**Exposing Carol To Old Friends**

by luv2bseen

*She meets up with her old high school boyfriends.*

I knocked on the door. My heart was pounding. I fidgeted with a button on my tailored pants suit. And then, suddenly, unexpectedly, I was facing my past.

“Hello, Carol.”

“Brian? Is that you?”

“Well, of course it is.” He smiled. I smiled back and embraced him. Brian had been my first boyfriend in tenth grade. He hadn’t changed much physically. He was still skinny, still short. He took my hand and led me around a corner of the foyer and into the hotel suite.

“Oh my god!” I blurted out. “I can’t believe this,” I said, as my hands came up to my open mouth.

I had had five boyfriends when I was in high school. They were all really nice. Now, two decades later, these same five men were standing in this plush suite, staring at me.

Without telling me, my husband, John, had arranged for them to be here. All he had told me in the past week was that my next adventure in exhibitionism would take place in these rooms. He gave me no other information about who would be there or what would happen. That made me excited and nervous.

From the beginning, I had agreed to follow his directions to show myself in situations of his choosing, no matter how embarrassing they might be. That was part of the thrill for me. Even though I wanted to be seen, I wasn’t in control.

Now, regaining my composure quickly, I looked around the room. Brian didn’t have to introduce the others. I remembered them all, even though some looked more different than I would have expected. They all said “hi” with a smile. Each of them embraced me warmly; some gave me a peck on the cheek. Their eyes ran up and down my body.

A couple of these men had groped me when they were boys and I had groped back. But it never went further than that. My clothes always stayed on. They knew me as a nice girl with a nice body. They respected me and I remained a virgin. Later, alone in my bed and thinking of them, I would fondle myself until I came.

Now, these boys-turned-to-men were here to see me, all of me. I knew I’d end up naked; I just didn’t know how. And I knew, more than ever, I wanted to be seen.

For the next fifteen minutes, we relived some of our past. Then, Brian asked for our attention.

“Carol, your husband has talked with each of us individually and invited us to be here tonight. It’s so great to see you again, even though none of us know what’s supposed to happen next.” He smiled and then drew an envelope from his pocket. “Your husband wanted you to read this. We don’t know what’s in it.” He handed it to me. Nervously, I opened it and read it silently.

“Dearest Carol,” it began. “Tonight, you get the chance to do what many people our age fantasize about: meeting a high school flame years later after you’ve had a lot of intimate experiences with others. Tonight, you get to show yourself to five men who’ve wanted to see you like that for a long, long time.”

I looked up from the letter to see them staring at me intently. The room was very quiet. I resumed reading.

“I want you to show all of yourself to them,” John wrote, “and I want something more. I want you to show them your sexuality and let them respond to it. Don’t worry, no one is going to fuck you or have you suck his cock. I don’t want that. These men are here because of you and because I told them that you had a very special surprise.”

I raised my eyes again, wondering what John had said. What did these ex-boyfriends know about me and my “adventures?”

“Your friends know nothing about what you’ve been doing these past months,” he wrote. “They don’t know what to expect. But, without telling you how I know, I assure you that none of them will be offended by anything you do or ask them to do.”

I shifted in the chair and smiled at my silent old boyfriends. Then I read the last paragraph.

“Carol, tell them how you first approached me with your desire to show yourself. Tell them about what you dreamed about doing with them back in high school. My eyes widened as I continued reading. I couldn’t believe what John was asking me to do. He finished with ‘I love you,’ and signed his name in red ink.

I reread the letter quickly, a flood of emotions rolling over me. I was about to do something I’d fantasized about and talked to John about. Nervously, I folded the letter and put it in my pocket.

“Well,” I said, taking a deep breath, “I have some things to tell you. I hope you’ll like my story.” They looked eager to hear what I had to say.

“I’m sure we will,” said Billy, who still had a boyish charm about him. “We’re all ears.” I smiled and tried to control my nervousness.

“Some time ago, I told my husband about how, ever since I was a little girl, I get excited about being nude in front of people.” The guys’ eyes widened and they leaned forward in their chairs. “Since then,” I continued, “John has set up several situations where he instructed me to end up naked. I do whatever he tells me to do, no matter how embarrassed I might be.”

“You, Carol?! You’ve got to be kidding!” said Tom, my football hero.

“I’m not, Tom,” I said, looking straight into his dark brown eyes. Suddenly, I felt bolder, more excited. I stood up and walked over to him. “Will you help me out of this jacket?” I said, turning my back to him. He just sat there. I looked over my shoulder. “Well, will you?”

He stood up quickly and slipped the garment off me. “Thank you, Tom,” I said, as I walked back toward my chair. But I didn’t sit down. Instead, I stood behind it and looked at “my men” who were speechless. They seemed ready for more.

“Charles,” I said, in a little girl’s voice. “Could you come over here and stand by me?”

“You bet, Carol,” he said, his blue shirt glowing against his black skin. Charles was my height and still very thin after all these years. I slung my arm over his shoulder.

“Remember that time when we were at the movies and I stopped you from unbuttoning my blouse?” He smiled.

“I’ve never forgotten it,” he said. We all laughed at that.

“Well, Charles, let’s pretend we’re back in that theatre. Try your move again.”

“Are you sure about this, Carol?”

“I am, Charles, just don’t do it too fast.” I surprised myself with how much in command I felt. There was no embarrassment, no more nervousness, just growing excitement.

Charles carefully undid my top button, then the second one. My collar fell open. As he fiddled with the next button, his hands rested on the tops of my breasts. He gave me the sweetest smile. Now, he could see part of my lace bra.

“Wait a second,” I said, moving to his side. “I think the other guys should see how you’re progressing.”

“Great job, Charlie!” Frank said. Frank was my last boyfriend in high school. He’s very funny and very sexy. I rubbed my clit a lot after dates with him.

The others echoed Frank’s praise. Charles looked at me and politely asked, “May I continue, Carol?”

“Please, Charles,” I said, as I turned toward him. Now, the others could see more of the action as Charles undid the button below my bra and the one at my waist. “One more,” I said, as I pulled the blouse out of my pants. He quickly undid the last button.

No one said or did anything. Then Charles asked if he could help me take off my blouse. “I’ll be gentle,” he said, smiling. I turned my back to him and let him slowly remove the silk shirt. A bit of sweat gleamed off my breasts.

“Thank you, Charles,” I said, in my little girl voice. “You may be seated.” He clutched my blouse as he found his chair next to the others. Then, I began to unbuckle my belt and take off my suit pants. I didn’t say a thing as I looked directly into the eyes of each of them. They kept moving from my face to my pants and back again.

I folded my pants and laid them on a side table. Then, I sat down on the chair facing them, clad only in my black lace bra and panties. I was in control but I was about to give it up.

“My husband instructed me to get naked in front of you, but he also wants me to do something else.”

“What’s that, Carol?” said Billy.

“He wants me to show you my sexuality, too.” I hesitated. “He wants me to let you turn me on, as if I’m not already.” They laughed nervously.

“What do you mean by that?” said Tom. I could see they were puzzled but very intrigued by my statement.

“Well, he said I should do anything you want me to do and you can do anything you want to do to me.”

“You mean we’re going to call the shots?” asked Brian.

“That’s right,” I said. “There are two exceptions, though.”

“What are those?” asked Charles.

“I don’t believe I’m about to say this,” I said. I straightened up in my chair and lifted my chest as I took a deep breath. “I can’t suck your cocks and you can’t fuck me with them. Other than that, I’m yours. I can be as sexual as you want me to be. My husband says you can even make me cum. But, no cocks.”

The look on their faces was priceless. I couldn’t help but laugh and that eased the building tension. They all started breathing again.

“Well, guys,” said Brian, “it looks like we have some work to do.” Control of my situation had shifted to them. Now, Frank spoke up.

“This is amazing, it’s unbelievable. But here we are. Five guys and their ex-girlfriend and she’s in her underwear. What did I do to deserve this?” We all laughed again. Then, Tom took control.

“Let’s make this last a long time, guys,” he said. “I think Carol should come over here and sit in my lap for a minute. How about it, Carol?”

“Yes, sir,” I said. I’d been sitting in front of them for five minutes and I could feel my crotch getting damp. I looked down. It didn’t show, yet. I rose and walked over to Tom who reached for my hand and guided me to his lap. I put my arm around him and rested my other hand in his.

“Did you want to be naked when you were with me on a date?” Tom asked.

“More than you’ll ever know. But I was too prudish then. I wanted to be naked with each of you. I just couldn’t get up the courage.”

“You did get excited thinking about it, didn’t you?” he asked.

“I sure did. I used to go home and masturbate after dates with you.”

“Are you excited now?”

“You know I am, you bastard,” I said.

“Let me see,” he said and, with that, he reached into my bra and found my hard nipple. He ran his finger back and forth across it. “Now, that’s something I’ve always wanted to do. I’m glad you find it exciting.” I could feel his cock against my bare leg. Then, Frank spoke.

“Carol, would you mind standing up and slowly removing your bra?” I looked at Tom who didn’t seem to mind me leaving his hard-on behind. I got up and stood in front of them and reached for the front clasp. “Tell us how you feel as you do it.”

“Well,” I said, “I’ve done this several times now and each time has been very exciting. None of you has ever seen my breasts—until now,” I said, as I pulled my bra apart and slid it off my shoulders. “I’m so horny.” I reached up and fondled my tits.

“Can we touch them?” asked Brian.

“You can do more than that,” I said, walking over to him. I pulled him from his chair and directed his mouth to my right breast. “Suck it,” I said, “gently.” Brian did as he was told. Then I motioned for Charles to take my left breast into his mouth. As they sucked on my tits, I looked at Frank, Tom, and Billy.

“I can’t believe I’m doing this,” I said to them. “It’s a dream come true.”

“I’ll say it is,” Billy smiled. Then, I pulled my tits away and asked Charles and Brian to sit down. I backed up to my chair and sat down facing them all.

“Is there anything else you’d like me to do?” I asked.

“Show us how you masturbate,” Frank said.

“Do you want me to keep my panties on?”

“No, take them off,” he said.

I stood up, turned my back to them, and slowly drew my panties over my ass and down my legs. Then, I stepped out of them and turned to face my friends again. I wiped my crotch with my panties and held them up to my nose. Then, I threw them to Tom who took his own whiff of my sex.

“I love being naked in front of you all,” I said. “I feel so exposed and so horny.”

“Will you rub yourself for us, now?” Frank said.

“Yes,” I said, deciding to do it standing up. I started to caress myself, all the while looking into their eyes. Then, I moved closer to them so they could touch me if they wanted to. Billy reached around and put his hand on my ass. I thrust my pussy at him and then I slowly spun away.

“Don’t tease me like that,” he said. I smiled.

“Come over here,” Frank said, as he stood up. I walked up to him, turned, and nuzzled my ass against his cock. He took my arms and raised them above my head. “Help me out here, Charlie,” he said. Charles stood up and knew exactly what to do.

“How does this feel?” he said, as he put one hand on my breast and the other on my pussy.

“Exquisite,” I said, closing my eyes. I spread my legs slightly so he could feel me up better. He slid his finger along my wetness, pressing one lip and then the other.

“I’ve got an idea,” Tom said. “Let’s put Carol on the bed.”

“Oh, no,” I said.

“Don’t worry. We’re not going to fuck you,” he said. “At least not with our cocks.” He looked to the others. “Come on, let’s carry her over there.” And with that, four of them lifted me up and gently moved me onto the bed. My heart was pounding.

“Okay,” Tom said. “Each of us should grab an arm or a leg and spread-eagle her a bit.” They did just that.

“Are you okay with this, Carol?” Charles asked.

“Yes,” I said. “Yes.” I lay there, splayed out, a hand around each of my arms and legs.

“Okay, Charlie,” Tom said. “Let’s see if you can get Carol off.” I flinched, not in protest but in anticipation. I was surrendering to the lust of these men years after they had first turned me on. I was doing this because my husband told me to do it. I was doing this for me.

Charles moved between my legs. I locked my eyes on his.

“It’s okay, Charles,” I said. “I want this. I want you to touch me. Make me cum.” He looked at my pussy and then back at me and smiled. I closed my eyes and waited for his fingers.

He began by gently pulling on my pubic hair. He pulled it and then smoothed it out. Pulled it and smoothed it. Each time I moved my arms or legs, hands would grip them a little tighter. I looked up at the men holding me down. I wished that they were naked too.

Then Charles gently stroked my wet pussy lips. He leaned in and cooled them with his breath. I wanted his tongue but he denied it to me. Instead, he searched for my hardened clit, found it, but kept his fingers away.

“You’re beautiful, Carol,” he said.

“You are, too,” I said. Then he started pushing a finger into me, slowly, steadily. As he pushed, he twisted it, going deeper. Then he backed out, but not for long. I felt two fingers going in, twisting and spreading me open. He paused, and then pressed his thumb on my clit.

“Oh, God,” I moaned, as I raised my hips to meet his hand. He kept on me as I squirmed against my handlers.

“Cum for me, Carol,” he said. “Cum for me hard.”

I stifled a scream and then another and then I fell off the cliff, floating in ecstasy, as he pumped his fingers inside of me. I gasped for breath as a second wave of orgasm hit me. From way off, I could hear the others urging me on.

And then, it was over. My muscles unclenched and I began to breathe deeply. I looked up at my boyfriends and flashed on the past. They released me. Tom stroked my hair. Billy touched my lips. But Charles kept his fingers inside me, feeling me squeeze them rhythmically. No one said anything. I lay there, surrounded by love.

“Do you think you could do that again?” Brian said, in a fake Irish accent. We all laughed loudly and Charles withdrew at last.

“Did you like that, Carol?” said Frank.

“It was fantastic,” I said as I slipped off the bed, my skin wet, my hair disheveled. These were my men now and they looked like they wanted more.

“You still haven’t masturbated for us,” Frank said, looking straight at my pussy. “I really want to see you do that.”

“Me, too,” said Tom. The others agreed too.

“I need a break,” I said.

“No, you don’t,” said Frank. “You’re just getting started.” He was adamant and I must admit that I was still very horny.

“At least let me sit down,” I said.

“Sure,” Frank said. “We’ll gather around you and sit on the floor.”

As I moved to the chair, all I could think was that we were animals in heat, our sexual desires nowhere near sated. Knowing I couldn’t fuck these men made my desire even greater.

“Spread your legs, Carol,” said Brian.

“Okay.”

“Wider, please.” I draped them over the arms of the chair.

“Could you talk to us as you do it? Could you tell us what you’re feeling or thinking?”

“I can’t believe I’m doing this. I mean, I’ve done some adventures before but I’ve never done anything so wanton.” I started playing with myself. “I know you’re turned on because you’ve all got hard-ons. I can see them.” They shifted their seating on the floor. “Don’t be ashamed,” I said. “I wish I could see them in the flesh.”

“Well, why don’t you ask us?” Billy said. He smiled.

“You mean you’d show me your cock, Billy, even though you can’t fuck me and I won’t give you a blowjob?”

“Sure, why not?” he said. “What I’d like to do is cum on your face.”

“Well, then,” I said, not believing my own words. “Do it.” I rubbed my pussy a little harder as I kept my eyes on Billy’s crotch. I was so wet.

Billy got up and dropped his pants quickly. He pulled off his shirt too and then his white jockey shorts. He stood facing me, his thick cock bobbing near my mouth.

“Stroke it,” I said. He put it in his right hand and began to pump it. I couldn’t stop myself—I reached out and cupped his tight balls. The others looked on in silence.

“Who’ll grab his ass?” I said. The others didn’t move. They looked shocked at my request. “Come on, someone finger his asshole,” I said. Still, no one moved. “Come on, someone do it!” I looked at Charles and pleaded with him. “Charles, help us out here. Please.” Billy and I were both getting close to exploding.

“I’ll do it,” Tom said and he moved behind Billy and pulled his ass cheeks apart. Billy stood his ground. Tom started rimming him with his finger. Billy moaned. I squeezed his balls tighter and, then, he shot his load all over my face. I started cumming too, screaming out Billy’s name, feeling his cum drip off my lips.

After a moment, I got up from my chair and embraced Billy, his spent prick pushing against my mound. I held him tight and softly said, “Thank you.”

“Thank you,” he said, with a big grin. “Whew!” Turning, he said, “I never knew you were a bugger, Tom.”

“Neither did I,” Tom said. “I don’t know what came over me.”

“I did,” I said, in a very sexy voice. The odor of Billy’s semen on my face filled the air.

“I’ve cum twice and Billy has once,” I said. “You guys have some catching up to do. Is there anything else you want me to do?”

“Stand over there by the window,” Frank said. “Let those guys in the other building get a good look at you.” I hadn’t noticed that the drapes were open and that, indeed, there were people working in the office building next door. I walked to the window. I had no inhibitions left.

“See if you can get their attention,” Frank said. I moved around and waved so that the office workers might catch my movement in the window. It didn’t seem to be working and, after another minute, I gave up. I turned to Frank, Charles, Tom and Brian who were still dressed.

“Well, guys, will I get to see your cocks tonight?”

“I don’t think so,” said Charles. “I think the focus should be on you. I’m enjoying everything that you’re doing.”

“I’ll strip if you’ll finger yourself while I’m doing it,” said Brian.

“Deal,” I said, as I fucked myself with my middle finger. Brian wasted no time in disrobing. He had an average-sized cock that was semi-hard. I reached out and stroked him slowly until he was stiff. Then I let him go.

“Your turn, Frank,” I said.

“I’m with Charlie,” he said, “and it’s my time of the month,” he joked. I chuckled but I didn’t press him or Charlie. I like being naked around some people who were dressed.

And I liked being naked with my old high school boyfriends. Not doing so when we were in school made this all the sweeter and sexier. There was just one more thing I wanted.

“Tom, I want to jerk you off,” I said, the words spilling from my mouth. Tom looked shocked then excited by my need. “And Brian, I want to do you at the same time. I want you both to cum on my face.

“I’m up for that,” said Tom.

“Me, too,” said Brian.

“Just one thing,” I said. “I want Brian to take Tom’s clothes off.”

“Whoa!” Tom said. “I may be a bugger but I’m not gay.”

“I know, Tom,” I said. “That’ll make it even hotter for me. What do you say?” He looked at Brian who just shrugged his naked shoulders.

“There’s always a first time, I guess,” Tom said.

“Great!” I said. “Brian, will you do the honors?” He stood next to Tom, not knowing how to start. They both looked a bit awkward.

“Start with his shirt,” I said to Brian. He removed it easily. Then he went for the belt. “Wait,” I said. “Will you tweak his nipples a bit?” Brian looked at me, then Tom, then rubbed his thumbs back and forth across Tom’s nipples until they stood out hard.

“I’m jealous,” said Billy.

“Wait your turn,” said Brian, who then loosened Tom’s belt, unzipped his fly, and pulled down his pants. I could see that Tom was excited and he knew I was looking at his cock peeking through his boxer shorts.

“Off with the shorts,” I commanded and Brian dragged them to Tom’s ankles. Tom stepped out of them and pulled his scrotum away from his legs. Then, I dropped to my knees in front of them and grabbed their hard cocks.

“I used to dream about this when we were in school,” I said, as I slowly slid my hands up and down their shafts. Charles and Frank had sat down beside me and I had Billy stand behind me and rub his cock on my head.

“This is fucking unbelievable,” Tom said.

His cock grew thicker as I pumped him and it looked like he was going to cum soon. I slowed down with him because I wanted Brian and him to splash my face at the same time. Brian’s eyes were closed as he took in my steady stroking. I slid my hands to their balls and massaged them briefly. Then I resumed yanking on their cocks, faster now.

Tom stiffened and put his hand on Brian’s shoulder to steady himself. Brian thrust his cock forward and back. They were close, so I jerked them quickly. Then, I felt their cock muscles relax and then tense swiftly. They both started cumming, showering my face with hot spurts of jism. Brian’s knees buckled but he held on to Tom’s waist as I kept wanking them. Then, I let go of their cocks and rubbed their cum over my face and chest.

“Good job, guys,” I said, licking my lips. I fell onto my hands and knees and looked back at Billy looming over me. “Rub your cock on my ass, Billy, but don’t try to stick it in,” I commanded. He dropped down, grabbed my hips, and slid his cock up and down my crack. Then I rolled over on my back and stared up at his stiff penis. He had recovered quickly from his first orgasm.

“Fuck my tits, Billy. They’re real wet for you,” I said. He fell on top of me and I wrapped my legs around him. For a few seconds, the tip of his cock poked at my pussy. I pulled him up to my cum-soaked breasts and squeezed his cock between them. He fucked them slowly as I stared into his beautiful eyes. I could see the urgency building in him.

“Come on, Billy, fuck me,” I said. “Shoot your load all over my face.” I opened my mouth and stuck out my tongue. I wanted to suck him off but I remembered the “rules.” I pushed my tits harder against his cock, as he quickened his pace, and then he sprayed my face and tongue with his cum.

“Oh, shit!” he yelled. I grabbed his cock and spread the goo over my chest and neck. I brushed my lips across the tip of his wet cock head and tasted the saltiness of his cum. I was drenched in the spunk of three men. Then Billy lifted himself off me and helped me to my feet.

Tom and Brian and Billy closed in and wrapped themselves around me. I slowly turned round and round, giving each a quick kiss, a quick feel, a quick pinch. I wanted more. I wanted to cum one more time.

“We need to clean up,” Tom said. We all started for the bathroom.

“Not you, Carol,” Billy said. “You need to stay naked and sticky for a while longer. Hey, Charles, you and Frank take care of Carol,” he said, as he disappeared into the bathroom.

So there I was, still naked with two clothed men in a sumptuous hotel suite. Suddenly, there was a knock on the door.

“Room service,” a man called out. I started to go toward the bathroom.

“No, wait, Carol,” Frank said. “I’ll handle it.” He went to the door which was out of my sight. I could hear him and the other man talking. Then, Frank reappeared, followed by the bell boy!

“Carol, this is Donnie,” Frank said, as I tried to cover myself with my hands. “He brought the extra towels we asked for and some more wine. I thought it would be good if he helped clean you up.” Donnie was a chubby young redhead whose eyes seemed to be popping out of their sockets as he looked me up and down. Along with the wine and the towels, he had a bowl of rose water with him. I knew it was useless to protest.

“Don’t be shy, Carol,” Frank said. “Donnie, go over there and do your best to wash Carol.” With some hesitation, Donnie picked up a towel and the bowl of water and walked toward me.

“May I?” he asked, not looking me in the eyes.

“I guess so,” I said to this stranger in the room. He wiped me down with a dry towel first, getting most of the cum off me. Then he used a damp towel to clean me up. After that, at Frank’s request, he pulled a tube of skin lotion from my purse and applied it all over my body. By now, everyone was back in the living room watching Donnie’s hands caressing me.

“Before he goes, will you show Donnie how you cum?”

“What!?” I said, looking at Charles who had a smile on his face.

“Show him how you get off,” he said. “I’m sure he’d love to see you do it, wouldn’t you, Donnie?”

“I think I would,” he said. I could feel myself blushing. The others kept encouraging me.

“Come on, Carol, I bet you want to do it,” said Tom. “She loves showing herself to strangers,” he said to Donnie. “Here, sit down and watch Carol masturbate,” he said, guiding Donnie to the sofa.

I no longer felt in control. My “boyfriends” were directing me to get off in front of this young man. They didn’t know it but I was thrilled.

“Okay,” I said, “but you mustn’t tell anyone about this, Donnie. Agreed?”

“Agreed,” he said. The others found seats around the room. Someone turned on some sexy slow jazz. I began swaying to the music and touching myself. I took my time, loving the rapt attention of six men watching me be sexual. I rubbed my tits on the top of Donnie’s head. I bent over and pulled my cheeks apart so that he could get a great look at my asshole.

For ten minutes, I teased Donnie and the others. My pussy was visibly wet again as I slid my fingers in and out of it. As earlier, Donnie seemed a little embarrassed looking at me, as if he had not had much experience with women.

“I’m getting close, Donnie,” I said to him, as I fondled my tit. “Here, give me your hand.” I reached for it and held it in my own. Then, I guided him to my pussy and pressed his hand against me.

“Feel how wet I am, Donnie. Look at how puffy my pussy lips are. You make me want to cum, the way you touch me like that.” I had never felt as brazen as now. The confident exhibitionist had opened up even more.

“Push your finger inside me, Donnie. Reach way in. That’s it. I pumped his finger in and out. Faster, Donnie. Oh, yes! Faster! I’m gonna cum. Fuck my pussy, Donnie. Fuck it!”

Then, it hit me, a gushing wave of passion. I humped his finger hard, screamed his name. I could barely stand up. Donnie looked frightened, helpless, as if he was hurting me. I knew then that he’d never had an experience like this one.

When it was over, I licked Donnie’s finger and embraced him. He was speechless.

“Well done, young man,” said Brian. “You really got her off.” Donnie smiled. He seemed relieved and excited. I thanked him for his help and walked with him to the door. As he walked down the hallway, his last view was of me standing naked in the doorway, smiling, and holding my breast.

Before I got dressed, I gave each of my boyfriends a big hug and let them grope me one more time. A limo was waiting for me as I left the hotel. On the way home, I wondered how John would react to my tale of the evening’s events.

As I entered the house, I heard a muffled sound coming from his private study. I walked in and there he was watching a video on the big screen. As I focused on the television, my jaw dropped. There I was, in the hotel room, cum shooting onto my face!

“Hi, darling,” he said. “Did you have fun?”