**When Exhibitionism Got Out of Hand**

by[Otazel](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=647202&page=submissions)©

'Hey Izzy, do you know what Fiona told me last night when she'd had a few?' Jane burst out the moment I walked into her kitchen. 'I would never have believed it of her.' She was almost bouncing up and down with the need to share her gossip with me. I can always tell when she's agitated because that's when she calls me Izzy instead of Isabel, or more usually just Bel.

Fiona, Jane and I have been friends right from our college days, but Fiona is the most career driven and no nonsense of the three of us, so to excite Jane like that it had to be something unexpected.

'No, what?' I invited.

'Well, apparently she was driving back from some presentation or other when she began to feel drowsy, so rather than fall asleep at the wheel she pulled off the road and up the little lane that runs behind that big golf course on the edge of the moor.'

Jane stopped and looked at me for encouragement.

'Go on.'

'You're not going to believe this very easily.'

'Try me.'

'She said that when she woke up she was feeling really horny, so she had a quick look round and then pulled her skirt up and had a little play.'

She was right, I didn't easily believe her. It really was not something we would have expected conventional Fiona to do, unless she'd been hiding a naughty side from us all these years. She had always seemed far too prim and proper to indulge in that sort of thing.

'No really, that's what she said.' Jane saw my look of disbelief.

'You mean that sort of play?'

'Yep, you got it, the skirt up, panties off and legs apart sort of play.'

'She told you that.' I was still trying to get my head around the idea. I mean, we all do it, but not in the car on the way home. But then again, why not?

'Yes, mind you she had drunk more than a few vodkas by the time she told me about it, so she probably doesn't remember saying anything. But it gets worse.'

I looked at her expectantly, wondering how it could.

'Well, she said that she likes to close her eyes and fantasize when she gets herself off and that's what she did, until she felt the car shake and that made her open them again. Then apparently there were three guys clustered around the car watching her, and one of them had his cock out.'

'What did she do?' I was spellbound, the whole thing sounded horrific and yet I felt an underlying excitement that I couldn't explain.

'She reckoned that she was so hot and so close to coming that she just carried on and let the men watch her all the way until she came, and then she said it was the best climax she'd had for years.'

'Jesus.' I exclaimed, wondering how she'd dared before coming up with the obvious next question. 'So if it was that good, is she going to go there again?'

'I don't know, she didn't say, but I got the impression she might.' Jane grinned suddenly, and then she looked at me conspiratorially. 'I did a bit of online research afterwards, and guess what?'

'What?'

'It seems that she'd accidentally found one of those dogging sites where people go at night to watch each other have sex.'

'What, people deliberately let others watch them?' This was something totally new to me, right out of my comfort zone.

'Yes, it's quite a thing apparently. There are places all over the country and it looks like Fiona found our local one.' She paused. 'And I've been thinking about it and if she goes again I have half a mind to go with her.'

'You'd get a kick from having strangers watch you get yourself off?' It didn't sound like Jane either, but she nodded excitedly.

'Oh yes. Wouldn't you?'

I wasn't sure, but I didn't think so. I don't normally have that sort of self confidence but I could sort of see the attraction, so instead of answering I countered with a question of my own. 'Wouldn't you be scared?'

'I wouldn't do it on my own.' She frowned at the thought. 'That's why I said if Fiona wants to do it again I'd go with her.'

'She might not want you to.' I reminded her. Fiona might become excited at being watched by strangers but I wasn't so sure she'd want someone she knew to witness her behaviour.

'If she doesn't, will you come with me?'

I hadn't expected that and my initial reaction was to refuse outright, but I didn't want to sound too straitlaced and there was still a strange attraction in the idea, so I hedged my bets, not wanting to be railroaded into something I really wasn't yet sure about. 'We'll see.'

'We'd be safe if there were two of us.' She looked at me hopefully. 'Will you?'

'Only if Fiona doesn't want to.' I crossed my fingers and hoped she would. 'But I'm not going to be doing anything; I'll just be there to make sure nothing happens to you.'

'Okay, that's fair.' She said, and then promptly forgot all about Fiona. 'I'm free the Saturday after next, if you are?'

I was free, but once again I ignored her question and posed one of my own. 'Would it bother you having me watching you as well?'

I was still wondering if would be more difficult to masturbate in front of a close female friend than in front of strange men who would never be seen again. But obviously Jane didn't see it that way.

'If I'm going to have strange men watching me then I'm not going to worry about you, am I?'

'I suppose not.' I shrugged, even though her statement ran counter to my own thoughts. Obviously Jane was not as bothered as I would be.

'So you'll come with me?' She sounded even more eager.

'Maybe.' I paused, reassuring myself that I'd only be watching out for my friend and thinking that I'd never get the chance to see anything like it again. 'Oh, ok then. But we'll use my car.' I just wanted to be sure I could escape if need be, and anyway my car was larger.

Much to my surprise I didn't chicken out and on the Saturday I called on Jane to collect her just after eight-thirty. Apparently around dusk is the best time to be there and that would be late enough to be nearly dark by the time we drove there. It was a warm night and so I dressed just in a loose skirt and a tee-shirt style top, but when Jane arrived she was dressed in a wrap around dress that looked far too warm.

'That looks a bit heavy for this weather.' I commented as we drove.

'Maybe, but there's nothing underneath and when I unwrap it...' She let the rest hang, but I got the picture and silently acknowledged her foresight.

We drove in silence for a while, each wrapped in our own thoughts about what was to come.

'Are you sure you're up for this?' She asked me all of a sudden when we finally passed the golf course.

'I'm not the one putting on a display.' I reminded her. 'Why? Are you getting nervous?' I put the onus back where it belonged, even though I wasn't so much nervous as scared shitless on her behalf.

'Yes, that's why I asked.' She shot a quick glance my way. 'If you say you aren't, then we can turn around now.'

'We've come this far.' I told her, taking a wicked delight in not affording her an escape route. 'So if you're happy to carry on, so am I.'

'Then let's do it.' She was smiling thinly with nervous excitement in the rapidly darkening car.

I swung the car into the little lane and drove slowly along, going past a couple of apparently empty parked cars until we came to where the trees thinned and we could get a good view of anyone wandering around.

'This is it.' I told her, reversing off the lane and killing the engine. 'Still sure?'

'Watch me.' She answered, her teeth showing as she turned and grinned nervously at me.

'I will.' I told her, and then giggled nervously. 'And hopefully, so will other people.'

For a minute or two we just sat there with Jane looking around and trying to pluck up the courage to go any further. Reality had bitten and apprehension had kicked in. Now we were getting used to the darkness we could see one or two figures moving around in the gloom, and a little further along a car had its interior light on and shapes were gathered around it. So now we knew what to do to attract attention, as soon as Jane had the nerve.

'Are you going to take your dress right off?' I encouraged her.

'But then I'll be absolutely naked.' She looked at me, hesitated, and then continued. 'Yes, all right. After all it is a warm night.'

We both giggled nervously at the thought and then we took a look around us once more, as if making sure nobody would see anything. If Jane's heart was hammering anything like mine then it was trying hard to get out of her chest, but this is what we had come for.

'Yes?' I asked her.

'Yes.' She answered firmly, tugging at the belt on her dress.

It took her longer to take the dress off than normal simply because she couldn't prevent herself from trying to do it unseen. A bit silly I know, considering why we were there, but a comparatively sheltered upbringing takes a bit of overcoming regardless of need. In the end she sat beside me in the nude, lit only by the very pale twilight, while I tried not to stare at her nakedness.

'Shall we put the light on?' Jane asked after a few minutes, her nervous excitement clear in her voice.

'If you're ready.' I reached up towards the interior light switch.

'No!' She suddenly blurted. 'Let me get myself going a bit first.'

She sounded petrified but determined, just needing to take things slowly. In the dark she was just a pale shape in the car, and anyone looking in could probably just about make out the form of a naked woman but that was about all. It seemed that she needed to be little more aroused yet before she could display more than that. I could understand in a way, but I was getting a strange surrogate thrill from it all and I was hoping she wasn't backing out.

'Good idea.'

She lowered her seat back a little so that she was half reclining and then she stopped and looked at me, trying to will herself into that last step. I smiled encouragement and her legs, pale in the dimness of the car, slowly opened and her hand went down between them and began to move slowly. She was doing it. She was actually naked and masturbating in public, even though nobody could see her yet except me. For a few minutes she just played quietly, both of us trying to avoid staring at what she were doing by gazing steadfastly into each other's faces.

'Oh God, Bel.' Jane whispered suddenly. 'I never thought I'd have the nerve to do this.' I could hear the eager arousal in her voice; she was getting more and more turned on by what we were doing.

'I hoped you would.' I replied hoarsely, unexpectedly feeling my own arousal kicking in. 'Shall I switch on?'

She knew what I meant and she nodded quickly before I reached for the light.

'Sure?'

She had a sudden panicky thought. 'If the doors are locked.'

I checked. 'They are.'

She must have felt secure now because she licked her lips and nodded. 'Do it then, let them see me.'

The light came on, blindingly bright after the blackness, masking any view we had of our environs but leaving us both in plain view in a pool of brightness. We looked at each other for support, scared as well as excited until our eyes adjusted to the light and we could see again. It didn't matter if I watched her now because she was deliberately putting herself on show to anybody and everybody. I stared directly at her, unable to take my eyes off of her moving fingers, while she stared fearfully out of the windows. She was rubbing herself with two flat fingers, her legs drifting further apart now that she was becoming more stimulated. I just sat there; next to a naked woman and feeling unexpectedly shy and out of place. I gripped anxiously onto the edge of my seat, a little frightened by what was happening but to my surprise feeling thrilled by it and hoping that people would be drawn to Jane's display.

'Oh god, there's someone there.' She whispered suddenly after a minute or so, indicating her side window with a quick little nod while her fingers worked harder. My heart leapt into my mouth on her behalf as I looked past her to find her spectator. Sure enough a dark shape resolved itself into a man in jeans and a plaid shirt as he got close enough for the light to catch him. He bent to peer in and I could see him, middle aged, rough looking, with a dark moustache and long dark hair and a smile of pleasure that spread across his face as he took in the sight of a naked woman, masturbating right in front of him.

She stared out of the window at him with a frightened but determinedly excited look on her face. For a little while he gazed back at her, his eyes darting from her pussy to her breasts as her fingers worked and her face changed to become more and more excited. Then all of a sudden he moved from peering in from the side to lean around and looking through the windscreen, intent on seeing as much as he could. She made what sounded to be a little happy noise and promptly put her feet right up on the dash, parting her legs wider to give him a better view. We glanced at each other and she grinned from the pure exhilaration of it, her fingers moving even faster. Excitement and stimulation had overcome her fears, all she wanted to do now was be a total exhibitionist.

Voices from my side of the car made me jump and look around; two more men had joined and were peering through the window at us. These two were younger, and they were clearly friends, grinning broadly and jostling each other as they tried to see more.

'Christ, this is a hell of a turn on.' She whispered.

I couldn't help but agree; watching my naked friend showing herself off was getting to me. Like the men outside I wanted to see more, I was looking forward to witnessing her orgasm. In a way I was a little bit jealous of her, almost wishing I had the courage to feel the thrill of showing myself off the way she was.

'I can tell.' I smiled back, enviously watching her fingers strumming her pussy.

'Why don't you...?' She must have realised my arousal.

I shook my head. 'I couldn't, and anyway I'm supposed to be looking out for you.'

She seemed to take me at my word, for she nodded and settled back, leaving me wishing again that I'd got the nerve to do as she suggested. We were now the centre of attention for a number of men, peering in through both sides and the windscreen, making us both feel slightly nervous but very turned on. I was glad we'd checked the doors were locked before we'd begun - or rather before Jane had begun, especially when I watched one of the men, bent over to gaze in through our windows, reach back to unzip. It took him only a few moments to free his cock and then I found myself staring at one beautiful, long, circumcised cock. He started to stroke himself, long slow deliberate strokes along the length of his shaft that seemed intended more to have an effect on Jane and me than make himself come - and it certainly worked on me.

'Oh Bel, I'm going to come soon.'

Her voice, tight with arousal, tore my concentration from the man to make me look at her. I'd never witnessed a woman orgasm before, except myself of course, and she held my full attention. Her body was jerking and jumping of its own accord as her orgasm approached, her pelvis lifting and her breasts wobbling attractively with each jolt.

'Oh, wow!' She gasped. 'I'm coming.'

Her orgasm was a long and powerful one. I watched her body shuddering as it ran through her, her pelvis lifting from her seat. I heard her gasp with pleasure, I saw her eyes, wide and staring, flick from one watching man to another, her open mouth curving into an ecstatic smile, and I was jealous. I wanted so much to share her joy, but I was simply too inhibited.

Eventually her orgasm subsided and she sank back into her seat, her hand just resting on her stomach, even though her feet were still on the dash and her legs resting wide apart to let everyone see her on full display. I looked at her in silence, waiting while she regained her breath. She looked around, smiling broadly at her watchers before licking her lips and taking a deep breath.

'Wow, that was awesome.' She gasped finally, smiling at me. 'I know it sounds strange, but knowing we were letting those men see me climax made me come even harder than usual.' Her hand drifted back between her legs and she began to stroke herself once more. 'God, I still feel randy, don't you?'

I did, I couldn't deny it. 'Yes.'

'Join in then.'

I wanted to, I really wanted to even though it had never been my intention to participate, and I fell back on the same lame excuse. 'I can't. I'm supposed to be your chaperone.' Really I just needed a nudge to push me into it, you know how it is, and then Jane promptly provided that.

'Yes you can.' She said, reaching across and pulling up my skirt so that my white panties were on show. I tried to push it down again but she held on and resisted. 'Go on; don't let me be the only brave one around here.'

I guess it was that affront to my courage that did it, but I still hesitated a little bit. Then I heard the appreciative murmur from around the car as our spectators caught sight of my panties, and somehow that gave me the extra nerve I needed.

'All right.' I told her, looking straight at her with sudden determination on my face. 'I will.'

As soon as I'd made my decision it was as if I'd suddenly shed all my inhibitions. I admitted to myself that I'd wanted to do it all along and only the fear of doing something I shouldn't had stopped me. Now I could allow myself to strip off in public without any qualms at all. In fact, I was shocked by the surge of excitement I now felt at the prospect of displaying myself. I'd had a complete turnaround in my feelings, so much so that after I'd got down to my bra and panties I even paused to look around to make sure I was being watched. I needn't have worried about that because there was quite a group around our car, and a couple of them even had their cocks out. I couldn't help but smile at my earlier shyness as I unclipped my bra and let it fall, displaying my rather full breasts to everyone. Then I lifted my bottom and worked my panties down my legs, the sudden cool air around my shaven pussy feeling wonderful.

'Well done Bel.' Jane was smiling as she played. 'I knew you could,'

I returned her smile and then set about reclining my own seat to match hers.

'Shall we?' I asked her, receiving a broad smile and an eager nod as her reply.

I put my feet up on the dash either side of the steering wheel and then just let my knees fall open of their own accord. I didn't try to cover myself up; I just let everything be on full display. I'd not considered myself an exhibitionist before that moment, but the thrill that shot through me when I saw strange men's eyes on my pussy was amazing and I suddenly understood the appeal. For a minute or two I just relaxed like that, letting my audience get an eyeful, but then my hand seemed to find its own way between my legs and I began to gently masturbate.

'Okay?' Jane asked, sitting beside me with her hand on her pussy, her knee nudging mine as she played.

'Definitely.' I answered, indicating out of the windows with my free hand. 'Especially with our audience at it as well.'

'What?' Jane's eyes swivelled round, almost as if she had forgotten about the men watching us as she'd concentrated on me. 'Oh my god.'

There were more cocks on display now; two or three men to each side were busy doing just the same as us, masturbating in full view. We took the sight in and then smiled at each other.

'Well we can't look that bad, can we?' Jane asked with a giggle.

I shook my head and smiled. 'We're definitely having the right effect on them.'

I lay back; my feet up on the dash and my legs wide apart, and then slowly, deliberately slowly, ran my fingertips up and down my slit, using one finger to stroke myself with and another two to hold my labia open. I was intentionally showing myself off, watching the effect on the men gazing through the windows of our car. I could feel my heart thumping and my hand trembling as I did it, whether it was excitement or trepidation I'm not sure, maybe a combination of both.

For a little while Jane and I sat there, feet up and legs open, letting all our audience watch us play. We were both getting more and more aroused, I could hear it in our breathing and see it in the little jerks our bodies made as a jolt of pleasure hit us, and it was very obvious when Jane leaned forward a little and pushed her fingers deep inside herself. It was not just from her gasp of pleasure, but also from the wet noises her pussy made as she finger-fucked herself. She was clearly on the way to coming again, and as for me, my fingers were beginning to move faster as I got hotter and hotter, feeling the first stirrings of a potential climax. I silently thanked Fiona, because without her drunken admission this was a climax I would never have had.

'Are you going to come?' Jane's voice, guttural from arousal, disturbed my train of thought.

'Yes.' I told her, turning to her and smiling proudly. 'I am, and soon.'

She laughed throatily. 'And so is he.'

She indicated her window with a nod of her head. There a man was wanking furiously, his hand flying up and down his shaft as he leaned sideways to look into the car without hiding what he was doing.

'Hmmm.' I looked past her at his purple headed cock. 'That looks nice.'

'I wish he could shoot it over my tits.'

I stared at her, loving the idea but not believing that she really meant it. We had never mentioned the idea of letting anyone else take an active part, but it sounded incredibly sexy to be able to watch a strange man shoot all over her naked breasts.

'Really?' I asked, my voice suddenly husky from another strong surge of excitement brought on just by the idea of it. I'd never had anyone come on my breasts.

'Yes.' She took her fingers from her pussy and leaned back, cupping her breasts as if offering them to his cum. 'All over these.'

I reached forward and turned the ignition on, my hand shaking from the thrill of it. 'Go on then, wind the window down a bit.'

I leaned back and began to play with myself again, rubbing my pussy as I watched with some trepidation as she pressed the button and lowered her window. I don't know what I was expecting, but I'm pretty sure it wasn't what happened. Jane had lowered the window perhaps a little further than she intended, because not only did the man shuffle forward so that his body was against the window and his cock was pushing into the car with his hand still rubbing up and down his shaft, but another hand from a different man, a younger blond man, wriggled its way past and reached for Jane's breast. Her eyes shot wide with surprise, but she made no attempt to remove it, in fact she took her own hands away to give her intruder greater scope, only to adopt a look of disappointment when the hand was withdrawn again. But then we both saw it used to pull down a zip and free up another long hard cock to out gaze.

She shot a quick look at me with a big sexy grin on her face and then her hand went back to her pussy and once again we were seated side by side and masturbating, both of us staring at the cocks that was aimed at Jane's breast, wondering and hoping that one of them would shoot his load over her. But then it seemed that excitement and her sense of adventure came to the fore and she reached for the first stranger's cock with her free hand. Now she was playing both with herself and with a man whose face we couldn't see and wouldn't ever know again if we saw him in the street.

'Oh Bel.' She whispered. 'This is fantastic. Wish I'd known about this before.'

I couldn't help but agree. I would have told her so too, except that the climax that had been bearing down on me had become imminent. I could hear myself groaning as my pleasure mounted and my fingers moved more and more rapidly to help it along. And then suddenly it was there and I looked about myself wildly, wanting everyone to notice me as my hips thrust and my knees opened and closed, little guttural sounds coming from my mouth as I shuddered visibly from sheer enjoyment.

Even as I was coming I gazed across at Jane, wishing I'd opened my window too. I wanted the men near my window to hear my climax, to notice me, to let me rub their cocks until they drenched my boobs with cum too. Then, just as I was wishing this, Jane suddenly called out a triumphant 'yes' and I turned my attention to her again, just in time to see great globules of cum landing in creamy strings across her skin.

For me it was as if someone had thrown a switch and intensified my climax by a factor of ten. I'm not normally very vocal when I come, but this time I couldn't help it, I called out, a long throaty wail that announced to the world the waves of pure ecstasy that crashed through me. My knees, already doing a little dance of pleasure, slammed shut on my hand, holding my fingers hard against my clit, and I pushed against the dash with my feet so hard that I heard my seat creak under the strain.

Eventually my climax subsided and I collapsed back in my seat, my knees falling open to expose myself once again. I didn't care, I wanted my self-abused pussy to be seen so that everyone there, viewers and Jane as well, could see how much I'd enjoyed that climax. I relaxed with my hand laid against my thigh, still gasping for breath, just quietly watching Jane rubbing herself, but still feeling just a little jealous of the cum that glistened on her breasts.

'Bloody hell Bel.' She whispered across to me. 'Do you always come that hard?'

I shook my head and licked my dry lips before I could reply. 'No, it was seeing that man shoot his load over your tits that did it.' I gasped back.

She giggled, her hand still lazily playing with her pussy. 'Yes, it was lovely. Open your window and wank one of them off over yours.'

I nodded. 'Give me a minute.'

'Can you come again?' She asked me, looking out of the window even as she said it to find another cock to play with.

'Oh yes, several times.' I answered truthfully without thinking of how it would sound.

'Randy bastard.' Jane giggled, and then added. 'Me too, I think.'

I wound my window down a little way, just enough for someone to push himself close enough so that his cock could be thrust through the gap. I reached out with my free hand, wrapping my fingers around the hard warm shaft without even wondering very much who it belonged to. I rubbed him gently, my hand keeping time with the two fingers I had against my clit. In my post orgasmic state it felt lovely, but I was beginning to feel the need once more.

'You can't beat having a cock in your hand.' I told Jane, watching her own fingers starting to speed up as she felt another climax looming.

'Yes, you can.' She replied, looking meaningfully down between her legs.

'I wasn't thinking of that.' I smiled, still playing with the lovely hard cock in my hand. I knew exactly what she meant, but that wasn't on the menu, or was it? We looked at each other, and I could feel the urge grow inside me. I was wondering how it would feel inside me. My god, I'd never expected to feel so horny, or so reckless, as to want a total stranger's cock, but I did.

'Do you want to?' I asked as my need became inevitable.

'Yes.'

That was all she said, all she needed to say and I knew that her arousal had taken her over too. My mouth went dry and my heart began hammering at the prospect of letting someone take me who I'd never met before. This wasn't me, it really wasn't me, I'd never had this sort of need before, but I didn't care, I was too turned on.

'How?' She asked, ever practical.

I instinctively knew how. 'We open the doors, stand outside and lean in over the seats, and then just let them have us.'

It sounded submissive, but I felt submissive; I wanted to give myself to the men who'd just watched me orgasm. I simply wanted to be used now, anyway they wanted, and bending over and baring my bottom seemed a good way to signal that.

'Yes, let's do that. I really need a good shag.' She was almost pleading and I knew from the coarse language that the idea had aroused her as much as it had me.

I didn't answer, I just let go of the cock in my hand and opened the door, gently pushing it against the men crowded around it. When they realised what I was doing they hurriedly backed off and the door swung wide. A quick glance told me that Jane also had her door open and so I slid from the seat onto the ground, standing for the moment stark naked in front of a group of half a dozen or so men, most of whom had their cocks pointing in my direction.

Fleetingly the memory went through my head that I was only supposed to be here to make sure Jane was safe, but that idea had long since been discarded. I turned my back on my audience and bent into the car, leaning over the front seat just as Jane did the same from the other side, leaving our naked and vulnerable rears totally accessible to anyone. We gave each other a quick eager smile and then waited anxiously for something, anything, to happen.

We didn't have to wait long. There was a tiny silent pause, probably while the men wondered if we meant it, and then I felt first one hand and then two running over my bare cheeks. They belonged to different men I was sure, they just felt different, so two strange men were feeling me up at the same time and I couldn't believe how pleased I felt, and how wanton. I moaned softly with pleasurable anticipation, certain sure now that I knew what was coming. I stared at Jane, watching enviously over her back as a man in a heavy metal sweatshirt and jeans shuffled up close to her and unzipped himself, her eyes lighting up as she felt the tip of his cock against her pussy. There was no style, no hesitation; he simply pushed himself roughly into her, his belly ramming up against her bottom. I wanted that sort of treatment.

'Oh yes.' She sighed, closing her eyes as the man pushed harder, his cock sliding deeper into her. 'Fuck me hard.'

Her new partner couldn't have heard her, but he did what she wanted anyway, pulling back slowly and then thrusting himself hard into her, pushing her body forward over the seat. I watched as her eyes widened and her body jolted each time he jerked forward. I waited expectantly for the same to happen to me, but instead one of the hands roaming around me reached down between my legs, found my pussy and slid two fingers into me. It felt good, especially with another hand roaming over my behind, except that I wanted more, I wanted the same as Jane was getting. I wanted to turn around and tell him to fuck me too, but I'd made up my mind to remain submissive and just take everything that came my way and so I just spread my feet a little in invitation and let whoever it was keep doing what he wanted.

I did enjoy his fingers though; I was so slippery that they slid in and out hard and fast and he could wiggle them around inside me at the same time, giving me wave after wave of wonderful sensations. I was gasping with pleasure, leaning over the seat and staring straight at Jane, pressing myself down and raising my bottom as high as I could. She stared back at me and grinned, very obviously enjoying everything that was happening.

Then suddenly his fingers were withdrawn, just pulled away leaving me empty, and wanting. The removal was so abrupt that I instinctively pushed back, trying to find those wonderful fingers again. My reward was a sudden slap on my backside, hard enough to make me jerk forward and yell out, shocked by the rudeness of it, I wasn't used to being treated like that. But then a hand grabbed me by the hip and I felt the hard tip of an erect cock seeking my entrance. I stayed absolutely still, encouraging him until he had found his target and pushed himself inside me, and then I was getting what I wanted at last. My lover, partner, or whatever I was supposed to call him, moved a little to line himself up properly, and to my alarm nearly slipped out as he did so, then took hold of both of my hips, gripping them hard and pushing himself all the way in to me, making me sigh with relief and pleasure. I moved my feet a little, trying to make myself comfortable as his thrusts slammed me against the edge of the seat, but once again he slapped my bottom.

'Stay still.' He ordered hoarsely, the only words I'd heard from him.

I did as I was told, even though I'd found the slaps oddly enjoyable. I would never have allowed anyone to do that under any other circumstances, but right then I felt unexpectedly submissive, wanting to be sure he enjoyed me. Jane watched from across the seat and smiled at what was happening to me, her own body jolting back and forth as her man fucked her hard. Now we were both being fucked by men we had never met before and wouldn't recognise if we ever saw them again, and it was all down to Jane wanting to be an exhibitionist. Neither of us had ever dreamed we'd be doing anything like that when we set off earlier.

Very soon I was being fucked as hard and fast as Jane and we both leaned on the car seats, grinning broadly at each other from sheer exhilaration, with our breasts being rubbed against the leather and our heads nodding to and fro as we were rammed from behind. It felt wonderful and I could soon feel the beginnings of another orgasm gathering as that big hard cock slid in and out of me. I groaned with pleasure, carried away on the waves of sensations, but Jane was ahead of me, gasping loudly and calling out that she was coming.

She came just seconds before me, and I watched her as she came, staring into her face as it screwed up from pure pleasure with her hands gripping the edge of the seat white knuckled with the force of her orgasm. She gasped and moaned, staring back at me, bright eyed with excitement.

And then my attention was taken away as I felt my man's hands grip my hips tighter, so tight that it hurt, and then he slowed slow his pace, pulling back and slamming back into me. His cock was twitching with sudden little jerks now and I knew he was coming inside me, each little twitch another spurt of his cum shooting deep into my pussy. That did it for me, my own orgasm exploded and I found myself gasping loudly into Jane's face, seeing her smile with happiness because I was coming. I reached out and took hold of her hands across the seat divide, holding them tighter and tighter as I came. Soon both my climax and that of my lover passed and we sort of slumped down, he leaning on me with his dwindling cock still just nestled inside me, while I just lay across the driver's seat and panted for breath.

Jane and I stared at each other for a few seconds, she still jolting back and forth from being fucked, and me trying to get my breath back with my lover still pressed up against me, his shrinking cock slipping from my vagina to rest wetly in my crack. And then we were grinning broadly, giggling with excitement and the absurdity of what we were doing.

'God, this is good.' I whispered breathlessly to her.

'Certainly is.' She giggled.

Then her eyes popped wide open and she was forced further across her seat in hard steady jerks as her partner reached his climax and came inside her too. Now it was her turn to hold my hands tight if only to steady herself and I returned her grip as she received his cum, almost as if I were reassuring her. I would never have dreamed how thrilling it could be to hold my friend's hands as a man emptied himself into her.

But by paying attention to Jane I hardly noticed when my partner moved away, just abandoning me without a word, his purpose satisfied. But I didn't care and I didn't have the chance to feel disappointed because almost at once I felt a different cock, rigid and ready, seek out my entrance and push its way just inside me. I wanted to turn around and look to see who it was, but I knew I wouldn't see his face and anyway I didn't really care. I was getting what I had come to want, to be fucked by strange men, random men, one after the other, and it didn't matter if they were young or old, fit or fat, black or white, just so long as they fucked me.

'Number two, Bel?' She asked as my new partner was adjusting his stance and taking hold of me.

'Number two.' I agreed triumphantly as he slid his full length into my slimy wet pussy and his belly banged up against my bottom. I groaned happily and just let him take me, watching as Jane's number two moved in behind her.

It was wonderful to be taken from behind and feel a mysterious man thrusting himself so deep into me, while at the same time watching my friend receiving the same treatment. I couldn't explain how we felt, excited, sinful, depraved even, but content that we were being pleasured by strangers at the same time as we satisfied their needs. Still holding hands we gazed across into each other's faces, listening to the wet sounds of our soaking pussies being fucked and being jolted over the seats as our men rammed themselves into us. Neither of us was ready to come again yet but we both knew it would happen, so we just bent over the seats and enjoyed every thrust, deliberately gasping in time to every one.

I guessed that my new partner must have been playing with himself while awaiting his turn, because he didn't last very long. Within what seemed to me to be only a minute or so I heard him behind me growling hoarsely and then he slammed himself into me and flooded my pussy with its second load of cum. It was disappointing to have him finish so quickly, but it was the first time I'd ever had two loads inside me at once and it made me feel fantastic. How many women could boast that, I wondered? Okay, so I was frustrated that he hadn't lasted long enough to make me come too, but with two men shooting up me one after the other I was over the moon.

With my own juices as well as all that cum, and because I was as randy as hell, my number two didn't really withdraw, he just sort of fell out of me and turned away, leaving me with the beautiful cool night breeze on my skin. I stood for the moment luxuriating in the lovely sensation and looking at Jane, seeing her still being fucked hard and fast and feeling slightly jealous, and then I felt fingers playing in my cleft. Someone was running his fingers up and down it, before reaching right beneath me to stroke my pussy, playing quickly with my clit and then pushing two of them into my vagina and screwing them around as he went in to make me gasp with surprise and pleasure. Fingers rotating inside me like that was something new, but then I could feel myself so wide open and so slippery with cum that he could have done anything, maybe even fisted me with no trouble at all - in fact I almost wished he would. But instead his hand was suddenly taken away and I couldn't stop myself from looking back over my shoulder in disappointment to see who had given me so much pleasure. Of course all I could see was someone wearing a blue shirt and patterned boxers, head and shoulders hidden by the car roof and his jeans presumably around his ankles. I was about to get my third cock of the evening, I just looked back across at Jane and watched her being fucked while I waited.

God, it was good to feel his cock nudging my entrance as it tried to find its way into me and then to feel him push up against my bottom as he slid his entire length up me. I sighed and then grinned to see Jane being shaken about as her partner climaxed inside her. She smiled back and held up two fingers, and I nodded in agreement. Then I went back into my own little world of pleasure, feeling the newest cock sliding in and out of me and just enjoying it. I could sense that another orgasm was in the offing and my only concern was that he might come before I did, especially when he began to speed up and ram into me harder, encouraged by the slimy ease of my soaking pussy. I could hear the slap of his cock plunging in and out of my sloppy wetness and soon I could feel cum running down the inside of my thighs, warm at first but cooling as it ran. My nascent orgasm was getting closer.

Suddenly I was brought back down to earth as Jane let out a squeal of shock and pain and lashed out behind her with one arm. Her own third partner stumbled away, shoving his cock back into a pair of scruffy jeans.

'He tried to put it in the wrong hole.' She gasped as she saw my look of alarm and concern.

'You all right?' I asked, still being jolted back and forth.

She reached behind and then inspected her hand for signs of blood, and then nodded. 'Yes. It was more the surprise than anything.'

'No damage?'

She shook her head. 'No, I enjoy it sometimes, but that was a bit too sudden.' With that she looked over her shoulder and called out. 'Anyone else?'

I couldn't say I usually enjoy it there because I'd never tried it, or wanted to, but Jane's unashamed confession made me wonder if I should. Then I realised that I hadn't turned a hair at her sluttish behaviour; in fact even though it was totally immoral and wonderfully wanton to be behaving like this, I didn't care. It seemed so right for the way we felt. And then when another man shuffled up behind her and she called out for him to make sure it went in the right place it seemed almost normal. We were acting like a pair of cum-sluts and enjoying every moment. How different from the pair of middle class, middle aged women who had only thought to be mischievous by giving some dirty old men a bit of a show.

Jane's little crisis had put my orgasm on hold for the moment but I still had a cock banging into me and I could soon feel things start building again. My man hadn't been affected by Jane like I had and was still going full out, thrusting himself into me as hard and fast as he could, so that once again my main concern was that he would come before I did. But he showed no signs of climaxing, he held on tight to my hips and kept on relentlessly, and the feel of that hard cock sliding in and out of me was beginning to work its magic. He was big, very big, in fact even though my pussy was absolutely wet through and slippery with cum I could still feel that he was stretching me as he plunged in and out. Deep inside me the sensation of my budding climax building again was making me groan with pleasure. I stayed there in ecstasy, bent over the seat, aware that Jane was watching me enjoying the wonderful toe-curling sensations of an impending orgasm. It was going to happen, I could feel myself getting closer and I wanted to tell her that it was going to be the best climax ever - if only he didn't come first and leave me stranded. She smiled at me, her head nodding forward as her own partner pounded her from behind, the sort of smile that says I know what you're feeling. I smiled back, licking my lips as I lurched back and forth across the seat. A little fire ignited deep within my pelvis, I was so close; maybe I would really make it before he did.

My orgasm loomed nearer and nearer, the fire in my pelvis expanded, flooding out through my body, I was coming, I was beating him to it, and then he gripped me tighter, slamming himself against me. Through the torrent of sensations racing through me I heard a male voice cry out, his cock jerked and we both came together, my body twitching and jolting as his cum spurted into me.

My orgasm was my most powerful of the evening and when it began to fade my legs buckled so that I was simply held up by the hands gripping my hips and the cock buried in my pussy, still sending streams of cum into my womb. Then he too was finished, his cock slipped from me, his grip loosened, and we collapsed against the seat, his weight pressing against my bottom as he too tried to regain his strength.

I was strangely pleased that he didn't move away immediately, for I was spent. I don't think I could have taken any more, my legs were trembling, my breasts felt sore where they had rubbed against the fabric of my seat and I was gasping for breath. As soon as my last lover pulled himself away even a little I quickly scrambled into my seat, automatically looking back to see who it was had just given me such a fantastic fucking. I couldn't tell, but in a way I was pleased for random anonymous men were the order of the day. There was another young man who was pointing his erect cock hopefully in my direction, but I just smiled at him tiredly and shook my head. He seemed to understand because he just smiled back, nodded and then closed the car door for me, shutting me safely away after a wonderful session.

Beside me Jane's hand grabbed at my leg, catching my attention. I looked down at her, seeing her face distorted with passion as she too came once again. I could see along her back now that I was sitting up and I watched her partner thrusting into her as she came, knowing exactly what she was feeling. But for her it didn't work out quite as well as for me. She had climaxed and was resting limply across the seat, gasping for breath while he was still slamming into her, jerking her back and forth like a rag doll until finally he too grasped her hips and emptied himself inside her in a series of long hard thrusts. Finished, he staggered back and she hastily clambered onto the seat next to me and slammed the car door shut.

'My god.' She gasped, her chest heaving. 'I've never been fucked like that in all my life.'

We looked at each other, naked and knackered, and burst out with nervous giggles.

'Let's get out of here.' She demanded, reaching up and turning off the inside light.

'We can't drive home like this,' I responded, still breathless. 'We've got to get dressed or we'll be arrested.'

'Drive down the lane a bit and then pull up.'

I nodded, starting the engine and pulling away, glancing out of the window and wondering which of the men still standing around had been inside me that evening. A couple of hundred yards along the lane there was a little place beneath a tree that was clearly a known parking spot and I pulled in there, cutting the engine before turning to Jane.

'Are we going to tell anyone about this?' I asked, praying that she could keep our excursion a secret.

'God, no!' She exclaimed. 'But I don't think anyone would believe us even if we did. Have you got any tissues? I'm leaking all over your seat.'

I had, and we both grabbed a handful. We left the lights off while we cleaned ourselves up, not wanting to attract any more attention for that night, and unable to cope with it even if we wanted to. My thighs were wet and slimy with a mixture of cum and juices, and my pussy, my suddenly very tender pussy, was dribbling into a pool beneath me. Between us we emptied the box, hardly having enough to wipe down the seats before we carefully dressed, making sure my skirt and her dress weren't beneath us. I didn't put my panties back on and so we both sat with our naked bottoms on the leather of the seats, a strange but somehow appropriate sensation.

'Do you want to do that again?' Jane asked as we finally drove home.

'I want to.' I told her. 'But I'm not sure I dare.'

'I didn't expect to do half of what happened.'

'And I didn't expect to do any of it, but things sort of got out of hand!' I glanced across at her as we drove home. 'I'm glad I did though.'