## Going Nova ch. 7: Sex and Secrets

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Both Warrick and Hazel woke after three rings. Warrick rolled over and groaned, “Elsie, it’s too early.”  
  
Hazle chuckled sleepily and her voice rasped out, “Honey, it can’t be Elsie, she stayed over last night, remember?”  
  
Warrick suddenly remembered and his cheeks went flush. He remembered, very vividly, deflowering his daughter’s best friend while his wife was upstairs, in fact. He rolled away from Hazel as the phone continued to ring. “Anyway, it’s yours. Answer it.”  
  
Hazel grabbed it off the nightstand. “Oh, it’s Ivy!”  
  
Warrick turned slightly with some interest. Ivy was a friend of theirs, though primarily she was friends with Hazel, as they had met at her work. Ivy was an intern who worked in the programming department. Hazel was a designer there, and they often collaborated on projects. Their professional life bloomed into a personal friendship, and Warrick took a closer interest when Hazel coaxed Ivy into their bed the first time.  
  
Hazel tapped the answer button. “Ivyyy!”  
  
“Sup, bitch? It’s Sunday morning. Why aren’t you at church?”  
  
Hazel chuckled. “I haven’t committed any sins recently, why aren’t you?”  
  
Ivy scoffed, “C’mon.” She changed the subject. “You sound like you just woke up. It’s nearly 11:00!”  
  
“It’s not that late,” Hazel retorted.  
  
“Whatever. I ran to the gym, worked out, ran home, showered, made coffee and breakfast, and caught up on the local news already!”  
  
Warrick groaned and rolled back over, losing interest in the conversation. Hazel slid out of bed to give him peace. “We had an… eventful day yesterday, so I guess we’re taking it easy. How’ve you been?”  
  
Ivy continued to talk, filling Hazel in on what she had gotten up to the previous day. Hazel put on her robe and headed down the hall to check on the girls. She cracked the door slightly and saw that they were still sound asleep, snuggled up to one another and sharing a pillow on one side of the bed. Satisfied, she left them and closed the door, heading for the stairs, giving her friend an occasional “uh huh” in acknowledgement.  
  
“Oh!” Ivy exclaimed, “The reason I was calling you…”  
  
“What’s up?”  
  
“I saw on the internet today that some of the stores at the mall are showing off the new summer collection that just landed. Wanna go?”  
  
“Really? That might be fun.”  
  
“I thought so. It starts at 2:00, but that’s probably just when they say it starts. I was thinking about doing a quick pregame at the bar there beforehand.”  
  
“Sounds like fun.” Hazel thought it also sounded like something the girls might be interested in.  
  
“You can bring Warrick along, too, if you want.”  
  
“Eh, Warrick is only interested in the results of fashion, never the process.”  
  
“Alright, girl time, then!”  
  
“Let me grab my calendar; I think I have something planned for today.” Hazel wandered into the family room. Before she could hunt for her purse, she noticed a crumpled lump of clothing on the carpet. She bent down to pick it up and draped it over her hand. The front said “Bye hater”. It was the shirt that Elsie had worn last night. Hazel wondered how it had landed there when Elsie was upstairs sleeping. It dawned on her that it must have been taken off sometime between the time she and Brie left the room and when Warrick tucked Elsie into bed. She was so tired from her orgasm that she never noticed the young girl was naked under the covers when he had done so.  
  
“Men,” she sighed into the phone, “It’s like they want to get caught.”  
  
“Ooh, what did you find?” Ivy gossiped, “Did Warrick leave his porn out somewhere?”  
  
“No,” Hazel replied, “just something he came in.”  
  
Ivy guffawed. “No way! Grooss! You’ll have to rub it in his face.”  
  
“I’m sure I will.”  
  
“Wait, was that a double entendre? Are you *actually* going to rub it in his face? Just because I can’t see the smirk on your face doesn’t mean I can’t hear it. You two are so kinky, sometimes I wonder where you two will ever draw the line.”  
  
“Shitting,” Hazel said without hesitation.  
  
Ivy shrieked aloud and laughed at her friend’s decisiveness. “So gross! Okay, no more poop talk. What does your calendar look like today?”  
  
Hazel put the shirt down and found her purse and flipped through her datebook. “No good. We’re supposed to go to another friend’s birthday party. I haven’t even gotten him a present yet.”  
  
“Damn it!”  
  
“Sorry, hun; you can come along with us, if you want.”  
  
“No way. Who hosts an afternoon birthday party? Is he twelve?”  
  
“Hah, for real,” Hazel chuckled, “but it’s not my choice. Sorry!”  
  
“Ehh, I guess I’ll check out the new line by myself then.”  
  
“Oh, actually Brie and Elsie might be there! They love this kind of stuff. I’ll let them know. Be sure to say ‘hi’ if you see them.”  
  
“Sure! I’ll try not to cramp their styles.”  
  
The two ladies said their goodbyes and Hazel went to return her planner to her purse. But she noticed something amiss inside. She reached in and pulled out the lace panties that Brie had last worn to school on Friday, which she had confiscated at the hospital when she learned that Brie should no longer wear underwear. She held them to her nose and took in her daughter’s scent and it triggered an acute flashback to the previous night when they had made love together. She felt a primal longing to be close to her daughter again.  
  
In her other hand, she took the shirt that Elsie had worn last night, which also smelled of feminine musk. The scent was much more subtle than the panties Brie had saturated in class on Friday, but it was nevertheless distinct. She wondered just how experienced Elsie was at this point, and how far the girl had been willing to go with her husband last night. Hazel was unconcerned that Warrick might have fucked their daughter’s friend, but was uncharacteristically a little bit jealous, particularly because they had done it in secret. Nevertheless, the thought gave her a tautness in her chest, and a playful idea began to form.  
  
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Upstairs, Elsie woke up panting. She yawned and her eyes creaked open catching the sunlight streaming in through the open window. It, along with the midday heat, had warmed the room significantly. She felt like she was broiling inside an oven. Behind her, she felt Brie spooning her sweaty body against hers, which contributed all the more to her warmth. She flipped the covers down, which caused her friend to stir.  
  
Brie groaned. “So warm.” She opened her eyes and squinted in the bright sunlight.  
  
Elsie jabbed an elbow into Brie, “Move over. You’re hot as a nuclear reactor and you’re taking up the whole bed.”  
  
Brie rolled herself onto the other side of the mattress, facing away from Elsie. She was thankful that the day’s heat and the fresh air streaming in from the window had dried up her profusion from the night before. Her pillow still felt a bit soggy, though, so she pushed it onto the floor.  
  
Elsie sat up and rubbed her eyes. “Ugh, Sunday. I don’t wanna go to school tomorrow.”  
  
“No kidding. I never want to show my face there ever again.” Brie thought back to Friday when her whole ordeal had started. Though she admitted to herself that she had some fun over the last day, she still felt embarrassed about losing control in front of her classmates and the families at the pool. “You think we can just take Monday off and sleep through the whole day?”  
  
Elsie got up out of bed and crossed the room to close the window. “Yeah, let’s have another sleepover tonight! That was so much fun!”  
  
Brie rolled back over to face her friend. “What was up with that movie? It was—” She stopped and watched, puzzled, as her naked friend shoved the open window down with a clunk.  
  
Elsie, ignorant, finished Brie’s thought. “Yeah, it was so weird. I can’t believe it was rated PG! There were boobs and sex in it!”  
  
“Els,” Brie inquired suspiciously, “what did you do with my shirt you were wearing?”  
  
“Your shirt? What do you mean?” Elsie looked down and suddenly remembered Warrick had put herself to bed at night after fooling around with her, and she must have forgotten to put her shirt back on. She searched for an excuse, because she didn’t figure her friend would appreciate her having fucked her dad, so she concocted a lie, “I… must have taken it off in the night. I was so fucking hot under that sheet.”  
  
“Really?” Brie challenged her. “Then, where is it now?”  
  
“I— I don’t know. Must be under the bed, or caught somewhere in the sheets.”  
  
Brie lifted the sheets and peered underneath. “I don’t see it under here, anywhere.” She sat up and kicked the top sheet off altogether and put her hands on her hips. “It doesn’t look like it’s caught in the sheets at all. How about that?”  
  
Elsie’s shame suddenly turned into a giggle, “And where are *your* clothes, young lady? You’re over there giving me a hard time when it appears you’ve not got a stitch on, yourself!”  
  
Brie squeaked, suddenly realizing that her friend was right, and tossed herself onto the floor, hiding her body behind the mattress. She peered over the edge and her cheeks flushed bright red. She wondered what Elsie would think of her making love with her own mother last night. She didn’t imagine she would ever hear the end of it and she scrambled for an answer. “I guess I must have… gotten too hot, too.”  
  
Elsie didn’t buy it, of course, but didn’t press the issue further. What she assumed was that Brie had fallen asleep after one final masturbation session.  
  
With neither party caring to probe further, Elsie had no concerns that the two of them were naked; this was not uncommon between them. She jumped onto the bed without bothering to cover herself and splayed out in the center, heaving a big sigh. “Well, tomorrow may be a school day, but we still have today. I think it’s gonna be fun.”  
  
“Why’s that?”  
  
Elsie leaned up on her elbows. “Because we get to model for Libertine, remember?”  
  
“Oh yeah!” Brie stared off in wonder, “I had forgotten with all that was going on yesterday.”  
  
“Six months of makeup for one afternoon of work. How’d we get so lucky?”  
  
“Remember that crazy lady? I hope she isn’t there,” Brie ruminated.  
  
“Yeah, she was weird. Do you think that guy was gay? Do straight men would work in beauty products?”  
  
“I don’t know if he was or not.”  
  
At that moment, Elsie’s phone started buzzing and she swiped it up gleefully. “Speaking of boys, this might be those boys we met at the mall yesterday!” She answered it with a mature, sultry tone in her voice. “Hullo?”  
  
Brie listened intently, but could only make out Elsie’s side of the conversation. “Yes, this is Zoey… Yes, I remember you, Oliver. How are you?… Oh. Well, we’re kind of busy this afternoon…” Elsie turned and winked at Brie. “Modeling.” Brie snorted. Elsie tried not to crack up and sat there grimacing. She waved her hand, shooing Brie silently. “Well, Oliver, if you and Hunter wanted to come check us out, we’ll be at the mall summer fashion show this afternoon. We’ll be wearing Libertine and, hmm, who knows what else.” Elsie winked at Brie again, who felt a sudden coursing in her chest.  
  
After ending the conversation, Elsie tossed her phone onto the nightstand and said, “Sounds like the brothers are gonna try to make it, if their parents will let them.”  
  
Brie felt a thrill that the boys were so interested in them, but was unsure about what that could mean for her. She thought back to her time at the pool and was worried that she might make another scene in public. She reached up to her nightstand and grabbed the medicine bottle off of it. Inside, it was nearly empty, most of it having spilled all over her mom the previous night. She wondered how she would get through the day without it. She turned to her friend, “I guess I should go… take care of myself and clean up.”  
  
“Shit, I was just going to say that! Don’t take all the hot water.”  
  
Brie tipped the bottle back to suck out the remaining ounce of medicine and replaced it on the nightstand, then headed off for the shower. Elsie grabbed her phone and started playing a game.  
  
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In his bed, Warrick, too, was on his phone. He was catching up on the latest Twitter and trying not to dwell too much on his illicit escapade with Elsie the night before. He usually communicated with his wife about potential hook-ups before they happened and she was rarely disapproving. Still, he felt uncomfortable having done it without her consent, and furthermore, he was sure she wouldn’t have approved of him fucking around with one of their daughter’s friends. He wondered if that’s why he had kept it a secret in the first place.  
  
He heard padding in the hallway and looked up to see Brie pass by to the shower. She was completely nude, which caused him to marvel at the way his daughter was changing. Two days ago she was embarrassed to be seen undressed by her dad, and today she was wandering around stark naked with impunity. He called out to her, “Brie, honey!”  
  
Brie popped her head back around the door jamb. “I’m going to take a shower.”  
  
Warrick patted the bed next to him. “Come here. Sit down. Let’s have a chat.”  
  
Brie hesitated, then sighed and sauntered in. She crossed her hands in front of her sex as she approached, but then used them to heft herself onto the bed next to him, and then, leaning back, propped herself up on them.  
  
Warrick gazed at his girl and smiled warmly. In that moment, he loved her as a father, but he was also aware that this was as physically close as he had ever been to her while she remained in all her glory since she was a very young child. “How are you doing, Brie?”  
  
She shrugged her shoulders. “Uhh, fine, I guess.”  
  
“And how about Elsie?” Warrick swallowed quietly, unsure how much the girls gossiped, and whether or not Elsie would have mentioned anything about last night to Brie.  
  
She picked up on a note of caution as he asked, but gave it no further thought. “She’s good, too.”  
  
Warrick exhaled with a chuckle, “Good, good. Look, I know the two of you have had quite the weekend, and I know that you don’t feel one hundred percent in control at all times, but I hope you feel like your mother and I are supporting you as best we can.”  
  
“I guess so,” Brie said bashfully, staring at her feet dangling off the bed.  
  
“Hey, come here.” Warrick sat up a bit and pulled his daughter into him. He began to massage her shoulders and she leaned back against his bare chest and sighed. “Is there anything you want or need me to do?” He glanced down and, from his angle, he could see his daughter’s slit without her noticing. A clear bead of liquid seeped from between her labia. He felt his heart skip a beat and found that his body was redirecting energy down to his growing erection.  
  
“I ran out of cum— out of medicine last night,” Brie corrected herself.  
  
“Already?” Warrick asked. “They sure didn’t give us much to get started.”  
  
“Mom spilled it all.”  
  
“Oh, I see. That’s too bad. Well, I’ll go to the pharmacy after I leave work tomorrow.”  
  
“Tomorrow evening? But dad,” Brie whined, craning her neck up at him, “How will I get through school if I don’t have enough medicine?”  
  
Warrick looked into Brie’s pleading eyes. Her face was so close to his that he could smell a familiar scent. It reminded him of his wife, but it was more faint. He pushed it out of his thoughts and replied. “Well, honey, if you need to excuse yourself throughout the day, that’s fine. Maybe go to the nurse’s office and they can give you a hall pass. They might even have some of the same kind of medicine for you in their office supply. I think you’ll be fine for one day.” Warrick wasn’t entirely sure he believed that himself, however.  
  
“Okay, Daddy, I trust you. I’ll see if that works.” Brie sighed again, closing her eyes as her father continued to rub her shoulders. Her head rolled back and forth on his chest.  
  
Warrick felt an obscene need to kiss his daughter, and he wanted to plant his lips directly on hers. He felt his erection throb under the cool, sateen sheets, just behind Brie’s back. He could see the pearl of cum on her pussy had rolled down its length, glossing her entire slit. *That’s for me*, he thought, *she’s getting wet for me.* But he knew it wasn’t the least bit appropriate to act on his impulses. He leaned his head down and kissed his girl tenderly on her forehead instead.  
  
Brie felt the passion in his kiss, and wondered for the first time what her dad was making of this weekend. Until that moment, she had assumed her problems were a burden to him, that she was making his life difficult. But now she wondered if he was changing. Still, she had enough clarity to know that she shouldn’t push the envelope with her father. She opened her eyes and climbed fully onto the bed. Her eyes darted to his crotch, where she observed a notable peak, but her gaze didn’t linger there. Instead, giving a desirous smile, she leaned in, puckered up and pasted a light peck on her dad’s lips.  
  
Warrick sat there, wide-eyed, unsure how far Brie would go, but he was unwilling to put a halt to it. To his disappointment, however, that was it. She giggled and then jumped off the bed and wiggled her butt at him.  
  
Warrick gave half a sigh and half a chuckle. “You little imp.” Then he swung his hand out to swat her on the butt, but she jumped out of the way with a hoot and then headed toward the door.  
  
Just before she passed into the hallway, Brie glanced back at her father. She thought it looked like might have been lightly stroking his cock over the sheet as he watched after her, but she didn’t know for sure.  
  
Warrick heard the bathroom door close and he breathed a sigh of relief. He felt a little dizzy from what had just happened. He lifted the top sheet and peered underneath. His cock swelled before his eyes and produced a rivulet of clear precum, which dripped onto his stomach. Then he heard a throat clear.  
  
“Ahem.”  
  
He looked up and found his wife standing there in the door frame, wearing a big black tee-shirt. Emblazoned across her tits was an all-too-familiar catch-phrase: “Bye hater”. He swallowed as Hazel jutted a hip out. While the shirt came down over the hips on Hazel’s petite frame, she wasn’t swimming in it quite like Elsie was the night before. Warrick didn’t have much time to ruminate on the differences in how the two wore it, however, for he knew he had been caught. He just wasn’t sure how caught, exactly. “Is— isn’t that Elsie’s shirt?”  
  
“It sure looks like it,” Hazel chided knowingly.  
  
“Where’d you get it?”  
  
“Oh, I found it. In the living room.”  
  
Warrick wasn’t sure what to say next. Part of him wanted to deny everything, and another part of him urged him to confess it all right there.  
  
Hazel could tell that she had him speechless. She was unsure how far her husband had gone with the young girl, but whatever had happened down there couldn’t have been any less acceptable than what she had done with her own daughter upstairs. She chuckled and slipped into the room and kneeled on the foot of the bed. “I’m just wondering…”  
  
Warrick nodded, “Uh huh?”  
  
Hazel shifted herself on her knees up the mattress until she straddled her husband’s legs. “Who wore it better? Me or her?”  
  
Warrick swallowed hard again, though he called the answer from the bottom of his heart when he replied. “You, baby.” He wasn’t lying. While Elsie was a novel infatuation, and his own feelings for his daughter had him thoroughly confused, he had loved Hazel from the day they started dating, and he appreciated her maturity and well-developed sexual appetite.  
  
“Good,” Hazel smiled genuinely, “I didn’t want to start thinking I was losing my touch.” She pulled herself up so that she straddled Warrick’s hard cock hidden beneath the sheet, then rocked her hips, sliding her crotch along his length.  
  
Warrick groaned, “Never. You’ll never lose your touch.”  
  
Hazel made herself limp, falling backwards so that her head was near the foot of the bed. “I want you to eat me, then fuck me, then cum inside me.”  
  
Warrick didn’t hesitate. He crawled out from under the sheets and worked his way up his wife’s thighs, kissing her legs tenderly along the way. He pushed her shirt up over her hips and revealed a pair of too-tight, black lace panties. Hazel moaned in anticipation, but Warrick paused and stared, dazed. He was face-to-face with the black lace panties that belonged to Brie. The very underwear she was sporting the day she had her first super-orgasm. Here they were now, stretched tightly against the fuller hips and rounder ass of his beloved wife.  
  
“These— these are Brie’s, aren’t they?” Warrick stammered.  
  
“No,” Hazel countered, “they’re mine now. Brie isn’t allowed to wear panties anymore.”  
  
A strong scent emanated from them, and he wondered how much was coming from his wife, and how much was from the floods of cum produced by his daughter. His imagination wandered from the pussy presently behind the fabric to the pussy that used to wear it. Both of them had now touched the same underwear. Fingering the dip of Hazel’s sex seemed almost like fingering Brie, as well.  
  
Warrick became very turned on and was ready to get into action. He went to tug the underwear down, but Hazel brushed his hands away. “No, leave them on. Do it like this.”  
  
He smiled slyly and obliged, instead pulling at the crotch of the underwear, to slide it to one side in order to access his wife’s savory tunnel. It barely budged as the too-tight garment clung to every curve of Hazel’s body. He could hear the stitches of the seams ripping as he tried. But Warrick was voracious and could wait no longer. He raked his nails against the lacy fabric and rent a hole in the middle. Hazel gasped at his boldness and in the back of her mind, she wondered if he had taken Elsie with a similar hunger. But the thought was quickly usurped by Warrick’s tongue beginning to lap at her exposed gash. A guttural moan escaped her lips.  
  
Meanwhile, Elsie was in Brie’s room, catching up on her friends’ postings and playing silly games on her phone. After a short while, a chill ran through her body, raising up goosebumps across her skin. She shivered. Now that the window was closed, the central air was cooling down the room and her naked body was reacting to it. She slid off the bed and grabbed the top sheet that Brie had kicked off onto the floor. As she flung it back onto the bed, something fell out of it. She picked it up and examined it. To her confusion, it was a pair of blue-striped, side-tie swimsuit bottoms. She recognized them as Hazel’s. She stared and wondered what they were doing tangled in the sheets. Hazel had to have taken them off sometime last night. Her head bubbled over with questions.  
  
That’s when she thought she heard a noise. A light whine maybe? The girl’s heart skipped a beat. She moved to the bedroom door and pressed her ear against it, listening out into the hall. Another noise came. Definitely a moan. It was from Hazel. Elsie’s first thought was that the woman was masturbating. She held her breath and cracked the door open, not wanting to make a sound. Her breath was quivering as she exhaled. She knew she wasn’t supposed to be listening in, but the thrill of voyeurism had taken over. From the doorway, she could hear that the parents’ bedroom door was ajar, though she could not see in. Elsie thought back to the previous day when she had caught Hazel getting dressed with the door open, and later when she spotted Warrick naked while he was changing for the pool. She wondered if they ever closed the door to their bedroom. She determined that she would have to ask Brie.  
  
As Hazel continued to noisily moan, Elsie’s imagination ran wild. She felt a growing desire to take a peek through the doorway, but feared that walking over a creaky floorboard or creating some other sound would draw attention to her, so she hung on the door to Brie’s room, merely listening.  
  
That changed when suddenly, Hazel’s unintelligible calling calcified into words, “Yeah, baby, work my pussy for me!” Elsie’s mouth went agape as she realized that Warrick was in there, too. Brie’s parents were having sex! Her curiosity ran amok and she determined that she had to get a closer look. She wrapped herself in the sheet as if it were a cloak and inched her way out of the bedroom. At the distant end of the hallway, she could hear the white noise of the shower as Brie washed herself up. Between that and the growing racket Warrick and Hazel were making, Elsie figured she should have plenty of leeway for making sound. Despite the cover, however, she felt like every padded footstep, every rustle of sheet, and every shaking breath was echoing through the hallway like an alarm bell.  
  
Inch by inch, Elsie made her way to the edge of the parents’ doorway and finally peered with one eye around the edge of the jamb. What she saw surprised her once again. Hazel laid with her head at the foot of the bed, near the doorway, and her knees splayed in the air in opposite directions. Warrick crouched over her, with his mouth affixed between her legs. Elsie was not expecting to see his face buried where his cock would go. Of course, she had knowledge of oral sex. It seemed to be all the boys at school could think about. But she had yet to experience it herself. As she looked on, she felt a twinge of jealousy for Hazel’s predicament. Last night, Warrick had penetrated the girl for the first time in her young life, yet already she longed to experience the novel pleasure of the man’s tongue along her most private area.  
  
Hazel thrust her head back toward Elsie and moaned aloud, and Elsie nearly dove back behind the wall. The woman, with her neck craned back, had merely to open her eyes to notice the small voyeur spying on them. Instead of ducking away, however, Elsie froze and continued to stare, thankful that the Hazel’s eyes remained squinted tightly shut.  
  
“Fuck, Warrick,” the woman called out, “I love what you’re doing to my clit, but, baby, I need you to fuck me right now. Finish me off before your daughter gets out of the shower.”  
  
Warrick crawled up her body and Elsie could see his manhood hanging down between his legs. A glistening string of precum dangled from its tip. He smirked at his wife, “We don’t want her to catch you wearing her panties.”  
  
Elsie took in a sharp breath, covering her mouth with her hand and nearly crying out at the obscene declaration.  
  
Hazel just giggled and got on all fours. She looked over her shoulder at her husband and said, “Take me like this. Take me from behind.” From this vantage, Elsie could also see that Hazel was wearing the “Bye hater” shirt that she, herself, had been wearing. It was the same shirt that Warrick had stripped off of her before taking her virginity. It was a torrid notion that Hazel would be dressing up in her daughter’s clothes while they fucked. *Why is this so hot?*, the girl wondered.  
  
Warrick lined himself up at his wife’s entrance, swelling with masculinity, and then drove his hips into her cunt. The two of them moaned together as his shaft worked its way into her slick channel.  
  
Elsie was transfixed by the sight, watching the two lovers rut in their daughter’s clothes with only the slightest regard for privacy. Both parents faced in her direction and she thought about how easily she could be caught, but she found she was unable to tear herself away from the spectacle. To the girl’s fortune, Hazel kept her eyes closed as her husband drilled into her.  
  
Meanwhile, Warrick stared intently at Hazel’s panty-covered ass and watched his cock plunge through the tear he had made in the fabric of Brie’s underwear. He grasped the hem of the back of Hazel’s shirt and pulled at it like one would a horse’s reigns. The cloth strained against her chest and stiff nipples. He pulled his wife backwards to meet his forward thrusts. His hips connected with hers with a loud smack each time. In this way, he continued fucking his wife with great energy. Occasionally, he would formulate his rhythmic grunting into dirty talk. “You’re so fucking sexy, baby. I love your sassy little tee-shirt. I love to fuck you through your adorable little panties.” Warrick couldn’t see it, but Hazel grinned and blushed.  
  
Elsie, on the other hand, could. She was hypnotized by the display in front of her, and she felt a burning desire springing from beneath her tummy. Part of her wanted to be the one under Warrick’s vigorous assault, and part of her wanted to be there with Hazel, to share in her pleasure. Somewhere in the back of her mind, she ran calculations on whether that would make her bisexual, but she was soon distracted by a tiny sound coming from the direction of the bathroom. She almost couldn’t pinpoint it over the racket in the bedroom, but it was nevertheless distinct.  
  
It was Brie. She, like her parents, was rapidly and audibly approaching climax, and her slight, high-pitched cries were cutting through the white noise of the shower.  
  
Elsie’s mind reeled and her chest felt tight. She was surrounded by her friend and neighbors, all of them noisily on the verge of orgasm.  
  
As Brie got louder and louder, Elsie could make out her friend’s words. “I need it. I need cummies for mommy. I need cummies for daddy. Ooh fuck. I love mommy’s cum. I need daddy’s cum, too. Cum! Cum! I need cum! Oh! Fuck! Fuck!” Her words devolved again into ever-more ardent whines.  
  
But soon, Brie’s tiny, far-off voice was overpowered by Hazel’s in the bedroom. Between gasps, she demanded, “Tell me more about my panties. Do you like the way they smell?”  
  
“I love the way they smell,” Warrick responded. “They smell so good, and so dirty. I love smelling your pussy all over them. I love thinking about your drenched panties, dripping with your cum.”  
  
Hazel moaned out a long moan and gasped, “I’m about to soak them, just for you.” She quickened her pace, humping backwards on Warrick’s cock as fast as she could.  
  
Warrick’s balls came to a boil and a slow growl built up in his throat. Suddenly he yanked the back of his wife’s tee-shirt, pulling her body back toward his, spearing her fully onto his cock. His bulbous head pressed against the entrance to her womb. He cried out, “Oh fuck, Brie! I’m cumming, baby. I’m cumming inside you, Brie baby.”  
  
Elsie’s heart leapt up into her throat when she heard Warrick call out the name of his daughter instead of his wife. Hazel, too, froze for a moment. Her eyes snapped open and once again threatened to catch Elsie spying on their tryst. But the woman’s thousand-yard gaze did not see the girl. Instead, as Warrick pumped streams of his cum deep inside of her, her eyes slowly rolled back into her head and a delirium spread across her face.  
  
Hazel’s jaw dropped open and she cried out in ecstasy as a wave of pleasure washed over her. Suddenly she was cumming, too. Her hips rolled and her back arched. Her whole body shuddered and convulsed. “Cummies, give me cummies, daddy,” she cried. She fought in vain to regain control of herself, but for a stretch she was helpless, thrashing in the cottony pillows of carnal bliss. At last she gave up and crashed onto the bed, and there she continued writhing and twitching, ass up in the air as Warrick kneeled over her, squeezing out his remaining drops of cum into her frothing pocket.  
  
Meanwhile, Elsie noticed that Brie had quieted down, apparently also having finished her shower masturbation. Now that all three of the Novas were spent, she knew she couldn’t keep watching at the doorway much longer, or she would surely be caught, so she quickly, but quietly retreated to Brie’s room.  
  
Warrick thought he heard footsteps, so he called out into the hallway, “Hello? Elsie?” There was no reply. In the distance, he heard the shower turn off. He climbed out of the bed and chuckled, “That was a close one!” He slipped on a pair of pajama pants while Hazel just laid on the bed, panting and sweating.  
  
In Brie’s room, Elsie paced back and forth, antsy but unsure what to do. After what she had witnessed, she felt an intense desire to climb back into bed and frig herself off right then and there, but she knew she wouldn’t have time before Brie returned from drying off. She also wanted to be close to Warrick again, like she had been the night before, but that wasn’t going to happen with Hazel in the room. She wished she had had the courage or, better yet, an invitation from Warrick to join in on the sexual exploits she had just witnessed, but that ship had already sailed. Or perhaps if she had joined Brie in the shower—she could have used an excuse like saving water—but again it was a missed opportunity. She cursed herself for being so distracted by the erotic atmosphere that she couldn’t think straight.  
  
At last she began to calm down and took a deep breath and shook her sexual energy out through her ears. Given that now was not the time, she resigned herself to getting off later in the day. At the least, she figured, her sister Mallory would hopefully be game for some mutual masturbation that night.  
  
Having that settled, she decided to get the day started by making her presence known in her own distinct way. Still wrapped up in the makeshift sheet-cloak, Elsie called out a familiar baseball jingle: “Da-da-da DA da-DAA… Charge!” Then she stormed down the hallway and through the open door of Warrick’s and Hazel’s room. They both flinched as the young girl launched herself into the bed, giggling.  
  
Warrick groaned, “Elsie, haven’t you heard of privacy?”  
  
She wriggled between the two parents in her tangle of sheets, like a worm, until she could lay her head on Warrick’s chest. “But your door was open. I figured you were awake.”  
  
“I guess you have a point, there.” Warrick shot a sheepish glance at his wife, who had sat up on one arm, and was pulling the front of her shirt down over her torn panties with the other.  
  
Hazel chuckled. She spun her legs off the bed, stood up, and again tugged the hem of her shirt down low to hide the cooling evidence of their tryst. “I’m going to go take care of something,” she said, and left the room.  
  
Warrick sat on the bed and gazed at his youthful lover. She stared back and snickered, rocking her body sideways, back and forth next to him like a rolling pin. The room was quiet with unacknowledged sexual tension for some time. At last he commented, “You’re certainly awake this morning.”  
  
“Yep!”  
  
“How did you sleep last night?”  
  
“Goood,” she purred out, “I don’t even remember getting into bed.”  
  
“I bet! I had to carry you upstairs. You’re heavy as a rock!”  
  
Elsie’s jaw dropped in mock horror. “Ah! I’m not heavy!” she retorted.  
  
“How do you know? Have you tried lifting you?” Warrick teased.  
  
“I’m not heavy!” she repeated with more fervor. To put a finer point on it, she heaved herself on top of him. “See?”  
  
Warrick gasped in exaggerated agony, “Can’t breathe! Gonna die!”  
  
Elsie giggled at his plight, “You’re so mean to me. I’ll show you heavy!” She snaked her hands out from the sheet she was wrapped in and started pushing down on his shoulders with all her might, grunting loudly with every heave she gave.  
  
“Oh no, I’m being murdered!” Warrick joked. Still, it did not escape him that Elsie was bouncing her weight up and down upon his hips, and that her exposed shoulders underneath her twist of cover hinted that she was naked underneath. He was thankful he had just emptied his balls or he might have been of a mind to convince her to sneak off for another go.  
  
Elsie was bouncing herself on Warrick’s lap, attempting with all her might to get him to tap out when Brie’s voice suddenly called from the doorway, “What are you doing?” She had finished drying off and was on her way back to her room, wrapped in a fluffy yellow towel.  
  
Elsie wrenched herself around and giggled, “I’m murdering your dad! He called me fat! Come on, pile on!”  
  
“I didn’t call her fat!” Warrick retorted with mock disgust. “I merely called her heavy.”  
  
Again Elsie’s eyes went wide in offense.  
  
It was a look that required no more convincing for Brie, and she sprinted onto the bed with a shriek of her own. With Elsie’s help, she pulled her dad so that he was lying splayed out on the bed. They both climbed on top of him, pouncing on his chest and limbs, tickling him and wringing his neck. Warrick groaned and thrashed under their combined assault.  
  
“Get his legs!” Elsie cried out. “I’ll get his hands.” She straddled Warrick’s stomach and attempted to gain control of his wrists. Her wrap of sheet loosened slightly in the struggle, but she wasn’t about to lose the fight in order to fix it.  
  
Meanwhile, Brie dove for his legs and grasped around them with both arms. She felt like she was riding a bucking bronco as her dad kicked his legs into the air, with her doing her best to stay on top. She grabbed the waistband of his pajama pants and held it like it was the reigns.  
  
Warrick was enjoying himself as the two young girls made a jungle gym of his body. He gazed as Elsie twisted and gyrated on his chest, laughing girlishly and trying to contain his hands as he wove them throughout the air. Eventually he moved them in such a way that Elsie was forced to move hers close together and, with a quick, circular maneuver, he snatched both of her tiny wrists in one of his large hands. “Ha!” he grinned widely. She gasped knowing she had been beaten.  
  
Turning from prey into predator, Warrick leaned up and pulled her hands up over her head and high into the air, leaving her vulnerable to attack. He spotted a darkened opening in her makeshift cloak and snaked his hand into the sheet, finding her tummy. Elsie shrieked and giggled as his fingers prodded at her soft, ticklish sides. She struggled to get away, but was unable to pry her wrists from from his strong grip. She could feel the sheet loosening further around her chest.  
  
Brie remained on her dad’s legs. With his attention focused on Elsie, he had ceased trying to buck her off, though occasionally one of his legs would jerk up ineffectually and threatening to kick off her towel. Sometimes he would unknowingly knock her crotch with his shin, which Brie found startling and peculiarly pleasant.  
  
Brie had just finished masturbating that morning, and while she achieved orgasm and cleared her head, she found her efforts to be somehow unsatisfying. Perhaps it was the event that transpired with her mom the night before, an intense and uninhibited romp filled with new experiences and sensations. But she also felt like maybe it was something more. She wondered if it was because she ran out of medicine last night. She was concerned that she wasn’t going to be able to get through the day without having taken enough of it, much less how she was also going to get through the next day when she returned to school.  
  
She thought about what her mom had said the night before, that the medicine was just cum. And she thought about how her mom’s own juices had driven her wild and gave her such serene satisfaction after she had orgasmed. She wondered then, as she laid on her dad’s legs, with her head rested near his package, if his cum would make an effective antidote to her ravenous sexual hunger as well. She licked her lips and swallowed, as if she could almost taste it, as if she could somehow smell the medicine emanating off of him. As he continued to tickle Elsie, Brie nuzzled her face in closer to the slight bulge in his pajama pants and took in his scent. She realized that it wasn’t her imagination; she could, in fact, smell something! She examined the lump of his crotch and discovered spots of moisture dotting the fabric of his pants. She leaned over them and detected a distinct whiff of the musky medicine coming from them and it was mingling with the now-familiar, tangy bouquet of her mother’s sex.  
  
Elsie’s piercing shrieks calmed steadily into bashful giggles as Warrick relaxed his fierce tickling into a lighter, more playful kind. Still, he held her hands captive. He moved his free hand within the perimeter of the girl’s loosened sheet wrap. He subtly pulled apart the edges in order to reveal her body once again without making it obvious to Brie what he was doing with her friend. Occasionally, he kicked his legs to keep his daughter distracted, but she laid calmly on his legs and seemed to not be paying that much attention to the game, anyway,  
  
Likewise, Elsie continued to wriggle, but she no longer struggled to escape his torturous tickles. Instead, she aimed to help her paramour help himself to whatever he thought he could get away with. She was aroused and jealous of Hazel and wanted to remind Warrick what he had conquered that torrid night before. She gyrated this way and that, working her fit, dancer’s body around, flashing half of a nipple here, or an inner thigh there. She felt naughty, trapped in Warrick’s grip, like an animal on display. Her horniness from the morning burned with a vengeance and she wished she could get another fuck session in with him before Hazel returned. A growing part of her didn’t even care if Brie was in the room. After all, she figured Brie, with her medical condition—her super-orgasmic power—would probably do the same if she were with another man and Elsie were the spectator. Elsie didn’t think Brie would even hesitate if given the opportunity. At least, that’s what the cum-dumb half of Elsie’s brain was telling her. Nevertheless, the rational side of her brain remained in command, and she decided fucking her best friend’s dad while her best friend watched was not a prudent thing to do.  
  
Warrick felt a surge of cum dribble out of his dick. He was unsure if it was the remainder from his denouement with his wife, or if it was precum priming him for his next willing quarry. Either way, he was getting very hard again.  
  
Brie stared with fascination as the lump in her dad’s pants grew before her eyes. A moist streak darkened its way up toward his waistband. It was cum, she knew. It was medicine that was going to waste.  
  
Warrick’s acknowledgement of his daughter’s presence faded as he felt Elsie’s swiveling hips transform into a subtle back and forth humping. He looked her in the eyes and she bit her lip, giving him a sneaky smile. She shimmied her shoulders and the front piece of her wrap came fully undone. It fell away—not so much that it would look noticably open from Brie’s point of view, but plenty well for Warrick to steal another unrestricted glimpse of her youthful, heaving chest.  
  
Down below, only a corner of fabric still obscured the girl’s gash. He grabbed her inner thighs, and could see their curvature leading up toward the puff of one of her reddened labium where it peeked out. When Elsie humped her hips backward, the fabric fell away, revealing totally her lustrous, blushing mound painting a glistening streak of girl cum up and down his stomach.  
  
Warrick could see her entire body on display. Bound at the wrists by his large hands, she looked like a captured prisoner, strung up to be punished. She was helpless in his grasp, panting with nerves, but she loved it.  
  
Overcome by the sight, Warrick was consumed by his lust. He forgot completely about his daughter’s presence and went for Elsie’s vulva, moving his thumb into her slit, pushing between her folds and targeting her clit. When he found the stiff nub, he pressed on it. Elsie released a startled moan, surprised by his boldness and was unable to maintain her charade of innocence for Brie’s sake. Her cunny was hot and gooey inside and Warrick reveled in the feeling, especially as she dangled helplessly in his grasp, flexing her lithe tummy and returning pressure on his thumb with her clit. He watched her face contort in agony and her eyes pleaded with him to bring her to orgasm. He daydreamed about dropping her onto his cock and bouncing her to ecstasy on his lap in front of his eyes.  
  
As he was about to tear away Elsie’s remaining cover, and take her then and there, he felt the waistband of his pants flip down and something warm and wet enveloped his cock head. For a moment, he thought that with Elsie’s back and forth maneuvering, he might have accidentally popped out of his pajamas and into her pussy. But then he felt a hint of teeth scrape along his shaft and thoughts of his daughter came screaming back to his mind.  
  
In a whirlwind, his eyes snapped open. He peered around Elsie’s body and saw Brie sucking dutifully on the head of his dick. He knew this was wrong, that it had to stop right away. Without thinking, he wrenched Elsie off his body and she tumbled loudly onto the floor in a flurry of sheet. His body stiffened upwards and he accidentally jabbed his erection into the back of his daughter’s throat. She choked and reeled backwards, snapping the elastic of his pants back around his waist. Her towel came undone and fell away as she hit the bed.  
  
He glanced back and forth between Elsie and Brie. Elsie whirled out from under the sheet, a wounded expression on her face. Her bottom lip quivered and her eyes welled up. She sobbed and tears came streaming down. “Why did you do that?” she wailed.  
  
He concluded that she didn’t know what had happened and stuttered, “I— I’m sorry! Brie. She startled me.”  
  
Then Brie, too, began to cry. Warrick sighed in frustration.  
  
The two girls sat bawling when Hazel appeared in the doorway. “What on earth is going on here?” she inquired.  
  
Warrick wasn’t sure there was anything he could say that would sound good.  
  
Hazel turned to Elsie, who was clutching the loose sheet in front of her. “Elsie, honey, what happened to you?”  
  
Elsie sniffled and stammered, “We were playing around and Warrick made me hit my head.”  
  
Warrick hesitated, but was glad that Elsie didn’t blow his cover. “I guess I don’t know my own strength,” he finally said sheepishly.  
  
“Oh, poor girl.” Hazel approached the girl. “Where did you hit your head?”  
  
Elsie pointed. “Here.”  
  
“Let me take a look,” Hazel leaned over her and rummaged through her hair. “Hmm, everything looks pretty good here. No cuts, no bruises, maybe a small bump.” She looked the girl in the eyes. “Would you like me to kiss it and make it better?”  
  
Elsie nodded silently. Hazel put her hands firmly on the girl’s bare shoulders, bent down, and pecked her on the spot. Her tee-shirt rode up in the back and Warrick could see she was no longer wearing Brie’s torn panties. The round globes of her ass peeked out from underneath.  
  
“There, is that better, honey?”  
  
Elsie gave a bashful smile and said, “Yes, I guess so.”  
  
“Good, now go get dressed.” Hazel herded her toward the door.  
  
As Elsie spirited herself from the room, sheet in hand, she felt a little sheepish having her bare backside exposed from behind.  
  
Next Hazel turned to Brie, “Now, why are you crying, honey?”  
  
With hot cheeks, Brie responded, “I just wanted some medicine.”  
  
Hazel glanced at Warrick. He could only return a bewildered shrug. She turned back to her daughter and smiled warmly, leaning in close. “Well, honey, you’re in luck. She produced the medicine bottle in her hands. “I found some more medicine for you and I refilled your bottle a bit.”  
  
Brie wiped the tears away from her eyes, “Really?”  
  
“Really. Just be careful. The bottle was hard to fill, so the outside is slick again. You might want to clean that off, but don’t drink it all right away! It needs to last until at least tonight.”  
  
Brie wasn’t sure what her mom meant by “tonight,” but she was happy to have something to tide her urges over in the meantime. She licked up the fluid that had spilled over the side until she was sure she had it all.  
  
“How’s it taste?” Hazel asked.  
  
“Like the medicine, mostly,” she replied. However, she noted to herself that there was a subtle flavor not unlike her mother’s mixed in with it. It made her wonder where her mom had gotten this latest batch.  
  
“Good. Now, are you all better?”  
  
“Yes.”  
  
“Alright, go find your friend. And for chrissakes, get dressed!”  
  
Brie slung her towel over her shoulder with one hand and carried the medicine bottle with almost spiritual earnestness to her room where Elsie was already getting dressed. “How’s your head?” she asked her friend.  
  
Elsie had tossed on some lightweight, high-waisted shorts and was rifling through Brie’s closet for another shirt to wear. “It’s fine. Kinda throbby, but I’m getting over it.” Then she snickered and turned to Brie, “What happened back there?”  
  
Brie didn’t want to admit that she had tried to suck off her father, so she shrugged and smirked. “I guess I goosed him in the wrong spot.”  
  
“No!” Elsie said, wide-eyed, “Where?”  
  
“I don’t know!” Brie blushed, “I wasn’t paying attention to where I was… tickling.”  
  
Elsie guffawed and yanked a sunny yellow crop top out of the closet. Its orange spaghetti straps tied at the shoulders. “I think this will do quite nicely in this heat.” She tossed it over her head and smoothed it down, then twirled to show Brie.  
  
Brie frowned. “Ugh, you always make my clothes look better on you than they do on me.”  
  
“It’s all in the confidence,” Elsie replied, striking a pose.  
  
“Where can I buy some?” Brie asked sardonically.  
  
“With what money?” Elsie teased. “As I recall, I had to buy your dress yesterday.” She puckered her lips in the mirror. “Anyway, mom says with enough confidence, you could wear anything. Even that thing.” She gestured to the fluffy towel on Brie’s shoulder.  
  
“No way!” Brie laughed.  
  
“Seriously. Wrap it around you and just… rock it.” Elsie said with a coy wink.  
  
“Nobody wears towels out in public unless they’re at a beach.”  
  
“You’ve heard of the emperor’s new clothes, right?”  
  
“Is that one of your comic book references?”  
  
“No,” Elsie replied, “It’s a classic fairy tale.”  
  
Brie shrugged, “Remind me?”  
  
“Okay, so the town tailor designs the emperor’s clothes each day. One day, he’s too tired to come up with a new outfit. He tells the emperor he’s making him the finest garments in all the land, but it’s a lie. Instead of actually designing something, he does nothing. He goes off and smokes pot or whatever. The next day, when the emperor comes to try them on, the tailor has nothing, so he fakes it. He convinces the emperor that he’s wearing new clothes—the finest in all the land—even though there’s actually nothing there.  
  
“But the emperor is so caught up by the tailor’s hype that he thinks they’re perfect, even when he can see with his own eyes that he’s not wearing anything. But he still goes out into the town dressed up in the tailor’s clothes. Completely naked.”  
  
Brie smirked and nodded. “I think I remember this. His subjects throw a fit, right?”  
  
“No! All the people act very impressed. But the emperor says—with one hundred percent confidence—he’s wearing the tailor’s finest garments, and everybody thinks it’s just great. That’s confidence, to show your junk to the world and not even give a fuck.”  
  
“Is that the moral?” Brie said.  
  
“No, it’s about, uh, distrusting leaders.” Elsie waved her arms, “Nevermind. Just pay attention to the confidence part.”  
  
“I’m not going outside naked or even in just a towel, Els.” Brie rolled her eyes. “I did enough of that yesterday.”  
  
Elsie grinned, “Fine.”  
  
“So, what should I *actually* wear today?”  
  
Elsie thought for a moment, then snapped her fingers. “I know, since I’m taking one of yours, wear the shirt that I packed.” She dug into her duffel bag and pulled out a gray-striped, linen, button-up shirt and handed it to Brie. “You could pair it with that black twill miniskirt you have and, hmm… your strappy sandals.”  
  
Brie found the skirt and put it on, then grabbed the shirt from her friend. As she was about to do the buttons, Elsie interrupted her. “Wait, don’t button it up. Like this.” Elsie grabbed the the shirt ends and tied them together in a knot, cinching it tightly around Brie’s waist and showing a hint of midriff. Brie liked the personalized attention from her friend. Elsie stepped back to observe. The top gaped open saucily, but the halves of the shirt quickly came together, showing no more than two buttons worth of skin. “There we go,” Elsie encouraged, “Perfect for the summer weather.”  
  
Brie shivered at the compliment and took in a deep breath. “You’re a pro, Els.”  
  
“Gotta make sure you keep me around. Grab your sandals and let’s get breakfast. I wanna get to the mall as soon as we can.”  
  
Brie also grabbed her purse and tucked her medicine bottle in it. The girls tromped down the stairs.  
  
When they entered the kitchen, Hazel cried out, “I can barely believe it, honey, the girls are dressed. Both of them. At the same time.”  
  
Warrick made a cursory glance, but avoided eye contact with both of them. He grunted in acknowledgement, then returned bashfully to reading updates on his phone.  
  
Hazel dumped a pot of scrambled eggs onto two plates, tucked in a slice of buttered toast, and delivered them to the waiting girls. “You both look so fashionable today.” The girls beamed. “Oh, that reminds me. You might be interested in this. There’s a fashion show going on at the mall today.”  
  
“We know,” said Brie, “We’re going there now.”  
  
“I kind of thought you might. Guess what? Ivy’s going to be there, too,” Hazel said, referring to her friend. “You should say hi to her if you see her.”  
  
“Okay,” Brie replied.  
  
“Ooh, I love Ivy!” Elsie interjected. “She’s so cool.”  
  
“You think literally everybody is cool, Els,” Brie said.  
  
Elsie scowled.  
  
“Well, she said she’d try not to cramp your style if she saw you,” Hazel added.  
  
“Are you kidding?” Warrick interrupted. “That woman is an accessory. She could even improve Chris Hemsworth’s arm.”  
  
Hazel rolled her eyes and patted her husband’s shoulder. “Down, boy.” She turned to the girls. “Are you going to pick anything up at the show?”  
  
“I might pick up a boy or two,” Elsie joked.  
  
Brie snorted knowingly. “I would,” she answered sarcastically, “if someone would give me some money.”  
  
Warrick looked up from his device. “Oh, can I expect to see a freshly washed car glistening in the sun when I leave the house today?”  
  
Brie grumbled and tore off a bite of bread. “Please, daddyyy,” she whined.  
  
“Sorry, that’s the rules.”  
  
She shot a glance at her friend that said, “See? Never works.” Elsie smiled and shrugged.  
  
Hazel grabbed Warrick’s wallet off the counter and opened it up. She pulled out several bills. “I don’t know, honey. I think we’ve all broken the rules once or twice this weekend, and we’re none the worse for wear. I think our daughter deserves to have something nice once in a while.”  
  
Brie brightened up, but dared not say anything for fear of changing her mother’s mind.  
  
Warrick turned to look at his wife, whose wide eyes seemed to bore into him. He sighed. “Okay.”  
  
Brie let out a squeal, barely containing her elation and ripped the money from her mother’s hand.  
  
Warrick protested, “Hey, how much are you giving her?”  
  
“Don’t worry, she’ll work it off in chores later.” With that, she handed Elsie a bill as well.  
  
“Thanks Hazel!” Elsie hollered.  
  
“Is she going to do chores, too?” Warrick asked in exasperation.  
  
“I think she’s done enough for you this weekend, don’t you?”  
  
Warrick blushed and retreated to his phone, grumbling lightly, knowing better than to try to argue his case.  
  
“Alright kids, finish up. We’re headed out to a party. Do you want a ride to the mall?”  
  
“Yeah!” Elsie cried with her mouth full of eggs.  
  
After breakfast the four of them piled into the car. The mall was not far away, but the girls were both happy to stay out of the hot weather as much as possible. Still, the car had sat in the morning sun and the heat felt oppressive inside the cabin.  
  
Brie groaned and immediately felt sweat beading up on her arms. She tugged at the loose halves of her button-up shirt and flapped them to fan herself. She felt her nipples twitch as the fabric fluttered across them. It felt good, but she was also a bit embarrassed. It hadn’t been that long since she had masturbated and already she could feel her horniness creeping back. She thought about how she had taken her dad’s cock head into her mouth, eager to suck out the medicine coming from within. She only had it in her mouth for a moment, but she managed to taste a dash of his cum—she also recognized the strong taste of her mother’s flavor mixed within it. She thought that that might have something to do with the erotic feelings growing once again inside of her. She decided she would have more medicine once they got to the mall.  
  
Warrick turned on the air conditioning and cold air immediately began to fill the car. He checked again on the girls via the rear view mirror. Elsie was sat back, babbling to Hazel about a trendy, post-apocalyptic YA novel everybody in school was reading. He noticed she wasn’t wearing a bra, because he could make out the stiff bumps of her nipples through the yellow fabric of her tank top as the car’s environment cooled down.  
  
He glanced over at Brie who was slouched down in her seat, staring out the window and fanning the cold, processed air over herself. She was oblivious to his gaze, and as she idly flapped the loose ends of her shirt, she occasionally flashed a peek of her chest. In that moment, she exuded a childlike innocence that contrasted with her lascivious actions in his bedroom. He wondered what had gotten into her and made up his mind to talk with Hazel about it.  
  
They quickly arrived at the mall and the car had barely stopped moving when both girls spilled out into the steaming parking lot and took off on foot for the entrance.  
  
“Alright, girls,” Hazel called after them, “Have fun and stay out of trouble.”  
  
“We will,” Brie called behind herself.  
  
Warrick followed her with his gaze until she and Elsie disappeared into the complex, then took a deep breath and turned to his wife and said “Hazel, she put my cock in her mouth.”  
  
“Who did what?” asked Hazel with surprise.  
  
Warrick shifted the car back into gear and he drove toward the birthday party they had scheduled. “I was playing around with the girls in the bedroom, letting them jump on me and tickle me, and while I was focused on Elsie, Brie pulled down my pants and sucked on the head of my cock. I don’t think she knew entirely what she was doing. I don’t really understand it, but maybe that’s why she told you she wanted medicine.”  
  
“Hmm,” Hazel murmured, then paused. The silence lasted only a moment, but to Warrick it felt like an eternity. “Did Elsie see?” she inquired.  
  
“No, I don’t think so.” Warrick paused. “I think she was… preoccupied. I was so surprised when I felt it that I flung the poor little thing right off the bed. That’s why she started crying.”  
  
“Hmm,” Hazel said again.  
  
“It’s not my fault… or, at least, I don’t think it was my fault. I don’t know how that got into Brie’s head.”  
  
“How do you feel about it now?” his wife inquired.  
  
“Honestly, I’m just confused. This weekend has changed everything. I know you said that our child needs to find out what she needs, what her own limitations are. And I know that you said we should help her out whenever she needs it, but… I’m beginning to wonder if she has any limitations at all.”  
  
“Maybe she doesn’t.” Hazel said, an understanding in her voice, “But she has to respect your limitations, too. If she takes things too far, you should make sure she knows that. It sounds like you’re more than capable of putting your foot down.”  
  
“I mean, don’t get me wrong, Little Warrick was certainly ready to go!” Warrick joked, an awkward tone in his voice. “But… she’s our daughter.”  
  
“I don’t doubt your virility, honey.” Hazel said, rolling her eyes. “I just have a certain sense that this is ultimately going to be up to you.”  
  
“I don’t get it. Are you saying that Brie wants to have sex with me?”  
  
“Let’s not get into this right before this party. I don’t want ‘Little Warrick’ trying to get out. We’ll talk more about this later.”  
  
Warrick just stared down the road in silence.

## Going Nova ch. 8: The Modeling Gig

The girls walked through the hallways of the mall and found the Libertine kiosk shuttered. A sign said “Closed for fashion show at Scarlet.”  
  
Elsie shrugged. “I guess they’ve already gotten started.”  
  
They made their way toward the boutique and as they approached, the surrounding hustle and bustle grew quickly. There were people seemingly everywhere. Most of them appeared to be fans or otherwise guests of the event, but as they neared the entrance there was a flurry of activity from workers plying their trade. Set builders cranked wrenches on scaffolding and lights flashed on and off as men and women walked around examining each bulb. A DJ tested his playlist in fits and starts, occasionally breaking into a mini scratch session, just to please the doting fans surrounding his booth.  
  
Brie gawked at lanky women strutting about in crisp outfits. Their makeup, too, seemed perfect. She wasn’t sure if they were models in the show or locals who were taking advantage of the event as an opportunity to show off a look from their own collection.  
  
She turned to Elsie, “Where are we supposed to go?”  
  
Elsie craned her head around. “Hmm. Oh, look. It’s that weird Heather woman.” Heather, the woman whom they had met at the Libertine kiosk the day before, was standing up on the runway, brusquely giving orders to various workers.  
  
The girls pushed their way through the throngs to reach the stage. They called out to the alabaster-skinned woman. She turned and nodded, “Ah, I remember you. You are Michael’s amateur girls.”  
  
“What are we supposed to do right now? Where should we go?” Elsie asked. “We feel like we’re in the way of literally everybody here.”  
  
“Indeed, you are in my way right now. Go find Michael. He is in the dressing room.” The older woman pointed the way.  
  
The girls moved on and Elsie scowled at Brie, “What a horrible woman.” Brie just chuckled.  
  
As they pressed through the commotion toward the dressing rooms, they heard familiar names being called, though they were not their own. “Zoey! Briley!”  
  
Elsie barely recalled the alter egos they had chosen the last time they were at the mall, but it was enough to catch Brie’s attention. She grabbed Elsie’s arm, “Hold on, someone’s calling our names.” She turned around to where the sound was coming from and she saw Oliver and Hunter. “It’s the two boys from the food court.”  
  
Elsie whirled around and smiled brightly, “Hey, you came!”  
  
“Well, yeah,” Oliver piped up. “You invited us.”  
  
Hunter stared through his mop of hair at Brie. She could sense an awkward inexperience about him. He said, “I can’t believe you two are models… uh, well, I mean, I *can* believe it, because you’re so pretty. It’s just, um, cool.” Brie giggled and tucked some hair behind her ear, demurring at the attention.  
  
Elsie hugged her friend close and leaned in toward the boys. “Okay, look, we’re so glad you showed up to this, but remember that we’re professionals and we have to get ready to go on stage.”  
  
“Right!” Oliver nodded coolly, “We just saw you and wanted to say hey.”  
  
Elsie grinned slyly. “Want me to see if I can get you backstage?”  
  
“That sound awesome,” Oliver answered.  
  
“Yeah, cool,” Hunter added.  
  
“Alright, we’ll see what we can do.”  
  
The girls parted from the boys and headed for the dressing rooms. They pushed open a door and were met by a large bouncer on the other side.  
  
“Staff and talent only,” the man said flatly.  
  
“We’re staff,” said Elsie.  
  
“Names?”  
  
“Zoey and Briley.” Brie interjected.  
  
The bouncer scanned the list, “Alright, you’re on the list. And you’re not staff, you’re talent.”  
  
“That’s what I said,” Elsie commented to Brie.  
  
“I need ID.”  
  
The girls exchanged a panicked look. Elsie patted the too-small pockets of her shorts, and Brie mimicked her friend, though there were no pockets on her skirt. Elsie looked up at the tall man and spoke meekly, “Uh, we don’t have IDs?”  
  
“Sorry, can’t let you in without ID.”  
  
At that moment, Michael rounded the corner and spotted the two girls. He chimed in, “Fantastic, you’re here!”  
  
“You know these girls?” the bouncer asked.  
  
He waved his hands wildly, “Yes, yes, let them through. They’re talent.”  
  
Elsie attempted to push past, but was met with the bouncer’s meaty hand on her shoulder. “Hold up, you girls are both at least 18?”  
  
Again the girls looked at one another, then nodded furtively.  
  
“Could’ve fooled me. All these white girl models with no tits. I’m getting so old, I can’t even tell. You all look like kids to me.”  
  
Brie almost piped up about her pet peeve about being called a kid, but Elsie forestalled the effort with an elbow jab to the side.  
  
“But given that’s the case,” the man continued, “you won’t need a parent or guardian to cosign these releases.” He handed them each a clipboard with a consent form to use their likeness in marketing materials for the Libertine and Scarlet brands.  
  
Elsie gave the contract a cursory glance and scribbled her signature at the bottom. She then danced around impatiently as Brie read through the entire document thoroughly. She furrowed her brow, then looked up at Elsie. “We gotta be careful. It says they can charge us the full price of the clothes if we damage them.”  
  
“Well, we’re not gonna be mud wrestling in them,” Elsie replied, before looking at Michael. “Right?”  
  
Michael chuckled, “Of course not. You’ll be wearing your own clothes for the makeup demo, and we may have you walk the runway a time or two.”  
  
Brie chewed on the pen cap as she finished reading, then signed.  
  
Michael clapped his hands, “Okay, great. I’ll get these off to legal. Can you be ready to go in thirty minutes?”  
  
“Yeah, I mean, I guess we’re ready now,” Elsie replied.  
  
“Great,” Michael said enthusiastically then rolled his eyes, “you’re better than some of the pros we have tonight. Never lose that drive. You two can wait in your assigned room. Look for your names on the door and someone’ll come get you when we’re ready to roll.”  
  
The girls wandered throughout the backstage area, but they could barely concentrate on their assigned mission. Their heads spun wildly with wonder as they attempted to take in all the sights around them. Scantily-clad models passed by nonchalantly, not even registering the girls’ presence. Some were followed by handlers with water bottles, towels, and brushes. Coordinators guarded racks of clothing, compulsively sorting and resorting them according to their whims. Tailors chewed on pins and clipped together folds of fabric for last-minute alterations. Makeup artists sat in bright, mobile, light booths arranging their cases for easy access to the latest products in need of pushing.  
  
“This is incredible,” Brie mused. “I can’t believe we actually got back here.”  
  
From a distance she heard Elsie shout, “Here’s our room!”  
  
They entered and closed the door behind them, muting the roar of activity.  
  
“What a rush!” Elsie exclaimed.  
  
“Did you see those models?” Brie wondered.  
  
“Uh huh, they were so beautiful. So professional.” Both girls exhaled, seemingly for the first time since they arrived backstage. Some part of them wanted to rush back out into the fray and absorb everything they could, but another more anxious feeling came over them, and they decided to stay put, where they knew they wouldn’t be in the way or, worse yet, called out for being the imposters that they believed they were.  
  
Elsie spun and posed in the large, brightly lit vanity mirror, which overlooked two sinks ringed with cleansing products. Meanwhile Brie poked around the room, fidgeting nervously. She discovered a curtained-off closet near the door. Inside it were two plain-looking, tan smocks and a few bare hangers. She wondered idly if she should take some of her medicine now, or wait until after they went on stage. Instinctively, she rifled through her purse, and touched the medicine bottle her mother had filled for her. Instead of taking it, however, she chose a tube of lip gloss. She turned to her reflection and unscrewed the cap, wondering aloud, “You think we’ll be able to see Ivy from on stage?”  
  
“I doubt it,” Elsie answered as the two primped in the mirror. “The lights are always too bright to see much of anything when you’re on stage.” She turned to her friend, eyes wide with excitement and mischief. “More important question: how do we get the boys back here?”  
  
Brie giggled nervously, but didn’t have an answer. She pressed her lips together and puckered up at herself in the mirror and Elsie swiped the lip gloss from her with a grin. “Here, watch this.” She, too, smeared the wand over her lips and then leaned in to her reflection, puckering her lips and planting a kiss right on the glass. She peeled back, leaving a glossy, lip-shaped smear behind.  
  
Brie was tickled. Then Elsie leaned over to her with a giggle, threatening to bear hug her and leave a kiss mark behind on her, too. Brie squealed and pushed her friend away. The two laughed aloud.  
  
Just as they broke from their embrace, the door swung open and the commotion of the event came roaring into their dressing room. A large woman in a white dress shirt and black pants came in toting a clipboard. “Zoey and, uh, Briley, I guess?”  
  
“That’s us,” Elsie said with a smirk.  
  
“Show’s starting in five minutes. Y’all are up first, so be ready.”  
  
Brie piped up, “We are ready.”  
  
The woman furrowed her brow at them, then peered into the closet. “Y’all are doing the makeup demo, right?”  
  
“I think so?” Brie replied, clearly unsure of herself.  
  
The woman checked the clipboard. “Yep, you’re getting made up, so the two of you need to get undressed and put on these smocks,” she said, gesturing to the sack-like garments in the closet. She looked back at the girls and tutted, “And make sure you wash your faces. You can’t have any makeup on when you go out there. You don’t have to wash your hair, though, that’s part of the demo.” Both girls nodded. “Any questions?”  
  
Elsie instinctively raised her hand, as if she were in class. “Um, yes, we were promised that our boyfriends could be with us back stage…” Her lie trailed off and Brie’s heart skipped a beat.  
  
“Alright, write their names down on this sheet and we’ll page them.”  
  
With that, the woman left and the two girls could only grin and giggle at one another, having successfully snuck their new infatuations back stage.  
  
As they scrubbed their faces with the products that had been put in the room, they heard the DJ call Hunter and Oliver over the PA. Elsie’s ears perked up. “Oop, we gotta get changed before they get here. There’s no dressing room.”  
  
“This is the dressing room, you idiot,” Brie taunted.  
  
Elsie stood up and, instead of pulling her shirt over her head, undid the ties of the spaghetti straps of her crop top and pulled it down until it gathered around her waist. Then she unbuttoned her shorts and, with one shimmy of her hips, slid everything but her sneakers off of her body all at once. As she stepped naked out of the pool of fabric, she glanced up and caught Brie staring at her with wide eyes. Elsie blushed uncharacteristically at her friend’s attention. “What?”  
  
Brie chuckled softly, “Nothing. That was just… kind of impressive.” And after a pause, “Also, I can’t believe you’re not wearing panties again.”  
  
“Hee hee,” Elsie giggled and then made for the closet. She pulled out one of the smocks and then tossed it over her head. Again, she checked herself in the mirror. The dresses were unadorned and quite shapeless, landing at about mid-thigh. She frowned, “Well, this is ugly.”  
  
Brie turned and sized up her friend, “It’s not that bad on you.”  
  
“I look like a waif.”  
  
“You just gotta rock it, Els,” Brie replied sarcastically. “Isn’t that what you told me this morning?”  
  
Elsie stuck out her tongue. “Brat.” She flung the other smock carelessly over Brie’s head. “C’mon, get naked. The boys will be here any second.”  
  
Brie sighed and tossed her face cloth in the sink. She stood up and shimmied out of her skirt and shirt. As she dropped them to the floor, Elsie went to the dressing room door and began to open it.  
  
Brie squealed out, yanking the smock in front of her to cover herself, “Els, what are you doing?”  
  
Elsie turned to her. “Relax, I’m only opening it a crack. I’ll stand guard and warn you when they’re coming.”  
  
Suddenly, the door was pushed wide open as the woman from before returned. Elsie staggered backwards from the sudden force of the door. The two boys were in tow.  
  
“Elsie!” squealed Brie, quickly pulling the smock on over her head and pulling it down over her hips. She glared, red-faced, at her friend, who could only shrug apologetically. Brie blushed. She had moved quickly, but the two boys stared, trying to process what they had or had not actually seen in that brief moment.  
  
“Alright,” the woman called out, oblivious to the tension, “You boys will have to wait here, though I can’t imagine the show will be that interesting from this point of view. For you girls, it’s time for y’all to hit your mark, whether you’re ready or not.” She herded them out the door.  
  
The two boys didn’t know what to do, so they quickly resorted to their phones.  
  
They walked down a narrow, darkened hallway, toward a brightly lit opening. They could hear the DJ rallying the crowd in the distance and getting everybody hyped for the show. Cheers and whistles punctuated the enthusiasm of the room.  
  
As they approached their mark, they heard their introduction: “All makeup tonight is provided by Libertine, a brand new entry in the beauty arena, and let me tell you, everybody on this stage is looking young, elite, and sexy. Can I get a YES to that?” The crowd cheered in response. “Coming up first, we’re going to give you a live, Get Ready With Me demo that shows how Libertine can transform you from your average, everyday looker to the most gorgeous, most knockout, best possible version of yourself. Let’s get our two models out here. Zoeeey and Brileeeey!”  
  
“Time to go,” the large woman said, and patted the girls on their butts.  
  
“But. Where do we go? What do we do?” Brie pleaded, suddenly aware of how little she knew about the gig she had signed up for.  
  
“Just down the catwalk to the end of the stage. Sit in the chairs and they’ll take care of the rest.”  
  
The two girls exchanged nervous glances and stepped timidly out into the light. The crowd cheers filled their ears, battling with the thumping music, but as they slowly started off, they could hear the woman shouting after them, “Walk with confidence!”  
  
Both of them stood up straight and padded barefoot down the walkway. Brie looked around at the throngs of people and felt an overwhelming urgency to hide. Despite amply covering her body, her smock was so thin that it made her feel exposed, and she tugged at the bottom hem, trying to make it go lower. She glanced over at Elsie, and noticed that she looked radiant. The girl exuded enough confidence that she looked like a professional. She was eating up all the attention. This made Brie feel even more self-conscious, but she stared forward and attempted to give it her best game face.  
  
Meanwhile, standing in the crowd near the stage, Ivy recognized the two young faces before her. She was standing behind a row of reserved seating with a man she had brought along with her. “Holy shit,” she exclaimed.  
  
“What?” her date questioned.  
  
“I know those two. I had no idea they were models.”  
  
“Zoey and— what was it? Riley?”  
  
“I don’t know why they’re using those names, but one of them is Hazel’s daughter, Brie. The other one is her friend.”  
  
Up on stage, the two girls strode to the end of the catwalk and found two barber-style chairs swiveled toward them. They split up and took their seats. Suddenly, two strong, male assistants appeared with cutting capes and flung them with grace around the necks of the seated models. The capes draped over their shoulders and arms, and down over their knees. Then the two girls’ chairs were spun around to face the crowd.  
  
Brie was already overwhelmed by the spectacle. She was dizzy with fear about being judged by the audience. She glanced over to her friend who giggled at her and mouthed the word, “Relax.” Brie took a deep breath and closed her eyes, trying to ignore the crowd.  
  
Over the thudding DJ music, Heather’s voice began to speak, describing to the crowd what was to go down on stage. “Today our lovely models will be going to a rave festival, and they’re going to want to look their very best. Perhaps to turn the eye of a boy, or perhaps just to bring out the confidence they feel on the inside, so they can dance without holding back. Libertine has built just the palettes for weekend occasions such as these. Let’s get started.” The monologue continued, somewhere between a narrative, a makeup tutorial, and an advertisement for the Libertine brand. As she spoke, the assistants followed her instructions and busied themselves with painting the faces of the models.  
  
Up first was a hair wash. It was a Roman spa-style treatment, so the assistants leaned the girls back and poured basins of steamy water over their hair. They massaged in shampoos and conditioners and rinsed them off once again.  
  
Elsie reveled in every moment of the process, thrilled to be getting the queen’s treatment. She felt a stoic peace and clarity in the situation. Despite the buzz and furor taking place all around her, she kept cool, professional composure the whole time, though her eyes scanned the crowd wildly, trying to discern faces beyond the glare of the spotlights.  
  
In contrast, Brie kept her eyes tightly shut. She attempted to find her own kind of peace within her, by trying to focus on her breathing. And while she was successful in turning her nervous energy inward, she found the process awakening her nerve endings once again. After the wash, Heather began to narrate the makeup section, and all the while, wedges, brushes, and pads frantically applied creams and makeup, which drew the girl’s thoughts to a more sordid place.  
  
As the spongy applicators danced across her face, she felt her lips tingling. Though the spotlights shone hotly upon her, the makeup felt cool to the touch and the contrast sparked the nerve endings in her cheeks and forehead. The strong hands of the makeup assistant grabbed her chin and turned her head this way and that, depending on the angle of light needed. She found herself, however, enjoying the feeling of being plied so, and she slowly forgot the crowd observing her.  
  
Brie experienced the event through touch alone. A pencil scratched across her brow. A blush brush tickled her cheeks. A stick of lip color smeared across her pillowy, tingling lips. Every so often she felt the dotting of a powder pad, brought in to set the makeup and protect it from smearing. All of it served to trigger her sensitive nerves, which crackled brighter underneath the surface.  
  
The young girl, recognizing the base urges growing within her, fought to keep herself together. But her brain had other ideas. It dawned on her that though somewhere out there was a crowd of observers, none of them had x-ray vision, and so none of them could see under the cape that was tied around her neck and draped over her body.  
  
She didn’t want to draw the attention of her assistant, either, so she slowly moved her hand between her legs and pulled up the slight smock she was wearing. She snaked her fingers down her thighs and in between the folds of her vagina and felt her wetness. Already, she could feel her juices were dribbling out of her crack.  
  
Eventually, Heather began to narrate their eyeliner and Brie heard her assistant speak for the first time: “Alright honey, gotta open them baby blues.”  
  
Brie took a breath and winched her eyes open into the glare of the spotlights. She discovered that it was nearly impossible to see anything beyond them, save for some general silhouettes with darkened features in the front row. It made the girl feel more at ease, even anonymous, despite half the eyes in the room being on her.  
  
The makeup assistant leaned in closely to her and cupped a strong hand on her cheek. With his other, he brought in an eyeliner pencil and whipped sharp wings across her lids. Brie liked being handled by the man and she giggled nervously. He was strong and also handsome, and when he got close she could feel his breath whisper across her face. He, however, appeared thoroughly unconcerned with her, and, strictly professional, put all his focus into his work. To that point, she also admired his staunch dedication.  
  
Underneath the barber cape, she began to sluice a finger slowly up and down her slit. She knew no one would be able to see what she was doing as long as she proceeded slowly, and she followed the primal call of her wanton urges. She toyed with the silky fluid that she produced, pulling it from within her and smearing it across her pussy lips and down her inner thighs.  
  
She told herself that she was under total control of her compulsion, but still she followed her body’s lead. Her breathing increased along with her heart rate, and she felt the cape stick slightly to her arms as they began to lightly sweat. Back and forth, she dragged her fingers through her slippery, girlish mixture, from one puffy labium to the other, passing over and swirling around her tingling clit along the way. Each time she moved back and forth, she gave in more and more to her mounting sensuality.  
  
Brie soon decided that she needed something more, but just as she was about to plunge her fingers into her tunnel, a word cut sharply through her hazy mind: “Voila!” It was Heather, and her narration had come to a close. And just like that, the assistants unceremoniously ripped the capes from the models’ necks in one swift motion. Brie’s eyes snapped wide just as quickly as her legs snapped shut. She blushed, but the crowd’s applause and whistles signaled that she hadn’t been caught masturbating.  
  
“Stand up, girls, and give us a twirl,” the DJ called from his microphone. Elsie was up instantly, spinning and mugging for the audience. Brie glanced down and noticed that her nipples were prominent and that she had soaked through the back of her smock and onto the barber chair seat. She pushed herself upward out of the chair, and merely bowed, keeping her gown away from her breasts and her backside out of sight from the onlookers. As the applause died down, the two girls began the walk backstage and Brie made sure that Elsie followed directly behind her, so that her friend would block any cameras from recording the wet spot on her garment.  
  
Once they were safely out of view, they both breathed huge sighs of relief. Elsie hung her arm around Brie’s neck and laughed, “Can you believe that? We got to be models!”  
  
Brie, too, chuckled, “Yeah, but I’m so glad it’s over. I was so nervous. I had my eyes closed practically the whole time.”  
  
“Not me, I just stared straight ahead, like I’ve seen on fashion sites.” This was at least partially true.  
  
“I saw that. You were so good out there. You’re a natural.”  
  
“Aw, Brie, so were you.”  
  
They burst back through the door of their dressing room, still giggling and talking about the experience, startling Hunter and Oliver who were sitting, still affixed to their phones. Oliver looked up from his device. “Oh hey, so, how’d it go?”  
  
“It was so much fun.” Elsie answered.  
  
“I can’t believe it’s over already,” Brie chimed in. “It was all a blur.”  
  
Oliver stared a moment at Elsie. “You look so beautiful now.”  
  
“Now?” Elsie teased.  
  
“Well, I mean, you looked pretty before. Just, the makeup looks great is all.” Elsie could only demure. Oliver continued, “So, what are you going to do now?”  
  
“I dunno. We could go get a shake, or we could go to Trampoline World. What are you feeling?”  
  
“Honestly?” he replied, a sly grin saying more than his words, “I’m feeling kind of bummed that we missed seeing your modeling opportunity.”  
  
“I don’t understand,” Elsie said, picking up an ulterior motive.  
  
“What if we went somewhere and you can model these for me?” Hunter held out his hand and produced the geometrically themed pair of panties that Elsie had given him the previous day. They still had her phone number sharpied on them. This time both girls’ jaws went slack, caught off guard by Oliver’s boldness.  
  
Elsie’s shock slowly transformed into a cheeky grin. “Yeah, that sounds like it could be fun, too,” she said meekly.  
  
Hunter finally pulled himself away from his video game and climbed off the vanity where he was sat. “You could model something for me, too, Briley,” he said, fumbling bashfully for the words.  
  
Brie stared at her feet sheepishly and said, “I… don’t really have anything to model.”  
  
Elsie jabbed Brie with her elbow and chuckled nervously, “That’s not true. We’ll find something for you to model for the boys.” She shot a wordless glance at Brie that said, “Don’t ruin this.”  
  
Brie brightened up and gave in, “Oh, well, okay, let’s go do it, then. But first, I gotta… go to the bathroom.” She rummaged through her purse and found the medicine bottle.  
  
“Right,” Elsie said and winked, “We can wait here while you take care of that.”  
  
Brie started for the bathroom when the dressing room door suddenly swung open and nearly knocked her on her butt. The large room attendant entered; over her shoulders were slung some outfits. She said cheerily, “Well, well, girls. Nice work. Sounds like you had quite the reception. The people really loved you out there. Especially you,” she nodded in Elsie’s direction. The young girl swelled obviously with pride. The woman continued, “The folks at Scarlet were impressed and they’d like to see you two walk the runway in one of their new pieces. You up for it?”  
  
Brie was stunned, “Scarlet wants us to model for them?”  
  
“That’s the idea. Might be a fun opportunity, right? But there’s not a lot of time, so you have to decide now.”  
  
Elsie jumped up and down, her hands on Brie’s shoulders, “Obviously, let’s do it!”  
  
“Okay!” Brie agreed.  
  
“Alright, here.” From one shoulder she handed Brie a small romper, and from the other, she handed Elsie a sleeveless jumpsuit. “Get dressed in here. There will be some people coming by with shoes momentarily. And try not to mess up your hair and makeup. You’re on in five.” With that, the woman made her exit.  
  
Brie couldn’t help but smile, “We’re gonna be Scarlet models?”  
  
“I can’t believe they liked us!” Elsie turned to the two boys and added, “This is our first time modeling, ever.”  
  
“Really?” said Oliver, “Could have fooled me with the way you pulled strings to get us back here.”  
  
“We basically acted like we knew what we were talking about and just lied to them,” Elsie grinned. Hunter chuckled.  
  
Elsie tugged at the neck of her smock, ready to pull it off right then and there, but she came to her senses when she heard Hunter grunt in surprise. “Whoops!” Elsie blushed, “I almost changed right in front of you.” A look of disappointment flashed across the boys’ faces. Elsie smiled sheepishly. “I’m just so used to changing in and out of whatever when it’s just the two of us girls.”  
  
Brie chimed in, “You could change in this closet.” She pointed to the small alcove where the smocks had come from. A ragged curtain hung from rings on a bar, offering a reasonable amount of privacy.  
  
“Good idea.” Elsie glanced back at Oliver, who still held her underwear. “I’ll take these.” She snatched them away, but didn’t miss his disappointment. “Don’t worry, you might see them later.” She winked coyly and ducked into the closet. Over the curtain she flung the smock, and got to work putting on the jumpsuit.  
  
Meanwhile, Brie rolled the bottle of medicine over in her hands. She appreciated the distraction, but she noticed the gauziness of her condition was starting to creep back into her mind. “Els, uh, Zoey, I don’t think I have enough time to… take care of myself, but I’m wondering if I should take this medicine now or afterwards.”  
  
“Well, do you think it will help?” Elsie inquired from behind the curtain.  
  
“I dunno. Sometimes it makes things… worse, I guess.”  
  
Elsie thought for a moment. “I’d say take it now, that way you’re ready for after we’re done. Anyway, this won’t take long.”  
  
Brie silently mulled the idea. She glanced toward the two boys who both seemed utterly perplexed by the girls’ cryptic dialogue. Oliver shrugged. Brie sighed. “Yeah. You might be right.”  
  
She unscrewed the top and tipped back the bottle, drinking down the viscous concoction. She felt a little bit obscene slurping it into her mouth in front of the boys. She couldn’t help thinking that, as her mom had told her, the medicine was just cum. And while it didn’t taste exactly like her mom’s cum, there were notes of it in the flavor. She squeezed her legs together, feeling her insides squish slightly at the thought of her carnal tryst with her mother, and once again she wondered where her mom had gotten the extra medicine that was in the bottle.  
  
She drank about half of what remained. She was unsure how much it would work, but she at least felt an immediate satisfaction as she swallowed.  
  
Elsie yanked the curtain and strutted out in a sleeveless, pink, floral jumpsuit, humming a tune vaguely reminiscent of “The Stripper”. She kicked one leg wildly into the air and cried out, “Pow!” Brie and the boys giggled at the performance. Elsie’s one-piece jumpsuit clung tightly against her torso, much like a leotard, but around her belt-line it was cinched, and the area around her hips, butt, and crotch was let out a bit, which made it just a bit more billowy and allowed for some flexibility. Going downward, the legs of the suit once again contoured against her body, as tights would. At her sides, three vents were cut at waist level, exposing her skin underneath, and down the front, a row of buttons traveling down to her belly button held the whole thing together. “I feel like a 70s spy girl or something,” Elsie giggled. She looked at Brie and nodded, “Show us what you got, Charlie’s Angel.”  
  
Brie stepped into the closet and pulled the curtain closed. She held up the romper in front of her and examined it. It was a straightforward cut in deep blue, with a paisley print to match the ’70s vibe of Elsie’s jumpsuit. It looked pretty small, even for her size, and with her orders not to wear close-fitting underwear, she was concerned about the crotch of the piece pulling up against her pussy. She reached down to feel her well and shuddered. After her time in the makeup chair, it was already brimming over with juices. Her inner thighs were slick and her goo was slowly traveling down to her knees.  
  
She pulled her smock over her head and shivered, fully naked behind the curtain. She balled up the flimsy clothing and spread her legs slightly, then unceremoniously wiped her sopping vagina with it, cleaning up as much moisture as possible. A groan escaped her mouth as the cheap fabric dragged across her pussy lips and into her crease, stoking the crackling fire smoldering in her nether region. The devil on her shoulder bid her to keep going, to finish off her orgasm right then and there behind the gossamer curtain, but Brie kept her eye on the goal. After all, it wasn’t every day that Scarlet asked her to model.  
  
Hearing the moan, Elsie called to her, “You doing okay back there?”  
  
“Yeah,” Brie sighed, “I’m fine.” She took a breath and climbed into the romper. She pulled the outfit’s straps up over her shoulder and felt the clothing pull up tightly against her crotch. She knew that her panties could complicate the sensations of her sensitive body, and she became starkly aware that this was not going to be doing her any favors. She adjusted the top of it, pulling it down a bit, to make room in the crotch, but in this way, the elastic band at the top sat very close to her nipples. Its coarse stitching strummed across her chest as she moved about, which caused her to shiver and hum. Goose bumps raised across her flesh, along with her nipples, and more of her fluids continued to spill from her loins.  
  
It seemed that no matter which way she wore the romper, it was too small to wear comfortably with her super-orgasmic condition. Either it stimulated the nerves of her nipples and breasts, or it tugged up into her crack and rubbed against her clit. Brie’s only other option was to bow out of the show, which she was desperate not to do. She drew back the curtain and stepped out into the dressing room and blushed. Instinctively, she put her hands in front of her crotch, fearing that she was already soaking through the bottom.  
  
Elsie hooted cheerily. “You look like a hippie! You just need a crown of daisies to complete the look.”  
  
“It’s pretty tight!” Brie said skeptically.  
  
Elsie frowned. “Hm, let me see.” She stood in front of Brie and looked her up and down, effectively blocking the view of the two boys. She thought for a bit and then leaned in to move Brie’s hands to her sides to get a better look. Brie fidgeted and sighed. Elsie could see a slightly dark strip at her crotch, where Brie’s moisture was soaking through. She could see that the crotch of the garment was pulled tightly up between Brie’s legs, showing off the contours of her puffy pussy lips and the dip between them. The contrast of the wet spot emphasized her camel toe all the more. “Yeah,” Elsie said, “That looks like it would fit me, but it’s a bit small on you.”  
  
Elsie bent over and tugged at the legs of the romper, trying to get her friend some additional room. This pulled the elastic band at the top of the outfit down over Brie’s nipples, causing Brie to cry out in both surprise and pleasure.  
  
Neither of the boys in the room quite understood what was going on, but both were picking up on a strange, sensual vibe emanating from Brie’s quaking figure.  
  
Elsie, was taken aback by Brie’s cry. “What? What’s wrong?”  
  
“You pulled the top down over my… boobs.”  
  
“Oh, sorry.” Elsie reached up to pull the top back up again, and Brie cried out again and braced herself against the wall, legs wobbling as she felt both the elastic against her nipples and the the bottom of the romper tugging back up against her pussy. She whined, spreading her legs slightly and gently bucked her hips uncontrollably toward her friend.  
  
“Mm, fuck, sorry, that just feels…” Brie drifted off.  
  
“Why don’t we just leave this where it is?” Elsie suggested, “and we’ll take care of it after the catwalk, okay?”  
  
Brie nodded, eyes staring off in the distance. She hobbled over toward a stool and perched her butt on the edge of it.  
  
Oliver and Hunter looked a bit confused. Oliver spoke up, “Is she hurt?”  
  
Elsie shook her head, “She’ll be fine. More than fine. She just has a condition that creeps up every so often. You kinda just gotta let her do what she needs to do.” Elsie nodded and they all sat in awkward silence, trying and failing to find a way to change the subject.  
  
It wasn’t much longer before the handler returned with boots for the two girls. More specifically, they were roller skates. “You two know how to skate?”  
  
Elsie nodded, “Well enough.”  
  
“Great, you two are going to be roller girls. I guessed at your sizes. Hopefully these fit.”  
  
“I think you guessed too small for Briley’s romper,” Elsie said, trying to be helpful.  
  
The woman looked Brie up and down. She couldn’t see the moist strip in the crotch from her angle. “It might be a size too small, but it’ll work for now. You just gotta get down the runway and back and you’re done.” Brie swallowed hard and nodded.  
  
Elsie sat on the ground and started lacing up her skates. She tipped her head at Hunter, “You wanna help her get these on?”  
  
“Oh! Uh, sure,” he replied dopily. He knelt down in front of Brie and placed her foot into the skate. As he tightened up the laces, he followed her legs with his eyes. They were so fit and smooth and had clearly gotten a lot of sun that summer. His eyes picked up a subtle movement and he continued upward until he could see the girl timidly rocking her hips back and forth across the edge of the stool. From his angle, her crotch undulated in and out of view. He noticed a glossy patch of wetness between her legs, and at that point also noted a strong scent in the air. He was unsure just what the young girl was doing, or what condition she was in—as Zoey had mentioned—but for him to be so close to whatever it was she was doing, it was an erotic sight.  
  
Brie noticed that Hunter was staring and she looked down and caught his eye. He snapped his head back down to focus on the work of tying her boots, and the two of them blushed together. Brie also shifted onto the stool and attempted to remain still.  
  
Oliver also saw a chance to flirt with Elsie and he offered to help her get her skates on. She agreed and the two of them made eyes at one another, giggling as they worked together. Elsie, though happy to be modeling for Scarlet was becoming more and more eager for some one-on-one time with her new boy. She could feel herself getting wet with anticipation, though she knew her panties would soak it all up, unlike Brie.  
  
The waiting assistant interrupted their reverie. “Alright, you love birds, let’s get you queued up. On your feet.”  
  
Oliver helped Elsie up off the ground and she steadied herself against him. She pulled herself close and inhaled his scent. Brie was able to push off from the stool she sat on, though her wheels slipped and she staggered forward into Hunter. The sudden movement pulled the too-small romper up into her crack and she moaned aloud in his ear as a white-hot sensation, somewhere between pain and pleasure, coursed from between her legs throughout her body.  
  
“Are— are you alright?” Hunter asked, bewildered.  
  
Brie put a hand to her forehead, and groaned in frustration, “I’m fine, I’m fine. I just got a wedgie. This thing’s too small. Let’s go, Zoey.”  
  
The woman assistant led the way and the two girls skated behind her. Brie panted with each stride as her movements caused her outfit to tantalize her most sensitive areas. Her whole body glowed with a sheen of sweat. She felt more than ready to cum, and couldn’t wait to get back to the dressing room.  
  
Elsie could tell that Brie was having a hard time of it, but she didn’t know what she could do to help at that time. She smiled wryly at her friend and said, “Just down the runway and back, remember?”  
  
Brie nodded silently, solemnly, in return. Just down the runway and back, she thought to herself.  
  
They queued up behind a line of other Scarlet models just as the DJ began to announce the details of the new clothing line. Elsie stood behind Brie and rubbed her shoulders in an attempt to get her to relax.  
  
“Does that help?” Elsie inquired closely in her friend’s ear.  
  
Brie rocked her head back and sighed. “I dunno, but I do at least feel less tense right now.”  
  
“Good. We’ll get through this. I’ll let you go first, so you can get in and get out.” Elsie leaned in and pecked Brie delicately on the cheek.  
  
Brie shivered and whispered back, “And get off.”  
  
One by one the other models filed out onto the catwalk to thumping neo-disco. Each girl was wearing a pair of skates to go with her ’70s inspired getup, just like Brie and Elsie.  
  
The girl in front of Brie had just taken her first strides out the catwalk entrance when she came skidding back out of the crowd’s view. “There was a fall!” she cried out.  
  
A stagehand came rushing by and vanished out the entrance. A while later, he returned, assisting two models by their waists. They both leaned on either of his shoulders. “Out of the way,” he demanded.  
  
Both Brie and Elsie stared at the two misfortunate girls. One was limping on her skates, and the other was bleeding from her face.  
  
“Oh my god,” Elsie exclaimed.  
  
The large assistant woman came rushing back, rolling an arm in the air, signaling them to continue, “They’ll be fine, let’s put this behind us and keep the show going.” The professional model in front of Brie and Elsie nodded once and snapped immediately into performance mode. She hit the catwalk and moments later, it was Brie’s turn to walk.  
  
She made one last-ditch attempt to force her outfit to behave, but it was no use. As soon as she started moving, the fabric pulled up between her legs. She could do nothing but grimace and bear it, and so she rolled out into the spectacle once again. The thudding bass of the playlist hummed through the air. Massive speakers pulsed against the stage, thrumming through her body. As her wheels rolled along the surface of the catwalk, they, too, sent vibrations up from her tingling toes, straight to her inner thighs. Her nerves chained the sensation from one fiber of her being to another, and she trembled as each stride sawed the soaked crotch of her romper up into her cleft.  
  
Her ecstasy was taking hold and the cacophony of the event began to fade around her and her vision began to darken. The music, too, deadened until she could only make out the four-count bass beat. Her orgasm boiled within her. Her chest heaved, and she felt as if she were drowning in a deep ocean. She knew that she was rapidly approaching an intense cum. Her nether region flared with pleasure, and she felt herself teetering on the edge of insanity, on display in front of hundreds, there on the catwalk.  
  
But she fought back. Not to prevent embarrassing herself in front of the crowd she knew to be out beyond the hazy fog in her mind—that part of her consciousness had shut off—but to bask in the bliss of being brought all the way to the edge yet to delay and extend her mounting pleasure ever longer. In her reverie, however, she could still sense that she had come to another kind of edge: the physical edge of the stage. She paused a moment. Not long, but just enough to catch her breath and collect her wits. In this respite of clarity, she realized her hips were grinding the air. The action dragged her electrified clit and tender pussy lips along the tight fabric seams at her crotch. Much as she wanted to tear off the entire outfit and finish herself right then and there, she balled her fists and willed her body back under control. She spun herself around for the return journey back across the stage.  
  
Elsie followed Brie out, a few feet back, and watched her friend the whole way. She saw Brie acting differently than their initial run down the catwalk. Then, Brie was mousey and nervous. Now, she was saucy, and slinky, almost liquid in form. If Elsie had not had a deeper understanding of Brie’s condition, she might have even mistaken it for confidence. She watched as Brie stopped at the edge of the stage and paused, swinging her hips out and back in a lurid, sexual simulation. She could even hear the crowd gasping under the music. Elsie was taken in by the performance. She understood more than anybody else there the maddening pleasure that was seeping from her friend’s every pore, every orifice. She had experienced Brie’s orgasmic torrents of rapture first hand just the day before in a dressing room at that very mall. Between Elsie’s memories, Brie’s growing sexual hunger and wanton displays, and Oliver’s flirting, Elsie, too, was ready for some action.  
  
After a mere moment, Brie spun around and faced her friend. Her expression was disconnected, her eyes rolled up and her jaw hanging open. Elsie barely registered on her radar as she passed by. Brie’s only thought was ripping off her garment and claiming her deserved erotic relief. She skated toward the stage exit and, as she did, she shrugged the straps of the romper over each shoulder, one-by-one. She tugged at the legs and pulled the wedged fabric out from between her labia. This caused the elastic top of the outfit to pull down over her sensitive nipples. They emerged into view even while she was still on stage, but she didn’t care; she hoped that, with her back already to most of the audience, and their attention now on Elsie, nobody would notice. As she at last crossed though the stage exit, she yanked the top down off of her chest altogether and peeled it down over her torso. She had no care in the world that stagehands, models, and everybody else back stage could see her youthful chest bared. She was happy to have some relief from her torturous outfit, at last.  
  
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In the crowd, Ivy fanned herself. The venue was packed full and the temperature was heating up. She watched Elsie follow Brie off the catwalk and turned, wide-eyed, to her date. She was shocked by Brie’s flagrant grinding. “Did you see that?”  
  
Her partner deflected, “Were those the two girls you know again?”  
  
“Yeah, my girlfriend’s daughter and her friend.”  
  
The man merely smirked, saying nothing.  
  
“Well, I’ll tell you one thing,” Ivy muttered, “I think I know where she gets it.”  
  
That piqued her date’s curiosity. “What do you mean?”  
  
“Let’s just say I know her parents well. Her mother…” she trailed off.  
  
“C’mon, you know you can’t just leave it at that,” the man pried.  
  
“Down boy,” Ivy chuckled, patting his crotch. She then changed the subject. “I’m surprised they’re letting her model now. She’s so young.”  
  
The man shrugged, “I hope she gets to come back for more.”  
  
“You’re perverse,” Ivy jeered.  
  
He shrugged, “What? She’s cute. She’s like a little doll.”  
  
With warning eyes, Ivy shook her head at her date, but silently she agreed.  
  
The man held up his hands. “Alright, I’ll say no more.”  
  
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Backstage, Brie skated over to a drinking fountain, pulling the romper ever lower, giving her pussy room to breathe and allowing the cool, backstage air to pass over her naked torso. She doused her face in the chilly water from the spigot and panted as the world slowly came back into focus. She had gotten a little too close to having another public orgasm, and a sense of shame began to grow about it.  
  
Suddenly, Elsie came up from behind and goosed Brie’s bare sides, startling her. “You looked so sexy out there!”  
  
“Oh, Elsie,” Brie whined, “I could barely control myself. I nearly creamed my brains out inside this fucking baby-sized romper!”  
  
“I could tell you were barely holding it together,” Elsie snickered. “You looked so lusty. It was kinda hot, really.”  
  
Brie blushed, “At least I didn’t embarrass myself in front of everybody this time.” She looked down at her outfit and felt the legs. They were saturated with her fluids. “Fuck, they’re going to make me pay for this.”  
  
Elsie squeezed the crotch of the romper and wrung out a generous amount of liquid. “Wow, those things are practically a biohazard at this point,” she teased. “I wonder if that will show up in the photos.”  
  
“Photos?”  
  
“Yeah, they have photographers out there. Plus, you know, anybody with an iPhone. But I mean like pro photographers. You think we’ll be on Scarlet’s website?”  
  
“Maybe you, Els. You’re so good at this. I’m— I’m a mess,” Brie despaired.  
  
“Hey, don’t say that,” Elsie consoled her friend. “Maybe you couldn’t tell from your perspective, but you were really getting the hang of it out there. Chin up.” Elsie pulled Brie’s face up to hers, then kissed her softly on her lips.  
  
Brie’s heart raced and her head got woozy. “Els,” she moaned into her friend’s mouth, “You can’t do that right now. I’m still so horny, I’m gonna start climbing the walls.”  
  
Elsie sighed, “Sorry. You’re not the only one getting a little riled up. C’mon, let’s go say hi to the boys.”  
  
They turned to go when they noticed Heather, the woman who helped run the Libertine kiosk, briskly approaching, her face emblematically stony. Elsie, fearing admonishment, attempted to steer them both away from her, but the woman clapped at them to get their attention. “Girls, you are needed.”  
  
Elsie jumped and they both turned slowly. “Needed?” she inquired hesitantly.  
  
“We are down two models for the final segment, and you are two extras. We need you to step in.”  
  
Brie’s heart sank. “But I— I really can’t,” she stuttered.  
  
Elsie was a little disappointed, but looked over at her trembling friend, “Yeah, I think we’re done for today.”  
  
“That’s ridiculous,” Heather spat, “You are paid professionals.”  
  
“Hey, we only signed on for makeup. Modeling clothes was just a bonus. We’re not getting paid for that,” Elsie retorted.  
  
Just then, Michael stuck his head around a corner. He saw the girls with Heather and immediately rushed in to intercept. “Oh thank god, girls, we need your help.”  
  
“We know,” Elsie said flatly, “but we’re done.”  
  
“What’s—?” Michael started, but stopped himself as he met eyes with Heather. He forced a smile at her and pleaded, “Heather, if I may have a moment with the girls?”  
  
Heather rolled her eyes and sighed, then turned and walked off in a huff.  
  
After she left, Michael took a big breath before speaking, “I don’t think that woman is going to last long in retail. Listen, girls, we’re in a bit of a bind. Scarlet needs two models to finish out this show. Like immediately. I know Heather hasn’t been the best hostess, but I’d like to know what I can do to convince you to take the gig.”  
  
“Convince?” Elsie asked.  
  
“Yes,” Michael nodded. “How can we compensate you for the extra work?”  
  
Elsie instantly recognized the value in the offer and pulled Brie away, saying to him, “One moment.” Once they were out of earshot, she turned to her friend, “Brie, baby, I’m ready to be done with this, too. And listen, I’m fucking soaking through my panties right now, too, waiting to get back to those boys so we can have some fun, so I know at least *somewhat* how you’re feeling right now. And I know it’s a risk, but just think of what we could get out of this. They need us.”  
  
Brie held a thousand-yard stare. She knew she wouldn’t be able to get through another walk down the runway in her condition. She knew that, even if she had a chance to cum before they went out that she wouldn’t be in any condition to be seen in public. But still, for her friend, she nodded.  
  
Elsie rubbed Brie’s bare shoulders. “What would make it worth your while to do one more run, down and back? They even said it’s the last segment for the day. No more after this.”  
  
Brie shrugged and whined, “I… I just don’t want to pay for ruining this romper.”  
  
Elsie nodded, “I bet we can make that happen, and more. We’ll make them give us the outfits we modeled today. In fact, I think we can swap them between us. Yours is a bit too small, but it would probably fit me. And, look,” Elsie tugged at the jumpsuit she wore. “Mine is baggy around the hips and crotch, so you can have mine.”  
  
Brie blushed, “But mine is gross right now. You would wear my cum-soaked clothes?”  
  
“Girl, I wore your actual cum yesterday, remember?”  
  
Even Brie couldn’t help but snort at that, “True.”  
  
“Great!” Elsie snapped, “We’re gonna get these clothes, or we’re gonna say that’s it.”  
  
Brie nodded and they rolled back to Michael who was tenting his fingers nervously.  
  
“In addition to the makeup you promised, we want to be able to keep our outfits today.”  
  
Michael smiled and nodded, “I think we can make that happen. Now—”  
  
“From both walks,” Elsie added.  
  
Michael laughed, “Well okay. You will each keep both of your outfits. Now—”  
  
“And $100 each,” Brie interjected, startling Elsie.  
  
Michael paused, then started again slowly. “Is… that everything then?”  
  
Both girls looked at one another, smirking, then nodded at Michael.  
  
“Right then, let’s shake on it.” He took each girl’s hand one-by-one and then continued, “Great, let’s go get your new outfits right away. We don’t have much time.” He herded the two girls to the Scarlet rack and pulled a single swimming suit off the bar. “The last segment of our show is the bathing suit segment. Always a popular one for the crowds.” He looked Brie up and down, who was still stripped bare from the waist up. “I have a hunch that you’re a bit more of an exhibitionist, so you’ll be coming with me.” That was a word that neither girl was familiar with, but with that assessment, he handed the swimming suit he had pulled to Elsie and sent her back to their dressing room to get changed.  
  
He then guided Brie by the shoulders to the makeup room, “Come with me. Your suit is going to take a bit more effort to put on.”  
  
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Elsie returned to her dressing room and found both boys still waiting inside. Once again, Oliver got up to meet her, while Hunter nodded in acknowledgement and then returned to his phone. Elsie, still in her skates, rolled slowly up to the older boy and crashed into him lightly. She craned her neck up and pecked him sweetly on the cheek. He blushed. “They want us to do one more walk down the runway.” Elsie held up the bikini in front of her. “The swimsuit edition!” The bikini was a red triangle top with a flower print pattern on it. The straps and accents were a blue micro-check pattern. The bottoms were a modest but trendy cut, and an exposed belt in a matching pattern ran along the waistband.  
  
“Whoa, nice,” Oliver grinned. “You must have kicked some ass out there.”  
  
Elsie giggled, “Sort of! Two of the models fell on their skates. There was blood everywhere. We’re replacing them.”  
  
Oliver chuckled. “That’s incredible! Man, I never thought a fashion show would be so action-packed. We’re missing everything back here, Hunter.”  
  
Hunter looked up at his brother and just shrugged before returning his attention to the game he was playing.  
  
“I feel kinda bad inviting you back here now,” Elsie said.  
  
Oliver brightened up, “No, it’s cool. It’s worth it to hang out with you, Zoey. And Briley, too, of course.”  
  
Elsie smiled warmly, but it morphed into a mischievous grin as an idea crept into her head. “You know, if you’re looking for action, I think I do owe you some. And, well, I’ve gotta change into this little thing.” She dangled the bikini hanger on the end of her finger.  
  
A wide grin spread across Oliver’s face and he nodded enthusiastically. “You did promise me some underwear modeling.” He glanced back at his brother, who was absorbed in his game. “Uh, what about him?”  
  
Elsie thought for a moment about Hunter, but she sincerely didn’t care if he saw her perform a little strip tease. She was feeling horny and sexy, and her mind was not placing much importance on modesty. She shrugged, “Oh, I guess it’s fine if he looks.” Then she said, with pointed emphasis in the younger brother’s direction, “I don’t think he’s paying any attention, anyway.”  
  
“Huh?” Hunter glanced up at Elsie through his shaggy hair.  
  
“Nevermind,” the girl said, rolling her eyes. Then quietly to Oliver, “Let’s see how long it takes him to figure it out. Go have a seat.”  
  
She looked once more at the attractive older boy as he grabbed a chair and pulled it close to her. She took a deep breath and fingered the top button near her neck on her jumpsuit nervously. Her heart was thudding in her chest, and she suddenly felt too self-conscious to go through with it. “Hold on.” She coasted over to the door and said, “We need a bit of music.” She cracked the door open a small ways and the muffled bass echoing down the halls seeped into the room. She poked her head out into the hall to make sure nobody was around and then turned back to face Oliver.  
  
She slowly started to shake her hips to the beat, eventually finding the rhythm. She closed her eyes and once again began to tug at the buttons of her jumpsuit.  
  
Oliver stared as the nubile, young girl swayed in front of him, popping the buttons of her outfit apart, one-by-one. He found her inexperienced movements awkward but sensual, and since her eyes were meekly closed, he felt like a voyeur leering at forbidden goods. He glanced briefly at his brother, who was still oblivious.  
  
Elsie navigated her hand down the line of buttons in front, undoing each catch, from the top of her chest down toward her belly button. When she reached the last one, she opened one eye to peer at her spectator. He was fixated on her, and she blushed. She pulled apart the two halves of the jumpsuit top, revealing her cleavage, and fanned herself with them. The action threatened to flash a glimpse of her breasts. She knew what Oliver wanted to see, but she wasn’t ready to give it to him quite yet. She wanted to tease him.  
  
She spun around suddenly on her skates, and Oliver moaned, “Aw, c’mon,” but Elsie didn’t respond directly, only giggled. Instead, she slowly bent at her hips, pushing her ass out in his direction. All the while, she continued to wave it in the air to the muted techno beat coming from the DJ’s speakers. Inch by inch she descended, until she could touch her toes.  
  
Much as Oliver wanted to see his catch topless, he couldn’t deny that staring at her small but round ass, covered as it was, was an equally good thing. He adjusted his pants to make room for his swelling manhood.  
  
Elsie pulled at the laces of her skates, releasing the knots, and loosened them up. She turned around again and removed each boot, one after the other. As her body continued to groove sensually, her hands knotted the two sets of laces together and she hung the two skates around her neck.  
  
Oliver groaned when he realized where the dance was going. Elsie, growing bolder, winked back at him. Then, with both hands, she pulled the top of the jumpsuit apart and shrugged it over her shoulders. Her chest was exposed, but Oliver’s view of her breasts and nipples was blocked by the skates hanging down.  
  
“You really know how to tease a guy,” Oliver carped.  
  
Elsie made a display of pulling off the top. One by one, she tugged at the sleeves and pulled her arms out. Now topless, she felt her bare skin prickle at the cool air in the dressing room. Her nipples stiffened against the leather skate boots, and her vagina released lubricious fluid into her panties. She stayed that way for a few moments, rocking to the music, smirking at Oliver, and building his excitement. She noticed his hand occasionally adjust the bulge in his pants, or perhaps he was doing something more to his stiff member.  
  
At long last, she continued and stuck her thumbs into the cinched-in waist of the jumpsuit. Oliver sucked in a breath, and suddenly Hunter exclaimed, “Whoa!” Elsie froze.  
  
Oliver looked back at his younger brother and sighed. “Don’t ruin this, man.”  
  
Hunter, suddenly aware, quickly jammed his phone into his pocket and fixed his hair nervously. “Sorry, I just realized what was happening.” He sat and fixed his attention on the girl.  
  
Oliver, too, returned his attention to Elsie. “My brother’s such a dork,” he said with an easy smile.  
  
Elsie thawed quickly and resumed her strip show. She again felt an unexpected nervousness now that there were two boys staring at her. She found herself unable to make eye contact with either of them. Yet, with blushing cheeks, a nervous smile, and her eyes fixed on the ceiling above, she pushed the garment over her hips, revealing the blue and yellow panties she had drenched the day before. Already they were wet again.  
  
She continued to push the jumpsuit over her ass and down her thighs, until it slid to the floor of its own volition. Then, stepping out of it, one foot at a time, Elsie made herself naked, all except for her panties. She stood there awkwardly, unsure what she had done, or what she should do next. She stopped moving to the music, and her teeth chattered lightly, her breath ragged. Having only been naked in front of Warrick, she was unused to being the object of a man’s gaze.  
  
Oliver felt like he had been holding his breath for an hour. He exhaled slowly, smiling, and reached out to her. He wrapped his hand around her waist and pulled her close to him. She moved between his legs, and sat on one of his thighs and wrapped her arms around his shoulders. He was warm and she dangled loosely in his firm grasp. She felt him move in and she swallowed hard.  
  
He kissed her, pressing his body toward hers. He felt the wheels of her skates dig into his chest uncomfortably, so he grabbed one and pushed it from around her shoulder. The weight and momentum, pulled them both off of the little girl and they clattered to the ground, causing Elsie to break away with a start.  
  
“Sorry,” he smirked, “they were in the way.” He used the opportunity to admire her small tits, now bared in full view. He groaned approvingly at the sight, and he shifted in his seat, pressing his erection into his captive’s thigh.  
  
Elsie giggled and shifted, as well, swinging one leg over each thigh, until she was straddling the older boy’s lap. She felt a fire in her loins and was desperate to feel Oliver’s kiss once more. She clung around his neck and began to slowly grind her panties up and down the bulging crotch of her lover. She felt the friction in her clit and mewled. As she made out with Oliver, her eyes slid open slightly to see Hunter over his brother’s shoulder. Though he was unable to see much of Elsie behind his brother, he was watching the two make out and rubbing his hand along the outside of his pants. She made eye contact with him and he blushed and moved his hand away. Elsie pulled her lips away from Oliver’s and spoke to Hunter. “You might want to save that for Briley,” she winked.  
  
Oliver frowned, “I wish we could get some privacy.”  
  
Elsie turned her attention back to her toy and resumed her humping, “I’m too turned on to care.” At this point, the older boy’s rod was tenting obviously in his jeans. Elsie could almost make out the mushroom head. She speared the knob along her crease, forcing her soaking panties between the slick rut of her labia. Every nerve in her pussy was goading her forward, and she was whipping herself into a frenzy.  
  
Oliver grabbed her tiny bottom and squeezed. He pulled her against him, pressing his manhood and feeling the fire flickering from the sensitive place on the underside of his cock, throughout his loins, and down his legs. As the young girl humped wantonly against his jeans, he worked a finger beneath one of of the leg bands of her panties. He could immediately feel the mire of liquid contained within, and Elsie sensed his breach. She moaned in approval as his fingers met her flesh, which emboldened him. He pressed on, moving another finger into her underwear, and feeling his way toward her overflowing hole. At last, he felt the smooth edge of his ward’s dewy lips, and without further ado, he delved inside of her.  
  
Elsie cried out in budding ecstasy. She felt as if she had been waiting for this all morning, and finally it was hers for the taking. She jammed her hips harder against him, but with their angle, she couldn’t get his fingers in deep enough. She shifted her position against him, pushing him back and down in his chair, and lifted one leg over his shoulder to give him easier access to her channel. She hooked her heel into his back and used it to pull herself tightly against her lover.  
  
“Jesus, you’re athletic,” Oliver marveled, gazing lustfully at the young thing splayed across him. Her muscles rippled as she humped against him. Like Elsie in general, they were defined, yet soft; firm, yet delicate.  
  
Elsie smiled and huffed, “Thanks, Daddy, for all the acrobatics classes.” Then she lewdly yanked the crotch of her panties to the side, baring her plump, young pussy lips.  
  
Oliver needed no instruction and instantly plunged one finger back inside of her tight canal. He hooked it up and ran along its ribbed interior until she gasped, wide-eyed, at the caress of her G-spot. Then he placed his thumb on her clit and started rubbing both nerve centers at once. Elsie rolled her eyes to the back of her head and moaned loudly and lasciviously. “Fuck, Ollie. Fuck, that’s so good!”  
  
With their new position, Hunter could see everything. He could see the strange little girl spreading her legs. He could see her animalistic nature take over at her brother’s touch. He could see her tits swaying with each thrust, and he could see her brother plunging his fingers into her small, ruddy cunt. As they gasped and swore, staring at each other, neither the girl nor Oliver seemed to even notice he was still in the room. He thought about the other one, his girl, Briley. He found her shy and cagey, and wondered if she was just as wild as Zoey was, or if his brother would be the only lucky one.  
  
Elsie could feel her climax bubbling up within. Her movements seemed to switch to auto-pilot as her mind slowly deadened, except to focus on seeking more and more pleasure. She felt merely like a passenger in her own body as it sought euphoria. Her hips rocked forcefully against her assailant’s fingers and she could hear herself swearing loudly, though she couldn’t have stopped it if she tried. Slowly the pleasure grew from deep within her cunny, and then suddenly it came quickly. Then she hit the point of no return. She inhaled sharply, seizing up with her whole body, suddenly silent for a moment. Her hips twitched as Oliver continued massaging her nethers. Then, from deep within her, a wail emerged, and she began to thrash violently. “I’m cumming!”  
  
Oliver couldn’t keep ahold of her, so, to avoid hurting her, he pulled out and grabbed the girl’s hips. But she still sought stimulation and she bounced wildly against the stone-hard rod still in his jeans. Her dripping crack spattered his bulge with gooey girl-cum. Oliver used his hands to guide her hips and grunted each time she landed on him. He could tell he was close, but he didn’t want to cum in his pants, so, to stave off his own orgasm, he started conjugating French verbs in his head.  
  
Elsie gasped for air and her hair stuck to her face. She rocked to and fro, moaning loudly, until, at long last, she began to cool down. Her movements became less and less extreme until she was finally too tired to do anything but lay against her lover. Her whole body was beaded with sweat and she panted quietly for a good, long time as it began to evaporate off her body.  
  
She took a big breath and finally spoke. “Fuck, Oliver. I needed that.”  
  
He chuckled, “That was one of the hottest things I’ve ever seen.”  
  
She rested against him for some time until her breathing returned to normal. When she had finally regrouped mentally, she glanced down and noticed that the older boy was still quite hard. She reached down and patted his crotch. “Hmm, looks like you might be in need of something now, too.”  
  
Oliver grinned and was about to respond when suddenly the door swung wide. Elsie jerked up and twisted around, attempting to cover herself with her arms. It was Brie, and she was a sight.

## Going Nova ch. 9: The Swimsuit Portion

Michael guided Brie by the shoulders into the backstage makeup room. She wondered why she was getting more makeup if she was to wear a swimsuit down the runway. After all, she had already had her makeup done on stage.  
  
She also wondered if her pussy, still hot and drooling from her first to walks down the runway, would be apparent to the people in the room when she changed. It did cross her mind that if she soaked her way through the swimsuit, at least it was a piece of clothing that was supposed to get wet.  
  
Michael pushed open the door to the room, and they were greeted by a team of three makeup artists. Two women and one man.  
  
The man’s presence made Brie self-conscious, and she crossed her arms in front of her bare chest. One of the two women, with straight, bleached blonde hair, laughed aloud, “No need for modesty, honey, we’re going to be seeing a lot more of you by the time we’re done here.”  
  
Brie was concerned about what she meant, but her self-consciousness had morphed into shyness, and so she remained quiet as Michael guided her toward a hard-seated reclining chair in the middle of the room, which faced a mirror. She sat down and, after removing her roller skates, leaned back against the cold backrest, shivering, and forming goose bumps.  
  
The other woman, a frizzy redhead reached over and ran two warm hands down her arms. “Aw, you’re just the most precious little thing, aren’t you? You’re going to absolutely look like a baby doll in Scarlet’s newest swimming suit cut.”  
  
The man in the room nodded, “That’s great, because that’s just the look they’re going for. That’s why they’re calling the bikini ‘doll patches’.” He reached over to the counter and pulled several clear cellophane envelopes out of a tiny box. Inside each one were small, round, flesh-toned swatches. He turned to Brie. “Alright, child, arms down.”  
  
Sudden realization swept over the young girl and her eyes went wide. “Those little patches are the swimming suit?”  
  
The man looked at her incredulously, “Yes, didn’t you discuss this with your agent?”  
  
Brie wasn’t sure how to answer that question without blowing the fact that she and Elsie had lied to get the modeling gig, but Michael jumped in, “We had an accident with the original model. Briley offered to stand in for her.” He turned to the girl and spoke calmly. “Remember, you’re getting paid for this. We shook on it?”  
  
Brie swallowed, starkly aware that she was in over her head. She desperately wished Elsie was there to bail her out. “But how am I supposed to even wear that?” she pleaded.  
  
“That’s what the artists here are for. They’ll work their magic. You don’t have to do anything but sit right here. Don’t worry. After all, you’re not going to be naked when you walk down that stage. Nothing to worry about.”  
  
Brie swung her head around, looking at each of the attendants and was met only by friendly, smiling faces. She looked once more at Michael who nodded encouragingly. With the coaxing of the older folks in the room, she took a big breath and slowly lowered her arms to her sides revealing her bare chest, and the protruding nipples that capped off her breasts, once more. She caught her reflection in the mirror and blushed deep red at her predicament. Her mind wandered again to Elsie, and wished she was in her friend’s place instead, and that she could simply wear the standard bikini cut that Elsie was given.  
  
With Brie consenting, Michael took his leave to tend to other matters related to finishing up the fashion show.  
  
“Alright, let’s get started,” the male makeup artist said. He spun her chair around so that she faced away from the mirror. He leaned over her and, one-by-one, held different swatches up to Brie’s chest until he found a shade that matched her skin tone. “Bingo.” He tossed the others back in the box.  
  
After that, he tore open the cellophane, pulled out one of the tan discs and grabbed a paintbrush. He dipped the brush into a jar of paste nearby and spread it onto the swatch, then delicately pressed it onto Brie’s right nipple. She shivered at the contact. His push on her sensitive nipple was like pushing a button to start her engine. A pleasurable feeling coursed directly to her heart. Then he went back into the envelope and performed the same actions for her remaining nipple. Brie squirmed and pressed her thighs together, and hoped that that was the end.  
  
The man spun her chair back around to face the mirror and the redhead piped up, “What do you think?”  
  
Brie was agape. She wore nothing on top, and the minescule fabric discs that had been attached to her nipples very nearly camouflaged them completely. “I look naked,” she stammered.  
  
The blonde woman laughed and said, “Honey, just you wait.” At that, the man left the girl in the woman’s care. She spun Brie’s chair away from the mirror once more, and grabbed a make-up palette off of the counter. “Alright,” she said, “we’ve matched your skin as best we can with the swatches that we have, but for this run, we’re going for absolutely perfect blending.” As an aside, she added, “Most of the girls who’ll buy these doll patches to wear to the pool or the beach are just going to stick them on and leave it as is. They’re not going to be putting makeup on their tits. But being as this is a professional event, Scarlet is putting their best foot forward. We’re going to use a bit of makeup magic so that these swatches blend in perfectly and completely with your true flesh tones. You really will look like a naked baby doll out there, without actually being naked.”  
  
Brie swallowed and nodded, sure that she had no say in the matter at all. The woman flipped the makeup palette open and started smearing the pancake makeup over her subject’s chest with a sponge brush. Brie took a deep breath and closed her eyes. In her already elevated state of sensitivity, she was suddenly shocked back into her self-centered, super-orgasmic world. She had planned that by this point she’d have finished off her medicine and gone off to find somewhere to masturbate, but instead it had been one thing after another, and she still had not brought herself peace with a necessary orgasm. Now her breasts felt hot at every touch. Every stroke of the sponge, from her nipples outward, speared deep into her heart and dumped adrenaline into her veins. Her breathing became more shallow, but she tried to put on a brave face and not give too much away to her attendants.  
  
She felt her nipples harden considerably, but when she glanced down they were invisible beneath the pasties glued on top of them. The blonde makeup artist was doing her best to ensure that it looked as if she had been born without them.  
  
After applying the base toning layer, the woman took out a tiny blending brush and began to stroke Brie’s skin, subtly smoothing over any final differences between shades of makeup and the girl’s own natural skin color. The tiny brush tickled her, and she squirmed in the chair, sliding across its surface, which was moistened by her oozing girl-cum. She pressed her thighs together, squeezing out even more of her silky lubrication, which soaked into her drenched romper all the more.  
  
The woman paused and held Brie’s chin, “Honey, you gotta sit still and stop fidgeting. Are you ticklish?”  
  
Brie shook her head, eyes remaining closed, and said, “No. That just feels fucking good on my boobs. Gonna make me cum.”  
  
The woman was taken aback, but quickly laughed it off, saying, “I’m sure the boys must love you. Okay, I’ll try not to rub too much, but there’s not much I can do right now; we have to get this blended in.”  
  
Brie pressed a hand against her heated cleft. Her romper felt swampy with her juices. She rubbed herself slowly, surreptitiously, through the cloth and shivered. Her muscles tensed in her legs as pleasure coursed down through them, curling her toes.  
  
The small brush swirled over her nerves, as the woman worked her way outward from each of her nipples. This served to tease Brie, for if her nipples had not been covered, and if the woman had been going the opposite direction—toward her more sensitive areas instead of away—it would have driven her mad right then and there.  
  
After the small brush had worked its magic, the blonde had only to powder the makeup to ensure it set. She grabbed a puff and, with two final dabs, bopped Brie on each of the rises of her small breasts, eliciting a moan.  
  
“Good grief,” said the redheaded woman, first to notice Brie thumbing her crotch through her clothes, “Is she jilling herself?”  
  
The blonde sat back and tisked, “Hey, c’mon now, let’s be professional here.” Brie could barely hear them. Her head pounded like a drum, driving her bawdily onward. The woman stood up and said to the redhead, “At any rate, I’m done here. She’s your problem now.”  
  
“Oookay,” the ginger sighed, rolling her eyes. “Let’s see what we can do here. Alright child, up, up. Get up.” Brie didn’t pay attention, she continued to absentmindedly mash the romper up into slit. The woman slapped her face lightly, but the girl just lolled her head back and forth, oblivious. The woman looked at the others in the room, “What’s with this girl?”  
  
The blonde replied, “I don’t know, she was lucid a few minutes ago.”  
  
The man spoke up, “Sometimes they come in here pretty strung out, but they always get the job done. It’s not our problem. Let’s just finish her up.”  
  
“Sad,” the redhead said. “Well, can one of you pick her up so we can get this thing off?”  
  
The man wandered around behind Brie and hoisted her up by the arms, trying not to smear her chest makeup in the process. Once her butt was off the seat, the woman grabbed the waist of the romper and shucked it down to Brie’s knees in one swift motion, exposing her bottom and vagina to the room.  
  
Brie’s eyes snapped open and she gasped, jolted back to reality, as the raw air of the makeup room rushed over her moist, naked body. Her head wheeled around, taking in the details, trying to decode the situation, but she was barely coherent.  
  
The man dropped her bare butt down onto the cold, wet chair seat and again her brain fought for more lucidity. He produced again, the small box of swatches, but instead of pulling out round circles, he instead pulled out single strips, about the size of a Band-Aid. He kneeled down next to her and leaned in toward her mound. Brie became deep red as she felt the man’s proximity to her most private area. But she did not protest. Somewhere deep inside of her, she was enjoying the attention. One by one, the man held each swatch up to her vulva until he found the closest match. “Looks like we’re going redder down here.” Then, just as he had done with the nipple pasties, he smeared an adhesive onto the swatch and pressed it against Brie’s slit.  
  
The swatch was barely wide enough to cover the distance between the peaks of her labia. Real flesh from her puffy pussy lips was exposed on either side, and the strip was only long enough to cover the gash of her vulva; it didn’t even reach back to her butt. Brie couldn’t believe the swimming suit was legal, but somewhere in her delirious mind, she supposed that it covered up anything that needed covering; just nothing more. It was the next generation of the tiny thong bikini.  
  
The swatch, of course, didn’t stay in place for long, and slipped onto the floor. Brie had produced far too much liquid for the adhesive to stick. The man scoffed in annoyance, cleaned the fabric, and dried it against his pants. “It won’t go on if the surface is wet,” he explained, “but once we do get it on, nothing but the solvent will wash it off.” He looked to the blonde. “Hand me that face towel.” He took it and buffed Brie’s overflowing chalice dry. She groaned aloud as he dragged the soft towel up between her pussy lips and over her swollen, hot clitoris.  
  
The feeling of having someone else getting up into her breach rocked her world, and she shuddered and bucked against his ministrations, moaning pornographically. The man grabbed her around one thigh to stabilize himself and tried again to apply the bandage to Brie’s crevice. This time he was successful in getting it to stick, but Brie had other plans. Delirious with the need for orgasm, Brie slapped his hand away and peeled the top of the fabric strip back. He recoiled onto the balls of his feet and watched her snake a finger underneath and begin to luridly swirl it around her clit in earnest.  
  
Before the man could do anything, she was already smearing her newly generated cum over her rubescent sex. He reeled in frustration. “Lord, grant me patience! Can I get some help here?”  
  
The blonde came over, flabbergasted, “What do you want me to do?”  
  
“Grab her arms and make sure she can’t touch her cunt!”  
  
The woman pulled the young girl’s arms around and held them back.  
  
Brie thrashed and fought against the restraint, whining all the way. “Fuck me,” she begged, “Cum, cum. I need cummies. Please, give me your cock.”  
  
The man looked up at her incredulously and said with snark, “Honey, you’re not even my type.” Once again, he cleaned the swatch and dried off the little girl’s slit, causing her whole body to stiffen in the chair and thrust out to meet him at his touch. He remained all business and, this time, he got the adhesive to stick. No matter which way Brie twisted, she could not escape her restraints; without her hands free, she could not get the swatch to budge, and she could not achieve the orgasm she craved. The man, satisfied, looked at the redhead and said, “My job is done. She’s all yours now.”  
  
The woman looked at him wryly, “Not yet. Grab her feet, I’m not getting kicked.” She pulled the romper from the girl’s legs and spread them. She crouched between them with her own makeup kit, and meanwhile, the man sat behind her and held one of Brie’s ankles in each hand.  
  
Just as the woman had predicted, as soon as she started blending the edges of the doll patch with the surrounding skin tone of Brie’s mons, the girl began to thrash and wail in ravishment. She so desperately wanted to cum, and the woman was teasing her, fondling her everywhere but the sensitive spots that would put her over the edge. Everything the woman did only heightened Brie’s fiery nerves all the more, while raising the bar to climax ever higher. The girl swore and burbled and demanded offerings of cum from her attendants, but they showed no mercy, remaining strictly professional, all to Brie’s despair.  
  
At long last, the artists finished their jobs. The man and the redheaded woman retreated. Brie, with her arms still pinned behind her by the blonde, thrust her hips into the air for several moments, willing someone to relieve the mounting pressure boiling within her. But no such relief came. After a short while, without direct stimulation, she appeared to calm down considerably, closing her eyes and begging quietly, helplessly, in frustration.  
  
The three attendants exchanged glances and at last the man spoke, “Alright, let’s get her to her room.”  
  
“We can’t let her touch herself or she’ll ruin the suit again, and the makeup” the blonde woman said.  
  
The ginger snapped her fingers, “Here.” She grabbed a hair ribbon from off the counter and wrapped it around Brie’s wrists, knotting it loosely. At that, they picked her up onto her feet and escorted her toward the changing room where her friend awaited. They paraded her virtually nude body throughout the backstage area, turning the heads of models and stagehands alike. Her legs felt almost useless and, with her head hung low, she looked like the victim of a kidnapping.  
  
The group of attendants pushed open the cracked door to her green room and found Elsie, topless, sitting on her boyfriend’s lap.  
  
———  
  
Elsie was astounded. Coming through the door, she saw Brie, who appeared to be stark naked, being led with her hands behind her back by a group of older adults. She was clearly in a trance, her rangy body tottering on her tiny feet.  
  
The blonde among them spoke up, virtually unconcerned that Elsie, herself, was bare-breasted and sitting atop the lap of one of the boys in the room, but from her angle, she couldn’t see the girl’s vagina exposed beside her bunched up panties. “Alright Zoey, you and Briley have,” she checked the time, “four and a half minutes.” She looked up at her co-workers, impressed. “Four and half minutes? We really cut that one close.” The other two chuckled in relief. She turned back to Elsie, “About four minutes before you’re needed at the stage.”  
  
Elsie nodded, confused about what she was seeing before her.  
  
The woman gave her a once over, “You ought to be dressed by now. What are you waiting for?”  
  
Elsie finally spoke up, climbing off the lap of her partner, fixing the crotch of her panties before anyone noticed they were awry. “You’re mad about me? What about her?” she said, gesturing to Brie.  
  
“We got her dressed and made up in that time.”  
  
Elsie looked again at her friend and at last noticed that, indeed, she wasn’t naked, she just looked very close to it.  
  
The redheaded woman released Brie, who staggered forward into the room. “Don’t let her touch herself,” she said awkwardly, “And don’t untie her hands until she gets on stage.” They retreated, closing the door behind them and Elsie could hear them talking about “teenagers.”  
  
No sooner did they leave than Brie pressed herself against Elsie and confided, “Cum. I need to cum.”  
  
“Whoa, Brie, what?” Elsie asked, pushing her friend away from her.  
  
Brie sobbed, “Els, I need to cum. My pussy’s so hot, I’m aroused to fucking distraction. And I can’t go out there,” she looked down at her nearly nude figure, “like *this*.”  
  
Elsie looked her friend up and down. Brie had the same sensual look on her face as she had in the dressing room the day before, only more tragic. She was flushed and panting, and beads of sweat were forming on her face and shoulders. Elsie’s eyes wandered down to her friend’s underdeveloped chest, where she noticed the barely imperceptible ridges of pasties that covered her nipples. She then found herself peering down to inspect Brie’s slit, which had been almost completely smoothed over by a bandage-sized strip of plastic. It dipped ever-so-slightly into the crease of her puffy lips, giving a subtle definition to her cleft. Despite Brie’s woe, Elsie thought she looked very sexy, and couldn’t believe Scarlet expected anyone to go out in public in such a scandalous getup.  
  
Given their experience together, Elsie understood that Brie was backed against a wall—she was past the line between all and nothing, between holding back a little longer and cumming her brains out—and so was more than willing to try and help her friend. However, she had been ordered not to touch Brie where she needed it most.  
  
“I don’t know what I can do right now, Brie.” Elsie consoled, while crawling into the bikini top she would be modeling. “I can’t get you off until this is over, but I promise you when it is, I will. It will be the first thing I do.” She looked her friend in the eye and cupped a hand along her cheek. “What can I do in the meantime?”  
  
Brie pleaded with her. “Medicine. I need my medicine.” Elsie snapped her fingers and went to Brie’s bag. She found the bottle within and uncapped it, holding it to Brie’s lips. Brie quickly gulped back the tangy potion. After she swallowed the last of it, she gasped, “Thanks. But, well,” she hesitated, eyes flitting back and forth, “I need… more than that.”  
  
“I don’t think you have any more,” Elsie explained, tipping over the bottle. A single gooey droplet dripped to the floor.  
  
Brie interjected, “I don’t. But you do.”  
  
Elsie was caught off guard. “I don’t understand.”  
  
Brie took a deep breath and looked down at her feet sheepishly, “I need your… your cum.”  
  
An unexpected voice came from the back of the room, “Whoa.”  
  
For the first time, Brie realized that Oliver and Hunter were still in the room. Rather than be embarrassed, however, Brie felt relieved. Her face brightened unexpectedly, and she rounded Elsie to approach the two boys. Nodding her head eagerly, she said, “Yes, yes! Your cum, too. I need cum from everybody.”  
  
Elsie spoke up, “Brie, what are you saying?”  
  
Brie turned to face her and said, “My mom told me that my medicine is just cum. And I believe her.”  
  
Elsie couldn’t believe what her friend was saying. “What? How does she know that?”  
  
“I don’t know, but I tried some of hers and it made me feel really good.”  
  
Elsie was dumbfounded. She wondered if Brie understood what she was saying. Had her friend just admitted to tasting her mother’s forbidden essence? She thought about Hazel’s peculiar behavior that weekend, about how she had disappeared with Brie upstairs during the movie. “Are you saying that you tried your mom’s cum?”  
  
Brie nodded her head. Absent-mindedly to herself, she said, “Hers didn’t taste like the medicine. But my dad’s kinda did this morning.”  
  
Elsie choked, “This morning? But I was with you all morning.”  
  
A sly grin spread on Brie’s face, and she said quietly through lusty eyes, “When he was tickling you.”  
  
Again Elsie was astounded. She recalled the moment when Brie claimed to have “goosed” her father. She couldn’t believe that the little Nova had been tasting her father’s cum.  
  
Elsie tried to be disgusted at first, but very quickly, she realized that wasn’t her honest reaction. Indeed, that weekend had opened her mind in a lot of ways, and it somehow made sense to her that Brie’s actions were little different than the familial bond she shared with her own sister.  
  
Elsie’s chest tightened as she felt a mix of raw eroticism, thrilling taboo, and even a hint of possessiveness over her friend’s dad. She thought back to her morning play time with Warrick and the burning desire she felt to couple with him a second time then and there in Hazel’s bedroom, even with Brie in the room watching. Still wet from her fingerbang with Oliver, her sex drizzled into her panties.  
  
It barely registered with Oliver that Brie had confessed to having sexual relations with her parents. He only focused on the fact that she wanted to eat his cum. Like Elsie, he, too, remained amorous from their make-out session and he was still rock hard. He spoke up with a roguish grin, “If we’re gonna do this, we better be quick. You girls are on again, soon!” At that, he began to undo his pants.  
  
Brie clapped in lusty glee.  
  
Hunter interrupted, “What the fuck, man? Zoey is your girlfriend. I’m supposed to get Briley or Brie or whatever her name is.”  
  
“She said she needed it from all of us, though,” Oliver defended himself. He glanced toward Brie who nodded enthusiastically and licked her lips.  
  
Elsie felt a twinge of resentment that the two boys were fighting over Brie, especially toward Oliver, after the way he made her cum. She knew that the possessiveness she felt toward Warrick would have to be tempered, as she recognized that she would have to share him with Brie—the two of them being father and daughter guaranteed that. But she wasn’t ready to share Oliver, too.  
  
“Hold on a sec,” she interjected. “What’s fair is fair. We paired off. Br— Briley got Hunter and I got you, Oliver. And,” she added with a wink, “as I recall, I owe you one.”  
  
With a grin, Oliver shrugged and walked over to his girl. “Alright, what’s fair is fair. As long as I get mine.”  
  
Hunter went to the closet and tore the shifts off their hangers and bunched them up on the floor. “Here, kneel here,” he requested of Brie. Still with her wrists bound, she obeyed, sinking to the floor while breathing heavily and rhythmically. Hunter looked around nervously at his brother and said to Brie, “Maybe we should get some privacy. In the closet?”  
  
“Dude, be a man. Just do it,” Oliver goaded.  
  
Hunter huffed and unbuttoned his pants. He pulled them, along with his boxer briefs, down over his hips, showing off a small, flaccid penis.  
  
Oliver chuckled, which drew a scornful gaze from his sibling. Hunter spat out, “Shut up, I’m nervous. It’s my first time.” Elsie blushed for him.  
  
Oliver waved a hand. “Just wait. When you get to college, you’ll get plenty of experience.”  
  
Elsie started at the revelation that her boyfriend was in college. She knew they were both older than she and Brie, but she had assumed they were both high schoolers.  
  
Brie, however, didn’t care. She was, instead, fixated on milking Hunter of all of his cum. She darted her head toward him and instantly licked a dewy bead of precum off the tip of the boy’s glans. It tasted a lot like what her father had produced earlier that morning. It was salty, but satisfying.  
  
“Holy shit,” Hunter groaned weakly.  
  
Brie followed it up with more licking all over his cock. She moaned in satisfaction as she savored his taste, and the boy began to grow.  
  
Oliver watched for a few moments, but before too long Elsie wanted some action of her own. She pushed her panties to the floor and stepped out of them, prying her boyfriend’s gaze away from Brie’s performance with his brother. She looked him in the eyes as she slipped the swimsuit bottoms she was to model up over her hips. “Okay, this is how it’s going to be. Briley really does need your cum, but I also don’t want her having all the fun. I want you to fuck me, Oliver, okay? I want you to fuck me real good. I’ve done it before, so I can take it.”  
  
“Damn, you’re so young, I thought I was for sure going to be your first.”  
  
Elsie rolled her eyes. “Damn, I guess we’ll have to close it up, then.”  
  
“Oh, come on, don’t be like that,” Oliver insisted.  
  
“Then stop bitching. Besides, everybody knows virginity is a social construct.” Oliver grinned widely and nodded, and Elsie continued. “Anyway, you can fuck me, but when you feel like you need to cum, pull out and cum for her.” She pointed at Brie, who was sucking readily. “Can you do that for me?”  
  
“Oh, fuck yes,” Oliver said.  
  
While Brie serviced Hunter, she overheard her friend talking about fucking Oliver, which surprised her, even in her lusty state. She wondered when Elsie had lost her virginity, and why she never shared that with her. Elsie never kept secrets. But Brie’s thoughts were redirected when suddenly Hunter grabbed her by the back of her head and began controlling their rhythm. Brie returned her full attention to him to avoid choking on an all-to-eager thrust.  
  
Elsie turned and bent over, placing her palms on the makeup counter. She looked into the mirror and gave herself a wicked smiled. She felt depraved in this situation, yet wanton at the thrill. She was about to have sex for the second time in two days, this time with someone she had barely met. Having just come down from Oliver’s finger banging, she still felt her lubrication flowing through her. She was ready for more. Through the mirror, she could also see Brie in the background, and noticed that Hunter had grown quite considerably in size under her attention. Watching inexperienced Brie finding her rhythm turned Elsie on all the more.  
  
She watched Oliver come up behind her and grip the waistband of her bikini bottoms, ready to rip them off, but Elsie grabbed one of his wrists and scolded him, “Wait, I have to be ready to wear those for my next walk.” The boy grunted in frustration, but nodded and reached behind her and pulled the crotch to the side, exposing her snug vulva once again. Elsie caught herself blushing as she watched him stare at her bared private area, while with his free hand he unbuttoned his pants and released his cock.  
  
Unlike his brother, Oliver was already very hard and needed no extra attention. He kicked Elsie’s legs wider and sidled up to her bottom, lining up the head of his cock to Elsie’s vaginal entrance.  
  
“Yes, yes,” Elsie closed her eyes and hissed. Then she felt the boy suddenly invading her insides in one, swift motion. Her eyes popped wide open again. She caught her own astonished expression in the mirror and couldn’t help but chuckle slightly at herself. Oliver didn’t seem to take notice, however, and he was already pulling out and plunging back in again before Elsie could mentally prepare for his blitz. As he bottomed out against her cervix, the girl winced in pleasure. Steadily, they built up a rhythm, until they were truly rutting in earnest.  
  
Elsie tore her focus away from her own euphoria to watch Brie in the mirror sucking off Hunter. She couldn’t believe how lewd her friend looked, bound and virtually naked, while giving head to a boy who was barely an acquaintance. Brie alternated between licking up and down the boy’s shaft and taking his cock completely into her mouth, bobbing her head upon it. Occasionally she would gag and come up for air, letting sticky strands of saliva and precum trail to the floor. The sight made Elsie short of breath, and she felt the building warmth in her pussy as Oliver powered in and out of her.  
  
Hunter glanced over and made eye contact with Elsie. Watching her getting plowed from behind by his brother, suddenly he squeezed his eyes shut and let out a low groan. He pushed Brie off his cock by her forehead and started stroking himself furiously. “Fuck, I’m gonna cum.”  
  
Brie whined and tried to dive back onto the younger brother’s pulsing member, but he kept her at bay as his cock suddenly leapt up and spurted a creamy jet of cum into the girl’s face. It streaked across her cheek and into her hair. Brie groaned loudly and opened her mouth wide, sticking out her tongue to catch the rest of his load. Hunter’s aim improved as the next few pulses of jizz landed directly into her mouth.  
  
When his orgasm began to subside, he lost the strength in his arm and crashed back into his chair. Brie gulped down what she had caught and quickly resumed her attachment to the boy’s cock, drinking down the rest of his output and licking up the remaining mess.  
  
Watching the action made Elsie’s own pleasure surge toward climax, but Oliver interrupted her reverie as he reached around to grasp her small but prominent breasts. The feel of his hands groping her made Elsie forget all about Brie and she concentrated on her own ecstasy. When he twisted at her hardened nipples beneath her bikini top, her mind went blank and she groaned in pleasure. “Fuck my cunny, Ollie.”  
  
“Fuck,” Oliver declared, “this is the tightest pussy I’ve ever fucked.”  
  
Elsie giggled mischievously through her groans. “That’s because I’ve only ever had sex once before today,” she confessed through rhythmic pants. She reached behind her to grab Oliver’s head and bring him close to her. She whispered into his ear so as not to let Brie hear, “It was Briley’s dad. I fucked my best friend’s daddy.”  
  
Elsie’s bizarre dirty talk was too much for Oliver and he could feel the heat of orgasm welling up from the base of his cock. “I’m close!” he shouted.  
  
“I’m close, too!” Elsie demanded, “Don’t pull out until I cum!”  
  
“But I’m gonna cum.”  
  
“Don’t pull out!” Elsie flailed one arm back to grab weakly for Oliver’s hip, to stop him from going anywhere.  
  
But Oliver wasn’t going to pull out, anyway. She had granted him permission to keep going and he wasn’t about to end their tryst of his own accord. Instead he picked up steam and the young girl rewarded him with ever louder cries. In an instant he was over the edge.  
  
Elsie suddenly felt her insides awash with his hot liquid. She could feel Oliver’s girth pulsing inside of her, spilling his seed within her sex pocket. Her young body was inexperienced, but even so it understood the significance of the sensation. It was too erotic for her, and Elsie came hard. Her legs trembled and quickly gave way, but she didn’t need them. Oliver gripped her hips and lifted her feet off the ground. They dangled in the air with each thrust. She crashed forward onto the makeup counter, mashing breasts and cheek onto the surface, wailing as Oliver continued to bang his hips into her ass. He squeezed the last of his cum deep inside her, enjoying the sensation of her lubricious, velvety pussy. Her toes curled and her fingers scratched at the counter as the boy’s load surged through her.  
  
At long last, both of their orgasms subsided, and Oliver slipped from Elsie’s nether region. Panting, he zipped himself back into his pants and glanced at Brie, still tending to Hunter’s soft cock. “Sorry,” Oliver said, “I guess I’ll have to give it to you next time.”  
  
Elsie craned her head up, hair sticking to her sweaty face. She reached behind herself and dipped a finger into the moist folds of her sex, then pulled it out to examine it. “Fuck, you just came in me.”  
  
“You told me to,” Oliver declared.  
  
“I—I know,” Elsie was dazed. “I lost control.”  
  
Oliver shrugged sheepishly, but wore a proud grin. He had fucked her good.  
  
Having cleaned Hunter off thoroughly, Brie pulled herself off of his cock and sat back on the floor, her bare ass on the cold concrete. She looked at Elsie, “I need more medicine.”  
  
“I know, Brie, I know, but we messed up. Oliver’s cum. It’s inside of me now.” Elsie glanced up at the clock, “And we only have a minute before they come get us for our final walk.”  
  
Brie gave a grin through slit eyes and shuffled on her knees over to her friend. “I know how we can still get it.” She approached Elsie who was leaned with her butt against the edge of the vanity counter. She craned her neck up to her friend’s hand, the one Elsie had just inserted into herself, and licked up the shining melange upon it. “Yummy yummy,” she smiled.  
  
Elsie got the hint immediately. She reached again inside of her pussy and scooped up some of the mixture of Oliver’s cum and her vaginal fluids there within. Brie happily sucked them once again into her mouth, savoring what her friend was able to pull out with her fingers. Elsie did this a few more times, Brie becoming ever more eager as more and more of Oliver’s cum capitulated to gravity and slopped down from within Elsie’s slit.  
  
But Brie began to feel an urgency and, as Elsie pulled her sticky fingers from her vaginal sheath once more, Brie ignored them. Instead, she ducked between her friend’s spread legs and positioned herself directly under the source.  
  
Elsie froze and she watched Brie, mouth opened wide between her thighs, waiting for a silky glob to slowly drip from her saturated snatch onto Brie’s tongue. When Brie began to taste it, she tittered deliriously to herself.  
  
Elsie exhaled slowly, her breath quavering. She couldn’t believe that her best friend was drinking cum straight from her own freshly fucked cunt. Once again they were bridging new territory in their friendship. Or was it now something more than friendship? Though she had just cum twice, she already felt recharged for another orgasm, and there was Brie with mouth watering for what was inside of her.  
  
Elsie reached down and tugged apart her labia. She opened up her hole and bore down on her lower muscles, forcing Oliver’s cum out of her tunnel. It drizzled downward into Brie’s mouth and she swallowed every drop that she could. But the two young girls could not keep still, and occasionally the precious medicine would miss its mark, dripping onto Brie’s chin or over her cheek.  
  
Elsie felt her heart thumping in her ears as she began to squat ever lower. Each of her quick breaths felt hot and desperate in her dry mouth. She shifted her stance wider, bringing her crotch down closer and closer to Brie’s waiting mouth, until at last her puffy pussy made contact with her best friend’s lips. Elsie’s eyes went wide when she felt her friend’s mouth touch against her forbidden spot, taking in as much of the erotic scene as she could. She mewled at the novel feeling of Brie’s hot breath against and up inside of her sex.  
  
Brie needed no coaxing and began to slide her tongue up and down Elsie’s gash, prying it in between her labia, and up into her tunnel, licking up as much of Oliver and Elsie’s cum as she could manage. But Brie’s own wanton lust recognized the sexual needs of her partner, and soon medicine was not her only goal. She wriggled her tongue up her friend’s slit until she found the hardened nubbin of Elsie’s little clit.  
  
Elsie cried out and gripped Brie’s hair with sticky fingers, pressing the girl’s face against her pussy. There, Brie began to moan and lap wildly, licking up Elsie’s cum cocktail and rushing her toward her third orgasm.  
  
It was at that moment, amidst the girls’ wailing and moaning and oral experimentation, that the door to the green room swung open wide. There stood the assistant, frozen in shock at the sight of the two girls making love while their two boyfriends gawked from the sidelines.  
  
“What the fuck?” the large woman croaked. She nearly dropped her clipboard.  
  
The two girls whirled to face her. Elsie quickly flipped her bikini bottoms over her exposed mound and covered her face with her other hand. Brie, with her own hands bound, could only sit back on her heels and blush, staring at the floor.  
  
“Uh,” the woman continued with pause, “You two are up.” Then she asked skeptically, “Are you ready?”  
  
“Yeah, we’re ready,” Elsie said breathlessly and smoothed over the wrinkles in her suit aimlessly.  
  
Brie nodded silently. She was lucid enough to feel the shame of being caught in such a position, yet her head still throbbed with excitement and her prolonged lack of satisfaction. She strongly desired to close the door on the woman and forego the rest of the fashion show so that Elsie could return the oral favor; or perhaps even feel one or both of the boys breach her pussy for the first time in her young life.  
  
The assistant looked them over quickly to make sure their pieces were in place and then guided them out the door. “Alright, let’s get lined up.”  
  
Brie got to her feet and asked, “What about my hands? I’m not going out there tied up, am I?”  
  
The large woman tutted, leading the girls from behind. “I have strict instructions not to untie you until you’re going on stage. Now come on, we’re already down to the wire.” She swatted Brie’s small naked butt with her clipboard to hurry her along. It was a light smack, but Brie still gasped as if it had stung, and squirmed as she walked. The sudden sensation on her nerves rippled through her body, and she almost came right there. She began to pant manically, wondering when her pleasurable nightmare would finally be over.  
  
They found their marks behind the quickly shrinking line of models at the stage entrance, each one cued by the line manager with a tap on the shoulder. Elsie leaned over to check in with Brie. “Hey, how are you doing?”  
  
Brie whined, “I need to cum bad,” and furtively added with a sigh, “I want my dad.”  
  
Elsie didn’t have time to wonder if the two comments were related or if the latter was a non-sequitur, for she received her cue by the line manager that it was her turn to strut down the catwalk. And strut is what she did. Ever the natural, Elsie snapped into performance mode, soaking up the lights and sashaying to the music. Her expression was fixed somewhere between a stony glare and a smile. Despite her professionalism, in the back of her mind, there dwelled the thought that her freshly fucked and sopping vulva may soak right through her bikini bottoms. Nevertheless, the thought didn’t make her feel embarrassed, only more devious. She mused on what the crowd might wonder if they knew what she had been up to.  
  
When she reached the end, she paused to strike a pose, placing her hands on her hips and rocking them once side to side. Just then a moment of inspiration hit her and she flung her arms in the air and shimmied her ass to the music, highlighting her taught tummy in the process. The crowd cheered and, encouraged, she swirled her hips around until she faced the stage entrance and put her tantalizing ass on display. A proud grin spread across her face as roars and whistles filled the air.  
  
Backstage, the assistant whirled Brie around and gripped her wrists tightly in one hand. With the other, she untied the ribbon that had bound her. From the stage opening, Brie could see Elsie making her return, and her heart pounded, knowing that her torturously delayed orgasm was closer and closer within reach.  
  
Just before Elsie reached the darkened hallway at the end of the stage, Brie felt her limbs released and her bonds slipped away. Another sensation came from behind: a prod at her shoulders urging her forward; but she couldn’t bring herself move. Then a strong push on her butt tipped her center of balance and suddenly she staggered forward into the bright lights hanging above the catwalk.  
  
Brie used the momentum of the push to will herself forward down the stage. Whereas her first walk had been timid, and her second had translated her sexualized nature into raw confidence, she now felt slow, overburdened by the immense sensory overload she had been assaulted with all morning. Her gait was lurching as she tottered on weak, shaking legs, like a newborn fawn rising for the first time. Her breath heaved in her lungs and her chest burned. And unbeknownst to her, her face was still spattered with Elsie’s cum cocktail, her was makeup smeared underneath it, and her hair was matted with it in places.  
  
When the crowd saw her, she could hear an audible reaction beneath the thumping music. Her costume was a sight to behold. She looked almost like an unclothed plastic baby doll come to life. All of her parts were smoothed over and toned evenly, and her entire body shone under the searing lights from the film of sweat covering her. Many had initially mistook her for completely nude, until they realized that her erogenous zones had no discernible detail to them aside from a slight mound or shadow of a crease. Even so, the crowd was scandalized.  
  
None moreso than Ivy. She could barely believe what she was seeing. Her friend’s young daughter was virtually exposed to the gawking crowd, and her demeanor was uncanny enough that the woman knew something was off.  
  
Her date noticed too, and he leaned over to Ivy. “What’s wrong with her?”  
  
“I don’t know. She almost looks like she’s been drugged and used. Is this part of the show?”  
  
The man just shrugged and attempted to hide a smirk of appreciation.  
  
But the only drug affecting Brie’s demeanor was the disorienting haze of carnal revelry. While her brain concentrated on moving her feet down the runway, the hormones that roiled within her controlled the rest of her body. As she advanced, her hands began to caress her nascent hips and taut belly. Then they moved up her body to the slight mounds of her breasts, and onto her nipples. Though it was impossible to discern where they were visually, Brie could still feel them stiffen underneath the thin veneer of the patches. Charges of electricity zipped into her, as each of her fingers glided over the rigid bumps. She gasped and found it difficult to breathe. Her growing sensations from within beguiled her more and more. The audience murmured in shock.  
  
Then, while she traversed the catwalk, her fingers began to move down her sides, lightly tracing the outline of her body. When she again reached her hipbones, she drew her hands behind her, and caressed her small, rounded ass. She gave each cheek a squeeze in turn and a sigh and a moan slipped from her heaving chest.  
  
In the crowd, Ivy’s own chest tightened as she watched Brie labor vulgarly down the runway. She felt a concern that the girl had somehow gotten in over her head with the modeling gig. After all, Hazel hadn’t mentioned that when Brie and Elsie were going to the fashion show they were going to actually be in it. And the two girls seemed to be using stage names; a common trick to obscure one’s identity, especially in porn. But she was unsure if that was the case. Surely, she thought, Hazel and Warrick would know about their daughter’s modeling.  
  
The twinge in her chest, however, also signaled something else. It was the realization that Brie was becoming a sexual being in her own right. Ivy was a longtime friend of the family, and while the highlights revolved around her sexual exploits with Hazel and Warrick, her relationship with the family was nevertheless largely platonic. They would go out to eat, work on projects, see movies, and share celebrations. Until now, Brie had always been an essential part of the picture. Being that the young girl was several years her junior, Ivy had seen her merely as their child. She was someone that Ivy could play the hip, young aunt for.  
  
But as Brie grew up in her life, Ivy began to feel glimmers of deeper interest in the girl’s development. Brie’s no-nonsense sincerity had charmed her. Until now, the woman had always passed these thoughts off as minor infatuations or perhaps bouts of youthful vicariousness. Unbeknownst even to herself, however, her gut had begun to guide her interactions with the young girl down a more intimate, but perhaps unscrupulous, path. She would cuddle up with Brie in theaters when Hazel and Warrick needed some alone time, or allude a little too openly about the sexual nature of her relationship with her parents in conversations. Or, as she had done outside the girl’s bedroom just days before, indulge in risky exhibitionism where Brie could possibly catch her in a vulnerable state of undress.  
  
Seeing Brie on stage looking like the climax of an amateur porn shoot brought all of that latent yearning into focus. Ivy was at once protective and jealous, and she tried to swallow the lump in her throat as she gripped her date’s hand with a sweaty palm.  
  
From up on stage, with all eyes in the crowd fixated on her, Brie at last reached the end of the runway. There she paused and stared down at the lip of the stage and tried to think. Throughout the entire morning, she had been subjected to wave after wave of stimulation of her hyper-active nerves. The battery of her senses had come from makeup brushes, overly tight clothing, and adhesive bandages on her most private of parts. Each stage of the fashion show had pushed her closer and closer to the brink, and she was exhausted. She tried to fight the urges that were warring within her, yet she had already lost and she knew it. It wasn’t a matter of if she was going to cum, nor when, but how.  
  
All thoughts of an audience slipped from Brie’s mind and suddenly she was alone in her own world. A world where she was in control. She reached up and grabbed at one breast, squeezing the subtle rise of flesh firmly and stimulating her nipple. Her other hand then slid around to her inner thigh and slowly made its way to the crease between her legs. Once it was there, Brie winced and her mouth opened, but no sound came out. Instead, she held her breath and inched her fingertip up along the shallow trough of her taped up slit.  
  
Finally, she sensed the ethereal pleasure of the stiffened bud of her clit beneath the paltry coverage that was her bathing suit. The plastic veneer was not enough to dampen her fiery nerves and, as she pressed down upon her button, she cried out. That was all it took. She half doubled over as her pussy pulled her massive orgasm from deep within her.  
  
It started with a tingle inside of her. Her eyes glazed over as she concentrated on bringing the monster to life. She began to flick her middle finger across her pussy lips, back and forth, vibrating it over her clit in the process. She had waited so long for this that it only took mere moments before her body seized up. Her eyes went wide first, before they rolled back in her head. Her mouth hung agape, only releasing squeaks and grunts whenever she could manage a breath, here and there.  
  
Then suddenly, she felt a bursting, like a water balloon exploded inside her tummy and all the pleasure she felt in her hips suddenly spread throughout the rest of her body. Brie wailed out in pleasure as she, at last, began to claim what she had been promised all morning. Her legs gave way, and she sank to the floor of the catwalk. She fell backwards, nearly supine, but with her feet flat on the stage and her knees up in the air. As she continued to dance her finger across her clit, she thrust her hips into the air and writhed wildly on the floor.  
  
She could feel her lubricious insides welling up on the other side of the bandaid covering her vaginal opening, but as promised, the waterproof adhesive was staying put.  
  
From the other side of her orgasmic veil, members of the crowd were bewildered. Some wondered if the girl’s act was truly a part of the show. Others steamed with offense at the vulgar display, while still more just stared, dumbfounded, waiting for what would happen next. Ivy felt her emotions run the gamut between all three. Even the DJ had cut the music completely to gawk at what was playing out. The entire room was silent; the one exception was the erotic mewling of the small girl flinging her hips into the air at the end of the stage.  
  
Brie let one more lewd cry echo among the rafters and, at long last, she felt her orgasm begin to subside, like a wave pulling itself back into the ocean until it only burbled in the sand. As it did, the real world surrounding the girl began to come back into focus. The haze was beginning to lift, and with it Brie’s self-consciousness was beginning to grow. The crowd watching her from beyond her heady fog appeared first as vague silhouettes, and soon began to convalesce into distinct personalities. She wasn’t lucid enough to truly understand what was happening around her, but she hoped that she could somehow pass off her astounding behavior as just part of the performance.  
  
Yet, another thought came to her, just then. She recalled her time in the mall dressing room, when, after she had cum, Elsie had wrenched her back into a blissful fantasy with a second orgasm immediately after her first. *Yes, yes,* she thought, *I am not ready to go back to reality yet.*  
  
With a depraved smile, Brie clambered onto her hands and knees and presented her bare rear toward the crowd seated at the end of the stage. The onlookers murmured, wondering about this second act. Supporting herself on one hand, she reached the other down her body and quickly found the edge of the tape that was bridging her labia. With a giggle to herself, she scratched at the ridge until at last she could get a fingernail underneath, and then pulled it up enough to expose her clitoris to the raw air.  
  
Brie dove into her girlish folds and as soon as she pressed on her unmasked button, and the blissful cycle restarted once again. She gasped and moaned and slid her finger up and down her moistening crack. Each time she slid it downward, she would pull up a little bit more of the bathing strip and uncover more and more of her natural charms. The sensation was like slowly pulling off a bandaid, but instead of it hurting, the girl reveled in the sting that ricocheted throughout her nerves. It heightened the pleasurable sensations as she hurtled toward another orgasm.  
  
Soon, she had peeled back enough of the tape that she breached the entrance to her hole and a spring of liquid began to spill out from within her. Brie was used to cumming unrestrained, but the powerful adhesive of the swimming suit was meant to keep water out, and indeed, it also kept her fluids welled up within her. Now unchecked, however, it began to form a puddle beneath her.  
  
Finally the girl did away with the piece completely. She grabbed the free end of her swimming suit bottom and ripped it off her pussy. She cried out in both pleasure and pain as the last of it came free from her plump, ruddy lips.  
  
The crowd around her gasped as all pretense of art or fashion dissolved at the sight of the young girl’s completely bared pussy. And Brie continued to shock the room when she plunged two fingers into her canal, ass upturned and on display. Her face twisted in pleasure. She began to fully masturbate without regard to her onlookers and churned her fingers inside and out, working herself into a froth, all the while swearing and babbling madly in front of friends and strangers.  
  
Once again, she felt an orgasm rising up from deep within her. In that moment, she thought about her dad. She thought about wrestling with him and Elsie that morning; about how she was nearly naked with him in that bed. She also thought about seeing his cock stiffening visibly beneath his pajama bottoms. Up until then, she had only seen hard cocks on the internet, but never one in person. And while she was long aware of her father’s virility, she felt devilish knowing that, in that moment, he was capable of blessing a woman, or girl, with his seed. She had found herself charmed by the musky scent emanating from it and hypnotized by her craving for the taste of it. She had sucked her first cock: her daddy’s cock. But it wasn’t enough. She determined right then that she needed his medicine, his cum, inside of her.  
  
The thought of crossing that line, of confronting that taboo head-on, brought Brie to her second orgasm. Her cunt spasmed and, as the sensation spilled outward into her body, it morphed into a shudder. “Daddy, I need your cum,” she cried aloud. “Fuck me, Daddy. I need your cum inside me. Cum inside my baby pussy, Daddy.” The puddle of girl cum beneath her began to swell around her knees. Brie’s words became lost in her moans. She then gasped several times and, all at once, her strength, along with her orgasm, left her. The wretched girl was weak and delirious. Her knees slipped from under her and she canted forward, hitting the cool deck with a burning cheek, and passed out instantly.