

The Divine Goddess

It was a very large space, a banquet hall at an upscale hotel that had been rented for this occasion. The event typically happened once a month, but was always held at a different venue. Even though the room was quite spacious it had a warm feeling. The sponsors of the event brought their own furnishings and furniture. They went to great lengths to make the room relaxing, comfortable, and conducive to the proceedings. There were large comfortable chairs, sofas, and even a number of queen beds at various locations in the room. The lighting was soft and serene.

Near the center of the room was a circular, carpeted podium about four feet in diameter and about a foot off of the floor. This was the epicenter for the evening's ceremony, the pedestal for presentation of the sacred feminine. The divine goddess, the chosen woman for this particular celebration, would grace the audience with her presence and inaugurate the evening's activities from this place.

All guests would be verified, and admitted into the room as the divine goddess prepared in the anteroom. No one was admitted after the commencement of the celebration. The commencement was the entrance of the divine goddess into the room accompanied by the host who would escort her to the podium.

She met the host of the evening's event in the anteroom at the appointed time. He was most friendly, gracious, and appreciative of her participation. They chatted for a few minutes and he segued into his dialogue about the event. There were no bylaws, or written rules. But there was an etiquette that was conveyed to every newcomer. Always be respectful to

each other, "no" always means no and you must submit immediately to another's right of refusal (refusal to engage in a particular activity or refusal to interact at all), everything said and done in the confines of the celebration is strictly confidential to include that you even attended.

He also explained the ritual for preparation, and they began. He stood before her in the privacy of the anteroom, and she started to remove his clothing. She unbuttoned his shirt, took it off and placed it on the chair. She kneeled down and untied his shoes. She removed his shoes and socks. Then she unbuttoned and unzipped his slacks, pushed them down to his ankles, took his feet from them and placed the slacks in the chair. Finally she removed his underpants and stood up.

She stood before him. He slowly, very deliberately began his auspicious responsibility. He had the most sacred honor of disrobing the divine goddess.

He kneeled before her, pressed the palms of his hands together in front of his chest, then looked up at her and smiled. Next, he closed his eyes and bowed his head. He waited, immersed in reverence. He remained motionless as she stood there before him for what seemed like the longest time. She felt so awkward as if she didn't deserve such adoration.

He finally stood and brought his hands up in a deliberate, graceful movement and began to unbutton her blouse. Slowly he attended to each button as though every movement was to be savored. Every movement was a sacred moment in the revelation of her body. Once he finished unbuttoning her blouse he placed his hands on the collar and eased it back away from her neck, then sliding his hands down he removed the blouse taking care not to touch her in the process.

"May I touch you so that I can remove your bra?" he asked.

"Yes."

He stepped behind her and unclasped the bra. He stepped back around in front of her, and with fingers outstretched slowly reached forward grasping the straps of her bra. He closed his eyes and removed her bra. He inhaled deeply with eyes still closed. He then exhaled as he opened his eyes and lay the bra down on the chair, yet never looking upon her breasts. Next, he knelt down on one knee. Then he placed his hands on one of her shoes and paused with eyes closed. He gently lifted her foot and removed the shoe. He removed her other shoe with the same reverence.

"May I touch you so that I can remove your leggings?" he asked.

"Yes."

He reached up and ever so delicately inserted a finger underneath the waistband on either side then slowly pushed the leggings down to her ankles. Again, he paused with eyes closed. Finally he removed each foot from the leggings and she stood before him nude.

He put his other knee on the floor, and again pressed the palms of his hands together in front of his chest as he bowed before her. She waited, now feeling awestruck by the whole ceremony he had undertaken to remove her clothing. She was finally relaxed in that moment when she was startled in the next by the sound of his voice as he began chanting. It was a deep, velvet tone that morphed into different vowel sounds. Whatever the language may have been she didn't recognize it. But it

sounded so heavenly to her ears, and it began to have a calming effect.

There was a moment of silence after he finished the chant.

He finally opened his eyes, looked up at her and asked with the utmost reverence in his voice, "May I stand before you?"

"Yes."

He stood then slowly turned, picked up his cell phone from a chair and checked the time.

He addressed her with some final instructions about the receiving line, "You may have requests from the guests as you receive them."

She looked at him quizzically.

"They may want to touch you, or request to meet with you after you have stepped down. There could be many different requests. But we all have the right of refusal. That's understood by everyone."

She nodded her head.

He continued, "If you say nothing, that is a refusal of their request. Or you may simply respond 'no', or 'no, thank you.' That's all perfectly normal and to be expected. You may refuse anyone and everyone. I promise, it's expected and no one will mind in the least."

She nodded again, looking relieved.

"You may find yourself interested in a request," he continued. "It's your discretion to engage. And on the other hand, you can make requests of them as well. We do no harm and we respect each other, otherwise pretty much anything goes. You

may simply request to meet someone later on and go from there. They, of course, have the right to refuse you. But really, once you're comfortable with the situation it's all quite delightful."

He paused with eyebrows raised while looking into her young face waiting to see if she had any questions. He checked his cell phone again.

"It's time," he announced. "May I present you?"

He waited patiently for her response.

"Okay," she finally replied.

She had the strangest feeling as the two of them stood there completely nude, moments before being presented to a crowd of complete strangers.

He reached forward, turned the door knob, and pushed the door to the banquet hall open. He nodded and pushed a hand forward motioning for her to step through. She walked into the doorway and froze looking out at a sea of people with all eyes on her. Many of them were also naked, some partially clothed, and some fully dressed. Some of the unclothed men stood with full erections. She caught the image of one young man out of the corner of her eye. She was incarcerated in that moment as she saw his soft penis start to rise and then become fully erect while he was staring at her.

Oh, my God. Oh, my god. Oh, my god!

Was this anyplace for a virgin?

The host finally murmured from behind her, "Step forward."

She shuffled forward a couple of steps, still bewildered. He eased out of the door from behind her, stepped up beside her then turned his head toward her, smiled, and graciously bowed his head as he asked, "may I take your hand?"

She nodded affirmatively.

He took her hand and raised it just above her shoulder as he spoke to the crowd in an ebullient tone. "I present to you . . . the divine goddess."

The crowd of over a hundred people immediately burst into applause as she began walking hand in hand with the host toward the podium. But it didn't stop. The applause continued to soar, and some of the people now had the palms of their hands pressed together in front of their chests as they smiled and bowed their heads, and then immediately continued clapping. Some of the people, both men and women, were on their knees, bowing before her as she walked through the room and between them. Her escort smiled, still holding her hand as she stepped onto the podium. He finally bowed his head then released her hand with a flourish, spreading his fingers and withdrawing his hand. Only then did the applause subside as people began moving in to form the receiving line.

She stood there completely naked on the podium in this room full of people, full of energy, full of arousal. *What am I doing here? Why am I doing this?* She was beginning to feel quite anxious. *Breathe. Just breathe.* She tried to relax and just follow her breath for a few moments, finally regaining a sense of composure as the first person in line stood before her—stood before the sacred feminine. *The divine goddess.*

This woman standing before her was beautiful. She was an older woman, but her face had great structure and her tousled brunette hair looked like it was something straight out of a TV ad for a haircare product. Her well-toned naked body was equally appealing. She just stood and smiled. Florence finally looked down from the podium, tuning in to her first guest.

"You are so lovely, and so brave," the guest said. "It's a really weird experience. Don't ask me how I know that," she winked. "Relax and enjoy. It's going to be one of the most memorable nights of your life."

She shook Florence's hand and moved on.

The next person in line was a young woman. She tilted her head gently from side to side as her eyes fluttered and she pressed the palm of one hand against her chest, "You are so, so beautiful. I'm thrilled to meet you, and I can't tell you how much I just love, love, love this whole event. I just feel like we're so appreciated. May I kiss your breasts?"

Florence looked at her with uncertainty.

"Just one little kiss?" the young woman implored.

The divine goddess looked at her now with intense curiosity. *Why not?*

She leaned forward with her small breasts in front of the woman's face, and whispered, "Yes."

The young woman's eyes grew large as she was completely surprised by the affirmative response. She proceeded to give each breast a soft lingering kiss right on the nipple.

"Thank you, thank you, thank you," the woman gushed as she stepped aside.

Now the eyes of the divine goddess grew wide as she felt herself becoming aroused by that brief stimulation. This whole process began to take on a whole new feeling as she continued greeting and interacting with the other guests in the receiving line. Her arousal did not diminish.

She finally came face to face with the young man she had spied when she had first stepped into the doorway of the room—the young man whose penis had become erect before her eyes. He seemed quite shy as he stood silently before her now.

She didn't know what came over her in that moment, but she found herself embracing the role of the divine goddess, "May I touch your penis?"

His eyes grew wide with astonishment, and when the shock subsided, and her request finally sank in he responded timidly, "Yes."

But before she even reached down his soft dick began to rise, again becoming erect before her eyes. She grasped his hard dick with one hand, closing her eyes and savoring the moment. She released it, leaned in, and gave him a soft kiss on his cheek. She touched his shoulder lightly with her fingertips as he turned and walked away.

She realized that her pussy was starting to become wet as that feeling of arousal was becoming stronger, and wondered whether anyone could notice. *The divine goddess expresses her sexuality without reservation.* The thought just floated through, subtly, in a quiet voice from somewhere outside of her conscious mind. And she paid it no mind. But she was no longer self-conscious.

Everybody she'd met had been respectful, and she was ensconced in her role as representative of the sacred feminine. She was the divine goddess for this evening's worship service of sacred sexuality.

Almost an hour had passed as she continued to meet the many guests, and throughout this time ever since she had allowed the one guest to kiss her breasts she was in an elevated state of arousal. Every guest brought a new presence and a new opportunity to engage in what had become a most lustful state of affairs. Florence was aching, enraptured in the experience of the divine goddess, feeling like she was constantly on the brink yet not culminating her sexual urgency.

Her next guest was a tall man who looked to be in his late twenties. He was naked save for a pair of gray briefs that were encasing the bulging symbol of his sexual feelings. She couldn't help but notice, feeling all the more intrigued by its concealment. Without speaking he got down on his knees, closed his eyes, pressed his palms together in front of his chest, and bowed before her.

He finally spoke softly. "Divine goddess, may I stand before you?"

"Yes, please."

He rose, and his eyes were almost level with hers even though she was standing on the podium. "May I tell you my feelings?"

"Do."

"I am most aroused by your presence and your beauty." He paused. "I am most desirous of touching you, but even if not, I would be blessed just to look at you. Please, allow me to be in

your presence this evening that I may partake of the joy you exude."

She looked at him intently wondering if his words had been rehearsed. She couldn't quite decide if it was eloquent or awkward. But she knew that he was dying to get off on her one way or another.

"How would you like to touch me?" she finally responded.

He just looked at her not believing that this could happen. He didn't know what to say, but she was most interested in touching him.

Caught up in the moment, caught up in her chronic state of arousal she broke the ice, "Perhaps I should touch you."

Now he was frozen with his eyes locked on hers. She wasn't quite sure if he was in a state of terror or bliss.

"May I touch you?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Where would you like me to touch you?"

He did not respond. She got down on her knees as other guests were gathering around the podium, watching the interaction with glee. Voyeurism and outright staring were all to be expected as part of this sacred ceremony, this sexual celebration. This was a glorified orgy. It was revealed by the guests who were making love to each other, and having sexual intercourse at various locations throughout the room; twosomes, threesomes, and individuals who were self-stimulating as they watched other partners engaged in a veritable Kama Sutra of sexual expression.

Her eyes caught the host standing on the side watching her, watching the performance of the divine goddess. He was looking at her now, drinking her into his eyes, his penis completely erect as he smiled and nodded.

At the moment she got on her knees another guest whom she had already met came up behind her and asked, "may I kiss you from here?"

She looked briefly over her shoulder at him. "Yes."

The shy young man whose penis she had grasped earlier was now standing to one side, "may I kiss your breast?"

"Yes."

"The young woman who had first started her arousal, kissing each of her breasts, was standing on the other side and asked, "May I kiss this breast?"

"Yes."

The man behind her had placed his hands on her ass, one on each side, his thumbs in the creases that met her legs. She felt him squeeze her bottom gently as he separated her and then pushed his face into her crack and placed his tongue on her anus. *Oh, my god.* She couldn't believe what she was feeling, his warm wet tongue caressing, licking her asshole. She could never have imagined the feeling. *Oh? Oh!* Now she was feeling her nipples being licked as she placed a hand on each of the back of their heads and forgetting about the guest who was standing before her waiting, dying to be touched. She was overwhelmed by the sensations she was feeling. She never knew, never dreamed that her arousal could be this intense. There she was on the podium with four other people around her, one on each side licking her nipples, a third behind her licking her asshole, and

another standing in front of her, waiting. She finally reached out in a state of delirium and slid her hands down inside his briefs and pulled his dick out. She pushed his briefs down and then clasped his hard dick.

"Put your hand on my pussy," she implored of him.

He reached down and placed the palm of his hand on the mound of her pussy hair all the while looking at her in wide-eyed disbelief.

"Put your finger in my pussy," she almost hollered.

It was soaking wet and his finger slid right in. Without thinking she started a gentle movement of her pelvis as his finger slid in and out. She was pulling on his dick now, stroking it quickly. The man and woman who were lavishing her nipples were stimulating themselves. He was stroking his dick as she was rapidly stimulating her own clitoris.

The host who had been standing on the sideline was now on his knees watching intently, feeling his own nipples.

A hush came over the room as people stopped to look. In a matter of moments this epicenter of sexual tension had captivated everyone, not only the people who had been gathered around the podium, but everybody throughout, in every corner of the room. Everyone in the entire hall had stopped what they were doing, swept up in the spectacle of these five people, all on the brink, with the divine goddess in the center of this confluence of exploding sexual desire.

"Uh?" she hollered. "Uhh, Uhhh!" she hollered louder and louder, not believing the feeling, the intensity of the feeling as her eyes rolled back in her head and she went over the edge, out of control. She felt the wet sticky semen of the man in

front of her as she was pulling his dick, and he came on her tummy. She was continuously hollering as the sensation went on. Her host on the sideline was spurting semen as he stroked his hard penis. The woman licking her nipple began to shudder and moan as she came, and she felt the wet sticky semen of the man licking her other nipple as he came. The man behind her who had been licking her ass began to holler as he was stroking himself, coming on the soles of her feet.

She finally stopped screaming as her orgasm subsided, and her other partners and the host had all come. She remained there on her knees, her head back, arms and hands limp by her sides, and her eyes rolled back in her head.

No one moved. You could've heard a pin drop.

The divine goddess had just experienced her first orgasm.