a hand towards my exposed tits. He looked at Mikey, behind me, but I answered instead.

"That would stop me, Dannny."

"You really mean it?"

"Danny," I breathed, "Touch them. Touch my tits."

As his hands close over my breasts I let out a moan. Over my shoulder I said to Mikey, "This is out of my control. Thank you."

"You do realise," he managed, "That you've just made it impossible not to fuck you, princess?"

I nodded, and smiled. "Oh yeah." When Danny gave me a questioning look, I focused on his eager gaze, "And yeah," I added, "That means you too."

Clothes were discarded in every direction, hands swarmed over my naked flesh and I subsided to the living room rug, two long, hot, hard cocks vying for my wetness and warmth. Danny held back just long enough for me to look into his eyes and ask him, politely, to 'fuck me right now'.

The only bit of persuading I had to do that night was getting Danny to ejaculate inside me. The first time, he pulled out, thinking that was what I needed but I'm told I made it very clear that this was not my idea of heaven, and the next time, when he fucked me as I pretended to be tied up over Mikey's knees, he positively filled my already soaking pussy.

We all played for hours with some sort of unspoken agreement that this was Danny's one chance with me, and that he was more than welcome to make the most of me. I can safely say that he explored every inch of me -- not all of them external ones -- and he's only the second guy, after Mikey, who I've helped to come no fewer than four times in one session.

I rose to my full power that night. I could have got either of them to do anything I wanted, and all I had to do was be honest with myself and acknowledge the fact that anything they wanted, I wanted. I knew that the next time Danny saw me in my normal suit or t-shirt and jeans, he'd remember my naked pussy, my bare ass, my exposed tits (not breasts, Sexgirl was still in control). Oh yeah, and I'd remember what his hot, hard cock felt like pounding my wetness.

Danny left around three in the morning. Mikey and me saw him out, both of us still naked and viewing the now-clothed Danny as the odd one out. He embraced Mikey and then hugged me. "This," he said, "Is not quite how I thought this evening would pan out."

"Disappointed?" I asked.

Danny ducked his head and drew my right nipple into his mouth, "Not really," he muttered, his voice obviously muffled, "But, Jess? Mikey?" He stood, "I can't thank you both enough. Even... even if I never see you like this again outside of my dreams."

Mikey nodded, "The pleasure's not entirely yours."

I kissed Danny and stepped back, "Make the most of the memory. But like Fleming said...."

"If you're gonna mention Thunderballs..."

I gave a quiet laugh, "No... more like never say never...."

The guys gave each other a slightly puzzled, hopeful from which I cut short, "But best to think that this was a one-off, even if it was the best one-off ever."

After the door had finally closed on the grinning, exhausted Danny, I turned to Mikey and shrugged, "Happy with your new slut?"

"You're not that. You're never that. And you know it. You're just getting the pleasure you deserve."

I nodded slowly. It felt right. "That doesn't mean to say I didn't like having another guy's dick in me."

"Oh I know, princess. That was one of the highlights for me."

"Glad you think so. Does that mean that I've earned your presence on a dress shopping trip then?"

Mikey raised an eyebrow, "That sounds more like a penalty."

"I guess that depends," I said with a smile, "On whether I need help slipping into and out of the dresses in those little changing rooms..."

Mikey glanced down, "I scarcely believe it, but my cock just twitched."

"Good boy. But I think I might have another reward for you as well..."

"Carer to share?"

"No. And especially not after you bullied me out of my clothes tonight. But do remind me that when we get back from the shops, I need to call Melissa..."

**The New Me Ch. 04**

After Danny had left the house that last night, we were exhausted but not too tired for some more early morning sexual acrobatics. So much so, that the sun was rising before we finally fell into a shattered, sore sleep.

Mikey had already woken by the time I regained consciousness, and the aroma of freshly brewing coffee permeated the house, dragging me out of my stupor. I yawned and stretched, muscles twanging and soft tissue groaning gently. Memories of the previous night's wildness came trickling into my oddly calm mind, and I nodded to myself, content in the knowledge that what had happened was something I could be,,, if not proud of, then at least comfortable with.

This new me, this Sexgirl version, was a revelation in more than the obvious sense. I had genuinely never felt quite so empowered before, and certainly never so at one with my own body, my own sexuality. Any subconscious fears that I might have harboured about Mikey's commitment to the cause – or rather, enjoyment of the effects – had been wiped out by his own actions from the previous night, and I found myself being rather surprisingly pleased with how he had participated and finally done things purely for his own benefit. And I was even more happy now that I knew for sure that we shared a vision, a taste...

But....

There's always a but, isn't there (and I wasn't referring to the butt that Mikey had bared last night, either)? This new image of myself, the near-Amazonian 'this is what I want boys' version of me, seemed larger than life, even for me. When I was naked and on display, when my muscles were quivering with a barely controlled climax, when I was feeling the joy at the hard evidence of my sexuality... oh yes, I loved all of that. But it didn't feel quite right somehow.

I loved the new-found sense of power and control that I felt at those moments, and the transition that previous night from being the (albeit willing) victim of Mikey, to being the Sexgirl, demanding what she wanted (okay, needed) was natural-feeling. Nothing felt stressed or forced or strained, but there was this nagging undercurrent of feeling that maybe I was just somehow overcompensating for all the years I'd missed out on, that maybe I was riding the first surge of something new, and that the real me – the real Sexgirl, even – was a less demonstrative and less demanding character.

I threw the covers off of myself and looked down at my naked body, small scratches and red marks evidence of last night's excesses, and welcome in a weird and wonderful way. I was still examining the scars when Mikey walked into the room, a mug of coffee steaming away in each hand.

"I recognise that view," he said, placing my mug on my bedside table, "And I'm now happy to say that I'm probably not the only one."

I gave a rueful smile, "You sure that wasn't over the top with Danny last night, then?"

"I honestly couldn't be much happier."

"Much?"

Mikey shrugged, "As long as you are – I mean, as long as you genuinely are happy, no regrets and all that – then yeah, I'm pretty much as happy as I could be. It's all a bit of a surprise, but a fantastic one."

"You said 'much' again." Hey, give me a break here, okay? I'm as fickle as any female at times.

"I don't mean it in a bad way. I mean what we've done is already more than I could have hoped for... no, more than I could have ever dreamed for... of... whatever... let me start again. What I'm trying to say is that I feel like every Christmas and birthday and bonus and happy surprise have all come at once and I just cannot get my head around how much it all means to me, and how proud I am of you in about a thousand ways..."

"There's a 'but' though, right?"

"No!" Mikey rolled his eyes and sipped his coffee. "Look, all I mean is that it's way more than I could have hoped for, it's just so... well... fast, I suppose. I don't mean-"

"That's it!" I interrupted, "That's what's been bugging me...."

"You mean you regret it all happening so fast after all?"

"No... no, not at all – I doubt whether I could have transformed myself slowly, but... well... do you think it's all too fast?"

"I don't, I just think .. well, I just think it's like something was maybe..."

"Missing? A kind of middle step that we didn't get time for?"

Mikey looked quizzically at me, "I guess that's what I mean... I haven't really had time to think that much about it."

I took a gulp of coffee, "Nor me, but that's what it is, I think. I kind of said something about it after that night at the rooftop place in Brighton, but I guess I lost sight of it in the excitement..." I glanced up and shook my head, "And no, I don't mean that I regret anything... it's just that it's like I've skipped a step or two and there might be some new fun to be found there as well – and trust me, buster, the new me is here to stay and if you're happy with me, I want to experiment with every angle I can find."

"You honestly think there's a chance I would miss out on that?" Mikey grinned and slid back into the bed beside me. He leaned forward and kissed the tip of my nose, his right hand brushing deliciously across my bare breasts (not tits, at that point, note – this was me, not Sexgirl).

I awkwardly set my coffee mug back on the cabinet and stretched under my guy's expert touch. "Oh hey!" I push his hand away, "No time for that now, the window cleaner is due here this morning."

Mikey raised an eyebrow and rested his hand on my shoulder, exerting just enough pressure to keep me on my back. "Is that so?"

I started giggling quietly at first, managing to call Mikey both 'incorrigible' and 'a dirty little perv', neither of which I fully meant. Before many seconds had passed, I was snorting laughter in a way that was most unladylike, despite the way I was dressed. Or rather undressed.

Mikey, laughing as much as me, somehow managed to pin me long enough to penetrate and despite the fact that the window cleaner didn't finally arrive until nearly an hour after we were finished, it proved to be a wonderful, exciting, scary, fun bout of sex. Somehow, knowing that we could be caught at any moment heightened the pleasure. I swear I saw Sexgirl sitting on the dressing table smirking at me at one point...

The nearly-but-not-quite window-cleaner incident got both Mikey and me thinking, and for a change we decided to plan the next steps together. There was a lot of 'we could try...' and 'what if so-and-so sees this...' and 'just how much should be on display....' – all of which ended up in a lot of sex – but we finally come up with a plan, and, me being me, it revolved around the dress shopping trip I'd suggested when we'd ushered Danny out of the house the previous night.

I was still keeping my plan for Melissa under wraps, though, partly because I didn't want to tease Mikey with something I might not be able to go through with, and partly because I wasn't even sure that I really wanted to go through with anything. Mikey, his fevered imagination full of little changing rooms and even littler dresses, didn't seem to have remembered my comment about my old schoolfriend anyway. The next morning we left for the new mall in the town an hour's drive to our South with only our mission on our mind. Or possibly an emission...

I'd dressed in a summery dress, which loose enough to be easy to change out of, and undies so skimpy and see-through that, as Mikey commented, I might as well have not bothered. For his part, Mikey was in shorts and a long t-shirt – the former being loose enough to disguise a bulge, and the latter being long enough to complete the disguise when the former weren't capable of doing it any more.

Somehow we got to the new mall without getting a speeding ticket, and still in the five items of clothing we'd set out in. Not bad under the circumstances.

The first two clothes shops were passed over on the grounds that the changing rooms had lockable, wooden doors, but the third proved to be just perfect, having a series of changing cubicles with curtains. The assistants were all young and rather pretty, although not perfect, gender-wise, being female – but we hadn't expected to get totally lucky first time up.

I selected a couple of slinky black things – I would only use the description 'dress' as a last resort, and only then because 'undress' isn't a noun – and walked up to one of the assistants, waving the fabric off-cuts in one hand, then displaying the final part of my disguise on the other.

"Hi. I've managed to drag my boyfriend with me because I broke my finger last week," I wiggled two strapped digits, "and I was hoping you wouldn't mind if he came into the changing thingy with me to zip me up?"

The over made-up young woman didn't even glance at my world-class fake bandage, rendering half an hour of fiddling with it a complete waste of time, "No problems. Just give us a shout if we can like help or something, alright?"

I tried not to grimace at her accent and said a quick 'thank you' before leading Mikey into the little cubicle, hanging the two dresses on a convenient hook. I turned to my guy and gave a little chuckle.

"Would you believe I'm as nervous as anything?"

"Fully clothed, behind a thick curtain, in a shop with three young women in and no other guys? For some weird reason, yes I would, princess."

It was true – weird, for sure, but true – and both of our hands were trembling slightly as we fiddled my zipper open. When my dress dropped to the floor and I stood before Mikey in my skimpy little undies, I felt more like I was totally naked and on stage at a packed theatre. Sexgirl raised a quizzical eyebrow, seemingly as confused as I was. I was about to reach for one of the new dresses when a muffled voice reached our ears.

"Stop complaining, Vic, its not too much to ask that you take an interest in your wife's welfare for once is it?" The strident female continued over the top of whatever muffled reply 'Vic' gave, coming closer to the changing cubicles, "Now just you stand out here and be ready to give me an honest and approving appraisal when I come out in this blouse."

Mikey grinned, nervous but controlled, "Still twitchy, princess?"

"You have no idea, buster. Trouble is I'm not sure I can do it any more – and don't mention rooftops or Danny!"

"I wouldn't – this is way different, Jess."

Mikey was right. Just outside the curtain was some anonymous guy, some middle-aged sounding stranger just inches away from a sight of me in the skimpiest undies imaginable, some older guy that probably even deserved a little fun in his life to judge by the sound of his wife or partner or whoever she was.... But could I do anything? How the hell was I supposed to pluck up the courage to 'stumble' and step through the curtain as Mikey and I had planned? For some reason this had become a much bigger deal than all the rooftops and Dannys in the universe... I glanced down at my near-nakedness, at the twin points of my hardened nipples, so obviously visible behind the sheer cotton of my bra, and lower to the subtle pinkness that the matching panties could not conceal. To display those sights to a stranger, an obviously male, heterosexual stranger... impossible all of a sudden. The curtain became as solid as a sheet of forged iron, as impassable as the deepest gorge, as thick and impenetrable as the world's wildest rain forest, as-

Mikey's gentle nudge was as effective as it was unexpected. With a sound like a female mouse catching all eight of its nipples in a metal trap I squeaked and staggered, virtually falling through the flimsy curtain. I caught my balance and looked up to see the open jaw and even wider eyes of 'Vic'.

It wasn't me, and it wasn't even Sexgirl, but I froze. Vic's eyes lowered to first my nearly exposed breasts and then lower, to my groin. As they travelled across my skin they left a trail of superheated air, which my pussy tried to extinguish with a burst of fluid. Finally, after either four hours or four seconds, I let loose another squeak, muttered a hasty 'sorry' and dived back inside the cubicle, yanking the curtain closed behind me.

Mikey's jaw was a slack mirror of the stunned, but much happier, man's outside, but the look in his eyes was pure and unadulterated excitement. Any complaint that I was about to level at him melted away as his barely contained delight threatened to explode. When he pulled me to him, his mouth urgently seeking mine, kissing powerfully and deeply, the solid presence in his shorts pressing hard and needful against my belly, that contagious delight swarmed through me.

A vision of Vic's hungry gaze flashed across my mind and I broke the tongue wrestling competition long enough to lean back a few inches, enough to glance down at my near-naked flesh, my thighs starting to tremble as the excitement within threatened to burst forth. With a groan I flung myself back into Mikey's embrace, our kissing resuming with renewed vigour.

"I," Mikey gasped, "need you!"

"Mmmm," I managed, half-nodding.

"That was... god... hotter even than... than..."

"Brighton," I agreed, "Danny."

We resumed the kiss, grinding against each other now, and I realised it was true. The simple, relatively tame few seconds standing there in sheer bra and panties, in front of a truly shocked, truly delighted man who I had never met before, nor was likely to ever meet again... well that was more intense, somehow, than my previous two experiments.

It made no sense to might right then, and to a degree it makes little sense to me now – but I can't argue with my body. And here's the rub, here's the weirdest thing of all. Standing there... okay, writhing there... in Mikey's arms, me still in the skimpy garments that Vic had just been admiring – or rather the skimpy garments still covering the body that Vic had been admiring – I wanted to make love more, right then and there, than I can ever recall wanting to before. More to the point I wanted to fuck. I wanted to be fucked. I wanted Mikey's cock buried to the hilt in my moist, hot, urgent pussy. No, my cunt. Even Sexgirl was raising an eyebrow. But....

But I was all too aware that we were in a tiny changing cubicle in a clothes shop. That any act more lascivious than the passionate kiss we were sharing now would inevitable lead to us being caught. And that, even though the only interruption that was likely was from a young, female shop assistant or two, I didn't want to be found that way. I loved that Mikey had somehow contrived to get me seen by the put-upon Vic (another surge of heat grew in my belly). I loved that this stranger had seen me for long enough, close enough, to have an image of me burned into his brain (another surge of moisture threatened to soak my skimpy knickers). I loved that Mikey was as excited as his belly-threatening hardness indicated (a hip-bucking grind brought a whimper from deep in my throat). I loved that I was giving lessons in how to feel passion to Sexgirl (another tremor within my belly muscles threatened the onslaught of imminent climax). But I didn't want anyone but Mikey to witness the transition from flash-flood to tsunami.

"Let's go!" I managed to hiss through the kiss.

"I don't care-"

"I do! I want... I need you. But not here, okay?"

"Oh princess, yes!"

I broke free of his arms and grabbed the dress, fumbling and shaking my way into it, making do with one fastened button rather than three, my taped fingers making anything more thorough just too difficult and time-consuming. Covered enough to avoid arrest, I picked up my shoes and the untried-on dresses and positively bolted from the cubicle, a bemused Mikey chasing after me.

I dumped the dresses onto a counter by the cash register, muttered something along the lines of 'too embarrassed now' – true for one reason, and believable for another – and dashed outside, reaching behind me for Mikey's hand, determined that I wouldn't lose my grip on the possessor of the one thing I wanted more than anything else in the world. Never has a cock been so desired, I swear.

I looked about frantically until I spotted the sign for the car park, before setting off at a trot.

I love my guy with an intensity that scares me sometimes, but in the ten minutes that followed our exit from the dress shop, my feelings for him sky-rocketed as he got us to the car, exited the car park at a breathtaking speed, hurled us around the one-way streets outside the shopping mall, and managed to get us to a deserted forest track before screeching to a halt in a cloud of dust.

Mikey leaned across me, throwing open the passenger door and urged my out, my of his hands snaking up my dress to snag my knickers and haul them clumsily down as I staggered out of the vehicle. As I waited for the two or three seconds it took Mikey to join me by the side of the car, I managed to undo the one button that was holding the dress up. Two seconds more was all it took for Mikey and me to get rid of the dress altogether and the bra underneath. By the time we managed to stumble into a grassy clearing a dozen yards or so into the trees, Mikey was as naked as me.

"This," he panted, "is what it's all about."

"Love and lust, buster. Show me."

I squealed as a firm shove sat my on my butt, my eyes momentarily level with his engorged, gorgeous cock before his hands were on my shoulders, pushing me all the way down onto the grass, his body following me. My arms, legs and heart opened wide to welcome him, desperation notwithstanding. I was impaled deliciously within a heartbeat and I swear I had never felt him so large inside me. I started to moan, laughing, drunk with desire, and then gasped as a deep insistent tremor started to thrum though my belly.

"Oh, baby, oh, buster!"

A half-smile matched the one eyebrow Mikey raised, "Princess? Are you... are you going to cum right now?"

My eyes opened wide as another shudder ripped through the deep centre of me. Shock almost choked me, but I managed a weak, shuddery nod, "Oh, buster, yes!"

Mikey's hips rocked with hard thrusts, each one cranking my passions higher, "Oh, my sweet, beautiful, sexy, princess! Oh, my Jess!"

"Oh!, oh! OH!" I squealed and squeaked, whimpered and wailed. Then let loose a howl.

As I gave free rein to the aural equivalent of every ounce of desire and excitement I felt, I guess we learned that we were alone in that area of the forest. Or quite possibly, I scared off every other living animal in the vicinity. Do you realise, I don't even remember exactly when Mikey exploded inside me? Although, given the mess rolling down my thighs as we wobbled out way back to the car some half an hour later, I'm pretty damned sure he exploded in copious style.

There was a lot of love-making that day. A fair bit of fucking, as well. By the middle of the evening I was barely able to limp to the fridge for a cold drink, and Mikey had given up walking altogether.

The only thing that seemed to be working at full capacity was my brain, and even that seemed to be misfiring. As well as all the physical activity, Mikey and I spent hours talking about what had happened and why such a relatively – it seemed – minor act had brought about such an extreme reaction from me.

The concept of me being the innocent party was certainly, we agreed, a factor, as was the obvious surprise and pleasure of my 'Vic'tim. But then there was the question of whether the degree of reality in that innocence had played a part. Would I have reacted so strongly if I had deliberately stumbled out of that changing cubicle, no matter how well I played the innocent party as far as my shocked audience was concerned?

I would have thought that it would make the world of difference, but my body kept reacting the same way to my thoughts no matter which way I played the scene. And okay, the underwear had been at the extreme end of skimpy – but I still had this nagging feeling that by wearing anything I was just strengthening the reaction, that I was making the whole incident more believably accidental... I wasn't saying that more was worse – that what I had done on the rooftop in Brighton, and with Danny, and with Lucas (good grief, talk about a growing rap sheet...) were now causes for regret, or that they were over-the-top – it was just that this softer, more innocent-seeming style of display was just as intensely pleasing for me. Ultimately, I wanted to please my guy and I derived my pleasure from his – and to judge from the soreness I felt at my groin, the simple stumble was more than adequate.

It wasn't an epiphany as such, but I went to bed that night understanding that less could easily be more. And also that I was going to have a lot of fun finding out exactly where lines could be drawn...

**The New Me Ch. 05**

It's all very well realising that 'less can be more', but there's always the fine line to be found – that gulf between not quite showing enough, and showing just enough. Or even, too much. In the couple of weeks that followed the highly successful dress shopping trip, there was much soul-searching and ideas-seeking in the Jess-Mikey household. There was even some peripheral pleasure hunting, given that we'd enjoyed our outdoor coupling so much.

It seemed at first that the genuinely accidental stumble in the little changing room – albeit assisted by Mikey's guiding hand – opened up a world of possibilities, but in practice we discovered that there is a fairly limited number of ways in which such 'accidental' exposure can occur. Sure, there's the ever-faithful 'delivery guy arrives earlier than expected' scenario, the 'I didn't realise anyone had arrived home here while I was changing' set-up, and any number of 'wardrobe malfunctions' that we could choose from – but oddly enough, very few, if any, of these had the 'shocked heroine' factor that I now discovered was the key to unlocking the new, higher levels of pleasure that I had experienced in front of (and shortly after) the stranger, Vic, back in the dress shop.

Mikey and I trialled a number of attempts at the sudden, shocking loss of clothes through things like a car pulling away with my dress snagged in the door (which came closer to decapitating me than showing off my charms), collapsing changing room doors (which proved extremely unpopular with a couple of rightly-suspicious store owners), and a near fatal attempt (I exaggerate, but not by too much) at having next door's Labrador retriever grab my dress and try to run off and bury it.

I might – should – have mentioned a few thousand times before that without Mikey, my life just wouldn't be right, and that it has been his gentle support and even gentler encouragement that has allowed me to discover and explore this new, daring side to my character. Who has, in effect, acted as midwife in the birth of Sexgirl. And it was Mikey who came up with the solution to my ever more kinky needs.

"Princess?"

I looked over at my guy who had been sitting at his computer for more than two hours, trawling through the more literate type of pornography, "What's up, buster? Need a fresh roll of tissues?"

"Not just yet," Mikey's smile lit up the room and my heart, "But we both might do soon. Do you know what 'sharking' is?"

"Unless it's something to do with dodgy loans or extreme tropical fish breeding, I can't say that I do. Neither of which do anything for me in the moist pussy stakes, by the way."

"Remind me to show you a video about eels, later, but for now come and look at this."

I crossed to my guy's side and looked at the monitor where a well-known rodent-related site was cued up and ready to play a video clip titled 'Street Surprises'. "So surprise me," I told Mikey. And with a click of his mouse, he did.

For those of you who don't already know, sharking is the practice of running up to young women in the street and yanking down their tops or pulling up their skirts – in this particular video's case, revealing as much as possible to a secretive cameraman. The majority of the clip compilation seemed to feature genuine assaults – and let's be clear, here, these were sexual assaults – and while the practice, as featured in the clip, was undoubtedly cruel and abhorrent, I felt a shiver of potential arousal. "What... exactly were you thinking, buster? I'm not so sure we could find anyone willing to take the chance of being caught or chased even if he were to be persuaded to try that on me..."

"Some stranger wouldn't, I'm fairly sure, but you do know that I adore you don't you?"

The cunning plan clicked, "You mean you'd play the guy assaulting me and would try to time it so that some unsuspecting stranger came to my rescue?"

"Exactly, my smart, horny lady."

I paused to think before nodding slowly, "Okay, but two things worry me.... First, what if some other bystander comes over all vigilante and goes after you? Or the target himself?"

"I'll make sure that the lucky guy is alone, or alone enough, and if we pick someone not too fit looking, then there wouldn't be any chance of him chasing a young, fit guy like me."

"Ignoring the fact that you're not exactly a teenager any more, and in the fitness stakes it's been a good few months since your last push up-"

"I've had more exercise in the last few months than the last few years thanks to Sexgirl," Mikey interrupted.

"Well, okay, I'll let you off that one, but secondly, then, I get the biggest buzz of all through you witnessing everything that happens and if you're the guy in the hoodie that runs off, that's not going to happen."

"You said it yourself," Mikey grinned, "Hoodie – I can just dash round the corner and strip it off, then come dashing back saying the guy got into a car and burned rubber or something. I'll only miss a few seconds at worst."

I was impressed and said as much, "Very clever, my Einstein with more than kinky hair." I looked down at the sundress I was wearing, "In fact, I think that sort of genius might even have made old Albert proud."

"You think it will work, then? Think it's the sort of thing you want to try?"

I could feel my blood stirring, and a glance down at the front of Mikey's jeans, cranked my pulse rate a few more notches, "That," I told him, "is a yes followed by another one." I pointed to the bedroom, "Want to come and help me pick out some suitably flimsy tops?" Mikey's fingers hooked around the top of my sundress, his thumb flicking the shoulder strap down my right biceps. I shrugged the other one down and smiled, "Seems like someone is looking forward to his practice sessions."

A sharp yank made me gasp, as my mind filled with the joy of exposure, both immediate and planned, quickly followed by another gasp as first hungry eyes and then hungry hands took in the exposed flesh.

My only remaining concern was that we'd end up fucking in front of the stranger...

Rehearsals took a few days – not because we couldn't find suitable attire, but because we couldn't stop ourselves from celebrating each successful faux-assault with an all-too-real fuck. That didn't cause problems indoors, but once we took our practice sessions out onto the streets (or more often, a multi-story car park ), there were one or two near-misses. Which increasingly became sources of arousal and inspiration in themselves.

Our only other problematic issue was in terms of the realism of my reaction to the 'assault' – I had to agree with Mikey's assessment of it when he pointed out that it was very unlikely that a victim of such an attack would yell at the rapidly retreating attacker's back to 'come back here and fuck me'.

In any case, we were soon ready for out first real attempt, and the outfit of choice for me was a strapless boob tube with rather dodgy seams, over a short summery skirt and extremely skimpy panties – three items that would, if Mikey's role played out to perfection, shrink to two as he would be able to yank the top right off before sprinting away. If this worked we had already earmarked the next item as a summer dress rigged in the same way as the boob tube – but being left in just see-through panties seemed like a natural escalation, and not something for a first attempt....

To try to ensure that the adventure went without a hitch, we indulged in a brief couple of hours of predictive sexing – draining as much feeling from us as possible – before finally heading off to the multi-storey car park that had provided the most frequent number of ideal backdrops during our rehearsals. And despite the energetic exercises we had undertaken, I was still quivering with anticipation when we pulled into a parking bay on the top floor.

Mikey turned to me one he'd killed the engine, "You sure about this, princess?"

It was a question I'd asked myself a hundred times in the previous few days, and the only variable that changed was the volume at which I said 'yes'. The scenario captured everything that was most arousing for me, including the added unknown of our victim's reaction. As Mikey set out during one of our more rabid sex sessions after a rehearsal, we couldn't even rule out that the guy and Mikey would end up fucking me somewhere in the car park if temperatures soared high enough. The very minimum that would happen is that the guy would get to see my exposed breasts, and the maximum... well, there wasn't one.

I looked my guy in the eyes, "I'm sure. Completely. Are you?"

Mikey smiled, took my hand and placed it in his lap, "What do you think?"

I giggled (sorry, sometimes a girl just can't help it), and gave the prodigious bulge in his shorts a gentle squeeze, "Nothing like a demonstration in place of a word. Are we really going to do this?"

Mikey plucked the keys from the ignition, "Oh, yes."

In a state of shivery tension we took the lift down to the first floor – chosen because it was seldom used by shoppers (most cars here belonged to staff from the adjoining shops), and close enough to the stairs that Mikey's 'escape' would seem natural and fast enough. After that, we only had to wait for seventy-hours (or possibly about twenty minutes – time seemed a little screwy that afternoon) before the lift doors pinged open and a middle-aged gent emerged, weighed down with carrier bags full of shopping.

I was at the opposite end of that level of the car park and immediately started to walk in the direction of the lifts, seemingly oblivious to everything except a 'phone call' I was apparently taking on my iPhone. Mikey, suitably hooded, was standing to the left of the lifts and fell into silent step behind the guy with the bags.

The plan was that Mikey would follow behind the guy until I was within a few feet and then dash past, yank down my top and sprint for the stairs. We'd rehearsed the scene a dozen times on the very spot, let alone countless others back at home, and I was so familiar with the routine that even the surge of adrenaline I felt – slightly higher than the average tidal wave – didn't stop me yakking intently into the buzzing phone, to all intents and purposes unaware of my approaching fate.

I somehow managed to continue feigning my indifference, even when the gap between me and bag-man had reduced to just ten feet without Mikey making his move – we'd mentally prepared for a gap of around that distance – but when there was just six foot or so between us, I began to suffer pangs of disappointment, figuring that Mikey had heard or seen something that prevented him carrying out the plan. That, though, didn't explain why he was still so close behind the stranger...

I was almost within touching distance when Mikey sprang forward, past bag-man, and his proximity, coming so soon after my pangs of disappointment, made m react in a way that could only ever be seen as genuine shock – because it was. My top was torn from me in a second and my breasts suddenly on view. With commendable bravery and ad-lib ability, Mikey stuffed the torn top in his pocket and even managed to lift the front of my skirt for long enough to get me struggling to cover my barely covered pussy, my bared boobs jiggling mere inches from the slack-jawed stranger.

Mikey pushed between the two of us, his right hand sliding across the front of my suddenly soaked panties, before he spun away and sprinted for the stairs.

Shocked – genuinely – I stood with my arms wide, useless phone in one hand and bag in the other before I squealed and covered my breasts with my arms. My eyes flashed up to the stranger's face where he was just reluctantly tearing his focus away from what had been – or at least felt – like the most exposed breasts ever. We were both open-mouthed, both momentarily tongue-tied – in his case, genuine shock, and in mine a mixture of both surprise (at Mikey's late movement) and a sudden need to stay shtum so that my overwhelming excitement didn't become apparent.

Bag-man glanced down at his bags and then across to where Mikey had disappeared, "I'm... I'm really very sorry I can't exactly go after him..." He swallowed, "And.. er... sorry also that I... well... stared rather than doing anything practical. I... that is, if you just give me a moment to set these down," he nodded at the bags once more, "I will... that is, let's see if I can find something to help you, um, cover up."

I somehow managed a strangled chuckle, "That's... that's okay, I understand. It was all so sudden and.. well, so unexpected. I do hope it didn't offend in any way..."

"Offend? Oh my dear, it was hardly your fault was it? And anyway an attractive young lady like... oh, sorry again – where are my manners? Can you pretend I never said anything like that? You most be so terribly embarrassed as it is, without me blathering about how attractive you look in your moment of despair."

"It's okay," I nodded down at my arms, "Just... can you maybe find something...?" I glanced towards the stairs where I say Mikey lean back into the shadows... this was going to go to plan B then, where I was apparently alone with the stranger for a few minutes... Interesting. While bag-man pulled out a new t-shirt that he apparently bought along with the rest of his shopping, I gave a cough, "I don't suppose you got a look at his face did you? Only I was too wrapped up in my call to notice anything."

Bag-man was ripping the plastic off of the t-shirt, "I can't say I did, my dear. One minute I was struggling along with my bags and the next there's this rush of wind as he come past me and when I next focussed on anything, there were your lovely... Oh dear, sorry once again, it's just that... well-"

"It's okay, really. That's um... very nice of you in fact. I just wish.. well, obviously I wouldn't want this sort of thing to happen ever in my life, but at least it wasn't in front of some weirdo or perv or whatever."

Bag-man finally freed the t-shirt from its wrapper and offered it to me, "I just consider myself extremely lucky, huh?" Despite the trace of bravado in his comment, he was blushing to the roots of his thinning brown hair.

It had all worked out perfectly, and if the dampness and heat I felt at my groin was anything to go by, the 'sharking-flash' was destined to occupy my favourite adventure number one spot for many weeks to come. Which didn't explain why I reached out with one hand to accept the proffered t-shirt.

We both froze, my left breast exposed once more, and both of us gave a little gasp. I began to gabble.

"I am so sorry," I managed, taking the t-shirt and not meeting bag-man's gaze directly, "I guess..." I swallowed and gave a nervous laugh before using both hands to find the hem of the t-shirt, baring both breast completely, "Bit late for modesty and all that, ha, ha. I really hope that you can forgive me and maybe even forget my face completely, ha?" I found myself spinning the t-shirt's hem through my hands, suddenly unable to work out front from back.

"Oh, my dear, please... please don't apologise at all," An undercurrent of hunger in bag-man's words made me glance across and my heart skipped beat when I saw the pure admiration and lust in his eyes. He cleared his throat, blushing but determined. He glanced up at me before resuming his eager breast inspection, "You have the sort of face I would remember for a long time, but... well, your breasts are perfect and will stay in my mind forever, it's me that should be apologising, not you."

"That... that actually makes me feel better," I told him, finally locating the back of the t-shirt and preparing to lift it over my head.

"It does?"

I nodded, my breasts now feeling deliberately exposed, "Uh huh, if... if anyone had to witness that, then who better than a gentleman who appreciates my misfortune?"

"Oh, that's me alright. I mean appreciative, and.. oh my dear, you really should get that t-shirt on now..."

"You're right," I nodded, "This is beginning to feel-"

The sudden call from the stairs cut me short, "Hey! Okay there? What happened?"

I clasped the t-shirt against my breasts and looked around to see Mikey approaching at a trot, "Mikey!"

It was my cue to him to say that I had probably taken things as far as I could, or needed, and that he could be himself now, all protective and mine. He closed the gap and took me into a hug.

"What on earth has happened here? Has he-"

"No! Mikey this nice man was on hand to help when I really needed it, this guy in a hoodie ripped my top off and...?"

"Sam."

"And Sam here was just offering me his t-shirt to help."

Mikey gave a commendably believable sigh of relief, "Thanks, Sam. Did you see who anything?"

Bag-man Sam shrugged, "It happened so fast and I was, shall we say, distracted."

Mikey gave me a squeeze, "Yeah, she has that affect on me."

"No, I meant I was struggling with the bags and-"

"Ignore him, Sam," I interjected, "He has a weird sense of humour. Although I think even he would have appreciated your very kind words regarding my appearance-"

"Oh, please, dear-" Bag-man Sam began, clearly suddenly alarmed at how Mikey might react to any revelations about the his compliments.

"It's okay," Mikey interrupted, "I'm just glad there was someone decent on hand in my absence. And appreciative."

"Quite right," I agreed, "But I think it's time for us to get back to the car so I can get covered up properly – thanks to Sam, once again."

Mikey glanced down at the t-shirt held over my breasts, "Quite apart from saying that it's unnecessary, I guess we should let everything settle back down and then try to find out what this attack was all about."

I shook my head, "Random by the look of it. Let's just get decent and get gone." I turned to Sam, "If you give me your address I'll drop the top back around to you when I'm done with it."

"Normally," Sam said, scrabbling for a pen, and still very flustered, "I would say keep it, but... well, it would be nice to know that I had something that you'd... well..."

Mikey leaned forward and put a hand on Sam's shoulder, "Don't sweat it. I know where you're coming from. As it happens I have an old top in the car, so..." He turned back to me and plucked the t-shirt from my grasp, bringing forth another squeal as I hastily covered my breasts, "So, have the t-shirt now, and maybe a second or two more joy as a sincere thank you."

I wriggled out of Mikey's arms and headed for the stairs, "Yes... um, thanks, Sam." I took a deep breath, turned back and dropped my left hand to my waist, raising my right in a brief wave before covering up again, my cheeks flaming. I spun and trotted for the stairs.

Mikey caught me up two floors above, and by the fifth, he had me pinned against the cold concrete of the wall. Within three seconds, my skimpy panties were kicked into the corner to rest alongside the t-shirt, and within seven the head of his engorged cock parted my dripping pussy.

"What... what..." I gasped, "if someone comes?"

"Oh," panted Mikey, "They will, princess, they will."

Half an hour later we were speeding along in the car, me in the t-shirt that Sam had given me, and Mikey in shorts and his own top. We were also sporting smiles of a size normally only seen on lottery winners and television presenters.

"I take it, to judge from your enthusiasm on the stairs," Mikey said, "that you rather enjoyed being sharked."

"I enjoyed being fucked, as well," Sexgirl replied on my behalf, "but yes, it was just what I wanted, needed and hoped for."

"Is that another tick on your new experiences wish-list, then?"

I smiled at my guy, "It's a tick on something, but I rather think that was more the first time for something new rather than something that's ticked off as being done and dusted."

"Oh, so you liked it that much then?"

"I can hardly deny it, can I? Didn't you, then?"

"Princess," Mikey laughed, "I adored it. Maybe one day I'd have dragged lucky Sam along with us, but for now, that was perfection." He glanced across, "Sorry, I didn't mean that I wanted to make you do-"

"Hey, buster, no apologies for honesty, remember? And between you and me, if that had gone on two minutes longer, it would have been me doing the dragging. I'd have hardly given him my special goodbye wave if I hadn't been so damned horny by then, would I?"

"True," Mikey pulled up outside our place, sighing and smiling, "It's taking me ages to get used to Sexgirl, you know?"

"Any problems with her?"

"Not a one, princess. She's already let me experience more than I ever believed was possible. One question, though..."

"Let me guess... Will Sexgirl enjoy another outing or two very soon?"

Mikey laughed, "Sexy and smart as they come. No pressure, of course, but-"

I undid my seatbelt, leaned across and kissed him, "I loved today and I want you to shark me again real soon. Who knows? Next time I might wear the dress rather than a top." I opened the car door and slipped out, letting the t-shirt ride up to expose my butt and my pussy before leaning back inside and wrinkling my nose at Mikey, "And, buster, I wasn't joking about what might have happened if that had gone on in the car park for a couple of minutes longer..." I made a dash for the house.

We barely managed to get the front door closed before we were naked and fucking like wild cats. I can't exactly remember what was said, word for word, but I seem to recall promising my guy – and myself – that our next outing would be the very next day. And, boy, was it...

**The New Me Ch. 06**

Of all the things that Sexgirl had already experimented with, the shark attack was the one that stuck in my mind the hardest. Or the best. Or the most... oh, I'm sure you get the picture. And it wasn't just for me, either – Mikey was absolutely rampant in the two days after we had acted out our new roles in the multi-storey car park. In fact it was after yet another wild sex session when the subject of the next 'outing' received some attention.

"So," Mikey managed, panting hard in the wake of the small tsunami he had unleashed deep within my belly, "Are you ready for another attack?"

I nodded, sweat dribbling into my left eye, "Ready and oh so very willing. And," I added with a grin, "I'm also ready to switch from the boob tube to the sun dress."

Mikey's eyes widened, partly out of surprise and partly, no doubt, out of anticipation, "You mean, you'll wear the little dress and just knickers underneath?"

"Yep. Skimpy ones at that."

"So, I get to dash up and rip off the dress and leave you-"

"Almost completely naked," I finished for him, "And I will be so terribly distraught, won't I?"

"Oh, princess, you are an absolute..."

"Slut?" I wriggled at the feel of a faint twitch inside me.

"That wasn't the word I was going to use," Mikey rotated his hips, "Because you'll look like such an unlucky, innocent victim..."

"I can tell there's a 'but' there, buster."

"Oh yes, princess. There's a 'but' – you'll look so innocent and unlucky, but we both know you'll be making those skimpy panties all wet with the excitement you'll be feeling to be exposed like that to a total stranger, right?"

I bucked my hips gently, "You really think I'll get that excited?"

"I do, princess, I do. Don't you?"

"Not me, buster..." I moaned as the stiffening inside me continued apace, "But I guarantee that Sexgirl will be in danger of climaxing on the spot."

The following morning we set off for the multi-story, content in the knowledge that we had practiced the routine more than enough times, and fresh from the memory of the look on the stranger's face earlier in the week – good ol' Sam. I was dressed (if that's the right word') in a doctored sun-dress over the sheerest white lace knickers I possessed, and not a stitch else. Mikey was in shorts and a t-shirt, with the hooded sweatshirt that would be his initial disguise as my shark attacker laid over the back of the driving seat. We were both also wearing a thin sheen of sweat.

After we parked on the fifth floor and had made our way down to the first where we would try to repeat our success of a few days before, I was as jumpy and edgy as ever, and everything felt just like the first time all over again. Maybe it was the fact that it was a brand new stranger who would get to see my predicament, or maybe it was the thought of being left in such a public place in no more than the tiny panties that were clinging to me... but I was almost quivering with anticipation. I had already discovered that less is more, but it was getting to the point where nothing was almost enough!

The wait for a suitable 'victim' seemed to last forever – certainly far longer than when we had targeted Sam – and with every minute that passed, my self-control levels seemed to diminish. By the time Mikey gave me a frantic 'now' gesture, I was half-tempted to start playing right there and then – and such was my distraction that it took me a few seconds before I realised that the game was starting for real.

I looked up to see a guy picking up a raft of carrier bags having just got out of the lift. He was a lot like Sam had been – middle-aged, burdened down, and seemingly oblivious to the woman in the sundress who had just started to walk towards him. And equally oblivious to the man who started to shadow his movements from behind.

My heart began to pound – loud enough that I imagined the stranger hearing it across the car park's expanse of concrete, and expanse that began to rapidly dwindle. As the gap between us closed, I became hyper-aware of what was about to happen, how Mikey would, in his guise as a random attacker, rip away my sundress and leave me exposed to this stranger. How my nerves would fire and my panties become even wetter with excitement. How the man would look at my exposed breasts and how the hunger would fire in his eyes... I started to tremble and the faintest flash of fear swept through me.

Hindsight is, they say, the only true form of twenty-twenty vision, so perhaps my knowledge now is clouding my memories, but that truly felt like the first time the games Mikey and me had been playing were in any way dangerous. That flash of fear settled in me as I stepped towards the stranger and Mikey hovering behind him, but I put it down to the unknown effect of being quite so exposed in such a location...

Any thought I might have had of aborting the game was pushed from my mind as my excitement rose to the surface, my heart hammering as the gap was reduced to just a few feet before Mikey finally stepped around the stranger and lunged for me.

We'd rehearsed the move more times than I could count, but it just goes to show that practice makes perfect. Or perhaps an element of that fear remained. Either way, when Mikey's hand grabbed the front of the dress and ripped it from my body I was left feeling shocked and so completely exposed. There was no rehearsal behind the way I froze on the spot, staring down at my naked breasts and beyond. Mikey tells me I squealed but I can't remember that bit – or his mad dash for the stairs.

The next thing I do remember is the guy's bags pooling around my feet as he slipped off the lightweight jacket he was wearing.

"Honey? Hey, angel? Take this. Want me to go after him?"

The spell broke and I slapped my hands over my exposed breasts. Another look down at my panties – a look mirrored on the stranger's face – and I quickly shifted one hand down to cover my groin, the feeling of exposure ramped up to the maximum. The proffered jacket was still hanging from the guy's hand, but now I was acutely aware that to take it would mean exposing something of myself once again – and to my shock, and mounting horror, I realised I didn't want to.

"No! That is..." I took a deep breath, "That is... stay, but... could you just... just drop the jacket and turn away?" I glanced at the doorway, praying that Mikey had stripped out of the hoodie and was witnessing my discomfort – that he would come and rescue me. When the guy gave a slow nod, I started to breathe a sigh of relief.

"Well sure, honey, but... um..."

The hesitation in his voice set off a thousand alarm bells, "Please?"

"Look, just take the jacket, honey, okay? Call it... fair rental."

I had been getting used to the loss of control in these weird situations, but this was a step further than I'd gone before. Mikey was close, but not nearly close enough, and although this middle-aged guy would be no match for me if I chose to run – or even if I chose to fight – this was still a situation where I felt incredibly exposed. I looked into his eyes and saw a pure, desperate hunger there, and the quick lick of the lips that he made sent a shiver up my spine. Under my right hand I could feel they hardness of my left nipple and the bare flesh felt more naked, somehow, than ever before. The fingers of my left hand were all that stood between this guys eyes and the heat and, it's true, moisture of my nearly naked pussy. Any reply I was about to make dried in my throat as a feeling close to helplessness washed over me.

"Honey? Come on, okay? Just take the jacket and... and we'll... and I mean, I'll help you out of here, okay?"

I tried to reply once more, tried to say that it was not okay at all, that he was asking me to bare myself to him, and that I really wasn't prepared to do that... any more... that I wanted to get this while thing called-

I squealed as the guy's free hand snaked out and caught my right arm, trying to pull it away from my bare breasts. "Honey, hey! It's okay, just take the jacket, right?"

His grip tightened and my palm cam away from my left breast, cool air rushing across the exposed surface of my soft skin. With a gasp I realised that he was exposing me, that my breasts were coming into full view. "No!"

I began to pull my arm back and for a moment there was a sickening stalemate, my bare nipples in plain sight now. And then he released his grip.

The suddenness of his action caught me completely by surprise and I jolted back, thrusting my arms out automatically to catch my balance – baring myself completely to his eager stare. I gave another squeal and began to spin away from him, before freezing just as quickly when his fingers snaked under the waistband of my panties.

Those flimsy little knickers weren't much – but they were all I had and they were my last straw. I slapped his hand away and turned back to face him, my breasts bare and heaving, blood coursing into my cheeks, my exposure sending another wave of heat into my groin. "Happy now? See all you want to see? Come on then big man, have yourself a real good look at me! Like what you see, big man? You like my tits, huh? You like the look of my pussy through these panties, huh? Are you getting hard because of what you're seeing, huh?"

The guy was shocked but the sight was just too much for him to ignore. Sure he started to back away, but his eyes kept roving back and forth from my breasts to my pussy, "Look, honey, there's no need to be like that, right. I was just trying to help, okay?"

"By making me show you all this, huh?" I glanced down at my near-nakedness and felt yet another surge of excitement, my mind a whirl of confusion as fear and anger and exposure all sought for the upper hand. "You think that baring my tits to you makes it a fair deal?"

"Look, honey-"

"Hey!" The voice cut across the car-park from the stairs, "What's going on here? Are you okay, miss?"

At the first sound of another voice I'd assumed Mikey had returned as my white knight, but I was shocked into silence for a second as I realised that this wasn't Mikey. I swallowed hard. "Who... who's that?"

The light from the stairwell rendered the newcomer little more than an outline, "It's okay, miss, it's me... from the other day? Sam?"

Behind me there was a scuffing of plastic and the sound of footsteps hastily retreating as the original target scrambled away. I brought my hands over my nakedness once again, my shock rendering me almost speechless. "Sam?" I managed.

"Yes, miss." The guy started slowly towards me from the stairs, his hands outstretched in a gesture which I'm sure was meant to indicate that I was now safe, "I'm real sorry but... well, I've been hanging around here in the off chance you and your boyfriend would show up again, and... well, I guess maybe it was lucky I did."

I gave a sigh of relief, completely ignoring the fact that Sam was little more known to me than the guy who had just been coming on to me, and hugged myself tighter, "It's okay – and thanks, Sam, he was getting weird."

"So it seems," Sam stopped a few feet from me, "Look, I have a jacket as well, but I guess I'll just drop it here, if that's alright?"

"It's very alright, Sam."

"Yes, Sam," Mikey's voice came from the stairway, "But I think I can take it from here. Princess? Jess, angel? Sorry I was so long but a vigilante figured I must have been guilty of something when he saw me run down the stairs and I had to lose him. But I'm back now." He paused as he closed the gap between us, "Princess? What's up?"

I gave a careful shrug, "Things got a bit... odd. Sam arrived just in time, I guess."

The middle-aged guy gave his own shrug, "Actually, confession time, I was here already and just a bit slow I suppose."

Mikey patted Sam on the back, "You were here already?"

"Yeah. I should have reacted quicker when the guy got weird, but... well..."

I stepped forward, still hugging myself, "It's okay, Sam."

He shook his head, "It's not. I mean, I was going to make myself known earlier but.. oh hell..."

"But," Mikey suggested, his voice light, encouraging, "you couldn't resist a peek or two first, yeah?"

"Well..."

"It's okay, dude,"

I nodded, "Yeah, I can hardly blame you."

Sam glanced at each of us in turn, "You both mean that?"

Mikey nodded emphatically, "Sure."

"I agree," I managed, adrenaline of one sort giving way to another, "Do you mean you, er, saw it all?"

"Well, other than the knickers being in the...oh, you mean the whole incident, right? I... I guess I did, yeah. I may not be the smartest guy in the world, but something about the other day reminded me of something I used to get up to with my wife and I couldn't help wondering... hoping, really... that you two were playing the same sort of game." Sam took a deep breath, "I know it was silly... that it was just wishful thinking... although I suppose it wasn't, was it? Anyway, I just had to come back here to maybe see. Or at least so that I could remember it all as clearly as possible."

"Wow," I managed, at the same time as Mikey laughed and patted Sam on the back again.

"Good job, Sam," Mikey said, "And I'm so glad that a decent guy like you got us figured. I love my princess being seen, but when it's a decent, appreciative guy, then so much the better."

"Oh, I'm appreciative," Sam replied. He looked into my eyes, "Jess, isn't it?" When I nodded he went on, "Jess, you are stunning. I'm too old to be shy any more, so I don't mind telling you that you beautiful body has kept me constantly hard for the last couple of days. And you, Michael, are one lucky fellow."

"I am, and it's Mikey."

"Thanks, Sam, really," I added, "And thanks for following your hunch."

"Were we really that obvious?"

Sam offered Mikey a smile, "Probably not. It was probably just my wishful thinking, or maybe the fact that it was a game so close to one me and my wife used to love. But in any case, I've sure had my reward."

I glanced down at my arms and hands, barely concealing my nakedness, "Well, for what it's worth, you're very welcome."

Mikey moved to my side and put any arm around my bare shoulders. From his waistband he pulled out the sun-dress, "My only regret," he said, his voice dripping with desire, "is that I never really saw your reaction, Sam."

"My... reaction?"

Mikey nodded, "Your reaction to..." he held the sun-dress up at my side, "reaction to Jess being almost naked in front of you."

Sam glanced from the dress, to me, to Mikey, "Well, I'm sure that I could let you see..."

"If I did the same, so to speak?" I managed, my voice quivering.

There was a strained silence between the three of us as the import of what was being suggested hit home. I could feel my fingers beginning to tremble as I switched completely from the fear-tinged sexual object of a few minutes earlier, to a much more willing exhibitionist right now. The feel of my bare and nearly bare flesh became more obvious to me, and the knowledge that I was about to give my control over to Sexgirl made itself known to me. I stared at the sun-dress and began to move my right hand.

The 'ting' of the lift as its doors clattered open made my breath catch in my throat and my hand and arm pressed themselves back over my bare breasts. With much more aplomb than I was now capable of, Mikey swivelled around so that his body and Sam's next to him provided a bulky shield that protected me from the view of the elderly couple who walked from the lift to a Ford Fiesta parked nearby.

Feeling as naked a newborn, I huddled down and squeaked a couple of replies to pretend questions that the two guys muttered to each other and to me. With one final swivel to keep me out of sight as the Fiesta drove away, I was completely protected by them. And it was only when I reconsidered just who the 'them' really was that I fully understood how daring I was being – and how aroused I had become. When Mikey nodded towards the stairs, I recalled how close I'd been to inviting Sam along a couple of days before – and what had happened before Mikey and I left the car park that day. The fingers of my left hand pressed involuntarily against my warm, wet centre, and my only audible response was a whimper.

Somehow I managed to keep my hands over myself as we trotted to the stairwell and clattered up towards the fifth floor. When Mikey reached the landing there, he scouted across the car-parking and then turned quickly back to face Sam, who was just ahead of me. "All clear up here." To me, he smiled, "So what was it that Sam got to see down there?"

For all my earlier anger and fear, and all my current excitement, I could barely move, and even speaking was hard, "Mikey... I don't think I can..."

"Not even for your white knights? For the wonderful Sam?"

I looked at the eager gazes and felt my heart press into my throat, "I... I suppose it won't be the first time..."

"Please, princess?"

Sam coughed, "I know I have no right to ask, Jess, but... but you are just so damned beautiful just have to ask whether I can see you one more time."

"I..." I took a deep breath, "I want to."

Mikey cocked his head to one side, "So?"

"So," Another deep breath, "So... my hands seem to be frozen in place."

My guy laughed, "Oh princess! Let me help... let us help." He put his hand on my right arm and nodded to Sam.

As Sam leaned in a put a shaky hand over my left arm I gave the tiniest whimper – and when they both began to draw my arms away from my nearly naked body, I turned that whimper into a full-scale moan.

Before a couple of seconds had passed I was standing with my arms spread wide, my naked breasts quivering under the hungry eyes of my guy and this almost complete stranger. When Mikey asked whether Sam though I was still as beautiful as he'd thought earlier, the blood pounding in my ears made it almost impossible to hear the 'oh, yes' which was given by way of an earnest reply.

When Mikey asked me in a shaky voice whether I thought that my knickers were really adding anything to my ensemble, I barely recognised my own voice which replied that I thought they were just getting in the way. As they were slid down my trembling legs and I felt even more cool air caress my heat, I felt the last vestiges of control slip away with them. I wasn't even surprised when I heard myself suggest that I might rather enjoy some closer attention... some attention of a more manual nature.

I had thought that I was happy with my new 'less is more' discovery, and by and large I'm sure that is true. But right then I had a sudden and powerful need and turned to Sam. "Do they feel as good as they look, then?"

He glanced as Mikey for something – permission, maybe – before stepping in front of me, "I would have had to ask," he told me, and without another word he brought his hands up and cupped my bare breasts, squeezing softly as I let out a long, slow moan.

"Jess?" Mikey was suddenly behind me, "You look in need..."

"I am," I managed, "And I need it now."

Mikey's hands snaked under my armpits and he leaned back bearing my weight. Sam stood for a moment, smiling then nodding. With a jerky movement or two, he undid his jeans and skipped them down his thighs, an impressively hard and large cock springing free, its heat palpable even from the foot or so away it currently bobbed.

"Oh, Jess," Sam said softly, "I don't think I've ever wanted a woman as badly as I need you now."

"Then," I panted, "you'd better take what you need."

As Mikey held me, Sam parted my thighs and his cock parted my labia. On the fifth floor landing of the multi-storey car park, this stranger's cock impaled me on its eager, desperate heat and within seconds I was bucking hard against Sam's thrusts, his balls slapping against my naked thighs. Hands – four of them – clawed and scrabbled at my naked breasts and teeth nipped at the soft flesh of my neck and shoulders, from behind me I heard Mikey tell Sam not to stop and realised that my new stranger was being told to fill me when he was ready – which sent the first quiver of climax shuddering through me. When Sam started to grunt and mutter about wanting me again sometime, asking me to promise him that I would let him have me, fuck me, again, I didn't even wait for Mikey's permission – just told him that I would love him to fuck me again some time. But that right now I wanted to feel him explode inside me.

With a strength and agility that drove me to even higher highs, Sam lifted me by the hips and ground himself as hard into me as he could. I let out an intense, deep, quivering wail and started to climax, my peals of delight intensifying in an almost alarming way as I felt this stranger spurting so deep inside me. Mikey was panting and groaning, letting out his own wail of pleasure as he let loose a stream of hot juices that splashed down my naked thigh.

We collapsed into a messy, sweaty, delighted heap sometime over the course of the next couple of minutes, Sam's cock resting against one of my thighs, and Mikey's against the other. When a door sounded from several floors below us, we managed to scramble out onto the fifth floor proper and took refuge in our car, still naked but feeling much more protected.

I went to start dressing but Sam stopped me, his hand on my arm, "Jess?"

"Sam?"

"I just wanted to say two things."

"Fire away," I said, almost deliriously.

"First, you really are gorgeous."

Mikey nodded, "She is, and it was pretty damned gorgeous watching you fuck her, if you two don't mind me saying?"

I laughed, "Hardly, buster. And that give me a pretty strong idea of what Sam's second thing is, and what the answer is."

"Really?" Sam asked.

"You want to know," I said, "whether I will keep my promise that I made when we were out there. And my answer is 'yes', because I know Mikey wants it as well."

"My princess is right, hey Sam?"

He nodded as a smile spread across his features, "She certainly is. Gorgeous and smart."

"My princess is gorgeous and horny."

"Guilty," I laughed, "Now can I get dressed before someone else gets a look at my bare boobs?"

"Well..."

"Buster, that was a rhetorical question." I shrugged the sundress over my head and started to repair the rigged buttons.

"I wonder how you managed that," Sam nodded. "My wife used to have a few tricks of her own."

"Sounds like there's a story or two there. Care to share?"

Sam came home with us that afternoon and told us all about his ex-wife's tricks and treats. Stories that, I admit, had me fulfilling my promise to Sam a lot earlier than anyone had anticipated. As he was pumping deep inside me over our coffee table (it was convenient, okay?) I even found myself making another promise to our new friend, and with Mikey's help all three of us tried out a new trick the very next night at a rock concert... Sexgirl's next outing – rather literally – will feature in the next chapter, as the new me grows into her new persona. See you there very soon...