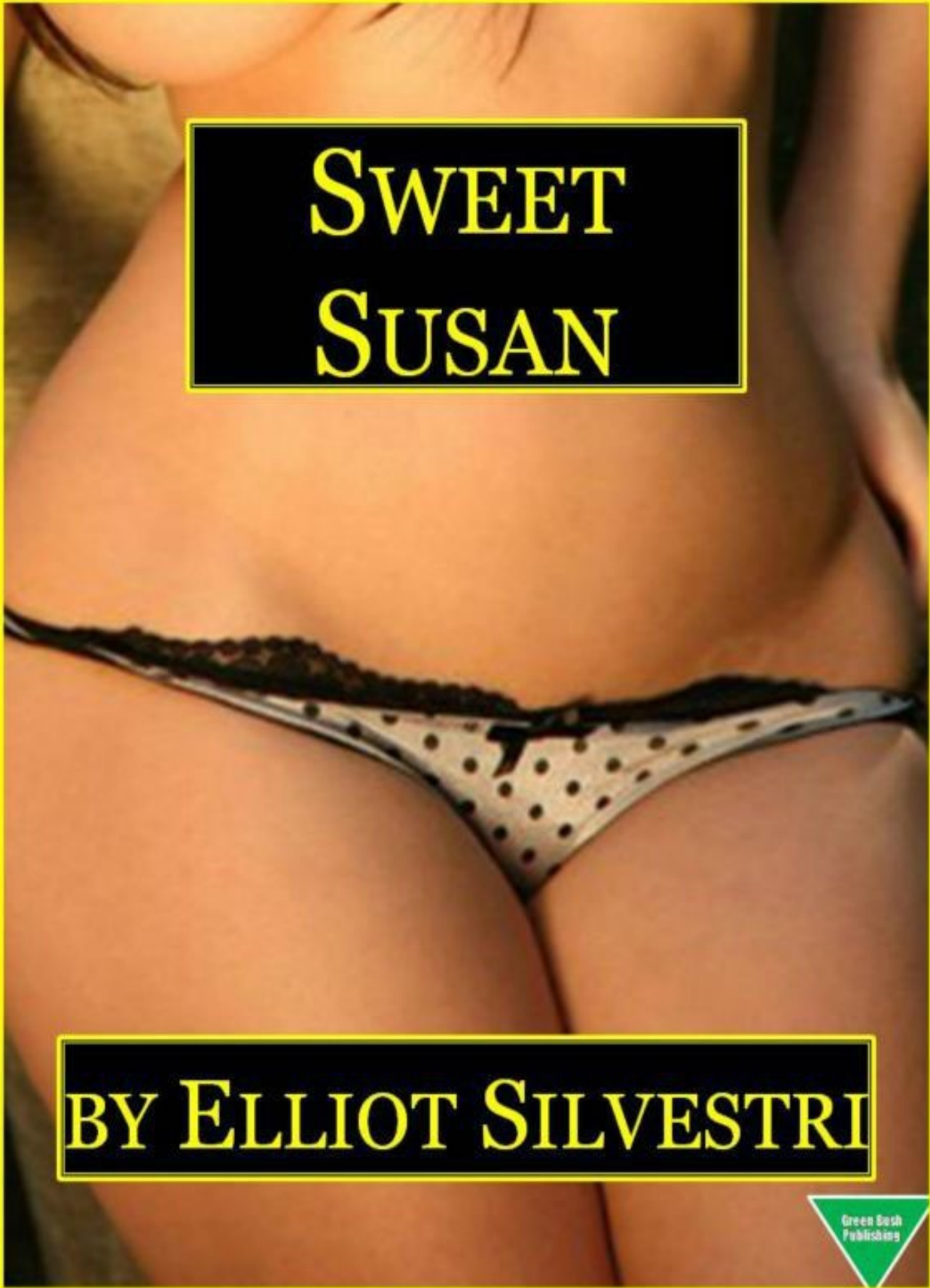
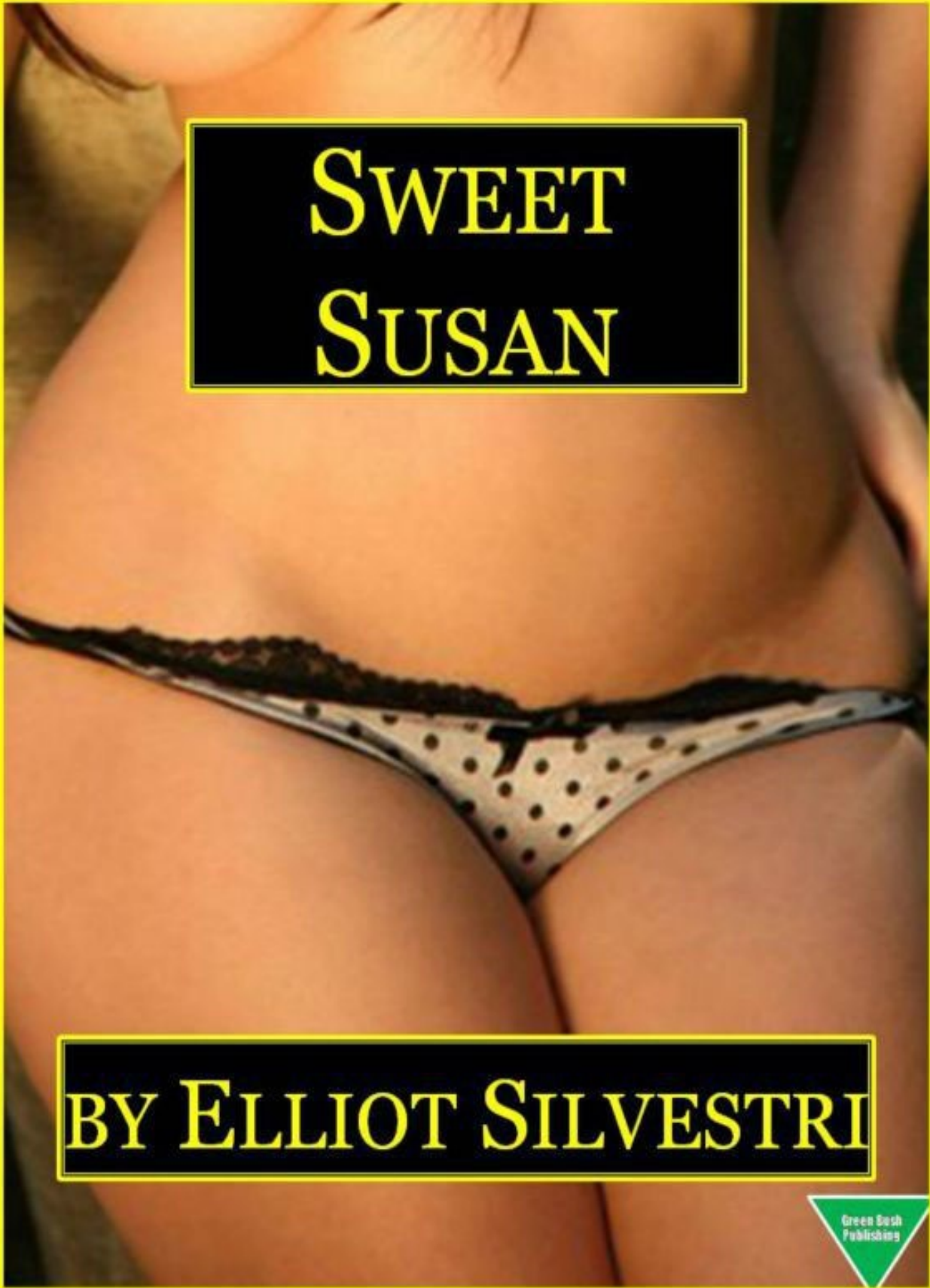




SWEET SUSAN

BY ELLIOT SILVESTRI

Green Sash
Publishing



SWEET SUSAN

BY ELLIOT SILVESTRI

Green Sash
Publishing

Sweet Susan

By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

Copyright 2013 Elliot Silvestri and Green Bush Publishing

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage or retrieval system, without the written permission of the publisher.

The characters and events portrayed in this book are fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.
Contains adult material that might not be suitable for all audiences.

Smashwords Edition, License Notes

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to Smashwords.com and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

All characters depicted in this work of fiction are 18 years of age or older. This work is a fantasy; in your own life be sure to follow safer sex practices.

If you're the type of person to read copyright notices, why don't you go to elliotsilvestri.blogger.com for a coupon code at Smashwords.com.

Also by Elliot Silvestri

And Giselle's Mother

Astrophil & Stella

The Breast of Dawn

The Breast of Day

The Breast of Night

Bringing in Casey's Cream

The Collegiate Milkmaid

Cul-De-Sac: A Suburban Erotica in Around

Dollar Milk Maid

Gretchen's Twins

His and Hers Affairs

Jillian's Contract

Lessons with Mrs. Tavorski

Luke's Milkmaids

Margeaux Known As

Ménage á Milk

Milk Addict

The Milk Thief

Milke & Cookie

Milking the O'Malleys

Misanthrope – First Summer

My Submissive Pair

Never Too Many Pregos

Pain Makes You Beautiful

Penny's Secret Life

The Prince's Whores

The Red Collar

Rosemilk

Selling Myself

Some Girls Are Bigger Than Others

Swinging Ring

Taking Gwendolyn

The Cheating Secret

The Troll's Trollop

True Cow Girl

Victor's Chastity

A Virgin Sacrifice

Without Your Wife

Collections

The Breast of Dawn: The Elf Milk Collection

The Elliot Silvestri Erotic Reader

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 1

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 2

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 3

Roman Charity: Four Tales of Erotic Lactation

Chapter One

“I like what you said in class. Romeo was a fucking twit and Juliet was a simpering fool who went along with her two-day boyfriend because she didn’t like her parents.”

The guy who was talking to me as I tottered down the stairs from our Shakespeare I class had black hair styled to what was commonly called the artsy-nerd type that dotted the campus. He was otherwise unremarkable, blandly handsome, I suppose, but without any striking features other than his hair. He wasn’t the athlete type I usually lusted over—but all that lust had always resulted in spectacular disaster. Still, I was wary.

“Thanks.”

I’m not the greatest conversationalist.

He grinned and didn’t seem to notice that I was trying to avoid him without appearing rude. “I have to say you’re pretty smart, probably the smartest of our entire class, even the seniors.”

“It’s a sophomore,” I said. Again, I’m not the best conversationalist.

“Anyway, I’m guessing you’re an English major?”

“Film, actually. English minor.”

“I’m drama. With an art minor. I’m struggling in class. I could really use some help with our next paper.” He flashed me a winning smile and tried to look both needy and confident. I wasn’t buying it. Being a fat girl I knew what guys were like.

“Dr. Baker is a pretty helpful teacher. If you see her during office hours she’d be more than happy to help out. Or try the writing center. It’s staffed by students, but they’re pretty good with the mechanics of writing if that’s your problem.” I should know; I work at the writing center.

He grabbed my arm as I rounded the corner of the stairwell and headed for the door. "Um, look, I'm not good at this, but I've been staring at the back of your head since the beginning of the semester. I'm not having trouble in class, I just want to ask you out and I don't really know how to do that."

And that's how I met Jaret. He's a sweet boy. I had a lot of trouble trusting and believing him at first because that's how fat girls grow up in high school. Every walk down the hallway is made me a target of laughter and jokes. I fielded more than my fair share of fake date invitations; I was smart enough to turn them all down flat. I might be fat, I'm not stupid. I graduated top of my class in high school and got away from there as quickly as possible.

As a consequence of growing up fat, I didn't know how to date. That was okay, Jaret apparently did. Sadly, I mistrusted him on our entire first date. Dinner. Movie. Nice walk back to campus. He didn't seem at all shy about holding my hand. I half-allowed myself to believe that he actually liked me. I knew it was an act, of course, but I went along with it because it was nice to feel that way for once.

The walk back to campus took us by his dorm first and I knew what was going to happen next. He'd invite me inside so his stupid friends could jump out and laugh at me. He might get some money from his friends for winning the bet on getting the fat girl back to his room for a romantic tryst. Or maybe his date with me was his consequence for having lost some stupid bet. I automatically headed for the entrance to his dorm.

We stumbled together and nearly fell. That embarrassed me more than knowing I was about to be the butt of some huge joke. "Whoa. Where are you going?"

"Aren't we going back to your room?" I asked a little too pointedly.

"Um, I was actually planning on walking you back to your room." A glint grew in his eye. "But if you want to go to my place, that's okay. I've never met a girl as eager as you," he said with an exaggerated wink.

"What?"

"It is a first date, and all, but I'm not one to stand on formality," he said as he

grabbed my elbow and steered me into his hall. By now I was convinced that a joke was to be had at my expense and steeled myself for the surprise. I readied my retort and was prepared to knee Jaret in the balls as a bit of payback for his cruel trick.

There was no one in his suite or in his room when he unlocked it. "Davis is gone for the night," he said. "He's got a girlfriend in SMASH housing."

"Right," I agreed. I was suddenly nervous. When was the other shoe going to drop.

Jaret grinned at me. "Did you enjoy the movie?" he asked and put his hand on my upper arm. He was standing incredibly close. Where was the joke? Did he actually have to fuck me to win the bet?

"Yes." I answered since I didn't have anything better to say.

"I'm going to admit I missed half of it because I was staring at you most of the time. You have an incredible earlobe and a wonderful neck."

That was hardly the type of seductive talk I was prepared to hear. "What?"

He didn't answer my stupid question. He kissed me. I'm ashamed to say it was my first real kiss from a boy, sophomore year in college and never been kissed. Apparently I didn't do too badly at kissing back because our bodies clung together a long time, he put his tongue in my mouth and I responded as best I could. I had no clue what I was doing. I was simultaneously horny and angry because I knew some cruel trick was imminent.

When we finally broke the kiss he said, "You're beautiful, and I'm not just saying that to get you into bed." He pulled on my gently trying to move me toward his bed.

"I don't believe you."

The look in his eyes was a combination of puzzlement and hurt. "What?"

"I've been through this before," I explained to him. I locked my knees and refused to be moved forward by him. "Take out the fat girl, romance her, get her into bed, and laugh at her for thinking she had something going with the cute

guy.”

Jaret collapsed to his bed. It bounced slightly when he sat down on it. “I’m not playing a trick on you, Susie. I do like you.”

“Right, you like the fat girl.”

He glanced away from me then looked back, a bit angry. “I’m not going to call you fat. Yeah, you’re not a stick figure. Yeah, you probably don’t fit into the traditional mold of sexy. But—and I’ve learned this about myself—I like girls who are a little chubby. No, I don’t know why. But yes, you fit my ideal. But I also like you, Susie the person. You’re the smartest, funniest one in our class and you have a wicked sharp manner of cutting someone down when they’re too full of themselves. Especially Trent the asshole.”

Trent the asshole was a fifth year senior in our class that was well on his way to a sixth year if he didn’t focus. He thought he knew a lot about everything; he didn’t.

“Since when do cute guys like fat girls?” I asked him softly.

He shrugged. “I don’t know about cute guys, but I like the way you look. Let me be blunt, you have a great face, wonderful curly hair—here’s the blunt part—great bit tits and a wonderful ass. I’ve followed it around on campus on more than one occasion. I’ll do anything you want if you’ll just make out with me for a while.”

Here’s a true confession. I’d actually lost something along the lines of fifty pounds between my senior year of high school and sophomore year of college. While most girls were putting on the freshman fifteen I was shedding them. I had intentionally picked a college where students had to walk everywhere. The college was on the edge of a river valley and most walking was either uphill or down. At the end of my first week freshman year my calves were screaming in pain every evening. At the end of my freshman year my clothes were baggy and hanging off my body.

Okay, I wasn’t a huge porker my second year, but I still weighed more than was good for me, and since I only stand five foot two, every pound is magnified a hundred times on my frame.

I still had fat girl mentality even though I wasn't a huge, fat slob anymore. I still needed to lose weight. At five-two carrying around a hundred fifty pounds isn't all that attractive.

Except, maybe, to Jaret.

I took a step forward, and I'll never know why, and I kissed him. He kissed me back. A moment later I was on the bed with him and we were shedding our clothes.

It was the first time in my life I wished I wore something sexier than jeans, mock turtleneck covered by a sweatshirt, plain white cotton bra and panties. At least my underwear was clean and matching.

He didn't mind when I pulled off his shirt and unbuttoned his pants. He especially didn't mind when I pushed my hand down into his underwear and grabbed his cock to stroke it. Don't forget I had no idea what I was doing. I was perhaps a little tough with his manhood.

"Whoa. Hold on second. You're got a pretty good grip there." He shimmied out of his pants and underwear and I realized he was naked and not the least bit ashamed. Not that he had anything to be ashamed about. He was beautiful to my eyes. His cock was erect and pointing up to his stomach. I wanted to take it in my mouth but was afraid I'd be giving him a blowjob all wrong.

I was surprised when he put my hand back on his cock. "Slower," he said. "Don't go so fast, I don't want to cum too quickly." And so I resumed stroking him. I was really turned on now and for some reason that made me really chatty while I masturbated him.

"You don't mind me doing this?" I asked him as I continued to stroke.

"It's great," he said.

"Are we going to have sex?" I asked him, half scared he'd say yes, half scared he'd say no.

"Aren't we doing that now?"

I laughed. "I mean penis in vagina sex."

“If you want.”

No one had ever made that offer to me before. Well, no one who was serious.
“I’d really like to.”

His eyes snapped open. “Then we’ll need to get your bra and panties off,” he said sitting up. And then he pushed me down to the bed which presented a problem as he tried to reach under me to unhook my bra.

“Let me sit up,” I said. He backed off a bit and I turned my back to him, displaying the row of five industrial strength bra closure hooks. “Help me out a little?” I asked. I couldn’t believe I was being so forward. I had never been naked in front of anyone before who wasn’t a doctor.

“Sure.” He fumbled a bit and then figured out the secret to opening the hooks. I let the bra slip off my shoulders and flung it to the floor. I turned back to him and displayed my breasts and the pink nipples that topped them. The beaming smile on his face told me he wasn’t playing a game with me. He actually was in lust with me and my body. It was strange. I felt like I had some superpower I had just discovered and now I could rescue the world from strange alien invaders.
“Wow. What size are you?” he breathed.

“42DD. Or 44E, depends on the brand.”

“They’re beautiful.” Before I could do anything else he pushed me back down and his mouth kissed not my lips, but my nipple. He sucked it in and his tongue flicked it. The suction felt nice. The sensations went all the way down to my pussy. The breast Jaret wasn’t happily teasing with his mouth suddenly received some very welcome attention from his hand. He pinched my nipple, not painfully, but just hard enough to let me know he had found my secret vulnerable spot and wasn’t going to let me escape unscathed

“Ooh,” I moaned.

“You like that?” he asked.

“Uh-huh. More.”

I’m not sure if he misinterpreted more, but his fingers released my nipple, though his mouth didn’t stray, and then there was a warm pressure on top of my

pussy. His hand was resting on top of my panties. I didn't say or do anything. I was frozen with fear—and lust.

He waited politely for a minute, released my breast from his mouth, and moved up to kiss my lips. That was nice. As he did so his hand on my panties moved up and away, then his fingertips slid under the elastic band and inside where he could feel the thick tangle of my pubes. I didn't protest. I was scared and excited, but I wanted more.

Jaret stopped kissing me. "Are you sure you want to do this?" he asked in all seriousness. "I don't want to pressure you, but I'm pretty horny right now."

He didn't have to tell me. His hard cock was like a hot iron bar pressing into my leg. I met his gaze. "Do you have a condom?"

"I've got a whole boxful." He jumped up and out of bed, grabbed a box of condoms from his desk drawer, and returned in less than a second. With some careful maneuvering he pushed me to the side a bit and then grabbed both sides of my plain white panties. "Ready for the unveiling?" he asked.

I giggled like a schoolgirl, not an inaccurate description. "Yes."

He pulled down my last article of clothing and exposed my sex to the cool air. After he dropped my panties to the floor and pushed my legs apart. I had a case of the nerves for a second, then realized he wasn't going to just fuck me hard and leave me, but he was pushing his face toward my pussy.

I didn't know what to do. So I just laid there in a panic. That was the right thing to do. When his lips and tongue met my pussy I practically had an immediate orgasm. He didn't need to go down on me. My pussy was already plenty wet. I was going to tell him that but then his tongue found my clit and I realized that he could practice the fine art of cunnilingus on me for a few minutes.

It wasn't long before I actually did have an orgasm. My hips started bucking and I made that high keening noise I hate but apparently it's my body's response to too much stimulation of the clit.

"Holy fucking hell are you beautiful when you cum," he said to me when I was done.

I actually blushed. A guy had just put his face in my crotch and brought me to orgasm, and I blushed because he called me beautiful. At least I took the compliment politely. "Thank you. That was really good. You know what you're doing." I decided to shut up at that point because if I said anything else I'd give away that I had no clue what I was doing.

"I just wanted to make you good and ready."

"I'm ready," I said. I wasn't really. I was a virgin. I probably should have told him that. But I only considered myself half a virgin. Even in high school I knew I had a high sex drive. I also had an understanding and very cool aunt who I could confide in. She bought me my very first vibrator. Vibrators, for the uninitiated, feel fantastic on the outside of any girl's pussy and mine had brought me to innumerable orgasms. I drained more batteries with that thing than my brother ever did with his xBox controllers.

Vibrators feel even better when inserted into a girl's pussy. It was tough going at first but I needed something inside of me. The first time I pushed the vibrator into my pussy was a bit painful, then I turned it on and I forgot all about the pain. Over the course of the next two years I became an expert on wielding a vibrator. I could have been a masturbating porn star if I wanted.

The important thing here is that my pussy wasn't truly virgin. True, never had a penis gotten anywhere near my vagina. But she also had my fingers and two different vibrators a hundred different times.

That was why when I saw Jaret rolling a condom on his cock I knew I wouldn't have a bit of trouble accommodating him. That made me panic a bit. Would he think his cute chubby bunny girl was also a secret slut. But before I could ask or stop him, he had crawled on top of me and I felt his cockhead at the entrance to my cunt.

"Are you ready?"

"Uh huh," I said as vaguely as possible to make him think I wanted to fuck, but was a little unsure about the whole thing. I also tightened up my pussy muscles so he would have a slightly difficult time entering me.

That didn't work at all because he slid right into my cunt. "You are fucking wet!" he said when he was in. "And tight. Hell on fire, you're a great lay."

I couldn't believe he was so gullible. I was certain he'd call me out on being a practical virgin and I fooled him.

For a minute I felt terrible about lying to Jaret. And then I started feeling the effect of him fucking me and I forgot all about fib of omission.

It wasn't the best sex I'd ever had up to that point. I'd given myself many wonderful orgasms with both my hand and my vibrator, too many of them to number that were on the scale that made my eyes want to roll up into my head and made me see other dimensions. Jaret was great in bed, but my first time with another person was focused mostly on what body part went where and how much I needed to worry about my appearance. Still, even with all that Jaret managed to hold back his orgasm until I came once—even if it was just small, relaxing climax. I gave the right response and moaned and groaned in a fashion that pleased him.

Then he came—and I immediately wished that he wasn't wearing a condom. The way his cock got so hard and hot I wondered what it must feel like for burning semen to splash around inside my pussy. I almost came a second time.

When he was done, I started laughing—giggling—in relief and happiness. It had been such a wonderful experience—even with my initial reluctance and mistrust—that I couldn't believe I hadn't been the butt of a joke.

“Why are you laughing?” he asked me.

“It's a relief.”

“What?”

“Everything. Knowing you didn't bring me back here to make a fool of me.”

He grinned and rolled to his side. “I brought you back here to get laid. Was that wrong?”

“No, it was truly the best thing in the world.”

Chapter Two

It was weird to have a boyfriend, but that is what Jaret was. Fat girls weren't supposed to have boyfriends. But I did and that made me practically float on air. Oddly, it made me focus on my studies as well because I was sure if I fell too deeply in love with Jaret I knew I'd come crashing down and needed something real and tangible to steady myself with.

Even in happiness I couldn't relax, I always had to have a backup plan.

On the plus side my pussy was getting a workout I couldn't have imagined. It's one thing to masturbate with a vibrator and fingers on a regular basis. It's another entirely for your boyfriend to always be pulling off your clothes the moment the two of you are alone so he can get to your pussy and ravage it.

"Not tonight," I told him once when we had finished up our homework and he moved from the seat at my desk and onto my bed where I had been reading Crime and Punishment.

"What's the matter? Have a headache?" He grinned thinking he was making some clever joke about bored and frigid housewives from the 1950s.

"No."

"Caroline won't be back for at least an hour," he pointed out. My roommate disappeared whenever Jaret came over. I wasn't sure if she didn't like him or just wanted to give us space. Maybe watching a fat girl make out with a drama geek turned her stomach.

"That's not it. Pussy-ache."

"What?"

"You've fucked me so many times I'm too sore to have sex tonight," I told him and swatted him over the head with my paperback copy of Dostoyevsky as he snuggled up to me on the bed. That barely deterred him.

“Want me to go down on you?” he offered in what was a most gentlemanly fashion.

“No, I want a little time to recover. And don’t bother asking for a blowjob either, if I’m too sore, then you don’t get any either.”

“Okay, okay,” he said softly to assuage my anger. “Can I ask you something?”

“How can I stop you?” I asked. I had already gotten too comfortable having Jaret as my partner. A month earlier I would have done anything he asked just for the illusion of human companionship and affection, now I was telling him to keep away.

“Can I use you as model for my drawing class?”

I sighed and narrowed my eyes at him. “What do I have to do?” I asked him. I was impressed with his ability to draw. Mostly I’d seen doodles he put into the margins of his notebooks, but even those were somewhat impressive.

“Nothing,” he said expansively. “Just lay there and read. I want to capture you doing something casual. I just need to do some life drawings and my schedule doesn’t work for when they have models posing in the studios.

“Oh. Okay. Fine.”

“And take off your clothes,” he amended.

“What?”

“It’s nude figure drawing. But keep reading your book. That gives you a certain sexy look that a model posing in the middle of the studio can’t capture.”

“You want to draw nude pictures of me?”

“Three pictures, actually.”

“I don’t know. I don’t want my face and nude pictures all over the place.”

“The only one who is going to see them is the professor. And me. And I’m not going to be focusing on your face; it’s your body I want.”

“I bet.”

“Please,” he pleaded, begged. “I can’t resist salivating over your body.”

That, oddly, was true. “I don’t know...” I was truly on the fence. I had been difficult to get naked with him the first time and I still occasionally had twinges of nervousness when we took off our clothes. He did everything correct to keep me at ease, but I even mistrusted that because I was so used to being suspicious of everyone’s motives.

“Please,” he begged again, sounding like a little kid. “I’ll obscure your face. I’ll put your book in front of it. No one will know. It’s just a black and white pencil study.”

I’m certain there were a hundred ways people could figure out who the naked fat chick was in Jaret’s drawings. But would anyone in the art department care?

And then there was the undercurrent of exhibitionism. I had lost fifty pounds since my heaviest. I was proud of that achievement and wanted to show off a bit, especially since so many of my peers had put on the freshman fifteen plus during the same period. But I was also still ashamed of my body. Still, trusting Jaret had given me some of the best sex and most wonderful weeks of my life. Nothing is ever gained without some risk.

“Fine,” I said, exasperated. Secretly inside I was a bit excited and thrilled. I was going to be a nude model in the privacy of my own dorm room.

Jaret watched as I pulled off my clothes and arranged myself on the bed with my book propped up. It was a little odd to be naked while he was fully clothed but I tried to ignore that.

“Be natural,” he told me.

“I am.”

“You’re trying to hide your breasts and pussy,” he pointed out. “Pretend you’re dressed and that I’m not here.”

“Right,” I grumbled. I rearranged myself a little to a slightly more natural pose and ignored him. I was good at ignoring people. I had years of practice in high

school where the insults flew at me every day of the week.

“Better,” he said and bent to his work. I could hear his pencil scratching across the rough drawing paper as he worked. I tried to concentrate on Dostoyevsky’s epic tome of Russian madness and fitting justice. It wasn’t a page turner. Still, I was naked with my boyfriend and getting homework done while my pussy was getting a much needed rest. I didn’t want to wind up at the campus infirmary with some weird infection because my vagina was raw from too much friction. Fat jokes I could endure; raw pussy jokes were sure to cripple me.

Jaret had me change position several times as he worked. I actually got a lot of reading done which was critical. I actually didn’t forget he was there for a time. Then I’d hear his pencil or eraser working and I’d be snapped back to reality.

Who would have thought that fat girl Susie was spending time in college getting fucked by the cute drama major (not gay, an oddity) and working as volunteer nude model?

“Done,” Jaret announced.

“I want to see,” I immediately said when he started putting the drawings back in his portfolio.

“An artist isn’t supposed to let anyone see the product until the work is done,” Jaret said, trying to fend off my grasping fingers.

“You said you were done,” I reminded him.

“Done for the teacher, but you know, not done done.”

“Whatever. Give me the fucking portfolio or you won’t get any more pussy from me ever again.” It was a hollow threat; I do anything to have his cock back inside me again. But it worked. Jaret handed over the pad where he had been working.

The pictures were good. They were only pencil studies, as promised, and my face was either obscured by the angle or my book. He had taken care to show I was reading Crime and Punishment. I looked at my naked body and wondered if I actually looked that sexy in reality or if it was just an artist’s idealization of me. Was Jaret so in love with me that he what he put on the paper was what he

believed he saw? Did his eyes alter reality for him when viewing me?

I couldn't believe the next words out of my mouth. "Can you draw a really sexy one of me?" I asked. "Not for the class or the professor."

He took his pad back from me and pulled out his pencil. I watched him as he worked this time. God, gods, and goddesses he was cute. He would frown and grimace when he was concentrating. His hair would occasionally fall in his eyes and he'd angrily brush it back. The finished product was a bit slutty and I loved it. I was on my side with my legs open ever so slightly. The bush of my pubic hair didn't fully hide my sex. My breasts were full and heavy. There was an intense look of concentration on my face—and it was my face—probably because one hand was slipping between my legs with the obvious implication the model was masturbating at the time of the drawing.

It made me smile

"Like a classic bit of pornography," I complimented him, taking the drawing out of the pad.

"Is that a flattery?" he asked.

"Yes."

That got me a kiss and before he could ask I fell to my knees and gave him a thank you blowjob. He appreciated that.

I couldn't display the picture on my wall so I slipped it in the top drawer of my desk where it would be safe and I could look at my sexy self anytime I wanted.

Like so many things, once you get a taste of them, you want more and more and more: video games, movies, books, alcohol, sex. I'd tried all of those and I'd moved on to posing for dirty pictures for my boyfriend. I never thought I had a bit of an exhibitionist streak in me, but it's amazing what you discover at college.

"You don't mind posing for a few reference pictures for me to sketch from, do you?" Jaret asked. He already had his camera out and I was stripping off my

clothes. It was a done deal. Why was he asking questions about my willingness? I do just about anything he asked of me; I just hoped he wouldn't find out how eager I was to be willing for him.

"Not at all," I said. "I like it."

"You like taking your clothes off so I can stare at your body?"

I smiled. "It's all in the name of art and education, right?"

He nodded in agreement. "That and the fact I'm going to take use pictures tonight when I'm jerking off."

That made me laugh. I fell and sprawled on his bed. "Really? We're not going to have sex tonight?"

"Maybe I'll jerk off to them tomorrow morning," he amended.

"Uh-huh," I said. I didn't really care. I was completely enthralled that he'd want to even say he wanted to jerk off to nude pictures of me. Tonight's photo session focused on light and shadow. He told me that even though the pictures would be digital he was going to convert them to black and white. I didn't care. I was more into exposing my body to him. The first set went well. We turned off all but one light in the room—a strong desk lamp—and he took a bunch of me posing in different positions. Then he did my silhouette in front of the window—shades up and my body surrounded by the outside light from the quad. Then he laid screen in front of the lamp and started doing close ups of my body.

I didn't mind it when he focused on my boobs and belly. When he rolled me over on my tummy and spent a lot of time looking at my ass, I had to restrain my giggles. Then he asked me to get on my back and spread my legs open a bit.

I started to move at first, but then I hesitated. "Why?"

"Because I want to get some pictures of your pussy," he explained while making some adjustments to his camera.

His comment cause me to roll my eyes. "That I understand. But why? Just so you can jerk off to them? So you can say that you took some dirty pictures of my cunt? For the artistic achievement?"

Jaret looked up at me with honest confusion on his face. “Well, maybe all of them, I guess. I just want to document your body. Your pussy is one of my favorite parts of your body so...I want some good pictures of it.”

And while I couldn't believe I was doing it, I opened up my legs for Jaret to persevere the image of my pussy to a digital record. I was certain the pictures were eventually going to wind up on the internet somewhere, but I was oddly okay with that. My face wouldn't be associated with them so what was the risk? What was the harm?

A photographer pushing his camera between your legs is, strangely enough, somewhat more intimidating than a guy pushing his dick into your pussy for the first time. I loved Jaret and didn't mind exposing myself for him. I didn't mind masturbating for him while he took pictures and posed me in all sorts of strange positions using odd lighting and weird angles—but I also felt somewhat violated as well.

That violation made me feel dirty—the good kind of dirty. When Jaret was done I practically tore his pants off and sucked his cock until it was hard enough to fuck me. That took about eight seconds and then we had a good fuck session that lasted much longer.

“Why are you so into my body?” I asked him when we were lounging together on his bed. Soon his roommate would return and I'd have to leave. It was getting late and I wondered what Joel would do if I stood up from the bed, completely naked, and dressed as if it were the most ordinary thing in the world. I wondered if Jaret would be mortified or pleased.

He shrugged. “I don't know. You have whatever qualities my animal brain is looking for in a sex partner,” he answered blandly.

“But I'm fat,” I practically whined. Jaret was getting tired of my frequent complaint I was too big and heavy for him. He changed the tone of that complaint.

“You might be overweight by societal ideals or maybe even medical measurements, but I don't think so. I think you're beautiful. The problem is girls who are too fat often don't think so, and girls who are extra curvy don't realize it either and hide themselves.”

“Which am I?”

“You, my dear, are extra curvy, extra sexy.” He started kissing his way down my body to eat my pussy, but before anything could happen we heard the doorknob turning. His roommate Joel walked in and stopped in mid-stride.

“Oh, sorry. I, uh, thought you two would be done.”

I was on my back and though we were partially covered with the blankets, my tits were blatantly exposed. I kept my cool and smiled. “That’s okay, Joel. I was just getting up to leave.”

Joel knew that was a lie. Jaret had been headed down to my snatch—that was obvious—but the both played along. They both also froze as I swung my legs out of the bed stood up and started gathering my clothes. Joel couldn’t stop staring. Jaret said nothing—perhaps I’d shocked his brain into paralysis. I chatted casually as I pulled on my panties and bra.

“We probably should have anticipated you getting back earlier,” I said. “Sorry about that. You know how easily time gets away from you. And we were distracted. But Jaret got everything done he needed, right, hon?” I asked. I hooked my bra in front of me, turned it around into place, pulled the straps up over my shoulders and suddenly all my naughty bits were covered and their male brains kicked into gear again. Watching a girl pull on her jeans, shoes, and sweatpants isn’t nearly as exciting as seeing her naked.

“Thanks for, um, everything, Susie,” Jaret said. Joel tried to not stare, but I kept seeing him sneaking peeks at me from his side of the room. I leaned over my boyfriend, gave him a kiss, and sauntered out the door.

“You blew Joel’s mind last night when you got out of bed naked like that,” Jaret said to me when we met up for our customary walk to class.

“Really?” I asked. “Because I was going to blow you last night if you could have gotten it up again.”

“Ha ha!” he commented. “Do you mind if I use some of your photos for a bigger project I’m working on for my class?”

I smiled. I was starting to enjoy myself as a bit of a slut, a bit of an exhibitionist. “Sure, go ahead.”

A few days later I found myself back in Jaret’s room. It was Friday night and while we could have gone to a party we opted to stay in for a bit of romance. We weren’t doing anything at all, just finishing up some homework and getting ready to have sex. Our evening was all but crushed by the sudden appearance of Joel and his sort-of girlfriend Annabelle. She went by Annie and I didn’t really like her. She seemed a little too caught up in her own self, spending a lot of time on her appearance.

Perhaps I didn’t like her because she was nearly a stick figure and that made me jealous.

Jaret shot daggers out of his eyes at Joel and stated, perhaps a little too nastily, “I’m supposed to have the room tonight.”

“Kiera’s got her hometown boyfriend visiting,” Annie explained. “She doesn’t have anywhere to go.”

Jaret’s eyebrows furrowed together. “Who’s Kiera?”

“My roommate.”

He tilted his head to the side causing his slightly too long black hair to flop to one side. He was cute when he did that. “I didn’t know you had a roommate.”

Annie scoffed. “Normally I don’t because Kiera is barely there because she’s off banging her college boyfriend at his place.” She sniffed and looked angrily out the window. “He’s in a fraternity, has his own room.”

I started to speak because of the silence that pervaded the room. “She sounds a bit of a...” I wanted to say slut, but that was judgmental. I’d love to be the type of girl who had two boyfriends and sluts around a bit, but I wasn’t that pretty nor did I have the body that would attract all that many men.

“Slut,” Annie filled in for me. We grinned at each other.

“Not that there’s anything wrong with that,” I hastily added. “It’s just not for me.”

Annie waved her hand up in the air. “Oh, she’s got others on the side as well. She’s always open for business. How she stays in school when she spends most of her time fucking random guys I’ll never know.”

“We have a bit of a problem with the room tonight,” Jaret said to bring us back on track to the matter at hand. “Susie and I were supposed to have a bit of privacy alone.” He looked meaning fully at Joel.

“Not a problem,” Joel the engineering major said. “I’ve got this all worked out. We’ll turn off the lights, we’ll turn on the music, and we’ll rig a curtain.”

“A curtain?”

Joel zipped open his backpack and pulled out a length of rope. “Yup. Camping trips and necessity will make anyone creative.” He set up work as we watched. He rigged the rope between the window shade bar and a coat hanger attached to the back of the hook on the room door. Over the rope he draped a spare set of bed sheets—which actually impressed me, what kind of boy actually brings spare sheets to college?—and with some minor adjustments had neatly divided the room into two subdivisions.

It wasn’t great but it would give us some privacy. Annie didn’t seem to care; she disappeared behind the sheet with a shrug. Joel joined her after waggling his eyebrows at us. A minute later the music started. It wasn’t terribly loud, but would cover up most casual conversation. “I’ve got my iPod set for three hour playlist, buddy,” he called over the divider. “Grab the lights, would you?”

Jaret turned off the overhead lights but left a small desk lamp glowing on our side. He like to watch when we fucked. That was fine by me. In a minute we were naked and I was on top of him. How I never crushed his body I’ll never know, but he liked me on top—actually, he liked me in any position—so he could play with my tits. I liked that—actually, I liked when he played with any part of my body.

Our first fuck of the evening was fast and furious. We had to take a couple days off because of studying and homework issues. I was sad it was over in less than ten minutes. We lay together, resting together, getting ready to go at it again,

when I realized that I could hear when Annie and Joel were doing.

“They’re having sex,” I whispered in Jaret’s ear.

“I know,” he replied softly. “That’s not a surprise.”

“Yeah, but it’s not like watching a video or something. It’s like a private sex show for us.”

“I’m pretty sure they’re fucking for their own enjoyment, not to put on a show for us.”

“Shh,” I quieted him. “I want to listen.”

Annie was a moaner. I don’t know what Joel was doing to her, but I could just barely hear the sounds of their genitals squishing against each other. Or maybe they were masturbating each other. Who knows? I grabbed Jaret’s cock and slowly masturbated him while I listened. It was a nice change of pace rather than just the two of us fucking all the time. Jaret reached for my pussy, but I slapped his hand away. “Just listen to them,” I told him softly. “After they cum, then you can have me again.”

They must have fucked for nearly half an hour. Annie kept moaning and groaning through the whole process. I used my hand on Jaret’s cock and balls, keeping him at attention. Finally, after far too long, Annie started to lose herself. The noises she made indicated she was getting to her peak. When she started climaxing her cries were much louder than the music. Jaret started to giggle at her calls, but then he saw how turned on I was. We changed positions; I got on my hands and knees and he entered me as his roommate finally came with a series of three grunts.

By then Jaret was well-established in my pussy and was pounding away at me from behind. His legs and stomach were slapping against my somewhat jiggly flesh as we fucked like animals. Normally I’m not much for making undue noises during sex. I’m not silent, but I’m not a screamer. This night I didn’t stifle myself at all. I moaned and groaned whenever the moment took me. I’m sure I was panting at one point, begging Jaret to go harder and faster. They had to have heard me when I came.

It was very quiet after that. I’m not sure exactly what happened, but I drifted off

to sleep in Jaret's arms.

The next morning I awoke a little stiff and uncomfortable in the college supplied bed. Normally they're pretty good, but they're just a little too small to comfortably sleep two people. Fucking college.

Jaret, I had already discovered, was a heavy sleeper. I slipped out of bed and couldn't resist the temptation to peek around the still hanging bed sheet. Annie was in bed alone—and awake.

"Where's Joel?" I asked softly.

"Went to the bathroom," she said just as quietly.

I stepped around the sheet purposefully. I knew I was naked. I wanted Annie to see me naked, to see that I wasn't ashamed of my body any more. I wanted to tease her a bit. I woke up horny and needed a bit of play. She eyed me but didn't say anything. "We didn't bother you last night, did we?" I asked. It was a leading question.

"You were kind of loud when we were done," Annie said. She looked disturbed by her answer.

"Sorry," I apologized. "But so were you two. You made me horny." I intentionally left it up to her to decide if I meant she made me horny or she and Joel together made me horny.

"That's okay."

Joel then walked quietly back into the room. He was wearing his bathrobe on his return from the bathroom. He might have been able to sneak in the way he snuck out and kept the dividing sheet vertical, but once he saw my naked body he did double take and had trouble closing the door. The rope's anchor gave out and the sheet floated to the floor. I stood calmly in the middle of the room as he and Annie got another eyeful of my curvy body.

"Hi Joel," I greeted him and calmly walked back to Jaret's bed sliding in next to his naked and warm body. I didn't mind in the least as the two of them stared at

me. Maybe they were shocked by my behavior. Maybe they were turned on by it. Either was good.

“Don’t tease my boyfriend that way!” Annie said only half seriously.

Jaret started to wake up next to me. I gave him a kiss and rolled on top of him. I had heard of the morningwood phenomenon before, but this was really my first experience with it. He didn’t mind at all when I got on top of him and slipped my pussy up and down the length of his cock. In less than a minute he was awake and staring at my big boobs.

“Wanna fuck?” I asked him. Jaret was now awake enough to know the room divider was down; Annie and Joel were watching us. I could feel their eyes on me. The sheet and blankets on Jaret’s bed were still in position, mostly. My breasts were on display; I had made sure of that.

“Um, do we have any condoms left?”

The eternal dilemma of the college student involved in sex: does anyone have a condom?

I grabbed the box that was just barely within reach on his desk. Only two left. A trip to the store was to be in order shortly. The dorm vending machines dispensed—among the usual snacks and other various supplies to desperate college students—the world’s worst condoms. At least that was my opinion based upon my limited contact with them.

After ripping off the wrapper, I threw back the covers and rolled the rubber onto Jaret’s rigid cock. If he felt a bit shy showing his junk to the couple sharing out room he covered it well. I mounted him and started grinding right away. There was no subtlety to our morning fucking; it was all about getting off as quickly as possible. At least it was for Jaret. I was in it mostly to show off in front of Annie and Joel.

From where they lay I knew they could see my tits and since my ass isn’t tiny that was prominently on display as well. I wondered exactly what they could see of my pussy and Jaret’s cock. I couldn’t ask them outright because I was too occupied with making my usual lovemaking sounds. I did manage a glance over at them. Joel was lying on his side behind Annie. They were covered by his comforter but the motions beneath the covers were obvious. They were fucking

as they watched us. Joel seemed to focus on the tops of Annie's tits which were periodically displayed because of their grinding.

Annie seemed to be focused on me. I caught her eye as we passed a long minute with our respective boyfriend's cocks in our pussies. We didn't say anything; we didn't have to. I could see the embarrassment in her eyes. I hoped she could see the pride in mine.

Chapter Three

Shortly after we got back from the semester break Jaret asked me, “Do you know what the Residence in Artists is?”

It was the start of February, it was fucking freezing outside almost every day, so we fought the deep freeze by fucking inside almost every day. My pussy had toughened up a bit by this point so I could copulate two times a day—or more—easily without any negative effects. I had kept her busy all through break with furious masturbation sessions with my vibrator and lots of phone and Skype sex with Jaret. He was good to me that in that way.

“Isn’t that the art major honor society or something like that?” I had to take his cock out of my mouth to answer. I wasn’t interested in conversation at the moment.

“Not really. They’re an organization on campus that advances the edges of the arts in general for our little community. They like to be a little avant-garde.”

“Great,” I mumbled around his cock. I was doing this for his benefit—and for mine because he wasn’t going to cum in my mouth, he was going to put his hard wood to work in my cunt.

“They also have an off campus residence.”

“Mm-hmm.” He liked it when I made noises while blowing him.

“They’ve invited me to join.”

“Mm-hmm,” I repeated.

“There’s an initiation and performance review to get in.”

“I sighed and took his cock from my mouth. “Is this going somewhere?” I asked. “Because as bawdy talk, it’s terrible. Are you trying to ask me something?”

“You’re my muse,” he told me. “As part of the application process, I have to

bring my muse to the board for approval.”

“That’s...odd.”

“Not really for this group. I have to tell you the odd part now.”

His cock was still hard, so I decided to stroke it just to see where the conversation was going. “Go ahead.”

“New members are approved at what they call their annual Sexposition.”

“Uh huh.”

“It’s kind of a combination of an art show, a circus freak show, a board of review, and...”

“Yes.”

“And a Roman orgy.”

I paused in my stroking and let that sink in. “As opposed to a Greek orgy?”

He shrugged. “However you want to qualify it.”

“And what would I have to do at this orgy?”

I tried to make myself sound like I disapproved. I didn’t, but I had to keep up at least a veneer of respectability with my boyfriend, didn’t I? The idea excited me...but I didn’t know why exactly.

“You wouldn’t have to have sex with anyone,” he quickly said. That actually disappointed me a bit.

“Really?”

“Well, you could I suppose. Everything that happens at the Sexposition determines whether or not I get it.”

“Uh-huh. Again, what do I have to do?”

“Since you are my muse,” he said, taking my hand and kissing the back of it

followed by a kiss to my forehead, “you have to go so they can judge my artwork of you.”

“Your artwork?”

“Yeah. All the stuff I drew of you.”

“All of it?”

“Yeah.”

“Even the nudes you said no one would ever see?”

“Yeah, even those.” He swallowed. “Especially those.”

“Especially those?”

“Yeah, you’ll have to, uh, be nude at the Sexposition in order for the Board to judge my work.”

“I’ll have to parade around nude at an artists’ orgy so you can get approval to join their little group?”

“Yeah, but I’m sure you won’t be the only one nude.”

It was a good thing that my pussy was already wet because I didn’t want Jaret to think I was getting horny from the idea of being nude in front of complete strangers.

“Really? Who else will be there nude?”

“I don’t know. We’ll find out the night of the judging.”

“And this is so you can join. What do I get? Do I get to be a member of the Residence in Artists as well, pending approval?”

He shook his head. “No, because you’re not an art or drama major. Sorry.”

I frowned.

“But you can be an associate member,” he added. “If they want you.”

“An associate member?”

“Junior status member for non art or drama majors. Some privileges but you’ll never be able to get a room in the house.”

“A room?”

“Their house is probably the best house to live in off campus—it’s better than any fraternity or sorority house. It’s beautiful and has everything you could possibly want in a residence off campus.”

“Uh-huh. And what do I get from you if I say yes?”

He smiled. “What do you want from me?”

I frowned slightly and started stroking his cock again. “I’ll let you know,” I said before putting his cock back in my mouth.

The night of the Sexposition we were walking up Center Street in the freezing cold. It was probably the coldest night of the year and all I was wearing was my heavy winter coat that almost came down to my knees. Normally that would have been fine because I would have been bundled up under my coat. Instead I was wearing just my shoes, a pair of stockings, a pair of panties, and a bustier. Nothing else. Well, a scarf that went with my coat. I felt a bit slutty. I liked it. Except for the cold.

“How come you get to keep your clothes on?” I asked Jaret as we hustled along. There wasn’t any wind, thankfully. I watched in fascination as the condensation from my breath floated in the air and sparkled in the glow of a streetlight.

“Because I’m the artist, you’re the model.”

“I thought I was your muse.”

“You are my muse, but you’re the model I used in my application. You aren’t allowed in the house dressed. You saw the instructions.”

He had given me a formal letter explaining all the details of what was and wasn’t

allowed in the house: people, dress, behavior (that was detailed, lots of rules about sex and alcohol and drugs), possessions (no cell phones or cameras), and what he had to do during the review process. Instead of turning me off, it excited me. Basically I took it that everyone who already wasn't a member of Residence in Artists would be naked or nearly so. I wanted to strut my heavy butt around and see what kind of reaction I got.

When we finally arrived at the house, I was impressed. I never had much occasion to walk up Center Street. I did almost everything on campus, but the house was impressive on the outside. It was huge; one of the old semi-mansions in town that were slowly given up to student apartments and Greek houses. This one managed to keep the best of both of those particular uses.

Inside it was even more impressive. While a lot of the students called the houses uptown broken mansions, this one was nothing like that. It might have been a semi-mansion a hundred years ago, but it hadn't lost any of the charm of that era. Everything was in excellent condition; it might have been a student residence, but it wasn't a slum house.

We entered through the exterior front door to a small entry hall. On the inner door was simply a sign with the instruction, "Speak friend and enter."

"What the fuck?" Jaret asked and pulled out his invitation to consult what to do. I laughed at him. He gave me a dirty look. "I'm going to be denied entry because I can't solve a riddle," he grumbled.

"Maybe it's a good thing you're dating an English major," I told him. The sign was next to an intercom buzzer. I wondered what sorts of pleading took place through that intercom. "I don't know what they're testing, but..." I pressed the button and said one word. "Friend."

The door buzzed and popped open slightly. "You really need to read Tolkien. Or at least see the movies," I told him.

We were greeted in the main downstairs hall by a beautiful woman in a red dress. She was seated behind a simple table and had some impressive cleavage on display. Her hair was elaborately done and she wore too much makeup, but not too much for an art student, I suppose. She only held my attention for a few seconds. I was much more enthralled by the man at her standing at her side.

He was naked. Well, nearly naked. He wore a black leather glove on his right hand and a heavy necklace made of metal chain loops around his neck. But those details didn't keep my attention either for around the base of his cock and balls was a leather strap keeping his dick semi-erect. Attached to the leather strap was a common dog leash that the woman in red held in her hand. He stared straight ahead and said nothing. She said nothing either, but simply held out her hand for Jaret's invitation. I don't think he was surprised to see a naked man in the entrance hall, but it still distracted him.

Naked Man distracted me too because he had a beautiful body. I would have willingly fucked him right then and there if that's what Jaret needed to do to get in the club.

Woman in Red inspected the invitation and filed it away in a folder in front of her. "Hello, Jaret. Your review will take place upstairs in the main hall. You'll have no trouble finding it."

"Thank you," he said but didn't move. He didn't know what to do. Neither did I. It was warm in the house and I was starting to get uncomfortable under my coat.

"Justin will take your coats," she said.

Jaret pulled his off and handed it to naked Justin. I hesitated for a moment, and then took the plunge. Off came the coat and I felt Woman in Red's eyes upon me. I handed the coat to Justin who turned and hung them in the closet behind the desk. The leash to his cock gave him just enough slack. His ass was perfectly formed and I was willing to bet it was rock hard. "Are you Susie?" she asked me.

"Yes."

"I've seen Jaret's drawings and photos of you. They're wonderful. It's so nice to meet you." She extended her hand to me and I shook it. I noticed that she hadn't shaken Jaret's hand; did that mean something? "Hold out your hand please," she said. In her fingers was a paper wrist band, bright red. I followed her instructions and she stuck it in place. "Just so everyone knows you're a model and not an applicant or player."

"Right," I agreed.

“You’ll have to remove your panties,” she added.

“What?”

“The bustier is okay,” she continued as if I hadn’t questioned her at all. “Just make sure your nipples are exposed.” She smiled confidently and waited. I glanced at the end of the hall and noticed a man and woman standing at the bottom of the stairs. They didn’t cut imposing figures, though they were wearing matching suits and jackets, artists are rarely imposing. Bouncers, obviously. We wouldn’t get upstairs until Woman in Red was satisfied.

Calmly, coolly, I pulled down my thong panties, stepped out of them, and handed them over to Justin. He remained impassive in his nudity, but did turn to tuck my panties into my coat pocket. I adjusted my boobs so my nipples were on display. She smiled at me. The outfit had been a gift from Jaret. It was the least he could do so I could help him get into this crazy club.

The bouncers smiled and beckoned to us. Damned if there wasn’t a velvet rope draped across the bottom of the stairs. It was an exclusive club. And here I was parading into it wearing almost nothing with tits, ass, and pussy exposed for everyone to see.

I couldn’t wait to show off.

Upstairs was a trip. I realized halfway up that the bouncers were following us. They were certainly getting an eyeful of my ass. I liked that. Jaret was dressed in a suit and tie. He looked good, even if he was pushing the artist thing a little far with a pair of red Chucks he had decorated with paisley curls to match his tie. When we arrived on the second floor we hear music playing, not loud and obnoxiously but at a level that made conversation possible, saw people drinking and talking. At first glance it was just a college party, complete with Solo cups. Then you saw the naked bodies.

Food was being served was waitresses and waiters in tuxedos. Nothing odd about that. But then I saw that probably a quarter of those in attendance were nude or nearly nude, divided equally between male and female. There was a dance floor in one corner. Some dancers were naked. In another corner was a woman naked but for a bra. She was staring in the corner, her hands behind her back.

At the far end of the hall was a couch where I thought a modeling session was taking place. Several people had sketchbooks out and were drawing what they saw. Then I realized the three models on the couch weren't just naked, they were fucking. Two guys and a girl. It couldn't have been a modeling session, could it? Usually the model is supposed to hold still but no one was telling this trio to stop moving and they were certainly fucking.

I drifted down the hall, entranced by what they were doing. It was oddly beautiful and glaringly strange. I know I had fucked in front of Joel and Annie, but it was another to do it to a complete audience. And then I saw that one guy was sucking off the other one while the girl rode his cock. Not a condom in sight. Holy shit. For a minute I asked myself if this was something I wanted to associate myself with.

It surely was.

I didn't know how long I watched or where Jaret went during that time. I realized I was alone when a guy handed me a plastic cup with wine in it. "Enjoying yourself, Susie?" he asked me.

"What? How do you know my name?"

He laughed at me. "Everyone knows who you are. Jaret's muse. The beautiful and curvy Susie. He indicated the tableau of three people fucking. "Do you like the show?" he asked.

"I've never seen a live sex show before," I managed to sputter out before taking a sip of wine. It was strong, but I'm not much of a drinker.

"Half sex show, half modeling opportunity."

"Are they students here?"

"Everyone here is a student at the college," he told me.

"Oh, that's good." I didn't know why I said that.

"Sorry about the plastic cup," he apologized. "But we have a lot of people walking around here barefoot and there have been a few occasions of spilled drinks and broken glass."

“It’s fine.”

“Would you like to join them?” he asked me, indicating the copulating trio.

“What? No, that’s okay.”

“It’s not expected, but you can play if you want. Red band gives you pretty much free rein here.”

“Why?”

“You’ve been designated as a desirable body. Beautiful and unique models are a rare find; we’ll do whatever it takes to keep you here.”

“Really?” I asked doubtfully. “Sounds like a lie to a fat girl.”

“You’re not fat,” he told him, eyeing my body. Even with my newfound desire of playing the exhibitionist I had to restrain myself from covering tits and pussy.

“Certainly I can see you are full-figured, but there are too many stick thin models that are a drag to draw. They’re boring. You have an interesting body. I would be pleased if you’d model for me.”

“Really, what’s your specialty?”

“Colored pencils,” he answered. “I like the way I can make a human seem alive on the paper with them.” He smiled. “But if you’d like to skip modeling and just have sex with me, I’d be honored.”

I was taken aback. I didn’t expect such a bold proposal for sex. It took me a moment to understand what he was asking and if he meant it. I looked around for Jaret. He was nowhere to be found. It wasn’t that I was turned off by his offer; I was just surprised by it. Here and now. I still considered myself a fat girl and fat girls are always suspicious of offers of sex and dating.

My mind was still fucked up at that stage in my life.

“I really wasn’t planning on having sex tonight,” I said evading his question.

He chuckled at my dodge. “Everyone else who came here tonight is planning on having sex; it’s all a matter of timing and location.” He raised his cup to me and

took a sip. “Well, everyone but you apparently.”

“I was planning on having sex with Jaret when he was done with his review. Either as a congratulations or a consolation. Whichever.” Only then did it occur to me to ask a question. “And I don’t even know your name. Do you often ask girls to have sex with you before they know your name?”

“Frequently,” he replied. “That way I can remain anonymous if the sex is lousy or there are other...negative outcomes.”

“You plan so carefully,” I said, “but I don’t have sex unless I know my partner’s name.”

“Maybe I’ll tell you later if you consent to my request.”

“Perhaps,” I teased. It seemed so natural and casual to have a conversation with a well-dressed man when I was mostly naked. The wine helped.

“Would you like to see your display?” he asked me.

“My display?” I blinked stupidly at him. The wine and the setting were starting to have a serious effect on my ability to think straight.

Without another word he grabbed me by the elbow and steered me down the long, wide hallway. I saw more people having sex, mostly discretely. I saw more people talking and drinking. I saw more naked people. I wanted to peek in the partly open doors and see what I was missing.

Then I was around the corner and the wall was plastered with every photo and drawing and sketch Jaret had ever done of me. Every single one. Even the one I had hidden inside my desk drawer. When had he gotten that one and how had that posted it on the wall without me realizing it?

Then I realized why everyone knew me. They knew me intimately. Every bit of my body was exposed on that wall. How long had the pictures been up there? Not only were there pictures of my body, but my face attached to my nude body. There were close ups of my pussy, my ass, my tits. There were photos of my face as I masturbated for Jaret and he captured the moment on film. All of this was being shared with strangers. People who were judging Jaret. People who were no judging me.

Apparently I had passed judgment for at least one member of the Residence in Artists because he was trying to get me into bed.

All of this ran through my head and I felt faint. Then there was a sinking feeling in my stomach—I was literally and metaphorically on display for everyone to see. My knees kept wanting to go weak and drop me to the floor. I locked my legs and stood stock still in front of my pictures and observed myself with an artist's eyes. It was disconcerting.

It was also terribly erotic. There had been a strong feeling of sex and lust from the moment I entered the house. Now it was intensified tenfold.

“You're incredibly beautiful,” the stranger told me. “Jaret captures that well in his work. He's working with excellent material—it's hard to go wrong with choosing beauty. He shows the choice of a good artist—picking the correct model. The correct muse.”

I smiled at him, not knowing what to say. Out of the corners of my eyes I saw other people walking up and down the hall admiring the work, looking at the wanton version of me up for admiration. I wondered what they were thinking. I wondered if any of them would be fucking their partners later but thinking of me.

“Self admiration is the first step in masturbation,” a woman announced next to me. I turned slightly and saw the Woman in Red from the front desk studying a picture of me masturbating with one hand between my heavy thighs and the other pinching a red nipple. Jaret had used black pencil for most of the drawing, but had colored my nipples and lips—pussy and mouth—bright red.

“Thank you,” I said. “I think.”

“Your artist does wonderful work,” she said, echoing the stranger's previous statements.

“Thank you again.”

She had the cold, haughty ice queen act down cold I didn't know what to say so I said nothing until she tore her eyes away from my illustrated breasts and viewed my real breasts. Again I had to fight the urge to cover myself. “Regardless of what goes on in Jaret's review I know that Residence in Artists would be happy

to have you as an associate member,” Woman in Red said.

“Really?” I was surprised. I didn’t know they let fat girls in their little club. I was a little flattered.

Her smile was thin and teasing. “We’ve already voted on you. You’re in.”

“What?”

“The decisions on the associate members are much easier. You have no true standing with Residence in Artists so there are few complications.”

“Wow.”

The stranger then cleared his throat. “There is one outstanding review for your file,” he said to the Woman in Red.

She flicked her eyes to him, then back to me. “It’s more of a formality than anything else.”

“What is it?” I asked, perhaps too eagerly, but I had never been accepted into a club that wanted me before, even if it was a thinly disguised sex club where I’d be used for other’s pleasures. I was okay with that.

“We need to see you have sex,” she said to me.

“A live sex show?” I asked. I found courage in my voice.

“If you want to consider it that,” she shrugged.

“When and where do I have to do this?”

The stranger spoke up. “Here and now. Before the end of the evening at least.”

“Oh...do I get to pick my partner or do I have to suffer under your decisions?” I asked. It wasn’t a delaying tactic; I had already made my choice.

“Of course you may pick who will fuck you,” Woman in Red replied. “Except it can’t be Jaret. That’s too easy.”

I couldn’t hide my smile. I didn’t want to. “Justin,” I said.

“Justin?” she asked, surprised. Maybe she was surprised I knew his name. Maybe she was surprised I had already made my decision and had decided to undergo their initiation. Maybe she had some special emotional attachment to him and didn’t want to share.

“The chiseled guy helping you out at the table downstairs?” I prompted her.

Her smile didn’t change. “I’ll get him right away,” she said. “Jeph, why don’t you escort our sweet Susie to the main exhibition hall and I’ll be back with Justin.”

I frowned at her retreating ass. She had a nice shape. A shape I would never have.

“What’s with the dirty look?” Jeph asked.

“I hate being called sweet. Sweet Susie. It’s what I was called in high school because everyone said I had a pretty face—but they didn’t say I was huge and fat. I was just sweet.”

“I think you’re just hot,” he answered. Jeph had a crooked smile as he steered me through the crowd. “You know how to pick quality, it seems.”

“Justin’s got a beautiful body,” I commented.

“No doubt. Kelley has always considered Justin her property, but she couldn’t very well refuse in front of me, could she?”

“I suppose not,” I agreed. I had no idea that there were such complicated sexual politics at Residence in Artists. I was probably making a mess of things, but it didn’t matter at the moment. I was going to get to fuck a gorgeous god of a man, the kind I always drooled over in high school and would never look at me. Would Justin refuse? I had no idea.

It turned out the main exhibition hall was there I saw the trio fucking earlier. They were done now and the low, wide couch they had occupied was not vacant. Jeph took me right over and waited expectantly. “Are you sure you want to do this?” he asked me.

“Are you asking me to change my mind and fuck you instead of Justin?” I asked

him a little archly.

“Not at all. I’m sure we’ll get along famously later. Maybe tomorrow, maybe next week, maybe next semester. But we’ll certainly be intimate friends soon enough. I’m just checking to see if you still want to piss off Kelley just to lay a hockey player.”

“He’s on the hockey team?” I asked. The hockey team received all of our school’s adulations; we were so small and brainy we couldn’t field a football team. “Wow.”

“He’s got a great body, I’ll give you that, but he’s only here on a sports special skills waiver.”

“I’m not fucking his mind, I’m fucking his body,” I told Jeph.

And then the crowd parted to reveal Kelley leading Justin toward me. She was pulling on his leash that was attached to his cock strap and he was still the most beautiful man I had ever seen live and in person and fully naked. His cock was still half-erect. I wondered what the strap was doing to him. She stopped him a foot away from the couch and I just stared in lust. All my confidence was gone. I couldn’t ask him to fuck me even though I desperately wanted to. Justin looked me up and down but said nothing. There was a hint of a smile playing on his lips. Was he laughing at me or lusting after me.

“Here,” Kelley said and snapped off the leash from his cock. “You’ll need this.” From seemingly nowhere she produced a wrapped condom. With a bit of unnecessary flourish she removed it from the foil pack and rolled it on his cock. Justin didn’t complain about the treatment she inflicted on his cock. I licked my lips in anticipation of handling it.

“Get on the couch,” she ordered. I wasn’t sure if she was talking to me or Justin. I was frozen in place. Justin moved first, luckily. And laid down on the leather surface. His cock suddenly seemed larger and harder. Was it the condom or my presence?

I was pulled forward by my lust. I didn’t know this guy and I was going to fuck him. It was a fantasy come true. Crawling on the couch was easy. Touching his body was more difficult. His muscles were much harder than Jaret’s. Wonderfully so. I almost got so distracted in caressing his limbs and chest that I

forgot the real reason I was there. Justin didn't say a word. If he had an objection to a fat girl crawling all over him he didn't give the least indication.

I positioned my knees on either side of his hips, straddling his body. When he grabbed my meaty thighs I nearly came right then and there, but I maintained enough composure to reach between his legs and hold his cock. Even encased in latex it was perfectly shaped and sized. I could feel the pulse of lust beneath his skin. It slipped easily into my pussy and went all the way in.

I was in heaven. It was perfection. It was a sexual utopia.

Justin's hands moved up from my thighs to cups my breasts. He lightly pinched my nipples. I wanted to cum right away but I also wanted the moment to last as long as possible. My hips started working up and down on his cock and I started seeing things I didn't think existed. Was he truly putting me into another reality where fat girls were desirable and managed to be the most beautiful men on the hockey team?

My eyes closed as I fucked him. I didn't want them to close, I wanted to watch Justin and I wanted to watch the crowd. I contended myself with the thought that if someone wasn't filming our fucking then certainly more than a couple of the artists were sketching our coupling.

The kiss was unexpected but I kissed back anyway. I didn't think he would kiss me—that seemed too intimate—but fucking didn't hit that same bar of intimacy. Then I realized the angle was wrong. The kiss wasn't from Justin.

I opened my eyes. Jaret was kissing me. His eyes opened when I pulled back from the kiss. "They said yes," he told me. I smiled for him. I wasn't sure if the smile was for him or because Justin was fucking me. It didn't matter.

"Good," I sighed.

Jaret grabbed my hand and held it. "Are you having a good time?" he asked.

"Uh-huh."

"You're beautiful when you're having sex," he told me. "You're beautiful always."

“Uh-huh,” I repeated. There was too much going on for me to concentrate. And then I came. It was then I realized that cumming from a stranger’s cock in my pussy while holding my boyfriend’s hand was the best way. Everything else didn’t matter. Knowing that men desired my pussy and body was all I needed at that moment. It was more than enough.

About the Author

Elliot Silvestri lives in upstate New York where he spends too little time reading and writing and too much time on video games and mountain biking. His writing interests include erotica, science fiction, and fantasy, both low and high. He lives a private and secluded life in the company of three cats.

He can be reached at elliotsilvestri@yahoo.com. He posts to his blog at elliotsilvestri.blogspot.com. Follow on Twitter @GreenBushPub.

For a free publication from Green Bush Publishing go to elliotsilvestri.blogspot.com and get a coupon code for a free ebook at Smashwords.com.