**Aug 6, 2000 Doing It at the Beach**

A Kelly's Diary Story

by Kelly85

**Chapter 1: My Early Sex Life**

Last year I had sex for the first time with Steve, the older brother of one of my girlfriends. Fortunately for me, he was much more mature than most sixteen year-old boys and I can honestly say my first time was wonderful. Yet it was how he treated AFTER my first time that demonstrated how great a guys he was. It would’ve been easy for a hunk like Steve to take advantage of the curiosity and budding sexuality of a fourteen year-old girl to get another notch on his belt and then dump me once the novelty wore off. Instead, for the rest of the summer and thru the following winter he fucked me whenever I wanted it.

Maybe it had something to do with him being my “first”, but in any case Steve was the only one I had sex with until his mom was transferred out of state. Looking back though, it was probably the best thing for me as once Steve was gone I came to realize that I wasn’t so much “in love? with him as infatuated with having sex with him. It was more about how he made me feel, both physically and emotionally than drew me to him, not romance.

After Steve, I started dating a bunch of guys, mostly just doing blowjobs but having enough sex to keep satisfied without acquiring TOO bad of a reputation in the process. Even though I was horny as hell and I seemed to be masturbated constantly (at least, that’s what my mom told me), I didn’t have sex with most of them, maybe out of fear of comparing them with Steve.

There were a few exceptions, such as when an “unusual” opportunity would arise that I just couldn’t pass up. For example, I did a forty five year-old married guy from my dad’s office which was pretty wild. Then there was this counselor while I was at church camp. It both cases it wasn’t like I was ‘dating? them or anything like a relationship; it was just for fun.

Now It was the summer after my freshman year of high school and I was enjoying myself the way most fifteen year-old girls do - flirting and dating boys. Since the end of my Freshman year, I’d been dated John almost exclusively. We had been going to the same church all our lives and although I’d caught him staring at my legs and boobs several times, he never showed any special interest in me while I was dating Steve.

Then out of the blue, with only a few weeks of school left, John asked me to help him with some homework. Given the way he was eyeing my boobs when he asked, I felt it safe to assume that John was interested in more than my 4.0 grade point average. Maybe my growing reputation caused him to need some time to work up the courage. In any case, it turned out I was totally correct about his true intentions. To make a long story short, I left our first “homework” session with the pleasant aftertaste of cum in my mouth.

Once the initial dating rituals had been satisfied, we dropped the “homework” excuse and started more serious dating. Don’t get me wrong, neither of us was looking for anything romantic, we both wanted the same thing - sex!. On our first date we were already doing it in the backseat of his parent’s car and it certainly wasn’t our last time! Most of the time we did it either in his car or my bedroom, but we were always looking for any opportunity for a bit of extra excitement.

One problem with growing up in Pittsburgh, you’re a long way from the beach! Fortunately for me, my parents own a ski boat and we love to spend weekends driving to West Virginia where several state parks have large lakes. The one we like the best also has a family beach area but I rarely go there. You could only see a few inches through the lake water which is OK so far as skiing goes but sort of gross to swim in.

In addition, the lake was always full of little kids making themselves a regular pain in the butt. Sometimes I would go to lay out in the sun and see what attention I could get from the fathers there with their kids so it wasn’t a total waste of sand!

**Chapter 2: Preparing for a Date With John**

It was a Friday night and I was in my bedroom getting ready for another night out with John. He didn’t have anything special planned, just a movie and maybe some dessert afterwards. Looking in my mirror, I smiled as I imagined what was ahead of me. My denim skirt was tight and short, just like I knew John liked them. It hugged my hips tight and then flared out with a ruffle at the bottom to make it more girlish rather than slutty. Underneath was a pair of simple white cotton panties. Underneath my white tank top was a black tube top which was clearly visible. My hair was pulled back into a simple ponytail and I had just the minimum makeup on. A pair of pink sneakers finished off the ensemble.

Actually, each piece had been selected with a specific motive in mind. The skirt, of course, was for easy access. I learned early on that trying to get a pair of jeans off in a theater could be quite a challenge! The white panties were for John’s sake - lending that “little girl” imagine to me that was enhanced by the pony tail and light makeup. I could have gone braless under the tank top, letting my nipples show through instead of the tube top.

Instead, the tube top lent a little bit naughtiness to the look, clearly visible yet saying he had to work a bit if he wanted my boobs. The sneakers were actually functional in that it was a lot easier to squat down in front of him in the theater with those than it would have been with heels (like I would ever touch my knees to those filthy floors!).

Suddenly I felt a tingle in my pussy as I imagined John pressing up against my panties, then moving them aside to explore my wet pussy. I closed my eyes and stood there with my hand pressed up against my crotch, feeling the warmth that was building up. Although I had masturbated earlier this morning, it had still been a few days since John had fucked me last and I was feeling a bit anxious.

As much as I loved touching myself, nothing beat the feel of a real dick in you. Several of my friends were still virgins and I often marveled at how they could deny themselves. God, if I regretted anything it was I waited as long as I had!

With a half hour or so until John was due, I figured why waste the time? I got on top my bed and laid back against my pillow. Soon my hand was back between my legs and rubbing my clit through my panties. This was silly - John wasn’t here so the heck with the stupid panties! I pulled them down to my ankles and let my knees spread apart. My fingers moved through my pubic hair, spreading it apart to reach my clit and pussy slit. God it felt so good! For the next ten or fifteen minutes, I played with myself, imagining it was John touching me, licking me, even fucking me.

When I finally came, I plunged my fingers into me as far as I could reach, remembering how good it had felt the last time John had fucked me and driven his dick in me as far as he could when he came in me. John loved the fact I let him fuck me without a condom. He claimed I was the first girl he had ever actually cum inside of as all the rest of them made him wear a condom.

When people discuss the pros and cons of condoms, the conversation seems to always dwell on the guy such as the loss of sensation. How come nobody cares about the girl? When a guy cums in a rubber he may as well not cum at all so far as the girl is concerned. I want to feel his sperm spew into me, feel the gentle warmth as he fills me with his hot cum. John loved it as well and so he came in my pussy most of the time with the only exceptions being when I was blowing him somewhere where he couldn’t fuck me.

As I laid there with my heart pounding, the afterglow of my orgasm still burning inside of me, I became aware of what else was going on around me. Our house is fairly old with hardwood floors that squeak if so much as a mouse runs across them it seems. I could have sworn someone was in the hallway. My bedroom door was wide open, as it usually was, so I called out to find out who was out there.

“Someone out there?”

I expected it to me my mom so I was a bit surprised when my dad poked his head around the corner.

“Just me baby,” he said with a smile. “I take it you’re going out with John tonight?”

I nodded and he just shook his head and laughed softly.

“And you couldn’t wait another thirty minutes?”

“Dad!!” I protested, trying to sound innocent but obviously caught with my panties down - literally.

It wasn’t like he had never seen me nude or masturbating before. Now don’t get me wrong, I don’t run around the house nude or put on masturbation shows for my dad, but at the same time I don’t hide it when I do it either. The same went for my parents. Although I have never seen them actually having sex, masturbation isn’t something they hide and nudity, when appropriate, is OK.

“You know, I don’t understand why you don’t just spend the evening here. I would think your bed has got to be a LOT more comfortable than wherever you’re going to be doing it tonight.”

“John still gets nervous about it Dad,” I tried to explain. “God, if he knew you watched us sometimes I think he would shrivel up and never get hard again!”

We both laughed and he came in to give me a quick hug. Actually, it made me feel secure to have sex with my parents home. At least I knew nothing bad was going to happen to me with my dad surreptitiously checking in now and then.

“Don’t forget your panties!” he teased me as he left my room.

I just pretended to be shocked that he would even say such a thing which just made him laugh all the more at me. Actually, he was right and so I pulled them back up and then got out of bed to check myself again in the mirror after my little bit of self-indulgence.

**Chapter 3: Sex in the Parking Lot**

John soon picked me up and we had a great night. The theater was pretty full which somewhat limited what I could do to him. In the end, he had to settle for just a hand job as it would’ve been all but impossible to get down and suck him without drawing undue attention to us. Not that he complained! John groped me the entire movie as much as he could get away with and by the time the movie was over my pussy was soaking wet with the anticipation of his dick in it.

Once the movie was over, no sooner were we back in his car than I was leaning over for his zipper with the intent of attacking his cock right then and there.

“Whoa!” John exclaimed, “I guess somebody’s horny as hell.”

“Oh just shut up,” I muttered, trying to get his zipper down but for some reason having a heck of a time getting it started.

“Why don’t we get in the back so that console’s not in your way?” he offered.

I was getting frustrated with his zipper and lack of help as well so I just huffed and threw the door open, almost hitting some poor woman walking her kids back to their car. I smiled at her and apologized and as soon as she turned away I opened the rear door and hopped in, all ready to go. John was close behind, entering from the other side and closing his door behind him.

“Take those damn jeans off,” I demanded, “God, I’ve never had so much trouble with a guy’s zipper before!”

John just grinned at me, apparently amused for some reason at my frustration. My pussy was killing me! It needed some attention and soon. Meanwhile, John had pulled his jeans off along with his underwear and was sitting back in the seat with just his shirt on which, for the moment at least, was covering his dick from view. The lighting was poor where John had parked, which I doubted was just a coincidence on his part, but I could see enough to reach over and grab his cock under his shirt tails. I was pleased to find him hard and ready to go!

“God, I’ve been wanting to suck this all night,” I murmured as I leaned over and took the head in my mouth. John immediately let out a slight groan and I knew he had been wanting the same thing.

“Mmmmmmm, you like my mouth on your dick, don’t you?” I teased him, holding his hard cock in my and while I looked up into his eyes with my mouth next to his dick.

“You know damn well I do!” he retorted. “Now quit yakking and suck it. If you want me to fuck you, then you’d better suck my cock good.”

Somehow I doubted that anything I did, or didn’t do, wouldn’t deter him from fucking me before the night was over but I indulged his ego. I kneeled on the back seat, bent over his dick with my ass up in the air, sucking his cock like it was a hot day and I had to lick a popsicle to keep it from dripping.

“Oh yeah, that’s the way I like it,” John groaned as I sucked hard on his cock.

His hand managed to wander over my back and down to my ass, lifting my skirt and grabbing my ass through my panties.

“I don’t know why you bothered wearing these tonight,” he complained, working my panties down my butt and thighs to my knees, “Since when do you wear them anyway?”

I just let him grumble as I worked on his cock. He plunged his finger into my pussy and I almost bit into his cock as the sudden release of pleasure it created in me overwhelmed me. I wiggled my ass with his finger in me, trying to tell him I liked it without taking his cock from my mouth.

“Cum in my mouth,” I said quickly, releasing his dick just long enough to beg for his cum.

His cock tasted so good in my mouth! Having it in my hand for most of the past hour or so without being able to even so much as suck it had been as much torture for me as it probably was for him. On second thought, I was the one who suffered the most as he at least got to cum! All I could do was lick his cum off my hand afterwards. It was like waving a steak in front of a dog and not letting her have a taste except to like what was left on your fingers!

John moaned even louder when I took his entire dick in my mouth until my face was pressed against his crotch. I wiggled my head around it, letting my tongue press against it as I held it there for as long as I could hold my breath. I loved the feeling of his smooth shaft as it slid along my lips when I raised my head back up again. I tried to pause a second to catch my breath but John wouldn’t have any of that.

“Don’t stop NOW for God’s sake,” he groaned, “Almost there ... just a little more ... hurry up and put it in your mouth!”

Well, that was a little understated as it turned out. No sooner did I get his cock back about half-way in my mouth than his dick erupted like a fountain spewing fireballs at a Fourth of July fireworks show. My lips tightened around his pulsing shaft, trying to keep every drop of his warm salty sperm in my mouth. Overall I was largely successful as only a little bit leaked past and dribbled down my chin.

John’s finger was still up my pussy but as he had neared his orgasm he had just held it there with his hand gripping my ass. With everything happening in the last few minutes I had almost forgotten he had it in me until he came and his grip tightened on my butt. I felt his finger twist in me which only served to remind me what I REALLY wanted from John tonight.

I went to sit up and he pulled his finger out of me. Turning sideways on the seat, I had my legs wrapped under me with my panties still holding my knees together. I probably should have just pulled them off altogether but I hoped it would turn John on to see them partially on me. I looked at him and opened my mouth, careful not to let his load of cum escape. There wasn’t much I could say with a mouthful of cum so I just smiled as he looked at his sperm pooled on my tongue. Closing my mouth, I took a big swallow and got most of it down with the rest disappearing with the second effort. I opened my mouth to show him it was empty and he just sighed.

“Damn, you really do like that stuff, don’t you?” he asked. I could tell from the tone of his voice that HE certainly didn’t, or least didn’t even like the thought of tasting it.

“I don’t know, I guess it’s pretty good once you get used to it,” I replied with a grin, “Actually I like the process of GETTING it the best.”

“Well I’ll say one thing, you give better head than any other fifteen year-old girl I know!”

I pretended to be mad and replied, “John! And just how many other fifteen year- olds have been sucking your cock?”

John got defensive, realizing he had dug himself a whole. Like most guys, rather than shut up and let it go, he had to dig the hole deeper.

“Oh no!” he quickly corrected himself, “I just meant that was how old you were. What I meant to say was you give better head than any other girl I know which is incredible because you’re only fifteen.”

At this rate he would be in China before long!

“So you mean a lot of girls suck your cock then,” I countered, looking at him accusingly.

He just couldn’t put down the shovel!

“No, that’s not what I meant either,” he whined. Then, unable to come up another defense, he must have decided that the best defense was a good offense.

“You’re not being fair,” he argues, “From what I’ve heard you’ve been blowing every guy you go out with.”

Teasing was fun but this was over the line. How many guys I sucked was none of his business and I wasn’t about to discuss my sexual history with him. Besides, a BJ wasn’t technically sex anyway so what difference did it make to him? I tried to get out of the car but almost killed myself when my panties tripped me up. Damn things, I knew I should have taken them off! John just thought that was hilarious. Figures.

“Oh come on Kelly, don’t get mad at me,” he pleaded.

I sat back in the seat with my arms folded and my legs under me. The damn panties were about half way between my knees and ankles and I was about ready to just rip them off and be done with them. I just sat there with my arms folded and a scowl on my face.

“I’m sorry,” John apologized, “I meant it well. How can I make it up to you?”

A grin slowly came to my face as he finally was right where I wanted him. My one hand went between my legs where my pussy was practically dripping and my other hand went to hold his dick, which was still as hard as ever even though he had just cum for the second time in the past hour.

“Well, you could start by shutting up and fucking me,” I said in a naughty tone, teasing him by squeezing his cock just enough to make it feel good but not hard enough to hurt him.

“Well, I think I can handle THAT,” he said with a little laugh.

“Ummmmm, didn’t I just say to shut up?”

John started to say something again but the look on my face shut him up this time. He just shook his head and grabbed me by the shoulders, pushing me back into the rear corner of the backseat so my head was supported by the door and cushion. John lifted my legs up onto the seat and pulled my panties down around my ankles and then threw them in the front seat.

“Like I said, I don’t know why you even bother wearing them,” he laughed. I started to say something but he put his fingers to my lips and said, “I know, I know ... shut up and fuck you.”

THAT was better. FINALLY he was getting the picture. I dropped one leg over the side of the back seat and raised the other one to the top of the seat back. Actually, except for my panties I was still fully dressed! John still had his shirt on but it was no match for his erect cock as it poked out and through the shirt tails.

Reaching out for his dick, I grabbed him as he worked his way into position. It was a little awkward at first as he tried to balance himself but I held his cock to my pussy hole and waited for him to push it in. His cock head was pressing against my pussy as it practically screamed for him to come inside. Fingers are only good for when you don’t have a dick available!

I heard him take a deep breath and just as I could feel him beginning to push harder, voices came in from somebody right next to us. John froze and I strained my head to see over his shoulder to see if I recognized anyone. Although we both had enough clothes on now to hide anything naughty from view, our position would have been hard to take for anything other than what it was - two teens fucking in the back seat!

“Ignore them,” I pleaded, “Come on ... fuck me dammit.”

Let’s see ... teenage horny boy with huge erection has choice between worrying about people outside the car or following the directions of his girlfriend who is insisting that he fuck her. Like there was a decision to be made here! Once again I felt the pressure of his cock head between my legs and finally my pussy relented and opened for him. His dick head slipped in and was quickly followed by the remaining portion of his shaft until l felt his crotch pressed up against mine with his long curly pubic hair smashed against my fuzzy pussy.

“That’s so much better,” I moaned softly as he held himself still inside of me. My pussy gripped his shaft, holding onto him as if it never wanted to release it. “God you feel so good inside of me!”

As he started to stroke himself in my pussy, I reached down and toyed with my clit, rubbing it in tight circles with my fingertips. My other hand cupped my boobs through my tube top, squeezing my nipples between my fingers. After being so horny for the past couple of hours, this wasn’t going to take long!

“Ohhhhhh John,” I moaned, “Make me cum ... Make me cum so hard.”

John was pumping me harder and faster, oblivious to the outside world even though several times we heard voice of people as they walked by the car. If any of them saw anything they played it pretty straight as we never had a single instance where somebody challenged what we were doing.

My pussy exploded and my cum gushed over his cock as my orgasm struck hard. It was incredibly intense although short-lived. My pussy squeezed down so hard on John’s cock he actually begged me to let up on it a little but I wasn’t listening that closely. All that existed or me at that moment was between our legs - his cock inside of my pussy.

“Oh ... my ... god,” I moaned as it seemed it would never end. “Feels so good! Fuck me John ... fuck me more!”

Gradually the feeling in me died down and I laid still, feeling John’s cock throbbing in me. He had pause while I was cumming, watching me cum and listening to me tell him how I felt. Seeing that I was about over my orgasm, he started pumping his cock in me again, in and out, in and out, using a steady even motion with all the relentlessness of an oil rig. It was just pure fucking, plain and simple. Nothing fancy, no weird positions, neither of us saying a word, just his cock inside of me.

Again I heard another group of people approaching but this time John didn’t stop but instead just kept fucking me slow and steady. It was almost like he was pacing himself, seeing how long he could fuck me before cumming. I could see the shadows of the people on the windows as they walked by and I couldn’t help but wonder what they would say if they knew what was happening inside the car they were walking by. Then, maybe they DID know and were just ignoring us. What if it was someone we knew, someone who might recognize John’s car?

Amazingly, John kept fucking me and I was starting to wonder if he would cum again. Not that I wanted him to stop. There was something unique about what he was doing to me now. Most of the time he fucked me it was a lot of furious movement followed by a rapid climax. This was more like a nice backrub, a slow but steady series of pleasurable sensations that coursed thought me like waves emanating from my pussy. Frankly, he could have gone on all night and I wouldn’t have minded! But that wasn’t to be the case.

“Oh god I’m gonna cum soon,” he groaned, the first words he had said to me since he started fucking me. He started to shift his weight as if he wanted to pull out of me but that wasn’t part of my plan.

“Stay in me John,” I whispered to him, just loud enough for him to hear me over his panting and the slapping sound of his cock as it slid in and out of me. “I want you to cum inside of me.”

As much as I loved the taste of his cum, nothing gave me more satisfaction than when he came inside of me. There is something emotionally fulfilling about having a male emptying his sperm in me, almost like he is mating me. Of course being on the pill eliminates any possibility of that being fulfilled, but the concept is still exciting. There is also the simple matter of it feels good. Depending on the size of the load and who knows what internal factors, I can feel it release in me as a sensation of warmth within my lower abdomen. It fades away quickly but then is followed by another. It’s hard for me to believe that the dick I see disappearing into my pussy is spewing sperm into my pussy and that is what I’m feeling!

Finally, I know guys love it when I tell them to cum in me. The reactions by both Steve and John when I first told them they could fuck me without a condom AND stay in me when they came were priceless! Apparently I was the first girl for either of them that willingly did it and I’m sure it enhanced my reputation when they talked about it with their friends.

“Ohhhhhh,” was all John said as he shoved his cock deep in me and held it in as far as he could. I knew what THAT meant - he was getting reading to cum again.

“That’s it John, cum in me,” I encouraged him, “Fill my pussy with your sperm.”

He groaned as his back arched and he laid his head back. Then released himself into me, shooting his load of sperm into me. I felt that familiar warm feeling inside of me as he slammed his hips into me over and over again. I didn’t stop talking to him the entire time as I told him how good he felt in me, how I wanted him to fuck me over and over again. Finally he was finished and he fell forward against me, his arms barely keeping his weight off of me.

We laid together like that for what seems like an hour, his cock in me as it slowly dwindled, We kissed and touched, running our hands and fingers over the other. Finally he got up and my pussy had this strange sensation when his dick finally pulled out, as if it was empty or something like that and needing filling again. I could have gladly let him fuck me more if he had wanted but by now I think he had enough of me for one night.

“That was SO good,” I murmured to him finally. He kissed me one last time and got up and off of me. John struggled to get his underwear and jeans back on. I decided to just leave my panties off as they would just get wet and full of cum otherwise as his sperm drained out of me so what was the point?

Once we were both ready, we each got out on opposite sides of the car and quickly moved to the front seat. I didn’t notice anyone looking at us but if they had, it would have been pretty obvious what had been going on here, especially if my hair looked at all the way I was afraid it did. My purse was in the front seat so I pulled out a comb and tried to fix it up enough to be presentable.

The drive home was uneventful. Neither of us said much as I think we were both fairly overwhelmed by our evening so far. John walked me to the front door and gave me a good night kiss. As he kissed me his hand reached under my skirt and he cupped my pussy.

“John!” I protested, “What if the neighbors are watching?”

“Oh yeah, like you really care, ‘Miss Exhibitionist’,” he teased me, “Or how about, ‘Miss I Walk Around Wearing Next to Nothing’.”

“Well, still,” I replied lamely. What could I say, it wasn’t like I was a prude or anything. I’m sure the neighbor boys - and dads, would enjoy the view.

John gave my pussy a final little pat and returned to his car. My parents were still up when I went in and my dad stopped by my bedroom after I had undressed and gotten in bed.

“Well, well, so did my little slut enjoy herself?” he teased me. “How many times did you make him cum?”

“Oh Daddy, you know better than to ask that!!” I protested. If I only had a nickel for every time I’ve had to respond to him that way!

My dad just chuckled and said, “Well, I guess I’ll just have to wait until you tell your mom about it so she can tell me.”

I rolled my eyes dramatically but I knew he was right. Since my very first date I’d always given my mom a detailed ‘report? on my dates as soon as I got home. She was even the first to be told after I lost my virginity! I didn’t mind that she told my dad everything. A few times I had tried telling him directly but it got a little surreal seeing him get hard hearing about his own daughter’s date! Sometimes he would make little remarks like he had just now but in general, he didn’t ask me much about my sex life, more like a little tease now and then.

“You know, you should invite him along to the lake tomorrow.”

“Really? Can I?” I asked incredulously. My dad had never offered to let any other boys come along on one of our lake trips before so apparently he must like John. This was SO cool!

“Sure, I’ll take care of your mom, so don’t worry about her.”

THAT was a help. It wasn’t so much my dad that limited who got invited but rather my mom. I guess it was one thing for her daughter to go out and get laid by her boyfriend but inviting him along so he could do me didn’t seem to thrill her. Well, if my dad approved of it I was sure he could convince my mom.

“Thanks Daddy!” I exclaimed, jumping out of bed and hugging him. Of course I was nude, just as I always am in bed since I was around twelve. It didn’t bother me for him to see me naked After all, I WAS his daughter so what was the big deal? It certainly didn’t seem to bother him as he never averted his eyes or seemed embarrassed to look at me! My dad hugged me back and then playfully spanked my on my bare bottom.

“Well, you two had better behave yourself tomorrow - don’t make me regret this!”

I couldn’t wait to call John. His parents must have wondered why I would be calling so late but I wanted to be sure to catch him before he got up and went off to do something. He didn’t seem as thrilled about it as I thought he might, especially when I told him we would be going with my parents (like duh, how else would we get the boat there?). In the end he did exactly what I knew he would - he agreed. Boys are SO predictable!

Back in bed, I had a hard time getting to sleep as I imagined all the things I would love to do with John the next day. Most of them were pure fantasy - nude waterskiing, doing it on the boat with my parents watching, and so forth. While these sort of things would never happen for real, at the same time I had a few more realistic expectations. I mean, it would be a darn shame to spend an entire day wearing my skimpy bikini, flirting with John and not get laid somewhere along the line!

**Chapter 4: Driving to the Lake**

The next morning I woke up horny as hell. Actually, it’s nothing unusual for me to wake that way. By nature I am a “night? person, preferring to stay up late and sleeping in late (apologies to Ben Franklin). Yet for whatever reason, my body seems to be naturally at its horniest (is that a word?) when I first wake up. As a result, more often than not I find myself masturbating before the sleep is even out of my eyes and this morning was no different. If anything, my “need? was even more intense as I recalled my agenda for the day!

Once THAT was out of the way, I took care of my morning bathroom rituals and got dressed for the day. My first dilemma of the day was deciding which bikini to wear (hey, it’s really not that easy making these kind of decisions!). I had several, each more or less geared towards a specific event or location. For anything to do with church, I had a conservative number that was more ‘two- piece? than bikini. Actually, even that was pretty liberal as not too many years ago they allowed only one piece suits!

At the other extreme of the bikini sluttiness rating scale was my tanning bikini. I only wear this one out on our private deck as the public pool dress code required SOME material other than string to cover your ass. Finally I picked out my one of my favorites, a jet black bikini which showed off my figure but at the same time somehow managed to cover all the “required” areas.

Slipping on the bikini, I tied the halter strings behind my neck and then the waist strings. Over the bottoms I added a pair of white shorts that were extremely short but still looked classier than my cutoffs. I pulled my hair back into a ponytail again as it was easier to ski with it out of the way. The bikini top was enough, at least for this situation. No point in covering myself any more than necessary.

By now my mom was yelling up the stairs for me to get going. Just as I got down to the driveway, John pulled up and as he approached I loved the way his eyes roamed over me. If he wasn’t careful he was going to be sporting an erection though his bathing suit! Not that I would have minded but I am sure it would’ve embarrassed him in front of my parents (although I bet my mom would have gotten a kick out it). We all piled in the SUV and headed out to the storage barn where we kept the boat.

Soon we were on our way and for the next hour or so it was mom and dad in front with John and me in back seat. John was sitting behind my dad so I scooted over to the middle so I could be next to him. My parents tried to get John engaged in light conversation but he was shy with them around and so eventually they gave up and resigned themselves to talking to each other for the rest of the trip. That was OK with me as I snuggled up next to John, taking his arm and wrapped it around my neck. He seemed hesitant at first, resting his hand on the seat back instead of on me as I had hoped.

Looking down at John’s crotch, my mind painted a mental picture of his cock hiding underneath. Then I thought, why just imagine it when it was right there waiting for me? My parents were yakking about something or another, not paying any attention to us, so I took advantage of the situation. It wasn’t that I was worried about my parents? reaction, they would probably have encouraged us, it was John that I was worried about. Face it, most guys aren’t accustomed to playing around with a girl while her parents are in the car with them.

When I placed my hand squarely on his crotch, John looked down at me with his eyes wide open and I could see from the look on his face that he wasn’t sure if I was just teasing him or being serious. He soon got his answer when I started to rub my hand in little circles and grinned mischievously at him.

“Kelly, what are you doing?” he whispered to me.

“Don’t worry, they can’t see anything,” I whispered back.

“You say something Kelly?” my called back. She didn’t turn around to try to look back at us, thankfully, and the big front seats in the SUV served as a pretty good shield anyway.

“No mother, we were just talking,” I responded which seemed to satisfy her and she went back to chatting with my dad.

I turned sideways, curling my bare legs and feet under me on the seat. My right hand was still massaging John’s cock through his pants and despite his weak protests, I was definitely getting the response I was hoping for as the tent in his shorts slowly rose like there was a balloon under there being pumped full of air. His shorts had an elastic waist rather than a belt and zipper which made them easily accessible. I wondered if that was that a deliberate choice by him or just my lucky day? I slipped my hand under the elastic and he quickly put his hand over mine to try and stop me from going any further.

“Kelly ... your parents!” he whispered, looking towards the front seat with his eyes.

I responded by giving him one of my classic eye rolls and shook his hand off mine. What he didn’t know was that my parents wouldn’t have turned around unless I asked them to. Indeed, John had no idea how much they knew about our relationship. My parents were cool enough to be discreet when necessary and this was one of those times when it was necessary. Personally, I thought it was pretty hot knowing I could do just about anything with him and not worry about “getting caught? whereas he was clueless about the real situation.

Taking a break from my “assault? on Mount Dick, I took his hand that he had draped over my shoulder and pulled it down to my breasts. Placing the palm of his hand over my nipple, I pressed his hand against my boob. Given it was barely covered by my bikini top, it was almost like getting a feel of my bare breast. Instinctively he started to pull away but I held him tightly and finally he conceded and started to squeeze my boob. Good boy! Really, how many boys can say no when a girl put his hand on her boob, regardless of where they were at the moment?

Actually, I could have just stayed the way we were now, me leaning up against him with my head on his shoulder, my feet curled under me. I felt secure with John’s arm around me while his strong hand cupped my boob. It reminded me of when we first started seeing each other and we would make out on his parent’s couch. I loved the way he tentatively moved his hands over me, trying to see just how far he could go before I said no. He soon learned that word wasn’t in my vocabulary, at least not when I was being groped by a boy!

Meanwhile, my hand was back under the elastic waistband of his shorts and moving downward. My fingertips encountered the start of his pubic hair and I paused while I let them run through it to tease him a bit. It felt so curly and coarse and I could just imagine the cock that was surrounded by it! Pushing my hand down further, I touched the tip of his cock head and then the shaft. Gripping his dick in my hand, I snuggled up against him and felt his grip on my boob tighten as he reacted to my touch.

We stayed in that position for most of the rest of the trip down there, John’s hand on my boob and mine on his cock. I’m sure I could’ve pulled his shorts down and sucked him off without my parents saying a word; hell, I probably could have sat in his lap and let him fuck me! However, going that far would have probably raised some questions that were best left alone. Plus, I didn’t want John to get the wrong impression and think that there was anything kinky between my parents and me. It was one thing for them to encourage me to have sex and enjoy myself, quite another to do it with them. There are some lines just don’t get crossed, not even by me.

**Chapter 5: Out on the Boat**

As my dad slowed for the exit to the state park, my mom shifted and started to turn around to face us. John’s hand was off my boob instantly but I kept my hand under his shorts, not wanting to let go of his warm, hard dick.

“Well, we’re about there!” my mom announced. If she noticed my wayward hand or misplaced bikini top, she didn’t let on, much to John’s relief, I’m sure.

I gave John’s dick a little squeeze as if to say goodbye. It was only temporary though, as I was confident I’d be seeing a lot more of it before the day was done! I pulled my hand out from his shorts and straightened out my bikini top to cover my boob again. My dad pulled into the line for the boat launch which seemed to stretch out forever. As it looked like it would be quite a while before we launched, we all got out to stretch and get the boat ready. John went back to help my dad with the cover and straps while my mom and I looked on.

“Well, it looked like the two of you were having a good time on the way down here!” she giggled as she gave me a hug around the shoulders.

“Oh mom!” I responded but I couldn’t keep the grin from appearing on my face.

“I have to give you credit though,” she started out, pausing then as she waited for me to look at her with a questioning expression before she finished. “Holding on to his cock all that time and not sucking it must have been killing you!”

Mothers! What are you going to do about them? My mom knew how much I loved giving BJs and in fact, she and I had spent some considerable quality time together with her dildo collection as she gave me a few pointers and criticized my technique.

“Well, not that I didn’t WANT to, but I think it would have freaked him out, Mom.”

“Oh yeah, and I suppose he thinks your parents don’t know he’s screwing their daughter I bet.”” she said with a bit of a laugh.

“Yeah, exactly,” I giggled back at her.

Gradually the line went down. John and I took up a position near the boat launch and had a good time watching the fools trying to launch their boats. Someone should produce a reality show from this as it never ceases to amaze me how much people will spend on a boat and then be clueless as to how to use it. Watching them try to back their boat down the launch was priceless! Then there are the idiots who forget to put the drain plug in. One dummy even forgot the tie down straps! Oh well, it helped pass the time until finally my dad was next in line so we went down to help out. My dad backed the boat almost all the way in and then let my mom do the rest while he drove the boat off the trailer (needless to say, he wouldn’t let me have a hand in backing it in given my total inability to comprehend mirrors!).

With the boat launched successfully, my mom pulled the trailer out of the water and drove off to park while John and I jumped on board and waited for her to return. Now that we were in the boat, I immediately pulled my shorts off, revealing my tiny bikini bottom to John. It was the first time he’d seen me in this particular bikini as I wouldn’t dare wear it at the public pool. It made me tingle all over the way his eyes focused like a laser on my all but bare ass! Of course he’d seen it plenty of times before but there’s just something different about showing it off in public. What really amused me was that even my dad couldn’t help but take a look for himself and he saw me around the house and in our hot tub all the time.

My mom returned in a few minutes and once she was in the boat my dad took us out into the middle of the lake to get things started. My mom peeled off her top and shorts and I just shook my head as John’s eyes wandered her way. My mom was getting close to her forties but she could still turn heads! Frankly, I just hope I looked as good as her in a bikini twenty years from now. I knew she liked to show off a bit and I was sure she knew that John was getting an eyeful from the way she sat and crossed her legs in front of him.

For the next couple of hours we boated around the lake and did some water skiing. An avid snow skier, John had never been on water skis before and he wanted to try. After a couple of nasty falls and dunkings he said the heck with it and switched to a tube. We had brought two of them and so we both had a great time “fighting? each other as we tried to knock each other off our tubes. I usually won, although I think he let me in a few cases, but there was one time when he got me good and I flew off my tube and somersaulted over the water’s surface. All in all though, it was a lot of fun. John professed to be impressed at my slaloming skills but I think he just liked watching me in my bikini being pulled by the boat!

By now we were all getting a bit tired and hungry so my dad headed back to the marina to fuel up and have some lunch. My mom had packed a picnic lunch so we walked over to the beach area where there were some picnic tables that were still available. It took about a half hour or so to eat lunch after which my dad set up some lawn chairs, announcing his intention to “let his food settle? which was just his way of saying he wanted to take a nap. My mom wanted some sun herself so she took another chair and set it out of the shade overlooking the beach.

**Chapter 6: The Beach**

“Hey, why don’t you two go swimming?” my mom suggested.

I looked down at the beach and saw it was pretty crowded. There was a floating dock in the deeper section where you could dive off but that was practically filled with people. Kids seemed to be everywhere although I did see a few teens and adults walking around, most of which probably had kids or brothers and sisters in the water that they had to keep an eye on. I frowned and looked at John.

“Well, I don’t know, looks pretty crowded.”

“What the heck, let’s try it. Looks like fun!” John responded. He was certainly a lot more enthusiastic about the idea than I was. Frankly, I would have rather gone off to somewhere more private and had some fun of a different sort!

Outnumbered, I shrugged and gave in as it really didn’t make that big of a difference one way or the other to me for the moment. I was confident that sooner or later we would do it so this was just a temporary setback. My mom mentioned the air mattress in the back of the SUV and so John ran back to the parking lot to get it. Fortunately my dad had blown it up before we left home so it was ready to go when he got back.

“Ready?” John asked. He really DID seem to be looking forward to this, although for the life of me I didn’t understand why. I enjoyed sunning at the beach but I was a few years past the stage where swimming around in the dirty lake water gave me any special thrills.

As we made our way down to the beach, we passed several families having picnics of their own. Of course most of the guys turned their heads as I walked by as I probably had the skimpiest bikini around at the moment. John must have noticed them as well because he held my hand and pulled me a little closer to him. Inside I felt sort of special, like I was part of some tribal ritual. It wasn’t so much he was protecting me as he was showing off to the other males, letting them know I was his. Personally, I thought it was sort of cute. At least he wasn’t pulling me along by my hair!

Before long we were out in the warm water up to our knees. I dropped down on the air mattress and stretched out on my stomach with my arms hanging over the sides to move myself along. With just the strings of my bikini showing and the little thong barely covering any of my ass, someone might have thought I was nude at first glance. I looked up on the beach and waved to my mom to see if she was watching us. She must have been since she waved back almost immediately.

John grabbed my ankles and pushed me out into deeper water. As the water got past his waist and covered his shorts, his hands released my ankles started instead to stroke my bare leg up and down between my ankles and about mid-thigh. He didn’t get as close to my ass as I would’ve liked but it felt good all the same. As time went by, he got more little adventurous and his hands moved up a little further until finally he brushed up against my almost bare bottom.

“John!” I exclaimed, pretending to be self-conscious, “There are little kids right over there who can see you!”

“Who cares,” he shrugged, “Let them get their own girl!”

We both laughed and then without warning he flipped me over and dunked me. I made it back to my feet and pushed him backwards and before long we were pushing and shoving playfully. He had the advantage since the water was up higher on me than him since he was taller but I still managed to hold my own. Somewhere along the line his hand grabbed my ass and he gave it a good squeeze.

“Damn you’ve got a fucking great ass,” John sighed. He looked around to see if anybody was paying attention to us but it didn’t look as if anyone cared what we were doing. By now we were in pretty deep and I was almost up to my neck so it wasn’t like anyone could tell see he was doing anyway.

“So you like my butt, eh?” I teased him, wiggling it in his hand.

“Damn right I do, and I love to play with it!”

“Well, am I stopping you?” I teased him. “I don’t recall saying no or anything like that.”

John turned to me and kissed me briefly as he looked me in the eyes and replied, “Tell me Kelly, do you EVER said no?”

Well, not often, especially when it came to sex. True, most guys I sucked didn’t get to fuck me and even those were told a few things were off-limits but I would have say that in general, I’m a pretty accommodating girl!

Anyway, what was good for the goose was good for the gander so I reached underwater to his crotch and grabbed his dick through his shorts. His shorts were loose and baggy, making it easy to get a grip on what was becoming a sizable erection inside.

“Ha! I think somebody’s horny,” I said in a sing-song taunting style.

“Well, what do you expect after watching you run around all but naked all day? he huffed. “God, I can’t believe your parents let you wear this suit in public!”

I smiled because he had no idea what I was thinking just then. Gee whiz, if he thought THIS bikini was risqué, he should see the one I wear when I tan on our deck, the one my dad calls “Kelly’s little slut bikini?. The first time my dad saw me in it I thought his mouth would never be able to close again from the way it dropped open. My mom had actually picked it out for me and I sometimes wonder if she didn’t do it just to tease my dad!

“Hey, were you checking out my mom today?” I teased him. John seemed a little embarrassed by that and even with all the sun he’d been exposed to today, he still looked a little redder in the cheeks.

“It’s OK,” I assured him, “I know she’s a MILF.”

“Kelly, how can you call her that? She’s your mom for crying out loud,” John protested. I just laughed harder and grinned up at him.

“Oh don’t pretend to be so innocent,” I chastised him. “She looks good and she likes to show it off a bit. No harm in that, is there? Oh, and in case you’re interested you should know she loves my dad and hasn’t ever cheated on him - not even once,”

“Uhhhhh, I never said I wanted to do anything with her!” John quickly pointed out.

I laughed and gripped his cock a little tighter as if to make my point.

“Well, you better not!” I said sternly, “I’m the only girl in my house you get to fuck! Speaking of which...”

John grinned and this time he certainly DID know what I was thinking about. Obviously the feeling was mutual - we both wanted him to fuck me.

“Hmmm, you know anywhere around here we can do it?” he asked, his eyes sweeping the park area.

Suddenly an idea formed in my mind, a naughty idea, a REALLY naughty idea. A couple of kids passed by on inner tubes and once they were well away from us I turned to John and grinned broadly at him. We’d been going out long enough for him to recognize that smile.

“Uh oh, now what nasty thoughts are running though that pretty little head?”

“Don’t move,” was all I said in reply. Taking a deep breath, I dropped down under the water where I reached for his shorts and with one pull, dragged them down to his knees. Caught by surprise, he started to reach for them but I already had his cock in my hand with my other arm around his legs which I used to pull me closer to him so I could take his stiff cock in my mouth. I can’t say the taste of his cock mixed with lake water was the best concoction I’d had in a while, but at this point, who cared! I sucked it for a few seconds and came back up to get some air.

“Shit Kelly, what the hell are you doing?” John hissed at me as I caught my breath. He reached down and pulled his shorts back up again. “For crying out loud, there are people all around us!”

“And your point is...”” I responded, pretending not to have a clue what he was talking about.

“Well, you just can’t DO that here!”

“Oh ... and why not?” I teased him, giving him my best innocent little girl look and tone of voice.

“Well, what if someone figures out what we’re doing?”

“Maybe if you would just shut up and do me without making such a fuss, they might not.”

“Wait a minute,” he said, a look of comprehension appearing, “You mean you want me to FUCK you? Here? Now?”

“Sure, why not?”

“Someone will see us,” he repeated himself, “Shit, if nobody else does, your mom’s watching.”

“Oh? And what makes you think she doesn’t know you’ve been screwing her daughter?”

“I guess I really never thought about it is all,” he said lamely. “I just assumed she didn’t.”

“My mom’s not stupid, you know,” I chastised him, “I mean, who do you think took me to the gyno to get me on the pill in the first place?”

He started to respond but I’d had enough of this already. I wanted to be fucked, not debate it.

“So, you gonna do me or not?” I demanded. It was a silly question as there was absolutely no doubt in my mind what he would say. In my first year of having sex, I hadn’t met a guy yet who said “no? when I offered myself to him!

“God Kelly, I can’t believe you’re talking me into this!”

“Actually, I was thinking more about YOU getting into ME,” I corrected him, “SOOOOO, why not just shut up and fuck me?”

“Fuck me,” he said under his breath. Not that I think he meant me to hear him, nor did I take him literally, but he was obviously a bit concerned and overwhelmed with the whole idea. Oh well, I couldn’t have cared less so long as he fucked me, and fucked me soon.

I dunked under water and pulled my thong bottom off. It was so small I was able to hide it mostly in my hand. Better to hold it than to drop it to my knees or ankles where it might slip off and then I’d never be able to find it in this dark lake water! Standing there in the deep water with nothing on my bottom, I leaned over the air mattress, maneuvering it such that I was facing the most number of people and minimizing the number of people behind us.

“Well, at least I’m ready,” I announced to him, as if he didn’t know.

John stood beside me and placed his hand on my neck. He slowly lowered it, running his fingers over me as he went down the small of my back and over my bare ass. I spread my legs enough for him to reach between them and I felt his finger exploring my pussy.

“Mmmmmmm, I like it when you play with my pussy,” I purred to him.

He didn’t say anything but just ran his finger up and down my pussy slit and then slipped it inside of me, gripping my ass with the palm of his hand as his finger pushed its way into my pussy.

“Now THAT”S even better,” I encouraged him. I was rewarded by the feel of his finger exploring my pussy, rubbing it and making it feel just the way I liked it.

As John was fingering my pussy a girl who looked to be maybe eleven or twelve went by, chasing after a friend about her same age. Her little bikini was tight enough to show her newly budding boobs and when she dove forward her cute little behind showed signs of what was sure to be a great ass in the not too distant future.

“Bet you’d like to finger her pussy too, wouldn’t you,” I teased John.

John pushed his finger in deeper before he responded saying, “Right, give me a break, Kelly. She’s only what, twelve at the most?”

“Well, I’m only a few years older,” I reminded him.

John squeezed my ass and looked at me with an evil grin saying, “Well, just shows you what a few years can do, doesn’t it? Me ... I’m happy with THIS piece of ass.”

“C’mon John, you mean you wouldn’t fuck her if you could?”

“The only girl on this beach I want to fuck is you,” he said quietly. I sensed a little frustration in his voice and dropped the banter about the little girl. I was just teasing him and I didn’t want to get him upset, not now at least! I knew he was saying that just because he thought it was what I wanted to hear but I knew better from the way he kept glancing her way.

I suddenly gasped as he pulled his finger out of me and started rubbing my clit. I was so damn horny I almost came right then and there. Sure it was crazy to be out here in the middle of the swimming area with my bikini bottoms in my hand and my boyfriend’s finger toying with my exposed clit under the water. On the other hand, it was incredibly erotic to have all these people around me and not one of them knowing what John was doing to me - or about to do if I had anything to say about it.

“I want you to fuck me now,” I whispered to him, just high enough for him to hear me over the screams and cries of the crowd.

“You really sure about that?” John questioned me. Sheesh, what was it with him? You would think it would be the boy pushing the girl to do it and that she would be the one who was cautious, not the other way around!

“Dammit John, I’ve been waiting all day ... are you going to fuck me or not?” I demanded, getting a little frustrated. My pussy was practically cramping it needed a cock so badly and while his finger felt good, it just wasn’t doing the job. “Geeze, I never thought I’d ever have to beg you to screw me!”

“Shit, you really DO want it bad, don’t you?” he said, as if he hadn’t really understood my “condition? before this point.

“Well duh!” I replied, rolling my eyes and letting out a melodramatic huff. It was beyond “wanting? it - I NEEDED it. If I had to go back to the shore without having his dick in me first, I might just scream with frustration!

John looked around for what must have been the hundredth time before bending down and lowering his shorts. I really couldn’t see what he was doing through the dark lake water but hopefully he was only dropping them enough to free his dick as it would have been embarrassing for him if he lost them.

“OK, help me out here,” he whispered as he nestled in behind me.

I could feel his bare crotch pressed up against my ass and his cock between my legs like I was riding some fleshy pole. I reached down between my legs to move his cock to the correct position to enter me. Having never done it in a lake before, I had no idea what exactly to expect but I figured it would be similar to getting fucked in our family hot tub - something John had done to me several times already.

FYI to any girls interested in doing this - lake water doesn’t lubricate nearly as well as your natural pussy juices! His cock pushed hard as he struggled to force his way into me and I grimaced just a bit. God, it was almost like being a virgin again! Finally his cock head pierced me and then it was as if he was splitting my hips apart as his dick spread open my pussy.

Thankfully, once he was in me the pain disappeared and from then on all I could think about was his wonderfully hard cock working its way up inside of me. As he pushed it in his shaft rubbed against the walls of my pussy, stimulating me and sending out intense feelings of pleasure throughout my entire body. Fortunately, the water was holding me up as my legs felt weak under me and had I been standing on shore I might have dropped to my knees.

“Oh god John, that’s it,” I encouraged him, “Fuck me deeper ... push it in me ... I want it all the way in me!”

Between the force of fucking me and the buoyancy of the water, John literally lifted me off my feet. My hands gripped the air mattress tightly for support as my feet dangled unsupported as I was held up, literally impaled on his cock. Now that he was in me things went smoother and he shoved his cock deeper into me until his crotch was up against my bare ass. Once there, he held himself still in me as we both paused to take in the moment.

“Mmmmmmm, this is so HOT!” I exclaimed, gripping his cock tight with my pussy as two little boys went swimming by with their arm floats on.

“Damn, I can’t believe I’m fucking you ... right in the middle of all these kids!” John muttered to me.

“Well, are you just going to stand there with your dick in me or what?” I whispered back, rotating my ass against his groin as best I could without falling off the air mattress.

John held onto my hips and pushed me forwards in the water which caused his dick to pull out of me and then he pulled me back to push himself back in again. The air mattress was making little waves ahead of me as I slowly went back and forth over the surface of the water. It wasn’t exactly the most thrilling technique or style, but under the circumstances I certainly wasn’t going to complain.

In any case, it wasn’t the actual fucking he was giving me that was turning me nearly so much as the fact he was fucking me with at least a hundred people within earshot of us! Granted they didn’t know what we were doing but the point was they COULD and that’s what was getting me off.

My mom was still watching us from the picnic area and though we were quite a ways away, I had a feeling she knew what was really happening, more so than the rest of the people on the beach. I waved at her while John slowly stroking himself in and out of me, wishing I could just call out and tell her what he was doing to me. I just hung on to the air mattress as John did most of the work.

It had to be a little awkward for him as he had to thrust his hips back and forth under the water without appearing to those above the water that he was fucking me. Face it, a guy doing a girl from behind has a pretty obvious look to it!

“Hey, what are you doing?” he exclaimed as he reaching for my arm to hold it down.

“I’m just waving at my mom. Why, something wrong?”

“I guess not ... just seems weird,” he muttered under his breath. Whether he was really concerned or not, who knew? What I DID know was that he didn’t stop fucking me and THAT was what was the most important thing to me at the moment.

Just then moment a Frisbee hit the water about three feet in front of me and scooted over the surface directly towards me. A boy, maybe twelve or thirteen, was hustling toward us with the clear intention of recovering his Frisbee. John pulled out of me and I dropped to the lake bottom. Standing there in the water up to my chest, bare-ass with my bikini bottoms in hand, I kept my cool and reached forward to grab the Frisbee, almost exposing my nude ass in the process. I gave it a tossed towards the kid who caught it. He grinned at us and thanked me before turning around to swim off again. I wondered what he would have said had he known he had been close to a girl with a bare pussy than probably at any time of his life!

“Shit, that was too close,” John sighed, standing next to me now, “God Kelly, this is really crazy you know.”

“I don’t care, why did you stop fucking me?” I asked.

“Kelly! The kid was right on top of us, what if he had dove down or something and seen us?”

Boys! They can be so stupid sometimes. Like the kid would’ve seen anything in this water anyway.

“Well he’s gone,” I declared, “So you just gonna stand there or what?”

“You really like being fucked, don’t you?” John whispered to me as he got back behind me. This time he got himself in me unassisted and resumed fucking me.

“You know it!” I sighed as I enjoyed the incredible sensations that a cock creates inside of me as it fill my pussy. Why is it that boys seem to think THEY are the ones who like sex the most? I didn’t just LIKE being fucked, I LOVED it!

John’s response was to push his hard dick up deeper into my pussy. “I’m getting close.” he told me. I shushed him to keep it down and he went back to silently fucking me, only harder and faster now. Unlike before. if someone was watching us now I don’t see how they could have mistaken what was going on.

“Oh yes, I love you fucking me John,” I said as quietly as I could under the circumstances. “I love you fucking me with all these kids around.”

“Well, here it comes baby,” he interrupted me. Sure enough, a couple more strokes and he held himself tight up against me and I felt his cock begin to swell and then explode as it spewed load after load of his warm sperm into my pussy.

“Oh John, that feels SO good,” I sighed, “Give it all to me John.”

It didn’t take long for him to unload himself in me and even less time to pull out and pull his shorts up as a group of teenage girls started heading in our direction. It was just a coincidence as they weren’t interested in us, but it was enough for John to be worried.

“Ummmmm, aren’t you going to get dressed?” he whispered to me.

Actually, I was still enjoying the feel of being bare-bottomed and freshly fucked in the midst of the crowd. For whatever reason, it made me feel incredibly sexy knowing I was bottomless with a pussy full of cum and nobody around us had a clue. Not that my thong covered up much when it WAS on but the point was it did at least cover me a little whereas now I had nothing over me. Unlike John, whose immediate sex drive seemed to have left him along with his cum, I was still horny and wanted more. I hadn’t cum yet so if he wasn’t going to fuck me again, then I would take thing into my own hands - literally.

“What are you doing Kelly?” John asked, looking at me as if I was some sort of alien or something.

“Just give me a minute, almost there.”

“Shit, are you ... masturbating?” he asked incredulously, “Damn, I just fucked you!”

Boys and their fragile egos. It wasn’t anything that reflected on his performance. I LOVED him fucking me. It was just that masturbating after he had filled me with cum while surrounded by dozens of teenagers and younger kids was about as stimulating as it gets for me. I wasn’t just teasing him off when I said I was almost there! I was about to cum and from the way it was building up it was going to be a good one!

A few more rubs on my clit and I leaned forward on the air mattress, almost forgetting myself and almost letting my ass float to the surface. Not that much less would be visible even if I HAD been wearing my thong, it was the principle of the matter. I bit my lip to keep from crying out as my orgasm struck me.

Even though I knew John was watching me, for the next few minutes it was if I was alone without a soul near me as it was just me and my raging pussy. My orgasm was brief but intense. Rather than taking my time and pacing myself like I would have had I been home in bed, I rubbed my clit furiously, forcing my orgasm to peak quickly. A few minutes later and the intensity level had already dropped significantly.

“Damn, that must have felt good,” John observed. I couldn’t speak but just smiled and nodded at him. I looked out at where my mom was sitting and wondered if she realized what had just happened. As many times as she had seen me masturbate, she certainly should have!

“Well, you ready to go back in now?” John asked.

Reluctantly I nodded and ducked under the water to pull my thong back on me again. Standing up, I straightened it out until I was as presentable as possible with so little material. I reached over and felt his dick through his shorts again. Damn, the guy was erect again!

“Ummmmm, John ... isn’t something poking out?” I asked innocently.

John sighed and gave me his patented “are you stupid? look I hated but I knew what he meant. Poor guy! As a girl I could get laid and afterwards just pull my thong back on and walk out of the water without anyone the wiser. It was going to take an act of God to get John’s dick to go soft again! He appeared puzzled as to what he should do.

“Well, you could always fuck me again,” I suggested mischievously.

“You’d like that, wouldn’t you,” he sighed as he shook his head in disbelief at my endless desire for sex. “I think we’ve pushed it about as far as we can, don’t you?”

I pouted and licked my lips seductively at him but he just ignored me and looked around for the best way out.

“Why not just use the air mattress to hide yourself, silly!”

The light bulb went off in his head finally and he nodded. With that I started walking towards the beach with John in tow behind me. Sure enough, as we exited the water he held the air mattress strategically positioned to hide his bursting crotch as much as possible although I think a few girls still got a treat based on the way they looked at us. My thong was soaking wet, of course, so any of John’s cum that might be draining from me wasn’t going to be visible but my pussy still tingled sharply with the memory of his wonderful dick in me.

When we got back to the picnic area John dropped the air mattress but immediately went over to the cooler to grab something to drink - and no doubt to hide his still bulging crotch from my parents. My mom pulled me aside and grinned at me.

“Well, it certainly appeared that you two were having a good time out there.”

“Ohhhhhh, I guess you could say something like that,” I teased her. I knew she wanted to hear the details, just as she did after any date I went out on. Sometimes I’m convinced she is reliving her teenage years once again vicariously through me!

“I know what it looked like but you guys didn’t really DO it, did you?”

I just grinned at her and her jaw dropped. Well, if nothing else it was good to see I could still surprise my mom now and then.

“Why you dirty little slut!” she said, putting one arm around me and hugging me. “I have to say, THAT”S something I’ve never done!” She looked at me with a naughty smile saying, “God, you must have been so turned on out there. I can’t even imagine what it must have been like! Weren’t you nervous at all someone might catch you?”

John returned as she was finishing up and I noted that his erection was down to where it just looked like he was well endowed. My mom pretended not to notice but I caught her glancing at him and then looking at me and winking. It made me wonder what my dad would say later when she told him. Who knows, maybe he and mom would be taking a dip themselves before the day was over!

Eventually the four of us went back out on the lake again for another couple of hours. John couldn’t keep his eyes off my mom, especially her boobs. It actually made me a little jealous and a bit self-conscious as I knew her breasts were so much better than mine. At fifteen I still had the boobs of a thirteen year-old when I compared myself to my friends and seeing John’s interest in my mom’s breasts just made me all the more aware of my shortcomings in that department. Well, if nothing else, I had the better ass! My mom’s wasn’t nothing to sneeze at but still, she had twenty years of gravity working against her.

In some ways, I found John’s interest in my mom a bit hilarious. Like, she is my MOM and I have never even fantasized about her being with anyone but my dad, let alone a boyfriend of mine who was less than half her age. And what is it with boys that makes them fantasize about older women anyway, especially when they have a girl like me dying for them to fuck her?

Speaking of my parents, I have never actually seen them fucking but my mom talked about it enough that I knew they enjoyed sex. At the same time, my parents have always had an extremely rigid stand when it comes to adultery. It was quite simple, they didn’t do it, not even with each other’s “permission?. I suppose people would think that given their attitudes about nudity and masturbation that they would enjoy mixing it up with other couples.

What these people need to understand is that my parents also have strict Christian values which means there was no way any extramarital sex was ever going to happen! There was also one side benefit that worked in situations like today - I didn’t have to worry about my mom ever stealing a guy from me!

Finally we were worn out, having done probably even more than we could handle for one day My arms were tired from skiing and my legs felt like I’d just run a marathon. As a result, the drive home was about as uneventful as it could be. I fell asleep within a few minutes of hitting the expressway with my head on John’s lap and my bare legs and feet stretched out on the back seat. There was a definite lump under my head and under different circumstances I would have probably turned and sucked him all the way home like a baby with a pacifier. Well, I knew it was always available to me so for now, sleep was more important.

**Chapter 7: Back Home Again**

Later that night I’d been in bed no more than ten minutes when my dad knocked on the door frame and stepped into my darkened room.

“Yes daddy?” I asked, not quite sure what he wanted.

“Your mom just told me about your little adventure this afternoon,” he said with a grin. “Were you just pulling her leg? Don’t worry, I won’t tell her, just curious is all.”

Well, I didn’t have to say anything as even in the dim light my big smile and the twinkle in my eye told him everything he needed to know.

“Damn, somehow I had a feeling you weren’t,” he said in a low voice, as if more to himself than to me. Then he perked up and looked at me with a more stern look on his face.

“Well, let me just say two things, little miss horny. First, I know it appealed to your slutty side and I’m sure it was thrilling to do it and not get caught, but did you ever think even ONCE about what might have happened if you HAD been nailed - I mean caught.”

My smile dwindled as he went on. Really, about the LAST thing I had expected was a lecture from him. Usually he was turned on when he heard about my dates!

Then his stern face suddenly broke and he smiled broadly at me saying, “And I just want you to know, that was one of the hottest things I’ve heard about in a long time!”

It was then I noticed his boxers were sticking out. Damn, my dad had an erection going!

“Ummmmm, dad!” I snickered, pointing at his obvious condition. It was sort of weird seeing my dad sporting an erection while he was talking to me. Sometimes he got that way when we were in the hot tub but then it was easy to ignore him and I just chalked it up to the hot water and jets. After all, they got me horny as hell too!

Although I had seen him hard many times before when he masturbated, under the circumstances he seemed a little embarrassed that I had caught him this way and so he turned to go.

“Well, sorry about that but don’t forget, your old man IS a guy too!” he said in a soft voice.

With one motion I pulled the sheets off of me and then hopped out of bed to give him a quick hug. I loved my father so much and I knew what he was trying to say to me. After all, I was his daughter so it couldn’t have been ME that was turning him on that way. What I had done with John today must have been pretty erotic for him to hear about and he couldn’t help but get turned on, just like he did when he saw me with a boy sometimes in my room. Knowing my dad, I had a feeling he was going to be masturbating tonight before he went to bed. Then again, maybe my mom was due to have a great night in bed!

I put my arms around him and then I was reminded that I was naked as I felt his erection pressing against me. I’d felt him this way before when I would sit on his lap in the hot tub or something but I couldn’t ever remember feeling it against me this way before.

For a moment I must have tensed up, not sure what I should do. Then my dad put his hands on my bare shoulders, pushed me away just a little and took a good look at my nude body before him. Don’t take me wrong, it wasn’t like he hadn’t seen me this way before. We’d been using the hot tub nude since I was a little girl after all so there was nothing he hadn’t seen plenty of times before and I wasn’t embarrassed for him to see me this way. It’s just that again, I couldn’t ever remember him LOOKING at me this way before. It felt a little weird.

“Damn, just look at you. You’re fifteen now and I guess your dear old dad is going to have to get use to you doing this sort of thing.”

He spanked me playfully on my bare bottom, breaking the spell of the moment, whatever it was I was feeling. Then he gently directing me back to bed where I got between the sheets once again, covering myself from his view.

“Good night daddy!” I called after him. It is wonderful to have parents who support and loved me in everything I do - and I mean everything. I couldn’t imagine how it would be if I had to hide what I did with my boyfriends from them like most of my friends were forced to do with their parents.

I SOON fell asleep holding my pussy in my hand as I imagined John was fucking me again, except this time we were doing it on the beach, drawing quite a crowd. The adults and older teens were chanting “fuck her, fuck her? as he drilled me while the younger kids just watched us in amazement, probably seeing a couple doing it for the first time ever. While I couldn’t picture us ever actually doing it that way, a little fantasy when you masturbate never hurt!

The End