**Wet Miranda Gets Shaved**

by Wet Miranda Â©

Being a total tease sometimes can get me in trouble. Sometimes I get guys so turned on with my innuendo and dirty talking that they expect me to put my money where my mouth is. One night I was hanging out in the basement of my friend Jim's house, and we were having a party. Usually there are a few other women around besides me, but for some reason this small get together contained almost all guys. Sarah had some kind of lame excuse about having to work the next morning, and Jen was with her boyfriend doing who knows what. Cindy wasn't up to partying that particular night, and Becky was home in Orlando for the weekend.

Sometimes Jim's parties are pretty big, with up to 100 people, but this wasn't really a party; it was just a group of twelve including myself. We were hanging out in the basement of Jim's nice Miami Beach condo, and doing all kinds of things. Two guys were playing darts, Jim was kicking my ass at pool, and the rest of the guys were milling around the room drinking bottles of Corona and mixing unusual concoctions with Jim's expensive liquor. I perched my Amaretto sour on the edge of the pool table and sunk the cue ball right into the middle pocket, missing the ball I was aiming for by a good 3 inches.

Jim and I have known each other for years, and though we have never been sexually intimate, we are very close friends who can talk about anything with each other. He is dating a knockout blonde named Selena. She has enormous natural breasts, and a very petite frame that she keeps in great shape. Jim had just started dating her a few weeks ago, and although I did not know her very well, Jim supplied me with the most intimate details that he probably should not have shared. While we were playing the game, Jim had been telling me about her.

"Hey Miranda, did I mention that she shaves down there?"

This was an example of him telling me information about his new girlfriend that I had no right to know about. Choosing to shave is a very private decision that should be one's own secret unless they choose to share it, and I doubted that Selena would have wanted to share that detail with me. She was very shy about stuff like that. But she wasn't here, and Jim knew I would keep my mouth shut. What was I going to say if I saw her at dinner sometime, anyway; "Hey Selena, Jim says you shave your pussy! Can you pass the salt please?"

"Jim, that is a woman's private choice, and you shouldn't blab it to everyone. It's O.K. to tell me this stuff, but don't go telling all your friends, that isn't nice."

"Oh, too late."

"Why, how many of the guys at the party have you told?"

"Never mind. Let's keep playing; I'm going to sink the 8-ball in the left corner pocket now, Miranda."

"O.K., then let's sit down for awhile." I said.

He beat me in two more moves, and we sat on his nice black leather couch together. For some reason the topic of his girlfriend's pussy was intriguing me, and I asked Jim more about it.

"Did Selena always have it shaved, or is this something recent?" I asked Jim.

"Well, she said she never did before. Actually, she shaved it at my request, and she likes it so much she is going to keep it that way. If you want to no the truth, she let me help her shave the first time. It was really exciting, and she was so turned on afterwards that she couldn't keep her hands off of me. It is much easier for me to eat her out without all that hair."

"I've never shaved down there before. I keep it neatly trimmed sometimes, but have never shaved it all off."

"Yes, Miranda, I know all about your short red bush." He laughed. Jim had seen my pussy many times. We had been to nude beaches together, and also I had been naked doing many dares that he and our friend Sarah had egged me on to do.

"This is kind of embarrassing, Jim, but it is not short at all now, I haven't trimmed it for ages and it is very bushy. I can't even wear a skimpy bikini to the beach; I really have to trim it soon."

"Why don't you shave all of it off?"

"I have considered it; I just haven't ever gotten around to it. The time was never right. It takes a long time to shave it all off, and I just haven't ever done it. If I ever do it really, I want to do it properly, and leave not a single hair standing. I want to go totally bare, not do a half-assed job of it."

I hadn't been paying attention, but about three of the guys at the party were within earshot of this very intimate conversation Jim and I were having.

"I couldn't help but overhearing you talking about shaving your pussy, Miranda." Jim's friend Mark informed me. "That sounds fucking awesome. I saw you running around naked on the beach last month, and as hot as that was, seeing you with a bald pussy would have been even hotter."

I blushed. I had almost forgotten that about half of the people at this party had seen me stark naked when I had walked around the beach nude last month. It had been on a dare from Jim and our friend Sarah. I had stripped off all of my clothing and walked all the way across the beach naked. This was a regular public beach, not a nude beach, and I had caused quite a scene.

"Well, Mark, I have considered shaving down there, as you just heard. I might just do that sometime in the future."

"Miranda, why don't you do it right now? Most of us here have already seen you nude, and I can tell you right now, you would make everyone's night if we could all watch you do it."

"Mark, what the fuck, do you really think I would do that in public?"

"Well, I doubt it. But if you did it would be the coolest fucking thing everyone here has ever seen. If anyone would do something so bold it would be you, Miranda; I figured it couldn't hurt to ask."

"Listen, Mark. If I ever really shave my pussy, I will do it in private. You are totally nuts if you think I would ever do something as private as that in front of an audience." I told him angrily.

"Well, O.K. It can't hurt to ask." He responded.

I was not sure how the topic of conversation had turned to me shaving my pussy, but soon I noticed that a bunch of guys were looking at me with lust in there eyes. Jim held my hand and said "Don't mind them. They are all looking for a cheap thrill, and since they saw you on the beach they all have the hots for you. I know that shaving your pussy for a crowd is way over the line, and that you would never really do that, Miranda."

There is one thing that you should know about me. When someone tells me I could never do something, in my mind I take that as a challenge, and feel compelled to prove that person wrong.

"Oh, you think I would never do something so bold, Jim?" I questioned him.

"Of course not. I'm sorry that Mark and the guys overheard us. I know that you would never ever really do that."

Gus, another guy at the party, overheard us talking.

"Hey, Miranda, I heard you might shave your pussy."

"What the fuck, does everyone here know about this?" I asked him.

"Miranda, I have to tell you, if you ever were to really do that, let someone watch. My girlfriend shaved hers a year ago, but she wouldn't let me watch her do it. It was so hot to see her all bare after she shaved, but I really wanted to watch the process. If I could ever witness a girl shaving her pussy it would make my year. I wouldâ€¦Oh never mind."

I was intrigued by what he almost said. "You would what, Gus?"

"Really, I'm sorry I brought the subject up. Would you like another beer, Miranda?"

"Yes I would, Gus. But you have to complete your thought. What would you do?"

"Nothing. Would you like a Corona or a Bud Light?"

"A Corona, of course, duh. But what were you going to say, Gus?"

"Um, I can't."

"Gus, you just practically invited me to shave my pussy while you watch, the least you can do is satisfy my curiosity about what you would do."

"O.K. I can't believe I am even telling you this. If I could have watched my girlfriend shave her pussy I would have jacked off and come so hard. You might not know this, but most males find shaved pussies so hot, but no one I know has ever seen a woman actually doing it."

Now I was getting a bit turned on myself. If I hadn't been drinking Amaretto sours and Coronas all night I would not have said what I said next.

"So you all think it would be the hottest thing you've ever seen to watch me shave down there." I said a bit too loudly, only intending for Gus, Mark and Jim to hear.

"Hell yeah!" a guy I had never met yelled out.

"Do it, Miranda!" another guy screamed.

I hadn't meant to tease all the guys so much, and I still had no intention of doing this in front of them all.

"O.K., I can tell you all want me to shave my pussy. But I can't do it in front of a crowd; that would be too much. I'll tell you what, I'll let Jim see, and he will tell you all about it."

"C'mon, Miranda, let us all watch. We won't tell anyone, and it will make our night." Gus said.

"Really, guys. Do you think I am going to shave my pussy for a crowd? Are you all insane?"

"Yes, we are. And so are you, Miranda!" Mark said while touching my arm.

Now I was intrigued. I really was curious about how it would feel to shave down there, and it totally turned me on to know that a big group of guys was so interested in seeing the process. What I said next came out of nowhere. I don't know what made me even consider doing it in front of everyone, but I told the crowd I would do it.

"O.K. I can see you all won't leave me alone unless I agree to do it. I'll do it, but I will need some supplies. If I am provided with what I need to do this properly, I will make your night and shave my pussy right here on the floor for you all to see. I will need a package of Gillette Venus razors. Not just one blade, but a four pack. I will also need some fresh washcloths. Not used ones, but some brand new ones. And I will need a brand new electric shaver to get started. My bush is pretty hairy right now, and I can't just start shaving away with a razor until some of it is cleared. Finally I need some manicure scissors. And to repeat myself, everything must be brand new, not used, or I won't even consider doing this."

I had every intention of following through with this act, because I knew full well that there was no way that Jim had all of these items in his house. What I didn't count on was a 24 hour Wal-Mart 10 minutes away. Jim said he would go get everything I needed right away.

There I was, the only women in the basement, with at least twenty horny guys expecting to see me shave my bush for them. I never knew how I got myself into situations like this, but once I did I always followed through. It felt very awkward having everyone look at me. They all knew what I was going to do soon. I went into a corner and drank my Corona by myself.

Jim came back way too soon. He had absolutely everything on my list.

"O.K., Miranda. I even got you a new towel." He told me. He laid out a big fluffy red towel on the floor, along with the Venus razors, the washcloth, the scissors, and the electric shaver. I felt totally on the spot now, with all eyes on me. I took a deep breath.

"I can't believe I am even considering doing this. Usually I don't do stuff like this unless someone bets me to or dares me to. I mean, really, what is in it for me?" I asked the group.

"The satisfaction of making twenty guys almost come in their pant?" Someone yelled to me. Good enough, now I knew why I was actually doing this. I absolutely LOVE turning men on with my body. I never knew that watching a woman shave was such a common fantasy, but evidently it was, and everyone was staring at me eagerly.

"All right, I guess there is no point in beating around the bush, pun intended." I told the crowd. "I can't believe I am really doing this. O.K., here goes nothing."

I unsnapped the button on my jeans. Then I unzipped the fly and pulled the jeans off. I let them drop to the floor. I felt a moment of hesitation about losing my knickers. If I was just getting naked for the group, it wouldn't have fazed me; but I had promised to let them all watch me shave my pussy, and that made my knees weak. I stood there for a minute in just my knickers and t-shirt. They all looked at me in anticipation. I felt like a lamb in a crowd of hungry wolves. I closed my eyes. My knickers were white with red roses on the front and back. I slipped my fingers into the sides, and slowly slid my knickers down to the floor and stepped out of them. I was now bottomless, with twenty men staring at my crotch. I felt embarrassed because I had let my bush grow so long. It was out of control, long red hairs all over my crotch from my pussy lips to my thighs. I wished I had at least trimmed myself down there first.

I lay myself down on the brand new towel, and asked Jim to hand me the electric razor and a battery. I had to trim myself before I could shave myself. I put the battery in the brand new electric razor and turned it on. It made a buzzing noise. It felt very loud, because the room was dead silent. The guys were salivating, eager to witness this very intimate performance. I shaved all of the long hairs, making a big mess on the towel. My long red pubic hairs went flying all over my bare stomach and legs. I made Jim get me the washcloth and then I wiped off the hairs.

Now I was partially bare. My red bush was still a bit out of control, and I asked for the scissors next. Jim gave me the small silver manicure scissors. I spread my legs and trimmed the hairs even shorter. Snip, snip, snip. I looked down between my legs and saw the pubic hairs get shorter and shorter. It took me at least ten minutes to complete this stage. When I felt I had cut enough, I put the scissors back into the black leather case that they had come in, and asked Jim to pass me the Gillette Venus razor. He quickly passed the razor to me. I realized that I needed some water and shaving cream.

Gus quickly got me a bowl of hot water and a brand new tube of shaving cream. It was Clinique for Men, and I knew I was in for a treat. I had been afraid he was going to come out with a rusty old can of Barbasol. I squirt a big dollop of the rich silky shaving cream into the palm of my hand. I spread the shaving cream all around my pussy and lathered it up. I dipped the brand new razor into the bowl of hot water, and began the process of shaving the hairs all off. Scrape, scrape, scrape. The hairs got shorter and shorter before my eyes. I had to spread my legs really wide to get to some of the stray hairs. All eyes were on my pussy. The guys looked at me, barely able to contain their lust. I saw that a few of the guys had buried there hand into their pants. Good. That is why I do things like this, I thought. It made me feel so good inside to know that my daring acts of exhibitionism made guys need to touch their cocks. I hoped they all would get so stiff that they couldn't even walk!

My eyes lit up when I wiped away the shaving cream and saw how bare my pussy was becoming. There were still way to many stray red curly hairs for my taste, however, and I changed blades. I put some more shaving cream onto my pussy and shaved some more. Some areas were completely bald and some areas had too many stray hairs. I did this all very slowly, terrified of cutting myself. I dipped the razor into the bowl of water very often, and many times I demanded a new bowl of hot water. Guys brought me new bowls of hot water very quickly when I asked.

Wiping away the hairs for the third time, I stood up and looked down between my legs. Everyone applauded me. Evidently they were all very impressed. But I was not satisfied. There were still some small patches of short hair on my thighs and close to my red pussy lips. As hard as I had tried, I could not get them all off, even after all that shaving.

"Good job, Miranda!" Mark praised me. All of the guys looked right at my semi-bare pussy after I stood up.

"I'm glad you all approve, but I am not quite finished. I promised you all that I would shave myself bare, and I am not satisfied with the job I did. Maybe you don't notice, but I still have hairs everywhere. I plan on doing this right." I told everyone.

I went into the bathroom and closed the door. It was a very small bathroom in the basement. It had a toilet, a sink, and a shower stall. I took off my t-shirt and bra and went into the shower. I closed the glass door of the shower and stood under the spout. I turned on the water. It was freezing at first, causing goose pimples to pop up all over my bare skin. After a few minutes, I got the water blazing hot. I soaped up my body really good. I had been smart enough to bring a razor and shaving cream into the shower, and I shaved myself even more under the hot stream of water. I made sure to shave my legs really good so they would look as bare as my pubic area, and I also shaved under my arms. When I was satisfied, I put down the razor and let the jet of hot water wash all the stray hairs off of my body. The steam helped to soften my skin for the final stage of the shaving process.

After finishing the shower, I was about to put my bra and shirt back on when I realized that there was no point in getting dressed. The guys had already seen me bottomless, and it felt strange to consider putting on a top after my steamy shower. I dried off my body and walked out of the shower completely nude. The guys all applauded again when I strolled into the basement naked.

I lay down on the towel again, and spread my legs. I knew that my pussy was almost bare, and that they were all looking between my legs at the red lips of my naked pussy. I loved the feeling of being looked at. I always get turned on having men look at me naked, and I suppose that is why I agreed to do something as crazy as shaving for a big group of people. I got out yet another new razor blade and shaved away until I was almost completely bare. I began to get frustrated because there were some hairs I couldn't quite reach. Mostly they were around my anus, and it felt strange to leave those hairs there when almost all of the other ones were shaved off already.

I asked Jim to help me out. He took the blade and very carefully got rid of the hairs around my anus. I felt more exposed than I had felt all night, because this area was REALLY intimate, and everyone had gathered around my feet to look at the shaving process up close. Two guys I had never met held my feet apart as far as they could while Jim shaved me even more. It took at least ten more minutes before he announced that he was done. He wiped my bare pussy with the washcloth and handed me a small mirror to check his work.

I held the mirror at an angle so I could inspect the work. My goal had been to shave my pussy completely bald, and I looked very closely, making sure that the job was done. I did not see a single hair. I put my hands right on my pussy lips, and although they felt almost completely smooth, I felt a tiny bit of stubble. I made Jim go over his work yet again with the last of the new razors. He shaved and shaved, dipping the razor into the bowl of hot water over and over until I finally felt satisfied. I then made him rub aftershave onto the newly bare area between my legs, and it tingled. Finally I wiped the area clean with the washcloth, and I was satisfied that the job was complete.

I stood up, and began to put my knickers back on, when I guy named Ian told me that he wanted to feel it... Although I had let Jim touch me down there, I didn't know if I could handle everyone else touching my pussy also. Reluctantly, I lay down again and let him touch my bare pussy.

Naively I had expected everyone else to be content just to watch, but now that I had let Ian feel the handiwork, everyone else expected to also. I walked over to the black leather couch, and resigned myself to the fact that everyone else wanted to touch me. I closed my eyes and spread my legs, while the guys all took turns touching me one by one.

I had thought that they would all just run there fingers over my smooth bare thighs, but I had not expected their hands to roam all over my pussy lips and clit too. I began to get wet down there from all of the tactile sensations. Hands were exploring my pussy. I couldn't help but to get turned on something fierce. It felt great having all of those hands down there between my legs, and I needed more stimulation. I felt a strong urge to masturbate, but I just couldn't bring myself to do that in front of everyone. All of the guys were touching me, but it just felt like teasing, since no one was rubbing me the way I would have rubbed myself.

After most of the guys had touched me, Jim sat down next to me and took his turn. He gently stroked my bare pussy the same way everyone else had. I needed relief badly. Really fucking badly. I whispered into Jim's ear: "Finish me off. I can't stand all of this gentle stroking and shy touching between my legs. I need relief, and you are the only one I feel comfortable enough to ask."

He whispered "Are you sure, Miranda?" into my ears.

"Yes, do it now, Jim, before I lose my nerve. I need to come hard after this exhibitionism, and I want you to finish me off. Make me come, Jim. Stroke my clit."

I took his hand and guided it. I am picky about how I like my clit stimulated, and I guided his hand in slow clockwise circles with firm pressure in just the right spot until he got the hang of how I liked the motion. I let go and let him take over. I closed my eyes and enjoyed the stimulation, almost forgetting that I had an audience. I felt shy again for a second, but realizing that the guys were all watching made me get even wetter and hotter. Without even realizing it, my hands were on my bare breasts, pinching my nipples. I began to pant and moan, enjoying the nice stimulation between my legs.

Jim masturbated me nice and slow, building up the slow burn in my pussy. I got closer and closer, and yelled out loud so everyone could hear, "Faster, Oh God, faster, make me come."

He rubbed his fingertips faster and faster. I felt some other hands rubbing on the outer lips of my pussy, and some more hands touching my thighs and legs. I didn't care, let them all touch me, I thought. The extra pairs of hands sent me over the edge, and the orgasm took me by surprise, coming faster than I had expected it to.

My hips jumped off of the sofa and I arched my back, screaming and grunting. I felt my newly bare pussy quiver and shake, and the convulsions hit me like a hammer, rocking my whole naked body. Knowing that everyone was watching me come got me even hotter. I had never gotten off for such a big audience. And I really loved the naughty thrill of having an orgasm so publicly. I came and came in wave after wave of pleasure. My pussy lips were still quivering when I touched them, and I suddenly felt self conscious about what I was doing.

The guys let me rest for awhile, and I almost fell asleep. Finally I opened my eyes, feeling very exposed and naked after letting them all see me this way. They were all still looking at me. I noticed plenty of erections even though everyone was dressed.

"I hope you all liked what you saw. Did everyone get nice and turned on?" I asked the men in the basement.

They all nodded yes. Good, I had managed to bring everyone pleasure, I thought to myself. Fighting the urge to get dressed, I walked across the room naked and mixed myself another drink, content to let them all look at my newly shaved pussy and stark naked body the rest of the night. I liked the feeling of being bare down there so much that I kept it that way for a long time, although sometimes I slipped and let the red bush grow back. What kept me shaving over and over, though, was the feeling I felt weeks later when I let a guy eat me out with my pussy bare. The licking felt so damn intense without pubic hair in the way, and I loved how it felt to have a man's tongue all over my shaved pussy. The sensations on my pussy lips felt incredible, and it caused me to come hard time after time. I highly recommend that all women shave themselves intimately at least once to feel the experience, but I doubt anyone will want to do it as publicly as had I dared to.

**Wet Miranda's Nude Photo Shoot**

The ad in the college newspaper read "make $500 for being a model in a photo shoot." The photo shoot must be nude, I thought. Why else would they offer so much money? The next ad read "$5.25 an hour sweeping floors in the student union." Next. "Make big money selling factory equipment over the phone! Unlimited potential!" Yeah right, unlimited potential. Most likely no paycheck at all if you don't sell any gizmos. "$4.75 an hour to clear tables at an exciting new restaurant concept opening soon!" Yeah, exciting if you are a customer and not the one cleaning dirty tables! What was that first ad again?

"Make $500 for being a model in a photo shoot."

Hmm...why not? I do like my body, and if it is posing in a bikini or lingerie maybe I could do it. If it turned out to be nude, I could just say no. Or would I say yes? $500 would help me a lot, and how bad could being nude be? My boyfriend sees me nude all the time, and I let him take pictures of me once. But the pictures he took were just for us to share, not a wide audience.

I called the number.

"Allbright studios." A man's voice said over the phone.

"Yes, hi. My name is Miranda. I am responding to your ad about nude modeling."

"It doesn't say nude in the ad!" he quickly responded.

I was so embarrassed. He was right, it didn't say nude in the ad, I just jumped to conclusions and said what I was thinking out loud by mistake! "Well, I'm sorry; I didn't mean to say that, I just assumed it must be for that much money."

"Actually, you make the $500 with no nudity. If you really DO want to pose nude, however, you can make way more than $500!" the man responded.

"Umm...how much more?" I asked.

"If you want to do a nude series photo shoot, you can get $1000. For a nude series video, $2000. Come to my studio at noon on Saturday, we can meet and discuss options. My name is Jerry, by the way."

Jerry gave me an address, and I wrote it down. The rest of the week was a blur. I could barely focus on my classes. Was I really even considering posing nude? What if they put my pictures on the Internet or in a magazine? Then again, so what if they do, the money is good, and my body will only be young once, so why not?

I can't decide if I should pose nude or not. Then I realized that I haven't even been offered the job yet even. What if I am rejected? Maybe I am getting too far ahead of myself. I need to get through this week.

Saturday morning came quicker than I was prepared for. I wanted to dress to impress, so I chose a short black skirt and sexy black tank top. White lacy knickers and bra underneath. I walked to the studio, which was in an office building near the campus. It was only 11:00, so I stopped into the local coffee shop and ordered a grande vanilla latte, skim with an extra shot of espresso. I drank the coffee drink wile considering what I was about to do...

I walked into the office building, and took the elevator up to the fifth floor. I knocked on the door of suite 523, not knowing what to expect. A middle aged man with a big belly answered the door. He had long white hair tied up into a ponytail. He had on a purple t-shirt and faded blue jeans. My god, he looks like Jerry Garcia, and his name is Jerry, I thought. This is getting weird.

"You must be Miranda!" He said. "Jerry Mancino, pleased to meet you!"

I shook his hand. My eyes wandered around the studio. There was a reception desk, but no receptionist. There were 4 red chairs and a red sofa. Pictures of gorgeous women adorned the walls, including some that were in lingerie and some in bikinis. No nudes, I thought. Well, this is just the waiting room; maybe the nudes are in a more private area.

He had me sit on the sofa, and he offered me a glass of water. I was very thirsty, and somehow he must have sensed that. Or maybe he was just being polite and offered water to everyone. He handed me a cup of ice cold water from a cooler. I watched the cooler bubble as the displaced water was replaced by air. I drank the water in one sip, quenching my thirst.

He looked me up and down. "You have a great figure, Miranda!" he told me. I shyly said thanks. "Well, here are the options. I have a lingerie catalog that needs a photo shoot next week. You could make the $500 for doing that. It would be about 3 hours, and you would be modeling about 15 different outfits from nightgowns to bras and knickers. Some of the lingerie is very skimpy, like the lacy thongs."

I told him that sounded o.k., and I agreed. I forgot all about the nude option until he said "Or you could pose nude in studio B. I have an agreement with a men's magazine, and they need some freelance photos by next week. You would earn $1000 for that, and that just takes an hour."

So they were going to be in a magazine. "Which magazine?" I asked. I was thinking Hustler or Penthouse perhaps. Well, I could handle that, those magazines are classy adult magazines! What an honor to be chosen for a nude shoot in...

"Pink beavers" Jerry said. I didn't think I heard him right.

"Say what?" I responded.

"Pink spread beaver. It is a hardcore men's magazine. Guess what they specialize in?"

"Ummm...Pussy?" I replied.

"You got it, Miranda. Think about it. $1000 paid in cash right now for an hour of photos. What do you say?"

I considered the option. I stammered something to Jerry about not being interested and I walked to the door. He said "I understand, most college girls turn this offer down, it takes a lot of guts to get nude and bare your most private parts for the camera. But college girls are what the magazine requests, and I have to give them what they want. Oh well, it was nice meeting you Miranda. If you are interested in the non-nude shoots give me a call on Monday. I don't suppose doubling the offer to $2000 right now would make you change your mind..."

$2000? That was a lot of cash. I considered the consequences. Who actually reads "Pink Spread Beaver" magazine? I doubt anyone I know would recognize me. Maybe they only show the pussy close up and no one would even see my face. I ask Jerry "Would my face be visible in these shots?"

"Of course. The readers like to feel like they know the girls in the pictures, not just look at pussy shots."

"How graphic are the pictures?" I asked Jerry. He went to a drawer in the desk and pulled out a sample copy. He "spread" the page open and showed me an example. There were many pictures of a tall brunette. The pages were very glossy. I sat down and looked through the magazine. On the first page she was fully clothed. She had on a cheerleader uniform from Ohio State. On the next page she was wearing a halter top and shorts. As I thumbed through the pages she was wearing less and less clothing. The next page had her topless with a black mini-skirt similar to the one I had on. Her breasts looked fabulous, perfectly round and defying gravity. They weren't very big, but her nipples were bigger than most, and they were red and puffy. I turned to the next page. She was completely naked, and her pussy was shaved. It wasn't spread open, but you could see the lips and folds. Her legs were together.

The final four pages of her shoot clarified why the magazine was called "Pink Spread Beavers." They left nothing to the imagination. Jennifer was laying on a king size bed with white sheets. Her legs were wide open, and her pussy was just as open as her legs. The title of the magazine was not technically correct; her pussy was pink, no doubt, but there was also quite a bit of red as I looked closer into the hole. You could also see her asshole quite graphically too. Her face was exposed in the first few shots on the page. Later pages showed her pussy VERY close up, so close that you could see some stubble even though her pussy was shaved bare. She was using her fingers to spread her pussy even wider, and you could see into the hole very clearly. You could also see the hood of her clitoris, and in the final picture she positioned her fingers so you could see her erect wet clit very close up.

The really shocking thing about the pictures was the captions under them. They said the filthiest things! "Stick you big dick in my pink cunt, cowboy!" "Ohh I need to be fucked!" "Shoot a big wad of hot cum on my pussy lips now!"

"$2000?" I repeated to Jerry. He answered by opening up a safe on the wall and taking out 20 $100 bills to show me he was serious. "O.K., I'll do it!" I answered. Did I really just agree to pose nude in a magazine called "Pink Spread Beavers?"

He made me show ID to prove I was 18, and I had to sign a contract. Then he showed me into the studio. He had me change into a red and white Nebraska Cornhuskers t-shirt and shorts. "But we are in Florida; I don't go to Nebraska University!" I protested.

"That is what the magazine wants!" Jerry said. "They are doing a 'Girls of the Midwest' special, and I give them what they want. So for today, Miranda, you are a Cornhusker, got it?"

I told him O.K. The shirt was WAY too tight, and he had me wear it with no bra. The shorts were tight too, but I wasn't about to complain, this was good money. He shot me in the Nebraska outfit, and later had me hold a basketball and then a football. Then he told me to lift up my shirt and flash my tits for the camera while still holding the basketball above my head!

Jerry led me into another room that looked like a dorm room. There were posters on the wall of my school, Florida State, and he replaces them with Nebraska posters. He changed the sheets on the bed to red ones, and then he had me change into some a pair of purple knickers and a purple bra. "Why purple?" I asked. "That's not the Nebraska color!"

"Because I think you would look sexy in purple, Miranda." He responded. O.K., he was the photographer, after all, and who was I to argue? I was about to change into the purple bra and knickers, aware that this would be the first time he would see me nude. He had only seen my breasts for the flashing shot earlier. I realized that I would have to get over my last feelings of shyness, but it still felt weird to get nude in front of Jerry. Here goes nothing, I thought, as I removed the top and the shorts. I then removed my own knickers and put on the purple ones. They fit quite well; Jerry must have a huge stock of women's clothing depending on the size of the model he is shooting. I put on the purple bra, ready for more instructions.

He had me lie on the bed for a few pictures, and then some pictures were shot of me standing. He was quite explicit in his instructions.

"Bend over and show off your ass for the camera, Miranda. Turn around for a good cleavage shot. Put your hands on your thighs. Smile! Touch your tits."

This was actually kind of fun! O.K., so what if a bunch of guys see me and jack-off! Let them see me bare. It gets me hot to know that my body is attractive enough to command $2000 and hour just to be photographed!

The next series of photos were topless, and he had me put on long red skirt. He made me put some ice on my nipples to get them hard. I didn't care. My nipples got all erect and even redder than the skirt. He had me raise my arms above my head so he could get some good topless shots, then he had me sitting at a desk pretending to do homework while I was topless. More poses, like me pretending to make a phone call. Jerry had really decked this place out to look like a real dorm room with a pizza box on the table, and college textbooks on the floor and on a shelf.

"O.K., time for the money shots, Miranda. Please take off the skirt and knickers."

Now I was a bit nervous again. I stripped bare, and he ordered me to lie down on my back on the bed. He got out a zoom lens on the camera and started the close up shots right away!

"I am surprised you are doing the 'spread' shots first!" I told him.

"That is so you overcome any initial embarrassment quickly. Once you can handle these kinds of shots, the rest will be easier."

My face turns red as he lies on the foot of the bed and takes close-up shots of my most private area. I see each flash, and realize that my bare pussy is being photographed extremely close up! One flash after another, and I start to close my legs, felling very shy suddenly. He still keeps taking more pictures.

"Miranda, you seem to be closing your legs. If you want to stop, that's O.K., but I can't pay you unless we complete the shoot." Jerry informs me.

O.K., I can do this. It's just flesh, right? Well, I don't know if you can call my most private parts flesh or what, but anyway it is just nudity. No big deal, I can do this. I spread my legs as wide as I can, and let him shoot away.

"I'd like you to use your fingers to spread the lips a little more, Miranda!" Jerry asks. I feel so dirty as I spread my pussy wide open with my fingertips. He gets in so close that I am sure he can see my clit. As I touch myself, I realize that I am drenched with juices down there. I am really more turned on than I care to admit, this feels so dirty yet so thrilling! I spread my pussy as wide as I can. He has me stick my finger inside.

"O.K, we are almost done. Now put your finger up to your lips and taste yourself!" Jerry commands me. I had almost forgotten that my face will be visible in these photos. Oh well, what the hell. I lick my own pussy juices. He takes close up shots of this too. He tells me to smile more. For the final shot, it gets really humiliating.

"O.K., we are almost done. Now turn around and spread your ass cheeks as wide open as you can. If you bend over just right, I can get your pussy lips in the shot along with your ass."

I realize what he is going for. My asshole as spread open and shockingly visible to the cold lens of the camera. This is a bit more graphic than I bargained for. He takes close-up pictures of both my ass and pussy, while I spread my ass as wide as I can. Then he tells me to flip over for some final frontal shots.

He has me lie on the carpet and hold my put my feet up to my head. This feels a bit uncomfortable, but I keep thinking about the money. I hold my feet way up in the air so he can take more close up shots of my pussy. No, not my pussy, my "spread pink beaver!" He comes in so close that I can feel his hot breath right on my pussy lips. He takes more and more pictures, and finally announces he is done.

"Great job, Miranda!" He congratulates me. He pays me in cash, and tells me I could make a lot more if I ever want to make a video. I ask him if the video will involve sex, and he says, "Well, not really. Just sex with yourself, I guess! You see, my contacts are really looking for videos of girls your age masturbating. Do you think you could handle that?"

I feel like I could masturbate right now, I am so fucking turned on. I am not ready for something that intense on video...just yet. I put my clothes back on, shake his hand, and thank him for the money. He thanks me for the modeling job. I walk home with a smile, and when I get back to my dorm room I lie down on the bed and touch my steaming "pink spread beaver." Could I do this for a video camera? Only time will tell...

**Wet Miranda's Nude Walk**

Sarah and Jim are good friends of mine. We like to hang out, get some pizza together and watch movies, and generally just chill and have a good time. They are a couple, and the three of us get along very well. We especially like going to the beach, and often spend long lazy afternoons sunning and swimming.

Sarah is a petite 5 foot 2, with short blond hair and small breasts. She is very athletic and energetic, and won many swimming trophies in high school. She is also a troublemaker, and has a strong interest in doing dares and getting other people to do them. Usually she gets me to do her wild dares. She has quite an imagination; I don't know how she comes up with half of her crazy ideas. Like one time in high school when she dared me to wear a skimpy bikini to the beach. I had never even worn a thing to the beach, and she somehow got me to wear a microkini, which is a thong bottom that exposes your whole ass, and a top that barely covers up your nipples. I had to shave my bush just to wear it. I would never have done it, but Sarah wore an identical outfit, so it was all good, and quite a thrill.

Jim is quite a contrast to Sarah in appearance. He is almost 6 feet, African American, and has big bulging biceps. He is more restrained than Sarah, but when he is with her he can get pretty crazy himself. Like the time in high school when Sarah dared us all to skinny dip at a pool party. I wouldn't do it, and she tried to get other people at the party to disrobe. There were no volunteers until Jim silently dropped his trunks and jumped off the diving board buck naked, his big black cock dangling between his legs. After Jim broke the ice, about half of the people at the party got naked, including Sarah and myself.

Anyway, she is always coming up with some kind of crazy stunt. Many of them involve nudity, but she also can come up with other crazy dares. Have you ever eaten a straight Habanero pepper? I like spicy foods myself, but one time she egged me on to try one, and my mouth was on fire for a half an hour. Sometimes her dares involve alcohol, like drinking shots that are lit on fire. (Not a good idea!) She has lots of non-nude related stunts that she gets people to do. This story is not about one of those non-nude stunts.

It was a lazy hot August day in Miami, and the three of us were hanging out at the beach. We had all swam in the ocean for awhile, and then listened to some tunes on Jim's boom box. This was the early 90s, so we were listening to bands that would make you cringe now, like Color me Badd and MC Hammer. Sarah said she was bored. I asked her what I should do to entertain her. She said we had to do something to liven things up.

"How about getting some ice-cream?" Jim asked her.

"I'm still full from the nachos." Sarah replied.

"Let's go swimming again!" I offered.

"No, been there, done that." Sarah complained.

We all just kind of sat there for a few minutes, and then out of the blue, Sarah asked us a totally unexpected question.

"I wonder if anyone has ever had the nerve to get naked on the beach?" She said to us.

I assumed she was talking about Haulover Beach, a nude beach in the Miami area. We had all been there a couple of times, and I thought she was going to suggest a trip there. "I'm game for going to Haulover if you two want to." I replied.

"No No No, I mean right HERE. Has anyone ever gotten nude on this beach?"

"Are you crazy?" Jim said. "This is not a nude beach; there are families and senior citizens here! What are you talking about?"

"Well, that would sure relieve my boredom!" Sarah informed us.

"O.K., Sarah, go for it." I suggested.

"No, not me. How about you Miranda?"

"Yah, right. Sure, I'll just strip off my bikini right now, no problem. You're on crack, Sarah."

"Would you do it for $100, Miranda?" Sarah asked me.

She had to be joking. "No way!" I said.

She was silent for a minute. Then Jim said something unexpected. "O.K., Miranda, how about this hypothetical scenario. You get $500 dollars. That's a lot of cash, isn't it?"

I replied. "O.K., if you magically give me $500 I'll get naked right here for a minute."

"Oh no, not for a minute. Remember, $500 is a lot of money. Think of what you could buy with that. Cds, clothing, even a new bike. But for that kind of cash, you have to be a bit more bold. You have to walk the entire length of the beach nude."

"First of all, it doesn't matter, Jim. No one is going to give me $500 to do that. As much as you two freaks would like to see me humiliate myself by getting naked on a public beach, I know you won't pay $250 each just for a quick thrill. And second of all, it's illegal. Finally, that is way too daring even for us. Maybe doing it for a minute, but walking a half a mile naked on a non-nude beach is insane. I would never have the nerve to do it for real." I told Jim.

"Would you do it for $1000?" Sarah asked me.

This was going nowhere. I knew they wouldn't have the money to pay me, so I said, "O.K., sure. For $1000 I would walk the entire length of the beach nude. Give me the money and I'll do it."

Sarah said "The key word is walk. It wouldn't be as exciting if you ran, that would basically be streaking. Well streaking is cool I guess, but what we have is a little more bold. You have to walk at a normal pace the whole time."

Jim said "O.K., were all going to meet here at noon tomorrow. Miranda, you won't need to pack a bathing suit."

My head was spinning now. "What are you talking about, Jim? You don't have that kind of money to waste."

Jim replied "Before we take this conversation any further, I need to know, Miranda. Are you serious about doing this dare for $1000? You promise that if I really pay you in advance you will go through with it?"

What the hell was going on here? He had to be joking. How did an innocent day at the beach turn into me agreeing to come back tomorrow and walk around stark naked? I still wasn't taking this seriously yet, so I said, "Sure. I promise. Give me $1000 and I will do it. Except if I get in trouble with the law, you would have to promise to pay any fine." Why was I even considering it? What if he really had the cash, would I ever have the nerve to do this for real?

We hung out at the beach for another hour, and then went our separate ways.

The morning came, and I had a quick bowl of cereal. I still didn't believe Jim would pay me the money, but what if he did, I thought? I put on my favorite red string bikini under my white shorts and black tank-top, and rode my bike to the nearby beach to meet my devious friends.

Sarah and Jim were both there first. They had already set up towels in our favorite spot on the north end of the beach. I was hoping they had forgotten all about that stupid dare. I still didn't think they were serious, but a part of my mind was afraid that they were. Then I noticed that there were about 20 other people sitting on towels very close to them. I recognized some of them from high school. Jim was talking to some of them.

"Miranda, so glad you could make it!" Jim greeted me. He had a huge stack of cash in his hand. Twenties, tens, and even some fifties. Oh shit, I thought, he came up with the money. "I found a few investors!" Jim said with a smirk on his face.

So now I had 22 people expecting me to do this, not just 2. Great. To top it off, I knew some of the guys. This was going to be so embarrassing.

Sarah spoke next. "O.K., here is the plan. We did some research. The fine for public nudity is $250. If you happen to get caught, everyone here has agreed to chip in. It would be a misdemeanor, and not go on your record. Robert here is going to park in the south parking lot. He will park as close as possible to the entrance. Miranda, you will start right here. We have measured it, and it is a little over a half a mile. As we discussed, you have to walk, not run. A few of the guys here will be behind you, watching to make sure no one hassles you. Also, they will be watching you ass, I'm sure. When you get into the car, Robert will drive you to a meeting place were you will get your money. We'd give you the money now, but since you will soon be nude you won't have any pockets to put the money in. Any questions?"

"Umm...what if I told you I've changed my mind?" I said, half seriously.

"Then everyone here will call you a wimp, a welsher, and a poor sport. C'mon, Miranda, think of all the dares we've done together, this one will be one to remember! And also, what you could do with $1000..."

I really could use the money. God, they were putting me on the spot, I hadn't expected the 20 people anticipating this. Then again, that probably helped insure that I would be more likely to do it. I really hated Jim and Sarah right now, though. This was so unprecedented; no one had ever walked around a regular beach stark naked, I bet.

"O.K., when do we start?" I nervously asked.

"It is 12:15 now. Why wait? Miranda, I will hold on to your clothes. We have all decided that you should take off your sandals too. The sand is a bit hot, but you'll be O.K. We all think it will be more exciting if you do it without a stitch of clothing on whatsoever. You can't even wear your watch or necklace, no bit of clothing to provide you with any cover from total nudity."

I was starting to really freak out about this now. I told them I needed a few minutes to psyche myself for this. It was beginning to feel weird having all those guys Jim and Sarah had invited stare at me. I felt self-conscious taking off my tank top and shorts. Then I kicked off my sandals and gave Sarah my watch and necklace. She put all my clothing in her purse along with my watch and necklace. Now that she had possession of some of my clothing it was feeling all too real and scary.

Everyone was just sitting around and talking, but it was all a show, you could feel the tension in the air. And nobody was nearly as tense as me. I kept stalling, but at 12:45, Jim announced that it was time to pay the piper. I stood up, unsure what to do next.

"O.K., Miranda, let's start this show!" He said. I had everyone's attention now. They all looked at me expectantly.

I stood up. The beach was crowded. Families, couples, single guys, seniors, you name it, everyone and their brother was at the beach today. It was 92 degrees and humid. Sweat ran down my arms, but not just from the heat. I felt butterflies in my stomach. Stage fright like you cannot imagine. All these people around me. All these people were about to see me naked. I froze up while standing. Could I really do this? Let all these people see my entire nude body? Not like Haulover Beach were everyone is nude, but just me being nude, and the center of attention.

I imagined how this was going to feel. 100s of eyes on me. Or was it more like thousands? I wasn't good at estimating the crowd size, but it suddenly felt like millions. I put my hands behind my neck and started to untie the sting of the red string bikini top. I realized that I was about to cross the first barrier, and expose my bare breasts in a totally public place. Everyone was about to see my breasts naked. Would they jiggle while I walked? Of course they would, I thought, they will have nothing covering or restraining them. My breasts are average size, not too big and not too small, a 36C cup. My nipples are very red, and the areolas are kind of big and puffy.

I was still holding the strap, not willing to let go just yet. Then I got more scared when I realized that my breasts were the least of my worries. Toplessness is not such a big shock, after all there were guys without shirts on the beach with bigger breasts then mine! It was removing the bottoms that really made me freak out. Everyone would see my bare ass. I hadn't tanned nude much yet that summer, so my bare butt was very pale and would totally stick out. I was comfortable with the size off my ass, but the thought of everyone staring at it made me blush.

And then the final shocking thought raced through my head. My most private parts would also be clearly visible. I have red hair, and the hair between my legs is also red. I keep it trimmed short, which I like, but which also meant that my vagina itself would be more visible. When I am naked the pussy lips and folds are quite easy to see through the light red pubic hair. Oh my god...what did I get myself into?

"You seem to be stalling a bit, Miranda." Sarah said. She squeezed my hand and said, "Take a deep breath. You can do this. Think of the money. A classic technique when you are nervous is to picture everyone around you naked."

"I don't think that's going to work for me in this case, Sarah!" I said while laughing.

"O.K., Miranda. One...Two...THREE!"

I stood there, and still hadn't removed the bikini. Everyone looked disappointed. I told them that I was going to do this on my own time table.

I still kept imagining what this experience would be like. All those eyes on my nude body. Now I know why Sarah made me remove my sandals, watch, and necklace. Just having a little bit of clothing would have provided a little security, something to hold onto. I took a deep breath...and let the top fall to the sand.

The initial shock of being topless was intense. No one but the group of Jim's friends had noticed yet. They all stared at my now bare breasts. When I describe this experience, I use words like breasts, but I'm sure they were thinking more graphically. They were all staring and thinking "Nice tits!"

Now there was no point in hesitating. I had crossed the first threshold. Before I could even think about it, I untied the string of the bottoms, and let them fall to the sand. Sarah quickly grabbed them and put them in her purse along with the top. Having my clothing taken away suddenly made me feel even more exposed. I looked down at my body. Yep, I was stark naked. Totally bare. In my birthday suit. In the buff. Whatever you want to call it, I was on a public beach without any clothing on.

I took my first step into the beginning of the longest half-mile walk of my life.

Looking around, I saw that nobody had noticed yet. They soon would, and I ended up causing much more of a commotion than I had imagined I would. Only the group of Jim's friend's were watching at this point, because they new what to expect. I was already feeling very embarrassed just having them look at my body. Some of them were laughing. I hope they were laughing because of the ridiculous situation and not because of my body. A few of his friends walked in front of me to protect me from any hassle that might occur, and some were walking behind me. Sara walked beside me.

"Are we having fun yet, Miranda?" she asked me with a smirk on her face.

It didn't take long before the first group of people noticed that I was naked. The beach was very crowded, and I couldn't avoid walking close to people. Most of the faces of the people I walked by that day are still a blur, but I'll never forget the first people to see me nude that day. There was an older couple; they appeared to be in there seventies. They were sitting on a large purple beach towel. The man had short white hair, and he was thin. He had been wearing a white visor and a tan bathing suit. His wife had curly brown hair, and she was a little heavy set. She had sunglasses and a plain black bathing suit on. They had a big red and white cooler and paperback novels on their towel.

They had looks of complete shock on their faces. I could tell that the man was enjoying the sight, but had to hide his reaction a bit because he was with his wife. Her look was very shocked also, and I could till that she did not approve of my outfit at all. She kind of frowned and gave me a dirty look.

Then we walked by a younger couple. The woman pointed at me. I heard her say "Look, Stan, can you believe that?"

More and more people were noticing me now, and I saw a lot of people stand up to get a better look at what was going on. It was hard to hear what they were saying, but I can imagine they were talking about me. I was near the water and could smell the salt in the air. The sand was cooler on my bare feet when I walked near the water.

I don't remember very many more specific faces, just a lot of jaws dropping. I was beginning to have second thoughts about this dare, but it was way to late now to stop it. Sarah would never let me have my clothing. The reality of what I was doing began to sink in. This was totally unprecedented, and people did not quite believe what they were looking at. So many people were pointing at me, staring at me, laughing at me, and talking about me. I felt the hot stares on my skin. It was already very hot and humid out, and the embarrassment going on in my mind made me feel even hotter.

I looked down and saw my bare breasts bouncing up and down. I looked down even more, and saw my pussy. I knew people were looking right at my most private body parts, and it felt so strange and surreal. People are not supposed to see those parts except for on nude beaches or in locker rooms! And I knew that everyone was getting quite an eyeful of my back side too. They were looking right at my bare ass as I walked by.

I turned my head and looked behind me just to see if people were staring at my ass. They sure were! Many of the people who saw me nude first were beginning to follow me to keep looking at my body, and I could just imagine the view they were getting. My long wavy red hair flowing down my back. My bare back, with no bikini strap to interrupt the view of flesh. And then were most women had a bikini bottom was a bare round butt, followed by legs and bare feet.

I couldn't look behind me any more, this was too humiliating. I had no choice but to look forward, and when I thought of the view people in front of me were getting, it felt even more humiliating. They saw my very red face, which was red from blushing, not from the sun. My bare neck, and when their eyes wandered down, my tits hanging out on display, jiggling around with nothing restraining them. The only bare tits on the beach. Then a bare belly, followed by the biggest shocking sight of all, my red pubic hair with my pussy partly visible. Oh my god, I thought, everyone can see my pussy lips! That part is so private, I was thinking, I wished this dare had been just to go topless. Then my legs and feet. The whole picture from head to toe: a crazy naked woman just strolling along the beach.

I lost track of time, but it felt like hours when it was probably only a few minutes. The longer I walked, the more people noticed. A few times I made eye contact with some of the people looking at me, which was a big mistake, because that made this feel even more awkward. This was so not cool, I thought, I am going to get arrested for sure.

Then I saw a lifeguard. I wondered if they had the power to arrest me. Looking back on the experience, I'm sure I had nothing to worry about, but when you are in a situation like that, if you see someone in a uniform, the first thing you think is "authority," and I got scared thinking of getting in trouble. Then I remembered that Jim's friends would pay the fine if I got in trouble, but I still did not relish the thought of getting busted for this prank. This was more than a prank; this was exposing my nude body to hundreds of strangers! What were they all thinking? I'll never know. I have never had the opportunity to witness a naked woman walking around on a regular beach; I have just been that woman, not a spectator watching. My guess is that the women were more inclined to be upset, but maybe some of them were admiring me for doing something so bold. I have always been interested in exhibitionism, maybe some of them were too, and maybe they thought I was daring for acting this out. I imagine that men were more interested in watching my nude figure than analyzing what I was doing. I don't want to brag, but I do think I have a cute body, and I bet they liked to watch it. I like to imagine that I inspired a lot of jacking off that day.

**Wet Miranda's Coed Shower**

Back when I was a freshman in college, I met my good friend Sarah McKinley. She was always wilder than me, and always encouraging me to be more daring. She was always the girl at the party who would drink more shots of tequila than the guys, and the first girl at the party to flash her breasts. (Actually, she was usually the only girl at the party to flash her breasts.)

I had been on the prude side in high school; I had only had a handful of sexual experiences. Going to Michigan State was so different than my small high school in rural Illinois. College changed everything, and Sarah was a big part of that. She inspired me to do things sexually that I never would have done on my own. Things like entering a wet t-shirt contest during spring break, or streaking at 4:00 in the morning after a particularly crazy night of partying.

For some reason, she had an obsession for getting me to do daring things involving nudity. We are still friends, and she hasn't changed at all; I still never know what kind of crazy dare she will come up with next.

Sometimes she would dare me to do something and I just would not do it. One nice Friday evening in March of that year she dared me to do something way over the line.

"Miranda...you know what would be really cool? You know how some of the freshman dorms on the West side of campus have community showers instead of private ones like our dorm? What if a girl just casually walked into the guys shower like it was completely normal, and she just took a shower with all the guys one morning?"

"I agree, that would be pretty cool, Sarah. Why don't you go do it?" I responded. I knew where this conversation was going; she would tell me she might do it, but then dare me to do it first.

"O.K., Miranda, I will!" Sarah informed me.

This was something new. Usually she would egg me on to do the dare she presented, not just do it herself after telling me about it. I thought about what she was proposing, and I decided that the idea was too unrealistic; she would never really do it. I thought to myself that I would never really do it either, but that it was an interesting idea.

"When exactly will you be doing this?" I asked her.

"I will have to plan it out first. I will have to pick a dorm, one on the other end of campus where we would be less likely to run into guys we know from classes."

"Hold on a minute, you said 'we.' I am not strolling into the men's shower, Sarah."

"O.K., loser, be that way. I'll just have to do it myself; you can just take a plain old boring shower by yourself instead while I have all the fun."

I knew she was just bullshitting, and she wouldn't really do it. But then again, with Sarah one never knows.

Saturday night came, and we were at a party as usual. Across the room I noticed Kyle von Braun, a tall blue eyed blonde that I had the hots for. He was in my chemistry class, and for some reason I always felt shy around him. I had such a crush on him, but was always too nervous to approach him in class.

"There's your boyfriend, Miranda!" Sarah teased me. I felt like I was back in high school, not in college. She encouraged me to go talk to him, but I just couldn't do it. Two hours later I saw him making out with Jennifer Lawton, a short brunette with enormous breasts wearing a tight red halter top. Damn, I missed my shot, I thought.

We stayed at the party all night, drinking all the plastic cups of Busch Lite we could drink for $3.00. Sarah offered to play strip poker around 4:00 A.M., but couldn't find any takers. Kyle and Jennifer had left long before then, and I just sat on the sofa all alone drinking a lot of beers. Eventually, Sarah and I stumbled back to her dorm, and we flipped on the T.V. and watched some infomercials.

I was just about to go to sleep when Sarah pulled out a deck of cards from her purse. "Up for a game of cards, Miranda?" she asked me.

"Sorry, Sarah, but strip poker with just the two of us sounds pretty lame. No thanks, I need to crash."

"No, not strip poker. War."

I couldn't believe what she had just said. "War? Isn't that game a bit childish? There is absolutely no strategy, we may as well just flip a coin and call it a game."

"Why, are you scared I might win?" Sarah replied.

"Sarah, I could care less who wins. What would possibly be bad about losing a game of War?"

"What if the loser had to do something crazy?" Sarah asked with a wicked gleam in her eye. I knew exactly what she had in mind right away.

"No way, Sarah. I'm not going to take a shower in the men's dorm." I quickly said.

"Who said anything about that?" she replied.

"O.K., what is the dare then?" I asked her, curious as to what she had come up with now.

"Well, you are right, of course. That is exactly what I had in mind, but I just wanted you to think I had another idea. So here goes." She shuffled the cards and laid them out on the floor. Wait a minute, I thought, I hadn't agreed to anything yet.

"No, Sarah, I'm not playing. Go get naked in the guy's shower yourself if you want to. That is way too risky; I don't want to get in trouble. Also, that would be so embarrassing.

With a sinking feeling in my stomach, I realized that this is how I always ended up doing what she wanted me to do. By offering arguments against the idea instead of flat out saying no, I was letting her know that there was a possibility of me actually agreeing to do things like this.

Knowing that she had won the first battle before the War had even begun, she flipped over her first card. It was a seven. Without even thinking about it, I flipped over a Jack. I took both the cards and put them on the bottom of my pile face down.

"O.K., Miranda, here is the answer to objection number one. You are worried about getting in trouble. I understand that. But c'mon, really, can you imagine a group of guys reporting to authorities about the naked women that was harassing them in the shower? If it was the other way around, with a guy in the girl's showers, the guy would get busted for sure. But you have to love double standards, Miranda. No guy is going to be bothered by a naked woman. Some of them might be embarrassed and leave the shower, but report you to the R.A.? I highly doubt it."

The next round I got a six and she got a nine.

"And as to being embarrassed, Miranda, isn't that half the thrill of the dare? I know you Miranda, and I know how you think. You act all shocked, but the idea is turning you on something fierce right now, isn't it? The thought of getting in the men's shower room, stripping all your clothing off, and strutting your nude body around gets you all hot, I bet. You know you like having men look at you even when you are dressed, and the idea of being stark naked where you shouldn't be sounds so thrilling to you I bet your pussy is wet right now thinking of having to go through with this dare in reality."

I blushed. She was right, of course.

I got a three, but luckily she got a lowly two.

"It isn't a dare; it is a bet, Sarah. Basically this card game is a charade; you may as well say 'I bet you won't do it'"

"O.K., Miranda, I bet you won't do it."

"You win, I won't do it."

"O.K., let's stop playing this game then. I can see you are a wimp, and don't have the nerve to do something as exciting as this challenge."

"So it is a challenge now?"

I got a King and she got an eight!

"It is whatever you want it to be. Are you in or are you a wimp?"

Such a stark choice! I looked at my stack of cards, and I was winning. If we kept playing, she would probably have to get naked in the guys shower, which would be damn funny to hear about later. Knowing that I was winning changed the equation, so I reluctantly agreed. ""O.K., Sarah, you're on."

"O.K., Miranda. You have agreed to a deal now. Whoever loses this card game has to take a shower in the men's dorm on Monday at 7:30 A.M."

"Hold the phone, I was thinking more like late at night."

"Miranda, first of all that would be no fun. No one would be around to see you, where is the thrill in doing that? And secondly, it wouldn't be safe to be all alone in the men's shower at night. At 7:30 on a weekday, there will be a lot of guys around, and they will all be sober, so it would be safer.

"O.K., it's a deal." I said, shaking her hand.

It looked like I was winning when I had about two thirds of the cards, but then we both drew Aces.

"War!" she yelled. We each placed another card face down and then drew our next cards.

Two Kings. "Double War!" she yelled even louder.

We repeated the process, and to my utter dismay, I drew a five and she drew a ten. This was bad. Very bad. Now I knew she had at least two Aces and two Kings.

Predictably, the tide had turned against me. I wondered if she had cheated. It would not have surprised me at all. A few times I made a modest comeback. Then I was down to my last card. I drew a Jack, and she nailed me with a King. It was all over.

"O.K, Miranda, pack up your shampoo and soap! It looks like someone is going to Wilson hall on Monday early in the morning to wash up!"

Shit, how did I let myself get into this? I was not at all prepared to really do this. When Sarah had come up with the idea I had thought that it was complete nonsense. We argued for a little while, but she kept repeating that a deal was a deal.

The rest of the weekend was a total blur. Monday morning at 6:00 A.M, my alarm startled me. Usually I get up later, but I had to ride my bike all the way to the other end of campus. Then a funny thought occurred to me. I always set my alarm so that I have enough time to take a shower before I get to where I have to be. In this case, I had to be across campus by 7:30. But taking a shower before getting to my destination was quite unnecessary!

I rode across campus, still not comprehending the magnitude of what I was going to do. I considered backing out, but Sarah would never have let me hear the end of it. I also considered lying about doing it, but I knew she would know I was lying. So I grit my teeth and locked up my bike on the bike rack. It was a nice sunny spring day in Michigan. Flowers were beginning to spring up all over campus. I walked into the big round brick building, and took the elevator to the 4th floor. I have no idea why I chose that floor; it was just a random choice. Little did I know what would happen because I chose that floor; if I had chosen the 3rd or 5th floor, things would have been different.

I wasn't sure which side of the floor was for women and which side was for men. I opened the door on the right. I saw pink balloons tied to a doorknob and the words "Happy Birthday Rachel!" on the balloon. I turned around and opened the left door. It smelled like pizza, beer, cigarettes and incense. This was the men's side.

I started to hesitate now, walking very slowly and nervously. This was insane. I found the bathroom in the middle of the hall, and stood outside it for a minute.

"Can I help you?" a guy asked me. He was short with long brown hair and a goatee. He had on an M.S.U. t-shirt and ripped jeans.

"Uh, no, I'm just meeting someone to go over notes before class starts. History class. World history." I was making up details to sound convincing, even thought the guy had no clue I was up to something unusual.

"Well good luck with that. I love world history. The Baroque period was fascinating, don't you think?"

"Uh, yeah, Baroque. See you later." I wanted him to leave, and luckily he did.

Two guys walked down the hall towards the bathroom. I saw that they both had towels in their hands and were wearing bathroom slippers. This meant that they were going to the shower. Oh god, I can't go in there, they'll think I'm such a freak! Then I looked at my watch. 7:28. Showtime.

I paced the hallway for five more minutes. I couldn't stall anymore. Stalling was just making me more nervous. I had butterflies in my stomach. It was like the feeling when I was about to go on a huge roller coaster at Cedar Point in Ohio called the Millennium. The longer I waited, the scarier the idea felt, until I just got into the car, fastened the seat belt, and took the ride. It was scary as Hell, but I loved it anyway. I boldly opened the door of the bathroom.

When I opened the door, the noise sounded very loud to me, even though I have opened similar doors numerous times. It felt like the feeling I'd had when I was younger and came back home after sneaking out at night. At the crack of dawn, I would sneak into the back door of my house, praying that my parents wouldn't hear the sound. It always felt so loud, and by opening it slowly I could hear the creaking for what felt like a solid minute. Expecting to see a bunch of startled guys, I found that the changing room was empty. There was one guy at a urinal, but he hadn't seen me yet. There were wood benches along the floor. There were towels and men's clothes on at least two of the benches, so I knew that the showers were occupied. I put my big clean fluffy red towel on a vacant bench. It looked very out of place, as the other towels were small threadbare plain white towels that looked like they had seen a lot of use since they were last washed. I had dressed very plainly, as I wasn't planning on putting on a strip show that morning.

I removed my gray sweatshirt and neatly folded it and put it on the bench. Then I put my blue sneakers on the bench. I unbuttoned my jeans and put those on the sweatshirt. I started to sweat and get really shy now. I was about to expose some very female flesh in the men's shower room. I looked around, feeling emboldened temporarily because no one was watching yet. Just as I unhooked the strap on the back of my bra and let the bra fall to the floor, the guy who was using the urinal when I had first walked in turned around to wash his hands. He had a very stunned look on his face when he saw me standing there in just my plain white knickers.

He gave me a shy smile, and walked over to the sink to wash his hands. I couldn't think of a conversation starter myself, and I didn't blame him for not talking to me. What was he going to say, "Hey, how are you liking the men's shower room, miss?" He quickly left the room, but I saw him turn his head back on the way out to get a good look at my bare breasts.

I was past the point of no return, and I quickly yanked down my knickers before I chickened out. I tossed them in a ball on the bench, and grabbed my shower supplies out of my duffel bag. I had brought some Salon Selectives shampoo and bar of Dove soap in a blue soap-case. I put on some waterproof sandals and bravely marched into the shower. Now I was stark naked in a place where a woman should not have been. There was a full length mirror. I looked at myself from head to toe. Long, wavy red hair. A moderate tan from spring break in South Padre. Nice round 36C breasts, with large dark red nipples and areolas. Average height, around 5"5." 150 pounds. A butt that I thought was too big, but that men had complimented me on. A figure that I had a right to be proud of, because I had sweat hard in the health club for years to achieve it.

The showers were in a big open area. There were about 10 of them. They were tall metal poles that went from the floor to the ceiling, and they had little dishes to put toiletries in and a very basic handle to turn the water on and control the heat. There were three guys in the shower when I walked in. I wanted to die from the embarrassment.

The tension was incredible when they noticed me. One guy immediately walked out of the shower. His face was very red. The other two stayed, but they had looks of utter astonishment on there faces. Nothing was said the whole time. They continued to shower, trying to act as if nothing odd was going on. They tried really hard not to stare at my nude body, but they couldn't help it, and I can't blame them. I'm sure I made quite a sight, standing naked under the nozzle with warm water cascading down my bare chest. I'm quite sure they weren't expecting to get a glimpse of a naked woman at 7:45 on a weekday morning in the men's shower.

I felt very awkward, and didn't have a word to say either. I was about to leave, but I really did have to shower, and I hadn't even used any soap or shampoo yet. The water was getting too hot, so I turned around to adjust it, bending over and giving the guys a view of my bare round ass. I have been told that my ass is cute, and though I always think it is too big, guys seem to really like it. Feeling like the exhibitionist that I always dreamed of being, I bent over farther than I needed to for longer than I needed too. The water was running down my back and legs, getting my whole body nice and wet. The water got hotter, and it began to feel very steamy in the room...

A minute later another guy walked into the shower. He saw me and then turned around and put his towel on. I guess Co-ed showers aren't for everyone. A short time later another guy walked in, and thought he was very startled, he stayed anyway.

We all did an awkward dance, trying not to look, but still stealing glances anyway. I looked down at my chest as I raised my arms up to lather up my hair with the shampoo. I caught them all looking at my breasts which had thrust out while I was washing my long red hair. I stole glances of them too many times, shyly looking right at there bare cocks. Oh God, one of them was erect! I had caused a huge hard-on.

This went on for a few minutes. Guys came and went, some staying and showering and some turning around when they saw me. I lathered up the soap in my hands and started to wash my body. I started with my arms, washing them from my hands to my shoulders. I had to raise my arms in the air to wash my underarms. Then I washed my neck and shoulder blades. My front came next, and now that I was getting more into this I made a show of lathering up my breasts. I worked up a soapy lather in my hands and squeezed and kneaded them, getting them all soapy and slippery. Then I washed my legs from my feet up to my thighs.

Not quite ready to wash my most private area quite yet, I soaped up my back as well as I could. Then I did the back of my legs, and finally I washed my bare butt really good. My hands circled the area from my hips to the crack, and I kneaded and massaged my ass to get it all clean. I felt a little shy about getting to my pussy, but knew I had to do it. I lathered up some more soap, and started to wash my inner thighs and pussy, getting my red bush all soapy and wet.

Then the second most mortifying event of the day happened. Kyle von Braun, the guy I totally had the hots for, walked in the shower. He gave me a very strange look. He was no doubt quite startled to see a girl from his chemistry class buck naked in the shower.

"Miranda?" He inquired. Of all the people to walk in on me in this situation, it had to be the one guy I felt the most shy around to begin with. I felt shy around him when we were in class fully clothed, so you can imagine what it felt like for me while we both we both were nude. I looked down, suddenly feeling very exposed. All of the thrilling feelings of being a daring exhibitionist crumbled, and I felt that I was in the wrong place doing something I shouldn't have been doing.

"I...I...Sarah made me do it, it was a dare, I lost a game of War...I didn't think I would really do it...I...Oh God this is weird."

"War? What ware you talking about?"

"The card game War. I...it is so immature and stupid; I don't want to talk about it. I have to go."

I was about to run out of the shower when Kyle touched my arm and said something that put me at ease a little.

"Miranda, I think that is the damn coolest thing I've ever heard. Crazy, but damn cool. Let me get this straight; you are taking a shower in the men's dorm because you lost a game of War? Holy smokes, that's off the hook! I can't believe that."

I could barely focus on a word he was saying. I was already super turned on by the whole thrill of all the guys who had seen me shower naked, not to mention all the hot bodies I had seen myself. Kyle was turning my legs to jelly. I was so horny from everything that had been going on. I looked down at his cock. It was nice and long. He had the willpower not to get an erection, or maybe he just wasn't as turned on by my nudity as I was by his. I looked at his body up and down.

I vaguely remember having some kind of conversation about Chemistry class, but mostly I remember hearing it like this: "Blah, blah, blah alkali metals, blah, blah, blah Professor Chadbourn is such a hardass sometimes, blah, blah, blah did you understand that equation on Thursday?" I couldn't believe he was talking about school so casually in this situation! He totally had nerve, and kept his composure, not acting at all shy. I wanted him so bad.

My body was soaking wet. I wished everyone else would leave the shower. I didn't want the other guys in the room to be there, I just wanted to be alone with Kyle. I wanted him to do such dirty things to me. I had a funny thought...we can be dirty here, because then we can just take a shower and clean up later!

I wanted him to wash my body, even thought it was already clean from the shower. I pictured his hands pumping some liquid soap into his palm and soaping my naked body. I wanted him to wash my back, and squeeze my ass. I wanted to feel the sensual feel of him running his fingers through my hair. I needed him to caress my tits with his wet slippery hands. And I imagined what it would be like to wash him too. I fantasized about soaping up his hard chest, which was very smooth and had very little hair. I dreamed of pressing our wet nude bodies together. Think you can avoid an erection now, Kyle? I asked him in my head.

And while he rambled on and on, and the four other guys now in the shower just looked on in disbelief, my thoughts got dirtier and hotter. I was barely hearing him anymore; I was lost in a fantasy world. I stopped thinking of him washing my body, and pictured him turning me around and having me stand up against the wall. In my mind he was standing behind me while I had my palms pressed against the wall. I felt his slippery chest on my back and his hard cock on the crack of my ass. He bent me over and guided his dick into my sopping pussy. In reality sex in the shower is almost impossible, but in my head it was so easy, it was like a scene in a porn movie where every sexual position comes naturally with no problem, and people fuck after they have just met.

Still in my fantasy world now, I pictured his dick pumping in and out of my juicy hole. In the sex scene I conjured up, I was moaning and groaning while touching my clit, masturbating furiously while he fucked me hard from behind. I imagined that his cock was all wet from the shower, and that he pumped into me while grabbing my hips for support. I just stood there and took it all in me deep, grinding my ass back into his hips to meet each thrust. He kept going faster and faster until he shot a load of come into me, and it felt so very hot inside my cunt. I begged him to stay inside me for a minute after he came so I could masturbate to orgasm. He reached up and caressed my tits, fingering my hard red nipples. I felt my orgasm approach. I felt that great sensation where you know you are about to come. I rubbed my clit faster and faster, rubbing in quick circles. My pussy started contracting on his still erect cock. I came so hard I could barely stand afterwards, and then we washed each other again while making out.

Back to reality, we were still just standing and talking. None of that really hot sex I pictured in my head just a minute ago really had happened, though I wished that it had. I was not really saying much besides a few short answers to his questions, and mostly I just nodded at his words. I blushed when I looked down and saw that my hand was on my pussy. Thank god I didn't get too carried away while fantasizing that we were fucking. It would have been too much if he saw me masturbate.

He said he had to go to his algebra class soon, and he left the shower. I was thinking that I had not impacted him nearly as much as he had impacted me when I realized two facts. First, I noticed that his cock was semi erect as he walked away. So I had started to make him hard, I thought! I hoped he had such a hard on he couldn't sit down in class.

I was getting nervous about seeing him in chemistry class later that day when I realized the second fact that made my morning. He hadn't ever showered that morning! Even though he had acted all calm and nonchalant on the outside, my bold and shocking nudity had distracted him so much he had just been standing in the shower talking, and hadn't remembered to actually take a shower!

I was about to leave the shower myself when the guy who had asked me if I needed help when I was in the hallway earlier entered the shower. The short guy with long brown hair and the goatee. He looked at me and seemed to be about to turn around like half of the other guys that morning. But then he had a change of heart and stayed in the shower. He could barely get the bar of soap in his hands; he was so surprised and nervous about the situation. I decided to have some more fun, and took another shower while he watched. He tried very hard not to look, but he kept glancing over at me. I made quite a show of raising my arms above my head as a shampooed my hair for the second time. I mad sure to arch my back to make my tits stick out more, and I pinched my nipples to get them all hard. Then for the coup de gras I spread my legs wide apart and ran my fingertips through my short red pubic hair, making sure my pussy lips were nice and open for him. I let him look, feeling so turned on by all the stares I had gotten that morning. I finished my shower, and then turned around to give him a smile before leaving. He was as hard as a rock! Good, I had made an impact. I couldn't wait to tell Sarah all about it. I actually was excited about her next dare, although I didn't yet know how extreme they could be.

I got dressed, left the shower, and took the elevator back down. I was so horny that I planned to bike back to my dorm and masturbate my pussy till I came fucking hard. I opened the door and smelled the warm spring breeze. It smelled of flowers, and I thought of romance. Although I was extra nervous about seeing Kyle again, at least I had had a chance to talk to him. What a way to break the ice, I thought! I realized that when people of the opposite sex are talking to each other, they often imagine what the other one would look like naked. When I talk to Kyle in class later today, I thought, we will already know! I couldn't wait to see him, and I hoped that this encounter would someday lead to something more...

**Wet Miranda's First Nude Video**

On Monday mornings, nothing too eventful usually happens to me. I get up, take a shower, get dressed, and walk or bike to my 9:00 political science class. No one usually call me on the phone. When I hear the phone ring last Monday at 7:45 I figured it must be the wrong number. I considered not answering it, but then during the fifth ring decided to pick it up.

"Hello?" I said tiredly.

"Is Miranda Johnson there?" A husky male voice asked me.

"This is she. Who is this?"

"It's Jerry. The photographer. Remember me?"

How could I ever forget? Jerry Mancino was a freelance photographer. Earlier in the school year I had responded to an advertisement in the school newspaper about modeling for cash. The money advertised was $500, but I ended up making a lot more by posing for a series of graphic nude shots. When I say graphic, I really mean it, because the magazine was called "Spread Pink Beavers." You can guess what the main feature of that magazine is. Well let's just say I had to spread something quite a bit to earn my money, and he took many extreme close-up shots while I sat on a sofa nude. I am sure that my pussy is being viewed by thousands of guys who bought the magazine. I hope they liked what they saw; it turned me on to think that I was causing erections and jacking off.

"Hello, Jerry, what's up?" I said in my sexiest voice.

"I was calling to see if you would be interested in another modeling job, Miranda." Jerry responded.

I assumed that he meant another photo shoot, and since I needed the money really bad, I was about to agree to whatever he asked.

"Sure, I'd love to pose for you again. When do you need me?"

"In an hour, if that is at all possible. I had another model all ready to go, and she just left my office. She wouldn't complete the job, so I couldn't pay her, and now I have no one."

"I'll be there in an hour Jerry. Should I go to the same office as last time?" Jerry's office was on the fifth floor of an office building near campus.

"Same place, suite 523 still. Thank you so much, Miranda, you are the best. You can wear whatever you want; we have costumes and props here."

"I'm on my way now, Jerry!" I said as seductively as possible.

The last time I had posed for Jerry I had had days to think about it, and I had been very nervous because I hadn't known what to expect. This time I only had an hour to consider, and I knew what to expect, or at least I thought I did. If I had known what he would ask later, I might have changed my mind...

I arrived at his office right on time. It was May, and I was dressed in a short red skirt, plain white t-shirt, and a plain white bra and knickers on underneath. When I got to suite 523 the door was locked, so I knocked.

A middle aged blonde lady answered the door. She had her hair in a pony-tail, and she had on a long white dress. She appeared to be in her late 40s, and looked like she worked out to keep her figure slim.

"You must be Miranda. My name is Cindy, and I am Jerry's assistant." The lady introduced herself, extending a hand. She offered me a glass of water, which I accepted. I felt very hot and thirsty, and started to gulp down the ice cold water, letting some drops fall on my shirt.

I shook her hand and inquired about Jerry.

"Oh, he went downstairs to get a bagel. He'll be right up. He authorized me to go over the terms of the video-shoot."

Video-shoot? The last job I had done was a photo-shoot, and I didn't recall hearing anything about being in a video this time.

I told Cindy that I hadn't come here expecting to be in a video, and I asked her what the video would be about.

"Well, Miranda, it involves nudity, of course." I expected that, and I nodded to her to go on. "It also involves stripping for the camera seductively." O.K., no surprises so far. I was still on board. "And finally, it involves climaxing for the camera."

I almost spit out my water. "Climax for the camera? You mean like coming on film? I'm sorry, Cindy, but I won't have sex on film, and I didn't realize this was a porno movie you were filming." I wasn't really angry, but I felt deceived that they would ask me to star in a porn movie.

"Oh no, no, no! This would not involve you having sex with anyone. In fact you would be the only one in the movie, Miranda!" Cindy quickly tried to re-assure me.

"Well, you said climax, so I just assumed..."

"Oh I understand! When people hear the word 'climax' they think of the money shot, or of a woman panting and moaning while having sex on film. I should have clarified what I meant, Miranda. The series is called 'Real women's orgasms.' As you can imagine, it involves women masturbating on film. It is partly a how too video, but mostly it just arouses the audience. Each episode is a half hour of one woman solo. First the woman strips for the camera. Then the camera follows her into the shower, and films her showering. Finally, the action moves to the bed, where the camera films her as she pleasures herself. What makes this series stand apart from the copy-cats is the authenticity of the masturbation scene...we don't put out anything fake."

I had to think about this. I hadn't expected something so graphic. If it was just the stripping and showering part, I would have agreed quickly, but I was a little shy about the masturbation part. Although I had let the camera take pictures of my most intimate parts, they were just pictures, not video footage. And I considered masturbation to be a very private experience; I had rarely ever let anyone watch me do that, even my lovers rarely got to see that side of my sexuality.

"How much would I get for this video, Cindy?" I asked. It is kind of sad that money was such a factor, but I was a poor college student, and I needed the cash.

$1000." She responded. That didn't seem like much; after all I had earned $2000 for the graphic photo-shoot... I told her that I would need a lot more for such a graphic video.

"Oh, Miranda, you misunderstood me. I meant $1000 an hour, and this video shoot will take about 3 hours. I can print up a contract right now, stating a flat fee of $3000 for the shoot. She punched some buttons on a keyboard, and a contract started to print. It printed out slowly on an old fashioned dot-matrix printer with perforation and holes on the edges of the paper. I looked it over. She handed me a fountain pen. If I signed the contract, I was agreeing that the video could be distributed on the Internet, DVD, and Video. There was no telling how many people would be watching me touch myself in the most private way possible.

I considered whether to sign or not. Suddenly the door opened, and it was Jerry and a tall man I had never met. Jerry was portly, with a grey beard and a pony-tail. He looked very much like Jerry Garcia, actually, and he was in his early 50s. The other man was in his early 30s, and he was tall and thin, wearing black jeans and a black t-shirt. He had sideburns, long dark hair, and thick glasses.

Jerry introduced him as Steven, the cameraman. Jerry then asked me if I was ready to go, and I told him I still hadn't decided.

I could see the look of panic in his eyes; he had agreed to have the video-shoot by today, and he might not have a model. I weighed the pros and cons, and finally decided that the money would be very useful to help pay off my student loans.

"O.K., I'll do it." I told everyone, while signing on the dotted line of the contract. My hand shook as I signed away my right to privacy, knowing that I was about to be filmed doing something very personal and private. Jerry walked me over to a studio I had never seen before. It was a bedroom. Everything looked very feminine. The sheets were white with red and pink flowers. The wallpaper was white. The curtains were white and lacy, and there were fresh flowers all over the room in nice clear crystal vases. The carpet was very thick and off white, and there were nice antique wood tables and old-fashioned lamps throughout the room.

Cindy picked out a dress for me. It was a very fancy black lacy dress. It had a zipper down the back. She also handed me a pair of white lacy knickers with red flowers on the front and back, and a matching bra. The bra and knickers almost matched the sheets! I was about to go into the bathroom to change into the outfit, but Jerry said that the cameras were already rolling. I noticed that Steven had positioned himself in a corner, and was indeed filming me. He stopped the tape for a minute, and Jerry explained that DVDs these days had to have tons of special features, and one of the features was a "Making of" section.

Although I had become relaxed and comfortable, I froze up a bit knowing that I was already being filmed. Why would people want to watch this part, I thought? Oh well. I shrugged and pulled off my t-shirt. I threw it to the floor. I asked Jerry if I should be stripping in any particular way, and he said just to act like I was at home alone, getting ready to take a shower. I sat on the bed, and unsnapped my bra, letting my breasts out. I arched my back, jutting out my breasts to the camera. Then I lay down and shimmied out of my short red skirt, casually tossing it on the floor. Wearing just my plain white knickers, I stood up and bent over, letting the camera get a good view of my ass as I stripped off the last of my clothing. I walked over to Jerry, and he asked me if I liked the outfit Cindy had picked out for me. I told him I did.

He kept chatting with me, and I forget that the camera was rolling. We talked about my other photo shoot. It felt strange to talk about that, because the magazine was called "Spread Pink Beaver." I turned red saying the name of the magazine, and he told me that my issue had sold very well, and that lots of men had gotten off looking at my poses.

I put on the lacy white floral lingerie and the black lacy dress. The dress cam down to me knees, and the front of it was sexy without being totally revealing. It showed off just a hint of cleavage, and the back showed off my shoulder-blades. I was standing up, answering Jerry's questions, when he told me I should sit at the edge of the bed and relax.

He kept asking me questions for the camera. Some were very casual, like "What is your favorite color?" (Red.) "What is your favorite food?" (Buttered Scallops.) Then they got more personal..."What do you like to fantasize about?" (Being taken from behind. Having a man take charge and do with my body as he pleases. Or it can be a woman, I go both ways.)

It felt both strange and empowering at the same time to answer such intimate questions.

Jerry then told me it was time for me to disrobe. He ordered me to stand up, and told me to strip all my clothing off slowly. This was my favorite part of the shoot so far, I thought to myself. I love getting naked, and I gave a nice slow teasing show for Steven to film. I turned around and unzipped the zipper half way down my back only to zip it back up again. I faced the camera and bent over, letting more of my cleavage show. I squeezed my breasts through the dress. I turned around again and unzipped the zipper all the way, giving a good view of my ass in the sexy knickers. I finally gave up the dress and let it fall to the floor, shaking my rear and showing off my ass even more.

I let Steven film me dancing around in the sexy lingerie for about fifteen minutes before I started to undo the bra. It had a clasp in the back, which I undid. I turned around and let the bra fall to the floor, but all I showed off was my back; they would have to wait to see my bare breasts. I covered my breasts with my arms, teasing the camera, making my audience wait before they could see nudity. When I felt ready, I let my arms fall to the side, showing off my bare breasts while shaking them around.

I had forgotten all about Jerry, when he asked my about my breasts. "Do you like them, Miranda? Do you feel that they are the right size and shape? Is there anything you would change about them? How old were you when they first developed?"

I suddenly got embarrassed when I heard all of these intimate questions about my breasts right after exposing them for the video-camera. I answered the questions as honestly as possible, feeling very shy now. I felt much more hesitant about getting naked.

I stalled as long as possible, until Jerry had to ask me to remove my knickers. I turned around and slid the lacy floral knickers down my legs and then kicked them aside. I felt the glare of the camera on my ass. Suddenly I felt self conscious about this. I always had felt that my ass was too big, and sure enough, just as I felt the most shy about the size of my ass, Jerry asked me intimate questions about it.

"Do you like having men look at your ass? Do you think it is too big or too small? Do you ever do exercises to tone your butt?"

I had not expected all of these intimate questions to be a part of the video-shoot, and I told him so. I thought he would have turned off the camera, but it kept rolling. He made me turn around and show off the front of my now nude figure to the camera.

"Why do these questions make you uncomfortable? Does the experience of having your body filmed feel different than having it photographed? Does your pussy get wet when you think about the thousands of people who will be watching this?"

I answered all the questions honestly, and my face turned redder than my bush! I looked down, and felt so exposed when I noticed that there was moisture on my short red pubic hair. Finally Jerry told me to take a shower.

It felt so strange to have a crew follow me into the small bathroom and film me stepping into the shower. There was a brand new bar of dove soap, and a bottle of Finesse combo shampoo and conditioner. Jerry ordered me to take a long hot shower, and to pretend the cameras were off and that I was alone. This was very hard to do, because I knew full well that I was being taped as I let the water cascade over my nude body. I did my best to act casual as I shampooed my hair. I lathered up the shampoo, and raised my hands above my head and washed my hair for a long time. I was very aware of my breasts jutting out as I washed my hair. As I rinsed off I knew that every jiggle of my breasts was being taped. I felt the water cascade down my chest, and knew that Steven was filming every drop of water dripping down my bare breasts.

I rinsed out the shampoo, turning around to give the camera a view of me from behind. I could hear the whirring of the camera lens, and suddenly realized that he was zooming in on my big ass. After all that talk about me being uncomfortable with the size of my ass, they had to pay extra attention to it! I lathered up my back the best I could, and then turned around to lather up the front part of my body. I got soap on my neck, and rubbed it into my tits. I was happier to show off my front, but a little shy about having my pussy so exposed. It felt more intrusive to have my pussy filmed than it had to have it photographed. I had to wash down there, though, so I tried to ignore the camera as I spread my pussy lips and washed between my legs, letting the soap run down my body.

I rinsed off all of the soap, and grabbed a big red fluffy towel from a bar outside the shower. I wrapped it around my body just long enough to dry off, and then I put the towel around my head to dry my hair. I instinctively knew that I was supposed to go back to the bedroom, and I let the crew of three follow me into the bed.

I lay down on the bed, and removed the towel completely, letting Steven film my nude body as I lay on my back. I knew what I was supposed to do next, and felt very hesitant about masturbating on film. I was very surprised when Cindy started asking me the next round of intimate questions about my body.

"Do you like to masturbate, Miranda?" she asked me.

"Well, um...yes, of course I do."

"Does it turn you on to know that you will have a huge audience watching you this time?" was her next question.

"Well...it both turns me on and makes me more nervous. I have never really had people watch me do this before."

"Never? You have never even let a lover watch you masturbate?" Cindy inquired.

"Well, a few times"

"Who? You don't have to give a last name, Miranda, but the audience would like to know about your experience with a lover watching you pleasure yourself."

I couldn't believe that I was answering such intimate questions on film.

"Chad. He was a boyfriend I had last year. He always wanted to watch me, so one time I let him. We were lying in bed together."

"Naked?"

"Yes, naked. He found a vibrator in my nightstand drawer, and asked me to use it. I wouldn't do it at first, but he kept begging to watch, so I finally relented and let him watch me pleasure myself. I turned the vibrator on 'low' and buzzed it on my clit. He was surprised that I didn't put it inside my pussy; I had to explain to him that a lot of women just use the vibrator on the outside and never stick it inside."

"Did he witness you having an orgasm?

"No, I was to shy to take it all the way. I came while he was screwing me later."

"Did you ever watch a man masturbate?"

I turned a brighter shade of red, and told her that I had.

"Tell me details, Miranda." Cindy demanded.

I told her that I had another boyfriend when I was eighteen. "We were camping in a tent at a campground in Southern Indiana. In the middle of the night I had woke up to the sound of Paul's hand rubbing something. I was in my sleeping bag. I looked over and saw that he was pumping his cock. His eyes were closed, and he had no idea that I was awake and watching him. It was so cool to see his hand pump faster and faster. I was not prepared for the sight of him coming; I was totally shocked at both the amount of come and at the force that it shot out with. It kept spurting out onto his chest, and also dripping down his bare cock. I loved watching his cock contract, and it seemed like the orgasm would never end."

"Did this action inspire you to masturbate yourself later?" she asked me.

Shyly, I whispered yes. I told her details about going into the bathroom later that night and touching myself till I came hard.

Out of nowhere, Cindy asked me: "Will you masturbate for the camera, Miranda?"

I had known that this was coming, but I felt very shy about actually doing it. With much hesitation, I touched my pussy lips. She asked me if I needed a toy, and I told her that I preferred to just use my hand. Things got very quiet as I touched myself. I felt very exposed doing this on film. This was such a private action that I was suddenly expected to do very publicly. I felt the eyes of Jerry, Cindy, and Steven as I fingered myself.

I didn't know if I could do it. I rubbed and rubbed, and although I was turned on, I felt too self-conscious about the crowd. I closed my eyes and arched my back, rubbing and rubbing, but the orgasm just wasn't going to happen.

I thought about fucking. I graphically imagined a previous lover taking me from behind. I pictured him bending me over on the bed and grabbing my bare ass. I imagined him entering me and screwing me while I was bent over with my feet on the floor and my chest on the bed. I fingered myself faster and faster while picturing getting laid.

I knew I couldn't come on demand, so I closed my eyes and faked the best that I could. I thrashed my legs around, and yelled out and moaned while pretending to come. I made sure that my hands circled my clit very quickly as I "came."

"That was great, Miranda. The guys watching will love that part!" Jerry told me. Convinced that I had fooled them, I smiled and started to sit up.

"Yes, that will be a great special feature on the DVD. Now why don't you just relax for about a half hour, and then we will try to film you REALLY coming, Miranda."

I felt so embarrassed that they had caught me faking. I asked how they knew, and Steven said that with the zoom lens on, they could see that my pussy hadn't really contracted. Jerry explained that the people who purchased "Real women coming" expected just that, not Hollywood porn stars pretending.

Cindy gave me a glossy magazine with pictures of naked men. She also gave me a story magazine, and I flipped through the pages until I found one that got me hot.

It was about an older lady seducing an eighteen year old guy. The guy had been hired to clean her pool, and she had made sure to wear skimpy outfits while the poor boy had to do his job. Each week she would wear a skimpier bathing suit. The first time she had a conservative black one piece. The next week she wore a white bikini, and the third week she had on a neon pink thong. The fourth week, she asked the poor guy if he minded her sunbathing topless. He could barely do his job as she lay there showing off her tits.

I was getting really hot reading this, and my hands traveled down between my legs. I started to masturbate, feeling the wetness creep back to my pussy lips. My clit got nice and hard, and I started to rub in earnest, forgetting that I had an audience. I ran my fingers along the outer lips of my pussy, imagining that I was that slutty lady in that story, lying topless while the poor guy tried to clean my pool. I had dropped the book, and not finished reading. Instead, I let my imagination finish the erotic tale.

I would get naked the next week, explaining to the pool guy that I needed an all over tan to look good, and hated tan lines. I would tell him I needed help with the tanning lotion, and his hand would shake as he squirted lotion on my bare back and rubbed it in. He would be too shy to touch my ass, and I would have to explicitly tell him to rub me there too. I was really beginning to masturbate myself now, picturing this scenario in my mind. I pictured the guy getting an erection. In my version of the story, he had on a black pair of swim trunks with a white stripe. He had to wear a bathing suit so he could get in the pool if he had too while cleaning it. I look over and see that he is getting a huge bulge, and I shock him by grabbing it.

I opened my eyes for a second, and was surprised to realize that I had spread my legs very wide and that my pussy lips were wide open as well. I closed my eyes again and continued touching myself, getting to the point where I couldn't stop. I was too turned on to turn back now, and felt really hot and wet between my legs. I stuck a ginger deep inside myself, surprised at how lubricate my cunt had become. I finger fucked myself, trying to hit my g-spot, as my right hand caressed and stimulated my clit. I listened closely, and could hear slick sounds from my fingers touching my wet parts. It sounded so sexual and raw, hearing each "Squish, squish" as I fingered my juicy horny pussy. I was still naked on the lounge chair having the pool cleaner rub lotion on my body in my fantasy world.

I felt the folds of my pussy really open up while imagining getting the poor guy hard beyond belief. I felt the raw sexuality building inside my naked body, and pictured yanking down the pool guy's bathing suit and telling him to just fuck me. So it was a bit unrealistic, going from having him rub oil on my butt to telling him to fuck me, but it was my fantasy, and I needed fucking in my fantasy at the moment. He mounted me and fucked my nude body from behind. The thrusting felt awesome as my pussy got filled up with hard meaty dick, and I thrust my hips behind me to meet his thrusting.

I had completely forgotten where I was, and felt the first tingle as the orgasm started to hit me. Then it hit me like a wave of pleasure, and the first hard convulsions came. My pussy clenched around my finger, and I felt my pussy lips contract and expand really fucking hard. Then I began to black out as the orgasm really began, causing my hips to jump up a few inches off the bed, and causing my whole body to shake and sweat. I always feel hot and sweaty when I come, and this time was no exception. I felt the sweat drip down my armpits, and felt the orgasms really course through my whole body. I let out an involuntary grunt, and heard myself panting. I was not "performing" for the camera with loud exaggerated noises; rather I was letting out little quiet sighs and moans, and breathing really hard like I would be if I was exercising hard. I pictured the pool guy shooting out his load of hot white come in my pussy from behind as the orgasm kept on going and going. I felt my pussy lips quiver and felt the tingles really hard inside my head as I let out a final moan.

I lay down as the orgasm finished, suddenly remembering that I was being filmed. I knew that they would not mistake this for faking, and although I felt a bit shy, I was too far gone in my bliss to really care. I was half asleep as I answered a series of questions about how my orgasm had felt. I looked straight into the camera, and said I can't explain how it felt in words; you just had to experience it for yourself. Then I got up, looked right into the lens of the camera, and said "Join me. Come for me and then you will have a better idea of how it just felt. Let yourself have a nice hard fucking orgasm like I just did." I felt really sweaty and dirty, and I walked back into the shower. Even though this was not in the script, they filmed me taking another shower. I washed the sweat off, and let them film away, aware that thousands of people would soon be watching what I had just done. I felt suddenly shy again, but it was too late now. I had signed a contract, and soon anyone who bought the tape, or downloaded the video, would see me at my most intimate, with my eyes closed, my body completely exposed, and my hands on my pussy. Anyone would be able to see me as I did something very private. All eyes would be watching me...masturbate.

**Wet Miranda Squirts**

As much as I love to come, and as often as I masturbate, there was something that was still a mystery about the process until recently. I watched Rick jacking off one night, and I suddenly realized that men always shoot out something when they come, and women generally do not. I had heard that it was possible for women to expel fluid, or "squirt," but I didn't really believe it. I did some research on the phenomenon of female ejaculation, or squirting, and I learned a few things. I was intrigued for a few days, but I soon forgot all about it.

A few weeks later, Rick and I were watching an adult video, and a woman came in a gushing spurt of ecstasy. I thought she was ejaculating, and Rick argued that she was just peeing. I bet him that with enough training and patience I could learn to squirt when I came. I didn't expect this to happen overnight, but I knew that it was scientifically possible, and I just had to try.

I decided it was time to learn all I could about female ejaculation. I studied videos of women coming, and I read scientific journals. I learned all about the anatomy. I will spare you a detailed biology lesson, but it boils down to the existence of something called Skene's gland, which is near the urethra. During sexual arousal these glands fill with fluid and may in some cases be felt through the vaginal wall. The tissue surrounding the female urethra fills with blood during sexual arousal, as is the case in the male. This results in the tissue becoming firm to the touch.

The first thing I learned is that there is scientific evidence of female ejaculation. It is a distinctly separate liquid than urine, and women can learn to ejaculate just like men.

The second thing I learned is that although it is a different liquid than urine, women who ejaculate often cannot control what comes out when they come, and they often shoot out both urine and ejaculate. The ejaculate is an alkaline fluid similar to what is produced by the male prostate gland.

The third thing I learned is that it is perfectly O.K.; in fact it is the norm, for a woman to expel both urine and ejaculate when she squirts.

The key to triggering female ejaculation, according to all the literature I read, was to stimulate the G-Spot while also having the clitoris stimulated. The other two keys were to build up muscles, and to relax while being stimulated. Everything I read stressed that I should not worry if I didn't ejaculate. Many sites I studied said not to worry if you pee instead of ejaculate, and they said that very often you will pee at the same time as the ejaculation of the fluid, and that this is very normal.

I spent about a month training my muscles. This had the added benefit of greatly increasing the intensity of my orgasms, as the vaginal muscles become very strong with repeated Kegel exercises. These exercises strengthen a set of muscles known as the PC muscles. They are the muscles that both men and women use to stop the flow of urine. They are also the same muscles that contract and expand during orgasm. I spent about 15 minutes a day for a month strengthening these muscles until they were so strong I could put my finger inside my pussy and grab it so tight I could not physically remove it until I relaxed the muscle. The orgasms I have had since this muscle strengthening regimen are unbelievably intense.

Once I had gotten the PC muscles in prime condition, I had to learn to stimulate my G-spot. Sure, it always had felt good to be touched inside my pussy, but I embarked on a scientific voyage of discovery to really isolate the spot. I had Rick experiment with his fingers, a vibrator, and a dildo. What ended up working the best was when he stimulated the inside of my pussy, along the upper wall, creating a hook with his index finger. Imagine you want to signal to someone standing across the room that you want them to come toward you, and have your lover do that with his finger. He turned his hand palm up and signaled with his index finger by making a hook, curling it up and straightening it repeatedly. Then he massaged the upper wall of the vagina, about two inches inside. Start out with a very light touch. I had him press his fingers up and toward the front, pointing toward the pubic bone, using the urethral opening as a guide. I made him use tons of lubrication, even though I was already quite wet.

We aren't even at the point yet were I attempted to ejaculate; I was just diligently learning all about the best ways to get stimulated inside my pussy. Once Rick learned to stimulate my G-spot, I taught him to use his other hand to masturbate my clitoris. He already knew how to do this quite well, but it was tricky for him to have to do this with his left hand, as his right hand was already needed inside me. He soon became an expert at two handed stimulation. Although I could have used my own hand, I figured it would be easier for me to concentrate if I didn't have to worry about that. I used my free hands to caress my breasts for some added stimulation.

The next step may shock some people. I read that you should do this in the bathtub. What you do next is have your lover stimulate you while you are nude in the tub. What people may be shocked to learn is that for this stage, you will actually pee on purpose. Make sure your lover isn't squeamish about such things; after all, you will be in the bathtub, so there shouldn't be anything to freak out about. The theory is that if you don't worry about peeing, it will help your mind to let go. You actually want to pee the first few times. Drink lots of water first, then strip and get in the bathtub. Have your lover do everything you practiced.

I got naked and filled the tub with a few inches of hot water. I had Rick strip and sit in the tub with me. He stuck his index finger inside me like we had practiced, and then began to stimulate my clit. I felt close to coming, but held back to prolong the ecstasy. This also helps make the final orgasm even more intense. I had him bring me to the edge and then stop about three times. Now it was time for the moment of truth. It was very hard to pee, because society had conditioned me to only do this in the toilet. I had to keep repeating to myself that it was all right, that I had to let go. I thought about Rick fucking me from behind, and this got me really near the edge. Out of nowhere, I gripped his wrist tightly, and felt a hot stream of pee start to escape. Then my hips rocked up a half a foot, and I came like I had never come before. The pee squirted out into the air, and the orgasm was so fucking intense I felt the world collapse around me. All I could feel was pure physical ecstasy, and though I am normally not very loud when I come, I remember literally shouting. My legs spread involuntarily, and my pussy quivered and shook like there was no tomorrow. The orgasm coursed through my veins, and I felt tingly waves of pleasure throughout my head.

After coming so hard, I just needed to relax. Surprisingly, I did not feel at all self conscious about what had just happened. The theory is that you have to get used to coming this way; that is, you have to get used to expelling something when you come. By letting go, I had prepared myself for the next stage.

We repeated this a few more times over the next few weeks. After doing this in the bathtub, I was ready to move on to the bed. We took off the sheets and put a shower curtain on the bed that we planned to dispose of afterwards. I felt more comfortable on the bed, and knew that Rick would make me feel even more comfortable. We had towels to clean up with too.

By now this had become routine. I would drink a liter of water, and then have him masturbate me for at least fifteen minutes. Rick stimulated my G-spot with his left index finger and my clit with his right hand. We experimented with water-proof vibrators and didlos, but it always felt more intimate when I could feel his fingertip, so we gave up the toys for awhile. I would let him bring me to the edge of orgasm at least three or four times. This built up a huge climax inside me each time, and I got used to the sensation of expelling fluid when coming.

It felt so wonderful to have him masturbate my pussy with two hands while I was free to caress myself and enjoy the stimulation between my legs. By this point I had decided to shave my pussy so I could better experience the sensations down below. This opened up a whole new world, as I could feel his touch in places I never could before shaving my pubic hair all off. It felt so nice to have his bare hands all over my smooth silky skin.

The fifth time we did this, Rick said that he noticed that the fluid I was expelling was not as thin anymore; he said it was kind of sticky, like the lubrication in my pussy when I get turned on. Perhaps I was already ejaculating without even realizing it! I decided I was ready for the next step. This time I made sure not to drink any water, and I emptied my bladder right before starting. I also withheld orgasm for four whole days before. For me this is hard, as I usually come about once a day. I knew that delaying orgasm would help build up tremendous pressure when I got turned on. It was so hard to keep from touching myself for four days, but somehow I managed.

I lay down on the bed stark naked, and let him stimulate me as he had many times before. One finger inside my pussy rubbed my G-spot; and his other hand masturbated my clit just right. I spread my legs as far as possible, and closed my eyes while thinking dirty thoughts. I imagined him plunging his dick into me and fucking me silly. I pinched my nipples. I started to sweat. I felt the orgasm coming, and made Rick stop for a few minutes. I was breathing really hard. He stimulated me some more, masturbating my clit in circles. I tensed up as I felt the edge of orgasm approaching yet again. He stopped at the last second, not letting me explode just yet. Normally we started and stopped about three or four times, but it was the sixth time already, and he wouldn't let me come yet! He told me to relax. He put my hands above my head, and told me to just lay still and let him do the work while I enjoyed the touching. He worked me slowly. It was agonizing to be held on the brink for so long without relief. He told me to practice my Kegel exercises. I clenched my pussy muscles very tight, and let go. I repeated this, and each time I let go my pussy felt so relaxed.

Rick started to pick up the tempo, and he told me that this is it. He told me to think hot thoughts and brace myself for what was about to happen. His fingers worked magic between my legs, and the stimulation got faster and faster. I knew that there would be no more stopping; once the coming started, it was going to go all the way. His finger on my G-spot rubbed me oh so good, and he furiously finger fucked me while still masturbating my hard clit. I knew the blood was rushing between my legs, and I felt the first approaching wave hit me...

Oh my GOD, I started to orgasm so fucking hard I thought I would see stars. My legs involuntarily opened even wider, and my hips lurched up a foot in the air as the orgasm rocked my entire body. I felt the same sensation I had felt the other times when squirting out pee. It felt like I hadn't come in a year and was finally letting the entire year's worth of tension flood out at once. I felt so juicy and wet between my legs, and felt something wet all over my thighs and pussy lips. My heart was racing so fast and loud that I could hear it. I completely lost all control of my body, and I thrashed around the bed. I also got aftershocks, which felt like my nervous system was firing randomly, a bit like electrical shocks between my legs. I had my eyes closed, so I have to rely on Rick's report of what he saw. He said that sticky fluid came out of my pussy. He told me it was not a huge gush like in the movies, but it was defiantly not pee, and it soaked his hand up to the wrist. He said it squirt out about three inches above my bare pussy lips.

I fell asleep for about an hour while recovering from that intense orgasm. While I don't ejaculate every time I come, Rick said he notices a lot more fluid on his cock when we have sex. When masturbating by myself I notice that I seem to just ooze lubrication between my legs, and that it is always extra wet and sticky on my fingers.

I used to be jealous when I watched guys shoot a load of hot white fluid out of their cocks, but now I feel like I know what they are going through better. The exercises have made all of my orgasm even more intense. I can't wait to squirt again, and feel the peculiar sensation of having fluid shoot out of my pussy and get my lover all wet. Just now, I am thinking about what it would be like for Rick if I ejaculated while he ate out my bare pussy. Would he mind getting his face all wet? Would it be the female equivalent of giving someone a facial? And most of all, how intense would the squirting sensation be with a tongue.

**Wet Miranda's Live Sex Show**

"Are you sure this is the right place, Dan?" I asked my boyfriend. We were wandering around the Red Light district of Amsterdam, and the streets all looked the same. There were sex shops everywhere, and prostitutes in the windows of the brothels. I punched Dan playfully on the arm when I caught him looking at a tall blonde in a black bra and thong.

"Yes, I am sure. The dude at the hostel told me that it was Achterburgwal 190-45. Ah, this is it!

Dan pointed to a dingy looking staircase leading down to a door. We descended the staircase to the basement level, and opened the creaky door.

A tall black man stood in front of a velvet rope. We paid him the 25 Euros to get in. (about 12 or 13 dollars.) He let us go behind the rope, and we sat at a table near the stage. There was absolutely nothing happening on the stage. We ordered some drinks; Dan had a Heineken, and I ordered a rum and Coke. There was no entertainment going on except for some porno movies playing on some screens on the walls. Some slow sexy trance music was being played on the cheap speakers, and every once in awhile the CD would skip.

I surveyed the scene. There where about ten single guys. Some were dressed nicely, in fine tailored suits, but most were in jeans and t-shirts. There were two other couples besides Dan and myself. The couples looked like they were in their thirties. Every one was staring at the stage, not sure when the show was expected to start.

I held hands with Dan, and he squeezed my hands, no doubt excited about the live sex show we where about to see. We chatted about our vacation so far, reminiscing about the wonderful French food we had dined on the night before. I remembered the wonderful consommÃ©, and I could still taste the crÃ¨me brulee in my mind. Dan let go of my hand and put it on my leg under the table.

"I am so excited about this, honey!" Dan whispered in my ear. "People having sex right on this stage for an audience, my God, they would never have that back in the U.S.!"

I was pretty excited too. I could not believe that people were about to fuck ten feet away from us. I tried to picture what the couple would look like. Would they be young or old? Would they look like professional porn stars, or just be average looking folks? Would there be any foreplay, or would they tear off each others clothing and just go at it right away? I didn't quite know what to expect, as I had never been to a sex show before. When Dan had brought up the idea of viewing a live sex show on our vacation in Amsterdam, I hadn't believed him. I thought he had been making the whole idea up. I knew that this was a liberal country, but I didn't believe that couples would really have the nerve to get up on stage and do something as private as having sex in front of a bunch of tourists.

I was very intrigued. I thought about what was going on in the performer's heads when they were on stage. Did they ever feel nervous? Did they get butterflies in there stomachs? Did they get stage fright? Talk about performance anxiety.

Evidently there was no waiter or waitress, so I got up and went to the bar. A tall man with sideburns and a top hat was bartending. He looked like someone out of the 1800s.

"Wat kan ik voor u krijgen te drinken?" He asked me in Dutch.

"Geen spreekt Nederlands." I told him. No speak Dutch.

He smiled, and said "American! Welcome. What you having to drink, please?"

I ordered a Rum and Coke for myself and a Heineken for Dan. He made my drink while smiling at me. He chatted a little. "You excited to see show tonight? You never see sex show before?"

I told him that I had never seen a sex show before.

"You like. Frans and Saskia are on the stage tonight."

"When does the show start?"

"At 10:00, if they show up."

I wasn't sure what I meant, and I asked him to clarify. He explained to me that Frans and Saskia where great performers, but they were not very reliable, and sometimes the show was canceled. He promised me that we would be refunded if this happened.

I looked at my watch. It was 9:30. I paid the bartender for the drinks, and walked back to our table. It felt a little intimidating to look around the room and see only two other women. Many more guys had arrived; some where alone, and some where in groups. Some where dressed very sharply, but most of them were dressed very casually, in jeans and t-shirts.

The room had a strange combination of odors; coffee, cigarette smoke, and some very floral smelling incense. It was not unpleasant, just unusual. The furniture was totally mismatched; there were many different kinds of tables, and most of the chairs at each table where of a different design. Some where wood, some were metal, and there where even a few wicker chairs. The lights were dim, and there where many plants along the walls. The walls where all decorated with a striped red wallpaper that was starting to fade. The carpet was also red, and it was threadbare and stained with drinks in some parts. There were slow moving fans on the ceiling, along with a really nice chandelier.

I sat back down, and handed Dan his beer. I looked closely at the stage. It was right in the middle of the room. It was made of wood, and it was about two feet high. There were metal steps in one corner for the performers to ascend. The stage itself was painted black. There was a king sized bed in the middle, with four big fluffy pillows and a nice sheet with a floral design. There was a microphone at the edge of the stage. There was also an easy chair on the stage, along with a small coffee table and a small dresser. It looked like a strange combination of a living room and a bedroom, but all on a black stage with no walls. I was getting very curious about the show.

Dan kept looking at his watch, eager for the show to start. We nursed our drinks, and suddenly I noticed that it was 10:30 already, and the show hadn't started. People in the audience started muttering about the show being late. I was getting bored. I hoped that Frans and Saskia would show soon.

I went up to the bar again, and ordered another round. The bartender remembered me, and he quickly got the drinks. I asked him if the show was going to start soon.

"I am afraid not. Frans called in sick, and there will be no show, I am sorry. I was just about to tell room that show is not going on today."

I frowned, and asked him if there were other performers.

"Yes, we have three other couples for show sometimes. But they are all not here. Some are on vacation in France, some are having night off, and some are not answering phone when I call."

"So what happens now?" I asked him.

"Well, we cancel show and give all people money back in pockets. I feel very sorry, no show tonight. Unlessâ€¦no, I think no show tonight."

I wondered what he had been about to say.

"Unless what?"

"What?" he said.

"You said 'unless' and then you stopped. Was there something you wanted to say?"

He suddenly looked very embarrassed for some reason.

"No, nothing, no show tonight."

I was going crazy. He had dangled some slim hope of the show possibly going on, and then not completed the sentence.

"What is your name?" I asked the strange bartender.

"Cornelis. And your name, madam?" he replied.

"I'm Miranda. Pleased to meet you, Cornelis. Now I know you were about to tell me some way for the show to go on, please finish what comes after 'unless.'"

Again he looked embarrassed. He turned so that his head was no longer facing me, and he said "A few times, no very many, times, people from audience, theyâ€¦how you sayâ€¦step up to plate and make show go on."

It sounded like he was suggesting that couples from the audience had volunteered to be the performers on a few occasions in the past, but I wasn't sure I understood him correctly. I made him clarify his statement. "Cornelis, are you saying that people from the audience have gone on stage and had sex when the regular performers didn't show up?"

He turned very red. He would not make eye contact with me. "Only three other times, usually no one from audience will go on stage. I was going toâ€¦no, there is no show tonight."

Cornelis was starting to piss me off. I wished he would complete his sentences.

"You where going to what?"

"I was going to askâ€¦no, nothing."

"Ask what?" I said to him, with my hands on my hips. He was infuriating me now with his unfinished statements.

"Oh, you are very pretty girl. If you and you gentlemen did show, we would be very happy and have great show tonight."

My jaw dropped to the floor. Was this strange man actually thinking about asking me to be in a sex show with my boyfriend? I was absolutely shocked. I had been prepared to see a live sex show, but I had no intention of being a participant in the show. Now I knew why he was nervous to talk to me.

The image of being up on the black stage and having sex with Dan in front of a crowd raced through my mind. The idea got me really horny. I had oftened fantasized about just such a scenario, but that was just a fantasy, nothing that I ever intended to really do. The thought of people having sex in front of a crowd totally intrigued me; that was why I had agreed to come to this place tonight with Dan. I thought I would get to see what it was like, but as a spectator, not as a performer.

I wished I had been prepared for this. If I had seen a few sex shows, I might have considered acting in one myself, but I had no idea what the protocol was. Then again, if I had had time to think about the decision, I surely would have chickened out. I surprised myself when I touched Cornelis's hand and said "Let me discuss it with my boyfriend." His eyes lit up with hope.

Walking to the table, I felt his eyes on my ass. He totally had the hots for me, and wanted to see me get naked and have sex on stage. I suddenly felt extremely turned on, and decided that I might really want to do this. Sometimes fantasies really come true, I thought, and when would I ever have an opportunity to do this again? I knew I would never see the people in the club ever again, and I knew that it would be fun. I really wanted to get up on that black stage and screw Dan in front of the audience. Deep down inside, I knew it wasn't really going to happen. I probably wouldn't really have the nerve to do it, and the only reason I even considered asking Dan is because I knew he would say no. I thought it would be hot to get myself close to a situation of fulfilling such a nasty fantasy without having to actually go through with it.

I told Dan the situation, and he said he was shocked that I would even consider the idea. I felt weird for asking him, worried that he would think I was some kind of freak for even considering the idea. "Are you mad at me, Dan? I just thought it would be exciting."

He laughed hard, and said "Miranda, I'm not shocked in a bad way, like I am upset with you. I am shocked in a surprised way; I knew you were a wild woman, but I had no idea that you were wild enough to consider having sex with me in front of a large group. I am honored. But I don't think I have the nerve to really do it, as cool as the idea sounds to me. Hell, I get shy dancing in front of a crowd at nightclubs!"

I completely understood his fear. "I understand, that was a rather shocking proposition. I am going to go tell the bartender that we are going to take a pass." I got up and walked back to the bar again.

People in the audience where looking at there watches. It was almost 11:00. They had no idea that the show was about to be canceled. I explained the situation to Cornelis.

"Well, I must go tell Fabian. I am sorry there will be no show, Miranda."

"Who is Fabian?" I queried.

"Fabian is the owner of club. He is also, how you say, host of show."

"Does he ever perform in the shows?"

Cornelis laughed. "Oh, no, not Fabian. He isâ€¦not a performer. He gets on stage and starts show, introducing couple on stage, and telling jokes at intermission times."

Cornelis walked over to a tall blonde man who was sitting at a table in the corner. The man got up and walked over to the stage. I noticed that he had really long hair. He was dressed in a very crisp navy suit. He walked up the steps, and turned on the microphone.

He spoke something in Dutch, "Ik ben droevig, is de vertoning geannuleerd.," and about half of the audience started to groan. Then he spoke in English, saying "I am sorry, the show is canceled," and the other half of the audience started groaning. People started to get up and walk towards the exit.

Then Dan stood up and surprised everyone in the room, shouting "Everyone sit down. The show will go on tonight!"

Everyone stopped in there tracks, unsure who Dan was or what was going on. I was a bit unsure myself.

He sprinted over to where I was standing, and held my hand tightly. "Ladies and gentlemen, this is the sexiest, most loving, wonderful woman in the world. She is also crazy enough to offer to perform on that very stage tonight! Meet my wild girlfriend, Miranda."

People where not sure what to make of this scene Dan had started. I wondered what had made him change his mind. I suddenly felt my knees get weak. I guess when I had first suggested the idea to Dan I had expected him to reject it, and I wasn't truly prepared for the possibility of him accepting the idea. I looked around the crowd, and suddenly felt very shy. Dan had called my bluff, and I wasn't ready to do this so soon. I looked down, and felt all eyes checking out my figure.

"Dan, are you crazy?" I whispered to him.

"Miranda, it was your idea!" he said, loudly enough for people to hear.

I turned to him, still whispering, and said "I didn't think you would agree to it! I can't really do that! It's just a fantasy, I was bluffing when I asked you. A part of me really wants to do it, but the reality of having sex on that stage in front of everyone scares me; I'm not going to really do it!"

Something had changed in him, and he took my hand and started to walk me towards the stage. "Miranda, we can't let down the crowd, they paid to see a live sex show, and they will all be very disappointed if you back out now!"

I was starting to feel really upset with him for putting me on the spot. Then he bent down and whispered in my ear, "I'm just messing with the crowd. If you don't want to do it, Miranda, that's coolâ€¦we can turn around and go home right now."

I surveyed the audience. They really did look disappointed, but I didn't know if I could handle having sex in front of them all. I stood there frozen for a moment, unsure of what to do next.

It was a once in a lifetime chance, I thought to myself. It would be so hot to have sex with my boyfriend for a group, I thought. I didn't know if I had the nerve to really do it, though. I whispered to Dan, "I don't know, I really can't decide."

He squeezed my hand again, and whispered back to me, 'Whatever you want to do is cool with me, honey. I respect either decision."

At that moment I made my decision. I walked over to Fabian, the blonde host, and asked him if we could talk in private for a second.

"What is on your mind?" He said in perfect English.

"Fabian, I don't know the routine here. I don't know what is expected. Is there a script? Are the other performers real couples, or are they actors?"

"Well, some are really dating in reality, and some are not. We usually have a routine, but sometimes they change it. Really, there are no rules; I am just glad to have a couple on stage tonight. If you and your man go on stage for a show, you can do whatever you want!"

"When should we start, and do we need costumes?"

Fabian laughed. He replied "You can start whenever you want, hopefully very soon, as the audience is very eager to see a show. And as for costumes, it really doesn't matter; I am hoping you won't be wearing anything at all very soon!"

I blushed, knowing that Fabian was picturing me naked.

"O.K., its show time!" I told him.

Fabian got up on stage. He walked up to the microphone, and signaled to Dan and me to come up and join him.

He made an announcement in Dutch: "Dames en Heren is de vertoning ongeveer te beginnen! Meeting Miranda en Dan, die sex op dit stadium hebben gaat!" The crowded roared, and applauded. Then he spoke in English: "Ladies and Gentlemen, the show is about to begin! Meet Miranda and Dan, who are going to have sex on this stage!" The crowd roared even louder.

He looked at us, and wished us good luck before leaving us alone on the stage. I looked around. There were people on all four sides of us. The tables were all very close to the stage. I noticed that the size of the audience had grown in the last hour to at least 50 people. I was happy to see that some more couples had arrived, along with a group of four women. Everyone eagerly looked at us.

I was wearing a pair of khaki slacks, and a red and white striped long sleeve blouse. Underneath I had on some lacy black knickers and a lacy black bra. Dan was wearing black jeans and a white polo shirt with a nice black wool sweater over the shirt. I stood next to Dan, unsure of how to begin.

Dan took the initiative, and started to kiss my neck, which he knew would totally turn me on. I love having my skin kissed, not just my lips. He made loud kissing sounds for the crowd to hear. Everyone was so silent you could have heard a pin drop. I started to breath heavily, almost forgetting that people were watching us. The realization that I was about to screw on stage before a crowd both terrified and thrilled me at the same time. Dan started to run his hands through my long red hair, sending tingles down my spine. Then he took me be the hand and led me to the bed.

We sat down on the bed, and I turned around and started to kiss him passionately on the lips. This was it; I was turning my lover on in front of a crowd, and getting mighty turned on myself in the process. He kissed me back hard, slipping his tongue into my eager mouth, deeply French kissing me. I put my fingers under his sweater and shirt, and began to fondle his nipples.

I looked out into the audience. I could only see some people, because the stage was surrounded on all four sides. Though I still felt a bit nervous, I was starting to really enjoy the experience, and I was very eager to expose some flesh. I whispered in Dan's ear: "Start to undress me; I want to get this started."

Dan cupped my breasts in his hands over my blouse and felt me up for a minute. We changed positions in order to provide the people behind us with a good view. I felt his hands squeeze and caress my tits over the blouse, and I was dying to have him remove my top. He didn't remove it for awhile; he just let the audience wait while he drove me wild with his touch. I longed to have his hands on my bare skin.

Since Dan wasn't removing my clothing as fast as I would have liked, I turned the tables and removed his sweater. I kissed his face and neck, and then removed his white polo shirt, giving everyone their first look at my man's bare chest. He works out a lot, so his chest was well toned. I put my lips to his nipples, knowing this would get him revved up very quickly.

Dan started to unbutton my blouse slowly, exposing my black lacy bra. My breasts are not huge, but they are a good 36C cup, and I am very proud of them. He undid the last button and threw the red and white striped blouse on the floor, and then kissed the newly exposed flesh between my breasts. I let out a loud moan, savoring his hot wet kisses. For a minute I was slightly embarrassed that I had moaned so loud; I had almost forgot that we were not doing this in private. Then I decided that my sound effects would help turn the audience on even more, so I moaned again, louder than necessary. Dan continued to feel up my tits over the bra. I was very eager to be topless, so I took the initiative and put my hands around my back to undo the hooks. I felt a tingle when I realized I was about to let over 50 complete strangers see my bare breasts. I closed my eyes, undid the hooks, and let the bra fall right off. I wondered what the audience was thinking. I hoped they liked what they saw. This first taste of being partially nude in front of everyone turned on my pussy instantly, making it get wet. I knew that they would soon be seeing a lot more flesh.

Now that Dan and I were both topless, I pressed my bare chest into his, loving the feeling of skin on skin. I lay down on top of his body, and made out with him, wrapping my arms around his back. We kissed for a few moments, and then Dan positioned me upright so I was sitting on the edge of the bed. He fondled my tits to the delight of the crowd. He had teased my nipples into hard pink nubs, sticking out into the air. He sat behind me, pressing his bare hard chest into my back, and played with my tits like they were toys for his amusement. I could feel his erection on my ass, even though he was still wearing pants. I felt his mouth kiss my earlobe, which sent a shot of pleasure throughout my body. I opened my eyes, and saw people staring right at me, speechless. I was really enjoying the fact that I was turning on many other people, and I hoped that the men were all hard and the women were all juicy and wet.

I stood up to remove my khaki slacks, letting them slide down my legs and to the floor. I turned around to see Dan sitting on the edge of the bed, struggling to remove his black jeans. I kneeled down on the floor to give him some help, and I tugged the jeans off of him, throwing them in a heap next to my pants. He was wearing a pair of plain white boxer shorts, and he had a huge erection underneath. I could clearly see the outline of his erect cock, and I took his hand to help him stand up. I was eager to show everyone how turned on he was, so I put my hands on his shoulders and turned him around, displaying him to the audience like he was a piece of fine art. I wanted to make sure everyone on all four sides got a good look, so I turned him around once more.

I made sure to turn around a few times myself to let the audience stare at my knickers. I was so glad I was wearing something sexy; I hoped that they all liked seeing my ass in my black lacy knickers. Dan was standing up behind me, kissing my back. His hot kisses felt good as he continued to kiss down my back, stopping halfway down my spine. I stood there with my breasts thrust out to the audience, wondering why he had stopped kissing my back. Then I felt a huge rush of excitement when he surprised me by rapidly yanking my knickers down, completely exposing my whole body in all its naked glory.

It felt really weird for a moment to suddenly be stark naked unexpectedly. He had completely caught me off guard; I had felt bolder while I was wearing my knickers. My knees shook a little as the realization sunk in that all eyes were on my red bush. It was trimmed very short, and I was sure that people could see my pussy lips, which were glistening with my female juices. Dan gave me a playful little spank on my bare ass, causing peoples attention to focus on my backside. He sat down on the bed, leaving me standing naked in the middle of the stage, feeling hot stares focused on my nude figure from all four sides.

I got back into the bed with him, eager to return the favor. I quickly yanked off his boxers, and held his big erection, displaying it like a trophy for the crowd. I smiled as I started to stroke him, and I noticed some pre-come on the tip of his cock. I started to jack him off a little, while fondling his balls with my other hand.

I was sitting up on the bed, and starting to feel more comfortable with my own nudity. I don't know how Dan had gotten used to the experience so quickly, but he was just lying on his back with his eyes closed and a big grin on his face as I stroked him off for the entertainment of the audience. I lay down next to him and started to kiss his body all over while still stroking him. I kissed his neck first, and then worked my mouth down his chest, stopping at his nipples for a few minutes. Then my mouth continued down his stomach, careful not to kiss hard enough to tickle him. He was as hard as a rock, and I got really excited to show off his good sized cock to everyone.

Before Dan and I make love, we often do a little 69, and since I wanted this show to be as close to our real-life bedroom behavior as possible, I turned around to position my body on top of his. His cock was staring me in the face, and I put the tip of it into my mouth as I positioned my slippery pussy onto his face. I let out a huge groan of pleasure as I felt his tongue taste my juicy cunt, and felt him start to work his oral magic between my spread legs. I began to swallow more of his hard dick into my mouth; getting it in deeper. I made loud exaggerated sucking and slurping sounds for the audience, hoping to add some sound effects to the show along with the visual entertainment we were providing them.

I was really getting into this performance, and it began to feel more and more natural to engage in sexual activity as people watched. I felt something break free inside me, and I felt very sexually liberated, happy to be in a country were public sex shows were accepted. I had been so curious to watch a live sex show just a short time before, and now I was suddenly the actress in the show! I wiggled my ass to the people behind me as I sucked off my lover.

My pussy was being eaten out, and my clit was getting very hard as Dan licked it expertly. I knew my juices were coating Dan's face, and I couldn't wait for the audience to see his wet face when we finished the foreplay. I spread my legs a little wider, hoping to give people a good view of my pink cunt lips. I knew that some of the people were able to view Dan's tongue flickering between my legs, and others were able to glimpse my head bobbing up and down on his stiff cock. My long red hair flew around as I eagerly preformed oral sex on my lover. Saliva was dripping down out of my mouth and onto Dan's throbbing erection. I stopped for just a moment to reposition our bodies to give people a different view. I continued to suck him off, loving the sounds he was making, although they were a bit muffled because his mouth was covered with my juicy cunt.

Although I loved the hot oral sex, I didn't want either of us to come too soon. I turned my body around yet again, and whispered to Dan, "What position should we fuck in, honey?"

He responded "Doggy styled would probably be the best way for everyone to get a good look, what do you think?" I agreed, and I instantly assumed the position, getting on all fours in the middle of the bed. I looked down at the pink and red flowers on the soft sheets, and I felt Dan start to rub my ass. My pussy eagerly awaited him. My breasts were hanging down under my chest, jiggling around as I got comfortable. I looked up into the crowd on my side of the bed. The closest people were a group of four young guys, and they looked right back at me as I prepared to get fucked. For one last time I felt a twinge of shyness. During the oral sex I hadn't really looked into the eyes of everyone; it suddenly felt extremely strange to be doing something so intimate in front of all these people.

When I felt the head of Dan's cock enter my pussy from behind, I closed my eyes and let go, trying to forget about the crowd. I felt it slide deeper and deeper into my most private part, and I started to get over my final wave of shyness. It felt so good and so natural to have my lover screw me, and I felt a desire growing inside me to share my passion with the crowd. He started to get into a good rhythm, sticking his cock in and out of me while he grabbed my ass. I knew that my tits were jiggling with every thrust, and I started to enjoy the hot stares on my body as I engaged in sex for the eager audience. I hoped that our show was living up to their expectations.

Dan thrust and thrust in and out of me, starting to get faster as he pounded my pussy. Normally I don't like it when actors exaggerate there sound when fucking in porn movies, but I realized that the audience wouldn't really hear me if I made completely natural sounds. I moaned and groaned much louder than I would have if Dan and I were alone, making sure everyone could here me.

"Ohâ€¦harder, Dan!" I yelled.

"Fuck me good! Ohâ€¦God yesâ€¦UHHHHHâ€¦.OHHH!" I yelled out.

"FUCK ME!" I screamed much louder than I had intended to.

I also made a lot of grunting noises, and although they were a bit exaggerated in volume, they were not at all fake. My heavy breathing was completely natural too, and I was really panting hard with the sexual exertion. Dan put his hands on the side of my legs and touched my skin as he held onto my legs for support. I bravely opened my eyes again, and looked straight into the eyes of the guy in the center of the group of four. He had a blonde crew-cut and blue eyes, and although he was sitting down I could tell he was tall. He had on a black leather jacket. I was pretty sure he was a local. He looked right back at me. I knew that he could see the look of pleasure on my flushed face as I watched him watching me get fucked hard. Dan was really thrusting hard and fast. I kept my eyes open as long as I dared, giving this man a shy smile.

I could tell by the sounds Dan was making that he was about to come, and I suddenly had the idea to ask him to pull out so the audience could see a good come shot.

"Dan, stop!" I yelled.

He slowed down and asked if I was O.K. I wished we had discussed the scene in private before starting, but we hadn't exactly had much time to prepare beforehand. When his cock slipped out of me, I turned to him and whispered to him "Let them see the money shot, Dan! I'm going to lie down on my back; how about shooting come onto my tits? They'll love that I bet!"

He smiled, liking my way of thinking.

The audience was breathless, not knowing what was going to happen next. I lay spread eagled on my back, letting everyone have an unobstructed view of my complete nudity. I spread my legs wide open, eager to give the people on one side of the stage a great view of my sopping pussy. If I ever did this again, I thought, I would shave my pussy completely bare.

I looked up to see Dan kneeling beside my chest, masturbating his cock inches away from me. I couldn't wait to feel the hot come splatter my tits. I raised my hands above my head, and arched my back to thrust my tits up. I could see how hard my nipples were; I have rather big areolas, and they get really red and swollen when I get extremely turned on. I knew that my pussy lips were glistening with moisture. I looked to my side and saw a young attractive couple looking at me. The women had long red hair like mine, and the man had short brown hair. I noticed that they were holding hands on the table top. I wondered what they were thinking. I wondered if they fantasized about doing what Dan and I were doing. I wondered if they were getting so turned on watching us that they would fuck when they got home.

I looked back up at Dan, who had his eyes closed and was jacking off above me. He had a look of deep concentration on his face, and I saw beads of sweat dripping down his hard chest. He pumped his cock faster and faster, and I gently squeezed his heavy balls, knowing they were loaded with his hot white come. I knew by the look on his face that his orgasm was imminent.

The first bust of his come shot out high in the air and landed right on my face. I had been expecting it on my tits, but it is hard to plan out exactly were come shots go, and Dan had his eyes closed. I licked my lips and tasted it. It was hot and salty, and not at all unpleasant. I swallowed it up as the next jet of come landed in just the right spot, right on my tits. I eagerly rubbed it in, wanting the audience to see me caress my man's come on my skin. A few smaller spurts landed on my neck and collarbone, and I rubbed that all in my skin too. A final spurt landed right on my long red hair, which I thought was a nice nasty ending to the scene. Dan looked exhausted from coming so hard, and he lay down on his back, with come running down his still hard cock. I sat up and looked at the audience.

Although Dan was tired from coming, I was wide awake, and not ready to finish the show quite yet. I could have stopped at that moment, but I needed an orgasm really badly. The public sex had gotten me extremely hot and horny, and I sat up and began to masturbate. I was aware that I was the sole center of attention now, unlike the rest of the show where the audience had had two people to watch. I totally loved the attention at this point, and I wanted them to see how aroused I was. I decided that more people could see from all angles if I lay down, so I lay down again and let my fingers work their magic on my hard clit. I spread my legs as wide as humanly possible, and fingered myself. I stuck my index finger deep inside my cunt to bring out my own juices, and then I made a show of licking my own juices from my finger. I stuck my finger in my mouth, and slowly sucked on it, making loud sound effects so that no one had any doubt that I was tasting my own wet pussy.

My orgasm was getting closer and closer, and I focused my attention on my clit. I can't come with my eyes open, but I opened them one last time and looked at the side of the stage before my orgasm hit. I stared right into the eyes of the couple I had looked at earlier. They lustily stared back at me, and then I had to close my eyes again right before the orgasm struck me.

It hit me fucking hard, jolting my senses. The knowledge that everyone was watching me come intensified the orgasm, and I felt the contractions start as my body convulsed. I could barely catch my breath. My whole body shook, and I thrust my pelvis straight up as my pussy quivered and came. I wondered if anyone could see my pussy close enough to notice how the pink lips were opening and closing. I felt sweat start to pour out from under my arms, and felt the orgasm rip through my body as my pussy felt incredible pleasure. A throbbing electric sensation spread out through my body, and my mind blacked out as I let the orgasm take complete control. I was completely unaware of the audience at this point; I was just riding wave after wave of pleasure as I experienced one of the most physically intense orgasms of my life.

I slowly came down, but little aftershocks kept on shaking my pussy for a minute after the initial crest of the orgasm. I let everyone see me in my naked post-coming glory, and felt extremely proud of myself for having had the courage to really let go in front of many people. Sweat was glistening on my naked body. I felt kind of silly, but I stood up in the middle of the stage and took a bow. I didn't get a standing ovation like an actress in a play might receive, but I did get a lot of loud thundering applause, and I knew I had done a great job. Dan was still laying in bed, his cock becoming limp, but still large. I savored the stares on my nude body, and did a little twirl to let them all have one last good look at me.

The rest of the time on stage was pretty mundane; Dan and I sorted through the heap of clothing that was on the floor by the side of the bed, and we quickly got dressed. We walked off the stage and sat down at our seats again. A few people came up to our table and thanked us for the great show. One guy told us "That was fucking hot!" We had another round of drinks as we watched the audience leave the room one by one. Cornelis came over to our table to thank us, and he even paid us with a bug stack of Euros. The money was not a lot, but we were able to have a really nice dinner the next night at one of Amsterdam's finest seafood restaurants.

Having had my first taste of public sex, the gears in my mind were hard at work, thinking about how I could experience a rush like that when Dan and I were back home in the States. I knew that there weren't any clubs like this at home, but I also knew that I would really like to experience public sex again at some point in the future. I knew that I would be spending a lot of time planning how to arouse a crowd again with some hot public sexual activity, and I felt my pussy start to get wet all over again. I had had my first taste of getting fucked in front of other people, and I knew it was not to be my last.

**Wet Miranda's Birthday Surprise**

"Miranda, please don't spend any money on me. I don't need a gift." Tom argued with me.

"But Tom, I want to make your birthday extra special. This is the first time you've had a birthday since we started dating."

"Miranda, I'm serious. Don't waste any money on me. My dream birthday is just having over three or four friends, watching the Heat play basketball, playing poker, and drinking beer."

"That's it?" I asked him. "You can't think of a single book, CD, or video game you would like?"

"Miranda, I have all the material stuff I need. I don't need anything. Please, I know you sometimes have trouble saving money, and I really don't want you to spend a cent on my birthday. If you really must, you can make me a cake and we'll have it when my friends come over next week."

"That's it Tom? Your dream birthday party is Beer, Basketball, Poker, and a homemade birthday cake?" I responded.

"That's it. That would make me so happy."

"I'll bet I can make your birthday party more special than that, Tom." I said with a wicked gleam in my eye. I was already planning and plotting a very sexy surprise for him.

"O.K., whatever, just don't waste your hard earned cash on me please." Tom insisted.

"Oh I won't Tom. I promise I won't spend one penny on your party."

"Good, thanks. I love you."

"I love you too, Tom." I replied, and I gave him a long lingering kiss on his lips.

His birthday was on Saturday night, so I had four days to prepare. I called my friend Julie the next day, and asked if she would be interested in coming over to Tom's birthday party.

"Sure, what time, Miranda?" Julie said over the phone. I told her to come around 5:00 to help me prepare. She happened to be a pastry chef at a good Miami Beach restaurant, and I knew she would be able to make a much better cake than I would. She also had three other qualities I especially was looking for; she was incredibly attractive, she was very out going, and she was also very kinky. I had heard her tell me many tales of her sexual exploits, and I barely believed them all.

Tom was sitting on the black leather sofa when I arrived at his apartment at 4:00 on his birthday. He was drinking a bottle of Corona with a lime in it. I opened my purse and pulled out four cards.

"What are those, honey?" Tom asked me, probably surprised to see four birthday cards instead of just one.

"The top one is your birthday card, and the next three are your birthday gifts. Open up the cards, Tom." I told him.

"Miranda, I told you not to get me gifts. What are those, gift cards for stores?"

"Tom, I kept my promise, the gifts didn't cost a thing. O.K., I spent $1.00 on a few envelopes, sorry."

He had a puzzled expression on his face. He picked up the top envelope, which was white. He ripped it open, and there was a simple hand-written note from me that read "Dear Tom. Happy birthday, lover. I want to make it very special. There are three envelopes on the table. Don't open them yet; I will tell you when to open them. Love, Miranda." It was written in red ink.

He gave me a kiss on the lips and thanked me for the cards.

At 5:00 the doorbell rang. It was my friend Julie. I opened the door to a tall stunning blonde with extremely large natural breasts. Her long blonde wavy hair cascaded down her shoulders, and she had on dark red lipstick and light blue eyeliner. She was wearing a red short sleeve button down blouse and a medium length black skirt, along with black high heels. Her legs were bare with no pantyhose on.

I gave her a hug and invited her into the living room. Tom greeted her, and stared at her figure for a second. I'm sure he would have liked to look at her even longer, but he was no doubt afraid that I would get upset. Unlike many women, I do not get jealous when my boyfriend appreciates other female bodies; in fact, I strongly encourage it. Tom had a hard time believing this, because his previous girlfriend had not approved of this at all.

I led her upstairs into Tom's den, and we sat down on wicker chairs and started to go over the details of the party. We had sketched out our plan over the phone, but now that we were in person we were able to really fine tune the strategy to make his birthday party incredible.

I asked her what she was wearing under her red blouse. "Nothing!" she said while giggling. This was off to a great start, I thought.

I had on a very sexy white lacy bra under my plain black t-shirt, but I liked her way of thinking, so I removed my shirt and bra, and then put the shirt back on over my bare breasts.

I had remembered seeing an advertisement in the local alternative newspaper for topless bartenders. They were available for bachelor parties, frat parties, or whatever other occasions there were for men to gather and have topless women serve them alcohol all night. The price was pretty steep, though, and I knew I couldn't buy that for Tom. So Julie and I were going to provide that service for free. This was Tom's first gift.

I heard the door downstairs open and close a few times. Tom had invited five of his friends over; Robert, Patrick, Carry, Joe and Hiroshi. I had a little history with the first four; on Super-Bowl Sunday this year I played a little game with them. To make a long story short, I derailed there plans to watch the game by offering them a strip show, lap-dances, and hand-jobs. I had only met Hiroshi a few times, and didn't know him very well. Joe was a tall blonde with a crew-cut. He was the most annoying of Tom's friends; always quoting stupid lines from movies, giving people high fives, and getting extremely wasted. Carry was a heavy-set guy with long brown hair who was generally pleasant to be around. Robert was the classic tall dark handsome stranger, a six foot tall well groomed gentleman. He was from Puerto Rico. Unfortunately, he was usually obnoxious; I couldn't decide who bothered me more between him and Joe. Patrick was O.K. He was shorter than average, with short brown hair. He was really into sports, and always talking about them. Hiroshi was also on the short side, with short dark hair and Asian features. He was a Japanese American, born and raised in Miami. He seemed pretty friendly, but I barely knew him.

I came downstairs to greet the guys and take the cake out of the oven. It looked great; it was chocolate cake with a thick butter-cream frosting. The guys were all deeply engrossed in the Miami Heat game. They were playing some team with blue uniforms, I had absolutely no idea who, and I didn't really care either. Everyone said a friendly "Hello" to me. The guys were eating a bunch of junk food; Doritos, beef jerky, Oreos, and pretzel sticks. Everyone was drinking beer. I saw Tom start to go to the fridge for another beer, and I told him to sit down.

"I'm just getting a beer, Miranda."

"Tom, sit down and open your first gift. You won't have to get up to get a beer, trust me. The rest of the night the beer will come to you and your friends." I told him while I held his hand.

Puzzled, he sat back down on the sofa and opened the first envelope.

Inside there was a piece of paper that said "I want this to be a very special birthday, so I have arranged a treat for you and your buddies. I know everyone will appreciate this gift. I have arranged for a topless bartending service to wait on the six of you all night. All you have to do is sit down and relax as attractive women bring you beer on demand all night, along with anything else you might want from the refrigerator or bar. If anyone wants absolutely anything to eat or drink, they can just relax and order the bare-chested waitresses to get it, as long as it is something you have in the kitchen."

I savored the surprised look on my boyfriend's face as he read my note.

"What did she give you?" Robert asked.

"Miranda, that costs a lot of money, I thought I told you not to spend anything on my birthday!" Tom reacted.

"What is it, dude?" Joe asked Tom.

"Ummâ€¦Miranda hired some ummâ€¦topless waitress service, I guess."

"Fuckin' A!" Joe said loudly.

The faces of all the guys lit up when they heard about Tom's birthday gift.

"Miranda, how much was that? I really appreciate the thought, believe me, but I'll pay you back for it."

"Tom, I kept my promise."

"But how did you keep your promise unlessâ€¦NO WAY! You can't be serious."

Most of the guys put two and two together and realized what was about to happen. I'm not sure if Joe was bright enough to figure it out, though. Robert yelled out "Dude, she's the topless waitress! All right! Fuck yeah! But she said 'waitresses' plural. Who else is going to serve us?"

Julie must have been listening to the conversation from upstairs, because she descended the steps right at that moment and said "Hello, boys!"

The men stared right at her chest, unable to believe there good fortune. Her breasts were much larger than mine, and I felt a twinge of jealousy when I realized that she was probably going to get more stares than I was. We had planned out the timing of the shirt removal part of this gift, and we stood side by side in front of the teak wood coffee table. The six guys just stared at us in disbelief as we quickly shed our shirts. Mine was off first, since it was just a t-shirt that I had to remove over my head. Julie took a few seconds longer since she had to unbutton her red blouse. We both stood still for a minute, letting the men get their first good look of our bare breasts. I absolutely loved the attention, and I know that Julie loved it too.

"Well, men, what do you all want to drink?" I asked the group of six.

"Miranda, you are crazy!" Tom said.

I knew he wouldn't be upset with me, since he loves showing off my body to his friends. Our relationship is open enough that he knew all about my Super-Bowl Sunday with some of his friends, and he approved of it.

Joe immediately took us up on our offer. "I'll take a Bud, some wine cheese and crackers, and a bowl of popcorn." He knew full well that we hadn't made any popcorn yet, so he was obviously testing us.

"Just a Corona, honey. Wow, thank you! I love you, Miranda." Tom said.

"Stop getting all mushy in front of us!" Joe shouted to Tom.

"May I please have a Bud too?" Carry asked politely.

"Sure. Anything to eat?" Julie asked our third customer.

"I'll just have what everyone else is having."

"C'mon, dude, get whatever you want, that's what waitresses are for!" Robert informed Carry.

"O.K. I don't know what you have in the refrigerator, though."

"I'll go look!" Julie replied.

Patrick asked for a Rum and Coke, which was not a problem with Tom's well stocked bar. Hiroshi asked for a Corona with Lime.

We walked back to the kitchen to prepare the food and drinks. Julie made the Rum and Coke and opened the beers, and I made the popcorn and cheese and cracker platter. I put a few beers in the freezer to make them extra cold for the next round.

We walked back to the men and served them. Julie made sure to get extra close to their faces as she bent down and served them what they had ordered. I placed the bowl of popcorn in the middle of the table, and made a show of shaking my tits as I walked back to the kitchen to get the birthday cake.

Julie was giggling hysterically as we sliced the cake. She placed candle in the cake and spoke to me in a quiet voice, "Wait till he gets his second gift! Or should I say wait till they all get THEIR second gift! They're gonna flip out when that happens."

I asked her what she was wearing under her black skirt.

"A pink thong." She let me know. "And what is under your shorts, Miranda?"

"A pair of white lacy knickers from Victoria's Secret. Tom bought it for me as a Valentine's Day gift. They are really soft."

"I brought a toy, too." Julie told me as she reached into her purse which was sitting on the bar. She surprised me when she pulled out a long slim pink vibrator. She turned it on to demonstrate the power of the toy, and I felt its strong vibrations in my hand.

We grabbed the next round of beers from the freezer and served the men. When they were not placing orders for food or drinks we sat down on the love seat and let the men look at our bodies. They did this quite often; although I'm sure they looked at Julie more than they looked at me. They had no idea what was coming next.

About an hour later the men where sitting at the dining room table, engrossed in a game of poker. Joe ordered a Long Island, which I didn't know how to make, but fortunately Tom had a bartending manual in his kitchen, and I was soon all the different shots and lemon juice and Coke together. I found a straw and a nice tall glass to serve the drink in. Julie smiled at me and said "I think it's time for Tom to open his next present!" in a voice loud enough for everyone to hear.

I dropped the second envelope next to Tom's pile of chips. He opened it up.

It read "Tom, I know you often fantasize about my bisexual side, but you have never had a chance to see it. Julie has agreed to help in this, as I offer you your second birthday gift. You and your friends will witness us having sex. No rush, just whenever you are ready for it."

Hiroshi was getting pretty toasted, and he looked down to read the note.

"Hey, don't look at my cards!" Tom said.

"I'm not, dude, I just want to see you present!" Hiroshi responded.

"I can't believe our luck, gentlemen, but my lovely girlfriend has offered to put on a lesbian sex show for us!"

"Holy fucking shit!" Robert yelled.

"Fuck yeah!" was Joe's clever response.

"You crazy girl." Tom called out, as he dropped his cards to the table face up.

"Game over, men!" was Tom's next statement.

The other guys nodded as they dropped there cards, not caring who had been winning or losing. I knew how powerful this gift was, because they normally play very competitively, and had to have been very distracted to drop there cards in the middle of a hand of poker.

Julie and I moved the coffee table over to give us room on the floor. She ran upstairs to get a sheet to put on the floor. The six men stared it me in shock as I dropped my tan shorts to the floor and stood in just my knickers. I gave them all a huge grin as I yanked my knickers off and stood there completely nude. I twirled around and let them admire my bare ass before sitting down on the floor as I waited for Julie to return.

Julie came down stairs with a queen sized red sheet, and laid it on the white carpet. The men all turned their chairs around to face us. Julie lifted her skirt up over her waist to give the guys a quick flash of her bare pussy. Hiroshi said "Whoa, she's not wearing any knickers!"

"Brilliant observation, Einstein." Patrick teased him.

She wasted no time in removing her skirt, and the men now had two naked females to look at. She took my hand and sat down next to me on the sheet. We had choreographed every move of the show beforehand. Still sitting down, she faced me and wrapped her legs around mine. She pressed her huge breasts against my own and we eagerly started to make out. I closed my eyes and felt her tongue enter my mouth and French kiss me. I kissed her back passionately, while I started to play with her breasts.

We kissed loudly, making sure the men could hear all the wet noises we were making as I kissed her mouth deeply. I wanted them to all know that this was the real thing; I wanted them to know that saliva was being exchanged and tongues were touching. I ran my fingers through her long blonde hair as she started to play with my bare breasts. She tweaked my nipples, getting them nice and hard. I have large areolas, and they get all puffy and red when I'm turned on. I looked down and saw that my pussy lips were glistening.

We tumbled to the sheet, lying down next to each other face to face. I wrapped my legs around her ass, feeling her blonde bush rubbing up against my short red bush. Her kisses and touches were getting me really horny, and I couldn't wait to taste her pussy. She caressed my back and shoulders as I squeezed her ass in my hands.

I looked up to see how the men were enjoying this show. The six of them were all silent, which is unusual when the group includes Joe and Robert in it. I noticed bulges in all of their pants. I returned my attention to Julie. Although this was a show to entertain the six guys, I fully intended to give her real pleasure and sexual fulfillment that evening. I broke our embrace so I could start kissing her skin.

I started with her neck, and kissed my way down to her cleavage. I cupped as much of her tits into my hands as I possibly could, and started to caress them while still kissing the area between them. I licked her skin and blew hot air onto it. I started kissing lower and lower as I felt her fingers caress my long red hair. I stopped when I got to her pussy; I intended to get to that later. I kissed her toes, sucking each one of them. Then I started to work my kisses up her legs, stopping at her knees. I put my hands onto the soft fleshy skin behind her knees to give her a sensual treat as I continued to kiss my way up to her thighs. I got my fingers wet and rubbed that area behind her knees again as I kissed the salty tasting flesh of her inner thighs. She was starting to sweat, and I heard her heavy breathing. My mouth had finally reached the soft area of skin right by her pussy lips, and I brought my hands up to open up her folds.

She moaned when I parted her pink lips with my fingers, feeling her thick blonde pubic hair tickle my nose. I planted a few soft light kisses on her outer lips, and stuck my index finger inside her pussy to reach her G-spot. I wiggled my finger inside her, and licked her pussy lips up and down. I used my other hand to spread her pussy lips open even more, finally finding her engorged red clit. I teased the area right by the clit with my fingers, watching it swell even more. She was rocking her hips up and down, urging me to finally eat her out.

I licked her thighs in big sweeping circles, then I let the circles get smaller and smaller as I zoned in to her clit. My tongue increased the pressure, and finally hit her spot. She let out a very loud groan when she felt my tongue hit her clit. I kept up the pressure, and increased the motion of my index finger inside her cunt. I felt the rough spot inside her slippery hole and knew I was in the right place.

I made out with her pussy like I was French kissing her mouth. I tasted her salty juices and made loud slurping and sucking sounds for the men to hear. While I had been eating Julie out the men had gotten out of there chairs and gathered in a circle around our sheet. They were all kneeling on the floor, and some of them were within two feet of the action. I knew that they were close enough to smell our arousal, adding another sense to the sights and sounds they were experiencing as I pleasured Julie's hot cunt.

Julie was making the funniest sounds while I ate her out. Sometimes she would purr like a kitten, and sometimes she would giggle. Although I knew she was bisexual, I had never been with her before, and I was surprised at how strange she acted while receiving oral sex. She could not sit still at all; she was squirming so much I could barely keep my mouth on her pussy. Just when I was beginning to wonder if she was actually receiving any sexual pleasure out of this experience, she grabbed my face and positioned it so that my nose was pressed about an inch above her clit, buried in her blonde bush. I have never experienced a woman so wet, and her juices were soaking my mouth and chin. She suddenly got really quiet and focused, and I suspected that she was about to come.

All of a sudden I felt her legs clamp around my ears, and she screamed bloody murder as she started to have her orgasm. Her long red fingernails began to dig into my shoulders as she gripped me tightly. I kept the pressure on her with my tongue, licking her clit relentlessly as she let out juices on my face. My finger was still buried deep inside her hole, and I could feel her muscles clamping down on my finger as she contracted. She thrashed her hips up into the air, forcing my face up as well. I sensed that she was reaching the stage of her orgasm where her clit would get too sensitive for firm pressure, so I relaxed my mouth and tongue. I let her ride out her orgasm while gently caressing her thighs with my free hand.

After she had a moment to come back to earth, I lay down beside her again and cuddled with her, giving her some soft light kisses on the mouth.

"I taste myself on your lips!" Julie let everyone know.

"You tasted good." I replied to her.

The men went nuts after watching the first half of the lesbian sex show. Joe was unusually silent, and Carry was unusually vocal.

"Holy shit that was hot!" Carry yelled out.

Then Robert acted like a total asshole, and hollered "Get me a Jack and Coke, waitress!" to me.

This pissed Tom off. He said "Shut the fuck up, the bartending is over. Can't you appreciate the show?"

I ignored this exchange and kept my focus on Julie, who needed attention after her orgasm. I flipped her over and started to give her a nice ass massage. I was patiently waiting for my turn. I didn't have to wait long at all; Julie turned over and sat up, and told me "I'm ready to eat out your cute little red bush right now, hon! First I need to get my toy, though."

She asked me what position I wanted to be in while receiving my pussy licking, and I told her I wanted to sit on the sofa with her kneeling on the floor. I positioned myself right in the middle of the black leather sofa, feeling it stick to my ass. I put the sheet under my ass, and spread my legs wide open, giving the guys a good shot of my dripping pussy. Julie walked towards the kitchen. I invited the guys to come closer to see the action better. Tom sat to my right, with his legs touching mine. Robert sat on my left, with his legs also touching mine. Hiroshi, Carry, Joe and Patrick all sat on the floor near Julie. Julie assumed the kneeling position between my legs. I closed my eyes and relaxed, ready to experience her mouth on my pussy.

"Hey, Tom, can I play with her tits during the show?" Robert asked.

"Ummâ€¦you'd have to ask her, I guess."

"Hey Miranda, can I play with your tits?"

I hadn't really planned on having any of the guys touching me that night, but I was so turned on I said yes. Robert immediately started fondling my left breast. I expected him to be rude and play rough with it, but he was surprisingly gentle, and he rubbed my breast very softly and nicely. Tom joined in and rubbed my right breast. He gave me a deep lingering kiss on the lips. I heard Julie walking back to the living room, and knew I was in for a treat. While my eyes where still closed, I felt Julie began to eat me out.

All I can say isâ€¦WOW! She was a pro. Her mouth teased and caressed my pussy lips just right. She made cute slurping and smacking sounds as she got saliva all over my lap. I felt her long blonde hair brushing up against my thighs. I put my hands on her shoulders. I heard the buzzing noise of the vibrator, and couldn't wait to feel it inside me.

She used the vibrator to massage my legs at first. She turned the intensity up, and it was so strong I didn't know if my pussy could handle the strong vibrations. I have many vibrators of my own, but none of them are as strong as this one was. The buzzing was pretty intense just on my skin.

Her tongue started to explore the folds of my incredibly aroused pussy, and she even stuck the tip of her tongue inside my hole and wiggled it around for a minute. Then she started to get serious, circling her tongue closer and closer to my clit. I felt the hard plastic toy start to penetrate my pussy, and felt it buzzing inside me. Fortunately she had turned down the intensity to give my pussy time to get used to it. I felt it go deeper and deeper. It was slim, but very long, and it went in deeper than I thought possible. I felt it tingle incredibly deep inside my most private parts.

She began to flick her tongue against my clit instead of circling it to provide variety. I felt the intensity of the long vibrator kick up a notch inside me, and it felt very erotic. I knew everyone was watching. I wondered if they were noticing the expression on my face as I soaked in the sensations, or if they were just looking at my lap. Robert and Tom started to squeeze my tits harder, and I felt a light pinch as Tom started to play with my right nipple. Julie made really loud slurping sounds as my hot female juices mixed with her saliva. She alternated the flicking and circling my clit with the tip of her tongue, and occasionally gave the whole length of my pussy long sweeping licks.

I felt the vibrator get even more powerful as she cranked it up to full strength. It was almost more than I could handle. I wondered how many batteries it took to power that sucker. I felt the tingling sensations so deep inside my pussy that I was probably getting my cervix massaged. I let out a cry as she kicked it up even higher. Once I got used to it the stimulation felt incredible. She gave my pussy lips a few deep French kisses and then started to slide the vibrator in and out of me like it was a cock.

I decided to start talking dirty to excite the guys even more. "Ohâ€¦Julie! Stick that fucking thing deep into my cunt. Fuck me with it! Damnâ€¦you are a great pussy licker; I'll bet you've licked hundreds of pussies. Lick my cunt, you lesbo slut!" This got a lot of laughs from the guys.

Robert gave me another deep kiss on the lips, and then started to kiss me neck. I suddenly felt a hand on my ass. It felt too big to be Julie's, and when I opened my eyes for a second I saw that Hiroshi had grabbed my ass. Between Tom kissing and fondling my right breast, Robert fondling my left breast, Hiroshi squeezing my butt, and Julie eating out my pussy, I had four people giving me pleasure with their hands or mouths. I decided to take advantage of the fact that there were three other people, and I asked the other three guys to touch me as well.

"Patrick, Carry, and Joe! Come and join the party." I offered.

They wasted no time. Joe squeezed the other side of my butt, Carry touched the part of my thigh that wasn't covered with Julie's face, and Joe played with my feet. I felt him start to kiss my feet as well, which started to send me over the edge. I had seven people touching or kissing me, along with Julie's monster vibrator sending shock waves deep inside me, and the orgasm came out of nowhere.

"Oh...FUCK! Holy shit, this feels good."

My hips rocketed up above the sofa, almost knocking out the vibrator. Julie flicked my clit as I came, and the men kept on fondling me. The orgasm coursed through my whole body, and I shook and shuddered. This was just the first wave; the second and third waves of the orgasm were increasingly harder. It was one of those rare orgasms I get sometimes that make me almost black out. My mind just felt like pure pleasure personified. I was seeing little colored stars in my eyelids like the kind people get when they rub their eyes hard.

I was breathing and panting hard, and I felt sweat drip down my chest. Someone sucked on one of my nipples while I was coming which felt really intense. The buzzing inside my pussy was insistent, and it caused so many little aftershocks I lost track of them. A whole minute after the orgasm hit, I thought I was done, and I felt one little last involuntary quiver inside my pussy. I collapsed on Tom's lap.

The guys let me have some space, and I lay on the sofa. Julie gave me a nice long back-rub. I must have took a nap, because when I opened my eyes, everyone was gone except for Tom, Julie, Joe and Hiroshi.

I had almost forgotten about the last of the three gifts, and I hoped I had the energy for it. I whispered to Tom to open the third envelope in private where he could read it to himself without Joe and Hiroshi knowing what it said.

Tom excused himself and walked over to the kitchen. I looked over to catch the expression on his face as he read it. Tom's apartment is an open design, and I looked across the living room to see him standing on the edge of the kitchen table as he opened the envelope.

The note inside read: "Here is your third and final gift. For this gift, you will have to get rid of whichever friends of yours are still around. For your final birthday gift of the even, I offer you myselfâ€¦and Julie!"

I could tell he had finished reading the note by the shocked look on his face. He practically ran back into the living room to kick out Hiroshi and Joe. It was 2:00 in the morning.

"Guys, I think I'm gonna crash. It was fun. Pretty awesome birthday party, don't you think?"

"I'm gonna crash here too if that's cool." Joe said.

"Ahâ€¦no, I don't think so!" Tom said.

"Why not?"

"Because I have some people coming over to ahâ€¦check the electrical wiring tomorrow. They are coming at 7:00 and everyone has to be out of the house when they come."

Tom had come up with one of the dumbest excuses I could imagine, but somehow it worked. Joe and Hiroshi gathered up there things and left promptly. Perhaps they were so stunned by the lesbian sex sow that they didn't have the energy to realize what a lame excuse that was.

Tom quickly locked the door after the last two guys had left, and turned to face us. Julie was sitting on the loveseat, still stark naked. I was cleaning up the empty beer bottles, and I was also still nude.

"Wow, this is the best birthday ever! Are you two serious about this?" Tom asked us.

"Is the Pope Catholic?" Julie said.

"I guess that is your strange way of saying yesâ€¦"

Julie walked over to him, put her hand on his crotch, and gave him a deep passionate kiss while pressing her bare breasts into his chest. "This is my way of saying yes, Tom!" She told him.

I walked over to join them, and unbuttoned Tom's shorts. Julie helped me with the zipper, and we both pulled them off. He had on a pair of green boxers. We tugged those to the ground also. Tom must have realized that he looked kind of silly with a shirt but no bottoms on, so he took off his shirt and tossed it on the floor. We each took one of his hands and led him to the bedroom upstairs.

The three of us tumbled into Tom's large bed, and wasted no time heating things up. Tom must have been horny as hell from watching the lesbian sex scene that Julie and I had performed earlier. I was so spent I didn't care if I had another orgasm or not; my earlier one was a knockout, and I just wanted to focus on my boyfriend's pleasure.

Julie and I positioned him in the center of the bed, placing a big fluffy pillow under his head. I lay down next to him on his left side, and started exploring his ear with my mouth. I blew hot air into his ear and licked the lobe. Julie sat down at Tom's feet and made a show of pulling his legs wide apart. His cock was very erect, and his heavy balls lay on the bed between his legs. Julie kissed her way up his long muscular legs as I moved my kisses to his neck and collarbone. My hands tweaked his nipples, making them erect.

I kept my eye on Julie, watching her get closer and closer to my boyfriend's cock. I buried my tits in Tom's face, feeling his hot wet kisses suck on them. From the corner of my eye, I saw Julie begin to fondle his balls. Her fingernails were long and painted a bright glossy red, and they moved in a blur as she teased his sac. Her mouth inched closer and closer to his long engorged cock. When her mouth finally reached the tip of his cock, I moved my tits and positioned my head over Tom's to give him a long lingering kiss on the lips.

He kissed me very intensely while Julie sucked him off. He must have been going out of his mind with pleasure, having two women's mouths on him at the same time. My long red hair covered his neck as I kissed him deeper, sliding my tongue inside his mouth. I watched Julie's head start to bob up and down over his waist, and her long blonde hair was flying around all over Tom's stomach as she revved up the hot blowjob. I knew she had a reputation for pleasing men, and it was exciting to see her in action.

Tom let out a deep loud moan of pleasure as she deep throated him. I didn't now how she fit his entire cock into her mouth; I never had been able to swallow the whole thing myself. I knew she had the whole thing inside her mouth, because I couldn't even see the base of his cock; her red lips were right on Tom's crotch. I could see where the head of his cock was inside her cheeks as she moved it around inside her mouth. Sometimes she would suck all the way back up to the head of his cock and swirl her tongue around, only to bury the whole shaft all the way back in again.

Tom started to breath really hard, and I knew he was about to come. I wanted him to save it just a bit longer so he could get fucked. I made Julie stop, and she looked up at me with a frown on her face because I had interrupted her.

"Wait, I think he would really like it if he could come inside a pussy." I yelled.

"Oh, all right, I'll stop." Julie huffed. No doubt she was assuming that I meant my own pussy; however, I had other ideas. Tom could fuck my pussy anytime, I thought. It would be a very special birthday treat if he could slide his dick into an unfamiliar pussy.

"Julie, I want you to fuck my man. Get on top of him and straddle his lap. Slide his big stiff cock up you cunt!" I ordered her.

She obeyed immediately, and she squatted over his waist and rubbed the head of his cock with her slippery pussy lips. I squatted down over Tom's face, putting my own pussy inches away from his mouth.

"O.K., ready?" I asked them. "Tom, I'm going to put my pussy in your face. Don't try to hard to get me off, I already came hard, just focus all your attention on the physical sensations."

I lowered my body onto his face and felt him start to lap up my pussy. My hands were on the black wood headboard of the bed. I slightly regretted my choreography of the threesome, because I couldn't watch Julie, and more importantly Tom couldn't see her either, but when I heard him moan again, I knew he was doing O.K.

I craned my neck behind me to see if he was inside her yet. Julie had lowered her body and swallowed his erection into her pussy as expertly as she had swallowed it into her mouth. Tom flicked my clit with his tongue. I caressed his shoulders and under his arms as we began our ride.

Julie started to make a lot of noise. "Ohâ€¦ohâ€¦oh! Fuck. OH GOD! His dick is reaching some good spots in me, Miranda!" She yelled.

Tom was moaning and groaning with pleasure as he ate out my pussy. The bed started to rock as the three of us went wild with passion. She rode my boyfriend good and hard, letting him relax and enjoy the thrusting. I put my thighs around his head and said "Happy birthday, lover!"

He started the really fast breathing again, and I knew he was about to shoot his load inside Julie. I turned around again and saw his hips bucking up and down madly as he fucked her as hard as he was getting fucked. I removed my pussy from his face and positioned myself so I could kiss his lips as when his orgasm began. I kissed him hotter than I ever had before, exploring the roof of his mouth with my insistent tongue. I tweaked his nipples, and watched him as he began to explode inside my friend.

"OH GOD! JULIE..." He screamed. She was rotating her hips to give his cock unimaginable variety, and her hands were grabbing his balls tightly. He closed his eyes and scrunched up his face as the orgasm hit him. His hips rocked up and down so wildly that he lifted Julie's body up in the air. She didn't relent; she just kept on riding him like a stallion as he came. I imagined the hot jets of come shooting deep into my friend as she thrashed her whole body on him. I pictured her female juices mixing with my boyfriend's hot come. I could feel his sexual pleasure in my lips as he kissed me back harder while he came.

Tom started to regain his breath; he was completely spent. Julie let his cock slide out of her, and started to caress his legs. I broke my kiss so I could use my hands on his body as well; I figured that a massage with four hands would be a great ending to his birthday bash. Julie helped me roll him over, and we gave him the most soothing, relaxing backrub a man could ask for. I focused on his neck and shoulders, while Julie took care of his lower back and legs. We must have relaxed him really good, because when I noticed that it was 4:34 in the morning, I started to hear him snore. He had certainly earned the right to sleep; I'm sure the orgasm must have drained him. I lay down on his left side, and Julie lay down on his right. I didn't know about Julie, but I was feeling exhausted.

When I woke up hours later, Julie was still on his right side. Her hair was all over Tom's chest. She was still sleeping. I was about to get up to make some coffee, but then I decided that Tom's birthday would be absolutely and utterly complete if his first view upon opening his eyes was two gorgeous women in his bed. I closed my eyes and took his hand in mine. I dozed off again, satisfied that I had given my boyfriend three wonderful birthday gifts, all without spending a penny.

Fun with a Remote Control Vibrator

I hadn't seen Kyle in a few years. He was an old boyfriend from college; after graduation, he went to the University of Florida for law school and I had moved to Miami and settled into the grind of work. He had just broken up with a girlfriend of three years, and he was so excited when I told him I was coming to visit. So I knew I had to figure out a way to cheer him up.

We arranged to meet at Kazbor's Grill for cocktails and dinner. Standing alone naked in my hotel room, I looked into the mirror and wondered if I would have the nerve to go through with wearing what I planned to wear.

It was cool at 8:00 that night, cool for Florida anyway, but I needed to wear a long coat. O.K., so it would look a little funny but it wasn't a heavy coat or anything, just a lightweight purple coat made out of the same material sweatpants are made out of. A zipper in the front. The coat was a few sizes too large, meaning it would be long enough to go part way down my legs, almost to my knees.

O.K., here is where I found out if the jacket would be long enough or not. Still naked, I opened up the brown paper bag filled with purchases I had made that afternoon at a sex toy shop. I picked out the slim red vibrator and opened the package. I inserted the batteries and turned it on. BUZZ! Damn, much louder than I had hoped. Well, maybe the sound will be muffled by the walls of my pussy, I thought.

I sat down on the bed and masturbated for a few minutes to get the juices flowing. Satisfied that I was slippery down there, I inserted the toy into my pussy. It slid right inside me, filling me up nicely, but it wasn't huge. I turned the toy back on again; sure enough, I didn't notice much sound while it was inside me. Good.

I turned the manuel switch off. Then I picked up the box the toy originally came in, and got the other half of the toy out. This was the remote control. Yes, I had bought a remote controlled vibrator! And you can probably guess which lonely ex-boyfriend was about to take the control, only Kyle didn't have any idea yet what I had planned.

Normally I would have worn a skimpy thong for a night like this, but I wanted something that would secure the toy inside my pussy. I picked out a pair of purple silk knickers that were sexy and lacy but not totally skimpy. The back was transparant, so it would show my ass; but not completely, like a thong would have. I made sure the vibrator was staying inside me snugly. I put my hand in my knickers to re-adjust things. Ooh, I was making a wet spot in the front of the knickers!

Nearly nude, I put the jacket on. Hmm...the jacket was the same color as my knickers. I zipped the jacket up, careful not to get the zipper stuck on my bare nipples. The steel felt cold on my breasts as I zipped it up all the way. I decided it looked too lame to zip it up all the way to my neck, so I unzipped it to show some cleavage. I had to be careful, though; since I was going braless, I couldn't let the zipper down too far...

I practiced walking around in front of the mirror in the hotel room. I had gone out with no bra or knickers before, but usually in a dress, not just a jacket. You may be asking why I chose to wear a jacket for this stunt instead of a dress. There is no easy answer; I just thought that the idea of showing up in a jacket with no shirt or bra underneath was very erotic. I almost forgot the vibrator was inside me, it felt so snug and comfortable in my pussy. I bent over, kicked up my leg, jumped on the bed, anything to see if the vibrator would fall out or if I could rely on it being secure. Everything was O.K.

I put the batteries into the remote control. It had five settings. I tested each one out one at a time. By the time I was at level four, I was rubbing my clit with my left hand. I had to stop myself from coming; I wanted to be on the edge of sexual bliss all night without orgasm for a long time...take your fingers out of your knickers now, Miranda, I thought to myself.

I shut the control off and put it in my black leather purse. I couldn't wait to go out and see what would happen.

At 9:00, a taxi picked me up. I sat in the back seat and instantly began to get cold feet about this little plan. I had been counting on the privacy of having my legs under a table during dinner, and I hadn't even thought about how the cab driver could look into his mirror and see my knickers. Oh well, I thought. So he thinks I'm a kinky freak, dressed in a jacket with no skirt or pants on. At least he didn't know about the slim red vibrator shoved up my cunt.

The cab driver dropped me off without a word. Maybe he hadn't noticed. Maybe he was one of those rare taxi drivers who pays attention to his driving actually. I paid him and got out of the cab. I took a deep breath before entering the restaurant. I felt out of place, wearing a jacket with no pants. Many other people had jackets on, but they all had long pants or skirts on. I was counting on people just assuming that I had shorts on underneath the jacket. Who would suspect a woman would be crazy enough to go out in public with no pants on underneath her jacket?

There he was. Kyle looked as handsome as ever, with his long blond hair, goatee, and my god, he even had a tie on! He used to joke that the only thing with a tie he would wear would be a "Tie dyed shirt!" I was amazed that he still had long hair, but I guess attorneys can get away with that these days.

"Hello, sugar!" he said as I came closer to his table. I know it's cheesy, but he used to always call me sugar. "Hey, Mr. conservative lawyer!" I teased him.

"Who says I'm conservative? I defended Gore in the recount."

"Whatever, don't start with politics. It bores me; remember, English lit was my favorite subject."

"Yeah. I hated that. They should have called it Chick lit. Pride and Prejudice, all that crap. I hated that class!"

"Yes, but that's how you met me..." I sat down next to him at the table and gave him a long deep kiss on the lips. Our first kiss in years...

"So, Miranda! I'm happy you came up from Miami to see me. Take off your jacket, get comfortable."

"Haha! Um...no, I can't exactly do that now." I blushed. I was embarrassed for a moment, but then I remembered that this was my first serious boyfriend in college, and we had done many kinky things together. In fact, he usually encouraged my exhibitionist tendancies.

"Why not, are you cold?" he wondered.

I looked down at my nipples. They were clearly erect under the cotton material of the purple jacket.

"Um, yeah, I'm cold. Oh, hell, I was going to tell you soon enough anyway."I leaned close to his ear and whispered. "Don't laugh, Kyle. I wanted to do something really kinky to surprise you, but I wasn't going to tell you until after we had a drink. I'm almost naked underneath this jacket."

He looked at me with a big silly grin on his face. "Really? I'll be damned, Miranda, you are up to your old tricks. I thought being almost 30 would have made you more conservative."

I put my hand into his lap. He was hard, as I had expected him to be. "Kyle...if anything, I'm even kinkier than you ever could have imagined. Here, take this." I rummaged through my purse, and removed the control to the vibrator.

"What's this, it looks like a remote control?" he asked me with a confused look.

"Turn it on, see what happens!" I encouraged him. My leg was brushing up against his jeans. He picked it up and studied it for a minute. He was about to turn the knob from zero to one when the waiter interrupted to take our orders.

"Uh, well, just a Rum and Coke for me" I stammered. Damn, I had been about to get the first jolt of the vibrator when this dick waiter had to come and take our order.

"Good. And you, sir?"

"A gin and tonic, made with Bombay Sapphire, easy ice and extra lime." Kyle ordered.

"No problem."

I laughed after the waiter left. "Would you like that shaken, not stirred, Mr. Bond?"

"James Bond drinks a martini. Hey, I'm paying $7.95 for a drink, I better get it the way I want it."

"I heard they cast a new James Bond. Some british guy with blond hair. The movie comes out next Christmas...OH FUCK!" Kyle had just cranked the vibrator on unexpectedly.

"Miranda, what is this interesting little device? And why did it make you yell out when I turned it to three?"

"Oh, Kyle. I told you I was kinky. It is a remote to the vibrator that is in my pussy right now. I thought it would be fun to let you control it during dinner, but I wasn't prepared for it yet."

I felt a sudden surge of vibration in my pussy. It shook me to the core and made me want to masturbate again. "Hey, you asshole, did you just crank it up all the way?" I demanded.

"You said I was in control."

"Yeah, I did. I guess I asked for it, huh Kyle?"

I could barely keep a straight face when the waiter brought us our drinks. I had expected Kyle to play around with the device, but he just left it on level five.

"Do you need it turned down?" Kyle asked.

"Yes. This is too much, it feels so erotic and all, but we are in public, and it is more than I bargained for."

"Though luck sugar! You gave me the controls as part of your kinky little game, and now I'm in control of the vibrations inside your cute little snatch. And I say the level stays at five until you do something for me."

I was getting in too deep in this game, I realized. I had no idea what he wanted me to do.

"What do you want me to do?" I asked. "I can't stay at level five for too long without needing to masturbate. And I'm not going to masturbate myself to orgasm right here in the bar, if that is what you had in mind."

"No? Why, Miranda, ae you afraid you couldn't have an orgasm in public without everyone noticing?" he asked me.

"Fuck yeah! Kyle, you remember, when I come, I moan and groan kinda loud! I can't do that."

"Well your'e in luck, sugar! Because what I had in mind was for you to jack me off under the table..."

I did a double take. "Are you fucking serious Kyle? Everyone would hear you."

"No, I can come without making myself obvious. I've been doing a little research on Tantric sex. I can control my breathing and have a quiet orgasm under the table."

"Can you at least turn it down to three or four? I can barely think straight, I want to touch my clit so bad..." I begged

"No. It stays at five till you make me come. Then I'll lower the level a bit till we get to my car. Then you can come as loud as you want while touching your hot little pussy. Or maybe I'll touch your hot little pussy, Miranda!"

I was feeling very sexually frusterated by that point. My plan had backfired; I had wanted him to drive me crazy all evening, but not this crazy! I needed to touch myself so badly, but I knew I couldn't come in public without making a scene.

"O.K. Kyle. I'll jack you off under the table if that is what you really want. But what about the waiter? I'm sure he'll come back to check on us."

"Let me handle it. Here he comes now with our drinks; I'll tell him that we won't be ready to order dinner for awhile."

The waiter placed our drinks on the table. Kyle had a sip of his gin and tonic; I took a huge gulp of my rum and Coke to steady my nerves. Kyle politely explained to the waiter that we weren't going to be ordering dinner for awhile and that he would wave if we needed more drinks or an appetizer. The waiter was clearly dissapointed, no doubt worried that he wouldn't get a big tip if he didn't sell us more than a couple of drinks, but Kyle politely yet firmly explained him we would order dinner later.

"What about lubrication, Kyle?" I asked my former boyfriend, knowing that I had usually used some Wet Stuff or other lubrications when I gave him handjobs in college.

"Just wet your hand" he told me. I did just that, discretely putting a napkin over my face so people wouldn't notice me spitting into the palm of my hand. It is funny how such an act can seem gross out of context, but when it is between two former lovers about to do something intimate, the saliva on the hand suddenly turns into something sexy!

My right hand was now moist, so I used my left hand to unbutton his pants. I could feel his erection through his pants. I deftly unzipped the pants and stuck my left hand under his boxers. Peeking down under the table, I saw that his boxers where white with blue stripes. I pushed them down just enough to expose his rigid cock. Smiling, I quickly grasped his dick in my wet right hand and began to stroke him off under the table. I nervously scanned the area to make sure nobody could see; thank God there we were sitting near the back of the restaurant. I was on the outside so my body mostly covered up any view of what was going on in Kyles lap.

"Oh Miranda, this feels so good! Remember the first time you stroked me?" I remembered it very well; it had been before we started dating. I had met him at a typical college kegger my freshman year in college; a little tipsy from way too much cheap beer, I had made out with him in the basement of the party. We ended up in his dorm room that night.

His cock was rock hard as I began to pump my hand up and down. I felt some pre-come dripping into my hand as I expertly milked his cock like I used to years ago. Although he was breathing a bit harder than usual, he was holding his sounds in well; a passerby would not have noticed by the look on his face that he was getting a hand-job.

Keeping my eyes focused on the other people in the restaurant, I kept on stroking his rigid erection in my hand. I leaned over and kissed his ear as I whispered "How does it feel, Kyle? Like you want to explode?"

He didn't answer; perhaps he was too focused on keeping quiet. I was still struggling with my arousel from the vibrator; I can't come without direct clitoral stimulation, but the vibration was making me intensly horny, and I could barely hold back from sticking my free hand into my knickers to get myself off. Instead, I used my free hand to rub Kyle's nipples through his shirt. I snuck a couple of fingers between the buttons and discovered that he had no undershirt on. I tweaked his nipples, making him let out a moan. "Stop it, Miranda. I can't be quiet with all that extra stimulation" he whispered.

"Oh, you are finding it hard to keep it on the down low while being stimulated? I can relate to that!" I pinched his nipples harder as I kissed his neck. He was driving me crazy keeping my vibrator on the highest setting, so I felt this was fair play.

By this point I was really pumping his dick fast. I looked at his face; he was keeping quiet, but by the look on his eyes I could totally tell he was feeling intense sexual pleasure that needed to be released soon.

"Kyle" I whispered while kissing his earlobe "remember that that time in Leslie's room?" I reminded him. One night during our sophomore year, I had given him a quickie blowjob while we where hanging out in my friend Leslie's dorm room. Kyle, Leslie and I where hanging out one evening when Leslie announced that she needed to take a quick shower. The community bathrooms were down the hall, and she grabbed her towel and toiletries and left the room. She never kept her door locked when she left the room for a short time. We knew we only had about ten minutes before she would return. It was totally unplanned; I just unzipped Kyle's pants a moment after Leslie had left the room and began to go down on him. I sucked him off until he shot a load of hot come down my throat. Leslie returned literally seconds after I had finished; his pants were stil unzipped, and I had to quickly toss a blanket over his lap when I heard the door open! I was still was swallowing semen when she was in the room.

This memory must have set something off in his head, because he began to moan as quietly as he could as sweat began to pour down his face. I knew he had begun his orgasm when I felt the first quick contractions beginning in his cock. I felt him spasm in my hand, so I pumped him even faster. He shot a wet messy load of come all over my hands, providing even more lubrication for me to milk him even more. I quickly reached into his lap with my other hand and squeezed his balls, heightening the sensation for him. Come kept spurting out of his cock and onto my hands and wrists as I jacked him off, letting him shoot out every last drop of hot creamy fluid all over. I smiled as he finished coming and I discreetly used my napkin to wipe him clean just as a waitress walked by.

He just sat there and relaxed, but I was ready to explode. "Kyle, I need to go now. I can't hold back any longer; I need to play with my clit, and I can't do that here."

"O.K. You've been a good sport. Let me flag the waiter down and pay for our drinks."

"Uh...no, I can't wait for that. Either turn off the vibrator or I'll have to run to the bathroom to masturbate right this minute." I was feeling intense stimulation deep in my cunt, and I needed to fucking get off soon.

"O.K. I'll turn it down a few notches." Kyle reached for the remote; but suddenly the idea of cutting off the stimulation sounded terrible. I was feeling so good between my legs, and I didn't really want him to cut off the stimulation.

"NO!" I yelled, a bit too loudly. A nearby couple turned their heads to look at me. "I mean, no, don't do that. I have to go now."

I stood up quickly, almost forgetting that I had no pants on. I was horrified to see that the jacket had ridden up and my knickers where visible. I pulled the bottom of the jacket down as far as I could to cover up my knickers, and dashed to the bathroom as fast as I could.

I opened the door to the ladies room and panicked when I realized that the only stall was occupied! I needed to come so badly; this was worse than having to pee and finding the bathroom occupied, I thought. I needed to find a place to get off.

I had planned to go back to the table to get Kyle's car keys, figuring I could quickly get off in his car, but he had gotten up to pay the cashier, and I couldn't face the scrutiny of the staff in my condition. I was sweating profusly as the vibrator buzzed away inside my pussy. I felt my heart race and I got paranoid when I hear the buzzing sound of the vibrator. I hoped that nobody else heard the sounds as I tried to figure out where I could go to touch my clit.

I noticed an open door to the alley. I ducked out of the restaurant and saw a few people smoking outside. Damn! I noticed that the alley led to a street and that there was another alley across the street. I looked both ways and ran across the street into the alley on the next block. I stood behind a dumpster and took a quick look around to make sure nobody could see me. The coast was clear, so I leaned against the brick wall and breathed a sigh of relief. The half hour or so of level five stimulation in my pussy had made me hornier than I had ever felt in my life!

I lifted the jacket above my waist, but it kept slipping down, inhibiting me from easily reaching into my knickers. What the he;l, I thought, as I quickly unzipped the jacket all the way down. My breasts were free, and my nipples hardened in the cool night air as I felt a breeze. I was basically naked under the jacket, wearing only the knickers and nothing else underneath. I shoved my hands inside my knickers and zeroed in on my clitoris.

I felt such a sense of relief as my fingers finally made contact with myself. It felt like I hadn't eaten for two days and suddenly had bitten into a juicy steak. My knickers were soaked, and I felt my hot juices quickly coat my fingers as I began to stimulate my needy clit. I thought of the sexual experience I had just given to Kyle in the restaurant. My mind was filled with the image of his bare cock getting stroked under the table by my hands a short time ago.

It didn't take much to get me off; I felt the first wave of contractions hit me very soon after I had started masturbating. Not even caring if anyone on the street could hear me, I let out a cry of passion as I felt the orgasm rock my pelvis. I could barely stand up; normally I masturbate while lying down in bed or sitting on a chair. My knees shook, but I leaned against the wall and let the orgasm tear through my body. The jacket had started to slip down my shoulders and was about to fall off, but I didn't care, I just experienced white hot waves of ecstacy.

Feeling a second wave of contractions even more powerful than the first, I knelt to the ground because it was too much to handle standing up. I didn't even care when my jacket fell completely off, leaving my kneeling on the dirty ground of an alley, nearly naked and shaking with orgasmic pleasure. As the final aftershocks of the orgasm hit me, I let out a sigh and collapsed to the ground, lying down with my hair touching the gravel.

I lay still for a moment, savoring the feeling of having experienced an intense orgasm after being denied for so long. I slowly came to my senses, slipped the vibrator out of my spent pussy, and found my jacket. Putting on my jacket, I smiled. My hair was a complete mess, I'm sure my makeup was all smeared, my jacket was dirty, and I had a still buzzing vibrator in my hand. I had to somehow compose myself and walk back into the restaurant; I didn't even have my purse to put the vibrator into, so I had to shove it back inside me, although I had shut it off manually.

I slowly walked back torwards the restaurant with a sexually satisfied grin on my face. I was about to walk into a public place looking disheveled, like I had just been fucked, although that is not exactly what had happened. And I didn't have a care in the world as I boldly opened the door of the restaurant and spotted Kyle sitting back at our table. I walked to the table looking like a total slut, and I made eye contact with my former lover. I gave him a sly look, trying to convey my feelings to him.

I licked my lips and thought to myself: "Kyle, you just helped me experience something new sexually, and it fucking rocked. You are about to get the fucking of a lifetime when we get back to my hotel..."

Off the Top

I recently went to New Orleans, and found the coolest club. It was like no other bar I had ever seen in my life. I just have to tell you about what happened that night. Here is a log of that night's events, from both my perspective and from my friend Darlene's perspective.

9:00 P.M., New Orleans, 85 degrees out.

My name is Miranda. I am 29, 5"7, have medium lenght red hair, medium sized tits that are soft and round, and nice legs. Also, I just love to show off my body. My friend Darlene and I are on vacation. She is very tall and attractive, and has long blonde hair. There are two more things you need to know about her that are relevant to this story. One, she is very shy. She is attractive, but she never wears clothing to show off her lovely figure. She hardly ever will wear a bikini on the beach. The second thing you need to know about Darlene is that she has enormous breasts. I'm talking double D cups. Nice and round, all natural too. Part of this story is going to be from my point of view, and part from her's.

Miranda:

Darlene and I drove to a bar I had heard about on the other end of New Orleans from our hotel. I drove. This place was called Off the Top, and I knew what it was all about but Darlene didn't. Off the Top was a new bar in town, and they had a killer gimmick to get customers. Here is how it works: Guys have to pay a $20 cover. Girls get in free and drink half price. (Discrimination, you guys say? Tough luck!) But here is the kicker. At Off the Top, no shirts or tops of any kind are allowed once you are inside the club. That's right, the dress code is mandatory toplessness for both guys and girls.

We get into the front foyer of the club. There is a bouncer, and a coat/shirt check. The sign clearly states the rules: No tops allowed past this point. Absolutely no exceptions.

I am all excited about this. Darlene says "What the fuck is this place? No way! I'm NOT taking off my shirt." I laugh to myself and say, "Well I am. I have the car, so I guess you'll just have to walk somewhere or take a cab back to the hotel." I knew full well that she wouldn't go back, because she knew no one else in town, just the two of us came here together from Florida.

I take off my black tank top and white bra and give it to the shirt checker. Darlene just stands there and pouts with her arms crossed over her chest. I walk past into the door to the main part of the club, past the bouncer. (A big African American gentlemen with a nice muscular chest..and no shirt.)

Darlene:

I can't believe what a bitch Miranda is tonight. She knew full well I would hate a place like this, and there is no way in hell I'm getting topless here. I don't know what I will do, I'm bored. I walk around the block to see if there is another club I can go to. There is just a local dive bar. I sit down and order a Cosmo. The regulars look at me kind of funny. I am the only female there, and the only one under 40. Everyone else is drinking cheap draft beer or Whiskey and Cokes. I drink my Cosmo. No one really pays much attention to me after I settle in. The men glance at me every once in awhile but don't bother me. I play some Bob Seger on the Jukebox.

Miranda:

Wow, this place is nuts. The $20 cover for men has helped ensure close to a 50/50 ratio of males to females. It feels really weird to walk around a club with no shirt on, but hey, everyone else is in the same boat, so what the Hell. It's also quite fun, and erotic. Guys stare right at my tits as I walk up to the bar to get a drink. The bartenders are top-free too. I order a Long Island from a hot guy behind the bar. He has short dark hair and a great well toned chest. He is more polite than the male customers, he doesn't stare at my chest, he actually looks me in the eyes while taking my order. I pay for my drink and have a seat at the bar.

Darlene:

O.K., its midnight, and this is so lame. I had 2 Coronas because I felt too self conscious to get another Cosmo. This is still an unusual order at this dive, most people here are not getting imported beer. I play some Eminem on the jukebox, and get more stares. Evidently this is not the music they listen to here. A guy in his 50s with no teeth puts his arm around my shoulder and offers to buy me another drink, even though I just bought one 30 seconds ago. time to leave! I walk outside. There is no place whatsoever to go besides Off the Top where Miranda is. No, I'm not going to go there. What the Hell am I going to do, she said she is staying till they close at 4:00 A.M. Fuck.

Miranda:

It's 12:30 A.M., and Darlene is still not here. Shit, I thought for sure she would eventually come around and come back here. She really is shy. I planned this night to loosen her up, she needs to have a sexy experience like this. Oh well, she'll be O.K., she probably called a cab and is sitting at the hotel room wathching t.v.

Darlene:

12:30 A.M. I walk back into the front entrance. Am I really going to do this? That sounds so embarrassing to be topless in public like that. I can't believe many girls would really do that. I pace around the foyer a bit. The bouncer asks if I'm O.K. I tell him yes. "Can't decide if you have the nerve to follow the dress code, huh?" he laughs. I am obviously not the first girl to be hesitant at the front door. I blush.

I sit down on a sofa in the foyer. No, there is no way. I'm not letting guys ogle my breasts all night. This is too weird. Why did that bitch drag me here, she could have just gone herself and I would have done something near the hotel! I feel a nice buzz from the drinks I had earlier, and do really want another Corona. I'm not going back to that creepy dive bar. Hmm... should I do this? You only live once. Oh god, fuck me, what the hell, why not.

I wish they had a private place to undress. On the other hand, what difference will that make, I'm going to be topless anyway. Still I am finding this very difficult. I unbutton the white blouse slowly one button at a time. No one is in the room right now except the bouncer. O.K., here goes nothing. I start to remove the blouse. This is too much, I can't do this.

Miranda:

God this is fun. Every time I walk around my boobs jiggle. Guys are in awe at this place, they just get to stare and stare at hundreds of bare tits. I stare at them too, one of the benefits of being bi-sexual! There are all different types of women here; blondes, brunettes, and red-heads, of course!

Some girls have small breasts, some have medium sized ones, some have huge knockers. Lots of guy's chests too look at too, some are hairy, some have no chest hair, some have beer bellys, some have six-pack abs. Wow, this is like a buffet of topless skin. In the restroom they dispense baby oil from a machine. I wonder why, and then I see a cute girl with long dark hair pump some oil into her hands and slather it all over her chest and arms. She has a great tan, and the oil makes her body glisten. God, she looks so hot! I copy her, and slather the oil all over my tits and arms too. I go to the dance floor for the first time that night.

Darlene:

I start to button the blouse back up. Then I stop. I'm so indecisive! Fuck FUCK FUCK...I can't get up the nerve to do this for real. Without thinking, I take the blouse all the way off and give it to the shirt checker. She is topless, a short brunette with short hair. I start to go in the front door, and the bouncer says the bra has to come off too. I turn beet red. I turn around, and ask the checker for my shirt back. "Come on, hon, just go in, you'll have fun. Lots of girls back out, but I tell you, what's the big deal? Are you a local?"

I tell her no. I ask her why she asked that. "Because as long as you are not from around here, who's gonna know? Just do it, you'll have a good time, I promise."

I feel totally on the spot. O.K., breathe deep, Darlene. You can do this, its just skin, no big deal. It's easy for a total slut like Miranda, but I still find this nerve-wracking. O.K. 1-2-3. I whip of my bra without thinking about it and hand it to the checker. "Atta girl!" she praises me. My breasts are free now. I always feel awkward, they are way too big, I barely even wear bikinis ever. Now everyone in the world is going to stare at them Maybe guys here are polite and won't stare. I take another deep breath and walk into the main door. I almost faint, there are HUNDREDS of people here. More guys than girls it seems, but the ratio looks pretty even. Jesus, what am I doing? I walk up to the bar. I am so embarrassed. I sit down at a stool and cross my arms over my chest and order a Corona.

Miranda:

I am dancing with a guy to some hyper up-beat dance tune. Then all of a sudden the DJ puts on a slow tune, All out of Love by Air Supply. The guy I was dancing with puts his arms around me and starts to dance slowly. What the hell? I didn't expect this, this is like fucking high school prom with no shirts! Oh well, go with the flow. Actually it feels kind of nice. His chest presses against my boobs, and he puts his arms around my bare back. The oil on my naked chest makes our bodies rub together in a nice slippery way. I don't want to lead him on though, so after the song I excuse myself to go to the bar and get another Long Island. Well well well, what do we have here? Darlene is sitting at the bar with her arms crossed over her tits, and she is as red as a tomato!

Darlene:

Miranda sits down next to me with a big smirk on her face. "I can't believe you made me do this." I tell her. "Made you?" she says. "Well what else was I supposed to do?" I ask. "Take your arms off your chest and relax like everyone else. You can't drink your beer like that!"

She had a point. I had to move my arms to drink a beer. I take a sip, and everyone can see my left breast. A guy sits down on the other stool next to me. I finish my beer. Ah hell, this isn't so bad. I walk around with Miranda a bit. I was totally wrong about guys not staring, they look right at my chest. It takes me awhile to get used to this, but like the checker said, no one here knows me. I slowly get used to it. By 2:30 A.M., Miranda finally dragged me to the dance floor. My breasts jiggle while I dance. This is so strange. I still feel weird, but it is actually fun, I can't believe it. Then the DJ plays a slow tune. "These Dreams" by Heart. Miranda puts her arms around me and we dance close. I don't have a problem with girls dancing, and I'm not homo-phobic, but I know Miranda is Bi, and doing this topless feels kind of awkward with her. She can tell, and she says "Don't worry, I'm not trying to seduce you. We'll find you a guy with a big hard cock tonight!" We dance the night away, and have lots of drinks. Men stare at my chest all night, but I don't care anymore. I never hook-up that night, but I have a blast, and feel more uninhibited now. We go home and collapse at 4:30 in the morning. What a vacation!

**Wet Miranda's Nude Wrestling Match**

Push harder, Miranda! I thought to myself. I lifted the free weights above my head. I had selected a 60 pound barbell, and was struggling to finish ten repetitions. I was about to give up as I lowered the weights for the 8th time, but something in my head made me struggle even harder to complete the ten reps. My arms shook and struggled as I strained to lift the weights again. Sweat was dripping down my forehead, causing my long red hair to stick to my skin. The pain was intense as I successfully lifted the barbells above my head for the ninth time. I had never lifted this much weight before; my previous record was 50 pounds. I lowered the weights and mentally prepared for the final lift.

My body was a sweaty mess. My white tank top was soaked around my chest. I was also wearing a black sports bra underneath the tank top, a pair of plain white panties, and tight black spandex shorts. I grit my teeth and slowly lifted the weights for the last time. I could barely get the barbells to waist level. I felt the burn in my muscles. Determined to complete this task, I slowly lifted the weights even higher. I made un-lady-like grunting sounds as my muscles struggled, and lifted the weights to my chest. Pushing ever harder, my arms shook as I raised the weights above my head. Sweat poured out from under my arms. I held the weights in triumph above my head for a few seconds before lowering them to the floor of the gym. I let out a loud sigh of relief.

After lifting a bottle of Poland Springs bottled water to my mouth and gulping it down, I mentally prepared for a long cardiovascular workout. I stretched my arms and legs, and then got on a treadmill. This was a state of the art Nautilus machine. I set the speed on 5 M.P.H. to start, and I slowly jogged for a few minutes to warm up for the hard workout ahead. I slowly cranked up the speed over the next few minutes until I was at 10 M.P.H. I ran like a maniac, barely able to keep up with the treadmill. I had to run faster to avoid falling off. I was panting hard and breathing very heavily. A fresh shower of sweat started to pour out of my body from may different places, and I wished that I had been smarter and worn a headband. The sports bra struggled to hold in my heaving 36-C chest as my breasts bounced up and down as I ran harder and harder. I had set the timer for 20 minutes of running at this pace, but when the timer went off, I decided to push myself for 10 more minutes. My legs burned, and I felt my heartbeat race. I pushed myself harder and harder, getting my body in excellent shape.

I had decided to go on an athletic kick a few months ago, and I came to the Bally's club every day for at least an hour. My goal was to get my body in the best shape possible. Partly I did it for health reasons, but to be honest, I did it mainly to develop a devastatingly attractive figure. I wanted well toned arms and legs, a soft yet muscular chest, and a perfectly toned cute butt. I always came to the health club dressed in as little as possible in the hopes of meeting an attractive man or woman. My tank top was a little tighter than usual today, and it clung to my figure. I got off the treadmill, ready to hit the showers and wash the sweat off of my tired body.

"Hey, you!" a familiar lady called out to me. I didn't know her name, but I recognized her from previous sessions at the health club. She was a regular like me. She had long straight blond hair, and a very well toned muscular body. She was petite, and had smallish breasts. I was instantly attracted to her. "Yes?" I answered.

"I've seen you here a lot. You work out hard. I like the way you push yourself to the limit, and never give up."

"Thank you, I am trying to get my body in perfect shape." I replied.

"Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Greta Klausen. I work in the athletic industry, and my company is always looking for fit women."

"Do you work here at the club, Greta?"

"No, not at the club. Why don't we go for a walk outside, and I'll tell you all about my company? By the way, I never caught your name."

"Miranda. Miranda Johnson." I introduced myself, offering her my hand.

"Please to meet you, Ms. Johnson." Greta shook my hand.

"I need to take a shower first; I am sweating like a pig!"

"That's O.K., I need one too. Nothing wrong with a little good old fashioned sweat, it is the sign of a good workout!"

We walked side by side to the women's locker room, chatting as we walked. She asked me how long I had been coming to the club, and what piece of equipment I liked best.

"I like the free weight the best! No one can deny that you are serious about fitness when you pump iron." I answered.

"Good choice! I think you might have what it takes. Would you be interested in learning about how to make money off of your athletic skills?"

"How can I make money off of that?"

"I work for an entertainment company. I am looking for new talent. My company looks for women with the right combination of striking good looks and athletic ability. I think you would be a perfect candidate. Would you like to hear more?"

"Uh…I guess so." I answered.

"Why don't you walk with me to the locker room? I need to take a shower."

As we walked to the women's locker room, Greta told me a little more about her company.

"We are called Ultimate Surrender. We specialize in female wrestling."

"Wrestling?"

"Yes, wrestling. Only between women. This is real wrestling, not staged."

"How can I possibly make money doing that?" I asked.

"We film the matches and broadcast them on a website."

"People would pay to see women wrestle on the Internet?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, it is a very hot market."

We had reached her locker, and she started stripping off her clothes. I was about to go to my own locker, but she offered to let me use hers. I stripped off my sweaty clothes as she continued to talk about her company.

"Before I tell you anymore, Miranda, I have to be up front with you. The wrestling involves nudity, and it gets sexual as well. The website is strictly for adults only. If that totally shocks you I understand, and I will go look for another candidate."

"You work for a porn site? What the hell makes you think I would be interested in being in a porn site?" I huffed.

"Well, I guess you could say it is technically porn, but Ultimate Surrender is so much more than porn. I understand your shocked reaction. It is hard to know who to ask; many women immediately get angry when offered an opportunity in the adult industry. But I know for a fact that you have some experience in the adult industry, Miranda!"

I blushed. I had posed for a nude photo shoot the previous school year, and I had also posed for a nude video. I knew that someday someone would recognize me, but it still came as a complete shock to be found out by someone on my college campus. I tried to lie my way out of her discovery.

"I never was in the adult industry; you must be confusing me with someone else!" I said.

"Miranda…I know Jerry!"

She had got me. Jerry was the photographer who had photographed and videotaped me nude. I couldn't deny the facts to Greta.

"Oh…so you've seen the photos."

"Yes, Miranda, they turned out lovely. The video was very nice too! Anyway, I knew that you would be more interested in this opportunity than most women, so I thought I'd ask. I had no doubt that you were sexy enough to be in our website, and after seeing you work out, I have no doubt that you are physically fit enough to handle the wrestling."

We were both completely nude at this point in the conversation, and she led me to the showers.

I started to pour some liquid soap on my chest as she continued talking.

"Miranda, you are probably thinking that the wrestling is all staged, and that it is really just an excuse to film lesbian sex scenes. That is not the case at all. Our site takes the wrestling very seriously. The winner of each match gets double the money as the loser of the match. This ensures that the competition is real. Each woman tries to sexually dominate her opponent while trying not to get dominated herself."

"Dominated? What, like S/M?"

"Oh no! Not like that. It is rather complicated to explain the whole scoring system, but you do things like try to penetrate the other woman with you finger, or smother her face with your breasts while on top of her. The wrestling is very authentic; you try to pin your opponent, just like in any other wrestling match. The competition is very intense; the women take it quite seriously. Each round is eight minutes, and there are three rounds per match. You can expect to be physically and mentally drained after a match. You will sweat buckets."

"O.K., that sounds crazy. You were saying that the winner gets double the pay as the loser. How much is the pay?"

"We aren't ready to discuss pay yet. I would like you to audition tomorrow. Joe needs to make the ultimate decision. He is one of the producers of the website."

"How would I audition, Greta?" I asked. I tried not to stare at her breasts as she lifted her arms above her head to shampoo her hair.

"The wrestling matches are filmed in an office building on Grand River Avenue. We have a private gym. You will wrestle Nikki, and Joe and I will watch and decide if you really have what it takes to be on the website."

"So I have to beat Nikki in wrestling to pass the audition?"

Greta let out a huge hearty laugh. "Oh no! You are not expected to beat Nikki. You are expected to try as hard as you can! We just need to see if you can handle the intense competition, and also see if you feel comfortable with the sexual part of the wrestling."

"I am bisexual, so that doesn't bother me."

"Yes, I can tell that you are bisexual, Miranda, you are looking right at my pussy!" I blushed, embarrassed to have been caught.

"O.K., where and when do I go to the audition?"

"When we get back to my locker I will give you a business card with the address of the office, along with a brochure with the rules."

We finished up our showers, and I couldn't help but to stare at her ass as she walked in front of me on her way to the lockers. I continued to look at her stunning figure as she toweled off her nude body. She handed me a brochure to take home and read.

"The address is on the back. How about you meet me there tomorrow at 9:00 in the morning?" She suggested.

"O.K. I'll be there. What exactly am I going to be doing?"

"Think of it as an audition. You will meet the web-site operator and then you will wrestle Nikki. Like I said before, you are not expected to win; nobody has ever won in their audition match. The point of the match is to see if you have what it takes to be a wrestler on our site; we want to make sure you can handle the intense physical pressure, and also make sure you are comfortable with the nudity and sexual aspects of the site."

I blushed again. Though she was looking at my naked body, I knew that she would soon see me rolling around on a wrestling mat with another woman, and this thought made me very nervous.

"Well, thank you for the opportunity, Greta. I will be there tomorrow at 9:00." I shook her hand and then got dressed. I exited the locker room, and then walked back to my dorm room.

Even though I was exhausted from my intense workout, I did 50 sit-ups and 50 push-ups on the floor as soon as I got in my room. I wanted to be in top physical shape for the next day. I wondered what my opponent would look like. After my quick workout, I sat down on my bed and read the brochure:

"Brief Description:

Ultimate Surrender is a very competitive female on female wrestling site. Wrestlers wrestle, to put their opponents into submission holds, and holds that make their opponent helpless. While helpless the wrestler in control earns (style) points by fingering and fondling the helpless wrestler, the helpless wrestler earns (shame) points at the same time. Style and shame points follow a wrestler's career, on their permanent record. The winner decides how loser gets fucked in the last round.

The following are not permitted:

NO ANGER OR RAGE: Sportsmanship and respect to your opponent will be shown at all times. We are here to have fun.

NO punching, biting, pinching, choking, hair pulling, hitting, slapping, kicking. NO standing. NO arm bars, bending of arms, wrists, fingers, feet, knees, and legs to get a submission. KEEP laughing, and, giggling, to a minimum. This is a serious competition. The Wrestler on bottom cannot lock her own hands or wrists as a defensive stalling move. Definitions:

Control: When one wrestler has the other in a wrestling hold, and that wrestler is helpless to escape at the moment.

Submission: When one wrestler says the word "SUBMIT" the hold they are being subjugated to ends. NO submission points will be awarded until after control is kept for over one minute.

Control Points: 3pts are awarded for every 30 seconds in control, to a max of 1min 30 sec. Then the wrestlers will be separated to start again if a submission did not take place. One control point equals 1 point for determining over all winner.

Style points: Style points are awarded to a wrestler IN CONTROL that performs special actions. One style point equals 2 points for determining over all winner.

Shame Points: The opposite of Style points, these points tell the world that you got pinned. Very Humiliating to have. Style and Shame points follow you your entire career.

Winning and losing: At the end of the match Control points and Style points (x2) will be added together. The wrestler with the most points is the winner. In case of a tie the winner of the arm wrestling competition will be the winner.

The match consists of 3 wrestling rounds and one "sex round". Each round is 8 minutes long. A wrestler is allowed 1 time out per match. Time out = 2 minute break on the mat.

Definition of round One: 8 minutes

Arm wrestling contest in middle of mat, winner gets 3 control points. Wrestlers break and begin wrestling. Only control points and "Outstanding Move" points can be earned in first round. You may remove the panties in this round.

Definition of round two: 8 minutes

Point leader of round one will pick a number (1 or 2) held behind the referees back. The winner can choose either "up" or "down" position to start the round.

Goal of round two: Remove the panties of your opponent and go for style points. You MUST be in control to remove your opponent's panties. 5 style points are awarded for panty removal in control only. ONLY after the panties are removed will you be awarded style points. Control points are still awarded.

Definition of round three: 8 minutes

Wrestler that was in "Up" position will start in "Down" position for start. All nude, if you did not get your opponent's panties off the points are lost. You are wrestling for both control points and style points. Free for all.

Definition Sex Round: 5-10 minutes.

Winner gets to fuck the loser and or decides how that round will play out. Strap on sex, with sucking and fucking. Winner is encouraged to dominate the loser.

Point System

Control points. A wrestler earns 3 points every 30 seconds of continuous control, up to 1 minute and 30 seconds. After 1 minute and 30 seconds in the same hold wrestlers will break and start again. For a max of 9 points during one continuous control.

Style points: Can only be earned by the wrestler in control. Only with control can a wrestler earn style points.

Breast fondling: 1 point immediately then 1 point for each 10 seconds there after in current hold. Once the wrestler stops the fondling she cannot earn points for 10 more seconds.

Pussy fingering (no insertion): 1 point immediately then 2 points each 10 seconds after in current hold. Once the wrestler stops the fondling she cannot earn points for 10 more seconds.

Pussy fingering (insertion): 1 point immediately then 3 points each 10 seconds after in current hold. Once the wrestler stops the fondling she cannot earn points for 10 more seconds.

Breast smothering: 1 point immediately then 1point for each 30 seconds. Once the wrestler stops she cannot earn points for 10 more seconds.

Outstanding Holds: Will earn 2 points immediately and 2points every 30 seconds. Valid once for current control period. Referee's decision, Example: Great head scissors hold.

Face sitting with pussy directly on nose and mouth: Earns 3 pts then 3 pts every 10 sec.

Kissing mouth on mouth with tongue penetration: 5 style points.

Kissing of face, neck and ears: 1pt and 2 every 10 sec.

Submission points: A submission will only earn points after the one-minute mark for the hold in question. The referee will verbally state when a wrestler may go for submission. Submission will earn the wrestler 5 style points! Submissions can be from painful holds, tickling, and or pinching the nipples of your opponent to gain submission. (Note: All submission hold must be applied slowly to prevent injury)

Shame points: Shame points are earned by a wrestler when their opponent is gaining style points. Shame points will be attached to your name and you will carry these your entire career. Do not let your opponent get them!!!

Toughness points: After the one-minute mark during a hold, if your opponent is going for a submission, and you can hang on and not submit for the 30 sec, you will be awarded the prestigious TOUGHNESS POINTS. You earn 5$ for each of these points! Withstanding a submission grants you 5 toughness points.

BONUS MONEY

For every style point you win you will be awarded 3 dollars. Every Toughness point $5 these can add up fast. So go for style points they earn you money, and count as double for winning the match."

I digested all of the information. It sounded pretty unusual to say the least.

The next morning came much quicker than I had hoped it would. I woke up, and felt very nervous about the audition. I had a quick breakfast of cereal and fruit in the cafeteria, and then jogged over to the address on the back of the brochure. It turned out to be an office building in the middle of the downtown area. I entered the revolving doors, and took the elevator to the eighth floor. I entered room 812. It looked like the waiting room for a doctor's office; I thought I was in the wrong place.

"May I help you?" a busty blonde receptionist asked me.

"Yes. I am Miranda; I have a 9:00 audition with Greta."

"Oh, yes! Pleased to meet you, Miranda, Greta told me to expect you. My name is Janice." She shook my hand. "Right this way!" She led me through a door. Behind the door was a long hallway. I looked into various offices; most of them had computer equipment, and some of the offices had men working on computers. I assumed this was where they did the technical programming for the web-site. We finally reached the end of the long hallway and Janice opened another door. Behind that door was a huge gym. Half of the gym had workout equipment, and the other half consisted of wrestling mats on the floor.

"Hello, Miranda!" Greta waved to me from the other end of the gym. I said goodbye to Janice and walked over to her.

"Jim, this is our new contender, Miranda Johnson." A good looking middle aged man firmly shook my hand. He was about 6 feet tall and wearing black sweatpants and a white tank-top. He looked like he worked out a lot.

"Pleased to meet you, Miranda. I'm Jim Mancino, the owner of Ultimate Surrender. Greta tells me you work out like a machine! I think you'll do just fine."

"I hope so, I am a bit nervous." I confessed.

"Of course! Who wouldn't be? Have you ever wrestled before?" He asked me.

"Um…no."

"Most of our new contenders have no experience in the sport. That is all right; if you do well in your audition, we will train you for a month or so before your first filmed match. I think you'll do just fine. Just try to relax. Would you like a glass of water?"

"Yes please."

Jim quickly retrieved a glass of ice cold water. I gulped it down; it hit the spot.

"Well, I think we should get started right away. I'll go fetch Nikki." Greta said.

I hadn't expected the audition to begin right away; I had assumed that there would be an application to fill out or some kind of paperwork first.

"I'm sorry; I didn't even ask what I should wear for this." I told Jim.

"Oh, don't worry about that. Follow me, I'll show you where the uniforms are."

I followed Jim to a big chest on the floor by the wall. It was a white metal chest, and he opened up the top. Inside where about a hundred bikinis.

"They all have the sizes on the labels inside. Pick any color you want."

I rummaged through the chest. I chose a red bikini bottom to match my red hair. I looked for a matching top, but I quickly discovered that there were no bikini tops in the chest. "Jim, where are the tops?" I asked.

"Oh, there aren't any. The bottom is the whole uniform."

"Oh…Um…O.K. Where do I change?" Knowing that I was going to be wearing skimpy bikini bottoms and nothing else made me turn red. The realization that this was indeed an adult site was quickly sinking in.

"We don't even have a locker room, just showers. Just change right here."

I blushed.

"Miranda, I don't mean to be blunt, but this is a porn site, and if you are embarrassed to get naked now, you will not make it here." He informed me.

That was a good point, I decided, so I closed my eyes and braced myself for what was to come. I stripped all of my clothing off as casually as I could, determined to get used to the nudity quickly. My clothing lay in a heap on the floor, and I put on the red bikini bottoms. They were very skimpy. I felt very exposed as Jim's eyes wandered up and down my figure.

"Nice body! I can't wait to watch you wrestle Nikki."

I looked behind Jim, and I saw Greta and another woman walking towards us. She was petite; about 5 foot 3, with a very well built body. Her arms were toned, and she had short black hair. She was wearing a black pair of bikini bottoms and a white t-shirt with the Ultimate Surrender logo on it.

She looked very tough and unfriendly, so I was surprised when her face lit up with a genuine friendly smile, and she shook my hand. "I am Nikki, pleased to meet you, Miranda!"

I smiled back at her. "So you are my opponent, Nikki? Go easy on me, I am new to this!"

"Of course you are new to this! As for going easy on you…no can do, I am going to whup your ass, Miranda! Don't worry, it though. It is all in fun. It is a game, don't take it too seriously. I know this is your first time, just try to do your best."

She put me at ease; at least she was nice.

"O.K., ladies! As you know, Nikki, this is just an audition match. We are not getting to technical with the rules and point system like we do in a real match. We will just do one eight minute round instead of the usual three rounds. Miranda, just try not to get pinned for to long, and if you do get pinned, try not to let Nikki do anything sexual to you. That is the gist of the sport; wrestle and try not to cede control if possible. Are you ready, Miranda?"

This was all happening too fast, I thought. I gulped. "Yes, I am ready.

Nikki whipped off her shirt. She had surprisingly large breasts for being so petite. We walked over to the mat. Jim said that I could start out on top since this was my first match. He told me that normally the two opponents would arm wrestle to see who goes first.

We assumed the starting position. "Are you ready to ruble, Miranda?' Greta yelled.

I gave a thumbs up.

"One, two, three…GO!" Jim yelled.

I tried to take Nikki down. I struggled with all my might, but I couldn't even move her body an inch. I probed her, trying to find a weak spot. I pushed her arm as hard as I could, and was very surprised when she tumbled to the ground. I thought I had gotten the upper hand, but then she somehow got under me and grabbed both my arms. She suddenly shoved my body around, and I found myself flipped on my back underneath her. She pushed her breasts into my face. I remembered that if she held her breasts onto my face for long enough I would lose points in a real match, so I struggled to grab her shoulders and prevent her from smothering my face with her breasts. I held out for a minute or so, and I also struggle to push my body up off of the mat. I was able to avoid being pinned for awhile, but then she grabbed my legs and flipped me all the way around. For a minute I was face down, and then I suddenly was on my back again. She wrapped her legs around my waist, and I couldn't move my waist at all. I felt the weight of her chest push my body down. I managed to hold one of her arms, temporarily forcing her on the defense, but she quickly took control. I was soon completely pinned and helpless, and I felt her bare breasts smother my face.

I struggled in vain to turn this around, but she had me physically helpless. I felt my muscles strain as I struggled under her. All I could do was kick my helpless legs in the air as she controlled my body. She was in much better shape than me. She let go for a minute, and I seized the opportunity to break free. Somehow I escaped and I quickly crawled to the other side of the mat. She caught me quickly and yanked on my legs. I quickly went from being on all fours to laying on my stomach again as she pulled my legs hard. I expected her to flip me over onto my back, but instead she tugged on my bikini bottoms, quickly yanking them completely off. I felt so humiliated to be roughly stripped naked by this tough woman.

She grabbed my ass and fondled it for a minute. I managed to get onto my knees for a second before she came around to the front of my body and roughly knocked me to the ground again. She quickly got on top of me and pinned me again. Suddenly I saw her face coming closer to mine. I turned my head to avoid her lips, but I was too late; she grabbed my head with both hands to prevent me from turning away, and then she kissed me on the lips. I couldn't move my head at all as she made out with me. I wondered how much longer the round would last; it felt like it had been longer than eight minutes already. I worried that I was doing very poorly. I got my second wind and somehow broke off her kiss. I grabbed her arm as tight as I could with both of my hands and somehow broke out of her hold. In an instant, I forced her onto her back with all of my might. For the first time in the round, I was on top of her. I tried to smother her face with my breasts, but she was too quick, and she turned her head away and grabbed my arm. I tried to use my legs to keep her waist pinned, but her leg muscles where stronger than mine. She used her legs to somehow spread my own legs apart, even though she was on her back under my body. I used my arms to force her body to stay pinned, but her stomach muscles struggled under me and I could not force her back to stay on the mat. I still had control, though. I tried to force her body into submission. I felt every muscle in my body strain with effort. I felt sweat dripping down my chest, and felt her nude skin on my body as she pushed up on me just as hard as I pushed down on her.

Then I felt something that made me totally lose my concentration. While I was focused on the top half of her body, she had shoved a finger up my pussy! I knew that this was allowed, but believe me, I had forgotten all about that rule, and it came as a total shock to me to suddenly have Nikki's finger probing around inside my pussy. She took advantage of my distraction, and wiggled her way out from under me. I grabbed her bikini bottoms as she wiggled out, and managed to yank them down below her waist. She roughly grabbed my arm and pinned it to the ground as if we where arm wrestling. She used her other hand to pull the bottoms back up.

"Nice try, Miranda!" She yelled. She stood up. I quickly stood up myself as well. This was the first time we where on our feet. She charged at me. We struggled while standing up. Her eyes locked onto mine. I held my ground. Then I felt her foot trip me, and I roughly tumbled to the ground. She seized control yet again. She was on top of me. My muscles struggled and strained, but it was too late. She had worn me out too much; I couldn't put up a fight. I tried my best not to give up, but she used all of her strength to keep me pinned. I knew I had completely lost when she started to kiss me again. I pushed my muscles to the limit, but I could not move an inch. My shoulders where firmly held to the mat, and then I hear the bell ring.

Nikki got off of me. "Good fight, Miranda! I look forward to many more." She said.

"I doubt there will be any more. I lost so badly, there is no way they are going to hire me."

"Miranda, I have fought many new applicants, and trust me; you were one of the best. You had me pinned for 30 seconds; that has never happened before in an audition. You passed with flying colors!"

"How do you know? Isn't that up to Greta and Jim?"

"Partly, but I have a huge say in the application myself, Miranda, and I will make sure you get hired if you want to." "I don't know if I can handle this. I am so physically drained, and that was just one round!"

"Miranda, we will work you like a dog. You will be in such good shape in a month, you will be able to go three rounds. You might even beat me someday in practice or in a filmed match…but I wouldn't count on that happening soon!" She laughed.

Nikki took my hand and helped me to my feet.

"Excellent job, Miranda! I don't normally decide so quickly, but if you want the job, you almost have it!" Jim said.

"Almost?" I asked him.

"Well, as you know from the rules, the winner gets to dominate the loser sexually. I am going to let Nikki chose how she wants to dominate you and film the action."

"Um…I don't know about that." I nervously replied.

"It's up to you. But that is part of the web-site, and I need to know if you are uninhibited enough to do that on film. If you can, then the job is yours. The pay is great, so I think you should consider it."

It already felt embarrassing enough to just stand there naked, drenched in sweat while Nikki, Jim, and Greta stared at my body. I wasn't sure if I was prepared to handle being filmed yet, even though I had been filmed before while naked. This felt much different; in my other film, I had just masturbated, and there hadn't been any sexual activity with another person involved.

"What do I have to do?" I shyly asked.

"That is up to Nikki! Nikki, how do you want to sexually dominate Miranda?"

She had a wicked gleam in her eye. She said "I want to fuck her with the big strap-on!"

I wasn't at all ready for that. "Um…fuck me how?" I asked. I wasn't sure which hole she planned to penetrate.

"Well, Miranda, since you are new I will have mercy on you and stick it into your cunt. But be prepared for me to stick it in your ass sometime in the future if you accept the job! Or if you win sometime, maybe you will do that to me!"

I had been afraid she was going to stick it in my ass. I was relieved that she wasn't going to do that today, but I had to face the possibility of that in the future. I pushed that thought into the back of my head and decided I would cross that bridge when I came to it.

I tried my hardest to smile, and said "O.K., bring it on, Nikki!"

"Excellent! Oh this is going to be fun. Have you ever been fucked by another woman, Miranda?" She asked me.

I blushed and said "Yes. But never on film!"

Greta already had the video camera set up. She turned it on, and I knew the camera was capturing my every move.

"O.K., ladies, back in the mat!" Jim yelled.

She positioned me on all fours, and I felt some cold lubricant being applied to my pussy. She rubbed it onto my pussy lips and then stuck a finger inside me to lube me up inside. She kneeled down behind me, and I felt a dildo start to penetrate me…

It felt really good. It was bigger than what I was used to, but it felt nice as it totally filled me up inside. It stretched my pussy as it buried itself deep inside. Then she started to fuck me. It took a minute to get used to that; this was by far the biggest object that had ever been shoved into my pussy, including cocks. She lightly spanked my bare ass as she penetrated me even deeper and faster. I sat back and enjoyed the thrusting for a few minutes, and then she suddenly stopped and pulled out of me. I didn't know what was happening, and then I felt my body getting roughly shoved down. She pushed me to the mat, and I felt my arms collapse as she knocked them out from under me. She flipped me over and took off the strap-on dildo. Suddenly her cunt was right in my face. She smelled aroused. Her pussy was very hairy and bushy.

"Eat me!" She yelled. Her legs wrapped themselves around my head. I had no choice but to comply. I licked her pussy the best I could. I flicked my tongue onto her clit the way I liked my own clit to be licked. Then I made my tongue all pointy and licked her in circles. I kept eating her out, tasting her salty pussy juices, until I felt her legs getting tighter around my head. She rubbed her fingers through my hair.

"Oh…that's perfect! Fuck yes. Keep doing it like that, Miranda. Don't stop. Oh…OH…OH! FUCK! OHHHHHH!" I had a very close view of her orgasm as her pussy lips involuntarily contracted right on my mouth. I gave her pussy lips sloppy wet kisses as she came. She thrashed her hips around on my face for a minute, and then she got off of me. I lay there, naked and exhausted, aware that Greta was still filming the whole scene.

"Well, Miranda, do you want the job?" Jim asked me.

I stood up. It felt so strange to be standing naked in the middle of a wrestling mat after being physically and sexually dominated by a strong woman. Sweat drenched my body. I knew Nikki's pussy juices were all over my face. I felt Jim's hot stares on my cunt. I walked over to him and said yes to his job offer. "Good! You will be great. I'll set up a schedule for your training and practice matches. I know you are still in school, so we can work around your class schedule."

"O.K., sound good to me. I am going to go hit the showers first if that is o.k."

"Yes, of course! They are behind that red door on the left."

"O.K., thanks for the offer. I hope to do well!"

"You'll do great, Miranda!" Greta said as she turned off the camera. "But be prepared to lose the first few rounds. Nikki is ranked sixth out of twenty here; I am going to have you fight Janice next week. She is ranked third!"

"Janice?" I asked with a puzzled expression. "Isn't she the receptionist?"

"Yes. She looks very voluptuous and delicate, doesn't she, Miranda?" Greta answered.

"Well…to be honest, yes. She doesn't look like a wrestler!"

"Oh, wait till you see her in her uniform. Underneath that soft sweater she has on, she is built like a machine! I can't wait to have you fight her next week."

I was terrified of the next fight. If she was ranked higher than Nikki, I didn't stand a chance!

"Are you excited about next week, Miranda?" Jim asked me.

"I'm not sure if excited is the right word. Scared is more like it!"

"That is good. It will keep you on your toes! But don't take this all too seriously, Miranda. This is all just a game! Go take your shower, then I'll talk to you about the schedule and the pay." Jim told me.

I walked to the shower and turned on the nozzle. I felt the hot water wash away my sweat and fatigue. I was very nervous…yet also very excited. I was about to begin a part time job in the world of female nude sexual wrestling.