**Cassadee's Coming of Age**

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Cassadee's Coming of Age part 4  
  
Saturday  
  
Cassadee woke groggily and squinted at the clock on her nightstand through bleary eyes. It read 11:38am, Saturday. Why had she slept so late? She never slept this late. And why hadn't her mother woken her up? Suddenly, the memories of last night flooded her brain. Her Coming of Age party. Her mentor ceremony. Public nudity. Public masturbation. And lots of sex.  
  
She reached down and touched her pussy, realizing how tender she was. She wouldn't be masturbating this morning, that was for sure. She wondered why she was naked, then she remembered taking off her night clothes before she went to sleep. Her parents had already seen her naked anyway, not to mention the fact that they watched her pleasure herself. Greg, her brother, still had not, because he hadn't bothered to show up last night. That reminded her that she needed to have a talk with him to let him know just how much his thoughtless actions had hurt her.  
  
Absently, she wondered if anyone would care if she walked out of her bedroom without any clothes on. Probably not. It might be worth it to see the look of shock on Greg's face. The thought brought a mischievous smile to her lips. Deciding to take it one baby step at a time, she grabbed her thong off the floor and pulled it on. Then she slipped into her tank top and exited her bedroom.  
  
For some reason she was on edge, extremely aware of how little her panties covered. She had never had any problem walking around the house in her underwear before. Why now?  
  
Cassadee walked downstairs and headed for the kitchen. No one was there. She stepped into the living room and found her mom sitting on the couch, watching television.  
  
"Hey, gorgeous! You're finally awake," her mom said with a huge smile. She patted the cushion next to her and Cassadee sat and cuddled up under her arm, leaning into her with her knees pulled up to her chest.  
  
"Morning," she said with a yawn.  
  
"How are you feeling?"  
  
"Sore," Cassadee responded truthfully, looking up at her mom.  
  
Her mom smiled, knowing exactly what she was feeling. "Give it a day or so. You won't be sore for too long. Vaginas are very resilient."  
  
Cassadee's eyes grew large at her mother's frank use of the word 'vagina'. Since yesterday, when her mother caught her masturbating in the shower, and seemed perfectly willing to talk about it, Cassadee had begun to see her in a different light. Her mother was more than just 'mom'. She was a woman with sexual experiences of her own and was much more open about the subject than Cassadee ever would have thought.  
  
As Cassadee absently watched an old episode of the Gilmore Girls with her mom, her dad walked in and sat in the recliner. "Hey, sweetie! You finally decided to join us, huh?"  
  
She smiled at him and tucked her feet up under her butt, shielding it from his view.  
  
Why had she just done that? She had never felt self-conscious about being in her underwear in front of her parents before. Granted, this was the first time she was wearing underwear this skimpy around the house. But why now? Her dad had seen her completely nude last night. Shouldn't that have the opposite effect, making her more comfortable with her lack of clothing? Was she concerned that her dad now saw her as a sexual being, rather than just as his little girl?  
  
Making a conscious decision to be less inhibited, she untucked her feet. Since she was leaning on her mom's shoulder, and away from her dad, it exposed her bottom to him. She imagined he could see the gusset of her thong, which clung tightly against her vulva, most likely giving her a serious camel toe, and the string in the back that was deeply nestled between her cheeks, barely covering her butthole. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw him take a long, lingering look at her ass. When she glanced in his direction, his eyes moved back to the television. This was too much. It was giving her anxiety.  
  
"Can I talk to you guys?" she asked, standing up in the middle of the room.  
  
"What's up, honey?" her dad asked as her mother turned down the volume. Kathleen had an enigmatic smile on her face. Did she have some idea of what Cassadee was about to say?  
  
"Umm...I wanted to talk about last night."  
  
Her mom nodded, signaling that she should continue.  
  
"Well...it was...a lot."  
  
"I can imagine," her dad said. When she said nothing more, he asked, "Is everything OK?"  
  
"Yes, I'm fine...I think," she said, not quite sure how she felt. "OK, I'm just going to be blunt. You guys saw me completely naked. Heck, so did a few hundred other people. And now I'm feeling self-conscious standing here in my panties. Why is that?"  
  
"You don't have to feel that way, sweetie," her mom said. "You should be totally confident with your body. Especially after last night. Everyone loves you. Everyone thinks you are beautiful, with or without clothes on...including us."  
  
"I was thinking about that," Cassadee responded. "You went through exactly what I did last night. So, why did you go right back to wearing clothes all the time? I mean, I've never seen you naked. Am I supposed to feel like I should cover up, now that my Coming of Age is over?"  
  
Her parents smiled and looked at each other. "I'm going to let you take this one, Kathleen," her dad said.  
  
"Gee, thanks a lot," she answered playfully. Giving Cassadee a look of understanding, she said, "Things haven't always been as they are now, Cass. Your dad and I were much more open with our bodies before we had kids. After you guys came along, I guess we just came to a mutual unspoken decision that we would wear clothing around the house. We weren't exactly nudists anyway, so it wasn't a difficult decision to make. But we used to walk around the house naked a lot when we were younger."  
  
Cassadee tried to picture her parents sitting here naked. The whole idea was foreign to her. She couldn't really imagine it—yet, she had been imagining herself doing it ever since she woke up.  
  
"Okaaay," she said, drawing it out as if searching for her next thought. "So, if I should be confident about my body, then why can't I walk around here naked?"  
  
"No one said you couldn't," Kathleen replied. Her dad shrugged his shoulders.  
  
Cassadee thought her jaw would hit the floor. They didn't care if she didn't wear any clothes around the house? Were they serious? "So, I could just take off my panties and tank top and it would be perfectly fine?"  
  
"Yeah," they both said in unison.  
  
Cassadee felt as if she were back on stage at the strip club, with a spotlight blazing down on her. This was it, then. It was time to put her money where her mouth was. It was almost as if they were daring her to do it. Then, I'll do it! she thought to herself. About ten seconds went by. Why am I not doing it?  
  
"What about Greg?" she asked. Greg hadn't been at her party last night. He had never seen her naked. At least, not since they were little kids.  
  
"What about Greg?" her mother replied. "He's an adult. If he doesn't want to see you without clothes, then he can look away. Why should it bother you?" By her mom's tone of voice, it was obvious that she was pissed at Greg for not showing up last night.  
  
For some reason, that made her feel better. She looked around the living room. Cassadee pictured herself sitting on the couch with no clothes or walking around the room nude, with no one caring at all, and it suddenly gave her a shot of courage.  
  
Reaching to her midriff, she grabbed the hem of her shirt. In one fluid motion, she pulled it over her head and tossed it on the couch. She was now topless. Looking down, she saw her pink, puffy areolae and tiny nipples, which were growing erect in front of her parents. They glanced down at her bare breasts and then back up to her eyes, smiling.  
  
Cassadee slipped her thumbs under the elastic of her panties, and after a moment's hesitation, pushed them down over her hips and let them fall to the floor, exposing her smooth, pink outer labia, topped with a light blond landing strip. She watched as they both looked at her naked pussy. Her dad's gaze had been just a fraction of a second longer. The world had not ended, and her parents seemed completely unfazed.  
  
"Feel any different?" her mother asked.  
  
"I feel..." Cassadee thought for a moment. "...naked."  
  
This was a different feeling than she had had at the strip club. There, it was expected that she would take her clothes off, even in front of her parents. But this was her house. It felt weirdly normal to be naked here, but not in front of her mom and dad.  
  
"It feels sort of good—thrilling—not to have clothes on...yet, kind of taboo, especially in front of you guys. Is that weird?"  
  
"It's not weird," her dad replied. "You haven't been raised to be naked, so it's a new thing. It's kind of breaking a social norm. But being naked should feel good. It is our natural state. Maybe we will decide to join you one of these days."  
  
Kathleen looked at Roger sideways with a wry smile and then back at Cassadee. "Maybe," she offered, not giving away too much of what she thought about the subject.  
  
"What about you, dad?" Cassadee asked, swallowing a lump in her throat. "I saw you kind of take a long look at my butt when I was leaning against mom. And then you stared a little longer when I took my panties off. Has all of this changed how you see me? I'm worried that our relationship won't be the same."  
  
Roger smiled and looked down for a moment before meeting her eyes. "I didn't mean to make you uncomfortable, sweetie. You will always be my little girl, no matter how old you get. Nothing will ever change that. But you have grown into a beautiful young lady, and as such, seeing you naked attracts my eyes. Your being naked is new to me too. But a beautiful girl is a beautiful girl. Breasts, butt and vagina are things I like to look at. I don't ever want to make you uncomfortable, but I have to be honest—if you are going to be naked around the house, I'm probably going to look from time to time. Is that OK with you?  
  
Cassadee thought for a moment. How could she be naked and expect people not to look? It was kind of unrealistic. And he was her dad. It's not as if he were a weirdo, or someone she felt unsafe around. Maybe it was strange, but it was kind of flattering that he couldn't help looking at her. It was validation that he found her attractive. She nodded and smiled, letting him know she was OK with him looking at her.  
  
"So, this is OK now, right? It wouldn't matter if I did this every day? All the time? Even sitting at the dinner table?" Cassadee was testing them, trying to see if they would put any limits on her.  
  
"You are an adult now, Cass. If this is how you want to walk around the house, then that is your choice," her dad said.  
  
"What if you have friends over or a meeting with someone from work or something?"  
  
"It's still fine, sweetheart. If it's your decision to be like this all the time, or even only some of the time, then we will make sure to warn anyone we bring into the house. This is your house as much as it is ours," her mother responded.  
  
Cassadee felt a weight lift off her chest. She looked down at herself again. She was completely nude, and it was perfectly acceptable for her to remain so, if she desired. "OK. In that case, I think I will stay this way for the day."  
  
"Wonderful," her mom replied. "Mind if I turn the volume back up on the show?"  
  
Cassadee laughed at just how nonchalant they were being about this. It was perfect. She had never even thought about walking around the house without clothes until today, and here she was doing it. It was going to be a great day.  
  
She excused herself, picked up her clothing, and walked out of the living room. She ascended the stairs and headed down the hallway to her bedroom, nude the entire way. Nothing bad happened. As a matter of fact, it was exhilarating.  
  
Deciding to get a shower, she grabbed the towel, which she had used last night, off the hook in her bedroom. But instead of wrapping it around herself, which was her habit, she carried it in her hand and walked to the bathroom naked. After a hot, steamy shower, Cassadee dried her hair and body, then tossed the towel in the hamper, rather than using it to cover herself. She opened the door and strode confidently out of the bathroom. Just as she was about to enter her room, she heard a door open behind her. She turned to see Greg, her brother, who was frozen in place. His eyes were as wide as saucers, staring at her naked ass, looking like a deer caught in the headlights. Cassadee froze as well. This was the first time Greg was seeing her naked. Should she dart into her room? Should she cover her ass with her hands? Should she wait to see how he reacted?  
  
Why should this be an issue? If he had been at her party last night, like he should have been, then he would already have seen her without her clothes on. It wasn't her fault. And she was walking on air right now, enjoying her newfound freedom to be naked in the house whenever she wanted. Why should she let Greg's attitude ruin this for her?  
  
Deciding to end the impasse, Cassadee turned to face Greg, watching his eyes travel up and down her body. Her chest heaved as she stood there, nervously allowing her brother to visually feast on her naked private parts. Finally, the spell broke and Greg looked her in the eyes. His expression changed to one of annoyance, and he walked briskly past her and down the stairs.  
  
What the fuck? Why was he acting like that? They used to be so close, but over the six months he had grown cold and distant...even surly. Cassadee wanted her loving, caring brother back. She didn't know how, but she was going to get to the bottom of this. She couldn't live with him like this anymore. With tears in her eyes, she locked herself in her bedroom.  
  
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An hour later, after a good cry, Cassadee walked out of her bedroom in a teal bikini and dark sunglasses, carrying a beach towel, a book, and her cellphone. She stopped in the kitchen and made a sandwich, poured a glass of iced tea, and took everything through the sliding glass patio door to the sundeck in the back yard. It was a hot day and when she tested the pool water, it was warm on her toes. She jumped in, swam for a couple minutes, then climbed out and sprayed tanning oil all over her body. Spreading the beach towel out on the deckchair, Cassadee reclined and opened her book, eating her sandwich as she read.  
  
After about ten minutes, her mother peeked her head out the sliding door and said, "Cass, your dad and I are going shopping. We should be back in a couple hours. So, the house is yours, OK? Make sure you lock up if you go anywhere."  
  
"OK, mom," she replied over her shoulder. "Where's Greg?"  
  
"He left. He didn't say where he was going or how long he would be gone."  
  
"OK, thanks. Love you."  
  
"Love you, sweetie," her mom replied, then slid the patio door shut.  
  
After twenty minutes or so, Cassadee set her book down. Her sandwich and tea were gone. She surveyed the back yard. They had an in-ground pool, at which she spent most of her time during the summer, and a large, grassy yard behind that with a few trees here and there. Surrounding the property was a six-foot tall wooden privacy fence. They had neighbors on both sides, and directly behind their house, as well as houses on each side of that one. All five of those houses had second floors, just like theirs, which enabled a direct line of sight into the back yard. The privacy fence only obscured the ground floor from view. From behind her sunglasses, she scrutinized the windows of each of the five houses but didn't see any sign of movement.  
  
Did her freedom to be naked extend to the back yard? She couldn't see why not. It was still their property. And someone would literally have to be spying on her from the second floor of their house to see anything. Plus, she had always heard a rumor that public nudity was legal here, even if no one took advantage of it. So, if that were true, she wouldn't even be breaking any laws. If anyone complained about her being naked in her own back yard, it was their problem.  
  
Cassadee lay in the deckchair for ten minutes contemplating the pros and cons of taking her bikini off. Finally, after deciding that there really weren't any serious cons, she stood up. She took one last look around and then reached behind and untied her bikini top. Holding it against her chest for a moment, she skittishly checked again and, seeing no one, let it drop to the concrete patio, releasing a nervous breath.  
  
Just like this morning when she stripped in the living room, nothing bad happened. She quickly untied the side strings of her bottoms and pulled them from between her legs, tossing them to the deck. It was shocking to be outside with no clothes on, even if it was in her semi-private back yard, and her nerves were tingling with excitement and fear. She quickly sprayed tanning oil on her previously hidden parts, taking her place on the deckchair.  
  
Wow. Her heart was beating fast, but it was exhilarating. She ran her hands over her skin, which was slick with oil. Her areolae looked extra pink and puffy. She rubbed across her belly and hips to her toned legs. It was odd seeing that much skin in the sun, unbroken by strips of fabric. Her closely cropped landing strip of pubic hair was just as blond as the hair on her head. She touched her vulva, which was shaved baby-smooth, and pebbled with drops of oil.  
  
Cassadee quickly took her hands away from her pussy. If anyone was watching her from a window, she didn't want them to think she was masturbating. That definitely wasn't legal in public. Although, she wasn't sure about the privacy laws and how they would be interpreted to protect someone on their own property.  
  
She smiled to herself, feeling, in this moment, like such a grownup. Whether, or not, she wore clothes in the house was entirely up to her. And she had made the adult decision that her freedom to be nude should also extend to her semi-private back yard. Until someone told her she couldn't, for some legal reason, she would continue to do as she pleased with her body.  
  
Cassadee picked up her book and tried to continue reading, but she just couldn't concentrate. She kept glancing up at the upper windows of the other houses. And she really wanted to touch herself. She was squirming around in the deckchair, squeezing her legs together. Her hands kept nervously touching her thighs and stomach. After a quick glance at the surrounding houses, she ran her finger between her lower lips. It was slippery with a mixture of tanning oil and her natural lubricant. Thinking about masturbation had that effect. She brought her finger to her nose, smelling her the scent of her vagina, and sucked it clean. She loved her own taste.  
  
Cassadee covered her pussy with her hand and surreptitiously stuck her middle finger inside herself. She moaned quietly, moving her finger around, in and out. Her other hand moved to her breast and her fingers found a stiff nipple to squeeze. She kept glancing at the houses in rotation, keeping an eye out for any sign of movement in the upper windows. Her finger withdrew from her pussy and began massaging her clit, trying to keep the visible movement to a minimum. Lying there as motionless as possible, Cassadee glanced around once again, even looking back at her own house. Seeing no one, she concentrated all her efforts on getting herself off quickly.

Cassadee's hand was well-trained in self-abuse, and she worked speedily toward her orgasm through muscle memory. Her eyes closed, her head cocked to the right, and her legs stiffened as she got in the zone. She forgot to check her surroundings as she lost all pretense of covert activity. Her legs opened of their own accord and her sex was splayed for whoever might be watching. She tweaked her nipples and alternated between penetrating herself with her fingers and rubbing her clit.  
  
The pressure inside her womb was reaching the point of no return. In one final moment of clarity, she quickly scoped out the upstairs windows in all the houses. Seeing no signs of life, she closed her eyes and gave in to the orgasm. It ripped through her body, a loud moan tearing from her throat, as she shook and bucked in the deckchair. Her fingers, jammed deeply inside, felt the strong contractions of her vaginal muscles as they squeezed and released with each wave of orgasmic bliss.  
  
As the euphoria dissipated and Cassadee regained her self-awareness, she realized that her legs were spread obscenely far apart, and her fingers were still penetrating her pussy to the last knuckles. She glanced around, her face flushed in embarrassment and post-orgasmic heat. No one was watching. Nothing was happening. She withdrew her fingers from her most private place and cleaned them off with her tongue, closing her legs. Then she listened. All was quiet except for the sounds of nature—birds chirping and the breeze blowing through the trees. She looked over her shoulder at her own house and noticed the curtain move in the last window on the top floor. Greg's room.  
  
Oh shit! Had Greg come back home without her hearing anything? Cassadee looked around at the other houses again. Nothing. She looked back up to Greg's window. Nothing. Had she imagined it? Cassadee stood, grabbing her stuff and picking up the towel off the deckchair. She walked inside and listened, placing her things on the dining room table. Then she crept to the front window and looked in the driveway. Greg's car was there. Fuck!  
  
Wait a minute. Why was she panicking? If Greg had been at her party, he would already have watched her masturbate. So why was the thought of him seeing it now so scary? Was it because she didn't know he was watching, and it felt like an invasion of privacy? Was he watching? She had to find out.  
  
Cassadee crept up the stairs and down the hallway to the end. Greg's door was shut. Holding the towel in front of her, she knocked lightly. There was no answer. She knocked again, louder this time. "Yeah?" she heard him say from inside the room.  
  
"Greg...can I come in?" she asked.  
  
"I guess," he said.  
  
Cassadee opened the door to find Greg lying on his stomach on his bed, scrolling through his phone.  
  
"What do you want?" he asked without looking at her.  
  
Cassadee swallowed nervously. It was an odd position for him to be in. She had never seen him hanging out in bed on his stomach. It was a girl's position. Was he hiding something? Did he have an...  
  
"Were you watching me? Outside?" she asked him, trying not to sound defensive.  
  
"What are you talking about?" He still hadn't looked at her.  
  
"Will you look at me?"  
  
Greg looked into her eyes. "Why are you naked?"  
  
"Because I want to be. Last night was huge for me. In more ways than one. Why weren't you there?"  
  
"No guy wants to see his sister naked and showing her pussy to everyone he knows."  
  
"So, you are embarrassed of me?" she asked.  
  
"Not embarrassed. I just didn't feel it was right for me to see you like that."  
  
"But you felt it was OK to spy on me out the window?"  
  
"I wasn't doing that," he said defensively and looked back at his phone.  
  
"I saw the curtain move, Greg! I'm not stupid! You were watching me masturbate!"  
  
"Why were you masturbating in the back yard?" he asked with sarcasm in his voice.  
  
"So, you at least admit you were watching?"  
  
"I saw you. I wasn't watching. There's a difference."  
  
"Is that why you are lying on your stomach? Because you are a huge perv and you have a boner?" Cassadee was getting very angry and defensive, although she wasn't sure why.  
  
"Fuck off. Leave me alone." Greg said, giving her the finger.  
  
"Thanks for being such a dickhead," Cassadee spat. "And thanks for all your support yesterday...big brother!" She slammed his door and stomped to her room, then slammed her own door. Fuck! What was his problem?  
  
Cassadee pouted in her room and didn't come out until dinner time.  
  
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At 6pm, Cassadee's mom knocked on her door. "Honey, dinner's ready."  
  
"I'll be right out," she answered from behind the closed door.  
  
Cassadee lay on her bed in sweats and a tank top. After fighting with her brother, it had made her second-guess her decision to be nude in the house. She scrolled through her phone for another minute, then walked downstairs and into the dining room to see a lasagna dinner prepared. It was her favorite meal. Her parents and Greg were already seated. She pulled out her chair and joined them. Greg, she noticed, wouldn't really look at her. After an awkward dinner, Cassadee spent the rest of the evening in her room, watching television until she fell asleep.  
  
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Sunday  
  
On Sunday morning Cassadee woke up refreshed, with a renewed desire to explore her newfound love of nudity. She walked to the bathroom, took a shower, and walked back to her bedroom—all without wearing any clothes. It was almost disappointing that she hadn't run into anybody. Having left her bedroom door open in order to maximize the chance that she would be seen, Cassadee was drying her hair when she heard a knock on the jamb. "Cass, can I come in?" her mother asked.  
  
"Sure," she replied with the towel over her head.  
  
Kathleen briefly took notice of her daughter's state of undress, then said, "Hey, honey, do you remember Mr. O'Shea from across the street?"  
  
"Yeah..." she replied, looking up with wide eyes, assuming her mom had bad news.  
  
"There's nothing wrong. I didn't mean to scare you. I just wanted to let you know that he asked if you could come over."  
  
Cassadee gave her mom a look of impatience and rolled her eyes. Charlie O'Shea was a Viet Nam War veteran who had lived in the house across the street for probably forty years or more. When she was younger, Cassadee would do little odd jobs for him and his wife and they would pay her a few dollars. But with classes and extracurricular activities, it had been a few years since she had had the time for any of that.  
  
"What does he need?" she asked.  
  
"I'm not sure. He just asked for you, so I told him I would talk to you. It would be nice if you went over to see what he wants before you head out anywhere."  
  
"OK," she replied, huffing out a breath of air. As any teenager did, she knew how to make it obvious that she was annoyed.  
  
"Thanks, sweetie." Her mom kissed her on the cheek and walked out.  
  
Cassadee had planned to spend another day just being lazy around the house, but now she would have to put on clothes and walk across the street. Greg wasn't speaking to her, and now she couldn't even chill this morning. So much for a relaxing weekend.  
  
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"Hi, Mr. O'Shea." Cassadee approached the open garage door, wearing a black sports bra, black yoga pants, and white running shoes. It was warm out, and she intended on going for a run after finding out whatever it was that her neighbor wanted from her. If she had to put clothes on, she figured, she may as well get her run in.  
  
Charlie O'Shea glanced up from his worktable in his garage and watched as Cassadee Ellison walked into his garage. "Well, hello there, Cassie-girl!" He was mostly bald, with a fringe of white hair around his head. He had a closely cropped white beard, and he was dressed in a plaid shirt, overalls, and work boots.  
  
He had called her Cassie-girl for as long as she could remember. "You wanted to see me?"  
  
"Yes, yes, come on in. Take a seat. Would you like a cup of cider?" He walked over to a mini fridge in the corner and grabbed a clean mug off the shelf.  
  
Cassadee gratefully accepted the drink and sat down in a handmade varnished oak chair that he had built from scratch. The garage was extremely clean and smelled of sawdust and lacquer.  
  
"I know it's been a couple years since we really talked, you being a busy young lady and all, but I just wanted you to know that you can talk to me anytime you want, about anything at all. I'm always here for you."  
  
"Oh...OK...thank you..." Cassadee wasn't sure where this was coming from, but his kind eyes and warm smile put her at ease. She'd never really noticed that about him before. He was like a cuddly old grandfather.  
  
"That was one heck of a shindig your parents threw for you the other night. Quite a show. Margaret and I enjoyed getting out of the house. We don't do that a whole lot anymore."  
  
Cassadee almost spat out the mouthful of cider she had just taken. "You-you were there?" she asked nervously.  
  
"Oh, yeah. I don't go to too many of them anymore, but with you being our neighbor and all, it seemed like the proper thing to do."  
  
Cassadee felt like she was under a microscope. This genteel man and his little old wife had seen her completely naked—and since he mentioned a "show", he probably saw her masturbate as well. She hadn't noticed them there. But then again, there were probably over three hundred people there that night.  
  
"And, of course, I was very honored when your mom asked me to be one of your mentors, too. At my age, I'm sure you will be my last girl. I just wanted to let you know that I'm here for you. Stop on by if you need some advice, or a shoulder to cry on, or if you just want to shoot the breeze. You know where I live." He smiled and patted her knee in a grandfatherly gesture.  
  
Mortification wasn't a strong enough word to describe what Cassadee was feeling right at that moment. She thought her stomach might empty itself all over the floor. Did old Mr. O'Shea just say that he was her mentor? Did this man have sex with her less than two nights ago? She couldn't wrap her head around it.  
  
"Y-you're my m-mentor?" she asked, her face deathly pale and her vision swimming.  
  
Mr. O'Shea studied her curiously and said, "Wait...you didn't know? Oh, of course you didn't know! I'm so old and out of practice with this sort of thing. I'm sorry, Cassie-girl! I just sprung it on you all sudden-like. Yes, honey, your mom asked me a couple weeks ago, and after talking it over with Margaret, we decided that we would be honored. If it helps your memory any, I think I was your third mentor that night."  
  
Cassadee thought back to Friday night. Her third...  
  
She had almost drifted off to sleep by the time she felt the third man's hands on her thighs. These hands felt rough, just like the first man's hands had. But they were also tentative. When she felt him push against her, she could tell he was trying to enter her, but he didn't seem as hard as the previous men. This penis was definitely more flaccid. She felt him pull away and wondered whether he would be able to do what he needed to do.  
  
She was shocked when she suddenly felt whiskers scratch her vulva as a tongue licked her from bottom to top. She jumped as his tongue flicked across her clit, which by now, was terribly sensitive. A moan escaped her lips as he masterfully massaged her pussy with his mouth, using his tongue in wonderful ways.  
  
Then she felt him move away and an erect penis pushed inside her. Her wet vagina accepted it easily. Cassadee moaned again as he began to pump in and out in short strokes, building up a nice rhythm. It didn't take long before she felt him pressed against her, trembling from his orgasm. He stood in place as he grew soft inside of her, then patted her leg softly as he left. What a curious gesture. Almost like a kind old uncle or something. Again, she felt the familiar discharge of semen, but this time it didn't seem like there was as much as there had been with the previous men.  
  
Of course! The clues had been there the whole time. His rough hands from woodworking. His scratchy beard on her pussy when he went down on her. His genteel manner. She had thought her third mentor might have been an older man. But she hadn't thought he would be this old—or this particular man.  
  
"Are you OK, honey? Can I get you anything?" he asked.  
  
"No! No. I'm fine. I just wasn't expecting..." Cassadee shook her head in disbelief. "I'm OK."  
  
"I'm sure I'm not what a young girl like yourself hopes for in a mentor. But, like I said, I'm a good listener. And I'm not totally useless yet."  
  
"Oh, I don't want you to think it's like that!" she said apologetically. "I just... You are the first mentor to reveal himself to me. I didn't think I would find out this soon. I guess I just wasn't prepared," she said, suddenly sweating. "Did...do you want to...umm..." Cassadee couldn't quite get the words out.  
  
It took a second for Charlie to catch on. "Oh! No. Take your time. We don't need to do anything right now. I'm an old man. I don't do that as much anymore anyway. If you don't mind me being honest, I much prefer to use my tongue to my pecker." He grinned and chuckled, amused with himself.  
  
Cassadee forced a laugh as her insides twisted. His tongue. When she thought back to Friday night, though, his tongue had felt really nice...  
  
"Well, I'll let you get on with your business. I just wanted to have a little talk with you. You feel free to stop over anytime. We are always here."  
  
"Yeah," she said, standing and nervously shifting from foot to foot. "Thanks for telling me, Mr. O'Shea. I'll get back to you soon." Cassadee waved goodbye and jogged across the street to her house.  
  
When she entered the front door, she yelled, "Mom!!!"  
  
Kathleen peeked her head out from the kitchen. "What's wrong?"  
  
"What's wrong!? Mr. O'Shea? Really???" Cassadee was caught somewhere between fury and nausea.  
  
"Let's go up to your room and talk," her mom said. They walked upstairs to Cassadee's room, Kathleen closing the door behind them.  
  
Cassadee sat on her bed, visibly shaking. "Why him? He's so old. And I haven't really even talked to him in years. I thought my mentors were supposed to be men who could help me through life! How in the world is that old man going to help me?"  
  
"Calm down, Cass. I chose Mr. O'Shea for his years of experience and wisdom. There have been many times your father and I have gone to him for instruction on how to fix something, or even just to get advice. That "old man" has a wealth of life lessons to impart and a vast knowledge of many different things that most people no longer have. And you are right. He is old. He won't be around forever. So, if I were you, I would take advantage of it while he is still with us."  
  
Cassadee immediately felt ashamed of how little she had thought him capable. "But I'm supposed to have sex with him, mom! I don't know if I can."  
  
Kathleen pulled her close. "This is why the mentors are anonymous at your Coming of Age. Because prejudices come with how people look—their age, their attractiveness, their personality... As you continue through this process during the next few weeks, you will begin to discover that sex and attraction don't necessarily have to go hand in hand. Sex feels good. It's pleasurable. And it brings people closer. Even people with whom you could never have imagined having sex. And look at it this way...you've already had sex with him once. Besides, he might not want or require it nearly as much as some of the younger guys. It's all between you two. Whatever arrangement you have with him is fine. Even if he only wants it once in a great while."  
  
Cassadee tried to put it in perspective. If she could do all the things she did the other night, she could have sex with an old man. It wasn't as if her life was going to end. And who knows? She might even enjoy herself. "Which other mentors are going to cause me to melt down?" Cassadee asked with half a smile.  
  
"You will find out in the next couple weeks. It's not for me to tell you," her mom replied, giving her a squeeze.  
  
Cassadee decided, since she was still dressed for it, to go for a run. It always helped clear her mind. She already had a lot to think about, and only one of her mentors had been revealed. What did the next couple weeks have in store?  
  
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Monday  
  
Cassadee spent the morning at school thinking about Mr. O'Shea. It was difficult to concentrate on her first few classes. Once the bell rang, she left the Computer Science room and dropped her books off in her locker. She grabbed her duffel bag with her swimsuit and towel and headed for the pool.  
  
She had chosen to take swimming as an alternate for this semester's gym class, it being available only to seniors. As soon as she entered the locker room she ran into Bethany Tate. Bethany was an exquisitely beautiful brunette, who also had been in cheerleading with her. At 5'8", she was quite a bit taller than Cassadee, and had a beauty mark on her right cheek. Cassadee thought the girl might someday be a Sports Illustrated swimsuit model.  
  
Bethany's Coming of Age party had been about three months prior, and Cassadee had heard through the grapevine that she had stripped a handful of times since. She seemed extremely comfortable with her body, which was evident as they were changing. Bethany was fully nude but seemed in no hurry to put her swimsuit on.  
  
"Your party was off the hook, Cass. You really brought it," Bethany said, offering her fist.  
  
"Thanks," Cassadee replied with a smile, bumping knuckles and causing the other girl's large D-cup breasts to jiggle. Cassadee pulled off her panties and shoved her clothes in the locker. As she was stepping into her one-piece swimsuit, she said, "I wish I could have gone to yours."  
  
"Yeah, me too. I'm going to be dancing at Defloration on Friday night, if you want to come!"  
  
"Really? That would be cool! The only time I've ever been in there, it was extremely stressful, and I had a lot on my mind. It would be nice to go and just be relaxed," she replied.  
  
"The first time is totally nerve-wracking. But once you do it on your own, it's so much fun. And the money is great too." Bethany winked at her as she moved her hips sexily, her breasts shifting from side to side. The girl's vulva was shaved totally smooth, with no inner labia visible. It was probably the prettiest pussy Cassadee had ever seen. As the tall girl turned toward her locker and stepped into her swimsuit, it stretched to contain her round ass. Cassadee hadn't really understood the whole 'attraction to girls' thing until now. Bethany was a fucking bombshell.  
  
It was the second-to-last week of school, so there was no real curriculum planned for the day. It was pretty much a free swim. Some of the girls played a game of water polo in the deep end of the pool, while others just swam about and socialized. Cassadee talked to a few people here and there, but mostly she just watched Bethany. The way the water washed over her curves. The way her cleavage jiggled over the top of her suit. The amount of ass that was spilling out down below. She couldn't help staring, and Bethany caught her a couple times, much to Cassadee's chagrin.  
  
After the period was over, they rinsed off in the showers and then walked dripping to the lockers to change. Ms. Lawton, the P.E. and swim instructor, announced that she would be back to lock up the swimming area later because she had to run out for a while, so the girls were on their own to finish dressing and get to their next class.  
  
"Hey, what's your next class?" Bethany asked Cassadee in a conspiratorial whisper.  
  
"Just a study hall. What do you have?"  
  
"English. Fuck it. It's almost the end of school. We aren't testing today or anything. Hey, take your time changing. Let the rest of the girls leave, OK?"

"OK," Cassadee said. She wondered nervously what her friend had in mind.  
  
By the time everyone had left, the girls were in their panties and bras. Bethany quickly took her undergarments back off and threw them in her locker. "Meet me back in the showers," she whispered.  
  
Cassadee swallowed loudly, then looked around nervously and undressed. She walked nude over to the shower room, and by the time she entered, Bethany already had the water running. Cassadee walked up to her and Bethany pulled her under the spray. Bethany's breasts were about four inches higher than Cassadee's, and she got a very nice look. They were firm with dark pink nipples, which stuck out like large pencil erasers.  
  
"Do you like them?" Bethany asked.  
  
Cassadee paused. Was Bethany asking her if she liked her breasts? She decided to play dumb. "Umm...like what?"  
  
"My tits, silly! I saw you looking at me during class, and just now you couldn't take your eyes off them."  
  
"Oh," Cassadee said, her face turning bright red. "Uh, yeah. They are beautiful."  
  
"You can touch them if you want," Bethany offered.  
  
"Oh, that's OK," she replied.  
  
"Go ahead. I don't mind." Bethany grabbed Cassadee's hands and placed them right on her breasts.  
  
Cassadee was stunned and frozen in place. Her palms were resting over Bethany's erect nipples.  
  
"Relax, Cass. Go ahead and feel them. I could tell you were curious. I'd like to feel yours too."  
  
Bethany grabbed Cassadee's small, B-cup boobs between her thumbs and first fingers, squeezing them. Then she ran her thumbs over Cassadee's puffy areolae and erect nipples.  
  
"I love how puffy your nipples are," Bethany said, kneading and feeling Cassadee's breasts like it was the most normal thing in the world.  
  
Having her breasts felt up by the taller girl brought Cassadee out of her spell. She carefully squeezed Bethany's boobs, feeling how large and heavy they were. She couldn't imagine running with those monsters. Lightly pinching Bethany's nipples, she was amazed by their stiffness. Her areolae were slightly smaller than Cassadee's, but her nipples were twice as large. They were like miniature marshmallows. Cassadee began unconsciously to lean forward as she wondered what those nipples would feel like in her mouth.  
  
"Do you want to masturbate with me, Cass?"  
  
Cassadee looked up in disbelief. "Here? What if we get caught?"  
  
"You heard Ms. Lawton. She won't be back for like an hour," Bethany replied with a mischievous grin. She could see that Cassadee looked nervous. "Come on! Use some of that newfound freedom and confidence! Be daring! I'm going to do it, even if you don't."  
  
With butterflies in her stomach, Cassadee nodded. Bethany turned off the shower, then led her over to a bench seat that was recessed into the tiled wall of the shower room. The taller girl sat on one end of the bench, resting her back against the tiles, and faced the other end, her leg bent at the knee. Her other leg hung to the side, her foot on the floor. She spread her legs wide, welcoming Cassadee's gaze.  
  
Cassadee nervously looked around, then took a seat on the other end of the bench, mirroring Bethany's position. The bench wasn't that long, so their legs were somewhat intertwined, with each girl's foot between the other's hip and the wall. Cassadee stared at her friend, waiting for her to make the first move.  
  
Bethany smiled and reached between her legs, dragging her fingers through the wetness within her lower lips, and closed her eyes as she tilted her head back against the tiled wall. Once again, Cassadee thought Bethany had the prettiest pussy she had ever seen—even considering her limited experience with watching porn. Bethany's inner labia were small and deeply pink in color. When her legs were closed, they were completely obscured by her smooth, puffy outer lips. But right now, they were open like a newly blossomed flower. It was truly beautiful. And sexy. Cassadee reached her fingers down and touched her own wetness, lubricating herself all the way up to her clit.  
  
Bethany was now fully engaged in her own masturbation, uninhibitedly rubbing her fingers through her cleft, making wet, squishy sounds that echoed off the walls of the shower room. Cassadee was entranced. She had never watched another girl masturbate in real life, let alone right in front of her. Her own fingers began to slide quickly and nimbly across the erogenous areas of her sex, adding to the sloppy sounds of female masturbation.  
  
The girls' faces were red with effort and increased blood flow as they pleasured themselves while staring into each other's eyes. Cassadee gasped as Bethany paused her masturbation and grabbed her legs. She pulled her closer, so that Cassadee's legs were straddling her own. Their pussies were almost touching. Bethany began masturbating again, her knuckles brushing Cassadee's pussy as she did so. Cassadee flinched as Bethany accidentally made contact with her clit. Breathing heavily, Cassadee added her fingers to the mix, their knuckles fighting for space as they fingered themselves.  
  
Cassadee could feel the heat in her entire body. She knew her face and chest had to be beet red. Masturbating with another girl was way hotter than she ever thought it might be. She stared at Bethany's plump lips, wanting to kiss them in the worst way.  
  
Bethany must have read her mind, because she suddenly leaned over and engulfed Cassadee's lips with her own. Her tongue was invasive, probing and exploring. She moaned into Cassadee's mouth as the passion behind the kiss spilled over. Breaking the kiss, she smiled. "You're so fucking hot, Cass," she whispered.  
  
"I wanted you to kiss me," Cassadee responded breathlessly. Holy fuck, she had a crush on this girl.  
  
Cassadee felt Bethany's fingers push her own out of the way. Then her friend stuck two fingers all the way inside of Cassadee's pussy, fingering her deeply as her thumb stroked her clit. Cassadee gasped at the intrusion, then moaned quietly. Never had another girl touched her down there. As Bethany pumped her fingers in and out, Cassadee began to quiver.  
  
She leaned back and opened herself up to Bethany, who began finger fucking her fast and hard. Cassadee couldn't take any more—she was cresting the wave. She clamped her hands over her mouth and moaned as her body bucked with the orgasmic contractions. Bethany didn't let up, though, keeping up the pace until Cassadee was practically squealing. A large amount of warm fluid gushed over Bethany's fingers as Cassadee had a second orgasm.  
  
Breathing heavily, she cracked open her eyes to witness Bethany sucking the pussy juice off her fingers. Still throbbing, she sat up and grabbed the back of Bethany's head, pulling her in for a long kiss, tasting her own pussy on the other girl's lips. Having recovered sufficiently from her double orgasm, Cassadee broke the kiss and crawled between Bethany's legs, which opened wide, inviting her in. She penetrated Bethany's tight pussy with two fingers, just as her friend had done to her, and finger fucked her with fast, deep strokes. Bethany's vagina was warm and slippery wet, and Cassadee could feel the textured ridges inside. She responded to Cassadee's thumb rubbing across her clit by purring and opening her legs a little wider.  
  
Bethany leaned back and gyrated her hips, matching Cassadee's rhythm. Within minutes, she was trembling and moaning. Bethany squeezed her eyes shut and grabbed Cassadee's wrist, guiding her in and out with more speed and pressure than Cassadee thought would have been comfortable. Reaching her peak, Bethany came with a stifled cry. The walls of her vagina squeezed Cassadee's fingers in strong contractions. It was the coolest feeling. She kept pumping her friend's pussy until Bethany abruptly stopped her hand, unable to take any more stimulation. Cassadee withdrew her fingers and brought them to her nose. The scent was similar to her own, yet slightly different. She licked her fingers clean, tasting Bethany's juices and sticky, white discharge. It was a familiar taste, with an added tang. The fact that it was another girl's vaginal secretions on her tongue, made it ten times hotter.  
  
Bethany, with sleepy eyes, laughed in post-orgasmic bliss. She grabbed Cassadee's face and brought her in for a delicious kiss. Cassadee was in heaven. Bethany was definitely her girl crush. She hoped this wouldn't be the last time they would play together.  
  
Giggling, they rinsed off in the shower and ran to the locker room to get dressed. As they left the locker room with their duffel bags, they bumped into Ms. Lawton. "What are you girls still doing here?"  
  
"Cassadee has been having a little bit of a hard time at home, Ms. Lawton. We were just talking. I think she's feeling better now," Bethany said with a smile. Cassadee bit her lip so she wouldn't laugh.  
  
"Oh, well, I'm sorry to hear that, Cassadee. If you want to talk about it, I'm here as well. Now, get to wherever you are supposed to be. Your class is half over."  
  
"Thanks, Ms. Lawton. See you tomorrow!" Bethany said as they left.  
  
Edna Lawton watched them leave and headed into her office, which was a little room off the pool room. She closed and locked the door, then pulled the blinds. Logging onto her computer, she accessed the pinhole cameras that she had placed around the locker room and shower a couple years ago. She rewound the footage to the moment she left, then watched as the two girls, who had almost been dressed when the rest of the students left, took off their clothes and went into the shower naked. She thought that little Cassadee Ellison was a rocket. And Bethany Tate! If that girl didn't go into modeling or porn, it would be a damn shame. She fast forwarded a couple minutes and saw the girls seated on the bench seat, masturbating together. With a smile on her face, Edna brushed her short hair out of her eyes and stuck her hand down her sweatpants as she watched the covert footage.  
  
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After the bell rang at the end of her Chemistry class, Mr. Chen called her aside and asked her to stay, while the rest of the class left.  
  
"Hey, Cass, Cindi wanted to know if you wanted to come over to our place for dinner on Wednesday night—if you aren't busy," he said with a smile.  
  
Cassadee had given Mr. Chen and his wife a private dance at her Coming of Age party. Correction—she had given Mrs. Chen a private dance. Mr. Chen just sat and watched as Cassadee made his wife come.  
  
"Oh, umm...sure. I don't think I have anything going on," she replied awkwardly.  
  
"Great!"  
  
Mr. Chen gave her their address and told her he would confirm with her on Wednesday. Cassadee floated through the rest of the school day with a smile on her face. Even thoughts of Mr. O'Shea weren't bothering her as much now.  
  
When she got home, she immediately changed into a little red bikini, and went into the back yard to tan. She turned the deckchair so she could just see Greg's bedroom window out of the corner of her eye. Behind dark sunglasses, she surreptitiously checked, every so often, to see if there was movement in the window. Sure enough, as she glanced up, she saw his blinds part slightly, staying that way. That little prick. Pretending to scroll through her phone, she opened the camera app, zoomed in on the cracked blinds, and began recording a video. She recorded for a good thirty seconds, then waved and said, "Hi, Greg! Thanks for perving!" As soon as she waved, the blinds returned to normal and she ended the video. Caught that fucker. Now she had leverage.  
  
Cassadee returned the chair to its normal position and didn't bother looking back at the window. Greg was going to be Greg no matter what she did. Her thoughts returned to Bethany and their mutual shower masturbation. Fuck, was that hot! Cassadee's fingers wandered down to her bikini-covered cleft and she rubbed herself through the fabric. She couldn't wait until Friday to watch Bethany dance at Defloration. The thought of seeing her naked, performing in front of a crowd, had created a wet spot in Cassadee's bikini bottoms. She pulled the fabric aside and felt the sticky wetness with her finger. Bringing it to her nose, she smelled herself. It smelled strong with arousal. She licked her finger clean, then glanced up at Greg's window. The blinds moved ever so slightly. Fuck. Cassadee needed to come in the worst way. She wasn't prepared to openly masturbate in front of her brother, even though he watched her do it without her knowledge the other day. She didn't want to give him the satisfaction of being able to perv on her. If she went up to her room, it would kind of be the same thing. He wouldn't be able to see her, but he would know what she was doing, and might even be ballsy enough to stand there at the door listening.  
  
She could call Ben Davidson, the star quarterback whom she had fucked in a private room at her party. But she really liked him and wanted to see where things could go with him. She didn't just want to use him as a booty call. Cassadee thought he might make a good boyfriend and it was past time she allowed herself to explore that option.  
  
Where could she go to get off quickly? A thought popped into her head—but it was a weird thought. There was no way she could do that. Technically, she could...and it would be perfectly within the bounds of their relationship. But...could she?  
  
Her heart racing, Cassadee picked up her phone with shaking hands. She found the contact and pressed the call button, then placed the phone against her ear.  
  
"Hello?"  
  
Oh, shit. Not who she thought it would be. "Hi, Mrs. O'Shea? This is Cassadee...from across the street."  
  
"Oh, hi, sweetheart! How are you?"  
  
"I'm fine, ma'am, thank you. I was wondering if...umm..."  
  
"Would you like to speak to Mr. O'Shea?"  
  
"Oh, uh...yes please...if that's OK..."  
  
"Of course, dear! I know all about him being your mentor. I'm so happy for both of you. It's not too often that an older gentleman gets to mentor a young lady like yourself. It's put a little spring in his step! I'll get him," she said. The phone clacked as she set it down on some hard surface.  
  
Cassadee was trembling. She should hang up right now. Fuck fuck fuck...  
  
"Hello? Cassie-girl?"  
  
"Hi, Mr. O'Shea. I was wondering...uh...if you might have time...to talk...or something..."  
  
"Of course! Come on over. Mrs. O'Shea was just about to head out to the store. That will give us plenty of time to talk."  
  
"Oh, OK. I'll see you in a minute." Cassadee disconnected. Breathe. Calm down. She stood up, stepped into her flip flops, and walked around the end of the house and across the street. Her nipples were making extremely noticeable bumps in the front of her bikini top. As usual, Mr. O'Shea was sitting at the worktable in his garage.  
  
Charlie O'Shea glanced up as Cassadee walked into his garage in a tiny red bikini. He whistled and she smiled shyly. "Nice outfit," he said.  
  
"Haha, thanks. I was just tanning in the backyard." Cassadee spun around for him, letting him see it from behind as well. Why did I do that? she thought to herself, knowing exactly why she had done it. She was flirting—trying to make this old man desire her. The realization turned her face a deep shade of red.  
  
"So, what can I do for you, darling?" he asked, looking her up and down and gesturing for her to take a seat.  
  
Cassadee wasn't sure how to say what was on her mind. She needed a segue. "I masturbated with a girl today," she blurted out. Immediately, her mouth dropped open, and she brought her hands to the sides of her face, like in that painting by Edvard Munch. Why did I say that? She was shocked by how comfortable he made her feel.  
  
"Oh, wow. Tell me about it," he said with a smile. "How did you feel about it?"  
  
"It felt...naughty. Like we were getting away with something." Cassadee was red-faced, but she continued on. "I guess it also felt naughty because it was with a girl. But she's really beautiful. And she's a good friend. So, when she suggested masturbating, I just kind of went with it."  
  
"Are you glad you did?"  
  
"Yeah. I think so. It was so hot. We kissed too. And it wasn't just normal masturbation..." Cassadee didn't know whether she should be honest about everything that happened.  
  
"Yes?" he asked. He seemed genuinely curious.  
  
What the fuck. Just tell him. In a way, this feels naughty, too. "She fingered me until I came...and then I did the same to her. And we both tasted each other on our fingers." Cassadee partially hid her face in her hands after confessing that last part and squeezed her legs together. She was pretty sure he noticed.  
  
Mr. O'Shea laughed. "Well, that's nothing to be ashamed of. You know, when I was younger, people didn't talk about doing things with a person of the same sex. It was looked down upon. But now things are different. It's more accepted today. Let me ask you—do you still like boys?"  
  
"Oh, yes! There's a boy I really like. His name is Ben. I think I could see him being my boyfriend. And I never even really considered girls in that way. But there is just something about Bethany that makes me feel different—like, maybe I could be in a relationship with a girl, as long as it was Bethany."  
  
Cassadee was surprised, but she was really enjoying being open and talking with him like this. It felt like she now had someone with whom she could talk about things that she wouldn't normally say out loud.  
  
"So, Bethany has been a friend, but now she is a special friend. Someone you can experiment with. Is that how you feel about her?"  
  
The way he said special, Cassadee knew he understood. "I think so. Do you think it's wrong?"  
  
"Not at all. Mrs. O'Shea used to have a special friend when she was young, too. She told me all about it. Of course, back in those days, it was a big secret. And nothing ever came of it. They just had fun together. Like special girlfriends. I wouldn't worry about it. Just have fun. You have a lot less to worry about than Mrs. O'Shea did."  
  
Cassadee immediately felt better. She thought about telling Mr. O'Shea about Dr. Spitelli, and how he had treated her the night of her Coming of Age party, but she didn't want to get him in trouble. At least not yet. She wanted to talk to him about it first. She decided to table that subject for the time being.  
  
"Is that all you wanted, honey?" Mr. O'Shea asked with a smile as he rested his hand on her knee.  
  
"Umm...well...I..." Cassadee couldn't quite look at him  
  
"Go ahead. You can tell me anything," he said with a serious look.  
  
"Well...the reason I called...is because I was in the backyard tanning...and thinking...and I..."  
  
Mr. O'Shea had both hands on her knees and began to rub them softly. Her skin was smooth and shiny from the tanning oil.  
  
Cassadee closed her eyes and breathed. She decided to let it all spill out. "I know we have had sex already. And we are supposed to again soon. I got really horny...especially when I remembered you said you like to use your...mouth...and I didn't know if maybe...you wanted to...do stuff..." She opened her eyes to see him studying her scantily clad body. Her nipples responded as he devoured her with his eyes.  
  
"You want me to give you an orgasm? Is that it?" he said as he licked his lips.  
  
Cassadee nodded and blushed even more.  
  
Charlie O'Shea gently pushed Cassadee's knees apart and saw the wet spot on the gusset of her bikini bottoms. He grabbed a remote from his workbench and the garage door began to close. Then he took Cassadee by the hand and led her to a couch along the other wall, having her sit down. He got down on his knees, which took a little bit of effort, and pulled her toward him until her butt was at the edge of the couch.  
  
Cassadee watched him through wide eyes as he gently took her flip flops off and massaged her bare feet in his hands. Then he kissed and smelled her toes, which she thought was odd, before kissing his way up her legs to her knees. Parting her knees, he took turns kissing each thigh until Cassadee's legs were spread, held up by his strong hands. She began to tremble nervously as he kissed his way to the wet spot on her bikini covered mound.

As he kissed Cassadee's pussy through her bottoms, he inhaled deeply, savoring her musky scent. This is what he lived for. Sure, he enjoyed orgasms, but at his age things didn't work as well as they used to. But he considered cunnilingus his specialty. He had pleasured many a girl in his lifetime with nothing but his mouth, and they all complimented him on his skills. He looked up at Cassadee. The poor girl was shaking. He smiled at her as he said, "It's OK. You are going to enjoy this. Trust me."  
  
Cassadee nodded, thankful he was being gentle with her. Mr. O'Shea grabbed the sides of her bikini bottoms at her hips and tugged them down her legs, setting them on the couch. He spread her legs and began to kiss her bare pussy.  
  
Charlie loved this part. He peppered her with kisses, working his way from the landing strip on her mound, over her clit and labia, across her opening, and ended on her puckered little asshole. As he kissed her anus, he stuck his nose in her opening and took a deep whiff of her strong, feminine musk. Then he stuck his tongue out and licked her from bottom to top, scooping inside her vagina and gathering some of the sticky white liquid onto his tongue.  
  
Cassadee moaned as his tongue invaded her. She remembered this feeling from her mentor ceremony. He had used his mouth on her briefly before he fucked her, and it felt amazing. Her head sunk back into the couch cushions and she closed her eyes, concentrating on the ecstatic sensations between her legs.  
  
Charlie formed a suction with his mouth and tongued Cassadee's pussy as deeply as he could. She squirmed in his hands. Then he gave her long licks all the way up between her labia, flicking across her clit at the end. He moved his hands close to her pussy and pulled her apart with his fingers, licking rhythmically, and teasing her clit.  
  
Cassadee had been wanting to come for what seemed like hours. She knew he was teasing her, stretching out the buildup to her orgasm, and she thought she might die of pleasure before she reached it. Resting her bare feet on his shoulders, her legs began to twitch and jerk as she was drawn closer and closer to that moment of pure bliss.  
  
Charlie used his thumb on Cassadee's clit, rubbing across it rhythmically as his tongue penetrated her opening and lapped up the warm vaginal fluids being secreted there. She was moaning almost continuously now, and her legs were shaking. He knew she was close.  
  
Cassadee's orgasm caught her off guard. It came fast and hard. She screamed shrilly and squeezed her legs together around Mr. O'Shea's head as the contractions assaulted her womb. She grabbed his head, pulling him into her and bucked like she was at the rodeo. Then she squirted.  
  
Charlie kept flicking Cassadee's clit as she came. His head was clamped between her tight, runner's thighs and his tongue assaulted her mercilessly. As she howled through the orgasm, he opened his mouth just in time to accept a geyser of female ejaculate onto his tongue. He closed his mouth and swished her juices around, tasting her smooth, tangy bouquet. Swallowing, it slid down his throat like a fine whiskey.  
  
Cassadee's body melted into the couch. Her legs fell apart and she lay there twitching in the aftershocks of the orgasm. Mr. O'Shea rubbed the insides of her thighs and lavished her vulva with appreciative little kisses. She glanced down at him as he lovingly nursed her through the euphoria.  
  
Charlie took one last deep breath, inhaling this beautiful, blond 18-year-old's scent. It was transcendent. He was hard in his pants. Eating a woman's pussy always worked like Viagra for him. But he got up, rather painfully, off his knees and sat on the couch next to her. He ran his hand over her upper thigh, marveling at how soft a young girl's skin was. He licked the spot of wet discharge from the gusset and handed her the tiny garment.  
  
Watching him lick her bikini bottoms, Cassadee was suddenly self-conscious. She closed her legs and accepted the red fabric from Mr. O'Shea when he was done.  
  
"Do you feel better, Cassie-girl?" he asked.  
  
Cassadee nodded and cast her gaze downward as she stood and pulled on her bottoms. The wet spot felt cold against her pussy. "Thank you. I needed that. And that was...wow! You are really good at that."  
  
Mr. O'Shea smiled and patted her leg. "I love doing that. Any time you want that, or anything else, you feel free to come over."  
  
Cassadee looked down at her feet. "Umm...do you want...anything?"  
  
"No, no. I'm fine. Eating pussy brings me more pleasure than almost anything in the world. Thank you for sharing yourself with me."  
  
She couldn't believe he didn't want anything from her. "Oh, sure. It was my pleasure. Literally." She chuckled at her own joke.  
  
"Is there anything else I can help you with today, sweetie?"  
  
"No. Thank you. I guess I'll see you later," she said as he stood up. Mr. O'Shea opened the garage door and she gave him a peck on the lips. She could smell herself in his beard. As she walked across the street to her house, she looked around nervously, as if the whole neighborhood knew what had just happened. Old Mr. O'Shea had just eaten her pussy. She laughed at the thought as she went around the side of the house to the back yard. She jumped in the pool and cooled off, rinsing the sweat and pussy juice from between her legs. Then she relaxed in the deckchair and took a nap.  
  
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Tuesday  
  
The next morning at school had been tedious. It was almost the end of the year and her classes were pretty much finished. She had a couple finals left, but the teachers were as checked out as the students. When lunch came, she decided to get away. They weren't supposed to leave school grounds during lunch, but what were they going to do? Kick her out for skipping out on the lunch period?  
  
She walked a couple blocks to a Panera Bread and had a sandwich and a salad. She ate and relaxed by the window, watching the townsfolk go about their day. When there was about eight minutes left in the lunch hour, she threw her trash away and began to walk back to school. She was halfway there when a car pulled up beside her and a siren chirped, scaring her half to death. Looking over, she saw it was Officer Lester Camden, a township policeman. The last time she had seen him, she had given him a lap dance, making herself come in the process, and soaking the entire front of his pants.  
  
"Aren't you supposed to be in school, Cass?" he asked.  
  
"Uh, yeah, I was just...umm...having lunch," she answered lamely, knowing that he knew she wasn't supposed to be off school property.  
  
He stepped out of the car and opened the back door. "Get in," he said.  
  
Fuck! She sat in the back of the police cruiser as he shut the door. There was a plexiglass barrier between them and there were no door handles. How humiliating to be dropped off at school in the back of a police car. She put her head in her hands. After a few minutes of driving, she looked up and realized they were farther from the school than they were when he picked her up. As a matter of fact, they were now on a dirt road, heading into the woods. Where the hell was he taking her?  
  
"Umm, Officer Camden? Where are we going?"  
  
"We need to talk, Cassadee," he said in his deep, baritone voice.  
  
She looked at his huge neck and shoulders over the back of the seat. It was then that the pieces dropped into place. Officer Camden was one of her mentors.  
  
He drove off the dirt road, to a little clearing in a field. He shut the car off and got out, opening the door for her. Cassadee was shaking in her shoes.  
  
"Do you know why I brought you here, Cassadee?"  
  
  
Cassadee nodded. "I think so..."  
  
"Turn around and place your hands on the hood of the car."  
  
She did so, and he walked up behind her. He raised the hem of her dress until it was bunched up on her back, then he pulled her thong off her ass and let it fall to the ground around her feet.  
  
Cassadee sucked in a shaky breath as she heard Officer Camden unzip his pants...