**Virgin Exhibitionist**  
by [*Tina\_Kerr\_36*](https://www.sexstories.com/profile1311058/Tina_Kerr_36)  
  
Even though I'd been masturbating to orgasm for a couple of years, I didn't discover the awesome intensity of squirting and blackout orgasms until shortly after my fifteenth birthday. Both scared me the first time it happened, but after that, I would be disappointed with just having normal orgasms.  
  
A few weeks earlier, I was in my room, naked on my bed, and masturbating. It was early on a Saturday afternoon and I had the house to myself. My parents were playing golf, and my younger brother by a year was off somewhere with his friends.  
  
I had my eyes closed and my whole brain was focused on my clit. It was like the rest of me didn't exist. I was just a clit—a huge, swollen, throbbing clit, and I was being rubbed faster and faster by fingers slickened by my own juices.  
  
It was a great orgasm and it took me a long while to come down from it. I still hadn't gotten my breathing back under total control when I opened my eyes. My brother and one of his friends were standing in the doorway of my room. I screamed, "Jason! What are you—get the fuck out—right now!"  
  
They left without closing my door. I waited until I heard the back door close, and then peeked out the window. Jason and his friend were just leaving our yard through the back gate, so I headed for the shower.  
  
During my shower, all I could see in my mind's eye was the look on their faces, my brother and his friend. They were obviously both stunned and totally engrossed in seeing the scene I'm sure neither of them had expected to see while passing my room.  
  
For some reason, the memory of the look in their eyes pleased me greatly, but I wasn't sure why. I was very accustomed to boys—men even, staring at me, ogling me, undressing me with their eyes. I must confess to taking some degree of pride in that, in knowing that the opposite sex found me attractive—sexy even. I must confess further that men and boys ogling me almost always made me horny. But those times weren't the same. Those men and boys hadn't seen me totally naked in my most intimate moment. My brother and his friend had.  
  
Prior to turning off the water, I played with myself only briefly, and achieved another great orgasm after only a couple of minutes.  
  
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Dry and back in my room, I stood in front of the full-length mirror on my closet door and admired myself. I loved the look of my body—especially my rounded butt and my upturned breasts that, at 36Ds, were a bit larger than would be considered proportionate on my 5'6" and otherwise slender frame. They were the first things most people noticed about me, but I didn't mind. I actually enjoyed it. I didn't have large nipples, but the light pink nubs contrasted nicely against my darker areolas—and they were long enough to announce their presence through a shirt or blouse when I went braless, even when not taut. When they were hard, they screamed their presence. My long dark hair went well with my always tanned face and body. I always worked hard to keep a nice tan, but it wasn't that difficult in North Texas.  
  
I didn't date much, even though I'd been asked plenty of times by some of the hottest boys in school. I'd turned down a chance to try out for the cheerleading squad. I'm not sure why, but I just wasn't that interested in those things. The other hot girls thought I was a bitch—a stuck up prude, as did many of the jocks, but I didn't care.  
  
I knew I could have almost any boy I wanted, but I considered most of them to be dumb jocks. I considered most of the other hot girls to be airheads. They didn't just want the attention—they NEEDED it. They stupidly garnered their sense of worth from how hot the boy was they were dating at the time, the hotter the boy, the higher their esteem.  
  
I wasn't like that. I was just fine without it. I knew my day would come, but I wasn't there yet. Most of my real friends were just average to below average kids—in looks, I mean. Most of them were far more intelligent than me, which put them light years smarter than the dumb jocks and airheads, and I loved being around them. They didn't pester me for dates. They considered me out of their league, although I purposefully avoided saying or doing anything that would make them think that. In fact, the few boys I did date came from that group, and they were perfect gentlemen when with me.  
  
That night in bed, I thought back to what had happened earlier. Why didn't it really embarrass me that I'd been seen like that? Why did it result in me having another orgasm in the shower? Why didn't I want to kill my younger brother? And why, after hours of thinking about it, did I wish I could experience it again?  
  
I once read the autobiography of a serious alcoholic. My main take-a-way from the book was something he said, "My drinking took a serious turn for the worse when I finally acknowledged to myself that I was an alcoholic. Now I had an excuse to drink, and I took full advantage of it. I didn't have to feel guilty for drinking any longer. It wasn't me. It was my condition. I had an excuse."  
  
When I recalled his words, it hit me like a sledgehammer slamming into my forehead. "I'm an exhibitionist."  
  
Once I acknowledged my "condition" and accepted it, my course was clear. It would be my task to feed my addiction. I had to insert myself into situations that satisfied my need to be seen in the most personal and private of circumstances. I simply had no choice. It was my duty to feed my addiction.  
  
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Growing up in a small Texas town in the sixties meant that we were never exposed to many of the things people think about when they think of the sixties. We were never exposed to drugs of any kind. The “Free Love” movement never violated our city limits. We could get our driver’s licenses at fourteen with Driver’s Ed, and we could make the fourteen mile drive the Oklahoma line and buy beer at the back door of the tiny little bar.   
  
I had been to the movies and hamburger stand with David on more than one occasion. He was a true gentleman, and one of the most intelligent people I'd ever met. He was quite overweight and his face was littered with pimples. We could indulge in long discussions on too many topics to list, so I knew I could count on him. I invited him to accompany me to Dairy Maid for a burger on me. I chose the Dairy Maid because we would be eating in the car where it would be more private.  
  
"I have a huge problem." I explained to David even before our order arrived at my car window. I told him quite frankly about what had happened with my brother and his friend. I knew I didn't have to be embarrassed about the fact that I masturbated myself to orgasm. Like I said, David was the most intelligent person I'd ever met, so I knew I wouldn't have to explain to him that girls do that too.  
  
"Davie, the whole thing turned me on so much, I had to get myself off again a few minutes later in the shower. Do you know what that means?"  
  
He nodded after giving my story his full measure of consideration. "I'm pretty sure it means that you're an exhibitionist." He said flatly.  
  
"Yes, that was my conclusion too. I never would have thought that about myself, but after that incident and the affect it had on me, I'm convinced that I am."  
  
His brow knotted, "I'm not sure you should make such a final conclusion after one such incident. It could have been a fluke, or the particular mood you were in at the time. Was there something in particular you were thinking about while you were masturbating—a particular fantasy?"  
  
I pondered his question for a moment before responding, "Not really. I just remember falling into this kind of mental thing where I was a giant clit being rubbed by slick fingers. I can't remember any fantasy or anything else that caused me to start masturbating, or while doing it."  
  
"I know the feeling. Sometimes I don't need a fantasy either. I just feel the urge to do it."  
  
I giggled, "Hell, all boys need is the wind to change directions. Am I right?"  
  
"Yeah, that's pretty much the way of things." He said with a chuckle.  
  
"So?" I asked him, "What do I do now?"  
  
He shrugged, "I'm not sure. I think you probably need to test your hypothesis to make sure it wasn't a one time thing."  
  
Our food arrived and I paid the roller-skating carhop. When she was gone and we had begun eating, I asked, "Any ideas on how I should test it?"  
  
He shrugged again, "I'm not sure. How close are you and your brother? Can you confide in him without him taking advantage of your dilemma?"  
  
"Probably not, but I'm not sure."  
  
"Then you'll have to be patient and wait for an impromptu opportunity to take advantage of."  
  
While both of us were busy eating our burgers and fries, I said, "I'm very proud of you, David."  
  
"For what?"  
  
"You know for what. Don't play coy with me. It's beneath you."  
  
"Oh, you mean for not offering to be part of your test?"  
  
"Of course that's what I'm referring to, and you know it. You don't pull off playing dumb very well."  
  
He seemed to be calculating his response, but he finally said, "Let's see. I'd have to be a total idiot not to want to be a part of that test, but we both know I'm not a total idiot. So the only logical conclusion is that I would love to be a part of it, but I didn't bring it up for some other reason."  
  
"Respect?"  
  
"Yep, you nailed it. I would love to see you naked, masturbating or not, but I'd much rather have your respect. That means much more to me than a few seconds or even minutes of indulging myself in what we both know wouldn't lead to anything meaningful—other than me needing to masturbate soon after."  
  
"David" I said in a very serious and heart-felt tone.  
  
"Yes?"  
  
"You not offering to do it proves to me that my trust in you is not misplaced. And beyond that, I feel that we already have something meaningful. If this thing . . . this exhibitionist thing—if it proves to be real, I'm going to need a lot of help dealing with it. I don't have to ask if you'll help me. I know you will. And that is very much meaningful—the fact that I know it without asking."  
  
David's face lit up. "I'd kiss you right now, if you'd let me, but I ordered extra onions and jalapeños not anticipating that I'd get the chance."  
  
"Next time then—hold the onions and jalapeños."  
  
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Two weeks went by without my getting the chance to conduct my experiment. I was convinced it would never happen, so I was forced to take desperate measures. Jason and I didn't argue and fight like some siblings, and we'd always been fairly open with each other about personal things, so I felt only a modest degree of embarrassment while broaching the subject with him.  
  
That Friday evening when our parents were out to dinner with friends, I laid what I'm sure he thought was a bombshell on my brother. "Tomorrow, while mom and dad are playing golf, I'm going to be sunbathing nude in the backyard."  
  
He showed me a questioning look, "Okay, what time? I'll make sure I'm gone so you can have your privacy. And about the thing that happened a couple of weeks ago, I-"  
  
"Don't worry about it. I'm not pissed off at you. In fact, that's what my sunbathing naked tomorrow is all about. You and your friend watching me kind of turned me on, so it got me to thinking that I may be an exhibitionist without knowing it. I need to test it to be sure, but the opportunity hasn't presented itself.  
  
"Cool, so what do you want me to do?"  
  
When I explained my plan to him, his face lit up. He eagerly agreed to help me.  
  
The next day, I was laying naked in one of the reclining chairs at the specified time. I had positioned it such that I could see the back gate, and I could be seen fully from the up stairs windows. I'd put the chair almost down flat. I had on my darkest sunglasses so that I could pretend to be asleep.  
  
Our backyard was very private, so I wasn't worried about the neighbors seeing me and telling my parents. Jason and two of his friends entered our yard through the back gate. He hadn't told them about the plan, so they were both shocked and excited to see me. They were elbowing each other and all three had huge grins.  
  
As they moved closer, I closed my eyes almost all the way. They stopped only five feet or so from the foot of my chair and just stared at my body. At that moment, my hypothesis was confirmed. My pussy began tingling and became very wet.  
  
After they'd been staring at me for several minutes, I opened my eyes and acted startled to see them. All three of the boys jumped back a step. "Enjoying yourselves?"  
  
Jason spoke up, "Gezzz, sis. I'm sorry. We . . . we didn't expect you to be out here like this, and we just couldn't resist . . ."  
  
"Well, I guess there isn't any point in trying to cover myself now. You've already seen everything. I guess I'll just go for a swim." I got to my feet and walked lazily past them and dove into the pool.  
  
I heard one of the boys say to my brother, "Holy shit! Your sister didn't even seem pissed. Mine would have killed all of us."  
  
"I guess we should leave her alone now." Jason said. They went into the house, and I assume right to a window overlooking the pool. I was so horny by then; I knew I couldn't hold out much longer. I forced myself to swim for about five minutes, then dried off, wrapped the towel around my hair, and went inside.  
  
They were just starting down the stairs as I was going up. I assumed they had timed it that way intentionally. Of course, all six eyes were on my body, so I paused before passing them long enough to ask, "Gezzz guys, didn't you get enough of an eyeful yet?"  
  
"Not by a long shot." Jerry Robinson managed.  
  
I smirked, "I can see that, but you've got until I get to my room, and then  
  
the show is over." And I continued up the stairs and went straight to my room, closing the door behind me.  
  
Jason must have sent his friends on their way, because I had just started masturbating when I heard a knock on my door and Jason's voice say "They're gone. It's just me. Can I come in?"  
  
"Yes" I said, not stopping what I was doing.  
  
He acted surprised that I hadn't gotten dressed, and even more surprised that I just kept playing with my pussy while he stood in the doorway and watched me. "Well, did it work? Did you find out what you wanted to know?"  
  
"Mmmmm", I moaned as I put two fingers inside my dripping wet pussy to slicken them. "I sure did. That's why I couldn't wait to do this. It made me really, really horny."  
  
"Cool, so does that mean I can watch?"  
  
"Yes, I'd like that."  
  
"Cool" He said as he stepped into my room and pulled my dressing chair over nearer the bed.  
  
I turned my head so that I could watch his face while watched me. I had three very powerful orgasms within ten minutes. It usually took me longer than that to give myself one.  
  
After the third one, I stopped and rolled onto my side, curling my body into a fetal position. Jason took the hint. He got up and put my chair back where it had been. "Thanks, sis. That was awesome, but now I have to go do the same." And he walked out, closing the door behind him.  
  
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Now I was faced with another dilemma. It was okay having Jason watch me, but it wasn't like having a stranger see me. I believed that to be the reason I got so horny when his friends were staring at me.  
  
I knew word would get around about the incident, so I couldn't really set up another such scenario with arousing suspicion. As it stood, all his friends could really say is that I sunbathed naked in my backyard and didn't get too pissed when I awoke to find them looking at me. Jason and David were the only ones who knew the truth, so I went back to David.  
  
We were sitting on the grass in the city park away from all the other people. "Well, it's confirmed. I'm an exhibitionist." I told him flatly.  
  
"I see, so now what?"  
  
I shrugged, "I don't know. I guess I'm just going to have to find some people I can trust."  
  
"More than one?"  
  
"Yeah, I think the more the better, but I'm really not sure."  
  
"You'd better be careful not to get yourself gang raped."  
  
"Yeah, that is a concern for sure."  
  
"Well, you know there are several of us you can trust not to rape you, and not to blab it all over town."  
  
"That's what I wanted to talk to you about. Will you talk to the others for me?"  
  
"You know I will. I just have two questions. First, how many, and secondly, just males or . . ."  
  
I pondered both questions for a full couple of minutes before answering, "As many as possible, and if that means girls too, then so be it." I bit my lower lip as I saw his eyes widen. "Don't act so shocked, Davie. I'm not gay or anything. I just think the more eyes the better, that's all. Of course, the girls will probably think I'm a total slut, but that's a chance I'm willing to take."  
  
"No one in our group will think you're a slut. I can guarantee you that. We all know you far to well to think anything like that. You've just found something you like and need, that's all. And I'm sure everyone I invite will be very honored that you are willing to trust them with your secret—just like I am."  
  
I turned my head toward him. Our faces were mere inches apart. "Thank you for that, David." And I leaned over and kissed him on the mouth, even offering him my tongue, which he eagerly accepted.  
  
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The following Saturday, six of us took two cars and headed for Mike Goldtree's parent's cabin in the woods. It was very private and quite nice inside. During the drive, at least in the car I was in, which was David's SUV, the tension was thick. No one mentioned what we were going to the cabin for, but it was definitely the eight hundred pound gorilla in the car. I could see it in Shelly Glen's eyes every time she turned to look at me. I assumed those in the other car were talking about it the entire way.  
  
When we arrived, we carried in the groceries and sleeping bags. We'd all gotten permission to spend the weekend. I brought two cases of beer. I'd only tried beer once, and I didn't like it at all, but I popped one open immediately, hoping it would calm my nerves. The others all followed suit. I didn't really have a plan for how it was all going to happen, so when we were all in the main room, David came right out and asked me. "So, this is your party. You'll have to tell us what you want and when."  
  
I looked past him to Mike, then Shelly, then to Brad, and finally to Sharon. Then I took a deep breath and told them, "I guess I'd just like to get naked right now, and we can do whatever. If that gets me really horny like I think it will, I'd like you all to watch me masturbate."  
  
David nodded, "That's pretty much what I told the others to expect. Of course, and I think I can speak for all the males present, after we watch you do that, we're probably going to need to slip outside and take care of business ourselves."  
  
Brad spoke up with a chuckle, "Hell, I don't know about you guys, but I've been hard ever since Dave invited me to join the party."  
  
That sent everyone, including me, into a laughing fit. Just as we were collecting ourselves, Shelly announced with a silly giggle, "I'm right there with the boys. I'm already wet."  
  
When everyone turned their heads to look at her, she said, "Hey, I'm just being honest. I think this whole thing is hot as fuck. How about a show of hands from everyone who isn't already horny?" No hands went up.  
  
I was amazed that my friends all just confessed to being horny just from thinking about what was going to happen. I took another deep breath and said, "Well, if I'm going to get naked, I might as well get on with it." And I pulled the string on my halter and took it off. My shorts and panties were off in one fell swoop, and I was standing in front of my five best friends wearing nothing but my shoes and socks.  
  
"Whew!" I gasped, and then I held my arms out from my sides and told them, "Okay, that's done. Now, don't be shy about looking. That's what this party is all about after all."  
  
They took me at my word. Even Shelly and Sharon spent a long time staring at me. "That's the sexiest thing I've ever seen in person." Sharon said aloud. And she got plenty of agreements from the others.  
  
Mike said, "Damn, Gina, we all knew you have an awesome rack, but holy fuck! Your tits are . . ."  
  
"Fucking incredible!" Sharon finished his sentence for him.  
  
"Yeah" He agreed, "that's what I was about to say."  
  
With my arms still away from my sides, I did a slow pirouette for them, which drew many more compliments. When I was facing them again and all eyes were on my breasts, I said to the group, "You can touch them if you want, but each of you for just for a minute. I don't want this to turn into an orgy or something.  
  
Brad was the closest to me, so he was first to reach up and fondle my naked breasts. When he lingered too long though, Mike put a hand on his shoulder and pulled him away, taking his place immediately.  
  
I was already so horny I felt like masturbating right there and then, but I wanted to hold out as long as I could. I was surprised when Sharon beat David to me and began caressing my breasts. She was very skinny and almost totally flat chested. "Gawd, I'm so, so fucking jealous. If I had a pair like these, I'd want the whole world to see them. I'd become a nudist for sure."  
  
Quite to my surprise, I found having another girl's hands on me very sensual and exciting, but it drove the guys absolutely crazy. They were hooting and clapping and shouting things like "Whoa baby" and "Now that's hotter than fish grease." Mike hollered out, "Boing!" And we all laughed, knowing his meaning.  
  
When her time was up, she stepped away. David, always the gentleman, bent slightly at the waist and waved for Shelly to go ahead of him. I was surprised again when she stepped up to me and took her turn. Again, the guys went crazy and again I loved every second of it. She was fairly stocky and had nice sized breasts herself, so I took it as a high compliment when she whispered to me, "They feel incredible."  
  
When David finally did take his turn, I announced to the group, "Oh, I forgot to mention that the last in line gets a kiss. And I put my hands on David's head and pulled his mouth firmly to mine.  
  
Behind him, Shelly, said, "If I'd known that, I'd have gone last." But when everyone except David turned to look at her, she held out her palms and said, "No, I'm not one of 'those' girls, but holy shit, I would have kissed her in a heartbeat." I broke off my kiss with David and we all had a great laugh.  
  
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It was a warm evening, so we decided to build a fire and roast hotdogs and marshmallows over it. By the time we had the fire going good, I'd been naked for well over an hour and my pussy was so hot I could have used it to start the fire. I had just finished my second beer, and I announced that I had to pee.  
  
"Me too" Shelly said, followed by Sharon.  
  
Instead of going inside, we headed off into the woods. After peeing, we dried ourselves with leaves. Just as we were about to head back to where we'd built the fire, Shelly said, "I meant what I said before. I really wanted to kiss you."  
  
Sharon spoke up, "Me too, I just didn't have the guts to say it."  
  
I looked at them both, "Have you two . . ."  
  
"Gawd no!" Shelly gasped. "Neither of us are that way. But we would with you, or at least I know I would."  
  
I don't know what made me say what I did. Perhaps it was because I was so horny, or maybe it was the beer, but either way, I said, "Well, you're both doing me a big favor by being here . . . and no one is looking, so I'm game if you are."  
  
Shelly walked up to me, still questioning me with her eyes, so I put my hands on her cheeks and pulled her to me for a full body hug and kissed her, slipping my tongue into her mouth. Our kiss only lasted fifteen seconds or so, but wow! That really got my pussy throbbing. "Gawd!" I said, "That was intense."  
  
Shelly agreed, "Intense doesn't half describe it. I loved it. My pussy is dripping wet, and I don't mean from pee." And then she turned to Sharon, "Go ahead. It's incredible."  
  
So Sharon slowly walked up to me and we kissed the same way, except she found my left breast with her hand and kneaded it while we kissed. I almost came, so when we broke our kiss, I said, "Whew! Damn! You two are great kissers. I almost came."  
  
"Me too" came the reply from both of them.  
  
"We'll keep this just between us, okay?"  
  
Both eagerly agreed.  
  
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After we ate our hotdogs and marshmallows, I couldn't wait any longer. All of them had been staring at my body unabashedly the entire time, and I was so horny I was sure I'd faint if I didn't get myself off—and soon. "I'm so horny I'm afraid I'll burst. It's time."  
  
"Here or inside?" David asked.  
  
I thought about it for only a couple of seconds, It was dark out by then, and I was afraid they wouldn't be able to see well enough. "I think inside will be more comfortable."  
  
David and Mike doused the fire with sand and we all went inside. Brad pulled the stuffed imitation leather chair over in front of the couch. I wasted no time. I sat in the chair and slid my ass to the edge. My five best friends sat on the couch in front of me—except for Shelly, who slid to the floor directly in front of me to make more room for the guys. Then I immediately began rubbing my aching pussy. I put my fingers inside me to slicken them before picking up the pace and pressure.  
  
I forced myself to keep my eyes open. I wanted to watch their eyes while they watched me. I had a fairly substantial orgasm in less than two minutes, but I didn't stop. I knew there were two or three more to come.  
  
"Oooooo, that's number one." Shelly cooed.  
  
My second orgasm came less than two minutes later and was much more powerful. I had trouble keeping my eyes open during it, but I managed, barely.  
  
"Number two is in the books." Shelly, obviously the official score keeper, announced.  
  
It took almost five minutes for me to get to the third, but I could feel that it was going to be a great one. My hand was a blur as I got closer and closer. You could have heard a pin drop in the room if it hadn't been for the slurping sounds my slick fingers were making on the inside of my pussy lips and clit. When that one arrived, I know I screamed, but I couldn't understand what exactly. And then I felt something . . . I thought I must have peed myself, and then my world went dark.  
  
I don't know how long I was out, but when I finally managed to open my eyes, I saw my five best friends, all with stunned expressions on their faces. Finally, after what I'm sure was over a minute, Shelly said in a tone that expressed great awe, "She's a squirter."  
  
When I looked down at her, she was covered in wetness. I was mortified, "Did I pee on you? I'm so sorry."  
  
"No, it's not pee. It's cum. You squirted cum on me—a lot of cum."  
  
Gawd! I was so ashamed, all I could say was, "I'm so, so sorry."  
  
Brad spoke up, "I've heard about that, but I didn't think it was real."  
  
"Yeah, me too." Mike agreed. "I thought it was all bullshit."  
  
"Do you do that every time?" Sharon asked me.  
  
"I've . . . it's never happened before."  
  
Mike asked, "Do you always black out?"  
  
"No, I've never done that either. I'm so sorry, Shelly."  
  
"Don't worry about it. I brought extra clothes. These will wash." And then she added, much to the delight of the guys, "Actually, it tasted nice . . . very slick."  
  
I hadn't realized until hearing her say it, that I had actually squirted on her face too.  
  
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"Well, as badly as I hate to give up the view, I'm heading outside. I hope there aren't any bears out there." Mike announced.  
  
Shelly shocked us all by standing up and starting to pull her wet clothes off. Go outside if you want, but I need to take care of business right fucking now. You can watch or take care of yourself. I don't give a shit."  
  
"Well, if you girls don't mind . . ." And mike began removing his shorts.  
  
"I don't." Sharon said, pulling off her T-shirt. I'm with Shelly."  
  
"I can promise you I don't mind." I said.  
  
And the next thing I knew, all five of my best friends were naked and masturbating openly in front of me and each other. I guess the three cocks being stroked were all about average, although David's was a bit thicker than the other two. Shelly and Sharon were watching them with interest while they working themselves toward orgasm. Judging from the looks on their faces, I had a hunch that those were the first hard cocks either of them had ever seen in person. I knew they were my first, and I was fascinated.  
  
Likewise, it was my guess that David, Mike and Brad had never seen a naked pussy in person before mine. Shelly and Sharon had Brazilin trims just as I did, and the guys seemed absolutely fascinated by watching them masturbate, just as they had been while watching me. Brad even knelt on the floor right in front of Sharon to get a closer view.  
  
At that moment, I came to understand something. While I knew they loved looking at my body, my three male friends were thoroughly enjoying watching Shelly and Sharon as well. And my two female friends were captivated by watching the guys jack off.  
  
A question popped into my mind. Why hadn't they fooled around with each other before? Was it out of respect or was it out of shyness or fear? Whatever it was, I was glad that "my party" finally got them over it, even if not so far as getting physical with each other, at least enough to get naked and masturbate without fear of being rebuffed. To me, that was a huge positive side affect of me opening up about my own needs, and it made me proud I'd done it.  
  
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Surprisingly, Shelly and Sharon were the first to cum, both of them announcing it with loud moans of pleasure. But they were the last to cum as well. Both of them continued to masturbate long after the three guys had cum all over the hardwood floor in front of them.  
  
I'd never seen a boy cum, and it fascinated me to no end. I found myself getting horny again from watching it. And it must have had the same affect on Sharon and Shelly. Their most powerful orgasms came after watching all three boys cum. I loved darting my eyes back and forth from their spurting cocks to their faces. Each of their faces contorted as if they were in a great deal of pain. Of course, I knew that wasn't the case.  
  
A couple of minutes after they were all done, Shelly asked, "So, what's next?"  
  
That brought a huge round of laughter from all of us.  
  
After everyone, still totally naked, opened another beer, Sharon announced, "There's something I want to do, and I want to do it right here, right now, and I don't care what any of you think about me for wanting to do it."  
  
And having said that, she walked over to where I was sitting, "Gina, all of this never would have happened without you." Then she bent over, and gave me the same kind of kiss we'd shared out in the trees.  
  
Shelly jumped to her feet and moved toward me. "I feel the same way. Thank you so much." And she bent and gave me a long deliberate and passionate kiss.  
  
Each of the boys, their cocks all hard and twitching again from watching us girls kiss, followed suit, each giving me a deep kiss in turn. I was in heaven. I'd never felt so loved as I did in that moment.  
  
When David, the last of them stepped away from me, he said in a sincere tone, "Please don't take this wrong, but as much as I loved kissing you, seeing Sharon and Shelly do it is a thousand times better."  
  
That brought the house down with squeals from the girls and hoots and applause from the other guys.  
  
All I could think of to say was, "Well alrighty then, we'll just have to move that to the top of the menu for round two."  
  
\* \* \*  
  
We all had been drinking beer at about the same rate, so we all had to pee at about the same time. The guys went outside, and the girls went to the bathroom inside. I was second on the toilet, and while I was peeing, Shelly shocked me by leaning over and kissing me deeply while I peed.  
  
"Wow, what was that for?" I asked her when she backed away.  
  
"No particular reason—except that I knew you couldn't get away." She responded with a giggle.  
  
I was still on the toilet, and postponed cleaning myself long enough to ask, "Really, you two have never . . .?"  
  
Both of them shook their heads, so I said, "Well, what have you been waiting for, a written invitation?"  
  
Both of their jaws dropped, and then they looked at each other. They shrugged in unison and Shelly said, "I guess it just never came up."  
  
"Well, it's up now, so what are you waiting for? You know, before the night is over, you're going to want to turn the guys on enough to watch them jack off again. I think watching girls kiss will get them in the mood really fast."  
  
Sharon said, "I don't think that's going to be a problem. Looking at your tits will provide plenty of inspiration for them. Still, I guess it couldn't hurt. I'm game."  
  
Shelly didn't wait. She grabbed Sharon by the hair and pulled her close. They kissed passionately for a very long time. During their kiss, both reached up and caressed each others breasts.  
  
While they were still kissing and fondling each other, I said, "See, it's nice isn't it?"  
  
When they broke their kiss, Shelly was the first to speak, "Fucking awesome!"  
  
"I agree." Sharon said.  
  
"Well then, now we know. We like doing it, and it drives the guys wild. It's the best of both worlds." We all laughed and agreed to use our new found play to make sure the guys had nice hard cocks to stroke for us.  
  
\* \* \*  
  
I was sitting in the chair watching the guys clean up their mess on the floor when I started teasing at my pussy. I wasn't masturbating, just lazily playing. Mike saw what I was doing and moved over, sitting on the floor with his back against the couch.  
  
"What are you thinking?" I asked him curiously.  
  
"I'm just looking at your pussy. I've never seen one."  
  
"Oh, so you're curious about what a pussy looks like, huh?"  
  
"Uh, yes.”  
  
"Well then, it's time you see one." I spread my pussy lips and ask him, "Do you know what this is?"  
  
"Yes, it's your clitoris."  
  
Both of the other guys moved over to see as well, so I pulled my feet up onto the chair, draped my legs over the arms, and opened myself up for them, "And this?"  
  
"Your pee hole." Brad said.  
  
"Yes, you're right."  
  
"Now, if I crook my finger in this way" I said, putting a finger inside me, "and make a motion like I'm calling you over, I can feel my G-Spot. You'll know it when you find it. It's shaped kind of like an egg, and it has a course texture—like a muscle without skin over it."  
  
"Wow!" Mike exclaimed. "Can I feel it?"  
  
When I hesitated, Sharon jumped in, "You can feel mine, but you have to be at just the right angle. C'mon, I'll help you."  
  
The next thing I knew, Mike had two fingers inside Sharon and he said, "I feel it. Yes, it's like a muscle, rough with a lot of texture."  
  
Sharon leaned her head back, "Yes, just rub it like that. It feels wonderful when you do it just like that."  
  
"My turn" Brad said, but Shelly stopped him, "No, let them be. Here, you can feel mine." And she sat back on the couch and spread her legs.  
  
David showed me a pleading look, so I crooked a finger to him. I guided his fingers inside me and helped him find my G-Spot. When he found it, his eyes widened and sparkled.  
  
"Remember where it is." I admonished him, "And when you can, try to find it with your hard cock. That would feel incredible."  
  
It wasn't long before the three of us were helping the three of them rub our pussies and clits for us. All three of us came within seconds of each other.  
  
\* \* \*   
  
Sharon giggled. When Shelly and I looked to see why, she pointed at the three guys. Their cocks were all hard and twitching violently. She looked to me and flicked her tongue out. "Should we?" She mouthed more than whispered.  
  
I shook my head, "Later" I mouthed back.  
  
She took control of the situation. She had me and Shelly join her on the couch, and then she instructed the guys to stand in front of us and jack off. There were no complaints from them, and we watched in awe as they jacked off for us again. That time affected me no less than the first time. I was mesmerized by the site of them stroking their hard cocks and spewing their cum at our feet.  
  
\* \* \*  
  
We all opened another beer and started talking about it all. "So, what should we do now?" Brad asked.  
  
"What would you like to do? Be honest now." Sharon asked.  
  
He responded with what I thought was an honest answer. "I didn't bring a condom. So . . ."  
  
Sharon, Shelly and I all giggled. Shelly said, "When you're ready, I'll give you a hand job—but that's as far as I'm willing to go. Of course, you have to return the favor."  
  
"Gladly." Brad answered.  
  
"Too bad you're not ready right now." Shelly giggled again, but then she added, "Here, maybe this will help." And she turned and kissed Sharon deeply, kneading her breast as she kissed her.  
  
That brought a rousing response from all three guys. "Next" I almost pleaded. And before long, the three of us girls were taking turns kissing and playing with each others tits.  
  
After five or so minutes, I got up and pulled David to his feet. I slid my fingers around his now hard cock and began gently stroking it. It was the first cock I'd ever touched, so I didn't really know what to do, but he wasn't complaining, so I just kept doing what I was doing.  
  
It wasn't long before Sharon and Shelly had a hard cock in their hands as well and they were stroking them the same way I was stroking David's.  
  
It was a very long time before David put his hand on mine, forcing my grip tighter and increasing my pace. When he started cumming, I felt like I was in heaven. The sense of power I felt was overwhelming. I didn't care that I got some of his cum on my fingers and hand. I just kept stroking him until he urged me to stop.  
  
Not long after he came, Brad and Mike came as well, with the help of Sharon and Shelly. It was all too surreal. I thought I'd died and gone to heaven.  
  
Not long after that, I was seated on the couch and David was playing with my pussy. He tried his best, but even with me trying to show him, he wasn't very good at it. I simply couldn't cum.  
  
Sharon and Shelly weren't having the same problem with Brad and Mike. They both came multiple times while the guys played with their pussies. Finally, both Sharon and Shelly moved to the couch on either side of me, displacing David. "You're not doing it right." And she pushed his hand aside, replacing it with her own. Sharon began kissing me and pulling and twisting my nipples while Shelly rubbed my clit after slickening her fingers by pushing them inside me.  
  
I came . . . hard. I felt myself squirt again, and then I blacked out.  
  
When I rejoined the living, I was still panting. I saw five faces staring at me with looks of total awe. Sharon reached out and gathered some of my cum from my thigh and put her finger in her mouth. When she said, "Ummm, nice." The others when wild.  
  
Shelly was next to taste my cum, and then the boys all tried some. The unanimous conclusion was that it tasted very slick and sweet, so I tried some. I agreed with them. I loved the way it tasted.  
  
"Next time, I want more." Brad said flatly.  
  
"Me too." Said Mike.  
  
Shelly collected the last of my cum and licked her fingers clean. "I'm right there with ya."  
  
David spoke up, "Careful now, Shel, you're not turning lez on us are you?"  
  
She giggled while reaching out and grabbing his semi hard cock. Then she smiled at him and said, "No way, but I have to admit, my pussy is already wet again just from tasting her cum."  
  
Surprisingly, no one commented on her admission, so I said, "Well then, I guess I'm just going to have to try to do it again—but not right now. I need some time . . . and another beer."  
  
It was almost midnight when Shelly and Sharon took it upon themselves to start things up again. They were sitting side by side on the couch and motioned for David and Brad to sit on either side of them. Their cocks had been hard or semi hard the whole time during our break.  
  
Both girls took a cock in one hand and a tit in the other. Then they started kissing each other. I was sitting in the stuffed chair, so I motioned Mike to come stand beside me to watch. When he was there, I slid my fingers around his cock and began slowly stroking it.  
  
The scene was very erotic, but I still had to giggle when the girls got so caught up in kissing and playing with each others tits, they would forget about the cocks in their hands.  
  
After about fifteen minutes, Mike put his hand over mine, and just as David had done earlier, he forced my grip tighter and increased my tempo. When he moaned, the girls stopped kissing long enough to watch him shoot his cum. There wasn't as much of it this time, but most of it landed on their legs. Of course, the last of it oozed out onto my hand and fingers. Without thinking, I stuck my tongue out and licked some off my fingers. It didn't displease me, so I cleaned my hand and fingers completely.  
  
While watching me do that, both David and Brad let out a moan and came all over themselves, and the girl's hands. Both girls followed my lead and licked their hands and fingers clean. "It tastes funny." Sharon proclaimed. Shelly added, "And it feels funny."  
  
I had to add my two cents, "I loved it. And you should have seen the look in Brad and David's eyes while I was licking it off my fingers. I think they liked watching that."  
  
"Hell yeah." David confirmed. Brad and Mike agreed.  
  
"Watching you do that got my pussy really wet." Sharon admitted.  
  
Shelly giggled, "Your pussy was already wet just like mine. Don't lie."  
  
We all laughed, and then I said, "Let's wash up and then I'll see if I can squirt again."  
  
All present made it clear they wanted to see me squirt again.  
  
\* \* \*  
  
Sharon slid to the floor and leaned back on the couch. Shelly teased her, "You're going to get wet."  
  
"That's okay. I can see better from here, and if I catch it all on me, there'll be plenty for everyone."  
  
Shelly was sitting to one side, and the three boys were scrunched together to get a good view. No one was playing with themselves or anyone else. They were giving me their full attention, and I loved them for that.  
  
I started playing with my pussy very slowly with one hand, just teasing at it for several minutes. The fingers of my other hand were gently trailing across my nipples, after slickening them with my salvia. I wasn't in any hurry to cum. I wanted this to last.  
  
When I was ready, I slid two fingers across my pussy lips and parted them, sliding them into my pussy to slicken them. Then I began massaging myself between them, gently over my clit, and then used all fingers to massage the outside of my mound. I repeated that many times.  
  
"Gawd, that is so hot and sexy." Mike said in a low, almost reverent voice.  
  
"She is so hot and sexy." Sharon said, mimicking his tone.  
  
I tried to tell them thank you with my eyes, but none of them were looking up at my face.  
  
It wasn't long before I felt what I can only describe as a wonderful tingling. When it turned into an orgasm, it wasn't sharp or intense. It was like gentle waves rolling over my entire body. That's what most of my orgasms had been like until recently—some were more intense, but not many of them were.  
  
When it subsided, I increased my tempo and pressure. By that time, I was pulling and twisting my nipples, but not enough to be painful. It was only another five to ten minutes, I'm not sure which, until I felt another orgasm starting to build. But this one was different.  
  
I'd never felt anything like it, and it was unnerving. It grew slowly, but those first feelings, the ones that always precede my orgasms, they were intensely powerful in their own right. I knew almost instantly that I was about to have the most powerful orgasm I'd ever experienced. There was simply no doubt I my mind.  
  
Even before it arrived, it had me gasping for air. "I . . . almost . . . al . . . I can't . . ."  
  
I increased my tempo more and began pulling and pinching my nipples harder and then harder still, but my orgasm was still just building and building—just out of reach. I was afraid I was going to pass out. "Almost" I shouted through my panting. I couldn't help but toss my head from side to side.  
  
I was just on the verge, just on the edge. I could almost see it in front of me. "Almost . . . there." But still, it was just out of reach, teasing me, taunting me, and quite frankly, pissing me off.  
  
Sharon must have sensed that I needed a little push, so she leaned forward and quickly thrust two fingers deep inside my pussy.  
  
"Gawd . . . Oh Gawd!" I screamed as it hit me. "Oh Fucking Gawd!" I couldn't breathe, my vision went blurry. I could feel my whole body convulsing and shaking. My pussy exploded, and my world went black.  
  
\* \* \*  
  
I could feel hands on me, loving hands, comforting hands, stroking my hair, caressing my cheeks and shoulders. I felt really, really loved, and I loved the whole world.  
  
When I managed to open my eyes, still gasping for air, I saw Sharon leaning back against the couch once again. On one side of her head, her hair was dripping wet. She was covered in my cum from her face to her thighs. I almost apologized without thinking, but her wide grin told me she didn't mind.  
  
It wasn't until my breathing calmed down that I gained the strength to scoot back in the chair and relax. "Holy Fuck!" I exclaimed. "That was . . ."  
  
"The hottest fucking thing any of us has ever seen." Mike said.  
  
Shelly added, "I can't even start to imagine what that felt like."  
  
"Me either." Sharon agreed.  
  
And then I sat there and watched the hottest thing I'd ever seen. Each in turn, my friends knelt down beside Sharon and tasted ample amounts of my cum.  
  
She giggled when Shelly licked some from her nipples. It was a very, very erotic sight to behold. At one point, Shelly gathered a healthy portion on her tongue and kissed me, showing me her tongue as she approached.  
  
"Guys!" Sharon complained when they had each repeated what Shelly had done. "I want to do that too, but you have to clean me up more first."  
  
We all laughed. Sharon finally got her turn, and she made the most of it. She almost curled my toes with her hot tongue kiss.  
  
After Shelly and Sharon took turns getting each other off, the three of us gave the boys a hand. Then we cleaned the floor one last time, spread out our sleeping bags, and all slept together, hugging the one nearest us.   
  
The End.