Innocence

Sometimes interesting experiences "just happen". When four bored, innocent

teenagers find themselves with nothing to do, one thing leads to another and

soon they are pushing each other on, exploring their new feelings as they

tentatively experiment with each other.

There isn't much to do on lazy summer days late in the summer. The

four of them found themselves hanging out in the cool basement,

looking for ways to pass the time.

Jeff was trying, and failing, to describe the movie he and Dan watched

the previous night. Since there wasn't too much else to talk about,

no one was giving him too hard a time.

"So, the millionaire's daughter was dressed in a thin cotton tube top

and handcuffed to the motorcycle, but the guard dog was like rabid or

something and attacked the guards, distracting them..."

"Not that it matters, you know the millionaire's daughter has to get

rescued," Dan interrupted. "If it isn't a rabid dog, a tree will fall

on them or something."

"Deus ex machina." Everyone stared at Greg. "God by machine. In

Greek plays, a god would be introduced into a scene with a large

crane, and would magically fix whatever needed fixing."

Tanya frowned. "If something pointless is going to happen, the

millionaire's daughter should pop out of her top or something. Now

THAT would be funny."

She enjoyed shocking them. She could tell they still weren't all that

comfortable hanging out with a girl, and besides, she enjoyed seeing

the looks on their faces as they imagined the poor daughter popping

out of her top.

Greg recovered first, the fact that he hadn't seen the movie

interfering with his ability to visualize the scene. "Yeah, little

things like that make plots more realistic; after all, much of what

happens to us is or seems somewhat random."

Which wasn't exactly what Tanya had meant. She met his argument with

an equally powerful rebuttal. "Greg, you're a dork."

Greg blushed and stayed quiet.

Jeff jumped up from the floor. "Don't underestimate the importance of

pointless nudity!"

Dan gave Jeff a high five. "Woo woo!"

The two of them could be so silly sometimes. Tanya laughed. "The

whole thing is unrealistic anyway. They're holding her captive, she's

completely helpless, and no one is sneaking a peak or copping a feel?

Please."

Jeff laughed. "Yeah, if I were the director, I'd make her show her

titties!"

"If I were the director," Dan continued, "I'd make it a porn scene,

and I'd be the star!"

Tanya rolled her eyes. "Dan, if you were the star, the scene would

only last 5 seconds."

"Shut up!" Dan playfully gave her ass a kick.

Without thinking, she kicked back, catching him in the side of the leg

which was supporting his weight. Landing on top of her, he quickly

turned and sat on her hips.

"You're such a trouble-maker, Tanya!" As she looked up and saw him

above her, his hands found her sides as he began tickling her.

Squirming, she tried to grab his hands, but she was laughing too hard

to have much of an effect. She could feel his weight on top of her,

moving as she squirmed, pinning her to the floor.

Pushing him upward, she managed to roll over onto her stomach, hiding

it beneath her. Clutching her elbows to her sides to prevent him from

tickling her more, she tried to catch her breath. As she panted, she

felt Dan's arm slip underneath her elbow and across her back, pinning

her arm in place. She wiggled, trying to free herself, but found Dan

had grabbed her other wrist and was pulling it back behind her.

Soon, he had both her elbows pinned behind her back, and pulled her up

in front of him. As she lay back against him, her chest was pushed

forward. A tingle ran down her spine as she felt her small tits

pressed up against her thin t-shirt. With nothing special planned

today, she had just thrown on a pair of low cut shorts and a shirt

with no bra. It was comfortable, but now with her nipples hardening,

she knew her plain outfit was quickly becoming very sexy.

Having Dan's strong arms wrapped around hers felt wonderful. She

twisted and squirmed a bit, just to remind herself how helpless she

was. As she pushed back towards him, she felt his erect cock push

against her back. Carefully, she pushed back against it and slowly

moved back and forth. She would die if he knew she was intentionally

turning him on, so she made sure to pretend she was just struggling,

but the truth was she loved how much he was enjoying this.

She could see the lust on Jeff's face as he moved towards her. She

was almost disappointed by the fact that she knew he would behave

himself. As his hands found her sides and started tickling her, she

arched her back, partly to try to get away, and partly because she

ached to feel him against her, to feel her chest up against him as she

was sandwiched by the two boys.

Struggling to control herself, she brought her knees up, trying to

protect herself, but Jeff got his hand between them and pushed them

open, moving his body between her legs to hold them apart as he

continued to tickle her.

Tanya was feeling really hot now as she looked up at him, sitting

between her legs with an intense look on his face as his hand tickled

her slender waist. Her shirt had worked it's way up a bit as it

bunched itself up as she squirmed against Dan's chest, exposing an

inch of bare skin for Jeff's fingers to tickle. Even more

embarrassing, her shorts had slid downward slightly, letting her lacy

pink underwear come into view. Part of her wanted to believe they

were just horsing around, that she was just getting tickled and this

was completely innocent, but another part of her knew the reasons the

two boys were enjoying this so much were almost completely sexual.

Worse, she knew part of her wanted it because of that and enjoyed how

much they were getting turned on.

She looked down nervously as she felt Jeff unbuckling her belt.

"Don't worry, I'm not going to take your shorts off." She was almost

disappointed.

After he pulled the belt out of her shorts, Dan rolled her onto her

stomach and held her in place as Jeff fastened her belt around her

elbows, wrapping it around them three times so that the buckle would

work. As she lay helplessly on her side, the two of them stood and

admired their work.

Dan gave her a little nudge with his foot. "I bet you regret that

little comment now, don't you?"

"Not at all," she thought, as she enjoyed her predicament, but she

didn't want them to know she was enjoying this. "Yes," she responded

meekly.

"Can you get your arms out of that?" Jeff wondered. She twisted her

arms a bit, confirming what she had thought: she wasn't going

anywhere. "No, you've got it pretty tight. I can't move my arms at

all. I'm completely helpless."

She looked up at them, imagining what they might do next, but they

kept their distance, examining her body as she lay helplessly in front

of them. Her body missed the feeling of their touch, her mind still

on fire with the thoughts of how they made her feel. Wanting to

overcome their reluctance, she continued: "If you wanted to do

something to me, there's nothing I could do to stop you."

She watched as Dan knelt in front of her, clearly thinking hard. His

hand ran up and down her side, finally settling where the bottom of

her shirt hung against her bare skin. Gathering the bottom in his

hand, he slowly started sliding it up toward her chest as he looked at

her and watched for her reaction.

"I don't think you should do that," interrupted Greg. "If she tells

someone about this, we'll all get in trouble."

Dan continued watching her carefully. "I don't think she'll tell.

Besides, even if she does, I want to see her tits."

She watched as he continued pulling her shirt upwards. She shuddered

with excitement as she felt it brush her boobs as it passed up over

them. Shyly, she looked up at Dan, but saw his gaze was firmly fixed

on her chest. Looking down, she saw her pink nipples pointing

straight out from the peaks of the two exposed cones of flesh peeking

out from beneath her shirt. Turning her face towards the floor, she

tried to hide it as she blushed, but she stayed on her side, letting

Dan get as close a look at her as he wanted.

Jeff was behind her now, and she felt his hand move around to her

chest and cup her tit, exploring her nipple with his fingers. Dan's

attention moved downward, running his hands along her flat stomach,

then along her leg.

Bringing his hand up along her inner thigh, he played with the soft

skin along the bottom edge of her shorts, watching her enjoy the

attention she was getting. She was more turned on than she had ever

been in her life. She let out a quiet moan as she felt their hand

move across her, driving her crazy as she knew there was nothing she

could do but enjoy it.

Dan's other hand moved to her shorts, unsnapping them and then slowly

pulling the zipper down. As he opened up her shorts and ran his hand

across her knickers, she wondered how far she was going to let them go.

What would happen when she was lying naked in front of them? Would

they stop if she asked them to? She was beginning to get a bit

nervous, but the feel of Dan's hand inside her shorts, massaging her

mound was intoxicating.

Dan slipped his hands inside her underwear as he slowly peeled it away

along with her shorts. As she felt her shorts slide down over her

ass, he knew he could see the dark curls of her pubic hair coming into

view, nestled between her legs as more and more of it was revealed.

As her shorts continued downward, she curled into a ball, trying to

cover herself before Dan finished pulling her shorts off.

Smiling at her, Dan took her ankle and gently lifted it up. As Jeff

continued playing with her tits, she let Dan open her up, pushing her

leg away from him until her pussy was completely exposed to him.

She watched Dan and Jeff examine her as Greg finally got up his

courage and slowly started stroking her ass. She was completely

exposed now, and she knew it was obvious she was soaking wet. She bit

her lip as she realized she hadn't even half-heartedly objected to

anything yet, having been distracted by how much she was enjoying the

situation.

Unable to do anything as intense emotion after intense emotion washed

over her, she watched as Dan pulled his hard dick free of his shorts

and started stroking it. A tear came to her eye as she didn't know

how to feel, watching him stare at her pussy as he masturbated.

Taking his cue from Dan, Jeff pulled out his own cock and started

stroking it.

She looked up at Jeff's dick, only inches away from her face. Part of

her desperately wanted to lean over, to take it into her mouth and

suck on it. But she knew if he did, Dan would almost certainly start

fucking her, and this wasn't exactly how she had imagined losing her

virginity.

The thought of having both of them inside her made her unbelievably

hot, but she desperately hoped things wouldn't go any further. She

turned to hide her head again, but Jeff's hand found her chin and

turned her back towards him, stroking her face as his other hand

continued moving up and down on his cock.

As she tried to close her legs, she felt Dan's hand on her knee,

pressing her open. Worse, to hold her open he had to move towards

her, sitting on her other knee, his cock coming closer and closer to

her exposed hole.

With her arms secured behind her back, she knew there was nothing else

she could do. She tried to speak, but she couldn't. What scared her

most was knowing that if they tried to fuck her, she would let them.

She would lose control and they would have her body, right there on

the basement floor, hungrily pounding their dicks into her as she

begged for more.

Looking up at them, she sadly let go of her dream of finding the

perfect guy and waiting for a romantic evening so they could lose

their virginity together. A tear rolled down her face as she lay back

and tried to prepare herself for the inevitable.

Suddenly, they heard someone knocking on the basement door. "Greg?

Greg? It's getting late, I think it's about time for your friends to

head home."

"Coming, mother!" he yelled, as Jeff pulled the belt buckle free and

they all scrambled for their clothes.