**Everyone Loves My Ass Ch. 03**

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"Whatever you did yesterday to loosen up your mother, I really need to thank you for it."

I was leaning into the fridge when I felt Dad's arms come around my stomach, hugging me from behind. I glanced down, and instead of his usual big, woolly 'Dad robe' I noticed his arms were covered in royal blue silk.

Looking back over my shoulder, I smiled when I saw he was wearing a new, much sexier robe. "Wow, Dad! Got a hot date, or what?" I grinned, hugging his arms to my stomach. I felt him pressing against me, his hips and especially his large bulge pushing into my ass.

"I just had one, thanks to you. I don't know what's gotten into your mother lately."

"I bet you have, a lot!" I giggled.

He laughed and said, "You know what I mean, sweetie. I couldn't believe that amazing little robe she hit us with us last night, could you? Then, once she came to bed, she literally threw me down and went crazy on me! She was raring to go again this morning, too. She was so fired up, she didn't even wait for me. She just climbed aboard and started riding while I was still asleep. I know I owe this all to you, so maybe someday you'll tell your dear ol' dad your secret. Whatever you did to her, it sure worked, and I want more."

Smiling, I turned my head to him. "She was so beautiful, wasn't she?"

"She's always been stunningly beautiful. My god, though, she was just incredible yesterday. She hasn't dressed and behaved that provocatively around the house since you and the boys started high school," he said, squeezing me tightly.

"No doubt. Right up until we started ninth grade she had no problem with wearing the skimpiest things imaginable around the boys, and I know she loves to wear super short miniskirts and see-through tops for you and your friends when you all go out together, but she hasn't dressed that way around the house in forever. Still, I should be thanking you for sticking up for me, and not just yesterday, either. You always stick up for me...."

Pressing my ass against him as he hugged me, I couldn't tell for certain whether he had anything on beneath his silk robe. All I had on were my sheer mesh panties, in bright pink - my tiniest, most revealing panties.

Doing a quick check in the mirror that morning, I'd noticed those panties were much smaller than my bikini bottoms. Like my bikini, they exposed a good three inches of my curving cleft above the waistband, but they also left my entire ass exposed. They were basically a g-string, and didn't need to be wet to be see-through. They were totally sheer. I knew they were one of the pairs of panties Paul had been talking about since they clearly revealed my little patch of black pubic hair, some of which actually stuck out through the holes in the open mesh.

Still looking in the mirror, I'd tried another test. Sitting on the bed, I hooked my arms around my knees and raised them to my chest, the way Mom had done it in her kimono on the couch for the guys.

The panties split my pussy, down by the bottom. Looking through the mesh material above my slit, I could see and even touch my pubic hair. In the center, I could make out my clit and soft lips. My shining pink bud pressed through a hole in the open mesh, just like my pubic hair. Towards the bottom, though, yow, those panties became so narrow that they dipped inside my pussy, disappearing completely to expose the larger outer labia, which almost seemed to be swallowing the g-string. A thin strip of material reappeared over my smooth little asshole, covering about half of it. I could make out the slightly rosier indentation, and certainly the tight crinkle, but the tiny opening was covered.

It was a good thing that except for my little patch above my slit I was shaved bare, otherwise hair would've been sticking out everywhere.

I'd also thrown on one of Paul's old sleeveless sweatshirts, which was cut off at my belly button and missing nearly all of the sides. I could see my breasts, almost to the tips. If I reached my arms forward or angled my upper body even a little bit, such as the way I was leaning into the fridge when Dad entered the kitchen, the fullness of each breast would bobble into view, nipples and everything.

I was still on such a high from the day before that despite seeing how exposed I was I'd decided to go ahead and wear those panties and that top around the house anyway. To be honest, that's why I chose them. I knew it would excite me to wear such revealing things. Yep, I was quickly coming to understand that letting everyone see my body was my biggest turn-on.

So, between my barely-there panties and the thinness of Dad's silk robe, mmmm, I was really able to enjoy the feeling of his heavy cock pressing against my smooth, naked bottom.

"Of course I always stick up for you. I'm just a sucker for a pretty smile. Why do you think I married your sexy mother?" he grinned.

Detecting the scent of warm, spicy perfume, I felt a lock of long hair brush against my cheek. I smiled happily. Mom had come to join our little hug.

"You were mighty sexy yourself last night, and absolutely incredible just now..." she said to Dad, a contented smile evident in her voice. Leaning in, she kissed me over the ear. "As for you, little one, I'm sorry about yesterday. I shouldn't have questioned anything. Honey, your father has always been right to defend you. I think maybe I was just a skosh jealous."

Turning to face her, I was thrilled to see that she was again wearing her tiny kimono. "Oh yes, we are definitely going to have to get you a dozen more of these little robes. I just love how you look in this...especially right after you've had sex," I grinned, scoping her up and down. Glancing back at Dad, I teasingly wiggled my bottom against him. "See what you did to her? Isn't she awesome?"

While still hugging me from behind, Dad said to her, "Absolutely. Baby, you are truly amazing."

Mom seriously blushed. God, she was gorgeous.

"And anyway," I continued, staring into her dazzling eyes, "you should never be jealous of me. You're a total knockout. You're much better built than I am, and way sexier. There isn't a mom in our whole school who can touch you."

"I bet there are more than a few who would like to, along with all the sons and dads," he chuckled.

I gave her a cheeky little smile. "A lot of the daughters, too. You'd be surprised at how many of my girlfriends think you're a total MILF."

"Dawn! I'm nobody's MILF but your father's!" she laughed.

Dad shook his head and grinned, then he leaned around me to poke his head into the fridge. Taking advantage of the situation, I whispered to her, "That's not true. You're my MILF too, you know."

She quickly glanced at Dad. He wasn't looking, and she gave me a playful kiss on the lips. "Yes, I do, and you're definitely my DILF," she whispered with a giggle. As we stood hugging, she flinched. "Wow, baby, you should warn someone when you hug them with that thing on. It's kind of scratchy," she said, tugging on the bottom of my sweatshirt. She ran her hand over the raised lettering, which had become a bit worn and frayed after so many washings. "You look absolutely wonderful in that top, honey, but you need to be gentle. My skin is really tender here...." Smiling sweetly, she traced her fingertips over the exposed inner halves of her bare breasts where my shirt had scratched her.

"Be right back!" I said, racing up the stairs to my bedroom. Peeling off my sweatshirt, I grabbed a tiny, see-through baby doll top. It was just nice, soft lingerie, and the pink matched my mesh panties. Slipping it on, I knew it would feel much nicer against her. Like her kimono, it left most of my breasts bare. What little coverage it did offer consisted of a very fine gauze material decorating the sides and bottoms, allowing the inside swells and teardrop pout to remain completely out in the open. My nipples were barely concealed.

I figured that with my breasts almost fully exposed, our hugs wouldn't be scratchy at all to her.

I ran back downstairs, giggling as my boobs bounced right out of my top. Pausing at the bottom of the stairs to tuck them back in, I noticed my nipples were erect. They were making obvious pokies, and I could easily see them through the wispy material anyway.

Dad was eating a pear at the table while reading the morning paper. Mom was standing by the coffee maker, beaming brightly as I came back into the kitchen.

"Better?" I asked, moving into her welcoming arms to resume our hug. Feeling mischievous, and knowing Dad wasn't looking, I gently rubbed my breasts against hers until our bare nipples were touching.

"Mmmmmm, much better, sweetie...much, much better. Soft, beautiful skin...no more scratchies...." She leaned in to kiss me, and I moaned into her mouth as she rubbed her naked boobs against mine. Though we were trying to keep an eye on Dad, within moments our tongues were passionately dancing together. Immediately my hands went to her pantiless bottom, cupping and squeezing her perfect curves. One of her hands went to my ass while the other slipped between my legs to stroke my clit, which was poking through a large opening in the pink mesh. "Naughty panties!" she whisper-giggled, then we simply made out; hugging, touching and noisily kissing, we were going at it hot and heavy despite Dad sitting only a few feet away.

My eyes went wide, though, when she said, "Baby, show your father." With a devilish smile she pulled me over to Dad, who stood at her playful command. "Doesn't she feel much nicer to hug now, without that scratchy top against your chest?" she grinned, taking his arms and wrapping them around me. Leaning over my shoulder, she tugged his robe open to the waist before gently hip-checking me into his warm embrace.

Expecting him to be reluctant to hug me skin to skin, I was happily surprised when he pulled me close while smiling at the sight of my naked breasts kissing his chest. Leaning back a bit, I saw his thickening shaft pressing against my pussy; with his enormous crown wedged below my baby-smooth slit, the detailed shape and sheer mind-blowing size of his spectacular cock was obvious in the thin, silky robe.

"I didn't notice any scratchiness before but I agree, she feels fantastic like this..." he said, smirking over my shoulder at Mom.

Since he was being so smug, I decided to mess with him a little. Sliding my hands down his hips, I reached inside his robe, and he gasped when I grasped his naked cock. Grinning wickedly as I gave it a good squeeze, I pulled it out and began slowly stroking it while rubbing the head against my wet clit.

"He feels fantastic too like this..." I said, smirking over my shoulder at Mom just the way he had. Positioning his hardening cock between my legs, I pressed it to my pussy, then, moving back into our hug, I rubbed my naked breasts against his chest.

"That's another thing that's going to change around here. We're going to hug more as a family, and just be more affectionate in general. No more being stuffy and distant with each other," Mom said, hugging me into a sandwich with him. They kissed beside my face, and she drove her hips forward, pushing me firmly onto Dad's bare cock. His awesome dick was still lengthening as it pressed against my pussy, which was protected only by that tiny barrier of mesh material.

"Sounds good to me. I don't think I'll ever complain about having to take more of this kind of affection from my two beautiful girls," he grinned, kissing me when he was done kissing her. Mom held us close together as Dad and I made out for about thirty seconds, his naked cock sawing between my wet pussy lips the entire time.

"You won't hear any arguments from me either," I finally said, turning to face her. I looped my arms around her neck as she hooked hers around my bare waist, then we simply dropped our heads onto each other's shoulder. We were the perfect heights for hugging.

She was about to say something when suddenly she flinched, then her eyes lit up.

After I'd turned to face her, Dad had continued our sandwich hug. The thing is, by that point his huge dick had become fully erect and was pressing into my ass cheek. Rising to my tiptoes, I'd leaned over a little to relieve the poking pressure, and it'd slipped back between my legs. I felt the top of his shaft throbbing against my pussy; his cock was so big, it had gone all the way between my legs to the front, where it was pushing against Mom's pussy as she hugged me.

Her face was a picture, once she realized what was happening. Looking down, she giggled when she saw his dick poking her. Flashing me a goofy grin, she opened her robe and playfully ground her pussy onto the shining head of his cock.

Dad yelped and quickly pulled away, apparently startled by the unexpected sensation of penetrating a wet pussy. God, he looked so cute as he sheepishly shuffled over to sit down again at the table. I think that might have been the first time I'd ever seen him become embarrassed, and it was just absolutely adorable!

In a sing-song voice Mom teased, "What's the matter, honeeeey? Maybe a little toomuch affection?" He just grunted, and she giggled, "Once you let that big guy out of his cage, you have to keep track of him! I mean, seriously, with the way he loves to go exploring, who knows where he'll end up? Keep letting him come out to play with us, and you'll see your two beautiful girls become really affectionate! All sorts of happy accidents are just bound to happen when your friendly monster is being affectionate to us, especially down here...." Still giggling, she accentuated her point by patting my bare bottom with both hands, making it quiver.

Giggling right along with her, I looked over my shoulder to see Dad staring open-mouthed at my ass.

When I turned back to Mom, she gave me a cute smirk while gesturing with her eyes to his huge erection, which he tried to hide by sliding his chair beneath the table. He was blushing as he attempted to read his paper again.

She mouthed to me, "See? Look what you did to him!"

I nodded, mouthing back, "It's so big!"

"Duh! I told you!" Grinning, she made a silly face.

"I even pressed it against my pussy!"

"I know! I saw you rubbing it against your clit!"

"You did?!"

Giggling at my surprised reaction, she grinned and nodded happily before pulling me close. "When you pressed it between your legs, I thought for sure you were going to tug your panties out of the way and put it inside you. God, baby, you're so beautiful, I don't know how he ever resisted," she whispered. I leaned in to kiss her, and we began making out again. I went straight for her pussy, slipping two fingers deep inside. Her eyes went wide, but she let me do it, even returning the favor by sliding a finger into my pussy from behind. Moaning through our hungry kisses, we gently fucked each other until we both came.

I don't know about her, but that was probably my fastest cum ever!

Releasing me after one last kiss, she took Dad by the hand and pulled him up from the table. Turning to face away from him, she wrapped his arms around her waist and slowly circled her sexy hips, rubbing her ass against what must have still been a really big, hard cock. While basically giving him a standing lap dance right there in the kitchen, she brought her lips to his ear and breathed, "Baby, take me back to bed."

Grinning, he shot me a sheepish glance over her shoulder.

Twice in one morning I saw Dad become embarrassed, just like a little boy! Awesome!

"Why are you looking at me? You heard her! Your beautiful wife isn't about to let that thing go to waste, so go give it to her!" I said, laughing as they hugged their way out of the kitchen and up the stairs.

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I was in my room reading when Mom knocked on the door and stuck her head in. Dad was right behind her, standing in the hallway.

"Sweetie, your father and I are going to take a drive up to the lake today, and we're staying for the night. There's plenty of food in the house, plus I left you some money on the kitchen table in case you want to get a pizza later for you and your brother. We won't be back until tomorrow evening, so will you two be okay here by yourselves?"

Grinning, I set my book aside. "Just look at you two. God, you're like a couple of newlyweds again. You guys are awesome!"

She leaned back to kiss him, and he spanked her on the ass, making her squeal in delight.

I laughed and said, "You two go have a blast. We'll be fine. Where is Paul, anyway?"

"He went to Rick's house. He said he'd be back home this afternoon."

"Did he say whether Rick would be coming over?"

"No, he said Rick is leaving with his parents tonight, and he wants to go see that Transformers movie with him before Rick takes off for the weekend. It looks like it'll just be the two of you, kiddo. You'll have to tease and torture your brother's horny friends some other day," she grinned, sticking her tongue out.

I smiled, "Awww, man, and just when I was planning on being a real wild woman!"

"Call us if you need anything, and don't destroy the house, okay?" she chuckled.

Sticking my tongue out right back at her, I grinned, "Right, because Paul and I are such crazy partiers."

Dad smacked her on the ass again. "Okay, we're outta here. Be good, oh daughter o' mine," he said, and off they went.

The day had really begun to heat up, climbing well into the nineties. Knowing it would be a perfect opportunity to work on my "California tan," as Paul called it, I headed out to the pool. Lying facedown on my sun lounger, I was just starting to doze off when suddenly I heard giggling, then I felt something wet touching my butt. Quickly turning to see what was happening, I laughed at the sight of a kneeling-on-all-fours Michelle trying to give my ass a hickey, with Trish and Lisa beaming at me from the other side. Excited to see them, I jumped up happily from my lounger. "Hey! Awesome! What are you guys doing here?"

As we all exchanged hugs, Michelle said, "We just wanted to see you again before you take off for California. When we ran into your parents getting ready to go somewhere in your dad's car, he told us they were leaving for a little weekend getaway. We asked if it would be okay to surprise you, and your mom let us in through the garage. Once we saw you out here, we decided to wait a few minutes, then hit you with a sneak attack!"

"So when are you leaving, anyway?" asked Trish.

"Probably in about a week or so. I have to give myself time to look for a place to stay."

"Paul is going with you to help you look, right?" asked Lisa, with a slight frown.

"Yep, he's all excited now about getting to go on a road trip with me."

"Can't blame him," said Michelle. "I wish I was going with you."

"Me too," Lisa said. "I'd love to do a trip like that with you or your brother."

"My brother? Really?"

She just smiled sweetly until Trish tickled her while grinning, "Duh, Dawn! You didn't know?"

"Stop it! And shut up!" giggled Lisa.

"I didn't know what?" I asked.

Michelle laughed, "Lisa has the biggest crush ever on Paul! You didn't know?"

Okay, this was definitely news to me. I wasn't entirely sure I liked the idea either. That feeling surprised me, and I thought, 'Why on earth should I mind if Lisa likes Paul?' Still, I said to Michelle, "No, I didn't know. When did this happen?"

"Jeez, Dawn," she grinned. "How blind are you? Lisa's been crushing on Paul since at least the beginning of the school year, when we started coming over here after practice. I think she's saving her virginity for him!"

"Michelle!! God! Shut up already!!" shouted Lisa, running into the house.

Embarrassed, Michelle took off after her. Apologizing through the bathroom door, she pleaded, "Lisa, I'm sorry, I didn't know it was supposed to be a secret. I really am sorry, baby. Please, come out." A few moments later they were talking quietly on the couch, and Michelle was hugging her. Lisa finally returned the hug, then they got up together and came back out to the pool.

Michelle gave me another embarrassed look. "I'm sorry, I shouldn't have said anything. I really thought everyone knew, and we were just kidding around. I shouldn't have opened my big mouth."

Sheepishly, she took Lisa's hand. Lisa squeezed it, offering her a small grin. "Oh, don't worry about it. Besides, Paul doesn't even like me. I'm not his type. I'm sure he likes Carrie."

That made me smile. Carrie is our squad's totally stacked blonde - the classic bubbleheaded cheerleader. She's the sweetest girl a guy could ever hope to meet, and I could easily see why anyone would want her. She's even bigger up top than Mom, and with her shiny blonde hair, sparkling blue eyes and long, slim legs, she looks like a real-life Barbie doll.

Still, I knew Paul didn't have a crush on her. If anything, I thought he had one on Michelle.

Although Carrie might be the flashiest girl of our group, I think Michelle is the most beautiful. She's my height, about five-eight, with a ton of long, thick, chestnut brown hair. She has this tiny beauty mark above her lip, and she's a dead ringer for Cindy Crawford. Seriously, she looks like a runway model. As much as I love Carrie, Michelle is way sexier. Carrie is friendly and bubbly, and definitely a total sweetheart, but Michelle is just amazing. Besides being so gorgeous, she's also smart, funny, confident and really sensual, without even trying.

I love her beautiful B-cup breasts. They're perfect on her trim, athletic body. She moves like a panther, and she always wears these skintight tops that show off her perpetually braless tits. She has the biggest nipples ever, which constantly pop out like crazy in her tight little t-shirts. Even though she has the smallest boobs of our group, they usually receive the most stares and compliments. Guys just can't keep their eyes off her sexy high beams, and neither can I.

For months she tried to get me to go braless too, until finally she wore me down and convinced me to join her. Once I started, I had to admit that it felt incredible. I love seeing my bouncing boobs and erect nipples draw the same sort of attention hers always do. God, there have been times when the lusting stares of guys ogling my bare breasts through my see-through t-shirts and unbuttoned blouses turned me on so much, I just wanted to rip my top off right in the middle of class.

One day while looking me over, she giggled, "With your ass, though, it almost doesn't matter. People are either going to stare at your face, which is the prettiest in the whole world, or they're going to drool over your ass, which is the best in the entire universe. Your tits are ridiculously fantastic too - they're as great as everything else on you - but someone would really have to be a breast man not to stare at your face, or especially your ass."

Still, I do love the attention I get for my breasts. As awesome as Mom's are, I had begun to wonder in envy when I would ever fill out, and once I finally did, I couldn't wait to show them off! Going braless all the time now, yep, it definitely helps. I have really big nipples too, but god, Michelle's breasts always just look so horny! Every time I see her, I can't help but want them in my mouth.

Trish is totally wild. Half Thai, half Swedish, she looks like an exotic porn star. She has almond eyes, yet they're bright green, which is a really wicked combination. She has ash blonde hair and a perpetual tan. She's tiny, too; only five-one and maybe a hundred pounds. Out of our whole squad, she's the most acrobatic. I swear she's made of rubber. She can do seemingly anything with her body, easy as pie. She also has a pierced belly button that she loves to show off with her baby tee tank tops.

For being such a petite girl, she's really well-endowed. In fact, the rumor going around school was that she'd had breast implants, which was easy to assume since her parents are super rich. Her boobs are real, though. They're just so round and firm that nobody could believe it, but they're natural. Even her pretty nipples are unique. Like little lighthouses capping her large mounds, they constantly point up at forty-five degrees, and she barely has any areolas at all.

The other thing about Trish is that she's the horniest girl of our group, and the most sexually experienced. She's had sex with tons of boys, and a whole bunch of men; plenty of girls, too, including most of our cheerleading squad. She's also the only one of our group who always squirts when she cums.

Michelle makes the most noise, as she's a real screamer, but Trish literally douses our faces in cum. We're all totally envious because none of us can match her huge gushes.

Soon into their friendship Trish took our sexy Cindy Crawford look-alike under her wing, which meant Michelle rapidly became just as sexual as her. Sometimes Trish would even loan her boyfriends to Michelle, and that's how she eventually lost her virginity.

Lisa and I were the virgins. Although her family is from Spain, and she was born in Seville, she's lived most of her life in America. She doesn't have an accent or anything, and she doesn't even speak Spanish, yet she looks like one of those sexy flamenco dancers. She has fiery dark eyes with really long lashes, and I always thought she had the best ass of our group. The way her jet black hair trails down right to the top of her ass when she arches her back, Lisa seems too erotically beautiful to be some high school girl from Kansas.

While Michelle looks like a big city fashion model and Trish looks like a porn star, Lisa looks like a movie star.

She always wears dresses, or skirts and tops; never pants or shorts. She dresses like a sexy woman, not a high school girl, which I think is awesome. She also always wears the prettiest blouses, and with her large, D-cup breasts, only Carrie among our group is bigger up top. Lisa's are prettier, though, mainly because of her golden olive skin and the elegance of her whole body.

How she ever managed to remain a virgin was a constant source of bewilderment to Trish, who just couldn't imagine it. "Girl, you must be crazy. What are you waiting for? Men would have you. Not just high school boys, and not just college guys either. I'm talking real men. You could have any man you want, right now. You should be in Europe, living it up on the Riviera."

Lisa would simply give Trish one of her beguiling smiles. "That's not for me. Can't I just enjoy being with my friends, until I'm ready to be with a man?"

She was so sweetly disarming that Trish would always become exasperated and give in.

So that's our little group: Michelle, the gorgeous model, and the prettiest girl of the bunch, I think; Trish, the exotic Eurasian 'porn star,' who was sort of our sexual mentor; Lisa, the enigmatic Spanish gypsy goddess.

Then there's me. I'm the boring one. Trish and Michelle swear up and down that I'm the 'hottest' girl of our group, mainly because I supposedly look just like Megan Fox. They say my body - especially my ass - beats everything, but I think Lisa is the most amazing one, and Michelle is the sexiest, most beautiful one. Trish, she's just completely out of my league. Besides her wickedly exotic looks, she's practically a pro at sex, and I'm only a beginner.

I once saw Trish take a guy at a party, and it was the most amazing thing I'd ever seen. She was like a sword swallower in the circus.

We were all gathered in a circle, and she brought this one guy who was probably in his late-twenties into the circle with her. With Lisa and I looking on in shock, Trish gave the guy a blowjob through his pants, then she pulled his dick right out into the open. It was almost as big as Paul's or Dad's! Next, Trish lay on the floor between two tables set up for drinks and things. After the tables were cleared and spaced apart, she had this guy stretch out on his stomach across them, making his dick hang down. Trish's face was directly below the gap, and she fed his enormous cock into her mouth. Inch by inch, she kept taking more and more, until Lisa and I gasped. Eventually his long, thick cock was bulging in her throat, and she was just calmly breathing through her nose. Once the guy got it all the way inside, he began to move up and down, totally fucking her face. Moaning around his pounding shaft, she simply closed her eyes and let the guy throat-fuck her in front of twenty people! The thing is, she was taking it as easily as drinking a Snapple in the school cafeteria.

Lisa and I slid our hands beneath each other's skirt. While I was wearing panties, Lisa's sexy round bottom was completely bare, and we started fingering the other's pussy. Bending her knees and grinding her hips, she slipped two more fingers into my dripping wet pussy, which was literally beginning to pour down my thighs.

When the guy pulled his cock from Trish's throat, slowly extracting it like a drill from a well, Lisa whispered, "God, look at that. Baby, please, do my ass."

Trish had just placed the tip of the guy's enormous cock on her tongue when I pushed my two middle fingers deep inside Lisa's tight little asshole. As Lisa began to moan, that huge dick launched its first long, heavy ropes into Trish's mouth, then she simply decorated her face with his shooting cum.

That was it for us; Lisa and I came. It was so awesome, the way I was cumming on her hand even as her fingers were clenching inside me from her own crashing orgasm.

Nope, none of us can match Trish, though Michelle is definitely trying. I have no doubt that soon she'll be as good as Trish is at sex, and I'll be the happy beneficiary of her newfound skills. Ever since we all first got together, Michelle was always more my friend than Trish's. She's Trish's best friend, but Trish doesn't have that many close friends. Michelle sort of became her best friend by default. With me, it's different. She considers me to be her "forever best friend," and I consider her to be mine.

She once told me, "Baby, I love to fuck Trish, but I love to fuck you even more. Always know that I love you, and only you."

I love her, too. I knew I would definitely miss her like crazy once I moved away.

Returning to our conversation by the pool, I smiled at Lisa. "Girl, if you only knew. Carrie is so not Paul's type. I promise you that."

Lisa smiled shyly. Thankfully, she didn't press the issue by asking, "Okay then, so who is his type?"

What could I have told her? I was thinking, 'Ummm, I am, Lisa. He loves Megan Fox, and he loves my ass more than anything. Also, hey, I suck his cock and swallow his cum, so I've got that going for me too.'

Still, I couldn't help but once again notice her extraordinary beauty, and for a moment I felt oddly possessive about Paul. Then I thought, 'What is wrong with you? He's your brother, not your boyfriend, you idiot. Why are you getting jealous over Lisa wanting him?'

I was becoming a little angry with myself.

When I glanced up, Lisa was staring off into the distance, seemingly lost in her own thoughts. Trish was in the kitchen, rummaging through the fridge. Michelle, though, was looking right at me; or, rather, right through me. Raising an eyebrow, she gave me a small smile. I couldn't quite tell whether it was a question or an accusation, and I quickly looked away.

"You guys wanna go swimming?" I asked, trying to change the subject.

"We didn't bring any suits," Lisa said.

"So? Her parents just left for the weekend," grinned Trish, returning from the kitchen.

"Where's Paul?" asked Lisa.

Trish smiled teasingly. "Are you hoping he'll show up, especially if you have to swim naked?"

"Lisa, I could always loan you my bikini if Paul comes home," I said.

"Yeah, right!" laughed Michelle. "For all the good that little thing ever does, she might as well go naked anyway! Besides, what would you and the rest of us wear? You only have the one bikini."

"Ah, screw it..." Lisa giggled. Wearing only a peasant's skirt with a matching white lace blouse, she simply started unbuttoning her top. Once she had it undone, she slipped it off and tossed it aside before shimmying out of her skirt. Since she'd showed up barefoot and pantiless, she stood before us completely naked, her moist slit glistening in the morning sun.

Michelle smiled at the sight of Lisa's wet pussy. "The thought of Paul catching you out here in the nude really turns you on, doesn't it?"

Grinning happily, our gorgeous virgin goddess did a sexy little pirouette for us. "If Carrie's really not his type, maybe this will be?"

A laughing Trish applauded while giving her a comical wolf whistle. "If that boy has a working cock, you're definitely his type. If I had one, I'd fuck you right now!"

We all laughed, Lisa included. Trish had a real knack for using blunt humor to diffuse any tense situation. She could get away with it, because we knew she never meant anything in a bad way.

Joining Lisa, Michelle quickly peeled off her tight tracksuit, revealing that she too had come over totally naked beneath her skimpy clothes. Like me, she kept only a small strip of pubic hair.

"Okay, Miss Expert," I said, turning to Trish, "which is better, Lisa's completely shaved pussy, or our little landing strips?"

Smirking as she kicked away her pumps, Trish went ahead and wriggled out of her tight, faded jeans. Again...no panties. Posing for us in her 'Ibiza All Night' cutoff t-shirt, she was thoroughly in her element. I swear, no high school girl was ever more comfortable with her nudity, including blatantly showing off her pussy.

"Who says either one has to be better? As long as your beautiful pussies are bare, why can't I prefer both ways?" she grinned, stroking her smooth, hairless slit. She paused to take me all in, standing before her in my tiny mesh panties and see-through baby doll top, and a wry smile played on her lips. "You bad little girl, you don't even have your bikini on. Is this what you wore around the house all morning?"

'Here we go again...' I laughed to myself.

Grinning, I nodded.

"Baby, I can see your pussy. I'm talking not just your landing strip but your lips and clit, too." She reached out to stroke my pink nub poking through my panties, the same way Mom had in the kitchen. While caressing my moistening slit, she looked up. "I can see your perfect breasts and huge nipples. Girl, I can see your body just as clearly as I can see Lisa's or Michelle's, and they're completely naked."

Pausing again, she gave me a knowing smile, which I coyly returned.

She broke into a small, sexy grin, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "You wear things like this around your family? You let your parents and Paul see your bare breasts? You show them your pussy?"

"Yes, Trish, this is all I wore around the house all morning."

I just stood there...waiting.

"Turn around for me. I just have to see how your ass looks in these panties."

I turned away, smiling as I showed her my bare bottom, and she gasped. "My god, Dawn, you let your father and little brother see this ass completely naked? These panties are all you wear around your turbo-hottie mom?"

What could I say? With a little grin I just nodded.

"Damn, baby, they must be going out of their minds from wanting to fuck you," she laughed. Pulling off her t-shirt, she tossed it onto the table, and all three girls were nude. "Stay just like that," she said, slinking towards me. I felt hands on my hips, then a mouth kissing my pussy through the gap at the top of my thighs. Trish was sucking my panties, taking my lips in too. With her tongue trying to slip inside me, her hands slid from my stomach up to my breasts. She cupped and hefted each one, squeezing and fondling them as she sucked my pussy.

I pulled my top off, and Michelle took my breast into her mouth. Lisa began tugging on my other nipple, then I felt Trish slipping my little g-string panties aside before pressing her tongue deep into my asshole. "Here..." I said, pulling them down for her.

Trish stopped me. "No, leave them on for now. I want to see you as your mother and father see you when they're at the kitchen table, and you just come strutting in. I want to see this ass, this incredible, mouthwatering ass, just as Paul sees it when he's stroking his huge cock while watching you through his bedroom window."

I turned to look at her, and she breathed into my pussy, "Damn right, Carrie isn't his type. His type is right here...." Slowly running her hands all over my bare ass, she spread it wide, then she leaned in to taste it.

When I quickly turned to Lisa to gauge her reaction, she just smiled before taking my breast into her mouth.

Trish continued licking me, starting at the tops of my thighs before working her way into my little triangle-space, and the bottom of my pussy. She lapped back and forth, back and forth, completely soaking my tiny panties. Taking my pussy lips between her teeth, she gently chewed on them until I started shaking. "You're going to make me cum...almost there..." I moaned, and she pressed her face to my ass. Spreading me open, she bit my asshole, making me scream as I came.

Trembling, I fell to my knees. Michelle and Lisa brought me back to my lounger, where they laid me facedown. Right away, Trish pulled my panties off and threw them in the pool. Taking a couple of towels from the table, she rolled them up into a fat ball, then she told me to lift. I lifted, and she slid that big ball of towels beneath my hips, propping my ass high in the air. With my back arched and my legs slightly spread, my ass and pussy were lewdly presented to her. Offering an open invitation, I was ready and waiting.

Michelle moved to my left hip, Trish to my right, with Lisa sliding into the center position directly between my legs. "Baby, I hope you don't need to be anywhere soon, because that perfect ass of yours is about to get completely devoured," Michelle said, her voice dripping with lust.

I moaned my approval when I felt clever fingers spreading my ass and pussy. Trish and Michelle were each pulling open a cheek while Lisa was parting my wet lips; suddenly there were two tongues licking my asshole and a third slipping into my pussy.

I could feel the girls becoming hungrier, and it was driving me insane.

Lisa pulled me up by my hips onto my knees, my face and chest pressed to the lounger. Two slender fingers apiece, a pair per side, began pushing into my asshole; just the tips at first, to the first knuckle. As the fingers spread me open, they slid in deeper.

Lisa was using an overhand attack on my pussy, slipping three fingers inside and spreading them. Clamping me open, she pressed her mouth between my legs and drove her long tongue deep into my pussy. With her other hand she was squeezing my thigh, seemingly just savoring its texture, or she would spank my ass, making those four fingers up above reverberate inside my asshole.

Over and over, her tongue speared my welcoming depths, then I felt her stabbing and wildly shaking her nose inside me. Simply covering her face in pussy, she hungrily growled, "God, I want to climb inside you and eat your pussy until you explode, then I could just bathe in your warm, silky cum. Baby, I adore your gorgeous cunt."

In the meantime, the fingers in my ass had been replaced by two tongues wrestling sexily inside me. Holding me open with two hands per cheek, they'd spread me to the point that by turning their mouths opposite to each other they were able to get both their tongues into my asshole. Deep inside my clenching bottom Michelle and Trish were Frenching, and I couldn't stop cumming. I can't gush the way Trish does, but I was flowing like a faucet, and Lisa was crying out with laughter as my pleasure poured all over her beautiful face.

Finally, she pulled her mouth away; replacing it with four fingers, she slammed straight into my pussy, all the way up to the palm of her hand. I screamed again, then I moaned in sheer delirium when I felt her tongue join Michelle's and Trish's in my asshole. I had all three girls Frenching each other deep inside my trembling ass, and I was howling!

As they continued tongue-wrestling in my writhing bottom, Lisa started slapping my thighs really hard. First the left, then the right, alternating, doubling and tripling, she was raining hard smacks down on my thighs while Michelle and Trish were spanking my ass!

I was completely out of my mind, just floating in the ecstasy, when Lisa totally lost it. With a huge shove she forced her shoulders between my thighs and up into my hips, lifting me until I was upside down. Letting loose a wild cry of unbridled lust, she spread my ass and buried her face in my pussy.

Feeling her screams inside my pussy was the hottest thing ever, and it only got better when Michelle turned Lisa's screams into nonstop moans.

Having slid beneath us on her back, Michelle was cupping and spreading Lisa's ass while noisily eating her pussy. Since I had Michelle's pussy directly below me, I slurped up her initial wetness before taking her pink clit firmly between my lips. I knew that if I gave her a good orgasm she would thoroughly drench my face and hair in cum, so I eagerly ravaged her pretty little bud.

Suddenly Lisa screamed into my pussy again before shouting, "Oh, fuck, you bitch!! That's so big in my ass!"

I couldn't see what was happening, but Trish must've shoved something up Lisa's ass, and knowing Trish it wasn't small, nor had she been particularly gentle about it.

I was becoming light-headed from being upside down, yet as long as Lisa was willing to hold me up like that I was going to keep eating Michelle's beautiful pussy. Deciding I wanted more, I spread her open by sliding my hand into her deep crack, then I jammed three fingers straight into her ass. As she screamed into Lisa's pussy, I giggled into hers, since that was the first time I'd ever slammed something into her the way the girls always slammed things into me.

I began talking into her pussy. "You like that, don't you? You want it up your ass! I know you do!"

Trish laughed, "'Chelle, did she really go in your ass?"

Michelle screamed into Lisa's pussy, "FUCK YES, SHE DID! SHE'S TRYING TO FIST ME! AHHH, YESSS!!"

And she was right, I was. Since Lisa was fucking my ass with three fingers while ravenously eating my pussy, yeah, I was curling my thumb into my palm and trying to force my tiny hand inside Michelle's gorgeous bottom.

She deserved it, too. After all those times she'd assaulted me, she so deserved it. I knew it was time to love her back, just the way she always loved me. I could tell she didn't think I would, either, so I let my saliva drool into her ass and kept licking there, trying to give her enough lube while continuing to drive my hand inside her. Even though I couldn't quite get it to go, I was still fucking the hell out of her ass, and I never stopped chewing on her clit.

She was bound to lose it, then I'd get my reward.

Lisa shouted, "Jesus, Trish! Yes! Ram it in all the way! Fuck me! Fuck me!" I could feel her face and body moving in rhythm with whatever Trish was doing to her ass. I figured it still had to be her ass, because I could hear Michelle wildly moaning into her pussy.

Speaking of which, Michelle's moans were becoming more breathy and high-pitched; I knew she was getting close, even as Lisa kept smacking my ass and making me crazy. I shoved hard, and finally my whole hand popped inside, all the way to my wrist! She let loose with the sexiest scream ever, right into Lisa's pussy! God, it was awesome! I was totally fisting her ass, just fucking her brains out, and she exploded in a great, big orgasm! Pulling my mouth back, I laughed and cried out with joy as she doused my face and hair in a torrent of hot girl-cum.

The three of us eventually collapsed in a heap, tumbling down together onto the grass. Laughing and panting, we were completely delirious.

Trish was beaming as she stood over us, and Lisa guffawed, "No way! That's what you shoved up my ass?"

Holding an oversized hairbrush with the longest, thickest handle I'd ever seen, Trish just smiled at her. "I had a feeling you'd love it. You guys are good."

"You are such a total perv," laughed Lisa.

"And you wouldn't have it any other way," giggled Trish, moving to the steps of the pool.

Michelle was the first one to get up, zombie-stumbling across the patio before simply letting herself fall into the water. Lisa and I soon dragged ourselves after her; on shaky legs she slowly walked while I just crawled on all fours. Sliding over the edge of the pool, I was slithering face-first like an alligator down the wide steps when Trish grabbed my hips, pulled me onto her lap and began petting my ass.

There I was, holding myself up by my hands on the second step, my face nearly touching the water. My legs and ass were cradled in her lap as she sat lounging by the side of the pool with her feet on the first step.

I looked back at her, and she gave me a smoky grin. "Baby, I may never see an ass like this again. I'm going to make the most of it, while I still can."

My arms were already beginning to shake even before she began to spank me.

Smack! Smack! Smack! Then she'd stop and smooth my ass with slow, easy strokes, using the pool water to soothe me.

Smack! Smack! Smack! Right on my asshole, full open-palm swats, then more soothing caresses with the cool water.

She also slapped my pussy, probably a dozen times, though ever more gently with each turn, until finally she was simply caressing my entire bottom. She was using two hands to spread me...stroke me...worship me. The way she lovingly ran her fingertips up and down my hamstrings to my inner thighs, I could feel her savoring every inch.

"Mmmmmm, Trish, that feels so good. You should do this to Lisa and Michelle, too," I cooed, slowly writhing my ass beneath her hands.

Trish looked over at them; they were locked in their own embrace, kissing. "I will, but it'll never be like it is with you. I've never loved a body the way I love yours."

"Because of my ass."

"Yes, baby, because of your ass, and because it's you. I've been all around the world, and you're the most beautiful girl I've ever seen."

"No, I'm not."

"Yes, you really are, and we all know it, but it's not just that. You have the prettiest face, the most perfect tits and the nicest legs of our whole group, though Lisa and Michelle are right there, too. They're both truly gorgeous."

"So are you," I smiled, as she continued to caress and fondle my bottom.

"I'm different-looking and, yes, very pretty. I love to fuck, plus I'm really good at it because I love it so much. Baby, you're all that too, but you're extraordinary. You are such a natural that you're well past the point of needing any help. Once you finally turn yourself loose on the world, men included, you're going to be the brightest star in the heavens. Your face, legs and ass are so beautiful that you'll go places most women will never see. Dawn, when all is said and done, you're going to be simply unforgettable."

With a wistful sigh she patted my bottom, letting me know she was done.

I crawled the rest of the way into the water, giggling up a bunch of bubbles when I felt her grab my ankles. She held me like I was a wheelbarrow, walking me down the steps and all around the shallow end of the pool. With my head almost to the bottom, I could only hear the muted sounds of the three girls laughing.

Coming up for air, I smoothed back my long hair. She was watching my every move, and I stepped into her arms for a warm, tender kiss; as our tongues gently melded together, slow hands roamed with languorous grace in exploration of breasts, hips, faces and bottoms.

Finally pulling away, she stared at me with a thoughtful, almost melancholy expression.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"Nothing's wrong, baby. Nothing at all. It's just...wow. Now I see why Michelle is so in love with you."

Smiling, I kissed her. "You're silly. Kissing me is no different than kissing any other girl."

She took me by the hands. "Baby, you just keep believing that, and before you know it the world will be all yours."

I splashed her, then we swam a little and played a lot before finally climbing out of the water. Side by side we lay on the grass, and I looked over to see Michelle and Lisa still going at it in the pool. They were really getting into their kissing, making sexy lip-smacking sounds, their hands leaving urgent impressions all over each other's body.

Breaking their kiss, Lisa led Michelle up the steps and over to a lounger, where she gently pressed her down onto her back. She kissed her pussy, and Michelle lay back moaning as Lisa nuzzled and licked her soft, wet lips.

Trish and I watched them for a few more moments, then I slid between her legs. Spreading her open, I lifted her thighs onto my shoulders. "I want to fuck you," I whispered, looking into her eyes.

"Baby, you can do whatever you want to me." Smiling softly, she curled a lock of hair over my ear.

I gave her a chaste kiss on her spreading pussy lips, which made her laugh, then I grinned, "Trish, I want your pussy...my mouth on your lips, tasting you. Baby, you have such a beautiful pussy. I want to make you gush, and I want to drink you. I need you to let me make you cum. Will you do that for me?"

"Drink me..." she grinned, spreading her legs wide. Her whole body was just so tight and sleek, and her pussy was a golden slit. Her spread legs were a dancer's elegance, her skin hot to the touch.

I slipped my index and middle fingers of each hand into her split, peeling apart her delicate folds. "You're so pink inside," I whispered, and she smiled as I leaned down to touch her center with the tip of my tongue. Her back arched, and I released her lips to cup her bottom. "God, Trish, you have such a tight, sexy ass," I said, squeezing it, speaking between tastes of her pussy.

"It's tight, yes, but yours is so much better."

"Shhhh...." I kissed her thighs on either side of my face. "Your ass is perfect. Every inch of you is perfect." I kissed all over her inner thighs, her tummy, her asshole, and finally back to her pink slit. "You have a gorgeous, delicious pussy, Patricia."

She moaned, and I pressed my lips inside. I was trying to force my mouth all the way into her pussy.

"Oh god, Dawn, say my name again. No one but my mother has ever called me that, and it sent shivers down my spine..." she breathed, wrapping her legs around my head to pull me into her.

"Mmmm, Patricia," I whispered, "I love your beautiful body, and I need your cum. Please, give me your pussy...Patricia...."

I felt her thighs gently shake as I sucked on her beautiful slit, alternating between her clit and her inner core. The entire time, I never stopped cupping and caressing her tight, smooth ass. She jumped when I nipped at the skin where her thighs join her torso. I took it between my teeth to give it a little tug, and she jerked; a tiny squirt from her pussy landed on the side of my neck, just below my ear.

"That's a good girl, Patricia. More...." While still holding her ass with one hand, I used the other to begin gently fucking her.

"You're going to make me cum..." she moaned, and I could feel her becoming wetter. Drenching my chin, her moisture was beginning to drip down her thighs. I curled my fingers into the roof of her pussy, where I began stroking her rougher patch of hot velvet.

Her moans were starting to warble as her thighs thrashed around my head, her feet sliding up and down my back.

"I want your gorgeous cum," I whispered, urging her on. I could feel it building; her thighs tightening, her tummy quivering; her moans becoming sharper, more staccato.

"Ohhhh...oh...ohhhh, Dawn...." A high-pitched whisper.

I trebled the intensity of my attack on her clit. "Now, Patricia?" Taking it between my teeth, I nipped at her pink delight.

"Ohhh...oh fuck! Now! NOW!" she shrieked.

Holding her ass in place with both hands, I pulled my head back to hover my wide-open mouth over her pussy.

Her first gush was a light arcing onto my cheek, just below my eye. The second warning squirt shot straight out, hitting me between my collarbones. The third shot, that was the one I wanted. That was my prize. Wailing in the late morning sunshine, she gushed a clear, beautiful stream directly into my laughing mouth before shooting two, three, four more clear gushes all over my face. I couldn't begin to keep up with it, so I simply let her shower my face and hair in cum, then I was right back down on her pussy, drinking and swallowing for all I was worth. She kept bucking and quaking, and still I held on, pressing my lips to her pulsing pussy as she rode it out.

Once she was finally done cumming, she frantically pulled me up by my shoulders. When I was lying on top of her, our breasts touching, she licked all over my face; kissing and licking, then kissing me again and again, she cupped my chin while gazing intensely into my eyes. "You can't leave us. Please, don't give this to California. Stay here...be our star," she whispered, pulling me in for a fierce hug.

I hugged her just as fiercely, kissing her full, pouty lips. We rolled together onto our sides, holding each other until finally we managed to calm down a little. A few minutes later Trish was lying serenely beside me, and I caressed her beautiful face. She seemed to be dozing off.

After rolling over to see what the girls were doing, I had to grin. They were still on the lounger, and Michelle was hungrily lapping away at Lisa's shining pussy. Our gorgeous gypsy was moaning quietly while writhing on Lisa's tongue when suddenly she glanced up, her attention having been diverted by something.

Michelle and I followed her gaze. I don't know what they saw, but I saw the corner of the curtain in Paul's bedroom window quickly move before coming to rest.

Continuing to watch the girls and the window, I noticed Michelle's face light up with a quirky smile, then she whispered something that made Lisa grin. Getting up from the lounger, Lisa stretched onto her tiptoes. Twisting back and forth, her arms extended high above her head, she was just impossibly beautiful.

I knew exactly what she was doing. Following Michelle's suggestion, she was preening and posing, showing off her amazing body to Paul.

Still grinning, Lisa took Michelle by the hand; together they strutted back to the pool, walking slowly and oh so sexily before easing their way down each step. With their hips swinging in exaggerated arcs, Lisa's big, gorgeous tits juddered with each footfall, and Michelle's incredible nipples were in full riot.

Subtly glancing up, I saw Paul's curtain shift again.

"God, Lisa..." I heard Michelle say. When I looked over to the pool, Lisa was doing an elegant backstroke, her bronzed, toned body with her tantalizing mounds making for an incredibly sexy slipstream. The flowing water sparkled dazzlingly on her glistening pussy, and even though it was quite a warm day her nipples were fully erect...such inviting targets.

Leaving Trish to her catnap, I got up and went over to the deep end of the pool, where I retrieved my panties floating near the metal steps. I plucked them out and slipped them on, which felt really clammy.

"Whatcha doing?" Michelle asked, noticing that I was getting dressed.

As I was heading towards the patio table to retrieve my top, I heard the pounding of heavy feet running like crazy inside the house; they were flying down the stairs, then the front door opened and slammed closed. "I just want to go check on something. I think Paul might be home, and we're all out here naked," I said, slipping on my gauzy little baby doll top.

"So? Ask him if he'd like to get naked and come join us," she said, smiling goofily.

'Sure...' I thought, 'like any guy in his right mind wouldn't want to join us, especially when at least one of the girls, if not two, have their horny sights set on him.' Grinning, I said, "That may be fine for you, but Trish over there is asleep, and I don't know whether—"

"Yeah, right!" laughed Michelle. "Like Trish of all people would mind being caught in the nude by your hella-hot little brother!"

I knew she was right, and I also noticed that Lisa was remaining conspicuously silent.

"Yeah, well, fine, but I'm his sister. I at least need to put something on."

Michelle just smiled. "So that's your story, and you're sticking to it, huh? Okay, baby, if you say so. Go warn your little brother about the naked girls."

'Shit. She knows, or at least she suspects. She's not buying this at all,' I thought, silently kicking myself.

I realized that I did want to protect him, then it hit me: It wasn't Paul who I wanted to protect...it was me. I wanted him all to myself! 'What the hell is wrong with me? I'm going to be leaving soon for California, and why should I begrudge him Lisa anyway? I love Lisa. She's an absolutely awesome girl. My god, I could hardly hope for anyone better for my little brother, so why don't I want him to be with her? What's my problem here?'

Michelle instantly sensed my turmoil. With a friendly grin, she splashed my ankles. "Go, baby...save your little brother."

Lisa gave me another enigmatic smile.

'God, you're such an idiot. Who do you think you're fooling here?' Berating myself, I turned to go into the house. Hurrying through the kitchen, I immediately headed upstairs to Paul's room. His door was open, and he was putting down his stuff as if he'd just gotten home.

'We're both so completely full of shit,' I thought, laughing to myself.

"Hey," he said, a bit too casually, and I noticed his glance went straight to my wet panties.

I took a peek down. "Oops," I giggled. "Guess they got a little wet, huh?"

Staring at my pussy, he grinned, "How come your panties are soaking wet, but your top isn't? Not that I'm complaining or anything."

"Oh, well, I thought I heard you come home, and the girls and I were swimming. I was, you know, umm...."

"Also, how come your legs are still dry when your panties are wet?"

Sighing, I smiled. "Okay...busted. You got me. I was naked, Paul. I was naked and all dried off, but when you came home I had to throw my panties back on, which Trish had tossed in the pool. Even though they were wet, I put them on so the girls wouldn't see me running around naked in front of you. Then I came up to your room, and here I am."

He smiled again, his stare moving to my breasts. Despite my top being dry, I knew he could see my tits and even my nipples as clear as day. Like my mesh panties, that top hid absolutely nothing, which is why Trish got such a big kick out of my willingness to wear it around Mom, Dad and Paul.

I found myself thinking, 'I'm not even sure why I bothered to switch tops this morning. When Mom complained about my scratchy sweatshirt, I should've just taken it off for her, right there in the kitchen. Going topless would've scarcely been any more revealing than wearing this, and Mom ended up baring my breasts to Dad anyway.

'I should've just taken my top off, and left it off. That would've really excited Trish, knowing I ran around topless all morning in front of everyone.

'Why didn't I think of that? I should've ditched these panties, too! It hardly would have made any difference, plus Trish would've absolutely freaked out over the thought of me going totally naked around the house! Damn it, that's exactly what I should've done! God, what if I hadn't been wearing any panties when I was pressing Dad's bare cock into my pussy? We were already practically fucking, and I know Mom would've loved for me to be completely nude then, with Dad's huge cock playing in my pussy. Mmmm, I bet she would've had me use my ass to tease his dick to death, until finally he would have just—'

"Too bad your top also isn't wet," smirked Paul, interrupting my reverie.

"Like it would make any difference. This thing barely covers anything, and you can totally see right through it anyway," I grinned, smoothing the sheer material over my nipples to demonstrate my point.

Trying to hide his growing erection, he quickly took a seat on his bed. "Well, yeah, but if it was wet, too, like down there...." After staring at my pussy for a few moments, he returned his attention to my breasts.

Moving to the window, I gave him a sexy smile before leaning forward to peer out between a gap in the curtains. I knew he was staring at my bare ass. "These panties are the ones that show just as much of my crack as my bikini, but they also show the rest of my ass, right?" I asked. Without looking back, I shifted from one foot to the other, wiggling my bottom as I took a peek outside.

His voice caught in his throat. "Uhh...uh-huh. Those are your small ones."

I couldn't help but smile. I just loved the way he always became so nervous around me.

"So, okay, do you like these better, or my bikini? Now these are wet too, so you can make a fair comparison."

Looking out the window, I saw Michelle waving at me while giggling with her other hand over her mouth. I stuck my tongue out and flipped her the finger. She made a fake shocked-face, then she just about died laughing.

"Paul..." I said, prompting him from his silence.

"Ummm...these. I like these panties even better than your bikini."

"Is it because they look better on me, or is it simply because you can see more?"

Hearing him slowly gulp, I giggled to myself while staring out the window. Michelle and Lisa were making out again in the shallow end of the pool. God, they looked so amazing together. I also noticed that Trish was awake and lying on her stomach, watching them with her head propped up in her hands. They were all talking and laughing, but since the window was closed I couldn't hear what they were saying.

Paul cleared his throat. "These look better on you...because they show more of you. Dawn, you're the most beautiful girl in the world. You're way prettier than anything you could ever wear, so it's always just a matter of how much of you I get to see, in terms of what are my favorite things."

I watched as Lisa led a grinning Michelle back to their lounge chair. Climbing on top of her, she went straight into a sixty-nine. They were directly below our window, and I saw Michelle spread Lisa's ass, then her long tongue flashed into the pink space between Lisa's legs. When Lisa leaned forward to return the favor, I saw her pretty little asshole.

Watching them lick each other's pussy, my mouth watered.

'Is she showing herself to me, or is she hoping Paul is watching?' I wondered. I just knew I was becoming very wet. My thoughts returned to Paul, who was still staring at my nearly naked bottom. Grinning, I said, "If that's the case, then this would probably look best of all to you...." Wiggling my hips, I slid my panties below my ass, all the way down my thighs; letting them hang there, suspended between my knees, I leaned into the window sill again. "Does it look better like this?" I purred, suggestively wagging my tail.

I felt hands touching me. He'd put them on my bare hips, and was pressing against me. "Yes," he whispered hoarsely.

"Yes, what?" I whispered back. "Tell me. Say it to me."

He touched my long hair cascading down my back; I arched my spine until my hair was tickling my ass.

"Yes, it looks even better like this. I want you naked. I want to see your ass, and—"

"And what? Little brother, what do you want to see?" I put my knees together, letting my panties fall to the floor. Stepping out of them, I grasped the tiny scrap of mesh with my toes and flung it onto his bed. Arching my back again, I spread my legs, opening myself for him. "Tell me. You want to see my ass, and I'm showing it to you. I've taken off my panties, hoping you'll touch me. I know you want to feel my ass, not just my hips. Say it, baby. What else do you want to see, and what do you want to touch? What do you want to do to me?"

After a few moments of hurried clothes-rustling sounds, I felt hands returning to my hips, then a rock-hard cock protected only by thin boxers was pressing into my naked bottom.

In a whisper I could barely hear, he said, "I want to see your pussy, and I want to feel it. I want to touch you."

With his thick length splitting me, I quietly moaned. "You can touch me...under one condition."

His hands stroked my hips before sliding down to my soft cheeks. I bounced my ass, inviting him to explore.

"What condition?"

"Mmmm, yes, touch me, baby. You can do anything you want to me...anything...if you just tell me what you saw...and if you tell me what you were doing as you spied on us from this window."

Pressing hard into my ass, I felt his cock throb, gloriously erect in his boxers.

"God, it's so big..." I whispered. "I can feel you in my ass, all the way up to my back. Tell me what you saw, then you can do anything you want to me with that huge cock. Lean against me, baby. Look over my shoulder, out the window. Watch them with me, and tell me what you saw."

He pressed into me again, flattening my breasts against the wall. "I'll tell you, but I don't want to watch them. I want to watch you..." he whispered hotly in my ear.

"You don't want to watch three beautiful naked girls having sex?"

Making me moan, he pulled my hips back and slid his wildly erect cock through the channel of my ass.

'God, I wish he wasn't wearing those boxers. It'd be just like Dad this morning, only with no panties in the way,' I thought, beginning to pant.

"I'd rather look at and feel your naked body, right here in my room," he said, moving his erection up and down my deep split. Pausing a moment, he tried to pull my top off, and I raised my arms to make it easy for him. After tossing it next to my panties on the bed, he cupped my bare breasts and pressed back into me.

"I'm completely naked now. You have what you want. Your cock is in my ass, and you're squeezing my breasts. Now tell me..." I hissed.

Looking out the window again, I saw that Trish had joined the girls in a daisy chain on the grass. She was licking Lisa's pussy, and Lisa's face was between Michelle's thighs, tongue-stabbing her ass. Michelle was between Trish's thighs; while I could see her head moving in and out, I couldn't quite tell what she was doing.

My pussy was beginning to drip down my legs. Reaching to feel it on my thighs, I rubbed it between my fingertips, studying its texture, then I slid two fingers up through my crack, over his cock and onto my ass, where I spread the warm, silky moisture on my smooth skin.

"What did you see? I know you were watching us, then you ran downstairs and slammed the door, as if you were just coming home. I heard you, Paul, and I saw you. I just don't know how long you'd already been spying on us before I caught you."

Waiting for his answer, I slowly moved my hips in sexy circles.

"Not long," he finally said.

"Thank you, baby. You can have me now." Grinding my ass on his pulsing cock, I reached back with both hands, spreading myself for him.

"Oh, fuck!" he moaned. I felt him stiffen, then my ass was suddenly becoming wet.

I looked back, and the front of his boxers was a spreading mess. "It's okay, baby. Let's take these off. I'd rather feel your bare cock anyway," I said, kneeling to pull his shorts down. He was blushing like crazy, and I shook my head. "Paul, don't be embarrassed. I totally understand. I feel the same way right now, but it's just more obvious when you cum. I'm telling you, don't worry about it. I promise, you're fine."

I took him into my mouth, licking the hot cum from his wilting erection. He had a lot spread around his balls, and I took those into my mouth too, gently sucking each one. After giving him a thorough tongue-bath, I playfully licked between his legs, which made him jump. Giggling, I forced the tip of my tongue inside, which really made him jump, then I sucked his balls again before returning to his medium-soft cock. Licking all along its rubbery length, I popped the head back into my mouth and pressed my tongue to his piss slit, wanting every last drop.

I just loved cum; I definitely knew that much. Anyone's cum, girl or boy, I loved it.

When he was all nice and clean, I jumped up and looked out the window again. No change. The girls were still in the same position, eating each other in a three-way. Wanting to hear them, I gently cracked open the window a few inches.

They weren't talking, but I could hear little slaps, slurps and moans.

Satisfied that I could keep track of them, I turned my attention back to Paul. "Now where were we?" I whispered, waving my bottom at him. "Oh yeah, you were staring at my ass, weren't you? If I recall correctly, you were also rubbing your big, delicious cock up and down my slit, right against my wet pussy. You were about to tell me what you saw as you were watching us."

Paul gingerly stepped back up to the plate, though rather than press against me he moved down into a squatting position directly behind me. He put both hands on my ass, and I think I startled him with my sudden moan. Squeezing and staring, he said, "I came home and saw Trish's car in the driveway. First, I checked the garage. Dad's car was gone, so I knew they'd already taken off for the weekend. Then I went looking for you, and when I couldn't find you anywhere I thought maybe you and Trish were hanging out by the pool."

"Yes, and then what?"

He was simply cupping my ass with his palms, fingers spread, just sort of taking the measure of me. I didn't care. His hands were on my bare bottom, and that was all that mattered. Spreading my legs a bit further, I felt another dribble of pussy juice drip down my thigh.

"Smooth it on my ass," I whispered, directing his hand to my errant drops of excitement. "Cover my ass in it. If your cock begins to dribble, spread that on my ass, too. Rub your beautiful cock all over me."

I felt him swipe his fingers up my right thigh, almost to my pussy, which made me want to hunch down onto his hand. He pulled it away and smoothed it over my right cheek, then he did my left thigh, and this time I was ready for him. When he came close to my pussy, I captured the side of his hand. "Touch me. Get your hand wet with my pussy. Spread it all over me. You want my ass, so let's make it really wet and sexy."

He swiped his fingers across the bottom of my pussy, and my knees nearly buckled when he licked my slit. Pulling his mouth away, he used his fingers to spread the much more copious moisture right through my center, splitting my lips before fanning his hands out across my ass.

"God, yes, just like that. Go on..." I moaned.

He was still kneeling behind me...squeezing my ass, staring at my ass, licking my ass...savoring it with his hands, eyes, and mouth. Finally he said, "I found all of you out by the pool. I was about to slide the patio door open and come outside, until I saw Lisa get up from the lounger. She was naked! Swear to god, she was totally naked, and beneath her was Michelle, who was also naked! I could tell that Lisa had been between Michelle's legs, going down on her. I didn't want you guys to see me, so I ducked away and snuck out of the living room. Then I ran upstairs. As soon as I got here, I looked out the corner of my window, hoping to see some more. At first, I only saw Michelle and Lisa, right beneath my window."

"What were they doing?"

I was letting him caress and squeeze my ass while I watched Trish straddle Michelle's face. Lisa was lying on my towel, watching. She was on her stomach, facing away from me, and I was staring at her beautifully tanned bottom glistening in the sun.

I wanted to be down there, nuzzling her perfect curves.

"They were eating each other, with Michelle on top. I started to jerk off in my shorts," Paul said, regaining my attention.

"I don't blame you. I would've done the same thing. Where were Trish and I?"

"Like I said, at first I couldn't find you, then I spotted the two of you over by the fence, on the grass. You both looked asleep, and you were a lot farther away, so I went back to watching Michelle and Lisa. I couldn't believe it! You were all totally naked!"

'Hmmm...so he didn't see me fucking Trish,' I thought, smiling to myself.

He continued, "At one point, a couple of minutes later, I thought I saw Lisa look up at me. It was when Michelle was between her legs, eating her out."

"Yep, that's when I saw you. I saw Michelle and Lisa look up, then I saw the curtain move. I knew you were watching us."

"Yeah, I saw you guys look up, but I wasn't sure if you actually caught me, since I was only looking through a tiny corner of the curtain. Still, I moved away."

"What'd you do when you moved away?"

I felt him get up and stand behind me, his hands returning to my hips. I looked over my shoulder, and his crazy-huge dick was totally hard again. Grinning, I took it in my hand and pressed it back into my ass. "You feel so much better to me when there's nothing in the way...no panties...no boxers...just your warm, sexy cock kissing my skin..." I purred, sliding it up and down my crescent split.

Nodding eagerly, he pressed into me, making me moan. I ran my fingers through my pussy, gathering up as much moisture as I could, which I smoothed all over his long, solid shaft and into the deep divide of my ass. Leaning forward, I folded my arms in the window. "Go on. What'd you do when you moved away?"

"I pulled my dick out and jerked off."

"Did you cum?"

Arching my back, I stood on the balls of my feet. I wanted more direct contact against my pussy.

"No. I was about to, but then I looked through the curtains again and accidentally bumped them. It was really bad, and I saw you look right at me. When you got up, I threw my shorts back on and ran down the stairs. The rest, you know. I came back in the house, making sure to slam the door. I wanted you guys to hear me, so you could cover up or whatever. I ran upstairs, then you came in."

I looked back at him. "They don't want to cover up. They want me to invite you to come join us."

His eyes went wild, and I felt his enormous cockhead start to dribble on me. Taking his immense shaft back in my hand, I slowly ran it through his little cum-dribbles on my ass, then I had him do it. "Rub it in. Rub your cum into my ass. Use your dick and rub it into my pussy, too. It feels so good, your bare cock moving between my legs. Do it, baby. Rub your hard cock inside my pussy."

I was coming really close. I needed to feel that thick cock inside me. I wanted him to fuck me.

He slid his cock through my crack, using his fingers to spread our moisture around.

"Does it look good like this, Paul? Naked, spread open, shining with our wetness?"

He moaned, and I felt a little more of his cum dribble onto me.

"God, yes, Dawn, it looks awesome. Your ass is just insane. Tell me, though, what did you say when they said they wanted me to come join you guys?"

I didn't know what to do. I couldn't just tell my own brother that I didn't want to share him. Still, what was I supposed to say? "Paul, a group of beautiful girls wanted you to come play in the pool with them. They were totally into it, but I didn't think you would enjoy hanging out with a bunch of hot, naked, horny cheerleaders."

No, I had to tell him the truth.

"Paul, they wanted you to see them naked, especially Lisa. She has a major crush on you, which I only just learned today. After they told me all about it, I didn't want you to come outside."

"Huh? Why?"

Closing my eyes, I lay my head on the window sill. "Because of this..." I whispered, reaching back to take his towering erection in my hand. Angling my hips, I guided it down through my ass, then lower, to my pussy; wet, so warm and wet, through my slit; lower still, to the mouth of my pussy, where his immense crown pressed its way in, my soft petals blooming in a welcoming embrace of the thick shaft slowly penetrating me.

Thrusting my ass against him as his seemingly never-ending length drove deep inside me, I looked back over my shoulder and moaned, "Baby, I just couldn't stand the thought of anyone but me being the first girl to—"

Laughter, at the top of the stairs, heading straight towards us.

Oh my god. I'd forgotten about the girls.