**Young and Naked: Mandy**

by[Naked1](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1447981&page=submissions)©

The afternoon before Mandy's birthday, on a hot day in late July...she sat at home studying the clock...only eight more hours to go and she would be free to do as she pleased.

Her mother had planned a birthday party that evening with cake, ice cream and family...the same kind of birthday party that she'd been planning for her for years.

For fuck's sake, she thought, blowing through her lips. She wasn't a kid anymore.

Twirling her finger into her dirty blonde hair, she frowned...or more accurately, she pouted.

Of all of the birthday parties over the years, her mother couldn't even have made this one somewhat special?

But Mandy had her own plans.

She had taken it on herself to do something crazy...something that she'd never been able to do before.

At six p.m., her mother had just finished hanging the last of the balloons in the dining room as Mandy entered.

Seeing them, she exhaled, exasperated. Balloons. How childish.

"Mom," she said, feigning a nasal whine. "I don't feel too well."

Glancing up from her work of tying the balloons to the back of a chair, her mom frowned.

"Oh no, dear," she said, with a worried hand to Mandy's forehead.

"Hmm...you don't have a fever..."

"I don't know mom, I feel sick to my stomach...I think I just want to go to bed."

"Mandy, no..." her mom protested. "It's your birthday. You can't be sick."

With an exhale, her mom sighed. "Well, I guess if you're sick, I can call everyone and cancel," she said sounding disappointed.

"Sorry mom," Mandy frowned.

"It's okay dear...if you're sick, then just go on to bed. We can reschedule your party for later in the week."

"Thanks mom," Mandy pretended to sound weak.

With a kiss on her mother's cheek, Mandy trotted off to bed.

She would need some extra sleep anyway.

At midnight, the alarm on her cellphone buzzed, waking her. Excited, Mandy rose quickly and readied herself.

She chose a plain, white panty and bra set, her favorite black, zippered mini-skirt and white button-up blouse. She pulled on a pair of white knee-socks and black pumps. Even at that time of night, it was still hot outside and her outfit was perfect for it.

Pulling her hair away from her head, she wrapped it into two long ponytails on either side of her. After applying a light coat of makeup and lip gloss, she stepped back from the mirror, pleased with herself.

Perfect.

At half-past midnight, the cab she'd ordered via text was waiting out front.

Grabbing her small, black purse, she crept down the darkened hall, listening for signs of life behind her parent's bedroom door.

They were asleep.

Making her way silently through the house, she slipped out and trotted to the cab.

The driver, and older man, smiled as the sexy young woman approached.

"Where to Miss?" he said, eyeing Mandy's firm breasts under her tight blouse.

"To the Mason please," she said climbing in the back.

The man looked shocked, then puzzled.

"The Mason?" he repeated. "Are you sure Miss?"

Mandy glared at him. She was, after all, an adult.

"Okay," he said, noting her look, and dropped the car into gear.

Pulling up in front of the theater, a few miles later, Mandy got out and tipped the driver.

He was to return for her in three hours.

"One please," Mandy said at the young man sitting behind the ticket counter in the booth on the sidewalk.

He was intent on studying something in front of him as Mandy waited.

"One...please..." she stated again, more firmly after a moment.

Looking up, the young man did a double take.

"You got I.D?" he said.

Smiling, Mandy produced her I.D. and pushed it under the glass along with the ticket price.

"I'm eighteen," she beamed proudly.

It was true. At one o'clock in the morning, she had now been eighteen years old for one hour.

"Barely," the young man said, sliding her I.D. back under the glass, together with a ticket.

Noting the way she was dressed, he grinned.

"You look like a schoolgirl with big tits" he said. But she was already gone, pushing her way through the front doors.

The Mason was the oldest, last, and most famous porn theater in the city. As Mandy studied the movie posters, she quivered slightly. They showed men and women in various states of undress...in various sexual positions.

Mandy had never been to a porn theater before. She'd seen different snatches of clips and pictures on the internet over the last couple of years, but her parents had always kept a tight rein on her computer usage.

Now though, at long last, she was an adult and free to choose. This was her birthday present to herself.

Pushing through the double doors of one of the theaters, she stepped in, allowing her eyes to adjust.

Glancing around the theater, she saw it dotted by a few male figures, she counted four in all, scattered about the rows throughout the theater.

With the movie about to start, Mandy took a seat close to the end...three seats over from the aisle in the middle row, noting that two men sat several rows behind her and to the far left of her. Another one sat in the front row near the center. The fourth was to her right, against the wall, three rows up.

Just then, the lights went down and the movie started.

During the opening scene, a large-busted brunette slowly stripped in front of a gorgeous young man. Apparently, she was supposed to be the young's man's aunt.

Once she was naked, she knelt in front of the young man and opened his pants, producing a cock the size of a chunk of firewood.

Mandy's eyes widened and she gasped. She'd never, ever, seen a cock that big before.

She'd seen a few, even touched a few in real life before...but none of the boys that she'd messed with even came close the monster thing on the screen.

As she watched the actress work the young man's cock with her hands, Mandy felt her nipples stiffen beneath her blouse. When the woman gathered her huge bare breasts in her hands and wrapped them around the young man's stiff rod, Mandy's pussy moistened, wetting the front of her panties.

Onscreen, the naked woman knelt in front of the man and tit-fucked his huge cock, sliding it between her breasts and rubbing them all over the shaft.

Mandy's breath came in shorter spurts. She'd never seen anything like it before.

Her clitoris swelled between her thighs and pulled at her.

Glancing around the theater, Mandy saw that the men were preoccupied, glued to the screen. None paid her any attention.

As her pussy burned and ached from the action onscreen, Mandy silently slid a hand beneath her skirt in the seat and pressed herself at the front of her wet panties.

Here she was, she observed, watching a porn movie in a theater with men around her, playing with herself under her skirt.

It felt so dirty.

But instead of relief, the more she played with herself, the greater her need became.

Her clitoris throbbed and her pussy gushed, slickening her inner thighs in the seat.

Onscreen, the man stripped out of his clothes.

Mandy pressed her fingers into her clitoris, watching. He was incredibly handsome and muscular. His huge cock stuck straight out in front of him.

Glancing around again, Mandy couldn't believe what she was doing...she couldn't believe she was actually playing with herself right in the theater.

She spread her knees wider in the seat.

Sliding her hand inside the waistband of her panties, she felt the bare flesh of her engorged, enflamed pussy lips and stroked them lightly, up and down, shivering from the feeling.

She'd never felt so incredibly naughty.

Her nipples bored holes into her blouse. Swollen and hard, they ached.

Watching the couple fuck doggie style onscreen, Mandy closed her eyes and rubbed her clit in her panties, thrilling again to the idea that she was secretly masturbating in the theater.

"Excuse us Miss, may we sit here?"

Suddenly, a female voice reached her ears in a whisper.

Jerking her eyes open, she saw a middle-aged couple, moving towards her in the aisle.

Ripping her hand from her panties, she pulled her legs in to allow them to pass.

The man sat down two seats away while the woman sat right next to her.

Mortified and embarrassed, Mandy stared straight ahead.

Her fingers were still wet from playing with herself and she wiped them quickly on the armrest, hoping they didn't notice.

As the movie progressed, the scene shifted to that of a babysitter being confronted by a couple who had come home early to find her masturbating, naked on the couch.

Mandy' pussy ached, throbbed and burned in her panties.

She stared straight ahead, not daring to look at the couple, still mortified that they'd caught her masturbating. She hoped maybe they' hadn't actually seen what she was doing in the dark.

Suddenly, Mandy jumped, as the woman next to her gently placed her hand on the expanse of bare flesh between the hem of her skirt and the top of her knee-sock.

Mandy snapped her head around to face the woman.

The woman smiled.

"We've seen this one a few times," she whispered. "It's one of our favorites."

Shocked, Mandy's eyes darted between the woman's, and her hand on Mandy's bare thigh.

"This part, where they catch the babysitter masturbating is sooo hot," the woman whispered again, moving her hand gently on Mandy's thigh.

"There's nothing hotter than catching a young girl playing with herself," she said, low, into Mandy's eyes.

Mandy looked away, ashamed. She knew then that the couple knew what she'd been doing.

And yet, facing the woman once more...she felt her clitoris swelling and throbbing between her thighs as the woman's eyes roamed her body.

"You're so pretty," the woman whispered.

Mandy blushed hard, noting that the woman's hand now rested higher on her thigh, near the hem of her skirt. It felt warm against her skin.

Looking past the woman, she saw that the man was watching the movie, seemingly unaware.

Onscreen, the couple walked in on a young girl who had stripped off all of her clothes and was jamming her fingers into her pussy on the couch.

As the woman next to her gently massaged Mandy's fleshy thigh, she leaned in closer and whispered into her ear.

"Why did you stop?"

Mandy stiffened.

"Why did you stop playing with yourself?" the woman finished.

Smiling into Mandy's eyes, the woman gently took hold of her hand and moved it towards Mandy's crotch.

"Please," she said. "Go on...don't let us stop you."

Mandy was incredulous. As the woman placed Mandy's own hand into her crotch, she felt her clitoris jump. The woman wanted her to masturbate, right there in front of them.

Onscreen, the fully-clothed couple stood watching the totally nude young girl spread her legs wide on the couch, as she jammed three fingers into her cunt and moaned loudly.

Mandy shivered and thrilled at the parallels. Apparently, this couple next to her, the woman at least, wanted her to do the same.

Mandy felt nasty.

Her nipples pushed hard into her blouse, burning for attention as her pussy gushed again, soaking the seat between her thighs.

Slipping her hand under her skirt, she slid it into the waistband of her panties and rubbed her herself as the woman watched.

Turning her head, she saw the woman smile at her. She rubbed harder.

It was so dirty, so exciting. She was actually masturbating as the woman watched. Mandy could hardly believe she was doing it. Her pussy sent electric shocks through her entire body as her fingers rubbed circles, pressing around her enflamed clitoris.

Suddenly, the woman turned and whispered something to the man beside her. Turning his head, he smiled at Mandy.

Then, he got up and moved over in front of them and sat down next to her.

"Hi there," he whispered. Mandy could smell his cologne.

She now sat between them, with her hand under her skirt.

"I'm Mike, and this is my wife, Betty," he smiled at her. "Please, don't stop, keep going..."

"Yeah," Betty whispered on the other side of her, "play with yourself...that's so hot..."

Her words thrilled Mandy and she pushed harder into herself.

She couldn't believe she was masturbating right in front of the couple, but there was no way she could have stopped. Spreading her knees wider, she slid down in her seat, causing her skirt to ride up to her waist.

As the couple watched, Mandy's hand was visible now in the light of the movie, as she played with herself inside of her soaked panties.

"Yeah, that's good," Mike whispered.

Mandy's cunt was sloppy and soaked. She was more excited than she had ever been before as she openly masturbated in her seat, right in front of the strange couple, rubbing her clitoris fast and hard. A low moan escaped her lips as Betty smiled at her.

Tugging at her skirt, Betty unzipped it.

"You don't need this honey," she said sweetly, as it fell open at Mandy's side.

"It just gets in the way."

Before Mandy could process it, her skirt was off and gone.

Betty pulled it off of her and placed it in the seat beside herself.

Suddenly, Mike's hand was on her bare thigh. Gently, almost lovingly, he massaged her flesh, kneading it between his fingers.

In the same instant, Betty was touching her other leg, dragging her nails lightly over Mandy's skin, raising goose bumps on it.

Glancing down at herself, Mandy saw that her skirt was gone.

Her hand was inside of her panties, massaging her soaked cunt as Mike and Betty touched her on either side. Biting her bottom lip, she stifled a moan and rubbed herself harder.

Onscreen the moans of the young girl filled the theater.

"C'mon sweetheart, let's get these off..." Mike said softly.

Producing a small pair of scissors from the pocket of his slacks, he gently pulled away the side of Mandy's panties from her hips and cut...slicing her panties in two.

Then, quickly, he pulled them off of her, leaving her bottomless.

Bare from the waist down, Mandy felt the wet seat under her naked ass cheeks.

Her neatly trimmed pussy was completely exposed to Mike and Betty. Hardly able to breathe, Mandy rubbed at herself madly.

It was so crazy...so filthy. Her clitoris throbbed and ached between her legs...as if it couldn't be satisfied no matter how hard she rubbed.

For the first time in her life, Mandy was bottomless in a public place, masturbating in front of total strangers.

Betty leaned in and whispered into her ear. "Yesss...play with yourself, rub your pussy for us pretty baby..."

Mandy' heart raced and pounded in her chest. The feel of Betty's hot breath in her ear excited her, made her crazy with lust. She no longer cared that anyone in the theater could see her if they but looked her way.

In fact, that thought drove her on.

With one hand, she opened herself, spreading her slick lips with her fingers, while the other hand rubbed at her clit.

Lifting her knees, she dropped her pumps off of her feet and placed her heels on the edge of seat, one on either side of her, and slid down further, closing her eyes, as her blouse rode up past her waist.

Betty quietly kicked Mandy's pumps away under the seats in front of them.

Opening her eyes again, Mandy saw Mike's hands in front of her...one by one, she watched, fascinated as he slowly cut away each button on her blouse with the small pair of scissors...thrilling as each one disappeared from the bottom up...revealing more and more of her midsection as the blouse fell open.

Finally, he reached the top button and popped it off.

Mandy's blouse fell to her sides.

Packed into her bra, her breasts heaved with her breathing and Mandy watched her cleavage rise and fall in front of her as she masturbated.

Gently, Mike pushed her forwards, just enough to tug her blouse down off of her shoulders. Then, working together, so as to interrupt her as little as possible, Mike and Betty removed it from her. Betty, placed it with her skirt in the seat beside her.

As her blouse left her body, Mandy moaned...they were slowly stripping her right in the theater and she allowed it to happen.

Now naked, save for her bra and knee socks, Mandy leaned back into her seat and spread her knees wide again until they were touching both Mike and Betty.

In total abandon, she slapped at herself, spanking her pussy as the sounds of it filled her seat.

'Ooh...god yah," Betty whispered directly into her ear. "Spank your pussy, spank that hot little horny cunt..."

Glancing at Mike through half-closed eyes, Mandy saw him rubbing his crotch through his slacks. "Play with yourself," he said in a low moan. "Play with yourself for us..."

The movie wound on, washing them with a flickering glow, revealing periodic snatches of Mandy's near naked body as she fingered and slapped at her horny cunt in her seat in the dark between them.

Mandy felt Mike's hand on her arm.

"C'mon, sweetheart," he said gently, tugging at her. "Let's get a better seat."

As if in a dream, Mandy acquiesced. Allowing him to pull her gently to her stockinged feet...in her bra and knee-socks, she stood, totally exposed to the men behind her.

As Mike led her by the arm, she followed, hardly able to breathe. Her nipples hurt. Her pussy ached and her thighs were squishy with wetness as she moved behind him down the aisle.

Leaving her skirt, buttonless blouse, and useless panties behind, Betty followed.

Single file they went down the aisle towards the screen...a clothed couple and a next to naked girl between them.

They led Mandy all the way to the front row.

As they passed the lone man sitting in the center, stroking his cock to the movie, he turned his head and gaped at the young girl in a bra and knee socks. He stroked his cock harder, nearly cumming at the sight of Mandy as he gorged his eyes on her naked young flesh.

Mandy touched herself at the sight of the man stroking his exposed cock in his seat and nearly came herself as they sat a few seats away from him.

With the small pair of scissors, Mike cut at Mandy's bra straps, popping them one at a time from her shoulders. The he sliced the band around her back and pulled the bra away.

Mandy's breasts tumbled free in the theater. Her pink aureole were swollen circles. Her nipples swelled into thick hard, pointy nubs that ached and pulled at her.

Her pussy let loose again, gushing all over her seat.

Watching the man a few seats over stroke his big cock, she sat on the edge of her seat and rubbed her slopping wet cunt between her thighs hard and fast as her bare breasts jiggled and bounced in front of her in the light coming from the screen.

Spitting on his hand, the man grabbed at his erection and stroked, beating himself hard and fast at the young girl with the couple.

With the exception of her knee socks, Mandy was now totally naked.

She couldn't breathe. She couldn't think.

Grabbing at a nipple, she pinched and pulled at it, rolling it...using it to lift and shake her whole breast as her other hand slapped hard at her clitoris.

Mike had his cock in hand, and stroked it, licking and sucking Mandy's tits with his eyes.

"God," he breathed, "you're so fucking hot...look at your tits...oh god..." Moaning, he stroked himself hard. "Such a pretty young girl...fuck..."

On the other side of her, Betty's hand was in the waistband of her own slacks. Mandy saw the front of them moving as she rubbed at herself.

"Play with your hot pussy...yah...do it...." Betty moaned into Mandy's ear, tonguing it lightly.

Suddenly, the men who had seen Mandy walk down the aisle appeared in front of her, stroking their cocks.

Forming a semi-circle in front of her, they stood, gawking at her as she masturbated herself in her seat.

In all, five men, Mike included, surrounded her, jerking off at the gorgeous, young blonde in ponytails, wearing nothing but knee socks, spanking her hot little pussy in the theater.

Next to her in the seat, Betty fingered herself inside of her pants.

Licking and sucking at her own nipple, Mandy squeezed and pinched at her throbbing clitoris, while the men stroked and stared at her.

"Fuck me...oh yeah god that's so hot," one of them moaned as his pants slide down to his knees.

"Jeezus fuck, play with that pussy girl...fuck..." another said. Stroking his cock hard and fast, he took a step closer, pointing it at Mandy's bare, jiggling breasts.

Mandy moaned loudly, feeling her orgasm begin to build.

As the last scene of the now-forgotten movie played out and the credits began, Mandy' s hand blurred over her sopping cunt as she rubbed herself raw, pushing herself to the edge of orgasm, watching five men jerk their cocks at her.

"Oh god..." she breathed hard and low, over and over, as the edge neared, increasing in volume and speed, "Oh god...oh god...oh god..."

Like a massive tidal wave, Mandy's orgasm swelled and built, rolling and seething as it pushed its way to the surface.

"Oh god...oh god..." she continued to breathe, moaning louder and louder as she stared at the men beating their cocks in front of her. Her breasts heaved and swung wildly in front of her as her hand slapped and smacked at her cunt.

Finally, as her orgasm shoved its way to the front, her body locked and she went silent, struggling, like a swimmer holding onto the last breath of air before having to release it.

Then, the damn burst.

Mandy came, hard...harder than she ever had before.

"OH GOD JEEZUS FUCK!" she shrieked loud enough to be heard throughout the theater. Slapping her pussy, and rubbing her clit as hard and as fast as she could, she gorged on the hands beating the cocks in front of her.

Her body rocked, as her orgasm shot through her like high voltage.

One by one, the men reached orgasm, and came, sending their hot loads flying towards her.

The first moaned, pumping his cock hard as he jettisoned thick ropes of seed, spattering her socks with it.

The next one stepped closer until his cock was merely inches from her bouncing tits. Letting loose, he jacked his orgasm all over her naked breasts, coating her nipples and cleavage with his hot sticky juice.

Mandy felt it covering her breasts, and that sent her into a second shockwave that picked her up and threw her through an incredible tornado of swirling sensations as her orgasm stiffened every muscle in her body.

"OH GUAD FUCK!" she came again hard, pressing her fingers fast into her clitoris.

With the feel of hot cum covering her tits, she watched the third and fourth men blast...one of them came all over the floor at her feet, while the other one slapped his cock on her bare thigh, coating it with his cum.

Mike was next.

Groaning in the seat beside her, he pumped his cock hard, as his orgasm erupted, sending thick ropes of sticky man juice high into the air where they arched and fell, spattering his pants and some of it landing on Mandy's arm.

Falling back into her seat, Mandy raised her legs in front of her, pointing her toes outwards and rubbed herself into the third phase of her orgasm, just as Betty reached hers beside her, moaning loudly...fingering herself quickly in her pants.

Mandy's tits bounced and rolled in circles in front of her as she rubbed her pussy, stretching her legs out at the men in front of her.

Finally, as the lights came up, Mandy reached the end of her orgasms, collapsing, cum covered in her seat, trying to catch her breath.

When the lights reached full brightness and the sound disappeared. The men hurriedly tucked themselves back into their trousers and disappeared, some going out of the side doors and some out of the entrance doors.

Naked save for her knee socks, spattered with cum, Mandy sat, recovering.

Mike put his cock back into his pants and smiled at her.

"That was so fucking hot," he smiled as Betty nodded in agreement.

"Well, it was nice meeting you sweety," Betty said, with a peck on Mandy's cheek.

"Maybe we can do it again sometime?"

With that, both of them stood and made their way out of the side door, leaving Mandy alone in the theater.

Suddenly acutely aware that she was naked, Mandy jumped out of her seat and ran back up the aisle to where they were sitting before.

Frantically, she searched for her clothes. She looked under the seats, between them and behind them. Thinking maybe she had the wrong row, she checked several others. She found her purse.

There was no sign of her clothes anywhere. They had been taken. They were gone.

She was left with her knee socks and nothing else.

Panicking, she wondered what to do.

Then, she remembered the cab.

It had to be close to the time he was supposed to come back for her. But how would she get outside? She had nothing to cover herself with. Would she have to walk naked right out to the street?

Searching around the theater again in vain, she hoped, but found nothing.

Suddenly, the doors opened as the young man from the ticket booth stepped in with a broom to clean the theater.

Beside herself, Mandy bolted, running right past him as his mouth fell open.

Noting the clock over the counter at the front of the theater, she saw it was time for the cab to return.

Pushing the doors open, she ran out onto the sidewalk right in front of a group of young men standing in front of the theater.

It was pouring rain.

"WOA!!FUCK LOOKIT THAT!" one of them yelled."THAT CHICK'S FUCKIN' NAKED!"

With her tiny purse in hand, Mandy tried to cover herself with her arms and hands as the summer rain soaked her from head to toe.

Where was cab?

"HEY BABY PIE, WANNA SUCK MY COCK?"

"C'MERE LET ME FUCK THAT LITTLE PUSSY!"

Mandy cowered, naked on the sidewalk, pacing and forth in a panic as the group of guys neared her.

Just then, she was bathed in the glow of headlights through the rain as the cab driver honked at her.

Bolting again, she ran, splashing water all over her, soaking her socks. Throwing open the cab door, she jumped in and closed the door, pulling off her wet socks as she went.

She was totally naked in the back of the cab and driver gawked in disbelief as his jaw fell open.

"Please," she begged, "take me home..."

The driver sat in shock, staring at her through the rearview.

"Miss?" he stammered. "Why are you..."

"Please!" Mandy cut him off.

"Please just take me home!"

Coming to his senses as the group of young men peered into the windows of the cab, making lewd remarks, he dropped the engine in gear and sped off.

"Miss," he said again, once they were safely away. "Why are you naked?"

Embarrassed, Mandy dropped her eyes. But strangely, her pussy pulled at her again.

Without thinking, she reached for it.

"I...I...lost my clothes in the theater," she stammered. "Someone stole them..."

Working her hand between her thighs, she rubbed gently at her swelling clitoris. Despite her shame and fear, she found herself openly masturbating in the back of the cab as the driver watched in the rearview.

Her nipples swelled hard again, becoming stiff points.

"Miss?" the driver said.

Mandy moaned.

Finally, pulling up in front of her house, he turned in his seat in shock at the totally nude girl masturbating in the back seat.

"Miss, you have to get out," he stated.

Ignoring him, Mandy spread her legs in the seat, and inserted two fingers into her wet cunt, rubbing it, sliding them in and out of herself.

"Miss please," the driver insisted, "I can't have this in my cab."

Finally, the driver pushed his door open and came around the back of the car. Opening Mandy's door, he took her gently by the arm and pulled her out of the cab.

"Look," he said, as Mandy stood naked, trembling from excitement in the rain. "Just forget about the fare and go home and enjoy yourself."

With that, he got back in and drove away leaving Mandy standing in the street in front of her house.

As the rain pelted her bare skin, Mandy spread her legs wide and planted her feet on the pavement.

Dropping her purse to the ground, she lifted a bare breast and pointed it at her mouth, licking and sucking at her nipple while her other hand diddled between her legs.

Totally naked in public again on the street, Mandy was overcome with lust and hungry horniness and made herself cum again, right there in front of her house before sneaking back through the front door, unmindful of the opened curtains in the house across the street.