**Everyone Loves My Ass Ch. 01**

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'We're definitely not in Kansas anymore,' I thought, with only a hint of irony.  
  
There I was, standing at the edge of the Santa Monica Pier with Paul, my younger brother, and we literally are from Kansas. My family lives in Lawrence. Dad is a professor at the university, while Mom works in the administrative office.  
  
Just a couple of months ago I was kicking back at the house, and life was good. One hot summer day, everything changed for me. I have to say, life is still good, but it sure became...different.  
  
High school was finished, so I had some time to enjoy myself before starting college in the fall, and I was being lazy. Since there wasn't a cloud in the sky, I'd decided to lay out by the pool. I'd been sunning myself for an hour and was just starting to doze off when I heard Mom call from the kitchen, "Dawn, could you come inside for a minute, please? We need to talk."  
  
It's never good when Mom says, "We need to talk." That phrase usually means, "You need to listen, and you probably won't like what you'll hear."   
  
I love my parents to death, but they're kind of predictable that way.  
  
Hopping up from my sun lounger, I reluctantly went into the house. Mom and Dad were sitting at the kitchen table, and they weren't eating. They were simply waiting for me.  
  
'Yep, this must be something really serious,' I thought.  
  
When I walked into the kitchen, though, Mom's slight frown of concern gave way to a warm smile, and she had me come stand before her. "Let me see my beautiful girl," she grinned. Tenderly running her hands up and down my hips and thighs, she was fairly beaming. "God, look at you, baby...your bikini is so skimpy on you now. Sweetie, just a suggestion, but if you're at all concerned about modesty then you may want to start thinking about whether you still want to wear such a revealing bikini in front of your father and the boys."  
  
Mom was always funny like that, and Dad just smirked. Guffawing at his reaction, she smacked him on the shoulder. "Hush, you. She walks around the house this way in front of you too, even when she's wet," she said, giving him a knowing grin.  
  
Dad just held his hands up in a silly gesture of surrender. "I didn't say nuthin'. Don't bring me into this," he chuckled.  
  
I jumped in then. "Mom, it's no big deal. The boys see me in my bikini all the time."  
  
"Yes, I know they do. I'm sure they wouldn't miss it for the world," she smiled.  
  
Paul and his two best friends, Rick and Donny, they'd seen me in my bikini lots of times. We often swam together, and it'd only been two days since Rick had come over to go swimming. They all saw me, Dad included.  
  
Returning her smile, I said, "So? Mom, it's not like they haven't seen girls in bikinis before. I'm not showing them anything they haven't already seen a million times."   
  
"Oh, I highly doubt that, little one. Girls who look like you do in that bikini don't exactly grow on trees," Dad said, still chuckling.  
  
"He's right, dear. There are girls wearing bikinis, then there's you wearing thatbikini. They're not the same thing," said Mom, adding a wry little smirk. "Don't think your brother, his friends and even your father haven't noticed, especially with the way you've filled out. That old bikini used to be cute and girly on you, and that was fine. You were fourteen then. Now you're eighteen, and look at you. Baby, you're built like a Playboy Bunny. Your bikini barely even covers you anymore, and it's become so thin and threadbare that it's basically transparent. Honey, we can see every perfect inch of your beautiful body, including the parts bikinis are designed to cover."  
  
Pausing for effect, she gave me another warm smile. "We can see everything, baby."  
  
Taking my hands, she kissed my knuckles. "Sweetie, I don't have any problem with you wearing your bikini around the house. Really, I don't mind. If you want to drive our men completely crazy, that's entirely up to you. I just want you to be aware of how much you're showing, that's all."  
  
"God, Mom, you make it sound like I'm flouncing around in a g-string and stripper heels, showing off for all the boys in the neighborhood. It's just a bikini. Besides, Paul doesn't care what I wear. He barely even knows I exist. As far as he's concerned, I'm just his boring older sister, and that's about it. You know, I don't even think he likes me. He tolerates me, sure, but only because he has to. Otherwise, I'm just a big pain in the you-know-what to him," I grinned.  
  
Smiling to myself, I recalled how flustered I'd made Paul only a few days earlier.  
  
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Having just gotten home from school, I was heading towards my bedroom when I happened to hear sexy sounding girly-stuff coming from Paul's bedroom. He'd been a real jerk to me that morning, laughing and running away after sticking his fingers in my bowl of cereal. So, naturally, I wasn't feeling too charitable towards him. With the sounds coming from his room, I had a pretty good idea that he was again watching internet sex stuff. Giggling to myself, I casually knocked on his door, which was open about six inches. At the same time I was knocking, I poked my head inside. "Whatcha doing?" I asked, all sweetness and innocence, grinning like a Cheshire cat.  
  
"Dawn! Get outta here!" he shouted, covering his crotch with a beach towel while jumping up from his chair.  
  
"Okay, okay! Jeez, don't spaz out. I just wanted to let you know I was home, and to say hi. I'll let you get back to, ummm...whatever you were doing," I said teasingly, shooting him a goofy grin.  
  
Busted! Oh yeah, I got him good.  
  
Later that day I found him in the living room, watching TV. Deciding to join him, I offered to get us some snacks. He wouldn't make eye contact with me. Instead, he just shook his head while mumbling, "I'm good." It was really cute, the way he started blushing. When I plopped myself next to him on the couch, he finally glanced over at me.  
  
"Pervert," I giggled.   
  
His eyes got so big! I jumped over the back of the couch and took off up the stairs, with Paul tearing after me like a maniac. I was laughing like crazy when I got to my room. Just in time, I closed and locked the door behind me.  
  
"Not cool, Dawn! Very not cool!" he yelled through the door, yet I could tell that he was laughing, too.  
  
We were always doing stupid things like that, and I'm certain he thought of me as just a constant nuisance. He never said a single word to me about my bikini, though, or about anything else I ever wore. I often had the feeling that he really didn't even think of me as a girl. Even if he did, I probably still wasn't his type, besides being his sister.  
  
In fact, I was sure of it, because one day I overheard Paul and Rick in the kitchen having a discussion about girls. Being the little sneak that I am, I hid in the dining room and heard Rick ask, "So what's your favorite type?"  
  
"Blondes, with huge tits. I definitely like blondes with long hair and big tits. The bigger the better," was Paul's answer.  
  
It was true, too. I'd seen his dirty magazines and the posters on his wall. It was always bionic blondes for him. I almost couldn't be less of his type, which he shortly confirmed.   
  
First, however, he threw the question back to Rick.  
  
"Megan Fox, dude," Rick answered. "Megan Fox, absolutely. Give me a sexy brunette with a wicked face and an incredible ass. I don't need her tits to be toohuge; they just have to be pretty, and fit her body. The main things are her legs and stomach, and especially her ass. She's gotta have a tight, curvy ass, with perfect legs and a sexy stomach."  
  
"Megan Fox? I thought you said you hated tattoos on a girl, and you hate conceited, snotty girls who are all full of themselves."  
  
"Yeah, I do. Dude, don't get all pissed off at me or anything, but you know who's perfect? I mean literally flawless? Dawn is perfect. She's exactly what I like. She looks just like Megan Fox, you know she does, yet she's the total opposite, personality-wise. She has no tattoos, and—"  
  
"Thank god," Paul said, interrupting. "I'm totally with you there. I hate tattoos on a girl."  
  
"Yeah, Dawn has no tattoos, and she looks exactly like Megan Fox. Same wicked blue eyes...same long, black, amazing hair. She has that same perfect chin and the prettiest, sexiest mouth, with the most dazzling knockout smile. She has that sleek, ridiculously perfect body, and her tits are a lot bigger. Megan Fox has great tits, don't get me wrong, but Dawn's are even better. Her ass is definitely way better. Seriously, her ass is the best ever, and you know how much I love Megan Fox's ass. Dude, don't lie, you know Dawn is perfect. Top to bottom, from any angle, face or body, that girl is absolutely flawless."  
  
I could hear Paul hesitate before stammering, "You really think so? Dawn?"  
  
"Are you serious? You've never noticed how hot your sister is? You don't see that she looks exactly like Megan Fox?"  
  
"No, not really. I mean, sure, I can't say that she's not pretty or anything. I guess she is, but I never thought of her like that. I never realized how much she really does look like Megan Fox. I don't know, maybe that's because I don't even like Megan Fox. She seems like such a bitch."  
  
"See, that's what's so great about your sister. That's exactly it. She looks identical to Megan Fox, only with an even hotter body, yet she's still the sweetest, nicest, most un-conceited girl we've ever known. Dawn truly doesn't have a snotty bone in her entire body. She also has no idea how hot she is, and that makes her even hotter. Dude, your sister is perfect. She's everything that's amazing about Megan Fox, with none of that crappy, high-maintenance baggage. You know your sister is the nicest, least bitchy girl in our whole school."  
  
"She's not always that nice," Paul said, and I could hear the grin in his voice.  
  
'Serves you right, you butthead,' I thought, laughing to myself.  
  
"Whatever, dude. Girls don't come any sweeter or nicer than your sister, and you know it. Jesus, she's even a straight-A student. C'mon, what other knockout like her have you ever seen who wasn't also a spoiled rotten airhead, or a spoiled rotten airhead and a total bitch? Your sister seriously acts like she doesn't even know she's the hottest girl on the planet. She may as well be a nerdy fat chick, she's so down-to-earth and un-conceited."  
  
"She's definitely not conceited, I'll give you that. Yeah, she's okay, I guess. You really think she's that hot, though, like Megan Fox hot?"  
  
"You must be completely blind. It's actually pretty admirable, the way you can't see that your sister is so crazy hot. Head to toe, there isn't an inch of her that could be any hotter. Seriously, think about it. Tell me, what part of her could possibly be any better?"  
  
"She could be blonde, with ginormous knockers."  
  
They both laughed, then Paul said, "Yeah, okay, maybe you're right. I can't come up with anything that's bad about her, or anything about her face and body that could be any better. Maybe I really am blind, because she's my sister. I guess I just don't see her that way."  
  
"Dude, c'mon, if she wasn't your sister and you saw her walking through the halls at school in one of her killer little miniskirts, or especially if you ever saw her in that tiny bikini she always wears around the house? Jesus, you'd be sporting so much wood, you wouldn't know what to do."  
  
"Hey, wait a minute! Does that mean you're sporting wood every time she goes swimming with us? That's my sister, you dirty fuck!"  
  
Again they laughed, but Rick didn't actually respond.   
  
"Holy shit! You are! You're totally popping boners in my pool! What a fag!" laughed Paul, then I heard a bunch of racket and even more laughter, like they were play-fighting.  
  
Figuring that any second they could easily come stumbling through the doorway, I decided to duck out of there before they caught me eavesdropping on them.  
  
Wow, that was really cool. I never even knew Rick noticed me. I had no idea he thought I was pretty. I mean, okay, I knew I was sort of pretty, and I wasn't fat or anything. Compared to the other cheerleaders in our squad, I knew I still looked okay. During the past year the other cheerleaders had even started teasing me about my butt. They never called it my "butt," though; it was always my "ass."  
  
We'd be in the showers, or maybe in the locker room changing our clothes, and they would come up to me and "spank that ass," as they put it. It was almost like some of the girls couldn't stop, the way they kept spanking, pinching and just plain helping themselves to my bottom! More and more they had begun to gang up on me, as if my bottom was a toy for their amusement.  
  
One time four of the girls surrounded me at my locker, playfully spanking and touching me.   
  
"Hey! Pick on someone else for once! I'm not the only girl here with a butt, you know! Go spank Christa or Carrie," I giggled.  
  
"If Christa or Carrie had an ass like yours, we would!" giggled Michelle right back, pulling down my little panties from behind.  
  
Michelle is my best friend, so she knew I loved the games they played with me and my bottom. Whenever the girls ganged up on me, she was usually the ringleader.  
  
"Motor boat! Motor boat!" shouted the other girls, and I was laughing hysterically as Michelle took my bottom in her hands. Spreading me open before pressing her mouth into my crack, she made this funny 'bwooooooarrrr' sound while shaking my bare bottom all over her face.  
  
Trish was pulling up my top, so I lifted my arms and let her take it all the way off, then she buried her face between my boobs and made the same motor boat sounds.  
  
We were all laughing so hard that we finally collapsed onto the bench. Trish continued to motor boat my breasts, cupping them around her face, then she changed up and began squeezing, kissing and sucking them.  
  
God, it felt awesome. I had learned to love having my boobs played with by the girls, though it was hard to concentrate on my breasts when Michelle was busy between my legs, hungrily licking my pussy.  
  
Now that felt totally amazing.  
  
"Baby, I just have to..." Michelle would say, then she'd make me roll over onto my stomach, the way she'd done it that time. "Your ass is to die for," she said, grinning as she slapped it.  
  
More and more she was always saying things like that to me, then she'd kiss and lick my ass...everywhere. Even with the other girls watching, she just didn't care. It was like she couldn't get enough, the way she would feast on my bottom.   
  
I'd almost become addicted to it. I just loved being eaten, and I especially loved when they would all attack me together.  
  
Sometimes Trish would do it Michelle's way, although she was usually very specific in her approach. Michelle was more general about the things she did to me, kissing and licking all over my bottom. Besides eating my pussy, sometimes she'd even slip her tongue inside my bottom, deep into my tiniest hole, which always made me jump. I loved it - god, I loved it - but it always made me jump. I couldn't help it.  
  
Trish? She just had to bite me down there. She always made the cutest growling sounds while nipping and biting my bottom. Sometimes she even bit my asshole, then she would open me up and slide her long tongue all the way inside. With Trish it wasn't so much about eating my pussy; she did that too, definitely, but it was usually much more about devouring my bottom.  
  
I wasn't complaining about any of it, since I loved it, but I always wondered why they only seemed to gang up on me? I have a cute bottom, I guess, but so do the other girls. Michelle got me started on licking hers, then Trish recruited me too, and they're both awesome. Seriously, I could happily spend my whole day licking between their legs, I enjoy it that much. The thing is, whenever I went down on them, especially if I was on my stomach, at least one of the other girls would immediately attack my vulnerable bottom.  
  
I just always wondered why they didn't attack each other the same way.  
  
Before the final game of the season the girls told me that in addition to the official awards ceremony our coach holds for us every year we were also going to have our own little team ceremony, which would be a private thing just between us cheerleaders.  
  
"Once Coach goes home, meet us in the locker room tonight. Plan on eleven o'clock," instructed Michelle.  
  
When I snuck into our locker room that night, all the lights were off. Apparently none of the other girls had made it back yet, and being alone there was really spooky.  
  
"Hello? Michelle? Trish? Is anyone here? Lisa? Hello?" I called out in the darkness.  
  
All around me, candles were suddenly lit. There were flickering lights on either side of me, each held up by one of the cheerleaders. They were lined up in two opposing rows, forming a lighted pathway.  
  
From out of the pitch-black distance a five-pointed star of flickering lights appeared, then began slowly moving towards us. As the lights drew near, I saw that it was Michelle holding a cake decorated with an array of lit candles. Beside her was Trish, carrying a huge trophy. When they reached the two rows of girls, all the cheerleaders fanned out behind them to form a semi-circle around me.  
  
Though still a bit spooked, the girls' welcoming smiles put me at ease, and I giggled, "What's all this? It's not my birthday, you know."  
  
"We know," Michelle said, smiling warmly. "This isn't about your birthday. I told you, tonight is our private awards ceremony. As it turns out, there's only one award, and you're the winner. Tonight we give you your prize. Since you're leaving us to go out west to college, you big jerk, this is also sort of a going-away present. It's just a little something to help our gorgeous star remember us."  
  
Michelle held out the cake, and I read the script...   
  
We love you, Dawn. Knock 'em dead in Cali.

Okay, I know there are heartless bastards in this world who hate it when girls get all emotional and cry. I realize some people think of people like me as sappy and silly, but I'm sorry, when I saw that cake and read what it said, I totally lost it. I cried my eyes out.  
  
'Heartless bastards can just go fuck themselves. I'm going to enjoy this cry,' I thought, completely overwhelmed by the girls' beautiful gesture.  
  
"Make a wish, then blow out your candles," Michelle said, giving me a sweet grin.  
  
"Okay. I wish you'd put that cake down so I could give you a big hug."  
  
"You're not supposed to say it out loud, you goof," she replied, smiling brightly.  
  
When I blew out all the candles, Michelle set the cake on a nearby bench. As I moved towards her, Lisa and Carrie began undressing me from behind. After helping Lisa take off my sweater, I reached back to undo my bra while Carrie whisked away my cheerleader skirt and panties. Once she had made me fully nude by slipping off my tennis shoes and socks, she planted a tender kiss on my upper thigh.  
  
"Thank you for all this," I said, gazing into Michelle's beautiful golden brown eyes. As I stepped into her arms, she leaned in to kiss me. We both moaned, and right away our tongues began wrestling.  
  
"Michelle, not so fast. We have to give her the trophy!" laughed Trish.   
  
"Yes, we do," grinned Michelle, pulling back from our kiss.  
  
"What's the trophy for?" I asked.  
  
"It ties in with the cake, actually. You'll see, soon enough," smiled Trish.  
  
She presented me with the trophy, which was enormous. It was at least two feet tall, in the shape of an obelisk. It was carved mahogany, the real stuff, not just particleboard made to look like mahogany. It was really quite heavy, sitting atop its marble base.  
  
"Read the inscription," she said, still smiling as she caressed my bottom.  
  
Giggling, I tickled her caressing hand. She gave me a playful pinch, and I wiggled my ass for her.  
  
Yes, I was finally thinking of it as my ass, not just my butt, or my bottom. Laughing to myself, I knew they were beginning to convert me!  
  
I took the trophy, and the girls held their candles near the brass plate at the base of the trophy. In the flickering light it read...  
  
Dawn Summers   
  
The Girl With The Most Perfect, Awesome, Spankable Ass Ever!  
  
The Wildcat Cheerleaders  
  
When my hands went to my face in shock, the girls quickly caught the trophy. They were all cracking up and giving me kisses, laughing over the way I'd almost smashed their present. Once I was over my initial astonishment, I had to laugh too. Still, I couldn't believe it. I never would have imagined such a thing!  
  
"After that reaction, do you think we should even tell her about the rest?" asked Trish, laughing along with everyone else.  
  
"Let's do the cake thing first," said Carrie, and a giggling Michelle nodded enthusiastically.  
  
I have to admit that after Michelle had initially set the cake aside, I'd completely forgotten about it. The next thing I knew, something soft and gooey was touching my bare bottom. Looking behind me, I saw Lisa kneeling to spread chocolate cake all over my ass!  
  
"Girls, dessert is served!" she announced. Before I even had time to figure out what was happening, each girl had taken a handful or two of chocolate cake and smooshed it all over my naked body! Holding me up, they leaned me against the nearest locker, my arms stretched above my head. Lisa was spreading me open, stuffing cake in my ass crack and all between my legs. She was even jamming cake inside my pussy! The other girls were slathering me from head to toe, until every inch of me was covered in chocolate frosting.  
  
Michelle was spreading it all over my face, which made me giggle, then we all giggled when Trish said I looked like Tasha, who was our only black cheerleader.  
  
"We may both be chocolate now, but I'll never have an ass like that! Girl, your ass is just unreal," Tasha said, laughing as she smoothed frosting up my thighs and between my legs.  
  
Grinning, Michelle briefly stopped spreading frosting across my forehead. "The trophy was actually Tasha's idea."  
  
"Mmmmmm-hmmm," said Tasha, kneeling to join Lisa between my legs. Lisa was eating cake from my pussy, making as much of a mess of her face as Michelle was making of mine. Tasha, though, wow, she wasn't playing around. Ramming her fingers deep into my ass, she crammed as much frosting as she could get in there, then she just attacked it, licking my asshole from the rear while Lisa ate my pussy from the front.  
  
In the meantime Carrie was licking my belly button, and Trish totally cracked us up when she began motorboating my gooey breasts.   
  
I was squealing, cumming and laughing nonstop. Everything felt so good, and they just kept tickling me! It was like I was being ravaged by a pack of horny hamsters!  
  
Once everyone's face was thoroughly covered in frosting, Carrie giggled, "I think she's ready."  
  
"Oh god, ready for what? You mean there's more?" I giggled, panting between full-body spasms.  
  
Since I'd never had sex with a guy, I didn't quite know whether I was a lesbian, but I sure loved the way my girlfriends played with me. I'd gotten as far as third base with a guy, sucking his dick and swallowing his cum, and I really enjoyed that, too.  
  
What can I say? I seem to like everything, anytime anyone plays with my body. It was really great, the first time I felt that boy shoot his hot cum into my mouth. I just loved the feeling of making a guy cum on my tongue. I liked how powerful I felt when I was able to control him that way, using only my hands and mouth. I also liked it when he put his fingers inside me, though he wasn't nearly as good as Michelle is at eating me. Michelle always makes it seem like there is nothing in the world she would rather be doing than eating my ass and pussy from behind, spanking and squeezing me as she licks me.  
  
'Maybe Michelle is a lesbian?' I thought.  
  
I was still giggling to myself about it when Carrie again presented me with my trophy. I took it from her, uncertain as to what she wanted me to do with it.  
  
"Look on the bottom," she grinned.   
  
I turned the trophy upside down. "What's this?" I asked, noticing a large screw-in cap on the bottom of the marble base.   
  
"Unscrew it," said Michelle, with a sinister smile.  
  
I unscrewed the cap, which was sort of difficult to do, seeing as how my fingers were covered in chocolate frosting. When I got the cap off, I asked, "Now what?"  
  
"Now we properly send you and your perfect ass off to California," grinned Trish, taking the trophy and handing it to Michelle. Trish then led me over to the bench, where she guided me down onto my stomach. "Lift..." she said, tugging on my hips.  
  
Arching my back, I raised my hips.  
  
"Yes, just like that. Perfect. Keep your back arched, with your ass sticking up. Lisa, Tasha, keep her distracted. Play with her boobs."  
  
Sliding beneath me on either side of the bench, Lisa and Tasha began to nip at my nipples. The way they were biting my sensitive tips, it sent shooting sparks all throughout my body.  
  
I felt something touch my pussy lips, and I turned to see what it was.  
  
"No peeking. Head down, eyes forward," smiled Trish.  
  
Reluctantly turning forward again, I saw that Carrie was straddling my bench right in front of me, and she'd taken her panties off. She was spreading her legs, inviting me to eat her pussy. I pressed my hands to her thighs, holding them open, and we giggled over the fact that I was finally getting to spread frosting all over someone else's naked pussy.  
  
I had just started licking her when suddenly, oomph, something really big was stuffed inside my pussy. I'd never had anything but mouths and fingers there, and whatever they were putting inside me was a whole lot bigger than a couple of fingers! I felt hands on my bottom, spreading me apart, and fingers were dancing on my sensitive clit. I was being forced all the way open. I finally felt the widening stop, and whatever was inside me started to move; it was beginning to fuck me, sliding deep inside my pussy.  
  
When I felt something being pressed into my bottom, too, straight up my little asshole, I thought, 'Oh, Jesus! No way!' I felt stuffed to the gills in both holes, and Carrie was thrashing against my face.  
  
For the next few minutes I was going out of my mind with lust as they wildly fucked me. God, it felt so amazing to get fucked like that while eating Carrie's chocolate-covered pussy!  
  
I knew what Trish had said, but I finally had to turn around to see what was happening to me. Not exactly thinking straight, I was hoping the girls had snuck some cute boys into our locker room and it was their hard cocks I was feeling inside me as I lay there getting royally double-fucked. It felt so good that all I wanted was for them to keep fucking me, and never stop.  
  
Nope, there were no boys fucking me. It was just Michelle and Trish standing on either side of my ass. A bunch of the girls were back there, and they were all smiling at me.  
  
"What...what are you doing to me?" I panted.  
  
"Do you like it, pretty baby?" asked Michelle.  
  
"Mmmm, god, I love it. What did you put inside me?"  
  
Simultaneously, Trish and Michelle pulled two dildos out of me. Grinning from ear to ear, Trish held up a really big one, which was pink and rubbery. Michelle showed me a blue one that was quite a bit smaller.   
  
"Baby, these were hidden inside your trophy," giggled Michelle. "We couldn't possibly give you a trophy to commemorate the most perfect ass ever and just leave it at that. Of course we also have to play with it, right? We wanted to make sure that before you take this amazing ass off to California you at least know how good it can make you feel. Keep this trophy, and especially its hidden toys. This will always be yours; you and this incredible ass will now always be ours. We love you, Dawn, and we wanted to give you a night you'll never forget."  
  
"Is that what having sex will feel like, because whatever you guys were doing to me, mmmm, I loved it," I grinned, invitingly wagging my tail.  
  
"Yes, baby, it'll be just like that, only it will feel a million times better when it's the real thing," said Michelle, sliding my new blue friend back into my bottom. Moaning, I bit my lip. God, it felt so good to have her plunge that thing into my ass.  
  
Trish slid the large dildo back into my pussy, then the two girls began to fuck me really deep and hard. I just lowered my head and reveled in the feeling of being fucked in both holes. Over and over they made me cum, and I wanted them to fuck me forever.   
  
That's when I knew I wasn't a lesbian. I was going to want guys to fuck me way too much to ever be a lesbian. I would always want girls, too, but I was definitely going to need a cock inside me.  
  
I was lost in my own world when Carrie gently touched the tip of my nose. Smiling down at me, she scooped up a dollop of frosting and dabbed it all over her spread lips. "Please, baby, lick my clit. I was almost there," she purred. Grinning happily, I took her pretty flower back into my mouth.  
  
I think I must have eventually passed out. The last thing I remember was the feeling of being completely stuffed from behind, and Carrie crying out as she came on my face. I remember her legs shaking, then I recall trying to hold on to her hips while keeping my mouth pressed to her pussy.  
  
The next thing I knew, I was sitting on the tiled floor in the shower, and Michelle and Tasha were washing the cake off me. I don't even know how I got there.  
  
I do remember the way Michelle stared at me. She was lazily soaping my tummy, and for as long as I live I will never forget the look in her eyes, or her soft, tender voice as she said, "Dawn, you have no idea how much I love you, and how much I'll miss you when you're gone."  
  
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Sitting at the table with Mom and Dad, I was amused by their comments about my bikini. I mean, sure, I'd done some things with girls, but I'd hardly done anything with boys. I'd certainly given Mom and Dad no reason to suspect I was slutting around. As far as I knew, Paul had also never given them any reason to think he was perving over me, and I hadn't done anything to encourage him. At least I hadn't thought so, and after overhearing his talk with Rick it was obvious that I was barely even a girl in his eyes.  
  
If anything, Dad seemed to pay more attention to me than Paul ever had. For the most part Paul usually ignored me; otherwise he became flustered and agitated when we were together. Dad just always seemed to be happy and smiling whenever he was with me. By never making the slightest fuss over anything I wore, I think he also liked to get Mom's goat a little. I was fairly sure he wouldn't have cared had I ran around the house totally naked. He might have even gotten a kick out of it, especially if everyone would've freaked out.  
  
Resuming our conversation, he said, "Dawn, honey, I think all your mother is trying to say is that you're no longer a little girl, so you may want to be careful regarding not only what you show but to whom you show it. You're a very beautiful young woman now, and it would be hard to blame Paul or any of his friends for noticing."  
  
That made Mom laugh. "Noticing? Honey, it'd be hard to blame them for camping outside Dawn's bedroom window just to sing her love songs! Dear, take a good look at her. It's a wonder Paul's friends aren't begging us to let them sleep over everynight. Would you blame them? I sure wouldn't."  
  
When Paul came home and walked into the kitchen, he knew right away that something unusual was going on. "Why is everybody sitting at the table in the middle of the day? What's up?" he asked, sounding a little worried.  
  
"Oh, nothing much. Mom just wanted to have a talk with me about my bikini; specifically, how it's liable to ignite raging teenage hormones, like the ones you and your friends apparently have," I giggled.  
  
Dad chuckled, and Mom nearly had an aneurysm, she laughed so hard. "Dawn! Young lady, that's your own brother you're talking to! Be gentle with him!"  
  
Dad and I shared another chuckle, then he kicked me beneath the table.  
  
Paul just gave us all a blank look. "Huh? What about my hormones? Why are you guys talking about my hormones? What'd I do?"  
  
"Nothing, sweetie, nothing," said Mom. "You're fine. You didn't do anything, and we weren't talking about your hormones. That's just your sister trying to be funny."  
  
I smiled at Paul. "We were talking about you and my bikini, though. Mom apparently thinks this bikini isn't appropriate to wear around you and your friends."  
  
Mom gave me a huge grin. "Dawn Christina Summers, don't make me come over there and paddle your pretty little bottom. You know good and well I never uttered a single word about your bikini being inappropriate to wear when you're with the boys. I said no such thing, you big fibber."  
  
After returning her grin with a "Gotcha!" smile of my own, I turned back to Paul. "Okay, true, she didn't say that, not exactly, but she did say you guys are liable to go crazy just from seeing me in this bikini."  
  
I gave Mom a smug smirk. "Right?"  
  
She shot me a defiant grin. "Yes, I did say that. I stand by it, too. They are all liable to go crazy from seeing you in that bikini."  
  
"Isn't that the same one you wore with us just the other day?" asked Paul.  
  
"Uh-huh," I said, grinning at Mom, who totally rolled her eyes at me.  
  
"You always wear that one, don't you? What's the big deal?" he added, looking at me, then Mom.  
  
I gave her an even smugger grin. "See?"  
  
She stuck her tongue out at me, which made me laugh. She laughed at my laughing, then she turned to Paul. "Sweetie, that's really not what we were talking about. That was just a small comment I made. Forget I ever mentioned it." She turned back to me. "Baby, you have my complete blessing to wear or even not wear whatever you want around this house. When our men finally do go crazy from watching you running around here naked, I don't want to hear a single complaint from anyone. You can all just deal with it on your own, okay?"  
  
"Fine by me," Paul said, looking more than a little confused.  
  
"Honey, what are you talking about? Has anyone ever complained to you about Dawn's bikini or any of her other skimpy things, not to mention some of the outrageously sexy numbers you've been known to wear around the house? Has she complained? Have you? I don't think so," grinned Dad.  
  
Mom stuck her tongue out at me again, making me laugh even harder. While softly squeezing my hand, she said, "Just for the record, I wasn't complaining either. I was merely showing concern for my daughter's modesty." She gave me a big, mischievous grin. "I was also thinking about the fragile psyches and tightening crotches of all our horny men. Anyway, baby, that wasn't why your father and I called you in here to talk."  
  
"So, okay, other than my scandalous bikini, what did you want to talk about? You never did tell me."  
  
Dad cleared his throat. "Yes, sweetie, as much as your mother and I would love to continue this discussion of how 'hot' you look, no, that's not why we called you in to talk. Paul, I'm glad you're here. You need to hear this, too."  
  
"What's going on?" Paul asked, grabbing a seat next to me at the table.  
  
"I'm afraid I've got a bit of good news and a bit of bad news, and it directly concerns you both."  
  
"Let me hear the good news first. The good news never sounds very good, not after you've heard the bad news," Paul said.  
  
Looking at Mom, then me, Dad sighed. "Paul, you know how you've been wanting to stay here in Lawrence to be with your friends for your senior year?"  
  
"Yeah..." Paul said, warily.  
  
"Well, it looks like you're going to get your wish. The job transfers to UCLA that your mother and I had lined up fell through, so we're not moving to California. We have to stay here, so you're good to go with your all your friends, kiddo."  
  
I was crushed. I knew who was getting the bad news. Just like always, a 'talk' meant I would hear something I wasn't going to like. I looked up at Mom and Dad, and the disappointment on my face was obviously clear as day.  
  
"That's right, honey, we're not moving to California," Dad said.  
  
"So no UCLA for me," I said, glumly.  
  
He smiled and took my hands. "Honey, now I didn't say that, did I?"  
  
My heart leapt in my chest. "But...how? What do you mean? If we don't move, how do I still go to California?"  
  
Mom placed her hands on top of ours. "Honey, we know how much you want to go to California. That's always been your dream. Just because your father and I can't come too, that doesn't mean we're going to keep you here. If you want to go, then go. Nothing needs to change with your plans, other than we won't be there with you. Sweetie, you can still go to UCLA."  
  
"Where would I live, though?"  
  
Our plan had been for us all to live together in a house we were going to rent from a friend of Dad's.  
  
"You'll just have to get your own place. You could live in the dorms, or maybe we'll see about finding you an apartment near the campus. One way or the other, we'll work something out," said Dad.  
  
"Maybe you could find a place to share with someone," added Paul.  
  
"How would I do that, without having anywhere to stay until I found a place?"  
  
Mom chimed in, turning to Dad. "As pretty as she is, I'm not entirely comfortable with our daughter driving across the country all by herself. I'm also not thrilled with the idea of her being alone in L.A. without a safe place already set up for her. I can tell you right now, that's not going to happen."  
  
When Paul spoke up again, I think he surprised us all. "Yeah, Dawn, that could be really bad. You know what? This sucks. I mean, sure, I'm glad I get to stay here with my friends. Now that we can't go, though, I'm a little jealous that you're going. You get to do a roadie to Cali! How cool is that? Then you get to go apartment hunting in L.A.? God, that would be awesome. Still, it's not safe. A girl like you can't just show up in L.A. with nowhere to stay but a motel or a youth hostel. That would be seriously asking for trouble. Maybe that's okay for some skeeze like Axl Rose, but it's not okay for you. No way."

Stunned, I just stared at him. Besides his genuine concern for me, he also seemed truly excited about the idea of going to California. An idea suddenly hit me, and I just blurted it out. "Mom? Dad? Why don't we have Paul drive with me and stay with me, at least until I find a safe place? That way I don't go alone, plus he gets to see California too. When I'm settled in somewhere, he could fly home. He'd be back in plenty of time for school, so why not? It might be fun, and it'll definitely be good for us. It would give us some bonding time, like one last adventure together before I'm off to college. He already barely knows I'm alive. Once I'm gone, he may forget that he even has a sister. I'll come home for the holidays, and he'll be all like, 'Who's this weird chick at our dinner table?'"  
  
I kicked Paul, and he laughed, "Yeah, right! Look who's talking! Once you're out in Cali, you'll probably big-time all of us! You won't even want to admit that you haveany family back in Hicksville, Kansas. The moment you meet your first surfer dude, we'll never hear from you again."  
  
He turned to Mom and Dad. "You just wait and see. She's gonna be the one to forget about us, long before we ever forget about her."  
  
"Nobody's forgetting about anyone in this family," said Mom, then she turned to Dad. "Honey, I think that's a great idea, don't you? Let's have Paul drive out with her. This could be like their summer vacation, and I'll feel a whole lot better about Dawn's safety if I know her brother is looking after her."  
  
Grinning, Mom leaned over to squeeze Paul's biceps. "I know I can count on my big, strong man to keep my little girl safe."  
  
Paul looked determinedly at us both. "I won't let anyone hurt my sister."  
  
Mom beamed proudly at Dad, who appeared to be deep in thought. After a few moments, he finally seemed to come to a decision. "Spending that much time on your own together, do you two think you could manage not to kill each other? During most of the trip you will have no one else to talk to, and that's a long drive. You'll also be sharing motel rooms, and probably an apartment too. I don't know whether you can handle it. If you could, yes, I think I like the idea. In addition to giving you two some time to be together, it would also give me a little 'quality time' with my blushing bride. No offense, Paul."  
  
"None taken," he grinned, making an 'Ewwww!' face over the idea of Mom and Dad getting frisky.  
  
"Hey, smart ass, what's so bad about us having some fun, huh? We're not dead, you know," laughed Mom.  
  
Paul just kept smiling, then he turned to me. "Whaddya think, you big jerk? Could we manage not to kill each other?"  
  
"I don't know, you big dork. Do you think you could manage to behave yourself, and not make me want to strangle you? Also, what about your precious internet? How will you possibly survive without those geeky role-playing games and all your blonde bimbos with ginormous fake boobs?"  
  
Smirking at him, I was really laying it on thick.  
  
"The internet has blonde bimbos with ginormous fake boobs? Really? Honey, let's get these kids outta the house already! We got stuff to watch!" said Dad, grinning at Mom while eagerly rubbing his hands together.  
  
"Yeah, yeah, Dad, you wish. Mom would kill you if you did what Paul does," I said, grinning right along with him.  
  
"Hey! I don't do anything!" said Paul.  
  
Mom smiled sweetly. Taking his hand, she gently patted it. "I'm sure you don't, dear. You're as pure as the driven snow, and your sister is just being a goof."  
  
Paul stared at her, waiting.  
  
She tried to hold it in, but the corners of her mouth began to quiver, until she couldn't keep it in anymore. She started giggling, then she totally fell apart laughing.  
  
Getting up in a huff, Paul did his best Cartman impression, exclaiming, "Man, screw you guys! I'm going home!" Then he turned and bailed on us.  
  
Mom was still laughing. "Oh, come on, I'm sorry, dear! I believe you! Really, I do!"  
  
Paul turned back to give her a little smirk before bailing for good.  
  
Dad was still laughing too. "You guys are cruel. Just downright cruel. Poor kid, even his own mother teases him about internet porn. And you, big sister, you're going to need to keep a constant eye on him during this trip. You're a lot more mature than he is, you know. Also, you've at least gone away on weekend outings and things. Paul has never really been anywhere, not without us. This will be his first trip away from home so you need to keep him out of trouble, probably even more than he needs to look after you."  
  
"I will, Dad. I meant what I said. I would like for us to spend some time together as brother and sister, getting to know one another again. We barely even see each other anymore. I miss my baby brother, and I'm hoping we can reconnect a little, before it's too late. Pretty soon here, if I don't do something about it, he won't want to have anything to do with me."  
  
Mom took me by the hand. "Honey, I think you're misreading your brother. He loves you. He thinks the world of you. He knows you're alive, and he'll miss you when you're gone." Her expression becoming much more serious, she crossed our fingers together. "Dawn, as your mother, please believe me when I tell you this: I'm not as oblivious as you kids may think. Your brother most definitely has been noticing that you're a girl...a very beautiful girl. Don't let all his bluffing fool you. That innocent song and dance of his? 'Isn't that the same bikini you wore the other day?' Baby, that was a bunch of baloney."  
  
Dad was simply nodding while looking right through me. "He notices you, sweetie. Where you're concerned, he doesn't miss a thing. You two just be careful out there."  
  
"I will. I'll be careful with him. I mean, we will. I promise, we'll be careful."  
  
I wasn't quite sure what I was promising to be careful about, because I couldn't tell what Dad really meant.  
  
It almost felt like he was hinting at something deeper.  
  
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Lying on my bed, I was reading a magazine and getting ready to go to sleep when I heard Paul do his usual triple-knock on my door. I called for him to come on in. While he was only wearing boxers, all I had on were some tiny light blue panties and an old cut-off 'Rock Chalk Jayhawk' tank top. That's about as much as either one of us would ever wear to bed during the heat of a dustbowl summer.  
  
He came and sat on my bed, next to where I lay on my stomach. "Can we talk for a minute?"  
  
"Sure. What's up?" Turning towards him, I lowered my head into my arms.  
  
"I just wanted to thank you for suggesting to Mom and Dad that I come with you. You didn't have to do that, and I never would've expected it. That was super cool of you."  
  
Looking up, I felt a sudden rush of affection for my little brother. He was actually a really good guy. I mean I always knew that, but I was feeling a little sad about it. I realized I'd been just as guilty as he was, in terms of ignoring each other. The way we'd drifted apart, it was at least equally my fault; probably more, since I am the older one.  
  
I gave him a warm smile. "Paul, you know I love you. I'm sorry for teasing you, too. Of course I want you to come with me. I meant what I said. I want us to have some time together, before we both grow up too much. I think it will be awesome to take this trip with you, and I'm just glad you're willing to go. Until you piped up there in the kitchen, I never would have guessed that you'd want to spend even ten minutes alone with me, much less join me on a roadie to California."  
  
"Seriously? Do you really think I wouldn't want to spend even ten minutes alone with you? If that's how you feel, then I'm truly sorry. That's definitely not how I feel, and I don't want you thinking that crap. Yeah, it sounds like we need to get started on some serious fence-mending. Dawn, you should never think I don't want us to hang out together."  
  
He actually put his hand on me, in the middle of my back, which was almost a first for us.  
  
"Besides," he grinned, "I have it on good authority that if I do go, I'll get to enjoy all sorts of 'quality time' with the single hottest chick in our whole school."  
  
"Oh, really? Well, I have it on good authority that you won't even notice me, not unless I dye my hair blonde and get a boob job all the way up to double-F's. I'm not your type, and I'm just your boring, invisible sister anyway."  
  
I smiled through my long hair. He'd been doing the lightest of small circles in the center of my back, then his hand froze.  
  
"Who told you that?"  
  
I thought about lying to him, but something told me that it was time to be honest with my little brother.  
  
"I overheard you and Rick the other day in the kitchen. You said you're basically blind to me, and that I'd need to be blonde, with ginormous boobs, before you'd even notice me."  
  
"Well then, if you heard that, you also heard what Rick said about you."  
  
I smiled. "Yes, I did. I admit it was nice to hear, since I don't have much experience with boys, but—"  
  
"But?"  
  
"Yes...but. It was nice to hear, but it was more sad to hear that I'm invisible to you, and that's all I could ever be, since you can't even see me as a girl. I would hate to have to wear a wig and get some crazy boob job just so my own brother will know I'm alive."  
  
"Come on, if you heard all that, then you also heard me admit to Rick that I couldn't come up with a single thing about you that isn't perfect, and that includes your boobs."  
  
"You said they could be bigger."  
  
"'The bigger the better,' I said, yes, but you know I was joking. You have, umm...Dawn, c'mon, you have great boobs. You know you do. Everyone knows you do. They're not even medium, much less small. You have big boobs, and they're absolutely perfect. I wouldn't touch your boobs."  
  
"See? That's what I'm talking about! That just sucks. You say they're perfect, yet you wouldn't even touch them," I grinned.  
  
"What? Huh?"  
  
I continued grinning. Finally, he blushed. "No! Not like that! Of course I'd touch your boobs! Wait.... Damn it, Dawn!"  
  
I was beaming. Once he understood, he began to laugh. "Yeah, yeah, whatever, Miss Big Boobs. Look, we both know that as pretty as you are, you're completely out of my league. I could never land a girl like you. Christ, you're the most popular cheerleader! Even I recognize that a girl can't get much hotter than being the hottest cheerleader. Rick says you look exactly like Megan Fox, and yeah, I guess you really do. Come on, she's like the most smokin' hot girl in Hollywood, and you look just like her, only you're even better."  
  
"Because I have no tattoos, and I'm not a total raving bitch," I smiled.  
  
"You're not conceited either, plus you're hella sweet. You also have bigger, better tits, and an even hotter ass. He said all that too, and I agreed, remember?"  
  
"Yes, I remember," I said, smiling softly. His hand was moving over the middle of my back again. "Mmmm, that feels good."  
  
He quickly pulled it away.  
  
"What are you doing? I said it feels good! 'Feels good' doesn't mean 'stop doing it,' silly. Put that hand right back where it was."  
  
Tentatively, since we'd called attention to it, he returned his hand to my back.  
  
I turned my head, and...oh, crap. I froze, and Paul felt my sudden change. Before I could look away, he followed my gaze to...  
  
...the trophy. I'd left my closet door open about a foot, and there it was, leaning against the back wall.   
  
Had I not frozen up, I probably could have blown it off. Instead, his brotherly intuition instantly kicked in, allowing him to recognize that he was seeing something I didn't want him to see.  
  
Feeling mischievous, apparently, he quickly jumped up and went to my closet.  
  
"Oh, god," I moaned, covering my head with a pillow. "No, no, no," I groaned into the bed, kicking my feet up and down.  
  
WHUUUMP!  
  
He'd jumped back onto the bed, all full of attitude. "What's this, huh? 'The girl with the most perfect, awesome, spankable ass ever!' Does my dear, sweet sister have her own perverted secret?"  
  
Jumping off the bed, he held the trophy over his head and began doing this totally gay victory dance. I was laughing at his antics, and even beginning to get over my embarrassment. Since he was laughing too, I figured that would be the end of it.  
  
That's when things suddenly became immensely worse.  
  
Thunk! Plop!  
  
Oh, fuck.   
  
'Okay, Lord, go ahead, take me now. Put me out of my misery...please!' I thought, covering my head with two pillows. I didn't want a single scintilla of light to be able to reach me, nor a hint of sound. I just wanted to be swallowed whole, right then and there.  
  
I felt a thump-thump-thump being drummed on my butt, with the left cheek receiving the heavier thumping. Paul was smarmily singing that old song by Divinyls, "I Touch Myself," and I didn't even need to look up to know he was drumming on my butt with the two dildos that had fallen out of the trophy.  
  
I finally poked my head out from beneath the pillows to grin sheepishly at him. Of course he was thoroughly delighted. In fact, that may have been the happiest and downright goofiest I'd ever seen him.  
  
"You cannot tell a single soul about this. You have to promise me," I said, trying to be serious, yet giggling nonetheless.  
  
"Tell a single soul about which thing? That my sister has a bunch of dildos, or that she has the most perfect ass ever, at least according to all her cheerleader friends!"  
  
"Rick said so too," I giggled again, sitting up and grabbing at the two dildos. "Gimme those. You were never supposed to see any of this."  
  
"Yeah, just like you were never supposed to blunder in on me in my bedroom. Should I go tease you now right in front of Mom and Dad about your 'perfect ass' and colorful dildos? That'd be totally fair, don't you think?" he crowed, laughing while holding the dildos out of my reach.  
  
God, was he ever enjoying himself.  
  
"Fine!" I grinned. "Enjoy your little victory. I'll just sit here and be embarrassed, until you get it out of your system. Just so you know, though, I had no idea about those things, not until the girls sprung them on me. It was part of their surprise going-away party for me."  
  
Calming down, Paul finally sat next to me again on the bed. "Going-away party? When was this?"  
  
"It was after the last game, later that night in our locker room. We had cake," I said, with a quirky smile.  
  
"Cake and dildos? Cool party," he grinned.  
  
"Something like that. Okay, look, now you know. Obviously I never would have wanted you to find that trophy, much less what was inside it, but you did, so I'll probably never be able to face you again. Happy now? You got over on your big sister."  
  
"You mean my older sister. You're definitely my little sister, shortie."  
  
"Shortie? I'm five-eight! I'm tall for a girl, you big jerk."  
  
"You still seem short to me, even if you do have big, awesome tits and the most perfect ass in the world!"  
  
I punched him right in the stomach. He jumped on me to wrestle my arms down, then it became a full-on battle, the two of us laughing and rolling around on the bed.  
  
"You know," I finally said, panting as he held me down, "this is probably the first time we've wrestled since junior high. It was a little easier last time, when you didn't tower over me like you do now. What are you now, anyway? Six-one?"  
  
"Six-two, shortie."  
  
"You feel like a load of bricks, too. Jesus, you're as solid as a rock. You must weigh two-hundred pounds."  
  
"Yep, two-fifteen."  
  
"Ummm, I think one part of you definitely grew the most! You must really like wrestling with me, huh?" I teased, sniggering as I gestured with the blue dildo to his boxers. He'd gotten hard, and was making just an enormous tent in his shorts. "Judging from the size of that boner, you look like you deserve a trophy too," I added, shooting him a wide grin.  
  
Turning a dozen shades of embarrassed, he quickly covered himself with a pillow. "Oh, god, Dawn. I'm sorry. I didn't mean for—"  
  
Smiling happily, I pressed my index finger to his lips. "Shhhh. Don't apologize. It's okay. I love it, actually. It's nice to know you do at least see me as a girl."  
  
He gave me a look of wonder mixed with lingering embarrassment. "You mean you're not all weirded out by this? I'm your brother, so I'm not supposed to get excited by you, right? I swear, though, I just couldn't help it. I didn't mean for it to happen, but doesn't it bother you?"  
  
"Paul, seriously, all kidding aside now; what you told Rick, did you mean it? Am I really that invisible to you? You never even thought I was pretty?"  
  
He looked at me with a curiously pained expression. He appeared to be struggling for the right words, then he just blurted out, "I don't know what to say. Anything I say now will obviously be a lie, because this doesn't lie...." He gestured to his crotch, hidden beneath the pillow. "I guess I think you're prettier than I ever knew I realized. Does that make any sense?"  
  
"C'mere..." I said, reaching out to him. As he shyly leaned towards me, I pulled his pillow away. "Please, don't be embarrassed. I don't mind if you get hard. I love it, and no, it doesn't weird me out at all. If it were up to me, you would be this big and hard every second we're together. It's flattering, and it makes me happy to see you like this. Now just let me hug you. We haven't hugged in so long."  
  
He sort of resisted touching me, so I pulled him in and hooked my arms around his neck. Hugging him, I could feel his hands only lightly touching my back.  
  
"Paul, please...hug me," I said, breathing it into his ear.  
  
Finally, he did. We quietly hugged, with his erection pressing into my stomach. It felt good against my bare skin, and it just felt good to be so close with him again. It was really nice, holding each other that way.  
  
Then he started chuckling into my hair.  
  
"What's so funny?" I asked, giggling.  
  
"Ummm, your boobs."  
  
Smiling, I glanced down. "What about 'em?"  
  
My nipples were ridiculously erect, making obscene points in my thin tank top. I thought about folding my arms over them, and decided not to. Sure, my high beams were on, but I still didn't see what was so funny.  
  
"I could feel 'em pressing against me. Your boobs. My sister's boobs."  
  
I grinned at him. "Yeah? So? I'm a girl. I have boobs."  
  
He was totally staring at them. "They're hella nice. They're even bigger and better than I realized. You have really awesome boobs."  
  
"Okay, but why is that funny? You like my boobs. Isn't that a good thing?" I giggled again.  
  
He started to laugh. "Dawn, I was trying to look at your ass in the mirror, but your boobs felt so good, they distracted me!"  
  
I spun around, wanting to see where he was looking. Spotting the wall mirror on the far side of the room, I saw my bare legs and mostly bare bottom, which my tiny panties hardly covered at all. Smiling, I turned back to him. "So...before you got distracted, did you at least enjoy the view?"  
  
"You tell me," he grinned, drawing my gaze back to his tented boxers. He let me freely look, and the sheer size of his erection was just incredible.  
  
While ogling his enormous bulge, I couldn't help but smile. "Is that because of my boobs, or my ass?" I asked, reaching out to touch it through his boxers. He let me hold it, and together we watched as I began to squeeze and caress it. "It's so hard..." I whispered.  
  
"Dawn, it was your ass. By the time I felt your boobs pressing against me, I was already hard. I felt your ass while we were wrestling, and I remembered how it looked when you were lying on your stomach. Then I saw it in the mirror. You really do have a perfect ass. I can't believe I haven't been 'perving' on it this whole time, as you would say. Rick's right. I must have been blind."  
  
"You've seen me in panties a million times. I look the same in them tonight as I did last night, when we were on your bed watching TV."

"What can I say? Better late than never, right? The question now is what will you do, knowing that you turn me on? Do you still want me to go with you on this trip?"  
  
"God, it's so big," I grinned, stroking up and down his huge shaft. Grabbing the pink dildo, I held it up right next to his mind-boggling erection. "Look! You're even bigger than this giant thing!" It was no contest, and we shared crazy smiles. Releasing his dick, I hugged him again while looking back over my shoulder at the mirror. When I saw my ass, I wiggled it. "You like?" I asked, teasing him with a flirty grin.  
  
Looking just like an excited puppy, he eagerly nodded, and I gave him a big, happy smile. "Okay, here's one for you: Why is what I may or may not want the only question here? What about you? What if you turn me on? What will you do, and do you still want to go with me?"  
  
He laughed, "If I say yes, I want to go, will you promise to bring that perfect, awesome, spankable ass with you?"  
  
Guffawing, I jumped on him, wrestling him flat onto the bed. I was hovering over him, straddling his waist. "Who knew my brother was such a wonderful perv? Okay, yes, wherever we go together, I promise to take my ass with me. I'll never leave home without it. I'll even let you check and make sure before we go anywhere that I didn't forget to bring it with us. Happy?"  
  
He looked up at my bouncing boobs inside my faded, threadbare tank top. My erect nipples were screaming at him, only inches from his face.  
  
"These too? Promise?" He was hungrily eyeing them.  
  
I laughed, then I smooshed my breasts right down on his startled face. Shaking my tits like crazy, I said, "These too. In fact, you can do a full checklist anytime we're about to go anywhere: keys, maps, my purse, your wallet, water bottles, boobs, and ass."  
  
His face was all red and flushed when I finally sat back up. I could feel he was still as hard as a rock beneath me. "Oh, and one other thing: cock. We can't leave home without making sure you bring this with us...." Smiling like a goon, I reached into his boxers, squeezing his hard cock before pulling it all the way out of his shorts.  
  
Though startled, he still had the presence of mind to laugh and say, "That's not exactly the same as your boobs and ass! It's not always going to be like that, you know!"  
  
I flopped down on top of him, letting first my ass then my pussy press directly against his hard length. Smiling seductively, I began to grind on his throbbing dick. "If it's ever not like this, then I didn't do my job properly, did I? Maybe I'll just have to wrestle with you a lot."  
  
"That's not fair, and you know it," he said, grinning when he felt me firmly pressing my wet pussy against him. "How will I know when your boobs and ass are as excited as I am, you know, down there? It's too easy for you to tell if you're doing a good job on me. How will I know, with you?"  
  
I looked at him for a moment, thinking about his question. Smiling, I leaned down and whispered my answer. "I guess that will be for me to know and for you to find out, huh?"  
  
"Like I said, it's too easy for you," he chuckled.  
  
"Oh please, little brother. It's hardly some big mystery. I think I make it pretty obvious..." I said, gesturing to my breasts. "There you go. If you're ever curious, just check my nipples. The way you're staring at them right now, that's all you need to do. Unless I'm cold, they'll tell you every time." Giggling in anticipation, I pulled up my top to show him my bare boobs. "See? Whenever my nipples are this big and hard, and I feel this wet to you, go ahead and consider those to be pretty good clues that I'm as excited as you are."  
  
He pressed his thick naked dick against my pussy, and I recalled how it felt when Trish and Michelle fucked me with those dildos. I also remembered their descriptions of how much better the real thing would feel inside me.  
  
Grinding against him, I felt my pussy drenching my panties, and I gazed into his eyes. "So, my really big brother, do you still want to take a trip to California with your 'little' sister? Just the two of us together, all by ourselves? Hmmm? Do I need to buy a blonde wig to get you to say yes?"  
  
He did a big funny growl and rolled us over, making me laugh. He ended up on top of me, with the head of his cock pushing into my panties-covered pussy. He'd pinned my arms back, and I was spreading my legs in total surrender when suddenly we heard Mom coming up the stairs.  
  
Quickly jumping up, we scrambled to hide the dildos and trophy. Once we had them safely stashed away, we flopped down onto our stomachs atop the bed, facing the TV. As Paul stuffed his dick back into his boxers, we heard Mom's gentle knock on my bedroom door, and I called for her to come in.  
  
"Oh, there you two are. Talking about the trip?" she asked, with a warm, sweet smile.  
  
"Uh-huh," I said, looking up sheepishly.  
  
"Okay, I just wanted to see where you two had run off to. So, did you decide anything?"  
  
"Uh-huh," said Paul, mimicking me while grinning like a bandit.  
  
WHACK!   
  
He'd just hauled off and given my bottom a huge swat! What a butthead!  
  
Mom, though, was clearly quite amused, and he shot her a smug look. "Yeah, Mom, I'm definitely coming."  
  
"I really think you should, Paul. I'm sure she will love having you. It'll be a fantastic experience for both of you," she giggled, turning to me with a bright smile.  
  
Paul had sat up to give my bottom that vicious swat, and he remained that way as he talked with her. Mom and I could both see his outrageous erection jutting out obscenely in his boxers, directly in my face. She was looking right at it when she'd giggled and said I'd love having him.  
  
Wide-eyed, I just stared at it, and she was staring at it too. I pressed my face into my pillow, hiding my giggles as I soothingly caressed myself where he'd whacked me. Finally, I looked back up at him. "What was that for? Why did you spank my bottom?"  
  
Way too late, he noticed our stares. Embarrassed, he covered himself again with a pillow. Still, as I continued gently rubbing my tender bottom, he smirked at me. While I waited for him to answer, they both just watched me caress myself.  
  
"Why did you spank my bottom?" I asked again.  
  
His teasing smile was pure saccharine sweetness. "You want me to give the most perfect, awesome, spankable ass ever more attention, don't you?"  
  
"Paul!" said Mom, totally guffawing. Though clearly shocked, she still laughed.  
  
"Inside joke, Mom," he smirked. "I'll let her explain it to you later, if she has the guts."  
  
"Okay, this I gotta hear," she said, flashing him a devious grin.  
  
WHACK!  
  
He'd swatted me again!  
  
"Yeah! Spank that sexy ass!" she laughed. Leaning down, she held my face in her hands. "Baby, I'm quite certain your brother will be more than happy to give your gorgeous bottom all the attention in the world, if that's what you really want. So, was he telling the truth? Do you want him to give your perfect, awesome, spankable ass - did I say that right? - more attention?"  
  
Giggling, I buried my head. Lifting the pillow just a bit, I peeked out, and she was staring right into my happy eyes. "Uh-huh," I whispered, nodding shyly before burying my head again with another silly giggle.  
  
WHACK!  
  
WHACK! WHACK! WHACK!