## Going Nova ch. 4: Dad’s Swimming Trunks

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The two girls stopped by the hamburger stand in the mall food court and ordered burgers, fries, and vanilla shakes and brought their trays to a small table. They sat down on the hard stools and Elsie grimaced. “Ohmygod, this skirt is still wet!”  
  
Brie blushed and looked down at her food, knowing that she was the cause of the wetness. But Elsie merely shrugged, flipped the skirt up behind her and over the seat, and sat with her panties and bare legs directly on the cool stool. They scarfed down their food, not saying much to each other while doing so.  
  
“So,” Elsie ventured a topic, “what does your dad think of all this?”  
  
Brie blushed again, “I don’t really know. I think he’s trying not to think about it. I mean, I don’t blame him. I’m trying not to think about it, too. The trouble is, I can’t seem to stop thinking about it. I finish up one session and it’s all I can do not to go to sleep. Then, before I know it, it’s time for round two. And it’s only been a day since I developed this…”  
  
“Super-power!”  
  
Brie broke into a smile at her friend’s insistence that she’s some kind of superhero. “How do you think I’m gonna save somebody’s life with this kind of super-power?”  
  
“Just because you have a super-power doesn’t mean you’re a super-hero. Maybe you’ll turn out to be a super-villain instead. The nefarious O-Girl is at it again, instilling fear wherever she goes… or comes!”  
  
Brie choked on her soda. “Anyway… my dad has barely acknowledged it, so I don’t think it’s really affecting him at all. My mom has been trying to be helpful, but… it’s kinda embarrassing when she steps in.”  
  
Brie noticed that her friend was barely listening. Instead, her attention was focused somewhere behind her. She craned her neck around and that’s when she noticed two cute boys staring back at them. She smiled self-consciously and turned back to her friend. “You’re not even paying attention to me, are you?”  
  
“I’m listening!” Elsie feigned offense. “I can listen and flirt at the same time. I’m a multi-tasker. It’s a hallmark of my generation.” She fluttered her eyes at the two boys sitting across from her and demurely sucked the straw of her milkshake. She swallowed and continued, “You were saying your mom is helpful.”  
  
“Well, she *tries* to be helpful, but I’m really not sure what to make of it.”  
  
“What does she do?”  
  
“She just seems super… concerned, I guess,” Brie said, being light on specifics.  
  
“She probably is concerned,” Elsie said, oblivious. “Moms are like that, but she loves you. She’s looking out for you.” Elsie flipped her hair between her fingers, still sending vibes to the two boys at the other table.  
  
Brie sighed, “But it’s more than that. Yesterday she— she offered to… help me.”  
  
Elsie tore her attention away from the boys at last. “Get out. She wanted to help you… get off?”  
  
“Keep it quiet! But yeah, I mean, I think so.”  
  
“You think so? Did you let her?”  
  
“I don’t think so!” Brie was too self-conscious to admit the truth and tried to walk the subject back, “I mean, I don’t really remember for sure. Everything is so blurry. That would be weird, wouldn’t it?”  
  
“Oh man, I would never let my mom help me! But she’d never ask, either, thank goodness.” Elsie paused and then shifted her eyes around to make sure nobody was listening in. She leaned in with a smirk and continued. “I have gotten off with my sister before, though.”  
  
Brie’s eyes widened, “What? Mallory fingered you?”  
  
Elsie leaned back. “No, dummy, don’t be gross. That’s not what I’m saying. I just said we’ve gotten off together.”  
  
“Really? What was that like?”  
  
“Well, we share a bedroom, you know?” Brie nodded, “One night before I fell asleep, I heard her.”  
  
“You heard her?”  
  
“Yeah, like I heard these sticky sounds, I guess, coming from her bed. I think she was just horny and wanted to jill off and probably thought I was asleep. But I wasn’t.”  
  
Brie swallowed hard. “What did you do?”  
  
“I watched her for a while. I was really interested in it at the time. I’m younger than her and I had just started playing with myself not long before that. Like, I was even waiting for her to go to sleep so I could do the exact same thing. And I was laying on my side, already facing her, you know. So yeah, I watched her play with herself for a while and, I don’t know, like I said, I guess I was kinda feeling it, too. I figured if we were both doing it, it wouldn’t be that weird. So, I rolled over onto my back to start but that made her stop, like instantly. I think the sound startled her. She probably thought I might’ve woken up.”  
  
Brie leaned in intently. She couldn't believe Elsie was being so open about such an intimate experience.  
  
“I laid there for a long time, not really sure if I wanted to actually go for it. And anyway, if she had started back up again, I don’t think I could have heard her if I wanted to, because my heart was pounding in my head. Finally, I figured if she was fine with doing that while I was there—even if she thought I was asleep—if she was desperate to take the risk, she probably wouldn’t be that embarrassed if I did the same thing. So I kicked off the covers and kinda start going at it. I’m rubbing my clit and fingering myself and I get loud enough that I know she can hear me. You know, I’m moaning a little bit, and I think she can hear the sloshing going on at my fingers.”  
  
Brie licked her lips, which still tingled from their earlier session.  
  
“Finally all this tension started melting away. Before I knew it, I could see that she started up again. She was a lot more obvious than before, and she started moaning, too. After that, I came pretty quickly, and so did she. It was kind of wild having an audience, even if it was just dumb Mallory.”  
  
Brie was fascinated, and plumbed for advice. “What happened after that? Was it awkward?”  
  
“A little bit right afterwards, like the next day. We didn’t talk about it, but we both know what each other had done. But we had crossed that line, and eventually, when nobody made fun of the other about it, we started doing it again. And we’ve actually done it a lot since then.”  
  
“Really?”  
  
“Yeah, it’s always after the lights go out, and except for that first time, I usually always stay under the covers, since Mal always has.” At this point Elsie remembered the boys again. Even though she was still conversing with her friend, she almost seemed to be talking to them, instead, though they were too far to hear what she was saying. “Whenever she starts, I usually join in. Sometimes I’ve been the one to start, just because I feel so horny and she always joins in. It’s fun, and it’s just better with someone else, and at this point I trust my sister not to be embarrassing about it, like tease me for it and stuff.”  
  
“I can’t believe you’ve never told me this before. I can’t believe you still have secrets I don’t know about.”  
  
Elsie leaned in close again and whispered (albeit loudly), “I kinda wanna see what she looks like naked. She has boobs now!”  
  
Brie teased, “And you think it’s weird that my mom wants to help me when you’re such a slut for your sister.”  
  
“First off, I’m not a slut for my sister. I’ve never touched her. And second off, fuck you, don’t slut shame.”  
  
Brie acted faux-offended at the swear and giggled.  
  
Elsie continued, “Anyway, with that out of the way, I would never have my mom help me with anything sexual, but clearly I can’t judge your situation. But I mean, I think your mom is way cooler than mine, anyway, and I suspect you agree.”  
  
Brie frowned and conceded, “Yeah, guess so. She can be pretty fun. Your parents are pretty strict.” She used the end of Elsie’s story to change the subject, “I just wish mine would give me some money once in a while.”  
  
“We gotta get these boys to take us out.” Elsie nodded in their direction.  
  
Brie turned around again and one of them winked at her. She did find them quite attractive. She turned back around and smiled at her friend.  
  
Elsie returned with an impish grin. “I’ve got an idea to get them to notice us.”  
  
“Um, Elsie, I think they already have.”  
  
“No, I mean to really get their attention.”  
  
“What is it?”  
  
“Shh, just act normal.”  
  
At that point, Brie’s mind could only fixate on how nobody can ever act normal when they’re told to act normal. She fished for something to say: “Um, soo, how are things?”  
  
Elsie checked her surroundings to see whose attention they might have. The mall food court was bustling all around them, but, beyond the two boys, nobody seemed particularly concerned with them. When she felt she had a reasonable amount of privacy, she reached under her new skirt, lifted her butt off the seat ever so slightly, and slid her panties down over it. Then she plopped bare-assed back down onto the plastic stool. As she did, she almost slid off the edge, which startled her. “Oop! Guess I’m still a little slippery down there!”  
  
Brie was shocked, “Elsie, what are you doing?”  
  
“Woo, this seat is a little chilly,” she winked.  
  
Brie looked under the small diner table they sat at. She could only see Elsie’s legs. Her skirt, while short, draped over them and down over the stool slightly. She watched as Elsie once again reached under her skirt and peeled her underwear down her thighs to her knees. Brie’s heartbeat began to rise and she looked over the table again at her friend, who was smiling dreamily at the boys. “What are you up to?”  
  
Parrying the question, she asked, “You think they can tell what I’m doing from over there?”  
  
Brie turned, red-faced, and looked at them. “Um, I—I don’t think so. I think I’m blocking their view.”  
  
“Oh well, it’ll be more of a surprise once they figure it out.”  
  
Brie looked around the food court again to see if anyone else was on to what was going on, but everybody appeared to be oblivious. Again her eyes returned under the table. Elsie pushed her panties over her knees and they slid freely down her legs to the floor. She stepped one foot out of them, then lifted the other to cross it. The undergarment dangled off her raised ankle and as she moved it over her knee, she slipped it off altogether, then crumpled it into her fist. Then she moved both her hands above the table to sit more or less normally.  
  
“Holy shit, Elsie!” was all Brie could think to say. She could see swatches of the teal and yellow panties peeking out of her friend’s balled fist. At least now her friend’s boyshorts weren’t hanging off her ankle, on display for the mall to see, so her heartbeat began to slow a bit.  
  
“Like I said earlier, I like not wearing panties sometimes.” Elsie winked again at the boys, “Now we match.”  
  
Brie breathed deeply. Her chest flushed hotly. “Girl, you’re no good for my nerves these days. You’re being so rebellious all of a sudden.” Elsie just laughed. Brie asked, “So what are you gonna do with those things now?”  
  
“C’mon.” Elsie got up and dumped her trash, then she headed for the boys. Brie could only follow behind. One of them had dark, wavy hair styled up, and a black Nirvana tee-shirt and gray zip hoodie. The other had light brown hair that was flopped down over his eyebrows. He wore a white tee-shirt with red text that said “it’s lit”. Both of them were about a head taller than Brie and Elsie. As the girls approached their target, Elsie stalked with the confidence of a tigress, while Brie lowered her head bashfully.  
  
“Hey boys,” Elsie said, “What’s going on?”  
  
“Just admiring the view,” the dark-haired boy replied.  
  
“I don’t recognize you. You must go to a different school than us.”  
  
“Totally. We’re from out of state. We’re home from college visiting our parents for the weekend.”  
  
“Really?” Elsie shot a look at her friend, “Brothers, then?”  
  
“Yeah, I’m Oliver. I’m the older one,” he said proudly.  
  
“And I’m Hunter,” the boy in the white tee spoke up, then asked somewhat awkwardly, “So what about you two? Are you sisters?”  
  
Elsie winked at Brie, “We have a few things in common—under the hood—but we’re not related. We’re besties. We do, like, *everything* together.”  
  
“Nice,” Hunter replied with a dopy, too-big smile, as if the innuendo he had heard wasn’t intentional.  
  
“So, did you find what you were looking for at the mall?” Elsie asked.  
  
Oliver chimed in, staring intently at the two girls, “I think maybe we have.”  
  
“Well, we’re not done shopping yet. Wanna come along? We were thinking about looking around Hush-Hush.”  
  
Brie gasped quietly at her friend’s provocative suggestion of the popular underwear store. Both boys gaped, as well. Oliver recovered quickly and spoke up, “Bummer, our parents are on their way to pick us up. We’ve got a family photo to take. It’s dumb.” He rolled his eyes, but he quickly brightened up and dug into his pocket, producing a Sharpie and a scrap of paper, “But we’re both pretty much free after that. Maybe we can get together this weekend sometime. Maybe you could give us your numbers?”  
  
Brie was fairly impressed with the efficiency of it all.  
  
“That sounds great,” said Elsie, grabbing the marker, “But I’ve already got something to write on.” With that, she opened her fist and the brightly-covered panty within unfolded over her palm. Again the boys’ jaws went slack as she uncapped the marker with her teeth and proceeded to scrawl her number onto the fabric. She had to go over some areas a few times where the ink didn’t take and remarked, “I guess it’s a little wet here.”  
  
Brie couldn’t believe how graphic her friend was. Again, she glanced around to see if anybody was watching. She caught the eye of an older man—the same one with the wife that earlier saw Elsie wandering Justine’s Place in just her underwear and tee-shirt. Brie quickly broke eye-contact and stared at the floor. She wondered if he recognized the underwear pattern from not much earlier in the day.  
  
Elsie signed the panties “Zoey” and handed them over to Oliver. “Text me.” Oliver smiled roguishly.  
  
Hunter interjected awkwardly toward Brie, “Uh, uh, what about you?”  
  
She looked up, “What? Me?”  
  
“Uh, can I get your number?” he stammered.  
  
Brie blushed and paused bashfully. She did think he was cute and but wasn’t sure she wanted to give up her number. “I’m… not wearing anything I could write it on.”  
  
Elsie quickly jumped in, “She’s mine, boys, so you can reach her through me.”  
  
“Oh, nice. Well. Can I at least get your name?”  
  
Brie also wanted an alias, but struggled to come up with something convincing, “Briley”.  
  
“Briley. Uh, okay, nice.” Hunter smiled wide.  
  
“Alright, see you losers later,” Elsie said. And at that, she spun, twirling her skirt, grabbed Brie by the shoulder, and marched them off out of the food court and back into the mall proper. “Briley?” she said with a chuckle.  
  
“I know! Shut up, I was nervous. My heart was beating a million miles an hour. That guy even saw you again.”  
  
“What guy? What do you mean?”  
  
“Oh! When you were in Justine’s Place in just your undies, a guy walked by and saw you.”  
  
“Omg.”  
  
“And he just saw you give those same undies to that boy, too!”  
  
“OMG. You have to point him out next time we see him.”  
  
“Why? So you can give him ‘a story to tell his wife?’” Brie prodded.  
  
“Haha, noo. I just want to know who he is. Well, actually, maaaybe,” she finished slyly.  
  
“You’re incredible. This is a whole new side of you, Els.”  
  
“Maybe it’s a whole new side of us—Briley,” Elsie teased.  
  
Brie punched her friend in the shoulder playfully. “Don’t make fun of my name, bitch, my mom gave it to me!”  
  
Elsie punched back. “Hah, sounds like your mom is *really* gonna give it to you, for real!”  
  
“Ugh, you’re such a sister-fucker sometimes.” Brie ribbed bashfully.  
  
“You’re hilarious,” Elsie replied sarcastically, then, like a puppy dog, suddenly she was on to a new subject. “Oh look, a makeup counter!” She wandered up to the kiosk in the middle of the promenade and began smelling the perfumes. “Mmm, these smell so good. Come check this one out, Brie.” The label on the bottle said “Libertine”.  
  
A couple of older salespeople approached them as they poked around the selection. One was a slender, well-tanned man with bleached white teeth. The other was a woman with dark hair and a pale complexion. She spoke: “Hello children, can I help you?”  
  
Elsie frowned, “We’re not children, lady. And we don’t need your help.” She turned away from them and continued on to the lipstick section.  
  
The woman continued “Don’t be foolish,” she said brusquely. “We’re having a sale. Fifty percent off of Libertine stock. You would be fools to pass this up, silly girls.”  
  
The two girls exchanged annoyed glances. Brie spoke quietly, “Let’s get out of here, this woman is weirding me out.” They took off from the counter.  
  
As they left, the woman’s male co-worker attempted to corral her attitude, “Heather, you have to be more agreeable.” He felt like he should say something to apologize, so he caught up with the Brie and Elsie before they got far. “Excuse me? Sorry girls, she meant no offense. We’re both fairly new at this, and Heather is sometimes not as affable as a salesperson should be.”  
  
“She’s a real character,” Elsie commented flatly.  
  
“If I may, I’d like one more chance to show you what we have. Like I said, we’re new at this, and we really need to make some sales. I really think you’re going to like our products.”  
  
“That’s great,” Brie replied matter-of-factly, “But I can’t afford your products. I’m broke.  
  
“That’s okay,” the man stated quickly, “I think we can work out a sweet deal between the three of us.”  
  
“Oh?” Brie brightened up slightly at the prospect of cheap beauty products.  
  
“Here’s what I think we can do. We need to sell Libertine products, but nobody has heard of our brand before. I think if we can show their transformative power, people will really get interested. What if we gave you a six-months supply? How does that sound?”  
  
Elsie’s jaw dropped, “For free?”  
  
“Yes, for free.”  
  
“Sign me up!”  
  
The man laughed, but Brie barged back in. “Hold up, Els, why do I get the feeling there’s a catch?”  
  
“You’re a smart girl,” the man said, “What’s your name?”  
  
“Br—Briley.”  
  
Elsie snorted quietly.  
  
“Well, Briley, there is only one catch and that is that we’d like to have the two of you model Libertine in a live makeover performance. You’d simply have to sit in a chair while we do the rest: haircut, rejuvenation, and makeup. The whole works. And we’re starting a partnership with Scarlet, too. You know, the fashion house?”  
  
“Of course,” said Elsie.  
  
“You might be able to walk the runway a few times with some of their latest summer pieces.”  
  
“Modeling? That’s it?” Brie asked.  
  
“That’s it.”  
  
“But why us?”  
  
“The idea just popped into my head, honestly! I thought Heather was very rude to you, and I wanted to make it up to you. And you’re both so naturally beautiful to begin with, you’d help us sell our products for sure.” Both Brie and Elsie blushed at the compliment. “You’re not professionals already, are you?” he winked.  
  
Brie smirked, taking the compliment. “No, we’re not.”  
  
“Well then, this will be your first gig! Do you accept?”  
  
The two girls swapped looks of confirmation and nodded. “I’m still in,” Elsie said.  
  
“Sure!” said Brie, “That sounds like fun.”  
  
“Great, let’s meet up back here at 1 pm tomorrow and we’ll get you all set up. Like I said, all you really have to do is sit there, but if you feel like hamming it up in the spotlight, I’m sure the audience will love you either way.”  
  
They all shook hands and parted ways.  
  
“Wow!” exclaimed Elsie, “A free makeover and free makeup? We’re so lucky!”  
  
Brie was equally enthusiastic, “I know, I haven’t had any new makeup in over a year.”  
  
“Well, with Libertine you’ll be ahead of the curve again. That shit ain’t cheap.”  
  
“You think Scarlet will let us keep any of their clothes, too?”  
  
Elsie got even more amped, “I hope so. That would be so amazing. Free clothes!” Both girls squealed and jumped together.  
  
Their money spent and with plans made for the following day, they decided to trek back home in the hot, humid afternoon. The sticky air hit them as they shoved the exterior door open and they groaned in unison. Brie shaded her eyes from the bright afternoon sun and Elsie flipped her sunglasses down. As they trekked across the pavement, they heard a wolf whistle in their direction. They snapped their heads to look at the scoundrel and discovered Mia giggling self-satisfactorily.  
  
“Fuck you, Mia,” Elsie shot out.  
  
“Hey”, Mia called after them, “if you hotties wanna get out of the hot, hot heat today, and into your teeny-weeny bikinis, Carter and I are going to the public pool in a bit.”  
  
Elsie held up her middle finger and cooly continued on her way, which made Mia cackle.  
  
To Brie, Elsie spoke, “So sticky out here. I’m so glad I took off my tights.” Then she smirked, “My undies, too, for that matter, heh.” She flipped the front of her skirt up and down rapidly, fanning her pussy.  
  
“You’re gonna flash someone if you keep that up, Els.”  
  
“Heh, I bet Mia wishes she was standing in front of me right now.”  
  
“I’m beginning to wonder if you’re wishing the same thing,” Brie said with a knowing grin. “Still, I think she was on to something. A dip in the pool would feel pretty nice right about now.”  
  
“You’re right, we should go! Besides, like I said, Mia’s actually really cool. You should get in good with her.”  
  
The midday sun scorched their shoulders as they finished their walk back to their neighborhood. Sweat trickled down Brie’s body, causing her to feel a tingly tickle in her belly. She shivered with goosebumps, despite the heat.  
  
They stopped by Elsie’s house so that she could drop off her loot and pick up her swimming suit. While she rummaged in her room, her older sister Mallory wandered out of her own room and struck up a conversation with Brie in the foyer.  
  
“Hey Brie,” she started.  
  
“Oh, hey Mallory!”  
  
“How are you feeling today?”  
  
Brie blushed deeply. “Um, fine. I guess you heard about what happened at school.”  
  
Mallory moved in for a hug. “Elsie told me what was up.”  
  
Brie groaned into Mallory’s shoulder, “I don’t know how such a small girl has such a big mouth.” She felt safe enveloped within Mallory’s embrace.  
  
“Hey,” Mallory lifted Brie’s chin and looked her in the eyes, “Don’t worry, Brie. She confided in me, and I can keep a secret. Els and I have lots of secrets that we’ll never tell anyone else about. You can trust me; it won’t go past Els and me.”  
  
Brie couldn’t help but stare at the girl. She now knew at least one of the secrets about her that she wasn’t supposed to know. She thought about the normal and charming girl holding her close, lost in the ecstasy of an orgasm while Elsie, the girl’s own sister, lay nearby in a similar state of bliss. Her loins stirred slightly at the mental image.  
  
In a way, she felt equal knowing Mallory’s secret when she held a secret of her own. She also knew that, whether Elsie and Mallory could keep a secret, rumors were surely going to spread around the school either way. After all, she had cum all over her chair in the middle of class. After what she knew was too long of a pause, she snapped out of it. “Um, well, we’re going to the pool now!”  
  
“Oh, cool. Today’s the perfect day for it, huh?”  
  
“Yeah, you can come along, if you want. We’re meeting Mia there.”  
  
“You’re friends with Mia?”  
  
“Yeah! Well, no, not really. But she invited us out today. So, maybe?” Brie shrugged awkwardly.  
  
“She’s pretty cool, but she hangs in a slightly different circle than me. Thanks for the offer, but I’m sticking around in the central air. You won’t catch me out in that heat, even if I was fully naked.” Brie knew it was a joke, but didn’t laugh. She just swallowed hard as her chest fluttered at the incidental mention of nudity.  
  
Just then, Elsie marched out of her room with a duffel bag of her things. She looked at her sister and said matter-of-factly, “You can’t come.”  
  
“Too late, Brie already invited me.”  
  
“Traitor.”  
  
“But I’m not going, anyway, brat. Y’all are masochists going out there in that sun.”  
  
“Alright, see ya!” As she passed by, Elsie swatted her sister hard on the ass. Mallory squeaked and then groaned in annoyance.  
  
As they left her and the door closed behind them, Brie chided under her breath, “Flirt.”  
  
“Psh!” was all Elsie could think to retort with, but her blushing cheeks said much more.  
  
They continued on to Brie’s house.  
  
“Mom, dad, I’m home!” There was no answer, but they heard shuffling upstairs. She spoke to Elsie, “I’ll grab my suit and we can go.” Brie climbed the staircase and headed for her room at the end of the hall. She passed her parents room and saw her dad putting on pants. Her mom sat up, topless, in bed, reading a book. “Jeez, you’re still not dressed yet?” she called at them.  
  
Warrick grimaced. Little did she know they had spent the entirety of the day fulfilling each others’ desires while their daughter was away for the morning. After a moment, he simply said, “It’s been a—a lazy Saturday.”  
  
“Well, we’re going to the pool.”  
  
“The pool?” Hazel inquired, “That sounds like fun. I could use a thorough rinse. My face is covered in—” Warrick shot a glare at his wife. She continued, “—sweat. My poor pores are clogged.”  
  
Warrick spoke, “Indeed, maybe we should all go to the pool, what say?”  
  
“What?” Brie whined in horror, “No. You’re not coming to the pool with us.”  
  
“Why not?”  
  
“Because…” Brie didn’t want her parents making a bad impression on her new friend, “You’re so uncool!”  
  
“Un— honey, do you hear what our daughter is saying to us? We’re uncool?”  
  
Hazel smirked, “Warrick, you’ve never been cool.” He gasped and Brie snorted. Hazel turned to her daughter, “How do you expect to get there? Take a cab?”  
  
Brie admitted to herself that she hadn’t planned that far ahead. She considered how long it would take to walk, and given the heat, she conceded that she wasn’t up to it. “Fine, but you better not get your uncool cooties on me.”  
  
Brie wandered to her room and opened the dresser drawer that contained her bikini. She pulled out the two pieces and held them in her hand. The pattern was navy blue with silver polka dots, and the flounce top was designed to drape off her chest. The bottoms had accented pink ruffles on the sides. She considered, however, that she wasn’t supposed to wear things that were tight against her pussy anymore and began to despair. “Mom!” she called out.  
  
Hazel came to her door, “What is it, kiddo?”  
  
“What am I supposed to do for my bikini bottom?”  
  
Hazel thought for a moment, “You could wear a pair of your shorts.”  
  
“Mom, I’m gonna look so uncool!”  
  
“Well, we can’t have that running in the family,” Hazel said sarcastically, “Hold on, let me think. I can’t let you use my bottoms, because they’d never fit, but… hmm.” Hazel’s eyes lit up. “What about this? You can wear your father’s trunks.”  
  
“Mom!”  
  
“Hear me out. They’re going to be a little big, too, but they have a drawstring in them, which you can cinch tight. If anybody asks you about them, you can just tell them they’re boyfriend bottoms. Boyfriend jeans are in these days, right?”  
  
Brie sighed, but felt her mom’s suggestion had some merit and finally she conceded.  
  
Hazel went into her bedroom where she found Warrick getting changed. He had just tugged his trunks up to his waist when she kneeled in front of them and pulled them down. “What, again? Now?”  
  
Hazel rolled her eyes and grinned. “No, not right now. Your daughter needs these more at the moment.” He sighed and stepped out of them. At that, she lifted his free shaft in her palm and gave the head a quick one-two kiss before she stood, whirled, and walked out of the room. Warrick couldn’t help but stand there thinking of Brie’s young vulva resting inside his own swimming shorts. He caressed his cock absent-mindedly.  
  
Suddenly Elsie appeared in the doorway, “What’s taking so long up—?” She stopped dead in her tracks as she stared at Warrick. He froze, wide-eyed and naked in front of her, cock in hand.  
  
Summoning up all of his presence of mind, he at last wheeled away, pointing his bare ass in her direction. “Damn it, Elsie, could you please make a little more noise next time you come by?”  
  
Elsie blushed. This was now the second of Brie’s parents she saw undressed today, although unlike Hazel, Warrick didn’t seem quite so calm about it. She tore her eyes away from the sight and retreated toward the stairs. “Sorry, sir, I never know when I’m supposed to be making more noise and when I’m supposed to not be making so much.”  
  
Warrick sighed and admitted that she had a point. “Just want some consistency,” he said to nobody in particular.  
  
Back in Brie’s room, the young girl tried on her father’s shorts. They were pretty loose, even with the drawstring pulled tight, but the color almost matched her top, so she deemed it good enough.  
  
Hazel reassured her. “That looks great. Now… before we go, is there anything you need to take care of first?”  
  
Brie tossed back her head and groaned. She was getting tired of thinking about masturbating all the time and didn’t want to hold up Elsie and her from getting to the pool. She feared they wouldn’t arrive before Mia left. “Fiiine.”  
  
“Don’t forget to take your medicine with it.”  
  
Hazel watched her daughter grab the nearby syringe and load it up with the pearly syrup. She sucked on the end of it and pushed in the plunger, dispensing all of it into her mouth, and swallowed. Hazel cocked her head and asked. “How was it?”  
  
“Kinda funky, but fine.” Brie still wasn’t totally sure how this medicine was supposed to help, but she hoped it would suppress the distracting buzzing sensation growing in her head.  
  
“Well, looks like you’re about ready to go. Finish up, gather up your towel and things and I’m gonna go get changed.”  
  
Hazel went back to her room. Warrick didn’t tell her what had happened with Elsie.  
  
Downstairs, Elsie thought about what she had seen in Warrick’s room upstairs. Today had been so strange for her. Her best friend and her friend’s family were suddenly so peculiar. In a single day, she had seen all three of them naked. She even had Brie’s help getting off in the dressing room. She had never considered doing something like that before, but it felt so fun and natural to play around and show off with her best friend.  
  
She tried to push what she saw of Warrick out of her mind, and it wandered to Mia. Elsie looked up to the older student and thought she was very cool. She had heard rumors that Mia was having sex with Carter and that she was also bisexual. Elsie wondered if she, herself, was bisexual after her encounter with Brie at Justine’s Place. She was always attracted to boys, but as yet had never been with one sexually. On the other side, she had now had sexual encounters with both Brie and technically her sister Mallory. She also wondered if Mia would even find her attractive.  
  
Her daydreams were interrupted by footsteps on the stairs. Elsie snickered at Brie’s swimming suit concoction. “Nice trunks!”  
  
“They’re boyfriend bottoms.” Brie said sheepishly.  
  
“What boyfriend?” Elsie guffawed.  
  
Brie blushed and jerked her thumb back at her parents, “Shut up. I got us a ride.”  
  
Warrick clomped down the stairs wearing socks with his sandals, cut-off jean shorts, and a Miami-themed tank top. Behind him came Hazel. She wore a yellow string bikini top that laced up across her cleavage and fashionably clashing, blue-striped, side-tie bottoms.  
  
Elsie thought she looked amazing. “Whoa, Hazel, you look so cool!”  
  
Hazel pranced out the door. “Hear that, Brie? I’m cool, after all.” Warrick chuckled proudly, following after, while Brie rolled her eyes and sighed.  
  
They all exited the house and, as Warrick locked the door behind him, Elsie spoke up again, “I didn’t realize y’all were getting changed already. I should’ve put my suit on.”  
  
Warrick responded, “Well hey, you can change here. Let me get the door unlocked.”  
  
“No, don’t worry about it, I’ll just change when we get there. It’s not a big deal.”  
  
Hazel piped up, “You can change in the car on the way, too, if you want.”  
  
“That’s a good idea!” Elsie said. Warrick silently agreed.  
  
They piled into the car, Warrick fired up the engine, and Hazel rolled down her window. Just as before, Brie’s nerves began to crackle as the wind whipped across her body. After her mom had left the room, she made the decision not to get off before heading to the pool. She hoped the syrup that she had taken would curb her urges, and mostly she just wanted to nap. She curled up in her seat and closed her eyes.  
  
Elsie rummaged through her duffel bag and pulled out her two-piece. It was patterned with an Americana houndstooth and the waistband of the mini-boybrief bottoms was accented with a contrasting ruffle. The top had two ties, one that went around her neck and the other around her back.  
  
Hazel swiveled fully around in the car’s seat, bringing her knees up onto the seat cushion and wrapping her arms around the chair back. She gazed at Elsie and struck up a conversation, “So, did you two have fun at the mall?” Elsie put down her suit and began to answer, but Hazel interrupted. “Oh, honey, you can change if you want. I don’t mind, and Warrick’s got his eyes on the road, so it’s like it’s just us girls in the back seat. I just wanted to hear how your day went.”  
  
Warrick’s heart leapt. Was his wife really going to permit this girl to change in the car? He dared not react, even to acknowledge the situation, lest he risk ruining the scene for himself. True, he was focused on the road, but he could also see into part of the back seat via the rear view mirror. He thought maybe he’d at least get a glimpse of the girl whom he had fantasized about the previous morning.  
  
Elsie looked to Brie for a reaction, but her eyes were closed and she didn’t seem to be paying attention. Elsie also looked at Warrick, but he appeared to be concentrating on driving. She shrugged, double-checked that no traffic was around, and started to peel off her tee-shirt. As her shirt came up, Warrick was able to steal several glances of her youthful, naked chest via the car mirror. He couldn’t believe his luck. Her skin was smooth and pure. Her nipples were a lovely pink and her gymnastic proportions were just perfect. He liked what he saw, but was a bit jealous that Hazel was getting a full-on, unrestricted show.  
  
“We had some fun at the mall.” Elsie continued as she reached for her swimming top. She went to put it on when Hazel’s hand darted out and snatched it from her.  
  
“Ooh, this is a beautiful top.” She fingered the material and studied the pattern on it. Warrick’s eyes flicked back and forth from the road to the mirror.  
  
Elsie blushed, a little self-conscious at being topless with her friend’s parents around, especially with Hazel’s eyes on her. “Thank you. I just got it last month.” She shifted in her seat, unsure what to make of the situation. *Is Hazel trying to keep me naked?* She attempted to cover her exposed nipples, yet at the same time, she felt like she didn’t really mind being topless with Brie’s mother and even, to some extent, her friend’s father in her presence. Before long, she let down her guard and just accepted the situation for what it was.  
  
Hazel glanced up from the garment and looked the girl in the eyes, “Elsie, you’re always so fashionable. Someday you’ll have to show me all your best outfits.”  
  
“I’d love to do that, I’ve always wanted to be a model!”  
  
“You’d be perfect for it!” Hazel replied enthusiastically.  
  
“Speaking of model, Brie modeled off an amazing shirtdress this morning.”  
  
“Oh yeah?”  
  
“Yeah, she really needs to freshen up her wardrobe.” Elsie plugged, “You should totally help her out with that, right Brie?”  
  
The two looked over at Brie, who was in a distant reverie. “Mm-hm,” was all she could think to reply. She was surprised at how quickly the wind had whipped up her nerves again.  
  
“Honey,” Hazel inquired sympathetically, “are you doing alright?”  
  
“Mm-hm.”  
  
“Do you need to cum again?” Hazel reached out and caressed Brie’s knee.  
  
Elsie was a bit surprised to hear Hazel speak so bluntly, but she also liked it. She wondered if she’d see Brie masturbate again and recalled again their adventure in the dressing room this morning. Beneath her skirt, her sex lubricated.  
  
“Mm, I’m fine,” Brie pushed out.  
  
“Okay, well, if you need to cum, you can do that here. Don’t fret about it.” As she said this, her eyes flicked to Elsie and the girl wondered just a little if Hazel meant that for the two of them.  
  
Hazel brought her full attention back to the swimming top and spoke directly to Elsie. “Here, let me help you with this. She tied the top strings into a knot and hung it around the girl’s neck. Warrick knew that the show was probably over at this point, but was glad that he saw what he could.  
  
Hazel gripped Elsie lightly by the shoulders and spun her around in her seat. Her hands wandered slowly across her shoulders and pulled Elsie’s trapped hair from under the string around her neck. Elsie shivered slightly. “Somebody has goosebumps,” Hazel teased. She then tickled Elsie’s shoulders and neck, causing her to hunch over and guffaw.  
  
“Stop, stop!” she giggled. She dove to the other side of the car to escape the attack. “Brie, save me from your mom!” Elsie climbed nearly on top of her friend, but Brie merely whined, half in annoyance, half out of stimulation of her nerve endings.  
  
“Okay, okay,” Hazel conceded, “let me get the rest of this tied together.” She pulled the two side strings together around Elsie’s back and tied them into a bow. “There, that should do it. Let me know if you need help with the bottoms, too.”  
  
Elsie turned back around in her seat and grabbed the second part of the suit. “Thanks, I think I can manage this one myself.” One side of the bottoms were already tied off, so Elsie slipped her leg into it and pulled it up under her skirt.  
  
Warrick found himself disappointed. He had hoped she’d remove the skirt first, just as she had done with her top. After seeing her bare chest, he was desperately curious to glimpse her nether region.  
  
With the suit firmly in place, Elsie hiked up the other end of her skirt to tie off the opposite side. “There. All ready to go.” She thought the car seemed oddly quiet.  
  
Hazel just gazed at the girl’s exposed upper thigh and hipbone. She also noted that Elsie hadn’t taken off any panties before she put her bottoms on.  
  
The young girl felt hot under the gaze of her best friend’s mom, as if the woman’s eyes were two spotlights highlighting her on a darkened stage. She was a little unsure what was happening, yet she felt the urge to perform, just as she had in Justness and in the food court with those boys.  
  
She met Hazel’s gaze but felt intimidated by the older woman and couldn’t hold it. But as she looked away, shyly, she slowly slipped the ruffled miniskirt over her hips and down her legs, leaving her in just her skimpy swimming suit and chunky, black sneakers. Nevertheless, she felt as if she could have been naked in that moment. She clutched one arm and bit her lip, bashfully. And then Warrick pulled into the pool parking lot.  
  
“Here we are,” he said.  
  
Elsie cheered, somewhat thankful to be able to retreat from the situation. “I’m so excited. Thanks for the ride, Mister and Misses Nova!“ She dove out of the car as soon as it came to a stop and skipped up to the front register. She hopped with youthful impatience as Hazel and Warrick tended to Brie.  
  
“Brie, honey, we’re here,” said Hazel quietly. Brie sat, curled up with her eyes closed. Hazel turned to her husband. “We should get her into the water. That will shake her out of it, I bet.”  
  
“Let’s hope so,” he replied. He opened up the back door and leaned over to scoop her up. He was thankful she was still so light. The hand he slipped under her legs became instantly glossy with her fluids and sweat. He detected the same musky scent she gave off when his wife had helped her masturbate in the car the previous day. She brought her arms up around his neck and burrowed her face into its crook. “Aren’t you just a little kitten?” Warrick chuckled. Brie cooed and began to kiss his neck lightly. He blushed and felt his cock stiffen. He glanced over at Hazel who was smirking at him. He cleared his throat and said, “Yes, let’s go get her in the water.”  
  
They walked up to the cash register and Hazel paid their way in. The cashier shot confused looks at Warrick and Brie as the girl continued to kiss his neck playfully. He avoided eye contact with them.  
  
As they headed for the dressing room, Warrick put Brie onto her feet so that he could go into the men’s side. She wobbled like a newborn doe, her legs threatening to fold underneath her. To Hazel he said, “She’s all yours now.” Hazel grabbed her hand and pulled her gently in the direction of the locker room. Warrick went his separate way, but looked back at his daughter one last time. She stumbled along, and yanked the sagging waistband of her “boyfriend bottoms” up over her pale butt. Warrick sighed, unsure what he was supposed to do. All he knew for sure was that he was in well over his head.  
  
As he had no suit, he passed straight through the men’s dressing room and out into the pool area. He wandered along, looking for a spot to stake a claim for his family. He took stock of the goings on around him. The pool was bustling, and just as busy as he expected it to be on such a hot day. Men and women, boys and girls of all ages played, splashed, and screamed in the water. Every so often the staccato tweet of a lifeguard’s whistle would ring out. His eyes wandered especially to the young girls who swam in their fashionable bikinis, though he made an effort not to stare. If they were in a couple, he wondered if their boyfriends knew just how much of a catch they were holding onto. But he also remembered how awkward it was when he was their age. His mind wandered back to his wife and their morning of sexual play. He felt incredibly lucky to be married to the such a wonderful, exciting woman. He counted his blessings that she was good, giving, and game. Always there to indulge his whims and fantasies, just as he was there for her in return.  
  
Meanwhile, Hazel followed Elsie into the locker room, pulling Brie in behind her.  
  
Elsie’s eyes lit up. “Oh my god, Mia!”  
  
Mia was sitting on one of the wooden benches in the dressing room, making kissy faces into her selfie-cam. She had yet to change into her swimming suit. She whirled around at the sound of Elsie’s call. “Jesus christ, Els,” she said bashfully, “You scared the living shit out of me.”  
  
Elsie giggled, “You taking creepshots in the changing room?”  
  
“Nah,” Mia said sheepishly, “Just sending Carter a little miss-you selfie.”  
  
“Oh, I thought he was gonna be here today, too.”  
  
“He is. He’s getting changed in the men’s locker room right now.”  
  
“Oh, so, he’s missing you already, huh?,” Elsie said astutely. Mia just winked in return. “Oh man, we should send him a group selfie! He won’t even know what he’s in for.”  
  
Mia laughed and agreed, “He definitely won’t be expecting two babes for the price of one.”  
  
“Make it four. I brought Brie and her mom along with me.”  
  
Hazel chimed in, “You brought us, huh? I forgot you drove the car you don’t own.” Mia laughed at Hazel’s joke. Hazel smiled warmly and reached out her hand. “Hi Mia, I’m Hazel.”  
  
“Hello.” Mia gave Hazel a firm shake, then said, “Well, you wanna join in?”  
  
“A group selfie for your boyfriend? Why not.”  
  
“What about you, Brie?” Mia asked.  
  
Brie’s cheeks were reddening from that all-too-familiar overheating sensation and her wind-whipped hair stuck to her sweaty face. She was sleepy from having just masturbated, and distracted from her newly tingling nerve endings. What she really wanted to do was to just wanted to curl up in a warm ball and pleasure herself until she fell asleep. But instead she nodded and said, “Sounds like fun.”  
  
“Okay everybody,” Mia directed, “gather ’round.” They all squished together with Mia and Brie in the middle and Hazel and Elsie on the outside. Brie felt a feeling of comfort being pressed between the older girl Mia and her mother. Where their flesh touched, it felt both inviting and electric, and somehow forbidden. Brie’s heart raced as everybody continued to squeeze in.  
  
“Make a funny face!” Mia commanded. With the exception of Brie, the girls all screwed up their faces and Mia snapped the photo. When the preview popped up, Mia knitted her brow together. “It’s pretty good, but Brie’s looking sexier than I am. She’s got those sultry eyes going on.”  
  
Elsie suddenly had an idea and blurted out, “That’s what we should do. Let’s send Carter a sexy photo!”  
  
“What are you talking about?” Mia asked doubtfully. “You wanna send my boyfriend sexy photos?”  
  
“C’mon, it’ll be hilarious. It’ll totally throw him off his game. Besides, it’s not like he’d ever trade you in for one of us. You’re too beautiful.”  
  
Mia thought for a moment, but slowly cracked a smile, “Yeah, you’re right. Four sexy girls coming at him at once? He won’t know how to handle himself. Alright, squeeze in.”  
  
Once again, the girls pressed their bodies against one another. Mia wrapped her arm across Brie’s shoulder. She felt the girl fidgeting and thought she heard a slight hum, almost a moan. She also noted a strong aromatic smell emanating from her new acquaintance. She couldn’t place it, but felt somehow drawn in to it’s muskiness all the same.  
  
“Okay, everyone, say ‘yummm’.” She took the photo and then looked at the preview. All four girls were giving their best sultry looks. Elsie was doe-eyed and coy, Hazel’s piercing gaze and parted lips were sexy, and Mia herself was making a closed-eyes kissy face. But then there was Brie. Brie gave a slit-eyed otherworldly gaze, but at the bottom of the frame, her hands had crept up and pulled up the ruffly flounce top so far she had almost exposed her nipples. Mia was impressed, “Jesus, Brie, you really know how to push this.”  
  
Brie smirked at her and sighed, as a far-off thought careened out of her mouth: “Maybe we should keep going further.” At that, she pulled her bikini top up over her head and dropped it at her feet. Everybody went wide-eyed, gawking at the young girl’s skinny, androgynous figure. Mia was astounded at her audacity. Elsie flashed back to earlier in the day when Brie bent over, showing off her pussy in the dressing room. She wondered if they were going to see another similar event here. Brie began to massage her small breasts absent-mindedly.  
  
“Okay, honey,” Hazel jumped in amidst the silent stares, “We’ll do one more if you really want to.” This was not the response that Elsie or Mia were expecting to hear from the girl’s mother. She looked over at them. “She has a medical condition,” she said matter-of-factly.  
  
Elsie swallowed and confirmed. “It’s true. Just like we talked about at the mall.”  
  
“O-Girl,” Mia spoke quietly as she observed Brie’s lewd behavior. “You weren’t kidding, huh?”  
  
Elsie could see Mia was impressed, and found herself wanting to also impress her new friend, as well. She, too, felt the urge to comply with Hazel’s command of the situation. “What do you say, Mia? You think Carter would want one more?” Before Mia could answer, Hazel un-did her own top and set it aside in solidarity with her daughter. Her breasts hung free, her nipples standing prominently.  
  
Mia stared back and forth between Brie and Hazel. She found the two women incredibly beautiful. Despite Brie’s young age, and Hazel’s curvier figure, she could see the family resemblance between the two. Finally she swallowed hard and pushed out the words, “Y’all bitches are crazy… but this is gonna be worth it just to see what Carter does.”  
  
Elsie laughed heartily, “He’s gonna blow his load!”  
  
“Hopefully not too early,” Mia winked. She stripped off her clothing down to her panties, revealing her ebony young breasts with dark nipples, while Elsie untied the bow Hazel had made just minutes before and pulled her top over her head, freeing the small mounds on her youthful figure.  
  
Brie looked around at each of the girls surrounding her. She almost couldn’t believe what she had made them do. Part of her was embarrassed and wished she could take back her actions, but another part recognized the group was quite at ease around one other. Mia and Elsie gazed at each other and giggled. She wondered if there was some chemistry going on there. Elsie did say that Mia was bi. Meanwhile her mother was directing them where to sit and where to place their hands. Each of the girls complied willingly, and Brie was no exception; she felt like putty at that very moment.  
  
In the photo, Mia sat on the bench, positioned relatively straightforward, and stared directly into the lens giving her best wide-eyed, precocious stare. On her right side Elsie laid against her breasts, staring up at her lustily. She positioned one foot on the bench so that one knee was in the air. The other leg hung off the bench casually. On her left side, Brie sat with her back against Mia’s arm and leaned her head back lazily onto her shoulder. Finally, Hazel positioned herself on all fours, straddling over her daughter’s legs and kissed her gently on the nose.  
  
Once they were all in position, Mia snapped the photo. She opened the preview and subconsciously licked her lips. “Jesus, this is by far the most erotic photo shoot I’ve ever done. I can’t believe I’m sending this to my boyfriend.”  
  
“Aw, I bet we could top that,” Elsie said, jokingly attempting to lift the mood.  
  
Mia giggled and wondered if she was serious, but at that moment a large group of pool-goers entered the locker room. Elsie and Mia scrambled to get their tops on, but Hazel was not so concerned about other women seeing her topless. Likewise, Brie was just lying on the stone bench oblivious to the commotion around her. Her fingers traced lightly over her breasts, tummy, and hip bones, and occasionally threatened to dip under her boyfriend bottoms.  
  
“Anyway,” Mia said, “Carter’s gotta be wondering what’s taking me so long. I’m sending the pics now and then I’m gonna go out there and witness the reaction.”  
  
“Can you send that to me, too?” Hazel asked, as she arranged her top. ”I’d love a copy.”  
  
“Sure, give me your number. Just don’t go showing everybody.”  
  
“I’ll keep it most private.”  
  
Before they headed to the pool, they took quick showers to rinse off any outside contaminants. The plumbing was old in the facility, so there was no hot water. Elsie got under it, shrieked, and stalked out, shivering. “That’s good enough.” Mia was able to rinse her hair, but didn’t last much longer. The two of them wandered out of the locker room and into the pool area together.  
  
Hazel dragged Brie into a stall with her and aimed the shower head at her daughter. The frigid water shocked her, and snapped her out of her daze. She cried out and tried to wriggle away, but Hazel held her there for as long as she could.  
  
“Mom, it’s so cold!”  
  
Hazel released her, “How do you feel now, honey?”  
  
“Cold,” Brie spat out through chattering teeth. Still, she acknowledged to herself that the frigid water did some good. She felt much more like herself for a moment.  
  
“Alright, get your top on and let’s get out there. Carter’s not the only one waiting.”  
  
It didn’t take long for the icy shower to fade from their collective memory. The day was still very hot and as Brie and Hazel exited the locker room into the open air of the pool, they groaned. Hazel shielded her eyes, looking around for her husband. After a moment, she spotted him laying on a long, wooden lounge chair, and they headed over to see him.  
  
“Hey honey,” Hazel said.  
  
“Huh?” said Warrick. He pretended to shake sleep out of his head. “What year is it?”  
  
“Very funny. We ran into one of Elsie’s and Brie’s new friends in the locker room and had to get… acquainted.”  
  
Just then shrieking cut through the air, accompanied by wild splashing that threatened to soak the towels on the concrete deck.  
  
Warrick sat up in the lounge chair and squinted through his sunglasses. “That sounded like Elsie’s all-too familiar squawk.”  
  
Hazel chuckled, “How’d you know?” She turned around and saw a frisky, dark-skinned boy chasing both Elsie and Mia through the water. He’d swim up behind them and goose them, or pick them up and toss them across the water.  
  
“Don’t get the towels wet, girls and boys,” Warrick scolded.  
  
Elsie swam up to the edge of the pool and kicked her legs in the water behind her. She shouted back, “Sorry, it’s not my fault!” Suddenly the boy grabbed her by the foot and pulled her backwards into the water. Again, she whooped before going under the surface. As she popped up again, she gurgled, “See?!” The boy just giggled, paying no attention to any of the sunbathers concerned about keeping their patch of concrete dry.  
  
Brie dunked a foot in and felt the cool relief from the heat just ahead of her. As she was about to dive in, Hazel stopped her.  
  
“Kids, have you put on your sunblock?”  
  
Mia taunted, “Yeah, *kids*.” Brie rolled her eyes when she emphasized “kids.”  
  
“I’m talking to you, too, young lady. And your friend as well,” Hazel said with seriousness. “Nobody’s getting skin cancer on my watch.”  
  
“Haha, what? I don’t need sunscreen,” the boy laughed.  
  
Hazel turned to him. “You must be Carter,” she said, standing tall over him from the deck.  
  
“I am,” he said. Then his smile faded to something closer to embarrassment. Brie watched as a realization dawned on him. He looked at her mother, then glanced over at her, and finally turned to Mia, who smirked and nodded: these were the girls he saw in the photo Mia had sent him.  
  
Hazel bent over him. Her cleavage, laced up in her top, took advantage of gravity. She spoke firmly. “Well, Carter, if you’re going to hang with all of us, you’d better listen to me. Everybody. Out of the pool. You need sunscreen.”  
  
“Yes ma’am,” he said.  
  
“Great!”  
  
Warrick grabbed the bottle of cream, squirted some into his hand, and asked, “Who wants their back done?”  
  
Elsie popped out of the pool, and shouted, “Do me first! Do me first!”  
  
“I can oblige,” he replied. Warrick was thrilled that he was going to rub all over Elsie’s bare skin. He was glad he wasn’t wearing a flimsy swimming suit at that moment or it might be obvious he was getting too much enjoyment out of it. Warrick sat up in the lounger and straddled his legs around the sides. Elsie wandered up and shook her head back and forth. Her hair fanned out, spraying water all over Warrick. “C’mon Els, what are you doing?”  
  
“I’m a wet puppy!” she giggled.  
  
“You’re lucky you’re as cute as one, or I wouldn’t let you get away with that.”  
  
Elsie plopped down in front of him on the wooden lounge chair and flipped her hair one last time at him. She splayed her legs across it just as he had done and as Warrick began to work on her neck and shoulders, she watched Mia climb out of the pool. Her body glistened, and her suit flattered her form. It was a two-tone wine-and-emerald strapless bandeau top that was strappy across her cleavage. Her matching bikini bottoms had three matching straps across her hips which kept patches of her bare hips exposed along each side. Elsie felt an urge to be closer to her unfamiliar friend and piped up again. “I have another idea.”  
  
Mia raised an eyebrow, “You girls and your ideas.”  
  
“Let’s make a train!” She turned to Warrick, “You do me, and while you do that, I can do Mia.”  
  
Warrick cleared his throat at her phrasing, but before he could say anything, Mia replied, “Alright, and I’ll do Carter.”  
  
Hazel jumped in, “Oh no, I’m separating the two of you.”  
  
Mia rolled her eyes. Back in the locker room, she thought Hazel might be cool, but now she was beginning to doubt her chill. “Alright, whatever.”  
  
The two of them stacked up on the long seat in front of Warrick and Elsie. Carter remained in the water. Hazel called to him, like a siren, “Carter.” He wasn’t sure what to do. When he recognized who Mia had brought along with her, he couldn’t help but get a slight erection that tented the front of his trunks. “Carter,” she called again, “let’s get you lotioned up.” That didn’t help his cause.  
  
Warrick found his wife’s behavior a little peculiar. Was she flirting with this new boy? She appeared to be somewhat familiar with him already. Still, her calls seemed harmless enough on the surface. And once again he dared not speak up, lest he spoil his existing fortune of rubbing lotion into the young beauty sitting in front of him.  
  
Carter at last took a deep breath and pulled himself out of the pool. The weight of the water pulled his suit tight across his frontside and Hazel cracked a smile at the obvious shape of his manhood. He tugged at the legs of his trunks and the fabric came away, leaving only an obvious tent behind. He quickly turned around and squatted on the chair, adding himself to the front of the train. He put his hands in front of his crotch to obscure his visible reaction from passersby.  
  
By now the long lounge chair was filling up with bodies and they had to scoot back a bit to fit the new boy on, too. Warrick was already sitting at the back of the lounger, so this only moved all of their bodies closer to one another. Elsie slid her butt back and bumped into his crotch. He hoped she couldn’t feel his hardness in his pants.  
  
What he didn’t know, however, was that he was already out of luck. Elsie became well aware of the stiff rod that pressed against her backside, but this was a new sensation to her. She knew what was happening, but she wasn’t entirely sure why. Was Warrick hard because of his wife’s sexy swimming suit? Was it because he was surrounded by bathing beauties? Was it because of her specifically? She admitted that she liked the idea of Warrick being turned on because of her. She also liked the attention she was currently getting from him as his strong hands slathered the oily lotion down her neck and across her shoulders. His ministrations were firm, but gentle. Her eyes closed slightly and she tried to concentrate on Mia in front of her, whom she felt she was also quickly developing a crush on. She enjoyed seeing her new friend topless in the changing room. In fact, she enjoyed being so intimate and vulnerable with all of the women there during that photo. She was recognizing a lot of pent-up energy and was eager for a release. She was definitely going to try and masturbate with her sister Mallory again tonight, if she got the chance.  
  
Before Elsie, Mia squirted the bottle of lotion into her hands and passed it on to Hazel. In front, Carter was feeling awkward trying to conceal his boner from potential onlookers, so he called out to Brie, who still sat by the edge of the pool. “Hey, looks like you’re the last one in line. Come sit in front of me.”  
  
Brie replied, “There’s no more room. I’m not gonna fit.”  
  
Hazel spoke up, “We can make room. We’ll just have to squish.” Though there was very little room remaining, they all pressed back further. Warrick groaned, partly out of general discomfort, but partly because Elsie was now pressed tightly against his cock. There was nowhere for him to go. Likewise, on down the line, each participant in the train now sat directly in front of the other, hips against hips, asses against crotches. Carter felt a little awkward being so close to this woman whom he had seen topless mere minutes before, but Hazel grabbed him by the hips and pulled him in between her legs forcefully.  
  
Now, with barely enough room leftover, Brie came up and sat herself at the end of the lounger. Carter took a sharp breath as her small ass came down in front of his bulging crotch. The remaining seat was so tight, she was practically sitting on top of him. She shifted around to get comfortable and it took all of his concentration not to let out a moan. Hazel handed him the sunblock and he started working on Brie.  
  
The cold shower had certainly snapped Brie out of her reverie, but now, back in the heat, and with the treatment Carter was giving her, her nerves were firing on all cylinders once again. She knew now that there was only so much she could do to mitigate her sensuous feelings. This wouldn’t end until she could cum. On top of that, she could feel his erection pressed tightly against her backside. This was the first time she had ever been so close to one. She found it increasingly difficult to breathe. Her chest felt like a hot-air balloon was slowly inflating inside of her. Slowly, the real world around her began to look fuzzy.  
  
Meanwhile, Warrick had finished with Elsie’s backside, but didn’t want to break contact with her, so he wrapped his hands around and began working the lotion into her tummy. As he moved to her front, Elsie leaned back willingly to give him access, and rested her head on his chest to get herself a better angle on Mia’s back. She sighed deeply as Warrick’s hands caressed her body lightly and she shivered, ever so slightly ticklish. As his hands worked their way lower, she found herself sucking in her tummy just a bit, tempting him to slip his fingers underneath her bikini bottom bridge. Part of her knew this was inappropriate especially in a public setting, but another part of her was convincing her that nobody was going to see, anyway. She was sandwiched near the back of the line, so there were plenty of bodies blocking the view to hers. She glanced up at the nearest lifeguard. He didn’t seem to be paying much attention to them, but he did frequently glance in their direction. She wondered if he suspected anything.  
  
On the other end of the train, Carter daubed the lotion into Brie’s shoulders. He found her especially fidgety, dodging and swaying as if his hands were hot irons. She breathed heavily and moaned slightly. He found it peculiar, but was also concerned, as it wasn’t helping his stiffness problems. As he continued to massage her, she seemed to undulate under his touch. She leaned forward, putting her hands on her knees, while her hips rolled slightly up and down, rubbing the crack of her bottom against his crotch. He felt precum leak from the tip of his cock and was glad that his swimming trunks were already sodden, or the moist spots might have been obvious.  
  
Brie hissed sharply, “Fuck.” She was only half in the real world. Her cheeks were burning red and her face, shoulders, and chest shone with a light film of sweat. Her breath was heavy, practically panting. To keep her hands from wandering inappropriately down her dad’s trunks, she had to clamp them tightly on her knees. Yet her body found other ways to get what it wanted. Her hips shifted involuntarily up and down against the boy behind her. She could feel his hard cock in her crack and, because she had never experienced such a thing before, was unsure why she was so desperate to have it inside her. Her pussy oozed girl-fluids down the legs of her swimsuit.  
  
Behind Carter, Hazel was finishing up with the sunscreen on his lower back. Without knowing it, she, too, had the same idea as Warrick, and moved around to his front side. She leaned forward and cooed lightly into his ear as she ran her fingers over the firmness of his youthful, washboard abs. Carter didn’t exactly understand what was happening to him, but he wasn’t going to question it either. These two strange girls, a mother and her daughter, had no more appeared in his life and gave him the wildest first impression he had ever experienced. He wondered if Hazel even noticed what her daughter was doing to him just on the other side of his body. He wondered, too, if Mia noticed what Hazel was doing to him, but Mia was oblivious.  
  
Hazel circled her hands up and down his chest and stomach. With each round, she dipped lower and lower until she hit the waistband of his trunks. She paused, resting her hands there briefly, then ventured her thumb underneath the band. Carter barely reacted, trying to keep cool, but he gave out a terse, “Mm.” That was all the affirmation Hazel needed. She slipped the rest of her fingers underneath his suit and went straight for his hardened dick. He gasped quietly as she made contact with his hot shaft. She felt the gooey precum at the tip and used it to gloss up his head and sensitive underside. She then took to jacking him slowly and subtly inside his shorts. She could also feel her daughter’s ass undulating in front of him so she made an effort to match her rhythm. To make her efforts easier, she freed the head of his cock from his shorts, exposing it to the hot summer air, knowing Brie’s small body would hide his member from the view of the watchful lifeguard and most of the pool-goers.  
  
Carter was nervous that he would be caught, but that also made the experience even hotter for him and he found himself unable to pull back the reigns. It didn’t take long for the intensely erotic experience to push him over the edge and he felt his balls begin to boil over. His whole body stiffened and his cock swelled and jerked. The dam had broken. His breathing shuddered and rope after rope of thick cum erupted from within him. The first spurt arced high up into Brie’s hair. The next few streaked up her back. Hazel’s hand moved firmly, but subtly along his length for the duration. As his orgasm began to subside, cum continued to pulse slowly out and stream down his shaft and over her fingers. His head at last began to clear and he was able to take stock of his surroundings. Behind him, a beautiful woman he had never met before had just jacked him off in a public pool. In front of him sat her daughter who continued to writhe erotically between his legs. Beads of sweat streamed down her shoulders and mixed with the cum he had spat on her back. Her trunks appeared to be soaked through with a shiny, sticky liquid. He was thankful she didn’t seem to notice how her mother had defiled her. Or maybe she didn’t care? He was also thankful that the lifeguard didn’t notice.  
  
He decided to retreat to the pool to clean up and regroup. “Alright, I think I’ve got enough sunblock,” he said awkwardly. He quickly righted the front of his swimming suit and slid out from between Hazel and Brie. He jogged to the edge of the pool, and dove in.  
  
As her lotion partner and plaything abruptly left, Brie, too, felt she was ready to swim. She also felt full of uncontrollable passion and wanted to do nothing but curl up into a warm ball and pleasure herself until time ended. Her hair stuck to her red-hot face and her borrowed shorts were saturated with pussy juice. She fought through the haze, however, and somehow came to grips that it would be inappropriate to masturbate in public. With slit eyes and a forced smile, she squeaked out, “Gonna go swim, too.”  
  
She slid off the edge of the bench, dizzy, her knees threatening to buckle inwards. She managed to regain her balance and hobbled slowly over to the edge of the water. She sat at the ledge and hung her feet off, dipping them into the water. Already the cool water helped to clear her head and she felt a bit of relief.  
  
With Carter out, Mia, too was ready to get back into the water. She glanced over her shoulder to Elsie behind her and Warrick quickly moved his hands to a more appropriate place. Mia said, “Thanks Els, I think I’m good, too, I’m getting back in the water. I never burn, anyway.” She climbed over the lounger and headed to the edge of the pool. She glanced down to where Brie was sitting, seemingly oblivious to the world around her. As she jumped into the pool a thought stuck in the back of her mind: *Was that cum in Brie’s hair?* Yet she concluded that surely there was no way it could be. She chided herself that she would think such a dirty thought.  
  
Back at the lounger, Hazel flipped around and noticed Elsie laying back on Warrick’s chest. He looked down at her and spoke up, “Aren’t you gonna go swim with your friends?”  
  
Elsie sighed dreamily, “In a bit. But you still need to do my legs.”  
  
Warrick’s eyes flicked up to his wife and he said nervously, “Uh, but… you can do your own legs.”  
  
Hazel smiled a charming smile and said, “I can do your legs, honey, if Warrick doesn’t want to.” Warrick could only think to himself just how untrue that statement was, but he didn’t want to be inappropriate touching his daughter’s young friend in front of his wife, much less the pool-going audience surrounding him.  
  
“Okay,” Elsie said and kicked her legs up into Hazel’s lap. She closed her eyes and the elder woman began to massage her legs. But before using the sunblock, Hazel worked in the remaining cum that Carter had spilled in her hand.  
  
Warrick swallowed hard at the sight of his wife massaging the young thing between them. He looked at Hazel and she returned a lusty smile and a wink. He determined then that she was doing it on purpose to tease him. But this was their daughter’s best friend. Was Hazel really okay with him getting worked up over her? He tentatively began to massage her shoulders again.  
  
Elsie said, “Mmm, this is really nice.”  
  
“It is,” Hazel replied with a smile.  
  
At the pool, Brie finally dipped her little body into the water. It was much cooler than the air temperature around her, and a much needed relief. She felt safe under the surface, not quite so exposed to the world. She didn’t swim around, so much as aimlessly follow along the edge of the pool. She tried to get out of her fuzzy head by focusing on the goings on around her. Across the way, she saw Mia and Carter flirting and giggling together. He seemed much less energetic than he was earlier, having given up his penchant for pranks. Around her, families and friends splashed and screamed, whacking one another with foam noodles and floating on giant, inflatable rafts. She felt uncomfortable by their presence. Or was it simply her state of mind that was making her uncomfortable? The lifeguard was keeping an eye on the melee, but did seem oddly preoccupied with the lounge chair where her parents were. Her mom and dad appeared to have teamed up to finish lotioning Elsie. Elsie herself, with eyes closed, looked like she wasn’t going anywhere anytime soon.  
  
As Brie wandered alone along the concrete lip of the pool, she found herself attuned to a distant, subtle vibration in the water. Somewhere nearby was a current. Her nerves lit up and urged her to seek it out. She continued through the water, with one hand on the pool ledge. Despite the heat, goosebumps formed across her exposed neck and shoulders. The sensation quickly intensified until she was struck by a powerful underwater jet emanating from a spigot below the surface. It was part of the water filtration system. As the water was actively recycled, it would run through the system where it was cleaned and purified and finally shot back into the pool via the underwater jets.  
  
Alarm bells rang in her head, disorienting her. She cried out from the sensations produced by the powerful jet, but quickly bit her tongue. She didn’t want anyone paying attention to her, especially the lifeguard. She passed her hand in front of the port, and felt the force of the water filtration system in action as she struggled to keep her palm in place over it. She felt as though she had found the holy grail: with the pressure of this robust underwater blast, she could finally get the orgasmic relief she needed without anybody interfering or even noticing.  
  
With both hands, she gripped the edge of the pool and, putting her feet against the wall, positioned her pussy in front of the blower. The pressure felt intense and magical and it was all she could do not to moan aloud. She quickly covered her mouth with one hand, and in doing so nearly lost her grip on the ledge with the other. After doing some experimentation, she figured that she could float her body above the stream and slowly sink her hips into it. In this way, she could control the intensity of the experience, depending on how close to the stream she let her pussy get.  
  
She glanced one last time at the lifeguard to ensure he was not watching her and then set to work. She floated down into the rushing underwater stream. The blast of pressurized water battered against her cunny. Rapidly, the world around her tunneled toward darkness. All of her attention was on her body and her burning, sensual nerve endings. The heat of the day mixing with the coolness of the water had her mind in a tangle. As she drifted down into the stream, it caught the waistband of her boyfriend bottoms and rippled the fabric across her pussy petals. Her body trembled and she trilled to herself. As she drifted further downward into the stream, its power more directly blasted her slit and she couldn’t help but moan quietly. But she kicked her legs, rising her body above the stream once more, controlling just how much pleasure she dealt herself at one time. Again, though, she allowed herself to drift downward and again the blower surged through her loose swimming trunks.  
  
But it wasn’t enough. She wanted to experience the full force against her most sensitive spot. She took one hand off the ledge and reached down to untie the drawstring of her dad’s trunks. She loosened the band, and pulled open the front so that the jet stream could now have unabated access to her privates. The continuous water pressure flowed over her pussy and down her legs. It tugged at her bottoms, threatening to tear them off her slender hips, but her hold on the elastic band was firm. Her whimpering grew louder and she edged closer and closer to the orgasmic cliff. She tried to fight the tremble in her body. She was losing strength in her grip on the ledge of the pool, so she released the waistband of her trunks in order to latch on with both hands. The powerful flow of water slipped her bottoms down her legs and off her feet. She was left bare-assed in the pool. But at this point she didn’t care. She didn’t care if anyone saw her naked bottom or the puffy cleft of her bare cunny, and she didn’t care if anyone heard her gratuitous moaning. The only thing she cared about was cumming—cumming hard—and taking the pleasure she felt was rightfully hers.  
  
With her remaining strength, she pulled herself up to the wall, placing her clitoris as close to the spigot as she could manage. She felt as if her body was absorbing the pressure of the water itself and building it up inside of her until she would explode.  
  
And at last, she did explode indeed. A wave of overwhelming pleasure crashed over her. The feeling was above and beyond what she had ever experienced to this point in her brief life. She whined and wailed aloud as her insides churned. “Fuck! My cunny. Uhng, my little pussy is burning hot! I need it inside me. I need my cunny fucked!” Her naked hips humped uncontrollably into the wall. Ongoing throbs of ecstasy rolled one after the other from her crotch throughout the rest of her body. “I’m cumming. Daddy, I’m cumming. It feels so fucking good!” she cried out.  
  
Above the surface her shoulders shuddered and her arms threatened to give out. She gasped and cried out as she tried to maintain her orgasm and keep the sensation going for as long as possible. But even as it intensified further, she could no longer hold on to the wall and so she drifted off, floating onto her back. Her eyes closed as the feelings within her began to ebb. She floated quietly for a moment, enjoying herself.  
  
Warrick was the first to notice his daughter’s actions. In the distance he could see her head breaking the surface of the water as she gripped the edge of the pool. Her face was twisted in ecstasy and she was speaking rapidly to herself. Though he was too far to hear the words specifically, he had a feeling he knew vaguely what was coming out. He knew he should intervene, or someone might see her, but it was too late. Women were shooting sidelong glances at his daughter and herding their children away. Men attempted to watch surreptitiously. Mia and Carter just stared. Warrick glanced up to check on the lifeguard, and the boy, too, merely sat and stared, gaping and wide-eyed at his delirious child. The crashing waves of pleasure began to subside in her heaving body and Warrick looked to his wife. “I should probably go fetch our child.”  
  
Hazel turned, unaware of what was happening to this point, and she saw Brie slip away from the edge of the pool. From this vantage, she didn’t have a clear look at what was going on. Warrick got up, laying Elsie limply against the back of the lounger. He was glad he was wearing regular shorts, because after putting his hands over nearly every inch of the girl’s body, it helped conceal just how hard he was at that moment. Between massaging Elsie in tandem with his wife and watching his daughter cumming in front of a largely unaware public, he was having a hard time telling his second head to pipe down.  
  
He trotted up to the edge of the water and it was here that he noticed that Brie had lost her shorts. She was floating on her back, eyes closed, sighing heavily, with her cooch exposed at the surface. He looked around to find where his swim trunks had gotten to, but couldn’t place them.  
  
“Brie, Brie,” she heard her name being called in the distance. “Brie,” the voice called again. It was her father, but he sounded distant and hollow. She cracked her eyes slightly and allowed them to adjust to the bright sunlight. The sun felt hot on her face, but the cool water she was floating in was the perfect antidote. As she bobbed up and down slightly, she felt it lap at her bare cleft. “Brie, baby, where are your trunks?”  
  
*My trunks?* she thought. She reached down to her waist and felt around. The realization began to dawn slowly, but then came quickly. She remembered that she was at the pool. Her eyes shot open and she glanced down, starkly aware that she had no bottoms on.  
  
Splashing helplessly, she ceased her floating and looked around. People all around were staring at her. She looked up at the lifeguard who suddenly remembered he had a job to do. He popped his whistle in his mouth and tweeted at her, then shouted, “Get your swimming suit on!” This only caused more people to stop and stare.  
  
Brie’s face turned beet red. She looked around desperately for her bottoms, but they were nowhere to be found. “I think someone took them,” she called back.  
  
“Son, I’ll take care of this,” Warrick said to the lifeguard. “It’s okay. She’s my daughter.” This satisfied the teen worker, who wasn’t entirely sure what to do in such a situation, anyway. Still, he and everyone around continued to stare. Warrick said quietly to Brie, “I’ll go get a towel, so we can get you wrapped up.”  
  
As he headed off, Mia and Carter swam up to her. “That looked incredible,” Mia said. “Is that what Elsie was talking about earlier today? Hyper-sex?”  
  
“Um, I guess so,” Brie blushed, her eyes becoming watery.  
  
“I told Carter about the whole O-Girl thing. I hope you don’t mind.”  
  
Brie squeezed the tears away bashfully. “Well, the cat’s out of the bag now, I guess,” she sniffled.  
  
Carter added, “That’s one of the wildest things I’ve ever seen. You’re very sexy, you know that?” He grinned and added, “But then, *all* of Mia’s friends are sexy.”  
  
Mia whacked him with the back of her hand and said to Brie, “We should all hang out more often.” Brie tried to appreciate the approval of her new friends, despite her public humiliation.  
  
Warrick reappeared with a beach towel. “Alright, let’s get you covered up.” Brie pulled herself out of the water, mooning the onlookers one last time before her dad covered her. After that, most of them went back about their normal pool activities, only occasionally shooting glances toward the family’s encampment.  
  
“You lost your bottoms, honey?” Hazel inquired when they got settled.  
  
“And those were my favorite pair,” Warrick complained.  
  
Elsie snickered, “So that’s where you got your ‘boyfriend bottoms’, huh?”  
  
“I hate to say this,” Warrick said. “I know we didn’t get much swimming time in, but it’s probably better if we called it quits at this point.”  
  
“Yeah,” said Brie quietly.  
  
Elsie sighed, “It’s okay, right now I think I’d rather just lay out like this, anyway, and we can do that at home.”  
  
With that, the two parents gathered up the supplies and herded them all off. As they left, Elsie waved goodbye to Mia and Carter. Carter was embracing his girlfriend from behind and, though the refraction of the water made it hard to say for sure, Elsie thought she could see his hands inside his girlfriend’s bikini bottoms. Mia returned the wave dreamily, and winked.  
  
They piled into the car and Brie curled up, laying her head in Elsie’s lap, and dozed the whole way home. Elsie felt heady from the attention she got from Brie’s parents. Between Warrick’s caresses and Hazel’s leg massage, she was feeling pretty turned on. Her wetness had saturated the crotch of her bottoms and slicked up her inner thighs. She hoped that her friend couldn’t smell her with her head in her lap, but Brie didn’t appear to mind. The return trip was very quiet.  
  
Eventually Warrick pulled into the driveway, and Hazel asked, “You girls wanna lay out in the sun on the back patio?”  
  
“Yeah!” Elsie cheered, startling the sleeping Brie, and dove out of the car.  
  
“I’ll get some dinner going,” said Warrick.  
  
On the back side of the house was a large, concrete patio. Elsie padded barefoot onto it. Its surface was hot from the sun. “This is gonna be perfect,” she said. It was strewn with deck furniture and a few tools for working in the yard, but after moving things around, she created a spot to lay down some towels. Brie appeared at the door, bleary-eyed, her towel still wrapped around her hips. Elsie saw her and asked, “How are you feeling?”  
  
Brie smirked, “Pretty good, actually.”  
  
“Good! You wanna lay out in the sun with me?”  
  
“That sounds like the only thing I want in the world right now.” Brie sighed and contentedly laid herself face down next to Elsie. She hiked her towel up over her thighs so that it was just covering her round butt. They stayed quiet for some time. At last Brie inhaled deeply and spoke up. “Oh Els, I wish you could have felt what I felt back there.”  
  
“Oh yeah?”  
  
“The water pressure was blasting me right on my clitty. It was the most incredible feeling I’ve ever felt. I didn’t care who saw me, or who knew what I was doing. I was just lost in ecstasy.” She sighed deeply in satisfaction.  
  
Elsie snickered. “And you thought I was brave for mooning the store clerk this morning.”  
  
“I don’t know what came over me. I feel like I should be more embarrassed by what I did.”  
  
“Are you not?”  
  
“I don’t know. I definitely was this morning. It’s so weird feeling so out of control of your own body. But, I think I’m starting to get used to it now.”  
  
“I think you made everybody in the pool jealous.”  
  
“I can’t believe I didn’t get kicked out!”  
  
“Are you kidding? I think that lifeguard was your biggest fan. He probably didn’t come down off his chair because you gave him a huge hardon!”  
  
Both girls burst into giggles.  
  
In the kitchen, Warrick felt like doing nothing but going into the bathroom and blowing his load into the toilet. After catching Elsie topless in the car, running his hands all over her body, and finding his daughter displaying her wares to the public, his engine was revved up. But he knew that if he held onto it, his wife would be happy to take his load later. He attempted to muster up all his attention for cooking dinner, but the kitchen looked out onto the back patio and he could see Brie and Elsie through the windows laying there and carousing. His erection was beginning to ache.  
  
Hazel sauntered in, still in her swimming suit. “Hey baby, how are you doing?”  
  
“I’m fine,” was all Warrick could think to say as he busied himself making hamburger patties.  
  
She banged around in the cabinets and pulled out a large glass pitcher. “Did you have fun at the pool?” she inquired.  
  
He glanced over at her skeptically and she returned an evil grin. He didn’t want to admit to his wife that he had gotten turned on by touching his daughter’s friend and especially didn’t want to think about Brie. At this point he had to assume that Hazel was teasing him about massaging Elsie with sunblock. “I had a lot of fun,” he replied simply with a smirk.  
  
“Good.” She edged close to him and began to fill the pitcher with water from the tap. She leaned in close and in a sultry voice said, “I was hoping it wasn’t just us girls.”  
  
“Yeah? You had fun, too?”  
  
“I definitely had fun, and I have proof, too.”  
  
“What do you mean?”  
  
As the pitcher filled, Hazel held up her phone and displayed the photo Mia had sent her. Warrick's eyes bugged as he saw the girl’s amateur photography of the four of them. “It was meant for Mia’s boyfriend,” she informed him.  
  
“So this is why it took you so long to get changed in the locker room.” Warrick couldn’t believe what he was seeing. The three topless young girls and his beautiful wife. Their bodies cuddled against one another. Hazel straddling and kissing his prurient daughter. “What else were you up to in there?”  
  
Hazel chuckled, “You wish, pervert.” She dumped a packet of lemonade mix into the pitcher.  
  
“So this must have been why Brie was in such a… mood this afternoon.”  
  
Hazel feigned innocence, “I had nothing to do with it. She was already in the mood. In fact, this photo was your daughter’s idea. Hers and Elsie’s.” She patted her husband on the crotch, “Speaking of moods, you seem to be in one now.”  
  
“It has been a couple hours since we last did it,” Warrick winked.  
  
“Okay, let’s make it quick.”  
  
That was all he needed to hear. He clutched his wife by her bare shoulders and spun her around. She chirped and bent over the sink, putting her hands on the counter. He pulled at the strings of her top and loosed her breasts into the open air and simultaneously tore his stiff cock out of his pants. He stroked it a couple times but recognized that with everything happening up until now, he was already very close to cumming. Without removing Hazel’s bottoms, he moved the crotch off to one side, taking in the sight of her shining, ruddy labia. With one swift motion, he speared into her slick tunnel and pressed her over the sink. Her pussy felt warm and velvety as it engulfed his shaft.  
  
As he began to rut with his wife, he noticed that from his vantage, he could still see his daughter and her friend laying outside through the kitchen window. Hazel moaned aloud into the sink basin lasciviously, and he saw the girls’ ears prick up, so he quickly reached around and covered her mouth to hush her. Brie turned slightly toward them and paused, but then decided that they were just hearing things and returned to her conversation with Elsie. Warrick silently praised their unawareness and continued to observe them as he and his wife conjugated in the kitchen.  
  
Hazel pressed her nipples into the cool metal of the sink basin, and they quickly hardened, increasing the pleasure she felt throughout her entire body. Though her husband was trying to keep her quiet, she moaned and hissed through his fingers. His hand pressed tightly against her mouth only made it hotter for her. Her legs were quivering, but she tried to meet her husband’s thrusts with equal vigor. Sweat beaded on her skin and tickled her thighs as it made its way down to the floor.  
  
Warrick humped away and stared at the two young girls laying outside. Their heads were faced away and their bottoms pointed up at him. They kicked their scrawny legs into the air, their bare feet swinging naively. The ruffled rear of Elsie’s suit made her look particularly felicitous. Warrick had seen her topless twice now, and wanted nothing more than to coax her out of the other half of her swimming suit. He wished she was as much an exhibitionist as Brie was.  
  
As the sun beat down, his daughter stirred, reaching down to adjust her towel once again. She hiked it up further, exposing the bottom of her cheeks, and folded the top over to ensure her hips and waists would still get bronzed by the sun. From Warrick’s viewpoint, he could now easily see the crack of her vagina between her slightly spread legs. His mouth watered and his thrusts grew more urgent.  
  
That was all he needed to put him over the edge. He grunted as his cock began to throb and jerk rapidly, pouring his pent-up semen into his wife’s lubricated pocket. Hazel felt his fertile offering filling her up and she, too, climaxed. Her muffled moans echoed against the sink basin, as she lowed from behind her husband’s firm grip. Her legs quivered weakly beneath her and her feet slipped on the sweat-slicked floor. Eventually, having spent his load, Warrick’s pace began to slow and he slipped out of her pussy. As his dick exited her body, a dollop of their mixed cum followed and slid down his wife’s leg.  
  
Warrick sighed, pulled up his pants, and caught his breath. “God, Hazel, I really needed that. You’re so sexy.”  
  
Hazel put her twisted bikini bottoms back in place and grabbed a fistful of ice cubes from the freezer. “I’m not the only one in this family who’s sexy.”  
  
Warrick gazed out the window as she dropped the ice cubes into the lemonade, one-by-one. Outside, the two girls had flipped themselves onto their backs and were chatting idly. Trendy sunglasses covered their eyes. With the clarity of mind that only comes after an orgasm, he said “I don’t know that I’d call her sexy, exactly. She’s our child, after all.”  
  
Hazel walked over to her husband and yanked at the waistband of his pants. His attention snapped to her and she looked him in the eyes and said, “I wasn’t talking about Brie, I was talking about you.” Warrick felt like he had been caught, and excuses began to race through his mind. But then a wicked grin crept across his wife’s face and suddenly she reached down his pants and dropped in the remaining ice cubes. Warrick howled and cursed at the unexpected prank.  
  
Hazel cackled and then retreated out the back yard, pitcher in hand and thighs streaked with pearls of semen. She approached the two young girls laying on their towels. “Hey you two pussycats. You getting enough time in the sun?”  
  
Brie glanced up to acknowledge her mother and saw she was topless. “Oh my god, Mom!” she shot out. “What if someone sees you?” Elsie wrenched her head up at the question to see Hazel’s bare breasts once more.  
  
Hazel replied frankly, “You’re one to talk, honey.” Brie blushed. Her mother was right. If anyone should have been concerned about people seeing something, it was her. Hazel continued, “I just don’t want any tan lines.”  
  
Elsie couldn’t believe she was seeing Hazel in such a state for the third time today. Yet this time felt so different. She wasn’t so shocked, so taken aback compared to the morning. This time she felt comfortable, even envious that the woman had such confidence. She looked her up and down, really sizing her up for the first time. Hazel had the perfect proportions and beautiful hair. Her smooth, already bronzed legs glistened in the sun. Her breasts stood out, capped by tempting, pink nipples. Elsie found her adrenaline pumping, still quite turned on from the pool, and ready to take advantage of this situation. She wanted to impress Hazel who, after all, had already seen her topless twice today. “That’s a good idea! No tan lines!” she giggled. She untied the back of her suit and pulled the top over her head. She was sure Warrick would be able to see her from inside, but she was feeling brave.  
  
Hazel smiled proudly at her, then asked, “Does anybody want any lemonade?” Both girls cheered. As she poured the glasses, Hazel’s eyes flashed only momentarily to the kitchen window. Beyond the windowpane, Warrick suddenly wished he hadn’t just cum, because he felt the show was now ten times better. As he prepared the meal they were all to eat, he kept an eye on the three girls. They moved about the back patio, sometimes laying on their backs, Elsie’s small breasts exposed to the summer rays; sometimes laying on their fronts and pointing their tempting little toes out; sometimes sitting cross-legged, toying with and tickling one another; and sometimes they seemed to take special care in reapplying each others’ suntan lotion, sighing and groaning at the pleasurable attention.  
  
As he was finishing up, Warrick turned his back on the window, only to hear a high-pitched shriek. He identified it as his daughter’s. Before he could turn around, the back door crashed open as Elsie trampled in, cackling maniacally. He looked up and saw her grinning out the door, gripping a towel in her hands. Brie stalked in, a look of consternation on her face, and a lack of anything covering her hips. Warrick put together that Elsie had stolen the towel that his daughter was wearing in place of the trunks she lost. “You kids,” was all he could think to say, as he stared at his bottomless child and her topless friend.  
  
Elsie shrieked again and blushed, suddenly aware that her bare breasts were on display in front of him. She used Brie’s towel to cover herself from his gaze, but Brie snatched it away from her. Elsie hooted in embarrassment and crossed her arms to cover her nipples, ducking around the corner, “Sorry, Mr. Nova!” she yelled.  
  
Brie strode purposefully after her, calling back to her dad, “Dad, we’re not kids!”  
  
“No,” Warrick sighed aloud to himself, as he watched the two disappear down the hallway and climb the stairs, “No, you are not.”  
  
“They’re not what?” Hazel asked, coming inside and startling Warrick.  
  
“They’re not… going to give me a moment’s peace.”  
  
“No,” Hazel agreed, leaning her head on his shoulder, “I don’t think they ever will.”

## Going Nova ch. 5: The Girls’ Sleepover Begins

Upstairs, Brie sat in front of a mirror and combed the knots out of her hair. It was still ratty from her time in the water. Meanwhile, Elsie dug through Brie’s messy closet, seeing what she could procure from her friend’s wardrobe. Neither of them had yet dressed. Elsie pulled out a white teeshirt that was two sizes too big for either of them. The shirt said “Bye hater” on it.  
  
“OMG,” Elsie said, “Remember when you wore this all the time?”  
  
Brie rolled her eyes at the oversized garment. “Yesss, I thought I was so hip-hop back then.”  
  
“Brie, hip-hop is the last thing you’ll ever be,” Elsie teased. She pulled the shirt on and flipped her hair out of it. She posed cheekily.  
  
Brie gave her a once-over, “You wear it better than I ever did. I bet even Mia would approve.”  
  
Elsie lit up at the suggestion. She twisted in the mirror, smoothing the shirt down her body as she examined her figure. It came down just over her butt. “You think so?”  
  
“You can have it, if you want.”  
  
“Really? You don’t want it?”  
  
“Nah, I just use it as a night shirt anyway. Something to sleep in.”  
  
A lightbulb went off in Elsie’s head, “Oh yeah, you know what we should do tonight? We should have a sleepover! I thought of it when I was getting my swimming suit, so I packed an extra outfit in my duffel bag, just in case.”  
  
“That sounds fun! I’ll ask my parents over dinner.”  
  
Just then, Warrick called from downstairs, “Dinner’s ready!”  
  
“We’re coming!” Brie called back.  
  
Elsie giggled and then moaned pornographically, feigning masturbation, “We’re cumming.” Brie frowned and smacked her friend on the shoulder, which made Elsie laugh even harder.  
  
Brie quickly finished getting ready, leaving her bikini top on and slipping back into her gray sweatpants. Elsie reached under the oversized shirt and untied one side of her bottoms. “Guess I don’t need these on anymore.” She released the strands, winking at Brie as they slid down her leg and she stepped out. Brie inhaled deeply, pushing back against a nervous sensation flooding her chest. They headed down the stairs to dinner.  
  
———  
  
Over dinner, Brie put in her request for the sleepover.  
  
“I don’t know,” said Warrick, “I was kind of hoping for a *quiet* evening.” He flung his head in Elsie’s general direction.  
  
Elsie pleaded, “Pleeease, Warrick.” And then in a whisper, “I promise I’ll be quiet.”  
  
“Don’t you girls have school in the morning?”  
  
Brie countered, “No, tomorrow’s Sunday. And besides, you and mom had Ivy sleep over on Thursday, and that’s a school night.”  
  
Warrick shot a glance at his wife, who gave a smirking nod of admission back. This was the first they knew that Brie had overheard the friend and junior coworker of Hazel’s. “True,” Warrick conceded, “But we’re adults and we get to break the rules.”  
  
Brie turned to Hazel, “Please, mommy?”  
  
“Please!” echoed Elsie.  
  
“It’s up to your father.”  
  
Not wanting to be the villain, Warrick finally relented with a sigh, much to the girls’ excitement and also to the detriment of his eardrums. After they finished eating, the girls cleared the table and Hazel started on the dishes.  
  
Warrick herded them into the family room. “You girls want to watch a movie or play a game?”  
  
“No, let’s play the Nintendo,” Elsie replied.  
  
“Okay, I’ll get it set up.” Warrick flicked the remote and turned on the television. He pulled out a vintage Nintendo console and popped in the the third Super Mario Bros. game. Being as it was an older system, the length of the cables prevented whomever had the controller to sit on the couch and play at the same time, so the player had to sit in the middle of the room.  
  
Elsie was up first. She sat down, cross-legged on the carpet and started plugging away at the first level. “These graphics are so old!” she giggled.  
  
“This is a classic game,” Warrick retorted, finding a seat on the couch. “They did amazing things with the technology for the time.”  
  
“Still, doesn’t change how old it is, hah!”  
  
Warrick was unable to argue her point.  
  
Meanwhile, Brie sat on the couch next to her father. As they both looked on, watching Elsie’s progress, Warrick lazily rubbed his daughter’s back with one hand. Brie felt both comforted and relaxed by its presence on the bare parts of her back. It kind of tickled, and goosebumps rose up. She shivered and sighed deeply.  
  
Warrick noticed her breathing and felt sudden clarity in his actions, realizing that his absent-minded stroking might be having real implications for his daughter’s sensitive nerve endings. He stopped and patted her on the shoulder, resting his hand there.  
  
Brie didn’t want the feeling to stop, though, so she turned to him, flashing a smile, and quietly said, “Daddy, that feels good. Keep doing it.”  
  
Warrick was unsure that it would be wise to honor her request, but he was too charmed by her impish smile to fight it and again began to lightly rub her back and shoulders. He figured he could send her up to her room if her new, erotic tendencies began to get out of hand.  
  
But Brie was trying her hardest to stay extra-engaged with the game on the TV. She didn’t want to be banished to her room, she just wanted to enjoy herself. She pushed back against the warm feelings she was harboring in her belly.  
  
In front of them, Elsie was doing pretty well, but eventually a rogue fireball took Mario’s life and it was time to switch players. “That was cheap!” she cried out and turned to her friend. “You’re up.”  
  
Brie slipped down from the couch and plopped herself onto the floor next to Elsie. She attempted a run of the first world, but her fingers felt sluggish. She was unable to make Mario perform accurately and so she stumbled through the level. To her credit, she nearly made it to the end, but before she did, Mario fell to his doom. “Fuck me!” she shouted.  
  
“Easy now, Brie,” Warrick scolded, “Don’t let your mom hear you talking like that.”  
  
Elsie laughed uproariously.  
  
“Sorry, dad,” the girl replied, returning to the couch.  
  
Once again, Elsie took the reigns and began her next run. Unlike Brie, she was not quite so distracted, and her playtime was much longer. Warrick resumed treating his daughter to a back rub. He enjoyed having more-or-less unrestricted access to her smooth, slender back, save for the places covered by the scanty strings of her swimming top. He switched up from using his fingertips to lightly scratching her with his nails. Brie inhaled deeply and quickly exhaled, letting only the quietest of moans escape her lips.  
  
Warrick heard, but still he persisted. As he dragged his fingernails across her shoulders and up the nape of her neck, Brie felt some of her girl-cum dribble into the crotch of her sweatpants.  
  
“Damn it!” shouted Elsie. A bouncing turtle shell had taken her next life. She turned to Brie and noticed the special treatment her dad was giving her. Brie gazed back and blushed. Elsie smirked, “It’s your turn again.”  
  
“Um, okay,” Brie replied, quietly. She crawled back onto the floor.  
  
Elsie, this time, took a spot on the couch instead of staying put next to her friend. She hoped that Warrick would rub her back, too, recalling the special attention he had given her at the pool that afternoon. Briefly, he didn’t move, so she leaned into him and flashed him a quick smile. He smiled back at her, albeit cautiously, but his constitution crumbled and he placed a hand over her tee-shirt covered back. As Brie careened through the stage, Warrick lightly massaged the young girl beside him.  
  
Warrick’s heart pounded. He could tell that Elsie was flirting with him, but he couldn’t really grasp her true intentions. Was she really attracted to him, or was it just building hormones guiding her suggestive actions? Or was it his own hormones seeing something sexual in the innocent young girl seated beside him that wasn’t actually there? More shouting snapped him out of his contemplation.  
  
“I died again!”  
  
“Already?” whined Elsie, “You did that on purpose!”  
  
Brie was taken aback. “What?”  
  
“You’re dying so that I have to play the game and you can just sit here and watch!”  
  
“No I’m not, you’re just better at it than I am.”  
  
“Just go again!”  
  
“I can’t go again, it’s your guy up!”  
  
“Girls!” Warrick interrupted, “If nobody wants to play the game, we don’t have to, but you’re the ones who suggested it.” He wondered if they were fighting over his attention. “Let’s not end a friendship over Mario.” The girls exchanged sheepish glances. “Why don’t we watch a movie instead?”  
  
They all agreed and rifled through the movies available to stream.  
  
“Daddy, can we watch a rated-R movie?” Brie asked.  
  
“Oh I don’t know, do you think you’re mature enough to handle it?” Warrick asked in return.  
  
Brie rolled her eyes and said, “Yesss.”  
  
“Can we watch a rated-X movie, Daddy?” Elsie asked brightly, batting her eyes, clearly being sarcastic.  
  
Warrick brushed off the fact that she, too, had called him daddy and chuckled. “Very funny. Anyway, there aren’t any rated-X movies to stream on here.”  
  
“How about this one?” Brie pointed to a sci-fi film called “Barbarella”. It says it’s rated PG.  
  
Warrick was unfamiliar with it, but it looked like an adventure film, akin to “Star Wars”. “That looks like a good one to watch. Fire it up.”  
  
They hit play and Warrick turned off the lights. He seated himself back on the couch, and the movie flickered to life on the screen. Brie crawled onto his lap while Elsie sat next to him, seating herself at the front edge of the couch cushion. From this vantage, Warrick was able to attend to both of them, one with either hand, and he recommenced rubbing, and lightly massaging the two bodies in front of him.  
  
The movie began to play and an astronaut floated into the frame in a kitschy, psychedelic costume. As the opening credits played, the astronaut peeled off its gloves, revealing feminine hands inside. From there, the woman continued into a kind of sensual, zero-gravity strip tease, slowly peeling off parts of the suit one-by-one. Warrick and the girls were shocked to see her floating in space and climbing completely out of her clothes.  
  
“Whoa,” Elsie whispered.  
  
Just then, Hazel entered the dark room. She was still in her bathing suit, and remained topless from earlier in the day. By now on the TV screen, Jane Fonda was fully nude, and flashing glimpses of her breasts to the camera. “What on earth are you all watching?”  
  
“Sorry honey, it said it was rated PG. It’s 1960s sci-fi. We can turn it off.”  
  
“Well, I suppose it’s fine,” she relented, “Most of us here have boobs already. How raunchy could a movie be in the ’60s, after all?” She took a seat on a recliner nearby. “Brie, honey, come sit on my lap and and let me give you your medicine.”  
  
Brie rolled her eyes and sighed, and crawled out of Warrick’s lap. She climbed up onto the chair with her mother and Hazel produced a syringe. Brie opened her mouth while Hazel pushed in the plunger, which she did with a little too much force. While most of the gooey syrup fell into the girl’s mouth, much of it splattered up the length of her nose and onto her cheeks.  
  
“Ew, Mom, you got it all over me!”  
  
Hazel chuckled and defended herself. “Sorry! It’s dark in here. I couldn’t see what I was doing.”  
  
Brie reached a hand up to wipe it off, but Hazel stopped her, “Here, let me do it.” She then leaned in and suddenly licked the solution right off her daughter’s nose.  
  
Brie reeled back, “Mom! Gross! Don’t lick me!”  
  
“Can we keep it down?” barked Warrick.  
  
Hazel laughed aloud, “Okay, okay! It was just a prank.” She held her daughter by the cheeks and wiped the rest of the medicine off her face with her thumbs. When she was done, Brie turned around and leaned back into her mother, laying her head upon her soft, bare breasts.  
  
“It tastes good, though,” Hazel followed up.  
  
“What’s it taste like?” Warrick inquired, himself curious about the strange medicine.  
  
Hazel sighed wistfully. “Tastes a bit like… my childhood.” She brought her sticky thumb up to her nose and gave a sniff before sucking it off her thumb, savoring the flavor this time.  
  
“What do you mean?” Warrick was confused.  
  
“It tastes like the medicine I had to take when I was sick.”  
  
Warrick could only imagine it must taste like sugary artificial cherry flavoring, but then remembered Brie had said it was salty when the doctor fed her her first dose.  
  
Meanwhile, on the TV, the movie turned out to be an out-and-out cheese-fest, but it was surprisingly racy. The first scene featured Barbarella rewarding a man she had just met with sex. Of course, it was only implied as their futuristic carriage skated around an icy plane, but Brie was taken by it, nonetheless. She imagined what scenes could be happening inside the man’s circling vessel. To date she had never been with a man, but she was suddenly feeling curiously keen on trying it out. A buzzing in her head began to grow, and her cheeks tingled as she daydreamed about some of the boys in her school.  
  
With Brie now sitting on Hazel’s lap, Elsie noted that Warrick’s was open, so she decided to climb aboard. Warrick didn’t mind at all. He continued to rub her back and shoulders through her oversized tee-shirt, now free to use both hands on her at the same time. Elsie purred and found herself getting used to his touch. After her lengthy massage at the pool, and now being close to Warrick again, she felt like she was being put under a spell, and one she liked, at that. Sitting on one of his legs, she spread her legs across his thigh and held onto his knee with her small hands for balance. She occasionally leaned into her arm, pressing her forearm against her crotch, feeling an electric sensation from her pussy every time she applied pressure there.  
  
Warrick could feel the girl rocking slightly on his leg as he continued to rub her shoulders. He silently wished she were rocking on his hardening shaft instead. Between his still-topless wife, his perpetually turned on child, the sexy movie playing, and the sweet, young thing turning to putty in his hands, he felt like he was watching a lit fuse on a powder keg, edging ever closer to explosion.  
  
Brie felt safe in the warmth of her mother’s embrace. While she was enjoying the strangely risqué feature on the television, she felt distracted by the warm softness of her mom’s chest. Losing interest in the screen, she shifted in her lap so that she could gaze upward at the shapely cones of the bosom before her. The nipples that capped them off seemed to call out to her. She wanted to touch them, to suck on them. The world around her began to fade away, and she fixed her vision upon them. When she thought that nobody was paying attention, she reached up and brushed her hand, with her tingling fingers, against one. Hazel, of course, noticed, but only gave a sigh finished off with a soft moan. This emboldened Brie, who felt like her head was filling with gauze. She puckered her lips slightly, imagining what it would be like to take one of those nipples into her mouth. She quickly became fascinated with her mother’s boobs, and ignored the movie that played. She gently kneaded one breast, and then the other. Beneath her, she felt her mother’s legs quiver.  
  
Hazel dragged her fingers across Brie’s bare arms, lightly tracing up and down their length, from her girl’s shoulders, down to the fingertips that were themselves now drawing circles around her own areola. She glanced over at Warrick, but he was either too focused on the movie, or perhaps too focused on massaging the nymph in front of him to notice the two of them. Her child’s head was so close to her nipple that she could feel her warm breath cascade across it in rhythmic pants. It made her giddy inside and gave her flesh goose bumps. She reminisced about how she and her daughter used to sit in that very chair and feed. She knew what Brie needed once again, and she shifted her weight slightly, directing one of the stiffening buds ever closer to her daughter’s pouting lips.  
  
Brie’s base instinct kicked in and she took to it readily. Hazel again moaned softly as her daughter’s warm lips engulfed her nipple. She considered that it wasn’t too many years ago that Brie was weaned from her breast. Now, here she was once again, suckling her daughter, who indulged with the vigor of a newborn baby. It wasn’t just erotic, it was sacred.  
  
Meanwhile, Elsie was distracted from the movie at hand and noticed what was happening in the recliner across the room, though she dared not make a comment. She was loving the attention she was getting from Warrick and didn’t want to draw attention to him nor herself. She deeply desired to shed the shirt she wore, along with the rest of her inhibitions, and allow Warrick total access to her body. But, given that she wasn’t wearing any panties underneath, she realized that would leave her completely naked and sitting on top of Warrick’s lap! She begrudged that it wasn’t such a great idea in front of his wife. Nevertheless, she dared to push the envelope a little further. She turned to Brie’s dad and whispered, “Can you rub my back… for real, I mean?”  
  
Warrick swallowed hard and paused to consider. He had been attending to her, but he had always kept his hands over her shirt. Now she was asking him to delve underneath, to make skin-to-skin contact with the young girl. Elsie shifted her weight and lifted the back hem from under her butt to give him access. Warrick obliged and, as he moved his hands under the garment, he became starkly aware that the girl wasn’t wearing any underwear at all. Below the bottom of her shirt, he caught a glimpse of the top of the crack of her small, bare ass sat atop his knee. He even recognized a familiar, warm, satiny moisture seeping from her bare split. While the logistics were a bit awkward, he was able to surreptitiously access her backside without exposing their ploy to his wife. However, as he worked his hands up to her shoulders, his arms pulled the bottom of her shirt up high enough to leave everything below her hipbones exposed. If Hazel or Brie had looked over, they would have surely seen her young cunny glistening in the flickering light of the television.  
  
Elsie balked and quickly yanked the front hem down to cover her crotch so she wouldn’t be caught. Still, her ass continued to peek out from underneath the back of her shirt. Even so, she loved the feeling of Warrick’s hands on her bare flesh, which was magnified by the added thrill that she was doing something naughty. Though she attempted to focus on the movie, she began to enter a trance.  
  
On the recliner, Brie continued to sip at her mother’s breast, encouraged by the woman’s increasingly ragged breathing and light whines. In Brie’s world, these sounds were amplified, like the beating of a drum, combined with the moans of a porn star. Hazel’s rubbery nipple was stiff inside her mouth, and she tongued at it like a baby might. It felt both wrong and right, at the same time, to be sexually engaged with her own mom, and Brie gave in fully to her desires. Her head was buzzing and her own breathing was becoming labored.  
  
Beneath her sweatpants, she felt her girl cum dribbling out of her puss and down her crack. It only distracted her from her mother just enough to wonder if she could get away with masturbating right then and there in the living room in view of her parents and even Elsie. It didn’t seem so risky, she thought. After all, only her father had yet to directly experience her torrents of bliss this weekend. Her mother had helped her get off in the car just the day before, and Elsie had shared an orgasm with her at the mall earlier that same day. Even her dad had witnessed something happening at the pool.  
  
She fought through the fog in her head, detached herself from the breast of her attentive mom and glanced over at her dad. She saw him still rubbing Elsie’s shoulders, but he had now moved under her shirt. She could see the side of her friend’s little butt on his knee and wondered if he noticed that she was naked underneath the single thin layer of cotton of her tee-shirt. She began, too, to wonder if her father was hard. She wondered what his penis looked like. It had been years since she had seen his cock—albeit never erect—but she had overheard her parents’ fuck sessions many times. Her mother, in particular, wasn’t subtle about it when they were together, always moaning, often swearing, in pleasure. Brie wondered why she couldn’t be just as brazen there in the darkness.  
  
She returned to nursing at her mother’s breast and her mind raced. She daydreamed about dicks shooting spunk when a man like her father was aroused enough, and she felt a growing curiosity to know what that looked like. She was now quite familiar with the flood of her own cum, but not that of a man. She felt strangely ashamed that she had never seen her father’s cum up close. But she chided herself internally, for what normal young girl would ever see such a thing from her father. Nevertheless, she now despaired at so many missed opportunities through the years. Whenever she used to hear her parents fooling around, she would go outside, if it was daytime, or cover her ears with her pillow. But why, she wondered, didn’t she ever feel the desire to go and watch before now?  
  
As she dreamed about her father’s payload, her mind again wandered to the medicine she had to take. It was unlike anything she had ever tasted before. She wondered if it was at all like what a man would produce. She began to imagine herself covered in it. She fantasized about it splashing over her face, and glazing her pussy. Though her mom had already given her a dose, she felt the need for more.  
  
She popped Hazel’s nipple out of her mouth and spoke. “Mom, I think I need more medicine.”  
  
Hazel inhaled slowly, her breath shuddering, and spoke quietly. “Yeah?”  
  
Brie nodded back silently.  
  
“Okay, let’s go upstairs and get you as much as you need.” She grasped her daughter and heaved herself up off the chair. She carried Brie in her arms and left the room.  
  
Both Warrick and Elsie stared at the two of them, following their path intently, as they crossed the room and exited through the doorway. As soon as Hazel had left the room, the two remaining paramours dispensed with their reticence with reckless abandon. Warrick’s hands moved along underneath Elsie’s shirt directly to her front side. His touch was firm, and he rubbed across her fit tummy and headed upwards to grope the slight mounds of her small tits. She cooed and arched backwards, thrusting her chest out and craning her neck around to speckle his chin and jaw with kisses. His hands circled and massaged her modest breasts. He grasped her aching nipples. She raised her arms slightly and Warrick instantly got the hint and stripped her shirt right over her head in one fluid motion.  
  
Elsie shivered with a chill, having her one and only layer removed so swiftly. She also attributed her goosebumps to her nerves. No man, no boy for that matter, had ever treated her like this, ever made her feel like this. The man behind her, her best friend’s dad, felt strong in contrast with her tiny, young frame, and she reveled in his directness. Still facing away from him on his lap, she reached back and wrapped her arm around his neck, leaning into him, brushing her soft face against his rough, stubbly one. She arched her back, pushing her chest out to meet his hands, which roamed freely up and down her body. He dipped his fingers down over her tummy, closer to her slit, and she became aware of her flowing natural lubrication.  
  
Part of her felt depraved, like she should put an end to this, to stop the madness, before they took things too far. But another, stronger part of her knew she was helpless in his presence and would let it continue. It was not a choice as much as an inevitability, but one she gladly made peace with. She rocked her hips atop his thigh, sliding the length of her slick pussy up and down, from her watering hole up to the nub of her electrified clit, leaving behind a glossy streak on his leg.  
  
Warrick worked his fingers down her belly until at last he reached the top of her virginal crack. His index finger pressed beneath the folds of her lips and found the stiff bundle of her love bump. He lifted the hood covering it and brushed over the sensitive nerve endings. Elsie moaned aloud. One of her hands instinctively tore at the waistband of his trousers. Warrick’s fingers danced across her clit, sending her limbs flailing and ruining her concentration, though she managed to just get his pants unbuttoned and unzipped. Her small hand ducked under the waistband of his underwear and found his swollen cock waiting. Warrick groaned aloud as she grasped for it with petite hands. She pulled it from underneath the fabric. A bead of precum formed at the tip and turned into a rivulet that rolled down his shaft. She stroked it and worked the clear lubricant around his shaft, her inexperience apparent, but desirable just the same.  
  
Warrick couldn’t hold back any longer, and in one swift motion, he scooped his daughter’s young friend up off his knee, turned her around to face him, and laid her on her back upon the floor. Her legs instinctively splayed wide and her blushing gash parted slightly. He knelt between her knees, tugging his underwear down over his thighs.  
  
Elsie gazed through slit eyes as Warrick towered above her in the dim light, his cock swaying into view. She felt excitement and terror at the same time. It was her first time, and it was with her friend’s dad. And Brie and Hazel had no sooner left the room. *They could be back at any moment,* she thought.  
  
Then her mind flashed briefly to her parents. They would surely be disappointed to find her here, naked and on display for a much older man, desperate to be made his, desperate to be penetrated. She wished her mom and dad were as exciting as Brie’s parents. She thought about Brie’s comments about her mother earlier in the day, how the older woman had offered to help her get off. She wondered if her friend was telling the truth. And she wondered if, indeed, Hazel had fingered her daughter, or had maybe even gone further. She wondered if they were upstairs making love right now.  
  
Warrick, too, thought of his wife and his daughter. He knew Hazel had taken Brie to get her medicine, but he didn’t know how long that would take. He briefly wondered if they’d come back mere moments from now and catch him hovering over Elsie or in the salacious act that he was moving ever closer to performing with her. He gazed down at his protege and her narrowed eyes pleaded for him to continue. Her hips humped upwards along with her heaving breath, her precious crack only just managing to brush against his burning cock.  
  
Warrick swallowed hard and leaned forward to press the head of his dick at the top of her slick slit, then slid down until it lined up at the entrance of her tunnel. Elsie pursed her lips and whimpered, “Yes, yes,” nodding her head wildly. Her mewling turned into a loud moan as he pressed inside slowly, feeding the girl a cock for the first time in her life. He rocked slowly in and out of her tight pussy, making room for himself bit by bit.  
  
The small girl hissed and swore in pleasure underneath him. For Elsie, it was a feeling she had never felt before. It was something very different from when she used her own fingers, or indeed, even when Brie had fingered her at the mall earlier that day. His erection was hot inside of her, filling her completely, and her insides electrified as the ridged head skimmed the velvety pleats of her channel.  
  
Warrick gasped as he felt the girl’s warm pussy slowly engulf his rod. She was so tight that he found it difficult to maneuver inside of her, and he could feel her unconsciously clamping rhythmically down on his shaft, making it even harder to get all the way in. He pressed the weight of his body against hers and she spread her legs even further, trying to coax him in as far as he could go. At last he felt his cock reach the end of her tunnel and they both knew he could go no further. He paused there and they both moaned and whimpered for a few moments.  
  
Elsie looked down her body to where her’s joined with his. She could see the end of his shaft before it disappeared inside of her. She could see where her own body split. Her plump labia wrapped, stretching, tightly around the girth of his cock. “It’s amazing,” she panted. She craned her neck upwards to see Warrick and he smiled lustily down at her. She suddenly felt depraved, and turned her head away, thrilled and embarrassed at the same time by his attention. “I…”  
  
“What is it, Els?” Warrick pried.  
  
After a pause, Elsie formed the words, “I just wish you were… *my* dad.”  
  
Warrick’s heart pounded, but his cock leapt inside of her. He was unsure where she was going with this, wondering if she wanted him to pull out. But something about the sentiment of caring for her as a father turned him on incredibly, “What do you mean, honey? You want to be Brie?”  
  
Elsie continued to stare into the distance, “No, nothing like that. It’s just that…” she paused, unsure if she was revealing too much, “Then we’d live together, and we could do this every night, like I do with my sister.” She then turned to look at him and said with a very serious look in her eyes, “I wouldn’t tell anyone. I haven’t told anybody about Mallory.”  
  
Again Warrick’s cock swelled inside and he wondered if he was going to cum right then and there. Instead, he kept quiet and concentrated, doing math equations in his head, staving off thoughts of what this girl was doing with her sister, in addition to the impending eruption swelling in his balls. He swallowed hard again and rasped, “Well, kiddo, I can be your daddy for tonight and we can see how it goes after that, how does that sound?”  
  
Elsie’s pleading eyes warmed into a soft smile. “That sounds good.” She leaned up and kissed him softly on the lips. As her head fell back to the carpet, her expression again began to plead and a new hot flood of her essence began to drain from her crack. She squeezed the muscles of her vagina tightly around Warrick’s cock and begged, “Take me, Daddy.”  
  
Warrick needed no more encouragement and backed the length of his cock out of her body. Elsie covered her mouth with her hand and bawled through the entire journey. Just as his knob popped from within the elastic rim of her hole, he looked down her body to line up again. He was massive, especially next to her small, lithe frame. Even though he had just been inside of her, he didn’t believe he could actually fit. And then he plunged it back inside of her.  
  
Starting slowly, he steadily built up a quickening rhythm, pulling out as far as he could and then pushing back in until just before hitting her cervix. Elsie moaned wantonly, and he worried that her cacophonous howling would draw attention, but he still couldn’t bring himself to stop. Instead, he was emboldened and, propping himself up with one arm, he caressed her chest and nipples with the opposing hand. This only amplified her cries and swears. He slid his hand down and caressed her hips which caused her to get ever louder. Finally, he had to cover her mouth with his support hand. He felt the girl’s moans and hot breath against it, but at least she was muffled.  
  
As he continued to quickly pump his cock deep inside her, he targeted her clit with his thumb. No sooner had he pressed against it than Elsie’s body seized up and she went completely quiet. Her eyes snapped open and rolled backwards. Her back arched and she pressed her hips high into the air, and hard against his. She froze for just a moment, then suddenly began to quake, quietly, but violently. Tiny coos began to squeak out, indicating to Warrick that she was cumming. The notion sent him, too, over the edge. He drove his cock deep inside of her and his mind went blissfully blank. In that moment, he could only know the pleasure of the young girl’s warm sex. His cock surged and burst forth with what felt like hot lava and it filled up the small pocket of his prey. Together, they rutted wildly and loudly until at last they came down from their orgasmic high.  
  
Before he collapsed on top of her, Warrick pulled up his pants and rolled the two of them over so that Elsie laid on top of him. Her head rested on his chest and he returned to rubbing her back lightly as he did when the movie had begun. Her moans had once again ebbed, and turned into satisfied fussing. “Thank you, Daddy,” was the last thing she whispered to him that night. Before long, she was dozing, quietly nestled on his chest. Warrick finished off the movie, though he didn’t end up paying very close attention to its finale.  
  
Only after he flicked it off during the end credits, did he wonder what had become of his wife and daughter. *They must have gone to bed*., he thought. He gathered up the sleeping Elsie and, not thinking about it, carried her still-naked body upstairs to tuck her in for the night. He wandered by the master bedroom and down to the end of the hall where Brie’s room was. The door was cracked slightly and a dim table lamp provided a soft light. Warrick pushed it open quietly and found Hazel spooning Brie, both asleep in the bed together. A cool breeze came in through the open window.  
  
Warrick slipped his charge under the sheets next to Brie and covered her up, then quietly moved to the other side of the bed and roused his wife. “C’mon honey, let’s go to bed.”  
  
“Hm?” Hazel stirred sleepily, “Oh, okay. How was the rest of the movie?”  
  
Warrick nodded and kissed her forehead. She was sweaty from spooning her daughter under the sheets. He merely replied, “Very inappropriate.”

## Going Nova ch. 6: Mother-Daughter Bonding Time

Hazel carried her daughter out of the den, barely paying mind to her husband with young Elsie on his lap. She was through watching the silly movie they had chosen and now only wanted to bond with her child. Brie was light and slack in her arms and her daughter’s body was hot and damp against her bare breasts.  
  
Brie’s heart beat in an anticipation she didn’t quite understand. She felt as though something grand was in store for her upstairs, but she wasn’t sure what. All she knew for sure was that she was going to get more of that strange syrup. She was already woozy from cuddling her mother on the chair, and watching her father massaging her friend felt salacious. Brie was very turned on and she knew that she would have to masturbate again soon to satisfy her super-orgasmic condition, but for now, it felt right just to be close to her mother.  
  
They climbed the stairs to the second floor and went to Brie’s room where Hazel laid her daughter on top of the bed and rummaged in the nightstand drawer. She pulled out the bottle of medicine and produced the syringe. Brie sat up and watched as her mom inserted the plastic tool into the bottle and pulled back on the plunger, her eyes fixed upon the growing shaft of milky fluid within. Hazel pulled it out and a drop leaked from the tip and slid down the side of the bottle, a slick pearl streaking the glass. She turned to her daughter and said, “Alright, open wide, Brie baby.”  
  
Brie threw herself back on the bed and whimpered, “Mommy, I don’t want to drink it.”  
  
“Honey, isn’t this what we came up here for? I thought this was what you wanted.”  
  
“I— I do want it…” Brie hesitated before continuing, “but I want to play with it.”  
  
“Play with it? Won’t it go to waste?”  
  
Brie hesitated, “I don’t know, but Mommy, I think it will help. Yesterday, you said to listen to my body, and my body is saying to put the medicine on me.”  
  
Brie looked up at her mother with puppy dog eyes and Hazel caressed the girl’s face. She was willing to entertain her daughter’s newfound sexual urges as long as she was doing so safely. She wanted her child to get the most of it. “You’re right honey. I want to do whatever will make you happy.”  
  
“Can… can I play with it on my chest?” The request sounded scandalous in Brie’s head, and even almost silly. She held her breath in anticipation.  
  
Hazel gazed at her daughter for only a moment more before finally acquiescing. “Okay honey, if you think that will make you feel better.” Brie stared, entranced at the syringe, and licked her lips and nodded. “Alright, let’s take off your top and you can lay back.” Hazel clenched the syringe in her teeth and, with both hands, reached over and slipped her fingers under her daughter’s flounce top. She tugged upwards and pulled the bikini over Brie’s head, leaving the girl to flop lazily back onto the bed, her nipples greeting the open air.  
  
Brie rubbed her fingers over them and took in a sharp breath. Each digit felt like lighting as it caressed over the stiff points on her budding breasts. The feeling coursed deep into her lungs and spread down to her honey pot. She moaned softly, enjoying the pleasures of her own body.  
  
Hazel hovered over her, syringe in hand. “Okay, here it comes, baby.” She slowly pushed the plunger in.  
  
Brie watched as a blob of syrup oozed out and dangled at the end of a long, viscous strand. It glided through the air until at last it made contact with her naked chest. It was startlingly cool, and she flinched slightly, but it quickly warmed in contact with her hot skin. Slowly and deliberately, her mother traced the fluid from one nipple, across her scant cleavage, to the other, and back once again until the syringe was empty. Brie’s breath grew ragged as she reached up to touch the stuff. She slid her finger into it and marveled at it. It was silky, almost impossibly slippery, yet somehow it was sticky, clinging to her fingers. She sighed in ecstasy.  
  
“How is it, baby?” Hazel asked, laying down next to her.  
  
“It’s good,” was all Brie could think to say. As her mom laid against her, she rubbed the fluid around her chest, working it in with her fingers, like it was a lotion. She felt it having an effect on her. The electric feelings in her chest grew especially intense as she nestled into the warmth of her mom’s body. She wondered if she was going to cum from this feeling alone. As the essence began to absorb into her flesh, Hazel’s words once again cut through the fog.  
  
“Is it helping, baby? Do you need some more?”  
  
Brie didn’t need to be asked twice. “More.”  
  
Hazel reached for the medicine bottle. As she brought it near, she fumbled it on the slick streak that had spilled down the side and lost her grip. The glass bottle slipped from her fingers and bounced off of her bare tits and rolled onto her stomach. The whole way, it spilled its contents all down the woman’s body, all over her skin. “Oh shit!” she cried out, quickly righting it and returning it back to the night stand. But it was too late. The bottle was practically empty by the time she saved it.  
  
Brie was startled by her mother’s sudden moves and her eyes snapped open with stark clarity. Putting her playtime out of her mind, she leaned up on her elbows and took stock of the situation. Her mother was now covered in the gluey medicine she was supposed to drink. Streaks of it rolled down the mounds of her mother’s breasts, slid off her torso onto the bed, and puddled in her belly button.  
  
Hazel covered her eyes and laughed in embarrassment. “Oh no! What do we do now?”  
  
As Brie considered the question, the only thing she could focus on was how to make the most of all the sticky fluid. “I need it,” she said.  
  
“I’m sorry honey, the only way now is to get it off of me. I don’t think we’ll be able to get it back into the bottle at this point.”  
  
Brie flicked her eyes across her mother’s topless body, feeling a desperation to not let any of the medicine go to waste. She reached out her hand, scooping up some of the fluid with her fingers, and brought it to her mouth. She savored the flavor. Again she did it, this time cupping her hand against her mother’s body and scraping up a small amount that formed a puddle in her palm. She slurped it up greedily and a small amount dribbled down her chin, which she tried to catch with the back of her tongue.  
  
Down below, she felt her vagina begin to throb. She found the wet patch forming in the crotch of her pants cool and distracting. Barely aware that her mother was watching her intently, she slid the elastic band down over her ass to allow her juices to drip freely onto the bed, then kicked off her pants. She turned her attention back to the body in front of her, still coated in that fascinating elixir, and she felt inspired to have it all over her own body. With short breaths, she leaned in closely to her mother’s belly and said, “I need it all.”  
  
She stuck out her tongue to lap up the medicine, but as her head ducked closer, she changed her mind. Instead, she planted her entire face against her mother’s soft flesh and rubbed herself in the liquid directly, like a cat rolling in catnip. Hazel gasped at Brie’s wanton, desperate behavior. Brie moaned lightly, feeling the silky remedy coating her cheeks and nose.  
  
Hazel lustily arched her back, pressing herself against her child, and reached down to grab a fistful of her daughter’s hair on the back of her head. She tugged gently, guiding Brie’s hot face across her skin. She pulled her daughter up to her breasts and Brie shifted her nude body on top of her mother’s.  
  
Between them, the cloudy, sticky liquid lubricated their bodies and Brie slid around on its slickness. The friction of their skin gliding around electrified her nerves and she began to hump her slit against her mother’s tummy. Her pussy continued to exude her own brand of girl cum, adding to the melange of sweat and serum that gleamed over their forms. She urgently began to suck up whatever of the antidote remained on her mother’s breasts, dragging her tongue up and down the soft mounds.  
  
Hazel was enraptured by her daughter’s attentiveness and her chest heaved. She looked down and saw Brie lapping, red-cheeked, at her breasts. Her face was spackled with the spilled medicine and shining with sweat. Strands of the girl’s hair were pasted to her forehead. She looked like she had been on the wrong end of a porno money-shot. Nevertheless, Hazel wasn’t repulsed by the sight of her filthy daughter. In fact, she felt a swell of joy from deep inside her chest, which gave her an intense desire to be ever closer to her child. She pulled the girl up from her chest until they were face-to-face, and just as Brie looked in her eyes, Hazel craned her neck up for a passionate kiss.  
  
Brie didn’t need any encouragement. In fact, she was the first to offer up her tongue in the exchange. They moaned together into each others’ open mouths. Hazel felt the slimy film of the syrup lingering on Brie’s tongue. To her, it felt—even tasted—familiar. It reminded her of the times she and Warrick had brought Ivy into their bedroom. She liked to watch her friend suck off her husband. After Ivy swallowed his sperm, the two women would make out until he was hard again and, there, she would taste the similarly filmy feeling of the remains of Warrick’s cum in her best friend’s mouth.  
  
Brie broke off the kiss and cried plaintively, “Mommy, I want more medicine.”  
  
“Honey, I’m sorry, but I think we’re out of medicine. Everything that was in the bottle is now all over us.”  
  
“What are we gonna do? I need cummies, mommy.”  
  
“I know baby, I’m sorry.” Hazel kissed her child again and and an idea formed in her head. The rational side of her brain thought her daughter would never be convinced, but the instinctual side of her brain felt that it knew better, knew it was the only way. She broke away from her daughter’s lips and said, “You know what? I bet we can make some medicine of our own.”  
  
“We can?” asked Brie.  
  
“In fact, I think Daddy has been able to make the same kind of medicine all along,” said Hazel.  
  
In her state, Brie was easily confused and in no mood for involved thinking. “Mommy, what are you talking about?”  
  
“The medicine you’ve been drinking. I had a taste of it earlier, and I think it’s just cum!”  
  
Brie’s eyes went wide. “Just… cum?”  
  
“I don’t know for sure,” Hazel waffled, “but it looks like it, and it sure tastes like it. And it would make sense that cum would hurry along your orgasms, just like the doctor said.”  
  
“What do you mean?”  
  
“It works for me, too. When I drink cum, it helps me orgasm.”  
  
“Really?” Brie asked, breaking eye contact at the thought of her mother eating her dad’s cum.  
  
Hazel paused before repeating hesitantly, “I don’t know.” But deep in her mind, Hazel did know. She had secrets of her own, and she was positive the cure for super-orgasms was a particular kind of cum.  
  
The two laid against one another for a few moments, breathing heavily. Brie still felt the oven-like heat of desire effervescing within her and her focus turned back toward relief. “I’m so turned on, Mommy, I’m losing control again.”  
  
“It’s okay if you lose control, baby. You have a condition. If you need your cummies, do whatever you need to do to feel better.”  
  
Brie looked up into her mother’s eyes and stammered, “I… I w— I want to try cum. Like you said. Like the medicine. I wanna see if it helps.”  
  
Hazel’s heart beat in her chest and she petted her daughter’s hair. She hoped she was right about this. “Okay, baby.”  
  
“Can we go get Daddy now?” Brie asked.  
  
Hazel shook her head. “Not tonight, baby. Elsie is here, and Daddy is looking after her. It would be very bad for us if Elsie found out. Little girls aren’t supposed to eat their Daddies’ cum.”  
  
Brie pouted. She drew her hand down her body to feel her sex. She explored herself idly with her fingers. It was sticky with her juices and the spilled medicine. She brought her hand up and spread her fingers. Each was connected to the next by strands of the viscous mixture, which bowed under their own weight. She thought about it for a moment and almost dared not ask her next question. “What— what about your cum?” she asked.  
  
“What?” Hazel gulped.  
  
“Can I try your cum?” The girl looked away demurely.  
  
Hazel thought for a moment, her head becoming cloudy at the suggestion. She wasn’t sure if a woman’s cum would have the same effect as semen. After a long moment, she swallowed the lump in her throat and nodded almost imperceptibly. “We’ll have to keep it our secret. Can you keep it a secret?”  
  
Brie nodded in return, “Yes.”  
  
“You can’t tell Daddy, either. He wouldn’t understand. He would get mad.” Hazel gazed back and sighed. From below her daughter, she craned her neck up and kissed Brie’s slimy forehead.  
  
With her mother’s approval, Brie wasted little time and pushed herself up from her mother’s body. She slid slowly downward, dragging her drooling slit along the length of the woman’s belly, creating a wet trail along the way that gleamed in the dim light of the room. As her pussy made contact with her mother’s swimsuit-covered mound, she instinctively followed her feelings and pressed her hips in to Hazel to put pressure on her clit. Hazel moaned, feeling a similar pleasure lighting up her own nerves. Brie considered keeping it up, humping her mother, taking herself over the edge right then and there, but the promise of her mom’s brand of “medicine” kept her set on her goal.  
  
She slipped herself over Hazel’s hips and with small pecks, kissed her way downward from the mounds of her tits and across her tummy. She tasted the foreign flavor of her own juices, with which she had streaked her mother’s soft belly. It didn’t taste like the medicine in the bottle at all, and she wondered if her mom would also taste different. She dwelled there for a bit, savoring the taste of her own essence before she continued on. At last she was face to face with Hazel’s bikini bottoms.  
  
She breathed in, inhaling her mother’s scent. It, too, was very unlike the medicine, but she was intoxicated by it all the same. She gazed at the tempting mound beneath the fabric, and noticed the subtle dip in the middle, where her mother’s plump labia came together.  
  
She dragged her hands across Hazel’s upper thighs, massaging her legs and teasing out her intentions. The girl’s sex-driven mind was so flimsy that she didn’t give second thought to what she planned to do to her own biological mother. Her hands wandered across the central fabric of the suit and she pressed her thumb into the crevice in the middle. Hazel gasped aloud and covered her mouth, moaning loudly into her hands. Brie smiled mischievously to herself and wiggled her digit back and forth. Hazel thrashed on the bed and cried out, “Oh baby, you’re torturing me!”  
  
Brie giggled quietly and released her thumbhold on her mother’s clit. Hazel convulsed, her hips impulsively searching for her daughter’s fingers, then fell back onto the sheets and whimpered. She felt strangely submissive to her charge. She was not used to being so out of control, but she dared not stop her child’s exploration.  
  
Brie reached for the two side-ties on the bikini bottoms and pulled them until they released their knots. The strings hung limply at Hazel’s hips and Brie savored the moment. She was going to see her mother’s pussy up close for the first time since she was birthed. With a deliberate pace, she slowly reached her fingers up to the waistband of the bikini, hooked them in, and pulled them down, exposing the delicate folds of her mother’s rubescent sex to her virginal gaze.  
  
Brie was not disappointed. Her mother’s vulva was shining and slick. She thought she could see it throbbing ever-so-slightly, but that may have been the blood rushing to her head affecting her vision.  
  
Hazel could feel Brie’s hot breath across her mound and tossed her head back on the pillow, pushing her hips upward. “Brie baby, what are you doing to me?”  
  
Brie looked up at Hazel as the woman arched her back upwards. With lusty, slit eyes, she stated, “I’m gonna eat your cunny, Mommy.” Her mouth was watering almost as much as her mother’s hole and she spit a string of saliva onto the engorged clitoris before her. Finally, she dove her head in, lapping up the tangy juices flowing from the gash in front of her.  
  
Hazel thrashed again, but tried to keep her pussy centered on her child’s mouth. By this point, she had long been close to cumming, and she knew that there was not much more she could take of her daughter’s oral assault before she exploded into orgasm. She moaned loudly and somewhere in the back of her mind, she wondered what would happen if her husband walked in on her at this moment and caught her with her child lapping at her nether region. Again she covered her mouth to keep quiet, but her squeals nevertheless filled the room. As she neared ecstasy, the hairs on her arms began to stand on end as if the whole room was charged with electricity. She pulled herself together enough to look down her body at her young daughter licking precociously at her cunt, her small tongue darting in and out like a kitten drinking milk from a saucer. “You’re doing so good, baby, just keep going. You’re going to give Mommy cummies.” Brie’s big eyes flashed up to meet her mom’s and the wanton lust and adoration in them pushed the woman over the brink at last.  
  
Hazel’s body stiffened and a hot wave of pleasure spread from her trembling pussy throughout the rest of her body. Her moans cut short as she inhaled sharply at the gratification and, briefly, the only sound remaining in the room was that of Brie slurping up her mother’s savory juices. But soon her cries split the air once again: “Oh! Fuck! Oh! Oh, Baby!”  
  
She rolled her hips wildly, which caused her daughter to become detached from her clit. She reached down and clamored for Brie’s head with both hands, guiding her back to the flaring hot spot between her legs. Brie, too, reached her hand up and hooked two of her fingers into her mom’s juicing tunnel for stability and marveled at being up inside of her mother once again. Hazel thrashed left and right, wailing into the palm of her hand, feeling her daughter’s fingers invade her vulva.  
  
Finally the elder Nova’s orgasm began to subside and her mind slowly drifted back to reality. Her lips and cheeks began to tingle, and she smiled to herself, satisfied. She and her husband were used to being sexually experimental, but her open-mindedness had once again broken unexpected, new ground. She now had a deeper mother-daughter bond than she ever believed was possible.  
  
She wondered if Warrick might find it inappropriate, but she steeled her resolution, determined to allow her daughter to do whatever she needed to do to stay healthy, and to guide her down the path to fixing her condition. She panted and glanced down to her hips once again, as Brie continued to indulge in the “medicine” her mom produced, cleaning her reddened, puffy labia and glossy inner thighs with her tongue. Her nerve endings became sensitive in a different kind of way, and Hazel giggled and squirmed, ticklish under her child’s attentiveness. She tried to get away, but Brie pursued the fleeing slit, pleading, “More medicine.”  
  
Wherever Hazel scrambled, Brie followed, and the older woman knew there was no escape as long as her daughter remained in her cum-hungry, pre-orgasmic state. Finally, Hazel took Brie and rolled the young girl underneath her, reversing their positions and putting her own weight on top of her daughter’s diminuitive frame. Brie fussed and whined, struggling to get free.  
  
Inside her head, Brie’s mind was all atmosphere. The commotion of her mother’s erotic orgasm and the savory taste of her private area made the girl feel like she was on autopilot. She undulated her slender body wildly underneath Hazel’s weight. Her mother’s vaginal juices didn’t taste precisely like the medicine she was supposed to be taking, but, she thought, they seemed to get the job done just the same. She felt ever more riled up, closer to orgasm, and was determined to either get more of Mommy’s cum, or to cum herself. From a far away place, her mom’s voice cut through.  
  
“Baby, it’s your turn now. Are you ready? Mommy’s going to help again. Mommy’s going to give you cummies.”  
  
Brie nodded enthusiastically and did her best to stay her writhing body while Hazel began to repay the favor. She felt her mother kissing her way from her hot, sticky cheeks, down her neck, and onto the small breasts of her flat chest. As Hazel reached her little nipples, Brie again began to jerk violently and cry out in pleasure. Each kiss, alternating on both of her aching points sent massive shocks of energy throughout her body. The woman lingered there very little, however, and continued downward. Brie didn’t mind; she was completely willing and ready to finish this off for good for the night.  
  
As Hazel approached her sex, Brie moved the opposite direction, sliding herself higher up on the bed. When she reached her headboard, she reached over her shoulders to grip the bars of the metal bedframe. She pulled herself up slightly and leaned against the headboard, seating her butt on her pillow. She splayed her skinny legs as wide as they’d go, which parted her pussy lips slightly, and gave herself completely over to the whims of her mother.  
  
Hazel responded to her daughter’s signals, knowing exactly what to do. She dispensed with all further teasing and dove in with full force. She targeted her little girl’s thickly swollen clit and swirled her tongue in every pattern she could think of.  
  
Brie swore aloud, but covered her mouth with one of her hands to keep quiet. Her entire body was buzzing, radiating from her young pussy out to every tingling finger and toe. The hair on the back of her neck stood up and her skin shone with sweat, her face sticky with her mother’s fluids. Her head lolled from side-to-side and she rocked her small hips wildly into her mother’s face. Sticky strands of her flowing cum left trails on the cheeks and chin of her assailant.  
  
Hazel could tell that her child was nearing her climax and pulled out her finishing move. She wrapped her lips around the stiffened bud of Brie’s clitoris and began to suck firmly on it, as if she were a baby at her own mother’s breast, only this time it was her very daughter’s pussy from which she drank.  
  
Brie couldn’t fathom what was happening to her, because at that moment her vision darkened and she tumbled off the ledge into an orgasmic free fall. With a sharp breath, her back arched stiffly, flinging her hips up, and pushing out a sudden wave of fresh cum. Hazel’s face was doused in the splash, and she let up with her mouth to gasp for breath, but continued her erotic assault manually. She grabbed Brie’s small bottom with one hand while it was thrust at her and, with her other fingers, thrummed rapidly across the girl’s clit, flicking her gushing fluids everywhere. She watched as her daughter was frozen, her little pussy jutting into the air, consumed by orgasmic ecstasy.  
  
At last, movement began to return to the girl’s body, and her hips began to twitch in a subtle humping motion. It slowly gave way to bigger shudders and as Brie was finally able to release the breath she was holding, she crashed back onto the bed, completely spent.  
  
Hazel purred and wiped her daughter’s excess cum off her face with the back of her arm. “Remember, baby, if you want Daddy’s cum, you can’t tell him about this.”  
  
Brie’s eyes rolled dumbly around in her head, but she nodded and slumped down on the bed and neither of them said anything more. The girl shivered, as her body temperature began to return to normal and the mixture of sweat and cum began to cool and evaporate. Though her sheets and one of her pillows were soaked in their combined fluids—mostly her own—she curled up next to her mother and faded quickly to sleep.  
  
Hazel got up to crack the window, then returned to the bed to spoon her daughter. She pulled the top sheet up to cover the mess and caressed her girl until she, too, drifted off.  
  
She only stirred again when she felt Warrick slip Elsie under the sheets next to Brie. “C’mon honey,” he said, “let’s go to bed.”  
  
Hazel rose sleepily, “Oh, okay. How was the rest of the movie?”  
  
Warrick nodded, kissed her sticky forehead, and merely said, “Very inappropriate.”  
  
They both wandered off, neither of them with any sense in their minds to notice that Hazel was naked.