**Becca's First Adventure**

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"You'll pick me up at 7:00? What are you going to wear? OK, I'll be ready!"

Becca hit the "end" button and tossed her iPhone on the bed.

"Great! My first official duty as an officer of the drill team! Look awesome, go out, and make guys crazy! I think I can handle that!!"

Becca was one week away from her senior year in high school. She had always enjoyed school, at least the social aspects of it. She was bright, beautiful, and had the kind of vivacious personality that made her a favorite among coaches and other male teachers but caused female teachers to make snide comments about her when none of the men were around. She had been on one drill team or another since first grade and lived for half-time of Friday night football games.

Today was one of the greatest days of her life. By some bizarre process she did not understand that included voting by members of the team, recommendations from teachers and administrators, grades, and community involvement she had been elected as one of the six officers of the Pacesetters. It would take more of her time but would be well worth it in prestige and popularity.

Becca headed to her closet and began rummaging through her wardrobe. Item after item flew across the room, some landing on the bed, others accumulating in a pile on the floor around it. In a matter of minutes the bed was nearly invisible.

"I don't have a thing to wear!" she thought angrily to herself.

Becca went to her dresser, wading through the pile of discarded garments. She yanked open the top drawer and stared blankly in before slamming it shut and repeating the process on the remaining three drawers. Each breath she took was a little louder and a little more aggravated than the last, and her face was becoming flushed. Finally, in desperation, she ripped off her shorts and her tank top, dove into the pile of rejects, grabbed something slinky, and headed to the mirror.

Without much enthusiasm, Becca stepped into the mini skirt and pulled it up her long, tan legs, staring into the mirror as she went. She fastened the buttons and grabbed a small, matching, half-length tank top and pulled it over her shoulder-length blonde hair. When it was in place, she stood back and gazed at her reflection.

Becca was her own worst critic, and what she saw only annoyed her more than she had already been. Her hair hung softly down either side of her girlish face, outlining her blue eyes and dimpled smile. Curling under on the ends, it lightly landed on her bronze shoulders and the thin straps of the teal and white tank top. The straps dove down her chest exposing ample cleavage while the bottom of the flimsy material hung just below her breasts and away from her flat stomach. The purple and teal mini skirt clung tenaciously to her round hips, leaving little to the imagination, and snapped just below her navel. It was barely long enough to be legal. Her long legs dropped gracefully from the bottom of the skirt and ended in small, tan feet with painted toenails.

She was incredibly beautiful in her own right, and if she were at this moment walking down a crowded street, men would be straining to catch a glimpse of her. But Becca did not realize this. Instead, she had to compare every physical aspect, every personality trait, everything she knew and did, with the same attribute in her older sister, Jennifer. She had always been locked in the same, frivolous competition, and instead of capitalizing on her own strengths she wasted valuable time trying to be like her older sis, only better.

She turned sideways one way and then the other. She looked up and down the reflection of her perfect body, and in disgust, she ripped off the clothes and added them to the pile.

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Becca peered around the corner to make sure Jennifer wasn't in her room. She hadn't seen her all weekend, so she didn't think there was any danger of stumbling across her now. But she was about to raid her big sister's closet, and since their parents were in New York for the week, there was no one here to protect her if she got caught. The room was empty, but she still tiptoed in and pulled the closet door behind her. Quietly, she rummaged through piles of unfolded clothes looking for the blue-leather mini skirt she needed when she headed out later that evening. She finally found it at the bottom of the laundry basket, grabbed it, and reached for the doorknob.

"Wait just a minute!"

It was Jennifer, opening the bedroom door and giggling. Becca let go of the knob and flattened her body into the back corner of her sister's closet. The closet door was open a few inches, but if she tried to close it now she would definitely be discovered.

"No one's home. What are you worried about?"

Becca knew that the second, pleading voice was DJ, Jennifer's loser boyfriend from college. They had been at the lake all day.

"I'm not worried about anything," she said walking to the stereo and hitting the power button. "Just give me a second to put my stuff down and go rinse off! I feel all gross from lake water"

Becca heard the sounds of Pink as the bathroom door closed. She peeked out of the small opening of the door and watched DJ. She wanted to make a break for it, but she would have a hard time explaining what she was doing in Jenn's room, never mind that she was in the closet. Besides, she was wearing only her underwear, and she didn't want to give Loser Boy the thrill of a lifetime. He randomly picked something up off the shelf, studied it, and then with an indifferent air, set it back down.

"It's an Academic Decathlon medal, moron. I'm sure you've never seen one of those before!" she thought to herself with disdain. Even though Jennifer met DJ at college, he was not a student. He worked on the grounds crew, keeping everything neat and tidy for those who had brains. Becca hated him because he was beneath Jenn. She had guessed that her sister only hung out with him to make their parents mad, and it did. She knew for sure that mom and dad had no idea that he had come up for the weekend. She could wear that mini skirt now without having to sneak it out. Unfortunately, how would she explain hiding in the closet?

"Hey, Einswine!" she thought to herself. "Why don't you run down to the kitchen and mooch yourself a beer so I can get outta here!!"

Instead, DJ paused before the mirror to admire himself. He was tall, handsome in a blue-collar sort of way, and very tan. There was not an ounce of fat on him anywhere. He was wearing only the Tommy Hilfiger American flag swimsuit that Jenn had bought him, and his longish, blonde hair was pulled back in a small ponytail.

"Maybe he is kinda hot'" She thought.

The bathroom door opened, and Jenn came out with only a towel wrapped around her. She walked toward DJ who was still by the mirror.

"Your turn," she said as she reached for her brush.

"I don't need a shower," he answered as he pulled her toward him.

Jenn was much shorter than DJ. When he embraced her, her face was in his chest.

"Shoo!! You smell like fish! Go take a shower. I left you a towel by the sink." Jenn pushed him toward the bathroom and grabbed a brush from the dresser.

Becca knew that he was not equipped to argue with her petite, but ferocious, sister. She watched him turn away, dejectedly, and walk into the bathroom.

"He does have a cute butt," she thought as she watched him pass through the door.

She heard the water turn on and the shower stall door open and then close again. She knew that his swimsuit was on the floor and DJ was naked just a few feet from her. For a second, visions of him putting soap all over those muscles raced through her mind. Disgusted, she turned her attention back to her sister's room hoping for some opportunity to escape.

Becca admired the way Jenn's hair bounced each time the brush passed through it and the way the light reflected off of its darkness. From the time she was first able to waddle around, she had always tried to be just like her older sis. Jenn was never able to see the worship for the flattery that it was. Instead, she saw her younger sister as nothing more than a pest; someone who had to be tolerated because she was family.

Jenn put down the brush, picked some lipstick up from the dresser, and began applying it to her full lips. Becca remembered when her sister had turned 13 and for the first time started using makeup. She was only eleven at the time and used to sit at the same dresser and watch her hero practice putting it on for hours at a time. Jenn was not much taller now than she was during those simple days so long ago, but she was vastly different. Her legs were now muscular and shapely instead of skinny and gangly, and her body, which had then been perfectly straight from those skinny legs all the way up to her shoulders, now curved sensuously over her hips, past her tiny waist, and up to firm and ample breasts. Jenn worked out every day to perfect that body, and everywhere she went, men of all ages stole a second glance as she walked by.

The water shut off, and the click of the shower door opening soon followed. Becca resigned herself to the fact that she was stuck in hiding for awhile longer.

DJ came walking out of the bathroom, but instead of being wrapped in a towel the way Jenn was, he was using it to dry his hair - other than that, he was naked! Jenn did not look the least bit shocked to see him that way. Becca knew that as an 18 year-old virgin, she was an endangered species. Most of her friends in drill were already sexually active. And with her sister being two years older and having her own apartment at college, it would probably be ludicrous to think she was not "experienced." But still, that was one of those things that she was comfortable suspecting without knowing for sure!

Becca had never even seen a naked man in real life before. She had only seen pictures once when her friend, Joni, had gotten her a magazine to celebrate another year of virginity. Now, just a few feet away through a small opening in a door to a closet where she should not be was her sister's boyfriend, exposed for as much study as she cared to perform.

His chest was not massive, but every muscle was outlined in perfect detail. It tapered down to a narrow waist and small hips. Hanging between his legs was his penis. Becca could not pull her eyes away from it. He was not yet excited, so it hung limply, about four inches in length, and was capped with a dark red, mushroom-shaped head. It bounced with each step he took.

DJ strutted up to Jenn and pulled her close.

"Is this a little better?" he asked.

She nuzzled his chest and pulled back, smiling.

"MUCH!"

Taking a step away from him, she unwrapped her towel and let it drop to the floor. Becca had not seen this side of her sister since their mother used to make them swim naked in a little plastic pool in the back yard. All summer long she had seen her in workout clothes and bikinis, both of which left little to the imagination. But she had never looked at her big sis in that way other than to make comparisons between her own body and the body she wanted. Now, the hard, tight muscles of Jenn's legs, the compact tightness of her tan butt, the perfectly round mounds of her breasts capped with half-dollar sized pink nipples, and the dark patch of hair neatly trimmed to a thin line that barely covered her womanhood, were all in the open. Becca did not want to look at another female that way, especially her sister. But she could not tear her eyes away.

DJ was also taking every inch of Jenn's perfect body. Becca could see his eyes trace an imaginary line from her haunting dark eyes to the firm breasts that stood out perfectly straight from her body, past her flat stomach to the thin patch of hair over her slit. She could also see his manhood begin to grow in both length and width. As it changed from hanging limply between his legs to standing in front of his stomach, it appeared to also double in length.

"On the ride home, what were you promising me you were going to do when we were all alone?" It was Jenn, speaking in a girlish little voice that seemed unusual for her. As she was saying it, she took the two steps toward DJ and pressed her body close to his.

"I'll see if I can refresh your memory," he said as he took her face into his hands and placed his lips against hers.

As they kissed, DJ picked Jenn up and gently laid her in the bed. He crawled in beside her and then rolled her on top of him. His hands roamed freely over her, caressing her smooth, tan skin and fondling or cupping or probing everything they came in contact with. They would roll over the width of the bed sometimes exchanging positions and Jenn would become the explorer on an expedition of his body.

Becca knew there were many reasons she should not be watching the show in front of her. First, even though their parents would not be happy, this was the most private of acts between two consenting adults. Second, she was as inexperienced as any 18-year-old in the country. She had only been kissed a very few times and no boy had ever seen her without her clothes on or touched her in any inappropriate way. The only reason she even knew what was going on was from listening to the stories of her sexually active friends. Finally, this was her sister. Even though they did not get along, she still admired, even worshipped, her sis and would not do anything to hurt her. But to make a move now would cause a very embarrassing situation. Besides, every time she tried to close her eyes or turn away, she was magnetically drawn back to the nude bodies before her. She knew she shouldn'twatch but she desperately wanted to. It was causing feelings inside of her that she had never experienced before.

The wrestling stopped with Jenn in control. She kissed DJ's neck, chest, and stomach slowly, and eventually made it to his manhood, which she took into her mouth. Becca watched in amazement as she saw almost the entire length glide past her sisters red lips and disappear into her mouth and then reappear glistening from saliva. Over and over she did this, and each time she went a little faster, to the obvious delight of DJ.

Jenn seemed to know when he was about to explode. She slowed her rhythm and then stopped altogether with a lingering kiss on the head. Her hand continued the slow, up and down motion, but Jenn moved up and kissed him lustfully on his lips.

DJ rolled Jenn onto her back and took one of her pink nipples into his mouth. She moaned in obvious pleasure and ran her fingers through his hair. Sometimes he would flick his tongue lightly across it, next he would gently bite and pull on it, and then he would take it into his mouth and suck it. Gently, she guided his attention to the other breast where he lavished equal attention. From one to the other he went back and forth until Jenn guided his kisses lower on her body.

He moved his way down her flat stomach to the neatly trimmed line of black hair between her shapely legs. All of Becca's sexual knowledge came from her friends, and none of them had ever mentioned anything about what was going on right now. She could not see exactly what DJ was doing to Jenn, but the sounds she was making and the pleasurable look on her face told Becca that it had to be good. Jenn reached beside her and grabbed the stuffed rabbit that mom had gotten her for Easter years ago and squeezed it tightly to her chest. Occasionally, she would scream out something like 'yesss,' or 'don't stop.' But never once did her hips stop moving, and never once did DJ stop from tasting her.

Becca was not familiar with everything she was watching, but the sight of the naked bodies, the sounds the two participants were making, and the looks of total pleasure on each of their faces aroused her. She was feeling very warm, and her skin was moist to the touch. Her breathing had become quick and shallow, but best of all was the warm, tingling sensation she was feeling between her own legs. She placed her hand between her legs but over the satiny panties that covered the source of the pleasure. The panties were soaked, and the light touch of her finger heightened the pleasurable sensation. The feeling was so intense that she almost gasped, but she caught her breath as the fear of being discovered overwhelmed her. She would have to wait to explore that possibility when things were safer.

She was brought back to reality by screaming sounds coming from Jenn.

"Oh my God, YESSS! That's it!!"

Jenn had thrown the rabbit to the floor to free her hands to help DJ. She had him by the hair and by all appearances was trying to pull him, head first, into her body. Her legs tensed and lifted her body off of the bed where it hung for what seemed like hours. She screamed something unintelligible while hovering in the air above the bed, and when the sounds stopped, she collapsed. The look of intense pleasure she had worn earlier was now replaced with a satisfied smile.

DJ crawled from between Jenn's legs and lowered his weight on top of her. While he was kissing her, he slowly inserted his erection into her eager body. She wrapped her legs around him and hooked her ankles behind his back. Together, they began the rhythmic dance that helped him thrust deep into her and then pull back out. Over and over again they repeated the motion, each time picking up speed and increasing the force.

This time, Becca at least knew what was happening. Many of her friends had "gone all the way," and on sleepovers they were more than willing to share their experiences. Most of them had hated it, though, because of discomfort, and only gave in to make their guys happy. But Jenn and DJ both seemed to be enjoying it very much. Becca silently wondered what the difference was.

Jenn took control and rolled the two of them over with her on top. She sat straight up, and using her powerful legs, she moved up and down on DJ's erection, keeping the same tempo he had been using. She watched the expression on his face, studying it for some hints or clues. She watched that expression change with the speed and force with which she rode him, and when it went from a look of extreme pleasure to one of apparent pain, she lifted all of the way off. Lying beside him, she took him into her hand and continued the stroking motion. His body went stiff, and she moved her hand up and down so fast that Becca could barely see it. As he let out a painful moan, creamy white fluid began spurting out of the crimson head of his erection and shooting onto Jenn's legs, DJ's stomach, Jenn's hand, and the sheet around them. As the stream of semen began to lessen, she slowed the motion and finally stopped. Still gripping his softening penis, she bent down and gently kissed the tip, tasting a small amount of the ejaculate. She crawled up beside him, shared a sensuous kiss, and then laid her head on his chest.

Confused and excited, Becca quietly sat on the carpeted floor of the closet. Jenn and DJ did not appear to be going anywhere anytime soon, so she was stranded. She closed her eyes and leaned against the back wall. Images of what she had just witnessed raced through her mind as did questions about sex. If she ever escaped she would have to find someone much more knowledgeable than herself to talk to.