**A New Beginning**

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**A New Beginning: Chapter 1**

Apparently history is still history, no matter how good the school, I think with a soft sigh, unconsciously brushing a strand of long blonde hair behind my ear. Names, dates, and memorization… I share a glance with the girl beside me, smiling at her eye roll as our teacher goes on yet another tangent, going off on a completely different topic for the fifth time that lesson. Admittedly, it wasn't completely her fault...the girls do try their best to subtly guide her into telling stories of her days as an Olympic skier… With a hopeful glance at the clock, I sit back in the chair, letting my hand take notes while I let my mind drift.   
  
According to everyone my family talked to, the international all-girl school my parents chose this year was supposed to be great, and so far, it really had been.   
  
I was starting school a month later than most my age, thanks to the delay with the visas. We had literally arrived two nights ago and were currently renting a house. We had debated waiting a week to send me to school as the week-long Thanksgiving holiday was only a day away, but had decided it'd be better for me to meet everyone, to make a few friends.   
  
The school also happened to have the option to board - or rather, to sleep in the school dorms during the week. We had decided to try it out, since the home was about a good hours drive, each way. At least I'd get to see my family every weekend.   
  
To be perfectly honest, I was a little nervous to be going to an all girls school, but the first 'introduction' day and school tour had left a good impression. Everyone -teachers and students alike- seemed to be friendly and cheerful. Then again, that was only yesterday.  
  
The only thing I found to be slightly annoying was the concept of a mandatory uniform....the knee high white socks, the dark and light blue checkered skirt which stopped above the knees and a white, button-up short sleeve blouse. If I were to be perfectly honest, it was a little bit of a relief to not have to decide what to wear... but then again, that was one of the freedoms I had loved in my old school. The simple freedom of choosing what to wear every day, based on nothing more than my mood in the morning.  
  
Oh, and the teasing, now that is definitely something I missed... Picking out a seemingly innocent outfit and going shopping with friends, or to a movie. Casually unbuttoning a button or two or brushing innocently up to someone when I noticed a cute guy or girl watching... I smiled a little dreamily, lost in memories.   
  
Their expressions were always the best part: shocked, a little embarrassed, yet always wanting more. Naughty thoughts start to fill my mind as memories came back.  
  
I wonder, could I tease the teachers with this school uniform? I certainly look innocent enough, I wonder with a small smile. Oh god, I hope I didn't say that out loud! I think, blushing lightly, the girl beside me giving me an unreadable look.  
  
The school bell rings a few minutes later, startling me out of my thoughts. "Alright class, remember that your homework is to finish the notes on the chapter. Don't forget about the exercises at the end of the chapter! Have a great day girls." The teacher calls out as the class starts packing up. I stretch my legs and bend over at the waist, putting the rest of the things on the desk into my bag and stand up, unconsciously smoothing down my school uniform.   
  
  
"Hey Emy, time for gym!" I turn and smile at my newfound friend Liz, a cute, slim redhead with an enthusiastic personality. "Did you bring your gym clothes?" she asks.   
  
"We needed...gym clothes?" I pause, halfway through the act of slinging my backpack over my shoulders.  
  
"Mmmhm. The school gives them, or you can bring your own. Anything you can run in, really."  
  
"Oh...um...."  
  
"Hey hey, don't worry! The gym teacher's pretty cool...and hot as well!" Liz blushes furiously. "She's actually from Sweden! Anyways, um...I'm sure there are some spares or something you could borrow, or you could even wear what you are now..." She trails off, seeming lost in thoughts. She gives her head a tiny shake and skips ahead. "Come on, let's go!"   
  
I raise a questioning eyebrow and follow her along the path that goes to the gym - which turns out to be a large, separate building with a running track nearby, and what is apparently a pool inside. I breathe in, the sharp smell of chlorine filling my nose as we get closer.   
  
"What are we doing in gym today?" I ask curiously, the sounds of splashing getting louder. I look to my right, seeing a swimming lesson taking place as we walk by, a line of girls in one piece swimsuits who seem to be seniors pulling themselves out of the pool, water flowing from their fit bodies.  
  
"Oh, probably dodgeball....that's always the tradition here for the first class. Have you played before? Are you any good?"  
  
"Wait and see for yourself" I smile as the two of us head into the changing room, the sudden mix smells hitting me - the common combination of perfume and light sweat one finds in gyms everywhere. The layout is an open rectangle with benches in the middle, with lockers and cubbies on the walls. Quite nice, but quite different from the usual partitioned changing rooms.  
  
I breathe in, immediately feeling at home. I've always loved going to the gym and anything to do with exercise, whether it be team sports, a simple jog through the park or a hike with friends. Being around five foot five does have it’s advantages - it seems to be the perfect height for almost all sports…except for basketball!   
  
  
An explosion of chatter and conversation erupts as we walk in the door. I smile shyly, feeling a little overwhelmed at all the curious girls who come to introduce themselves, sometimes in pairs, other times in groups to say hi.  
  
My eyes widen slightly as I notice Liz casually stripping out of her clothes and folding them off to one side, putting her uniform and her bag in a cubby in the wall...and wearing nothing but a pair of cute green panties. She meets my blue eyes and blushes lightly, but otherwise, she almost seems...excited, her skin slightly flushed. I look over her perky breasts which are perfectly suited to her small frame, topped off with cute nipples which seem to be almost begging for attention...much like my own. I tear my eyes away before my mind abandons me completely. I force myself to act normally and not to look around at all the other girls who are in the middle of getting changed.   
  
"Oh right, the spare uniforms are here Emy!" Liz calls out, having to raise her voice slightly to be heard over the chatter of the other girls. She throws me a new uniform and slips on her own, spending a little time making sure it’s all snug and fits well.  
  
A little self-consciously, I slip out of my clothes and copy Liz, putting my stuff away and to the side. Opening the bag she threw at me, I look at the clothes and slip them on over my bra and panties, the spandex shorts and the t-shirt with the school logo fitting well, almost feeling like a second skin.  
  
Shrugging the thought away, I slip a scrunchie onto my wrist and pull my hair into a messy ponytail. I follow Liz out into the cozy, wood paneled gym to where some of the students are chatting while waiting for the class to start and join in the conversation.  
  
The second bell rings and by some unspoken signal, all the girls start jogging slow laps around the gym.   
  
"Warm up" Liz explains, gently tugging my hand. I nod and fall in beside her for several laps of the small gym, slowing to a stop when the girls in front do.   
  
"Good morning girls!" A cheerful sounding teacher walks into the gym a few minutes later, rolling a cart of small, soft balls for dodgeball.  
  
"Morning Miss J." the class choruses back.  
  
"As you probably know, we have a new student in our class. "Welcome Emy!" she announces excitedly, giving me a small smile. I blush lightly at the sudden attention, clapping and words of welcome filling the gym.   
  
"You've probably all met her, but it doesn't hurt to do a little name game. Circle up please." Miss J continues.   
  
I look around after we form a circle, unable to help from noticing the way the tight school uniforms really leave little to the imagination. Stop thinking these thoughts! I shake myself and wait for the game to begin.  
  
"Catch the ball, say a few things to introduce yourself then pass it to someone who hasn't talked yet." Miss J says softly, her tone making the casual introduction game almost seem a little intimate.  
  
"I guess I'll start." she continues. "I'm Miss J...or Sandy, whichever you prefer. I'm originally from Sweden but moved here with my husband just last year, actually - mainly for a change of scene and a new experience."  
  
She then passes the ball to Liz. "Well, I'm Liz...what else can I say?" She trails off and giggles. "I'm from Ireland and absolutely love any kind of music. Well, except heavy, heavy metal" she screws up her nose cutely and passes the ball on with an easy throw.  
  
I repeat the names silently to myself as the ball is passed around, sharing a small smile of appreciation with each girl who introduces herself. Even though all the names -amazingly enough- do stick in my head, a few faces and stories are stuck circling around my head.   
  
The petite and confident blonde Renée from the US. Jade from Australia, slim and graceful and standing a little taller than the rest of us. The fiery brunette Maria from Spain, and San-...Miss J, of course.  
  
"Alright, girls. A bit of stretching, then it's time for dodgeball! You all know what to do.". Our teacher says while moving ten balls to the middle of the gym and spacing them evenly down the centre line, bending at the waist to place each one. I glance over at her and quickly look away, the perfect image burned into my brain.   
  
'She's so perfect. Beautiful and confident, yet so casual...." my mind wanders.  
  
"Emy? Stretching, remember?" Liz's voice seems to come from a ways away.   
  
"Oh...right" I blush, returning her poke with a playful bump of my hips.   
  
"Almost everyone here plays some sort of sport here...most at a high level. Some actually compete in national tournaments." she explains, "so everyone has their own routine of stretching."  
  
"Which sports do you play?" I ask curiously, starting my own stretching routine - a mixture of stretches developed from dance and tennis warmups over the years.   
  
"Oh, I play basketball."  
  
"Oh wow- wait...really?". I ask, looking over her petite body. She couldn't be more than 5'4, an inch shorter than me.  
  
"Mmhm," she giggles, mostly at the surprised look on my face. "There's a practice the week after Thanksgiving if you want to come watch."  
  
"I'd love to!" I smile. My eyes widen as I look forwards, seeing a small teenaged bum right in front of me as the girl in front touches her toes, the spandex shorts hugging her curves perfectly. The school uniform really doesn't leave much to the imagination... I think again, trying to resist glancing back up.  
  
"Alright girls, gather up again!" Sandy calls, clapping her hands. She splits the girls into two random teams and steps aside.  
  
"A little reminder for you all. Catch the ball, and the person who threw it is out. Get hit anywhere below the neck, and you're out. The last woman standing wins it for the team!" she grins and steps aside, both teams going to their respective side of the gym.   
  
The whistle's blown, and both sides immediately charge forwards for the precious balls. I signal to Liz for her to stay back. Almost instantly, several squeals fill the air, with a few girls from each side walking to the side of the gym to the 'out area'.   
  
“Maria, you're out!" I call across the gym, holding the ball I barely managed to catch high in the air and dodging another ball, watching Maria skip off the court and flash me a playful grin.   
  
By now, minutes have passed and very few girls are left on each side, with almost every girl holding a ball. I pause for a moment and brush a strand of hair behind my ear, eyeing the other side warily. My two teammates pace around near the centre line, advancing then hurrying back as a girl on the other side takes aim.   
  
"On three, okay?" Jade says softly, one of the three left on my team. Sadly, two girls managed to tag team Liz a few moments earlier, sending her out of the game.   
  
We nod. The other team shrugs and decides to copy our strategy and slowly inch forward.   
  
On the count of three, six balls fly, with everyone but Jade and I hit. Suddenly, two balls seem to materialize from the back of the court, hitting us then bouncing away. We look at each other in surprise, then at the laughing forms of Renee and…Sandy walking towards us.  
  
"I'm the handball coach here as well," Sandy says, laughing at our astonished expressions and sharing a high five with Renee. "All right girls, pick up the balls and put them back in the middle!"  
  
The next thing I know, the bell's ringing and the class is already over. I smile at the other girls and rest my hands on my knees, panting softly and trying to catch my breath.   
  
"Great job today girls, I hope everyone had fun! We'll be starting gymnastics next class.". She pauses as an excited murmur breaks out, then continues. " I'm really glad that the school put more of a focus on gym this year - we'll be seeing each other four times a week. Oh, and have a great Thanksgiving week. Enjoy your week off!"  
  
With that, the girls start heading back to the locker room, chatting happily about the games.  
  
  
"That was really amazing! Probably one of the best classes to start the day with...except now we're all icky" Jade comments, slowing her pace to join in with Renee, Liz and I.   
  
"Do they have showers here?' I ask the idea of hot water and soap sounding like heaven right now.  
  
"Oh, of course! They're to the left, through that door. We have a twenty-minute break now between classes, so there's plenty of time for you to enjoy yourself" Liz says with a giggle. Did I imagine the wink? I look at the other two girls, who are trying to keep straight faces.  
  
"Thanks, hun" I smile my thanks at her and look around, slipping off my shoes and socks and putting them along with the rest of my things. I take a fluffy towel from the rack as I pass by and walk into the shower room with bare feet, the door closing behind me.   
  
I pause, the open layout not registering until I'm a few steps into the room, the stone tiles cool on my feet. Like the changing room, the layout is all open. Shower heads are neatly mounted on the opposite wall, with taps and dispensers of soap and shampoo just below them. It's quite nice really...the walls are made of a dark wood, giving the place an inviting feel.  
  
I look around a little nervously, a feeling of relief...and a touch of disappointment filling me. What would it be like to be fully naked in here and washing...with other girls around and maybe even watching?  
  
To be honest, I'm a little surprised that there aren't more girls in here to wash off the sweat - we had some pretty intense games!  
  
I slip out of my gym clothes and put them in a small bag by the door with my towel. Completely naked, I pad towards the shower and turn on the tap, letting out a squeal and jumping back as freezing water comes pouring out. Shaking my head ruefully, I adjust the temperature and stand under the hot water with a small sigh, the water streaming over my petite body. I let myself relax under the steady stream, letting my thoughts wander yet again.  
  
For some reason, I find myself thinking of the other girls and Miss J. Privately, I call her Sandy in my own thoughts. The mental pictures of her seems burned into my brain. A shiver passes through my body, little pleasurable tingles starting to form as my thoughts start to turn naughty.  
  
How delicious she looked when she bent over in the middle of the gym, her bum in the air, her legs long and perfectly formed, long brown hair covering her face...  
  
Without thinking, my hands gather a bit of soap and find their way to my breasts, my nipples instantly hard at my light touch. My back arches as I squeeze my small breasts and roll my sensitive nipples between my nipples, a soft whimper forming on my lips.  
  
How graceful, how beautiful she looked at the end of class, her clothes clinging to her shapely form in places, her pure features settled into a tired but satisfied expression. The way she casually brushed her hair away from her eyes. Oh, her eyes, they drew a girl in and held her at the slightest glance, containing a hidden promise of sensuality...  
  
I let out a soft gasp as one of my hands made it's way down my body, finding it's way to between my legs. Oh, I was so hot and wet... I spread my legs, biting my lower lip to contain a moan as my fingers find my clit, a spark of pleasure going through me.   
  
"Oh fuck..." I moan softly, instantly freezing as I hear Liz's raised voice and laughter float through the door, coming from the changing room. I look around, remembering that I was in a public shower. At school. The mere thought of doing such a naughty thing while completely exposed in the open shower room gives me a huge thrill.   
  
My eyes close and my fingers pick up the pace, rubbing in small circles while my other hand pinches my nipples. 'Does Sandy ever shower here?" I whisper to myself, the simple thought sending me over the edge into a powerful orgasm.  
  
In the time it takes to slowly come down from the orgasm and feel normal again, the soap's been all washed off and the timed water is slowly slowing to a trickle.   
  
I stretch, sighing softly as I feel the pleasurable feeling of worked muscles. With a slightly dreamy smile, I dry myself off and wrap the towel around my breasts, the bottom stopping just below my bum. With my hair still wet, I walk back into the main locker room, hearing my friends' happy chatter and try to casually join in. I mean, it's not as if I was naked and only wearing a towel while the rest of them were fully clothed...  
  
"Thanks for waiting up." I smile at the other girls, blushing as I feel Liz's eyes on me, her gaze starting from my bare feet and slowly making their way upwards, taking in the smooth length of my legs and pausing at the knot at the top of the towel and the curve of my perky breasts. I say nothing and head over to the cubby my things are in, bending over slightly and putting my stuff on the bench. Putting the bag of my gym clothes into my backpack, I suddenly realise that my only pair of bra and panties are in the bag, along with the rest of my dirty clothes.   
  
I pause for a minute but am too shy to ask my new friends, deciding to simply go without. It's not like I haven't done it before... I try to reassure myself. But then again, that wasn't at school, where we're made to wear a uniform with a short skirt...  
  
I raise my foot onto the bench in the middle of the room and pull up my right sock to my knee, repeating the process with the other one. Reaching down, I pick up my skirt and bend over at the waist, trying not to think of the view I'm providing the others. I pull the skirt up my legs and do up the small zip under the towel.   
  
With a little pull, the knot in the towel is undone, a small muffled thump sounding as it hits the floor. I quickly slip on the short sleeved blouse and button it up, my small naked breasts visible for only a minute. I flash the other girls an embarrassed smile as I pull on my shoes hearing the bell ring faintly in the background.  
  
  
“What class do we have next?” I ask, slipping on my bag once again and stepping outside into the fresh air with my friends, our footsteps crunching in the gravel as we walking slowly towards the main building.   
  
I bite my lower lip as my nipples rub directly against the blouse. I hope my nipples aren't too visible through the uniform... I bite my lower lip again, feeling the slightest breath of wind against my exposed pussy, the reminder that I'm not wearing any bra or panties sending a naughty shiver through me. I look around quickly, relieved that no one seems to have noticed.  
  
"I think we have...here, let me check," Renee says a step ahead of me, pulling out the paper schedule which contains all our classes and times.   
  
"Alright, this doesn't look too bad." She mutters, scanning the timetable. "Oh right, and Fridays always have a longer lunch and one less class! Two more classes until freedom! Anyways, our next class is Psychology, then lunch, then English."  
  
  
The five of us reach the classroom and squeeze in the door to the class and manage to find a group of seats in the middle of the class.  
  
"Oh wow..." I hear Maria murmur from beside me as an enthusiastic teacher in his 30s comes in, introducing himself as Mr. Joe Haynes. I look up perhaps too quickly, blushing as I meet his steady brown eyes. I try not to be too obvious as I take in his strong jawline with a hint of stubble. My eyes travel town to his broad shoulders, blushing lightly and quickly looking away as he glances back at me.   
  
I lean forward on the desk, starting to thoroughly enjoy Psychology. Even though we're still covering the introduction, our handsome, enthusiastic teacher makes the lesson fun, adding in personal stories and jokes throughout the lesson. The class ends all too soon.   
  
"Since we have a new student. I think we should celebrate by not giving any homework over the holiday," Mr. Haynes announces to the class with a playful wink at me. "Have a great holiday girls! Oh, and Emy, could you stay behind for a minute please?"  
  
"We'll be waiting outside." Liz murmurs as she brushes past.   
  
"How's your first day been? Enjoying the school so far?"  
  
"Yeah, the school's great! I'm not used to everyone bring so friendly" I say with a small laugh, lifting myself a little so I'm sitting on the desk, my legs swinging gently in the air.   
  
"How about the classes - is Psych making sense to you? It can be a little tough to understand in the first class" Mr. Haynes asks.  
  
"Oh, I really think I understand it. You're a great teacher! But one thing... why was Zimbardo's prison experiment considered ethical? Why did no one realise what was happening?" I bite my lower lip unconsciously, not noticing his gaze flicker down to my nipples and the curve of my breasts, then back up to my face.   
  
"Remember that the experiment was back before ethics were really ’set in stone’ for Psych. Even though it was considered highly unethical, psychologists have deemed that the information gained from the study outweighs the negative." he says with a smile, his expression and hand movements getting more animated as he gets into the topic which he clearly loves.  
  
"Of course, there is no way which it would pass today's standards. Even though studies are designed and are able to be repeated, some should simply be left to one-time occasions. I actually met Zimbardo several times... he's one of the kindest men I've met."  
  
He mutters a soft curse as his phone rings. Pulling it from his pocket, he checks the caller ID. "I'm sorry Emy, but I have to take this call. Welcome to the school once again. Have a great holiday!"  
  
"Oh, no worries! Thanks for the chat, I loved it" I smile at him, slipping my bag over my shoulder and giving him a small wave as I walk out the door.  
  
  
"What was that about?' The other girls ask curiously.   
  
"Oh, he wanted to check in... see how I was doing and everything. It was really nice of him."  
  
"Oh my god, he is so hot!" Jade murmurs as the five of us watch him walk towards the cafeteria. I giggle and have to agree as we follow the path, the five of us also heading to lunch.  
  
  
"Is it always so crowded?" I ask in amazement, the noise and chaos more than a little intimidating.   
  
"Oh, always. Just keep moving. Let's get our food and go back outside. How does the football field sound?" Renee asks, giving me a gentle push as a reminder to keep moving.  
  
"Fresh air sounds amazing right now... so does peace and quiet. How do people manage to eat in here?"I question, almost having to speak directly into their ears to be heard. They reply with a simple shrug.  
  
I follow the others closely, determined not to lose them in this crowd of girls. I take a tray and cutlery, shuffling forward a step at a time. This doesn't look half bad, I think, looking over at the lunch for the day. A chicken salad, and a small sandwich with soup on the side. Much better than the previous school's lunches - who were famous for serving old overcooked meat and simple boiled carrots. Not just once, but sometimes three times a week.  
  
  
It's around fifteen minutes later when we finally have our lunch and head outside, narrowly avoiding a crash which would have sent food flying everywhere.   
  
I sigh softly and sit down on the grass, using the bleachers as a backrest and a table. I close my eyes for a moment, simply enjoying being outside. The sun shining down, the light breeze ruffling our hair, the few birds chirping in the trees... so peaceful.   
  
"Emy, where did you live before here?" Maria asks, taking a delicate sip of her soup.  
  
"Well...too many places, really. My parents work for the Olympics, so we moved around every few years. It was great for the first few times, but after a while you kinda want to stay and settle down, you know?" I take a quick drink of water and continue. "I mean, I have some fantastic memories from Italy and China...oh, and Spain. Anyways, enough of the pessimistic life story” I let out a small laugh and finish up my food along with the others.   
  
“Adele’s coming here the last Saturday of Thanksgiving week” Renee announces. The statement silenced the heated debate that was arguing whether we should have four days of school with three days of weekends.  
  
"Oh my god, really?"  
  
"Her shows are always booked out in the first few hours!"  
  
"She's such an amazing singer...I can't believe that she's so young!"  
  
Reneé simply smiles and lies down on the grass directly in a ray of sunshine.   
'Aaand...I happen to have six tickets."  
  
This time, the comments take around ten minutes to die down, with everyone eventually looking at her expectantly.   
  
"Well, you see...". Reneé begins, " my family booked them about a month or two in advance for my cousin's birthday, who was supposed to be coming over. Apparently she prefers staying home and watching Netflix with her boyfriend to making the four-hour trip here..." she trails off, rolling her eyes. “So, my parents decided to give them to me as an early combined birthday and Christmas present!" she squeals happily. "Would anyone happen to be interested?" She asks innocent, raising an eyebrow at the stunned silence.  
  
"I'll text you all the details later today," The blonde says, "but time for English. Last class of the day! And we have -"  
  
Liz silences her with a quick shake of the head and a finger to the lips.  
  
"Wait...what were you about to say?" I ask curiously.  
  
"Oh, you'll see. I'm afraid that I can't tell" Reneé giggles.  
  
I sigh in frustration as we head towards class, my mind wondering what the surprise is.  
  
  
"Hey Liz, Maria, Jade, Reneé and Emy!" Ms. J says with a friendly smile as we walk in the door.   
  
A mixture of greetings return to her, the five of us finding the last remaining seats at the very front and middle of the class and sitting down.   
  
My eyes settle on Ms. J as she starts the class, the dark pair of jeans and the white blouse on top really suiting her.   
  
Oh no, please not now... I desperately think, simply looking at her bringing back the fantasies...and the memory of the shower earlier today. I feel the warm tingles start to appear and spread through my petite body. Without looking down, I know my nipples are hard and pressing against the thin fabric of the school blouse. I blush and squirm around in my seat as Ms. J gaze travels over my hard nipples, her lesson coming to a halt for a second before continuing on.   
  
I pinch myself and try to focus on the lesson, but am unable to. The words and thoughts fly over my head as I'm lost in my own thoughts. It's almost like having a constant, annoying headache at the very back of the mind, except this was of pleasure... and affecting my entire body.  
  
What does Ms. J do to me? Why am I feeling so aroused, when I've already come once today? I'm almost tempted to go to the washroom to...relieve myself of this frustration but decide not to. I'll simply live with it... I bite my lower lip, trying not to think about anything naughty. My nipples have been so hard for the entire lesson, rubbing against the tight school blouse with any tiny movement.  
  
"There's about ten minutes of class left" Ms J calls out. "There's a bit of homework, but you all should be able to finish it within these last ten minutes.". How are there only ten minutes left? I wonder. That went by so quickly!  
  
I rearrange the papers of my desk, about to start my work but accidentally knocking my pen off the front of the table. I stretch out my foot and try to drag it back, but my foot stops a few frustrating centimetres away from the pen.   
  
"Don't worry, I'll get it Emy." Ms. J says softly, bending down and picking up the pen. She starts to rise but freezes for a moment, her expression one of surprise as she looks up my skirt. "Here you go" she mutters distractedly, both of us blushing. She quickly returns to her desk and pretends to be reading, but I can feel her eyes on my inner thighs.   
  
Deciding to play along, I answer a few more questions, eyebrows knitted in concentration before moving the chair forward to its limit, causing my breasts to press enticingly against my blouse, the shape of my curves perfectly outlined. After a few more questions are finished, I decide to innocently stretch my legs and let them naturally drift apart. Looking up from the corner of my eye, it seems as though Ms. J's face is flushed, her eyes a little unfocused and her breaths shallow.   
  
The bell finally rings, signalling the end of the class. Right when things were getting fun... After a goodbye to a slightly dreamy looking Ms. J, the five of us head out to the main gate of the school. After a long series of goodbyes and promises to each other, we go our separate ways home.   
  
  
I spot my parents' car idling in line with the others next to the curb and wave at them, suddenly trying to resist the urge to yawn. Opening the back door, I toss in my bag and quickly follow in after it.  
  
"Hey Mom, Hi Dad," I say with a tired smile, leaning forward and giving them each a small kiss before sitting back and slipping on the seatbelt.   
  
"How was your day sweetie?"  
  
"It was great! I can't believe that the school day's already over though, it went by so quickly" I murmur, filling them in on everything that happened that day, remembering just in time to leave the more...personal details out.   
  
"Oh Emy, I forgot to mention." Dad starts to say, "our neighbours invited us over for lunch tomorrow."   
  
"We actually only met the husband as the wife was still at work, but Sean seemed like a really great guy. Very friendly! Handsome too." Mom chimes in, pointedly ignoring her husband's eye roll.  
  
"Anyways, we accepted. Feeling up for a little lunch party?"  
  
"Sounds great!" I stifle a yawn, fighting a losing battle with myself to keep my eyes open.   
  
I feel a slight buzz from my pocket and pull out my phone, smiling as I see it's a message from Liz. "Busy week ahead" I murmur quietly to myself. A lunch with neighbours, something with Liz and the group, a concert... if only moving could always be so great. I think with a small, satisfied sigh. If only I knew how great things were going to get.

**A New Beginning: Chapter 2**

I open my eyes, blinking sleepily a few times. With a small sigh, I move my head from where it was resting against the cool, misted car window back to the headrest.  
  
“Where are we?” I murmur sleepily, clearing a small circle in the fogged up window and looking outside but seeing nothing but a generic looking highway.  
  
“We’re about ten minutes from home,” Dad replies, glancing back through the rearview mirror, no doubt seeing a slightly dishevelled me in a school uniform. “Good nap?” he asks, turning up the radio’s volume a little now that I’m up, the folky music filling the car.  
  
“Mm, it was, though I think I could definitely sleep again once we get back," I say with a small yawn,”is anyone else going to be at the lunch get together tomorrow?"  
  
“I think it’s only going to be and Mark and family... and us of course. I know they have two kids, but I’m not sure if they’ll be there."  
  
“Were we asked to bring anything? Then again, do we have anything to bake with?”   
  
“Nope, but I think we should bring something over. Maybe a dessert or a little something?"  
  
“That sounds great, Dad,” I smile. “I kind of wish it was a dinner so we’d have more to chat and relax, but hey, lunch is much more casual and friendly, I think. Much better for a first time meeting. How was your first day around town?"  
  
“It was mainly shopping and unpacking, you know how the first days normally are. You’re still not unpacked, are you?"  
  
“Dad!” I giggle, “I haven’t even seen the house, let alone unpack!” I roll my eyes and poke him gently in the side.  
  
“Hey, no distracting the driver!” he laughs as we pull into the long driveway and stop.  
  
“Sorry daddy…” I say softly, giving him a kiss on the cheek,"but you aren’t distracted anymore!” giving him a second playful poke, scrambling out of the car with my bag.  
  
  
The front door lets out a little double beep as it’s opened, the three of us heading inside.   
  
“The place looks great!” I exclaim, only now getting a full look at the house. The front door of the house leads into a hallway, which quickly leads into the window-lined living room. A little ways inside the foyer sits a sweeping staircase, elegant yet simple at the same time, leading to the bedrooms, bathrooms and a spare room upstairs.  
  
Leaving my shoes and bag by the front door, I walk over to the living room and gaze out a the view, taking in the fairly spacious shared garden, covered in grass and surrounded by trees. The sun slowly sets in the west, painting the sky with ever-changing hues of red and streaks of orange as if it were a simple canvas.  
  
“Simply beautiful…” I murmur softly, noticing a small pond in the corner of the garden. “This place has been beautifully landscaped!"  
  
“Mark actually did all that,” Mom says admiringly, “that’s their house over there to the left."  
  
I look over, seeing a house much the same as the one we’re living in, a narrow pathway being the only thing separating the two houses. The houses in our neighbourhood are arranged in groups of two, with each pair of houses sharing a common garden and driveway... and both houses apparently have inward facing windows.  
  
“How does a little bit of dinner then bed sound to everyone?” Dad asks, already eagerly heading into the kitchen.   
  
“Sounds great!” Mom and I chorus, joining him in the kitchen.   
  
“Actually, is there enough time for a quick shower?” I ask, feeling the sudden need to simply be clean and to change into something more comfortable around the house. I blush, realizing that I’m still not wearing anything under the school's blouse and skirt.  
  
Dad almost chokes on the water he had started to drink. “I’m sorry, a quick shower?” he repeats, the playful sarcasm in his voice unmistakable.  
  
“Alright, alright…I’ll be ten minutes, at most! I don’t how you manage to shower in five min-"  
  
“Three minutes,” he interrupts, stating the fact proudly while ignoring my pointed eye roll.  
  
“Oh, go enjoy your shower.” Mom encourages, shooting Dad a piercing look as if daring him to disagree. “You must be exhausted from school - and jet lag of course,"  
  
“Thanks, Mom,” I smile and head upstairs. I walk up the stairs on my tiptoes and poke my head into each room, familiarizing myself with the layout of our new house. I find the towels and swing one over my shoulder, opening the door to the last unexplored room.  
  
"Oh wow... this is great! It has everything a girl could need," I murmur to myself, turning on the light and looking around. It's a spacious room, fairly ordinary at the first glance. A closet covers the half wall closest to the door, providing more than enough space for storage, with a large mirror covering most of the closet door. A queen-sized bed sits nearby pressed against the wall, covered in soft, purple flannel sheets. I flop down on the bed and stretch out, delighted with how soft the flannel sheets feel against the bare skin of my legs. I rub my cheek against them, sighing in pleasure. These would feel amazing... so warm and soft... I may have to start sleeping naked, I find myself thinking.  
  
I reluctantly sit up and make my way to the window, knowing that I'd fall asleep on the bed otherwise, especially in the tired state that I'm in. I slide open the window as far as it would open, breathing in a deep breath of chilly fresh air.  
  
Resting my hands on the window sill, I look out, right across at our neighbour's house. What was his name again? S something... Shane? Shamus? Sean! That's it. My room must be on the side of the house then...  
  
I look over, noticing that the light in the room opposite was just extinguished. I blush as I realise that if the light was on, the rooms could look straight into each other although mine was a little lower. Is that their spare bedroom? Maybe it belongs to one of their kids. More of a one-way view for them, I decide.  
  
I notice my suitcase sitting right by the door and set it on the bed. After fumbling with the lock a few times, I finally manage to remember the combination and get the suitcase open. It's so nice to have my clothes again! I smile happily, running my hands over the neatly organised piles of fabric within the suitcase.  
  
Anyways, time for a shower, I think, reluctantly moving away from the clothes and finding my way into the bathroom. Closing the door behind me, my hands deftly undo the buttons on the white, short sleeved blouse and let it fall to the floor. My plaid skirt quickly follows with a small unzipping sound, leaving me completely naked. I bend over and adjust the water to the perfect temperature, only then stepping inside and closing my eyes in pleasure as the water cascades down my back.  
  
It almost feels like the day's washing away... and what a day it was! I can almost feel my mind slowing down as the warm steam fills the room with its soothing warmth. I reach for the soap and rub the bar between my hands, then focusing on lathering up my body. Without having the energy for yet another wet play session, the shower ends pretty quickly, leaving me wet, clean, and more than ready for a quick light meal and bed.  
  
Stepping out, I towel myself off and set the towel back on the rack, walking the short distance back to my room without a stitch of clothing on.  
  
Oh fuck, why did I open the window again?! I immediately wonder when entering my own room again, my petite body erupting with sudden goosebumps, my nipples hard from the sudden change in temperature. Shivering slightly, I run to the window, the damned thing needing a few tries to close but finally doing so with a satisfying slam.  
  
I turn around, my back to the window and try to find some clothes to wear. Bending over to reach the clothes on the bottom, I simply decide to pull out all my clothes (in this first bag, anyways) and to sort them on the bed. Mainly thanks to my experience with the window, I decide to pull on a pair of warm trackies and a zip up hoodie, and quickly move the rest of the clothes into the closet.  
  
With a quick glance at myself in the mirror, I head back downstairs and find dinner made and waiting.  
  
"Thanks for making dinner!" I smile happily, giving my parents each a big hug.  
  
"You did have the toughest day out of all of us," Dad admits a little grudgingly. The three of us sitting down at the table and tucking into a fresh salad and grilled chicken.  
  
"Oh, when do the curtains arrive?" I ask curiously, the thought suddenly popping into my head.  
  
"Don't you have curtains?"My parents ask, looking each other as I shake my head and take another bite of chicken.  
  
"Honestly, I'm fine without them," I interject quickly, not wanting to trouble them, letting out a little yawn as I take my last bite of food.  
  
"Time for bed, sweetie," Mom says softly, helping me carry the dishes to the sink and wash them.  
  
"Mm, I won't argue with that," I say softly, letting out another yawn. "Goodnight then," I murmur, giving them each a kiss and heading up to my room.  
  
Leaving the door partially open, I slip out of my trackies and hoodie, folding them neatly and setting them aside on the table. Ooh, this feels nice... I think to myself as I slip between the flannel sheets, soon drifting off to sleep.  
  
  
"Emy, wake up,"  
  
I vaguely hear a gentle voice say, accompanied by a few knocks.  
  
"Emy..it's 11:30. We have to go soon," Warm breath on my ear, and a hand gently shaking my shoulder.  
  
I open my eyes and blink sleepily, looking right into Dad's green eyes.  
  
"Morning, babygirl," he says softly, placing a kiss on my forehead.  
  
"Good morning, daddy," I reply softly with an innocent smile.  
  
"Time for you to get up, alright Emy?" he asks, pulling back the sheets but freezing when he sees the swell of my breasts. "You're... naked?"  
  
I blush furiously and nod, unable to form any words. "I'll be downstairs in a bit, mmkay?" I ask, quickly pulling the sheets back to cover myself, a questioning look in my eyes.  
  
"Oh, um... sure. Of course!" He stammers out, making a quick retreat.  
  
I gracefully slip out of bed and open the window, breathing in the fresh air. Open during the days, close it during the days I think to myself with a small laugh. I close my eyes and simply enjoy the moment, the rays of sunshine playing on my petite body, the birds chirping in the trees nearby. The sound of flowing water can be heard from the small stream which starts at our pond and leads into the little park behind our backyard.  
  
Going back to the closet I look at my clothes, trying to decide what to wear. Not too fancy, for it's only a lunch... but not too casual either, I think, mentally ticking tights and tank tops off the list. I take out a green sundress and slip it on, but quickly take it off again, not satisfied with the overall look.  
  
"Emy! We have to leave soon!" I hear both my parents' voices float up the stairs.  
  
"Alright alright, ready in 10!" I call back down, poking my head out the door, then going back to the closet. Feeling a little pressured, I quickly pick out a pair of white lacy panties and slip them on, pulling on a casual white ruffle skirt on top which stops mid thigh. After a little more searching I decide on a blue halter top, pulling it on without a bra underneath. I turn sideways and look in the mirror, feeling mostly satisfied with the look. A quick brush of my long, blonde hair and I'm skipping downstairs. "Ready!" I call out, slipping on a pair fashionable sandals.  
  
We close the door and walk down the driveway, going around the small patch of grass and trees that separates us from our neighbours.  
  
  
Dad gestures at me, giving me a graceful 'after you' hand motion. I raise my eyebrows and step forward, able to faintly hear the sound of their doorbell echoing through their house. An eye appears on the other side of the spy hole then disappears. The door promptly opens and a man who must be Mark seeming to fills up the entire space, wearing a pair of jeans and a flannel shirt.  
  
“Come on in, come on in!” he says cheerfully, holding the door open and closing it behind us and giving my parents a firm but friendly handshake.  
  
“Mark?” I ask a little shyly, looking up at him and holding out my hand, not entirely sure what the correct customs here are, “I’m Emy."  
  
“I’ve heard a little about you,” he smiles gently, surprising me by holding my hand then pulling me into a hug, making me feel at ease at once.  
  
“Oh, who from?” I ask, hugging him back. I bite my lower lip nervously as his strong arms tighten the brief embrace, pressing my petite body against him. I break away and blush lightly, unable to stop thinking of how his body felt pressed against mine, how secure and... hard he felt.  
  
“From me,” comes a voice slightly behind Mark, filled with an undercurrent of laughter.  
  
It can't be.. I think incredulously. I thought... I thought she lived at the school! "Ms. J?" I ask softly, my view still blocked by Mark.  
  
"Yes hun," she laughs kindly ,"but please, call me Sandy. I'm not your teacher here, only a friendly neighbour."  
  
"Mmkay then... Sandy," I mumble a little nervously, testing out the sound of her name on my lips. I say it once more, feeling the little tingles start to form at her closeness, the memories of the last English class flooding back into my mind.  
  
"How about we show you around the house?" Sandy offers, wearing a simple yet elegant dress which fits her perfectly while casually leaning against the railing.  
  
"Um... sure," my parents agree after a quick glance between them, not wanting to invade personal privacy or space.  
  
"Oh, don't worry," Mark quickly interjects, seeing the hesitation between them. " It's probably quite similar to your house, but we changed up a few things."  
  
I follow him closely up the stairs, looking around curiously and enjoying their taste in decorations. Realising that Sandy's a few steps below me, I self-conscious try to tug my skirt down, the persistent tingling back. A few paintings of nature hang along the wall, catching my eye and distracting me from the thought of my teacher possibly looking up my skirt... although it wouldn't have been the first time.  
  
"The only real change up here is that we switched the third bedroom with our master bedroom, and the original master bedroom into a study," Mark commentates, pointing out the master bedroom.  
  
I pop my head in for a quick glance, my curiosity getting the better of me. Looking around, I see a nicely designed and furnished bedroom with a connecting ensuite bathroom. The entire room feels clean and inviting, the open window providing a slight breeze. The window itself looks downwards, giving a perfect view of the neighbouring house on the right.  
  
"We're pretty outdoorsy people," Sandy chimes in, feeling the need to explain the change in the layout,"So we hardly ever use the bedroom for anything except sleeping. We figured it'd be better to five the study an amazing view of the garden and park instead," she explains, leading us to the study.  
  
They've done a beautiful job yet again, I find myself thinking as I step inside the study, turning a full circle to admire the evident thought that went into the design. A large window almost covers the back wall, giving a stunning view of the garden, the pond and the little park The bookcases lining and walls and the carpet covered floor give the room a studious feel, yet managing to feel comfortable at the same time.  
  
  
I smile and make light conversation with Mark as my parents finish admiring the room, all of us soon heading downstairs. We pass through the kitchen, ending up with a cool drink as we make our way outside.  
  
"Should I get my sandals?" I ask, whispering the question to Sandy. She smiles in response and shakes her head, subtly pointing out that no one else is wearing them.  
  
I tilt my head back as we step outside, taking a deep breath of fresh air, enjoying the feel of the cool grass against my feet, and the slight breeze through my hair.  
  
"Oh, are we eating outside?" I ask curiously. Sandy pauses her conversation about teaching for a minute and gestures towards a picnic table which sits off to one side in the garden, already laid out with food and plates.  
  
We make our way leisurely to the table, with Sandy and Mom sitting on one side, and Mark and my dad on the other, with me squished between them. I blush as I notice Mark gaze pass over my bare legs once or twice as I sit down but say nothing, only giving him a small knowing smile. We pass the food around, filling our plates with a delicious smelling pasta, hot sausages and a bit of salad on the side.  
  
The conversation moves to their kids - with us finding out that Sandy and Mark have a daughter and a son, and that they're both actually in a boarding school with a specialty in basketball, which both their kids have a passion for.  
  
"This is absolutely delicious," I say softly, twirling a few more strands of pasta around my fork. My parents chime in, agreeing quickly.  
  
"Who does the cooking around here?" I ask, mentally betting that it must be Mark since Sandy teaches - the faulty logic somehow passing through my mind.  
  
"Sandy does most of the cooking," Mark answers," Somehow anything I try to cook never turns out as intended."  
  
"Like the last batch of cookies which turned into a cake?" Sandy adds in innocently, causing Mark to chuckle. "Yeah, like those."  
  
" I could... teach you to cook if you wanted..." I offer shyly, wondering immediately afterwards why I offered. Surely Mark would have learned a while back if he was interested. To my surprise, he thinks about it for a while and agrees with a nod of thanks.  
  
  
I take another bite of sausage and set the fork down, making a frantic grab at my napkin as a small gust of wind blows it off the table. With a small sigh, I bend over and reach down for it.  
  
I hear a small gasp and look a little to the left, freezing as I see Sandy's bare foot travelling up and down Mark's leg, her foot quickly moving up and resting in his lap. The uninterrupted innocent chatter above the table keeps flowing as a bulge quickly grows in Mark's pants.  
  
I bite my lower lip, unable to look away from the erotic scene. Pleasurable tingles quickly start to form and spread throughout my petite body - and without looking, I know that my sensitive nipples are hard and showing through my halter top.  
  
Tearing my eyes away, I finally sit up once again, the rough outline of the bulge in Mark's jeans burned into my mind.It looked so beautiful... I find my tongue swirling around the end of a sausage, my mind stuck in wishful thoughts.  
  
A light brush against my leg causes me to jump and to look up - right into Sandy's beautiful, captivating eyes. I blush furiously as she gives me a small knowing smile, her gaze flicking down to my hard nipples then back to my eyes. My breaths quicken as I feel Sandy's other foot gently rub against my ankle, almost cat-like, a quick glance to my left showing that her other foot is directly pressed against Mark's straining cock, toes teasing and rubbing along the length of his shaft through his jeans.  
  
This shouldn't be happening... a timid voice in my mind says. Somewhere in a small part of my brain, I find myself agreeing... but the emotions - the potent mixture of embarrassment, excitement, and most of all simple lust soon tip the balance. I close my eyes and let out a tiny whimper as Sandy's foot ventures higher to my upper thighs.  
  
"Are you feeling alright, Emy?" I vaguely hear Mom ask from across the table.   
  
" I'm... I'm alright," I stammer out, giving myself a little shake and opening my eyes,"just a little jet-lagged," I quickly say, blurting out the first excuse that comes to my mind.  
  
"Are you sure, hun? You look a little flushed... "  
  
"That was... the... the wine," I manage to get out, biting my lower lip to contain a gasp as Sandy's toes press directly against my panties, knowing that she can feel the heat... and the wetness from my little pussy through the thin fabric of my lacy panties.  
  
I breathe a sigh of relief as my mom appears to be satisfied and turns back to her conversation with Mark and Dad.  
  
How can Mark act so... so normal? I wonder glancing over, eye widening in surprise as I see his jeans unzipped and pulled down a little, the length and width of his shaft clearly visible through his boxers.  
  
  
"Can we help you wash up?" Dad asks Sandy, standing up from the table to help remove the dishes and move them to the kitchen. I let out a tiny groan in frustration as Sandy's foot instantly disappears, the frustrating need still circling around inside me.  
  
"No no, please, relax." Sandy gently insists, standing up and piling up the dishes in a neat stack, then taking a pile back into the house. I stretch out, almost tempted to slip a hand down between my legs to ease the frustration. Still debating, I keep half an ear open to the conversation which just started up between Mark and my parents about business, politics, language and old memories - with most of the sentences starting with 'Back in the day... '.  
  
Feeling too distracted by my naughty urges to join in the reminiscing, I stand up and gather up the rest of the dishes and take them inside to the kitchen.  
  
"May I help out, Sandy?" I call out softly as to not startle her, setting the dishes beside the sink.  
  
"Oh, sure! Thanks, Emy," she replies with a grateful smile, stepping aside to make space for me.  
  
Maybe this was a bad idea... I think a little belatedly, breathing in her scent and feeling my body start to respond to her close presence. I find myself unable to forget about how her foot was pressed right against my panties while her eyes feasted on my hard nipples. Anticipation and nervousness swirl around inside me, causing me to long for something to happen... yet feeling too hesitant to make the first move.  
  
I step towards the sink, plugging the drain and filling it a third full with water. Reaching for the dish soap, I add some in and mix the two together. I soap up the first few dishes and set them aside, feeling the soapy mixture stick to my hands and wrists. 'Is she doing this on purpose?' I wonder as Sandy brushes by yet again, feeling a shiver pass through me every time our skin touches.  
  
"Are they talking about politics again?" Sandy asks innocently, filling the comfortable silence between us with words once more.  
  
"Mmhm..." I manage to get out, incredibly aware that the two of us are alone in a relatively private room.  
  
"You know, Mark can talk for hours - and I have a feeling that your parents can as well." She pauses slightly. I turn back to the dishes, trying in vain to only think about washing... anything but Sandy.  
  
"Which leaves the two of us here... alone," She murmurs right behind me, her breath warms on my neck. I shiver in anticipation and stay silent, my mouth suddenly dry.  
  
"I've seen the way you look at me, Emy" she continues softly, tracing the tip of her finger lightly down from my shoulder. Little sparks of pleasure travel from the light contact from her finger directly to my sensitive areas of my body.  
  
"The way you teased me in class by going without panties... I think you're secretly very naughty, aren't you baby girl?" Sandy asks, reaching around and gently brushing back my long blonde hair into a ponytail, the action more than a little suggestive.  
  
"I am..." I whisper, feeling trapped by my soapy hands, unable to turn around without spilling water on the floor and making a mess.  
  
"You know, you're in a perfect position right now, hun... how about you stay like that for a little while. Simply relax... enjoy..." Sandy murmurs softly, taking a step forward, her perfect breasts squished against my back.  
  
I let out a soft sigh as I feel her gently run her hands up my arms, her fingers lightly tracing their way up my neck. Her slender fingers cup my face, turning my head gently so I'm looking to the right.  
  
My eyes close, my mind going blank as she leans forward and brushes the lightest of kisses on my lips, leaving me needing more. Sandy's fingers run through my hair as she leans in for a second time, pressing our lips together gently, firmly. My lips part as I feel her tongue run along them, silently requesting for more.  
  
She tilts her head a little and deepens the kiss. Our tongues twirl and dance around each other, exploring each other at a slow leisurely pace.  
  
I pull back a minute later to try to catch my breath, looking at Sandy with wide dreamy eyes, hardly daring to believe that the kiss was real.  
  
"That was as amazing as I thought it would be,” Sandy murmurs softly into my ear as she leans in again. Our lips lock once again, the kiss quickly turning more passionate by the second.  
  
I let out a small moan into her mouth, her hands finding and cupping my breasts, using them to pull my body back against hers. The tender, passionate kiss continues as Sandy starts squeezing and caressing my breasts through my halter top, my sensitive nipples pressed against her exploring fingers.  
  
This time, it's Sandy who breaks away, her kisses quickly shifting to my neck and slowly trailing downwards. Cute little whimpers escape from my lips as she focuses on kissing the pulse in my neck, the sensations almost becoming too much to bear.  
  
I draw in a sharp breath as Sandy gives my ear a tiny nip before going back to my neck. Her hands fall casually on my shoulders then slowly slide outwards, slipping the straps of my halter top off my shoulders.  
  
You're so perfect, baby girl," Sandy whispers as my perky breasts are revealed with a small downward tug on my top, my sensitive nipples hard and pointing forward.  
  
I turn my head, eyes closing once again as Sandy gets the message and places a kiss on my lips. I moan softly into her mouth as her hands immediately find my naked breasts and cup them, pure pleasure spreading through me as she rolls my sensitive nipples between her fingers.  
  
  
"Sandy, could we get a few more drinks please?” the two of us faintly hear Mark call from the outside.  
  
"And he says that I have bad timing..." Sandy mutters frustratedly. "How about you deliver the drinks, Emy?" She asks, giving my nipples a little flick. She quickly goes to the fridge and pulls out a few drinks, setting them on a tray to take outside. With a frustrated sigh and a longing look back at Sandy, I pull my top back up and pick up the tray, nipples hard and showing through my top.  
  
"Oh, you're a sexy little waitress,” Sandy says softly, looking over me with lust in her eyes. "But... you'd be even sexier without these," she says, lifting up my miniskirt and tugging down my panties.  
  
"Oh fuck, now that is hot..." I faintly hear her say. A thrill of arousal and excitement goes through me as I step out of my panties and leave them on the floor for Sandy, walking to the backyard with a little extra sway in my steps. I wonder if Sandy's playing with herself while waiting for me to come back. Is she watching?  
  
  
"Would anyone like drinks?" I ask innocently, stepping out onto the grass. I smile at Mark and hand him a cool drink, flushing as I feel his eyes focus on my breasts.  
  
I hand my parents each a drink and collect their empty glasses from before, muttering a little curse as one slips from my fingers. Facing away from Mark, I spread my legs a little and bend over at the waist, fumbling around for a minute before picking up the glass. I blush furiously as I straighten up and flip my hair over my shoulder, a new level of lust hitting me as I see Mark readjusting his pants subtly. I make sure to brush against him on the way back and hurry inside back to Sandy.  
  
"You naughty little tease!" she laughs, her look turning hungry as she sees how much I enjoyed that. I shiver as her gaze travels over my petite body.  
  
"I think the kitchen is as good a place as any. Sit up here," Sandy requests, patting the kitchen counter opposite the door. I prop myself up on the edge of the counter, feeling the wall hard against my back, my legs swinging in the air.  
  
"Perfect..." Sandy murmurs, a small step forward taking her between my spread legs and presses her slender body against mine. My halter top quickly gets pulled down again to beneath the swell of my breasts.  
  
Sandy leans in and runs her tongue along my lips, giving me a deep, passionate kiss the instant my lips part. Her hands run through my hair as our tongues dance around each other, our breathing getting heavier by the minute.  
  
My eyes close, my back arching as her kisses suddenly make a trail down my neck and kiss my collarbone, her hands pulling the material of my top down even further.  
  
I whimper softly, a shiver going through me as her tongue gives one sensitive nipple, then the other a quick flick. I feel my body trembling in need as Sandy skillfully teases me, her tongue running in circles around my nipples but never touching, my hands running helplessly through her hair.  
  
"Oh fuck... " A gasp, followed soft moan escapes my lips as she teasingly gives my nipple a light nip with her mouth, wrapping her lips around the sensitive bud immediately after and tugging gently. I can my feel little pussy getting wetter, the juices flowing as Sandy focuses her attention on my other nipple, letting her hand caress and squeeze the other.  
  
I freeze, feeling her right hand fall on my knee and give it a small squeeze, slowly making its way upwards along the length of my bare leg.  
  
Her tongue switches tempo once again, going back to the teasing circling that feels so frustratingly pleasurable. Her right hand pushes up my skirt so it's around my waist, leaving her easy access to my dripping pussy.  
  
"Oh fuck... Sandy... ". My eyes close, my head falling backwards as one of her fingers pushes between my swollen pussy lips.  
  
"Shhh baby girl... don't want anyone to walk in, do we? If you can't keep quiet, I might have to find some way to keep you silent," Sandy murmurs with a playful look in her eyes.  
  
I let out a small sigh, feeling empty as she slips out her finger. "You taste so sweet baby girl," she whispers my ear,"how about you have a taste?"  
  
She gets her finger wet with my juices and holds it up to my lips, moaning softly when my tongue swirls around her finger and eagerly licks up my juices. Eyes still closed, I lean forward a little and take her finger into my mouth, sucking softly.  
  
"Such a hot little mouth..." Sandy whispers, making me arch my back as her own mouth finds my sensitive nipples. Her hand slides down my body, her finger running up and down between my glistening pussy lips.  
  
A moan escapes my lips as my teacher pushes her finger back inside my little wet pussy, quickly adding in a second finger. Constant shivers go through my body as she gently curls her fingers, the sensations almost too much as her mouth starts alternating nipples.  
  
I bite my lower lip, hearing the wet sounds of her fingers thrusting in and out of my soaking pussy. Her other hand joins in, going immediately for my sensitive clit. A small flick sends an intense orgasm through my body, my legs quivering and a mixture of whimpers and moans escaping my lips, the expression on my face one of pure pleasure.  
  
While my legs are still quivering, Sandy crouches down and spreads my legs, leaning forward and exploring my wet folds with her tongue. She gently adds one finger again and pumps slowly, her tongue finding my clit at random intervals causing a shiver and for my petite body to tense up every time.  
  
"I think you're ready to cum again, baby girl. You seem fully recovered..." Sandy says as she notices me looking down at her with wide eyes, my lips slightly parted and my soft making my breasts rise and fall gently . My hands run through her silky hair, gripping slightly harder whenever her exploring tongue finds a sensitive spot.  
  
My petite body tenses as she slides another slender finger into my dripping pussy. She looks up with a small smile, watching the lust play across my face as her fingers slowly sink all the way inside, out, then back in once more.  
  
She gets a small moan of anticipation as she spreads my pussy lips with one hand, making me flinch as she gently blows warm air onto my sensitive exposed clit.  
  
"Ohh fuck..." I whimper softly as her mouth latches onto my clit, her two fingers thrusting in and out of my dripping pussy with an audible wet noise. My head falls back in pleasure as Sandy starts using the tip of her tongue to push against my clit every time her fingers push back inside. Hearing my cute whimpers increase in pitch and feeling my body trembling in pleasure, she quickly switches to flicking my clit with her tongue, her fingers speeding up the pace.  
  
"Ohhh... Sandy!" I cry out, a second orgasm, more intense than the last explodes deep within. Almost feeling as though I was... floating, my thoughts escape me, only leaving me able to focus on the pure pleasure.  
  
Slowly, my senses start to come back, my ragged breathing and Sandy's tongue gently exploring my wet folds among the first.  
  
"Please... no more..." I whimper, flinching and gently pushing her head away as her tongue flicks out towards my clit. I blink almost sleepily, the wide blue eyes giving my face an innocent look even though I'm practically naked on the counter, legs spread with Sandy's tongue between my wet folds.  
  
  
A light cough sounds from the doorway, causing both of us to look up panicked and guilty, and for me to instantly close my legs and cover my breasts with my hands.  
  
"Be glad that it's only me," Mark chuckles, the gruff undertone of arousal unmistakable in his voice, the bulge in his pants clearly visible "And Emy, don't bothering covering up babe. I've been here for the last ten minutes... I was wondering what had kept you two entertained for so long," he says with a playful grin.  
  
"That was simply... amazing, Sandy. Thank you," I murmur as I hop off the counter, my skirt falling back around my waist as I wrap my arms around her and place a soft kiss on her lips.  
  
"Anytime, baby girl," she smiles, returning the kiss.  
  
"Maybe it's better if you put your clothes back on. I think your parents might be getting ready to leave soon." Mark says, taking a few steps towards us. I bite my bottom lip as his hand runs up my side and softly caresses a breast, tweaking my nipple before falling away. His hands help slide the straps of my halter top back on my shoulders but is unable to resist cupping my breasts and giving them a small squeeze. I let out a soft moan of encouragement just as we hear my parents come down the hallway.  
  
  
"It's probably time to get going, Emy," Dad calls out as he sees the three of us. "Thank you for everything Sandy and Mark, we had a great time! Sandy, we've actually been thinking... how interested are the two of you in camping? Since it seems that we have a week off, a few days in the wilderness would be a nice way to relax."  
  
"What do you think, hun?" Sandy exchanges a glance with Mark.  
  
"I don't think we have anything planned. It sounds good to me. I might have actually... brought up the idea," He says with a small laugh.  
  
"Sure, we'll go," Sandy smiles,"what should we bring?"  
  
"How does three days and two nights of camping sound? Which means..two dinners, three lunches and two breakfasts."  
Mom adds in.  
  
"Mmkay then. We can do a dinner, a breakfast, and two lunches if it works with you. When would we go?"  
  
I stand a little in the background next to Mark, amazed at how quickly things are being organised. I jump as I feel Mark's hand slip under my skirt and squeeze my ass, biting my lower lip to hold in the moan. "How about the day after tomorrow?" I pipe in, feeling his hand squeeze again.  
  
"Sure," the two parties say with a smile, both seeming content with the date.  
  
I follow my parents out the door a few minutes later after the last arrangements are made, with it being decided that we'll all go together in one car and that Dad will drive on the way to the campsite.  
  
"Thanks once again!" we call out, heading back to our own house next door. Looking over my shoulder, my eyes widen as I see Mark hold my lacy panties to his nose and take a sniff, giving me a wink at the same time. Blushing, I hurry to catch up with my parents, the sun setting as we enter our house.