**Back Home for the Summer**

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*The girls in their summer dresses. But in an open household, they meet their match.*  
Her voice sounded pretty anxious. Even through the closed bathroom door I could hear the need for an immediate answer.   
  
"OK come on in," I shouted, trying to get myself heard above the noise of the rain-shower I was standing under.   
  
"Thanks, dad," Was the rushed answer she gave me while she pretty much ran to the toilet. Not a moment too late - even before she sat down her bladder started emptying itself.   
  
"Shit, I guess I just didn't make it, my panty is all wet," She murmured while continuing to pee on the toilet.   
  
"Dad, are you almost ready? Can I use the shower and get myself clean? I'm sorry, this is embarrassing but I was just too late ..."   
  
"Ok, ok, just let me finish getting all the soap off me. And can you get me the towel?"   
  
I stepped out of the shower and she handed me the towel before sneaking past me into the corner of the shower. All her clothes laid in the middle of the bathroom. All, that is a cotton panty, very wet, and an oversized T-shirt which also had some marks of her lost race against her bladder.   
  
Our bathroom had never been a private area, it doesn't even have a lock on it. The rule had always been to knock when the door was closed. But we never thought of using the bathroom, the toilet in it or the shower as a private moment. If one had to pee and someone else was showering, or brushing his or her teeth, no problem. We only have one bathroom and everybody was free to use is whenever needed. This had always been this way, from when our 3 kids were very small throughout their adolescence. Now that they left home to live at their university campuses it remained this way, even when they got home for vacation and brought friends along. Like now...   
  
"Stella, are you ok?"   
  
Suddenly Tess burst into the bathroom and stopped dead in her tracks, seeing me naked whilst drying myself with the, not so big, towel Stella gave me.   
  
"O, shit, I'm so sorry," Tess mumbled while she started blushing heavily and she retreated as quickly as she had entered.   
  
"Mr. ..., eh, Marc, I really got to pee myself," she said from the other side of the now closed door.   
  
"Ok, one second," I told her, "And I'll be decent."   
  
"Ok - come on in, I'll get out so the two of you can have it for all you have to do. But give me a call because I still have to shave."   
  
"Thank you so much!" She said while stepping into the bathroom and passing me.   
  
She grabbed my elbow while stepping past me and she gave me a kind of thankful yet mischievous smile. Being dressed in only a tiny blue panty and white cotton bra, she hesitated to pull her panty down and looked up at me once again.   
  
Strange to find yourself in such a close, personal situation with your daughter's roommate.   
  
I turned around and stepped outside the bathroom.   
  
"Don't forget to call, I'll be downstairs," I said as a reminder.   
  
2. Stella   
  
Once Tess was done on the toilet, her head poked around the glass between the shower, where I was still enjoying the warm water, and the rest of the bathroom.   
  
"Did you see what I saw? Did I see this right? Does your father have such a big, fat one or was he getting a hard-on?" She giggled loudly while opening her bright blue eyes very wide.   
  
"And you?" I answered with a grin on my face. "Are you wet already? You're so easy to arouse... Do I know that!"   
  
"Shut up, you," Tess answered while reaching behind her back to snap off her bra. "But tell me, Stella, am I right? Did he have something like a semi hard-on? Or is it just that big... Jeez!"   
  
"No," I said. "I think he was something like playing with himself when I ran into the bathroom. He didn't step right out of the shower when I asked him, pretending to have to wash away the soap. So, I saw the state he was in and it's not his "normal" state - so to speak. I know how that looks like... And I know the "other" part too..."   
  
"You're kidding me! Are you trying to tell me you've been in the bathroom with your father while he was fully hard? No way!" Tess hissed with excitement while also stepping into the shower corner and pushing me aside.   
  
"No, not like that off course. But yes, a few times I ran into the bathroom when he was having a shower, and a hard-on, like this time. But then, I just stepped out, called sorry and ran upstairs to my bedroom."   
  
"Ha! I'll bet that got you excited too, you hypocrite!" she blew a mouthful of water over me with that remark, as having her revenge.   
  
"And don't tell me you didn't picture that big, gorgeous dick in your mind while you were upstairs, with your twisted mind. And tell me you didn't wet your panty and groped your pussy with your greedy little hands, you little I-am-so-open-minded daughter of your so-open-minded parents..."   
  
"Off course not! Really... I didn't wear any panties at the time! You little mama's girl!"   
  
And with that I pinched one nipple quite hard while she was standing with her eyes closed and face turned upwards to the water stream.   
  
"Awww!" You...!"   
  
But she was too late. I stepped out of the shower and grabbed a towel to wrap myself in.   
  
"You see," I told her. "You're visibly excited. Now, just close your eyes again. Imagine what you saw. Imagine what you want." I teased her.   
  
She closed her eyes. The expression on her face betrayed her plan of putting up a show just for me. She squirted some douche gel on her hands and started rubbing it all over her body, over her perky, puffy nipples on her not-so-big but roundly shaped breasts. They always stood out a little when they got the right attention. They started to grow upon her breasts themselves, like little volcanoes rising from the landscape of older mountains.   
  
She continued to stroke both her hands to her buttocks, kneading them, spreading them apart, pushing them together again, pushing them backwards. Still with a smile and her eyes closed, her hands moved to the front. She planted her foot shoulder width apart and started to stroke the insides of her legs, while squeezing her breasts together at the same time.   
  
Two hands glided towards her pubic mound, where her outer labia protruded a bit through her blond, tufted hair to show the way inwards. Hers was not a Barbie crotch but it showed hills and valleys, smooth areas next to thin, frizzy hair and folds of the flesh like flowers. Even her little knob, her little pink clit, already made its present clear from the standpoint I was watching.   
  
Although I knew she was teasing, it had it's effect on me. The wetness of the shower made way for another kind of wetness. And I saw the effect it had on herself. Her breast, her nipples stood out like rockets, the expression on her face had turned from funny to serious while her right hand was rubbing her pussy in earnest.   
  
I dropped my towel and took hold of both my breasts in earnest. Breasts that were a bit on the large size for my little frame, even though I'm not so small. But he, who was I to complain? I looked at them, areolas that matched the size of my breasts, the shape of my breasts turned them upwards. And bigger, darker than their surroundings with dark nipples which would easily stand out when stimulated. And I started to do so..., kneading them, pinching them.   
  
"Tess, Stella? Still there?" My father's voice preceded his knocking on the door.   
  
We both gave each other a silent scream and a silent laughter, before turning off the shower and starting to get toweled up.   
  
"Yes, dad!" I yelled. "Give us a minute and we'll be out of here."   
  
"OK, but just hurry up after that. Mom's got breakfast ready downstairs, ok?"   
  
"OK, but we don't have to dress up, do we? We're not going anywhere."   
  
"OK," my father replied. "Whatever, but be down in 15, ok? I'll just have to finish shaving and I'll be right with you."   
  
3. Marc   
  
After being kicked out of the bathroom by the girls, I went downstairs to the kitchen to see what Marianne, or Mari for short, was up to. She was standing behind the sink, washing some vegetables. It looked like she was getting all sorts of food ready for breakfast. She turned her head around and smiled at the too small towel that was wrapped around my waist. A front side of my leg showed and my still flaccid dick made a noticeable tent in the fabric of the towel.   
  
"So, you're going to give us a stud show for breakfast?" she quipped?   
  
"Ha, no..." And I told her what happened and why I retreated out of the bathroom.   
  
She was wearing her morning dress, a cotton tank-top-like dress with spaghetti-bands. It reached halfway of her thighs. No bra yet to hold up her large, somewhat sagging breasts and no sign of a panty underneath. For her 46 years, she was just a good-looking woman, with the confidence that makes somebody attractive and totally at ease with her body and the way she aged.   
  
While telling the story, I stepped up behind her and wrapped both arms around her waist.   
  
"How did Tess react on seeing you naked?" She asked.   
  
"Hmmm, I guess ok. She smiled, I think. But I guess she saw a bit more than just naked..."   
  
"A ha... O, jay" She answered, knowing my habit of playing with myself in the shower. "I hope she was not offended..."   
  
"No, certainly not. Her smile betrayed her a bit, if I might say so."   
  
"And Stella, was she comfortable with the whole situation?"   
  
"With me, yeah, she knows me in different situations. And with Tess, I only guess they have something to gossip and laugh about."   
  
"Mmmm, I guess you're right. That's what I would've done!" you laughed.   
  
All the washing of the vegetables made her body move and made me move as well eventually.   
  
My dick rose up against her buttocks and I pushed her body against the sink.   
  
"What do you prefer?" I asked while taking a big carrot she was washing and holding it against her mouth. "This little friend or the real thing?" I asked softly in her ear?   
  
"Mmmm". She licked at it, placed her hand over mine and put her other one around the top of the carrot.   
  
"This is what I can do with both..." And with that, she snapped the big carrot in two!   
  
Turning around and putting half the carrot in my mouth, she said smiling, "So be gentle with me, and I'll be gentle with yours...!"   
  
With that, she took the carrot out of my mouth again and gave me a long, sweet kiss.   
  
Then she dropped to a squatting position, took the towel away from my waist and gave a soft kiss on my growing member.   
  
"Off course," she said, " I can have both of them..." Her hand stroked my dick which was still a bit flaccid but standing out already. Her other hand cupped my balls and she took me in...   
  
"OK, that's it for now". She smiled while standing up and I gave a her quick kiss. "In a moment breakfast is ready so get the girls and finish your shaving, please," she told me and I grabbed the towel, held it around my waist and ran upstairs.   
  
4. Tess   
  
When we arrived in Stella's bedroom, we threw off our towels, looked at each other and started out laughing. Excitement was still in our eyes, the heat was still in our body's. I grabbed my right tit and planted a kiss an it, softly sucked my nipple and looked at Stella, smiling.   
  
"Tess, stop it! We'll have to have breakfast downstairs so don't get carried away too much," Stella hissed at me.   
  
"Ok, and what do we have to put on? Or can we go like this? I waved both my arms up in the air.   
  
"Be cool. We'll just put on whatever feels comfortable." she said.   
  
"And just don't drip all over the floor..." Stella laughed out loud because I started to put on a buttoned dress but still did not have any undie on.   
  
"Shit," I said. "I've left it in the bathroom. Mmm, I can get it, can't I?" I said and smiled a wicked smile at Stella.   
  
"Tess! You're so ... You left it there on purpose, now didn't you? Tell me!"   
  
I just smiled and nodded. I knew, just maybe I got a chance to meet up with Mr. Marc - Stella's father - in the buff and have a good look again at this wonderful piece of him...   
  
So I sneaked softly down the stairs and laid my ears on the bathroom door. I heard him turn on the water so he was standing at the washstand I guessed.   
  
I opened the door with a quick movement and immediately stepped into the bathroom.   
  
He was standing bend over the sink, the water running and with two hands he was washing his face, to get rid of the shaving soap I guessed. The towel was behind him on the floor, he must have been shaving in the nude as I hoped he would have, with the small towel he got from Stella. His eyes were still closed and even with him standing bent over the washstand I could see his bulky organ dangling between his legs.   
  
"Is that you, Stella?" He asked, keeping his eyes closed against the water splashing on his face.   
  
"O my God! Oh, I'm so sorry! I didn't mean to... I just keep running into this! Really, I'm so sorry!" I stumbled apology after apology.   
  
"I left my panty here, somewhere. Did you see it, can I have it?" I hurriedly asked to Marc, who was stunned by my presence, so abruptly, so close.   
  
Now standing behind him and getting into the bathroom. The front of my dress was still open and he became aware of the little spectacle he was presented. His eyes wandered around my front, up, down, left, right. His eyes stopped in the middle, right between my breasts who showed off their own excitement.   
  
"Hmmm, sorry, did you see my panties anywhere. I know they must be in here somewhere?" I was trying to sound very casual but the nervousness crept through my voice.   
  
"No sorry, Tess, I didn't see it anywhere but I didn't have a good look either." he said.   
  
"It must be somewhere on the floor, I guess," I said and with that I dropped to my knees, put my head close to the floor and searched the floor with my eyes.   
  
"Aah, there!" I said and crept towards the hanging washstand where Marc was standing in front off. With my head bent to the side of the washstand I tried to get to the panty - it was just where I kicked it ... My head was leaning against the lower side of the washstand, just at knees height of Marc. I was looking directly in the direction of his crotch, while he stepped backwards against the wall to give me more room. I got my panty but played it out a little longer, as if I had to search blinded for the lost item...   
  
"Got it!" I said and crawled a bit backwards to make some room to stand up. With a red, blushing head I made a funny face to Marc - as if to show him what a mess I made.   
  
Facing Marc I just continued to sort my panty out and put it on, pushing my shirt to the side in the process of it and feeling his eyes on me while getting my panty right.   
  
I slipped between Marc and the sink, facing him and while standing frontal to him I said, with my eyes turned to the floor, "Sorry again, and thank you." With that I gave him a short, soft kiss on his cheek.   
  
"Marc - are you finished and ready?" Stella's mother Marianne called from below. "Let's have breakfast and bring the kids along!"   
  
5. Mari   
  
Jeez... What took them all so long, I wondered? I took the handle of the big sliding door, opened it all the way to the side, letting in the morning air. By the temperature of it, you could feel that is was already quite late in the morning. Looking at the clock, it showed that was almost eleven.   
  
OK, weekend and the beginning of the summer vacation. That's why Tess came up with Stella, to spend a couple of days together before she went on to her own family, back to her home after living a first year on her own - that is - as a coed with Stella. A few days relaxing before a summer job, a few days going to the beach nearby or doing the lazy stuff girls around 20 do with nothing at hand.   
  
I pulled the front of my dress a bit up - it's sheer cotton made it a nice piece to sleep in but it's age made it a bit baggy and the front was just barely covering my "rack" so to speak. Even though the sag of my breast actually helped in keeping them covered.   
  
I stepped outside on the terrace for a moment, thinking that we better have breakfast out there instead of inside. The sun was shining, the table had a place in the shade of a tree and an unobstructed view. This was almost the reason we bought the house in the first place, a garden facing south with the sun from early morning till almost sunset. The kitchen on the eastside with the morning sun streaming in. And no neighbors obstructing our views, or more importantly, no neighbors obstructing our privacy whilst we are in our garden. Only from the deepest part of the garden, looking back, one could see the roof and first floor of our neighbors. Whom we went along with anyway - being neighbors of over twenty years and raising our families together.   
  
Stella is our youngest with two older sisters, Layla and Zoe, with a 3-year interval between them. Zoe, the middle one, lived up north - when she was in the country anyway. She managed to pick up all the foreign scholarships or study projects to be away for the best part of the year. Layla on the other hand lived around the corner so to speak, landing a job in some organization which preserved the natural dunes and the coastline. Sounded very old school eco at first hand but it turned out to be a young team dedicated to the sea- and shore live with all its flora and fauna.   
  
While it was special that Stella was home for the holidays, Layla could drop in any time of the day, not having a regular working hours but working shifts most of the time, especially in the summer.   
  
"Hi mom," Stella hugged me from behind.   
  
Lost in the thoughts about our kids, I was startled at first but took her arms and kept them tight against me.   
  
"Good morning, love," I said and turned around to give her a little kiss. "Did you both sleep well? Freshly showered and clean after your long trip yesterday?"   
  
"Mmmm, yes. It was great to sleep for so long. Too long actually because I had to run to the toilet otherwise I would have wetted my bed. And yes, fresh and clean as a baby right now. But you're still in "sleepy" state, I guess."   
  
"Yes, and thank you! Somebody had to get all the stuff ready for breakfast and it wasn't going to be you or your dad - with the time he needs for the bathroom in the morning...", I said. "I guess I'll have my shower after breakfast cause now we're going to eat something."   
  
"Good morning Ms... Sorry.. Good morning, Mari," Tess came up to me and gave me a quick hug.   
  
"Good morning, Tess. How're you feeling? Had a good rest? No regrets you didn't choose the guest room and your own bed?"   
  
They had chosen to sleep together in Stella's room, even though this meant to share the same bed which was more of a one-and-a-halve bed than a double bed.   
  
"No, it was not a problem. Having shared a room with Stella for the past year, it would have been strange to have a separate room next to hers. And we were so tired - nothing could have kept me awake!"   
  
"What a nice little dress you wear! So suitable for the warm weather we're having. Where did you find it? It looks so "sixties. More something of my generation..." I laughed when referring to our age difference and her looking like a younger me.   
  
The word "little" was meant quite literally - the sleeveless dress barely covered her bums, it ended not more than a hand's width below them. It was more of an oversized shirt, something better suited to wear with pants, something she obviously choose not to do. The linen cloth showed some faded Indian patterns and besides that, it showed the minimal outlines of her panty and the small circular patterns on her breasts.   
  
"I found it in a little shop next to the campus. They sell a lot of second hand stuff. Like you pointed out, a lot of Indian, sixties and hippie stuff you can find there. Tessa also got some shirts from there. And the best: we both bought a knitted bikini, like real vintage stuff!"

She really beamed when she told this and one could imagine a real beautiful flower child with her long blond curls and her clear, wide, pretty eyes.   
  
"Well, I guess won't have to wait too long for the both of you to show of your sixties sun wear - or is only meant to show off to the boys on the beach?" I teased them.   
  
" I guess you're right, mom," Tessa spoke. "We've got nothing to show for here. No use in that". She teased me back. "And now, let's have breakfast, I'm starving".   
  
"Ok girls," I said. "Get your plates and stuff inside and let's eat outside in the sun before it gets too hot. A buffet style breakfast so to speak."   
  
I pushed them towards the opening to the kitchen and couldn't help admiring the two young, tall and slender bodies in front of me. The same height, the same figure with Stella a bit more on the hips but with same roundness in the buttocks. Their faces and their boobs showed the main differences but that was not the view I was having.   
  
Next to the little dress of Tess, Stella was wearing a blue tight fitting cotton vest with a long V-neck above a white sports panty. Like my own dress, her vest was stretching to keep her breasts inside, the bottom of the vest just below her navel but showing a small stretch of skin above the panty. Summer had really begun, the girls flaunting their assets but doing it in such an innocent way, a way only teenagers can do. That's how I remembered it and besides losing the innocence, it still worked that way. The sun, the warmth, it makes you feel much more easygoing and extrovert.   
  
Marc appeared from upstairs - I got a glimpse of him watching the three of us in the backyard - and we got our plates and cups full and sat outside. During breakfast, we chitchatted about the last year, all their new experiences being away from home, being away from us parents. It gave me such a grateful feeling, the way the girls were so open in sharing their stories and their thoughts. This was also a thing in which they grew so fast: being confident, being independent.   
  
I already knew from Stella's stories that Tess had a steady boyfriend, more or less. Stella also confided me in the fact that Tess was more in it for the fun then for the "love-of-her-live". He was away for a summer job, she was here for a week or so.   
  
"So, what does Ted think about you running around here for a week with nothing to do except relaxing and looking for fun?" I asked her.   
  
"Well, he knows it, he knows me -a little- (giggle giggle and a look to Stella) and anyway, he'll have to take me for who I am, for who I am now. So, for me, anything goes. Doesn't mean I don't like him a lot. I really like him because he's a lot like me. Anyway, he's got the same attitude towards these kinds of things."   
  
"I see," I said. "So, when he sees other girls this summer, there's no problem with you?"   
  
"Well... No, you see Mari, I can't deny him what I want for myself. When we get back at U, we'll see where we stand and we'll go on from there. That's what we said to each other and I'm feeling fine with it."   
  
"Ok. Sounds fine and grown-up to me. I only hope you won't find out you secretly had different feelings or the hope he came back to you on a 2 month abstinence from sex," And I squeezed her arm gently to comfort her.   
  
She smiled lovingly and said: "Oh, thank you, that's so sweet of you to say! But that would be a nice expectation for a great, not to say explosive rendezvous!"   
  
We all laughed out loud and she bent over the give me another hug. While bending over the table I got a glimpse down blouse of her puffy breasts. Her nipples had already been visible more or less through her much-used linen dress, now I saw the round, well shaped breasts hanging against the front of her dress. She smelled very nicely and it was not the shower gel that I noticed.   
  
"Ok girls, got any plans for today? Cause I'll be gone to the gym in 15, and depending on what you want to do I can get back, say, around 2? Otherwise I'll go and get some groceries and stuff from the supermarket," Marc asked.   
  
It looked as if everybody had enough for the moment. Marc surely didn't eat much with his visit to the gym in mind.   
  
"No, dad," Stella answered. "We don't have any plans and if we come up with some, we'll take this with us. So go ahead and just do what you want to do. I guess we'll just hang around here so we don't have to worry about planning in the first place. What do you think, Tess?"   
  
"I'm totally ok with just hanging around here. If we're bored enough we can have a walk or ride to the beach. Or we can come up with something stupid and hilarious. But only if we're bored enough!". Tess's eyes were beaming with happiness: a day to waist. What a chance!   
  
"Ok then, I'll be off in a minute or so," he said to all of us.   
  
Taking my hand, he said, "So, you can get them to work, they're all yours because they said they're bored anyway. Never waste a chance to get these girls to clean the house, do the laundry or get your beautiful hair washed by some caring hands!" He smiled while kissing me on the mouth and giving the girls a broad smile.   
  
"Got to work a bit on this one" he said while patting his flat stomach. "Otherwise I'll become like our neighbor in no time and your mother will kick me out of the house..."   
  
"I'll kick your ass for less... remember that!" I called after him and smiled to the girls.   
  
"Ok girls, lets get this mess cleaned up. But before we do that, I'd like to ask you something, Tess. May be Stella already told you, or you noticed it yourself this morning, but in this house we're quite open and free about the way we dress, or not dress at all."   
  
I gave a look at my own not-so-decent sleeping dress and tucked at the front to show what I meant.   
  
"It has always been like that because we wanted to teach our kids that our bodies are the most natural thing in the world and really nothing to be ashamed of. No matter what it looks like, it's ok and you can be confident about it. We love to see that it worked out well with all the girls. But we don't know you and you're are our guest here in the house, so we don't want you to feel uncomfortable in any way or at any moment. Please tell me or Tessa when you feel a bit strange in some circumstances. OK?   
  
"OK, off course," Tess answered, "and thanks for telling me about this in such an open manner. But like you said, Stella and I talked a lot of where we come from, the way we got raised etc. It showed in the way Stella moves around our rooms, much more naked than I was used to. But it all seemed so natural, I could see it wasn't something she thought about or did on purpose. And eventually I got at ease with it and started to behave more casual. At first I was more aware of it but these days I'm totally ok now, I guess."   
  
Wit a broad smile Stella broke in, "A ha, I think you tipped over from a prudish little girl to the exhibitionist side. You don't mind opening the curtain on a sunny day, undressed that is!"   
  
"And you know why?" Tess replied. "Because I saw you do it! I was shocked at the time but you probably didn't even think about it".   
  
"I already guessed right that you're quite comfortable with your body. Off course it helps that it looks so good in every way. But I read that most model-like girls are quite insecure about their bodies and I do not recognize that in you." I told her.   
  
"Well thank you again, Mar" Tess said, "And I already told Stella how impressed I am with the way you look, your casual air and the way you aged so beautiful."   
  
"Thanks Tess. But flattery will only get you this far. Now get this table cleaned, please.!"   
  
And I pushed my plate and glass to her side of the table, smiling at her and settling myself comfortable in my chair. "Ok, Stella, that goes for you too. I did all the preparation, so..."   
  
Both the girls got on their feet and started to clean up the table, walking all the used dishes inside to the kitchen. I slumped into my chair, put my feet on another chair and closed my eyes for a moment, enjoying the sun, feeling ok. Hearing the girls cleaning up the kitchen, resting my head to the chair, drifting off...   
  
6. Stella   
  
"Did you ever think of, or imagined, your mother as sexy?" Tess asked while we were putting the dirty dishes into the dishwasher.   
  
Looking out through the window, we could see my mother slumped in her chair, her head resting against the back of it, one foot on the ground and the other on a chair which made her dress get up from her upper leg unto her hips.   
  
"No really, I did not", I admitted. "Irritant, obnoxious, loving, caring. But sexy? Not really."   
  
Though I had always admired her boobs. Large, swinging as she would bent over. And they fitted just good on her. Mine were too large for my frame, I always thought.   
  
"And, do you?" I asked Tess.   
  
"Definitely! Confidence in yourself and being so casual with your own body! It shows to me that "sexy" can develop itself," Tess almost whispered, as if she was thinking out loud.   
  
"Don't hold your breath, baby," I quipped and received a slap on my butt as a reward.   
  
"So, now, what are we going to do today? Or is today going to be a Zen day: just living by the moment, seemingly wasting our time?" I asked Tess when we finished cleaning up.   
  
"Let's get upstairs" she said. "And just see what we're going to do."   
  
I followed her up the stairs and got a quick glimpse of her panty's. Her crotch that is, cause her panty's were more or less visible the whole time.   
  
"Tess, you're not, like, wet, are you?"   
  
"Mmm, girl, that's just I wanted to talk to you about" Tess answered while entering my bedroom.   
  
We both fell on our back on the bed, across the bed with our heads to opposite sides.   
  
Tess had the view of the blue sky through the window, I looked at the mirror hanging on the opposite wall. I could see her feet planted on the bed, knees up in the air.   
  
"OK, tell me, what's up?" I asked.   
  
"You know, this whole thing, from checking on your dad, discovering what a piece he has, to the talks with your mother and basically showing of all the time with these "nothing-to-hide" clothes, it got me really horny! Really hot basically, like a smoldering fire inside my loins. Deep inside. Not like your average I-feel-like-masturbating feeling. But much more something that warms me up totally, like physically and mentally excitement. Like falling in love, but with everything, this house, you, your father, your mother, the weather, the kitchen. Whatever, everything! And I want to keep this feeling, for the whole day to come maybe. I don't want to get off. I want to stay hot!"   
  
"A ha! I guess the genie is out of the bottle..! I told you, you've not only become this easy going and relaxed with the nude naked thing, you've discovered a next level of exhibitionism.   
  
"OK," I went on. "Maybe it's not a bad idea to cool of a bit. I'm going to get my bags unpacked, you can do the same - you can use the cupboard over there. I'll use the one in the hallway.   
  
"Only thing is,, I don't know about the cooling off..." I shifted my leg, put it underneath her raised knees and slid my foot underneath her bums. With my hand, I pulled her other leg towards me and raised it a bit. I laid it down on my shoulder and pushed my foot against her crotch. The way her raised leg was lying on top of me and I the way I scissored her leg with both of mine, meant that my crotch was rubbing against her thigh. Simultaneously, my foot was applying pressure against hers.   
  
We were both laying quiet for a few moments, enjoying the newfound friction, enjoying the sensations that crept up throughout our bodies. I felt her hand getting on top of her panty and starting to rub and massage her pussy. I just started to get into a rhythm humping against her leg and my breathing started to get audible, as it always does when the lust takes over.   
  
"Shit, I need more than this now," I whispered and put my legs straight up in the air, lifted my butt and shoved my panties off my legs. With one movement I scissored Tess seriously so that our cunt's were really pressed hard against each other. I started tripping while she kept flicking her clit with a finger.   
  
"Ooh, you dirty little girl, where did you learn all of this?" She hissed with a hoarse voice.   
  
I kept the pressure up and she pulled her small string to the side. Our clits made contact and that was about it for her. Every second her moans grew wilder and louder and within minutes her legs shook and straitened and spasmed from the orgasm that contracted her whole body.   
  
She lay totally limp on the bed, breathing heavily.   
  
I crept up towards her face, planted a little kiss on her lips.   
  
"I told you, I grew up with two sisters..." And smiled a wicked smile.   
  
"And now you're going to pay for the un-politeness of coming first," I said and planted my knees on both sides of her head. I hovered my pussy for a few moments just in front of her face, fingering myself with one finger and stroking it against her lips.   
  
"Taste this and this," And I lowered myself on her face. She slowly started lapping my cunt, the skin beside my outer lips, up and down the whole length of my slit. Slowly she went on the nipping and biting at my clit and sucking it in earnest. Her tongue started to rapidly fire a series of flicks against my clit which made me shudder and got me moaning out loud.   
  
"O yesss, yesss. Go on, Yess, mmmm," I whispered with an ongoing stream of moans, letting her know she did a great job.   
  
Just before I couldn't control myself any longer, I lifted myself of this wonderful face, full of cunt-juice right now. I stepped of the bed, walked to the window, bent over, placed my hand on it and poked my ass backwards.   
  
"Please, fill my cunt, go on licking and get me off" I hissed to Tess.   
  
She got up from the bed as well and stepped up behind me. I felt three fingers, no she put all four fingers with her thumb following right into my cunt, pushing me, stretching me, almost fisting me. Two fingers of her other hand were flicking my clit furiously and I felt a storm rising inside my belly.   
  
I looked in to the garden and saw my mother sitting there. Indeed, Tess was right. She is an attractive, sexy woman. Was she feeling up her breasts, through her dress or was I imagining things through my state of total lust and excitement?   
  
Suddenly felt Tess circling my anus with her tongue, licking all the way up and down. It added up to the excitement that became an explosive mix of feelings.   
  
"Oooh yesss!!" I screamed and closed my eyes. The storm had arrived and it wept over me in full force.   
  
"Aaaahh, aaii aaii, ooh yesss!" The waves came over me, kept on coming as I did and slowly faded into the distance.   
  
I opened my eyes and saw my mother walking towards the house. Our eyes locked and her face showed a concerned expression.   
  
7. Mari   
  
The look on Stella's face was all too recognizable and her screams left nothing to the imagination. The kind of public display of this kind of sex, or the results of it so to speak, worried me a bit. Off course, we teach our daughters not to be very prohibited about sex and during their coming of age the girls didn't seem to care about the noises they made. Maybe we gave the wrong example. But I worried more about her relationship with Tess - was it just a bi-curious girlie thing or were they becoming real lovers? Well, maybe next week would give an answer to that.   
  
After finishing some stuff in the kitchen, I went up to go the bathroom and get a shower. Just before entering the bathroom, Tess came out with a freshly washed face and blushing from ear to ear, her dress open at the front.   
  
"Hi Tess, already got any idea what you're going to do?" I asked her while getting my hair into a tail.   
  
"I guess we'll start unpacking for now", she answered while keeping her eyes downwards. I don't think she was eying the floor as much as she was a bit staring at my breasts and nipples who were protruding a bit because both my hands were messing with my hair.   
  
"Ok, I'll get a shower now. Keep it cool," I said before entering the bathroom.   
  
Dropping my dress and pushing my panty down I noticed the wet spot on my panty. It confirmed my feelings about the girls: their subtle showing off during breakfast, the sun on my skin and finally the sight and sounds of Stella getting of by her roommate.   
  
This sight, it was something else. The sound, as said, was not entirely unfamiliar. But the sight of Stella orgasming was etched in my mind.   
  
And next to that, a question was in the back of that same mind and came to the forefront: why did she stand there too openly in front of the window? Why didn't she lay down on her bed which was the usual thing to do. Did she want to see something of did she want to be seen? Or was is just "convenient" during their play? How long had she been standing there? I only saw her when I stood up and walked to the kitchen. That's when she had her eyes closed and her mouth wide open. How long had she been looking outside and had she been looking at me? Had she seen me, feeling myself? Did it turn her on, did it push her?   
  
My thoughts went wild. But why? How did this relate to my own horniness?   
  
The water didn't cool me of. It seemed my skin became so sensitive. Every single drop was a stimulus and made me even more horny. The water streams touching my nipples were like little teeth nibbling at the one of the most sensitive parts of my body. Both my hands were already busy with that other sensitive part. One holding my folds to the side, the other one didn't hesitate to probe two fingers deep inside my vagina. I stood still like this, feeling everything at the same moment.   
  
Keep it cool, I had said to Tess and here I was, as uncool as firecracker ready to explode.   
  
The image of Stella appeared every time I closed my eyes so I decided to keep them open and shut off the shower. My fear of losing control and screaming all the way to orgasm with the girls at the end of the hallway, was stronger than my urge to surrender to my feelings and it pulled me back from the brink of orgasm.   
  
Drying myself off, I looked in the mirror. My whole body looked like it was in the highest state of emergency. My skin was all goosebumps, my breasts were full, as if I was pregnant and my nipples were standing out so hard it looked almost painful.   
  
OK I thought to myself. Keep it cool. Just finish this, get out into the garden, have some sunshine and wait till Marc gets back. And hopefully the girls will be out to the beach or so. I took the suntan lotion to apply it before going out again.   
  
Walking through the hallway to our bedroom, I decided to wrap a towel around me in case Tess would be there. Passing the girls' room, Stella was busy putting some clothes in the cupboard outside of her room. With her back to me, one thing I noticed was the absence of her panty below her vest. She forgot or didn't care putting it on I suppose.   
  
"Sweetheart, can you help me putting some lotion on my back? I'm going to lay a bit in the sun before it gets too hot."   
  
"Sure, mom," She answered and I heard her soft footsteps following me to our room.   
  
Inside I threw my towel on the bed and turned around.   
  
"Dear Stella," And I took both of her hands. "Could you be just a little bit more discreet, while playing around like that?" I asked smiling.   
  
"I'm so sorry, mom. I didn't mean to make it so... I don't know why I got up and stood before the window. I just saw you, sitting there and looking the other way. I just saw you and, well, lost control. Sorry for that."   
  
Her eyes were not looking at me but towards the ground. Suddenly I realized, she was not staring at the ground, she was staring at my breasts.   
  
"Mom, I can ask you something?"   
  
"Sure."   
  
"Are you pregnant or so? Look at your breasts, they're like, really, full. And it's like they push out your nipples?"

"Ha ha. No sweetheart. I'm not pregnant. I know, I just had my period. But indeed, they're a bit "full" as you say. But anyway, I asked you to help me with the lotion. Can you take care of my back for me?"   
  
I took the lotion and squirted a generous amount in her hands, before turning around and bending over a bit to stretch my back.   
  
I shivered at the coldness of the lotion when Stella touched my skin with it and started to spread it across my back. It was plenty of lotion so she started rubbing it on my shoulders and on the sides of my body. Standing a bit bend over, my breast would normally hang freely but not now, not in this state of sensitiveness. And being massaged by my half naked daughter while standing fully naked in front of her, with the image of her behind the window, didn't help to relax either.   
  
8. Tess   
  
After getting back from the bathroom and bumping into Stella's mother, I went back to Stella's bedroom and started unpacking my things. My dress was still open at the front and it felt good. The soaked undie was somewhere on the ground, I didn't bother to put on a new one - it felt so good being naked, after the release of all the sexual tension.   
  
The clothes were not so many, just some summer dresses, tank tops, a short, a bikini and some underwear. Plus some thin cotton towels to wrap myself in. I put them all in Stella's cupboard and she was doing the same outside the room.   
  
I put on some music through my earphones and laid on the bed. I could still use some fondling I thought but managed to focus on the music.   
  
A question clicked in my head. I had to ask this to Stella so I jumped of the bed and opened the door to the hallway. The cupboard where Stella was getting her stuff into was open but she wasn't there.   
  
"Stella?" I asked into the hallway.   
  
"I'm here, in my parents room," I heard her calling.   
  
On my bare feet I tiptoed as quickly and quietly as I could to the room, thinking her mother was still in the bathroom.   
  
"Stella, I was thinking, did your mother...?"   
  
"O shit, I'm so sorry" was the next thing that came stumbling out of my mouth after a few seconds.   
  
I was standing there, half naked in the doorway and I faced a naked mother, being bend over and having her back rubbed by her half-undressed daughter who was standing right behind her.   
  
I put both my hands in front of my face and started laughing out loud.   
  
"What is it, today?!" I managed to get out. "All the time I stumble upon naked parents, while being in the various states of undressed myself. O, I'm so sorry".   
  
"Don't be, please, Tess," her mother answered while standing upright and taking a few steps toward me.   
  
"I told you, we're open and relaxed the way we dress or don't dress," Mari answered. And this is what that means, running into each other and seeing each other naked. If you don't mind, don't be sorry. And from what I've heard, and from what I see now, you don't mind yourself. So it's ok, be relaxed."   
  
"O, thank you so much for not being pissed or ashamed," I instinctively made a movement with my arms towards her but dropped them for the fear of it not being appropriate.   
  
Mar noticed my hesitation and asked, "what did you want to tell?'   
  
"No, nothing. I just wanted to give you a hug but I thought it might not be the right thing to do."   
  
"Why? Naked people give hugs as well. Totally natural if you ask me," And with that she opened her arms in a welcoming gesture.   
  
I stepped forward and gave her a hug. Because she also took a step forward our hug wasn't just a cheek to cheek but became a full body contact. Being taller, my breasts were above hers, but her breasts felt so full! They pushed mine up, almost against her chin. Her arms around me felt good, really warming and affectionate. Her little pot belly pushed against my pubic area, my hair there grazing her skin. She let go and smiled at me. I smiled at her but could not prevent my eyes from dropping below, to her amazing breasts.   
  
"Yes, they are unusually full right now. I see you notice."   
  
"Sorry," I stammered and blushed like a thirteen-year-old.   
  
"I'll be open with the two of you," she said. "But can I ask you one thing in return?"   
  
"OK," I said and Stella also agreed.   
  
"Right. I'll tell you first, then I'll ask. You just noticed, Tess, like Stella before you, that my breasts are quite full and my nipples standing out tall. It's because, since this morning, the house seems full of excitement, expectations and maybe even flirtations even though this is not a very conscious thing. It's like something getting under your skin.   
  
"And to top that of, the sight of Stella having her big O in front of the window not only got under my skin but in my mind as well. You both are not teenagers anymore, you're grownups looking like innocent teens. Or not-so-innocent teenagers. Like I said, it got under my skin and that's why these show up like this."   
  
She pushed up her breasts even more, as if to show what damage we inflicted on her.   
  
"OK, now it's my turn" she said. "I think I already know but now I can ask the two of you: are you just lovers or are you in love as well with each other?".   
  
"Alright, I'll tell you," I answered. "We're not in love with each other. For the moment, this is still the domain of the boys. But we love to play around once a while and we found out we're really in sync when we do that. So that's great."   
  
"Same goes for me, mom." Stella said. "We really dig each other as friends, but not as, like, "girlfriends"."   
  
"I thought so," Her mother said. "One last question: did she introduce you? Or is it too personal a question?"   
  
"No, it's fine. Yes, she did. She was the experienced, I was the virgin. In this kind of sex, that is. Or am I saying something I shouldn't?" I said more to Stella then to her mother.   
  
"Ha, I can answer that question," Her mother said. And a big grin was her answer.   
  
9. Marc   
  
"Girls, I'm home!" I shouted throughout the house which seemed deserted.   
  
I walked to the kitchen and into the garden where I expected them. But no one was sitting on the terrace so I walked around the corner to the more secluded and green part of the garden, where we usually lay in the sun. That's where I found the two girls, laying in the grass on big towels. With their earphones in and their eyes shut, they didn't notice me coming from behind them. Laying on their bellies, I had a wonderful view of two perfect round-shaped bums, their legs stretching out to me. A dark patch of shadow hid their innermost secrets.   
  
Suddenly I felt I was the one being watched. I looked up, to our own bedroom window and I saw Marie standing there, not wearing much either. She smiled and gestured me to come up.   
  
"They get to you as well, don't they" was her greeting when I entered the room. She was still standing in front of the window, totally naked.   
  
"What do you mean, as well?" I answered.   
  
"I'll show you what I mean," She said while turning around and walking to the opposite side of our large bed. "Sit down there, on the side."   
  
I sat down on the bed, my back to her and turned my head around. She was crawling on her knees towards me and the firmness of her breasts caught my eyes.   
  
"You see, it's quite obvious how they get to me. You see it immediately," she said smiling and with both her hands she cupped her breasts and squeezed them quite hard. Her nipples came sticking out towards me and I moved my hand to touch them.   
  
"No no, you have to wait. First, I'll tell you how they got to me and how these old little saggers are not so little and not so sagging anymore."   
  
She turned my head around, pulled my T-shirt of me and hooked two fingers in the band of my shorts. I raised my butt a little bit to help her and in a second my shorts were at my ankles. I kicked them off and leaned a bit backwards. Marie climbed right behind me, with her knees against my buttocks and her firm breasts with the rock hard nipples pushing against my back.   
  
"I'll tell you," She whispered in my ear.   
  
So she told the story of the morning, how breakfast had put her in mood of relaxed excitement, how the showing of Stella's big orgasm had changed that to a smoldering fire within, how the shower didn't help her to cool off and how she had a naked get-together with the two girls which ended in something of a group-rub of suntan lotion on each other's bodies.   
  
She told me the story whispering in my ear, her tongue licking my earlobe in between sentences, while both her hands were caressing my body, pinching my nipples and all the time I felt those gorgeous pumped-up breasts pushing against my back.   
  
She never touched my dick but her stories did their job. It filled itself up with blood, became thicker and thicker and finally harder and harder until it stood it's full size and my glans was up above my belly button.   
  
All the while she was talking dirty about it in between her storylines.   
  
"Yes, that's it. Come on strong and fill me up". "Yes, that's it, Become the cock I love so much.   
  
"Ooh, you're going to fill me up like never before and I'll scream like never before...!" And so forth until her story ended.   
  
With her last words about how they felt each other up with the pretext of applying lotion, she turned around me and sat in front of me with both her knees beside me on the bed.   
  
"Touch them, lick them," she said, her voice hoarse with excitement. "I've never felt them so full, so wonderful, so sensitive, so... sexy!"   
  
I took them both in my hands and started kneading them. At the same time I took one nipple in my mouth, licking it, sucking it and nibbling at it. One after the other I kept them both in play.   
  
Marie had thrown her head to the back and with closed eyes was only mumbling "yeah, yeah, that's right. Yeah, right there."   
  
She straightened her head, looked me in the eyes with hers half closed through the lust that was going through her.   
  
"Watch me, I'm so fucked up I'll come the moment you enter me," She moaned with a voice full of lust.   
  
And with that, she impaled herself on my dick which was harder than I could remember it ever was, and a sound came from the deepest parts of her, "Oohh aaahh." "Aaaahh!"   
  
And her cunt contracted directly around my dick, her legs spasmed next to me and with her head thrown back again she accepted wave after orgasmic wave of all the tension that was build up inside her.   
  
Before she could collapse, I lifted her up and put her on her belly on the bed beside me, her legs next to the bed so her knees would support her.   
  
I got on my knees behind her and whispered in her ear, "Ok, you want a big O? I'll give you a big O, bigger than anything you've seen today".   
  
And I shoved all of my dick right into her, all her orgasmic juices flowing right out of her cunt to make way for the real thing.   
  
"Yessss." a long moan escaped her mouth again. I slowly started to fuck her with long strides, all the way in, all the way out. I pushed my hands in between her breasts and the bed and started feeling them all over. When I picked up the pace, I placed a hand between her clit and the bed, so with every stroke, her clit would push against my knuckles. Our rhythm was soon joined by her heavy breathing and her moans.   
  
"Ooh ooh ooh, yeah, ah, yeah, ooh, ooh," And it accelerated with the pace my dick was trashing her cunt. Suddenly she started letting out long moans which were increasing in volume with every breath.   
  
I took both her elbows and pulled them behind her back - her breasts were exposed to the max and pushed hard against the cover of the bed, as her pussy was slammed against the edge of the bed with each staccato movement of my dick and my balls against her crotch.   
  
She buried her head in the bed and came. She came with such a force I was afraid I would dislocate her shoulders and I let her go. Her scream was lulled by the mattress but still it filled the house. I stopped my movements, my dick still totally engorged in her vagina.   
  
"Don't stop now, go on," was all I understood of her murmuring against the bed.   
  
So I continued, slowly at first. She must have been in some orgasmic flow because after a few minutes she came again. I only noticed it through the contractions of her cunt and an accompanying long moan.   
  
"Oooh yeah, baby!" This went on for a couple of orgasms till I took her up and laid her on her back. Looking me in the eyes, she just smiled a very satisfied smile.   
  
Her body was covered with sweat and I pushed her further up the bed. I climbed on the bed as well and straddled her upper body. With both hands I caressed her breasts and pushed my very slick and wet dick in between them. I pushed them together and with both my thumbs flicking her hard and upright nipples I started to slow fuck her full, almost stiff breasts. She put a pillow under her head so her chin was resting on her body. Sticking out her tongue, the glans of my dick would easily enter her mouth whilst gliding along her tong.   
  
"You've never been more sexy or desirable," I said to her lovingly. "You can make me cum now..."   
  
She could do that almost instantly and now she took the proven method. With one hand she took my balls from behind and pulled them gently. With the other one she pushed her middle finger against my anus. Just one part advanced in and started playing around. The combined stimuli were more than I could handle in any situation. I kept on shoving my dick between her breasts, over her tongue and into her mouth. And I kept on cumming, and I kept on cumming till her mouth was full and the cum ran out of her mouth, along her cheeks and onto the bed.   
  
Slowly my dick was losing its steel-like hardness and Marie took the head in her mouth and sucked on it as if it were a lollipop. When she was done and every drop of cum was cleaned and swallowed, I sat on her belly and caressed both her breasts very gently. They were still unusually firm and erect, even as she laid on her back.   
  
"Still not satisfied?" I asked quietly.   
  
"Satisfied, for sure. For now. But also still excited, you can feel that as well," She answered with her eyes closed.   
  
"It looks like they mimicked my penis behavior... When excited, blood runs to them and they become hard. So, you've got two hard-ons so to speak," As I continued to knead both of her breasts. "Which brings the question up, after your story and the way you unloaded all that tension: what is it that keeps you hard?"   
  
10. Tessa   
  
We looked at each other and simultaneously pulled an earphone out of an ear. Our looks said the same thing: did you hear what I thought I heard? We shared a laugh in the knowledge that we both had the same answer on our minds.   
  
"I guess the apple and the tree story is quite true," Tess quipped.   
  
"Jealous?"   
  
"OK, touché for you. And you're right, I wish I had a mother like yours, so sexy! And yes, if I could meet somebody who can give me those kinds of orgasms, I'll die happy."   
  
"Well, may be, if you'll go upstairs you'll find what you're looking for...!"   
  
"Is that a dare..? OK, I'll see what I'll find there," And Tess got up on her hands and knees.   
  
"No you don't!" I hissed.   
  
"Yes, I can" Tess laughed and stood upright. "I surprised your father naked, I surprised your mother naked. I can surprise both of them, naked, can't I?"   
  
"Naked you are. I wonder if they'll' be surprised by now."   
  
"I guess you're right," she said, looking upwards to the window of my parents room.   
  
I turned around, on my back and saw my mother with my father behind her. She held his arms around her belly, pushing her visibly large breasts up. Both had a glorious look on their faces, as if they were the happiest people on earth.