## Going Nova: A Wide-Eyed Adventure

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**Prelude: Ivy’s Midnight Tryst**  
  
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Brie Nova woke up in the middle of the night to the sound of moans in the distance. Her eyes creaked apart and through the open doorway of her bedroom, she could see a faint light coming from her parents’ room. The young girl knew what they were up to and sighed. She had already determined that her mom and dad must have forgotten to close their door once again. Brie groaned and rolled over, pulling her pillow over her head to block out the cacophony of her parents’ lovemaking.  
  
She had overheard them many times before because they often forgot to shut the door, particularly when it was late at night. While Brie’s mom and dad held fairly progressive views on sex, they never did it in her presence, and furthermore she had little interest in getting a live education on it, anyway—least of all from her own parents.  
  
Still, as the muffled grunts sifted through the downy feathers of her pillow, she began to pick up on an unfamiliar tenor. The higher-pitched moans began to crystalize into words and Brie soon realized that there was a third participant involved in their sexual reverie. “Oh, fuck, Hazel, your husband is a machine,” the voice quavered. It was Ivy, her mom’s friend, and sometimes her babysitter.  
  
She could hear her mother say something but couldn’t make out the words.  
  
Brie was startled to hear Ivy’s familiar voice in the house this late at night. She hadn’t been there when Brie had gone to bed. The young girl pushed the pillow away and picked her head up off the bed to listen to the sounds and dirty talk. She almost dared not to breathe.  
  
Ivy cried out again, her staccato voice hinting at the speed of her father’s rhythmic pounding, “Fuck, Warrick, fuck me with that steel rod of yours.”  
  
Brie’s heart pounded in her chest and she wondered why she was reacting like this. Between her legs, she felt a kind of lubrication squeeze out from her vagina. She didn’t quite know why, and the urge confused her, but on the whole she was feeling a bit odd. A little turned on, she reluctantly admitted to herself.  
  
Previously, her parents’ all too common mistake of having sex with the door open provided no interest to her, but perhaps the involvement of her mom’s junior co-worker and friend was what was piquing her interest. She had seen threesomes on the internet, but assumed it was something that was just in porn. She never suspected that her parents might have an appetite for the practice. She pressed her hips into the bed and the sensation felt good between her legs.  
  
Ivy’s groans and swearing became louder and Warrick’s own rhythmic grunts built into its own crescendo before both of them could be heard gibbering incoherently at once.  
  
From there it quickly died down into long, satisfied sighs and eventually giggles. Brie found herself oddly disappointed that the fun was over already. The talk grew quiet and the young girl even crept out from between her sheets and padded to the doorway of her room, trying to hear where the conversation was going. She could only make out the odd word here and there until she heard Ivy exclaim: “Oh fuck! Did we leave the door open?”  
  
Brie couldn’t make out the response and she craned her head out into the hallway. Suddenly she heard her mom’s concerned voice at the entrance of their bedroom. “I’ll go check on her to make sure she’s still asleep.”  
  
Brie bolted back to her bed and slid in as quietly as possible. She snapped her eyes shut tightly.  
  
Moments later she heard the floorboards in her bedroom creek beneath the carpet. Her mother’s whisper slipped through the darkness. “Brie, honey, are you awake?”  
  
Brie dared not move a muscle in response except to breathe heavily to feign a deep slumber. She could sense her mother move in closer, which terrified her with thoughts of being caught spying. She could feel her mom’s presence within reach, then kneeling over her. She twitched as Hazel brushed a few strands of hair off her face, then tucked it behind her ear. Then she felt her mother lean in and kiss her lightly on the forehead. She breathed in her mother’s familiar scent, but it was tinged with a musky tanginess that she didn’t recognize.  
  
All the while the poor girl’s nerves were in fight-or-flight mode, but she fought both instincts and remained dead-still. She didn’t want to be caught listening in on them, not because she had a sense that it was wrong to eavesdrop on her parents’ sexual adventures. It was instead because she hoped they would make the mistake again of leaving their door open in the future. With Ivy present, she might start to learn more about this suddenly fascinating new world of sex.  
  
At last, Hazel stood up and Brie allowed herself to open her eyes a crack. They followed her mother to the door and, as Hazel went to leave, suddenly Ivy appeared, popping her head around the jamb. Her whispers cut through the air: “Is she asleep?”  
  
“Yes, but what are you doing here?” Hazel whispered sternly in reply.  
  
Ivy giggled mischievously, “Warrick’s already asleep!”  
  
“No, I mean why are you naked? Go put some clothes on!”  
  
“Oh, I knew she was already asleep,” Ivy said sardonically, “It’s so late. Kids her age will sleep through anything.”  
  
Brie found herself offended that Ivy had referred to her as a kid, and she almost broke her cover to correct her, but common sense took over and she remained quiet. Both women left the room and Brie could at last breathe a sigh of relief.  
  
She rolled over, ready to return to sleep, but still curious to learn more about some of the new feelings happening inside her body.

**Chapter 1: Brie Goes Nova**  
  
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Brie woke up with a start as the overhead light in her bedroom flashed on. It went from a darkened cave where she was peacefully sleeping to flaring bright in a moment.  
  
“Time to get up, kiddo!” It was Brie’s dad, Warrick.  
  
Brie quickly pulled the top sheet over herself and groaned. Partly, it was to deny the jarring brightness that interrupted her slumber. Partly, it was because sometime during the night she felt overheated and had stripped naked to try and cool off. But on top of that, her room was very warm and, in her sleep, she had nearly kicked off her sheet. “Da-aad,” she whined.  
  
Warrick gazed at his young daughter and chuckled. “Let’s go. You’re gonna be late for school.” Brie refused to move. “Don’t make me drag you out of that bed,” he challenged. Still she laid there like a pile of laundry. Warrick looked at his watch and sighed. “Okay, you asked for it…”  
  
Brie shot up in bed. “Nooo,” she continued to whine, gripping the end of the sheet. Warrick laughed and grabbed the end of the covering at the foot of the bed and gave it playful a yank. Brie nearly lost her grip on it. “No! Stop, Daddy!”  
  
“You gotta get up, kiddo.” He yanked again.  
  
“I will! I will!” She yanked back.  
  
“Now.” He yanked the sheet again and it came free of her grip. She noticed that she felt very strange as it slid across her body, exposing her chest to the humid morning air. It was a strong tingling sensation. She didn’t have much time to consider it, however, as she flailed for the sheet end and grabbed it before it could slide down further, thus revealing more of her youthful body to her father. She didn’t typically sleep without clothes on, but for some reason that past night, they had just begun to feel intolerable.  
  
“I will! I’ll get up! Just leave!”  
  
Warrick challenged her with a smirk. “Why do I need to leave, kiddo?”  
  
“Because!” she shot back angrily.  
  
“Because why?” he prodded, bemused.  
  
“Da-aad.” He stood in silence, refusing to back down from his daughter’s challenge. “Because… because I’m naked.” She looked down, flushed with embarrassment that he made her say it out loud.  
  
With a chuckle, he said, “You’re such a strange kid. Alright, get your naked butt dressed and downstairs for breakfast. It’s getting cold.”  
  
Warrick turned and shut the door. Brie whipped her pillow at the door, shouting, “And I’m not a kid anymore!” It was a satisfying, if ineffectual, gesture.  
  
Finally alone, Brie slid out of bed. Again, she noticed that the sensation of things felt different on her skin. It felt like the last remaining tingle of the pins-and-needles phase when her legs would fall asleep. She stood in front of her mirror and licked her lips and touched her cheeks, trying to figure out the breadth of this sensation. Her lips seemed a little bit numb and her cheeks had a slight buzz, too, but outward appearances suggested that everything was normal. She wasn’t sure what was going on, but she also felt a tightness in her chest. Not a painful tightness, just a distracting knot from deep in her center. She shivered.  
  
She then sighed and tried to put it out of her head. She assumed it was some kind of aftermath from the previous night and decided to ignore it and got dressed. She picked out some lace panties that her mom had given her at her last birthday and slipped them on. The complexity and delicacy of the fabric against her skin seemed to make the tingle stronger. Curious, she wiggled her hips back and forth. *That feels kind of good!* she thought. She rubbed her fingers across the lace and up over her tummy. She dragged her nails up lightly over her small chest and out down her arms. When her fingertips connected, she switched hands, now retracing the route down the opposite side. When she got back down to her underwear line, she was feeling blissful.  
  
“Brie!” It was her dad, breaking her out of her reverie for the second time that morning.  
  
“I know, dad, I’m coming!” Putting her curiosity aside, Brie threw on some jeans and a light, billowy top with a wide neck and then headed down the stairs. With each stair, she felt more and more acutely aware of the clothes she was wearing. The top flowed around her figure as she moved, shooting sparks through her sides, tummy, and especially her nipples. It all seemed to travel into the knot she was feeling in her chest. The areas where her jeans bunched, at her knees and around her upper thighs and crotch felt like tiny little firecrackers going off around her private area. She felt somehow extra-sensitive all over. These feelings were foreign to her and she barely knew what to think. Yet she wasn’t afraid. She was actually feeling pretty good.  
  
Once she sat down at the breakfast table and stopped moving so much, the sensations ebbed and she could think again. Her mom and dad were already seated. “Glad you could make it,” her dad joked. It was the same joke he told her every morning. She just rolled her eyes. She ate her cereal in silence, trying to block out the new sensations she was feeling from her thoughts. But, in attempting not to think about it, it was all she could think about! Every time she moved her arm to scoop up some more cereal in her spoon, her top would shift around her shoulders and chest and contribute to the lightning ball building inside of her. She had no more than a few bites of her breakfast when her mom, Hazel, broke her way into Brie’s daydream.  
  
“Honey, it might be time we get you a bra.”  
  
“Mom, what?” Brie had never had a need for a bra in the past. Even now, wearing one would feel like a purely cosmetic decision at best. Her chest was always girlish, her figure androgynous, like a high fashion model’s. She mostly stayed out of the fire of her peers, but she wasn’t unfamiliar from the jeers of horny boys coaxing her to show them her “mosquito bites”.  
  
“You just might be getting to that point in your life where you need one,” her mother hinted transparently.  
  
Brie didn’t understand, but looked down at her chest to see what her mom could possibly be talking about. Then she saw it. Both of her nipples were standing out very prominently against the slight fabric of the shirt. Brie quickly shrugged her shoulders in embarrassment, shifting the fabric to a more concealing position. “I’ll go change my shirt,” she bristled.  
  
Warrick looked at his watch. “Oops, no time today, kiddo, we gotta go! You can finish your breakfast in the car.”  
  
Her mother smiled warmly and nodded, “We’ll go to the store tonight and pick something out for you.”  
  
Warrick quickly gathered up his daughter’s things, dumped them in her backpack and practically shunted her out the door by her butt. It made her feel more than a little awkward given the sensations continuing to build up inside of her from physical touch. She hopped in the passenger side of the car, pulling the seatbelt over her chest and took in a sharp breath as she felt the fabric strap slide across her chest and belly.  
  
Her dad slammed the car in reverse to back out of the driveway and, as the transmission locked into gear, the frame shook ever so slightly. In Brie’s world, however, it was more dramatic than she ever remembered. Each time he shifted gears, Brie could feel the rocking of the car, and the sliding of the seatbelt strap over her uniquely sensitive skin. Her insides felt like they were turned up to baking, and a sheen of sweat began to form on her skin. On top of all that, the vibrations of the road were traveling up through her seat and she felt a strong tingling emanating up through her ass and crotch. She became acutely aware of the intricate lace of her panties, amplifying the car’s vibrations all the more.  
  
She was unaware that she was practically panting until her father pointed it out. “Honey, you’re breathing really hard right now. Are you feeling well?” She didn’t know how to answer that. Truthfully, she was feeling better than she ever had in her life. She just wasn’t sure how she should handle it. She closed her mouth and said, “No, I’m fine. I’m just feeling really hot right now.”  
  
“Well, we can take care of that pretty easily.” With that, he hit the button to lower the front-side windows. The wind came blasting through the car, whipping their clothing and hair all around. With her sensitive nerve endings, Brie felt like fire was coursing through her as her hair streaked across her face and her shirt rippled across her chest. She could barely stand the pleasure she was feeling and she moaned aloud. She was frantic, unable to think straight, and nearly in hysterics. She slammed her finger onto the automatic window button to raise it back again and caught her breath.  
  
Her dad noticed her despair. “What’s the matter, kiddo?”  
  
“It’s just,” she stopped to catch her breath, “the wind is too much.” She didn’t know what else to say.  
  
“Okay, well how about the AC, then?” He flipped the switch and frigid air came blasting out onto her face and upper chest. It, too, caused unpleasantly pleasant sensations against her skin. Brie whimpered weakly and flipped the vent up so that it wasn’t blowing directly upon her skin. Being out of the direct stream of air gave her some respite from her stimulated nerve endings, and the chilly air did seem to help cool her temperature down, if only a little bit. The seatbelt was still a problem, though. She reached down and hit the button to unbuckle herself.  
  
“Brie, you have to ride with a seatbelt. It’s the law.”  
  
“I know, Dad, it’s just…” She paused, fidgeting uncontrollably. What was she going to say? That she was nearly hysterical with unexplainable pleasure and it was all she could think about right now? And her seatbelt and clothing and seemingly everything around her were the cause of all of it? She was feeling a little bit desperate.  
  
“Yes honey?”  
  
“I know this sounds weird. But… I feel so hot right now. I’m sweating and the AC is on…”  
  
“What’s wrong, kiddo?”  
  
“I don’t know.” Brie lamented, “I think I’m just overheating. Do you think…” She paused again, sure that her father would be incredulous at her request. Or worse. He stopped at a stop sign and turned and looked her in the eyes. She knew she had to pull out all of her tricks to get her way. She turned her eyes upward to meet his. “Daddy?” she bit her lower lip.  
  
Warrick blushed. He knew she was going for the gold whenever she called him daddy. He reached over and brushed the hair out of her eyes. He thought she might have shuddered at his touch. “Yes, kiddo?”  
  
“Oh daddy, I’m just so hot! I just want to take my shirt off,” the young girl blurted out. “Can I do that? Just while we’re in the car?”  
  
Warrick’s eyes went wide. This was not a request he was expecting. He was not so concerned about seeing Brie topless—he had seen her in various states of undress around the house several times throughout her life—but she had never been quite this blatant before. Especially in a semi-public environment like his car. He didn’t know what to make of it. He knew that this was a potentially embarrassing situation to be caught in, but he also admitted that he was proud that she still trusted him to ask tough questions like this. Brie looked desperate, almost in pain. He wondered if he should turn around right now and just let her sleep off whatever this was. There was a small part of him that also admitted that this kind of taboo behavior was quite adventurous. *She must get this from her mom*, he thought to himself.  
  
“Daddy?” She reinforced her request.  
  
He smiled gently, “Sure honey, go ahead.” Not a second later, the billowing top was over her head, revealing the upper half of his daughter to him in what felt like a totally novel way. Her small breasts were almost shining red and her nipples were jutting out like he’d never noticed before. But he was especially shocked when, almost as if without thinking, Brie also unbuttoned her jeans, undid the zipper, and spread open the fly of her pants, exposing her lace panties. He had questioned his wife when she bought them for their daughter. She merely said that Brie was old enough to have them.  
  
Brie leaned back and sighed deeply, throwing her glistening arms over her head.  
  
The whole situation was enough to distract Warrick from the fact that Brie still wasn’t wearing her seatbelt. They started driving again, but again the vibrations of the road continued to cast their spell on her. She squirmed, sighed, crossed her legs, and then uncrossed them, then crossed them again. Her legs slid together and apart and for the first time she noted that her thighs were really slick. Was she sweating extra hard down there? It certainly didn’t smell like sweat.  
  
Warrick noticed her fidgeting and asked, “Are you sure you don’t have a fever?”  
  
She couldn’t make eye contact with her father. Not right now. “This doesn’t feel like any fever I’ve had before,” she replied weakly, staring out the side window. Any time he hit a big bump, she would stifle a moan.  
  
Her dad noticed this, too, though he pretended he didn’t. He decided to test what he was hearing, so he drifted the car toward the edge of the road. There were pop-up reflectors there, which caused an especially strong vibration. Brie bit the back of her hand and lifted her ass up off the seat a bit. Warrick continued pretending not to notice.  
  
All the while, Brie was feeling completely out of control of her body. Every excruciating bump, and every vibration threatened to send her mind off into madness. She began to wonder if her dad noticed her squirming—if he was riding over the big bumps on purpose—but she was too focused on protecting herself from the out-of-control sensations to be able to call him out on it.  
  
At long last, he pulled up to the drop-off spot for her school. She had made it, but she still had the rest of the day to look forward to with whatever this was bursting out from inside of her. She reluctantly zipped up her jeans and put her shirt back on, leaned over and kissed her dad on the cheek, and then got out of the car and waved him off. She stood there for five minutes, with her eyes closed, shuddering, doing her best not to move at all. She prayed that the sensations would die down enough for her to concentrate.  
  
Finally, she decided to move, and the situation was indeed better. But It barely lasted. Like a wound not given enough time to heal, the feelings emanating from her nipples into her chest, and the firecrackers lighting up inside of her jeans, began to quickly grow once more. She was already late, so thankfully the halls were empty. She was hobbling with pleasure through them to get to her class, whimpering and biting her hand to stifle moans. At last, she found the right room and she practically staggered past her classmates into a seat in the very back. Her entire body was sweating, her white shirt was becoming transparent with moisture, her legs were dripping wet, and she was almost certain everybody around her could smell the musky smell she was giving off.  
  
Now that she was seated, however, she heaved a sigh of relief and slumped onto the hard plastic desk-chair. No more seatbelts, no more road vibrations, no more wind. She shrugged the wide neck of her top over one of her shoulders to cool off some more and set about trying to listen. She also tried to ignore some of her fellow students glancing back and staring at her. This was going to be a long class.  
  
Elsewhere, Warrick slammed on the brakes, parking in a nearby alley. He was almost certain his daughter was on the brink of orgasm the entire trip. And half-naked in his car on top of that! He couldn’t control himself. He threw open the glovebox and found a photo of Brie and her friend Elsie playing with a Ouija board he had stashed there a couple years before. Elsie was Brie’s best friend in her grade, and almost a year older than her. They both had mischievous smiles on their faces, grimacing wickedly at the camera as they attempted to commune with spirits. He had stashed the photo under the pretense that it was a cherished memory of his, but truthfully, it was because he thought Elsie’s impish smile was kind of sexy. Warrick unzipped his pants and stared intently into her eyes. Making a quick decision, he fished out his hard cock and began masturbating wildly.  
  
He knew he shouldn’t be beating off to his daughter’s best friend, but in the privacy of his car, he didn’t care. She was his type—lithe and boyish in proportion, with small breasts, yet cute and feminine in her face, with large round eyes and a ready smile—even if she was young enough to be his daughter. She was a natural dancer from a very young age, and he always enjoyed watching her at recitals and hip-hop competitions. Brie would sit at his side, both of them cheering her on.  
  
He slicked his whole shaft down with the copious precum oozing from his slit and it wasn’t long before he felt his balls filling up. He imagined Elsie’s hand on his cock instead of his own.  
  
He glanced over at his daughter in the photo and felt a little awkward that she was in the frame at all. It felt like she was watching him, and judging him for his deviant behavior. As he continued to stroke, however, his mind eased into a familiar sexual indifference. Besides, he considered, it was sort of her fault that he was all riled up in the first place, with her taking off her shirt in the car and gasping wantonly.  
  
He looked back and forth between Elsie and Brie and his imagination began to fire up further. He imagined Elsie climbing onto his cock while his daughter looked on, watching as he took her innocence. He imagined Brie’s curiosity getting the best of her, so that she would inch closer to Elsie’s panting face. Then, in his mind, the two girls began to make out. Then he imagined Brie was straddling his chest, her young pussy in front of his face. And then suddenly Elsie wasn’t even there anymore. It was just his cum-addled brain and his daughter, him watching her as she engulfed the head of his cock in her tiny mouth. He stared hard at the photo, into his daughter’s mischievous eyes, and that was it.  
  
He burst his load all over the photo, there in the car. He almost embarrassed himself because of how much cum flowed from his cock. It streamed over his hands, the front of his pants, and the steering column.  
  
He wiped off the photo, salvaging it, and tossed it back in the glovebox, then did his best to clean the rest of it up.  
  
Afterwards, he made his way back home and found his wife, Hazel, leaving for work.  
  
“How was she? She looked kind of distracted this morning,” Hazel asked.  
  
“I’m… not sure,” Warrick admitted, then shrugged, “but if she’s sick, I suppose we’ll hear from her later today.”  
  
“Alright, well, I’m off to work. See you tonight. It’s Friday, I’m planning on some fun!” She winked and, with that, she turned away.  
  
Warrick smirked. Thinking back to the threesome with Ivy they had had early that morning, he was looking forward to some more of his wife’s wily brand of fun.  
  
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Brie tried to concentrate on her class, despite the haze she was in. Her ears felt like they were full of cotton, trying to shut the world out from her. She slumped against the cool, hard back of the chair, her bare shoulders slicking it down with the sheen of sweat that seemed to cover her whole body in a mist. Her pants felt soggy. She glanced down at her chest and noticed that her shirt was becoming even more transparent with moisture. She could see the color of her flesh coming through, and her nipples were especially prominent.  
  
As her teacher, Mr. Ivarson lectured, she lifted the wide neckline of her shirt to peek underneath. Her breasts were ruddy and she fought the urge to touch them, to massage them right there in class. She noticed her breathing was ragged, as her breath cascaded over her sensitive nipples.  
  
She looked up and noticed her teacher was shooting incredulous glances at her and she suddenly felt very self-conscious. Why was she doing this? Why today? Why here in the middle of class? Why could she not ignore these sensations? She put her shirt back in place, but the translucency of the fabric didn’t leave much of her body to the imagination. She was embarrassed, but didn’t know what she could do. She had now way to cover up. Yet somewhere deep inside of her, she was okay with it. *Is it so wrong to experience pleasure?* she thought.  
  
She looked around and noticed the boys around her, and some of the girls, were staring at her. She blushed and smiled nervously. She leaned forward so that her shirt came away from her chest. From this angle, though, she could clearly smell something emanating from between her legs. She felt at once ashamed and incredibly curious about it.  
  
Suddenly Mr. Ivarson cleared his throat and broke through her reverie. “Alright, I think today is going to be a movie day. You all need distraction from… looking at what’s going on outside the window,” he improvised. With that, he walked toward the back of the room. He stared at Brie as he walked past her. She didn’t dare make eye contact. He dug around in the media closet in the back of the room and pulled out a vintage reel-to-reel movie projector, which he liked to use more than the students liked to watch.  
  
He pushed the old contraption right up next to Brie, set up the reels for an old nature documentary, and then said, “Liam, shut off the lights, and Caden close the blinds.” The two boys got to it. Brie was thankful. With darkness, Mr. Ivarson had saved her from the piercing eyes of her schoolmates. But then he turned on the projector.  
  
The rickety piece of technology shuddered to life and Brie’s outlook sank—yet her heart leapt. She was acutely aware of the vibrations of the old projector running immediately to her side. She felt them traveling through the floor, up through the metal tubing of her desk, and shaking the seat upon which she sat. Not enough for most people to notice. But to her, it was like a jackhammer was going off right beside her. The projector ran hot, too, and small fans along the body of the device blew air, seemingly zeroed in on her sensitive body.  
  
Once again, she was lost to the world around her. She breathed sharply, feeling as if any moment she might go tumbling off the edge into insanity. Her vision tunneled, but she gripped the desk in front of her, trying to pay attention to the animals, cute little ducks, on the film in front of her. The hot projector air blew across her skin and goosebumps crisscrossed her neck and back. She felt as if she was heading toward a kind of point of no return. She shivered and moaned and she hoped nobody could hear her over the sound of the movie and projector machine, but she was unable to know for sure. She dared not look around in the darkness. Meanwhile the vibrations in her seat zeroed in on her little pussy. She squirmed, trying to fight the urge to give in, fighting the urge to touch herself. She put one hand flat on her seat between her legs, trying to stay the tremor. Her legs were slick with her dew and she only felt compelled to rub her crotch against her arm.  
  
At last she gave in. She moved her hand to where her pussy lay beneath her jeans. “Ah! Hhh, oh! Ahh!” She exclaimed aloud. She humped her hips uncontrollably, skidding her desk forward. It crashed into the seat of the boy in front of her, and he turned around. She barely paid him any attention, though. Her other hand went up under her shirt and massaged one of her nipples.  
  
The boy’s eyes went wide as he saw her lewdly touching herself in class. Brie was aware that she was acting inappropriately, but she somehow couldn’t bring herself to stop. The boy gasped and it drew the attention of the rest of class.  
  
“Brie! Brie,” she heard Mr. Ivarson talking to her, but he was far away and hard to discern. He flipped on the light to reveal her continuing to grind her sensitive pussy against her hand through her jeans.  
  
Each moment of pressure was building to something she didn’t understand. Her hand on her chest was adding to the sensation, sending shocks from her nipple into her body and down into her panties.  
  
She decided then that her shirt just had to come off, and just as quickly as she had done it in the car, she whipped the sweat-soaked top over her head and onto the floor. The hot projector air now blew across her bare chest unrestricted. Brie turned, topless in the middle of her class, to face the hot fan full on. She bared her flat chest to all her classmates with no regard for her own humility.  
  
The class tittered and laughed with shock and excitement. Some of the boys whooped loudly. Mr. Ivarson clapped his hands angrily, trying to get the scene under his control.  
  
Pants, to Brie, suddenly seemed like an unreasonable obstacle. She leaned back and undid the top, splaying it open, exposing her soaked lace panties to every boy or girl with a line of sight. She jammed a hand down into her underwear and felt the slickness she was generating directly from her pussy. Her lubrication made sticky sounds as her fingers sluiced through her folds.  
  
She was doing it right there, for anyone to see. And who was looking, she wondered? The blackness in her vision subsided and she managed enough clarity to glance around and see that, in fact, everybody in the class was looking at her. As she continued to absent-mindedly scour a particularly sensitive spot just inside the glossy lips of her pussy, she caught their wide-eyed stares one-by-one.  
  
She was horrified, humiliated, as she drank in every reaction, yet she was still compelled by a force she didn’t understand to keep on masturbating. Despite her embarrassment, her pleasure-drunk mind only sought ecstasy, no matter the cost.  
  
Finally she locked eyes with Mr. Ivarson in front of her. He grabbed her by the shoulders and shook her, trying to snap her out of her delirium. “Brie, Brie, pull yourself together!” She looked him deep in the eyes and managed a weak smirk. Using the last of her strength, she willed her body up toward his, and craning her neck up, she moaned into his mouth, “I’m sorry. It’s coming from… my cunnyyy!” With that, she moved her lips to his and kissed him. A long, blissful kiss. And that was when it all came crashing down around her.  
  
Her pussy spasmed from the inside and sent a shockwave through her small frame. She cried out, her legs gave way, and she went limp in her teacher’s hands, but her whole body shuddered violently. Electric shocks of pleasure shot from her vagina and out through every limb. In her mind, all concerns and judgement from the outside world disappeared; she only felt bliss. In her pants, she felt a flood of warm liquid spray out of her, into her panties, onto her masturbating hand, and down her legs. Her moans projected her ecstasy into the classroom. Her mouth moved, but the noises coming out of her were not words. She was rocked by wave after wave of warm, rapturous bliss.  
  
At last she began to feel what could only be described as relief. The sensations began to dull, but then so did her senses. Brie’s world went dark, and she collapsed, half-dressed, in a heap, in the wet streak she had created on the floor of her classroom.

## Going Nova ch. 2: Elsie

Brie came to life. Where was she? She felt like she was in her bed, naked as before, when her dad tried to steal the sheet off of her. *Was it all a strange dream?* she thought. But something didn’t feel quite right. She squinted at the bright overhead lights. They were fluorescent. *Am I still in school?*  
  
She slowly sat up. Her head felt like it was full of gauze, but not in the same way it had before; this time it was not delirious pleasure, just dreamy confusion.  
  
She groaned and began to sit up in bed, adjusting the lumpy, foreign pillow behind her. She looked around. This was not her bedroom. *I’m in a hospital?* she thought. *Why am I in a hospital?* Brie vaguely remembered the sensations she had felt, and that the world had gone dark around her.  
  
*So, it must not have been a dream.* Her cheeks felt hot with embarrassment, but at least that was a sensation she understood.  
  
The door creaked open. “Brie!” a high-pitched voice pierced the air. It was a young girl, and a familiar face. She was smiling and ran and jumped onto the bed.  
  
Brie was glad to see her. “Elsie! What are you doing here?”  
  
“I heard all about it and I had to come see you and hear your side of the story.” Elsie blurted out excitedly, “Your dad said I could come in here and see if you were awake.”  
  
Brie flushed with embarrassment and, feeling vulnerable, pulled the top sheet up around her neck. She wasn’t sure she could actually explain her side of the story. “Well, what’s the other side?” she asked nervously.  
  
“I only heard rumors, but… some of the girls were saying you were possessed! And others said that you were…” Elsie looked away.  
  
“I was what?”  
  
Elsie turned back and lowered her voice to a whisper. “You were playing with yourself! In the middle of class!”  
  
“I wasn’t! I never have, not in class or anywhere!”  
  
Elsie continued, electrified by the gossip, “They also said you kissed Mr. Ivarson!”  
  
“I’ve never kissed anybody!” Brie continued to deny.  
  
“And you wet yourself.” Brie, in her nudity, admitted to herself that that could have been a possibility. Still, she wasn’t sure that was it true. Her cheeks burned hot.  
  
“I don’t know what happened to me this morning!” Brie was frantic. “I felt so out of control.” She paused and thought. “Maybe I was possessed, but those feelings… they just felt so good.”  
  
Elsie went wide-eyed. “Really? So it is true?”  
  
“I felt like I was losing my mind. But it was the best feeling I’ve ever felt.”  
  
Elsie stared at her friend, considering, “Do you feel it now?”  
  
Brie rubbed her legs along the coarse hospital sheets. Then she rubbed her cheeks with her hands. “No. I don’t think so. It was different this morning.”  
  
Elsie leaned over, reaching out and petting the hair atop Brie’s head. “Does that feel good?”  
  
Brie smirked. “Yeah, but not in the same way. I just like it when my head gets rubbed or scratched.”  
  
Elsie climbed across the bed and squeezed her friend’s shoulders. She giggled, asking, “What about that?”  
  
“That just feels like squeezing,” Brie chuckled.  
  
Elsie moved her head in close to her friend’s. Brie was unsure what was going on, but she recognized that devilish smile meant her friend was up to no good. “What about this?” Suddenly Elsie pounced, quickly straddling Brie’s small form and sliding her arms under either side of the sheet. She gripped Brie’s bare waist and dug her fingers in.  
  
Brie screeched and writhed as her friend playfully tickled her. “No fair, I’m naked!” She fought back, jamming her hands into her friend and tickling Elsie in the sensitive spots at the base of her neck. That made Elsie shriek. The tumbled around, no longer caring how the sheet fell, for they were best friends and had seen each other in any state of undress over the handful years they had known each other. Back and forth they went, both girls screaming and tossing around in the hospital bed until they heard a woman clear her throat.  
  
Brie looked up. “Mom!” She quickly gathered the sheet and she laid back where she had originally found herself.  
  
Hazel smiled. “I’m so glad you’re feeling better, honey. What happened to you today?”  
  
“I don’t know. I blacked out,” she replied, truncating her story. She shot a glance at her friend, who smiled reassuringly.  
  
“Well, I’ve heard everything. But don’t worry, the doctor’s here. He’ll tell us what’s going on with you.”  
  
The door to the room opened again. This time, in came Brie’s father along with the family’s pediatrician. She had gone to this doctor ever since she was a baby. She met eyes with her dad, and he looked down awkwardly. “Hello kiddo.” He looked at his wife. “Dr. Taylor says he thinks he knows what happened.”  
  
Dr. Taylor cleared his throat. “The good news is, we ran some standard tests and everything checks out okay. No heart murmurs, no seizures, nothing serious. After looking into the report of what happened, I’m pretty sure I know what’s going on. It’s likely a genetic thing. We can run some more in-depth tests to confirm, but they’re expensive, and it’s usually faster to confirm diagnosis based on your response to treatment rather than waiting for tests to be processed.”  
  
“A genetic thing?” Warrick questioned. “So one of us gave it to her?”  
  
“Not necessarily.”  
  
”What are we talking about here, Doc?”  
  
“A genetic mutation. In a rare minority of people, they have a certain mutation in their genes that doesn’t usually display itself until they reach a certain age.”  
  
“Whoa!” Elsie exclaimed. “You’re a mutant! Like the X-Men! Cool.”  
  
Warrick interjected. “Elsie, you probably shouldn’t be here.”  
  
“No way!” Brie shouted, “Elsie’s my best friend, we don’t have secrets!”  
  
Elsie spoke up again, “So what’s her superhero power?”  
  
The doctor laughed, “I don’t think this is the kind of power you can save the world with. To be quite frank, little Brie here is what we call super-orgasmic.” Warrick’s head snapped a double-take toward the doctor. Brie blushed.  
  
“That’s wonderful,” Hazel said. Warrick looked at her quizzically, but she reassured him, “I just mean that I was afraid it would be something more dangerous to her health. But Doctor, what does this mean for us?”  
  
“It means that Brie is probably going to be extremely susceptible to feelings of pleasure. While this might be great for her and her future partners in general, it can be difficult to manage, and of some inconvenience as a young person, as you are now fully aware.”  
  
Brie swallowed a lump in her throat.  
  
The doctor continued, “Luckily, there are a couple things we can do to treat this.”  
  
Warrick let out a quiet breath of relief. “Go on.”  
  
Dr. Taylor began to speak with some trepidation. “Well, ah, the first treatment is to make her… cum.”  
  
“Excuse me?” Warrick choked.  
  
“Whoa, what?” exclaimed Elsie.  
  
“I’m sorry to be frank, Mr. Nova, but there’s no point in being overly formal with scientific terms. Most parents just get confused when pediatricians break out the 25-cent words. Just bear with me a moment. This is certainly a sensitive topic to broach between parents and child, but when the diagnosis is super-orgasmic, there isn’t much I can do to protect conservative sensibilities. May I continue?”  
  
Warrick glanced at his wife, who nodded at him. He gestured silently for the doctor to continue. His sex life was progressive, open, and generous, and he didn’t like being pigeon-holed as a prude.  
  
Dr. Taylor continued. “I’m sure as with your own normal sexual feelings, when Brie cums, the pleasurable desires will fade away for a while and clear from her head. But it’s going to be important to make her cum regularly, that way you will have some control over when and where that happens. That will ensure the best quality of life for her. In cases such as these, if she doesn’t cum for too long, she may lose control of herself to her primal urges and even black out, as we saw today.”  
  
Dr. Taylor could see Brie grow red-faced. “I’m sorry, I know it must be embarrassing talking about this now in front of your parents and friend, young lady, but I’m sure you won’t want a repeat of today’s incident. Am I right?” He turned back to Warrick and Hazel. “I would say she should have an orgasm every one or two hours to start out with. Not when she’s asleep of course—no need to rouse her in the middle of the night—but definitely right before bed and as soon as she wakes up.”  
  
“Gosh, Doctor,” Warrick said. “That seems like a lot.”  
  
“There is another consideration, as well. You can feed her a dose of this syrup. This should help speed the process along. It comes in a syringe—”  
  
Brie recoiled and hid herself away under the sheet. “No way! You’re not sticking me with any needles,” she exclaimed.  
  
“Brie, we need to be reasonable,” her mother chided.  
  
“Don’t worry,” the doctor chuckled, waving his hands in the air, “these syringes don’t have needles. They have a wide opening. We can just squirt the syrup right into your mouth. Here, you can see it right here.” Dr. Taylor produced a small plastic syringe filled with a pearlescent syrup. “Let’s give you a dose to start you out. Open wide.”  
  
Brie opened her mouth and stuck out her tongue, saying “Aaah.” The doctor pushed the plunger into the syringe and the syrup oozed onto the back of her tongue. As he removed the tool, some of it trailed down over her bottom lip. Brie stifled a laugh and wiped it into her mouth, sucking off her finger. With all the talk about cumming, the display seemed vaguely sexual and made Warrick’s throat dry.  
  
The girl wrinkled her nose. “It’s kind of salty.”  
  
The doctor chuckled. “That’s why I tried to squirt it as far back in your throat as possible, so you wouldn’t have to taste it too much.” He turned to her parents. “There, this medicine, twice a day, should help take care of it, and regular stimulation should help curb her urges, too.”  
  
“Is that all?” Warrick asked.  
  
“Oh, and I almost forgot! As ordinary sensations are likely to compound the problem, just be aware that some kinds of clothing can be a real problem. Coarse fabrics like denim and wool can be an irritant. And in fact, underwear can be an issue. Anything around the erogenous zones should be kept to a minimum.”  
  
“Hmm,” Hazel said, looking at the table where Brie’s clothes lay folded. “I suppose no more lace panties for you.” She picked them up off the pile and confiscated them to her purse. “And I guess we’ll hold off on bra shopping tonight, too.”  
  
The reality was setting in for Brie. No panties, medicine every day, and hourly stimulation? In some ways it sounded like a huge inconvenience. But deep inside her, she began to feel a familiar knot building.  
  
Warrick, too, was wondering what the hell had happened to his life. In light of what he had experienced this morning, he felt his relationship with Brie was changed for good. And now he had to put up with her wearing no pants or underwear, and regularly stimulating herself somehow. He wondered how that would change the dynamic of the house. He wondered what Hazel would make of it.  
  
———  
  
After the doctor left the room, Brie got up and went for her clothes. Warrick stared uncontrollably at his naked daughter. This had never really been significant for him before, but his perspective had changed since witnessing his daughter’s sudden sexual awakening, and he no longer knew what to think. She was once his little girl, but suddenly she was this being who could experience more sexual ecstasy than he could even imagine.  
  
Brie reached for her jeans, but her mother cut her off. “Uh uh, remember what the doctor said? No denim. Besides, your jeans are still damp.”  
  
“But mom, what will I wear?”  
  
Hazel looked around. She opened a cupboard labeled “gowns” and pulled one out. “Here, put this on.” Brie attempted to wear the hospital gown, but she put it on like a bathrobe and was having issues making it work.  
  
Elsie chuckled, “You’re putting it on backwards, stupid. You gotta do it so the opening is in the back.”  
  
“Oh,” she replied and flipped it around. Hazel helped tie it up, but Brie felt a sneaking feeling like it could come open at any moment.  
  
“Here,” said her mom, “Your shirt is pretty dry now. You can wear it over the top.” That did make Brie feel a little bit more put together, though she was aware of a draft on her butt. “Alright, the nurses said we’re free to go now, so let’s get moving.”  
  
They headed out the door and toward the doctor’s lobby. Elsie followed behind and snickered, “I can see your bottom, Brie!” Brie snapped her hand behind her and attempted to close the two halves of the gown. Even when it was all tied up in the back, it was far from an ideal garment. They piled into the car and Elsie took off on her bike. Warrick then started the drive home.  
  
Brie was thankful that the drive felt so much more normal than the last time she was in the car. She didn’t feel the intensity of the vibrations and the way the seatbelt came around her chest didn’t bother her. She leaned back into the seat and exhaled. Her mind drifted off to her classmates. She wondered what they were saying about her. Had she really played with herself in class? Had she really kissed Mr. Ivarson? She had never even kissed a boy her age before. She was so unsure what had really happened. All Elsie heard were rumors.  
  
She pushed the growing knot in her tummy out of her mind and wondered what it would be like to really kiss a boy. To make out with one, like she had seen in so many movies. Brie was broken out of her daydream as her mom turned around in the passenger seat. She smiled gently, but Brie felt like her eyes were boring into her.  
  
“Honey? Are you feeling okay?”  
  
“Yeah, mom, I think so.”  
  
“Are you having any feelings right now? Any feelings of arousal?”  
  
Warrick clicked his tongue. “Hazel…”  
  
“I’m just worried, is all,” Hazel countered. “Dr. Taylor said that it’s important that Brie c… cums often.” Warrick snapped his head over to Hazel when she said that. Hazel swallowed and continued, “And especially when she wakes up. And well, she did just wake up.” She looked back at Brie.  
  
The young girl felt herself turn red at her mom’s comments, but was too mortified to say anything.  
  
“So, Brie… I think that you should… make yourself cum.”  
  
“Mo-oom,” she finally managed to finally whine. “You’re embarrassing me.”  
  
“I’m sorry, sweetie. I normally wouldn’t talk about this with you—not in this way—but we need to be extra careful right now. We need to be vigilant and follow the doctor’s orders until we know what’s the right way to handle this.”  
  
Brie was red-faced, but she also had to admit there was some kind of feeling growing deep within her, and it was mixing with a feeling of slight terror, that she might lose control again. Still, it seemed kind of inappropriate to do anything there in the car, especially in front of her parents.  
  
At the same time, she trusted her mother.  
  
“I— I don’t know what to do,” Brie admitted quietly.  
  
Warrick grunted. “What did you do in school?” he said, finding himself clever.  
  
This set Brie off. “I didn’t do anything!” she protested. “I mean… I don’t… really remember what I did.”  
  
“It’s okay, sweetie,” her mother cut in again softly. “I can help you through it.”  
  
Brie was visibly unsure about this. Her father was, too.  
  
“If I tell you what you need to do, will you climax for me? Will you have cummies for mommy?” Warrick again shot a glance at his wife. He returned his eyes to the road and squirmed in his seat. Hazel noticed, but paid him no mind. Brie did not. She was fixated on her mother’s soothing voice, her oddly dirty talk, and her wide-eyed gaze, locked onto her own eyes. Brie felt a close connection in that moment, and trusted her mom implicitly.  
  
“Okay, mom,” she swallowed. Warrick glanced back in the rearview mirror at his daughter, one eyebrow raised.  
  
Hazel smiled warmly. “Okay Brie, first let’s take off your shirt and gown.”  
  
Brie felt like she should protest. “But mom, I’ll be naked! In public!”  
  
“Don’t worry about that. We’re in our car. We can do whatever we want here. If someone drives by, the most they could assume is that you’re topless, and with your figure, they will probably think you’re still just a precocious young girl. But we know what a big girl you are.” Brie appreciated that her mom vouched for her maturity, something her dad ever refused to do.  
  
With that encouragement, she shyly slunk her top off and untied the back of her hospital gown.  
  
She pulled the fabric slowly down her body, still hesitant to reveal herself to her parents in such a way. She felt the coarseness of the cheap hospital fabric as it dragged across her increasingly sensitive chest. Her nipples stiffened as they reached the air and her heart beat strongly beneath her youthful chest. The fabric slid down her belly, tickling her along the way, which generated goosebumps. Finally, it hit her lap and stopped. She was reluctant to pull it down any further. She didn’t want her mom looking at her pussy this way. Not yet. She shot her a pair of pleading eyes.  
  
Her mother relented. “Alright, we’ll start here.” Brie gave a tiny nod, not breaking eye contact with Hazel. “Now honey, you don’t have to do any one thing. I’m not going to tell you what you can or can’t do. Sexuality is a personal thing. The main idea is to let your urges guide you. Let’s start with rubbing your tummy with your fingers.”  
  
Brie was hypnotized by her mother’s soothing voice, amplified by the hazy, cottony feeling growing in her head. She began to lightly rub her fingers across her slender belly. It kind of tickled, making the hair on her arms stand up, and it caused her to inhale deeply. She finally broke eye contact with her mother and closed her eyes, sinking a bit into the seat with a light sigh. The vibrations of the road were also becoming more apparent again.  
  
“There you go, honey,” Hazel said. “Now, are your urges telling you to move your hands up or down?”  
  
“Um, up, I guess,” Brie replied quietly.  
  
“Okay, go ahead, honey.” Hazel put a hand on Brie’s ankle, reassuringly. Warrick kept an eye on his daughter via the rearview mirror. He watched as she dragged her fingernails lightly up her stomach to her chest, and alternately across each nipple. Already she appeared to be in a trance. Still, he knew he had to watch the road while he was driving. He sighed quietly and adjusted the uncomfortable bulge growing in his pants, giving it a bit of a squeeze once it was in a more comfortable position. He could feel a bit of precum ooze out.  
  
Meanwhile, Brie felt soft and fuzzy and more than a little moist herself. She sank into her seat and felt as though the car upholstery were enveloping her in a warm cocoon. At the same time, the cool air conditioning on her nakedness made her feel alive. She was losing herself in her new world, but she wasn’t afraid, because this time, with her mom’s permission, she felt in control.  
  
She shifted the pressure of her hands, now massaging her flat chest. Her fingers rippled one-by-one over her nipples. She grabbed one and focused on it. Her other hand she brought to her mouth, sucking on her index finger. She moaned a bit as she squeezed her little bud in her one hand, feeling it stiffen.  
  
From somewhere far away, she heard her mom encouraging her, “Yes, honey, it’s perfectly okay to make noises.”  
  
“Hmm, yesss, like you and daddy do at night,” Brie called back from a different plane.  
  
Both of her parents were caught off guard. For the first time, Hazel turned and caught Warrick’s eye. Warrick blushed. Neither of them had realized that Brie was aware of their regular evening sessions. Hazel’s expression shifted to slightly bemused and she recovered. “That’s right, it’s how you show you’re enjoying yourself.”  
  
“Ooh, fuck,” Brie cussed as she tweaked on her nipple.  
  
“Where did you learn that word?” her father interjected, and Hazel silently shushed him. But Brie could barely hear him, anyway. Her hand was slowly making its way down now. Across her tummy, under the hospital garment, and down to her hipbone. As she neared her pussy, her hand crept ever slower. Meanwhile, Hazel’s own hand moved up from her daughter’s ankle. She slid it up her calf to the bottom hem of the gown that covered the remainder of her body. Her skin was slightly slick from a sheen of sweat. Warrick watched as his wife’s hand snaked up and tugged the fabric covering lightly, causing it to slide off their daughter’s lap, down her legs, and onto the floor of the car, once again revealing her entire body to her familial onlookers and potentially anybody driving by.  
  
Brie shivered and moved her hand onto her exposed mound.  
  
Hazel cooed lightly. “Ooh, yes dear, follow your urges.”  
  
The girl now barely registered those around her. She was fascinated by how good she was feeling. Her whole body felt cool and wet on the outside as a film of sweat formed on her smooth, bare skin. Yet inside she was burning up. She slouched down in her seat, savoring the sensation as the fabric upholstery pushed back against her. Instinctively, she spread her legs a bit and her fingers found the spot just inside her slit that seemed to be calling out to her to be touched. She moaned loudly as she put pressure on it.  
  
Hazel continued to encourage her, “That’s it, baby. That’s your clit, and it’s going to feel extra nice for you. Try rubbing that.” Brie didn’t need the direction. Almost immediately, she felt her crotch become incredibly slippery. She rubbed the fluid she was producing all around the area between her legs, her inner thighs, even up to her belly button. Her labia became glossy with her sudden flow of juices. The car filled with the scent of her musk and the sounds of her moaning.  
  
Suddenly a huge vibration shook the entire car. Warrick’s eyes snapped back to the road and he realized he was coming up to a stop sign. Rumble strips were carved into the road to warn drivers of the intersection. Brie couldn’t handle it and cried out. Her hips bucked off the seat and her hands travelled wildly all over her body, across her chest and down to her inner thighs. She could only sense traffic around her, and in the back of her mind, she knew that if any of the passengers looked in through the car window, they could see her lithe, naked form thrusting wildly. Incomprehensible noises were coming from her mouth. She sounded almost like she was speaking another language, mixed with the occasional “shit” and “fuck”.  
  
They crossed another rumble strip and Warrick began to slow down. Brie bucked her hips into the air again and, as she did this time, Hazel reached her hand up to meet Brie’s bare slit, zeroing in on her child’s clit and said, “Mommy wants to help, baby.”  
  
Brie moaned, barely able to form words, “Muh muh, muh muh.” Her mother’s hand rubbed away, up and down the small divide between her legs, giving extra attention to the sensitive bundle of nerves near the top. Brie grabbed one of her small breasts and massaged it. With her other hand, she supported her body, attempting to push herself up off the seat and instinctively closer to her mother’s invading fingers.  
  
Warrick slowed over the final rumble strip, drawing it out even longer. He could barely comprehend what was going on in the car. The strong vibrations were enough to send Brie over the edge once more. She stiffened up, went silent for a few seconds, and then she began to cum. “Mommy! Cummies!” Pleasure spread quickly from her pussy out to her fingers and toes. Her body wracked with convulsions that she couldn’t control, even if she had been totally lucid. Hazel could barely keep her daughter steady with the one hand she had on her, she was bucking so wildly. A copious amount of fluids sprayed over her hand, onto the seat, and dripped onto the floor of the car.  
  
Warrick finally managed to slow the vehicle to a stop and turned in time to see Brie collapse back in her seat into a heap, exhausted. Girl cum continued to ooze out of her crack. Hazel turned to look at her husband, a devilish smile on her face. “I guess we know how her pants got so soaked now, huh? That was a lot of cum,” she said.  
  
“Mo-oom,” Brie whined, a half-satisfied smirk betraying her annoyance. She felt chilly now, so she put her shirt back on and pulled the hospital gown up from the floor. She curled up on the seat, using the gown as a makeshift blanket, closed her eyes, and sighed.  
  
Hazel looked at her slick hand, then back at Warrick, who just sat there staring at her in silence. “What?” she asked slyly. “She needed help!” Warrick didn’t know what to say, he only knew that he wasn’t going to argue about it. He didn’t understand what had just happened, but he knew that he enjoyed it. In fact, maybe he enjoyed it a little too much. On any ordinary day, he might have called the cops on a mother touching her child in such a way, but given his daughter’s unconventional affliction, he wondered if his wife had not, in fact, crossed a line.  
  
The rest of the drive home was, by comparison, uneventful. Nobody said a word, and Brie dozed lightly in the back seat until they arrived. After pulling into the driveway, Warrick opened the back door, reached in, and picked his daughter up. She made tired grunts and pulled herself into him. He privately savored the feeling of her bare legs across his arms, still somewhat slick from her climax. Being sure to keep the gown cover over her, he carried her into the house. Once they were inside, he dropped her too her feet. She ditched the gown and headed to her room.  
  
“Take a shower and get changed for dinner,” Hazel shouted after her. “And no more napping! We don’t have time to go through this again before bedtime.”  
  
“Okay, mom,” she called back.  
  
“I love you, Brie.”  
  
“I love you too, mom.”  
  
———  
  
After his shower, Warrick climbed into bed next to his wife, who was reading a book. She glanced over and said, “Hey honey.”  
  
“So…” Warrick started off awkwardly.  
  
“Yes?”  
  
“Today was… something, huh?”  
  
“Yeah,” Hazel replied, matter-of-factly, “It sounds like our baby’s gonna be fine, though.” Warrick was surprised that she didn’t seem to have much to say about the day’s events, in particular her interaction with their daughter in the car.  
  
He pressed on. “I just think we might want to come up with a game plan. How much help is she going to need? And, uh,” he swallowed hard, “how much involvement are we going to need to provide?”  
  
Hazel’s eyes flicked over and met his. She huffed, marked her place in her book, placed it on the nightstand, and rolled toward her husband. “This is new to me, too, Warrick. It’s new to Brie, it’s new to all of us. I don’t honestly know how much help or guidance she’s going to need. I just want her to know that she can trust us to give it to her when she needs it.”  
  
“Well, yes, I suppose that’s true.” Warrick conceded.  
  
“Our daughter is going to need to learn what her needs are and what her limitations are. Nobody can decide that for her. But if she needs our help, we need to be there for her.”  
  
Warrick was still a little unsure of what she meant by “help”. *Was that what she was doing in the car earlier on the way home?* Hazel sighed and shifted her eyes away from his, smirking. “Honestly, I’m a little bit jealous of her.”  
  
“What do you mean?”  
  
“You saw what happened. You saw her. To be in such pleasure, lost and delirious, exploring new feelings for the first time. It makes me nostalgic for my own youth.”  
  
He nodded, but thinking about his daughter in orgasm was making him unexpectedly stiff while he laid there next to his wife, and he wasn’t wearing any underwear. He didn’t want Hazel to think there was a correlation, so he pushed himself a bit away from her, but tried not to draw attention to his actions. She continued, “It reminds me a bit of my first time exploring those feelings. But hers seem different, so much bigger, so intense.” She inhaled deeply.  
  
“Yes, and she makes a bigger mess, too.” Warrick noted.  
  
Hazel chuckled, “Speaking of which,” she pulled herself closer to him and reached out to grab her husband’s cock, exhaling slowly and smiling at its hardness, “Mmm, I’m ready to make a mess of my own.” She pushed him over onto his back and climbed on top, straddling him. His cock was lined up against the slick crack of her pussy. Warrick was glad she, too, wasn’t wearing any underwear. It felt like heaven, especially after a day like today. She pulled the tank top she was wearing over her head and freed her breasts to the evening air.  
  
Warrick was more than ready for some action. He had jacked off in the car earlier that day, but the rest of the day’s events had revved his motor even more. Now his wife was beside him, raring to get a piece of him. Hazel, too, was feeling exceptionally aroused, hoping to capture some of the lightning that her daughter had felt. She longed for the pending pleasure she was about to feel.  
  
“Wait,” said Warrick, “This afternoon, Brie mentioned that she could hear us.”  
  
Hazel rolled her eyes, “I don’t care. We’re in our room, honey.”  
  
“But the door is open!”  
  
Hazel peered over. “Brie’s asleep already. If she could sleep through you and Ivy, she can sleep through you and I. And it’s gonna get stuffy in here, anyway. It’s only open a crack.”  
  
Warrick admitted to himself that he felt a thrill run through his chest at the minor taboo of fucking with the door open again. It was something they didn’t get to do very much these days. He ceased to press the issue further, “Alright, just making sure you’re aware. Now let’s get to work on this open crack.” Hazel giggled and started rocking her slippery sex across his hardened member. She cooed and relished the feeling of its firmness and, somehow at the same time, its softness as she slid her clitoris along its length. With her eyes closed, she arched her back and ran her fingers through her hair and across her scalp, which also had the effect of putting her perky breasts on display for her eager husband.  
  
Warrick appreciated the effort his wife was giving as she slid back and forth on top of him. The feeling of her slick pussy lips wrapping around his shaft as she worked the underside of his dick was setting him off into euphoria. He worked his abs to get himself sat himself up and brought his mouth to one of Hazel’s presented breasts. He wrapped his arms around her and grabbed her ass as he nursed on her nipple. Hazel moaned and wrapped her hands around his head. “Hmm, yes, this feels so fucking good.” She continued humping her hips into his, the building stickiness produced by their organs making obscene noises with each movement. Warrick’s shaft rubbing against her clitoris was already bringing Hazel close to orgasm. Her breath caught in her throat and she tossed her head back, gasping.  
  
Warrick switched breasts with his mouth, but continued to stimulate his original target with his fingers. Meanwhile, with the other hand, he pulled Hazel back and forth by her ass, helping to maintain the rhythmic humping that was bringing them so much pleasure. “Oh fuck!” Hazel shouted, as she was almost there, “I’m gonna cum.”  
  
“Do it,” Warrick commanded, “I want you to cum. I want to watch you cum. Cum for me, baby. Right here on my cock.”  
  
“Fuck,” Hazel whined, “Fuck. Oh god. I’m—I’m cumming,” she stammered. Her whole body tensed up for a moment and suddenly she was shaking, doing her best to slam her pussy roughly onto her husband’s dick. Warrick wasn’t sure he could maintain, as she was sliding her slit up and down over the most sensitive spot on his underside, and he found it extremely erotic when his wife lost control like this. She began to fall backwards onto the bed, but he caught her and held her there, arm around her back. She hung like a ragdoll, shuddering, rocking, and babbling like a toddler as the waves of pleasure coursed through her. Warrick nearly lost it. Finally, she began to subside.  
  
At last, he loosened his grip on her waist, and she crashed into the mattress, her hair sticking to her sweaty face. She tipped her head up toward him slightly and asked through heavy gasps, “Did you finish?”  
  
“Not yet, baby,” Warrick said with a smile.  
  
Her head dropped back to the mattress again, “Good.” Now it was Warrick’s time to climb onto her. Her legs were splayed wide, and her arms were laying limply across the bed. “Do what you need to,” she acquiesced. Warrick grinned, lined his stiff erection up with her lubricated box and quickly plowed into her with force. They both slid up the bed several inches. Hazel cried out, “Unngh! Fuck! Big man.”  
  
Warrick groaned loudly and then started quickly pistoning in and out of his wife. “Oh, baby, you’re so fucking sexy when you talk like that.”  
  
“Fuck me, big man,” she commanded. “I need your cum inside me.” Even though she had just exhausted herself, Hazel felt that familiar feeling building up inside of her once more. One of the reasons she loved her husband so much was because he was able to consistently pleasure her and she loved to pleasure him.  
  
While Warrick continued humping his hips in long but fast strokes, he pushed himself up onto his fists and gazed at his enchanted wife. Her head was tipped back into the mattress, and her eyes were rolled back even further. Guttural moans were coming from deep within her as he continued to drive her ever more crazy. “Fill me up. Fill mommy up,” she cried. The image was enough to bring his balls to a boil, and he knew it wouldn’t be long now.  
  
He closed his eyes in ecstasy, but he could still see his wife in front of him, naked and taking everything he could give her. Next to her, however, in this imaginary world, was a new addition: his daughter. He knew on the surface that his imagination should not be including Brie in this sex fantasy, but deep down, he recognized that this afternoon would be burned forever into his memory. As he continued hammering Hazel, he watched as the wife in his visions reached over and touched his little girl’s slit and sent her body into shakes, as she had done in the car. He watched as Brie arched her back upwards, begging for her mother’s wandering fingers. He watched as her pussy produced copious viscous fluids that spread into the sheets. And he watched as his wife brought her fingers to her lips and salaciously licked off their daughter’s juices.  
  
Dream Hazel looked up and made eye contact with him and that’s what set him over the tipping point. The image in his mind giggled, but instead of hearing laughter, he heard a wail. His eyes snapped open and met with his actual wife beneath him, receiving the full fury of his onslaught. Her nails dug into his shoulders and her head thrashed back and forth as unknowable words spilled from her mouth. Warrick’s cock swelled and he felt spurts of his cum empty into his orgasming wife. Her insides squeezed and milked out every last drop he could produce while somehow becoming more slick than they already were. For a few moments together, they were in perfect bliss.  
  
At last they collapsed onto the sheet, and caught their breath. Hazel reached down and felt Warrick’s sticky fluid oozing out of her. She brought her hand up and rolled her fingers against each other. “Jesus, you really did fill me up tonight!”  
  
“What can I say, you got me inspired,” Warrick chuckled.  
  
“I love you, dear,” Hazel said quietly, and sucked her fingers dry.  
  
“I love you, too, honey,” Warrick replied. He leaned over and kissed her, and then the two of them laid together spooning and fell asleep.

## Going Nova ch. 3: The Dressing Room

Warrick heard a knocking at the front door. He cracked his eyes open and squinted into the morning sunlight. It was Saturday, and he had some idea of who could possibly be coming over so early, but he didn’t delight in the commotion she was likely to bring, so he groaned and turned over.  
  
The knocking persisted and Hazel croaked sleepily, “Honey, will you go see who that is?” Warrick sighed, sat up in bed, and stretched. He knew full well who it was. He rubbed his hand lightly on his wife’s naked back for a moment, thinking fondly about the previous night, and then got up to put on his bathrobe.  
  
He smoothed his bedhead over as he descended the stairs to the door. When he opened it, Elsie burst inside. “Hey Warrick! Is Brie awake yet?” she asked brightly.  
  
“Elsie, it’s far too early to be so loud,” Warrick complained.  
  
“Sorry, sir, I’ve been up for two hours now and I’m so bored I’m practically a tree. Can Brie and I play today?”  
  
“I don’t know if she’s awake right now. Brie had a… long day yesterday.” Warrick was a little unsure how to proceed. “You can go up and check on her, but she might not be awake right now. And,” he added, “she might need her privacy, so knock before you go into her room.”  
  
Elsie gave an over-exaggerated salute. “Yes sir!” Then she tromped loudly up the stairs.  
  
Warrick shook his head, wondering how a girl so small could make such a racket. In the back of his mind, he recalled how he had masturbated to her photo in his car the previous day. He felt a little bit self-conscious about his behavior, with her hanging around in person, but at the same time still had to admire her toned, dancer’s figure and matching attitude. Today, she was wearing a floral cotton sundress with opaque black tights and chunky black sneakers. On top of her head was a pair of cheap but stylish-enough sunglasses. She disappeared around the corner and Warrick sighed and went to make some breakfast.  
  
Upstairs, Brie became aware of an approaching maelstrom as she was jarred suddenly out of her slumber. Something was coming her way, but she was barely awake enough to comprehend it.  
  
Ignoring Warrick’s ground rules, Elsie flung open the bedroom door without knocking. “Honey, I’m home!” she shouted.  
  
They heard a muffled shout from Hazel’s bedroom, “Elsie, quiet down! It’s too early for that much noise!” Elsie grimaced at Brie.  
  
Brie squinted at her friend and then stuffed her pillow over her face, “Go away.”  
  
“No way, man,” she countered, “I’m bored and my parents made me go outside.”  
  
“Well, you’re not outside now. Why’d you have to come over here? I’m not even awake yet.”  
  
“Cuz I’m booored,” Elsie repeated. “And it’s Saturday. And you’re my best friend. *And* best friends go out on Saturdays!” She kicked off her shoes and jumped onto the bed, crawling close to Brie.  
  
Brie sighed, removing the pillow from her face. A smirk betrayed her annoyance, “Maybe one of these days I’ll be able to wake up on my own.”  
  
“Brie, if it were up to you, you’d never wake up.”  
  
Brie shot her tongue out at her best friend. Elsie gave her an air kiss and a wink in return. They both burst into giggles.  
  
When they calmed down, the room got notably quiet. Brie looked away from her friend, blushed, and said, “Well, you should probably leave the room. I need to… get ready.”  
  
Elsie was indignant. “What? I’ve seen you get dressed before. Hell, I’ve helped you!”  
  
“I know, but I don’t mean to get dressed. Now I’ve gotta take care of something first. So I don’t pass out again, remember?”  
  
Elsie’s eyes went wide, “Oooh, right! I can’t believe I wasn’t thinking about that. Well, don’t have too much fun without me,” she joked. She left the room and closed the door behind her.  
  
Brie loaded up a syringe with the syrup she was supposed to take. She squirted it into her mouth and swallowed. The doctor had said that this would help speed the process along, and right away she felt her head get a little bit fuzzier, her loins warmer. Then it was time to make herself cum so that she wouldn’t get distracted and make a fool of herself while she was out with her friend.  
  
Outside, Elsie headed toward the stairs, passing by Warrick’s and Hazel’s room on the way. The door was ajar and she slowed and glanced in as she passed. She saw Brie’s mom had gotten out of bed and was standing at her dresser in her bathrobe, rummaging through the top drawer. Elsie must have been making enough noise because Hazel turned to look at her, catching her eye.  
  
“Oh, good morning Elsie, how’s Brie doing?”  
  
Elsie’s eyes went wide. Hazel’s robe was open, showing Elsie nearly everything. From her soft, voluptuous, bare breasts, down to the cleft of her vagina, Hazel left nothing to the startled girl’s imagination. It’s not that Elsie hadn’t seen naked women before—she had seen her mother, her sister, women on the internet, even Brie—just that she had never seen, or expected to see, Brie’s mother particularly so nonchalant about it. In her hands, the older woman held a pair of delicate panties she had picked out for the day.  
  
Elsie, embarrassed, tore her eyes away from the sight and walked swiftly down the hall to the stairs. “Uh, Brie seems good,” she called back. Her cheeks burned hot as she recalled the sight. *That was amazing*, she thought.  
  
Once she was downstairs, she padded into the kitchen and slipped onto a stool near where Warrick was mixing up some pancake batter in his own bathrobe. She was glad that his was tied closed. She didn’t want to see both of Brie’s parents in the buff, especially since Warrick was a male. She realized she was holding her breath and exhaled loudly, startling the man.  
  
“Jesus, Els, where did you come from?”  
  
Elsie giggled, relieved to have some levity to break the tension she was holding in her chest. “From upstairs!”  
  
“I swear, that’s the quietest you’ve been in your entire life, young lady.” Elsie grinned through squinted eyes, then stuck out her tongue. “How’s Brie, kiddo?”  
  
“She’s good. Are you making pancakes?”  
  
Warrick gestured to the bowl of batter, “What does it look like?”  
  
“Looks like a mess,” Elsie taunted.  
  
Warrick shot a glare at Elsie and she giggled again. “Why you little b—” Warrick halted and Elsie feigned shock at the word he could have finished his sentence with. “I’ll make a mess of you, little girl!” And with that, he lifted the wooden mixing spoon out of the bowl and flicked it at Elsie. A glob of pancake batter splattered across her face and she shrieked. Warrick laughed, “Take that!” He flicked it again, another stream of batter flying. “And that!”  
  
“Ooh! You got it in my hair,” Elsie recoiled and whined. But she doubled back, leaning forward, opening her mouth wide. “In my mouth! In my mouth!” she exclaimed. She closed her eyes and stuck out her tongue.  
  
Warrick was suddenly struck by the sight in front of him. Brie’s young friend sat forward, mouth agape, sticky fluid streaked across her pretty little face, asking for more in her mouth. He flashed back to the streaks he left on the photo of her and Brie that he had used the morning before. It didn’t take much time for a tent to form underneath his robe. Luckily, the girl’s eyes were closed, so he was able to quickly adjust himself without her noticing. “In your mouth, huh?”  
  
“Uh huh,” she giggled without pulling her tongue in or closing her mouth.  
  
Warrick knew the thoughts filling his head were taboo, but he wasn’t doing anything wrong. He moved closer to her and put one hand on the top of her head, pushing it back. “Alright, lean back and keep your mouth open.”  
  
She smiled and said, “Ahh.”  
  
Warrick brought the batter-covered spoon over her mouth and flicked it gently. Slowly, the viscous batter oozed off and dripped into her mouth. Elsie groaned with pleasure as it collected in her mouth and dripped onto her chin. After a few moments of memorizing the sight, Warrick let go of the girl and she opened her eyes and swallowed.  
  
“Yum! That tastes good,” she smiled.  
  
“I’m sure it does,” Warrick replied and swallowed hard. Elsie collected what remained on her face onto her fingers and sucked them dry.  
  
“In my mouth! In my mouth!” they heard from the stairs. “What on earth is going on down here?” Hazel inquired. Warrick turned red. He knew she had heard the same things he had.  
  
Hazel appeared in the doorway. Elsie was glad that she was wearing short shorts and an oversized tee-shirt instead of an open bathrobe. She got up and rushed to meet Hazel by the kitchen door. “He got it in my hair!” she exclaimed.  
  
“He did? I hate it when that happens,” she said with a laugh. Warrick choked and shot a glance at his wife. With her finger, Hazel wiped up some of the remaining batter from Elsie’s hair and licked it off, winking at Warrick. He tried to maintain his composure, but he was positive his eyes nearly bugged out of his head. “There we go, all cleaned up now. Go take a seat at the table. Brie should be down soon.” Elsie left for the neighboring room.  
  
Warrick retreated, turning toward the counter, and began pouring the pancake batter onto the hot griddle. Hazel approached. “And what about you?” She wrapped her arms around him from behind.  
  
He leaned back into her. “What about me, dear?”  
  
“Are you all cleaned up?” She reached down into his robe and clutched his hard cock. “Oh my, someone’s a little dirty,” she chided quietly into his ear. Warrick didn’t know how to respond. She brushed her hand along its length until she got to the top. She felt his warm pre-cum oozing from the slit. Loud enough for Elsie to hear, she said, “Looks like someone’s got a little batter on himself, too.” She gathered it together on her fingers and then lewdly sucked them clean next to his ear. “There we go, you’re all cleaned up, too.” And with that, she released her grip, kissed him on the cheek, and started gathering up table settings.  
  
Warrick was a bit confused, but a large part of him was so turned on that he wanted to just bend his wife over the kitchen counter and take her right there. Of course, he knew he couldn’t with Elsie just in the next room over. Or his daughter upstairs, for that matter.  
  
“Morning dad,” he heard from behind him.  
  
“Oh, morning honey,” Warrick replied, glancing over his shoulder. He saw his daughter in a white, fitted tee shirt and baggy sweatpants. He also thought he could detect a fading sheen of sweat on her face. He assumed she had successfully masturbated for the first time that morning. “You’re not wearing any panties, right?”  
  
“Da-ad,” Brie whined.  
  
“It’s an innocent question, kiddo.” Warrick defended himself. “Gotta follow the doctor’s orders.” He switched subjects to assuage her embarrassment, “Hungry for pancakes?”  
  
“I could eat a whole load!”  
  
“Me too!” called his wife from the other room. He wasn’t sure if she meant that as a double entendre.  
  
“Me three!” finished Elsie.  
  
“Okay, here it comes.”  
  
———  
  
“So what are the two of you getting up to today?” Hazel asked as they finished the last of the pancakes.  
  
Elsie piped up, “We’re going to the mall. We’re gonna do some shopping.”  
  
“More like you’re going to do some shopping,” Brie interjected. “Your parents always give you money.”  
  
“Oh is that how it is, my child?” Hazel asked, bemused. “Do I detect a hint of guilt trip?”  
  
“It’s true!” Brie protested, and glanced at Elsie, who just shrugged and swigged her milk.  
  
“Well, in this family, money is earned. I don’t hear you stepping up to do more chores.”  
  
Warrick chimed in, “The car could use a wash.”  
  
“Ugh,” Brie sighed and crossed her arms, “Why did I have to be born into the cheapskate family?”  
  
Her father just chuckled, “Well, the offer’s there if you want to accept.”  
  
Brie rolled her eyes, crammed the last of her pancake in her mouth and spoke through her chewing, “Let’s get out of here, Elsie. I’m ready to go.”  
  
“Right-o!” Elsie slammed her glass on the table and hopped off the chair. “Oh, I left my shoes in your room, I gotta go grab ’em!” She left Brie at the foot of the stairs and trampled noisily up them as Warrick sighed and shook his head, exchanging a knowing smile with his wife.  
  
Elsie reached Brie’s room and bent over to scoop up her shoes. As she turned to leave, she glanced over at the bedsheets. In the middle, a rather large wet patch caught her attention. *Surely Brie didn’t wet the bed*, she thought.  
  
She recalled the rumor that she heard that Brie had wet herself in the middle of class. But from her own private experiences, she was well aware that girls could produce moisture down below. Plus, there was the fact that she knew that Brie was super-orgasmic. *Could that be it?* she wondered. Those sheets seemed awful wet to her. She stepped closer to the bed. She sensed a pungent aroma, and felt a wave of intense curiosity.  
  
She climbed up onto the bed to get closer, leaned her head down and drew in the scent. It definitely wasn’t ordinary wet sheets. It smelled similar to the scents that Elsie left on her own fingers. Not the same, but close enough that she knew. She was fascinated and felt her slit seemingly volunteer to add its own contribution to the large spot. Her mind swam, wondering why she felt that way about her best friend’s girlish fluids.  
  
“Elsie! Are you coming?” Brie shouted from the stairs.  
  
Elsie snapped out of her reverie, “Yes, just tying my shoes!” She jammed her sneakers sloppily onto her feet and raced down the hallway. “Let’s go, what are we waiting for?”  
  
Brie smirked mischievously at her friend. “You! I’m waiting for you.”  
  
“I’m ready to go, so let’s go!”  
  
“Bye mom, bye dad!”  
  
“Bye h-honey,” Warrick stammered from the other room. Hazel said nothing. Unknown to the girls, her mouth was full with her husband’s hard-on. But without a further care or concern, the girls burst out of the doorway and into the already hot morning sun.  
  
“How do you get your parents to give you money all the time?”  
  
“I just ask my dad,” Elsie replied.  
  
“That never works for me,” Brie said with consternation.  
  
“If I really want to get what I want, I make sure to call him ‘daddy’. He can almost never resist when I do that. I think it makes him think I’m a kid all over again.”  
  
“I know that trick, too! Too bad it never works when money is involved.”  
  
“Your dad really is a cheapskate!”  
  
“I knooow,” Brie moaned, “It sucks.” She changed the subject, “So what are you gonna buy today?”  
  
“I dunno, I’ll see what’s cool.”  
  
“Elsie, you’ll never be cool,” Brie teased.  
  
Elsie recoiled. “Uh, shut up! Not on a day like today, anyway. Literally. It’s so hot! Why did I decide to wear tights?” she whined.  
  
“Trying too hard to be cool. Like always!”  
  
“We aren’t friends anymore,” Elsie returned, matter-of-factly.  
  
The mall was about a mile away, but it was enough to build up a decent sweat for both of the girls. Brie felt the droplets beading up and running down her lower back. It kind of tickled.  
  
As they neared the entrance, they saw a group their age. Some of them were skulking about in the shade, watching as others practiced skateboarding tricks. Brie felt a little self-conscious. She wasn’t sure what rumors they would be saying about her. Had word gotten around school on Friday? She could barely recall what she had actually done in school the day before. Elsie recognized one of the girls from the next grade up. “Dude, Mia! What are you doing here?”  
  
Mia was a slender girl with much darker skin and a wild, explosion of hair on top. She wore a vintage, threadbare ringer tee that fit tightly across her chest and considerably ripped-up boyfriend jeans. She picked up her skateboard and approached the two. “Whassup, bitches? I’m just hanging with my friends. It’s too nice to be indoors today.”  
  
“Yeah,” conceded Elsie, “except it’s fucking hot out, and we’re both modern girls who like modern conveniences… like air conditioning.”  
  
“Aren’t you fancy?” Mia retorted, arching one eyebrow teasingly. “Well, there ain’t no environment faker than the mall, so you’ve come to the right place, honey.” Mia looked over at Brie and gave her a once over. “Speaking of hot, who’s your friend?”  
  
Brie blushed, at once relieved that nobody seemed to recognize her and flattered that someone who seemed so cool was interested in her.  
  
Elsie clutched her friend’s shoulders, “This is my friend Brie Nova,” she said, and then quickly added, “And you can’t have her. She’s taken!”  
  
Brie stammered at the declaration, “Taken?! By who?”  
  
Elsie smiled broadly at her, then, with a nod in Mia’s direction she stated, “Me!” With that, she turned back to Brie and planted a big, sloppy, wet kiss on her cheek.  
  
Brie shrieked and ducked away, “You’re crazy, Elsie!” Mia and Elsie burst into laughter. Brie came back to give her friend a light shove.  
  
They stood awkwardly for a moment, regaining their composure. Brie felt like she was under a spotlight all of a sudden. She sensed Mia’s eyes boring into her, and her own eyes dodged around, avoiding eye contact with the upperclassman. Finally Mia piped up, “That name, Brie. Say, are you that girl that I heard rumors about at school yesterday?”  
  
“No. I mean, um, I dunno. What rumors?”  
  
“I just heard a bunch of people talking about this girl who took her clothes off in the middle of class. I’m pretty sure the name they were saying was ‘Brie’.”  
  
The poor girl’s body language said everything. There was no way she could lie her way out of it.  
  
“You’re not gonna believe it!” Elsie jumped in, “The doctor said—”  
  
“Elsie! What are you doing?” Brie whispered. She was near tears.  
  
“What? You know they’re already spreading bad rumors about you. I was just going to spread some good ones. Make some people jealous.”  
  
Brie’s bottom lip was quivering. Elsie pressed on, soothingly, “Hell, girl, even I’m super-jealous. You’re gonna be having hyper-sex while all us normies are gonna be doing things like normal.”  
  
“Hyper-sex?” Mia perked up.  
  
“Yeah, dude, you know how some superheroes have heightened senses? Well Brie is like that. But she’s not gonna be an X-Man, she’s gonna be more like… O-Girl, if you know what I mean!”  
  
“That so?” Mia looked toward Brie, who took a deep breath and sighed, eyes locked on her feet. “Damn, girl, I’m am jealous. It’s hard enough for Carter to get me off as it is.”  
  
“Anyway,” Elsie butted back in, “talk about that if you’re gonna be spreading rumors. We’re going shopping.” Elsie herded her friend toward the door.  
  
Mia called after them, “A’ight, peace ladies. You should come around here more often, both of you!”  
  
Hot tears scorched Brie’s cheeks. “I’m soo embarrassed. I’m gonna die!”  
  
“You’re gonna be fine, Brie. Look, you’ve already got Mia on your side, and she’s so cool! And get this, she’s supposedly bisexual.”  
  
Brie turned around and saw Mia talking to her friends. She noted they all turned in her direction, eyes wide. “Really? But she said she was dating someone named Carter.”  
  
“So? That doesn’t make you not bisexual, you idiot!”  
  
Brie smirked, “Yeah. I guess you’re right.”  
  
“Oh good, a hint of a smile. Maybe we can get back into the shopping mood now. You’ve got Mia on your side; that’s a pretty good start.”  
  
The two girls entered the mall. Frigid air conditioning fought back against the summer sun, blasting across their bodies. Both girls shivered, and Brie’s teeth chattered briefly. She quipped, “I’m so glad we’re heating up the rest of the planet so that we can freeze our boobs off in here.” She could feel the sweat evaporating off her body in the cool, dry air. In fact, it almost tingled. She felt another shiver rise from the small of her back up over her shoulders.  
  
“Maybe tights weren’t such a bad idea after all!” Elsie bragged, “I’m pretty comfy now.”  
  
The girls wandered the mall, window shopping for something that caught their interests. Elsie attempted to catch the eyes of any cute boys she saw, but Brie mostly kept her head down, still a little nervous about anybody who might recognize her from school.  
  
At last, Elsie zeroed in on a store that catered to her tastes. “Ooh, Justine’s Place! Lets go in here. It’s always super-cute and super-cheap, too.” She grabbed Brie’s hand and pulled her inside.  
  
“Aren’t we getting a little old for this store?” Brie thought they had some nice designs, but felt a bit like she was growing out of the style.  
  
“Oh hush, I can still rock it!” Elsie defended. Brie felt a little less out-in-the-open once she was in the store, and so admitted to herself that she didn’t really mind, after all. Inside, they appeared to be the only ones shopping. A single cashier, an older boy, worked the main counter.  
  
They both poked around the racks, while Elsie piled some things up across one arm. “Ooh, don’t you think this is cute? I wonder if this is in my size. Do you think I could pull this off?” For penniless Brie, this was to be only an aspirational exercise.  
  
“C’mon, help me try these on now,” Elsie said, heading for the dressing room.  
  
The cashier boy approached her, “Ready to try those on?”  
  
“Yeah, looks like I’ve got…” she counted the pile on her arm, “seven things.”  
  
“Okay, just put this tag on the outside of your door before you go in.” He handed her the plastic number and wandered away as Elsie stepped in.  
  
She turned and, with a sly smirk, flicked her head at Brie in the direction of open dressing room. “Come help me try these on!” she whispered. Brie grinned, looked around quickly and then dashed into the cubicle with her friend.  
  
“You know they can see our feet, right?”  
  
“Ah, they’re not gonna care, anyway. Besides, it’s not like I’m bringing a boy in here.” Elsie hung up her choices and put them in the order she wanted to try them on.  
  
Up first was a red and black plaid, flared minidress. She flipped her sundress over her head as Brie took a seat on the small bench. That Elsie was topless in front of her was nothing new to Brie. They had been close friends for a long time and, between baths, swimming excursions, sleepovers, and shopping adventures like these, they had seen each other in various states of undress their entire lives.  
  
Elsie lifted the hanger out of the minidress and pulled it over her head. She smoothed the garment down over her body and looked at herself it in the mirror. “Hmm, what do you think?” she questioned thoughtfully.  
  
“I think it looks nice. But you look kind of like a goth in it.”  
  
“Yeah… you’re right. It is black and red, I guess.”  
  
“I bet it would look better with red tights instead of black.”  
  
Elsie cocked her head to the side, considering it. “I’d look like a peony!” she announced. Brie burst into laughter, which caused Elsie to follow suit. “Red tights are too much like midnight mass on Christmas!”  
  
Brie conceded. “Yeah, I guess you’re right. Hmm, what about no tights?” she offered, “What does it look like like that?”  
  
Elsie nodded. “Good call.” With that, she kicked off her sneakers, reached up under the dress, and pulled her tights down her legs. She stepped out of them and again smoothed down the fabric.  
  
“That’s better… buuut… I’ve decided I don’t love it.” Brie nodded in quiet agreement.  
  
Elsie pulled the dress off and, now in just her panties, hung it back on the rack. “Nice underpants,” Brie teased. Elsie glanced down at them. They were geometrically-themed boyshorts in a clashing teal and yellow color scheme. Brie legitimately thought they seemed very trendy.  
  
Elsie looked up at her friend and grinned. “You haven’t seen these before?”  
  
“Not those. Not yet.”  
  
“Hm, I guess I got them last week, probably.”  
  
Brie rolled her eyes. “Ugh, you’re always getting new clothes! I pretty much only get them when back-to-school comes around. And then my parents complain about how much money they have to spend.”  
  
“Oh my god, Brie!” Elsie spoke loudly, “Speaking of your parents, I totally saw your mom naked today!” Suddenly they heard a nearby dressing room door open, which startled them. The two girls froze and watched through the gap at the bottom of their cubicle door as two pairs of feet stepped by. They heard a cough from the cashier boy who had stationed himself close by. He asked apprehensively, “Do, uh, you need me to find another size for you?”  
  
An older woman replied, “No thanks, I think my daughter and I have seen—and heard—enough here.”  
  
“Okay,” he cleared his throat, “Have a nice day.”  
  
Brie reached out and covered her friend’s mouth. “Honestly, Elsie, you’re always so loud! That family and that boy probably heard you.”  
  
“Sorry!” Elsie whispered through Brie’s fingers. She caught a familiar scent on them from earlier in the morning, a scent that matched Brie’s bedsheets, but she was too distracted by her story to give it further thought. She grabbed a tee-shirt from they try-on pile. There was an artistic blue pattern screen-printed on it and overtop was a message that said, “Every day is an adventure.” Her tone turned instantly conversational again, albeit more hushed than before, “But I saw her!”  
  
“So what? I see my mom like that all the time. I’m sure it was an accident.”  
  
“It was an accident! At first. I mean, I didn’t mean to catch her dressing. But then she turned to me and just started talking to me. She didn’t even care that she was naked!”  
  
Brie wasn’t entirely sure what to say, but her head began to swim lightly at the thought. She did think her mother was acting a little strange lately, ever since she got out of the hospital when she helped her masturbate for the first time after the doctor’s diagnosis. “Well, okay, so you’ve seen my mom’s vag now. Welcome to the club.”  
  
Elsie pulled on a blue-patterned ruffled mini-skirt that seemed to be designed to match the top perfectly. “I didn’t just see it, she practically showed it off to me. Oh shit,” she spat. “I’ve got the wrong size; it’s too big. Let me go get a different one.” She bunched up the loose skirt into her hand and pulled it tight around her waist. As she reached for the door, she said, “But I will give her credit. It wasn’t bad. It was…pert.”  
  
Brie guffawed, “What?”  
  
“It was pert!” Elsie chuckled, “Your mom has a pert pussy!”  
  
She pulled open the dressing room door and took a step forward, but stopped short and squeaked. There was the cashier, standing conspicuously close, but notably where they couldn’t have seen him under the door gap. He flushed deeply and cleared his throat, looking nervously around the hallway, “Uh, is there another size I can get you?”  
  
Elsie glared at him and shut the door, “No.”  
  
“Oh–oh–okay, just let me know if you need anything,” he stammered. They heard him walk quickly off.  
  
Elsie frowned at her friend, “The sneak! I think he was eavesdropping on us!” Brie felt her cheeks flush. He had probably overheard about her mom’s strange behavior. She silently despaired at what was her life coming to. Elsie bent over and peaked under the door. “Okay, I think he’s gone. I’ll be right back.” She gripped the too-big skirt around her waste and headed out the door.  
  
While Brie waited, she gazed at the remaining clothing her friend had yet to try on. One was an overly long, military-green shirt with a single button at the top. She liked it and she knew that she and Elsie were similar sizes, though her friend was slightly smaller than her. She decided that even though she couldn’t afford it on her own, she wanted to see how she looked in the shirt. She was attempting to distract herself from her thoughts. Thoughts about her mother’s strange interaction with her friend. Was it really true? Why did she do it? Was it a misunderstanding? Either way, Elsie didn’t seem to mind. And there was something about it that Brie was desperate to normalize.  
  
She stripped off her top and momentarily the cool air of the shop caressed her naked torso. A shiver raced through her as her nipples stood at attention. Her skin began to shine with a faint glimmer of sweat and her vagina suddenly felt a little bit dewy. She thought that she’d soon have to take a personal break, to take care of herself, per the doctor’s orders. She wasn’t sure where she could do that at the mall, so she put it out of her mind, trying to ignore the buzzing in her head. It would have to wait for home. She put on the shirt, pulling it over her breasts, down her waist, and just over her hips. It really was quite a long shirt, she realized, but it was tight. It clung to her moistened skin and even with her slight frame, it was a bit of a struggle.  
  
The door swung opened suddenly, startling the poor girl. “I’m back, bitch!” Elsie shouted in her patently loud way. In one hand she had a new skirt and with the other, she loosened her grip on the bunched-up over-sized garment she was currently trying on. She shimmied her hips and, as it drifted off her waist and down to the ground, she looked Brie up and down in the new shirt. “Nice! That’s looking pretty good!”  
  
“I think it’s a little small.”  
  
“Well, let’s see the real deal, first!”  
  
“What do you mean?” Brie frowned.  
  
“The way it’s supposed to look!” Elsie said matter-of-factly. “Take off your pants.”  
  
“What? Why?”  
  
“It’s a shirt-dress, you idiot. You’re not supposed to wear pants with it.”  
  
“Oh! I knew that,” Brie lied through the fog that was quickly collecting in her head.  
  
“Honestly, you’d be a fashion nightmare without me, Brie. Those sweats are bad enough.” Brie shot out her tongue and hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her pants and dropped them over her hips and down to the floor. She tugged at the hem of the shirtdress to make sure it covered her. The cool, processed air of the store battled against the rapidly building heat of her exposed cunt.  
  
“Not bad, not bad,” Elsie observed thoughtfully. “How’s it feel?”  
  
Brie wrinkled her nose and shifted around. “Still tight.” She turned slowly, and stiffly, like an exaggerated robot. When she was facing away from her friend, she breathed deeply and declared, “I don’t think it will even keep my bottom covered. Check it out.” She bent suddenly over, and the hem of the dress flipped up over her round, bare cheeks, exposing herself to her friend.  
  
Elsie’s eyes went wide. “Holy shit.” She was stunned by her friend’s sudden daringness and stared at the display. She was long familiar with Brie’s naked body, but today, something seemed different. Her pussy lips were puffy and rosy, and they had a slight sheen of moisture in the harsh light of the dressing room.  
  
Brie, herself, was a little unsure of what she was doing. She felt simultaneously more free and quite out of control. It frightened her, but she liked it. A bead of fluid formed at the top of her crevice and rolled down her slit, eventually dotting onto the floor. She could see her friend’s expression via the mirror on the back wall of the dressing room, and noted Elsie’s curious fascination. This caused her insides to oil up even more, yet her throat was parched. “Is this what my mom showed you?” she asked huskily.  
  
After a moment, Elsie spoke, hushed, “Well yes… and no.”  
  
Brie fought back for control of herself and turned around and sat down, bare-ass on the wooden bench. She pulled the shirtdress’s hem down over her crotch, hiding her slit. Feeling some amount of embarrassment washing over her, she sat in awkward silence.  
  
Elsie began to understand the rumors she heard in school the day before. Brie seemed momentarily like she wasn’t cognizant of the real world. Elsie was partly concerned, but felt incredibly curious about the whole scenario. She finally broke the tensions with a warm smile. Clearing her throat, she teased, “Nice underpants, Brie.”  
  
Brie was thankful for the joke. She licked her tingly lips and put her head in her hands, “I knowww, I’m not supposed to wear them anymore. They can… set me off I guess. I just want to wear cute panties again, like you have!”  
  
“Don’t worry about it, kid.” Elsie sat down next to her friend and rubbed her shoulders gently. Brie cooed at the personal attention. She was feeling a great deal of affection toward her friend, despite the self-imposed humiliation. “I do love me some cute panties,” Elsie continued, “but a close second is not wearing any underwear at all! I think that’s why my mom kicks me and my sister out of the house on Saturdays, just so we’ll have to get dressed! At least you’ve got a good medical excuse.” She changed the subject, “So, the dress is too small. That’s easy to fix. I’ll just go grab you the next size up.”  
  
Brie cuddled inside of her friend, feeling infatuated with her attention. “Eh, it doesn’t matter. I can’t buy it, anyway.”  
  
Elsie grabbed the tag and turned it over in her fingers. “Yer in luck. It’s on sale, and I’ve got Daddy’s cash. I’ll buy it for you!”  
  
Elsie got up and started to step into her new skirt size, but a daring idea grew quickly in her head. She wasn’t sure if she was feeling solidarity for her friend’s embarrassment, or if Brie’s actions had kindled something deep inside her, but whatever it was, she felt like being impulsive.  
  
She grinned at Brie, “Hey, that guy, the eavesdropping cashier. If he wants a story to tell to his friends, I bet I can give him a better one than your mom’s pert pussy.”  
  
“What are you going to do?”  
  
“Watch this…” she once again let the skirt fall to the ground and stepped out of it. She cracked the door open and scoped out what she could see of the rest of the store. “Looks like we’re all alone in here.” At that, she opened the door and walked out into the dressing room hallway in nothing but a tee-shirt and her panties.  
  
Brie couldn’t believe it, but didn’t dare make any noise beyond a tiny squeak. Elsie padded slowly out into the main part of the store, sneaking around clothing racks so as not to be seen. The undressed girl felt her heart pounding in her chest. Her ears felt like they were full of cotton and her mouth was a desert. But her pussy dripped inside her exposed panties.  
  
She slowly and deliberately snaked her way among the clothing racks, ducking behind them whenever the cashier boy seemed like he would spot her exposed panties.  
  
Brie, too, felt excitement deep inside her core. She couldn’t believe what her friend was doing. At one point, Elsie moved out of the view where Brie could see from her vantage. So she pulled the tiny shirtdress back down over her ass and she, too, exited the dressing cubicle and moved down the hallway toward the main store. But unlike Elsie, she dared not venture any further.  
  
The store itself was quiet, but the mall still bustled outside. At one point, an older couple walked by. The man was on the window side and he peered in casually. He did a double-take when he saw a young, pantsless girl padding around the floor of this fashion store. Elsie didn’t notice him at all, but Brie could see him from her vantage. Her heart leapt in her chest. She was sure they were going to get in trouble. Instead, the man did nothing, only craned his neck to watch for as long as he could during their brief pass-by.  
  
All the adrenaline was causing Brie to lose her mind. She leaned against the cool, metal doorway of the hall and began to absent-mindedly reach under the short dress and caress her mound as she watched. She could feel her thighs getting slick with sweat and girl cum. Her cheeks burned and her breathing became labored. Her vision tunneled to focus on her friend’s risqué actions. Her legs trembled and she whimpered quietly.  
  
At last Elsie reached the rack with the shirt-dresses on it. Making sure to position herself behind the rack from the cashier’s perspective, she browsed through and found the size that Brie needed and then began to venture back. She spotted Brie watching her from the doorway. But she almost felt like her friend was watching from a different dimension. Brie seemed to be looking at her and through her at the same time. Elsie also noted that one of her hands was moving slowly up underneath the dress. She could barely believe her friend was fingering herself in front of her, and there in the store, yet it helped to validate Elsie’s own confused feelings of eroticism toward her friend that were quickly building.  
  
She strategically worked her way back toward the dressing area, but just before she got back, the cashier boy turned completely away from her. Elsie noticed and then, out of nowhere a naughty idea popped into her head. With a quick leer in Brie’s direction, she found courage to take her risky behavior one step further.  
  
From the middle of the shop floor and with her back facing the cashier, she yanked her panties down and bent over, mooning the boy without his knowledge. She watched as Brie’s eyes went wide.  
  
The girl’s careful self-caress turned into masturbation in earnest as she watched her friend bent over bare-assed in a public venue. Her fingers danced through her slick, velvety folds. She melted down the door frame as her legs failed to support her. She stifled a moan.  
  
Elsie leered at her friend and gave a wiggle of her ass in the direction of the cashier when she suddenly heard voices at the entrance of the store. “Mommy, let’s look in here! This is my favorite store.” This spooked her and she jolted up, yanking her panties back up into her crotch.  
  
The cashier boy turned to greet the customers and Elsie bolted back to the dressing rooms, bare feet slapping against the tile. The commotion caught his attention, however, and he turned and watched a pair of teal and yellow panties and skinny legs disappear around the corner. He sighed to himself, knowing he missed a good story that he could tell his friends.  
  
Elsie had grabbed Brie by the shoulders and practically dragged her on her way by back into their private cubicle. “Holy shit, that was fun! I can’t believe I did that!”  
  
But Brie wasn’t paying attention. She was no longer in the dressing room, she was on another plane. She sat on the ground, legs splayed out. The too-tight shirtdress was hiked over her bare hips and she frigged her slick pussy mercilessly. Her eyes rolled back in her head and she moaned loudly.  
  
“Shh! Oh my god, Brie, you can’t—” but Elsie knew it wouldn’t help. She bent over and picked her friend off the ground and sat her on the changing bench so nobody wandering by would see her working herself off through the door gap. A viscous fluid seemed to pump slowly out of her vagina, coating her inner thighs and dripping down toward her knees. Some of it flowed out onto the wooden bench and dotted onto the floor.  
  
Brie babbled incoherently and Elsie knew she had to do something to keep her quiet. As her friend writhed and slid around on the bench, she climbed onto Brie’s lap and straddled it to keep her from sliding off, and then covered her mouth with her hand. This did seem to keep the noise down, though it made the sticky sounds of Brie’s lascivious actions sound more apparent.  
  
And while Brie’s fingers flicked against her slippery clit, the back of her hand now also battered against Elsie’s own straddling mound. The whole experience was becoming too much for poor Elsie and she, too found herself stifling her own moans with her remaining free hand.  
  
They remained there together, quietly mewling. Elsie subtly began to hump her hips in rhythm with Brie’s hand, her own hands clasped over both of their mouths. Brie was at last ready. She suddenly stiffened up and cried out through Elsie’s fingers, “Fuuuck.” The world around her disappeared and she swayed limply against the wall of the changing cubicle. Her hand moved rapidly along her drenched slit. The fluids now squirted out of her, into the air, and soaked Elsie’s straddling panties that hovered over her crotch. Her whole body slid and twitched until she was laying on the small bench, squirming wildly.  
  
Elsie sat down onto Brie, humping her own pussy into the back of Brie’s hand, while trying to keep the two of them quiet. Brie’s orgasm was beginning to recede, and she began to regain control, but she wasn’t ready to return to Earth yet. She twisted her masturbating hand until it faced palm up, and she pressed her thumb into the crease in Elsie’s panties. Elsie squeezed her eyes shut and inhaled sharply as the girl found her clit. “Fuck!” The underwear was soaking from both Elsie’s fluids and the spray of Brie’s climax. Brie’s fingers felt for the edge of her friend’s panties and slipped underneath. Elsie’s smooth crack was already plenty slick from her copious lubrication. Brie’s probing fingers easily found their target and dipped deep into Elsie’s hole.  
  
Elsie whined in pleasure and began thrusting her hips onto her friend’s hand. In and out Brie’s fingers pumped, treating Elsie to a brand new experience: getting finger-banged by another person.  
  
Brie’s mind began to clear, and her vision became less hazy. She quieted down and Elsie removed her hand from her mouth. Brie became acutely aware that her friend, her best friend of many years, was having sex with her. She could barely remember how she got here. Yet she found she wasn’t entirely opposed to the idea. She thought about stopping her, but as she looked up into Elsie’s eyes, her gaze was returned with pure lust. She felt like she was seeing the scene with new eyes, and the eroticism of fingering her best friend in a mall dressing room pulled her back into a reverie.  
  
Elsie looked down into her friend’s eyes and bit her lip. “Faster,” she whispered. Brie obliged and pumped her fingers into her friend’s pussy with more speed. Her experience with sex was limited to her own adventures in self-discovery, but she could tell that Elsie was close.  
  
Again Elsie moaned out, perhaps a bit too loudly, and so, to censor herself, she leaned down and locked her lips with Brie. This surprise was enough to send Brie back over the edge. As she cummed again, the sight of Brie’s twisted face, and the feel of another shower of cum against her thighs along with Brie’s wild fingers, were too much for Elsie, and she began to cum along with her. They were as quiet as they could manage, blissfully bawling into each others’ mouths, both thrusting their hips wildly, crashing into each other with loud slaps.  
  
At last they had reached their climax, and the headiness slowly dissipated. Elsie slumped over onto her friend, laying her head on her heaving chest. Their sanity began to creep back, as did their normal breathing. Brie came out of her preoccupation and wondered what this meant for the two of them. Again, she felt ashamed that she had lost control, but yet this time here was Elsie, in a similar state of undress, having achieved a similar state of ecstasy. They were in it together, it seemed.  
  
Elsie laid on her friend a while before she broke out into a giggle and craned her neck up to catch Brie’s eyes. “That was good for me. I can’t imagine how it felt for you, Super-orgasm Girl. That was crazy!”  
  
Brie blushed, “Yeah, it was good for me, too, but it somehow already seems like a dream.”  
  
“Well, you looked like you were in a dream world. Hyper-sex!”  
  
They laid there a moment longer while the tingles left their lips before Brie spoke up, “We should probably get out of here.”  
  
“Yeah, we should get these back on the racks. Luckily you didn’t soak anything we don’t already own.”  
  
Brie peeled off the sweaty shirtdress she was wearing. “Not quite.” She picked up the skirt that Elsie going to try on. It was blotched from the fountain of cum that had drained from her.  
  
“Fuck it, I’ll wear it out of the store,” said Elsie, yanking the tag off of it along with the one on her own damp tee-shirt.  
  
Brie pulled on her original outfit and as she pulled her sweatpants on over her bottom, she noticed that a pair of eyes were staring at her. She jumped with a start. A blonde girl with big eyes was peering underneath the door. Brie figured that it must have been the one who came in with her mother. Brie asked, “How long have you been standing there?”  
  
From off in the distance she heard the mother’s voice, “Fiona, are you spying? How many times have we talked about this? Come in here and help mommy try this on.” Without a word, Fiona jumped up and ran down into the dressing room hallway.  
  
Elsie grinned wickedly at Brie and said quietly, “I hope they don’t end up in the same spot we did, ‘helping’ each other.” Brie blushed again and whacked her friend lightly with the back of her hand.  
  
They exited their cubicle and Elsie’s sneakers nearly slipped in the puddle that Brie left behind. They hung the unwanted pieces on the return rack and Brie hoped the sweat-soaked, ill-fitting shirtdress would air out before the cashier had to restock it. She blushed at the thought of him discovering her scent on the fabric.  
  
“Did you find everything you were looking for?” the boy asked with a hard stare.  
  
Elsie grinned, “Oh… we discovered a lot. But we’re only buying these three things.” She handed him Brie’s new dress and two moist tags. After she paid up, they dumped what they weren’t wearing into their shopping bag and left the store.  
  
Elsie guffawed in the mall walkway. “Did you see the expression on his face? He looked like he was trying to find out what we were doing just by wishing hard enough.” She inhaled deeply. “What a thrill!”  
  
“I’m glad to see you’re still filled with energy,” Brie yawned, “I’m exhausted.”  
  
“I’m not tired, but I sure am hungry.”  
  
“Me, too. Let’s get something at the food court.”  
  
———  
*d also really help to get positive ratings on the first two chapters, if you haven’t done that yet. A higher rating means more readers, which makes continuing this series worthwhile.  
  
And, as always, let me know in the comments where you want this story to go next!*