**Changing Time**

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**Part 1: Christchurch**  
Rose and Tim were in their last year of high school when they moved to New Zealand. Their mother had died when they were 9, and their father, an officer in the US Air Force, could not deal with the idea of raising twins on his own. Because he had various posting in all parts of the world, he arranged for them to attend boarding school in San Diego where their elderly grandmother could provide some input into their lives.   
  
Finally, age and promotions saw an end to their father's days as a pilot, and he was offered a senior role at the Operation Deep Freeze base in Christchurch, New Zealand. This posting finally provided an opportunity to live in a normal suburban home in a peaceful Western country. Secure in the knowledge that his children were mature and level-headed and sufficiently self-sufficient to look after themselves when he was busy at work, he wasted no time in arranging for them to join him.   
  
Rose and Tim were both smart and successful. Tim was the quiet one who poured most of his energies into his studies with extraordinary academic success. His only other interest was basketball. While he lacked any particular talent or height (he was five foot ten), hours of practice had honed his skills and provided a clear head for strategy. Rose was the more social of the twins. Academic and sporting success came easily to her, and left her with plenty of spare time and energy to enjoy a full social life. She was full of confidence - something her brother lacked. He certainly had no confidence around girls. As is often the case with close siblings, Rose looked out for her brother and tried to encourage him. She even set him up on a few dates, which were invariably awkward affairs.   
  
One of the first things that Rose did when they settled in their new home was to push Tim to join the high school basketball team. Basketball is a relatively minor sport in New Zealand compared to the dominant position of rugby. The school basketball team had a low profile in comparison, and Tim's skills would certainly guarantee him a place in the starting five.   
  
Rose's own sporting interests, however, hit a major roadblock. The dominant female sport at school was netball. While similar to basketball, Rose considered it a very poor substitute. She could not muster any enthusiasm for the game. The somewhat small high school that Rose and Tim attended did not offer basketball as an option for girls. In fact, in those days girls' basketball wasn't even an option within the school sports system. Rose did discover that some of the larger schools entered women's teams in the adult basketball leagues, but her own school was resistant to the idea because they were worried that it would weaken their netball team. This injustice brought out the fighting spirit in Rose. She pushed the issue among the staff and students, and did manage to recruit sufficient numbers to make a team viable. However, as there was no staff member able to be their coach, the idea was squashed.   
  
The major turning point in Tim's social life came as a result of a serious knee injury which ended his basketball hopes for the season. The injury left Tim distraught, and he retreated into his academic studies. Rose became very concerned for him as he became increasingly withdrawn. Then she hit upon an idea that would meet both their needs. She approached Mrs Milligan, an older economics teacher at school, with a proposal for a girls' basketball team. If Mrs Milligan agreed to supervise the team, Rose promised that she would persuade Tim to provide the coaching.   
  
Rose's charm worked as well as she had hoped with Mrs Milligan, and an agreement was quickly obtained. Now she had to convince Tim, which proved to be far more difficult. The idea of coaching a team of girls his own age was mortifying. However, once Rose had an idea in her head, there was no way of denying her. The basketball team had its supervisor and coach, and assembled for its first practice.   
  
Rose's success in creating the team, and her general air of carefree, confident American-ness, had provided a polarising effect in the school, which followed through to the composition of the squad that assembled. The defection of Lucy, the goal attack from the top netball team, had caused a great deal of rumblings within the conservative factions of the school. While an excellent netball player, Lucy was a huge basketball fan who jumped at the chance to play. The netball team was smarting at the loss of such a key player.   
  
Another huge shock to the establishment was Cassandra, the school's Head Girl. An academic, responsible and straight-laced girl, she was desperate to break the mould of being the proper girl everyone had always expected her to be. She was keen to re-establish herself as Cassie, a person who didn't need to live up to everybody else's expectations.   
  
Cindy, a shy American girl who was also the daughter of an Operation Deep Freeze officer, was keen to be included in the team. She had been struggling to make friends during her time in New Zealand, and was keen to be taken under Rose's wing.   
  
Another recruit was Katrina, a girl who had recently grown to six foot one and was struggling to cope with how conspicuous she felt everywhere she went. Rose sat beside her in maths, and the two had clicked instantly. Rose's invitation to join the basketball team seemed as much about friendship than a simple comment on her tallness, and Katrina found herself accepting the invitation.   
  
The remaining three players were Anna, Heather and Suzanne. All were netballers who were disappointed to miss out on places in the top netball team. The squad only had eight players, which was the absolute minimum needed to enter a team in the competition. They had been forced to turn away a number of younger girls since the adult competition required all players to be aged 18 or over.   
  
The key thing that brought the team together was the influence of Rose. Whatever their circumstances, Rose represented an opportunity to broaden their life experience. Being students at a conservative school in a conservative part of the city, the majority were approaching the end of their high school years with regrets that their teenage years were passing them by.   
  
Mrs Milligan was wise enough to appoint Cassie as the official team captain, a decision that went a long way to pacifying the senior staff members. However, there was no doubt that Rose was the real leader of the team. She was universally popular amongst all members of the team, and was the main motivator and encourager.   
  
At first Tim was popular with the team simply because he was Rose's brother. His shyness and determination to sink into the background even during coaching sessions was unlikely to attract positive attention. However, within a few practices he was popular in his own right due to his good humour and his compliments and encouragement of others. His shyness became endearing, and all the team were keen to draw him out of his shell.   
  
At home, Rose frequently talked basketball with her brother. More than just skills and strategy, she also engaged him in banter about the individual players under his guidance. He would steadfastly refuse to believe that any of this group of pretty girls could be at all interested in being his girlfriend. Rose began to despair, and started concocting plans to break down the barriers that Tim erected around himself.   
  
Mrs Milligan only occasionally attended the pre-season practices. Once the competitive games started she was happy to help out with transport and cheer from the sidelines, but didn't feel the need to attend the practices as well. In her mind the team and its coach were all lovely kids. She certainly figured there was nothing about their innocent teenage coach to lead the girls astray. Rose had other ideas.   
  
The team's practices in the school gym were only an hour long, sandwiched between the boys' volleyball and the boys' basketball practices. Since most of the team were competent netball players, team discussions of strategy were just as important as practice on the court, so the team got in the habit of meeting together to talk in the changing room both before and after the practice. Tim would nervously knock on the door and wait patiently for the all clear before going in. Although he tried to appear nonchalant, his very entry to the room was exciting - the girls, the casually strewn about clothes and bags, the smells of sweat, deodorant and perfume, the steam from the showers, all of it invariably set his heart racing and made him stumble self-consciously over his words.   
  
As Tim knocked on the changing room door before the third practice, Rose quickly scanned the room and made an impulsive decision. "Come in" she called, and Tim did just that. Rose herself had only her shorts and sports bra on, but that didn't concern her with her brother coming in. A number of her teammates were less covered, and there was a chorus of screams and yells and diving for cover as Tim came through the door. The first person Tim saw was Heather, walking back from the toilet stalls in a skimpy bra and panty set. She had a fair distance to cover before she could escape his eyes. As his eyes involuntarily followed her retreating bottom, he became aware of others in similar states. Cindy and Suzanne were topless, and he saw glimpses of their breasts as they grabbed clothes or towels to hold in front of themselves. Competing with this was the sight of Katrina's bottom in just a thong as she struggled to quickly pull on her shorts.   
  
Time seemed to stand still for Tim as confusion, excitement and embarrassment competed with each other in his brain. Eventually he regained his senses enough to hurriedly retreat from the room. From outside he heard a chorus of squeals, giggles and protests, all directed at Rose. The only one who was genuinely angry was Suzanne, but even she softened at the sight of Tim's acute embarrassment when he was finally allowed in. He was mostly welcomed by a sea of knowing smiles and giggles, which seemed to increase the more he stammered and turned red. Most also recognised another element of his discomfort as he held his school bag in front of his waist like a shield. A few of the more confident ones indulged in a bit a light-hearted teasing.   
  
From that point onwards, a change started coming over the team. Their practice in the gym was their best yet, and team spirit was higher than ever. Tim slowly got over his embarrassment and became more animated and talkative. Following their allotted hour on court, Tim found himself swept out of the gym with the team and into the female dressing room, where their discussion continued for some time.   
  
While they chatted on about the strengths and weaknesses of a zone defense, Rose took things to another level as she calmly stripping off her shorts and singlet, grabbed a towel, and sauntered off around the corner to the showers in just her underwear. She returned naked a short time later, and lazily pulled on her clothes. Tim was so engrossed in his discussion that his sister's actions barely registered. However, the rest of the girls couldn't help but be amazed at what they were seeing. They seemed to be looking to each other to see what to do next. No one made any remark out loud about Rose's actions.   
  
As it happened, Cindy and Katrina were the next to act. Both were far too self-conscious to do anything as daring. However, there was also an unspoken agreement that Tim wouldn't be asked to leave. Both grabbed their towels and clothes and drifted off to the showers. From where Tim was standing, he would have to cross to the other side of the room to see into the shower area, and neither Cindy nor Katrina considered this to be at all likely.   
  
One by one the rest of the team followed suit, heading off to the showers in their basketball uniform and returning fully dressed in their street clothes. Cassie was the last to move, indecision written all over her face. All of a sudden she made a move. Trying to look casual, but in reality trembling, she clumsily pulled off her singlet and shorts and headed to the showers in her rather modest sports bra and panties.   
  
As Tim happily continued his basketball discussion, it had slowly dawned on him what had been going on around him. He had grown aware of the showers being used, and the increasing numbers of girls reappearing in different clothes and going about the process of doing hair, packing their bags, and so on. He desperately tried to act normally, afraid that the spell would be broken at any moment.   
  
His composure didn't survive Cassie's actions. He stopped talking mid-sentence as his brain went into overload. Cassie noticed the effect as she walked away from him towards the showers, and she couldn't help feeling excited and pleased by the effect she had had on him.   
  
Tim tried valiantly to carry on as normal, but he couldn't help making furtive glances towards the showers to see what would happen next. Cassie had only taken a towel with her, and Tim was dying with suspense to see what she would do next. Not surprisingly, on this occasion his wildest dreams were not to be realised. Cassie's bravery didn't last, and she reappeared with her towel tightly wrapped around her to retrieve her clothes before retreating from sight again. She was mostly staring steadily at the floor, but just once she looked in Tim's direction and fleetingly met his eye. He saw a shy smile flit across her face before she hurried away.   
  
From that day onwards, it seemed that everyone was conspiring together to make Tim's presence in their changing room seem as normal as possible. The following week Tim was invited into their room before the practice to settle an argument about substitution rules, only to discover that none of the girls had started getting changed. There was no denying the tension in the air, as each of the girls tried to decide how daring they would be. Rose couldn't help smiling to herself as she watched her brother and her teammates talking nervously to each other. Most of the girls had taken off their footwear, and a few were nervously fingering various items of clothing. She could see the anticipation in her brother's demeanour as he would quickly glance around the room before determinedly fixing his gaze on the eyes of whichever girl he was talking to.   
  
It wasn't just that Rose didn't see any need to hide her body from her closest relative and friend. It was also with a purposeful decision to push things along for the sake of her brother that she began to get changed in the middle of the room. The tension amongst the girls increased yet again. From where Tim was standing now, the only girls in his direct line of vision were Rose, Cindy and Anna. The remaining girls were behind him. Again it was Cassie who found unexpected reserves of daring. Standing immediately behind Tim, she started to peel off her clothes.   
  
Peripheral vision is both a wonderful and a tantalising thing. Tim could hear the rustle of clothing and the sounds of zips, buckles and bra straps. Out of the corners of his eyes he could see vague bits of bodies, and various items of clothing appearing on the benches and floor. Again he had the overwhelming fear that the slightest move would break the spell. He fixed his eyes rigidly on Cindy and Anna in front of him (neither of whom had moved) and tried without success to speak normally. A blush crept over his face.   
  
The tension was broken by Anna, who was struggling to keep a straight face. She burst out laughing, which was quickly joined in by all the other girls. Tim's impersonation of a statue was both hilarious and adorable. As the girls behind him changed, they then wandered in front of him, as if showing off the fact that they were now in their playing gear. Cassie then cheekily reminded Cindy and Anna that they still needed to get changed, to a chorus of giggles from the rest of the group. Not surprisingly, they snuck round the corner to change.   
  
Throughout that afternoon's practice, Tim couldn't help dwelling on how his life was changing. A few weeks ago, his sister was the only girl in the world that he could really be comfortable with. Now there were another seven girls who he was laughing and bantering with. They were starting to touch him as well. Suzanne bumped into him catching a wild pass. Lucy steadied her balance with a hand on his shoulder as she examined a non-existent scratch on her knee. Cassie's hand held his elbow as she caught his attention to ask a question. He could tell that in many ways they were similar to him, overcoming their own nervousness, feeding on the encouragement of his sister.   
  
Tim decided to try his luck at the end of the practice and accompanied the team into their changing room without waiting for an invitation. Once inside, however, he nearly panicked because he wasn't actually talking with anyone and he quickly realised he had no good reason to be there. There was an awkward lull in the conversation. Rose quickly came to her senses and headed over to rescue him with some question or other, but to her pleasant surprise Cassie beat her to it. As Cassandra, the responsible head girl of the school, she was used to playing hostess and getting over awkward situations. And as Cassie, the young woman determined to do her own thing, she was delighting in the naughtiness of having Tim in the girls' changing room. Even more than that, she knew she was starting to develop feelings for him. She boldly stepped up to him and asked him his opinion on various bands she liked.   
  
There is something about sports underwear that makes it slightly less personal. Still, as Tim stood there talking with Cassie, he was still taken aback as he saw all the other girls strip down to their underwear before grabbing their towels and street clothes and disappearing into the shower area. For much of their conversation Tim held Cassie's eyes. However, she couldn't help noticing his eyes quickly flicking away at regular intervals. She couldn't deny feeling aroused by the situation, but she also noticed feelings of jealousy at Tim's interest in her teammates. She resolved to grab his attention, and surprised herself with her decisive actions. Declaring that it was about time she had her shower, she immediately pulled her singlet up over her head and pushed her shorts down to her ankles and stepped out of them. The expression on Tim's face assured her that he was in her power, which increased her sense of daring. As she stood in front of him in her underwear, pushing her chest out slightly, she deliberately looked down at his groin where she was rewarded with the sight of a pronounced bulge. She looked him in the eye and gave him a winning smile. "Catch you later".   
  
The team was settling into a routine of practices and competition games within the city and surrounding countryside. However, Tim's experiences in the changing rooms were not the least bit routine or ordinary to him. Surprisingly it was Anna who upped the ante. It was surprising because Anna was the only one of the girls with a steady boyfriend, and she had no intention of indulging in any real flirting. Maybe this gave her an added sense of freedom to indulge in some relatively harmless exhibitionism. The girls had grown accustomed to Tim seeing them in their sports underwear, but had remained shy about being seen in more revealing lingerie. This started to change the day Anna walked back from the showers wearing a low-cut lacy bra and matching boyshorts. This started a lingerie fashion parade during the ensuing weeks. Tim observed a variety of body sizes and shapes barely covered by small pieces of satin, lace, and lycra. Black, white, colours and patterns - Tim could scarcely believe what was happening and wondering what he had done to deserve it. As a girl, of course, Rose knew very well that they were showing off their best items. The old and mismatched underwear that girls typically wear on a normal school day were nowhere to be seen.

Ironically, the only person who was starting to worry about things was Rose. While she was delighted with how confident her brother was becoming, and pleased with how popular he was within the team, she was worried that he might become "just another one of the girls". While Rose herself didn't have a boyfriend - she had been on plenty of dates, but none of the boys she went out with had tempted her into a long-term relationship - she was sure that a proper girlfriend was exactly what Tim needed.

**Part 2: Greymouth**  
That evening Mrs Milligan and Cassie were coming to Tim and Rose's house to plan their upcoming visit to Greymouth, the most distant of the teams in their zone, which would require an overnight stay away from home. Rose noticed that Cassie arrived early and left late, and spent a lot of time engaging Tim in discussion about a wide range of topics. After Cassie left, Rose began her interrogation. Despite their close relationship, the topic of girls had always been the one that was the most difficult to get Tim to talk about in any detail. She knew that her previous attempts at encouraging him to ask girls out had caused some tension between them. This time she was going to show more guile.   
  
Starting by asking his opinions on the girls' basketball abilities, she then started asking his opinions on other attributes. Which girl was the funniest? Which girl had the nicest hair? Who was the prettiest? Tim wouldn't be drawn in by these questions. In his stated opinion, they were all as nice as each other. Rose started singling out individual girls for comment. Didn't Lucy have a pretty face? Did he think Heather or Cindy had the biggest tits? What did he think of the shocking pink panties Anna had worn that day? Again, Tim was uniformly complimentary about all the girls. But at least he was talking about them in an open and animated way. Then Rose asked him his opinion of Cassie, and his slight blush and some stumbling over his words told her all she needed to know.   
  
Because they didn't have a full squad - there were only eight players - they were able to travel together in one of the school minivans. The drive to Greymouth took them over a beautiful alpine pass. While it was only three hours of driving time, they left early in the morning for their late afternoon game. Mrs Milligan was the only one allowed to drive the school van and she wanted plenty of rest breaks. Rose and Cassie had done most of the organising of the trip, including booking the accommodation, and whenever Tim asked anything about the plans they told him not to worry about it.   
  
They drove into the motel an hour and a half before game time. Mrs Milligan announced she was exhausted from the mountain roads and looking forward to a nap. Rose and Cassie went to check in and collect the keys. Being a school group, they had been given rooms at the back away from the other guests. They walked together as far as Room 17. "This one is for you, Mrs Milligan". Mrs Milligan took her key and entered her room without another word. At Room 18, Cassie told the girls this was for Lucy, Anna and Suzanne. Room 19 was given to Heather, Katrina and Cindy. As Tim continued on with Rose and Cassie, he realised that Room 20 was the last room in block. "This" said Rose simply, "is our room".   
  
Cassie unlocked the door and led them into a small studio unit containing three single beds, a small dining table with three chairs, and a small kitchenette. A door at the other end of the room led through to a tiny bathroom. Cassie casually threw her bags on the first bed, while Rose crossed the room and tossed her bag onto the bed nearest the bathroom. Tim, who was lasted in, found himself left with the middle bed and wondering whether or not there was some sort of conspiracy going on.   
  
The mood was serious, however. The team had surprised themselves during the season and were in with a chance of making the top two in the region, which meant a trip to Wellington to play in a national tournament. They needed to beat Greymouth, and then win the final game at home the following week. The team gathered together and walked the short distance from the motel to the court.   
  
Even though Mrs Milligan was unlikely to join them until game time, they all knew it would be unwise for Tim to enter the changing room, either before or after the game. As a consequence, the only excitement to be had was related to the game, which they had been losing at three quarter time, but ended up winning by six points in a one-sided fourth period. With a sense of euphoria they grabbed some takeaways and drinks and headed back to the motel. Mrs Milligan had relented to some considerable pressure from the girls and allowed the purchase of three six-packs of beer. They crowded into Room 18 for their victory party. Two beers each were just enough to fuel their laughter and the noise from their celebrating was deafening.   
  
At 11pm Mrs Milligan ordered them all to bed. It hadn't occurred to her to work out where Tim might be sleeping, and she didn't notice when he disappeared through the same door as his sister and the school's head girl.   
  
As the door closed on their small room, Tim's thoughts were all scrambled. His life had been an endless succession of crushes on girls he knew that he never had the courage to follow through on. On any given day in the last few months he had had a crush on each and every girl in the team, usually several at once. However, it was Cassie who most occupied his thoughts recently. He was desperately hopeful that the circumstances leading to them sharing a room were deliberate. He thought about the secretive way in which Rose and Cassie had made the arrangements. Even the small detail of who was sleeping where. If everything was innocent, surely it would have been expected that Rose should take the middle bed.   
  
Still, Tim was full of doubts. Maybe there had been an unexpected shortage of rooms. Maybe they had wrongly assumed that Mrs Milligan would share her room with one of the girls. Maybe Cassie didn't want to be here, but as team captain had felt duty bound to be the one to make the sacrifice of having to share a room with the boy.   
  
Tim was also in turmoil about what his own actions should be. Up until now it was always the girls, never him, changing clothes. His knee injury still prevented him from running or jumping, so he had always taken an inactive role at practices. There had been no reason to change into different clothes. Now he thought about the old t-shirt and shorts in his bag that he had planned to wear to bed. Where was he going to change? Having already seen Cassie in her underwear many times, would she be offended if he hid in the bathroom to change. On the other hand, maybe she would be offended if he didn't. Would he have the courage to change his clothes in front of her?   
  
Cassie headed straight to the bathroom. Tim was trying to decide whether or not to ask Rose for her advice, but she was having too much fun exploring the cupboards in the kitchenette. It was a funny little motel, and the three beds and three chairs obviously necessitated exactly three of everything else. There were exactly three of every type of plate, cup, and cutlery. Rose seemed to think this was hilarious, and appeared to have no awareness of his predicament.   
  
Cassie came out of the bathroom still wearing her normal clothes. In Tim's befuddled state of mind, he could not work out if this was significant. Rose suddenly appeared to notice him and said "Are you going to brush your teeth or not?" Feeling a bit flustered, he hurried into the bathroom without his night clothes.   
  
As Tim brushed his teeth and made his other preparations for bed, he thought he could hear activity and hushed giggles from the other room. When he returned to the bedroom, he was stunned by the sight of the girls sitting on the side of Cassie's bed. Rose had changed into shorts and an old service shirt of their father's. Nothing out of the ordinary there. Her attire only served to accentuate the sight of Cassie sitting next to her. She had changed into a slightly sheer babydoll. Its V-neck plunged down between her breasts. He could just make out the sight of her breasts through the material, with the unmistakable darker shade of her nipples showing through. Sitting on the bed, the material didn't quite reach her knees. Neither girl seemed to be breathing as they waited for his reaction.   
  
Tim wondered if he would be able to speak at all, but in the end his voice came through clearly. "Wow, Cassie. You look sensational!" A smile spread across Cassie's face, and she stood up and walked towards him. Tim noticed that the material of her babydoll came to just an inch below her crotch, and he could just make out the shape of skimpy panties. Cassie stepped right up to him, put her arms around his neck, and pressed her lips against his for maybe a few seconds. He felt her body exerting slight pressure on his own, and could feel one of her legs between his own in contact with his thighs. He was so turned on he could scarcely breath. He could feel his penis pressing tightly against the material of his briefs.   
  
Of course, nothing much was likely to happen with Rose sitting there watching them. "Ok you two, get a room" she said, apparently pleased with her own joke. With a smile, Cassie stepped back from Tim, turned around and walked back to sit beside Rose on her bed. As Tim watched her go, he discovered she was wearing a G-string. He could make out her two ass cheeks separated by a thin strip of material. The sight was unbearably erotic.   
  
As Cassie sat down, she looked at Tim meaningfully. "Isn't it time you got ready for bed?" Tim's confusion increased and he looked towards Rose for guidance. She appeared happy to provide it.   
  
"I think what Cassie is saying is that you don't seem to have any problem watching the girls getting changed, so surely you don't intend to hide yourself away from her now."   
  
"Yeah" said Cassie mischievously. "Fairness is all I'm interested in." Rose giggled.   
  
Now that it was clear to Tim what was expected of him, he felt a surge of confidence. The attention he was receiving from Cassie was intoxicating. He pulled his sleepwear out of his bag and stood at the end of his bed. Worried that he would start to chicken out if he paused to think, he immediately pulled his shirt off over his head. Cassie let out a hushed cheer, restrained only by the need for the sound to not carry to the surrounding rooms. Tim reached for the t-shirt he was intending to put on, but Cassie reached forward and grabbed it first. "You aren't getting away with that" she said. "Trousers next!"   
  
Tim knew there would be no point arguing. Allowing Cassie to take command was thrilling, and he knew he would be throwing away the best thing in his life if he allowed his shyness to stop him. It occurred to him to try to strip seductively, but he knew he would just look ridiculous, so he simply undid and pushed down his trousers and stepped out of them. His body was trim and athletic rather than muscle-bound. He forced himself to stand still and allow Cassie's eyes to wander over his body, his narrow shoulders, his chest with its few stray hairs, down to his briefs which seemed to show every detail of the shape of his erection. Time seemed to stand still.   
  
Rose had spent much of this time watching Cassie's reactions to her brother's unveiling and trying not to disturb the mood. Then, with an exaggerated yawn, she stood up and said "No reason not to clean my teeth". As she stood and left the room, it hit home to Tim where he was and what he was doing. With a blush he quickly pulled on his t-shirt and shorts and sat down on his own bed facing Cassie.   
  
Cassie gave a moan of mock, exaggerated disappointment. "Maybe next time I'll get a longer look" she said. "And I'm sure the rest of the girls will be looking forward to their turn too!"   
  
The startled and confused look on Tim's face made Cassie laugh with delight. He was adorable. Leaning forward, she gently pushed him onto his back and climbed on top of him. Their kiss this time was passionate. Tim could feel her breasts pressing against his chest, while she in turn could feel his hard penis against the top of her thigh. She unconsciously adjusted herself until it was pressing against her clitoris. Tim's hands went to her waist, but then after a short time he bravely inched them down to her buttocks, stroking her cheeks over the top of her nightie, and then slipping them under the fabric to caress the bare skin.   
  
Rose took her time in bathroom before gently knocking on the door to the bedroom. With a sigh Cassie gave Tim one last kiss before climbing off and slipping into her bed. Tim got under the covers of his own bed and gave Rose the all-clear to come in. A brief round of Waltons-like goodnights was all that was said before they all attempted to sleep. It was certainly a long time before Tim was able to calm down enough to doze off. He replayed the evening's events over and over in his head, and allowed himself some fantasies about the following morning.   
  
The following morning, however, did not live up to his hopes. Mrs Milligan obviously had no intentions of sleeping in, and she knocked on the door of Room 18 before any of the teenagers were awake. A short time later there was a knock on the door of Room 20, and they heard Anna's loud whisper of "let me in." Rose leapt from bed and opened the door, and Anna, wearing modest flannel pyjamas, burst into the room.   
  
Anna grinned at the sight of Tim and Cassie lying in their respective beds. "Hello there!" she exclaimed, obviously not surprised to see them. Then she became all serious again. "Mrs Milligan is awake and keen to get moving. She appears worried about the fact she doesn't know where everyone is, or even what rooms are ours. You are lucky she accepted my offer to wake everyone up for her. Cassie, you should come next door with me now. The girls are going to create enough confusion to try to prevent Mrs Milligan from working things out." Although they were all legally adults there was no getting around the fact that this was still a school trip.   
  
Cassie jumped out of bed, and Tim only had a few seconds to admire the view before she pulled on a jacket, grabbed her bag, and hurried through to Room 19. The team's section of the motel was abuzz with activity, and it was obvious that all the girls were in on the secret. They wandered in and out of each other's rooms, chatting to each other, swapping clothes and breakfast foods. A few made comments about going to "Rose and Tim's room" to have breakfast. By the time Mrs Milligan herself went down to Room 20, she found Tim and Rose fully dressed and sharing breakfast with a few other girls, and there was no sign that the third bed had been slept in. At times she had a puzzled look on her face, but she didn't say anything.   
  
The journey home was uneventful apart from a few snatches of conversation on one of their rest breaks. Suzanne came over to where Cassie was standing with Tim and Rose and playfully asked her if there had been a good show the previous evening. Tim spluttered on his drink and asked if all the girls knew what had happened the night before. Cassie answered that yes, they all knew, and they could all keep a secret. Then she mysteriously commented that they were all expecting some sort of payback, and Tim remembered her comments last night about the others expecting their turn.

**Part 3: Wellington**  
So far, few at school had paid any attention to the fortunes of the girls' basketball team. Now, it was suddenly realised that they could come second or even first in their round-robin tournament and go to the nationals in Wellington. Coming first seemed unlikely, as this depended on some unlikely results in other games during the final round. But everyone knew that if the team won their final home game, they would be assured of at least second place and the trip to Wellington the following weekend.   
  
The day of the game saw a large crowd in attendance. The team rose to the occasion and won in fine style. There was a party atmosphere in the changing room after the game, which included many of the girls' mothers, sisters and friends. Their coach slipped away unobtrusively, keen to avoid any fuss.   
  
The following week was always going to be hectic, as they were already busy with assignments and exams. There was no opportunity for a final training session. Mrs Milligan and Cassie came to see Tim and Rose on the Sunday evening to make some plans, and that was the only time Tim got to see Cassie outside of school, although they frequently made contact by phone and text.   
  
The weekend of the tournament was Labour weekend, the Monday being a public holiday. The team was leaving school late on the Friday morning to drive to Picton, then taking an evening ferry to Wellington, arriving late on Friday night. The competition was starting late Saturday morning, and continuing during Sunday with the finals being held on Sunday evening. They would travel home on Monday. The travelling group was the same as that which went to Greymouth, with the addition of Mr Milligan, who was there to help his wife with the driving and general supervision of the team.   
  
The team accommodation had been booked by the tournament organisers. They were in a lodge, a large building that was part of a sprawling suburban accommodation complex a short walk from the tournament venue. The lodge consisted of a large central living room including a kitchen and dining area. At one end there was a door through to a single large bathroom area consisting of a row of hand basins and mirrors, with numerous private shower and toilet stalls. Along one wall of the main living area were five doors leading to small bedrooms, each containing two single beds. An extra bed had been crammed into one of the rooms to meet the needs of their eleven strong party.   
  
Mrs Milligan was more careful this time to consider the sleeping arrangements. Mr Milligan suggested that, since there were two males, that he and Tim should probably share a room together. However, Rose was quick to remind him that, since she was Tim's twin sister, she didn't mind sharing a room with her brother and letting Mr Milligan share a room with his wife. This was quickly settled, and they all got ready for bed as quickly as possible.   
  
The tournament began the following morning, and it quickly became clear that the team wasn't up to playing at this level. They were soundly beaten in their two matches on the Saturday, which meant there was nothing riding on their final pool match on Sunday morning. There had been a fair amount of disappointment during the Saturday, but on Sunday the mood had brightened as the pressure had lifted, and they took the opportunity to just have fun.   
  
In theory they were supposed to sit and watch the semi-finals on Sunday afternoon, but instead they persuaded the Milligans to take them to do some sightseeing. Then they returned to the lodge to discuss the evening's plans. Since neither of the Milligans was actually interested in basketball, Rose had no trouble convincing them to go out for dinner and see a show. She assured them that the team was hoping to order pizza for dinner before going to watch the basketball final. The Milligans would be back soon after 10, and Rose promised that they would find the team there safe and sound when they returned.   
  
When the Milligan's left for their evening out, Tim and the girls had already finished their pizza and were busy getting ready to go to the game. Tim noticed that the girls were dressing far nicer than he had expected, but since he didn't claim to understand women he made no comment. Once the adults had been gone ten minutes, Tim became aware that there was no basketball in the girls' plans for the evening. A few of the girls dragged a dining table over to the edge of the lounge part of the room. Two dining chairs were placed behind it, and one chair was placed to one side of the front of it. The room reminded Tim of a court room - an accurate guess as it happens.

The majority of the girls arranged themselves on the easy chairs and sofas, but Rose, Cassie and Lucy were nowhere to be seen. Then the door of Cassie's room opened and Lucy stepped out. "All rise" she announced "for Judge Cassie and Judge Rose. The Court of Judgement is now in session, and all will be rewarded or punished according to their merits."   
  
As Tim and the girls rose to their feet, Cassie and Rose came in wearing simple black robes over their clothes and sat down at the table. Lucy joined the rest of the girls in the lounge area. Tim noticed that many of the girls were glancing in his direction, and he knew that he would not be remaining in the background this evening.   
  
Cassie began by proclaiming that a diet of bread and water was a traditional part of any justice system. "We aren't going to bother with bread, but bring out the water!" This was apparently the signal for Cindy to grab two large water bottles from her luggage and a small stack of plastic glasses. She poured a small amount of the water into each glass. Cassie continued "The first judgement is a reward for the whole team making it to the national tournament. Everyone have a drink."   
  
Everyone came forward and grabbed a glass. It soon became apparent that this wasn't water. Laughter mingled with the yells of surprise and some coughing and spluttering. It was vodka!   
  
The next judgement was a punishment for the entire team for doing so badly at the national tournament. The result, another drink. Then it was pointed out that it was against the rules to drink alcohol on school trips. The punishment - yet another drink! It didn't take long for this to have its effect on all the participants.   
  
Individual rewards and punishments soon followed. Lucy was invited to sit in the "judgement" chair near the judges and informed that she was to be rewarded as the highest point scorer for the season. Rose announced that her prize was to be any one thing she wanted from in the room. Lucy looked directly at Tim and said "I want Tim's jacket."   
  
The room erupted with cheers and laughter. Tim gave a wry smile and graciously slipped his jacket off. He guessed it was unlikely to stop at just that, but there didn't seem any point making a fuss about the jacket.   
  
Lucy's reward was quickly followed by Suzanne getting a reward for most rebounds. Her prize was the same, and without hesitation she demanded Tim's shirt. This time Tim went through the motions of making a protest, but it was a protest he was always destined to lose. He felt very self-conscious as he stripped off his shirt, but he was also incredibly excited about where this evening might be headed, and he had no real intention of spoiling the fun.   
  
Tim was obviously wondering how fast and how completely he might lose his clothes, but Cassie and Rose had been careful to spread the pressure. Their next move was to call Anna to the stand and charge her with the crime of committing the most fouls during the season. She was given the punishment of removing her bra. She was wearing a light sleeveless top and a long floral skirt. After some initial protests, and being refused permission to go to another room, she eventually managed with some maneuvering and contortions to remove the bra from under her top and placed it on the table.   
  
The next to be called was Katrina, who was charged with never being kissed. She blushed furiously, but it was obvious that the judges knew the facts because she offered no denial. Her punishment was to kiss Tim for one minute.   
  
Katrina's reaction was to nervously look at Tim. She was a tall girl, about three inches taller than he was, and had always been shy and self-conscious about her body. Tim could tell that she was watching him for any sign of reluctance. He then looked at Cassie to observe her reaction, and received a smile and a nod to go ahead.   
  
Katrina and Tim stood in the centre of the room and placed their arms around each other. By bending their heads, they brought their lips into proximity with each other, but there were a few awkward moments before their lips touched. A cheer went up, and Tim could hear Rose counting down the minute. Her count seemed to slow down near the end, and Tim was sure the kiss was a lot longer than it was meant to be. Finally the count reached zero and they separated. Katrina looked flushed and she gave him a quick grateful smile before returning to her seat. Tim had no time to sit down, as it was his turn to be called for judgement.   
  
Cassie and Rose enjoyed the look of nervousness on Tim's face as he awaited his fate. However, their plans didn't involve anything too serious just yet. Instead, Cassie announced that Tim was to be rewarded with a great honour - the honour of being considered one of the girls. He was ordered to put on Anna's bra. He picked it up and held it across his chest. It was black and skimpy and seemed to be more of a tangle of straps than anything else. He eventually worked out where to put his arms through, and tried unsuccessfully to do it up behind his back. Cassie came forward to secure it, and then she reached around to the front and quickly caressed Tim's nipples through the fabric. The feeling was electric, and Tim could feel his erection pressing against the front of his pants and he wondered how obvious it was to the watching girls. He was hoping to sneak back to his seat and try to get his erection to subside, but there wasn't much chance of that.   
  
The next to go on trial was Heather, who was convicted of dropping the ball more than anyone else during the season. She was told that she was to receive catching practice. Mysteriously Rose and Cassie took her through to the bathroom area. When the rest of the group followed them through they understood why. Heather's catching practice was to be with water balloons. At first Rose and Cassie lobbed them to her nicely, and Heather caught the first two. However, she dropped the third, and this gave Rose and Cassie the opportunity to go into a mock rage at her clumsiness. The next few throws were quicker and harder, and Heather didn't manage to catch any more. Then the final few throws were just an onslaught including several, to Tim's great interest, which burst all over the front of her chest. Heather was wearing a light yellow blouse which went practically see-through, clearly showing her bra which was white with some sort of small flowery pattern of it. Her breasts were large, and her nipples poked out through the wet fabric.   
  
By this time it had been growing increasingly dark. They had turned on the bathroom lights for Heather's punishment, but for some reason Rose didn't want them to turn on the lights in the main room. There was still some light coming in from elsewhere to enable them to see reasonably well. Heather's punishment included a refusal to allow her to put on dry clothes. Tim watched as Heather sat down on the floor, obviously not wanting to get any of the easy chairs wet from her dripping clothes.   
  
By now, the only one in the team who hadn't been picked on was Cindy, the timid American girl. Cindy was certainly the shyest in the group, although she had always responded well to Rose's encouragement and almost seemed to hero worship her. Tim was curious to see what Rose might spring on Cindy. He suspected that the darkness was part of the strategy to overcome her awkwardness in front of the crowd.   
  
Rose's punishment for Cindy was unexpected. Cindy was accused of hiding a talent from the team. Cindy was ordered to show everyone how well she could sing. The next few minutes were a delight. Cindy was obviously talented, and the rest of the group were transfixed as they sat in the half-darkness listening to her soft voice.   
  
At the end of her song, everyone expected Cindy to hurriedly return to her seat. However, she remained hovering at the front of the room, obviously trying to summon the courage to say something. Rose went up to her, and they had a whispered conversation. They appeared to quickly come to some sort of agreement, and Rose made the announcement. "It appears that Cindy is guilty of a crime - the same crime as Katrina. She shall have to endure the same cruel punishment - a kiss with Tim for one minute."   
  
There was universal surprise at this announcement. None had expected Cindy to be brave enough to practically ask to kiss Tim in front of this group of girls. Cassie was herself quite surprised at her own feelings. Even though she had previously been happy to "lend" Tim for Katrina's punishment, she felt taken aback by this latest development. However, the cheers and yells from the other girls shifted the focus to her normally timid friend, and the brave move she had taken to experience something new before her school days were over.   
  
In contrast to Tim's kiss with Katrina, the room was quiet when his lips joined with Cindy's. He had no idea of time, and he decided to just go with the flow. The kiss ended, however, in a way he wasn't comfortable with as Cindy started to giggle uncontrollably. They broke apart, and Cindy took some time regaining her composure. Finally she was able to explain. "It just occurred to me that my first kiss was with a boy wearing a bra!"   
  
As Cindy and Tim took their seats again, there was an air of anticipation in the room. Unless the Milligans were to leave their show before it finished, there was still over an hour before the earliest they would arrive. As Rose stood up ready to make an announcement, Tim noticed Cassie slipping away from the table at the front and joining the rest of the team. Rose's announcement was not unexpected. "I call Tim to take the seat of judgement!"   
  
Tim made a show of protesting. "I've already received a punishment" he said, referring to the bra he had been wearing.   
  
"You are wrong" said Rose. "If you remember, that was a reward. Now it is time for you to face your crimes."   
  
As Tim sat on the chair at the front, Rose began reading from a sheet of paper. "Tim, you are charged with perverted behaviour and exploitation of vulnerable women. You have abused your position of trust and willingly imposed your presence on the girls' changing room throughout the season, forcing us to be seen by you in our underwear. How do you plead?"   
  
Tim's surprise at this charge left him confused and speechless. Maybe this was for real. Maybe they had really hated him being there. However, Tim's look of confusion only brought laughs from the girls, and in the end no reply from him was needed. "Who cares what he says" yelled Cassie. "Get on with the punishment. Off with his pants!" This shout was taken up by the rest of the room, all demanding that Tim strip for them.   
  
Tim knew that karma had caught up with him. He had anticipated this from the start of the evening when he had quickly lost his jacket and shirt. He stood up, taking comfort in the fact that nothing much would be seen in the dim light. However, he was wrong about that. As soon as he started unbuckling his jeans, a powerful torch light shone on him from the direction of Cassie, lighting him brightly and plunging the rest of the room into darkness. The cheering and chanting of the girls reached fever pitch, and Tim felt his erection as hard as ever in his briefs. His legs felt like jelly as he pushed his jeans down, and he stumbled and came close to falling over. Then he was standing in the bright light with his hand covering his briefs. This brought a howl of protests, and he was forced to obey their orders to put his hands at his sides, then further orders to turn around slowly for them. He was wearing bright red briefs which seemed to glow in the harsh light of the torch, and as he looked down he saw the unmistakable bulge of his penis hidden only by the thin layer of fabric. He felt extremely self-conscious, while at the same time totally aroused.   
  
After a suitable time for viewing, Rose allowed Tim to sit down on the "judgement chair" and the torch was turned off. As Tim's eyes very slowly became accustomed to the gloom again, he was further interrogated by his sister. "You didn't answer the charge. Do you think you are guilty or innocent?"   
  
"I can't deny being in the changing room" he replied, "and I have to admit that I enjoyed the view. But I would hate to think that I forced myself on anyone. No-one seemed to mind."   
  
This answer gave Rose the opportunity she had been looking for to progress with her plans. "That is a serious accusation" she said. "We will have to see whether or not the team agrees with your version of events." She turned to the rest of the room. "Ok girls. We are going to put this to a vote. If you feel you were exploited against your will by our coach, remain sitting where you are. If, however, you intend to admit that you enjoyed shamelessly exposing your bodies and lingerie to him, then I want you to stand up."   
  
The effect was immediate. Cassie was the first to spring to her feet, a large grin on her face as she caught Tim's eye. Around her, all the other girls were getting to their feet as well, a unanimous admission that they had been enjoying his attentions. Tim felt an enormous sense of relief and satisfaction as he looked around the room.   
  
Rose continued in mock horror at the results of the vote. "I'm shocked at you all" she said. "You must all be punished. I order you all to strip down to your underwear."   
  
While the gloom continued to descend on the room, Tim could still see well enough to get a good view from where he was sitting. He watched as Heather pulled her sopping wet blouse off, revealing the bra he had already seen, which was clinging wetly to her large breasts. She removed her skirt to reveal a matching thong. As Tim looked around the room in excitement, he saw an amazing array of sexy underwear being revealed. Many of the girls were wearing thongs. Lucy's lingerie set seemed largely transparent in the half light. Tim was sure he could make out the dark points of her nipples and a dark patch of pubic hair through the front of her underthings. Cindy was wearing a black corset-type garment which prominently lifted and displayed her breasts which were covered by only a thin layer of material trimmed with lace. Suzanne was wearing a teddy. And when he looked at Cassie, he saw that she was wearing a skimpy white bra and thong set, with the addition of a garter belt and stockings. He was so turned on, it took every ounce of willpower to keep his hands away from his penis.   
  
Apart from Rose, who was still fully dressed, the only other person who wasn't fully stripped down to her underwear was Anna, who still had her sleeveless top on. Tim naturally remembered her being ordered to remove her bra earlier in the evening, and his eyes kept on returning to Anna as he looked around the room, curious to see what might happen. Rose was still in her mood of mock severity, and when she noticed Anna she started haranguing her, telling her that it was her own fault she wasn't wearing a bra, and ordering her to comply. Soon every eye in the room was on Anna. She looked nervously from one to another, including meeting Tim's eye. He nervously glanced away, but then he looked back and returned her stare. Then Anna simply smiled, shrugged, and said "What the hell" and started unbuttoning her top. She looked up occasionally to glance at Tim, and noticed that his eyes were glued to her chest. She finished unbuttoning the top and slipped it off onto the floor and stood in front of him without covering herself at all. Her breasts were nowhere near as large as Heather's or Cindy. They didn't hang down at all. Instead, they seemed to point right at Tim as he sat and stared.   
  
Even as Tim sat on the dining chair, it seemed to him that his erection was still obvious to everyone in the room. He tore his eyes away from Anna's naked breasts, but as he looked around the room at the near naked bodies clad in the flimsiest pieces of material, there was no reduction in his excitement. The room had gone silent, and everyone seemed at a loss to know what to do or say next. Again it was Rose who took the lead. She stepped up behind her brother and undid the strap of Anna's bra which was still around his chest. Then she fed the straps through the back of the chair he was sitting on and did it up again. He was pinned in place.   
  
"I give you the prisoner" she said dramatically. "I wash my hands of his fate." Then she added in a more conversational tone "I'll go out front and keep a look out."   
  
Cassie and Rose had already discussed the possibilities at various times over the last week. They had also had some chats with the other girls to check that the others were open to something happening, but still Cassie was unsure of what she would do when the time came. She was undeniably aroused. She had made it clear enough with the other girls that she was intending to claim Tim as her own after the weekend, and was mostly trusting enough to allow things to get a bit wild in the here and now. It took just a few seconds before she took action. Moving towards Tim she yelled out "Tie him up!" She walked behind him, then a few seconds later he felt and saw the bra she had been wearing go around his stomach and done up behind him, further pinning him to the chair. Then she walked around in front of him, allowing him his first clear look at her breasts. She had wonderful C cups (as he learned later), and he got an extreme close up as she sat down on his lap, then a first taste as she leaned in.   
  
The room became a blur of movement. Bras were being taken off all over the room, and bare-chested girls were coming forward with their bras and securing his arms and legs. He saw Suzanne reach between her legs to undo the snaps on her teddy, and when she pulled it off she was left wearing the tiniest G-string imaginable. She must have shaved off all her pubic hair. Heather's breasts swung freely after she removed her bra, and he could feel the wetness of the fabric as she added it to the bras securing his arms to the chair. The last one to reveal her breasts was Cindy, who needed someone else to help unhook her corset. She was one of the shorter and curvier girls in the team, and her breasts turned out to be the largest in the room once she finally stopped covering them unconsciously with her arms.   
  
As the girls secured Tim to the chair he was on, he felt their hands on his body, over his chest and thighs, then more frequently brushing over the bulge in his briefs. Cassie climbed off his lap and was replaced by Lucy, who followed Cassie's lead by leaning close to Tim's face and allowing him to lick and suck on her breasts. Then she was replaced by Suzanne, who added to the effect by sitting right up at the top of his lap and began grinding her almost naked pussy against the lump in his briefs. One by one other girls took her place. By this time Tim had flesh being pressed against him from all direction. Bodies were rubbing against his sides, arms and legs. Hands were caressing him all over.   
  
After a few minutes, things were taken up yet another notch when Tim felt a hand reach inside his briefs and pull his penis out. From inside the press of bodies he had no idea who the hand belonged to. The hand grabbed his penis and started stroking it firmly. Five strokes was all it took before he climaxed. His testicles tightened with a small amount of pain, and then his sperm started shooting out. Most of it went over his own stomach and chest, while some splashed on the stomach and chest of Heather who was currently sitting on his lap. She gave a squeal of surprise, which was soon followed by other squeals and giggles from the rest of the girls.   
  
The attention Tim was receiving took only a short pause. Suzanne grabbed her teddy and used it as a towel, wiping his chest and stomach before reaching lower and using the material to wipe around Tim's penis and balls. Then other hands renewed their touching. Tim's briefs were yanked a short distance down his thighs, leaving his flaccid but slowly stiffening penis exposed. To his surprise Cindy took a turn in his lap. She sat with her crotch pushing against his penis, with just the thin material of her panties providing a barrier. She leaned down and kissed Tim full on the mouth, then offered her tits for his mouth.

The only girl in the room who kept some distance was Anna, who apparently had limits relating to her steady boyfriend. She was obviously enjoying herself, but did not kiss Tim or allow her breasts to come in contact with him.   
  
One by one the girls started drifting away until finally there was only Cassie left. Again she climbed onto his lap and leaned forward to kiss him. It was now quite dark in the room. She reached down for his penis, pleased to find that it was fully hard again. "Have you had fun?" He couldn't deny it. "You realise that this isn't going to happen again, don't you? I'm keeping you for myself from now on."   
  
He looked up at her. "It never needed to be anyone but you," he replied.   
  
Cassie smiled. "Very good answer," she said. Then she slid off his lap and kneeled on the floor in front of him. She took his penis to her mouth and started licking and sucking slowly. Despite having climaxed recently, it didn't take very long before the teenager came again.   
  
Tim was only just coming down again after his climax when his sister burst into the room. "There's a car coming. I think it's the Milligans." She ran across the room towards Tim and Cassie. When she was close enough to see them in the dark, she stopped and gasped. "Oh my God!" she said. "It really happened. Oh my goodness!"   
  
Rose kept on exclaiming her shock, so it was left to Cassie to get her back on track. That fact that she was only wearing thong panties made her acutely aware of their circumstances. There was no time to untie all the bras holding Tim to the chair, so she got Rose to help her to drag Tim and his chair through to one of the shower stalls. Rose disappeared back out to the main room, and Tim and Cassie could hear her greeting Mr & Mrs Milligan and asking them about the show they had seen. Meanwhile Cassie had undone enough of Tim's bonds so that he could finish the rest, turned on his shower, then she ducked into a nearby stall and turned on the shower there too.   
  
As Tim stood in the shower he was very aware of his predicament. All he had with him in the shower stall was his bright red underpants and a small pile of bras. Cassie in the nearby shower had only her panties. After about twenty minutes of waiting in suspense, they were finally rescued by Rose, who brought in a bag containing clothes and towels under the pretense of having her own shower before bed. Once his clothes had been slipped in through the door Tim got dried and dressed, and headed off to the bedroom he shared with Rose, pausing only briefly to chat to Mr Milligan on his way through.   
  
As soon as Tim got to his room, he got ready for bed. His two climaxes were having an effect on him, and he became drowsy as he listened to the girls coming and going from the surrounding rooms, making last trips to the bathroom before bed. He soon dozed off.   
  
He didn't hear when the Milligans went to bed. He was only partly woken by the last goodnights from Rose and several other girls. The door to his room opened and closed, but the light remained off. He heard clothing being removed. As he lay facing the wall, he suddenly felt the covers of his bed being lifted and a body slipping in behind him. An arm draped over his chest, and he could feel two breasts pressing against his back. "Rose!" he exclaimed. "What the hell are you doing?"   
  
"Don't be silly!" said Cassie.   
  
The End