**Cassadee's Coming of Age**

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Cassadee's Coming of Age part 5  
  
Wednesday  
  
Cassadee couldn't believe what was happening. She had skipped school, just for the lunch hour, and had gotten picked up for truancy by Officer Lester Camden. Officer Camden was a very large, muscular black man whom she had last seen at her Coming of Age party. She had given him a lap dance and ended up having an orgasm, squirting all over his pants. But even though that was the last time she saw him it wasn't the last time they had interacted.  
  
During her mentor ceremony, she had had sex with a man who was very strong and had an enormous penis. She had come three times from that sexual experience and had almost called off the rest of the ceremony for fear of not being able to continue. Since that night, she had given it a great deal of thought, determining that Officer Camden was one of only a handful of men around town who might have matched her fourth mentor. But she hadn't been sure—until now. With her hands on the hood of his police cruiser Cassadee thought back to the night of her ceremony...  
  
When the fourth man grabbed her thighs, it was with strength. And when he entered her, she had to hold back a scream. This penis was huge! It felt like it filled every possible space inside of her. And she wasn't even sure he was all the way in! Oh fuck! she thought to herself. Her pussy was stretched beyond what she thought possible and she hoped this wasn't going to hurt worse than it did now. She was fully prepared to call for Tom and end this if she had to.  
  
Even though she could tell he was strong, it seemed like he was being gentle with her. He didn't try to force more of himself inside her than she could handle. But he tested her limits. Cassadee had never had anything this big in her vagina. She couldn't even imagine what his cock looked like.  
  
Cassadee focused on relaxing her muscles and allowing herself to accommodate his size. In and out. In and out. She was extremely wet and as she relaxed, her pussy adjusted to fit him. It wasn't long before the strokes of his large cock had her fidgeting and moaning. If her eyes weren't shut beneath the blindfold they would have been rolling back in her head. She began to tremble as the impending orgasm fought for control of her body. She pushed outward with her vaginal muscles as the orgasm ravaged her from within and she moaned loudly as fluid gushed out of her.  
  
The man paused briefly, then continued fucking her with massive strokes, bottoming out against her cervix. Cassadee could hear herself making noises that would have sounded ridiculous in any situation other than this. She was panting and sweating profusely as her orgasm subsided but never completely vanished, her vaginal walls quivering like a fibrillating heart. Within thirty seconds she was once again screaming and seizing as another orgasm ripped through her pelvis. Between the rough pounding and her perpetual orgasmic state, her dissonant moans and squeals were almost constant.  
  
Holy shit! She had never even tried to have two orgasms this close together. It was mind-blowing.  
  
The man's pace increased in speed, and it felt like he might be close to coming. Cassadee's limbs were shaking with the electrical impulses that were bouncing around inside her body. As he used her for his fuck toy, his dick drilling a hole in her womb, Cassadee tensed her muscles and tried to fight back against the inevitable. She didn't think she could physically handle another orgasm of that magnitude. Despite her best efforts, she felt the exquisite pain of a third orgasm begin to rip through her insides. A guttural scream tore from her throat as her vaginal muscles twisted and clenched, making her body seize and threatening to twist her limbs out of her bindings. Just as Cassadee caught her breath and was about to scream for Tom, the man's grip tightened on her thighs and he came, holding himself inside her. Through the fog in her brain she thought she could feel his cock pumping its load into her womb.  
  
Finally, he withdrew himself and it felt like she had given birth. Her vagina was suddenly empty, returning to normal size, and a rush of mixed fluids ran down the crack of her ass. Cassadee couldn't stop shaking.  
  
Thinking about that moment terrified Cassadee and she started to tremble. Oddly, it also made her pussy gush, running down her legs into the panties that were pooled around her ankles.  
  
Officer Camden had picked her up outside of the Panera Bread in town and brought her into the middle of a field, somewhere out in the country. He had instructed her to put her hands on the hood of the car, then pulled her dress up and her panties down. He was now unzipping his pants.  
  
"C-can we t-talk about this, O-officer Camden?" she asked nervously.  
  
"I told you the other night to call me Lester," he said in response, unbuckling the belt which held his gun and other tools of his trade.  
  
"Umm, Lester...y-you are my mentor, right? You were the f-fourth?"  
  
"That's correct, Cass. We will talk all about this. I'm sorry, but I need to take care of this first. You were so sexy, giving me that lap dance and coming on my pants. I couldn't wait to fuck you during the ceremony. That's why I didn't want to come in the private room. After your mom asked me to be your mentor, I found myself chomping at the bit, wanting to be with you as soon as possible. You are so incredibly stunning, sweetie. I've been dying to see you in the bright sunlight."  
  
Cassadee felt his strong hands squeeze her ass cheeks and pull them apart as he stuck his face down there and licked her from pussy to asshole. "Ahh...p-please be careful with me...Lester..." she said, remembering how it felt the night of her ceremony.  
  
"Of course, Cass. I want this to be good for both of us."  
  
Cassadee felt two of his large fingers penetrate her pussy from behind. He pumped them in and out, spreading her oozing vaginal lubricant all over her entrance. She glanced over her shoulder and saw his dick. It had to be eight or nine inches long. And thick. Sweating, she hung her head, waiting for the pain to begin.  
  
Lester rubbed Cassadee's pussy juice all over his cock, then licked a glob of white, sticky discharge off his finger. Fuck, this little girl was sexy. She was pale, and blond, and dark pink in all the right places. He had felt protective over her for the last few months, ever since Kathleen Ellison had asked him to be her daughter's mentor. He had even surveilled her from time to time, especially on nights out with friends, always keeping a close eye on anyone who might be a threat. Bending her over the car so that she was leaning on her elbows, he watched her pretty little vagina open up to him like a flower.  
  
Cassadee went down on her elbows, still shaking. She could feel the bulbous head of his cock as it slid through her wetness, up and down her slit. He seemed to be taking his time, for which she was extremely thankful. Finally, he penetrated her and that feeling of fullness she remembered so well from the night of her mentor ceremony returned. For fuck's sake, his dick was huge! Cassadee moved her feet farther apart, allowing herself to open more fully so she could accommodate him.  
  
Lester felt Cassadee's warm, wet, tight pussy envelop his cock. Knowing he was large, he didn't force his length into her, because he didn't want to hurt her. He smiled to himself as she spread her legs, which gaped her pussy ever so slightly, allowing a little more room. She moaned loudly as he began to fuck her in earnest. He watched as his dark penis slid inside, penetrating her sex, then withdrew, pulling the pink lining of her vagina with it, clinging tightly to his member.  
  
Cassadee groaned as his thick cock pumped in and out of her body. This was the first time she had ever been fucked from behind and she could feel every stroke on the roof of her vagina. It was hitting that sensitive area that seemed to bring her very quickly to orgasm. She braced herself, squeezing her eyes closed and gritting her teeth, as the first waves of a massive orgasm began to buffet her from inside. Officer Camden grabbed her by her hair and gently pulled her head backwards, until she was looking up at the clouds. She screamed to the sky as the orgasm wracked her body.  
  
Lester pulled her head back by her hair as she began to come. In his experience, some girls liked it. He was gentle about it, so she wouldn't think he was abusing her. As she came, her pussy squeezed his dick like a vise, gripping it in time to her contractions. "Oh, fuck yeah, baby girl. Come for me."  
  
Between her orgasm and her pulled hair, tears came to Cassadee's eyes. As the orgasmic contractions dissipated, Officer Camden released her hair and she fell forward, her chest against the hood of the car. He was still going strong, fucking her like a steam engine. "Stop!" she wailed.  
  
Lester froze. Had he hurt her? Was she pissed about him pulling her hair? She pushed against his abdomen with her hand and he backed up, his dick withdrawing from her pussy with a pop of suction.  
  
Cassadee turned around and faced him. He was a good-looking man. And he looked hot in his uniform. She reached down and slipped her strappy sandals off her feet. Then she pulled her dress over her head and threw it on the ground. Reaching behind, she unclasped her bra and tossed it off the side of the car. Fully naked, she sat on the hood and spread her legs, waiting for him to come to her.  
  
Fuckin'-A right. Lester stepped up to this gorgeous pale girl with his cock in his hand and pressed himself between her lower lips, sliding inside with ease. Apparently, her pussy was getting used to his size. She wrapped her legs around him as he began to fuck her. He leaned over and sucked a pink, puffy nipple into his mouth, flicking it with his tongue. She moaned erotically, so he switched to the other breast and made her moan again.  
  
Cassadee grabbed his face, pulling his mouth off her tits, and kissed him. His larger lips engulfed hers and their tongues battled inside her mouth. She could feel the stirrings of another orgasm. "Fuck me slow and deep, Lester," she whispered.  
  
That was all he needed to hear. Lester slowed down and pushed himself deeper inside Cassadee's vagina. Eyes wide, she gasped as she took all of him. He bumped into her cervix, which made her jump and squeal, so he shifted his angle and seated himself fully inside. Then he began to fuck her with long, deep strokes. This was highly arousing. Fuck. He was going to come. Fast.  
  
Cassadee held her breath as he pushed himself inside of her and filled her pussy completely. It almost felt like she could feel him in her stomach. Then he pulled out almost all the way and thrust into her until he bottomed out. Her legs were around his hips and she used her heels to coax him as deeply into her body as he could get. She was already starting to come, so she wrapped her hands around his thick neck and pulled his face to her chest. She felt his teeth on her nipple and she screamed as the orgasm assaulted her entire being. Reflexively, her body wanted to buck up and down, but physically couldn't, because she was pinned to the hood of the car by his massive cock. All she could do was lie there squirming with his weight pressing her down, her vaginal walls fluttering in spasms. Out of breath and coming down from her euphoric high, Cassadee resigned herself to lie on the hood and let her body be used until he was finished with his infernal fucking.  
  
Lester felt every micro-contraction of Cassadee's vagina on his dick and it sent him over the top. He thrust himself in and out for another twenty seconds until his balls spasmed. Then he groaned as he held himself deep inside, pump after pump of semen ejaculating into her womb. Falling on his elbows, shielding her from most of his weight, he studied Cassadee's beautiful face as he panted for breath. Her ice-blue eyes stared at him dreamily.  
  
Cassadee leaned up and kissed him deeply and he returned the kiss with just as much passion. Then he rose, withdrawing his softening dick from her tight pussy, and lay down in the tall grass. Cassadee slid off the hood to her bare feet and felt his cum run down her leg, into the grass. "Wow," she said as she lay down next to him. "So, isn't a mentor supposed to talk to a girl before he fucks her brains out?"  
  
Lester laughed and pulled her close, kissing her on the forehead. "I guess I'm more a man of action."  
  
"Haha. Not funny." She playfully punched him in the ribs, which didn't even cause him to flinch. "Seriously. We could have had a chat about this, which would have given me time to wrap my head around it. And then you could have ravaged me. It's only the courteous thing to do." Cassadee gave him a crooked smile, letting him know she wasn't mad, just mildly annoyed.  
  
"Sorry," he replied. "I should have done that. I plead temporary insanity due to your level of hotness."  
  
Cassadee rolled her eyes. "So, why were you chosen to be my mentor?"  
  
"I guess your mama wanted me to be a protector. Someone who had the authority to watch over you and make sure no one hurt you."  
  
"It's not like you can follow me around everywhere I go and protect me from every single thing that might hurt me," she said.  
  
"True. But I can keep an eye out. And I would like to know if you are going to be out with other kids, especially after dark. That's when most of the bad stuff happens. Just shoot me a text and let me know where you are or where you are going."  
  
"A little 'big brother', don't you think?"  
  
"It's not to invade your privacy. It's for protection. I don't care if you go an hour away to the big city for a date, but it would be nice to have a record of where you are and where you intend to be, for safety reasons. I can't always be there to protect you from bad stuff, but I can do my best to find you if you come up missing."  
  
Cassadee could see his point. And it certainly wouldn't hurt to have an ally in law enforcement. She supposed it wouldn't hurt to send him a text if she planned to be out late, or away from home. Reaching into the pocket of his pants, which were still around his thighs, she pulled out his cell phone. She tried to access it, but it had a facial recognition lock. She held it up to his face and, just like that, she was in. He watched as she entered her phone number, and it brought up her name as a contact—her number was already in his phone. "Sneaky bastard," she said, as she climbed on top of him, their warm genitals pressed together. She called her number from his phone and it rang in the back of his car, then she disconnected.  
  
Rocking back and forth on his semi-flaccid anaconda, she thought about fucking him again. His cock was beginning to grow beneath her as it nestled in her moist groove. Instead, she hopped off and slipped her panties on.  
  
"Tease," he rumbled as he stood and pulled up his pants. He watched as Cassadee hooked her bra and pulled her dress over her head, smoothing it out. She slipped into her shoes as he fastened his gun belt.  
  
"You'd better take me back to school before I have you arrested for kidnapping," she said as she stood on her tiptoes and kissed him.  
  
"I'd like to see you try," he said with a smile, grabbing two hands full of delicious ass cheek. He nibbled her neck, smelling her perfume. "Fuck..."  
  
She pushed him away, grabbed her phone out of the back, and sat in the front seat of the car. He drove her back to school and walked into the office with her, letting them know he had borrowed her for official police business. They were more than happy to consider her time away from school an excused absence. The last thing Cassadee noticed as Officer Camden drove away with his left hand hanging out of the car window, was that Officer Camden was not married. Hmm.  
  
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As soon as Cassadee got home from school, she took a shower, then stayed naked. Her parents took notice of her absence of clothing and smiled as she sauntered into the living room and plopped bare-assed onto the couch.  
  
"Have you got any plans tonight, hon?" her mom asked.  
  
"Yeah. I'm going to Mr. and Mrs. Chen's house for dinner. You know...my chemistry teacher."  
  
"Oh. I didn't realize you were hanging out with teachers."  
  
"I don't. Not usually. But I gave them a private dance at my party and then yesterday Mr. Chen said his wife wanted to invite me over for dinner tonight, so I said I would go."  
  
Kathleen and Roger glanced at each other and smiled knowingly.  
  
"What? What was that look for?" Cassadee asked.  
  
"Oh, nothing. We hope you have fun," her mom replied.  
  
Why are parents so weird? Cassadee wondered. She walked upstairs intending to go to her room and get ready for the evening, but instead, she continued to the end of the hall and knocked on Greg's door. She heard his muffled voice say, "Come in." Opening his door, she walked in to see him playing a game on his computer. She stood just over his shoulder and watched him play for a couple minutes.  
  
"What is this game called?" she asked.  
  
"Destiny," he said distractedly.  
  
"You're good."  
  
Greg shrugged his shoulders and glanced back at her, seeing her standing there completely naked. He jumped, then scrambled, acting like he dropped a cigarette in his lap. "I've got to go for a minute, guys. I'll be back in a bit." He tossed his headset on the desk and logged out of the game, then turned to her with a scowl. "What the actual fuck, Cass?"  
  
"What?" Why was he always so pissed off with her?  
  
"You can't just come up behind me with no clothes on, especially when I'm gaming. What if I was livestreaming? Sometimes I do that—where they can see my face. They would notice a naked girl behind me. And a lot of people record that stuff!"  
  
"Oh," she said, suddenly panicked, thinking that her nude body had been recorded and broadcast on the internet to a bunch of gaming trolls. "Were you? Livestreaming?"  
  
"No, thankfully. But be more careful!" He was still seated and looking up at her, but his eyes flicked down to her boobs and pussy for a brief second before he caught himself and returned his gaze to her face.  
  
"Sorry. Jeez. I just wanted to see if you wanted to hang out and do something this weekend. We used to have fun together, but you've been kind of a dick lately." Cassadee pouted and crossed her arms across her chest.  
  
"I don't know. Maybe. I'm probably busy, but I'll let you know." Greg tore his eyes away from her nudity and put his head in his hands.  
  
"Are you OK?" Cassadee asked.  
  
"Yeah. I just have a little headache. I'll be fine. Close the door on your way out."  
  
Cassadee rolled her eyes and turned and walked out the door, shutting it behind her. Why did her brother have to suck?  
  
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Cassadee pulled up to Mr. Chen's house at five minutes to seven. She sat there in her car for another couple of minutes, then walked up to the house, knocking at 6:59pm. Cindi Chen answered the door in a silk floral dress that clung to her figure and left no doubt that she was not wearing a bra or panties. "Come in, Cass. It's so good to see you."

"Thank you. It's nice to see you too." They hugged, then Cassadee followed her into the foyer. Cindi led her to the dining room, where Jimmy Chen was already seated. He stood and hugged her, one of his hands resting on her lower back, right at the top of her ass.  
  
"Hey, right on time!" he said. "Sit here. Glad you could come."  
  
He pulled out a chair for her at the side of the table and she sat as he pushed it in for her. Jimmy took the seat to her left, and Cindi sat across from her. They had salads to start, made from mixed greens. The main course was Kobe steak, which was delicious, along with new potatoes, and red wine.  
  
During the meal, they made small talk about colleges, her plans for the future, living in small-town Pennsylvania, and Jeopardy. Jimmy loved Jeopardy. Cassadee couldn't help but notice how Jimmy's eyes traveled back and forth constantly between her and his wife. Cindi's eyes were mostly on her. And once or twice she felt Cindi's foot brush against her own under the table.  
  
After the meal, they cleared the table and decided to play cards. It was a game that was similar to Uno, but played with a regular card deck. Cassadee had never heard of it, but she was willing to learn. A few hands in, Jimmy said, "We should make this interesting. If you two are up for it."  
  
"What did you have in mind, dear?" Cindi asked with an eyeroll and a smile. Cassadee had a funny feeling she knew where this night might be heading.  
  
"How about the loser of each hand discards an item of clothing? What do you think?"  
  
Cassadee swallowed as she looked at Cindi.  
  
"I don't think our guest came here to strip, hon. We don't want to scare her off," Cindi replied, eyeing Cassadee up and down.  
  
"We don't have to if you don't want to, Cass. It's totally up to you. Whatever happens here stays here, though. I would never talk about it at school or anything," Jimmy assured her.  
  
Cassadee felt a stirring down below as she thought about it. She was already walking around in the nude at home. This would be inside a home too, just not hers. Was she brave enough? After all, they had already seen her naked. She was on her second glass of wine, so...  
  
"I'm in," she said with a smile, challenging them both with her eyes.  
  
"Excellent!" Jimmy said as he began to deal a hand. Cindi eyed her up like a hungry wolf looking at its prey. After the first hand, Jimmy lost, which surprised everyone. He shrugged and took off his button-down shirt. He had a white undershirt beneath it.  
  
Cassadee lost the next hand, so she stood and slipped off her sandals. She couldn't afford to lose too much more. She was only wearing three articles of clothing.  
  
Jimmy lost the next hand and Cassadee began to think he might be throwing it, either because he wanted to get naked, or because he just wanted to make her feel more comfortable. He kicked his shoes off under the table.  
  
Cindi lost next, slipping her heels off.  
  
Cassadee lost again. With a red face, she had no choice but to stand up, pull down the zipper on the side of her dress, and let it fall to the ground. She was wearing a pale blue bra and panty set. The Chens watched intently as she undressed, then sat back down.  
  
Jimmy lost three hands in a row, losing his socks, his undershirt, and his pants. He was now in just his boxers.  
  
Cassadee lost yet again. This was it. Whatever she took off would leave her partially nude. She stood up and reached behind her to unclasp her bra, but after thinking twice about it, pushed her panties off her hips and kicked them onto her dress. She quickly sat down in the chair, her bare pussy concealed by the table. Cindi smiled.  
  
After the next hand, Cindi slipped out of her dress. Her underthings were a shade of peach, which accented her skin perfectly. Cassadee could see her dark nipples through the opaque material of the bra.  
  
Cindi lost again and seductively dropped her bra on the floor. Her nipples were erect.  
  
Jimmy lost and removed his boxers under the table. He was now nude but hadn't really exposed anything.  
  
Cassadee lost another hand and had to take off her own bra. Her pink, puffy nipples were standing at attention and her face was flushed as they studied her, devouring her teenaged breasts with their eyes.  
  
Cindi lost the final hand. She stood and dropped her panties. She had a closely cropped landing strip of black pubic hair. Her lips were shaved smooth, just like Cassadee's.  
  
"Well, we have nothing left to play for. Why don't we take a break from this?" Cindi said, pouring Cassadee a third glass of wine. "Would you like to see the house, Cassadee?" Cindi walked around and touched her on the shoulder. Jimmy stood and, for the first time, she saw her teacher's cock. It was flaccid, but not tiny, and he was uncircumcised. She had never seen an uncut penis before. Interesting.  
  
"Sure," she replied, almost positive this wasn't going to be a simple tour. Cassadee didn't know if it was the wine affecting her judgment, but she decided to go with it anyway.  
  
They went around to all the rooms on the first floor, Cassadee following Cindi and glancing at her toned ass cheeks shifting back and forth as she walked. She imagined Mr. Chen was enjoying the same view, walking behind her. As they headed upstairs, Cassadee had an even better view between Cindi's legs. Her host's dark labia glistened with moisture and Cassadee wondered what she might taste like. Was it weird that a part of her wanted to find out?  
  
It was a very nice house, furnished beautifully, and immaculately clean. The final room that Cassadee was shown was the master bedroom. It was dominated by a king-size, four-poster bed made from some exotic black wood. It was covered by a black comforter with a red and gold Chinese dragon on it.  
  
"What do you think of the house, Cassadee?" Cindi asked, standing a little too closely and staring deeply into Cassadee's eyes.  
  
"I think it's incredibly beautiful," Cassadee replied, not completely sure if she was talking about the house or the Asian woman's small mouth, shimmering with bright red lipstick. Breaking free of her trance, she added, "Especially the bed."  
  
Cindi almost purred as she took Cassadee's hand and pulled her over to the bed. "Come. Try it out." She crawled onto the bed, leading Cassadee to do the same. As they kneeled on the bed facing each other, Cindi ran her hands through Cassadee's light-blond hair and said, "You are too beautiful for words."  
  
Cassadee's chest heaved as she felt herself being drawn to the other woman's lips. They kissed sensually with their breasts pressed together, and their hands exploring the bare skin on the other's back. The kiss quickly became passionate, exploring each other's mouth with their tongues, and it made Cassadee's head spin—or maybe it was the wine.  
  
Cindi pushed her down to the bed and crawled on top of her, kissing her the entire time. Then her lips found their way to Cassadee's neck. Cassadee turned her head, opening herself up to the woman's warm, wet tongue, and saw Mr. Chen sitting on the edge of the bed watching. His penis was now erect. She watched as he stroked himself, pulling the foreskin away from the head with each downstroke.  
  
Cindi continued kissing her way down to Cassadee's chest, smiling as the girl moaned each time her sensitive nipples were touched by Cindi's tongue. The girl's skin was like porcelain, she thought—smooth and creamy white. Although she must have been lying in the sun recently because she had the slightest of tan lines. Her palms traced their way down Cassadee's sides, exploring the contours of her waist, flaring out slightly with her hips. Cassadee's ultra-fine, blond pubic hair was like silk on her tongue and lips, even though it was groomed to a very short length. As she gravitated toward her sex, she noticed that Cassadee was extremely wet and smelled of the most heavenly feminine musk.  
  
Cassadee's eyes were closed as Cindi Chen kissed her all over her body. She had already been feeling like she was having an out-of-body experience, because of the alcohol, but Cindi's touch sent her into sensory overload. As the woman's warm tongue parted her labia and licked her from opening to clit, Cassadee thought she had never felt anything so perfectly sexual.  
  
Dr. Spitelli was the first person to go down on her at her Coming of Age party, but that almost felt like rape. He didn't ask—he just took. She had had an orgasm, but it was purely physical. Her mind had been in turmoil. When Mr. O'Shea had done it, if felt incredible. But his beard was scratchy, and it seemed almost like a quid pro quo arrangement, because of the fact that he was her mentor. But this was like liquid sex. Cindi's tongue was smooth, and her lips were warm and soft. Seemingly of their own free will, Cassadee's legs parted wide.  
  
When the young girl's legs opened, Cindi knew she was in. She had looked forward to this ever since the party. Jimmy knew she was bisexual, and never minded her being with other girls. In fact, it was a huge turn-on for him. She glanced over at him and their eyes met. His were filled with love for her, and desire for his student. Maybe Cassadee would be open to the full experience, letting Jimmy play too. She liked watching him with other girls as well.  
  
Cassadee gave in under the more experienced woman's touch. Her sex was being fully explored by the woman's mouth, lips and tongue—every fold and sensitive surface was exquisitely massaged. She brought her hands to her flushed cheeks as waves of heat invaded her entire body. Her toes curled and straightened, and her thighs trembled as Cindi's mouth worked her steadily toward a full-body orgasm. As the heat and pressure built, Cassadee thought she might pass out. It grew and grew until she could take no more, her heart beating loudly in her ears. When the dam finally burst, Cassadee grabbed Cindi's head and screamed, spreading her legs wide and pressing her pussy hard into the Asian woman's mouth.  
  
Cindi closed her eyes, her tongue continuing its invasive exploration, as Cassadee came. The girl's hot cum sprayed into her mouth, around her lips and down her chin, wetting the comforter. Her nectar was intoxicating—warm, slightly salty, and deeply fragrant. Cindi swallowed as much as she could, then licked the girl clean.  
  
Cassadee knew she had expelled a large amount of fluid all over Cindi's face, and was mortified. There was no doubt that she had soiled their bed. But when Cindi swallowed what had sprayed into her mouth and licked her pussy clean, making sounds as if she were eating the best ice cream cone in the world, Cassadee began to relax. Cindi obviously wasn't freaking out about the mess—in fact, it seemed she desired it. Cassadee grabbed Cindi by the face and drew her up so she was on top of her again, and they kissed long and deeply. She could smell and taste herself on Cindi's lips. Pushing herself off the bed, she forced Cindi to roll over. Now Cassadee was on top.  
  
Cindi allowed herself to be put in the submissive position. Cassadee mimicked Cindi's movements, kissing first her neck, then sucking on her nipples, and eventually, working her way down to her sex. She wondered if the girl had ever done this. No worries. She didn't mind teaching her, if necessary...and they had all the time in the world.  
  
Cindi's pussy smelled like citrus and feminine musk. She must have used some kind of body spray or perfume on herself. Cassadee would have to remember that, before she went on a date with Ben. She spent a moment simply studying Cindi's pussy. She had never seen one this close before. Her pubic hair was black and very fine, trimmed short. Her outer labia were thick and puffy, and her inner labia stuck out slightly, like the petals of a flower. The edges of Cindi's inner labia were dark brown, lightening to a rose pink inside. She was dripping wet, with some milky discharge in her opening.  
  
Cassadee dipped her finger into Cindi's pussy, coating it with the slippery fluid, and licked it off. The taste was slightly tangy, but heady and earthy. She lowered her face to the woman's fragrant vulva and stuck her tongue deep into the opening, scooping up some of the milky discharge. Then she licked between her folds, all the way up to her clit, which was very pronounced and erect. She tasted more of Cindi's ambrosia and swallowed. Amazing. She could now totally understand a guy's fascination with pussy. She dove face first into Cindi's vagina and began seriously eating her out.  
  
Cindi lay back into the pillow and grabbed Cassadee's head, guiding her face. The girl was fumbling a little, so Cindi moved her pelvis until she felt Cassadee's tongue focused more on her clit. Then she began to grind herself up and down. "Mmm, sweetheart, that feels so good. Stick two fingers inside me and rub upward while you suck on my clit."  
  
Cassadee followed Cindi's instructions, sticking her first two fingers inside the woman's warm, tight passage. She curled her fingers upward and began to stroke, while her tongue danced around Cindi's hard clit.  
  
"Oh, fuck yes! Try to make a little suction on my clit with your lips as you stroke it with your tongue."  
  
Cassadee did just as she was told, eliciting a deep moan from the older woman. Out of the corner of her eye, Cassadee saw Jimmy masturbating. His cock was rock-hard. He approached the bed, leaned over and asked, "Can I play with you from behind?"  
  
Cassadee hesitated for a few seconds, worrying about the ramifications of having sex with her teacher, then reluctantly nodded her assent. As she drew Cindi closer to an orgasm with her tongue, she felt Jimmy crawl up onto the bed and grab her ass cheeks. He kneaded them for a bit, then stuck his face in Cassadee's ass, licking her rosebud. She gasped at the feeling of his tongue in her butt, then again when it invaded her pussy.  
  
She momentarily panicked. Her chemistry teacher was eating her out. Then she remembered that she was now an adult, and this was just how adults played. Discarding her inhibitions, she moaned, and pressed her ass back into his face. She knew there was no going back as she felt Jimmy adjust his position, his cock sliding slowly and deeply into her pussy.  
  
Cindi noticed Cassadee's rhythm stumble as Jimmy entered her from behind. Her husband's eyes met hers and they shared an intimate moment as they smiled at each other. Then she lay her head back down and concentrated on the orgasm that Cassadee had almost successfully given her. "Mmm, baby, yes...I'm so close..."  
  
Cassadee's tongue went into overdrive. She wanted to make Cindi come while she could still concentrate. Jimmy was fucking her deeply, wet, slapping sounds coming from behind as he pounded her pussy. She closed her eyes as she sucked on Cindi's clit, flicking it with her tongue while her fingers stroked the roof of Cindi's pussy. Cindi moaned and pressed Cassadee's face hard into her sex as she came, bucking up and down. It was hard for Cassadee to stay in place, but she did, and was rewarded with a gush of warm pussy juice. She caught most of it in her mouth and savored the woman's exotic taste before swallowing it in a single gulp. Then she licked Cindi's pussy clean, just as it had been done for her. Cindi ran her fingers through Cassadee's hair as she came down from the orgasm. The strong sensations in her own pussy taking over, Cassadee buried her face in the comforter and moaned. Cindi slid out from under her and crawled to her knees, so they were face to face.  
  
Cindi watched as Jimmy pumped away, Cassadee's ass up in the air, and her face in the bed. She grabbed Casadee's red face and turned it toward her. "Look at me, beautiful girl. I want to see your face as my husband fucks you. How does it feel to have your teacher's penis inside you?"  
  
"Ungh...it feels...so good..."  
  
"Yes. Can you feel your orgasm growing? Is he hitting the right spot?"  
  
"Uh...fuck...y-yesss..."  
  
"Good. Kiss me." Cindi stuck her tongue in Cassadee's mouth, moaning deep in her throat. The young girl's face was beet-red and sweaty, her hair sticking to her forehead. Cindi brushed it out of her eyes and purred. "Yes, sweet girl. Feel it building."  
  
Cassadee felt Jimmy begin to tremble, but his rhythm never faltered. His cock was deep, rubbing that sensitive spot on the roof of her vagina. Nothing in the world mattered right at that moment. She was coming—and coming was everything.  
  
"Keep your eyes open as you come, beautiful. I want you to look in my eyes as it happens." Cindi stroked Cassadee's hair, her hand under the girl's chin as she stared into her eyes. Suddenly, Cassadee began to moan loudly, as if she were being hurt. But they both knew this wasn't pain—it was an exquisite moment of ecstasy. Cassadee began to close her eyes as the orgasm hit, then forced them open. Her forehead crinkled and her eyes tried to squint, but she fought it. Cindi watched as the orgasmic assault wracked Cassadee's insides, her eyes growing distant, as if her soul had momentarily left her body. As the moment passed, Cassadee gasped for breath and Cindi peppered her face with little kisses.  
  
The orgasm that tore through her body had been intense. Cassadee had never tried to hold her eyes open as she came. It was almost impossible, but she had done it—and it was highly erotic to look another person in the eyes during that intimate, ecstatic moment.  
  
After Cassadee's orgasm, her pussy was so wet that there was almost no friction—just a wet slapping of flesh inside of flesh. But Jimmy was so close that it didn't matter. He groaned as he pushed himself inside her, holding himself there, and emptying his balls into the tight little womb of his beautiful teenaged student.  
  
Cassadee pushed back against him as he came, and she almost thought she could feel the squirting of cum inside her. He rocked back and forth, enjoying a few more strokes, as he finished. Then he pulled himself out, and Cassadee felt the warm cum run out of her body. He kissed each of her ass cheeks and then she fell to her side on the bed. Cassadee and Jimmy were both breathing heavily, as Cindi was lying there watching them with a satisfied smile.  
  
"You are a very special girl," Cindi said, pushing sweaty hair off Cassadee's forehead.  
  
"I agree," Jimmy said as he flopped down in an upholstered chair near the bed.  
  
"That was kind of amazing," Cassadee confessed, smiling shyly.  
  
"We must have you over again. Would you like that?" Cindi said as she moved close and kissed Cassadee on the lips.  
  
"Very much," she replied honestly. First threesome, she thought absently.  
  
The three of them moved into the master bath, which had a large walk-in shower, and washed each other off. After drying off with oversized cotton bath towels, they headed downstairs and dressed. The Chens kissed Cassadee and promised to have her over again soon, Jimmy stating that he would see her tomorrow. The thought of facing him at school the next day was slightly awkward, until she remembered that school was almost over, and she could do whatever she wanted, as an officially recognized adult.  
  
By the time Cassadee pulled into her driveway, it was 11:38pm. She let herself into the house. No one was awake, so she quietly crept upstairs, entered her bedroom, and closed the door. She stripped naked and fell into bed. She was no longer intoxicated, which was why the Chens had let her leave, but she was tired from the wine, and within a few minutes she was sound asleep.  
  
\*\*\*\*\*  
  
Thursday  
  
The next morning, Cassadee had a bit of a headache. She had never really drunk that much alcohol, and the three glasses of wine she had had at the Chens' house had really gone to her head. She popped a couple Advil and got ready for school.  
  
The day was mostly uneventful. Mr. McLovely, that beautiful specimen of a man, kept giving her looks. She wondered if he was picturing her without clothes. Her face reddened at the thought, but to her surprise, it wasn't quite as embarrassing as she would have imagined. It was actually kind of a turn-on. He had not only seen her totally nude but had also watched her masturbate herself to orgasm last Friday at her Coming of Age party. She fantasized about stripping again at Defloration and taking him in the back for a private dance—maybe even a private show.

But he wasn't the only one who had been there that night. Most of the kids in her senior class had seen the same things. There were a few looks and comments from different—mostly male—friends that had embarrassed her, but it was par for the course. Just about all the girls in her grade had done, and showed, the same things.  
  
Later in the day, Mr. Chen asked her to stay after class, and once the students left, thanked her for coming to dinner, saying they had really enjoyed her company. They wanted to get together again, whenever it was convenient for her. His eyes traveled up and down her body numerous times, bringing a blush to her cheeks. She told him she would like that and would let him know when she was available.  
  
Her friend Bethany was absent from school, so swimming class was boring. Cassadee couldn't wait to get home.  
  
After the final bell rang, and she hopped in her car and drove home, Cassadee slipped her sandals off in the driveway before she even made it through the door. As soon as the front door was closed behind her, she stripped completely nude, right in front of her dad, who was sitting in the recliner, reading a book.  
  
"A little anxious, are you?" he asked with a smile on his face.  
  
"Ugh. I couldn't wait to get home today. I'm going to spend the next few hours by the pool."  
  
"Have fun. Don't get burnt," her dad said, going back to his book.  
  
Cassadee ran up to her room, grabbed sunglasses, tanning oil, a towel, and her phone, and walked naked into the back yard. She sprayed the tanning oil on until she was shiny and oily. Just as soon as she lay on the deckchair, her dad opened the sliding glass door.  
  
"Excuse me...why are you naked outside?"  
  
Cassadee jumped at his tone. "Oh, well, I figured it would be OK since it is our back yard, and it's semi-private. Plus, I heard a rumor that public nudity is officially legal here, even if no one really does it. It's not like I can get in trouble for it. Would it be OK?"  
  
He thought about what she said as he glanced at the upper windows of the five houses that surrounded the back yard. "What about them?"  
  
"I figured that half the town has seen me naked by now. It's probably not that big of a deal. I'm not a Kardashian, or anything. I don't think there is any paparazzi here," she said, chuckling.  
  
"OK. Just as long as you've thought about the risks. Everyone has a camera in their phone these days, not just the paparazzi." Her dad shrugged and turned to head back into the house. Just before he closed the slider, he said, "And you are way cuter than a Kardashian, by the way."  
  
Cassadee smiled at him as he shut the door, and suddenly felt very naked. She glanced around, but there was no movement anywhere. Deciding that she was just being paranoid, she opened a playlist and put her earbuds in.  
  
A little while later, Cassadee started when her mom tapped her on the shoulder. "I didn't mean to scare you," she said. "I called out the door, but you didn't hear me. I didn't realize you were listening to music."  
  
"That's OK," Cassadee replied, trying to clear the fog in her head. She had almost been asleep. "What's up?"  
  
"Dad and I are going to look at a new car. Did you want to come with us?"  
  
"Is Greg going?" she asked.  
  
"Yes, seeing as he is the one who needs a new car."  
  
"Oh...uh...I think I'll just chill here."  
  
"Whatever is going on between you two, you need to get it worked out," her mom said sternly. "Quickly."  
  
Cassadee nodded and watched her mom go back into the house. She listened until she heard the car leave. Finally. An evening to herself. She rose from the deckchair and jumped in the pool. She swam for about twenty minutes, enjoying the sensation of being completely naked in the water, when she finally decided to get out.  
  
"Hey, Cass!"  
  
Cassadee froze in the water at the edge of the pool. Her eyes tracked frantically, looking at the back door, the windows of her house, the windows in the other houses...  
  
"Right here. What's up?"  
  
She looked to the side of the house and saw her best friend, Joey Harper, walking toward the pool, holding a gift-wrapped box. Fuck! She had forgotten he was coming over. She had walked out of the house naked, so she had no clothes to cover herself. Her towel was over on the deckchair. She sank further into the water, submerging herself to her chin.  
  
"Uh, hi, Joey. I forgot you were coming over today. Umm..."  
  
"Everything OK, Cass? I knocked on the front door, but nobody answered. Your car is here, so I figured you might be back here." As he stepped up to the edge of the pool he knelt and dipped his fingers into the water. "Warm. Glad I thought to wear my trunks under my shorts." Standing up, he set the gift on a table and peeled off his t-shirt. Next, he stepped out of his sneakers and socks, then let his shorts fall to the ground. Suddenly, he ran right for her, jumped over her head, and cannonballed into the pool.  
  
Cassadee didn't know what to do. On one hand, it shouldn't be a big deal. She had taken her clothes off and masturbated in front of half the town at her party. And she had now had sex with a few different people. She felt like her sexual horizons were expanding and she was enjoying experimenting and pushing her limits.  
  
But on the other hand, Joey was a lifelong friend. She had known him since they were in kindergarten. He lived a few houses down the street and, ever since she could remember, they had had sleepovers and birthday parties together, spending whole summers in each other's company. He was younger than her and, consequently, she saw him as her little brother. Because of his age, he hadn't been allowed to attend her Coming of Age party, so he hadn't yet seen her naked. Although her real brother had seen her naked and didn't seem like he cared about her anymore. If there was one thing Cassadee knew about Joey, it's that he would always care about her.  
  
As he surfaced, he swam up to her, his eyes showing concern. "Are—are you naked?" he asked.  
  
Cassadee had been strategically covering her private parts with her hands ever since he had walked into the yard, so he hadn't really seen anything yet. "Uh...ha ha...funny story..."  
  
"Why are you naked? Is everything OK?"  
  
"Yeah...yes! Of course I'm OK! Umm...yes, I am naked." Cassadee was sure her face was turning red.  
  
"OK," he replied. "You didn't say why you are naked." He was doing his best to look her in the eyes, but reflexively, his eyes kept bouncing downward, trying to see below the shimmering surface of the water.  
  
"Ugh. Like I said, I forgot you were coming over, Joey. Anyway, you know, obviously, I had my Coming of Age party last Friday night."  
  
"Yeah..." he said, wondering where this was going.  
  
"Well, I did it. I got naked for everyone who was there. I was so nervous. But I did it. And it's crazy, but I ended up really enjoying it. I had a great time. Do you think I'm weird?"  
  
Joey looked around at the windows in the surrounding houses. "No. I know a bunch of girls in our grade who have already had their parties and seem to have embraced nudity in some ways. I know some have even stripped at the club for the fun of it. Have you stripped since Friday?" His eyebrows were raised in curiosity.  
  
"No! Well...not at the club." Cassadee smiled sheepishly.  
  
"But...you've gone naked in other places? Is that what you are saying? Is that why you are naked now?"  
  
"Yes. I haven't been wearing any clothes when I'm in my house. It just feels so free and natural. And I figured, why not in my back yard? It's part of our property. It's fairly secluded. Only the top floors of these houses can see anything. And even if it wasn't secluded, from what I've heard, public nudity is legal here."  
  
"I've heard that too," Joey replied in thought. "Uh, do you want me to turn my back while you go get clothes?"  
  
Cassadee's heart melted at Joey's gesture. He was the sweetest person she knew.  
  
"No, Joey. I've been enjoying more and more of my time naked. You are a huge part of my life. You are bound to see me naked at some point. It may as well be now, right?"  
  
Joey swallowed and shrugged his shoulders.  
  
"I was just about to get out of the water when you got here. I'm going to go ahead and get out now, OK?"  
  
Joey nodded nervously.  
  
Cassadee grabbed him by the hand and they swam to the shallow end. She faced him and stood up, letting the water run off her chest. They were standing in waist-deep water and she was topless in front of her best male friend. His eyes were laser-focused on her face. "It's OK, Joey. You can look."  
  
Joey's eyes traveled down to Cassadee's breasts and stayed there as he studied her. Her skin was pale, but pink from the sun. Her breasts were small but looked like they would be perfect handfuls. The areolae that topped them were puffy and rose-pink. And her nipples stood out like little pencil erasers. She was more beautiful than he had ever imagined. "Wow," he breathed.  
  
She smiled, then led him up the pool steps until they were standing on the concrete deck, turning to face him again. Water was running from her body in rivulets. Again, he was hesitant to drop his eyes. "Go ahead and look at anything you want. Hundreds of people around here have seen every part of me. It's only fair," she said with a wink.  
  
Joey let out the breath he had been holding and looked down at her pussy. Her blond pubic hair was cut short, well-kempt, and in the shape of a thin landing strip. Below that, her puffy labia were smooth and shiny wet above her thigh gap. She turned around and showed him her ass. It was pale and pink just like the rest of her and stuck out like a little bubble, which jiggled as she moved her hips. He had to put his hands over his crotch to keep his quickly growing erection from sticking straight out.  
  
Cassadee turned around and saw his predicament. "No fair! You get to see all of me. Don't bother covering up when you have swim trunks on!"  
  
Embarrassed, he dropped his hands. His erection was quite pronounced. Cassadee bit her lip and led him over to the deckchairs. He watched her bubble butt bounce the whole way. She dragged over a chair, so it was facing the one she had been sitting on, then pushed him down in it.  
  
"Do you want to see what everyone else got to see at my party?" she asked him shyly.  
  
"Umm...well...you don't have to, Cass...only if you want to..."  
  
He was being chivalrous, she knew. But his body was telling a different story. She knew he wanted to see more. Straddling the deck chair, Cassadee sat down, moving her butt to the front edge. Her legs were parted slightly, and his eyes were staring between them. Cassadee leaned back in the deckchair and slowly spread her legs as far apart as they would go, which, from years in cheerleading, was pretty much horizontal. She grabbed her ankles and held herself in that position.  
  
Joey stopped breathing for a moment as he finally saw what he had fantasized about for years. Cassadee's legs were wide open. Her pussy opened like a blossoming flower, the puffy outer lips stretched to the sides, and her small inner petals splayed open, showing her clit, her pee hole, and her vaginal entrance. He could even see her pretty pink asshole. Joey's dick became rock hard, poking straight out in his swim trunks.  
  
Cassadee's heart was fluttering. She was showing all of herself to her best friend, who was like a brother to her...but not. She glanced up at the windows in the houses around her. There was no sign of anyone. Keeping an ear out, she listened for the sound of her parents' car, but all was quiet. She thought she should probably close her legs before someone caught her, but brazenly displaying herself in this way was turning her on. "What do you think?" she asked with a red face.  
  
"You—you're beautiful, Cass. Your body is...perfect. I mean, you should know by now that I've always had a crush on you."  
  
Cassadee dropped her ankles and closed her legs. She leaned over and hugged him, pressing her boobs to his bare chest. She could feel a slight shivering in his body. Letting him go, she decided to lighten the mood a little and asked, "So, what did you get me?"  
  
"Oh, it's nothing really. I didn't really know what to get you. I mean, you pretty much have everything you need. So, I just made you a little something. It's probably stupid. Don't worry if you don't like it," he said as he grabbed the gift he had brought and gave it to her.  
  
Cassadee tore through the wrapping paper to see that it was a small picture frame, with a cardboard stand on the back. She flipped it over and looked at the front. Inside the glass was a picture of her and Joey, sitting on a tree branch together when they were in kindergarten. They had their arms on each other's shoulders, with huge smiles on their faces. Molded in the porcelain frame at the bottom, it said 'Best Friends'. Tears welled up in Cassadee's eyes, spilling down her cheeks. "Joey..." she cried. "I love this. I'm going to keep this with me when I go to college. I love you so much!" She hugged him again, sniffling in his neck.  
  
Joey wrapped his arms around Cassadee's back. It was so odd to feel the bare skin of her completely naked back—and her hard nipples against his chest. He was caught up in some of the same emotions Cassadee was feeling, but her nudity was overriding everything else in his brain. It was hard to cry when a naked girl was pressed up against you. She turned sideways and sat down in his lap as she continued to hug him, tears still running down her face. His left arm braced her back and his right hand fell to her naked thigh. Glancing down, he noticed the top of her landing strip peeking out between her closed thighs in his lap. He shifted uncomfortably, his boner bent sideways under her weight.  
  
Cassadee stopped crying, realizing she was sitting almost directly on Joey's hard dick. She tried to wiggle to the side, but it wasn't helping. "Thank you, so much," she said, touching his cheek as she stood up. He grunted as her weight came off him, his dick continuing to tent his trunks. He tried to adjust himself discreetly.  
  
Cassadee sat cross-legged in the chair. She knew Joey could see her pussy, which was turning her on. As he watched, she reached down and felt for wetness between her lips. Her fingertips were slick with her juices. She was wetter than she thought, and it wasn't from the pool. Joey's eyebrows raised as he watched her touch herself again. Impulsively, she asked, "Do you want to see what else I did last Friday?"  
  
"Sure, I guess. What did you do?"  
  
Cassadee took a deep breath. "I did a masturbation show. I made myself come in front of everyone at the club."  
  
Joey's mouth dropped. "Really? Are you serious? I didn't even know that was a part of it!"  
  
"It's elective. Not all girls choose to do it. But I did." Cassadee was enjoying the look of shock on Joey's face. She bit her lower lip and asked, "Do you want to watch me masturbate?"  
  
"Here?" he said, looking around as if the S.W.A.T. team was going to come storming over the privacy fence. "What if someone sees?"  
  
"I don't think anyone is around. And I'm in my own back yard. If they watch me, they are invading my privacy, not the other way around." Her fingers idly stroked between her lower lips waiting for his answer. "Do you want to watch?"  
  
Joey looked around one last time. "Yeah..." he said between heavy breaths.  
  
Cassadee smiled and scooted her butt to the end of the deckchair, then spread her legs wide—just like Joey's eyes. She dipped her fingers in her opening, getting them nice and sticky wet, then brought them to her nose. Joey watched as she smelled her fingers, then stuck them in her mouth and sucked them clean. Cassadee drew some wetness up to her clit and began to stroke in a circular pattern, twitching each time she rubbed her hyper-sensitive clit.  
  
Joey was such a close friend, that she had always thought of him as a brother. What she was now doing in front of him almost seemed taboo. This felt really naughty...and the adrenaline in her body was giving her a sexual high.  
  
Joey couldn't believe what he was seeing. His beautiful blond friend, whom he had fantasized about for as long as he could remember, was sitting here nude and masturbating for him. He couldn't have imagined a better birthday gift. He glanced around briefly then cast his eyes back on Cassadee. Her facial expressions altered constantly, twitching and squinting, as she played with herself. Her sexy pink nipples were hard. And her legs were beginning to shake.  
  
Cassadee looked down at her pussy as she finger-fucked herself. The squishy wet noises seemed loud in the quiet back yard. She started massaging her clit directly and a moan escaped her lips. She looked around to check for watchers, then went back to her business. Glancing at Joey, she saw that his face was red and he was breathing heavily. His eyes were fixated on her pussy and his erection was as stiff as ever. "I'm...ungh...I'm close...I'm gonna...come..." She stared at Joey as the contractions hit.  
  
Joey looked up to see Cassadee's eyes wide open and staring directly into his. Her mouth was open, and her breathing was fast and shallow. Then she moaned loudly, and it seemed like her eyes squeezed shut against her will. Joey looked around briefly to see if anyone had heard, then watched as the muscles around her opening pulsated with the rhythm of her orgasm. Some clear fluid ran out, followed by a line of white, sticky discharge. Her legs trembled as she fingered herself through the remainder of the orgasm, then she collapsed into the deckchair, shaking. He studied her pink, throbbing pussy, committing it to memory, as it took her a few moments to recover. She leaned up and smiled, catching him ogling her genitals.  
  
"Wow," he whispered. "I've never seen anything like that."  
  
Cassadee giggled, closing her legs, and covering her breasts shyly. "Did you like it?" she asked.  
  
"Hah! Are you kidding me? It was amazing. I loved it! I feel like the luckiest guy on the planet, right now."  
  
Cassadee saw that the tent in his swim trunks was still there. "There was one other thing I did for a few people in the back of the club..."  
  
"Yeah?" Joey asked.  
  
"I gave them lap dances. If you wanted, I could give you one."  
  
"Oh...uh...I don't know...I don't think you could actually sit on my lap right now," he said, his face reddening.  
  
Cassadee looked around the yard and saw the circular brick fire pit over near the fence. It was just the right height for someone to sit on, and sometimes people did when they had a lot of friends over. She grabbed Joey's hand and walked him over, seating him on the bricks. "Umm...adjust yourself so that it's pointing upwards...like toward your belly..."  
  
Joey self-consciously reached into his trunks and pulled his hard dick northward, so that it wasn't sticking straight out. Cassadee turned backwards and sat on his lap. Her naked cheeks engulfed the outline of his erection. He groaned as she began moving back and forth, stroking him through the material with her butt. As she was grinding on him, she leaned forward and he could see her asshole, along with her wet labia, which were quickly making a sticky mess on his trunks.  
  
Cassadee pinched her nipples and moaned as her pussy rubbed back and forth on the material of Joey's swim trunks. Fuck. What was she doing? Letting him see her naked was one thing. Masturbating for him was over the top. How would getting him off change their relationship? Whatever happened, happened. It was too late to change her mind without making things awkward and hurting his feelings. Besides, his dick felt really good. And she wanted to do this for him. She came to a decision.  
  
Joey was well on his way to coming in his pants. He would be totally embarrassed if that happened, but he couldn't, and didn't, want to tell Cassadee to stop. All his fantasies had come true today. Well, maybe not quite all, he thought, as she got off his lap and turned around. He stared in shock as she grabbed the ties on his shorts and unfastened them in the front. Then she loosened the opening and exposed his dick, which sprang outward. She grabbed his hand, making him stand up, then walked him to the grass between the fence and the fire pit and had him lie down. Cassadee straddled him and sat right on his dick. It didn't go inside her, but she was sitting on top of it, pinning it to his stomach. He could feel her heat and wetness as she began to slide back and forth, moving her vagina along his length, from base to tip. There was no way this was going to continue for very long.

Cassadee closed her eyes and slid along Joey's cock. It felt so good. Her objective had been to make him come. But now she wanted to come too. She picked up her rhythm and he moaned. Fuck! "Don't come yet, Joey. Please try to hold back," she begged.  
  
Joey did his best to think about anything else. It wasn't working. He was going to come soon. There was physically no stopping it. Then Cassadee grabbed the tip of his penis and squeezed all the blood out of it. What the fuck? Did she seriously just ruin his orgasm?  
  
Cassadee had read on the internet that squeezing the tip could prolong an orgasm, so she did it. It was the first time she had touched him with her fingers. He had a lovely penis. She held the shaft in her hand and looked at it, moving it around all different ways. It was longer than she had expected. The head was red and bulbous, filling up with blood again. Joey's eyes were wide as she squeezed the tip once more. Then she crawled backwards and looked at it closely. She wanted to taste it.  
  
Joey watched in wonder as Cassadee licked her juices off the underside of his cock. Then she put her mouth over the head and went about halfway down his length. Holy fuck. Her mouth was hot and wet, and her tongue was moving around the head of his dick. She sucked on it for a minute and he was ready to explode. Just as he was almost to the point of no return, she pulled her lips off and squeezed the tip again. This was fucking torture.  
  
Cassadee enjoyed that. She thought she might want to try bringing a guy to orgasm that way someday. But as of right now, she had had enough. She needed him inside her. Pointing his dick toward the sky, she scooted forward and squatted over top of it.  
  
"Wait," Joey said between heavy breaths. "Cass...you know I'm a virgin, right?"  
  
Cassadee smiled sweetly and nodded. "I assumed so. But this is my birthday present to you. Please don't say no."  
  
Joey nodded his assent and sucked in a breath as he watched Cassadee aim his dick toward her pussy. She massaged the tip between her labia, spreading her natural lubrication all over it, then lowered herself onto him. The feeling was like nothing he had ever experienced. Her vagina was warm and wet, like her mouth, but it was tighter...and slippery. It squeezed his dick with more pressure than he had imagined. As she sat down on him completely, he groaned, reaching around and grabbing handfuls of her soft ass cheeks. He felt her muscles flex as she began to ride him. Holy shit. He had just lost his virginity.  
  
Cassadee felt Joey's cock deep inside her body. She leaned forward and impaled herself on him over and over. Oh, god, she thought to herself. I'm fucking Joey Harper—my platonic male best friend. She had always kept him in the friend zone...until now. She still didn't think she saw him in a romantic way. Could we be friends with benefits? she wondered. Her vision began to blur. It was happening.  
  
Joey was in heaven. He was overloaded, savoring every sensation—the cool bare skin of Cassadee's hips under his hands, her nipples grazing his chest as she leaned over him, her soft lips periodically kissing him deeply, her warm, slippery wet vagina completely enveloping his erection—and thinking about anything else to keep him from losing control and blowing his load. He squeezed Cassadee's ass, feeling her toned runner's muscles flex as she rode him. He physically couldn't hold back any longer. Cassadee sat up straight, arching backward, and said, "I'm coming," just as he reached the point of no return. Grabbing her hips tightly, Joey closed his eyes, thrust into her one final time, and exploded.  
  
Cassadee realized Joey was coming just as the contractions throttled her occupied vagina. She pressed down hard on him, trembling uncontrollably, as their mutual orgasms rocked their bodies simultaneously. They stayed in that position for what seemed like minutes, moaning and rocking back and forth, eking out every last moment of their lovemaking. As her body finally began to relax, Cassadee lay down on his chest with her face in his neck, breathing hard. "Happy Birthday, Joey," she whispered.  
  
Joey took stock of the situation. Cassadee Ellison was naked, lying on top of him, with his dick inside her for the very first time. They had just come together—at the same time. Her tits were squished against his bare chest, his hands were on her ass cheeks, which he couldn't stop squeezing, and her face was buried in his neck. He leaned over and kissed her lovingly on the cheek. "Thank you, Cass," he whispered in return.  
  
The sun was going down, way past the tops of the surrounding trees and houses, throwing them into shadow. Suddenly, they heard a car door slam. Cassadee bolted upright and froze like a scared animal, listening, Joey's dick still inside her. She could hear voices in the house. "The pool!" she whispered urgently. She jumped up and ran, diving into the deep end. Joey got up awkwardly, trying to tuck himself into his trunks as he loped toward the pool, gave up, and dove in after her.  
  
"I thought I heard something back here," Roger Ellison said as he came through the sliding glass door. "I didn't think you would still be back here, Cass." Joey broke the surface and he said, "Oh, hi Joey! How are you?"  
  
"I'm good, Mr. Ellison." His dick had gone flaccid from fright and he was covertly tucking himself away as he spoke to Cassadee's dad. "I came over to give Cassadee her Coming of Age present," he said.  
  
"Oh, very nice. Did she give you a birthday present?"  
  
Joey and Cassadee looked at each other, awkwardly trying not to laugh. But Joey presented his best poker face and said, "Yes, sir, she did." Cassadee ducked under the water to stop herself from cracking up.  
  
"Very good. Why don't you guys get dried off and come in and get something to eat. We stopped and picked up Chinese for dinner."  
  
"I can just head home, Mr. Ellison," Joey said politely.  
  
"Nonsense. There's plenty. We'll be waiting for you." He shut the slider and walked back into the house.  
  
Cassadee glanced at Joey and smiled, gave him a peck on the lips, then swam to the shallow end. Joey grimaced, dodging a glob of cum that floated in her wake as he followed. He watched her ass jiggle as she walked up the steps and over to the deckchairs, adjusting himself as he got out of the water. Cassadee grabbed the towel she had brought out and dried off, starting with her hair. Joey couldn't help being enthralled, wondering if this was what she looked like when she got out of the shower every morning. She dried her top half, then her legs, cocking one, then the next, and finally her ass and pubic area. Cassadee handed him the towel. He threw it over his face, drying his hair, and imagined he could smell her pussy on it. After he was mostly dry, except for his trunks, which were still dripping, he grabbed his clothes and they walked inside. Everyone was seated at the table. Greg looked at them, rolled his eyes, and went back to spooning pork-fried rice onto his plate.  
  
"Do you mind if I go to the bathroom to get changed?" Joey asked.  
  
"Go ahead, honey. Cassadee, do you want to get changed too?" Her mom glanced down her body and raised her eyebrows.  
  
"Is it OK if I don't? Joey's already seen me naked, so..."  
  
"That's fine, as long as it doesn't make Joey uncomfortable," Kathleen replied, glancing at Joey questioningly.  
  
"It's all good, Mrs. Ellison. Apparently, from what Cass told me, she's been doing this a lot, so I was bound to see her like this sooner or later."  
  
"All right. You know where the bathroom is," she told him.  
  
Joey walked down the hall to the first-floor bathroom and Cassadee took a seat at the table, her bare ass sinking into the chair cushion. She took some fried rice, pepper steak, General Tso's chicken, lo mein noodles, and an eggroll. For some reason, she was famished. After Joey came back out in his shorts and t-shirt, he sat and ate with them. Once they had all gorged themselves on the food, Cassadee gave Joey a hug and a kiss on the cheek, telling him to come back over anytime he wanted. He thanked the Ellisons for the dinner invitation and walked down the street, covering the few hundred feet to his house in less than two minutes.  
  
Later, Cassadee sat on her bed reading a book. Her free hand idly rubbed her bare skin, from her belly to her hip and then to her pubic hair, scratching an itch. A text notification sounded on her phone, so she reached over and accessed it using facial recognition. It was from an unknown number. She opened the text and her stomach flipped. It was a picture of her in her backyard. Joey was sitting in one of the deckchairs with his back to the camera. Cassadee was facing him with her legs spread wide, mid-masturbation. The picture was a little grainy, but plenty good enough to be able to tell that it was her in the photo. As she watched, another picture came in from the same number. This one was zoomed in. You could see her entire naked body with her fingers shoved up her pussy. Cassadee put her hand over her mouth.  
  
From the angle of the pictures, it looked like they had been taken from the Dawsons' house, which was to the right, if she was looking out the sliding glass doors into the back yard. Frank Dawson was a year older than her and would have graduated last year, but he had dropped out two years ago. He lived alone with his mother and worked at a gas station in town. It was probably the best job he would ever have.  
  
A third text came in and she opened it.  
  
**I have lots more even sum of u fuckin guess you beter cum over this wknd and give me a reason not to post em**  
  
Cassadee thought she might vomit. Her life was ruined.