**Charlene's Football Party**

by TraceEkies

Not likely he'll say anything...

“That girl is so full of shit,” Charlene mumbled under her breath.

“Huh?” questioned Tommy.

“That girl... talking about unwanted touching at a fraternity party... she’s lying.” Charlene was referring to a story they were watching on the nightly news.

“I’m not saying that I disagree, but I am curious about why you’re not buying it,” Tommy queried. He and Charlene were college roommates, with benefits, but rapidly becoming more serious. Tommy needed to understand Charlene’s attitudes.

She muted the television before responding, “That girl was at a college fraternity party. She was wearing a tank top with no bra, and her skirt barely covered her ass.” After allowing that to sink in, she added, “I mean like, what the hell could she have been expecting?”

“So you don’t think a guy stroking her leg would have been completely out of bounds. I mean given the circumstances.” Tommy stared at Charlene’s bare legs, leaving little doubt as to what he was thinking.

Charlene, continued to tease Tommy, “You saw the video. That skirt was practically up to her crotch. Girl goes to a fraternity party dressed like that, those bare legs are going to get some attention, and I don’t mean just looking.”

“Sounds like you might know something about fraternity parties,” Tommy taunted.

“Uh, yeah,” Charlene allowed teasingly, “I have heard some things about them.”

“But you’ve never been?” Tommy prodded.

“Well uh, that would not be totally correct.”

“You mean you have?” Tommy asked, definitely wanting to know more. “So when was this?”

“After Carl and I split up. His sister, Diane, talked me into it.”

“And what else did she talk you into?” he quizzed.

“Well uh... our dresses might have been kinda short,” she allowed, but then hastily added, “But it wasn’t really all that different from how we might have dressed for the mall.”

Charlene wasn’t actually lying, but she wasn’t ready to tell the whole story either. In an attempt to shift the subject, she hopped onto Tommy’s lap and pressed her panty covered pussy against his hardening cock. She blew in his ear and cooed, “I was hoping I might get you to take me dancing.”

“Going to have to think about that one,” Tommy said, a hand sliding between her bare thighs, the other toying with her shirt-covered breasts. “We could, but with you still a few days short of eighteen, it’s going to be difficult getting you in.”

“We could go to that same place you and Blake took me, just after I got here.”

“Uh huh, that could work, especially with the way you’re dressed.”

“You mean, just this old shirt and a pair of panties?”

“Some reason you wouldn’t want to?” Tommy asked.

“No... sounds like fun. Let’s do it.”

In the truck, with Charlene straddling the gear shift, Tommy was able, between shifts, to play with her bare thighs. At the night-club, those bare legs and a partially buttoned shirt, got them quickly past the doorman.

Although it was a Friday night, it was also early. The band hadn’t started yet, and service was mostly non-existent. Tommy went to the bar for their drinks. On returning to the table, he told Charlene about meeting a classmate who had been seated at the bar. “...said he saw us come in - thinks you’re really hot.”

“He does, huh? How about you? You think I’m pretty hot too?”

“Oh yeah, you’re hot alright,” he replied, his hand sliding under the edge of Charlene’s shirt and pressing against her silken panty covered pussy, “but you’d be even hotter if you were to take these panties off.”

“Think so, huh,” Charlene responded excitedly, “Reminds me of that night at the fraternity house – those guys were wanting me to take my panties off, too.”

“Did you do it?” Tommy asked with a big grin on his face.

“I told ‘em I would if Diane did.”

“So what happened?” he wanted to know.

Charlene watched the excitement in Tommy’s face as she replied with a grin, “We took ‘em off!”

“You mean,” Tommy said, tripping over his tongue, “that you were at a fraternity party and you took your panties off? That is so fucking hot! When was this?” he demanded to know.

“Ohhh, uh… Carl had just split... so I guess it was summer before last.”

Tommy, eyes lighting up at Charlene’s response, exclaimed, “You mean like when you were sixteen? Jesus! And you with a bunch of guys...”

“Dancing too.”

“And dancing too... with no panties? Like how long was your dress?” Tommy wanted to know.

“Well, uh… it was a shirt-dress, maybe an inch or two longer’n what I’m wearing right now.” she replied.

Tommy wanted to hear more, “Bra?” Charlene shook her head. “Shirt unbuttoned?”

“Mostly,” she admitted.

“And the guys playing with your bare ass?” Charlene smirked as Tommy continued, “Between your legs, too?”

She wasn’t ready to admit that. “I don’t really remember,” Charlene pleaded, “After all, I was drinking… I just remember having fun.”

Tommy looked up as his friend from the bar came toward them. “I suggested Eric come over and meet you. I doubt he’ll stay long.”

Charlene turned her face up to Eric as he bent over the table saying, “Not surprising that Tommy’s always talking about you.” He zeroed in on Charlene’s braless tits.

“You’re right, no bra.” Charlene turned and looked at Tommy, accusingly. “I’m guessing Tommy’s already told you that I rarely wear one.”

“Yeah, I guess he did mention that. He wasn’t complaining though, strictly bragging.”

“I think you better sit down. I want to hear more about what he’s been saying.”

“Love to, but can’t – girl I was waiting for just came in.”

“Then come over tomorrow and watch the Texas/OU game with us.”

“Now that I could do. Tommy, you text me the address and I’ll be there. Gotta run – fun’s awaiting.”

As Eric headed off, Tommy sheepishly asked, “You’re not upset that I told him about you going without a bra, are you?”

“Oh hell no, I just want to know if you’ve told him about how I dress around your friends.”

“So tomorrow… you’re going to -”

“Could be,” Charlene allowed. Turning her gaze on the stirring in Tommy’s pants, she added, “But right now I think we better do some dancing. Least that way you’ll have a valid excuse for that boner you’re growing.”

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Tommy and Charlene were awakened the next morning by a knocking on the door. “Probably Eric,” Tommy said to Charlene, “Let him in.”

“Me?” Charlene questioned, “Why me? He’s your friend.”

Tommy rose on his elbows, his eyebrows peaking upward. “My friend? But you were the one invited him.”

Charlene rose up, looking defiantly at Tommy. “Yeah, but I only did that so I could find out what you’ve been saying about me, behind my back.”

“Okay, okay, I got it...“ There was another series of raps on the door, this time, a bit more loudly. “Coming,” Tommy hollered. “You do it,” he urged Charlene, “You can throw on that old shirt quicker than I could even find my pants.”

“I could, but it’ll be panties, too.”

“Yeah, well whatever,” Tommy snapped. “Just answer the door... okay?” he begged softly.

Charlene slid out of bed, pulled on panties, grabbed the shirt and made for the door. Cinching the last button - she unlocked and opened the door.

“Whoa!” exclaimed a surprised Eric, licking his lips at the sight of the braless and bare-legged teenager who had answered the door, “I thought you looked good last night, but jesus, you look even better in bright light.”

“Uh yeah, well that’s mighty nice of you to say,” Charlene said, blushing, “especially since I just got out of bed. Find yourself a seat. Tommy and I’ll be right out.” She turned up the hall toward the bedroom.

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Returning to their room, Charlene hiked the hem of her shirt up, flashing her panties, and said to Tommy, “I could wear a little something more.”

“More?” Tommy questioned, tucking his shirt into his shorts, “Some reason you think you need to?”

“Uh no, not really,” Charlene said, bending low and giving Tommy a quick down-blouse look at her unfettered breasts, “not if you think I’m okay the way I am.”

“You’re fine,” he assured her unnecessarily, ushering her hastily out the door in the direction of the living area.

Kickoff was early, 11:00 AM at the Cotton Bowl in Dallas, same time zone as Austin, and they did not have a lot of time to spare. Tommy addressed Charlene, "Get us some beers and I'll find the game." He turned to the television without waiting for an answer.

Charlene did not immediately head for the kitchen though, reminding Tommy instead, "Game's on Fox," as he began hunting through the channels.

"Uh huh, only way they could get Trump to watch," Eric quipped, tongue in cheek.

Charlene, continuing the shtick, added, "And Fox agreed to do it, only if Tucker Carlson gets to be the commentator."

"So I guess we can count on an explosive game, then," Eric concluded.

"Alright, you two," Tommy commanded in a loud voice, "Cut the shit. We're here to watch a football game, not talk politics."

Charlene scored three beers from the kitchen, handing one to each of the guys. Eric, from his spot in the apartment’s sole easy chair, watched excitedly as Charlene sat down on the couch, immodestly parting her thighs and flashing her panties as the Texas Longhorns ran onto the field. Tommy stepped back from the TV, sitting down next to Charlene, one of his hands suggestively between her bare thighs.

Less than three minutes into the game, OU scored their first touchdown, but Eric hardly noticed. His hands were already busy with the growing bulge in his shorts. Charlene had swung one bare leg over the other, trapping Tommy’s hand between. And now, as Eric watched on, Charlene toyed with the shirt’s top button, looking as if she might be ready to pop it.

The game, however, was far from over. Two minutes later, Texas evened the score and the first half became classic, hard-fought Texas/Oklahoma football - even capturing Eric’s attention - with Texas leading Oklahoma at the half by a single touchdown, 24 to 17.

Halfway through the game, two of the top buttons of Charlene’s shirt had already come undone. Eric watched with undisguised interest as she gathered up the empties before heading to the kitchen for more beer. As she was popping the tops on three cold ones, Tommy appeared at her side. "You do know, of course, that Eric is spending more time watching you than watching the game."

Charlene shook her head in mock frustration. “Yeah, I noticed. Probably not hurting that a couple buttons have already come undone.” Then, in a little girl voice, she added, “You know, this shirt is awful old and you just never know when another one’s going to come loose.”

“Well, if they do pop, we’ll just have to live with it,” Tommy asserted, hand slipping between Charlene’s legs, fingers stroking the silk of her panties, “and if these get any wetter, you might have to take ‘em off.”

Charlene grinned, “If Daddy knew I was even considering that -”

“Oh christ!” Tommy exclaimed, “Speaking of your father, did you know Eric is from Waco? Turns out your father’s his Sunday School teacher.”

“No! Really? I mean, like, what if he says something to Daddy?”

Tommy bit his lip. “Uh, maybe he won’t want to,” he said, as he undid another of the buttons holding Charlene’s shirt together.

A look of amused mischief came over Charlene’s face as she recognized the likely reason for Tommy’s action. The button he had undone left the top of her shirt unbuttoned to below her breasts. She adjusted the panels of the shirt to just barely conceal her nipples, warning Tommy, “You know of course. that I might not be able to stay covered all the time. I mean, like the rest of these buttons could come loose – this is an old shirt - and there could be a nipple slip or two... and who knows what else might happen.”

“Definitely not the sort of thing one discusses with his Sunday School teacher,” Tommy jokingly remarked, then more seriously asked, "Need some help?"

"You take yours, I’ll get Eric’s and mine. I might have a little trouble holding this shirt together while juggling two beers -” Charlene grinned. “- but I’ll manage.”

"Lead on,” Tommy responded cheerily, picking up his beer and turning toward the other room, Charlene following close behind. She made only a halfhearted attempt to hold the shirt together as she delivered Eric’s beer. Her nipples were covered, but not by a lot. Eric made no open remarks about what he was seeing, but the growing bulge in his shorts made it clear that he approved.

The second half was about to begin. Tommy pushed the volume back up on the television and stretched out on the floor in front of it. Charlene resumed her spot on the couch. After a scoreless four and half minutes, Texas scored the first points of the third quarter. Their touchdown and extra point made it 31 to 17, two touchdowns ahead of Oklahoma.

On a trip to the kitchen for more beer, another of Charlene’s buttons ‘somehow’ got loose. On her return, exchanging Eric’s empty for a full one, she bent low in front of him, her shirt falling open, briefly exposing even her nipples. With the Texas lead growing, Charlene eschewed the comfort of the couch and instead, stood astride Tommy’s prone form.

As Tommy turned his head and looked up, it was apparent to Eric, although his view was of Charlene’s back, that she undid the last button and pulled the shirt aside, providing Tommy a view of her bare tits. Eric’s hand closed over the tent in his shorts.

As the Longhorns charged on through the third quarter, scoring two more touchdowns to Oklahoma's one, Charlene celebrated the Texas twenty-one point lead by sitting down on Tommy’s backside and allowing her shirt to slide down her arms. With Charlene continuing to expose more, the activity in Eric’s shorts became even more intense.

But in the fourth quarter, Oklahoma held Texas scoreless while totally making up their twenty-one point deficit and tying the game with two minutes and thirty-eight seconds remaining. Thoughts of sex became secondary to the drama being played out in the Cotton Bowl. All eyes were focused on the game as they watched Texas struggle to get the ball within field goal range. With nine seconds remaining, the Longhorns' freshman kicker, nailed a forty yard field goal, securing the win for Texas.

When the ball sailed between the goal posts, Charlene’s hands shot upward as she fell backward, exposing her bare tits to Eric’s excited gaze. No one watched the last nine seconds of the game. Tommy scrambled from under Charlene and bent low over her nearly naked body, alternately dragging his tongue over her exposed breasts and tweaking her hardened nipples with his fingers. Eric watched on enviously as Tommy’s hand slid down the front of Charlene’s panties.

"My pussy is dripping," she asserted while squirming under Tommy’s ministrations.

“I’m thinking you want to get fucked,” Tommy whispered.

Pressing her mouth to Tommy’s ear, Charlene breathlessly replied, "Yes, I do, and right now!"

Tommy reacted slowly. He wasn’t ready to believe that his girlfriend really wanted to get fucked while his classmate, a guy she barely knew, looked on. Charlene’s actions, though, said otherwise. She lowered Tommy’s zipper, slipped her hand inside and cupped his underwear clad cock. With the other hand, she undid his belt and pushed his pants down. Wrapping a hand around his cock, she desperately whispered, "Now fuck me."

Tommy nuzzled Charlene’s neck and whispered, "You mean with Eric watching?”

Charlene reacted with excitement in her voice, “Uh huh, it’ll be fun, don't you think?"

Charlene tugged Tommy's shorts down past his hips. She stripped off her shirt and slid her panties down, her naked body falling on his. Eric could not believe what he was seeing, His mouth dropped open as Tommy’s cock slid into Charlene’s wet pussy.

The reactions were immediate. Charlene's hands grabbed Tommy’s ass, pulling him in tight. Tommy buried his head in her breasts, sucking on her nipples while fucking her. Eric unsnapped his shorts and urgently slid his hand inside.

Tommy and Charlene went at it hard and fierce. Charlene didn't know if it was from being watched or from Tommy’s long deep strokes, but whatever it was, she was racing toward orgasm on an incredible wave of pleasure. Eric’s mouth continued to hang open as grunts and moans filled the room.

Charlene’s spasms drove Tommy over the edge. He continued ramming his cock into her as his sperm splashed against the walls of her pussy. Eric was pumping his own throbbing cock, thinking the orgasm he was witnessing, would never end. But it did. Tommy's jackhammer like action slowed, and then came to a complete stop.

After the intensity died away, Charlene sat up and looked squarely at Eric. Knowing they were being watched had excited her – at least while it was happening - but now she was embarrassed. “Look pretty good?” she sheepishly asked, reaching to pick up her shirt.

Eric responded, “Uh huh, probably the most incredible orgasm I have ever seen.”

Charlene looked up, still embarrassed, but trying to seem otherwise. “Done a lot of watching, have you?” she playfully challenged while buttoning her shirt.

“Well, actually, this is the first time I've gotten to watch... but I will have to say, it is just about the most exciting thing I have ever seen.”

Charlene blushed as she soaked up the compliment. “I guess that means you liked it?”

“Uh huh. There going to be an encore?”

“Well, uh...” Charlene swallowed hard. She wanted to say yes, but didn't dare. “That would be up to Tommy.”

“What will be up to me?” Tommy asked, rising to a sitting position. He had dozed off at the conclusion of the lovemaking and was unaware of what was taking place.

Charlene continued to loosen up. “Seems Eric really enjoyed watching. Said he’d like us to do it again.”

“Maybe another time,” Tommy defiantly asserted. Then as a grin spread across his face, he added, “But not until I get a turn at watching.”

After Eric was gone, Charlene asked Tommy, “You’d really like to watch me fuck him, wouldn’t you?”

Tommy, noting the grin on Charlene’s face, replied, “That would be a fun sight, for sure, but that’s not really why I suggested it.”

“Let me guess,” Charlene replied conspiratorially, “Eric’ll not likely say anything to my father, least not so long as he thinks he’s next.”