**A Revealing Summer**

by[HMBx1](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1468968&page=submissions)©

**==Part 1: Running==**  
My name is Amanda, and this is the story of my crazy summer between high school and college.  
  
During my senior year of high school, I finally started to come out of my shell a bit. I had always been rather reserved, but my best friend, Michelle, kept pushing me to try new things. She got me going to parties most weekends; nothing too crazy of course...no drinking or anything...that stuff could wait till college. For my 18th birthday that fall she had even gotten me a vibrator, which was super embarrassing at the time, but turned out to be a lot of fun a few nights later when I got the guts to try it. I also had my first boyfriend that year, and lost my virginity to him on our prom night. Honestly, he was nothing special, and we broke up a few weeks before summer started. As the year drew to a close, I had decided that I'd be attending a private college four hours away, and would finally be away from home and free of my parents (not that they're particularly bad or anything...but still, they're parents).  
  
I'd been a runner for years. It was a great way to work out, and kept my legs and ass looking awesome. I wasn't on the track team or anything (as much as Michelle, who was a track star herself, tried to convince me to join). The idea of running competitively just didn't appeal to me. For me, running was a way to relax; whenever I was stressed out or depressed, I could run few miles and just leave it all behind.  
  
As the summer after graduation began, I started running outside again. It's so much better to be able to feel the sun on your face than to be cooped up in a gym on a treadmill. I ran about four miles every afternoon, starting at my house and running a loop that took me through some of the nicer neighborhoods. It was a beautiful route that took me through the town's two parks and past some obscenely wealthy houses.  
  
The only problem with my run was MacArthur Road, or more precisely, the landscapers that worked there. On the right side of the road were half-a-dozen houses, and on the left was a golf course. Mondays and Tuesdays, six landscapers would be working on the golf course. Wednesday and Friday, those same six tended the lawns and bushes on the houses across the street. So four days a week I had to run past them, and every time they would leer and yell inappropriate comments at me. They weren't even particularly creative, mostly it was "Hey Tits! Looking for a good time?" or "Take a look at that ass!". I tried to ignore them, but it was just so disgusting. Although, even if I didn't want to admit it to myself, deep down part of me was flattered that they thought I was hot.  
  
The first Monday after summer vacation started, I heard the doorbell ring. My older brother, Jason, who was home from college on break, answered it.  
  
"Mandy! Michelle's here!" he yelled upstairs.  
  
"Hey Michelle!" I said, bounding down the steps.  
  
"So what are you guys up to today?" Jason asked, his eyes running all over Michelle's body. He'd had a crush on her for awhile. I thought it was stupid, but Michelle enjoyed it, and liked to tease him a bit. Today she was in a mid-length skirt and a tank top. It was pretty clear that she wasn't wearing a bra, based on how her nipples poked through the cotton, and the way her breasts shook as she moved. It was also clear that Jason had noticed.  
  
"Michelle and I are gonna go for a run."  
  
He turned towards Michelle (well, his head did...his eyes had never actually left her). "Really? I thought you were on that summer track team. Don't you guys have training all summer?"  
  
"Tuesdays through Friday we have practices, but nothing on Mondays, so I'm gonna run with Mandy." She said, with a wicked little grin on her face. As she talked, she leaned forward a bit to give him more of a view down her cleavage.  
  
"Oh come on," I said. "Let's go get changed." I grabbed her hand and pulled her towards my room. She gave my brother one last look, while he tried to get a peek up her skirt as she went up the the stairs.  
  
I closed the door to my room, and looked at Michelle. "You really shouldn't tease him like that. It's not like you're ever actually going to show him anything anyway. You're just encouraging the little perv."  
  
Michelle laughed. "I'm just having some fun. Besides, it's nice to be wanted." As she talked, she pulled her shirt over her head. We'd seen each other naked tons of times, and it was nothing strange for us to change in front of each other. Still, I couldn't help but admire her toned body. She was about 5'5'', with a tiny waist. Her breasts were on the smaller side, probably about B-cup, but they were perky, and capped with cute brownish nipples. As I watched, Michelle pulled down her skirt and the lacy thong underneath. She was completely shaved down there, something she had convinced me to do a few months ago too. I had to admit, it did feel nice having completely smooth lips.  
  
My now naked friend tossed back her long black hair, and laughed again. "Ya know, with the way you're staring, you could give your brother lessons."  
  
I stuck my tongue out at her, and looked away. I started to undress, quickly pulling off my t-shirt and bra. Catching a view in the mirror, I admired my own body for a minute. I'm a bit taller than Michelle, around 5'8''. I have to say, my breasts are pretty awesome. They are between a large C and small D. Even though they sag a bit more than Michelle's, it made them bouncier (something I think the landscapers on MacArthur had noticed). My nipples hardened from the sudden exposure to the air; my areolas were bigger and more pink than Michelle's. I pulled off my jean shorts and underwear, and looked at the closely groomed red hair between my legs (yep, the carpet matches the drapes). Lately, instead of completely shaving, I had been leaving a small landing strip (although I still shaved my lips smooth).  
  
I quickly pulled some old underwear and baggy gym shorts, and started digging through my drawer for a sports bra, breasts jiggling all the while. Michelle was already dressed, wearing super tight spandex running shorts (which showed off her great ass, and even a little camel toe), and a tight grey tank top/sports bra.  
  
Suddenly, there were two quick knocks on the bedroom door. Before either of us could respond, the door opened. "Hey, I grabbed you guys some bottles of water for your run..." Jason said as he threw the door open.  
  
I screamed, and snapped my arms up to my exposed breasts. "What the hell are you doing in here!?" I yelled at my idiot brother.  
  
Jason stammered, "I, uh, thought you might....uh...what some, uh...water...water, for your run...."  
  
Michelle was cracking up, as I yelled at him, "And that couldn't wait until we were downstairs!?" He stood there awkwardly, but his eyes were staring at my chest. I looked down, and realized I wasn't doing a very good job of covering up; my left nipple was almost entirely exposed to him. "GET THE HELL OUT!" I screamed, covering myself properly.  
  
Jason fled from the room as fast as he could, and I walked over and slammed the door. Michelle was still laughing at me. "Well, who's teasing your brother now?" she cackled.  
  
"Shut up! He obviously barged in to try and see you naked! See why you shouldn't flirt with him like that!" I was pretty pissed, but was starting to get over it. It was kinda funny, I guess. I grabbed an old white sports bra, and threw on a baggy t-shirt over it. "Come on," I said to Michelle, who was still giggling a little. "Now I need a run to forget about this."  
  
As we walked down the stairs, Jason was standing awkwardly at the kitchen door, still holding the bottles of water. "I, um, I'm sorry, I, um, I just..." I glared at him, grabbed the bottles, and walked towards the front door.  
  
Michelle gave him that wicked smile again. "Hey Jason," she said, "now you won't need to barge in with some flimsy excuse!" She then lifted up her shirt, exposing her cute breasts to my older brother.  
  
I looked back in shock. Jason's jaw had literally dropped, and he stood there stupidly, staring at my best friends tits. She giggled, and waited a few more seconds before pulling her top back down. "Come on," she said with a laugh, and pulled me out of the house, leaving Jason staring in her wake.  
  
"What the Hell was that?" I asked, in awe of what she just did.  
  
"Well, now you can't say that all I ever do is tease him." She stuck out her tongue, and then started to jog down the street.  
  
"Slut!" I yelled after her, jokingly, as I ran to catch up.  
  
We ran along my normal route, going through the small park down the street from my house. It was very hot out, and it wasn't long before I was sweating buckets. "God it's humid today," I whined. Michelle looked and me, and said, "Of course it is. Why are you wearing that huge freaking t-shirt? Just run in your sports bra."  
  
"No way," I replied, panting from the heat. "We're coming up on MacArthur Road, and those damn perverts are going to be out ogling us."  
  
She gave me an annoyed look. "So some lawn-mowers are gonna take a look. Who cares? Why work out this much if you aren't gonna show it off once in awhile?"  
  
We came out of the park, ran down the street, and turned right onto MacArthur. Sure enough, the landscapers were working on the golf course. Three of them were on lawnmowers, a couple were trimming the hedges at the edge of the course, and one just standing around having a smoke. The smoker was the first to see us, and yelled, "Wooo, look at them titties!" All of the others turned to stare, and started calling out their own lewd comments.  
  
They were clearly enjoying the way by boobs bounced under my shirt; the bra I had grabbed was pretty old and stretched out. They also took notice of Michelle's hot ass in those tight shorts. My face turned red, and I tried to ignore them as I ran past. Michelle looked at them, and flipped them the finger. Soon we were turning the corner off the street.  
  
"I hate those pervs!" I said angrily.  
  
"Oh come on, it's not that big of a deal. So they think you're hot? It's not like they were trying to rape you or anything. Besides, admit it, you kinda like them checking you out. Otherwise, why wouldn't you just change routes?"  
  
I glared at Michelle, but didn't say anything. She sort of had a point. "Anyway," she continued, "if you wanted to make them stop, you should have just showed them the goods." She laughed, and made a playful grab at my tit.  
  
"No thanks," I responded. "Unlike some people, I don't just flash everyone I meet."  
  
Michelle pretended to look offended. "Hey, your brother doesn't exactly count as 'everyone'. Besides, he saw your tits too."  
  
I shook my head at her, and we kept running, entering the towns larger park. By now the heat was really starting to get to me. "Well," I thought, "we're already past the perverts. Might as well be comfortable." I stripped my t-shirt off, showing my white sports bra.  
  
Michelle gave me a grin. "Ooh lah lah!"  
  
"Shut up, it's too hot out for this damn shirt."  
  
"Haha, I know, I'm just kidding. Although the material on that bra has worn kinda thin, huh?" I looked down and realized she was right. If you looked hard, you could see the dark spots of my nipples under the bra, as my tits bounced up and down. At least the park was fairly deserted; it was just too hot out for most people. We did pass a few other runners, and some couples out for a summer stroll. I got some appreciative glances, which I must say made me feel pretty good.  
  
After we exited the park, we were only a few blocks from my house. "Hey, isn't that Brian?" Michelle asked, pointing at a house on the right. "Yep, that's him. Look's like he's washing his car. Let's go say hi." I replied. Brian was in our group of friends. I think he had a crush on me for awhile, but nothing ever came of it. He's cute, but I didn't want to mess up our friendship with a relationship.  
  
"Hey Brian!" we yelled when we got to his driveway. Brian was holding a hose while he washed his car. As we approached, he turned off the hose and dropped the sponge into a bucket of soapy water.  
  
"Hey girls! Out for a run?" he asked. I noticed that his eyes had caught sight of my tits, and wondered just how clearly he could make out my nipples through the thin material. I felt a little stirring down below as I thought about him looking at me. "Isn't it too hot out for exercise today?"  
  
"Sure is!" Michelle replied. "Even those bottles of water Amanda's brother got us didn't help." We looked at each other briefly, reminded of the circumstances surrounding those bottles. "Hey, maybe a spray from that hose would cool me down." she joked.   
  
I'm pretty sure Michelle was kidding about the hose, but that didn't stop Brian from aiming it at her, grinning.  
  
"No, wai--" was all she could say before he was spraying her with the cold water. She screeched, but didn't move out of the spray. "Actually, that's pretty nice!" she said, and proceeded to do a turn to maximize how wet she got. She even started to joke around and do some sexy poses before Brian finally stopped the water.  
  
"Hey, you asked for it." he said with a smile.  
  
"It felt good. Much cooler." Now completely soaked, Michelle looked simply gorgeous. Her already tight tank top/sports bra combo now clung to her skin. Every detail of the shape of her breasts was totally showing, even the small bumps on the areolas surrounding her tight, hard nipples were visible. Her skin-tight shorts had a similar effect, and her camel toe was now very pronounced. She seemed to enjoy the appreciative stares from Brian and I.  
  
"Okay, now its Amanda's turn!" Michelle said with an evil grin, and before I could protest, Brian was shooting me with the hose.  
  
The sudden spray of cold water was shocking, and I gasped. I could feel my nipples instantly harden. But Michelle was right, it felt really nice to cool off. I enjoyed the spray for a minute before saying, "Okay, that's enough."  
  
Brian turned off the hose, and openly stared at me. Michelle was giggling, looking at my chest. I looked down, and realized that the water had made my thin, white sports bra much more transparent. It wasn't completely see-through, but the pink of my nipples was definitely visible. And since my nipples were also very hard, and poking out against the tight, wet material, Brian was getting a pretty good look at my tits.  
  
I resisted the urge to cover myself, not wanting to admit that it bothered me. Actually, it didn't really bother me that much at all. I was beginning to get turned at at the attention I was getting from Brian, and could feel myself getting wet in ways that had nothing to do with the hose.  
  
"Okay, revenge time!" I said, and leapt at Brian. Michelle jumped in too, and pretty quickly we had wrestled the hose from him, and sprayed him too. Honestly, I don't think he fought too hard. Instead, he was taking the opportunity to cop a few feels. I saw him get a good handful of Michelle's ass, and his hands definitely brushed over my breasts a couple of times.  
  
Now that all of us were soaked, we stopped for a minute. "Hey, I need to get a picture to remember our epic water fight!" Brian said, and ran to the garage to get his phone. I think "epic water fight" was perhaps over-exaggerating what had happened, and I'm pretty sure he just wanted a picture of our wet tits (mine particularly, considering how see-through the top had become).  
  
"No way", I said, while simultaneously Michelle called out "Sure!" I crossed my arms across my chest to obscure my nipples as Brian returned with the phone. "Come on you two, pose for a picture!"  
  
Michelle posed with her arms in the air, and her legs slightly spread. Still soaking wet, her clothes were skin tight, and the picture was definitely going to show her hard nipples and camel toe. Not to be outdone by my friend, I decided "what the Hell", and let my arms fall to my sides. My barely-covered breasts were now exposed to the camera, and Brian took a whole series of pictures (which, I found out later, he showed to his other friends as soon as he could).  
  
"Okay, that's enough. Time to go home." I said. "See you Brian!"  
  
"Bye girls! Feel free to stop by after your next run too!"  
  
As we started to jog away, I turned to Michelle, and said loudly enough that Brian could hear, "Hey, I'm surprised you didn't flash him too!" She laughed, and responded "Well, maybe if we had stayed a bit longer..."  
  
Brian, who was already reviewing the pictures in his phone, looked up and yelled, "Wait, what? Hey, wait--" But we were already turning the corner onto my own block.  
  
As we ran down my street, it occurred to me that I was heading home wearing a nearly transparent wet sports bra; my tits were essentially exposed for anyone to see. I was about to put on my t-shirt, but then my driveway came into view and I saw that my parents cars weren't there yet. So all I had to worry about was Jason, and he had already taken a look at my bare boobs that day, so the see-through top wasn't that big a deal. Honestly, it was kind of a thrill running down my street so exposed.  
  
We were coming up to my house, when Michelle called out, "Oh, hey Mr. DeMaldo!" I snapped my head to the left, and realized that my middle-aged neighbor, Mr. DeMaldo, was weeding his front flower garden. Mr. DeMaldo was a history teacher at our former high school. I had him junior year for US History, and thought he was pretty cool. At least he wasn't one of those teachers who liked to stare at the teenage girls all the time. Well, normally he didn't stare; but with two hot 18 year olds jogging past him, completely soaking wet, you can't really blame him for taking a look.  
  
Mr. DeMaldo turned at the sound of Michelle's voice, and said "Hi girls!" He faltered, taking a look at Michelle's skin-tight outfit, before settling his eyes on my semi-visible nipples. "Um, how's your summer going?"  
  
Michelle looked ready to stop and have a conversation (she probably thought it would be hilarious to show my tits off to a former teacher). I was less eager to let my neighbor look at my bouncing boobs for too long, and decided we should get going. "Good so far, but we can't stop and talk now. We gotta go dry off." I grabbed Michelle's hand, and pulled her along without giving any further explanation.  
  
We jogged up my front walk, and went into the house. "Well, that was a fun trip!" Michelle said, bursting into laughter. "I thought Brian was gonna go off in his pants when he saw your tits!"  
  
"He didn't really see anything! The top is just a little see-through!" I defended myself.  
  
"You guys are showing your tits to more guys?" said my brother, walking into the room. "Aw, and here I thought I was special." I was still annoyed with him barging into my room earlier, and I didn't want to give Michelle any more time to flash him again. She was giving him that sly grin again, while his eyes bounced between her hard nipples under the tight, wet top, and her obvious camel toe under the spandex shorts (and occasionally, at the visible pink of my nipples. I guess it didn't matter that I'm his sister, when there are boobs nearby, the perv just has to look).  
  
"Hey Michelle, you can take the first shower. Towels are in the linen closet." They both looked a bit disappointed, but Michelle begrudgingly walked upstairs. Jason's disappointment faded as he watched her ass climb the steps. The spandex shorts had started to ride up her cheeks, and I have to admit she looked pretty damn hot.  
  
I decided not to stand in front of my brother with my breasts on display anymore, so I followed her upstairs. Jason followed right behind me. I glared back at him, "Why are you following us?"  
  
"Hey, my room's up here too!" he said, unconvincingly. Michelle glanced back as she reached the bathroom door, and realized she had an audience again. Standing in the bathroom with her back to us, she stripped her top off. I'm pretty sure Jason couldn't see any nipple, but he got a good look at her smooth, toned back, and some nice side-boob in the bathroom mirror. She closed the door behind her, ending the show. I turned and strode into my room, mildly irritated at the way my best friend seemed to love teasing my brother, although I admit I thought it was sort of funny too.

I heard the shower start, and I went to my computer to check my email. I didn't bother changing, since I was going to take a shower anyway. My bra had finally started to dry, and my nipples had gone back to only almost visible. As the shower stopped, I heard my brother's bedroom door open, and I realized he was going to station himself in the hall to try and get a peek at Michelle again. Man, he just wouldn't give it up. I was trying to decide whether to get up and stop him...Michelle seemed to really enjoy the attention, so maybe it wasn't hurting anyway... Then, I heard the bathroom door open, and Michelle's voice.  
  
"Oh, good, Jason, you're there. I forgot to grab a towel, do you think you could get me one from the linen closet?"  
  
Now I had to see what was going on. I got up and went into the hallway. Michelle was still in the bathroom, with her head poking out the door, which was barely open. She was dripping wet from the shower, and it was clear that she was still totally naked. Jason grabbed a towel from the closet in the hallway, and turned back towards the bathroom. He couldn't see much of her from the front, but he was probably tall enough to see the bathroom mirror over her head, and I'm sure that afforded him a few brief glimpses of her hot, naked ass.  
  
"Here you go, Michelle" he said, with a big grin on his face.  
  
"Thanks, you're my hero." She closed the door, and opened it a second later, with the towel wrapped around her. It covered her fairly well, but didn't leave much room for error. If she bent over, or if it slipped down a couple of inches, Jason would get another show. She glanced over at me, and said "Oh, hey Mandy, the shower's all yours." I shook my head, and walked past her into the bathroom as she started talking to my brother, "So Jason, any fun plans for the summer?"  
  
I closed the door as my best friend continued to make small talk with my older brother, wearing only a towel. "God, how long is she planning to keep this teasing up?" I thought, before deciding it wasn't my business. If they are having fun, then whatever. I stripped off my still damp running clothes, and got into the shower. While I washed my wavy red hair, I thought about the day's running adventure. The thought of Brian staring at my nearly exposed tits, and taking all those pictures, was starting to get me horny. I reached down between my smooth lips, and slowly stroked my clit. The image of Mr. DeMaldo watching my breasts bounce as we ran by jumped into my mind, and I stroked a little faster. Hell, even the way Jason looked when he barged into my room and saw my nipples was turning me on. As my right hand started pinching my nipples, my mind drifted to the landscapers on MacArthur Road, and what they would have thought if they had seen me in the wet bra...and if Michelle and I had flashed them...  
  
I stopped rubbing my clit; I was getting too worked up, but didn't have time to take care of it properly. I didn't want to leave Michelle alone with Jason too long, who knew what kind of trouble she'd get herself into. I'd finish up properly with my trusty vibrator that night. But I was still super turned on.  
  
After I washed off the last of the soap, I turned off the water and grabbed my towel from the rack. I wrapped it around myself, and a second around my long hair. As I stepped out of the bathroom, I was shocked to see that Michelle was still wearing her towel in the hallway, chatting with my brother.  
  
"You still haven't gotten dressed?" I exclaimed. "I guess I'm just lucky you still have the towel on!" I gave her a mock annoyed look, which she returned in kind.  
  
"Hey, he's already seen my boobs, so I could drop the towel if I wanted to." Fortunately, she made no move to do it.  
  
Jason, seeing an opportunity, jumped into the conversation. "Yeah, like you'd have the guts to do that."  
  
"What? I showed you my tits before!" she retorted.  
  
"But that was just a quick flash! To actually go topless would require some serious balls, and I don't think you've got them."  
  
Of course, Michelle took the bait. Or maybe she was just happy to have an excuse. Either way, she glared at him, and said, "Oh really? Well, check this out."  
  
"Please don't," I pleaded uselessly. Michelle grabbed the top of her towel, loosened it slightly, and lowered it. She kept it wrapped around her, but dropped it low enough to expose her sexy breasts and flat stomach. She tightened the towel around her waist, wearing it like a guy would. Her firm boobs jiggled slightly as she stood looking proud of herself.  
  
Jason looked thrilled to be seeing her tits again. "Well, I guess you do have the guts."  
  
"Hey, I've got nice boobs, might as well show them off," she replied. She cupped her breasts briefly, and pinched her little brown nipples.  
  
"You've got that right. Hey, that looks fun." Jason said, gesturing at her breast-play. "Can I have a turn?" Then, before she could respond, he had reached up and grabbed her left tit. He squeezed, feeling the soft mound in his hand, then played with her now hard nipple. "They feel really nice," he said. Michelle let him have his fun for a minute, then pulled away with a smile. Meanwhile, I was standing next to her, dumbfounded at the scene unfolding before me.  
  
"Oh, my boobs are pretty good, but you know whose are great? Your sister's!" And before I could react, she lunged at my towel. I tried to grab it, but was too slow, and she pulled hard enough to dislodge it. It fell halfway before I was able to catch it, and for the second time that day my breasts were bared to my brother. They bounced seductively as I fumbled with the towel, my pink nipples pointing towards him. The towel had come unwrapped, and my pussy was exposed too. The small red landing strip stood out like a neon sign, pointing down to my lips. I was still turned on from my brief playing in the shower, and my lips were spread, and clearly wet beyond the shower water.  
  
I wrapped the towel back around myself, as my brother stared, unable to believe his luck at seeing two hot naked girls today. "Bitch! He's my brother! Sick!" I yelled, not really as angry as I should have been.  
  
"Oh come on, we're just having some fun," she responded, laughing at me again.  
  
Before I could take my revenge (her towel had entered my crosshairs; my pussy wasn't going to be the only one exposed. I bet Jason would love to see her bald beaver), we heard a car pulling into the driveway. "Shit, Dad is home!" I exclaimed. "Come on, we have to get dressed!"  
  
Jason stood awkwardly, trying to adjust his hard-on under his pants. Michelle, still completely topless, was watching him. "Ya know, I bet your Dad would like this show too," she joked, pinching her nipples again.  
  
"Come on, slut." I said. I grabbed her, and pushed her towards my room. Jason watched her go, looking a bit like a puppy who's had a treat taken away. As she walked through my door, she unwrapped the towel from her waist, and tossed it over her shoulder. Her firm, sexy ass and toned legs were exposed to my brother, who suddenly looked happy again. I sighed, followed her into the room, and closed the door behind us.  
  
We dressed fairly quickly. I threw on a bra, tank top, underwear, and pants. Michelle put her tank top back on (she hadn't worn a bra over), and her skirt. I noticed that she failed to put her thong back on under the skirt, no doubt hoping for a chance to show off a bit more. But there were no more adventures that day. By the time we got downstairs, my brother was talking to my dad in the living room, and my mom was walking in the front door. My parents invited Michelle to stay for dinner, but she said she had to get home and get ready for work (she was a waitress). I walked her to the door.  
  
"Well that was an exciting day," she commented, winking. "Can't wait for next Monday." We said our goodbyes, and I went back inside to have dinner.  
  
Later that night, after my parents were asleep and Jason was downstairs playing video games, I decided it was time for bed. I stripped off my clothes, and stood naked in the middle of my room. It was dark outside, so the light in the room made my window look like a mirror. I was checking myself out, touching my breasts a little, when it occurred to me that the window looked right towards Mr. DeMaldo's house. I had never really thought about it before, but after the way he saw me in the see-through top today, I started to wonder if he ever watched me through that window. The thought started to get me horny again, and I dropped my right hand to my pussy. I rubbed my clit a little, before deciding that I needed some more relief.  
  
I closed the blinds (no need to show any possible peepers this part), and grabbed my vibrator out from a box under the bed. Laying down on my bed, I slowly inserted the purple toy into my pussy. I moaned a little, and turned it on. The vibrations deep inside me felt amazing. There was a piece sticking off of the vibrator that directly stimulated my clit. My thoughts turned again to the events of the day; my brother seeing my nipples, Michelle flashing him, the landscapers watching us, running through the park in my thin bra, Brian wetting my top and taking pictures, Mr. DeMaldo checking me out, Michelle teasing Jason, letting him touch her tits, and her exposing my naked body to him. I moaned again, and started to play with my breasts. I squeezed the large mound of my right tit, and let my hand slide up to my nipple. I slowly spiraled my finger around my areola, moving closer to the nipple until finally pinching it, pulling it away from my body and releasing. As I played with my breasts and the vibrator pulsed deep within my wet pussy, my mind drifted to the landscapers again. I couldn't get Michelle's suggestion that we flash them out of my mind. I wondered how they would react if they saw our tits; hers small and firm, and mine large and bouncy. Would they want to touch our nipples? Pinch them, maybe suck on them? What else would they want to do? All of these thoughts were flying through my head as I felt my climax coming. I tried to stop moaning so my family wouldn't here. My legs closed tightly, holding the vibrator in place, while both hands squeezed my nipples. I finally came to a huge orgasm, and couldn't stop yelling out quietly.  
  
I put away the vibrator, and threw on a thin nightgown. It wasn't exactly transparent, but it was rather clingy, and didn't leave much to the imagination. I left my room to go brush my teeth, but found Jason standing at his door in the hallway, giving me a strange look. "Having fun?" he asked, with that odd little smile. "Crap, did he hear me?" I thought. Without answering, I stepped into the bathroom and brushed my teeth. When I got out, he was already in his bedroom. I went back to my room, turned out the lights, and went to bed, after a crazy and revealing day.

**==Part 2: The Landscapers==**  
  
The next day, Tuesday, I woke up after my parents had already gone to work. I went downstairs to grab breakfast, and saw Jason in the kitchen. I was still wearing the skimpy nightgown; normally I wouldn't have worn it without underwear, especially in front of my brother, but after yesterday it didn't seem like that big of a deal. He had already seen me naked, and besides, I was still pretty horny from last night, and teasing him seemed kinda fun (Michelle would be so proud).  
  
He looked up as I entered the room, and his eyes immediately found my tits. I ignored him, grabbed a glass, and went to the refrigerator to grab some orange juice. I bent over to reach into the fridge, and felt my nightgown slide up a little. The draft I suddenly felt let me know that the bottoms of my ass cheeks were now showing. "Well," I thought, "I guess he might as well enjoy the show." I smiled, and intentionally bent forward a little more. I heard him shifting in his chair behind me, trying to get a better view. His view was pretty damn good, I think he could even see a hint of my shaved pussy lips. I stood up, and drank my orange juice, smiling a little.  
  
"What are you up to today?" he asked.  
  
"Oh, probably going to lay out by the pool for a bit, then go for a run. How about you?"  
  
He gestured at his old t-shirt and shorts. "I'm helping Mr. DeMaldo finish his basement this summer, remember? We're starting today." I had forgotten he'd be doing that. Well, at least he won't be around ogling me all day. A few minutes later, Jason went next door to start working. I put on a bikini and tanned for a while. Later that afternoon, I decided it was time for a run.  
  
I went to my room, and took off my bikini. I looked out my window, wondering again if Mr. DeMaldo had ever watched me naked. Well, he certainly couldn't see me during the day, so I walked over to my dresser to get ready for my run. I pulled on an old pair of panties, and some running shorts (a bit shorter and tighter than yesterday's, but still nothing too showy). It was another extremely hot day, so I decided to forgo the t-shirt entirely and just wear the sports bra. I was digging through my drawer looking for a top, I found one of my sexier sports bras. It was bright pink, and a bit skimpier than most of them. Instead of a single amorphous breast area in the front, it had two well defined cups (almost a push-up sports bra, strangely enough). The straps that crossed around my back were much thinner than my other sports bras. It was still less revealing than a bikini, but I had never worn it without a t-shirt before. It was definitely pretty sexy. I hesitated, then wondered what Brian might think if he was outside when I passed today. That was enough for me, and I put the bra on.  
  
I started my run, turning left down my street and heading towards the small park. Several people I passed took notice of my outfit. The pink bra only let my breasts bounce a little, but they looked large and perky, and my taut stomach was on display. I smiled, and realized that I was starting to enjoy the attention. I wondered what the landscapers would think when they saw this top.  
  
I didn't have to wait long to find out. As soon as I turned onto MacArthur Road, I could see them. All six were at the far end of the street, tending to the lawn and trees at the edge of the golf course. They hadn't seen me yet. Running towards them, I couldn't help but remember what Michelle said the day before: "if you wanted to make them stop, you should have just showed them the goods." I seriously doubted that showing them my tits would make them stop ogling me, although it probably would shut them up for a minute. I smiled, thinking about how shocked they would be if I just ran by topless. Of course, I would never do it. Maybe Michelle would, but not me. I hated the way those perverts leered at me, didn't I? But then why was I getting turned on at the thought of it?  
  
One of the workers finally noticed me as I reached the halfway point along the street. He was hispanic, pretty young, very muscly, and I must say rather cute. "Hey chica!" he called out, and the others looked over. They must have approved of my revealing outfit, because they all stopped working and gathered at the edge of the street. They all began yelling various catcalls. "I'd love to get me some of them titties!" "Take a look at that ass!" "Nice top! It would look better on my floor though!" "Hey Chica, show us what you got!" "Oh yeah, I'd tap that!" "Do the carpets match the drapes, baby?"  
  
Today their shouts, uncreative as they might be, didn't bother me; instead, I felt myself getting turned on at the way they were checking me out. Uncontrollably, I thought again about what they would do if they could see my naked tits bouncing along, capped with my sexy pink nipples. I just couldn't get that image out of my head. "Don't be stupid," I thought to myself. "You don't need to give these perverts anything else to leer at. You'd just end up getting yourself raped."  
  
But my hands were already rising towards my chest, and my thumbs hooked under the front of the bra, pressing against the bottoms of my breasts. I was getting close to the landscapers now, and a few of them seemed to notice what my hands were doing. Almost unconsciously, I lifted my hands. The pink sports bra slipped upwards, first revealing the lower globes of my breasts. I could feel the material as it slowly slid across my nipples, the stimulation sending shock-waves through my body. Then the bottom of the bra was over my nipples, and I felt the sudden rush of air on them. They had completely stiffened, despite the heat of the day, the pink areolas standing out against the white skin of my breasts, nipples pointing out directly at my audience. My hands finished their ascent, bringing the bra up above my breasts. Now unbound, my boobs began to bounce erotically with every step I took.  
  
I ran forward, with my tits now completely revealed to the landscapers. The six men all seemed in shock, their eyes never leaving my heaving chest. I will say this, Michelle was right; the sight of my breasts had stopped the catcalls. Silently, with their jaws dropped, the landscapers stepped closer into the road, partially blocking my path. Their eyes followed as I passed quickly amongst them. I thought that maybe one of them would try to touch me, but none did (although I think that was more out of shock than any gentlemanly reservations).  
  
I passed the landscapers and continued to run, my breasts still out to the world. One of them (I think it was the gangly white smoker of the group) called out "Beautiful, babe. How about you show us the rest tomorrow?" I glanced back over my shoulder at them; they all looked shocked and thrilled by what they had just witnessed. I realized that my boobs were still exposed, bouncing along as I ran. I quickly pulled down my top, and turned the corner into the park.  
  
My pussy was dripping, I was so horny from what I'd just done. I couldn't believe I'd flashed those guys! The thought of their stares was driving me wild, and for a brief moment I actually considered stepping into the trees and pleasuring myself in the park. I restrained myself, promising my desperate pussy that I'd use the vibrator as soon as I got home (thank God Jason was working next door today). The first twinges of guilt were starting over the slutty way I had acted, but they were still completely drowned out by how turned on I was. Hell, every time I passed a cute guy running in the opposite direction I considered flashing him too. I left the park, and continued my run home. Brian wasn't outside today when I passed. Too bad for him; with how horny I was, I probably would have stripped off and fucked him right in the front yard.  
  
My street was pretty much deserted; it was just too hot to be outside. Part of me was a little disappointed that no one was around to see my skimpy outfit. I ran down my driveway, and cut around the side of the garage. Since nobody was home, I would need to use the hide-a-key for the backdoor. Jogging down the little path along the side of our house, my horniness got the better of me. I stripped off my top, and ran bare-breasted into the backyard. Our yard was fairly large, and had a number of trees and a tall fence around the borders (my parents joked that the fence was from their skinny-dipping days before we were born...at least, I liked to think they were joking). So the backyard was decently private, although neighbors could probably see in through some of the upstairs windows. I bent down to grab the fake rock where we kept the spare key, my breasts dangling as I did so. As I unlocked the back door, my left hand started playing with my nipples. After I got inside, I stripped off the rest of my clothes, and went upstairs.  
  
I didn't even close the bedroom door behind me as I rushed to grab my vibrator. I laid on the bed, and slid the toy inside my hot pussy. The vibrations tore through me, and I started thrashing on the bed. The stimulations deep inside me and on my clit were driving my crazy as I pinched my nipples. The image of the landscapers watching me as I jogged by them with my breasts exposed ran through my head as I moaned uncontrollably. My orgasm built quickly, and waves of pleasure passed through me.  
  
After I finished, I re-hid the vibrator and took a short nap. I was still pretty horny, but guilt was building up. How could I have been such a little slut? Why the Hell would I show those strangers my boobs? Still, another part of my mind was saying, "so what? It was fun." Conflicted, I dressed conservatively before my family got home from work. Part of me wished that Michelle wasn't so busy this week so I could talk to her, but another part of me was way too embarrassed anyway. Granted, she would have applauded my flashing (Hell, she had encouraged it, hadn't she?), but still. As ashamed as I was starting to feel, I still masturbated again that night, thinking about how hot it was to show my body off like that.  
  
The next day was cloudy and drizzly all morning, so I couldn't go outside and tan. I still couldn't believe what I had done yesterday, and was feeling an odd mixture of shame and arousal. I think Jason knew I was feeling somewhat down, although he had no idea why. He wasn't helping Mr. DeMaldo that day, so we spend the morning watching movies. My big brother really could be sweet when he wasn't trying to peep on my friends. That afternoon, the rain stopped, although the clouds remained. "Hey, why don't you go for a run? That always makes you feel better," he suggested. I nodded, and went upstairs to get dressed. I had sort of been hoping to avoid going for a run today, but he was right, running cheers me up. I decided that just because I showed some strangers my tits yesterday didn't mean I have to do it again. It was a single, crazy, and really rather fun event, but it didn't have to be a habit. Today when they started their catcalls, I would just run by and ignore them like I always did. I threw on a conservative sports bra and big t-shirt (thank God the heat wave had broken), and a pair of baggy shorts.  
  
Jason was right, the run helped me feel better and push away some of the guilt from yesterday. Still, as I turned onto MacArthur Road, I had no intentions of repeating my flashing adventure. The landscapers were working on the second house down the street, and they saw me as soon as I got to the road. They all dropped what they were doing, and gathered near the sidewalk, obviously hoping for another show. They didn't start in with the usual cheesy and rude catcalls; instead, some of them applauded, while one, an enormous black man, called out, "Hey beautiful! Back for round two?"  
  
I tried to ignore them, and just ran past. Again I was worried one of them might try to grab me, but none did. They all cried out "awww, come on!" when it became clear they weren't getting another show. Perversely, part of me almost felt bad! A pang of arousal struck me, and for a brief second I considered flashing them again, before pushing that thought away. Just as I passed the group of landscapers, the smoker amongst them called out "Aw, come on baby! You made our day yesterday! Just one more quick show!"  
  
Almost unwillingly, I came to a stop. I turned towards the six men who were staring at me with wanting eyes. "What are you doing?" I thought, "Just keep running!" But another part of my mind was saying, "Give them a show! Come on, Amanda, drive them wild!" Of course, it was the horny part of my brain that won. Facing the group, I raised my t-shirt until my fingers found the bottom of my bra. I paused for a minute, while they stared longingly at my flat stomach, before raising the shirt and bra the rest of the way. My breasts popped out of the sports bra, exposed to the landscapers for a second time. I was only about six feet away from the men, and I wasn't running this time, so they were getting terrific view of my teenage breasts. Their eyes bored into the white flesh and pink nipples, as if trying to remember the image forever.  
  
I was about to lower my top, when the cute young hispanic guy said "Hey chica, those are real nice. But how 'bout the rest?" My pussy was already becoming wet, and his begging to see my body drove me to new heights of horniness. I left the shirt and bra above my breasts, and lowered my hands to the waistband of my shorts. Grabbing both the baggy shorts and underwear at the same time, I lowered them slowly. The red hair of my landing strip came into view first, and I heard an audible gasp from one of my fans. Next, my smooth lips came into view; they were very wet now, and had opened up to expose my swollen clit. I lowered the shorts to my knees, and spread my legs a little. The landscapers now had an unhindered view of my naked tits and pussy, as I stood nearly naked on the otherwise deserted street. They were all staring at me, clearly loving my exposure.  
  
The huge black guy was the next to speak. "Nice babe. Now show us that tight ass." I couldn't believe that I was taking requests now, but I slowly turned to show them my naked butt. As I turned, however, I thought I saw movement behind one of the curtains in the house we were in front of. "Shit, there's someone home?" I exclaimed. For some reason, the landscapers seeing me naked was turning me on, but the thought of someone in the house seeing me terrified me. I quickly pulled up my shorts, and was running down the street as I pulled down my top. I heard the landscapers cursing that their show was interrupted, but soon I was out of earshot and was turning the corner.  
  
As I ran into the park, I slowed down. I was hornier than I had ever been, not even feeling any guilt this time. I couldn't wait to pleasure myself, so I left the path and walked about twenty yards into the trees. When I decided I was isolated enough, I pulled down my shorts, and started to rub my clit. I was soaking wet, and when I slid two fingers inside my pussy they went in easily. Unable to stand any more, I laid back on the muddy ground. I began to thrust my fingers in and out, while my thumb rubbed my clit in rapid little circles. I stifled a moan, and slid my left hand up my shirt. I pulled my breasts out from the bra, and squeezed my nipples. I orgasmed quickly and hard, and wasn't able to stop from crying out. Thankfully, the area was deserted, so no one heard me. I adjusted my clothes, and jogged home.  
  
It was just starting to rain again as I ran up the front door. Jason took a look at me as I entered, and said, "What the Hell happened to you?" I glanced down at myself, and realized that I looked pretty disheveled. My face was flushed, my wavy red hair was a mess and had leaves in it, and my clothes were twisted a bit from being pulled on and off, and covered in mud from my detour in the woods. "I slipped in some mud as I ran through the park," I lied. "I'm okay, but I need a shower." Without another word, I headed upstairs. I pulled my t-shirt off as I climbed the steps, and reached the top in just my sports bra. This caught my brother's attention, and he followed me. Realizing I had an audience again, I took a page from Michelle's book. As I entered the bathroom, I stripped off my sports bra, exposing my naked back to my brother. I turned as I closed the door, giving him a quick glance at my pink nipples and jiggling breasts. He stood dumbfounded in the hallway as I locked the bathroom door.  
  
I played with myself again in the shower, reaching a small orgasm. I wanted to use the vibrator, but my parents were home by the time I got out. Jason kept giving me weird looks during dinner. I'm not sure if it was from confusion about my behavior, or if he was just hoping for a repeat. Later that night, I went to bed early, and was able to masturbate properly.  
  
The next day, Thursday, it was raining really hard. No running that day (not that the landscapers were on MacArthur on Thursday's anyway, although I tried to convince myself that didn't play into my decision to stay in...I just didn't want to run in the rain, right?) My parents were at work, and Jason was next door helping Mr. DeMaldo renovate his basement, so I spent much of the day naked in bed, putting my vibrator through a workout. I had sort of come to terms with my flashing ways. As long as I was having fun and not hurting anyone, what was so bad about it? It's not like I was having sex with all those guys. I was just giving them a show, and they could take all their pent up arousal home to their wives or girlfriends. I was certainly crazy horny the past few days, and I wished I had a boyfriend to fuck afterwards. But my purple toy would have to do. I still felt kinda slutty, but flashing was becoming too much fun to worry about that. Michelle would be so proud of me, considering how much she loved to flash too. I still wasn't sure if I was going to tell her everything, but I was guessing she'd love to join in when we went for a run on Monday.  
  
Friday morning I woke up to a beautiful sunny day. I went downstairs, wearing a white wife-beater and a pair of boxers. My nipples were pretty visible through the shirt, and the leg holes of the boxers would definitely show my naked pussy if I didn't sit carefully. Jason was home, and immediately took notice of my outfit. "What are your plans for today?" I asked. "Working at Mr. DeMaldo's again?"  
  
"Nope, not today. Probably gonna play some Xbox. How about you?"  
  
"Tanning and running. It's nice not having a job this summer," I said, sticking my tongue out at him.  
  
After a quick breakfast, I put on a bikini and tanned for a while. Jason came out, and read with his feet in the pool. I considered going topless, which would eliminate my tan lines and drive my brother crazy, but I decided not to. I couldn't bring myself to show off so obviously to Jason yet (apparently my shows were for landscapers only, at least at that point). As a compromise, I laid on my stomach, and untied the the strings on my top. It was a bit uncomfortable to lay on, so I pulled it out from under me, and lay with my breasts directly on the towel in the lawn. That caught Jason's attention. He got a lot of side-boob views that afternoon, but I don't think he saw any nipple. He may have had a quick peek as I awkwardly tried to hold the towel to my chest as I stood up. "Well, time for my run," I said. I dropped the towel, but kept my hands covering my breasts, and ran inside. Jason must have thought his little sister was going crazy, although since it involved exposing my hot body to him, he wasn't complaining.  
  
I went upstairs, feeling extremely excited about the prospects of flashing the landscapers again. It scared me a little that this turned me on so much, and I was worried that I was going to get myself into trouble. But my pussy was already getting wet at the thought of going for my run, so I pushed those concerns aside. I put on some cute pink panties (cuter than I normally would for a run, since I expected to be showing them) and some tiny little white running shorts. They were pretty tight, and short enough to show the bottoms of my ass cheeks. On top, I put on a black sports bra; it wasn't as sexy as the pink one I wore Tuesday, but it was still pretty hot. "If I'm going to keep this up, I'll need to buy some more sexy sports bras," I thought with a smile. Over the bra, I threw on a light blue tank top. It was essentially a wife-beater, with large armholes that showed off a lot of the bra. I let Jason know that I was going for a run, and then I was out the front door.

I was already getting very aroused before I even reached MacArthur Road. Planning my show for the day, I figured I would pull the top up to show my tits before I reached the landscapers. Then, I would pause as I ran up to them, and pull down the bottoms to give them a quick show. Then I'd be on my way (maybe stopping off at my place in the park to take care of my wet pussy). As I turned onto the street, I saw that my audience was working on the farthest two houses. One of them, the big black guy, saw me as I was running down the block.  
  
"Hey, Felipe, Eric, she's coming!" he yelled. I expected them to all gather at the street, but instead most of them wandered to the side of the big house they were working in front of. The young cute guy and the smoker walked up as I approached. "Hey chica," the cute one said. "There's no one home here today, so there's a nice private spot in the side yard where we won't be interrupted."  
  
"They're crazy if they think I'm going to follow them to a secluded spot!" I thought, but still I stopped running. Against my better judgment, I walked with the two men to a group of trees on the side of the house. It was pretty secluded; the road was out of view, and a bunch of trees and shrubs blocked all of the other houses. Still, I felt that people would hear me if I screamed, and I decided to risk it. Despite the catcalls and presumption that I would keep showing them my body, these guys had been decently nice, and I didn't really think they would try to rape me (although I'd be lying if I said that I didn't feel a bit of a tingle at the thought of them stripping me naked and having their way with me).  
  
I stood under one of the trees while the men formed a rough circle around me. "So what's your name?" the cute guy asked.  
  
"I'm Amanda," I said, not bothering to lie. "What about you guys?"  
  
"I'm Felipe," said the cute one. He pointed to the thin, white smoker, "that's Eric. The big black guy behind him is Tim. That's Miguel," and he gestured at the oldest of the group, a muscly, grizzled hispanic man. "Those two are Dean and Carlos," he finished, pointing to a middle-aged white guy with a bunch of tattoos, and a skinny hispanic guy who looked to be in his late twenties.  
  
"So baby," Tim said to me, "what have you got to show us today?" They all looked at me expectantly.  
  
I was nervous about how serious my little flashing game had become, but I was also extremely aroused. Slowly, I raised the blue tank top over my head, and tossed it to the ground a few feet away. I had their undivided attention as I grabbed the waistband of my shorts and pulled them down, removing them awkwardly over my sneakers. I was now standing in just a sports bra and panties in front of this group of men. "Very nice, baby," said Tim. "I love that ass," added Eric.  
  
My pussy was dripping wet now. I grabbed my sports bra, and quickly pulled it over my head. My big breasts bounced free, and all eyes were on the white mounds capped with pink nipples. My bra joined my shirt and shorts in the pile on the ground, as my fingers traced around the waist of my panties. I was nervous being so exposed to these strangers, but at the same time it was making me so horny. My breasts were jiggling slightly with each breath, my nipples at a stage of excitement where the nipple itself was poking out fully, but my pink areolas were still soft and beautiful. I slowly lowered my panties, exposing my very wet pussy to those standing in front of me, and my firm ass to those standing behind. My hands guided the panties all the way down my legs, forcing me to bend over. I heard a gasp from behind me, from Dean I think, as I bent over, giving him an amazing view of my ass and open, shaved pussy lips.  
  
As I tried to pull the panties off over my sneakers, and lost balance and nearly fell. Felipe ran forward and steadied me, his hands and my sides, his finger tips just grazing the sides of my breasts. I leaned back against him as I raised my foot to free my panties from my right leg, and pull off my sneaker. Doing so caused his hands to slide around to my front, across the bottoms of my breasts, with one finger briefly touching the edge of a nipple. I felt a shock of pleasure at the brief touch, and I heard him take in a quick breath. I could feel his hardened dick inside his pants, pressing up against my naked ass. I pulled off my other sneaker and sock while he stood balancing me, cupping my breasts slightly. Then I stepped away from him, and did a slow turn so all six men could see me in my naked glory. My breasts were thrust upwards, nipples at attention. My pussy was clearly open and completely wet, my clit just barely visible between the folds. They all stood silently, waiting to see what I'd do next.  
  
I started to play with my breasts a little, lightly pinching my nipples. Then, I noticed Eric trying to pull out a digital camera. I didn't really want any evidence of my actions today, so I said, "Put that away, or the show ends."  
  
"Aw, come on baby! Just a few for memories..." But I covered my nipples with my hands, and gave him a look. The other guys glared at him, so finally he said, "Oh, all right." and put it back in his pocket.  
  
I reached up and grabbed a tree branch above me. My arms were now extended upwards, giving my breasts more lift. I spread my legs shoulder-wide, showing off my sexy ass and pussy. Felipe was still standing quite near to me, and he slowly moved his hand towards me. Electric jolts went through me as his fingers came into contact with my hip, and began to caress my smooth skin. He slid his hand up, along my stomach, until he reached the bottom of my right breast. His hand lingered for a moment, lightly touching the underside of my tit, waiting to see if I'd stop him. Then, slowly, his hand cupped my breast, and he started to pinch my nipple between his thumb and forefinger. I let out a soft moan, which seemed to encourage him, as he squeezed more confidently. Eric stepped closer to me from behind, and I felt his hands grip my ass cheeks, and begin kneading them. Tim was next, and his fingers quickly found my pussy. I moaned as he passed between my lips and rubbed my clit, slowly at first, but then speeding up. The three men continued to touch me all over, and I was nearly overcome with arousal. I kept my hands on the tree branch, letting them have their way with me. Tim's fingers began to dip into my pussy, deeper and deeper with each movement. Meanwhile, Felipe brought his mouth to my right breast, and began to suck on the nipple. He alternated between licking and nibbling softly on it. As I moved closer and closer to orgasm, I looked around at the rest of my audience. Dean and Carlos seemed a tad nervous about what was going on; they were watching, but didn't seem to want to approach. Looking over my left shoulder, I saw Miguel standing a few feet behind me. I gasped, realizing he had pulled out his dick; it was average length, but looked fairly thick. He was jerking off slowly, with a rather perverted look in his eyes as he stared at my naked teenage body.  
  
"Haha," Tim laughed, seeing where I was looking. "Hey guys, Miguel sure is getting in the spirit." He looked back at me. "Ya know, he's got nothing on me." And with that, he unzipped his fly, and pulled out an enormous cock. It must have been seven and a half or eight inches long, and unbelievably thick. He started to stroke it with one hand, while continuing to finger me with the other.  
  
I was very horny now, but getting a little worried that things might go too far. I heard Eric unzip his pants behind me, although I couldn't see. Suddenly I felt it though, as he pressed his hard dick against my ass.  
  
"Whoa," I called out, lowering my arms and pulling away from the guys. "Hey, this is just a show. If you guys want to get off, then that's your job, not mine." Felipe punched Eric in the arm.  
  
"Hey babe, if this is a show, then give us a show," Tim said, gesturing to a chaise lounge under a nearby tree. I glanced around a little nervously, realizing again just how exposed I was. The six men stared at my completely nude body, breasts heaving with my deep breaths, pussy dripping wet. I was so horny though, and I really wanted to get off. I walked over to the chair, and laid back on it. The men all gathered around, while my hands found my breasts and pussy. I began pinching my nipples with my left hand, while I used my right hand to rub my clit rapidly. I moaned loudly, and noticed that all six of my fans had their dicks out now, and they were all jerking off. Miguel had picked up my panties, and wrapped them around his dick while he jerked it. That seemed a tad creepy, but at the same time made me even hornier. Felipe stepped closer to me, and began to play with my tits. I lowered my left hand to my clit, and began to finger my pussy with my right hand. Felipe's hands felt so good on my nipples while I touched myself. His dick was probably only ten inches from my face. I wanted so badly to lean over and suck on it; it was slightly longer and thicker than average, and looked awesome. But I was afraid that if I broke the "jerk off on your own" rule for him, the others would want to follow suit, and I wasn't quite ready to go that far.  
  
I desperately needed something inside me. Looking down to my left, I notice one of the gardening shovels the landscapers had dropped when I arrived. It was a single-hand type, with a smooth plastic handle. I picked it up, and shocked all of the guys by slowly sliding the handle into my pussy. It wasn't quite as thick or long as my vibrator back home, but it felt amazing as I slid it in and out. My body shook with pleasure as I rubbed my clit and masturbated with the handle. The men watched me writhing, tits shaking back and forth as I tried to suppress my moans. Suddenly, Felipe reached his own climax, and I watched as his cum landed on my upper chest and left tit. That was enough for me, and I reached my own huge orgasm, trying to not scream out. As I came down for it, I felt more cum landing on my right thigh, this time from Eric, I think.  
  
I looked around, and it seemed that all of the guys had finished jerking off. My chest and thigh were a mess with cum, and I was very aware of my nakedness. Still, there was no shame this time, I was far too aroused for that. It had been fun, and I desperately wanted to be fucked, but I quickly decided that things had already gone far enough today, probably too far. Dean handed me a rag from his pocket, and I cleaned myself off. The landscapers continued to watch, enjoying the way my big breasts jiggled as I cleaned my chest. Eric pulled his camera out again, and said, "Please Amanda? As a memento to the best day on the job ever?"  
  
"I sincerely doubt you'll need a picture to remember this," I retorted. Still, they all were looking at me eagerly, so I said, "Fine, one picture, and it can't have my face." The last thing I needed was naked pictures of me floating around. I leaned back in the chair with my legs spread obscenely. My entire pussy, still open and wet, was on display. I pinched my nipple with my right hand, and he took the picture. I got up, and checked the small screen to make sure my face wasn't included. He had mostly complied: my mouth and chin were visible, as was a lot of red hair. People who knew me well might guess it was me, although it was probably still deniable, so I decided it was good enough. Honestly, I looked extremely hot. "Hell, I'd fuck that girl," I thought to myself with a grin.  
  
I walked over to get my clothes, but Tim had already picked them up. He handed me the shirt and shorts, but kept the bra and panties (which Miguel had mercifully not shot his load in) in his other hand. "A couple more souvenirs?" he asked slyly.  
  
I was a bit taken aback. "I need those to get home!" I complained, and reached for my underwear. He was much taller than me though, and held them up over his head so I couldn't reach. I jumped a little for them, my tits and ass bouncing pleasantly.  
  
"Come on, you have your shorts and shirt, and it would be so hot..." he begged. I stopped reaching for my clothes, and gave in. I could have threatened to withhold more shows if they didn't return my clothes, but decided to let them have their fun. Besides, I was still super horny, and I wanted to get home to my vibrator so I could have another go. I pulled on my shorts and tank top, and it occurred to me that getting home like this might be a bit difficult. The shorts weren't too bad as long as I was standing, but if I sat down my bare pussy would almost certainly be on display. The top was a bigger problem. It was a fairly thin material, and my nipples were rather visible. It wasn't as transparent as the white sports bra I had worn on Monday, but since the tank top offered no support, every motion of my breasts would be completely on display. Furthermore, the arm holes were pretty large, and while I don't think any nipple would be shown, I was definitely going to be flashing lots of side-boob as I went home. I sat down to put on my sneakers, accidentally flashing my breasts and pussy as I did so. I was really going to have to be careful. The men smiled at my predicament, and as I stood to leave, Eric said, "Have a good weekend babe! See you Monday, right?"  
  
I laughed, and replied, "If I come by on Monday, I just might bring a friend." And I ran off without waiting to see their reaction to that news.

**==Part 3: Brian==**  
I only ran to the end of MacArthur road before slowing to a walk; my breasts were just bouncing way to much. Besides the fact that anyone on the street was gonna get a great show, it was also pretty uncomfortable to have my big boobs slamming up and down like that. I entered the trail into the park, and saw to my dismay that there were a lot of people out today. Pretty much every man of every age (and even a few women, I must say) were staring hard at my jiggling breasts, nearly-visible nipples, and exposed side-boob. Most of the women I passed gave me looks that said they thought I was a little slut, and part me agreed with them. I was feeling a little guilty and whorish about the way I had acted (I fucked myself with a shovel in front of those guys!), but my horniness still outweighed my guilt. "Whatever, I had a great time, and so did they. No one got hurt. As long as it's fun, who cares?" I thought to myself. When a group of guys whistled as I walked quickly by, I even considered flashing them, but I decided against it.  
  
Unfortunately, there were too many people for me to make my detour into the trees today, so my hot pussy would just have to wait until I got home for relief. I continued on my route, jogging and holding my breasts when there wasn't anyone else around, walking slowly when there was. I neared my block, focused only on getting home to relieve my pussy, when I heard a yell, "Hey Amanda! What's up?" It was Brian calling to me from his yard. I stopped and turned to walk over to him, before remembering my exposure. It was too late though, he had already seen my outfit. "Fuck it," I thought, and strode confidently towards him.  
  
"Hey Brian! How's it going?" I asked, and smiled as I saw his saw his expression falter at my appearance. He had been tanning on a towel in his yard, so he was only wearing his shorts. Brian wasn't exactly ripped, but he was still in pretty good shape, with a thin waist and fairly muscular arms. My pussy reacted to this new view.  
  
"Wow, you sure do pick interesting running outfits," he said with a grin, staring openly at my chest.  
  
I stuck my tongue out at him. "It's a long story that I'm not going to explain. Suffice it to say that yes, I lost my underwear, and I'd rather if you didn't tell anyone."  
  
"Hey, secret's safe with me. Have a seat," he gestured to the towel. "Wait, all of your underwear? Not just your bra?"  
  
I realized I had revealed too much, and sighed as I sat next to him. "Yep, all of it. So what are you up to today?" I glanced to my right, and saw that he was staring at the exposed side of my breast through the large armhole of my shirt. I smiled, and waited for him to answer.  
  
"Just tanning and reading. Probably should mow the lawn before my parents get home from work, but meh." We chatted about about how our summers were going and what are plans were and how excited we were for college. As we talked, I leaned forward slightly. The tank top pulled forward away from my breasts, giving Brian a better view down the side. He could see most of my right breast, but probably couldn't quite see my nipple. He was barely concealing his staring; I guess after my wet top on Monday and my braless state today, he figured I didn't mind. Honestly, I didn't. The way he was checking my out was making my hot pussy even wetter, and I wanted very badly to start touching myself. I looked again at his bare chest, and imagined what it would feel like to have my naked breasts pressed up against him, and how his neck would feel against my lips. I wondered what his cock looked like; until today, I had only seen one (my ex-boyfriends, which had been less than spectacular).   
  
Now that I had seen a total of seven, I wondered which his would be more like, and how long and thick it would be. I imagined sucking on it, and sliding it into my pussy. I'm pretty sure that he'd had a crush on me for awhile. I'd never felt the same about him, but he certainly was attractive...maybe it would be fun to have a little fling. Our friendship had held me back from flirting too much with him in high school, but next year we'd be away at different colleges, so maybe I could risk that friendship after all. I shook my head to scatter these thoughts; Brian was one of my close friends, and I couldn't just fuck him because I was horny...could I? "Why not?" that mischievous part of my mind asked.  
  
"So, are you gonna tell me why you went out for a run without a bra?" he pried with a smile.  
  
"I didn't go out without a bra, I took it off along the way. And that's as much of the story as you're gonna get." I retorted smugly. Almost unconsciously, I twisted my body a little. From his quick intake of breath, I could tell that my new position finally gave Brian a view of my pink nipple. For the first time, one of my close guy friends was seeing my naked breast. Sure, I had shown a lot more to some random landscapers, and even my brother, but somehow this was different. After sitting that way for a few seconds, I returned to my original position, obscuring his view.  
  
"Fine, fine. Want some lemonade?"  
  
"Sure," I said. It was pretty hot out, and maybe the cool lemonade would chase away some of my horny thoughts.  
  
Brian went into the house through the open garage door. While he was gone, I carefully slid a finger up the leg of my shorts to feel how wet my pussy was. It was completely soaking, and I was lucky that there wasn't a wet spot on my white shorts. My finger lingered a little, stroking the inside of one of my lips. I was extremely horny, and knew I needed to get home to my vibrator soon, or I wouldn't be able to control myself. As I heard Brian coming back, I withdrew my hand. A wicked idea came into my head, and I turned on the towel such that my legs were now facing towards Brian's spot. I sat with my knees bent and up, feet flat on the ground, legs slightly spread.  
  
As he passed, Brian got another nice view of my breast from the side. He looked a little disappointed to have lost that view, but he took his new position in front of me. He sat facing me, and handed me my glass. Doing so, he looked down, and realized that he had an excellent new view. The position of my legs had opened the leg holes of the shorts a bit, and my pussy was completely on display. He could see my open, wet lips, my aroused clit, and my pussy opening itself. "The lemonade is delicious," I said seductively, and Brian tried unsuccessfully to stammer out a response. He seemed to realize that he was staring openly at my pussy, and immediately averted his eyes back to mine.  
  
Our conversation started back up again, but it was clear he was distracted. His eyes kept darting down, but he didn't seem to want to be caught ogling me too much. I decided to cut him a break; I laid back in the grass, leaving my legs in their position, opening them just a little more. I stretched my arms up above my head, which pulled the top up across my flat stomach. I looked gorgeous, with my breasts pulled upwards, sexy stomach exposed, and pussy on display. With my new position, he could stare unabashed up my shorts without worrying that I would catch him. Brian must have been able to see how horny I was. I glanced at him, and saw that he had a rather large bulge in his shorts. I wondered again what his dick would look like, and how it would feel.  
  
We were talking about some comic book movie that had just come out, but honestly neither of us were paying any attention to what we were saying. I was so horny that I couldn't stop myself from pushing things even further. I reached down with my right hand, and started to scratch my inner right thigh as if I had an itch. In doing so, I spread my legs more, opening up my lips and displaying more of my pussy to him. Slowly, I slid my fingers along my inner thigh, until they reached the bottom of my shorts. I scratched slowly, gently running my nails over my smooth skin. Soon, my finger was running along the outside of my shaved pussy lip. All pretense of conversation seemed to have dropped, as we both sat breathing heavily. I slid my finger slowly up my lip, and crossed into the pink area of my pussy. I gasped a little as shock waves of pleasure shot through me, and I began to stroke my wet pussy. My finger found my clit, and began to rub it.  
  
Brian stared intently, I saw that his right hand had moved to his crotch, which he seemed to be squeezing slightly through his shorts. His left hand touched my knee, and I swear I nearly orgasmed at the contact. Slowly, he slid it along my inner thigh, and began to lightly touch the area right next to my pussy. I spread my legs further, and he took the invitation. His fingers moved softly forward, and touched my hot, wet pussy. Slowly, he pushed two fingers into my wet opening. I moaned, and bucked my hips involuntarily. I kept rubbing my clit with my right hand, while my left began to squeeze my breasts through the thin shirt. He was wiggling his two fingers inside of me a little, and it was driving me crazy, making me moan some more.  
  
At that moment, we heard a couple walking down the sidewalk towards Brian's house. He pulled back, sliding his fingers out of my wet pussy, leaving it feeling empty. We both sat unnaturally upright, and I closed my legs tightly, as both of us realized that he was just finger-fucking me on the front lawn of his house. The couple passed as we sat there awkwardly. They gave us an amused look; with my face flushed and breasts nearly exposed through the tank top, and Brian unsuccessfully trying to cover his erection, they must have known they'd interrupted something. Once they were gone, we looked at each other.  
  
"Wow, sorry about that, things got a little out of control there..." Brian started, clearly thinking that the moment had passed. Under normal circumstances, he would have been right. But after showing my completely naked body to six strangers, letting them touch me all over, fucking myself with a shovel while they jerked off over me, then having one of my best friends finger me on his lawn, I was far too horny for things to stop.  
  
"Come with me," I said, and stood up. I walked towards his open garage, pulling my shirt off as I went. I continued across the lawn topless, and looked back at Brian. He was staring open-mouthed at my bare back, shocked at the turn of events. I turned towards him, fully exposing my breasts, which jiggles slightly from the motion. In the bright sun, he had an amazing view of the white globes capped with erect pink nipples. "You coming?" I asked, and I turned and entered the garage. Brian leapt up, and chased after me. I had pulled my shorts off before he got there. I flipped on the light switched, and told him to close the door. He did, and then stared at my now completely naked body. His eyes took in my large breasts, heaving with each breath, and my wet pussy, highlighted by the red landing strip above it.  
  
I walked over to him, put my arms around his neck, and kissed him deeply. As our tongues danced, he put his arms around my back, and pulled me in close. I felt my naked nipples press against his bare chest, and moaned a little. He dropped his hands to my ass, and squeezed it as we kissed. We must have made out like that for five minutes, before I stepped back. There was a folding chair open next to Brian's car, and I guided him towards it. Before he sat down, I unbuckled his belt, and lowered his pants. His hard cock sprung out; it was probably six-and-a-half inches long, and quite thick. I couldn't wait to feel it inside of me.  
  
I pushed him back onto the chair, and straddled his lap. We made out some more, as I rubbed my wet pussy along the length of his hard cock, not yet letting it slide inside. It still felt great having the head of his cock rub against my swollen clit, and based on the way Brian was moaning, he completely agreed. He reached up, and his hands found my breasts. He squeezed the large mounds with his whole hands, and slowly pinched my pink nipples. His thumbs rubbed circles around my areolas, and I let out a soft moan. I pulled away, and stepped back from the chair.  
  
Kneeling in front of him, I grabbed his cock with both hands, and stroked it up and down for a second. Then, I slowly leaned forward, and licked up the length of his shaft. I could taste my own wetness from where I had been rubbing my pussy on him; it was a strange taste, but not unpleasant. I would have to keep that in mind for later. He moaned loudly as I reached the top of his shaft, and circled my tongue around the head of his dick. Slowly, I lowered my mouth around the head, and began to suck. His hands dove into my wavy red hair, and guided my head up and down. I brought his dick deeper and deeper into my mouth, while my hand found his balls and began to play with them. Brian was getting worked up now, breathing quickly and moaning a lot. I kept sucking his cock, running my tongue all over it, until I thought he was getting close to finishing. I wasn't ready for him to be done yet, so I stopped, and stood up.  
  
I straddled his lap, and guided the head of his cock to the opening of my pussy. As I slowly slid down his length, I leaned forward to kiss him. It felt amazing to have his dick sliding into me, stretching me open. I lowered all the way down, and now he was completely inside me, with the tip of his dick hitting the back wall of my pussy. I moaned loudly, and started to slide up and down on his hard cock. His hands were running all over my smooth skin, alternatively squeezing my ass and my breasts. We were both breathing heavily now, as I picked up the pace. On my down thrusts, I could feel my clit press against him, and it was driving me crazy. He leaned forward and took my nipple into his mouth, licking and sucking on it and tugging at it with his teeth. All of these feelings became too much for my overly-aroused body to take, and I began to orgasm. As waves of pleasure tore through me, my body convulsed on top of him, and I was screaming uncontrollably.  
  
But even after I climaxed, I didn't feel done. I started to fuck him even more fervently, and he grabbed my waist to guide me up and down faster. It felt so amazing, but I was tired of taking the lead; I wanted to let him have his way with my, and do what he wanted to my body. I stood up, and felt his dick slide out of me. God, I wanted that thing back inside. Turning around to face his car, I leaned forward, resting my elbows on the hood. It was an erotic sight, with my body bent over, displaying my ass and pussy from behind, while my tits hung below me. Brian wasted no time, and was quickly behind me. His dick found my pussy again, and he slid in with no resistance. As he fucked me from behind, he reached forward and pinched my nipples. I moaned loudly with pleasure; I hadn't enjoyed doggy style the one time I had tried it previously, but today it was so sexy and passionate. Brian started pounding me harder, and my tits swung back and forth. He grabbed my waist as he started to ram his cock into me as fast as he could. I collapsed forward onto the hood of the car, feeling the cold metal against my naked breasts. As he continued to fuck me hard I reached a second, smaller orgasm, and cried out. The sounds of my pleasure drove Brian over the edge. The thrust into me a last couple of times, and I felt him stiffen up as he orgasmed. I could feel his dick twitching deep inside of me, filling me with his cum.  
  
After a minute, Brian withdrew, and slumped back into the folding chair. Slowly, I slid onto the dirty garage floor, sitting there naked and staring at my friend's now softening cock. Although my body was exhausted, I was still a bit aroused; the day had been so crazy, and I had done so many new and sexy things. I leaned forward, and took his shrinking penis into my mouth again. I could taste the mixture of cum and pussy juice on it, and again found it to not be unpleasant. I licked his dick clean, sucking on it a bit. But I stopped when I felt it starting to get hard again. I was shocked he could be ready for another round so soon, and I knew that my body couldn't take any more today.  
  
We both stood up, and kissed briefly. There was an awkward silence, before Brian spoke. "Well, that was..."  
  
"Amazing?" I finished for him.  
  
"Well, I was going to say 'crazy', but yes, it was also certainly amazing." His eyes were still running all over my naked body, as if still unable to believe what had just happened. I smiled at him.  
  
"Look, I don't know what any of this means, or what I want from it," I told him. "I'm going through some stuff I think, so I don't know if I'm looking for a relationship or just some random fun or what. I'm sorry if I'm confusing you or anything..."  
  
He grinned, "Hey, you take your time and figure it out, and I'll be here when you need to let loose a bit."  
  
"Thanks, Brian." And I gave him another kiss, pressing my naked breasts up against his bare chest. We dressed in silence, and as he opened the garage door, I asked him "So, want to come by my place tomorrow afternoon for a swim? I think Michelle will be there, and maybe John and Susie."  
  
"Can't." he said with a frown. "I'm leaving for my vacation with my brother tomorrow." I had forgotten. Every year Brian's older brother and his roommate would go to some island in the Caribbean for a week or so. This was the first year that their mom was letting Brian join him.  
  
"Well, that should be fun!" I said, wishing I was going to some paradise beach. "We'll hang out when you get back, right?"  
  
"Of course." And we kissed again, as I started to walk down his driveway.  
  
I turned back towards him, and said "Have fun with those island girls, but don't forget what's waiting for you at home!" I raised my top up, and flashed him my breasts one last time. He grinned, and waved as I dropped the shirt, and ran down the street.

**==Part 4: A Day By the Pool==**  
I stopped running pretty quickly, as passers by were giving my bouncing breasts too many looks. I walked the last block home, and as I neared my house I saw that Mr. DeMaldo was in his garden again. He saw me too, and started to wave, although his arm stopped in mid-air as he saw my outfit. I grinned, and waved back, my tits shaking obscenely with the motion of my arm. I didn't stop to chat, and walked up to my front door. Jason took a look at me when I entered, and said, "Okay, so what happened this time? Cuz it doesn't look like you 'fell' today." I looked down at my obviously braless breasts, and the smudges of dirt from the garage floor on my arms and legs. I gave him a smile, but didn't answer his question. Instead, I pulled the tank top over my head, exposing my sexy breasts to my brother again.  
  
"Consider this payment so you don't tell mom or dad about any of this." I said, and walked up the stairs topless without another word, leaving him standing open mouthed behind me. When I got to my bedroom, I closed the door and stripped the rest of the way naked. My body was exhausted from being touched and fucked all day, so I flopped onto my bed. Laying on my back, I caressed my pussy lightly, running through the day's events in my mind. I was still a bit horny, but too wiped out to use the vibrator. I must have fallen asleep lying there naked.  
  
I awoke to the sound of soft knocks on my bedroom door, and a soft voice saying, "Mandy? You awake?" I figured that Jason was trying to sneak in for a peep at my naked body. Deciding to let the little perv have his fun, I pretended to still be asleep. But I was wrong, and it wasn't Jason. The door opened slowly, and I heard my father's voice saying "Come on Amanda, time to get up, dinners read---" He cut off as he saw that I was naked. For a brief second, my body was totally exposed to him. He could see his daughter's C-or-D-cup breasts, white against the rest of my tan skin, topped with sexy pink nipples. My pussy was still wet and swollen from my fuck with Brian, and I'm sure my dad saw my shaved lips and the tuft of red hair in my landing strip. I sat up quickly, throwing my arms across my breasts. He turned his head away as fast as possible, and said, "Oh God, I'm sorry honey! I was just trying to tell you it's dinner time...come on downstairs when you're ready." He closed the door, and walked away.   
  
Embarrassed, I threw on some sweatpants, a bra, and an old t-shirt. I ran downstairs, and sat down to a very awkward dinner. My dad's eyes kept glancing at me, and then quickly moving away. I think he couldn't get the image of my young, naked body out of his mind. It was definitely weird, but it kinda turned me on too. And my brother kept giving me longing looks too. I'm sure Jason was confused about my behavior lately; things had escalated from me getting angry at him for "accidentally" seeing me naked on Monday, to me openly flashing him on Friday. "God, what the Hell is happening to me?" I wondered with a little smile. I fought off the feelings of guilt at being a little slut with the phrase that was becoming something of a mantra to me: "As long as its fun, and no one gets hurt, what's the harm?"  
  
During dinner, my mom informed me and Jason that she and Dad would be visiting her sister tomorrow, and they probably wouldn't be back until late that night. They asked if we wanted to join them. Jason immediately declined, saying that he would be working with Mr. DeMaldo all day. I also said no, because I wanted to see my friends at some point this weekend. Michelle was working that night, but she'd be coming by the next morning. I was excited to talk to her face-to-face finally. She'd been so busy all week with work and her summer track team that we'd barely even texted. I had decided that, while we were tanning by the pool tomorrow, I'd tell her everything I'd done all week. Flashing the landscapers, letting them grope me, masturbating with them, fucking Brian, everything. I was a little worried she'd think I was some sort of whore, but I was pretty sure she'd be a mix of shocked, proud, and jealous. Either way, I needed to get all of these crazy new horny feelings off of my chest, and isn't that sort of thing exactly what best friends are for?  
  
Later that night, I went to my room to get ready for bed (and maybe put my vibrator through a workout...I had recovered a bit after my romp with Brian, and thinking about it was getting me wet again). As I closed the door on the dark room, I noticed that light was on in one of Mr. DeMaldo's upstairs rooms, the one nearest to my own window. I'd only been into his house a couple of times, but I was pretty sure that room was his son's. Mr. DeMaldo and his wife were divorced. They had a son a year older than me, but he lived with his mother and commuted to college from there. He rarely stayed the night at his father's anymore, so it was strange for that light to be on. In fact, I was sure he wasn't home; his pickup truck wasn't in the driveway last time I checked. I shrugged, and figured that Mr. DeMaldo must be doing something up there. Maybe he was renovating it, like his basement. I walked to the window, and I could see Mr. DeMaldo sitting on a chair, reading a book. "Strange place to read, but whatever, I guess that answers that." I thought.  
  
But as I turned on my bedroom light, I saw the light in the window go out. Suddenly it occurred to me that maybe Mr. DeMaldo was waiting for my light to turn on, signaling I would be getting ready for bed. As soon as he saw my room light up, he darkened his own, so he could see me, but I couldn't see him. I shook my head at the thought. It was crazy, and a little paranoid...just my horny mind wanting someone else to show off too. Still, the thought of him watching me was turning me on again. I considered closing the blinds, but decided not to. The rational part of my mind said I left them open because there was no way my old history teacher would be watching me change, but the horny part of my mind (which had been speaking up more and more recently...) hoped that he was there, waiting for me to get undressed. I stepped within clear view of the window, and pulled my t-shirt over my head. I stood in my bra and sweatpants for a minute, and turned my back to the window. Reaching behind my back, I unhooked the bra, and let it fall to the floor. I stood, letting my possible peeper see my naked back, before slowly turning towards the window. My teenage breasts were now reflected in the glass on my side, but would be clearly visible to anyone watching from the opposite house. Next, I dropped my sweatpants, and stood in my full naked glory in front of my window. I couldn't decide which thought was weirder: that I might be stripping for my history teacher, or that I might be stripping for an empty room, but was desperately hoping my history teacher was there. Pretending to use the window as a mirror, I reached up and cupped my breasts, as if admiring their reflection. Slowly, I let my hand slide down, running down my stomach and through my landing strip.  
  
I stopped just short of my pussy, and decided that if I had an audience, he had seen enough. Without closing the window, I walked over to my bed, out of Mr. DeMaldo's potential view. I pulled out my vibrator, and plunged it into me. My pussy was very wet, and accepted it willingly. After such a long, horny day, it didn't take long to reach an orgasm. I stifled my cries, and lay naked for a minute. After putting away the vibrator, I stepped back in front of the window. If he was still watching (if he ever had been), he got another good look as I threw on a nightgown, raising my hands above my head and stretching my body out as I did so. Afterwards, I turned out the light. I waited near my window, watching to see what would happen. The neighboring light didn't turn back on, but a small sliver of light appeared in the room. I realized that a door had opened briefly, letting in light from the hallway. And I knew that Mr. DeMaldo must have been watching me naked. The thought made me horny again, and I smiled before going to sleep.  
  
I awoke the next morning to my door opening. "Mandy? Honey? You awake?" my dad asked, walking into the room. I sat up and looked at him, before remembering that I was just wearing a fairly skimpy nightgown. I had slept on top of the sheets due to the heat, so he had a pretty nice look at my barely-clad body. The nightgown had twisted a bit, and the right shoulder strap had fallen down my arm, exposing the upper portion of my breast (although my nipple was still hidden). The bottom hem had slipped up pretty high, and was only about an inch or two from exposing my pussy. Embarrassed, I started to reach for the blanket to cover myself, but stopped. I felt a bit dirty showing off to my dad, but lately I just couldn't stop myself.  
  
I sat up further, and said "Yeah, I'm awake Dad." As I did so, the strap fell further down my arm, allowing the front of the nightgown to slide, exposing more of my breast. The material caught on my nipple, preventing it from falling any further, but the upper portion of my areola was visible through the lacy edge. "What's up?" I asked, as my father stared at my nearly exposed tit.  
  
"Your mother and I are heading to your aunt's now," he said, tearing his eyes from my breast and looking into my face. "Are you sure you don't want to come? Last chance."  
  
"I'm sure. Michelle's coming over later, and we're gonna hang out by the pool." I replied with a yawn. Unintentionally, the deep breath for my yawn dislodged the falling nightgown. The material slip over my nipple, and ended up under my breast. My entire right tit was now exposed to my father, my soft pink nipple slowly stiffening with arousal.  
  
"Well, um, okay then," my dad stuttered. "Um, honey, your nightgown..." He pointed at my breast. I looked down and pretended to be shocked. "Oh God, sorry Dad!" I said, pulling the material back up over my breast. In doing so , I felt the entire nightgown shift and the bottom hem rise. A quick glance revealed that the very bottom of my shaved pussy lips was now exposed. Having just woken up, I hadn't had much time to get horny, so my lips were still mostly dry and closed. Still, if Dad didn't get out of there soon, he'd see his teenage daughter's pussy getting aroused.  
  
"Okay, honey," he said awkwardly. It was clear he'd seen my exposed crotch, but decided to make a quick escape instead of mentioning it. "Remember, no boys over while we're gone."  
  
"Of course not, Daddy."  
  
"Okay, um, be good. See you later tonight!" And he ran out of the room quickly.  
  
I smiled, and laid back down. After I heard their car leave, I went downstairs. Part of me was hoping that Jason would be around so I could tease him, but he had already gone over to Mr. DeMaldo's. Realizing I was home all alone, I had a naughty idea. I stripped off my nightgown, and stood naked in the living room. Sure, I had walked through my house naked before, but I had never spent a long period of time at home in my birthday suit. I spent the rest of the morning watching TV nude, touching my breasts and pussy when the mood struck me. I was really starting to enjoy being naked and showing off my hot body.  
  
Around noon, the doorbell rang. I got up from the couch, still completely naked, and went to the door. Peeking out the window, I saw it was Michelle, so I opened the door without covering up. Michelle gasped, seeing me naked in the open doorway like that. "Wow, like the outfit babe" she laughed, and came inside. "Aren't you afraid that Jason will see or something?"  
  
"Nope, I'm home alone today, so I decided to have a bit of naked morning," I explained with a smile.  
  
"Oh, a naked day, nice!" she said, and suddenly started to strip off her own clothes. It didn't take very long; she had only been wearing a light sundress, a lacy thong, and some sandals. We giggled, standing naked together in my front hall. "So how has your week been?" she asked as we sat on the couch.  
  
"Oh man, do I have a story to tell you." And I told her about my week. About how horny I had gotten with her flashing my brother, Brian wetting my top, and her exposing me on Monday. About flashing the landscapers on Tuesday and Wednesday, and letting them feel me up while I masturbated on Friday. About fucking Brian in his garage. About flashing Jason all week, and letting my Dad and Mr. DeMaldo see me naked. When I was done, my face was bright red. Sure, I had rationalized all this stuff as being harmless fun, but when I listed it out like that, I really felt like a dirty whore. I was afraid to look at her, worried she would hate me. When I finally did, I saw the surprise on her face.  
  
"Wow..." she said slowly. "I can't believe you did all that. You're serious? You actually flashed those guys? That's so awesome!" she finished excitedly.  
  
"Really? Awesome? You mean you don't think I'm a slut?" I asked nervously.  
  
"Oh, well of course you're a slut, but all of the fun girls are!" she declared with a laugh. "Hell, I'm sitting here naked with you right now, aren't I? So are you and Brian a thing now, or just messing around? And do you think the landscapers will be there when we go for our run again on Monday? What are you gonna do?" She was listing questions faster than I could follow, but I didn't care. I was so happy that she was being supportive that I almost cried. I leaned in and hugged her tight, and she returned it. As we were still naked, our breasts were touching, which was a new and interesting experience. Hers seemed firmer than mine, and the feel of her soft skin against my large breasts was curiously nice. We shifted a little, causing our nipples to rub across each other. I felt a shock of pleasure, but we both pulled back quickly; things had gotten a bit too weird there. Although as I looked at her naked body, I thought again about how her breasts felt, and about tasting my own wetness when I licked Brian's cock. For the first time, I wondered what it would be like to be with another woman. But I pushed those thoughts away; I'd come a long way in just a week, but that was a bit too much...right?  
  
We talked awhile longer, Michelle demanding all of the details of my adventures. As the conversation came to a lull, I recommended we go out back and tan a bit. "Just like this?" she asked, gesturing at her naked body.  
  
"Haha, no, I think we should put on bikinis if we are going to be in my backyard." I said, shaking my head.  
  
"Pssh, you've been showing your tits and pussy all over town, but your own yard is off-limits?" she scoffed.  
  
"Well, yes, actually. I don't really want my neighbors seeing. I mean, Mr. DeMaldo is one thing, but the others would probably be pissed, or at least would tell my parents."  
  
"Come on, the yard is pretty well enclosed!"  
  
"Arg, fine, how about this? We put on some bottoms, and we can tan topless a bit?" I offered as a compromise.  
  
"Fine," she said with a smile. I ran upstairs, and grabbed my bikini. I put on the bottoms; they were blue, and a bit skimpy. They fully covered my pussy and ass, but the front and back were only connected on the sides by two thin strings that were tied in bows. I grabbed the top too, in case I needed to put it on. It consisted of two thin blue triangles that covered most of my breasts, but showed my nipples off nicely. The rest was just a string around the back, and one that goes around my neck, both tied with bows. I went back downstairs, and saw what Michelle was wearing as her "bikini". Her sexy yellow string bikini was lying on top of her bag. Instead, she had put back on the lacy pink thong she had worn over.  
  
"That doesn't exactly look like a bikini," I said with a mocking glare.  
  
"Hey, it covers the important bits," she grinned. We went to the back door, and stepped into the yard topless. The warmth of the sun felt great on my naked breasts. We laid our towels by the pool, and jumped in for a quick swim. This was the most naked I have ever been in my pool, and I loved the feel of the water sliding unhindered around my boobs. After swimming and splashing around for a bit, we climbed out of the pool. As we walked to the towels, I looked towards Michelle; she looked simply gorgeous, with her wet hair hanging down her face, water dripping off her sexy tits, drops forming on her hard nipples. Her thong had become essentially see-through from being wet, so I could see her smooth pussy pretty well. We dried off, and sat on our towels to tan.  
  
I squirted some sunblock into my hand, and tossed the bottle to Michelle. "Here, wouldn't want to burn any of your fun parts." She giggled, and started to apply the sunblock. As we covered ourselves, I noticed that we both spent more time rubbing the lotion into our chests than was probably necessary. My rational mind said it was because those parts don't usually see the sun, and we needed to protect them. Of course my horny mind knew that it was simply so sexy to be lying in the backyard, rubbing my naked tits next to my best friend.  
  
As Michelle finished with her legs, she pulled the thong down to her knees, fully exposing her sexy pussy. "Hey," I said with a laugh, "I thought we agreed to keep the bottoms on?"  
  
"First of all, I never agreed to any such thing," she replied, sticking her tongue out at me. "Second, this thong is pretty transparent, and I don't want to burn anything under it!" And she proceeded to rub the sunblock into her pussy lips, again lingering longer than was probably required.  
  
"Oh man, poor Jason is missing quite a show." I observed. Michelle giggled, and pulled up her thong. We lay in the sun, letting our white breasts tan for awhile, talking about all sorts of random things. Looking around, I decided that the only neighboring window that could probably see us was at Mr. DeMaldo's house. Periodically, I glanced up there; at one point, I could swear I saw the curtain move slightly, and wondered if perhaps Mr. DeMaldo (or maybe Jason, who was working over there) might be taking a look at the nearly naked teenagers next door. We actually heard the two of them in the neighboring yard a few times, seemingly carrying trash out of the basement they were renovating. After a while, we rolled onto our stomachs to tan our backs a bit. As we rubbed sunblock on each other, breasts jiggling, I thought again about the show that Jason was missing.  
  
Later, when we were taking a quick dip in the pool, splashing around and laughing, Michelle whispered to me, "Psst, Mandy, did you see that?"  
  
"See what?"  
  
"At the fence...it looked like someone was watching us through the slats." She said, seeming more excited than upset at the thought. "Think it was Jason?"  
  
"Maybe...or Mr. DeMaldo. Remember, he's taken to watching me change at night. Well, it was probably time to head inside anyway, right? I think I've had enough sun."  
  
"Aw, no! I mean, I think we should tan a bit more. Who knows when we'll get a chance to go topless again," she whined. But I think her protests were less about wanting to tan, and more about wanting to show off. To be honest, the thought of giving a bit of a show was getting me turned on.  
  
"Fine, we can lay out a bit longer." I said, climbing out of the pool. We lay back on our towels, and Michelle grabbed the bottle of sunblock first. She started to rub in on her breasts, taking her time, putting on a show for any potential peepers through the fence. She worked her way down her thin stomach, and down her shapely legs. As she was finishing, we heard the back door of my house open. Quickly, I snapped my arm across my breasts, and reached for my top. I looked over, and realized that it was Jason coming into the backyard. He was wearing work clothes, and looked pretty sweaty.  
  
"Hey girls! Man, do you ever wear clothes any more?" he said with a big grin. I still had my top in my hand, and was planning to throw it on, but Michelle had leaned up on her elbow, showing off the full length of her gorgeous body. Her breasts were perked up, and her nipples were very hard. The thong had become nearly see-through from the recent swim, and her camel toe was very pronounced. "Oh well, I guess we're showing off again..." I thought, dropping my arm from my breasts and exposing my pink nipples to my brother again.

"Hey, are you complaining?" Michelle asked with that evil smile of hers.  
  
"Nope, Just enjoying the view. Mind if I sit?" He sat down next to me without waiting for a reply. "So, what are guys up to?"  
  
I ignored him, and laid back with my hands at my sides. Jason's eyes were bouncing back and forth between Michelle's tits and mine. Michelle said, "Not much, just tanning a bit."  
  
He gestured towards the bottle of sunblock in her hand. "Need some help with that?" he offered.  
  
"Nope, I was just finishing up." she replied. She squirted a drop of sunblock into her hand, and put down the bottle. With her other hand, she pulled the waistband at the front of her thong away from her body, and started to rub the lotion into her pussy lips. She took her time, and gave Jason a few flirtatious looks as she did so. I don't think he got a good look at her pussy, but he definitely got a few glimpses of her shaved crotch. I giggled a little as he awkwardly tried to adjust his hardening cock in his pants. Michelle finished, and pulled her hand from her thong. "You know, Amanda still hasn't reapplied her sunblock. Maybe you can give her a hand." And laughing, she tossed the bottle to my brother.  
  
He looked at the bottle, then at my nearly naked body. I decided to put a stop to this before it got too weird. "Um, no thanks, I don't need my brother rubbing my tits, thanks."  
  
"Okay, fine," Michelle replied. "I'll just have to do it then." And with that, she quickly got up, and straddled my hips. She reached over and grabbed the bottle from Jason.  
  
"Um, that's okay, I can do it myself," I said. I'm not sure having my topless best friend rub my tits in front of my brother was much better.  
  
"Don't be silly, let me help." She squirted some sunblock on me, and started rubbing it in. She started with my shoulders and upper chest, and slid her hands around my breasts, as if she was reluctant to touch them. Slowly, however, she let her hands rub the lotion up the swells of my tits, rubbing her hands over my nipples. It actually felt pretty amazing to have my best friends hands touching me so intimately, and I was starting to get horny again. She lingered on my breasts, kneading and rubbing them. Jason watched, mouth agape, as his sister had her boobs played with right in front of him. I closed my eyes; the idea of Jason watching this was turning me on, but actually seeing him watch us was kinda creeping me out. I let Michelle keep touching me, massaging my breasts. My pussy started to get wet, and I became aware just how close our pussies were to each other as she straddled my hips. Her hands slid up my breasts, and she pinched my nipples, tugging on them lightly. Unconsciously, I let out a low moan of pleasure. Embarrassed, I opened my eyes and saw that Michelle was grinning as she played with my pink, aroused nipples, and Jason was staring so hard I thought his eyes would fall out. He wasn't even hiding his erection anymore.  
  
"Okay, I think my breasts are covered. Time to move on," I said. I was getting too turned on, and needed her to stop before I lost control. Michelle gave a pouty face, but slid her hands down to my stomach. Jason just kept staring at my naked boobs. I closed my eyes again, and enjoyed the massage my friend was giving me. She was still moving slowly, trying to draw out the show. She worked her way down to my waist, and was now sitting next to my legs.  
  
Suddenly, I felt tugs on the sides of my bikini bottoms; Michelle had untied the sides, and was about to pull down the front triangle to expose my pussy. Quickly, I grabbed the bikini to stop her. "Hey! I said no nude sunbathing! Only topless!" I scolded.  
  
"Aww, you really don't want to get a full tan?" she questioned.  
  
Jason broke out of his trance. "Wait, why no nude sunbathing?" he asked, sounding rather disappointed.  
  
"It's some rule your sister made. Apparently she's afraid someone might see." she replied in a taunting voice.  
  
"Why does she get to make the rules?"  
  
"Because I live here." I said, getting concerned with the direction of the conversation.  
  
"Hey, I live here too! And I'm older! So I get to make the rules, and I say that nude sunbathing is totally fine!" he declared, with a big smile. He looked expectantly over at Michelle.  
  
Michelle gave that evil smile again. "Well, in that case, you start," she said to my brother.  
  
Jason's resolve in his new rule seemed to waver, realizing that he was expected to get naked too. Then he realized that the reward would be two naked eighteen year olds, so he stripped off his shirt, stood up, and pulled down his pants and boxers. Michelle and I both gasped as his hard cock sprung out. It was about six and a half inches long, but not quite as thick as Brian's. I realized I was seeing my brother naked for the first time; I was embarrassed, and felt creepy, but at the same time I couldn't take my eyes off his dick. Now I know how he must have felt when I flashed him all week.  
  
"Okay ladies, it's your turn," he said, standing proudly with his hands on his hips.  
  
I pulled my eyes from his crotch, and gave him a doubtful look. "Um, I don't remember either of us saying we'd get naked too." Brian deflated a bit, suddenly worried he wasn't going to see our pussies. Perversely, I actually felt kind of bad for him. "Fine," I said. "You can stop with the sad puppy dog eyes." And I pulled my still untied bikini out from between my legs, tossing it away. My red landing strip stood out against my white skin, and my wet pussy lips were open. I spread my legs slightly, fully exposing my naked pussy to my brother. It felt weird to be this naked with him, but I guess if I got to see his cock, he should get to see me naked. Besides, it was fun.  
  
We both looked at Michelle, who stood up, grasping the sides of her thong. "If you want this to come off, you'll have to catch me first!" she declared, and dove into the pool. Jason took one more look at my naked breasts and pussy, and then dove in after her. He caught up to her quickly, and they were splashing around (and I'm sure copping some feels of each other) for a few minutes as he tried to strip off her thong. At one point, he was standing behind her with one arm around her waist, and the other hand groping her firm, sexy breast. They stopped struggling, and he was pinching her nipple. Things were escalating between them. Not wanting to let them fuck in the pool, I called out, "Hey Jason, I don't think you're gonna get that thong off her that way!"  
  
Michelle smiled, and gave a teasing moan. "Oh, I dunno," she said, "this might be a pretty good way to get my panties off!"  
  
Jason laughed, and said, "Well, if you think I'm doing it wrong, come give me a hand." I sighed, and decided that if I got involved, the two of them might not get quite so out of control. Another part of me, the perverted part, just wanted to be part of the game The thought of Jason's, and even Michelle's, roaming hands groping my body was turning my on. I stood up, naked breasts swaying, and dove into the pool. My pink nipples hardened instantly as I hit the water. I had never been skinny dipping before, and I must say if felt really nice to have the water flowing unimpeded over my tits and pussy. As I swam over to Jason and Michelle, they returned to their struggle. Michelle turned to face him, trying to push away. Jason kept a hand on her breast, and tried to grab the waistband of her thong with the other. For her part, Michelle seemed to reach down and grab his dick, giving herself some control over the battle. I came up behind her and made a grab for her underwear. In defense, she pushed back off of Jason and into me, her back pressing against my bare breasts. Jason lunged forward, trying to reach her thong, but his hand slid off her wet waist and came in contact with me, his fingers touching my sparse pubic hair. It may have been an accident, but I'm pretty sure it was intentional, as his fingers slid down between my shaved lips and stroked my clit a few times. Waves of pleasure shot through me, and a small moan escaped my lips.  
  
Michelle took advantage of our brief distraction, and slipped away from us. She escaped towards the shallow end of the pool, and stood with her breasts just above the water. As I approached, she raised her arms in defense, and grabbed one of my big boobs. She pinched my nipple fairly hard, laughing while she did so. "Bitch!" I called out, and dove under water to swim around her. She tried to follow my movements, but was distracted by Jason. The two of them struggled, and I think she had his dick in her hand again, but I got behind her. I pinned her arms and her sides, and reached my hands up to her breasts. Grabbing her nipples tightly, I said, "Struggle and I'll twist them!" We were all laughing maniacally. Michelle squirmed a little, so I gave her nipples as light tweak. She squealed with mock pain, and continued to squirm. I must say, it was strange to be touching another girl's breasts. To my hands, they felt so much like my own, but as my breasts weren't feeling the stimulation, it also felt very alien. Her medium-sized tits were rather firm, and I could feel the hardened bumps of her areolas between my fingers. Almost unconsciously, I began to massage her nipples lightly with my fingers. "Alright Jason, now's your chance!" I reminded him. He had been staring at the show before him, watching his naked sister play with her friend's sexy nipples. Now, he moved forward, reaching for her thong. She kicked a little, but most of the fight was gone; I think she was enjoying my breast-play too much, and just wanted to be naked already. Jason grabbed the sides of her underwear, and pulled them down and off of her. He raised the lacy thong above his head in triumph, and tossed it out of the pool.  
  
"Okay," Michelle said, "now its time to dunk him!" She pulled out of my reach and leapt at him. I followed suit, and the three of us wrestled for a while. Hands were everywhere; I definitely touched Jason's penis a few times, and he got a few good feels of my breasts. At some point, Michelle's hand somehow ended up between my legs, and it felt good as she withdrew it, her fingers running along my pussy lips. Still, there was no overt touching, only accidental (well, maybe we weren't exactly being careful to avoid touching each other, but still, it was subtle). Eventually we successfully dunked him, and it became my turn to be dunked. At one point during the struggle, Jason was behind me, his arms wrapped around my waist trying to knock me over (one of his hands was also firmly grasping one of my breasts, as if for support). I could feel his hard dick pressed against me; it slipped between my ass-cheeks, sliding down across my asshole, and coming to rest at the entrance to my pussy. I froze, feeling the head of his cock pressed against my wet hole. Part of me desperately wanted him to thrust into me, but another (for now, louder) part was disgusted by the thought. He was my brother, for God's sake! Jason hesitated, facing the same dilemma of horniness vs. morals as me, but Michelle decided it for us. She lunged from the left, tackling me into the water and pulling my pussy away from my brother's cock.  
  
We splashed around for awhile longer, although my enthusiasm had waned a bit from worrying about how out-of-control I was getting. "Alright, I think it's time for dinner," I said, and swam towards the ladder to exit the pool. Jason got there first, but didn't climb it. Instead, he gave gentlemanly sort of gesture. "Ladies first," he said with a grin. I stared at him, trying to figure out what he was up to, as Michelle climbed up the ladder. As she did so, I realized his plan; as my best friend climbed the rungs, her body had to bend over quite a lot. When she exited the water, we had a completely unobstructed view of her pussy. I could see her shaved outer lips, sexy pink inner lips, her wet opening, and even her asshole. Jason was staring unabashed at her. After she stepped away from the ladder, he looked at me expectantly. "He can't possibly think that I'd go up first, knowing what he'll see?" I thought to myself. But I was extremely horny, and having a lot of fun showing off for him. I reached for the ladder, and started to climb. My breasts slipped out of the pool first, water dripping from my hard pink nipples, followed by my flat stomach. Jason moved around directly behind me as my ass began to exit the water. Moving slower and bending more than I needed to, I knew he could see everything. I was very horny, and my shaved lips were completely open, and my pink inner folds and aroused clit were exposed. My brother saw all of my most intimate parts as I reached the top of the ladder, and turned towards him. He climbed up, staring at my naked breasts and pussy.  
  
The three of us stood naked in the grass for a minute. Michelle was staring openly at my brother's rock-hard dick, and said "You know, Jason, you really don't want to let that thing burn. Better let Mandy and I put some sunblock on it." I really didn't want my best friend to jerk my brother off in my backyard (or, more likely, I didn't want to admit just how much I wanted her to do it), and tried to think of a reason to stop it. An excuse presented itself, when we heard our other neighbors, the Ericsons, entering their backyard.  
  
"Hey guys, maybe we should get dressed. Sound's like the Ericsons are outside, and they've got kids. If they see this, they'll definitely complain to Mom and Dad." I said.  
  
Michelle looked crestfallen, but Jason replied, "Well, why don't we just bring this inside." Michelle brightened up as we gathered out clothes and towels, and walked into the backdoor. In the kitchen, I grabbed a frozen pizza out of the freezer, and put it in the oven. I kept my legs straight as I bent to put in the pizza, showing my ass and pussy off again. Michelle yelled, "Wooo!" and spanked my ass. I stood up, and looked back towards my naked friend and brother. All three of us stood awkwardly for a minute, waiting to see what would happen next. I was starting to get a little worried where things were heading, and was afraid that we were getting out of control. I was incredibly horny, but also a bit disturbed that I was naked with my brother. Michelle was staring at Jason's cock, and I was pretty sure she was going to grab it soon.  
  
But before she could do anything else, the doorbell rang. All of our eyes went wide. "Shit!" I whispered. "Who could be here?"  
  
"Well, we'll just wait quietly, and they'll leave." Michelle responded, but she sounded a bit nervous at the intrusion.  
  
The doorbell rang again. "I hope it isn't the neighbors coming over to complain or something..." I said.  
  
"Hahaha, nope, nothing like that." Jason was looking as his phone, which he had picked up off the kitchen table. "It's just my friend Mike," he continued. "He texted me to let me know he was on his way to pick me up. We're going to a concert with a few other friends from high school."  
  
"Wait, are you seriously gonna leave?" Michelle asked, looking equal parts shocked and disappointed.  
  
Jason looked a bit uncomfortable. "Well, the tickets are a expensive! This is fun, but I'm supposed to go, and, um... I dunno...um...." He was definitely conflicted, looking at the two naked teenagers in front of him. We were both still totally naked, nipples hardened from the cool air in the kitchen, and pussies clearly wet in a way that had nothing to do with the pool.  
  
The doorbell rang a third time. "Look, whatever you are doing, you need to go answer the freaking door!" I barked at my brother.  
  
He returned a pissed off look at me, as if I had been rude in asking him to answer the door (which annoyed me even more, since I've had my tits and pussy out for him to ogle and fondle all afternoon!). "Okay, okay, one sec." He wrapped his towel around his waist, and headed off through the living room to the front door, as the doorbell rang again.  
  
"Do you think he's actually going to go?" Michelle asked in an annoyed voice. I looked over at her, leaning against the kitchen counter, and saw that her right hand had absentmindedly drifted down to her pussy, where one of her fingers appeared to be lightly rubbing her clit. I have to say she looked completely gorgeous, standing there with her legs slightly spread, fingers playing with her shaved pussy, back slightly arched thrusting out her perfectly formed breasts. With her looking like that, Jason would have to be an idiot to leave. Although, honestly, I've expected for some time that my big brother was an idiot.  
  
"Probably." I responded. "Those concert tickets were expensive, and he's been talking about seeing these friends since he got back from college a few weeks ago." I was still staring at my sexy friend, while she stared longingly at the kitchen door. We were both obviously horny, as I let my hands rise to my big, naked breasts, and start playing with my hard pink, nipples. It felt amazing to squeeze and pull on them, although I was still a bit self conscious about the two of us being naked and horny in my kitchen.  
  
We heard the front door open, and heard Jason say something to Mike. The front door closed, and footsteps came back through the living room. Michelle smiled a bit (and I began to wonder whether she might have a pretty serious crush on my brother, rather than just wanting to tease or fuck him). She arched her back a little further, and became a bit more obvious about playing with her clit, clearly wanting to give him a show. For my part, I reluctantly dropped my hands from my sensitive nipples, not wanting to have Jason watch me play with them.  
  
But it wasn't Jason who stepped into the kitchen. Instead, his best friend Mike walked in. Mike's jaw literally dropped and his eyes went as wide as they could as he saw the two naked and horny teenagers. Michelle actually shrieked! Her hands snapped up to cover her boobs, and she crossed her legs and bent over a bit, trying to hide her private bits. I'm sure it was too late, however, because Mike definitely saw her bare breasts and her finger playing with her wet pussy lips.  
  
Despite my own shock, I nearly burst out laughing. Mike's face was hilarious, and seeing my showoff of a best friend freak out and get embarrassed was priceless. I slowly brought my own hands across my body, with my left covering my exposed pussy, and my right arm crossing my breasts. "Um, hi there Mike," I said awkwardly, unable to suppress a small giggle.  
  
"I'm, um.... I'm sorry, um, Hi!, um..." Mike stammered, eyes darting between the two naked girls. I glanced down, and saw that I wasn't doing a very good job of covering my right nipple, which was exposed in the crook of my elbow. But I made no move to fix it; showing off like this was just way too much fun. Mike swallowed, and then spoke a bit more stably, "Sorry, Jason said he had to get changed, and told me to go wait in the kitchen!" He turned a bit red, but never stopped looking at us, of course.  
  
"Yeah, I'm sure he thought this would be hilarious," I said with a smile. "Mike, you remember my friend Michelle." I gestured at her, taking my hand away from my breasts, and letting the big globes bounce free. My pink nipples were rock hard and pointing straight at him, and my areolas were tight and crinkled. I really wanted to play with them, but restrain myself for the time being. "Michelle, this is Jason's best friend Mike."  
  
Michelle was getting over her initial shock, and a bit of that mischievous look was returning to her face. "Hi Mike!" she said brightly, and let go of her right breast to reach out and shake his hand. She had to take a step forward to reach him, spreading her legs again in the process to show off her smooth pussy lips. As he returned the handshake, still clearly in shock, she said, "Sorry, you kind of startled me when you walked in."  
  
"You were startled!" he laughed. "Just think how I feel!" He was clearly regaining his composure too, as Michelle went back to crossing her legs and covering her breasts (although she did so playfully this time, rather than from a real desire to hide I think).

Rather than covering my own breasts, I let my right hand join my left in pussy-covering duty. My arms were therefore pushing my breasts forward, making them look even bigger. "Oh, I think you'll get over it," I told him. With my right hand hiding my left, I let my left middle finger slide between my wet lips, and start massaging my swollen and sensitive clit. Mike's eyes were still bouncing back and forth between me and Michelle, but as I was more exposed, he spent more time gawking at me. In fact, I think he may have caught on to what my hand was doing.  
  
After a couple of moments of awkward silence, Jason came into the kitchen, fully dressed for going to the concert. "Hey Mike, enjoying the view?" he asked, laughing.  
  
"Not bad at all," Mike replied.  
  
"Hey asshole, if you want Mike to see us naked so badly, maybe we'll invite him instead of you next time we go tanning." I said in an unconvincing angry tone.  
  
"No way, I wouldn't miss one of these naked days for the world!" Jason returned with a big grin. "Well, actually, today I guess I will. Come on Mike, we have to pick up Tina and Dan."  
  
"Oh, I dunno, I think we could be a few minutes late," Mike replied, never taking his eyes off my nipples.  
  
"We already are late, and you've ogled my sister enough. Let's go." It was a bit hypocritical of my brother to chastise Mike for looking at me naked, since Jason was the one who sent him to the kitchen in the first place.  
  
"Alright, alright," Mike relented. Then he smiled. "Well, it was really great seeing you girls!"  
  
Just to piss my brother off a little, I stepped forward, put my arms around Mike, hugged him tightly, and kissed him full on the mouth. My tongue darted briefly between his lips, as my big breasts pressed against his chest. He could probably feel my hard nipples through his thin t-shirt. I know that I could feel his hard dick pressing against me through his pants. I stepped back with a smile on my face, and said flirtatiously "Come and visit anytime!"  
  
"Oh good God," Jason said in a somewhat annoyed voice. "Let's go." He grabbed a very stunned and happy looking Mike by the arm, and dragged him towards the front door. Michelle and I followed them through the living room, with both guys glancing back frequently at our uncovered bodies. We followed them right up to the front door, and stopped at the threshold. I put one arm on the door frame, and the other around Michelle's waist. She did the same. Anybody passing on the street would see two hot naked 18-year olds, breasts and pussies totally exposed. Thankfully, no one passed.  
  
Jason was clearly trying to get to the car and avoid looking at us, probably because his resolve would waver if he stared too long. Mike, on the other hand, was fumbling in his pocket. He pulled out his phone, and turned back towards us. "Shit!" I realized, "He's taking a picture!" I knew I should cover up, but the horny part of my brain had taken control, and instead I just put on the sexiest "I want you" look I could. I faintly heard the shutter sound from the phone, as he snapped the picture of our gorgeous naked bodies. A few seconds later, the boys were in the car and pulling away from the house.  
  
Michelle and I stepped back into the front hall and closed the door, and we both burst out laughing. "Oh my God! That was so much fun!" she half screamed.  
  
"Hahaha, I know, oh man, I should have let you talk me into being a slut earlier!"  
  
She stuck her tongue out at me. "Hey, there is nothing 'slutty' about a girl enjoying her body once in awhile!" she said in a prim and proper tone that had us both cracking up again. "Seriously though," Michelle continued, once she had regained control of herself, "am I on the only one here who is hornier than she's ever been?"  
  
I laughed, and replied, "No, I don't think I've ever been this wet." And I ran my finger along my soaking slit.  
  
Michelle smiled, and began to lightly rub her own clit. "Too bad they had to leave before I got any relief!" she whined. "Haha, do you still have that vibrator I gave you? I sure could use a run with it. Hell, I'd even let you watch" she joked. I'm certain she was kidding, but I smiled at her, mimicking her own mischievous grin. I grabbed her by the hand, and pulled her up the stairs, our free breasts bouncing sexily as we ran up them. When we got to my room, I reached under my bed and pulled the purple toy out of its box. I handed it to her with a grin, and she took it looking surprised.  
  
"Go for it," I grinned. It seemed bizarre to think about watching my best friend masturbate, but I was extremely aroused, and she looked really sexy. I was feeling curious.  
  
"Wait, isn't it weird for use to share a sex toy?" she asked.  
  
"Is it any weirder than playing with each others tits in front of my naked brother? Anyway, I won't tell if you won't," I said with a wink.  
  
Slowly, she walked over to my bed, and lay down. She gave me a nervous look, and I returned an encouraging one. I started to play with my nipples, and deep down I really hoped she would actually do it. Michelle spread her legs, and started to rub her clit lightly. Then, she put the purple vibrator against her wet hole, and started to slide it in. It was so erotic, watching the fake dick slip inside her pussy, stretching her out. She turned on the vibrations, and started to moan. With her other hand, she pinched her nipples. I sat on my desk chair and began to rub my own clit. Michelle was getting really into it now, and was moaning loudly, thrusting the vibrating toy in and out of her pussy. She thrashed around on the bed, her tits jiggling a bit while she pulled on her cute little nipples. My pussy desperately needed to be filled. I reached over and grabbed my hairbrush from my dresser. Turning it around, I slowly inserted the handle into my hot pussy. The handle didn't feel quite as good as my vibrator, but it would have to do. As my friend moaned in ecstasy on the bed, I pumped the brush in and out of my wet hole, while I rubbed my clit furiously with my other hand. Michelle saw what I was doing, and it seemed to help push her over the edge. Soon, her screams reached a higher pitch, and I could tell she was climaxing. Her hips bucked as her pussy squeezed the vibrator. With one final loud moan, her orgasm was complete, and she lay relaxed on the bed.  
  
I continued to fuck myself with the brush, and Michelle slowly pulled the toy out of her pussy. She was still watching me with lust in her eyes. Getting off the bed, she walked over to me and silently offered the vibrator. I took it from her, and saw that it was still slick with her juices. Part of me was repulsed, but another part was extremely turned on by it. Surprising even myself, I brought the wet vibrator to my mouth, and licked it a few times as if I was about to give it a blowjob. I could taste her wetness on it, and again decided that pussies had a rather intriguing taste. I moaned softly, and Michelle gave me a look of mixed shock and arousal. I pulled the brush out of my pussy, and tossed it on my desk. Slowly, I replaced it with the vibrator. Feeling the toy enter me sent waves of pleasure across my body, and the clit-stimulator was driving me wild. As I fucked myself with the toy, I saw Michelle pick up the brush I had discarded. She brought it to her mouth, and slowly licked up the length of it, tasting my pussy. Then, she slid the entire handle into her mouth, and simulated blowing it. This was too much for my horny body, and I began to orgasm. I thrashed in the chair as wave after wave of ecstasy shot through me. I pinched my left nipple hard, as I shoved the vibrator as deep inside as it could go. I let out a loud scream as I reached my climax, and then slowly came down from it. I withdrew the vibrator from my pussy, and I slid off the chair and onto the floor. Laying there, I must have looked pretty sexy; my big breasts pointing straight up, pink nipples hard from the stimulation, legs splayed, exposing a wet and aroused pussy.  
  
As I came down from my orgasm, I was worried that we may have pushed things too far, and that I may have even managed to freak Michelle out with my overt horniness. I didn't want things to be weird between us. I looked at her, and she must have seen my slightly ashamed expression. Before I could say anything, Michelle smiled at me, then lay down next to me, our naked bodies touching. "Well, that was fun." she said, and leaned in to kiss me. It's not like we made out or anything, but it was definitely more than a normal friend-peck. Our lips were parted, and it lasted a few seconds. And I knew we were still okay.  
  
"Alright," I said, after a few moments laying on the floor. "All this showing off has made me hungry. Let's finish making some dinner."

**==Part 5: An Evening with the Family==**  
  
Michelle and I got dressed after dinner, before my parents got home. She didn't bother putting her lacy thong back on, since it was still a bit wet from the pool earlier. So we spent the evening watching TV and talking, with her just wearing her cute sundress with nothing underneath. For my part, I put on a baggy t-shirt and some boxers I often slept in, also going commando underneath.  
  
At around 9, we heard a car pulling into the driveway. A few moments later, the door open, and my mom yelled, "Hey kids! We're home!"  
  
"Hi Mom!" I called back, as she stepped into the living room. "Jason's still at that concert."  
  
"Oh, that's right," she said, stepping into the room. "Oh, hi Michelle! How's your summer going?"  
  
Michelle gave a bright smile, and replied "Pretty good so far. Lots of running with the track team I'm on, and I've been working at the restaurant a lot."  
  
"Well, it's good to stay busy I guess. Better than laying around lazy all summer, like my daughter." my mom said snarkily, causing me to stick my tongue out at her. "Hey," she continued, "idle hands are the devil's plaything! If all you do is lay around all summer, you're gonna start finding ways to get into trouble!"  
  
I gave a dramatic, exasperated sigh, but had to stifle a laugh. I'm pretty sure she would have considered "stripping for some landscapers" as some pretty bad trouble.  
  
My dad walked in behind my mom, and said "Hi girls!" I noticed he was avoiding looking at me; after seeing me naked yesterday afternoon, and getting a look at my breast and pussy this morning, I think he was feeling a little bit awkward around me. Of course, his eyes then fell mostly on Michelle, who was looking pretty sexy in her dress. I think she noticed the attention, because her smile quickly changed to that mischievous grin of hers.  
  
My mom excused herself, and went upstairs to change, while my dad took a seat in his recliner, which faced the couch. While my dad and I chatted about his visit to my aunt, Michelle gave a huge yawn (which I think was probably fake), and stretched her arms up above her head. The hem of her dress slid up from her knees, and my dad's eyes locked on those toned, tan thighs. My slutty friend then pulled her knees up to her chest and hugged her arms around them, placing her bare feet on the couch cushion. She kept her legs slightly spread as she did so.  
  
My dad's jaw literally dropped, and it was clear that he now had a view of my 18-year old best friends smooth, shaved pussy. I didn't have a great view, but based on her position I'm sure he could see the bare lips, and probably between them to her pink slit. He quickly looked away, but his eyes kept glancing back. I had to hold back both an exasperated sigh, and also a laugh. Showing off was fun and all, but this was my dad!  
  
"Well," Michelle said innocently, "I guess I should head home now." She stood up, ending the sexy show she was giving my father. A look of mixed relief and disappointment crossed his face, and I had to suppress another laugh. She grabbed her shoes, and bent over to put them on, making sure to first position herself in front of my dad again (which make me worry she was being a bit too obvious... it's one thing for him to "accidentally" see, another for her to blatantly show him...) As she bent over, the front of her dress pulled away from her chest a little, giving him an excellent view of her cleavage. In fact, I think he could probably see down the swell of her medium-sized breasts to her sexy tan nipples. She stood up, looked right at my father, and said "Goodnight Mr. Timms! It was great seeing you!"  
  
My dad cleared his throat, and awkwardly responded, "Yeah, Michelle, it was, um, great seeing you too. Have a good night."  
  
I grabbed Michelle by the arm and led her to the door. Somehow, we both managed to hold in our laughs until we got into the front yard. We burst out laughing, and I turned to her. "Slut! Are there any guys in my family you aren't going to flash???"  
  
"Hey!" she replied, still laughing, "You said he already saw you naked! I thought it was only fair he see me too!" She stuck her tongue out at me, and I walked her to the sidewalk. We hugged, and I was very aware of our braless breasts pressing against each other, separated only by my t-shirt and her dress.  
  
"Thanks for coming over today. I'm so glad you don't think I'm a whore or anything after everything I did this week." I told her.  
  
"Of course not!" she replied. "And today was a LOT of fun. I'll talk to you tomorrow at some point, but I'm working at the restaurant most of the day."  
  
"Okay. You're still coming running with me on Monday, right?"  
  
"Haha, of course! You have to introduce me to your landscapers!" she said as she started to walk away. I watcher her until she turned at the end of the block, then I went back inside.  
  
Later that night, my mom went to bed first, and I followed shortly after. I lay in bed for awhile, thinking about the day's events, and getting horny again. I considered using my vibrator, but then I heard a noise downstairs. My dad was still awake, waiting up for Jason to get home from the concert. It sounded like he was watching TV. I thought about how Michelle had flashed him earlier, and how he had briefly seen me naked over the last couple of days. My pussy began to get wet, as I imagined walking downstairs totally naked, letting him get a really good look. I even began to imagine how I could do it; just pretend I needed a glass of water, and that I didn't realize he was awake. I rubbed my clit slowly, thinking about letting my father see my sexy, naked body.  
  
I shook my head to try and clear away those thoughts. He's my dad! What the Hell is wrong with me! I reached for the vibrator, thinking I could just masturbate to get it out of my system, but then I stopped. I had to admit, as wrong as it was, the thought of showing off for him was getting me really horny. Besides, he had already seen me naked, even if that was an accident. What could it hurt to let him see a little bit more? As long as it was fun...  
  
Before I could stop myself, I got out of bed. I couldn't quite bring myself to go fully naked, and besides, I didn't think that would be realistic. Instead I grabbed a black, lacy thong from my drawer. It was one of my sexier undergarments, that was basically see through in the front, and completely exposed my sexy ass in the back. You could see my red landing strip through the semi-transparent lace, but I figured it probably wouldn't be too obvious. Besides, the whole point was to show off, right? I slipped the thong on, and quietly opened my bedroom door, not wanting to wake my mom up.  
  
Carefully sneaking down the stairs, I looked across the front hall, and saw that my dad was on the couch, watching TV, although I couldn't see what he was watching. The lights were off, but the TV was bright enough to illuminate the room decently. I had never appreciated before that my father really was an attractive man. He was about six feet tall, and had hair that was a very dark brown, nearly black (similar to Jason's. I got my red hair from my mom). Sitting on the couch, I could see that he wasn't wearing a shirt, just a pair of pajama pants. His chest was rather hairy, but not excessively so; it looked very manly, not gross or anything. He wasn't exactly toned, but his arms were reasonably muscled, and his stomach was rather flat. He was 49 years old, but still looked very good. For the first time, I wondered what his cock would look like under those pajama bottoms. Would it look like Jason's, which I had seen in such detail earlier that day? My pussy was getting even wetter as I ogled my own father, but I felt a quick pang of guilt. I really shouldn't do this! But at the same time, I couldn't stop myself.  
  
I took a deep breath, stood up tall, and stepped into the living room. I walked briskly in, and it took a few steps before my dad realized he wasn't alone. He looked up at me suddenly, and a look of complete shock crossed his face. "Amanda! What are you doing up?" he nearly yelled in surprise, while he quickly grabbed for the remote. He hit a button and changed the channel, before looking at back me.  
  
"Wait," I suddenly thought to myself, "Why did he just change the channel? What the heck was he watching? Was he watching porn?" I had never thought about my dad watching porn before, mostly because I had never really thought about him in a sexual way. But of course he must watch porn, don't all guys? I was feeling very wrong-footed by this turn of events, and forgot for a moment that I was standing in front of my dad, wearing only a tiny lace thong. As I came back to my senses, I realized he was staring at me, mouth agape in shock. In the light of the TV, he could see my C-or-D cup breasts, heaving with each breath I took. My areolas were still soft and smooth, but my nipples themselves had hardened a bit, and stuck out seductively from my big tits. He could see my flat stomach, and toned bare legs. My mostly-shaved pussy was hidden only by a thin thong, and he may have been able to see a shadow of my red landing strip.  
  
"Aaaahh!" I shrieked, snapping my hands up across my breasts in real shock. I had intended to feign surprise, but somehow had ended up losing control of the situation a bit. "Um, I'm, um, sorry!" I stammered. "I didn't realize you were still up!"  
  
"Amanda, what are you doing down here?" my dad repeated, eyes still locked on my now barely covered boobs.  
  
I began to regain my composure a little. "Sorry, I just, I just needed a glass of water. I didn't realize you were up, so I didn't get dressed." I replied. "Sorry!" And with that, I jogged past him and into the kitchen. As I ran, my breasts bounced, even though I was clutching my hands tightly against them. He got a great few of my toned, exposed ass as I left the room. Taking another deep breath as I entered the kitchen, I tried to get control of myself. My heart was pounding with shock at what I just did, but my pussy was throbbing with arousal. After a minute, I grabbed a glass from the cabinet, and filled it with water. With a deep breath, I stepped back into the living room.  
  
My dad still had a look of shock on his face, as he sat watching a movie (but what had he been watching before I came in?). "Sorry again Daddy," I said to him. "I couldn't sleep, and I thought water would help." I had my left arm covering my nipples, while my right hand held the glass.  
  
"It's okay princess," he said calmly. "I was just surprised."  
  
"What are you watching?" I asked curiously, although I was really wondering what he had been watching before.  
  
He looked at the screen, pulling his eyes away from his scantily clad teenage daughter, and said, "Oh, just some dumb romantic comedy. I'm just waiting for your brother to get home from that concert."  
  
I smiled at him. "You know that Jason is an adult, right? He spends most of the year at college. You don't have to wait up for him."  
  
"Haha," he laughed at me. "Try telling your mother that. You know how she worries. If I didn't wait up for him, she'd never be able to sleep."  
  
"True," I replied. "Mind if I watch with you for a bit? I couldn't sleep..." I don't know why I wanted to stay. I had already given him my little show, and I really wanted to get upstairs to my vibrator. But the horniest part of my brain didn't want the adventure to end yet, I guess.  
  
"Um, sure, I guess so, honey," he said awkwardly. "But, um, you... you're... you're not wearing a shirt..."  
  
"It's hot out! Too hot for pajamas!" I defended myself. "Besides, you're not wearing a shirt either!" I put on my best angry daughter face, the kind that no father can possibly stand against.  
  
"I know, but it's different..." he stammered.  
  
"Fine!" I said dejectedly. "I'll just go to bed and leave you alone." I started walking away.  
  
"Wait, it's not that, its just... If you're mom knew you were running around naked, she'd be angry!" he responded, trying to avoid being the bad guy.  
  
I stopped, and turned back with a smile. "Well, she's asleep. And besides, it's not like you haven't already seen them." I pulled my arm away from my breasts, and gestured to them. My father's mouth dropped open again, as he ogled my sexy nipples. Before he could respond, I sat down on the couch right next to him. "So, is this movie any good?"  
  
"It's, um, Mandy, it's..." he sighed. "The movie is okay. Look, your brother will be home in a few minutes... maybe you should get dressed."  
  
I laid my head on his shoulder. "I know, I'll just stay a few minutes. I just can't sleep right now."  
  
My dad finally gave up, and turned back to watching the movie. From his perspective, I'm sure he could see my uncovered breasts very well. We watched the moved together for awhile, and I enjoyed the feeling of the bare skin of his arm against my side. I repositioned myself such that the side of my right breast was touching his arm. His body stiffened up a little as he realized what he was feeling, and I felt my pussy getting wet again. I smiled, and stayed that way for a few minutes.  
  
He repositioned himself a little, probably to stop the more erotic contact. Putting his arm around my shoulders, he pulled me in a little. I let my head slide down a little, so that I was laying on his chest. My dad started to gently run his hand up and down my arm. It felt nice having him touch me like that. After a little while, I moved my arm forward a little, resting in on his thigh, and causing his hand to start touching my side instead. He continued to caress me gently, but stayed in non-sexual zones.   
  
Eventually, the movie (which turned out to be pretty crappy) came to the obligatory sex scene. It was a fairly explicit one, with the actress topless and bouncing around on top of the hunky actor. Under normal circumstances, it would be awkward to watch this scene with my dad, but at that moment it was getting me even more excited. I looked down at his crotch, and saw a distinct bulge. It was pretty clear to me that he was starting to get hard, although I wasn't sure if it was because of the movie, or me. He could definitely still see my breasts clearly, and since I couldn't see his face anymore, he was free to look at them as much as he wanted.  
  
His hand continued running up and down the side of my body, but began to increase its wandering. Sometimes it came up to my armpit, tickling my slightly. Other times, it went down as far as the side of my thong, running his fingers gently along the thin strip of material that connected the front patch of cloth to the thin band that slid between my ass cheeks in the back. Slowly, his hand moved forward a little, until it was occasionally running along the side of my breast. I let that go on for a few minutes, enjoying the feeling of his caresses, and getting turned on by how daring he was being. Unlike other times I had been showing off or being slutty, I didn't really feel uncomfortable or guilty at all this time. Somehow, even though it was more taboo, I felt very safe in my dad's hands. Eventually, I rotated my body back slightly, exposing more of my breasts to him. More importantly, it meant that his hand was now caressing more of my boob that previously. I closed my eyes, and pretended to doze off a little.  
  
My dad kept caressing me, his hand going more frequently to my breast, and moving along more and more of it. Eventually, his hand ran up the swell of my underboob, across my breast, just barely touching the edge of my nipple. I suppressed a moan, feeling the pleasure run through my body. I opened my eyes again, and saw that my father clearly had an erection.  
  
As safe as I felt, I knew I should probably stop things before they went too far, even though I really didn't want to. I just wanted him to stop playing around and grab my breast already. Apparently my dad was getting a bit worried too though, because he suddenly pulled his hand back. He gently grabbed me by the shoulders, and pushed me into a sitting position. "Okay, Mandy," he said, trying unsuccessfully to draw his eyes away from my jiggling breasts and aroused nipples. "I think it's time for bed."  
  
"Aw, can't I finish the movie?" I asked with a yawn, stretching my arms upwards, and drawing my breasts high on my chest.  
  
"Um, fine, well, um, I think I'm going to turn in." he said.  
  
"What about Jason?" I grinned at him.  
  
"Well, I think you're right. Your brother is an adult, and there's no reason for me to stay up all night waiting for him." He stood up, trying to subtly adjust his pants to hide his erection as he did so. "Goodnight sweetie." My father took one last look at his nearly naked daughter, and went upstairs.  
  
I nearly broke out laughing, the whole situation was so funny. But also so damn hot. My pussy was dripping wet, and I couldn't wait to get upstairs and fuck myself with my vibrator. First, though, I had something else I had to do. After waiting a couple of minutes to be sure he was gone, I clicked "Last" on the remote, to see what my dad had been watching before I interrupted. Sure enough, the channel switched to one of the premium cable channels, that was showing some late night softcore porn. I watched for a minute, as the two actresses with terrible boob jobs kissed each other, and let my hand drift down under my thong. I slid my fingers between my smooth, wet lips, and massaged my clit. It felt incredible, and I decided to head upstairs and finish myself off properly.  
  
After turning off the TV, and went up the stairs. Passing my parents room, I paused for a moment, shocked at what I was hearing. I could clearly hear the bed springs creaking, and the rhythmic sound of the headboard hitting the wall. "No way... they couldn't be..." I thought to myself, before hearing a moan. "Oh, John, oh yes... yessss...." It was my mother, moaning as my father fucked her only a few yards from where I was standing. My father, who just minutes ago was staring at my naked body, lightly touching my breasts and nipple. So he went back to his room and started having sex with my mom. But was he thinking about her, or about me? People always said I look a lot like she did when she was younger. We have the same hair, similar sized breasts, same basic body type. Was he imagining me as he fucked her? The idea both creeped me out, and turned me on to no end. I had to get back to my vibrator to relieve these feelings.  
  
I went back up to my room, pulling off my thong as I closed the door. I walked towards my bed, and noticed that my curtains were still open. I stopped, and stood in front of my bedroom window, pretending to look at myself in the reflection, but really showing off for the window across the way. I'm not sure if Mr. DeMaldo was watching or not, since it was pretty late, but if he was, he got a good show. I slowly ran my hands up my flat stomach and cupped my C or D cup breasts, massaging them a little. As I did so, I thought about Michelle massaging them in the yard earlier, and I felt myself get even wetter. I slid my hands across my breasts, and pinched my pink nipples. Now I was really getting into it; I'm not sure if my pretense about looking at my reflection would really hold up, since this was rapidly becoming a sexy show. But I figured if Mr. DeMaldo was peeping on me, then he certainly wasn't going to tell anyone that I was a slut. As long as we both were having fun, right?  
  
While I played with my hard nipples with my right hand, I let my left drop to my pussy. My finger slid between shaved lips, and lightly rubbed my clit. God, I was already dripping wet. "Alright," I thought to myself, "Time to give my purple friend a workout." Before I stepped away from the window to grab my vibrator, I took one more look at my reflection. I must say, I looked awesome. My wavy red hair, somewhat dishevelled, hung down past my shoulders. My breasts rose and fell sexily with each breath, hard nipples pointing straight at the window (and any possible peeper). My flat stomach and toned legs looked hot, after all of the running I'd been doing. And my red landing strip highlighted my clearly wet and aroused pussy. I smiled at my possibly imaginary viewer, and left the window.

Laying down on my bed, I slowly slid the vibrator into my pussy, and moaned as the vibrations ran through me. I thought about the events of the day, stripping with Michelle, seeing Jason's dick, and touching and being touched by both of them a little. I thought about Michelle using the vibrator while I watched, and about having her watch me use it. And I thought about my dad, looking at my naked breasts, and imagining me as he fucked my mom. I orgasmed fairly quickly, trying to stifle my moans so that my parents wouldn't hear. When I was done, I turned off the light, and went to sleep, not bothering to get dressed.  
  
I awoke briefly during the night, or at least I think I did. I was still very tired, so it's possible that it was only a dream. But I'm pretty sure I heard Jason's voice whispering "Mandy? Mandy are you awake?" He must have gotten home from the concert, but I didn't hear him come in. I felt a hand lightly touch my shoulder and shake me gently. In my half-asleep state, I moaned incoherently in response. Nothing happened again for probably a full minute, and I was nearly fully asleep again when I felt the sheet sliding down across my body; Jason was pulling it down, exposing my naked breasts and shaved pussy! The feeling of the sheet material rubbing across my nipples caused them to harden, and caused a small pang of arousal.  
  
Another thirty seconds or so passed, as I lay naked in front of my brother. I still hadn't opened my eyes, and frankly was still partially asleep. "Mandy?" he repeated quietly. He had leaned his head in close to mine, and I could smell alcohol on his breath. It made sense; he must have been pretty drunk to come into my room like this. Apparently I had made quite the impression on him, running around naked all day, and he needed another look. After a few more seconds, I felt his fingers lightly touching my stomach. It felt very nice having them caress up and down along my flat abs, and I began to doze off again.  
  
Jason's fingers continued up my body, until they were caressing the bottom portions of my large breasts. Slowly, he let the palm of his hand touch my bare skin, and began to squeeze my breast. He worked his way up the mound, until he reached my hard nipple, which he pinched lightly, sending shockwaves through my body and causing my pussy to start getting wet. I was now basically totally awake and aware, but I still hadn't opened my eyes or given any indication that I knew what was going on. Part of me was worried that if Jason knew I was awake, it would scare him off and he would stop. Another part was kind of freaked out about all of this, and at the same time was worried that if I openly acknowledged what was happening, I wouldn't be able to make myself stop him. Flirting and teasing was fun, but I wasn't sure how far I was willing to take things yet (he's my brother for God's sake!). Better to just let him have some "secret' fun for now.  
  
My brother continued to fondle my breasts and nipples, moving back and forth between them. It felt so amazing to have him touch me like that. As he began to touch me more firmly, I couldn't believe that he didn't realize I was awake; he must have really been drunk. Suddenly, his hand left my breasts. I nearly moaned in protest as he stopped, but a few second later, his fingers were tracing their way around my pubic hair. He ran them gently through the red curls of my landing strip, before sliding down to my smooth lips. The light caresses along the bare, sensitive skin just outside my pussy was driving me wild. Slowly, he let his finger slid between the lips, and touch my wet slit. He began to rub my aroused clit, circling his finger around it. It felt so good that I couldn't stop myself from moaning softly.  
  
Jason's hand snapped back quickly, leaving my wet pussy feeling empty and alone. "Shit!" I thought, "Now he thinks I woke up!" I thought for sure he would leave, but thirty seconds or so passed before I heard anything more from him. Then, he whispered "Mandy?" again, this time sounding nervous, but also with a clear drunken slur. I didn't say anything or move at all. I knew all I would have to do to end this would be to roll over or something; if he thought he had woken me up, I he'd definitely flee. Instead, I stayed perfectly still, my horny mind desperately hoping he'd finish what he started.  
  
Another fifteen or twenty seconds passed, before I felt his fingers return to my pussy. He began massaging my clit again, although a bit more lightly than before. I clamped my jaw tightly shut, trying to avoid moaning from the pleasure. My hips began to move in time with his finger ever so slightly; hopefully he'd just think that was an unconscious reaction. After a minute or two of playing with my wet pussy, Jason stopped again. I wasn't sure what was going on, until I heard a zipper. "He's pulling out his dick!" I realized. Despite the risk of being caught, I couldn't help but open my eyes ever so slightly. It was very dark in the room, the only light coming from my clock, and some moonlight through the open window. I could see Jason's very hard cock in his hand, as he began to slowly pump it up and down. While I had seen it earlier (and better) in the bright sunlight earlier that day, I was completely different to see it in such a sexual situation. He stroked his shaft faster and faster while he looked at my totally exposed body. I wonder how badly he had wanted to do that all day, after seeing me and Michelle prancing around nude.  
  
I couldn't help but think of the landscapers doing something so similar over my naked teen body the day before. But that time, I was able to play with myself and orgasm. That wasn't an option now, because Jason still thought I was asleep. I wanted him to resume touching me so badly, and pretty quickly I got my wish. While he continued jerking off with one hand, the other found its way back to my pussy. He began to rub my clit again, and I nearly orgasmed right away. It felt so amazing to have him touching me while he masturbated. His fingers began to drift down from my clit, and dart briefly into my wet opening. Each time he went in, he went a little deeper, and stayed a little longer. Soon, he was full on fingering my wet pussy with two fingers. My tight walls squeezed them, but they slid in and out easily of my very lubricated hole. Again I stifled a moan, and let me legs spread just a little more open.  
  
Part me badly wanted him to stop screwing around and get on top of me. I wanted to feel his big cock sliding into me, filling my tight pussy. But another part of me was terrified by that thought. How could I have sex with my brother? Hell, things had already gone way too far! This wasn't simple teasing anymore! On the other hand, I was having way too much fun to stop things. Besides, as far as he knew, I was still asleep. This was just a drunken fantasy for him, and an erotic dream for me. Still, I was both extremely excited and afraid he would try to fuck me soon.  
  
Either way, it didn't come to that. After a couple of minutes of both of us getting hornier and hornier, I heard his breathing speed up. He withdrew his hand from my pussy again, and I watched as he put it in front of his dick to catch his imminent cum. Jason's hand sped up, and his hips started to thrust back and forth. A few seconds later, he began to orgasm, catching his semen in his hand as he did so. It was so erotic watching my brother orgasm, his body twitching slightly as he finished. I desperately wanted to go off too, but I couldn't risk it yet. Jason looked at me again, taking in the sexy image before one last time. His dick, still hanging out of his pants was slowly softening. He started to turn to leave, stopped, and turned back. Slowly, he lowered his head towards me. I shut my eyes tightly, thinking he may have seen that I was awake. Instead, I felt his breath on my chest. Then, suddenly, his tongue lightly touched my breast, and slowly slid across my stiff nipple. It felt unbelievable as it crossed my areola, and I nearly orgasmed with it flicked over my nipple. Then, after the one good lick, he left the room.  
  
I heard him go into the bathroom, presumably to wash his hand. I wasn't sure if the door was closed, or if he'd be coming back, but I couldn't hold back any longer. I launched my hands down to my pussy, sliding three fingers from my right hand into my wet opening, and pinching my clit between two fingers on my left hand. As I pumped my fingers into my pussy and rubbed my sensitive clit, I let my hips thrust violently up and down. I came quickly, and I swear it was really two big orgasms in quick succession. My back arched, and my mouth opened in a silent scream, as I struggled to stay quiet. As I came down from the enormous orgasm, my body flopped limply back onto the bed, and I was soon slipping back into sleep.  
  
I slept soundly for the rest of the night, not waking up until around 11 the next morning. I was still lying totally naked, with my legs spread wide and the sheet crumpled on the floor. I remembered the events of the night hazily, and wasn't sure whether or not it was a dream. It couldn't have been real, right? There's no way Jason would come fondle me while I was sleeping, no matter how drunk he got at that concert... Looking over at the door, I saw that it was open about six inches. Surely I had closed it the night before? Maybe he had opened it and looked in, and I had imagined the rest? Well, either way, the reality was that the door to my bedroom was open, I was totally naked, and the rest of the household was almost certainly awake.  
  
I climbed out of bed, and threw on a t-shirt and some pajama pants before going downstairs for breakfast. In the front hall, I passed Jason. "Hi big brother! How was the concert?" I asked jovially.  
  
"Ugh, it was awesome, but I got way too drunk. Now I have to go help Mr. DeMaldo renovate while I'm hungover," he whined. But I noticed he didn't seem to want to make eye contact with me. His eyes darted around the room, before landing on my braless, t-shirt clad breasts. He quickly looked away again, and seemed rather awkward.  
  
"Awww, poor baby!" I mocked. "Didn't get much sleep?"  
  
He gave me a slightly annoyed look, and said, "No, not really..."  
  
"Oh, I slept like a rock. I did have a really great dream though..." I said flirtatiously. He didn't respond, just kept looking awkward. "Okay, well, have fun." I continued. "Rather than working, I'm gonna spend the day shopping, and maybe lounging by the pool." I winked with him, and he awkwardly looked away again.  
  
"Yeah, have fun with that. See you later." he said, and walked past me and out the door. I watched him go, thinking about how weird he was being right now. Was it just the hangover? Or was he feeling guilty about touching me last night? Or, was it just awkward because he had seen me naked all yesterday afternoon?  
  
I went into the kitchen to grab some breakfast, and ran into my dad. Like Jason, he seemed unwilling to make eye contact, clearly embarrassed by last night's events. "Hey Daddy!" I said brightly. "What are you up to today?"  
  
"Mowing the lawn, fixing that broken drawer in your mother's dresser." he replied, again averting his eyes. I sat at the table with him, and we both ate a rather silent breakfast. Afterwards, he went out to the garage to get the lawnmower. I smiled to myself, running through yesterdays events in my mind; tanning topless, skinny dipping with Jason, masturbating with Michelle, showing off for Dad, and finally letting Jason touch me while he jerked off. I felt a little bit of guilt at how slutty I was becoming, but the excitation I felt was much stronger. I decided I would take the vibrator for a spin before my shower, and thought about the two men in my family who were becoming rather smitten with me as I did so.

**==Part 6: Michelle Meets the Landscapers==**  
  
The rest of that Sunday was fairly uneventful. I spent most of the morning relaxing around the house. I tanned in the backyard near the pool for awhile, while my Dad mowed the lawn. Several times I caught him glancing at me in my sexy little bikini, before quickly averting his eyes. I smiled to myself, watching him struggle with his feelings about his scantily clad teenage daughter. I briefly considered going topless again, but decided that would be pushing things a little too far; as much fun as I was having teasing him, I didn't want to be too obvious about it. After awhile, I figured I should get out of the house for a bit, before I gave into temptation and started showing off again.  
  
"Daddy?" I called, standing up from my towel. "Can I borrow the car to go to the mall?" He looked at me, pulling his eyes away from by barely-covered breasts (my nipples had hardened, and their outline was quite visible through my top).  
  
"Um, sure, honey. Go, have fun!" he said quickly, and turned back to his mowing.  
  
I yelled, "Thanks!" as I ran into the house. I took a quick shower, and got dressed in a tight t-shirt and shorts. Rather conservative, considering my behavior for the past week, but I wasn't sure I wanted to be showing off too much at the crowded mall.  
  
I spent the afternoon wandering around the stores, wishing Michelle could have joined me (but she was working at the restaurant again). I decided to buy a bunch of new running clothes. I bought more sexy sports bras, like the pink one I originally flashed the landscapers in. Rather than a single amorphous shelf for holding my big breasts, they had individual cups, more like a standard bra. The material on these ones was a bit thinner, and would probably show my nipples pretty nicely if they hardened. The bras were still less showy than bikini tops, but would definitely get me some looks as I ran. I got five of them, each in different color. I was particularly interested in the white one, which seemed likely to become see-through when I sweated in it.  
  
As I walked up to the register, I noticed some of the spandex shorts that Michelle always wore when she worked out. I had never particularly liked them in the past; they always seemed too showy for me. But now the thought of showing off my firm ass, and maybe even some camel toe, was turning me on. So I bought five pairs of those, too. Leaving the store, I smiled to myself, thinking that the landscapers were in for a treat tomorrow.  
  
Nothing particularly sexy happened that night. I watched TV with my brother for a while, although he was being a little standoffish, probably embarrassed at his behavior the night before. Michelle called me when she was done with her work shift, and we chatted for awhile. Our conversation was, for the most part, not sex-based at all, which was sort of nice. I had become a bit obsessed with thinking about sex over the last week, so it was nice to have a normal conversation about clothes and college and movies. Before hanging up, I asked her, "So, are you coming running again with me tomorrow?"  
  
"Absolutely!" she said. "After working in the damn restaurant all day, it will be nice to be outside! Plus, you need to introduce me to your new admirers!"  
  
I laughed. "Oh, don't worry, I think they'll get a kick out of you. I'll see you tomorrow afternoon!"  
  
After getting off the phone, I decided to go to bed. I stripped naked, and glanced at my window. My shades were still open, and I wondered again if Mr. DeMaldo might be watching me. I didn't put on a real show for him that night, but I did walk past the window a bunch of times, my sexy breasts bouncing with each step. So hopefully he still enjoyed the view, if he was there at all. After that, I went to bed.  
  
By the time I woke up the next morning, the house was already empty. Mom and Dad were at work, and Jason was next door helping Mr. DeMaldo. I walked around naked for a little while, before putting on a new green sports bra and gray running shorts. Checking myself out in the mirror, I liked what I saw. Like Michelle, I went commando under the shorts, so they sat on my like a second skin. Both ass cheeks were hugged smoothly, and my pussy lips were slightly visible. On top, the bra allowed for a little bit of jiggling, but not so much as to be uncomfortable. Overall, I looked pretty damn sexy.  
  
Shortly after I finished getting ready, the doorbell rang. I answered it, and saw Michelle standing there. She was wearing a white sundress and cute sandals, and was carrying her gym bag.  
  
"Hey!" I said, stepping aside to let her in.  
  
"Hey sexy thang!" she joked, looking my body up and down. "You look hot! Although I'm kind of surprised to see you wearing clothes at all!" she continued with a wink. "You have the house to yourself, right? I saw Jason next store in the yard, carrying out bags of trash."  
  
I stuck my tongue out at her. "Yep, just me. You missed the nudie show by a few minutes."  
  
"Oh well, I'm sure I'll catch the rerun later." she replied, winking again. "Anyway, time to get ready to run." With that, she pulled her dress up and over her head. Underneath, she was totally naked, revealing her sexy medium-sized breasts, hard brown nipples, and smooth, shaved pussy.  
  
I grinned and shook my head, as my best friend stood naked in my front hall. "You seem to have forgotten your underwear today, sweetie." I joked.  
  
"Nope," she said. "Just figured, 'why bother?' I mean, I'm just going to change anyway." She was pulling on her own black spandex shorts, followed by a gray sports bra. "Okay, you ready to go?"  
  
"Yep," I replied. We went outside, and started to jog down the street. We passed Mr. DeMaldo's place, and saw he and Jason dragging more garbage out to the curb. We both waved, as the two men stared slack-jawed at the sexy, barely dressed eighteen-year olds running past.  
  
Michelle giggled. "Did you see that? I think they like us!"  
  
"I should think so!" I responded, also laughing. "Well, Jason at the very least has seen us nude, and I'm pretty sure Mr. DeMaldo probably took a peek on Saturday when we were sunbathing."  
  
"You know, I don't know what's gotten into you lately, but I like it!" Michelle declared.  
  
"Just wait until you meet my biggest fans out on MacArthur road!" I said.  
  
We continued to run along, soon entering the small park before MacArthur road. Michelle, who had been mostly silent for the last few minutes, spoke up. "So, like, what is going to happen when we see them? We're just going to flash them, right?"  
  
I was a little shocked at how nervous she sounded. "Well, yeah. I mean, on Friday I sort of let things get a little out of control. They touched me and everything, but they were rather gentlemanly. When I said 'no' or 'stop' they listened."  
  
"Okay," she said, sounding a little relieved. "It's just... I mean, showing off is fun, and just thinking about it is making me horny, but... doesn't it make you nervous?"  
  
"Sort of." I responded. "But I kinda think that's part of the fun, right?"  
  
She smiled at me. "Yeah, I guess. Okay, but ground rule, no fucking them, okay?"  
  
I laughed. "Okay, that sounds fine with me. Otherwise, we'll just see what happens."  
  
We stepped out of the trees, and turned onto MacArthur Road. It was Monday, so the landscapers were working on the golf course to our left, near to where we came onto the road.   
  
Tim saw us first, and immediately waved to me. I waved back, and slowed my pace as we approached him. The others dropped what they were doing, and gathered around. "Hey Amanda!" Eric said.  
  
"Hey guys!" I replied, smiling broadly. Part of me was nervous about this; last week I let these guys see me naked and feel me up. What did they expect now? But already my pussy was getting wet. This was just too much fun to let a little shame get in the way. "This is my friend Michelle! Be nice, she's nervous!"  
  
Michelle shot me an angry glance, but then turned back to the guys and said, "Hi! Nice to meet you!"  
  
I next introduced Michelle to each of the guys, naming them in turn: Eric, the thin white guy smoking a cigarette; Tim, the big, muscley black guy; Felipe, the cute hispanic guy; Dean, the middle-aged, tattooed white guy; Carlos, the skinny hispanic guy; and Miguel, the grizzled, slightly creepy-looking hispanic guy. Each man very politely said "Hi" in turn, Felipe even throwing in a cute little bow and kissing her hand in a cheesy way.  
  
"So," Michelle asked, looking around, "what now?"  
  
"Well," I said, mimicking Michelle's usual mischievous grin, "I usually start like this!" I reached down to the front of my sexy green sports bra, and pulled it up. I could feel the material sliding along my nipples, causing them to harden. The warm summer air hit the bottom of my breasts as they became exposed, then I felt it on my sensitive nipples. Then, my breasts were free, bouncing down slightly as they were released from the bra.  
  
The six guys stared openly as by sexy exposed breasts, and I looked at Michelle. "Well, do you want to give them a show too?" I asked her tauntingly.  
  
She grinned a little, and reached for her own bra. But, before she could lift it, we heard a car turn onto the street. "Shit!" I cried, pulling my top down quickly over my breasts. The driver glanced at us as he passed; I don't think he saw my naked tits, but he definitely saw the two scantily clad teenagers surrounded by a bunch of tough-looking landscapers.  
  
Carlos shook his head. "Um, that guy is gonna call the cops."  
  
Eric hit him in the shoulder. "No he won't, we're fine. Anyway, nothing illegal going on. The girls are 18, right?" he said, looking at us.  
  
"Yeah," I said, "but I'd rather not have to explain that to anyone. I don't think this is going to work out on the street."  
  
Michelle looked a little disappointed, which was funny since she had originally been nervous. I think maybe she was jealous that she didn't get to flash too. "I dunno, it's not that busy of a street. I think we'll be fine." she offered.  
  
"Actually," Felipe took over, "we have a little surprise set up for you!" He gestured to the landscaping trailer behind him. The thing was fully enclosed with a roof, and was fairly large. Definitely enough for me to stand in, although a tall guy like Tim might have to hunch over. It was also fairly wide and long, since it needed to carry all of the mowers and equipment.  
  
Eric grinned. "Yeah, girls, you have to check this out. It was Dean's idea." He stepped up the short ramp into the trailer. "Come on in!"  
  
"Um, I'm not sure I want to hang out in a dirty trailer." I said doubtfully, but Michelle was already following. I sighed, and went with her.  
  
The area near the entrance of the trailer was jam-packed with equipment that we had to climb awkwardly over. When we finally got over the pile of crap, we were standing with Eric in front of some sort of curtain they'd hung probably about two thirds of the way along. I looked back, and saw the rest of the guys climbing over the landscaping crap to get to us.  
  
"Ready?" Eric asked, smiling broadly. I wasn't sure that I was ready. The trailer was dark and sketchy, and I was getting worried that maybe these guys weren't so gentlemanly after all. Last Friday when I let them touch me we were in a secluded area behind a house, but well within screaming distance for help. I wasn't sure who would hear us from in the trailer.  
  
But as Eric drew back the curtain, I really was surprised. Behind it was a well lit section of trailer. It looked like they had strung up some battery powered lights. The walls and floor were clean, and looked freshly scrubbed. They had put an old futon mattress on the floor, which looked fairly comfortable. Then I noticed the decoration on the back wall; they had tacked up my bra and panties they'd taken last week, and hung above them was the naked picture Eric had taken of me, showing my bare breasts and spread pussy.  
  
"So, what do you think?" Tim asked, stepping up behind me.  
  
"Um, wow... a little bit presumptuous, don't you think?" I responded. Part of me was a little creeped out. Did they expect to all have sex with me back here? And what was with the little shrine they had hung? But my pussy was getting wetter by the second, and I was wondering if they had jerked off to that picture this weekend. Had they spent the last few days waiting for me to come back? The horny part of my mind was telling me to strip down and let them have their way with me.  
  
Michel had walked over the futon mattress, and was staring at the nude picture on the wall. "Wow, looking good Mandy!" she laughed. Turning back, she saw all of the guys standing at the curtain, and smiled. "Well, I guess it's my turn to show, huh?" She grabbed the bottom of her bra, and in one swift motion pulled it up and over her head, tossing it to the floor. Her firm, medium sized breasts jiggled slightly as they came free. Her nipples were not fully hard, but definitely looked aroused as they pointed towards her audience. Turning towards me, she said, "Well, are you going to join in?" She gestured towards the picture on the wall. "I mean, it looks like they've already seen it all"  
  
I grinned at her, and pulled my own bra off, baring my big sexy breasts to the landscapers again. Michelle quickly stepped forward, reached over, and pinched one of my nipples. "Hey guys, these feel pretty nice. You should try them!"  
  
I pushed her away playfully, but Felipe was already saying, "Hey, you don't have to ask twice." I felt his hand lay over my breast, squeezing it lightly, feeling its weight and size. Miguel stepped forward too, and started to pull in my other nipple. I moaned in pleasure, loving the attention I was getting.  
  
Michelle was staring at me, enjoying watching me get felt up, when Tim stepped up to her. "Ya know," he said, "Amanda let us see everything she had to show last week. Only fair if you show too." He winked at her.  
  
She smiled, and playfully said, "Hey, you first!"  
  
With a grin, Tim pulled off his shirt, exposing his huge muscular arms and ripped chest. He next pulled down his shorts and boxers in one move, exposing his large, hardening cock. Michelle's jaw dropped, seeing the sexy hulk of a man in front of her. He kicked off his boots, and stood fully naked. "Okay babe, now you."  
  
Still staring at Tim's dick, Michelle kicked off her own sneakers and socks, and then slowly peeled down her spandex shorts. Her sexy hips came into view, and then her shaved mound. As the waistband passed below her smooth pussy lips, it was clear to everyone that she was wet and excited. She finished pulling off the shorts, and tossed them into the crowd of landscapers. Then, she put her arms up in the air and spread her legs slightly in a "Ta-Da!" sort of way. "So guys, like what you see?" she asked, grinning.  
  
"Oh Hell yeah!" Eric said, stepping forward. He reached up and grabbed both of her breasts, kneading them in his hands. She moaned, and brought her hands down to his shirt, which she lifted and pulled off. As she worked to undo his belt, Tim stepped up behind her and grabbed her firm, bare ass. Eric took over removing his pants while Michelle, leaned backwards against Tim's naked body. She looked up at him, put her hand behind his head, and pulled him down into a kiss. I watched in shock as my best friend made out with the big, sexy black man, his hands sliding up and down the front of her body, pinching her nipples while his hard cock press against her naked ass. Eric finally managed to get fully nude, tossing his clothes aside. His dick was rock hard too, and he stroked it lightly, watching the naked teenager in front of him. Reaching forward, he slid his fingers between her wet lips, and rubbed her clit in small circles, making her moan. She broke her kiss with Tim, and started kissing Eric instead, as he continued to touch her.  
  
Tim looked over at Carlos, and said "Hey man, join in." With a nervous grin, Carlos pulled off his own shirt, and stepped towards Michelle. He put his hand on her breast, and cautiously played with her hard nipple. Her moans seemed to embolden him, and he leaned his head down to suck on it.  
  
While I watched my friend get felt up by three strangers, Felipe continued to play with my breasts. Dean quickly stepped forward to help, as Miguel moved behind me, out of my view. The two men began sucking on my pink nipples; Felipe nibbled lightly on my right nipple, while Dean flicked his tongue rapidly over my left, making moan in pleasure. I could hear Miguel stripping out of his clothes behind me, and I turned my head to see his naked cock pointing at me. I stared at it for a minute, before Felipe left my breast, and pulled my head towards him into a kiss. We made out, his tongue darting in and out of my mouth. Felipe was a great kisser; if my shirt wasn't already off, those kisses definitely could have convinced me to remove it. As one landscaper kissed me, and another played with my breasts, Miguel reached forward and grabbed the waistband to my spandex running shorts. He pulled them down slowly, exposing my firm ass. From the front, my red landing strip came into view, followed by my wet and open pussy lips. He drew the shorts all the way down my legs. I broke my kiss with Felipe so that I could shift my weight, allowing Miguel, with Dean's help, to pull of my shoes, socks, and shorts. Now I was totally naked too.  
  
Felipe quickly pulled off his shirt, followed by his pants. I stared longingly at his hard dick as it sprung free, wanting to grab it. Miguel pressed up against me from behind, cupping my breasts with his hands and pressing his hard cock in between my ass cheeks. Dean stepped away to strip naked too, and Felipe moved back towards me. As he started kissing me again, his soft lips sliding against mine, he moved his hand down to my pussy. He easily slid between my wet folds, and rubbed gently against my clit. Meanwhile, Miguel was pinching my nipples roughly. The combination of the rough breast play with the gentle touches to my clit drove me wild, and I actually had a small orgasm. My moans got louder, and I pulled away from Felipe's kisses. Instead, I kissed down his smooth chest (he must have waxed it, it was so smooth). In doing so, I bent over slightly. I kissed down his hard body, along his well formed abs, causing me to bend at the waist as my mouth approached his hard cock. I slowly brought my open mouth towards the head, letting my tongue gently touch it. Felipe moaned a little, and pushed forward, sliding his cock into my waiting mouth.  
  
It felt amazing sucking on his dick, feeling it fill my mouth, hearing him moan as I moved up and down. I was basically bent over at the waist, keeping my legs straight. Miguel moved his hands down to my hips, steadying me, as the now naked Dean stepped forward and took over pinching my nipples. Miguel's dick was still pressed up against my ass, and he decided to take full advantage of my new position. I felt him slide the head of his cock between my lips; he slid it up and down my slit, stimulating my sensitive clit, and making me moan around Felipe's dick. Then, I felt his dick find the entrance to my pussy. He pressed forward slightly, but met a little bit of resistance; as horny and wet as I was, his dick was still too thick to slide into me in one push. I was grateful for that; while I was having a lot of fun, and the horny part of me didn't want to stop, the logical part of my brain was saying that things might be going too far. I felt the head of his cock penetrate my hole, stretching me out slightly. I cried out in pleasure, but reluctantly pulled away.  
  
I stepped nearer to the back wall, away from the three guys who had been touching me. "Sorry," I said with an apologetic smile. "But I promised Michelle that we weren't going to have sex with you guys today. Just give you a show to enjoy." Miguel looked a little pissed, standing there with his thick cock pointing straight out, the head covered in my wetness.

The three guys who were playing Michelle stopped. "Aww, I dunno, I bet we could convince her to do a bit more than a show." Tim said with a grin, reaching down between her shaved lips and stroking her wet clit.  
  
Michelle moaned, but pulled away. "Maybe next time, big guy." She winked, and reached over to give his huge dick a playful tug. Then she walked over to me, and said, "So, what kind of show do you have in mind?" Before I could respond, she gently grabbed by naked breasts, and started kneading them. I smiled, and returned the favor; I started pinching her hard nipples, gently at first, but then getting a little rougher. I really liked the feel of her breasts in my hands, and how it felt when my hands rubbed over the bumps of her areolas. She moaned again as my finger flicked over her nipple. Then, she leaned in and kissed me full on the lips. Her lips were so soft, and it felt amazing. I parted my own lips a little, and darted my tongue between hers. She responded, and we French kissed for a few minutes, playing with each others naked breasts, while our horny audience stroked their hard cocks.  
  
I was getting really into it; my eyes were closed, and is started moaning. I let my hand drift down from her chest, along her flat stomach, and between her legs, where I felt her smooth, shaved lips. I could feel the moisture on her open slit, and that made me even hornier. But I suddenly became a little self conscious; I was standing in a trailer, nearly fingering my naked best friend, while a bunch of strange naked men watched! I broke the kiss, and pulled away from her. She actually looked a little disappointed! I think she wanted me to touch her more.  
  
"Okay," I said, turning to the guys again. "I think that enough of that for now. How about I continue the show a little differently?" With that, I sat down on the futon mattress, laid back, and spread my legs as wide as I could. The landscapers had a completely unobstructed view of my pink pussy: my outer lips were wide open, my clit was a bit engorged, and it was all glistening with my wetness. I slid my hands down between my legs, and started to rub and pinch my clit. As I did so, I looked around at the men who were all stroking their hard dicks. Some were going fast, others slow; Miguel was frantically pumping away (thankfully without my panties in his hand this time), while Tim was barely touching himself, mostly just watching and enjoying the show. Michelle was watching me too. She was staring intently at me, with lust in her eyes, as she gently pinched her nipple with her right hand.  
  
The audience was turning me on. I was getting hornier and hornier, and was approaching a magnificent orgasm, when suddenly Felipe spoke up. "Hey, don't you want your little friend?" I looked at him, and he was holding the shovel I had fucked myself with last Friday.  
  
I smiled seductively, and said, "Sure!" I had expected him to hand it to me, but instead he stepped forward, crouched down between my spread legs, and pressed the handle of the shovel against my wet opening. I cried out in pleasure as he slowly slid the smooth handle into me; I could feel it stretching me out a little as it went. When he had it in as far as it would go, he started sliding it back and forth. As he drove me crazy, I looked up at Michelle. She now had her hand between her legs, and was rapidly stroking her clit. Since she was standing right next to me, I had an incredible view of her finger sliding up and down her smooth, wet, pink slit. It was all so overstimulating: laying on the floor while a strange man fucked me with a shovel, having everyone watch me as I played with my nipples and clit, and watching my best friend touch herself so intimately. I thought I was going to orgasm, but instead I hit a new high plateau of pleasure that felt like one long extended orgasm.  
  
It was all driving me crazy, and half of me wanted to yell at Felipe to drop that shovel and fuck me already! I might have done it, too, but before I said anything, Tim stepped up to Michelle. He grabbed her firm ass in his big hand, and said to her, "Hey, I think your friend could use a little more help." She looked at him, and he winked. With a sexy smile, she turned back towards me, and knelt down. She leaned over, and kissed me on the lips again. As we made out, she started playing with my nipple.  
  
I was in complete bliss, and I don't think I'd ever been hornier. I moaned as she pinched my pink nipple between her fingers, and then I felt her hands lightly tracing down my big breasts, along my ribs, and down my stomach. She briefly caressed my red landing strip, before slowly sliding her finger into my wet slit. She found my clit, and began stroking it lightly. Finally it was too much; having my best friend touch me down below drove me over the edge, and I was thrust into the biggest orgasm I've ever had. I screamed out in the trailer (anyone passing would have thought someone was being killed!), and my body thrashed as my pussy clamped down on the handle of the shovel.  
  
Michelle and Felipe moved back and gave me some breathing room as I came down from my orgasmic high. I slid the shovel out of my soaking wet pussy, and looked around the room. Felipe, Tim, and Carlos were still stroking their rock hard cocks. It looked like Dean and Eric had cum, and their dicks were now only at half mast. I think Miguel had orgasmed too, but he was still frantically tugging on his cock, already prepped for another round.  
  
I looked over at Michelle; she had leaned back and spread her own legs wide, and was rapidly rubbing the fingers of her right hand over her clit, while tugging on her nipples with her left hand. Her eyes were closed, and she was moaning in pleasure. I think she couldn't take the horniness anymore, and just needed release. I watched her for a minute, feeling myself get horny again.  
  
"Hey," Eric said. "She gave you a hand! Now return the favor." I looked down at my friend, and decided that I couldn't resist. I crawled forward, and kneeled between her spread legs. Slowly I let my fingers touch the smooth skin around her shaved pussy lips, sliding back and forth, getting closer to her sensitive pink pussy. As I reached the edge of her lips, I could feel her wetness. I still couldn't get over how odd it was touching another girl's body; it felt so much like my own, but at the same time so alien. I slid my fingers onto her soft pink skin, and run them up and down the length of her slit. She moaned, as I circled closer and closer to her clit. Finally, I began to lightly touch the sensitive nub, then began to rub it more firmly.  
  
She moaned loudly, and started bucking her hips in pleasure. As she did so, my fingers slipped back to the opening of her pussy. I paused for a second, contemplating fingering my best friend. Then, I looked at her face; her eyes were open, and she was giving such a look of longing that I decided to go for it. I looked at the six naked men in my audience, who seemed to be silently willing me on with their stares. I smiled, and slowly pressed my fingers into Michelle's open pussy. They slid in easily, but I was still shocked at how tight she was! And how warm it was inside of her! I wiggled my fingers in a way that I always like done to me, and she cried out. I began pumping my fingers in and out of her, while rubbing her clit with my other hand. She was thrusting back against me, and moaning over and over.  
  
I decided that Michelle needed to feel the shovel inside of her, and I looked back for it. Eric saw me reaching for it, and said, "Aww, she doesn't need that! She needs your tongue!" That was too much for me; I was already pushing a lot of my limits here. I glared at him, and was about to make a sarcastic retort, but the rest of the guys all started saying "Yeah!" and "Come on!" and "Do it!" I looked back at Michelle, and she was staring at me. She mouthed the word "Please" to me, and my resistance broke.  
  
I drew the fingers that were playing with her clit up towards my mouth, and licked them slowly, in a showy fashion. The taste was interesting, and not unpleasant. The guys cheered, and Michelle whimpered from her lust. Then I leaned forward, my long red hair cascading down around my face and onto her bare pelvis and hips. Extending my tongue outward, I leaned forward until the tip was lightly touching her pussy lip. I licked up and down gently for a moment, before pushing in further and licking her clit. My best friend moaned as I ran my tongue along her slowly along her slit, pausing to flick it rapidly over her clit. It was weird to be licking my friend's pussy, but at the same time it was so much fun making her cry out like that.  
  
A bright flash of light filled the trailer for a second. Being distracted by the feeling of my tongue sliding along my friends smooth lips, I nearly ignored it, but then I realized it was Eric and his camera again! But before I could turn to yell at him, Michelle began to orgasm. I could feel her pussy quivering around my fingers as her moans got louder. She pinched her nipples tightly, and I flicked my tongue rapidly over her clit. Her legs clamped closed around my head and her body trembled as she finally came. Then she went limp, laying dazed on the futon mattress.  
  
I felt a splatter of cum hit the back of my legs, as one of the landscapers finished as well. I stood up, and turned back towards them. It looked like they had all cum, and some of them twice, expect maybe Tim, whose huge black cock was still rock hard. "So," Felipe asked with a grin, "how'd she taste?" Without saying anything, I leaned over and kissed him deeply, running my tongue between his lips and into his mouth, letting him taste Michelle on me.  
  
I pulled back, smiling at him, and said "Well, that was fun." Then I looked at Eric and said, "Let me see the camera."  
  
He frowned, and said, "Aww, come on, we needed a picture! Like last time!" But he handed it over to me. He had only taken a single photo, and it was a doozy. Michelle was on her back, both breasts totally exposed to the camera. Her pussy was hidden by my head as I went down on her, my red hair splayed out and blocking the view. My face was similarly hidden by my hair, but Michelle's face was completely visible, with a look of ecstasy on it. Anyone seeing this picture could identify her with no problem. I should have made Eric delete it, but it was such a gorgeous picture, and I was still so horny, that I decided to let him keep it. It was risky, but I couldn't stop myself. I passed the camera back to him with a smile.  
  
Michelle was finally sitting up, having recovered a bit from her orgasm. "Hey hot stuff," I said, putting out my hand to help her up. "Have a good time?"  
  
She giggled a little sheepishly, and replied, "Yeah, yeah I'd say so."  
  
"Alright guys," I said to our audience, "I think it's time for us to go." Felipe handed me my bra and shorts, and I quickly put them on.  
  
"Hey, where're my clothes?" Michelle asked.  
  
"I've got them here," Tim responded, holding them up. But when she reached for them, he said, "Nope. Sorry. They have to go on the wall." And he pointed to my old bra and panties that they hung up. "First time a girl strips like that, we gotta hang up her underwear as a memento!"  
  
Michelle's eyes went wide. "But, but those are the only clothes I have! I didn't wear any underwear!"  
  
Tim chuckled. "Yep, that's why we've gotta keep these."  
  
"How am I supposed to get home?" my naked friend asked, sounding a little scared. Unconsciously, she put her arm across her chest, covering her nipples. She looked at me, and said, "Mandy, help me out here!"  
  
Mimicking the mischievous grin she always gave me before causing trouble, I looked at her and said, "Well I dunno, but rules are rules. I guess you're just gonna have to figure it out!"

**==Part 7: Through the Woods==**  
We were standing around in the landscapers' trailer; I had put my sports bra and running shorts back on, and most of the guys were starting to dress again. But Michelle was still totally nude in front of the six older men. Tim was holding her clothes out of her reach, having just declared that they needed her bra and shorts as a "memento" to the fun afternoon we had all just shared.  
  
"Okay, seriously!" Michelle said, sounding both nervous and annoyed. "I need those back! I can't run home naked! I'll get arrested!" Her medium-sized breasts jiggled slightly in her agitation, and her nipples were very hard.  
  
Tim, who was also still nude, hard cock sticking straight towards her, responded, "Well, maybe we can come to an arrangement." Then he winked at her.  
  
Michelle paused, and looked around the room at the men staring longingly at her naked 18-year old body. "What sort of arrangement? We already said we aren't fucking you guys."  
  
"Fair enough. How 'bout this: if you give me a blowjob, I'll make sure you don't leave this trailer naked." the big black landscaper replied.  
  
She hesitated a little before responding. "Just you? Not them, right?" she said, gesturing to the rest of the guys.  
  
"Hey now! Let's not be too hasty!" Eric chimed in. "I mean, you two sexy ladies have been getting us all horny! Why should Tim be the only one getting any action?"  
  
Tim laughed, and said, "Because I'm the one holding her clothes, you pervert. Besides, the rest of you already jacked yourselves off watching the girls. You didn't have patience, so you don't get special attention." Then he turned to Michelle, and gestured down at his big, hard dick. "Ok sexy thing, do we have a deal? One blowjob for something wear."  
  
The guys didn't sound threatening or anything, and it seemed like if Michelle had just said "no" they would have relented. Still, I decided I should step in to defend my friend. But before I could, Michelle stepped forward without a word. She kneeled down in front of Tim, and took his hard, black cock in her hands, and slowly leaned forward, until her mouth was right in front of it. Then she licked her tongue out slowly, running it gently along the tip. She licked around his whole dick, as Tim grinned and leaned his head back in pleasure. Next she opened her mouth wide and slid his cock into it. She bobbed up and down on it, her medium-sized breasts jiggling nicely as she did.  
  
Tim was grinning and moaning, but Eric was frowning. Tim glanced over at him, and said, "Hey, can't a guy get some privacy?" Then he threw Michelle's shorts and bra at him.  
  
Eric caught the clothes and glared at him, but before he could say anything Dean spoke up a little nervously. "Hey, guys, we probably should get back to work before someone comes looking for us. The boss said he might drop by today"  
  
Felipe agreed, saying "Yeah, he's right guys. Come on Eric, let's get back to mowing that damn lawn." Then he turned to me, and said "Thanks for a great show today sweetheart. Encore tomorrow?"  
  
I smiled at him, and replied, "Oh, trust me, you don't want to miss tomorrow's performance." And with a grin I reached out and grabbed his cock through his shorts. It wasn't fully erect, but felt like it might be on its way.  
  
Smiling, he said "Oh, I wouldn't dream of missing it." With that, he kissed me lightly on the cheek, then turned and walked past the curtains and out of the trailer, ushering Dean, Carlos, and an irritated-looking Eric along ahead of him. Miguel was the last to leave, his eyes staring at me hungrily. As he passed me, he reached up and groped my tit one last time. It was crude, but at the same time I felt myself getting horny again. I watched him leave, thinking about how only a few minutes earlier his cock had briefly pushed its way into my pussy. I wondered if he was thinking about that too, and part of me wished I had just let him continue.  
  
Shaking my head to clear my thoughts, I turned back towards our little room in the trailer. Michelle was still naked on her knees, sucking happily on Tim's cock. Tim had his hands in her hair, and was guiding her along his length, clearly enjoying the blowjob from the 18-year old hottie. Her head was bobbing back and forth along his large dick, with one hand wrapped around the base. Her other hand was between her own legs, rubbing her clit. I was getting turned on again watching them, and I slid my own hand down the front of the shorts and slid my finger along my wet slit. I could hear some voices outside, but I ignored them; the show inside was too much fun.  
  
Tim had his head leaned back, moaning in pleasure. Michelle began to moan too, and started to stroke his cock with one hand while fingering herself more fervently with the other. Her medium-sized breasts jiggled seductively as she worked at getting them both off. Watching the big black dick slide into the 18-year old's mouth was incredible. Part of me wanted to go join them, but I hesitated. Sure, Michelle and I had played with each other earlier, but that was more for the guys enjoyment, right? I wasn't sure if she wanted me to intrude on her fun with Tim. Then I heard someone talking with a raised voice outside the truck. I looked over, and considered going to check it out and give Tim and Michelle some privacy.  
  
The big black landscaper had other ideas, however. He looked towards me, and saw my hand buried in my shorts, my fingers moving all over my clit. Smiling, he gestured for me to come over to him. "Well," I thought, "I guess that's my cue." Taking my hand out of my spandex shorts, I reached up and pulled my top off again, exposing my large breasts and rock-hard pink nipples. But before I could step forward to join them, Carlos came bursting into our little curtained-off room.  
  
"What the fuck, Carlos?" Tim asked. "We're still busy in here." He put his hand on Michelle's head, and guided her up and down his cock.  
  
Carlos stuttered for a minute, eyes flashing between Tim and my bare breasts. "Um, guys, um... the boss is here!"  
  
"What? Shit, seriously?" Tim yelled in surprise. Michelle, for her part, kept sucking greedily at his rock hard dick.  
  
"Shhh!" Carlos warned. "He'll hear you! He's asking where you are, Tim. You have to get out there!"  
  
Tim pulled away from Michelle, his dick sliding from her mouth with an almost funny "pop". "Shit shit shit!" he moaned quietly. "I was so damn close!"  
  
Michelle, still on her knees fingering herself, looked up at him. "Hey, we can still finish, there's time". But Tim was already pulling on his short and his shirt.  
  
"Sorry babe, I'd love to..." He looked down at her naked, perfect body again, taking in her sexy breasts, flat stomach, and smooth pussy. "Damn, I seriously would love to, but I have to go! The boss will fire my ass if I don't get back to work!" He jammed his still erect dick into his shorts in what looked like an uncomfortably position, and ran out the back of the truck.  
  
Michelle looked dumbfounded, kneeling on the old futon mattress totally naked and exposed. I felt just about the same. "What the hell just happened?" I wondered aloud.  
  
Carlos was still there. "Sorry girls, but the boss is here. He likes to do these random spot checks. And now he's pissed that the golf course isn't done yet. You have to go! If he catches you in here, he'll fire all of us! Hell, he'll probably call the cops!"  
  
"Okay," I said, my head spinning a little. Things had got from "hot and horny" to "Oh shit!" really fast. I pulled my sports bra back on, and adjusted my breasts back into the cups.  
  
Michelle stood up. "Um, I don't have my clothes! Eric took them when he left!"  
  
"Shit!" Carlos said. "Let me see what I can do. Wait here" And with that, he hurried out of the truck.  
  
"'Wait here'," Michelle said mockingly. "As if I was going to leave here naked!" She was now covering her nipples with one arm across her chest, and had her other and down to cover her pussy, even though no one was around to see her but me (and I had my tongue in that pussy only a few minutes ago, I remembered with a smile).  
  
After only about a minute, Carlos came back into the truck, carrying something bright orange in his hand. "The boss sent Eric to the other side of the golf course, I don't know where he put your clothes. This is the best I can do." He tossed her the orange thing. She unfolded it, and held it up; it was a bright orange safety vest, the kind that the landscapers would wear when working near the road.  
  
A look of horror crossed her face, but I burst out laughing. She glared at me, and then turned back to Carlos. "I can't wear this! Are you kidding! I might as well be naked!"  
  
He looked at her uncomfortably, although his eyes kept darting down to her exposed breasts. "I'm sorry, it's the best I could do..." he repeated. "Now you two have to get going! The boss might want to check out the truck, and I have to hide the room back here!"  
  
"Give me your shirt at least!" Michelle begged, with a desperate tone in her voice.  
  
He looked at her incredulously. "I can't! How could I explain that to the boss? Wear would my shirt have gone? Now seriously, you have to go! Felipe and Tim are gonna show the boss the hedges at the edge of the course, but then he'll be back over here!"  
  
I looked at Michelle nervously. "We really should go... Just try it on, it looks long enough to cover up everything..." She sighed, and pulled the vest on. When she velcroed the front, it did sort of cover everything; her breasts were covered, and it went down to just below her pussy and her ass. But there was almost no material on the sides; from my angle of view, I could see her entire side boob, almost to her nipple. Plus, the vest was a plastic material with lots of tiny holes in it, so if you were really looking you could see her darker tan nipples through it. Anyone who saw her would definitely know she was naked underneath, and since it was bright orange, it was a pretty good bet that someone would see.  
  
"This isn't going to work!" she said in a worried voice.  
  
"It will be fine," I lied. "Get your sneakers on and let's go! I don't want to get caught in here!" As she tied on her shoes, I felt a little bad for her. Still, I knew that if our roles were reversed, she wouldn't hesitate to make me run around in that thing. At least she was mostly covered up. "Besides," I told her, "most of the run will be through the park, where there won't be many people."  
  
"Come on girls, you really have to go!" Carlos said, gesturing us to follow him. He led us to the entrance to the truck, and then held a hand up to stop us. He stepped out quickly, and looked around. "Okay, it's clear, you have to get going!"  
  
Michelle seemed hesitant to step outside, but I jumped right out of the truck. "Come on Michelle, we have to go!" I said, looking at back her. Mostly I was just nervous about getting caught by the landscapers' boss, but the horny part of my mind was also excited to see my best friend running down the street in just a skimpy bright orange vest. She peaked outside, the dayglo vest shining brightly as the afternoon sun hit it. Then she stepped down cautiously out of the trunk. The vest rode up as she did so; I saw her smooth, sexy pussy, while Carlos almost certainly saw her tight ass. Then she looked around the side of the truck to check out the road, and I saw through the huge armhole in the vest. I could see her entire breast, and even a quick glimpse of her nipple. I was getting rather turned on seeing her like that; part of me was glad that it wasn't me in the vest, but the perverted part of me wished it was.  
  
"Shit shit shit!" she said, clutching the vest around her to try and make sure she was covered. "I don't think I can do this Amanda!"  
  
I looked over at Carlos, who was giving us a shooing gesture, while looking around nervously for his boss or any other witnesses. "We don't have a choice, Michelle," I told her. "Let's just get going, the sooner we go the sooner you'll be home. Besides, most of the run will be through the park, so at least we'll be off the streets."  
  
She sighed, and said, "Yeah, okay I guess..."  
  
I grinned at her, trying to mimic the mischievous grin she always gets. "Alright, sexy thang, let's go." Turning back to the nervous landscaper, I called out "By Carlos! See you tomorrow!" I gave him a wink, and then ran across the street. I could hear Michelle running right beside me as I reached the opposite sidewalk, and ran very quickly along, trying to get to the park as soon as possible. The street was basically deserted; other than us and the landscapers, no one seemed to be home. That made sense, since these huge houses were almost certainly owned by bigshot business types, so they were probably still at work. There were a few golfers on the golf course, but they were pretty far away. They might be able to see two girls running, one inexplicably wearing something bright orange, but they definitely couldn't tell she was naked underneath.  
  
As we neared the end of the street, I slowed a little to let Michelle run alongside me. Her eyes were darting all around looking for any witnesses, and she was holding the bottom of the vest down to keep it from riding up as she ran. But she didn't look as nervous anymore, instead she had something of an adventurous look at on her face. "Enjoying the run?" I asked her with a smile. From the side, I could see her medium-sized breasts bouncing nicely with each step.  
  
She grinned back. "Actually, kind of. It's sort of a turn on to run this naked! Although this stupid vest is going to chafe my nipples!" She let go of the bottom of the vest, and instead pulled the front of the vest away from her chest a little. Now I could fully see her aroused nipples through the arm hole. And without her hands holding the vest down, it rode up, expose her ass. Just then we came to the end of the road. After a quick look up and down the cross street, we ran across it and turned towards the park.  
  
But before we reached the entrance, our luck ran out. We could suddenly hear a car approaching from behind us. We both turned to look, and saw a the male drivers eyes go wide; Michelle's ass was completely exposed to him underneath the neon vest. He slowed a little, and came up alongside us just as we got to the park entrance. I turned to go in, but Michelle stopped for a second with a laugh, and opened her vest up all the way. The driver swerved and hit his brakes, whether out of surprise or just trying to get a better view I'm not sure. But he definitely got to see the 18-year old jogger's fully naked breasts, with hard tan nipples, and her smooth pussy. After only a few seconds of flashing him, she closed the vest, turned and sprinted into the park. I chased after her, trying to keep up.  
  
We went around a bend, and stopped for a second to catch our breaths. We looked at each other, and both started laughing. "Oh my god that was incredible!" Michelle said.  
  
"Hahaha, I thought he was going to crash!" I replied, still laughing. "I can't believe you did that!"  
  
She looked at me surprised. "I can't believe you didn't! We just got naked for a bunch of strangers, what's one little flash going to hurt?"  
  
I giggled, and said "Yeah, I guess that's true."  
  
"Okay, the next guy we see, it's your turn to flash! Now let's get going, I'm basically naked in the park!" Then she jogged past me, along the trail. I considered protesting her assertion that I have to flash next, but instead I just followed her deeper into the park.  
  
We went about a quarter mile without seeing anyone else. It was the hottest part of the day, and while it wasn't the brutal heat wave we had the week before, it was still too hot for most people to be outside I guess. But after coming around another bend, we came to an opening in the park where a man was sitting on a bench, reading a newspaper. He looked like he was in his 50's, with salt-and-pepper hair and pretty thick glasses. He was absorbed in his paper; if we had just kept running, he may not have even noticed us until we were past him (in which case, all he might have seen was quick glimpses of Michelle's cute butt under that vest). But instead, Michelle slowed down when she saw him. She looked around, checking to see if there was anyone else there. When she saw there wasn't, she looked back at me and grinned, and mouthed, "Your turn!"  
  
I shook my head at her, intending to just run past the guy. But Michelle slowed down more, and pointed at me, then at him. He must have noticed the motion, because suddenly he looked up and watched our approach. His jaw dropped when he saw the two teens running towards him; my red hair was trailing behind me like fire, and my big breasts were bouncing up and down in the confines of my sports bra, while my spandex shorts had ridden up a bit, molding around my pussy lips in a perfect camel toe. Add to that my bare flat stomach and well-toned legs, and I must have been a sight to see. But obviously Michelle was stealing the show. As she approached him, the vest blocked most of his view of her body, although it shifted up and down with each step, so he may have gotten quick looks at her pussy. It was still very clear that the girl was naked underneath, and he was staring openly at her while she just grinned.  
  
I decided that Michelle shouldn't get all of the attention, so just as we were about to pass the guy, I reached up and grabbed the bottom of my bra. I lifted quickly, causing my large breasts to fall out, bouncing along as I ran. My pink nipples were aroused and hard. He was now staring at me instead, watching my tits as we ran past. I thought that Michelle would open up the vest again to give him a show, but instead she waited until we were passing right by him, and then pulled the arm hole of the vest away from her chest, exposing her left breast to the man. I glanced over at him before our backs were to him, and saw a clear bulge in his crotch. "Well," I thought to myself, "it looks like naked 18-year olds work even better than viagra!" Then I started laughing again, and Michelle joined in. As we ran away from him, I could feel his eyes were still on us. I pulled down my top, but then reached over and grabbed the back of Michelle's vest. I lifted it, exposing her cute little ass to him, her cheeks swaying with each step. She yelped in a cute sort of way, but didn't stop me. Then we were around the next bend and out of his view, and we both stopped for a minute, laughing our assess off.  
  
"Oh god, that was so hot!" I said, blushing a little. Part of me was still nervous about all this showing off, but so far everything was fine. We were probably halfway home, and only two guys had seen Michelle's barely-there outfit.  
  
"Hahaha, I know!" she laughed, smiling at me. She really did look beautiful with that smile, and her dark hair running down her face in a bit of a mess. Her vest was still on, but had come ajar a little, so I could see from her neck down to her belly button in between her boobs, although her nipples were still hidden from my view. "I thought I was going to die before when the guys wouldn't give me back my clothes! Now I just wish they had taken yours too!" And with that mischievous look in her eyes, she made a playful grab at my shorts.  
  
I pulled away, still giggling. "Oh no no no, I get to stay dressed this time" I said, sticking my tongue out at her. She looked like she was going to make another attempt to strip me, so I took a defensive stance. But suddenly, we heard voices from ahead on the path.  
  
We looked at each other in shock, but before we could decide whether or not to try and hide, three women came around a turn in front of us. All three looked to be in their 40's. Two of them were rather overweight and frumpy looking, with graying hair and wearing hideous jogging outfits (the type with matching sweatpants and sweatshirt), one in green, the other in blue. The third woman was more fashionable, wearing a pink tank top and a pair of tight leggings. Her hair was brown, but with a few strands of gray in it. She actually looked rather pretty.

All three women definitely saw us standing there -- I mean, how could they miss the naked girl in a dayglo orange vest? They dropped their conversation, and stopped walking entirely. The two frumpy women had looks of horrified shock on their faces, although the third was grinning, and looked like she might laugh.  
  
"What is going on here?" the woman in blue asked, as Michelle tried sheepishly to pull the vest closed more completely around her body. "Where on God's Earth are your clothes?"  
  
The woman in green looked furious. "What are you doing you little trollops?" The smiles faded quickly from our faces, but neither of us responded.  
  
The pretty woman jumped in defensively. "Hey now, stop that!" Then, looking at us, she said, "Are you girls alright? Do you need help?"  
  
Michelle and I looked at each other, unsure of what to do. If it had just been the pretty woman there, I probably would have asked for help, but I didn't really want to be around the other two. "No, no, we're okay... she, uh... she just lost a bet." I said, looking down at my feet.  
  
"A couple of little sluts!" the woman in green barked. "Running around a park full of children!" she continued in an accusing voice, even though I couldn't remember the last time I saw any kids in this particular park.  
  
"You two get out of here!" ordered the woman in blue. Michelle and I immediately started to walk towards them, to try and pass. Michelle looked scared, and was trying her best to hide her nakedness, although it was a tough task considering what she was wearing.  
  
"I should call the police!" declared the woman in green.  
  
I looked at her in shock. We were just about next to them on the path, awkwardly shuffling past. "No, please, really, we're on our way home..." I begged.  
  
She gave me a disgusted look. "Get away from me, skank. I'm calling the police!" She pulled out her cell phone, and started trying to dial it (although she didn't appear to fully understand how it worked).  
  
The pretty woman looked at my sympathetically. "You girls should go, get out of here. Oh, and watch out! There's a cop walking through the park further down that way. You may want to get off the path." She winked at me, and added, "Have fun, and be safe!" I looked at her closely. Her tank top was tight, and based on how obviously her nipples were poking out of it, it was clear she wasn't wearing a bra. She looked so different than the other two women, and appeared to be more amused by the situation than anything else.  
  
I smiled thankfully at her, and said, "Thanks!", and then Michelle and I were running along the path, away from the women. After going around the next bend, I grabbed her arm and said, "We need to get off the path." She nodded, and I led her through the trees and into the woods.  
  
Running along off-trail was difficult, since branches kept slapping at our exposed skin. Despite the fact that she was wearing less, Michelle was actually faring better than me. At least her vest protected her stomach and chest, my bra and shorts did nothing. We had to slow down pretty soon, and began to walk. Michelle wasn't laughing anymore, and seemed a bit nervous. "Do you really think she called the cops?" she asked me.  
  
"I don't know, maybe," I replied. "But they won't find us out here anyway. Let's keep going, I think if we cut through this way we'll reach the path near the edge of the park."  
  
We walked for a few minutes, before hearing voices. Michelle tensed up, fearing that the police were in the woods looking for us. But I could hear laughter from the group of guys up ahead. "Shh," I said. "I'll go scout it out." I walked slowly, trying not to make any noise. As it turns out, I probably could have been noisy and it wouldn't have mattered; as I crested a small hill, I saw three guys our age, sitting around and smoking pot. I smiled, suppressing a laugh, and made my way back to Michelle. "It's just a few potheads, looking for a private place to smoke. They look our age, but from a different high school. This park crosses like three different towns."  
  
She suddenly looked less nervous. "Oh, really?"  
  
"Yeah, we should be able to sneak around them pretty easily. They seem pretty baked, I don't think they'll hear us."  
  
Michelle frowned, with a thoughtful look on her face. "Well, if they're our age, maybe we can convince them to give me a shirt."  
  
"What?" I asked, a little confused.  
  
"Mandy, I can't run all the way home in this thing!" she declared, gesturing to the revealing vest. "The park is one thing, but it's still like ten blocks to your house after that, and along busy streets!"  
  
She was right, I realized. "Hmm, okay, but how will we get them to give us a shirt?"  
  
"I guess I'll flash them. That should work. A fair trade." She didn't look all that upset that she'd be "forced" to flash some more guys.  
  
I agreed to her plan, and led her over the small hill, into the clearing below. One of the guys, who was quite tall with spiky brown hair and a long black t-shirt with some heavy metal band tour list on the back, was looking the other way. A second guy, with long, curly black hair and thick glasses was sitting on a log and giggling, and never saw us. The third was blond, shorter a little more muscled (although still nothing like the landscapers), wearing a simple white t-shirt; he was the first to see us. "Shit!" he yelled, and quickly through his joint onto the ground and stepped on it. Spiky-haired guy turned, a look of fear on his face, until he realized that it was only two teenaged girls approaching them, and not a SWAT team.  
  
"Oh, well hi there ladies. Anything we can do for you?" he asked, in what I'm sure he intended to be a flirtatious tone. He was looking at my bare stomach, and my big breasts that were barely contained in the sports bra. But then his eyes caught sight of Michelle in her vest; she had it velcroed closed in the front, so they guys couldn't see much of her sexy nakedness, but her legs were long and bare, and the tiny holes in the vest revealed enough skin-tone changes near her nipples that it was clear she was nude underneath.  
  
"Actually, you can," Michelle responded, in a sultry voice. "I need one of your shirts."  
  
"One of our shirts?" blond guy asked, with a small giggle. "Why?"  
  
Michelle smiled at him. "Well, I lost my clothes, and all I have on is this vest. And I need a shirt to get home. Which of you wants to be my hero and help me out?" Her over-flirtiness was almost cringe-worthy, but the guys were 18, high, and almost certainly horny (because, you know, they were teenaged guys), so I figured it would probably work.  
  
"Oh, I don't know," said the spiky-haired guy. "I think that looks fine on you." Curly-haired guy, still sitting on his log, broke into a fit of giggles. He must have been completely stoned.  
  
Michelle sighed, and said, "Okay, how about this, if one of you guys gives me your shirt, I'll let you see under my vest." She swayed her hips a little, letting the vest shift around seductively.  
  
The two less-baked guys looked at each other briefly. "Hmmm, well, okay," spiky-haired guy said. He pulled off his t-shirt, but held it in his hands. We were probably about six feet away from the guys. Michelle reached out, gesturing for him to toss her his shirt, but he didn't do it. "No no, we have to see first."  
  
She grinned, and said, "Sure, I'll hold up my end of the deal." Then she reached forward, grasping the sides of the vest, and pulled it open. The velcro released with a ripping sound, and suddenly her naked body was completely exposed to the guys. Her medium-sized breasts, capped with small tan nipples, jiggled a little as she struck a pose for her audience. Her flat stomach and smooth pussy lips were also revealed. Her nipples were hard, and it looked like her pussy lips might be open and wet. All three guys were entranced, staring at her sexy body. Curly-haired guy even grabbed his crotch, to reposition or simply massage his presumably hardening cock.  
  
After a few seconds of showing, Michelle looked at spiky-haired guy, and said, "Okay, now the shirt."  
  
He looked down at the shirt in his hands, and said, "Hmmm, I don't know... that seems like an unfair trade. I mean, how will I get home without my shirt?" Michelle looked shocked. She pulled the vest back closed defensively, causing the curly-haired guy to say "Awwww".  
  
"What?" she asked incredulously. "We had a deal! And you're a guy, you can walk around topless, I can't!"  
  
"Yeah," he said, "but I like my shirt. We all like our shirts. I think we'll need a real trade; if I'm going to give you a shirt, I'll need an article of clothing."  
  
"Fine," Michelle retorted a little desperately. "You can have my vest!"  
  
"No, I don't really want a vest," he said, his eyes turning to me, and looking my body up and down.  
  
"No," I said simply. But then Michelle gave me a pleading look, so I relented a little. "Ugh, fine. If we both flash you, will you give us the shirt?"  
  
Spiky-hair was shaking his head. "No, not just a flash. I need your top if you want my shirt."  
  
"What? Why?" I asked, annoyed.  
  
"It would make us happy," he said with a smile.  
  
I looked around at the three guys, who were all staring at me hungrily, and at Michelle, who was looking desperate. "If I give you my sports bra, then we'll need two shirts," I offered.  
  
Blond guy jumped into the deal. "Well if you want two shirts, we'll need to articles of clothing. Your top and your shorts." He smiled, but his eyes were leering at me.  
  
I shook my head, but spiky-hair was nodding in agreement. Michelle turned to me, and pleaded, "Come on, Mandy. Just do it, then we can both wear t-shirts home. Their shirts are long enough to cover everything, and then neither of us has to be naked."  
  
I stared angrily at her. There was no way I was going to strip naked for these stoners. But the thought of it was already turning me on, and I could feel a stirring down below. I looked back at the guys. They were pretty cute, even if they were really high. And they were staring at me so longingly... it was a huge turn on that they wanted to see my body so badly. I sighed, and relented. "Okay," I said to spiky-hair, "I'll give you my bra and shorts, and you give me the two shirts."  
  
He nodded, and gestured at blonde guy to toss him his shirt. Blonde guy quickly pulled his shirt over his head, revealing surprising well-toned abs, and tossed it to spiky-haired guy. Then he help both shirts up, and said, "Okay, your turn."  
  
I reached my hands up and grabbed the bottom of my bra. Slowly, I pulled it up over the swell of by C-or-D cup breasts; as they came free, the bounced downwards very slightly. I finished raising the top up over my head, and then lowered my arms, keeping the bra in my right hand. My pink nipples were hard and aroused, and the guys were staring at them with grins on their faces. Smiling at their attention, and then grabbed the waist of my tight spandex shorts, and slowly peeled them down my legs. My red landing strip came into view, pointing downwards like an arrow at my smooth, bare pussy lips. I pulled the shorts down my toned legs, and struggled a little to pull them over my sneakers. As I stumbled around, my big breasts shook, to the guys' delight. Finally the shorts were off, and held with my bra in my right hand. I stood back up, looking straight at the guys, who were openly ogling my naked body. I could see that all three of them had bulges in the front of their shorts. I felt my pussy getting wet as I stood in front of the three strangers wearing only a pair of sneakers.  
  
After letting them check me out for a few seconds, I said, "Okay, now we trade. Give me the shirts."  
  
Spiky-hair pulled his eyes away from my tits and looked at my face. "Here, we'll toss the clothes to each other on three." I nodded, and he started the count. "One... two... THREE!" We both swung our arms upwards. I released my bra and shorts, the only clothes I had, and they flew across the six-foot space between us. The two t-shirts fluttered at the top of his swing, but then snapped back down; he hadn't released them! Instead, he caught my clothes in his left hand, while still holding the shirts in his right.  
  
"What the fuck!" I yelled at him. "Give us the shirts!" I was pissed, although Michelle looked like she was partly amused.  
  
Spiky hair looked at the shirts in his hand, then back to my naked body, then to his two friends. "I don't know, guys, what should we do?"  
  
"Well, two t-shirts seems like a pretty high price for a top and shorts that we can't even wear," blonde guy responded.  
  
"Fuck you guys!" I said. "Then give me back my clothes!"  
  
"Oh, here you go," said spiky-hair. He threw bra and shorts back towards me, but intentionally threw them way too high. They got caught in some tree branches about 10 feet above me. But they might as well have been 1,000 feet up, because there was no way I could reach them. Lamely, I jumped up to try and grab a branch, but didn't even come close. I stopped when I realized that the guys were watching my boobs bounce up and down as I did so.  
  
"Come on, assholes," Michelle said, but she was smiling at my dilemma. "Just give us the shirts."  
  
"Sorry babe," the spiky-haired guy said. "But the price for shirts just went up. I think we all need blowjobs if you want them."  
  
"Fuck you!" I said angrily. Although in truth, I wasn't feeling as angry as I should. These assholes had stolen my clothes, leaving me naked in the woods! But I was also so horny, that part of me was enjoying it.  
  
He winked at me. "Well, then feel free to leave. Good luck walking home naked."  
  
Michelle and I looked at each other. She shrugged, and I knew that we were going to do it. With a sigh, I said, "Okay, fine. Blowjobs. But that's it! And then we get the shirts."  
  
"Agreed, you'll get them when we've cum," said spiky-hair with a grin. He reached down and unzipped his shorts, pulling out his hard dick. It was a bit thin, but rather long. A surge of horniness passed through me, and I stepped towards him and took it in my hand. I stroked it a few times, and he moaned happily. Looking to my right, I saw that blonde had taken his hard cock out too, and that Michelle was already kneeling in front of him. She leaned forward, and licked his cock along its whole length, before taking it into her mouth. Then she slid her head back and forth along the shaft, sucking on him.  
  
Spiky-hair touched my shoulders, and gently pushed down. I sank to my knees, his hard cock in my face. I opened my mouth, and took it in. I slid it as deep into my mouth as I could, and then pulled back along it, running my tongue along the bottom of his dick as I did. I continued to suck his cock as he moaned in pleasure. Michelle was still blowing blonde guy, and curly-hair guy had pulled his dick out too and was stroking it lazily as he watched the two 18-year old girls get face-fucked by his friends. My breasts were swaying as I moved up and down his shaft, and I started to pinch my nipples. Michelle must have been getting horny too, since she opened up her vest again, revealing her naked breasts to the guys. I saw her hand slip down between her legs and start rubbing her clit. I was so horny that I couldn't resist doing the same. I slid two fingers between my spread, wet lips, one on either side of my sensitive clit. I rubbed along it, enjoying both the stimulation of my fingers on my clit, and also the feeling of having this strangers cock in my mouth. I started to moan around his dick, and slid my fingers back and up into my pussy. I was so wet that they slid in easily. Spiky-hair grabbed my head, his fingers running through my wavy red hair, and guided me along his cock. I was getting so horny that I thought I might orgasm soon.  
  
After a few minutes of sucking, spiky-hair said, "That feels incredible. Oh man, I totally have to fuck you." I tried to shake my head no, although with his dick in my mouth that was hard to do. "Come on, I'll cum sooner, and then you can have the shirt!" he declared. I looked over at Michelle, who was still sucking on blonde guy's cock, but was also looking to see what I would do. I didn't respond; I really wanted to let him have his way with me. Ever since Miguel's dick had briefly penetrated into me back in the landscaper's truck my pussy had been wanting to get fucked. But I also was nervous about letting my horny mind take things too far (as if things weren't already "too far", now that I was giving a stranger a blowjob while totally naked in the middle of the woods.)  
  
But spiky-haired guy didn't wait for me to respond. He took a step back, his cock popping out of my mouth with a "bloop" sound. Taking me by the shoulders, he turned me. I consented, shuffling around on my knees until I was facing away from him. Michelle was giving me a look of surprise, but it was too late for me to stop; my horny mind had won this one. He pushed gently against my back, and I leaned forward onto my hands. Still on my knees with my legs slightly spread, I was giving spiky-hair an incredible view of my ass and smooth, wet, aroused pussy. A second later I heard him getting to his knees behind me. Then I felt the head of his hard cock press into my wet crotch, and slide up and down between my lips. I cried out when is passed over my clit, and he chuckled. Then he pressed it up against my wet hole, and pushed forward gently. I was so wet that he slid in easily. I felt my pussy stretch to accommodate his cock, and it felt so good. Then he reached the back wall of my pussy, and held it there for a minute. As I trembled from the pleasure, he slid back, and then forward again, and began pumping into me over and over. I moaned, and reached back to rub my clit. He was holding my hips tightly as he fucked me, slowly at first but then picking up speed. My big tits were swinging back and forth with every thrust.  
  
I was so horny; I was on my hands and knees in the woods, totally nude, letting a random stranger fuck me from behind while his friends watched. I knew I'd regret it later, but in the moment it was incredible. I looked over at Michelle who was still blowing the blonde guy, although they were both watching me get fucked. Then I glanced back at the curly haired guy, who was still playing with his half-hard dick (I think maybe the drugs were having some negative effect on his ability to get it up). He was grinning and giggling. He saw me looking, and then said, "Oh, this is so hot. I need a video of this." Reaching into his backpack, he pulled out a cell phone. I knew I should stop him, but I was already lost to my horny side, and said nothing. Instead, it was Michelle who stepped in.  
  
"Oh fuck no," she told him, pulling blonde-guys hard cock from her lips. "No pictures or videos of this."  
  
"It will be fine, don't worry," said spiky-haired guy, continuing to thrust into me. "It will be just for us. We need the video if you want the shirts."  
  
"Yeah," said the blonde guy. "Now get back to it! I was so close!"  
  
Michelle looked at them, and said, "Fuck no! We're getting out of here!" She stood up and backed away, velcroing the front of her vest closed. "Come on, we have to go!" she said to me.  
  
I looked up at her. "But, but we can't!" I moaned.  
  
"I know, but they're never going to give us the shirts! And 'giggles' over there is going to figure out how to work that phone at some point," she replied. I had basically forgotten about the shirts in my horniness; I had only meant that we couldn't leave before I had finished fucking this guy. But she was right, of course. These guys were each going to fuck us both, and then they'd still probably leave us naked. And I definitely didn't want a video of this floating around.  
  
Reluctantly I pulled forward, away from the spiky-haired guy. His cock slid out of my wet opening, and I moaned a little, wishing it would slide back in. But I quickly stood up, and Michelle and I started to run away just as we heard curly-haired guy yell, "Got it! Camera's working!" We both had our backs to him, so he probably only got a video of our sexy asses as we fled into the woods. The guys didn't chase us. We could hear them laughing and trying to call us back to finish them up.

"Finish each other, you assholes!" Michelle called back. Then we were past a group of bushes and out of their view. We kept running, but both exploded into laughter. "Oh man," she said. "I'm never falling for the old 'I'll give you clothes for a blowjob' line ever again! That's twice this afternoon that it's failed!"  
  
I giggled at her. "Yeah, but maybe if you'd finish a blowjob once in awhile..." Then we were both roaring with laughter again. As we regained control of ourselves, I felt some nervousness creeping in. "Um, so now I'm naked in the park with nothing to wear..."  
  
"Yeah, but so am I," Michelle replied.  
  
"At least you have the vest! You're covered! I'm totally nude! How are we supposed to get home?" My breasts were bouncing quite a lot with every step, since they weren't being restrained by the bra anymore. And now branches were slapping across my boobs, hips, and crotch, instead of just my stomach, arms, and legs. Other than my sneakers and the dirt on my knees from kneeling for the blowjob, I was completely bare. I was pissed that I was forced to run around naked, but at the same time I was still so horny. My pussy was still dripping wet, and I really wanted to fuck someone. It was too bad that Brian was away for the week, or I might have made a stop at his place on the way home. Instead I would probably just have to settle for using my vibrator after Michelle went home. That was assuming that either of us made it home, I had no idea how we could do so while wearing so little.  
  
"I don't know... maybe the next guy we meet won't be a jerk, and will actually give us something to wear?" Michelle offered. We continued running along, trying to avoid the branches poking at us as we did.  
  
Soon we ran out of the tightly packed trees, and onto the trail. "We should probably get off the trail again," I said, looking around nervously. Earlier I had been scantily clad, but at least I was covered. Now my tits, ass and pussy were completely on display. But the other side of the trail was lined with bushes, and would be difficult to get through (and painful while naked), so instead we decided to run a short distance along it until we found a gap in the trees.  
  
Then, as we turned a bend in the path, and finally saw a place to get back off the trail, a voice called out, "Hey! You two! Stop!" I looked up, and saw a police officer standing in the trail, his eyes glued to my naked body. I turned to run away, but he reached out and grabbed my upper arm so tightly that it hurt. Michelle saw me get grabbed, and stopped running too, which I was grateful for. But now we were both trapped by a cop, while I was running around naked, and Michelle was only in a reflective orange vest.  
  
"Ladies," the cop said, looking at the two sexy 18-year olds in front of him. "You are in some serious trouble."