**Cassadee's Coming of Age**

by[saltyboy69](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=5672828&page=submissions)©

Cassadee's Coming of Age part 8  
  
Friday night  
  
Cassadee was dreaming. Or was it a memory? She was strapped to an examination table. It was her mentor ceremony on the night of her Coming of Age. It seemed so vivid...  
  
"I'm going to place the headphones back on now," she heard Tom Browning say.  
  
Cassadee felt the familiar pressure on the sides of her head and the total absence of sound. Then she waited what seemed like a few minutes in her sensory-deprived mind but might not have been that long. Eventually, she felt a hand on her thigh. It seemed tentative—unsure of touching her. It was another half minute or so before she felt a light touch on her vaginal lips. Then it was gone again.  
  
Cassadee was confused. She wasn't quite sure what was happening. Did he not want to have sex with her? Did she smell bad now that four men had been with her? She began to get very self-conscious as she worried about who this fifth man might be. Was it someone of authority in her life? Would it be really awkward for them to have a mentor/mentee relationship after this? She began to get extremely nervous and goosebumps of a different kind popped up all over her skin.  
  
Just as she was thinking about calling out for Tom and putting an end to the ceremony, she felt an intrusion between her labia. She wasn't wet anymore because of how nervous she was. He must have realized this because she thought she felt his spit drop onto her. Then his penis slid around her opening and suddenly she was much more lubricated. Finally, she felt the length of him slide inside of her until he bottomed out. She gasped as he slid back out and began long slow strokes.  
  
This felt nice. His penis wasn't small, but it was a huge relief after the previous one. This was a cock she could get used to feeling every day. The long strokes continued and Cassadee began to heat up once again. She had thought another orgasm might be impossible, but she was definitely enjoying this. And her own wetness had kicked in with a vengeance. "Oh, yes, that feels so good," she heard herself say.  
  
The man's rhythm stuttered for a second, then continued, but he suddenly seemed a little less sure of himself.  
  
"Please don't stop doing what you were doing," she said. She hadn't thought about talking to him, but it felt like he needed some encouragement, and for some reason she felt like he might be a close friend or something. "Yes. Just like that. You feel amazing. Don't stop. Please. I want you."  
  
Cassadee shocked herself by speaking those last words. Why did she say that? Obviously, her words had worked, because his rhythm picked up and he began to fuck her with more confidence.  
  
Incredibly, her body was responding once again. How could she have anything left in her? But, without fail, the warmth spread from her sex through her belly and into her head. She couldn't quite believe it, but another orgasm was coming.  
  
His rhythm sped up quickly. Oh, no. She was so close to her own orgasm. "Please don't come yet. I'm so close. I want to come with you," she pleaded. Cassadee felt him slow down just a little. In and out, in and out. She felt that momentary weightlessness and then it was there like an electric jolt from a cattle prod. She moaned a long 'ooooohhhhhh fuck' as her sore vaginal muscles gripped and released with thundering intensity.  
  
Just as her orgasm subsided, her mentor's thrusting stopped, and he pressed himself hard into her. He rocked slightly and Cassadee knew he had reached his own orgasm, unloading inside of her. She felt him rest his body on top of her, lying his head on her chest. She wanted so badly to run her hands through his hair and comfort him. Finally, he lifted himself off and withdrew his penis, allowing the semen to spill down her butt. Cassadee felt his hand lovingly caress her ass cheek before he was gone.  
  
"Cass, are you OK?"  
  
The words seemed like they were a million miles away. Painfully, she opened her eyes, but the light forced her to squeeze them shut again. If felt like hammers were pounding on her skull and she moaned in pain. She resorted to her breathing techniques. Long breath in, long breath out. After a minute she attempted to open her eyes again. The light wasn't nearly as bad this time, but the back of her head still hurt. As her eyes focused, she saw her brother.  
  
"Cassadee? Are you all right?" He seemed frantic, and his face was wet with tears.  
  
"Yeah, I think so," she mumbled. "What happened?"  
  
"Oh my god. Oh my god. You fainted and hit your head. You were unconscious for like 30 seconds. I thought you were seriously hurt." Greg put his head in his hands and rocked back and forth on the edge of the bed.  
  
She looked around the room. She was in Greg's room. On his bed. "Why am I in here?" she asked. Then she remembered. It all came flooding back. She had confronted Greg about why he hadn't come to her graduation and why he had been acting so differently lately. And he had told her. He was her mentor. Her eyes grew wide as she looked at her brother's face.  
  
Greg knew exactly what Cassadee was thinking. He could tell that she was remembering. His eyes couldn't meet her gaze and drifted to the floor. He knew he hadn't been treating her nicely for a long time. It was just all too much for him. Six months ago, when their mother had asked him if he would be Cassadee's mentor, he was shocked—shocked and disgusted. She was his sister! Why would their mom even consider such a thing? Then she had told him a secret that changed everything. Everything he had thought he had understood about their lives was turned on its head. After many conversations and reassurance from both of his parents, he had finally agreed. And exactly two weeks ago he had been a part of Cassadee's mentor ceremony, having sex with his own sister.  
  
How could he have done that to her? Cassadee put her hand to her mouth. She felt like she was going to throw up. Her brother, Greg, was her mentor. He had had sex with her. Her brother! She recounted the experience in her mind. It was the only mentor of whom she hadn't yet discovered the identity. The final mentor of the night. She remembered how good it had felt. How comforting and loving it had been. She had thought it might have been a close friend from school, but it wasn't, and the guilt and revulsion twisted in her gut. It was her own brother. She crawled off the bed, pushing Greg's hands out of the way as he tried to stop her. His words, falling on deaf ears, were left behind as she ran for the bathroom and emptied her stomach in the toilet.  
  
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Cassadee was pissed. For the last hour, after she puked, she had been locked in her bedroom throwing shit around the room and screaming. Her parents had knocked numerous times, asking to come in, but each time she had yelled at them, telling them to fuck off. How could her mother, whom she had trusted implicitly, have made her own brother one of her mentors, knowing that she would have to have a sexual relationship with him. How the fuck could she?? "FUCK!!" she shouted hoarsely as she broke an angel figurine against her wall. The angel might as well have been her. She was now utterly destroyed. Her life was fucking ruined. She hated her parents, she hated her brother, and for the first time in her life, she actually contemplated killing herself.  
  
After another hour of lying on her bed crying her eyes out, she realized she had to pee. She held it for as long as she could, then reluctantly unlocked her door and went to the bathroom. Thankfully, she didn't run into anyone. She just couldn't face them right now.  
  
She had dressed in the biggest, baggiest sweats she had, trying to hide her body away from everyone. Thinking about all of the experimentation with nudity and sex made her nauseous now. After she was done peeing, she wiped, pulled up her sweats, and retreated to her bedroom once more, locking the door. Sleep was elusive and fitful. She spent the next two days in solitude, unlocking her door only to go to the bathroom and to grab the food that her mother left in the hallway.  
  
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Monday morning  
  
When Cassadee woke, she wasn't even sure what day it was. She was wearing the same sweats she had put on Friday night. Her teeth felt fuzzy and she smelled like hell. The edge had worn off her anger and now she was numb. Reality was all that was left. She had fucked her own brother. She had committed incest. Or he had. She had been blindfolded and strapped to a table with headphones covering her ears. She had been helpless in the situation. A victim. That brought her back to thoughts of her mom. This was her mom's fault. What the fuck was she thinking? This was the kind of thing that you wouldn't want anyone to know about. And now the other three members of her family knew. Fuck. Four. Tom Browning knew that she had fucked her brother too. She seriously hoped he would take this to his grave.  
  
Deciding that she couldn't spend the rest of her life in her room, Cassadee walked to the bathroom and stripped out of her smelly clothes. When she peeled her panties off, her odor hit her like a brick wall. Damn. She ran a scalding hot shower and stood in it until it was lukewarm. Then she quickly washed her hair and body, and shaved her legs, armpits, and pubic area. By the time she was done, the water was ice cold, and she was freezing. She wrapped herself in a large, soft bath towel, and brushed her teeth. Returning to her room, she dried her hair and dressed in different sweats. Grabbing all of the dishware she had collected over the last couple days, she carried it downstairs to the kitchen.  
  
Her mom was sitting at the table, eating breakfast. Her dad had already left for work. She assumed her brother was in his room. Setting the dirty dishes in the sink, she poured herself a bowl of cereal and sat down at the table to eat. She locked eyes with her mother, who had a concerned look on her face, then looked back down at her cereal and ate in silence.  
  
"We will give you all the time you need to process this, Cassadee. You let us know when you are ready to talk about it," her mother said softly.  
  
Cassadee shrugged and finished eating. She dropped it in the sink with the rest of the dishes and sat back down at the table. "So, help me understand how you think incest is OK."  
  
Kathleen sighed and set her fork down next to her plate. "Honey, you know almost everything about our area's Coming of Age tradition. I guess it's time you hear the rest of it." She looked at Cassadee, who shrugged with her palms raised as if to say, 'I'm waiting.'  
  
"There is a longstanding tradition of using male family members in the Coming of Age mentor ceremony. These male family members can be brothers, cousins, or even uncles or nephews, in some cases. But the family member acts as a close confidant and a protector, and it is a very serious calling. They are chosen carefully, and they take the job seriously. You and your brother have always been so close. You guys never fought growing up. I couldn't think of anyone better than your brother to be that lifelong protector."  
  
Cassadee held her head in her hands. "Are you telling me that everyone who goes through this ceremony has some kind of incestuous relationship?"  
  
"Not everyone," her mother replied. "Some girls don't have any close male relatives besides their father, which is forbidden. But you are lucky. You have your brother. And I have Uncle Dale."  
  
Cassadee's eyes shot up. "You have sex with Uncle Dale?" she asked incredulously.  
  
Her mom nodded. "Mentor relationships aren't supposed to be talked about with anyone, but I'm bringing you into my confidence because I felt you needed to hear it, in order to process this. Yes, Uncle Dale, my brother, is my mentor. And it's been a fantastic part of our relationship. It's kept us close over the years, where many siblings drift apart. I wouldn't change it for the world."  
  
Cassadee tried to imagine her mom fucking her uncle, then shook her head to erase the thought. "And dad knows?"  
  
"Of course. There are no secrets between your father and me."  
  
"What about dad?" she asked. "Does he mentor Aunt Jillian?"  
  
"That is not something I'm at liberty to talk about. If you want to know that, then you need to ask your dad. It's up to him to divulge anything about who he mentors."  
  
Cassadee was having a hard time processing this. She wondered about all of her girlfriends at school. Tina Gleason. Sara Deming. Jennifer Ramirez. Jessica Gavin. Bethany Tate. Did they all have an incestuous relationship with a member of their family? The thought was mindboggling. It's not like she could just go up to one of them and ask such a thing without giving her own secret away.  
  
"Doesn't anyone ever worry about getting pregnant by a relative?" she asked her mother.  
  
"Not anymore than they worry about it with any of their other mentors. It's not impossible, of course, but we are very cautious when it comes to birth control, which is why I made sure you were on it well before your Coming of Age. If, and when, you are married and ready to have a child of your own, you will take a break from having sex with anyone other than your husband until you become pregnant. That will ensure that a mistake doesn't happen."  
  
Cassadee told her mom she needed more time to think, so she went back to her room and thought of nothing else for the rest of the day.  
  
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Tuesday  
  
Cassadee woke in a much better mood. She was anxious to get back to her normal life, so she showered and dressed in running gear—a sports bra, shorts, and sneakers. She didn't feel much like flashing anyone or being daring, so she just ran and continued to process the information she had learned. Apparently, most women in town had some version of an incestuous relationship in their life. It didn't seem to be as taboo around here as she had always thought it was in modern society. And everyone she knew seemed so normal that she never would have guessed her hometown's dirty little secret. No one seemed any worse off for it. She guessed that it just took some getting used to the idea. As she thought about Greg, she began to feel badly about how she had reacted. He probably thought that she was disgusted by him. At first, the thought did disgust her. But then she remembered how it had felt that night, when she didn't know who was having sex with her. She remembered it being gentle and cautious—and loving—and she knew that's exactly how Greg would treat her. Her heart melted a little at the idea. Her brother loved her so much that he was willing to be her mentor—her protector—for the rest of his life. And he would never do anything to hurt her. Cassadee suddenly had an urgent need to repair her relationship with Greg. She stopped dead in her tracks and turned around, running for home.  
  
When she came back through the door, she walked upstairs, breathing heavily from the exertion. She went down the hallway to her brother's room. The door was shut, so she knocked. She heard a muffled 'come in', so she opened it to find him playing a computer game. He noticed her over his shoulder and immediately dumped out of the game. Swiveling in his desk chair, he stared at her nervously through wide eyes. He's probably afraid I'm going to try to hit him, she thought.  
  
Cassadee stood there looking at him for the longest time. Neither of them said a word. Finally, she smiled and knelt in front of his chair, resting her hand on his knee. "I know you would never hurt me. I couldn't be any luckier than I am to have you as my mentor. I love you," she said through misty eyes.  
  
Tears immediately spilled down Greg's cheeks and Cassadee jumped into his lap and wrapped her arms around him, hugging him tightly. They cried together for what must have been ten minutes.  
  
"Where do we go from here?" he asked, wiping his eyes.  
  
Cassadee thought for a moment, then said, "I guess the first step is to get our relationship back to what it used to be. Friends first. We can worry about the rest later."  
  
Greg smiled and nodded. "I'm so sorry for how I've acted lately. I just didn't know how to deal with it. And I didn't know how to tell you. Or even if I was going to be able to face you after you knew."  
  
Cassadee nodded her understanding. "It was a shock," she admitted with a laugh.  
  
Greg laughed and said, "Yeah. For me too, when mom asked."  
  
"Do you want to go get some lunch?" she asked him. "Like we used to?"  
  
Greg looked at her and wiped her face dry. "Absolutely," he said, kissing her on the cheek.  
  
Cassadee changed into a cute tank top and cut-off denim shorts with sandals and then Greg drove them to a Mexican restaurant. They talked and laughed with each other. Greg was slowly getting back to his old self and the light returned to Cassadee's eyes. Then Greg began to ask her about her life since her Coming of Age party.  
  
"Oh my gosh, it's so different," she began. "Where do I even begin? I mean, I'm not supposed to mention the names of any other mentors, but I've met them all. You were the last one."  
  
"Have you been intimate with all of them since the party?" he asked.  
  
Cassadee blushed. "Yeah..."  
  
Greg nodded, smiling. "OK. I was just wondering. What else have you done? Besides walk around the house naked. And tan in the back yard naked. And run around the neighborhood naked."  
  
Cassadee laughed. "Well, yes, I've done all of those things. Hmm...let me think. I've kind of been seeing a guy from school. Do you know Ben Davidson?"  
  
"Of course. Ben's a good guy. Are you guys...you know?"  
  
Cassadee blushed again and nodded, biting her bottom lip.  
  
"And there was Joey in the back yard—besides all of your mentors—it sounds like you have been a busy girl in the last couple weeks."  
  
Her face turned scarlet and she whispered, "You make it sound like I'm some kind of slut or something!"  
  
"I would never call you a slut, Cass. It has a very derogatory connotation. But what is a slut other than a girl who enjoys and is very open with her sexuality? I don't see anything wrong with that, as long as you are being careful."  
  
Cassadee thought about what he said. Was she a slut? She definitely wasn't a whore. A whore had sex for money. But technically, might she be a slut? It was something she would have to think about. "You don't have any hang-ups about my sexuality?" she asked.  
  
"No. I love you. You're my baby sister. I just always want to make sure you are safe and happy. If sex and nudity make you happy then I'm all for it."  
  
"Then why does it always seem like you can't even look at me when I'm naked at home?" she asked, curiously.  
  
Greg swirled some food around on his plate as he thought. "That was because I was still dealing with all of this by myself. You didn't know I was your mentor yet. I was worried—and ashamed."

"Ashamed of what?" she prodded.  
  
Greg paused, then said, "Ashamed of the fact that...I enjoyed it."  
  
Cassadee blinked, trying to understand what he was referring to. "Oh!" she exclaimed. "You mean...you know...with me...that night?"  
  
Greg nodded. It was his turn to have the red face.  
  
Cassadee smiled and grabbed his hand. "I actually did too, Greg. I think it was the nicest of the night."  
  
He looked up to see if she was being truthful or just trying to make him feel better. She looked honest enough.  
  
"Do you think...umm..." she stammered and looked away.  
  
"What?" he asked.  
  
"Do you think I...look good?"  
  
Greg gaped at her with his mouth open. "Are you serious?"  
  
Cassadee shrugged, waiting for his answer.  
  
"Cass, you are beautiful!" he whispered, aware of the other restaurant patrons around them. "Your body is...well...you're fucking hot!"  
  
She studied his eyes, finding only truthfulness, then smiled from ear to ear. "You're not just saying that?"  
  
"No! I kept looking away from you because I was ashamed by how much..." He looked around and wasn't sure if he should finish the sentence.  
  
"How much what?" she asked. "Come on! Don't leave me hanging!"  
  
He waved his hands in a 'keep it down' motion. "I was ashamed by how much...how much I wanted you." His eyes were glued to his plate and it seemed like he was holding his breath.  
  
Cassadee was astounded to hear this confession from her brother. He was a great looking guy. He was surprisingly toned for as much as he had been hiding in his room lately, playing video games. He had been a football player when he was in high school, but in college he hadn't really participated in any kind of sports other than working out at the gym. As she thought about what he said, she began to blush. It was a strange thing to know that her brother looked at her in a...sexual...way.  
  
"Are you done eating?" she asked, changing the subject.  
  
"Yeah. Do you want to go?"  
  
Cassadee nodded and Greg paid the bill on a portable pay station at their table. Then they drove home. When they stepped through the front door, they both walked upstairs and paused in the hallway. Cassadee gave Greg a big hug. "Thank you for lunch," she said shyly.  
  
"You're welcome," he replied, kissing her on the cheek.  
  
Cassadee went to her room and shut the door. After a minute spent staring at her closed door, Greg went to his room and did the same.  
  
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It took an hour and a half for Cassadee to work up the courage to take her clothes off. She opened her door nervously, looking up and down the hallway. Then she walked to the end and tapped lightly on Greg's door. His muffled voice granted entry.  
  
Cassadee pushed the door open slowly. Greg was sitting near the window staring blankly into the back yard. When she shut the door behind her, Greg glanced over. He swallowed when he saw her naked body. She walked up to him and he turned his chair to face her.  
  
"I want you to look at me," she said softly. "Really look at me. Take as long as you want. I'll get in any position that I need to so you can see...anything."  
  
Greg's eyes grew wide, struggling with the idea of looking away from her face. She nodded, giving him permission. His eyes traveled slowly down her neck to her upper chest. Her skin was flawless. It was usually pretty fair, but she had been getting a lot of sun lately and was beginning to tan. Farther down, her small breasts sat perky on her chest. The color of her nipples and areolae was such a light pink that it almost blended into her natural skin. And her areolae were puffy. He remembered that from the night of her mentor ceremony. It was the first time he had seen her naked and he couldn't take his eyes off her breasts.  
  
Moving lower, was a sight he was used to seeing—her flat, toned, runner's stomach. Skipping lower, he noticed her legs were just as toned—maybe even slightly muscular. Her feet were small and adorable, with painted toenails. Looking back upwards, his eyes settled on her sex. Her closely cropped landing strip was just as light blond as her hair and eyebrows. He remembered that too. He glanced up into her eyes, which were watching him nervously, then looked back down at her vulva. Her smoothly shaved outer labia were puffy and completely enclosed everything else inside.  
  
"Can I see you from behind?" he asked quietly. She nodded and quickly turned around. She stood there perfectly still with her back to him as he studied her from the rear view.  
  
Cassadee's back was thin and toned, with dimples just above her ass. Speaking of her ass...wow! What an ass it was! She had an incredibly sexy bubble butt. It was slightly bigger than what you would think was normal for her size and fitness—but only slightly. He knew from seeing her walk through the house without clothes that it bounced and jiggled nicely. And it wasn't 100 percent perfect, either. Even though she could be an Instagram model if she wanted to, she was a real girl with flaws and imperfections—and that made her even sexier. There were the tiniest of indentations and dimples scattered around both cheeks that were more noticeable when she flexed. She had faded stretch marks too, from when she had gone through a growth spurt during puberty. But Greg had honestly never seen a prettier naked girl in real life.  
  
He cleared his throat and nervously asked, "Can you bend over?"  
  
Cassadee froze for a fraction of a second, taken off guard by his request, then bent forward until she was almost touching her toes.  
  
Greg groaned inside as Cassadee slowly leaned over. Her ass cheeks spread, displaying the pinkest, prettiest little puckered asshole. And her outer labia opened as well, showing off her tiny inner labia and vaginal entrance, which was deeply pink and coated with wetness. Inside her opening, a small webbing of white discharge clung to her walls.  
  
"Can—can I see—" he croaked, barely able to get the words out of his throat. "Would you lie on the bed...so I can look...closely?"  
  
Cassadee stood up, then slowly crawled up onto the bed. She flipped over, her face red from bending over—and maybe from a mixture of nerves, embarrassment, and humiliation—and lay there with her legs together. Greg kneeled on the bed and gently grabbed her feet, prodding them apart. She took a deep breath and gave him the view he wanted, spreading her legs wide.  
  
The soles of Cassadee's feet were bright pink, with no callouses or blemishes. The skin looked, and felt, baby-soft in his hands. As his eyes traveled the length of her legs and settled in between, he crawled up and moved his face close to her, studying her vulva. The outer lips were shaved, with barely visible stubble. Her inner lips were tiny pink ridges. He had seen women in porn who had large inner labia that hung down outside of their outer labia. And women who had average-sized inner labia. But Cassadee's were small. There was barely enough to grab onto. And they were as pink as the rest of her. Her opening was extremely moist, and he could smell her scent. It wasn't a bad smell. As a matter of fact, it was highly erotic. He found himself wanting to taste her—badly—and his head began to swoon. He crawled off the bed and sat back down in his desk chair, wiping his forehead. "Thank you," he whispered.  
  
Cassadee closed her legs and scooted to the edge of the bed, sitting with her feet dangling. "Now you won't have any reason to avoid looking at me," she said. "You've seen all of me. In detail. And if you want to look at me again, you can. Just look. Or if you want to see something specific...just ask." She blushed as she said the last.  
  
Greg nodded. "You are unbelievably beautiful. Every part of you."  
  
Cassadee thanked him, kissed him on the cheek, and then walked back to her room. With her door closed, she masturbated furiously to orgasm. Unbeknownst to her, Greg did as well.  
  
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A little while later, Cassadee called the mayor's office and asked the lady who answered if she could speak to him. To her surprise, he was in his office, and her call was routed immediately.  
  
"Jack Burnside. How can I help you?"  
  
Cassadee hadn't really expected him to be there, let alone take her call, so she was suddenly at a loss for words. "Umm, hi. This is Cassadee Ellison..."  
  
"Well, hello Cassadee. What can I do for you today?"  
  
Most everyone in town had had some kind of interaction with Mayor Burnside. And he knew a good many of those people himself because the town wasn't that large. Cassadee hadn't really spoken to him personally, but she knew that her parents had, and it came as no surprise that he knew her name. After all, she had been a track star and popular cheerleader for a number of years.  
  
"Hi, Mr. Mayor," she said. "I wanted to talk to you about something."  
  
"I assumed that when you called," he said jokingly, chuckling to himself.  
  
"Haha, yeah. Umm, I was looking through the town law books in the courthouse and I came across the section that dealt with public nudity."  
  
Mayor Burnside paused and said, "Ah, OK. Has there been a problem?"  
  
"No. Not at all. It's just that I had heard that public nudity was legal here, but no one seemed to know for sure. So, I looked it up. And from what I read it looks like the rumors are true. Do you know anything about this Mr. Mayor?"  
  
The mayor cleared his throat. "Uh, yeah. It's not commonly known, but public nudity is indeed legal in this county, and in the township as well."  
  
"Does that go for all public buildings too?" she asked.  
  
"Uh...well...yes, yes it does. All township and county buildings are included in that. The post office is federal, and the DMV is state, so they have their own rules. Can I ask why you want to know about this, Cassadee?"  
  
It was Cassadee's turn to pause for a moment. "Umm...well, Mr. Mayor, ever since my Coming of Age party a couple weeks ago..."  
  
"Great party, by the way," he interrupted. "Congratulations to you. You put on one heck of a show."  
  
"Oh...uh...thanks." She had forgotten that she had seen the mayor there that night. So, apparently, he already knew what she looked like naked. "Anyway, since then I've been experimenting with being nude. Mostly around my house and in my back yard. But I was thinking of expanding my horizons a little. I just wanted to make sure that if I...umm...walked around town...naked...that I wouldn't get arrested."  
  
Mayor Jack Burnside cleared his throat again. "I see. No, you won't be arrested. That's not to say that there won't be people who think you can be arrested and might call the police if they see you walking around that way. Is this something that you definitely intend to do?"  
  
"I think so. I'm pretty sure I want to give it a try."  
  
"OK. In that case, I will speak to the police chief and make sure he's clear on the nudity laws. And I will give a heads up to the town council too. I don't know how many private businesses will let you enter if you are nude. Probably not many."  
  
Cassadee said she understood and thanked him for his time. When she hung up, her skin felt tingly at the thought of walking through town in the nude. She didn't know if she was ready to just walk into the mayor's office without clothes, but she wouldn't mind working her way out from her house little by little. The idea was positively thrilling.  
  
That evening at dinner, she told her parents and Greg about the phone call. Her parents were mildly shocked to hear she was actually thinking about this. Greg was more amused.  
  
Imagining exposing her nude body to total strangers all over town went straight to her sex, and lying in bed that night, she gave herself a huge orgasm before finally drifting off to sleep.  
  
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Wednesday  
  
The next morning, Cassadee rolled lazily out of bed. She hadn't had clothes on since yesterday at lunchtime with Greg. She walked into the hallway, needing to pee, but the bathroom door was closed. She knocked and heard Greg shout from inside that he was in the shower. She tried the handle. It wasn't locked.  
  
"I really need to pee, Greg," she said.  
  
"Go ahead," he responded from behind the opaque curtain.  
  
Cassadee sat and relieved herself. She noticed that her brother appeared to glance out toward her, but neither of them could see details through the curtain. Standing up, she peeked around the edge of the curtain, on the opposite side from the shower head. "Hi!"  
  
Greg jumped and turned his back toward her. His bare ass was exposed. "Shit, Cass! What are you doing? I'm showering!"  
  
Stepping inside, she closed the curtain behind her. "Mind if I join you?"  
  
Greg glanced over his shoulder. "Cass, you're the nudist, not me."  
  
"But you're my mentor. You've seen me naked, but I haven't seen you yet," she said. "We showered together when we were little. It shouldn't be that big of a deal. Turn around. Let me look at you."  
  
Greg stayed facing away, his head under the spray.  
  
"Come on, Greg. I showed you all of me. I want to see you too," she said, beginning to pout.  
  
"Ugh. Fine." He turned around and faced her.  
  
Cassadee's eyes were immediately drawn to his penis. It was semi-erect. "Were you...masturbating?"  
  
"No, I was showering. This is because you are in here with me. And naked."  
  
Cassadee smiled at the thought that her brother's body reacted that way to her. She looked over the rest of his body. He had nicely shaped pecs and abs. He was toned without being a muscle head. And he was a good eight inches taller than her. His blond hair was darker than hers. And to her surprise, his pubic hair was cut so short it was basically stubble.  
  
"Trade me spots. You're hogging the water," she said playfully. They shifted by each other in the tight shower, Cassadee's breasts brushing against his chest. She thought she had felt something brush across her stomach, too. She stood under the spray, soaking her long blond hair. "Will you wash my hair for me?"  
  
"Somehow my five-minute shower has turned into something else," he mumbled to himself as he grabbed her bottle of shampoo. He poured some into his hand as they scooted by each other again. He ran his hands through her hair, soaping it all up and piling it on top of her head. Cassadee purred in pleasure at the scalp massage he was giving her. The close contact and physical touch now had him almost fully erect. He tried not to bump into her with his dick.  
  
They traded spots again. She definitely felt something touch her hip as they passed, but her eyes were closed because of the shampoo in her hair. Greg pushed her face under the spray and began rinsing it out. Cassadee slapped his hands away and sputtered. "What the hell?" she asked. "Why would you put my whole head under the water?"  
  
Greg shrugged. "That's how I do it," he said.  
  
She looked at him like he was a weirdo and leaned backwards into the water. Once her hair was rinsed, Cassadee noticed his dick pointing straight out, but didn't say anything. She raised her arms in the air. "Will you soap me up?"  
  
Greg rolled his eyes. "What am I, a home health care nurse?"  
  
Cassadee could tell he was using sarcasm to cover up the fact that he was nervous. "No, you're my brother. And you love me." She smiled up at him with the sweetest look on her face.  
  
Fuck me, he thought to himself as his dick twitched. Grabbing the body wash, he squeezed out a dollop into his hands and rubbed them together, foaming them up. He pulled her hands out of the air and began with them. He soaped up one arm and then the next, making sure to tickle her armpits and make her squeal. Soaping up her shoulders, he turned her around and washed her back, all the way down to her waist. Then he reached in front and soaped up her belly. He ran his hands quickly over her hips and washed each leg, from mid-thigh to her feet, which she lifted one by one.  
  
"There," he said.  
  
Cassadee looked at him with a wry smile. "Umm...you forgot a few areas."  
  
Greg looked away. "Do you really want me to do this, Cass?"  
  
Cassadee shrugged. "If you want to. If you don't, you don't have to."  
  
Greg did want to wash the areas he missed. But his heart was beating fast and he was standing there with a huge erection that was kind of getting in the way. He nodded at her and poured some more body wash in his hand.  
  
Turning her so that she faced him, Greg soaped up her upper chest. Then, tentatively, he ran his hands over her breasts. This was the first time he had touched them. They were soft and squishy, just like any other breasts he had ever touched. Her nipples were stiff, though. And her areolae were puffy and resistant to his touch. Fuck, she felt good. His balls began to ache.  
  
With her chest soapy, he turned her around. He placed his hands on her ass cheeks, rubbing the soap all around until they were covered. He couldn't help squeezing them a little. Her butt was so fucking hot. Just as he was about to touch her pussy, Cassadee said, "Let me rinse off. Hang on." She stood in the water and rubbed all the soap off her body, then rinsed it off his hands as well. She grabbed a different bottle and squeezed some into his hand. "Use this," she said shyly. The bottle said it was gentle soap for intimate parts.  
  
Cassadee looked up at him with big, trusting doe eyes. He was more nervous than he had been since her Coming of Age party. "You sure?" he asked. She nodded. He turned her sideways and placed one hand on her landing strip, and the other on her butt. He rubbed the soap into her short pubic hair at the same time his fingers worked down into her ass crack. She sucked in a breath as the tips of his fingers moved over her butthole, feeling them push lightly against her sphincter. He worked his hand downward to her pussy, soaping up the outside of her smooth vulva, then parted her labia with his fingertips. He washed in between them, brushing over the hard nub of her clit, and rubbed between the soft, fleshy folds, finally reaching her opening, which was slippery and very warm. Cassadee's eyes were closed, her hands nervously wrapped around his bicep. He gently soaped around her opening, his fingertips sliding ever so slightly inside. A shallow gasp escaped her lips as he touched her there.  
  
Greg began to pull his hand away, but she quickly and firmly held it in place. Their eyes met and he knew instinctively what she wanted him to do. He could hear the blood pumping in his head as he parted her labia once again and circled her opening. She guided his hand, pushing his middle and ring fingers all the way inside, as she closed her eyes. Her lips formed an 'o' and she moaned softly. Kneeling to give himself a better angle, Greg began to slowly pump his fingers in and out of her tight vagina, using his thumb to massage her clit. He picked up the pace, stroking vigorously, and held her in place with his other hand on her ass. Cassadee's moans became louder and louder as he finger-fucked her, and he nervously glanced toward the bathroom door. He curled his fingertips upward toward the roof of her vagina and massaged her G-spot, like he had seen in porn. It seemed to work like a charm, because her voice raised in pitch and her legs became shaky and wobbly. He thought she might fall, so he got back to his feet and squatted, ready to catch her if it came to that. Her fingernails dug sharply into his shoulder as her orgasm hit. She screamed out and bucked wildly, her contractions squeezing his fingers as he continued stroking all the way through her orgasm. Cassadee eventually lost control of her legs, as he thought she might, and fell against him, her boob squishing into his face. It wasn't an unpleasant feeling.  
  
As he cradled her in his arms on the bottom of the tub, Cassadee's eyes fluttered open. "Oh god, that was...wow..." She traced circles on his chest with her fingertips as she recovered. When she climbed off his lap and they both stood back up, his cock was at full mast. Cassadee touched it, wrapping her small fingers around it.

Greg wondered if she was going to jerk him off. He hoped so, but he wasn't going to ask. To his surprise, she knelt in front of him and took him in her mouth. He closed his eyes and groaned. His balls ached so much they actually hurt. He needed to come badly. She began to suck him, using her tongue to massage under the glans. Embarrassingly, he was already almost there. He groaned again as her hand stroked him simultaneously. "Oh, fuck, Cass...I'm coming," he said.  
  
She pulled her lips back just in time to get a shot of cum straight in the face. She jumped and turned her head as another hit her ear. "Oh shit," she laughed, watching the ropes of cum fire relentlessly, catching some on her neck and breasts. When he was finished, she said, "Wow! I wasn't expecting it to be that strong!"  
  
Greg had no words. He had just let his little sister suck him off. He should feel terrible, he thought. But he didn't. He somehow felt closer to her. Pulling her to her feet, he positioned her under the spray and let it wash the cum off her face and body. Then he turned her around and pulled her into a tight embrace, kissing her hard. Their tongues found each other as their hands explored the other's body. Cassadee whimpered into his mouth as he squeezed her ass. He couldn't wait to repay the favor and use his mouth on her, wondering what she tasted like.  
  
The water was getting chilly, so Greg turned it off and they toweled themselves dry. He had brought shorts into the bathroom, which he slipped into. She hadn't brought anything, so she smiled at him as she tossed her towel in the hamper, opened the bathroom door, and walked butt-naked down the hall to her room. She bit her bottom lip as she turned and went inside. He was surprised when she didn't shut the door behind her. Curious, he followed.  
  
When he walked into her room, he saw that she was lying on her bed with her eyes closed and her arms stretched over her head, blissfully enjoying the cool sheets. He pulled the door closed and took a few steps toward her bed.  
  
He cleared his throat and said, "You didn't shut the door, so I wasn't sure if you wanted me to follow you in here or not."  
  
Ignoring him, Cassadee asked, "Do you want to watch me masturbate?"  
  
Greg sat at the foot of her bed and nodded, his wide eyes pleading for the privilege to witness such a private sexual display.  
  
Cassadee propped some pillows up behind her, so she could look at her brother's face while she played with herself. She smiled at him nervously as she opened her legs wide, her fingers sliding between her labia. Closing her eyes, she began to stroke her clit. Every so often she would dip her middle finger all the way inside herself, then slide the wetness up onto her little bud, stroking her nipples with her free hand. She opened her eyes and saw that he was breathing heavily, intensely focused on the act of self-abuse happening between her legs. Soft moans began to escape her lips as she increased her rhythm.  
  
Another erection was straining at Greg's shorts as the wet sounds coming from her vagina filled him with lust. Looking at her red face, filled with concentration and need, he thought honestly that she was the prettiest girl he knew. And he couldn't believe he was watching her masturbate. He felt like the luckiest guy on the planet.  
  
The fact that she was being watched made masturbation ten times hotter. It was such a rush to see the lustful look on someone else's face as they were getting to see you engage in one of the most private acts. Granted, it wasn't like masturbating in front of hundreds of people, which she had already done, but it was still extremely erotic. Her legs began to shake as she feverishly strummed her clit. She was close to coming.  
  
She thought it was sort of like climbing a mountain. When you finally reached the top and flew off the other side, it was pure bliss. She spread her legs as wide as she could, just to make her display more explicit, and gave in as the waves of orgasm assaulted her body. She felt a reservoir of fluid somewhere deep inside release, soaking her sheets, but she didn't care. She fingered herself until every last orgasmic aftershock had passed, then collapsed motionless on her bed.  
  
Greg had never seen anything so beautiful as his sister's face during orgasm. He watched as she lay there recovering, her body motionless, except for the muscle tremors still twitching along her inner thighs. Her lids opened slowly, revealing her beautiful ice-blue eyes, which were filled with contentment.  
  
"Cass...could I look at you...closely?" he asked.  
  
Between heavy breaths, and without saying a word, Cassadee slowly opened herself to him. Greg crawled up between her legs and she propped herself up on her elbows so she could watch him. He touched the wet spot on the sheets, smelling and tasting the musky fluid. Placing his hands on her inner thighs, he pushed her legs farther apart, watching her vulva open like a blossoming flower. Her scent was thick in the air and she was covered in her own fluids. White discharge was smeared below her opening.  
  
With a tightness in his chest, he asked, "Can I...taste you?"  
  
Cassadee inhaled deeply as her face became serious. Her eyes fluttered a couple times. "Do you really want to?" she asked.  
  
"More than anything," he admitted honestly.  
  
Cassadee blushed and nodded. "Yes, you can taste me."  
  
Greg drew himself close to her and breathed in her feminine musk. Her pussy smelled...like pussy. It was a heady scent, but it excited him greatly. Lowering his mouth to her sex, he touched her with his tongue. Cassadee gasped. She was warm and wet and tasted slightly salty and tangy. He worked his way into her opening, experiencing the fullness of her flavor on his tongue, and lapped up her juices. Once he was finished, he touched her clit with his fingertip and she jumped. It was a hard, little nub right there at the top of her vulva. His finger then moved down to the white discharge below her opening and scooped it into his mouth. It was thick and tasted deeply of feminine arousal. He wanted more, so he buried his face in her pussy, savoring the sensory overload. Between watching her masturbate and eating her out, he was now rock-hard.  
  
Cassadee leaned back into her pillow. Greg's tongue felt warm as it probed her depths. She couldn't believe how fast this had all happened since waking up this morning. Just yesterday they talked about repairing their friendship as brother and sister first, but today in the shower he had fingered her, and she had sucked his dick. Then she masturbated in front of him and now he was eating her pussy. She wanted him. That was all there was to it. Reaching down between her legs, she gently grabbed his face, coaxing him upwards.  
  
Greg was surprised when he felt her hands on his face. He went where she led, crawling on top of her, and received a passionate kiss. She tugged at his waistband with her hands and he helped her by pushing his shorts off. The tip of his erection bumped into her wet pussy. She grabbed him in her hand and pulled him toward her, guiding him inside. He slid all the way in, moaning into her mouth. Her warm, wet pussy squeezed tightly around his manhood.  
  
Cassadee had a momentary panic attack. Her brother's dick was inside of her. She began to freak out in her head, but then she reminded herself that this wasn't the first time. And that first time had been the best sex of the night. This was perfectly acceptable. He was her mentor. This was part of their relationship now. As she made peace with the situation, she angled her hips and accepted his slow, methodical thrusts. This felt so good. And she loved him deeply. She wanted this.  
  
Greg wanted her like he had never wanted anyone. He hadn't really ever been in love before, but if it was at least as strong as what he felt for Cassadee, he was looking forward to it. She felt so good. Her legs were wrapped around his hips and they kissed deeply. She was so wet that he slid in and out with ease, yet she was still so tight that every stroke milked his cock. He pulled out suddenly, Cassadee making a regretful sound, and held her knees up to her chest as he buried his face in her pussy. Her taste was strong with fresh fluids that had been dredged up from deep inside of her and he was addicted. He couldn't get enough. He licked her clean as she moaned, begging him to fuck her. Giving her exactly what she wanted, he climbed back up and speared into her.  
  
Cassadee knew, without a doubt, that she was going to come again. It was so hot when Greg pulled out and went down on her, but she wanted him inside her. She needed it. His length was the perfect fit for her body, and it hit her in all the right spots. She had been fucked plenty of times in the last few weeks, but she thought she finally knew what lovemaking was. This was it. Greg was making love to her. It was more than just physical sex. There was so much emotion behind it. She thought her heart was going to burst as she began to cry.  
  
Greg noticed Cassadee's eyes spilling over and stopped thrusting, but she begged him to continue. He didn't fully understand what was happening, but he kissed the tears from her eyes as she cried. Her face was red as she kissed him back, wrapping her legs tightly around him. As he continued penetrating her, she began to shake. Their tongues battled as Cassadee cried out into his mouth. She came, her hips trembling and rocking. As her orgasm ended, so did the kiss. Her head fell back to the pillow and her eyes shut. "Come inside me, baby," she whispered. Greg thought about how much he loved her as his dick slid in and out of her slippery depths. Reaching underneath her body, he squeezed her ass cheeks as he pressed himself deeply inside. He buried his face in her neck and moaned through his orgasm. His balls pumped their seed into her womb, and she accepted it lovingly.  
  
They fell asleep together, him on top and inside of her, with her legs spread wide underneath.  
  
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Kathleen hadn't heard anything from the kids all morning, so she walked upstairs. Seeing the bathroom and Greg's room were empty, she knocked lightly on Cassadee's door. She knocked again, but there was no answer. She quietly opened the door and peeked in, seeing them sleeping together, in the most intimate position possible. She smiled to herself and closed the door silently. Then she walked back downstairs to call her husband and tell him the good news.  
  
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Cassadee woke first. Greg was asleep on top of her. Her legs were wide open and stiff. His penis, having gone flaccid, was no longer inside her. She ran her fingers through his hair and stared at his sleeping face. She really did love him more than anything. Cassadee kissed his temple and he flinched, unaccustomed to being woken by someone so close to his face.  
  
"You scared me," he said groggily.  
  
Cassadee continued to kiss his forehead. He crawled out from between her legs and lay next to her on the bed.  
  
"What time is it?" he asked.  
  
Cassadee leaned up, working the kinks out of her sore thigh muscles, and looked at her alarm clock. "11:28am," she said.  
  
Greg leaned over and kissed her fully on the lips. "How do you feel?" he asked.  
  
"Wonderful," she answered truthfully, smiling at him through sleepy eyes. She blushed, then giggled as she thought about what they had done.  
  
"I might take a quick shower again," Greg said. "Join me?"  
  
Cassadee nodded and they stood up. Immediately, cum ran out of her and down her leg. "Ewww," she whined, giggling again.  
  
Greg opened her door, looked around, and they darted for the bathroom. They took a quick shower together and then finished getting ready for the day. When Cassadee went back to her room, her phone alarm was chiming. She had a gynecologist's appointment at 2:30pm. Shit! She had forgotten. That meant she would have to put clothes on. Oh well, she thought. Not for a couple hours yet.  
  
Greg was still in his room getting dressed, so Cassadee walked downstairs by herself, naked as the day she was born. Her mom was in the living room watching a game show. Cassadee took a seat on the couch, opposite her mom's chair as Kathleen smiled and said, "I'm so happy for you."  
  
Cassadee looked at her questioningly and asked, "What are you talking about?"  
  
"You and Greg," her mom explained. "I'm glad you two are getting along again. And I'm elated that you have accepted his role as your mentor."  
  
Cassadee's heart leaped in her chest. "How do you know that?"  
  
Kathleen's head tilted, as if to say, 'I'm not stupid'.  
  
Cassadee was mortified. Her mom knew? How? Did she...did she see them? "Were you in my room?"  
  
"I knocked first," her mom explained. "I wasn't trying to invade anyone's privacy. But yes, I saw you. I know what happened. And I think it's wonderful."  
  
Cassadee's cheeks burned in embarrassment. Her mom had seen Greg lying on top of her, with his...dick...inside her. Ugh. There really were no boundaries in this house anymore.  
  
"Thanks," Cassadee said sheepishly. "I guess you've seen everything. At this point, I may as well masturbate right here in the living room, for all anyone cares."  
  
"If that's something you ever feel the need to do, then go for it. It's your house too. Do what you want," Kathleen said.  
  
Cassadee looked at her mom with wide eyes, not quite believing what she had just heard. She tried to imagine doing that with her mom and dad and Greg all here watching TV. The thought was equal parts exciting and terrifying. She smiled to herself as she squeezed her legs together.  
  
Deciding to tan in the back yard, she went back upstairs and grabbed a beach towel, her phone, sunglasses, and tanning oil. Just as she got to the sliding door, she paused. She looked across the open dining area to the front door. Could she? Did she have the nerve? Cassadee walked tentatively toward the front of the house. When she got there, she peered out the window. Her street was pretty quiet. There was usually some traffic, but not a lot. Mr. O'Shea's garage door was open, and she could see him working in there. Other than that, there was nothing really going on.  
  
Cassadee cracked open the front door and felt the breeze, which instantly made her nipples erect. As she opened it wider, she could hear the wind in the upper branches of the trees and the birds chirping. Her feet began moving of their own accord, walking down the driveway, almost all the way to the sidewalk by the road. She spread the beach towel on the grass, put her sunglasses on, and stood there quickly spraying her naked body with tanning oil. Once she was covered, she lay down on the towel close to the sidewalk, feet pointing toward the road.  
  
She kept glancing around nervously, but there was no movement from anywhere, up or down the street. Then she noticed Mr. O'Shea crossing from his house, approaching her.  
  
"Everything OK, Cassie girl?" he asked.  
  
"Everything's fine," she replied. "I just decided to do a little tanning in the front yard. I talked to the mayor and he confirmed that public nudity is legal, so there shouldn't be any problem with it."  
  
"OK," he said. "Just wanted to check. You look beautiful, by the way, as always. I'm across the street if you need anything."  
  
"Thank you, Mr. O'Shea," she said, watching him return to his garage.  
  
A man in his yard two houses down from Charlie O'Shea looked over and stared for half a minute, but then went back in his house. It seemed she wasn't causing quite the stir she thought she might—or hoped?  
  
She rubbed her belly, then quickly moved her hand down to her pussy and back, feeling the bare skin and confirming that she was indeed, completely nude in her front yard. After a few minutes, a car drove by, slowing down as the driver gaped at her, then continued on its way. About twenty minutes later, Cassadee turned over, allowing her ass to have a turn in the sun. She was scrolling through her phone when she heard voices. Glancing over her shoulder, she saw a couple coming down the sidewalk, walking their dog. She nervously looked back at her phone, ignoring them.  
  
"Excuse me, are you OK?"  
  
Cassadee looked over her shoulder again, glancing at the woman who had spoken.  
  
"I'm fine. Just getting some sun," she replied with a smile.  
  
"Why are you naked?" the man asked.  
  
"Well, public nudity is legal here, and as I said, I wanted to get some sun."  
  
"Is it really?" the woman asked in shock. "We just moved here this past weekend. I'm Arielle Blaisure and this is my husband Lance."  
  
Well, this is awkward, Cassadee thought to herself. In order not to be impolite, she was going to have to not only turn over, but also stand up and shake their hands. So, she did just that. She rolled over on the towel, noting the wide eyes of Lance and Arielle, and stood up and offered her hand, which they shook. "Hi. I'm Cassadee Ellison."  
  
"Nice to meet you, Cassadee," Lance said, his eyes traveling down her body. "Does everyone engage in public nudity here?"  
  
"Not usually," Cassadee laughed. "But like I said, it is legal, and I have been experimenting with it lately. The other day I went for a nude run around the neighborhood."  
  
"Wow," said Arielle. "We've dabbled in public nudity ourselves. We just moved up from Florida and have been known to go to nude beaches on occasion. Our house has a nice privacy fence with a pool. Maybe once we get settled in, we could have you over."  
  
"That would be nice," Cassadee replied with a smile. Lance and Arielle were athletic and attractive. If she had to guess, they were probably in their late twenties. It might be fun to share her new interest in public nudity with some neighbors. They exchanged numbers and said their goodbyes. Cassadee watched them continue down the sidewalk, talking excitedly.  
  
She sat back down on the towel and rolled over to continue tanning her backside. After she felt her ass had had enough sun, she switched to her back once again. Wanting to tan her inner thighs, she cocked her knees outward, which had the effect of spreading her legs. Her heart beat faster as she lay there in a very explicit pose. Taking deep breaths to calm her nerves, she closed her eyes and relaxed, enjoying the sun.  
  
A car started to pass by and, reflexively, she began to close her legs. Instead, she forced herself to fight through her irrational fear, and left them splayed open as the car slowed down almost to a stop, then continued on its way. Realizing she had been holding her breath, she exhaled, then closed her eyes once more.  
  
After a while, Cassadee heard a shuffling of feet. Again, she was tempted to close her legs. But she opened her eyes to see a group of four friends from high school standing in front of her and ogling her nude body. "Hey, guys! What's up?" she asked, trying not to sound nervous, even though butterflies were fluttering in her stomach. She propped herself up on her elbows, but made sure to keep her knees apart, acting like it was perfectly normal for her to be lying by the street with her legs wide open.  
  
"Umm, why are you naked, Cass?" asked Tommy Jeffries, who had graduated with her.  
  
"Just getting some sun," she replied with a smile. Her heart was hammering in her chest, and it took all her willpower not to slam her knees together and wrap herself up in the beach towel like a burrito. But it was thrilling and incredibly exciting, allowing friends from school, whom she had known for years, to see her naked body. She was amazed by the difference in her attitude about modesty just since a few weeks ago. If friends from school had seen her naked a month ago, she would have run into the house crying, hiding in shame for the rest of her life. But it was different now. It felt like she was becoming the person she was supposed to be.  
  
Chelsea Higgins sneered and said, "Don't you think you ought to close your legs a little at least?"

"I'm tanning my inner thighs," Cassadee replied icily. "Once I'm finished, I'll close them." Chelsea wasn't exactly the nicest girl, but Cassadee wasn't intimidated by her. Plus, they had graduated. They were adults. Cassadee wasn't going to put up with her shit.  
  
"Aren't you afraid of getting in trouble?" said Rob Taffin.  
  
"Public nudity is legal here. I checked. If you want to find out for yourself, the law books in the courthouse will tell you."  
  
"Well, I think you look phenomenal," said Eliza Shay. "I wish I had the guts to do something like this."  
  
"Thanks, Eliza! You should definitely give it a try sometime. Text me and we can talk about it," Cassadee replied.  
  
"Oh, I don't know...I'll text you, though," she replied shyly.  
  
All four sets of eyes roamed continuously over her body. It was making her tingle. She hoped she wasn't leaking fluids right in front of them. Finally, they said goodbye, and continued on their way. After a few more minutes, Cassadee's phone alarm sounded, startling her out of her relaxation. She looked at the alarm and realized she needed to get ready for her appointment at the gynecologist's office.  
  
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Cassadee pulled into the parking lot of the medical office and shut her engine off. She was nervous. This was the first time she would be seeing Dr. Spitelli since her Coming of Age party, where he basically mouth-raped her in a private room. It wasn't right. He hadn't asked permission. If he had, she probably would have let him do it—he was a good-looking enough guy. But he hadn't, and she intended to have words with him.  
  
She checked herself in and sat in the waiting room, waiting to be called. At twenty minutes past her appointment time, a woman called her back. She was taken to an examination room where she sat in a seat and had her vitals checked. The lady asked Cassadee some medical history questions, then gave her a gown and left the room so she could change. Once Cassadee was in nothing but the gown, she waited. Five minutes later, Dr. Andrew Spitelli entered the room, followed by the woman who had taken her vitals.  
  
The doctor asked her to get onto the table and put her feet in the stirrups. She just sat there in the chair and told him she needed to talk to him in private.  
  
"Go ahead and wait outside, Carolyn. I can handle things from here," he instructed.  
  
The woman left and Dr. Spitelli said, "OK, Cassadee, go ahead and put your feet in the stirrups, please."  
  
"I wanted to talk to you about the night of my Coming of Age party, doctor," she said, trying to show more courage on her face than she felt.  
  
"That's fine. I can talk and work at the same time. Put your feet in the stirrups, please."  
  
Cassadee swallowed nervously and did as she was told. With her feet in that position, it spread her legs wide open, exposing her private parts to the doctor.  
  
"Umm, I didn't think what happened between us...in the private room...was very professional," she said.  
  
"Well, I wasn't working that night, was I? Have your periods been normal?"  
  
"Uh...yes. I'm actually due to start one at any time. But I just wanted to say that you are my doctor. I would think that there should be some professional separation between...this...and...things of a...sexual nature."  
  
Cassadee winced as she felt his fingers probe inside of her. This part was always uncomfortable. It wasn't like a lover trying to turn her on. It was abrupt and invasive.  
  
"Normally, I would agree. But it was your Coming of Age party. You were there specifically to be seen by and interact with the public. I was just giving you more of what you wanted—attention."  
  
He inserted a speculum, turning it as he pushed it inside, then latched it in the open position. Cassadee winced again.  
  
"But you didn't even ask to...do what you did...to me. Everyone else who touched me asked me if they could. If felt...wrong."  
  
"And yet, you didn't tell me to stop. Have you asked yourself why?"  
  
Cassadee cringed as he swabbed her cervix. Why didn't she ask him to stop? She could have. Did a small part of her enjoy the attention he had given her? Maybe more than a small part?  
  
Dr. Spitelli released and withdrew the speculum, wiping her vulva of any discharge. He peeled off his medical gloves and threw them in the trash can. Then he sat there looking into her eyes with her legs spread and her pussy in his face.  
  
"I think that you crave the attention. You thoroughly enjoyed yourself that night and you didn't stop me because you wanted it. You love being in a position where someone has control over you. Sexually, you just don't know yourself that well yet. But you will. And you will look back on interactions like this with fondness. It will bring a smile to your face and wetness to your pussy when you think of it."  
  
Cassadee tried to give him the evil eye as she shivered. He was crazy. He didn't know what he was talking about. She wasn't the type of person who wanted other people to take control of her sexuality. That was rape, as far as she was concerned. But as he spoke, she could feel the wetness gathering between her legs. She opened her mouth to tell him to fuck off, but the words wouldn't come. She could do nothing but listen and tremble.  
  
"Furthermore, Cassadee, I'm going to do it again. Right now. And you won't do anything to stop me this time either. And you will keep coming back because you can't help yourself. You want to hate me. You want to tell someone what I did and get me in trouble. But you won't. Because you know what I'm saying is true. So, you may as well get used to the fact that I can do whatever I want with you."  
  
Cassadee's eyes began to tear because of the raging conflict inside her. She wanted nothing more than to jump off this table, slap him in the face, and scream for help. And she was frustrated with herself. Because she knew, deep down inside, that there really was one thing she wanted more. She watched as he leaned forward between her open legs and she did nothing about it.