**Cassadee's Coming of Age**

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

Cassadee's Coming of Age part 9  
  
Wednesday  
  
Cassadee felt Dr. Spitelli's tongue between her labia and she squeezed her eyes shut. She wanted nothing more than to close her legs and get off this examination table. Or did she? Dr. Spitelli was her gynecologist. This was highly inappropriate. So, why wasn't she telling him to stop? As he ate her out, she leaned her head back and did nothing.  
  
Dr. Andrew Spitelli knew he had her hooked. Even though she claimed not to want this type of interaction with him, Cassadee Ellison would keep coming back. He knew her better than she knew herself. Her actions spoke louder than her words. She could get up and get dressed if she wanted to, and he wouldn't stop her. Not only was she not getting up, but she wasn't even closing her legs. She wanted this for sure.  
  
Cassadee moaned, much to her dismay. She didn't want to give him any indication that he should continue doing what he was doing, but she couldn't help it. It felt amazing. He was alternating between licking her out and sucking on her clit. Just as she got worked up from the clitoral stimulation, he would begin licking her somewhere else, forcing her to calm down. It was torture.  
  
Andrew was edging her. He would take her to the point where she was squirming and moaning, about to come, and then he would back off. He knew that he could keep this up almost indefinitely. Eating pussy was his forte. There wasn't a single girl who hadn't had an orgasm from his oral ministrations, and he had gone down on a large number of young maidens. He grabbed Cassadee's ass cheeks, squeezing and spreading them apart, as he continued his oral assault on her sex.  
  
Cassadee felt fluid release from inside as Dr. Spitelli sucked her clit. She thought she might even have squirted a little, though she hadn't really come yet. She was moaning and her legs were shaking. Just before she got to the point of no return, he stuck his tongue inside her, licking her again. Cassadee groaned in disappointment and uttered something profane. She reached down, grabbed his hair, and said, "Suck my clit!"  
  
Andrew almost laughed when she cursed. When she grabbed his hair, he knew she was forever in his thrall and as such, he could do whatever he wanted. He withdrew his face from between her legs, extracting her fingers from his hair, and said, "You don't give the orders. I give the orders. And just for that, you are done."  
  
Cassadee watched with her mouth agape as the doctor stood up, walked over to the sink, and washed his hands and face. Her imminent orgasm was quickly fading into mist, so she reached between her legs and touched herself, rubbing her clit. She could bring it back quickly.  
  
Dr. Spitelli glanced over and said, "That is not appropriate behavior for a doctor's office, Cassadee. Please get dressed and stop by the front desk for them to schedule your next appointment." He exited the exam room and closed the door behind him.  
  
"What the actual fuck???" Cassadee said out loud. She was so pissed. Not only hadn't she wanted him to go down on her in the first place, but then he didn't bother to finish, even having the nerve to tell her that touching herself was inappropriate behavior for a doctor's office. Was he out of his fucking mind?  
  
She pulled her feet out of the stirrups and crawled off the exam table, ripping off the gown and angrily pulling on her clothing. Who the hell did he think he was? She opened the door, walked down the short hallway, and stood fuming at the front desk as she waited for the lady to schedule her next appointment. Cassadee was given a reminder card which said she would come back in six months. Oh, hell no! He wasn't going to do this to her and then make her wait six months. This was bullshit. She needed to find out where he lived. Sitting in her car, she texted one of her mentors, Lester Camden, who was a town cop.  
  
Hey, Lester. Can you do me a favor?  
  
She waited a couple minutes and got a reply.  
  
What's up?  
  
Can you get me someone's address?  
  
This reply took another couple of minutes.  
  
Why do you need someone's address?  
  
Secret.  
  
Sorry, Cass. Can't do that.  
  
Damn it! She looked at the time. It was 3:37pm. Most doctor's offices usually closed by 4 or 5 in the afternoon. She parked on the outskirts of the parking lot, between a couple other cars, and watched the door.  
  
Sure enough, about twenty minutes later, Dr. Spitelli walked out and got in a black Mercedes. He pulled out of the lot and turned left. Cassadee followed him at a distance, careful not to get too close. He led her to the west side of town and drove into a residential area of wealthy homes. He made one final turn into a driveway, waited for his garage door to go up and pulled into the garage. After the door closed, Cassadee passed the house. 1241 St. Thomas Drive. She knew he was single, so she would definitely be paying him an unexpected visit. Very soon.  
  
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Andrew Spitelli got out of his car as the door lowered and looked out the garage window. He watched Cassadee drive past. While at the office, he had logged into the security camera at the front of the medical building and watched her park at the edge of the parking lot. Right before he was done for the day, he checked to see that she was still there. When he left the office, he had been careful not to lose her along the way, ensuring that she would find out where he lived. Now it was only a matter of time.  
  
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That evening, Cassadee spent time at home with her family—in the nude, of course. They ate dinner and played a card game. It was nice to be together since she and Greg had fixed their issues. He kept glancing at her, his eyes flicking down to her breasts. She smiled at him and he smiled back. After they watched some television together, Greg went up to his room. Cassadee waited ten minutes and told her parents that she was going to bed because she didn't feel good. She had had the intention of going to his room and having sex with him, but then she began having cramps. Her period was almost here. She reluctantly slipped into some panties, putting a thick maxi-pad inside. Lying in bed, she felt fairly miserable, between the cramps and the realization that her nude adventures would be on hold for a while.  
  
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Thursday  
  
The next morning, Cassadee woke with severe cramps. Her period had arrived. She took some pain relievers that were specifically designed for menstrual cramps and wore sweats all day. Her mother told her that sex was a natural way to relieve the pain of period cramps and urged her to keep that in mind. So, over the next week, she and Greg fucked like rabbits. At first, he had been unsure of having sex with her while she was bleeding, but after they did it once, he realized it was no big deal. Not only did it help with the pain, but she found herself to be unusually horny while on her period. And Greg was happy to help in any way he could. Overall, she had much more fun over the ensuing week than she usually had at that time of the month.  
  
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The following Thursday  
  
Cassadee, her period finished, walked out and stood on the front step, enjoying the warm sun. She was completely nude, other than her running shoes, and she stretched her body, preparing for her run. As she looked around, she saw that the street was pretty quiet. After working up her confidence, she began running down the driveway and turned right on the sidewalk. The sun was warm against her bare skin and if felt amazing. Pennsylvania summers were wonderful.  
  
The probability of being seen in the nude during the next hour was high, and it both thrilled her and made her anxious. The anxiety was most likely due to the possibility that someone might object and confront her about it, or even get nasty. And maybe a little was because it was hard to break those societal norms once they had been ingrained in you because of your upbringing. She knew firsthand that taking your clothes off in front of strangers was nerve-wracking. You were exposing yourself physically and emotionally and opening yourself up to judgment, criticism, and disdain from closed-minded people.  
  
But the rewards, she was finding out day by day, were wonderful. Being naked was freeing. It felt fantastic not to be constrained by clothing, which was beginning to feel heavy and cumbersome. And it was an emotional high when someone saw her naked and smiled, saying something nice about her body or telling her she was brave. It made her feel good. And she craved the attention. Maybe it was perverse, but she liked it when strangers saw her nude body. It was a turn-on.  
  
While she was ruminating about her love of public nudity, a car turned onto the street, approaching her. She immediately felt that instinctual panic, her heart leaping into her throat, then reined in her nerves and collected herself, continuing her run. The car slowed and pulled to a stop in front of her, idling at the curb. A nice-looking older gentleman stepped out and asked, "Are you all right, ma'am?" His hair was silver, but he was built, as if he had spent most of his life working out. He was barrel-chested and his complexion was ruddy and deeply tan.  
  
"Yes, I'm fine. Thank you," she replied, smiling and waving at him.  
  
"Is there a reason you are naked?" he asked.  
  
Cassadee stopped running and stood, catching her breath. "I'm naked because I enjoy it," she said. She shifted her weight to the other leg, jiggling her breasts without realizing it. "It's legal here, in case you didn't know."  
  
"I did not know that," he replied. "Sorry. I guess I should have minded my own business."  
  
"That's OK," she replied with a smile. As he made a move to get back in his car, she asked, "Just out of curiosity, since I can't read people's minds—do you mind that I'm naked?"  
  
The older gentleman thought for a moment and said, "I don't believe that I do. I guess some people might, especially if they have young kids, but I don't think I mind at all."  
  
Cassadee liked his answer. "That's great," she said, grinning from ear to ear. Plucking up her nerve, she walked over to him and stuck out her hand. "I'm Cassadee Ellison."  
  
"Lawrence Dalton," he replied, shaking her hand and glancing briefly at her body. "You don't mind people looking at you, huh?"  
  
Cassadee shrugged her shoulders. "I like it. It gives me a thrill to know that strangers are seeing my most private parts." Her face reddened as she said the last.  
  
Lawrence looked down again, taking in her entire front.  
  
"Would you like to see more of me?" she asked, biting her lip.  
  
He looked into her eyes and asked, "Is that a trick question?"  
  
Cassadee giggled and told him it wasn't. She turned around and looked over her shoulder, watching him ogle her ass.  
  
"Wow," he exclaimed. "You are a sexy, little girl, aren't you?"  
  
She blushed and turned back to face him. "Umm...you aren't a creeper, are you?"  
  
"No!" he quickly said, putting up his hands as if to fend off an attack. "I don't want any trouble."  
  
Cassadee thought for a second. "If you put your car keys on the roof, I'll get inside and show you a little more..." She shifted nervously from foot to foot.  
  
Lawrence thought briefly, then leaned in his car and shut the engine off. He pulled the keys out and set them on the roof.  
  
Cassadee glanced around to see if anyone else was watching, but it appeared that the street was empty. She hurriedly got in the passenger's side as he sat in the driver's seat. For some reason she had a feeling that she could trust this guy. She turned to face him and threw her left leg up in the air, while turning her right leg out as far as she could, spreading herself. She reached down and pulled her labia apart, giving him an unobstructed view of her pink vaginal opening.  
  
Lawrence ogled her vulva as she spread it apart for him. "That's the most beautiful thing I've seen in a long, long time," he said wistfully.  
  
Cassadee noted a sadness in his tone. She pulled her legs back together and noticed his wedding ring. "You're married?" she asked.  
  
He looked at his hand and said, "I used to be. My wife died a few years ago."  
  
"I'm so sorry," she said, leaning over to give him a hug. He wrapped his arms around her, pulling her into him. He was warm and smelled of whiskey, cigars, and expensive cologne.  
  
"Thank you," he responded, letting her go. "It's not often that a pretty girl runs up to me with no clothes on and offers to show me more."  
  
Cassadee laughed as he smiled. "Where do you live," she asked.  
  
"I'm over on the next block."  
  
She thought for a moment. It was the way she was heading anyway, so she said, "I'll ride over there with you, if you want."  
  
"Are you sure?" he asked. "I don't want you to think I'm a rapist or something."  
  
"I trust you," she said, smiling.  
  
He reached up on the roof and grabbed his keys, then turned the engine over and headed toward home. Cassadee looked out the window as he drove. He turned the corner and pulled into the driveway of a beautiful house that was probably twice the size of hers. He touched the button on the garage door opener and pulled into the 3-car garage. He hit the button again, and it closed them in. Cassadee swallowed nervously. She had thought he might have offered to let her out at the street or in the driveway.  
  
"Would you like to see the house?" he asked. When he saw how nervous she looked, he quickly added, "You don't have to. You can walk right outside through that door over there. I'm not trying to kidnap you or anything."  
  
"I guess I could take a look," she said.  
  
They got out of the car and he led her through a door into the house. It had a large, open floor plan with a kitchen, dining area and living area that all melded into each other. She complimented him, telling him how beautiful it was. There were large photographic prints on every wall. It looked as if the same model was used in every single picture. In some photos she was young, and in others, older. She had a Mediterranean look—dark hair, dark eyes, olive complexion—and a stunning body. Her breasts must have been at least D-cups, based on the fact that they were prominently displayed in most of the photos.  
  
Lawrence took her upstairs. It had six bedrooms. One of the bedrooms was converted into a photography studio.  
  
"You're a photographer?" she asked.  
  
"I used to be," he said. He seemed sad again.  
  
"Why don't you do it anymore?" she pressed.  
  
His shoulders slumped. "My wife was my muse. After she passed, my passion died."  
  
"Is your wife the model in all of the prints on the walls?"  
  
He nodded but said nothing else.  
  
"She was beautiful," Cassadee said, wondering how she died, but not wishing to pry. Lawrence thanked her and continued the tour. She felt sorry for him as he led her back downstairs, taking her to the back of the house, which had huge sliders that opened onto a beautifully landscaped back yard with a pool. There were all kinds of rock formations and plants surrounding the pool. A man-made waterfall emptied into the shallow end. It looked like something at the Playboy mansion.  
  
"Wow, this is incredible! I would be out here all the time if I lived here," she said enviously.  
  
After a brief hesitation, Lawrence said, "You are welcome to try it out if you'd like. It's not like you need a swimsuit or anything." He smiled and winked at her.  
  
Cassadee smiled back. "Seriously? You wouldn't mind?" He shook his head, so she slipped out of her running shoes, leaving them on the patio stones. She walked to the deep end of the pool and dove in. When she came up for air, she shouted, "This is amazing!" and threw her arms up above her head.  
  
Lawrence laughed, taking a seat in a lounge chair so he could watch her play. As the minutes went by, he noticed how graceful her movements were and how beautiful she truly was. "Cassadee..." he said.  
  
She pushed her wet hair out of her eyes and replied, "Yes?"  
  
"Would you mind if I took some pictures of you?"  
  
Cassadee froze. She was naked. And he wanted to take pictures of her. "Without clothes?"  
  
"Yes. Only if you want to. But I'm looking at you and thinking how beautiful these pictures could be. We could make art together."  
  
It was her instinct to tell him no, but the way he said art made her hesitate. If the pictures turned out to be anything like those in the house, they would be amazing. "Who would see the pictures?" she asked nervously.  
  
"For right now, only you and me. If, at a later date, we decided to do anything else with the pictures it would be with our mutual agreement. I promise you won't find them on the internet or anything."  
  
Cassadee thought it over for a couple minutes. What would it hurt? The pictures would be here at his house, for his eyes only. And he had already seen her nude. Plus, it might make him feel better. She had a feeling he hadn't been himself since his wife's death. Maybe this was just what he needed. There was something about him that she liked, and if she could help him a little by doing this, then why wouldn't she? "OK," she agreed.  
  
"Wonderful! I'll be right back. Let me grab some equipment." He ran into the house and was gone for five minutes, as Cassadee swam in his personal grotto. When he came back outside, he wore a camera around his neck by the strap and he was dressed only in swim trunks. In his arms he carried a reflector, a tripod, and numerous lenses. She swam to the near edge of the pool and watched him set up, her chin resting on her folded arms. His deeply tanned chest was covered with silver hair.  
  
"Cassadee, go over and stand in the waterfall for me."  
  
She made her way over to the waterfall, expecting it to be cold, and realized it was just recycled pool water and as warm as the rest of the pool. She moved too far back, and the water plastered her hair to her face. Sputtering, she stepped forward and leaned her head back, letting the waterfall push it down against her head.  
  
"Cassadee, there's a step right in front of the waterfall. I want you to stand on it."  
  
She found the step and stepped up, realizing that her body was out of the water to her mid-thighs. If he took a picture, it would not only show her breasts, but her pussy as well.  
  
"OK, put your arms up like you are stretching just after you have woken up."  
  
She did and he snapped a couple photos.  
  
"Beautiful. Now step just far enough into the waterfall that it looks like you are washing your hair in it."  
  
She stood with her eyes closed and her hands on the back of her head in the falling water. She heard more clicks of the camera. After he took some additional photos at the waterfall, he had her lie on the side of the pool, with one leg dangling in the water, and the other bent at the knee. This pose had the affect of spreading her legs slightly.

Next, he asked her to get in the pool. He switched to a different camera and walked into the pool himself. He told her that he wanted to take some underwater photos, explaining the poses. It took numerous tries to get the poses and shots he wanted. Cassadee lost track of time, but she thought she might have been gone from home for at least a couple hours.  
  
"OK," he said, climbing out of the pool. "I'll leave this up to you, but I'd like to take some explicit ones, depending on what you want to do. I mean, you voluntarily showed yourself to a stranger earlier in his car, so I thought it could be something you might be up for." He smiled and winked as he said it.  
  
"What do you mean by explicit?" she asked, climbing out and grabbing a towel from a stack in a cubbyhole.  
  
"Well, like, spreading shots and such. Only if you feel comfortable."  
  
She dried off as she thought about it. Was this any different than the other photos? They would still only exist here at his house, if he were true to his word, and something about him made her trust him. And the thought of him taking pictures of her spreading her legs turned her on. It was a good thing she had been in the pool, otherwise her pussy would have been dripping by now. She agreed.  
  
He had her sit with her back to the pool and her head tilted up, looking at the sky. The soles of her feet were pressed together, with her hands on her knees. Her legs were spread, but it was more of a yoga pose than a porn position. He clicked a few dozen photos, asking her to make minor adjustments along the way. Then he sprayed her with tanning oil and made her get wet again. The water beaded all over her skin like a freshly waxed car. He had her lie in a lounge chair at the edge of the pool with one knee propped up like she was rubbing lotion on it. Her pussy was visible, but not obscenely spread.  
  
Next, he photographed her from the end of the lounge chair. He asked her to lift her legs straight up over her head, touching her toes together, but leaving room between them to see the rest of her body. This one was a porn position. She could feel tingles in her sex and wetness forming between her legs. He kept her in that position, taking numerous photos, and then had her spread her legs as far outward as she could. This was the most explicit yet. Her vulva was stretched open, exposing her pink lady parts inside. More clicks of the camera. Then, he asked her to pull herself apart using her hands. She was beginning to wonder how far this would go, but she dutifully followed his orders, and spread herself open for him, smiling sexily for the camera.  
  
"Beautiful. How are you feeling, Cassadee?" he asked.  
  
"I'm good," she replied. "A little nervous, but it helps that I've shown myself to a crowd of people before." She explained about her Coming of Age party, where she stripped for hundreds of people. She even told him about the masturbation show she had done, as well as the performance with Bethany Tate, where they made each other come on stage.  
  
"Wow. OK," he said, nodding his head. "I guess you really aren't a newbie when it comes to this kind of stuff. Let me ask you—would you allow me to take pictures of you masturbating? I would love to capture your 'orgasm face'."  
  
Cassadee took a deep breath as she considered his request. What was she doing? She just met this guy randomly on the street a couple hours ago. And now she was allowing him to take explicit nude pictures of her. She supposed the same rules still applied. He wouldn't let the pictures out of his possession unless they both agreed. She was very horny right now. And masturbating in front of strangers was one of the things that really turned her on. She couldn't see a downside to it, so she nodded and said that she would do it.  
  
"Excellent!" he exclaimed. He had her sit on a large boulder, with the waterfall in the background. Her legs were spread, hanging off the boulder, and she leaned back slightly, her other hand supporting herself on the rock. He told her not to look directly at the camera, and to let him know a couple seconds before she came. Other than those instructions, he told her to have fun.  
  
Cassadee ran her fingertips between her pussy lips, spreading the wetness that had formed up over her clit. She almost glanced up at Lawrence but remembered his words. Instead, she closed her eyes and imagined her masturbation pictures being seen by thousands of guys on the internet, all pleasuring themselves while looking at every part of her nude body. The thought made her cheeks flush and her heartbeat quicken. The sound of her fingers penetrating her wet vagina would never translate to photos, but she pretended he was taking video and she was watching it on a porn tube site. She imagined she could see herself sitting by the pool in the sun, her face contorted in ecstasy as her fingers probed her pussy. She moaned out loud at the thought. The camera clicked sporadically.  
  
She leaned back a little more and spread her legs wider as she neared her orgasm. Her fingers flew across her clit, bringing herself close, then plunged inside, working up more wetness. "I'm coming," she moaned. As the moment arrived, Cassadee heard the camera shutter whir with a burst of exposures. She cried out, trembling and jerking. Her face contorted as she came, a gush of fluid ejecting onto the rock, and running down in clear rivulets. Her fingers continued to massage herself as she tried to prolong the orgasm, her legs quivering with the aftershocks.  
  
"Bravo!" Lawrence yelled, clapping his hands. "That was magnificent!"  
  
Cassadee smiled, blushing, and closed her legs. She jumped into the pool to cool down and rinse off. She swam for a bit, collecting her thoughts, so she had the courage to face him. Finally, she swam over to the silver-haired photographer.  
  
"Cassadee, thank you for the privilege of shooting you. You are a natural model. Your face and body are exquisite, and you pose with such grace. You have reinvigorated me. Thank you so much." He took her hand—the hand she had masturbated with, incidentally—and kissed it. Please, may I have your phone number and email address. I would love to share some of these with you after I check them out and touch them up.  
  
She gave him the information he requested and thanked him for the opportunity to pose for him. "It was much more fun than I had ever thought it would be. I would definitely be open to doing it again," she said with a smile. "And thank you for letting me swim in your pool. I'm super jealous of this house."  
  
"Please, come back any time. I live here alone, and it has been far too long since anyone but myself enjoyed this back yard."  
  
Cassadee hugged him, her bare breasts pressed against his hairy chest, and he gave her a kiss on the cheek. She slipped into her shoes, and he walked her to the front door. She waved goodbye and continued her run.  
  
Thinking about Lawrence, the neighbor she had just met and masturbated for, jogged Cassadee's memory about the other neighbors she had met last week. The Blaisures. Lance and Arielle. They had said they wanted to have her over to enjoy their pool as well, but she hadn't heard anything from them. She wondered how they were doing with their unpacking.  
  
As she ran, she passed a few cars, and even some pedestrians sharing the sidewalk, but no one gave her any problems. As a matter of fact, she noticed more smiles than anything. She smiled back, waving, and kept up her pace, her boobs bouncing as she went. She was really getting used to being naked outside and being looked at by strangers. She was loving it, in fact.  
  
When she got home, she ran straight upstairs and into the shower to wash the sweat and chlorine off her body. Walking out of the bathroom, drying her hair with a towel, she stepped into Greg's room. He was on the computer playing a game. When he saw her, he jumped off and shut his door behind her. Then he did stuff to her that caused her to have to take another shower. But she didn't mind in the least.  
  
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That evening Cassadee was mindlessly watching television in the living room with her parents. She couldn't stop thinking about her life. Everything had changed so much in the last month. She was naked in the house almost all the time now. Her sex life was incredible, especially since she and Greg had begun to be intimate. He wanted sex almost every day, but it wasn't a burden, because she did too. They had grown so close that they had not only repaired the damage done to their relationship during the months of distance between them, but they had become something more than siblings. Almost lovers. The thought of him sent a signal straight to her vagina and she squirmed in her seat. She closed her eyes and reached between her legs, parting her lips with her fingertips, and felt the wetness there. When she realized what she was doing, her eyes opened to find her parents staring at her.  
  
"What?" she asked, yanking her hand out from between her legs.  
  
"Are you OK?" her mom asked with a wry smile.  
  
"Yes, I'm fine," she answered too quickly.  
  
"If you need to relieve yourself, don't let us stop you," Kathleen said. Cassadee made her eyes big, as if telling her to shut up in front of dad. "You don't mind if Cassadee masturbates, do you, dear?"  
  
"No. Just try to keep it down so we can hear the show," said her dad, as unflappable as ever.  
  
Cassadee rolled her eyes at them and continued watching television. But she couldn't get the idea out of her head. She was sitting cross-legged on the couch, and her pussy was there for everyone to see. She hadn't bothered trying to hide it in weeks, displaying it openly, every chance she got. She imagined everyone was probably so used to seeing her naked that it was no big deal.  
  
"Fine," she said defiantly. "I'll do it, if you two don't care."  
  
Cassadee put her hand between her legs again and began to finger herself, looking right at her parents as if daring them to tell her to stop. They watched for a moment, then their attention drifted back to the TV. She pouted to herself. What fun was it if no one was even going to watch? She scooted her butt forward until it was at the edge of the couch and opened her legs wide. Jamming two fingers inside her, she began pumping them in and out, the squishing sounds audibly loud. Her dad looked over, stared at her pussy for a moment, then turned the volume up on the television.  
  
Whatever. Cassadee closed her eyes and thought of Connor MacLochlan, her former teacher and current mentor. The night she had spent with him had been one of the most intense nights of her life. He gave her so many orgasms she couldn't remember them all. While she was finger-fucking herself with her right hand, she reached down with her left and began rubbing her clit. She didn't normally use two hands, but it felt amazing. She dipped her finger into the creamy wetness being dredged up by the other hand and smeared it onto her clit.  
  
Knowing her parents were watching, at least partially, was such a turn-on. A month ago, the thought of doing this in front of them would have had her hiding in her room for months because of the shame. But her horizons had been expanded. Her sexuality was her own and she was owning it. They had not only given her permission to be nude around the house, but they knew she was having a sexual relationship with her brother. And now they didn't care if she masturbated openly in the living room in front of them. Things were so different from how she had grown up thinking they were.  
  
Her hips began to move forward and backward as she worked toward her orgasm. Her toes curled and she started to moan softly, trying to keep the noise as low as possible. Her mom disrupted her rhythm by walking over and handing her a handful of tissues, which she indicated should be placed under her sex, to catch any dripping fluid. Cassadee complied, jamming the tissues under her, and then went back to playing with herself.  
  
She spread her knees as far apart as they would go, grimacing as her body inched toward that ecstatic peak. She moaned again as she did her best to simultaneously rub her clit and stroke her own G-spot. No longer able stay out in front of the orgasm, her legs began convulsing. As the wave crashed down on her, she moaned more loudly than she intended, her vaginal walls pulsing and throbbing around her fingers. She felt that familiar release and a large glob of white cream, along with a trickle of fluid, oozed out onto the tissues.  
  
Cassadee collapsed into the couch cushions as the orgasm waned, her fingers still massaging the inside of her vagina. With her eyes closed, she sat there for what felt like minutes, slowly fingering herself. When she was finished, she opened her eyes to find her parents still watching television. She withdrew her fingers from her vulva. They were coated with clear fluid and dappled with white, sticky discharge. As she began licking them clean, her parents looked over and smiled.  
  
"Feel better?" her dad asked.  
  
"Mmm-hmm," she replied sleepily. She stood up shakily and said goodnight to them, tossing her tissues into the garbage and heading upstairs. She washed her hands in the bathroom, peed, said goodnight to Greg, and went to her own room and crashed.  
  
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Friday  
  
The next morning, Cassadee woke thinking about Dr. Spitelli. She had been going back and forth between anger and insatiable curiosity about him. What would happen if she showed up at his house? She knew that he was single, and that the office was closed on Fridays. There was a good chance he would be home today.  
  
She tanned for a while out back, then, after lunch, she dressed in blue yoga pants with a matching sports bra. The gym was a few blocks away from the doctor's house, and she intended to tell him that she had dropped by before her workout. She didn't want to make him think she was going there just for him.  
  
It took her ten minutes to get to his house. Nervously, she pulled into his driveway and parked. Her heart was hammering in her chest. I should let someone know where I am, she thought. She began to text Lester, who was a cop, and one of her mentors. Before she sent it, she backed out the text. How would she explain what she was doing? Why was she here in the first place? What did she hope to achieve by confronting him?  
  
She stepped out of her car and walked up to his front door. Before she could give herself too long to think about it, she pushed the doorbell button. She heard the chimes ring inside the house, followed by the muffled sounds of footfalls. The door opened wide and Dr. Spitelli said, "Cassadee. Welcome. Come on in." He walked away and headed to the kitchen.  
  
Cassadee looked around to see if there were any witnesses before she entered the house, but there weren't. If she stepped over the threshold, she was on her own. With great trepidation, she walked through the door, closing it behind her.  
  
"Hi, Dr. Spitelli," she said as she walked toward the kitchen. Whatever he was cooking smelled delicious. "Aren't you surprised to see me?"  
  
"Not at all," he said matter-of-factly. He was stirring some vegetables in a wok. "I'm making stir fry. Would you like some?"  
  
She hadn't eaten that long ago, and she wasn't sure why she felt the need to be nice to this man, but it wasn't like her to be impolite, so she said she would have some.  
  
He pulled two plates out of the cupboard and served up some fried rice covered with vegetables. "Let's sit at the table," he said, leading her into the dining room. He set the plates down, and offered a Gatorade, which she accepted. As he walked back to the kitchen to get the drinks, Cassadee quickly and quietly traded plates with him. If he had put something in it, she wouldn't be eating it.  
  
He sat down and passed her the bottle. As he was about to take a bite, he looked at his plate, then at hers, and smiled. He tucked into the food in front of him, so she did the same. It was fantastic.  
  
"This is really good," she said, studying him. He was quite athletic, she noticed. He was wearing a tight tank top and had nicely toned biceps.  
  
"Thanks," he replied. "So, tell me why you are here."  
  
"Well," she began, swallowing a mouthful of rice, "I felt like we hadn't finished our conversation in the office."  
  
"Which conversation was that?" he asked.  
  
Seriously? This man was infuriating. "About how I was treated by you at my Coming of Age party."  
  
"That was a month ago, Cass. I thought we had moved past that."  
  
"Umm, no. I haven't. You didn't ask to do what you did to me...sexually. And for that matter, you didn't ask to do what you did in the office a week ago. Why would you think that is OK?" She set her fork down on the table, visibly trembling. It wasn't in her nature to be confrontational, but she needed to get this off her chest.  
  
Dr. Spitelli set down his fork as well and clasped his hands. "Cassadee, when you are more experienced, sexually, you will begin to realize that people give off signs. All the signs you gave off that night suggested that you were thoroughly enjoying your sexuality, and open to new experiences. I could tell that you found me attractive, and when we went in the private room it seemed that you were willing to explore. You need to get past this whole 'you didn't ask permission' thing if you want to play with the adults. Furthermore, the fact that you are here means what happened in the office a week ago wasn't off limits or undesired either, otherwise you would have called the cops. Instead, you followed me home the other day to find out where I lived. And here you are, all alone. I'm willing to bet you didn't even tell anyone you were coming here."  
  
Cassadee sat frozen, staring at the doctor with big eyes. She had been nervous, but now she was afraid.  
  
"I can see the truth in your eyes. No one knows you are here. Regardless, you are free to go. No one is holding you captive."  
  
She sat board-straight in her chair. He had told her she could leave. Should she make a run for it? Was he going to hurt her? He hadn't so far. Could she trust him?  
  
"I just want to make sure," she said, "moving forward, that if we have some kind of sexual contact, it's with our mutual agreement." Her voice was shaky and sounded lame in her own ears.  
  
"Cassadee," the doctor said in a patronizing tone. "Just by your presence, it implies that you are, at the very least, curious to see if I will do anything to you, sexually. In neither of our encounters did you say no to me or tell me to stop doing what I was doing."  
  
Cassadee did not attempt to deny the truth of what he was saying. She hadn't told him to stop either time. Why? Did she subconsciously want something from him? Did she somehow enjoy the way he controlled her?  
  
"Downstairs is a room," he continued. "I'm going to take you there. Once inside, you are going to undress. Then you are going to beg me to make you come. After that, you are going to beg me to allow you to make me come."  
  
Cassadee sucked in a breath. How in the fuck did he think she was going to go along with all of that? Was he crazy? He's so fucking rude! she thought. Why won't he ask nicely? The thing was, she actually wanted to do stuff with him, but she didn't like that he was being such a dick about it! She sat there and glared at him, her chin vibrating and tears threatening to spill from her eyes.  
  
Dr. Spitelli stood and offered his hand to her. "Come with me," he ordered.  
  
She looked at his hand as if he had leprosy. She didn't want to go downstairs to his freaky room. There was no way she was going to do this. So...why was she taking his hand?  
  
Pulling her along on shaky legs, he led her down the hallway to a staircase. He released her hand and began walking down the steps. Cassadee stood there at the top of the stairs trembling. As if they had a mind of their own, her feet began to descend toward an uncertain future, one step at a time. When she came out into the room at the bottom, she was amazed and terrified. There were all sorts of contraptions that looked like torture devices but were obviously used for sex. He walked over to a frame that had leather straps hanging down. He stopped and turned to stare at her, then motioned her closer. She walked over to him.

"Take your clothes off," he said emotionlessly.  
  
Cassadee stood paralyzed.  
  
"Take your clothes off or go home and play with your little girl toys."  
  
That offended her greatly. How dare he speak to her as if she were a child? Furious, she bent down and took her shoes and socks off. The concrete floor was cold on her bare feet. Next, she reached up and pulled her sports bra off, tossing it to the floor. Finally, she peeled down her yoga pants, adding them to the pile of clothing. She was now stark naked in Dr. Spitelli's sex dungeon. What the fuck was she doing? She crossed her arms across her chest and hugged herself, shivering as she looked around the room.  
  
"Sit here," he instructed.  
  
The doctor steadied a part of the straps that formed a seat. She did as she was told. He placed straps around her wrists, securing them and pulling them upward, so her arms were stretched above her head. He did the same to her ankles, which made her lean back into a reclined sitting position with her legs spread wide apart. Her trembling increased.  
  
He walked over to a cabinet and pulled out a Hitachi vibrator, then plugged it into an outlet on the frame of the sex swing. Turning it on, he lowered the large head to her vagina. She gasped when the powerful vibrations assaulted her. He moved it around, using it on her labia, touching her clit only briefly with each pass. Cassadee closed her eyes. She was having an out-of-body experience. How was she here right now? She could end this with a word. So, why wasn't she? Because I want it, she told herself.  
  
Her toes curled as he slowly and steadily coaxed her toward an orgasm. Just as she was close, he took it away. "Noooo," she moaned.  
  
"Beg me to give you an orgasm."  
  
"Please..." Her legs were quivering as the ecstatic wave began to dissipate.  
  
He pressed the vibrator against her clit, and she shouted through clenched teeth. It was so intense. There was no gentleness in this. It was all or nothing. Just as she thought she couldn't take anymore and was about to have the most intense orgasm of her life, he withdrew it again. "Fuck!!!" she shouted.  
  
"Beg me," he said.  
  
"Please put it back," she pleaded.  
  
"Tell me exactly what you want me to do."  
  
"I want you to make me come," she moaned.  
  
"Tell me I never have to ask permission to do anything to you," he said sternly.  
  
Cassadee swallowed but didn't say anything. She was shaking with fear and the need to come.  
  
Suddenly, Dr. Spitelli turned off the vibrator and pulled the plug out of the socket.  
  
"Nooo!!! Stop! Please!"  
  
"Tell me what I want to hear," he instructed.  
  
"I want you to make me come. I need it," she confessed, embarrassed.  
  
"And?"  
  
"And...and you never have to ask permission." She couldn't quite believe she was saying these words. "You can do anything you want to me whenever you want."  
  
The doctor smiled mirthlessly and plugged the vibrator back in. "Good girl," he said condescendingly as he turned the switch on. By the high-pitched whine, it sounded like he had turned it to a higher setting. He pressed it to her vulva and she screamed, writhing in the straps.  
  
"Ahahahahahahhhh!" It was too much. She couldn't take it. She had to end this. Just as she was about to yell, 'Stop!', he took it away and pushed it against a nipple. She screamed again, but this time it sent a jolt to her sex. Holy fuck! He pressed it against the other nipple and Cassadee thought she was going to come right there. When he pulled it away, she gasped for air. After the vibrator returned to her sex, she writhed again, trying to keep the direct vibrations off of her clit. But he began to move it around expertly, hitting her in all the right areas for just the right amount of time. Cassadee could feel her orgasm approaching. It was right there. She pushed her pussy into the Hitachi as she was about to achieve release. Just before she came, he pulled it away.  
  
"Noooo!" she cried. Real tears streamed down her cheeks. "Please don't stop. I need it. Please. I'll do anything!"  
  
"Anything?" he asked  
  
"Yes, please please please," she babbled.  
  
He pressed the vibrator against her, moving it around and teasing her clit. Within thirty seconds her ululating screams echoed off the concrete walls as her body thrashed in orgasm. She squirted vaginal fluid four feet away on the floor. He kept the vibrating head pressed against her clit until she stopped squirting and began to thrash anew, begging him to stop. After ten seconds of crying, screaming, and pleading, he withdrew the vibrator, shutting it off.  
  
Cassadee lay limply in the straps, sweating profusely and moaning. Her pussy tingled like he was still using the vibrator on her. Her whole body was shaking. That was the strongest orgasm she had ever had. She thought absently that she might have to invest in one of those things.  
  
Dr. Spitelli released her ankles from the cuffs and helping her to a standing position, making sure she was steady. He released her wrists and she rubbed them.  
  
"First, you will clean your mess off the floor with your tongue." When she made no move to do any such thing, he said, "Do it. Now."  
  
Cassadee looked at the concrete floor. It looked immaculately clean. She didn't have to do this, she knew. She could put her clothes back on and walk out the door and he wouldn't stop her. But something in this power dynamic forced her to get on her knees and begin to lick her cum off the floor. It was already cold and tasted of her sex. She spent the next five minutes licking every drop of her juices off the floor.  
  
While she was cleaning up her ejaculate, Dr. Spitelli undressed. He was muscular, but not like a body builder. More like a swimmer. His cock was erect and stuck straight out. It must have been at least a good seven or eight inches.  
  
After she finished, she stood, her eyes staring nervously at his stiff dick. He led her to a bench and bent her over, tying her to it securely with soft ropes. She was facing the wall, while her ass was sticking up toward the center of the room. He stuck two fingers inside her and pumped them in and out, priming her wetness and dredging up thick white cream as she moaned. He reached around and instructed her to suck the cream off his fingers, which she did without hesitation. Then he guided himself to her entrance and penetrated her deeply, bottoming out against her cervix. She cried out as he met resistance. Then he began to fuck her hard and fast. Cassadee wriggled in her bonds, wincing with each thrust. She cried out through clenched teeth, thinking his long cock might penetrate an organ. She almost told him to stop, but he had an uncanny sense of how much she could take. Every time she thought of ending it, he would moderate his thrusts, making it easier on her, until he did something else to test her limits.  
  
He withdrew himself from her pussy and stepped around to her face. "Clean off my cock," he instructed. His red swollen rod was pushing against her lips, so she opened her mouth and took him inside. Using her tongue, she cleaned all of her discharge off his dick. It was thick and tasted like arousal. Then his cock left her mouth and reentered her vagina. He fucked her again, jackhammering her from behind. She groaned with each thrust. This was way rougher than she had ever been fucked before. It was terrifying. She wasn't sure she could take it, but somehow, she did.  
  
"Beg me to come in your throat," he said.  
  
Really? Did she even want that? And he wanted to jam it down her throat? She had only ever tasted one guys' cum, and the verdict was still out on whether or not she actually liked it.  
  
"Beg me!"  
  
"Please come in my throat," she said unconvincingly.  
  
"Make me believe you want it more than anything in the world."  
  
Oh fuck. How was she going to do this? "Please! I need you to come in my throat! I need your cum in my stomach. I'll swallow every last drop. Please let me taste your cum!" She hoped she had been convincing enough, not sure how excited she was about what she knew was going to happen.  
  
Dr. Spitelli stepped around to her face and pushed his dick between her lips again. She accepted all of it, gagging on it in the back of her throat. He withdrew slightly, then eased himself forward, holding her head in place.  
  
Cassadee thought she might die. His cock was huge, and he was trying to put it all the way inside her throat. She gasped as he let her come up for air. He pushed gently against the back of her throat and she began to relax. He wasn't going to kill her. She needed to trust that. Imagining her throat loose and open, she felt him slide inside, his abdomen pressed against her nose and chin. Just as she began to choke, he pulled out. She gasped again, gulping down multiple breaths, then tried to relax as he penetrated her gullet once more.  
  
Her throat felt smooth against the head of Andrew's cock, which was halfway down her neck. He rocked back and forth, building up friction. He was close. Very close.  
  
Cassadee had tears, snot, and saliva streaming down her face as he withdrew, and she gasped for air. Her heart fluttered in panic. She couldn't take much more.  
  
"Beg me to come. I'm going to come in your throat now."  
  
"Please come in...my throat. I...want it," she said through tears and gulps of air.  
  
He pressed himself against her lips, forcing her to open her mouth once again. As he slid down her throat, she could feel him tense up. He groaned loudly as he rocked back and forth. She felt warm, thick jets of cum shoot down her throat, which gave her no choice but to swallow, so she wouldn't asphyxiate. She began to see stars in her eyes and her chest was beginning to seize as he withdrew his cock. Quickly gulping in air, she screamed as she exhaled. Her heart was racing, and her lungs felt like they were on fire. Within a few moments, she finally felt like she wouldn't die.  
  
As he untied her, she began to bawl. He gently picked her up in his arms and carried her over to a bed in the corner. He lay her on it and crawled in next to her. He shushed her as she wept, wiping the tears away and kissing her eyes. The gentleness he was showing her made her cry even harder as he pressed her face against his chest and rubbed her hair, trying to soothe her.  
  
"Shhh..." he whispered. "You were amazing. You held out better than anyone I've ever been with. You are so beautiful. I'm sorry if I scared you. I promise that I wouldn't have let you suffocate. All I did was push your boundaries. You're OK. You did wonderfully."  
  
He leaned down and kissed her gently. She parted her lips and took his tongue in her mouth, moaning as his fingers found her pussy. He gently massaged and fingered her as they kissed. Within minutes, he brought her to a limb-shaking orgasm. As her womb fluttered with the last remnants of her orgasm, she watched as he sucked her cream off his fingers. Then he crawled between her legs and cleaned her up with his tongue, licking the fluid and white sticky discharge out of her vagina.  
  
Eventually, he stood and said, "You may get dressed and leave. I have somewhere to be." He grabbed his clothing and walked up the stairs, leaving her in the sex dungeon.  
  
Cassadee lay on the bed for a minute, collecting her thoughts. That was one of the most intense moments of her life. She guessed that he was back in character, acting like he was a cold manipulator who didn't care. But his actions after he throat-fucked her said otherwise. She smiled to herself. She could have left. Now she was glad she hadn't. She had a feeling there was much more to Dr. Spitelli than what she had thought. And there was much more he could teach her.  
  
She walked over and dressed, then ascended the stairs. As she reached the main floor, she heard the shower running somewhere down the hallway. She had been dismissed, so she wasn't going to bother him any longer. Walking out the front door, she started up her car and drove home.  
  
When she arrived at home, her parents were there in the living room. They could tell she had been crying when they looked at her and asked if she was OK. She assured them she was fine and went upstairs to shower. While in the shower, she gave herself another orgasm with the spray nozzle. Then she spent the rest of the afternoon back by the pool, relaxing and letting the sun warm her naked body.  
  
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Saturday  
  
Saturday morning Cassadee received a text from Arielle Blaisure, asking her if she would like to come over and hang out at their pool for dinner. She excitedly accepted the invitation. She didn't know if she should wear something cute or go over to their place nude, which is how she had met them and how they probably expected her to be.  
  
Later in the day, when the time came around, Cassadee decided to be daring and go without clothing. It would just be her and the Blaisures, after all. It was nice and sunny, so she began the walk at a leisurely pace. It was only about four blocks away, around a few turns. When she took the last turn, there were quite a few cars parked on the curb. Finding the address, she walked up the front walkway to the door and rang the bell. Arielle Blaisure came to the door.  
  
"Cassadee! You're naked!" she exclaimed.  
  
Cassadee's face turned scarlet. "Was I not allowed to be?" she asked. "I can run home and put something on. I just thought, since I was nude when I met you guys, you might think it was OK. It's just us here, right?"  
  
"Oh. No. We are having a housewarming party. We have about ten friends here. I'm sorry for the misunderstanding! I mean, you are welcome to come in as you are. I don't mind, and I'm sure no one else will either. I don't want you to have to go all the way back home. Come on in," she said, grabbing Cassadee's hand and pulling her into the house. "Everyone, this is Cassadee. She's a neighbor we met last week."  
  
Cassadee froze as a dozen sets of eyes pored over every inch of her nude body. The men were primarily fixated on her pussy, while the women glanced back and forth from her tits to her crotch. Her face was as red as it could get. She was so embarrassed. "I'm afraid there was a little misunderstanding," she said to those gathered.  
  
"Nonsense! Come on in, Cass!" Lance said, gesturing for her to approach. Cassadee walked over to him, aware of everyone's eyes following her. He put his arm around her shoulders. "So, here's the story, you guys. We were out walking last week, and we came upon Cassadee, who was suntanning in her yard without clothing, just like she is now. We struck up and conversation and she told us that public nudity is actually legal here, and she has been experimenting with it. Isn't that right, Cass?"  
  
Cassadee nodded, not knowing whether to cover herself out of embarrassment or to just stand there pretending not to be embarrassed. People walked up to her and introduced themselves, shaking her hand and telling her they admired her bravery. Some people questioned her motivation for being nude in public and others just wanted to talk to her about it. Still others just wanted to get a closer look at her bare tits and ass.  
  
Arielle pulled her aside in the kitchen and said, "I'm so sorry, Cass. I didn't think this would have even been an issue. I should have told you we were having a party and it wouldn't just be us. Can you forgive me? I hope you aren't too uncomfortable."  
  
Cassadee told her it was fine. As a matter of fact, this wasn't the first time she had been the only naked person in a room full of clothed people. It's just that she hadn't expected it this time. But the more she walked around talking to people, the more she got used to, and even enjoyed, their eyes looking at her naked body. It was addictive and made her want to do more—if Arielle asked her to masturbate for everyone, she was about 95 percent sure she would do it. She could tell the guys were getting a little turned on, because their girls were having to keep them in line, pulling them away from her now and then.  
  
A few hours into the party, about half of the guests had gone home. Besides her, it was just Lance and Arielle and two other couples. They had all been drinking—the guys more than a little. Lance stood up and said, "I think we should take a page out of Cassadee's playbook and go out and enjoy the pool. I don't know about the rest of you, but I'm suddenly finding clothes a little restrictive."  
  
He began walking to the back sliders discarding items of clothing as he went, while the girls laughed. By the time he got to the back yard, he was nude. He dove into the pool, making a huge splash. The other two guys quickly followed, and before Cassadee knew it, everyone was naked and jumping in the pool.  
  
Cassadee was shocked when one of the guys lifted her out of the water and placed her on his shoulders. Her bare pussy was tight against the back of his neck. Another couple followed suit and Cassadee and the other girl wrestled for supremacy. Cassadee tried her best, but her opponent was stronger and pulled her down into the water, laughing. Underwater, they were a tangle of naked limbs until they broke the surface.  
  
"That was fun," the girl said. Her name was Kerry Stearns. She was a pretty redhead with freckled skin, large boobs, and a shaved pussy. She was married to Carson, the guy whose shoulders she had been on.  
  
"Yeah," Cassadee replied, looking for the guy who had picked her up. He was already horsing around with another girl.  
  
"Jerry's such a flirt. He has to touch all the girls," Kerry said. "I don't know how Candice puts up with him."  
  
Eventually, they all got tired of the pool and ended up in the living room. The girls had put their bras and panties back on, except for Cassadee, who had arrived naked, and the guys were sitting around in their boxers. Arielle offered to let her borrow a swimsuit, if she wanted one, but she declined, sitting on the couch bare-assed between Lance and Jerry.  
  
Jerry said, "That was fun out there. Thanks for being a good sport." He nudged her in the arm, which made her boobs jiggle. He definitely noticed.  
  
"It was fun," she replied. "Thanks for not making me feel awkward about being naked."  
  
"Hey, I'm perfectly fine with that," he said with a smile. "Speaking of that," he continued, "I like your puffy nipples."  
  
Everyone stared at him, shocked he had said something so bold. Cassadee assumed he was a little drunk. "Umm...thanks," she replied, her face reddening.  
  
"Can I touch one? I've never touched a puffy nipple." He looked at his wife, Candice. "Do you mind if I touch her boob, babe?"  
  
Candice said, "It's up to her, dummy. I don't care if she doesn't."  
  
Jerry looked back at her. "Can I? Touch it?"  
  
Cassadee glanced at Candice who simply shrugged her shoulders. Then she looked back at Jerry and said, "I guess so."  
  
She was surprised when he reached over with both hands, cupping not just one, but both of her breasts. He lightly squeezed each puffy areola and touched her nipples with his fingertips. They responded immediately, growing stiff and hard. Not only was this guy playing with her breasts, but everyone's eyes were glued to the display, making her tingle. He squeezed them a little harder and she bit her lip, pressing her thighs tightly together.  
  
"OK, I think you've had your fun," Candice said, walking over and grabbing his hands. She pulled him off the couch and told Lance and Arielle that her husband was drunk, and they needed to be going. After getting herself and her husband dressed in the other room, Candice quietly apologized to Cassadee, who told her it was fine. Jerry stumbled between the couch and the door, and he and his wife left for the night.  
  
After they had a few more drinks, the other couples went home, and Cassadee was left there by herself with Lance and Arielle. Cassadee began to say her goodbyes when Arielle said, "You don't have to leave so soon, Cass. Why don't we go back out to the pool for a while?"

Arielle unhooked her bra and dropped her panties and headed out back. Lance quickly got naked as well and said, "After you." It was now dark, and the pool lights were on, giving it a cool blue glow. They all jumped into the pool together.  
  
"I just wanted to say thank you," Arielle said, giving Cassadee a naked hug, pressing her C-cup breasts into Cassadee's chest. It was strange, feeling another woman's breasts against her own. But it felt nice.  
  
"For what?" she asked.  
  
"For not running home and getting clothes on when you easily could have. For being brave around our friends. I think everyone had way more fun than they would have because of you. It really loosened everyone up."  
  
"I don't know if I had that much of an effect on people, except maybe for Jerry, but you're welcome," Cassadee replied, smiling.  
  
"Trust me, you had a definite effect," Arielle said as she glanced over at her husband. He just smiled and nodded in reply. "Go away, Lance," she said suddenly, splashing water in his face. He sputtered and swam to the other side of the pool. She leaned in close and asked, "Do you want to give Lance a show with me?"  
  
"What do you have in mind?" she asked curiously.  
  
Arielle didn't say anything. She just led Cassadee by the hand to the side of the pool and hopped up on the edge. She pulled her heels out of the water, placing them under her hips, and spread her knees widely apart. She began fingering herself, licking her lips and staring at her husband, who swam closer, watching her hungrily.  
  
Cassadee got out of the water next to Arielle and mimicked her. Lance's attention was quickly drawn to Cassadee as she played with her pussy next to his wife. His gaze kept bouncing from one girl to the other, watching them masturbate. She and Arielle looked at each other. Arielle turned slightly toward Cassadee so she could easily watch too. Cassadee followed suit, giving Arielle the same show.  
  
Cassadee's fingers alternated between massaging her clit and dipping inside her wet pussy. The sounds coming from Arielle's vagina as she masturbated were loud and wet, and watching the slightly older woman's facial expressions was a huge turn-on.  
  
Cassadee looked at Lance, who stared back at her with lust in his eyes. She was beginning to realize just how much she loved not only exposing her naked body but also being watched as she played with herself—how it made her heart beat fast and quickened her breathing, the way the blood rushed to her face and chest making her feel hot and flushed, the noticeable effect it had on the person watching... At that moment, Cassadee wanted nothing more than to masturbate for everyone she met. She had a momentary fantasy of exposing herself and masturbating for anyone who asked to watch. Could she ever make such a decision? Could she really make a pact with herself to be so sexually open that she would fulfill any request to be looked at? Just the idea had her ready to orgasm. Returning her thoughts to the present, she watched Lance's expression through lidded eyes as she began to moan.  
  
Glancing back and forth from Lance to Arielle, Cassadee's face became a mask of painful pleasure as she came. Her body shook as the orgasm gripped her insides and pounded her womb in a steady beat and she shouted in staccato as her pussy pulsated for the others' viewing pleasure. She felt a release of vaginal fluid, which ejected in several squirts, splashing into the pool water in front of Lance. As the post-orgasmic euphoria clouded her vision, she saw Arielle reach her climax.  
  
"Oooohh, fuck yes," the 20-something woman keened as her fingers plunged in and out of her pussy. Her legs trembled and she rocked back on her butt as she yanked her fingers out and squirted far enough to spray Lance in the chest. Her vaginal muscles and anus pulsed with each contraction, more fluid running down onto the ceramic tiles as she moaned. Her eyes were squeezed shut as she fingered herself some more, making the orgasm last as long as possible.  
  
Cassadee found watching another girl come to be really hot. She could totally understand why people wanted to watch her. Masturbation was, traditionally, a very private act. Being able to watch your partner masturbate was usually a sign of intimacy and trust. But to see a stranger masturbate was a special treat, indeed. It was one of the biggest turn-ons she could imagine. She was beginning to fully realize just how much she loved watching someone masturbate—and masturbating for others—and wanted it to be a big part of her life. It excited her like nothing else.  
  
As both girls recovered, Lance climbed out of the pool and ran inside the house. Moments later, he sat on a lounge chair and squirted lotion onto his hand. He began stroking his dick, looking at the two naked women, who had seen what he was doing and approached. Arielle kneeled and took over for him, stroking his penis. Cassadee sat on the lounge chair next to him, spreading her legs to give him a visual aid. She reached down and pulled her labia apart, giving him an unobstructed view of her pink wetness inside. Dipping a finger in her pussy, she slowly licked it off with a smile on her face.  
  
Within minutes, Lance was shooting ropes of cum into the air, which came back down to splatter on his stomach and Arielle's hand. He groaned as Arielle continued to stroke him, his stomach muscles flexing as she coaxed the last drops of cum out of his cock. She leaned over and kissed him passionately.  
  
As the married couple got cleaned up, Cassadee dried off with a towel. She bent over to dry her feet, making sure she was facing away from them and giving them an explicit view of her pussy and asshole from behind. She straightened up to see them watching intently and smiling, which made her smile in turn. They all made their way back into the house and Cassadee told them that she should be getting home. It was after 10pm. Lance offered to drive her home, but Cassadee declined, stating that it was only a few blocks. They gave each other hugs and said goodbye as she walked naked out the door, wearing nothing but her sandals.  
  
Cassadee was riding a high. She couldn't believe this was her life. This was shaping up to be the best summer of her life. As of September, she would be attending college at Clearwater University in Florida. Just as it was growing too cold here to be naked outside, she would be going down there to spend the winter. She knew it would occasionally get cold in Florida, but not normally like it was here. Now that she was so used to tanning and swimming and being naked pretty much any time she wanted, she couldn't bear the thought of spending the winter here. Although, she would miss her family and friends.  
  
There was no one around as she walked home, moving from streetlight to streetlight. A car came around the corner in front of her and passed, slowing down as the driver noticed her, but then sped up and continued down the street. A few minutes later, when she reached the corner and began to make a left, something jumped out of the darkness. Cassadee didn't even have time to scream as a hand clamped over her mouth and a strong arm wrapped around her naked torso. She began to kick and thrash and scream futilely from beneath the hand covering her face. She watched in horror as her attacker pulled her toward a dark van with an open side door. Uselessly fighting with everything in her, she was pulled into the van and the door slid shut.  
  
"Shut up!" he whispered harshly in her ear.  
  
The voice wasn't really familiar, but Cassadee knew who it was, without a doubt. Frank Dawson had gotten out of jail.