**Jacey's Reluctant Awakening**

by[Aspire2Provide](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1326385&page=submissions)©

**Jacey's Reluctant Awakening Ch. 01**

This was a big move for this sheltered introvert. She had grown up in an all-girl boarding school that focused on religion, academics, and athletics. Jacey had been a stand-out in gymnastics and dance. At her graduation, her parents had surprisingly changed their minds about going through life cloistered in the East Coast establishment -- and instead, decided they needed to experience a different life style on the West Coast. They were moving the family to a small surf town in Southern California. Her father was taking a teaching job at a small college, and instead of the Ivy League, Jacey would start college there.  
  
Though a whirlwind of moving and getting settled, Jacey felt reasonably okay with the new surroundings. The West Coast weather was great, the beach was nice, the surf town atmosphere so different and easy going. Her enrollment in school was easy. But she did feel like an outsider not knowing anyone. Her father had pulled some minor strings, and gotten her quickly involved in extracurricular activities -- the gymnastics and dance programs. Within a week, some of the girls in dance had convinced her to try out for cheerleading. Although she had never been a cheerleader, she was a natural for the acrobatic moves and ideal for the throws and pyramids.   
  
Jacey was a "late bloomer." She had never really realized how much of a late bloomer until she was around these California beach girls that had no problem showing off their bodies. Jacey had a petite 5'3, 102 pound dancer's body, thin, toned, and beautiful. With her simple shoulder length brown hair, lack of make-up, and A cup chest, she seemed much younger than her new friends. So joining the cheerleading team was very exciting to Jacey in the sense that she felt like she had a new group of fun friends. But at the same time, she worried how she fit in with her new friends, and was still a bit shy around them. Most of the other girls knew each other from high school or being on the team for a year or two already.  
  
And this is how Jacey found herself on this Friday evening after Cheerleading practice with a house full of girlfriends. The girls had decided on a team-building sleeper over at the house of the cheerleading captain, Jennifer Lowry. Eight of the twelve team members had dinner, then their planning meeting, and finally watched a scary movie together. Now they were all readying for bed, with sleeping bags and blankets being arranged, girls changing, laughing, joking around, and making trips to the bathroom.   
  
Jacey thought that girls were a bit immodest at the beach, but this was an amazing sight before her. These California girls seemed perfectly comfortable prancing around darn near naked in front of each other. They seemed to take it as a badge of honor that they could look sexy going to bed in everything from Kerry's thong and tank-top, Janice's lacy teddy's, Shannon's fancy silk PJs, and Missy's short-shorts and tight t-shirts. As Jacey changed in the bathroom, she was getting concerned that her big old t-shirt and flannel PJ pants were going to make her the ugly duckling.   
  
As she re-entered the living room and plopped down on the couch, she felt the room grow quiet and all eyes turn towards her. She didn't realize why until she noticed Jennifer was pointing at her and smiling.   
  
"What?" Jacey said nervously.   
  
"Oh come on," Jennifer said almost laughing, "do you think it's going to snow tonight? What's with the flannel?" All the girls started laughing. "Come on Jacey, show off that little body. Want me to get you some real sleep wear?" Jennifer said throwing a pillow at her.  
  
Jacey was mortified at the attention and teasing. Emotionally she threw the pillow back hard at Jennifer, hitting her in the face.   
  
Jennifer's playfulness evaporated instantly as a stern anger came over her face. The other girls joined in a playful "Oooohhhhh" at the showdown.   
  
"Oh you want to play with me, huh Jacey" as Jennifer picked up a pillow and started to approach Jacey. Jacey wasn't quite sure what to do and how this had suddenly turned so wrong. Beyond feeling like a scared kitten, she was frozen.   
  
"Come on girls, let's get her," said Jennifer as the other girls squealed and the pillows began to fly. Jacey was simply curling up and defending herself from the onslaught of pillows as Jennifer bore down on her.   
  
"Come on, open her up so I can whack her a good one back" Jennifer instructed, and Jacey felt the hands starting to seize her, dragging her off the couch.   
  
Jacey was squirming and twisting to pull away, but the hands were pulling her arms and legs apart, leaving her open to pillows womping her belly, back, and head. This went on for at least several minutes with the girls laughing and squealing as Jacey was able to pull limbs free briefly and was thrashing to break free. She started to plea for it to stop, but was caught between the urge to cry and laugh at the same time with all the excitement. Not only were the girls getting a good hold on restraining her, Jacey was starting to tire quickly.   
  
"Okay, Okay, Okay, I've had enough, pleeeeese," Jacey begged.  
  
The pillows stopped, and a calm started to descend on the room as Jacey's squirming settled down. Her lack of resistance allowed the girls to secure their grips and pin her limbs down. Jacey was now pinned on her back, a girl pinning each arm by her head, a girl sitting on each ankle keeping her legs taunt, her chest heaving with ragged breaths, her face flush, and hair a mess.   
  
"So little girl, you've had enough?" Jennifer said as she stepped over Jacey's stomach to straddle her. "What if I haven't had enough?" she said with an evil smile as she lowed herself to sit astride Jacey's stomach. "I'm the captain of the team, so I think I should decide when we've had enough, not some sweet little newbie we let onto the team to do our acrobatic tricks. I'm the boss, and you're the..., the little toy. You get it?"   
  
Jacey was stunned, she wasn't sure if this was teasing or serious. She looked around at the other girls faces, and could see their smiles, but wasn't sure if that was a good thing. Jennifer let the silence settle in the air and a wry smile come to her lips.   
  
"Now my little toy, how should I teach you a lesson?" Jennifer leaned forward onto her hands, placing them on Jacey's elbows, and looked searchingly over Jacey's face and upper body. "Are you all out of fight for me little Jacey?"   
  
Jacey squirmed and whined, "Come on, let me go. What do you want from me."   
  
"I don't know, I think I want you to beg me to let you go, how about that?" Jennifer teased.   
  
Jacey shot an angry look back at her. "Oh, there is a little fight in her. Maybe we get it out of her with a little of this." Jennifer let her hands trail along Jacey's arms while her friends held her tight. Her fingers traced to Jacey's armpits and then started to tickle.   
  
Jacey was hyper-ticklish and instantly bucked hard and tried to twist away. A panic began to set in. Her younger brother used to tickle her relentlessly. They would wrestle around wildly, she trying to get away and him trying to pin her. She hated it. But as she got older, she also became a bit troubled by it.   
  
In the wild wrestling and thrashing, she could feel his body press against hers, often rubbing coarsely across her nipples. Often their thighs intertwined tightly and she could feel his crotch firming against her. And most troubling, when her privates were tight against his thigh or hips, she could feel herself grow warm between her legs, a sense of slight moisture emerge. She realized then that there was a certain slight swelling that occurred near the top of her pussy that sent deep pleasure sensations through her whenever their wrestling hit it just right. She also felt herself going weak in those moments. At that point she would nearly cry at the thought that he would detect her wetness and embarrass her to death.   
  
He always seemed to sense when his playfulness had turned into her panic, and let her go. But he always chided her, "Geez sis, don't be such a baby, we were just having fun."   
  
This contest with Jennifer was going terribly awry down this same path. Jacey was dead serious, she needed this to stop. She gritted her teeth and nearly yelled at Jennifer, "Noooo, you have to stop. SERIOUSLY!!"   
  
Jennifer laughed, "You still think you are the boss?" And she began to tickle again. This time Jacey bucked so hard, Jennifer was thrown forward with her hands landing around Jacey's face, her sandy blond hair hanging around her face. Their eyes locked, and Jennifer licked her lips and looked deeply into Jacey's eyes -- it was a different hungry look, which Jacey had never seen before. But it was a look known to the core of the human psyche, and Jacey realized it was pleasure and lust.   
  
"Oh Jacey, that's what I like. Resist, give us some fight. That's what makes it fun."   
  
With that, Jennifer pushed her hips back so they were right across Jacey's thin pelvis and hip bones to control her. This lowered Jennifer's body down a bit, and Jacey could see Jennifer's full, firm breasts swing in her tight tank top, and feel Jennifer's pubic bone push down against Jacey's flat abdomen.   
  
"Okay, girls, tickle our little Jacey," Jennifer commanded.   
  
Suddenly, fingers danced across Jacey's body like nothing she had ever experienced. There were hands on her underarms, ribs, knees, and thighs all at once. Fingers even grabbed her feet.   
  
Jacey tried to buck and thrash but it was no use. She was whining and squealing, trying to form words and beg them to stop. Within a minute she was starting to hyperventilate and rasp. She could feel her muscles twitching to fight, but all her strength was gone. Now she was just moving her mouth and pleading with her eyes, tears forming in the corners. The fingers slowed and Jennifer relented on her delicate ribs.   
  
"Okay, girls. I didn't hear her beg. She was too hysterical."   
  
They all laughed. Jennifer brushed Jacey's hair out of her face and straightened up to admire her trapped prey. She scooted her hips back over Jacey's hips and pulled Jacey's shirt to straighten it. Jacey was catching her breath, when she noticed something had caught Jennifer's eyes -- Jennifer was staring at Jacey's chest.   
  
"Well isn't that interesting girls," Jennifer mewed. " Here I thought our little toy didn't like being tickled. But if I'm not mistaken, those nipples are about as hard as rocks right now."   
  
Jacey's eye's shot down to look at her own chest, and with Jennifer holding the materials down tightly, sure enough, Jacey's nipples were thrusting upward against the material a good half inch. Jacey herself had never seen her nipples so erect. She was mortified; all eyes were locked on her nipples pressed into the stretched t-shirt fabric. Jacey groaned embarrassment and flexed the muscles of her body to turn away to no avail.   
  
Jennifer leaned into Jacey, "I knew you should have worn something more sexy." "So girls, what should we do to have some fun with this. Kerry, go get me some ice."   
  
Jacey tried to struggle again, and eventually rasped "Come on, this isn't fair. Let me go." Her eyes pleadingly searched the group for sympathy, and received only eager smiles back.   
  
Kerry ran back with a few ice cubes in a glass, handing it to Jennifer.   
  
"Okay, I want to see how much these can grow, they are already crazy hard" Jennifer giggled as her finger scooped a cube from the glass. She slowly lowered the cube to Jacey's left nipple; Jacey futilely shook her chest to keep the ice away.   
  
"Ahhh, her little boobies are so cute when she shakes them like that" Jennifer taunted and the other girls giggled.   
  
Jacey could feel the tears welling up in her eyes from the humiliation. But as the ice made contact with her nipple, the pressure and sensation suddenly filled an aching in Jacey's body she had not realized was there. She sucked in air through her teeth and whined in protest as Jennifer circled her nipple with the melting cube. A wet circle appeared in the fabric to reveal the detail of Jacey's nipple as it seemed to surge forward.   
  
A silence had fallen over the girls as they watched. As the torment continued, Jacey could hear the girls release their pent up breath after having been captivated by the site.   
  
The ice pulled away, and Jacey was conflicted by relief and yearning for it to continue. She heard a new ice cube jingle in the glass, and waited for her right nipple to receive its treatment. She laid there holding her breath; eyes clenched shut, head turned away. As the ice cube made contact with her nipple, she felt her involuntarily raise her chest to meet it, and her hands and arms go limp. A second circle of wetness emerged around her swelling nipple.   
  
Jacey whined quietly now. Fighting to keep her senses, she begged weakly "Please stop."   
  
Surprisingly it worked; Jennifer had pulled the ice away. Jacey turned to look up at the girls, relieved at first, but then more concerned than ever. Jennifer was positively gleaming now with a wicked looking smile, and the other girls seemed enthralled. Jennifer let the ice fall from her hand into the glass lazily.   
  
"You're right Jacey, I should stop." She smiled at the other girls, and everyone seemed to adjust themselves, but not to release her.   
  
"Jacey, I think you were actually enjoying that too much. The attention on your nipples wasn't supposed to be for your fun. So maybe we need to do something else with them."   
  
Jacey started to squirm and protest again. And strangely, she became more aware of the bodies restraining her. The girls holding her legs had gotten more relaxed and she could feel their privates pushed right down on her ankles, and they felt warm from all the exertion, and their hands were a little too familiar up on Jacey's thighs. The girls holding her arms had relaxed slightly too, their hands holding her more softly now, but still firm. And her captors looked so sexy floating over her, their own hard nipples emerging against their nighties.   
  
At first, this softer side of the girls was reassuring, and then alarming to Jacey. She was NOT a lesbian, and her friends seemed like perverts now. But Jacey was alarmed by her own feelings, she could feel that familiar warmth and moisture growing in her privates and she was beginning to panic at the thought of that getting out of control.  
  
"How about this Jacey, how about I give your big nipples a flick" Jennifer taunted. She lined up her circled finger and thumb and took aim at Jacey's cold nipples. The girls squealed in excitement and laughter. Jacey started to struggle in earnest now, but the restraint returned, Jennifer put her hand and weight into Jacey's chest to hold her still and took aim. The flick was well aimed and stung through her nipple like a searing needle.   
  
"OOOoooowwww," Jacey squealed and the tears welled up immediately in pain and panic.   
  
But the jolt to her nipple seemed to also send a bolt of sensation down to her privates. Jacey could feel her privates warm and swell noticeably.   
  
"How about this other one" Jennifer aimed and flicked the left nipple. Jacey thrashed around, and panicked at the sensation coursing through her privates. Jacey could feel her skin flushing with heat.   
  
Kerry and Shannon started to appeal to Jennifer "Come on, that's too much. That hurts." Jennifer glared at them, and the other girls fell into silence.   
  
"Who is the captain here?" Jennifer queried.   
  
"You are" all the girls said quietly. And in that moment, Jennifer's power became clear to Jacey.   
  
"You are right girls, this is too much for our new friend. I shouldn't torment her like this," Jennifer cooed. "We need to take good care of our girl Jacey," Jennifer said as she laid her palms over Jacey's sore nipples. Jennifer pressed down firmly and started to move her palms in slow circles.   
  
"It's just that those nipples are so hot, and I think our little friend was actually enjoying it. Weren't you Jacey?" Jacey struggled and whined, "Nooo, I don't like it."  
  
"Oh come on now Jacey, we're all friends here. It's okay. You just don't like to admit you're a horny girl."   
  
All the girls snickered. Jacey felt Jennifer's fingers start to circle around her small breasts as her chest heaved breathlessly.   
  
"See girls, see how this seems to calm her.....I'll bet she's feeling all warm and tingly now," Jennifer teased as her finger ran down Jacey's taught stomach.   
  
"Let's have a look and see if she gets goose bumps." Jennifer fingers hooked under Jacey's t-shirt and started to raise it up her stomach.   
  
"Look at that beautiful, flat stomach."   
  
Jacey wanted to struggle, but she was exhausted, embarrassed, and too relieved the attention to her nipples was over. But then she felt the shirt pushing over her small breasts, and her eyes shot open. Her small, firm A cup breasts were now exposed to all. She turned her head away and whimpered a small protest.   
  
Jennifer traced a finger around the small mounds and then down the center of her chest, "These are so cute aren't they."   
  
Jacey felt goose bumps tingle across her body and her nipple tighten again. "See girls, we aren't hurting her, she likes this attention. I'll bet we could tell how much Jacey likes this. I'll bet our little toy is all warm down here."   
  
Jacey felt a finger trailing down her stomach past her belly button. And the panic took hold again.   
  
"SERIOUSLY, Jennifer. This is bullshit! Stop IT," Jacey blurted out as she started to thrash with the last of her strength.   
  
Jennifer traced the top of Jacey's exposed underwear, "Really Jacey, are you sure you want me to stop?"   
  
There was a long silence as Jennifer continued to trace the top of Jacey's underwear and tease across her hip bones. Jennifer looked at the girls holding Jacey's legs, looked at Jacey's flannel pajama bottoms, and then with a look and nod, the girls started pulling down the pajama bottoms.   
  
Jacey, at the end of her strength, struggled weakly and whimpered, "This isn't fair."  
  
She felt her body weak from the struggle but also from its yearning for release from the growing sexual ache within her.   
  
With her pajama bottoms around her ankles, Jennifer tried to sooth Jacey, "We're just going to see if you're warm down here, that's all" and her fingers started to trace over Jacey's tight sports type underwear.   
  
The fingers traced up over her mons, and then down to her thighs. With another look, the girls pushed Jacey's weakened knees apart as Jennifer traced back up her thighs towards her most intimate parts -- nobody had ever touched her like this before. Jennifer's fingers dipped down near the back of Jacey's thigh, and then along the curve of her exquisitely tight little butt. And then it happened, Jennifer's finger traced up the center of the crotch of Jacey's panties. The girls were transfixed. Jacey turned her head away, and tried to twist her hips away from the touch. Jennifer pressed her finger in firmly and slowly as she neared to top of Jacey's cleft, and Jacey raised her hips to the touch, and sucked in a breath through her teeth.  
  
Jennifer looked around at the other girls, "You see, she is all hot, and even a little moist. Our little toy is really hot and bothered by all this."   
  
Almost unconsciously, Shannon knelt down next to Jacey other hip and put her fingers across Jacey's pantied crotch. She could feel the warmth, and looked down at Jacey's face to watch as she pressed firmly into her panties. Jacey's hips rose to meet the pressure, as she was mortified by her involuntary response. Shannon looked around at the other girls and smiled.

Jennifer pulled the hair out of Jacey's face, and saw a tear running down her temple to the floor.   
  
"Oh little girl, don't be upset. We are just playing with you," Jennifer consoled her.  
  
The girls started to relax their hard restraint of Jacey. Jennifer laid herself down, partially onto Jacey, and partially next to her. She lifted Jacey's head toward her chest to embrace her and comfort her. Jacey wanted to pull away from Jennifer, she wanted to run away, but she was too weak. Instead she simply took shelter from the other girls in Jennifer's embrace.   
  
"We like you Jacey. We were just playing, don't be mad. We think you are cute, and sexy." Jennifer cradled Jacey and pulled her into her soft, but firm chest. Jacey felt comfort there momentarily.   
  
But her mind was suddenly pulled back to her vulnerable open legs. Kerry's hand had joined Shannon's pressing firmly on her pussy, and the two girls started to massage, tickle, and tease her pussy and inner thighs. Jacey's flat stomach tightened, partly in protest, and partly in reaction to the pleasure surging through her. Jacey felt the warmth and wetness in her privates swell.   
  
Another hand cupped her exposed breast and began to play with her nipple. Jacey whimpered involuntarily. Part of her wanted to scream to make it stop, and part of her was overwhelmed with the pleasure. In her weakened state, she was almost relieved to be restrained, to be succumbing to this pleasure against her will.   
  
Jacey had never felt anything like this. She had let her hands stray too long around her privates in the shower and tub, and occasionally as she fell asleep. But with her strict upbringing, she never let herself explore the feelings too long.  
  
And here she was embarrassed, vulnerable, and absolutely in heat at the will of these girls. The hands on her panties had zeroed in on her most sensitive button, and were now rhythmically and incessantly rubbing her to ecstasy. Jacey's hips were involuntarily lifting up to meet the pressure. She could feel the tension inside her building, her muscles were locked in a rocking motion and were starting to tremble.   
  
A completely new sensation took hold of her inner pussy, she could feel it seeming to clench and tighten occasionally, her rosebud following suit. Jacey's breath was now loud and ragged, her face buried in shame into Jennifer's warm, soft chest.   
  
Suddenly her legs started to shake, her hips thrust upward, and the hand massaging her pleasure button pressed down firmly in slow circles. Jacey felt like she was going to pass out as her body was racked by spasms. She felt Jennifer grasp her hair on the back of her head and pull her face back from the shelter of her chest. She looked up into Jennifer's face, and saw Jennifer smiling widely as she leaned into to kiss Jacey on the lips. Jacey was far too weak and in no state to protest.   
  
As their lips touched, the hand on her pussy pressed in tightly, letting a finger press through her underwear into her canal a bit, and the hand on her breast firmly twisted her nipple. The combination of sensations sent Jacey into a second round of thrusting hips and spasms. As her body slowed in its spasms, Jennifer broke the kiss and laid Jacey down. The girls curled around her, and seemed to envelope her in hugs and caresses. She felt fingers tracing playfully over her flat stomach, around her sexy hips, and along her thighs. Jacey almost felt like she was drifting off into a dream, or a trance.   
  
Jennifer stood up over the few girls lying around Jacey on the ground. She looked around the room at the girls that had watched the show from the couch and chairs.   
  
"Wow that was amazing. It's been a while since we've seen an orgasm that fast and powerful. That must have been pent up for a long time," she laughed. "Make a bed for our sweet little Jacey. Kerry and Shannon, you keep her warm and comfortable tonight."  
  
Jacey sat up and pulled herself together. The girls around her stoked her hair out of her face and comforted her. The girls moved around the room settling in for the night, and turned down the lights. One girl brought Jacey a big glass of water and a fluffy blanket. Kerry and Shannon guided Jacey onto a queen size inflatable bed and they all curled up together.   
  
Jacey was tired and confused, but also somewhat elated. It was embarrassing what happened, but none of the girls acted as if it was. These girls seemed to be genuine friends to each other, and seemed to have taken her into their fold. A feeling of relief and comfort encased Jacey. And a feeling of sexual awaking flowed over her as well.   
  
As they were falling asleep, Kerry snuggled in close and whispered into her ear, "That was soooo hot."   
  
Jacey almost felt proud, and a little pulse tingled in her pussy. As she drifted off, she wondered if something would ever happen like this again, or if they would act like nothing had ever happened tomorrow. She hoped everything would be normal and friendly tomorrow so nothing was weird. But she also was kind of scared that she would never get to feel like that again.

**Jacey's Reluctant Awakening Ch. 02**

The next morning the girls roused from the slumber party and were making breakfast and cleaning up the living room they had all slept in the night before. Jacey waited for a chance to use the restroom, and then readied herself to join most of the girls in the kitchen. She noticed that her nipples were slightly noticeable under her t-shirt, but needed to get to her bag to find her athletic bra. As she left the bathroom, Shannon ran into her in the hall and directed her to the kitchen before she could make an excuse to return to her bag.  
  
"Girls, sleepy head is up," Shannon announced as the entered the kitchen.  
  
All the girls were lounging and prancing around as scantily clad as they were the night before. Jacey tried to act as natural as possible, and soon realized that nobody acted as if last night had happened. She took a seat on the bar stool at the counter and joined in the small talk.  
  
Jacey didn't hear Jennifer enter the kitchen behind her, so was slightly started by the arm curling around her waist.  
  
"Hi little Jacey, how did you sleep last night?" Jennifer teased. The other girls giggled a little. "I'll bet you slept like a baby after all our excitement last night." Jacey was blushing and getting nervous and didn't say a word.  
  
"Oh, come on Jacey. Don't be shy. That was fun last night," Jennifer assured her. "Besides, you can repay the favor later."   
  
The girls giggled, and Kerry blurted out, "That should be fun!" And they all laughed together.   
  
Jennifer leaned in and squeezed Jacey to reassure her, Jacey could feel her full breasts on her back and arm. As Jennifer pulled away, she lazily let her hand run up Jacey's side and then boldly, but subtly let her hand cup Jacey's breast before leaving.   
  
Jacey was too surprised to even react to it. She was a bit insulted that another person would so brazenly feel up her body that way. But she also felt her heart race with the realization that last night's fun was not likely to be the end of her sexual experiences. She was lost in thought about whether that was a good thing, or bad thing.   
  
Jennifer's mom entered the kitchen and a commotion of hellos from the girls ensued rousing Jacey from her thoughts.   
  
"Mom, this is our new member, Jacey," Jennifer introduced the two.   
  
Mrs. Rebecca Lowry was a beautiful woman in her late 30's, but her body was amazing. She wore a lavender sports halter top and black yoga pants. Her sandy blonde hair was a little messy, but stylish and sexy. Wow, she looked like she had stepped right off the pages of Shape magazine.   
  
Her shoulders and arms were lean and taunt, her stomach perfectly flat and sexily exposed, and her breasts were perfect -- full and round, defied gravity, and there was even a hint of her nipple through her sports bra and halter top. She was almost more beautiful than her daughter Jennifer.  
  
"Hi Jacey, it's a pleasure to meet such a lovely young lady," she smiled and gazed caringly at Jacey as they shook hands.   
  
"Nice to meet you Mrs. Lowry," Jacey said, while in an odd way she was almost embarrassed she wasn't more beautiful and presentable to the glamorous woman before her.  
  
"Jenny, I have to run to the spa. The silly receptionist quit last week, so I have to open again. Hopefully I can hire someone soon," Rebecca said as she swirled through the kitchen gathering her stuff to leave. "You girls have fun today, see you."  
  
As the girls finished up breakfast, Jennifer prodded everyone to get ready for a day out by the pool. Girls changed and made their way out to the pool, leaving Jennifer and Jacey cleaning up the final messes in the kitchen.   
  
Jacey was thinking about Jennifer's mom, and the mention of needing to hire someone. "Jennifer, your mom said she is trying to hire someone."  
  
"Yeah, my Mom has a spa she opened a year ago down near the beach. She had this dumb receptionist working for her that she caught stealing and had to let her go. So she has been really, really busy," Jennifer explained.  
  
"How hard is the job? I mean, how many hours do you think she needs someone?" Jacey inquired.  
  
"Oh, I think about 20 hours a week. It's pretty easy -- just answering the phones, scheduling, helping out. Why are you interested?"  
  
"I guess so, I haven't really had a job before, but I could use some money instead of relying on my parents all the time. So I've been thinking about a job, but don't know what I could do."  
  
"Well, I used to do the job part time, but got too busy. I could easily get my mom to give you the job," Jennifer said as she walked over to stand beside Jacey standing at the sink rinsing some final dishes.   
  
Jennifer ran her hand down Jacey's back and let it settle right in the small of her back above her perfect buns. Jacey looked up at Jennifer.   
  
"But Jacey, I would have to know that you would be great for my mom, and would really appreciate the job," Jennifer said more quietly.  
  
"Of course I would Jennifer," she said, matching the quietness.  
  
Jennifer's hand moved lazily to Jacey's hip and up Jacey's side again as their eyes stayed locked on each other. Jennifer reached over to Jacey's shoulder and turned her to face her.   
  
"How nice Jacey? How nice could you be to me?" Jennifer trailed her fingernails down Jacey's arm and then up to touch Jacey's neck. Chills tingled across Jacey's arm and back. Jacey didn't know what to say, she was enthralled and worried at the same time.  
  
Jennifer's hand curled around the back of Jacey's neck and her other hand around her hips to find the small of Jacey's back. She pulled Jacey in closer to her body.  
  
"Would you be really, really nice to me Jacey," Jennifer said as she leaned down to kiss Jacey.   
  
Jacey pulled back instinctively, confused by the thought for a moment.  
  
"That's not really nice Jacey, especially after the wonderful kiss we enjoyed last night as you thrust your hips around so wildly," Jennifer smiled as Jacey blushed. Jennifer lowered her lips again, and this time Jacey let herself be drawn into the kiss.   
  
It was a brief but full kiss, and Jacey had almost instinctively opened her mouth to continue to a deeper intimacy. But Jennifer pulled back and just smiled at her.   
  
"Now that was nice. Now go get a swimsuit on, and let's get out to the pool," Jennifer said as she pushed Jacey away gently.  
  
Jacey turned to walk way, lost at the thought of where this could all be going and also feeling a sexual tension course through her body, she could feel her breasts firm with a slight swelling at the momentary engagement with Jennifer.   
  
But then she realized a startling fact and blurted out, "but I don't have a swimsuit with me Jennifer."   
  
"That's okay, I'll get you one of my little sister's, she is about your size," Jennifer offered.  
  
Jacey had to wonder how old Jennifer's little sister was. She had to squeeze into the mini sport-short style swimsuit bottoms and tiny bikini top. She wasn't very pleased with the white, unlined fabric, it seemed too shear. And the bottoms were so tight they kept working into her ass crack as she walked out to the pool.   
  
Jacey moved quickly to a chase lounge to join the other girls without attracting attention to herself. Most of the girls must have gone home while she was changing because there was only Jennifer, Shannon, Kerry and herself at the pool.   
  
"Hey Jacey, you need to get a tan on that little body," Kerrie commented as she sat down on the chase lounge beside her.   
  
Kerry had an amazing golden brown skin tone due to her exotic Asian heritage. She was also a small girl, only a bit taller than Jacey. But she was more "developed," with perfectly full and firm C cup breast and nice bubble butt. Her long black hair softened her slightly angular face. Jacey admired her exotic beauty as she laid back and glistened under the late morning sun. She wondered if those perfect globes of cleavage between her bikini top could be fake, but dismissed the idea.  
  
Shannon had walked up to sit on the other side of Jacey, "You have beautiful skin Jacey, just starting to tan, but you are going to burn and dry out without suntan lotion."   
  
"Yeah, ummm..."Jacey thought aloud.  
  
"Here Shannon," Jennifer interjected as she approached, "put this on her." She tossed a bottle of suntan lotion to Shannon.  
  
Jacey put out her hand to take it, but Shannon protested, "Don't be silly, you heard Jennifer, I'm to do it."  
  
Shannon was your classic California blonde -- a long athletic body with perfect willowy curves that executed femininity and strength at the same time. Her long, light sandy-blonde hair was nearly perfectly straight, although at the moment she had it tied up in back. Her swimsuit was athletic and tight, and accentuated her curves perfectly. Her breasts were a full B cup, and like Jacey were firm without even a hint of sag, as if they had emerged on her chest only days ago. In lieu of a bikini top, she wore a think, small tight t-shirt. Jacey's eyes were drawn to Shannon's small, pert nipples accentuated by the pink t-shirt fabric.  
  
"Give me your arm," Shannon instructed, and Jacey complied without question.  
  
Shannon squirted a stream of oil onto Jacey's arm and started spreading it around as she held Jacey's hand.  
  
"Lay back Jacey, I'll take care of you."   
  
Jacey laid back on the reclined lounge. Her body sank down bit in the lounge, and Jacey felt her bottoms grow tighter on her crotch. She glanced down to see the thin fabric tight over her hips and mons, revealing her small patch of pubic hair more clearly than she would have preferred out in a public area like this.   
  
As Shannon worked the oil up her arm, Jacey glanced over at Kerry laid out on the lounge next to her. Her body was glistening now with a delicate sheen of sweat from the warming sun. Her cleavage looked right out of Sport's Illustrated, her flat stomach was flawless. Jacey's eyes arrived at her hips and realize that Kerry's skimpy bikini bottoms were stretched between her hip bones, creating a taunt bridge of fabric that didn't touch her depressed stomach before her mons rose up and lifted the fabric tightly. That ever so innocent reveal of Kerry's tender flesh was just so sexy to Jacey she couldn't take her eyes away.   
  
"That is so sexy, huh," Shannon offered, and Jacey flinched at the realization that she had been caught staring. "You should see the guys at the beach hovering around behind us when we let our bathing suits do that. Too funny. It's not like they can actually see anything, but guys are so easily teased!" Shannon laughed.   
  
Jacey tried to relax again, and shut her eyes so she wouldn't be tempted to look again. She felt Shannon pour some oil onto her shoulder and then down her chest and stomach. This made her nervous that Shannon was going to be massaging oil into her chest and stomach, her hands instinctively went to her own stomach while her eyes remained closed, but she felt Shannon push her hands away.  
  
"That's my job cutie," Shannon instructed.  
  
"Let me help with your job" Jacey heard Jennifer's voice as she sat down on the lounge next to her.   
  
Jennifer poured some oil on Jacey's legs and started to work from her shins up toward her thighs. Jacey wanted to appear confident and happy for the attention, but her stomach was taunt with nervousness. Jennifer pushed her thighs apart as she worked the oil into her legs. Shannon's hands were gliding over her chest, and her fingers pressed into her small cleavage and slightly under her bikini top. As Jennifer's hands were now working the top and insides of Jacey's thighs, she suddenly stopped and patted Jacey on her mons firmly, startling Jacey and making her recoil.   
  
"That little muff of your's is so cute, but we'll have to remove that. A cheerleader has gotta have a smooth undercarriage," Jennifer said matter of factly.  
  
Jacey wanted to explain that she shaved during gymnastics season, but decided to just stay quiet.   
  
The girls lounged in the sun for a few minutes making small talk and Jacey started to get really hot. She stood up and put her lounger down flat and laid back down on her stomach. Jennifer immediately motioned to Shannon to put oil on her back.   
  
"Let's get your back covered," Shannon offered as she straddled Jacey hip and poured some oil onto her back.   
  
Jacey didn't even bother protesting. She was kind of pleased to get the attention by now. As Shannon spread the oil around her back, Jacey felt the bikini top ties suddenly pull untied.   
  
"Gotta get these out of the way, besides you don't want tan lines right?" Shannon quipped rhetorically.   
  
As Shannon finished up what had turned into a very nice massage of Jacey's back Jennifer sat back on Jacey's lounger. She prodded Jacey's side a little, "Lift up a little Jace."  
  
Jacey obliged by lifting her chest slightly only to be surprised as Jennifer whipped her bikini top out from under her.  
  
"We don't want to get that all oily," Jennifer teased.   
  
Jacey pressed her chest down on the lounger and was immediately distressed by her awkward position. The lounger was the typical set of vinyl bands stretched across the medal frame. Her bare chest now pressed down into the bands, and her oiled skin immediately made the bands slippery.   
  
"Jennifer, come on, give me the top back. I won't get oil on it, I promise" Jacey pleaded.  
  
"That's okay, its right here when you need it. Just relax."  
  
It was only a couple of minutes until Jacey could feel that the bands were being pressed apart by her small but firm and oiled breasts. Suddenly, she felt the bands slip aside and her breasts pressed through to hang down through the bands. She tried to pull her chest up a bit, and the bands squeezed back on her breasts as she rose up. The bands were just close together and elastic enough that they pinched her nipples slightly as she tried to adjust.   
  
Jacey was careful to realign herself so that her nipples pressed down centered on a single band and then laid still to keep from that happening again.  
  
Then she felt Jennifer sit across her ankles and poured oil on the back of her legs. She started to work the oil into Jacey's calves. As she worked up her legs, Jennifer's massage of her hamstrings was more vigorous. Her hands were quickly working toward the bottom curves of Jacey's perfect little buns, and as they arrived, she was pressing Jacey forward on the lounge with her firm massage.  
  
"Wow Jacey, you have such a perfect little butt, and I love how these tiny shorts form fit them perfectly," Jennifer complimented.   
  
Jennifer was unabashed in her massage of Jacey's buns with the oil, letting her fingers slip nonchalantly under the shorts.   
  
The pressure was pushing Jacey forward, pressing her nipples into the strap until they started to slide forward. And then they were pushed forward enough that her breasts pressed their way between the slats of the lounger again. Jacey tried to rise up again to pull her breasts free, but she didn't want to be obvious and the straps had a way of squeezing her breasts together to hold onto them. She tried to press straight back, but her hands pressing on other straps simply stretched them.   
  
"Jacey, quit squirming around," Jennifer commanded.  
  
Jennifer's hands paused when they were firmly on Jacey's buns, having run up under her tight shorts. "Stop moving," she squeezed Jacey's buns firmly.   
  
Jacey settled reluctantly, hoping that nobody would look under the lounge and notice her breasts plunging through. But the straps tension on her breasts was getting uncomfortable. She could feel her breasts firming under the tension.  
  
"Now, you just hold still girl, or you'll be punished," Jennifer instructed playfully.   
  
The words rang in Jacey's ears like a shock. Jennifer let her fingers from both sides under Jacey's shorts start to trail over to the sexy crease between her buns. As her fingers reached the crease they started to press in, and Jacey clenched her buns and squealed a little.  
  
"Hey, get out of there," Jacey tried to command firmly but playfully, an attempt to not rouse Jennifer like she did the night before.  
  
"Look at those perfect, strong buns clenched together," Jennifer teased, and Shannon and Kerrie giggled. Now Jacey knew that all eyes were on her.  
  
Jennifer let her fingers trail down her creased to the gap between Jacey's pretty legs. Jacey's hands shot back to try and grab Jennifer's wrists, and in the process she arched her back up from the lounge.   
  
Kerrie caught a glimpse of Jacey's breast pressed between the lounge straps and jumped at the chance to take advantage.  
  
"Oh no girl, you can't fight Jennifer," Kerrie teased as she quickly crossed over to Jacey's lounge and sat astride her back facing Jennifer. She got ahold of Jacey's wrist and pulled them away from her butt, securing them together crossed in her lower back. They were hard to handle with the suntan oil, so the squirming was playful.  
  
Jennifer raised a hand and slapped Jacey's tight buns hard through the stretched, thin fabric of her swimsuit bottoms.   
  
"Owwww," Jacey protested, but then she stopped moving. Maybe stopping would deny the girls their fun. "Okay, I'm not moving."  
  
Jennifer went back to guiding her fingers between Jacey's legs under the fabric. Jennifer was thrilled with the feel delicate flesh between Jacey's legs as her fingers passed over the sexy gap between Jacey's ass and pussy. Then she felt the swell of Jacey's pussy with her first fingers. Jacey wiggled her butt in mild protest as the intrusion. If they could see her face, they would see her blushing bright red. The weight of Kerrie across her back pressed her chest down firmly on the lounge and her breasts protruded further underneath.   
  
"Shannon, look under the lounge, I think Jacey has a surprise for you," Kerrie teased.   
  
"Oh my god, her tits are totally pushed through and straining," Shannon blurted out much to Jacey's immense embarrassment.   
  
Jacey felt Jennifer start to push a finger into the cleft between her pussy lips. She squealed and wiggled furiously in protest.   
  
"Come on! That's not nice. Why do you keep being mean to my?" she protested.   
  
"Oh, I'm not being mean. I'm being nice. Don't you like it?" Jennifer taunted to the other girls girls.  
  
"No, it's not...it's not normal. It's embarrassing!" Jacey plead to her new friends.   
  
"Okay, I am just playing with my hot little friend," Jennifer responded; and with that she withdrew her hands and slapped Jacey firmly enough to sting across her buns.   
  
"Come on girls, let's leave her alone." And the girls dismounted. "Let's get some ice tea inside."   
  
As the girls started to walk toward the house, Jennifer turned back to Jacey, "Come on, Jacey, get up and come with us or I'll really punish you."   
  
Jacey looked hurriedly around for her top so she could get up. She did like the fact that a beautiful girl like Jennifer just callled her hot.  
  
"Looking for this," Jennifer raised Jacey's swim top up with her hand as she walked backwards toward the house. Jacey just stared, knowing that she wasn't getting it back. "Come on Jacey, get up, you've got hand to cover yourself, I'll give it to you in the kitchen."  
  
Jacey gathered all her courage, and thought to herself angrily that she'd never hang out with these girls again! She turned herself away from the house as she pulled her breasts back through the squeezing vinyl straps. There was something strangely erotic about the slow pull on her breasts. As she sat up she quickly covered her small breasts with her hands and gathered herself to walk to the house. She could feel that her nipples felt full, not hard, but engorged from the previous pressure on her breasts.   
  
Thank god they were the only ones home. Jacey mustered all her confidence and stood with a hand over each breast and walked toward the house.

Jennifer's brother had been watching the whole scene from an upstairs window. The vision of the tiny girl walking toward the house with her hands covering as much of her small firm breasts as possible was incredibly erotic. He couldn't hear their conversation, but clearly his sister was teasing her with her top.   
  
He recognized Jacey from the college gymnastics team. As a member of the men's team, he had admired her before during practice, but hadn't met her yet. John felt his cock swell under his tight athletic shorts. Holy shit she looked hot. She was nearly completely naked except for her tiny swim shorts that left hardly a thing to the imagination. He had to get downstairs immediately to see her come in.

**Jacey's Reluctant Awakening Ch. 03**

John threw on a t-shirt and rushed quietly downstairs. As he neared the entry to the kitchen he slowed to see what the girls were doing before he entered. He had long admired his sister's cheerleading friends as the hottest girls in school, and his sister's friends new it. He stayed back from entering the kitchen, but had a view or the room from the laundry room hallway. Shannon and Kerrie were getting drinks from the refrigerator as Jennifer entered the kitchen.  
  
"Well girls, little Jacey is getting bold these days," declared Jennifer as she entered the kitchen through the open French doors.   
  
Jacey was hurrying behind her to catch up, but entered the kitchen a few seconds behind her. She was a sight to behold. Her tiny body covered in suntan oil, arms crossed with a hand over each breast. Her breasts were just big enough that they presented a full handful to her small hands, making the sexy, glistening cleavage all the more sexy. Her perfectly flat and toned stomach and small flair of her hips accentuated how small and revealing her swim bottoms were. And as the fabric was almost sheer, they left little to the imagination.  
  
"Okay Jennifer, that's very funny, can I have my top back now?" Jacey struggled to say as playfully as she could.   
  
"Well, let me see Jacey. Are you going to be nice to me again?" Jennifer asked as she sat down on a bar stool at the counter.   
  
Jacey was about to reply when she realized the implication of the question – would she kiss Jennifer again on the lips? Jacey glanced around at Shannon and Kerrie, and back to Jennifer, "Come on, I was already nice to you earlier, can I please just have my top back?"  
  
"Yes, come over here, and be nice to me and you can have it back...MAYBE" Jennifer teased.  
  
Jacey started to approach Jennifer tentatively – she definitely didn't want this to escalate into the girls ganging up on her again.  
  
"Come on Jacey, come close. I'll give you your top, my top really, IF you uncross those pouting little arms. It would be so much sexier looking if you just covered your breasts with your arms uncrossed. Wouldn't it girls?" Jennifer commanded.  
  
"Of course, that would be hot," chimed in Kerrie.  
  
Jacey was going to prove she could play games too, so she turned her back quickly as she changed her hands over her breasts, and then turned back to the girls. Her hands held firmly over her breasts now, squeezing her firm flesh out above and below her hands.  
  
John edged a little closer to the kitchen. This was getting hot, and he felt his cock swell a bit in his tight shorts.  
  
Jacey edged closer to Jennifer, almost right in front of her now.  
  
"Don't be afraid little cutie, I won't bite you," Jennifer teased. Jennifer snared little Jacey with a quick arm around her waist and pulled her close. With Jacey a bit off balance, and Jennifer's quick move, Jacey was pulled right up over Jennifer's knee so she was straddling Jennifer's thigh, her toes now barely on the ground for balance.   
  
"So Jacey, are you going to be nice to me again? If you are, I'll let you have your top."  
  
Jacey knew what Jennifer wanted, but was embarrassed to kiss her again willingly in front of Kerrie and Shannon.   
  
"Come on Jacey, you are going to have to give me a good kiss," and the girls giggled.   
  
Shannon approached to watch the fun up close. "Come on Jacey, let's see if you know how to kiss good," Shannon teased.  
  
Jacey continued to arch her back and lean away from Jennifer, but the pressure one her pussy over Jennifer's leg was coming to the fore in her mind. She knew she was going to have to make this quick. Jennifer raised her knee up into Jacey to add pressure, and Jacey was losing her balance. Jennifer smiled wickedly into her confused little friend's face.  
  
"Shannon, help me out here," instructed Jennifer.  
  
Shannon knew instantly what she wanted to do and moved quickly behind Jacey, grabbing her at the elbows to hold her firmly. Jacey didn't even struggle, but tried to show she could stand up to these girls bullying anymore.  
  
"Jacey, I gave you a chance to be nice to me, but now it's going to take more than a kiss," Jennifer said. "I want to see those little boobies of your now," she teased as her hands rose up to take Jacey's wrists.  
  
"Wait, I want to see," Kerrie said as she rushed over.   
  
John was ecstatic at his luck. He always knew his sister was a lustly little bully that liked to tease her girlfriends and even her boyfriend. But he hadn't even gotten to benefit from his years of trying to see her or her friends naked. This was a dream come true.  
  
Jacey started to struggle to keep her hands firmly on her breasts, but with Shannon pulling back on her elbows, Jennifer pushing her wrists away, and Kerrie helping to keep her on Jennifer's lap, she could feel her hands losing the battle. The girls were struggling to hold Jacey's oiled body. Jacey let out a groan of frustration as her hands pulled away from her breasts. She tried to kick her legs, but this only served to heighten the pressure on her pussy. She felt her nipples escape her fingers and come into view.  
  
"Now those are nice little boobies Jacey, we should make you show them off all the time," Jennifer teased.   
  
By now, Shannon had Jacey's elbows securely behind her back and Jennifer could release her wrists. Jennifer put her hands below Jacey's tits and pushed them up a bit, then jiggled them, "So firm."   
  
Then Jennifer let her hands glide firmly over Jacey's boobs and cup them fully in her hands, "These are fantastic starter boobies Jacey. Do you play with them?" The girls giggled. Jacey thrashed a bit in protest, rocking on Jennifer's leg.   
  
"Oh, I love the feel of your pussy on my leg. It's getting all warm too," Jennifer continued to grope her boobs firmly. Jacey squirmed and let out a pleading moan in a weak protest. "You are practically naked," she said as she admired Jacey's super toned tiny body thrust in front of her. There really wasn't an ounce of fat on the girl.   
  
Jennifer let her hands pull back from cupping Jacey's boobs and brought her fingers together to tweak Jacey's small firm nipples. "How is that...like that?" Jennifer inquired as she brought her face closer into Jacey. Jacey bit her lit, but didn't say a word.  
  
"See how big they will get," Kerrie encouraged, "pull on them."  
  
Jennifer smiled at her friend, and then started to pull Jacey by the nipples while Shannon held her firmly in place.  
  
John was straining to see Jacey's naked body around his sister's back. His hand had wandered down to stroke his firm cock through his shorts. As his sister leaned back to exaggerate her pulling on Jacey's nipples, he finally had a clearer view of Jacey's nearly naked body pinned and being stretched by his sister and friends. The site was unbelievable and his cock swelled to be rock hard.   
  
Jacey's nipples were being pulled unlike anything she had every felt. And Jennifer had to squeeze ever harder to maintain her grip on the slightly oiled skin. Her breasts were stretching from perfect firm domes into cones. Her skin was flushing red from embarrassment and frustration. Jacey started to squeal at the torment and was ready to beg mercy.  
  
John was so transfixed at the site of Jacey's body that he hadn't noticed Kerrie had moved away from the group in a quest to get ice from the refrigerator – she knew Jennifer was going to want to torment those sensitive nipples.  
  
"Hey! What are you doing Johnny!" Kerrie blurted out upon seeing John hidden in the hallway.   
  
Jennifer let the nipples go with a startled turn to see her brother frozen in place. Jacey's eyes bolted open in horror. Shannon eased her pull on Jacey's elbows enough to allow her hands to recover her abused nipples.   
  
Kerrie rushed over to grab John by the arm and pull him into the kitchen. He didn't resist, he was too enthralled with scene of scantily glad hot girls and Jacey's mostly naked body before his eyes.  
  
  
  
Jennifer stood and let Jacey fall off her thigh. She stepped over to her brother quickly. She was just a bit taller than John, as she was a bit older and he had a gymnast's build. She took him by the arm with Kerrie. Kerrie had always liked to tease Johnny with her hot body, and was giddy with the idea that they had caught him.   
  
"So little Johnny, you're still spying on me! How long have you been sneaking a peek at us playing around here," Jennifer demanded.  
  
He had to clear his throat, "Long enough to see you pulling on another girl's boobs," he boasted.   
  
"I think he has!" snickered Kerrie as she nodded her head for Jennifer to look down.  
  
"Wow Johnny, your little dick has gotten all hard hasn't it," Jennifer said looking at the outline of his hard cock in his skin tight work-out shorts. His cock was clearly outlined as it point up and to the left of his body.   
  
With the distraction, Jacey had snatched her top off the counter and quickly covered her tits and sore nipples. But in the process, she was now interested to see what the girls were talking about. She recognized John from her time in the gymnastics center, but didn't realize he was related to Jennifer. This was so humiliating he had seen her tits and being teased by the other girls.  
  
Jennifer turned to Jacey, "look what your hot little body has done," she pointed to her brothers hard cock. Jacey glanced down, and for the first time saw a real cock hard. She had felt a hard cock pressed on her in the past when wrestling with her brother, or at school dances. And although this one was covered by thin material, it was clearly visible, even the bulb of the head.   
  
Jacey's mind contemplated Jennifer's remark about it being a "little dick." It didn't look little to her; it looked fairly long and solid. Jacey stared unabashedly at it.  
  
Jennifer broke the silence. "Well I suspect this isn't the first time little Johnny got a hard-on looking at my friends, huh Kerrie? Kerrie has made it a habit to show a lot more skin when Johnny is around."  
  
"I have not," Kerrie protested in embarrassment.   
  
"Oh pleeease. I'm not an idiot Kerrie. Whenever Johnny is around, you are suddenly prancing around showing off your perfect tits and ass, stretching, doing the splits," Jennifer scolded her playfully. "But now we have proof of who caused this boner don't we, it was Jacey's fabulous little tits."  
  
Kerrie smiled wickedly as the attention shifted away from her again. Jacey flushed in embarrassment as all eyes turned to her again. Jennifer grabber Jacey's arm and pulled her toward her brother.  
  
John was losing his confidence now; the girls seemed to be turning on him. He let his hands cover his hard on now, and could feel the swelling start to ease.  
  
Jennifer pushed Jacey forward and down in front of her brother, she was kneeling now in front of him. "Move your hand's Johnny, don't be shy, let us see it," Jennifer commanded.   
  
Johnny knew his sister well and knew what could happen if he didn't do what she wanted. He withdrew his hands to his hips.  
  
"Oh no, I think that beautiful little boner is fading Johnny. Don't let it do that. We want to see it in all its glory. Make it stiff for Jacey again," Jennifer chided him.   
  
Jacey was careful not to look up at John; she was at a complete loss what to do next. But she kept her eyes on his cock; it was so amazing to see.  
  
"Kerrie, help him out," Jennifer demanded.  
  
"Why me? What am I supposed to do?" Kerrie protested.  
  
"You are the one that loves to stroke your boyfriend and tease him through his pants. You know what to do," Jennifer blurted.  
  
Kerrie was dumbfounded, she had told that to Jennifer as their secret. She just stared at Jennifer, a bit miffed now.  
  
"Oh come on, don't act like a prude, everyone knows you love to tease guys. Show us how to do it," Jennifer tried to coax her friend, feigning ignorance of how to stroke a cock.  
  
Kerrie relented, and grasping John's arm, reached across his body to touch his cock. He instinctually recoiled from her touch.   
  
"Johnny, knock it off and let us play. You know you want us to," Jennifer commanded.  
  
He held still and Kerrie hesitantly and gently stroked his cock with her finger nails. His cock pulsed with energy and immediately swelled at her touch. She stroked his cock again a bit more firmly and the girls could see it strain in reaction. Jacey's licked her lips and has mouth dropped open in amazement.  
  
"Wow Johnny, now that is getting hard! How long have you dreamed of Kerrie touching you?" Jennifer teased coyly. Johnny simply smiled, and glanced quickly at Kerrie.  
  
  
  
Kerrie was focused now; she did so love to tease boys. She could feel a pulse of arousal in her pussy, and her breasts firming slightly. Shannon walked around to the side of Jennifer and Johnny to get a better look.   
  
They watched as Kerrie wrapped her fingers around the sides of Johnny's cock the best she could through the shorts and started to stroke him on the shaft.  
  
Shannon reached over silently and felt the bulb of his penis through his shorts, it was firm but soft. Jacey just watched in fascination. His cock seemed to continue to grow towards the waistband of his shorts, but it was really just getting so stiff it was pointing more vertically up his body.  
  
"Do you want to touch it Jacey?" Jennifer broke the silence.   
  
Jacey looked up over her shoulder at Jennifer in uncertainty, almost like she was looking for an answer or permission. She looked back to Johnny cock with the two hands playing with it. "I...I don't know...I've never touched a guy's dick before," Jacey said without thinking.  
  
John was getting really turned on now. The hands on his cock were too much, and his eyes were locked onto Kerrie perfect breasts and flat stomach, then the site of Jacey kneeling her tiny body in front of him – thoughts of his cock in her mouth, and Shannon's long blonde hair didn't hide her erect nipples poking through her tight pink half shirt. This was too much, he groaned and had to concentrate as his legs got weak.  
  
"Let's see it Kerrie, pull down his shorts a little," Jennifer commanded quietly. She had seen her brother's cock many times, and despite her derogatory works, wanted to show it off to her friends.  
  
Kerrie, Shannon and John hesitated, but then Shannon ran her hand to his waistband. John didn't protest, although he thought momentarily that he should. Her fingers slipped over the top of the shorts and started to pull them down on one side. Kerrie joined in a moment later.  
  
As his shorts lowed, the head of his cock came into view, a deep reddish purple. Then the shaft was slowly exposed. Jacey was mesmerized. It looked so tight and strong. As the shorts reached the base of his cock it fell forward away from his body and bounced.   
  
Kerrie took ahold of his cock firmly and leaned her body into him sensually, "That looks awfully nice Johnny. I knew you had a nice cock."   
  
Just then they heard the garage door activate and start rolling up. They all jumped with a start.   
  
"Oh shit, my mom's home," Jennifer warned.  
  
Johnny pulled his shorts awkwardly over his cock and scurried from the kitchen into the bathroom in the hallway. Kerrie pulled away and leaned on the counter like nothing was going on. Jennifer and Shannon quickly grabbed a seat on the bar stools. Jacey rose up from the floor and didn't know how to look normal. She felt naked in the tiny bathing suit and thought of heading for her bag to change, but Jennifer pulled her arm as she started to head of out of the kitchen.  
  
Jennifer's mom entered the kitchen and glanced around at the quiet girls, "What are you guys doing?" She was a little suspicious. "What, did I interrupt some secret?"   
  
The girls laughed and tried to act normal. "No Mom, we were just thinking about what to do with the rest of the day."  
  
"Well, why don't you girls actually do some homework or something? Go to the library," Rebecca suggested. Then she turned and headed upstairs.  
  
The girls glanced around at each other and started to laugh. Jacey tried to be one of the girls and laughed nervously too.   
  
"Well, I do have to do homework," Jennifer admitted. "Jacey, thanks for being so much fun for us. Now you should go shower off all that oil and leave me that bathing suit." She pulled Jacey to her playfully and gave her a hug.   
  
"I'm going to head home to," Kerrie offered.   
  
"Yeah, I better get my sociology essay done," Shannon said as she turned to leave the kitchen.  
  
Jacey went to grab her bag to change. Jennifer was headed upstairs and said, "You better use the upstairs bathroom, I think there is someone in the downstairs bathroom." All the girls laughed.   
  
Shannon gathered her stuff, pulled on some tight sweats and a little sweatshirt and headed for the front door. The vision of John's nice cock was still on her mind.  
  
Jacey had grabbed her bag and was headed up the stairs.  
  
Kerrie quietly headed back to the kitchen and into the hall. She knocked quietly on the bathroom door, "Johnny, open up" she whispered.  
  
It took a moment, but then the door opened a crack. "What," he said.  
  
"Let me in," Kerrie smiled, and slipped into the bathroom.  
  
  
  
"Come on Johnny, let me see it again," she asked.  
  
"But my mom is home," he thought out loud.  
  
"Yeah, but nobody knows we are down here." Kerrie assured him.  
  
His heart was racing, but he slowly pulled down his shorts and let his full, but limp cock fall out over the fabric. Kerrie reached for it slowly and let it rest in her hand. Then she gave it a firm squeeze, and felt it start to grow. She smiled into his face approvingly.   
  
John was mesmerized by her exotic beauty. His eyes wandered over her full breasts in their tiny bathing suit, her exquisitely toned stomach, and those sexy hip bones that held her bikini bottoms bridged across her flat pelvis. He stood there as she began to stroke his cock to full firmness. He reached forward to touch her, but Kerrie moved away.  
  
"No Johnny," she smiled, "no touching. Just let me play."   
  
She started to stroke him more firmly and rhythmically. She turned to the sink countertop and pumped some lotion into her hand. "This is a little cold," she smiled and wrapped her lotioned hand around his cock.   
  
Johnny was in heaven and let his eyes shut. Kerrie expertly stroked his shaft and then let her hand twist around the head of his cock. She watched his face intently as she controlled him. She would stroke quickly, then slowly, then with extra tightness, then ever so gently, almost tickling him. After a couple of minutes she could feel the temperature in his cock building, and he began to whimper quietly at her teasing.  
  
"Do you want to cum?" she asked.  
  
Johnny nodded his head furiously. With one hand she untied her bikini top and let it fall away from her perfectly full C cup breasts. She let go of his cocks and pumped more lotion onto her hands.   
  
"Look at me," she whispered.   
  
He opened his eyes to see her full breasts for the first time and his mouth fell open slightly. With one hand she grasped his cock again, and with the other she slid lotion across her full breasts and started to massage herself.   
  
"You can't cum until I say, okay?" she instructed. He nodded agreement.  
  
She started to stroke him with short firm grasps at the base of his cock while she squeezed and massaged her breasts with her other hand. She pinched her nipples stiff as he watched and her hand worked slowly. Then her hand drifted down her stomach and over her swim bottoms.   
  
She cupped her pussy through her swim bottoms firmly and then started rocking her grip on his cock longer and firmer. She looked into his eyes and pulled her hand all the way up the shaft to the bulbous head and stopped.

She looked into his eyes, "Okay, now you can come."   
  
She pushed her tight grip over the head of his cock and then pulled back quickly several times. He felt his knees weakening and his balls tighten, he wanted to groan loudly but caught himself. He closed his eyes involuntarily and felt the rush of cum explode forward.   
  
Kerrie giggled quietly, but he didn't care, he was lost in her control over him. She started to pump his cock head quickly. He was too sensitive and tried to pull away.   
  
But she had a firm grip and yanked hard, "Don't pull away."   
  
She tormented him until he was cringing involuntarily away from her. She finally let go.  
  
His eyes fluttered open, and she was already tying her top back up. He was disappointed that he didn't get to see a final view of those spectacular breasts.   
  
"That was fun Johnny; I've wanted to play with you for a long time. Now you be a good boy and don't tell anyone, especially your sister. If you do, I'll tell everyone you're lying to cover up being gay."  
  
He was a bit stunned at her harshness.   
  
She reached out to give him a hug, pulling him in tight. "But if you keep it a secret, maybe we can play again," she whispered.   
  
She reached down as they separated and gave his deflating cock a firm squeeze. She felt it begin to stiffen immediately, "Yes, I think you want to play again," she smiled, "next time maybe I'll let you touch my breasts, or even taste my little pussy." She gave him one last squeeze and slipped out of the bathroom as he stood there stunned at the thoughts she left with him. Of course, it was her last little tease.  
  
Meanwhile, upstairs Jacey had found her way to the bathroom and had locked the door and entered the shower. Her mind struggled with the crazy last 24 hours. Was she okay with everything, or should she leave and never look back at these so called friends? She felt terribly awkward that her body had responded so excitedly to the mean treatment and groping. But at the same time, the thought of Jennifer pulling on her delicate nipple in front of Kerrie and Shannon brought a shiver of excitement to her again.

**Jacey's Reluctant Awakening Ch. 04**

As Jacey relaxed under the warm water she admired the large shower stall as it filled with steam. She would love to have a shower like this at home and such a luxurious house to live in as her friend Jennifer.   
  
Again the thought flashed through her mind -- was Jennifer really her friend? Why would a friend be so nice sometimes and so mean the next -- why did all the girls pick on her and embarrass her sexually? Why would her friends, so beautiful and with boyfriends, act like such perverted lesbians and tease her?   
  
She looked down at her still sore nipples. She never had them pulled so hard. How humiliating that Jennifer's brother saw her naked and being dominated like that by the girls. She felt a little sorry for herself. God she hoped he never says anything about it to his friends and their mutual gymnastics teammates.   
  
She picked up a bottle of shampoo and lathered up her hair. She would have to decide what to do. She leaned her head back and closed her eyes to rinse her hair. This felt so good.  
  
Jacey felt a very slight cool draft. Finished rinsing her hair and opened her eyes. She jumped with a start at the sight of Jennifer naked in front of her. She hadn't even heard her enter the bathroom -- how did she get in with the door locked?  
  
"Geez Jacey, are you going to hog all the water?" Jennifer asked nonchalantly, as if it was perfectly normal that she had intruded into Jacey's shower without asking or even announcing her entry.   
  
"What are you doing?" Jacey asked alarmed, as she covered her breasts with her arms.  
  
"I'm taking a shower silly. Its a huge shower, we can share and save hot water Don't be a prude, I've already seen you naked, well essentially naked. Don't worry, I won't tease you again," said Jennifer as she came into the water and Jacey stepped out of the way.   
  
Jacey stepped back and started toward the glass door of the shower.  
  
"Hey, did you try this conditioner?" Jennifer stopped her with a question.  
  
Jacey turned to look, "No."  
  
"Well you can't wash your hair here and not use it. It's awesome. Come here."  
  
Jacey had learned already it was best to just go along with Jennifer. She eased back to the center of the shower. Jennifer squeezed a big glob into her hand, "Turn around." Jacey did as she was asked.  
  
Jennifer stood in the spray of the warm water as she worked the conditioner into Jacey's brunette curls. This did feel nice.  
  
When she was done, Jennifer turned Jacey around to face her, "Here, you wash my hair while you let the conditioner set."   
  
Jacey didn't say a word as Jennifer poured the shampoo into Jacey's hand and turned around. Jacey reached up to Jennifer's head and started to lather in the shampoo. As she worked she hoped that this situation would remain friendly and normal. But she had to do it, she had to ask.  
  
"Jennifer?"  
  
"Yeah?"  
  
Jacey paused to choose her words, "Why are you nice to me sometimes and then...then mean to me other times?"  
  
Jennifer didn't answer, but turned to start rinsing the shampoo from her hair. Her beatifully tanned body was on full display in front of Jacey little gymnast body. Jacey's eyes looked from her beautiful neck, down over the most full and erotic breasts, at her flat stomach and waist, slightly flared hips. Her eyes landed on Jennifer's completely bare pussy and paused, it looked erotically out of place on this sexy body. And her long legs were perfectly toned. Jacey was sure that although a lot of guys found her little body hot, she would never look as gorgeous as Jennifer.   
  
"Well, Jacey, I'm not mean to you," Jennifer's voice snapped Jacey back to reality. "I'm just playing with you. All of us girls have played with the new team members that way. You're just the only new team member this year, and it's my second year as captain. Are you mad at me?"  
  
"I don't know," Jacey mumbled, "it's just so embarrassing...and I don't think...well I've never had girls be so...so lesbiany with each other. I mean, are you into girls?"   
  
Jennifer laughed a little, "Come on Jacey, I'm not a lesbian. You know that. But I can appreciate a hot girl's body, and its fun to play with girls sometimes."   
  
Jennifer picked up the soap and started to lather her body, "Girls are so much sexier than guys, it fun to feel each other sometimes. And we certainly know how to make each other all hot and bothered better than our dopey guys. But I love boys, I don't love girls."  
  
Jacey was feeling better, but was withdrawn.  
  
"Jacey, look at me," Jennifer asked. "You're not a lesbian, right. But you think I'm sexy, I know you do, I can see it in your eyes. And you got turned on last night when we tickled you. You got turned on today at the pool and the kitchen, right."   
  
Jacey nodded.   
  
"So relax, have fun with it...and we'll be best friends, I know it," Jennifer assured her, knowing full well the shy little Jacey, deep down, was so eager to be liked by her and the other beautiful girls.   
  
In silence, Jennifer offered Jacey the soap, and Jacey took it looking up a Jennifer's beautiful face. "You wash me," Jennifer said, part command, part coaxing Jacey out of her shell.  
  
Jacey raised the soap toward Jennifer, not quite sure where to start, her heart raced with where this might lead. She put the soap on her arm and started. First one arm, and then the other. She moved the soap to Jennifer's shoulders and then her chest.   
  
Jennifer confidently eased her arms back and puffed out her chest.   
  
Jacey's hands trailed delicately between Jennifer's boobs and down to her stomach. It was even firmer than she expected. When finished, she looked up to Jennifer to turn around so she could do her back.  
  
"You missed something pretty obvious," Jennifer glanced down at her glistening wet breasts and then back to Jacey.  
  
Jacey had never felt another girls boobs before, not intentionally, and certainly not naked. She took a quiet deep breath and put the soap to Jennifer's boobs. She expeced them to be softer since they were so full. As they were soaped up, Jennifer took the bar from Jacey's hands. Jacey now was free to massage them with both hands. They were amazing. Jacey could barely get both hands around their girth. And yet they were firm, bouncing nicely, but not flopping around at all. Jacey was just getting into it when she realized that was probably enough.   
  
She looked up a Jennifer as she stopped and they locked eyes.   
  
"See how nice that was?" Jennifer assured her handing back the soap to Jacey and turning around.   
  
Without a word, Jacey knew her job was now to wash Jennifer's back. Jennifer pulled her long hair around to the front of her body, and Jacey admired the toned, sleek body before her. She soaped up her shoulders and put the soap aside. Now her hands freely worked the soap down her back following the sexy curve to her slender waist and then back out to the flair of her hips. She paused to think if she was done now.  
  
"Don't forget my legs," Jennifer said, bending forward a bit and stepping her legs about shoulder width apart.   
  
Jacey hesitated and then knelt down to the floor. She soaped up Jennifer's legs along her calves and thighs. Her hands started at her ankles and travelled up the exquisitely long and toned legs. Jennifer seemed to relax forward, which arched her but out sexily.   
  
Jacey's eyes followed her hands up her legs. She couldn't resist, and glanced to see what this other girl looked like between her legs. Her hands slowed as her gazed transfixed on the sensual gap between Jennifer's legs. Her hairless gap revealed a perfect vulva with just the hint of her inner lips peaking past. The indentation of her entry was apparent and Jacey's eyes caught sight of Jennifer's pink anal rose bud. Jacey blushed at the sight of this most intimate part of Jennifer's body.   
  
Jacey stood as her hands reached the uppermost area of Jennifer's thighs. She withdrew her hands timidly. Jacey's nipples had stiffened at the eroticism of the washing, and she hoped Jennifer's wouldn't turn around and see her condition.  
  
"Jacey, you need to finish," Jennifer said quietly but firmly, "I need to be clean down there too." Jennifer wiggled her butt a little to be clear and leaned forward putting her hands on the shower wall.   
  
Jacey lathered her hands with the soap, her heart racing. This was too much for her to comprehend. She was about to touch another girls most private parts. She let one soapy hand start at the top of Jennifers perfectly rounded butt and then let her fingers start to flow down into her crack. Jennifer could tell Jacey wasn't going to be bold enough to press deeply into her crack, so she bent forward more lewdly to make it clear what needed to be cleaned. Jacey took a deep breath and let her fingers work the soap down Jennifer's crack; she closed her eyes as she let her fingers travel gently over the crinkled rose bud. Jacey let her fingers work in a little bit more firmly around the area, and she could feel a heat radiating from Jennifer's body there.   
  
Jennifer encouraged her with a very quiet purr. "Oh that is nice, keep going," she whispered.   
  
Jacey's racing heart almost felt like it stopped. Her mind raced, where was Jennifer making her go? She was actually going to wash her pussy? But Jacey let her hand start to wander down past Jennifer's sexy rosebud. She let her finger's glide along the Jennifer's thigh, and pressed them in the crease between her thigh and pussy mound. She wasn't sure if she should be slow and careful, or quick. She let her hand go past Jennifer's pussy and wash her pubic mound a bit.   
  
Jacey let her two hands meet in between Jennifer's thighs and then steeled herself to be bold. She let her hands begin to wash Jennifer's pussy folds, gently at first, then let her fingers press into the folds more. She felt Jennifer's entire body relax slightly, and noticed her head hung lower between her arms. Jacey let her finger press into the cleft of Jennifer's pussy and felt it almost sink into the warm hole but eased back quickly. She let the hand around Jennifer's backside pass over the hole again, pressing in but not penetrating as it passed.   
  
Jennifer shook her tight little derriere gently, "You are a little tease Jacey." Jacey wanted to protest, but she was at a loss for words.   
  
"Thank you, tease," Jennifer said as she turned to Jacey smiling and began rinsing off her body. Jacey just smiled back.   
  
Jacey was starting to wonder, almost hope, that Jennifer was going to insist on washing her body now. She just stood there compliantly.   
  
"Okay, lets get out," Jennifer moved to the door, grabbing a towel for herself and handing one to Jacey.   
  
They dried off in the spacious bathroom, and Jacey wrapped the towel around her chest.   
  
Jennifer dried with a leg propped up on the tub deck. As she finished, she inspected her body to see if she needed any shaving and saw Jacey admiring her body.   
  
"I like being smooth as a baby. But you have to keep everything moist and watch out for irritation," Jennifer explained, "hand me that lotion." Jacey complied quickly.  
  
Jennifer squirted a large dab onto her finger, and quickly began to work it around the crease between her thighs and pelvis, and then slowly started to work it over her pussy mound and even folds. She locked eyes with Jacey while finishing and smiled, the milky lotion disappearing quickly.   
  
"Why do you leave the patch of hair on yours? I would think those tight gymnast outfits would demand otherwise," Jennifer queried.  
  
Jacey snapped to, "Well I do shave for tournaments during the season, but for training we wear more athletic shorts, so I don't have to shave everything."  
  
Jennifer turned and walker toward her, "Let me see yours." It was kind of a question, but more of a nice demand. Jacey didn't resist as Jennifer undid her towel. It was odd, but for some reason, Jennifer looking down her body outside of the running shower was so much more uncomfortable. Jennifer let the towel drop to the floor and slowly knelt down in front of Jacey, running her hands down Jacey's sides as she did.  
  
"Come on, don't be shy. Put your foot on the tub," Jennifer prodded Jacey's leg.   
  
Jacey slowly and quietly lifted her leg to the tub edge.  
  
"Very nice and dainty,...so tiny and pink," Jennifer teased. Jacey blushed. "Sit down on the tub and let me tidy that up for you."   
  
Jennifer folded the soft towel and put it on the edge of the tub. Jacey sat down without questioning, her mind lost in the odd intimacy of the situation.   
  
Jennifer rummaged through a drawer and turned around with a small battery operated trimmer.   
  
Jacey sat on the tub with her feet on the floor. Jennifer knelt before her, preoccupied with the trimmer settings.   
  
"Come on, put your foot up on the tub," Jennifer prodded Jacey's leg with a stroke along the thigh.   
  
Jacey felt the goose bumps spread across her body. She lifted her foot and put it out to the side. Her pick folds were now fully on display, she had never been so exposed before a person other than her doctor, and that was only once a few years ago.  
  
"We are going to trim you up with this for now. Then we'll get you a waxing appointment next week," Jennifer informed her. "Your hair is so fine, and there is hardly anything below your patch," Jennifer commented and queried at the same time patting Jacey's mons with her hand. "Do you shave down lower all the time?"   
  
"No," Jacey blushed, "I just don't get much down there."  
  
Jennifer switched on the trimmer and it made a quiet humming sound. "Don't worry, these won't get you and I'll be very careful."  
  
Jennifer started at the top of Jacey's mound with a gentle stroke of the trimmer into Jacey's fine pubic hairs. The touch of the trimmer sent chills through Jacey's body, and her legs instictively twitched to close. Jennifer put her other hand on Jacey's inner thigh to still her movement and kept working.  
  
The trimmer moved effortlessly down Jacey's mound. The tingle and hum filled Jacey's pelvis with a buzz that was igniting the sexual urges in her pussy like she had never felt before. She was almost afraid of the feelings pulsing through her. She reached down to stop Jennifer's hand as the trimmer neared the cleft of her pussy.   
  
Jennifer smiles and moved her hand away acting like she didn't know what this buzzing sensation was doing to Jacey, "Don't worry, I'll be careful, relax." It was assuring, but also clearly a command. "We're almost done here."   
  
Jacey relented by leaning back on her elbows; this would keep her hands from responding to the teasing.  
  
Jennifer pushed her other leg open and Jacey moved her foot up onto the tub as well. My god, she was spread wide open in front of her friends face. Jennifer enjoyed the display and capitulation by Jacey. As she moved the trimmer delicately around Jacey's pussy lips, she watched the goose bumps on Jacey's thighs cause her exquisitely delicate blond hairs bristle. The goose bumps swarmed up her abs and along her arms, and ultimately encased Jacey's breast causing her nipples to crinkle.   
  
With Jennifers touch of the trimmer near the eadge of Jacey's pussy, Jacey unconsciously and subtly thrust her hips to meet the touch. She could see Jacey's lips turning a deeper shade of pink with excitement. Jennifer purposely took her time touching the trimmers here and there teasing Jacey. She worked her way lower and knew she was about to touch Jacey in a most private and sensitive area -- she braced Jacey's leg to keep her still in anticipation. Then she touched the trimmer to the taunt skin between Jacey's pussy and pink pucker. To her delight, Jacey's anus and pussy both contracted involuntarily as Jacey exhaled and trembled slightly. Jennifer let the trimmer trace around Jacey's anus delicately, causing numerous twitches of her legs and contractions of her anus. Jacey has abandoned her shame to her sensitivity at this point.  
  
"Okay, we're almost done here. You are doing great and look so beautiful down here," Jennifer assured her. Jacey's mind only half contemplated the word beautiful - she would never have thought of that region of the body as beautiful.  
  
"Now, I just have to finish up around the top here," and with that Jennifer let the fingers of her free hand gently press apart the lips at the top of Jacey's pussy.   
  
Jennifer smiled in satisfaction at the pink bud of Jacey's clitorous being exposed and the moistness of Jacey's lips at they parted lower down. She watched Jacey's body closely as she touched the trimmer ever so closely to her clit. Jacey's pelvis lifted involuntarily to the touch and she groaned ever so quietly. Jacey didn't want to look down, but although untouched, it felt like her nipples had squeezed themselves into a knot. She opened her eyes slightly and saw her tight breasts and even tighter nipples.   
  
But her gaze immediately travelled down to the beauty of Jennifer touching her between her legs. Jennifer's gaze was focused like a laser on Jacey's pussy, and the lust was obvious. Jacey noticed Jennifer's beatiful breasts were capped by their erect nipples.  
  
Jennifer was done. But she continued to hold Jacey gently splayed open, and now she simply let the body of the trimmer settle down into the groove and rest directly on her clit. Jacey's abs flexed at the power of the sensation, lifting her hips into the trimmer.   
  
Jennifer pressed it tight into the cleft and looked up to Jacey's face. Jacey's body was flushed with red and her face was drawn with lust, her lips parted as if she wanted to say something, her eyes half closed and half pleading. Jennifer let her hand run over Jacey's thigh pleasantly as she held the buzzing trimmer.  
  
"I thought you might like this," Jennifer assured her with a warm and knowing smile.  
  
Jacey wanted to respond, but she was embarassed and frozen with lust at the same time. She felt her pussy tighting rythmically, betraying her pulsing lust. Jennifer watched her for a few moments, pressing the trimmer around with the rotation of her hand -- she let her hand trail up Jacey's abs and toward her breasts. She locked eyes with Jacey and firmly grasped one breast. Jacey did nothing to resist, but looked away. Jennifer let her hand squeeze a nipple upward, and then pinched it between her thumb and the side of her forefinger firmly. Jacey's abs clenched to try and ease the pull on her nipple. Jennifer released her breast and pulled away the trimmer nonchalantly, turning it off.  
  
Jacey's body felt weak as it relaxed.  
  
"That is a wicked little sensation isn't it," Jennifer asked.   
  
Jacey simply nodded her head in confirmation as she tried to recover her senses. As she looked back, Jennifer was squirting a dab of lotion into her hand. She looked up and smiled at Jacey, "And now the second best part."  
  
Jacey was transfixed at the sight and thought of Jennifers beautifully tanned hand about to caress the bright white area of her pelvis and yearning pussy. She felt the cool lotion on her mons and relaxed in the luxurious feeling. Jennifer spread the lotion around her mound and then lazily down the creases between her excited pussy and thighs. Jennifer knew this was cooling off her little charge. She let her fingers trace down around Jacey's pink rose bud and saw her pucker contract. With a little more boldness Jennifer let her finger move the cool lotion right onto Jacey's anal ring and massaged it in a little more firmly. She saw Jacey's drop her head to the side and the tension of lust return to her little body.

Jennifer rose up on her knees a little to look down on Jacey's body, and this allowed her to pull her hand up over Jacey's delicate pussy. Jacey's chest heaved a bit in anticipation of Jennifer's playful touch. Jennifer let one long finger press between Jacey's lips and she was pleased to feel an intense heat and sligth moisture eminating from Jacey's depths. Jennifer's other hand drifted over Jacey's flat pelvis and up her abs - the little body layed out so submissively before her was immensely sexy. And now Jennifer let her finger play in the folds, pressing down teasingly into the soft void of Jacey's little hole, and then dragging a tiny bit of moisture up to her hard little clit.   
  
As her finger came to rest on her clit and pressed slowly around area, Jacey sucked in a deep breath with a hiss. Jacey lustfully and questioningly looked up to Jennifer, as if to ask how far this was going to go.  
  
"Am I hurting you," Jennifer said teasingly, and Jacey could only shake her head "no."  
  
Jennifer played a few more moments, letting her other hand drift over Jacey's thrust up breasts as well. Then she drew her and away from Jacey's heated pussy. With her other hand she pulled on Jacey's nipple firmly to signal Jacey's to raise up toward her. Jacey complied quickly. Jennifer pulled her into her own nude body and embraced her. Even kneeling and Jacey sitting on the low tub, Jacey was shorter than Jennifer, and her head came to rest on Jacey's chest just above her full breasts.   
  
Jennifer embraced her tightly, "You have such a sexy little body I could just play with you all day." Jacey was very disappointed this seemed to be coming to an end, and let her hands caress Jennifer's back lightly to try and encourage her to stay a moment longer.   
  
"Well, we've got to get going. I've got a lot to do today with my mom," Jennifer began to disengage. Jennifer knew full well what this last night and day of sexual teasing had done to her nubile little friend. She knew Jacey would be confused, but also yearning to continue the sexual adventure, and that is just how she wanted her left, yearning and frustrated.   
  
Jennifer stood and picked up a towell, nonchalantly walking out of the bathroom without a word. Jacey collected herself slowly, she wanted to touch herself, but resisted the urge thinking it totally inappropriate. How ironic, it was somehow inappropriate for her to touch herself, but she had just had a new friend touching her most intimately.  
  
As she dressed she found herself wanting to know when she would see Jennifer next, when they might have some alone time again, and she was disappointed at the thought it might be quite a while, or maybe even never again. And then she braced herself with the thought that she shouldn't be thinking about that, she wasn't a lesbian, and what just happened over the last twenty-four hours should never happen again. She was a good girl, and this was not going to happen again. And then she felt her heart sink in disappointment at the thought.   
  
Jacey was going to be a conflicted girl.

**Jacey's Reluctant Awakening Ch. 05**

Jacey arrived home late in the afternoon from Jennifer's house. She lounged around the house a bit and thought about her upcoming week's schedule of homework and practices. She watched some TV as she procrastinated studying. But her mind kept wandering off thinking about the previous 24 hours with her friends.   
  
It didn't seem like her relationship with her friends had changed despite the unbelievable evolution of the slumber party into her humiliating tickling in front of her friends. Then to be fondled and teased by the pool and her top taken from her. Finally, for Jennifer to invite herself into the shower, ask Jacey to wash her body in a way that she had never touched another girl's before, and then tease her tender pussy with the buzzing trimmer.   
  
Her mind couldn't help but wonder into thoughts about her humiliating but amazingly sensual sexual teasing over the last few hours. As she worried about what happened, and then daydreamed about the sensual feelings, she absent mindedly found her hand caressing her thigh, or the side of her breasts. She had to stop thinking about it!   
  
She decided to go up and take a bath to relax. Her parents and brother were on their way back from a school trip so wouldn't be back until late. She had the house to herself. She started the bath, threw her clothes in the hamper and waited as the tub filled, adding bubble bath when it was about half full.   
  
She caught sight of herself in the mirror and wondered by Jennifer had complimented her body and beauty so much. She turned to the mirror to examine herself. Her face was very cute, pixie-ish, clear skin, full lips, and bright big eyes. Compared to Jennifer's sexy curves and full breasts, Jacey considered herself almost under-developed and girlish. Her 5'4" 102 lb. body was perfect for gymnastics, although she was a bit thinner than the more powerful builds of the other gymnasts.   
  
Her shoulders were strong, but thin; her neck slender, and collar bones highlighted the transition to her chest. She was blessed with a thin waist that at least created some curves on her small body. That tiny waist accentuated her perfectly taunt abs to create a very sexy stomach. Her breasts were perched perfectly on her chest, a solid B+ cup without an ounce of sag, as if they had grown forth just yesterday. And they were full and firm, keeping the skin almost unnaturally tight -- she almost looked like she had new fake breasts they were so perfect, just small. And to complete their perfect shape, they were capped by slightly puffy dark pink nipples.   
  
Jacey let her hand trail up her stomach to cup her breast like Jennifer did. A chill trailed over her body in the cool air of the bathroom and her nipple tightened a bit in response. She let her fingers grasp her nipple lightly, and then quite surprising herself, she started to pinch and twist down harder like Jennifer had done to her. Although somewhat painful, the pressure in her breast, the pull on her nipple aroused a pit of sensuality in her body.   
  
Jacey snapped out of it and looked back into the mirror. She let her hand trail down her sexy stomach to her pelvis. She didn't like how her delicate hip bones always showed through her uniform and made her bathing suits a bit awkward to sit right. But her pelvis was as tight as her stomach and created a strong V at her hips. Her pelvis was almost bare now that Jennifer had trimmed it so close.   
  
Her thighs were toned and connected strongly to her hips. There was just enough flare to her hips that a little gap was created below her perfect vulva and the top of her thighs. She turned to check the tub and realized it was full. Quickly turning off the water, she stepped into the hot water. Looking back in the mirror, she admired her bubble butt. It was perfectly toned and sat high without any effort, with the ideal alignment of curve as her cheeks joined her hamstrings. Now that she would concede was a nice butt. Of all the things on her body, she did know that her butt looked like a Reef girl poster, and could appreciate that guys appreciated that part of her girlish body.   
  
She lowered herself into the hot water and leaned back to relax. She daydreamed about her "good life" and lazily moved the water and bubbles over her body, soon dozing off nicely to a quiet house. It must have been 20 minutes and the water was cooling down and bubbles fading. Jacey lazily hit the stopper lever with her foot to drain some water so she could add some hot. Her parents would have objected to using so much water, but she was treating herself.   
  
She didn't want to rise out of the water to turn the water on, so she scooted, more drifted, down the tub to raise her foot to the handle. The faucet was fairly high on the wall, working the shower water as well. By the time her foot reached the handle, her pelvis was right under the faucet.   
  
She spun the handle on and the water cascaded firmly down her thigh and across her pelvis. The sensation was a bit startling, but the rush of water felt nice, and Jacey let herself drift so that the water landed right on top of her mons right below the water line. The pulsing massage sensation was luxurious. She unconsciously raised her hips to meet the water, and the stream became focused on the cleft of her pussy. The transition from luxurious to powerfully erotic was instant -- Jacey's body froze in position.  
  
Oh my god, it almost felt like the water had a life of its own and was pulsing across her clit and wiggling about her folds, and attempting to pressure into her depths. She rotated her pelvis back to aim her pussy directly into the stream. The feeling was overwhelming. Jacey was instantly starting to breath hard, her elbows braced her position, her abs clenched to pull her hips up, her feet steadied herself against the wall. She started to move her hips rhythmically to the dance of the water.   
  
She could feel the pressure in her body building, her mind flashed to the night before how the girls had pinned her body as they tickled her. She bit her lip as she mentally experienced her humiliation at their hands as the tickling transformed into teasing her nipples and pussy.   
  
Within minutes the pressure in her body was intense. She could feel her pussy clenching as if to pull something inward. She was lost in the waves of pleasure coursing through herself. Her legs started to tremble from exhaustion from holding her position, but from something else as well.   
  
And then it hit, her body convulsed as if she were doing painful crunches, her shoulders rolling forward. Her eyes squeezed shut and a shudder rambled through her body. The contraction in her vaginal walls was powerful, and the wave of tingling pleasure pulsed through her body. Her hips collapsed away from the water as her legs shook and straightened uncontrollably.   
  
She was shocked by the power of the feeling and almost felt like crying slightly. She let her body rest and a hand drift over her pussy, cupping it with pressure. She wondered if she was okay, if she somehow did some damage to herself. She pressed her hand firmly over her delicate pussy almost to check if she was okay somehow. She turned off the water with her foot and floated in the water. Her eyes caught sight of her nipples rising above the bubbles, her modest but firm, proud cleavage did look sexy covered in the glistening water and bubbles. Now she felt like laughing at the crazy orgasm she had just experienced. What was she becoming? Everything had to do with her sex lately!  
  
She needed a drink of water, and slowly rose from the hot bath. She grabbed a towel to dry her body as she exited the tub. She was so thirsty; she drank right from the faucet of the sink. She felt light headed, yet completely...completely content.   
  
Jacey stepped back from the sink to finish drying herself. As she set the towel on the toilet she thought to check herself out down there. She spread her legs a bit, arched forward and down to look at her slightly sore pussy. Not much to see. She used both hands to pull herself apart. She was a deep shade of pink inside her folds, almost red. Jacey grabbed a hand mirror and thought for a moment. She dropped it on the rug on the floor and slowly squatted over it. My god, she was a deep pink everywhere down there, but otherwise looked okay as far as she knew. Her lips were tender to the touch, and as she spread herself, she noticed the cleft of her pussy hole opening looked moist. It did look so delicate.   
  
She caught sight of her pink anus and stared at it a moment. To think, Jennifer was gazing directly at her most intimate parts only hours ago - and she called Jacey "beautiful" down there. It was pink and delicate as well, but beautiful? Jacey's guessed it was beautiful in its own intimate and fresh look.   
  
Jacey stood and turned back to the mirror. Picking up the towel and wrapping it around herself, Jacey got on to brushing out her wet hair. She checked her face for imperfections, clear as usual. She reached for her toothbrush and her eye caught sight of her brother's electronic toothbrush. She had never liked the buzzing of the electronic version, but given today's erotic encounter with Jennifer buzzing trimmer presser onto her clit, Jacey mind froze with a whole new thought about that toothbrush.

**Jacey's Reluctant Awakening Ch. 06**

Jacey's eyes caught sight of her brother's electronic toothbush and instantly realized it buzzed a lot like the trimmers that Jennifer had teased her delicate pussy with earlier in the day. Her mind froze with the thought of playing with the device, at once intrigued and excited by the thought, but also loathing the idea that she was so depraved to be thinking of playing with herself yet again.   
  
She used a traditional toothbrush, and had always been slightly annoyed by the whiny buzzing noise when her brother brushed is teeth. But now she slowly reached out and picked up the toothbrush. Examining the thought of its use, she pressed the on button. The sound and buzz in her hand made her jump with a startle. The base in her hand had a low steady vibration, not uncomfortable, but not strong either. For how loud it was, she was a bit disappointed with the intensity. She let her fingers touch the arm of the toothbrush along the back and was now satisfied. The vibration was very strong as her finger travelled closer to the head of the brush. 'Oh my god,' she thought, this would be way too intense for her.   
  
She turned off the toothbrush and put it back in the holder. She brushed her teeth, wrapped a towel around herself and headed to her bedroom. She threw the towel on the bed and turned toward her dresser. Catching sight of her nude body in the mirror she walked slowly to the drawers. Her breasts looked more full to her now, and more sensual. Before opening her underwear drawer she let her fingers travel over her tight stomach and up along the sides of her breasts, again sending goose bumps along her arms. She spotted the towel on her bed and thought she had better not leave it there - better to hang it up immediately.  
  
She walked boldly naked down the short hall to the bathroom and hung the towel on the shower hook. She looked curiously back at the electronic toothbrush, and unconsciously closed the door to the bathroom. Picking up and turning on the toothbrush, she caressed it lightly and then touched the body of the brush handle to her stomach to feel the vibration. It was rather mild.  
  
She tilted the toothbrush to touch the arm and back of the toothbrush head to her body. An intense buzz radiated from the contact. Deep down she knew what she was about to do, but part of her resisted the idea. Part of her body warned her that her pussy was still sensitive from the moments-ago bathtub orgasm that her weakened her so. But she knew she couldn't stop. she let the head of the toothbrush trail the underside of the curve of her small breasts and her nipples tightened immediately. She was starting to really enjoy seeing her nipples like that - it was now so associated with intense sexual anxiety.   
  
She brought the head of the toothbrush to one nipple and dared herself to touch it. She barely touched the tip of her nipple and a tingle shot through her body like a lightning bolt to her clit that radiated through her pussy. She almost laughed out loud at the jolt. Then she pressed the vibrating head into her nipple and let the pulse push deep into her breast. She could feel herself grow a bit weak at the sensation.   
  
Jacey was enthralled. She moved to her other nipple and felt the sexual urge take over her body. Her skin flushed and her breathing deepened. She looked at herself in the mirror and watched the head of the toothbrush trail down her flat stomach. Her stomach was so toned and sexy. Odd now, she had never before thought of herself image as sexy - how only a couple of days had changed everything, from petite girl to sexual creature. She almost didn't recognize herself.   
  
The toothbrush head neared her sexy pelvis area and she let it trail from side-to-side. Her flat pelvis between her raised hip bones was a vision of perfection. She guided the head toward her mons venus and immediately felt the high frequency send light waves of pleasure into her delicate folds. Without a thought now, she let the head slide between her legs and touch her pussy directly. Instantly Jacey felt her legs and abs tighten as the vibrations radiated into her pussy folds and ignited a buzz in her sensitive clit.   
  
This was unbelievable! She bit her lip, her head sagged forward letting her hair fall around her face, and her body arched as she tightened. Jacey worked the head along the folds of her delicate pussy and around the hood of her clit. She couldn't leave the intense vibration in one place too long. Within a minute or two her body was growing weak. She needed to sit down.  
  
Jacey regained herself to sit down on the plush bathroom rug and leaned back against the tub. She let the vibrating head trail around her spread legs and the edges of her pussy before returning it to her folds. She could feel she was slick now with her own juices.   
  
As she worked the vibration around, she let it trail down over her opening and pressed it in slightly. But she couldn't bring herself to insert anything, particularly this intense tool, into her private depths. But she did press the head downward and felt the vibration up her canal. It was if her whole pelvis was alive with electricity. The head of the toothbrush pushed downward and left her opening, touch in the perineum -- that very sensitive space between her pussy and anus. The vibration was intense there and she felt her anal ring tighten. She was so aroused, her whole body had been tensed in excitement, and she could feel a light perspiration feel cool on her skin.   
  
She guided the head toward her clit again, but it was too intense for direct pressure. She set the head to one side slightly and could feel the contraction building in her pelvis. And then it hit her like a wave, her whole body trembled, her abs tightened and pulled her body tight. The contractions in her pussy and ass were so powerful they almost hurt. Her body wanted to jump away from the intense vibration but she managed to hold it there until she almost fainted.   
  
Jacey let the toothbrush fall from her hand and collapsed back to the tub. She realized she hadn't taken a breath during the intense orgasmic contraction. Her skin was dewy with perspiration. She felt like she was floating, and let her legs fall open.  
  
And then SHOCK, the door to the bathroom flew open and her brother entered unannounced in a hurry to use the bathroom. Jacey was paralyzed for a moment not having heard anyone arrive home. Her brother stared down at her nude body, his eyes quickly locked on her splayed out pussy. He was stunned at the sight. Jacey desperately wanted to move quickly, but in her weakened state she could only roll away from his stare and cry weakly, "Scott, what the hell!"   
  
He started to back out of the bathroom, but as he regained his senses, he said, "Are you okay?" Then he noticed his toothbrush vibrating quietly on the plush bathroom rug near his sister. His mind slowed - this didn't make any sense. He stepped toward Jacey to help her up. "What happened, did you faint?" he asked again.   
  
Jacey clutched for a towel and went with his explanation, "Yes, I started to faint...Can you get OUT!" Scott ignored her and helped her up, concerned. Wow, he admired his sister's amazing physique, she was in incredible shape. He picked up the toothbrush and turned it off. Jacey grabbed it from him instinctively.   
  
She was humiliated, but taking cover in the fainting story. And she was thinking, "What the hell is wrong with me. I'm pathetic having just played with myself with a toothbrush."  
  
Scott exited the bathroom, but turned as he left, "Why were you trying out my toothbrush? I thought you hated it."  
  
"Just go away Scott, leave me alone," Jacey weakly protested.   
  
Scott hurried down the hall to his parents' bathroom. But his mind was locked on the image of his sister's naked body and why it was a such an erotic sight. He had never thought of his sister that way. But there was something different about the last situation -- she looked...guilty of something?

**Jacey's Reluctant Awakening Ch. 07**

Jacey had stayed in her room for a few hours in embarrassment and to get settled after the crazy weekend. She was really concerned that she had gone from a pure, innocent good-girl to a sex obsessed pervert in just 48 hours. What was wrong with her?  
  
Her mom had called upstairs to her, but otherwise left her alone. She could hear her darn younger brother walking around upstairs and watching TV, but she didn't want to face him after him seeing her sprawled on the bathroom floor naked.   
  
Scott watched TV and milled around his room wasting time. But he really wanted to talk to his step-sister for some reason. He mind kept returning to the vision of Jacey prone on the bathroom floor and the view of her pink pussy. He had never thought of Jacey as a sexual creature, really just a cute little good girl. He listened for her to come out of her room to run into her again.  
  
Around 9:30 pm, Jacey figured everyone would be settling into their rooms and she could sneak down and get a snack and watch TV undisturbed. She put on her comfortable sleeping shorts, a tank top, and short socks. She noticed her pert breasts were accentuated by the tight tank top, so switched to a large t-shirt instead -- it was her brothers college t-shirt and couple of times too big.   
  
Jacey quickly tiptoed downstairs. After grabbing a snack from the kitchen she settled onto the couch in the den to watch some TV by herself. Just a few minutes into flipping through the channels, her brother entered the den unexpectedly.  
  
Scott had heard Jacey quietly bound down the stairs, and when she didn't return, figured she must be watching TV in her favorite room to spend quiet time. For hours he had been wondering about his sister's bathroom drama. She had looked exhausted, flushed, and flustered. Why? Then it dawned on him - could she have possibly been playing with herself? NO WAY. Not his big sister.   
  
She never expressed any interest in boys or sex. But she sure looked hot on the floor earlier. Her body was so slender but strong - her arms, legs and shoulders were nearly "ripped" but still soft and slender, feminine. Her tits were small but perfect firm newbies with hard nipples. He stomach so flat and toned. And her trimmed little pussy was so pink. As Scott thought about it, her pussy did look particularly pink and flushed.   
  
Now Scott plopped down on the other end of the couch from Jacey, "hey, what are you watching?"  
  
"Nothing really, just trying to find something," she said as the TV paused to watch Big Brother.  
  
Jacey avoided eye contact with Scott, and Scott tried to act like nothing had happened. But he kept catching his eyes wandering to peruse Jacey's body, trying to imagine her body naked again. And he occasionally tried to strike up casual conversation in the hopes he could turn it towards the bathroom incident earlier.   
  
"So this was a big weekend. Dad and Mom made me work around the house all weekend, but I did get to go out to a party on Saturday night. Did you have fun at the cheerleader night Saturday?"  
  
Jacey's mind felt a pang of embarrassment at the mention of the cheerleader sleepover. Her stomach tightened at the mere thought that someone might have told friends about it and her brother might somehow know. Her nervousness increased suddenly and she felt a little flush.  
  
"Yeah, it was okay, kinda boring actually," Jacey wanted to avoid a discussion.  
  
"I know you are lying sis," he said teasingly.  
  
Jacey was stunned. Holy shit, did he know something? She simply turned and stared at her brother dumbfounded, a slight panic in her eyes.  
  
"I mean come on Jacey, how could a bunch of hot cheerleaders not have fun together? Was there a pillow fight?" Scott tried to turn the conversation with sexual innuendo.  
  
Jacey realized he didn't know something with relief. "No Scott, there wasn't a pillow fight," Jacey said firmly and turned back to the TV. But her mind raced at the memory of Jennifer holding her down and pulling on her nipples; and then how her pussy had responded to the girls rubbing her. She felt her nipple tighten a bit under the t-shirt fabric.  
  
"So what made you so tired?" Scott pressed.  
  
"Nothing Scott, I'm fine."   
  
This was his opening, "You didn't look fine on the bathroom floor..." he let the words hang.  
  
Jacey shot him a mad look at first, but when he didn't look away from her stare she quickly became insecure. "Leave me alone Scott, you shouldn't just barge into the bathroom," Jacey nearly whined.   
  
Jacey wanted to turn the issue back on Scott, "I'm going to have to tell mom to fix the lock on that door. Should I tell her you barged in on me because you are a perv?"  
  
"Me a perv? I'll tell mom what you were doing with my toothbrush," Scott retorted.  
  
Jacey's pained look toward Scott gave it all away. She was paralyzed with humiliation that he knew what she had done.   
  
Scott smiled at the fact she revealed the secret so easily and he had been right. "Jeez Jacey, I had no idea. That is gross. I've been brushing my teeth with that," he feigned disgust.  
  
Jacey's mind scrambled for a response, "You have NOT been brushing your teeth with ANYTHING like that."   
  
"How do you know? I'm telling mom I need a new toothbrush!" he pressed.  
  
"Scott! It was only once today, and I threw away the brush end." Jacey had now blurted out confirmation of the secret.   
  
Scott knew he had his sister in a perfect position. "I think Mom and Dad should at least know about it. That way they can speak to you about your weird habit." Scott acted like he was getting up to leave without Jacey getting a response to the conversation.  
  
"Scott, Scott, don't be a jerk. It's not a habit. It was just one time thing. I'm sorry." Jacey started to plead.  
  
Scott sat back down, "I'm not being a jerk. Really, Mom should know what you are doing. I have to tell them."  
  
Jacey knew her brother was a rule follower, but this was ridiculous. Why did he HAVE to tell them. "Come on Scott, why would you tell them something like that?" Jacey asked as her voice squeaked.  
  
Now it was Scott's turn to think of a good answer, "Well, because...because maybe you are hurting yourself and need some help. I know Mom and Dad will be pretty upset, but there really isn't anything you can say to stop me."  
  
"That is ridiculous Scott! You are being a JERK. There has to be something I can say to change your mind. Be serious. What can I say? I'll never do it again, I swear." Jacey was getting desperate now.  
  
Scott didn't know what to do now. He wanted to somehow turn this into a grand bargain to see Jacey naked again. To get Jacey to show him what she was doing. But how in the world could he say something like that to her -- he was chickening out. She sat there in silence staring at the TV.  
  
Jacey felt like she had turned the conversation to her favor -- was he changing his mind? She turned and shifted on the couch nearer to him to get his attention. She was on her knees next to him. "What can I do to convince you?" she asked sincerely.  
  
"I don't know," Scott stammered. "I want...I'd want..." he couldn't bring himself to say anything.  
  
Jacey was a tad perplexed, "Want? What do you want? Do you want me to promise, swear? Do you want me to get you a new toothbrush?"  
  
Scott turned to her, all his courage mustered, "I want to see you naked again."  
  
Jacey couldn't believe her ears, she must have misheard him. Maybe her sexual mind was now playing tricks on her. She stared into his face for a clue she had misheard him. As she realized she hadn't, she leaned back instinctively away from him.  
  
She nearly whispered, "What?" She retreated back on the couch.  
  
Scott didn't know how to follow up. But the fact that she didn't scream was a good sign.   
  
"Well, I don't know. I've never seen a girl so naked in person. I was thinking you could show me, and explain what you were doing. Then maybe I wouldn't have to tell Mom and Dad," he tried to explain.  
  
"No way Scott, you are crazy. I'm not getting naked for you!" Jacey started to push back hard now at the idea.   
  
Scott was embarrassed. "Fine then, I'll tell them what you have been doing." He rose quickly and left the room to head upstairs. Jacey sat there torn about what to do. Then she realized, she could not stand the embarrassment of this becoming a family issue, with her mom disappointed and her step-dad thinking she is a little slut.   
  
Jacey jumped up and caught Scott by the arm as he was on the stairs. In a hushed voice, "Come on Scott, please, please don't do this," she begged.  
  
"Well Jacey, I think I have to," he took the high road now and pulled to continue upstairs.  
  
"Scott -- Jacey, are you still up," their mom called from the master bedroom.  
  
"Yes Mom, I'm coming to see you, just a second," Scott yelled back.  
  
"Okay, okay, let's talk," Jacey begged.  
  
"No use," he pulled to go up.  
  
"I'll do it," she hissed - almost not believing herself.  
  
Scott turned and looked at her for a long moment, "now?" he said as more of a rhetorical question.   
  
Jacey felt a pit in her stomach at the thought, and after a long pause, "Okay."  
  
Now Scott turned the tables, and pulled her arm to go upstairs. Jacey nearly stumbled along behind him in reluctance. She couldn't believe this was happening.   
  
"Mom, I'm going to be," he yelled.  
  
"Okay, goodnight," they could hear her call back from behind the door.  
  
Scott paused in the hallway, trying to decide where to go. He looked at Jacey's sorrowful face and decided the bathroom was appropriate as a return to the original scene. Her pulled her toward the bathroom, but she protested, knowing the bright light would be too much for her.   
  
"Let's go into my room" she whispered and pulled him in that direction. He reluctantly conceded. He pulled the door behind them as Jacey turned to see the ominous gesture.   
  
She stood there in front of her bed in shorts that were too big and a t-shirt that hid her small body. Her brother leaned back on the dresser looking at her nervously.  
  
Finally Scott broke the silence, "Okay, go on, let's see you."  
  
"Come on Scott, don't make me do this, this is lame," Jacey tried to change his mind.  
  
Scott felt his resolve wane a bit, but then his eyes scanned Jacey's little body and settled on her pleading eyes. His cock pulsed at the situation and his lust stiffened his resolve. "I'm not kidding Jacey - I want to see you naked like in the bathroom. Go on."  
  
Jacey just stood there, so Scott turned to the door to leave.  
  
"Alright, alright," Jacey whispered. Her mind was spinning, but she tried to think this through. She was going to take off her t-shirt, but then realized it was big enough to almost cover her. So instead she pushed down her shorts and let them fall to the floor.   
  
"Go on," Scott said more softly.   
  
This was humiliating. But Jacey reached under the shirt hem and pushed down her panties and let them fall around her socked feet. Then she looked him in the eye, "Okay, here is me naked you perv," she said defiantly. And with all her courage, she pulled her big t-shirt up, covering her face, and showing him her body for about a second, then yanked the shirt back down.  
  
Scott smirked, "No way, that doesn't count. I said like the bathroom." Emboldened, he stepped forward toward Jacey and as she backed away she ended up sitting on the edge of the bed. Her eyes glanced down away from his stare and for the first time caught sight of his downward pointing cock straining against his shorts. She stared a bit too long and Scott noticed.   
  
"Yeah, I'm getting hard. Want to see mine?" Scott ventured.  
  
"No!," Jacey said firmly.  
  
"Okay, take the shirt off...come on, now," Scott said more firmly reaching forward to help her remove it.  
  
Jacey pushed his hands away, "Fine." She pulled the shirt over her head slowly and immediately covered her small breasts with her arms.   
  
"Come on, like the bathroom - lay back and put your arms down," he was more commanding now.  
  
Despite her racing heart and trepidation, Jacey found herself complying and also becoming aroused at her vulnerability. She could feel a tingle start in her pussy and her nipples hardening. She laid back on the bed and slowly brought her arms down to her side, her legs hanging over the edge of the bed together.   
  
Holy shit her little body was sexy - thin and toned in all the right places. There was a long silence as Scott stared down at her. His eyes moved slowly over her perfect small breasts and he took note of her erect nipples - he so badly wanted to touch them. His eyes trailed down her perfect stomach, admiring her thin waist. And then his eyes were there, at the V of her pelvis.  
  
Jacey saw his stare and had the surprising urge to open her legs to show him her arousal. Her rational mind lept in resistance at the impulse and conversely squeezed her legs together.   
  
Scott reached down to her knees and tried to guide them apart. Jacey clenched them together.  
  
"Come on," Scott said softly, and like a magic work her resistance faded. She let him move her knees up and apart so that her feet came up onto the bed. Jacey turned her face away from the scene in embarrassment.   
  
Scott was mesmerized by the first view he had ever had of a real pussy in person. He had groped naked pussy before in the dark, but never seen one naked and splayed out before him. He pressed her knees open, bringing his face closer to her privates. Ever so slowly her pussy opened to his gaze.   
  
Jacey could feel a rush of arousal in her pussy combined with the crushing humiliation of being exposed like this to her step brother.   
  
Scott's hands started to trail down her inner thighs toward her pussy and reflexively Jacey closed her legs and she let out a low moan of protest.   
  
"Shhhh," Scott firmly pressed her legs back open. "You are so beautiful down here," he tried to reassure her.  
  
But that just caused a flush of shame to cascade through her body, and for some reason a pulse of pleasure throbbed in her pussy as well.   
  
Scott could see that she was very pink, and he wondered momentarily if that was her normal color or if it was her current situation. Or maybe she had hurt herself in the bathroom. His hands arrived at the height of her inner thighs and Jacey was not resisting. He pressed his hands into her and moved her skin around a bit to see her pussy move. And then he noticed it.  
  
He could smell something - it was fresh and nice, but instinctually he knew it was lewd as well. He looked more closely and realized that her pinkness was glistening in the depths of her folds. Oh my god, Jacey was totally turned on by this.   
  
And then without thought he did something he had only daydreamed about until this day - he leaned forward and put his mouth directly onto her pussy.  
  
Jacey was shocked by the sudden and intimate contact with her pussy - she knew even without looking it was Scott's mouth. She immediately started to squirm to get away from his mouth.   
  
Scott yanked on her thighs and pinned her hips still, "Shhhhh, calm down," he demanded.  
  
"This wasn't the deal, stop it," Jacey pleaded half-heartedly.  
  
"Okay, one more time. Just let me kiss you down there one more time and we'll stop," he told her, his eyes locked on her in sincerity.  
  
Jacey didn't say a thing, but didn't resist either. Scott slowly lowered his mouth to her again, and in the only way he thought made sense, he placed a slow full mouth kiss on her upper pussy area and let his tongue start to explore her almost like a French kiss. Jacey laid there frozen. She wanted to say stop, but her body kept holding her back for just another second, it felt so good.  
  
Jacey could feel the pleasure rushing through her pelvis like an unstoppable wave. Scott felt Jacey's body relax and relent, and he let his first time attempt at oral sex get more passionate. He pushed his tongue down into her void and hit upon a much stronger well of her taste. He felt her pussy contract at his exploration. Jacey's body arched in pleasure, but her hips stayed locked in place. He dragged his tongue upward through her lips and when he let it rasp through the top of her cleft Jacey's whole body tensed and she sucked in a sharp breath.  
  
For a moment he wondered if he had hurt her somehow, and then realized her body was racked with pleasure. He let his eyes look up her body and gauge her reactions as his tongue explored her pussy. Her body squirmed slowly and arched, it tensed whenever he let his tongue focus on the top of her pussy cleft. he focused there and her breathing started to become rhythmic and labor, and then she suddenly relented.   
  
Jacey was too embarrassed. Her conscience finally gained a hold and she pushed Scott's head away, "Please stop, it's too much. We can't do this," she rasped.  
  
Scott pulled back and Jacey regained her composure propping up on her elbows. Scott stood before her lost. He knew they had to stop as well, but he was desperate for it not to. Jacey's eyes locked onto his shorts - his full cock looked pained to be so constrained. Their eyes locked.  
  
"Your turn," Scott said, and pulled down his shorts to show Jacey his engorged cock. It bobbed in front of her. Jacey sat up silently to look at it. It was the first cock she had seen in its full glory. She was surprised it looked so large in proportion to what she expected.   
  
"Touch it, feel how hard you made it," he said.  
  
Without even thinking Jacey reached out to take hold of it. She hesitated at the last second, and then wrapped her hand around it. It was silky soft, but hard as a rock. And it was almost hot to the touch. Her one hand seemed to cover about half of its length.   
  
Jacey was not fully engrossed in exploring this cock. She scooted to sit on the edge of the bed so it was right in front of her. She put both hands around it firmly as if to measure it and pull Scott closer to her. She then realized she didn't know quite what to do. Scott reached down and guided her hands to pump up and down the shaft. She did so slowly and firmly.   
  
She was pumping he firmly now and looked up to see if it was right.  
  
"Kiss it, like I did you," Scott asked, almost weakly.  
  
Jacey whetted her lips and then leaned forward. She let her wet lips touch the tip of his lips and tasted a saltiness immediately. She withdrew and whetter her lips again. This time she let her mouth wrap around the head and her tongue circled it as her hands pumped.  
  
Almost instantly Scott groaned and tensed, Jacey pulled back quickly thinking she had done something wrong looking up at him. His eyes were shut tightly; his face looked twisted in pain. Jacey froze her hands pushed down against the base of his cock. And then she felt it twitch powerfully - a second later she felt a wet splat on her bare chest. Shocked she locked down and watched as his cock pulsed out two more powerful pulses of what she realized must have been cum. She watched frozen as it landed on her thin chest and small boobs. Then she let go of him. A weak pulse occurred and landed on her leg.  
  
Jacey wasn't sure what to think, was this gross? Was it amazing? Was it wrong? Was Scott okay?  
  
Scott put his hands on her shoulders to steady himself, "Oh my god."  
  
Jacey wanted to get up and wipe herself off. Scott pulled up his shorts and sat on the bed.   
  
"We shouldn't have done that Scott," Jacey whispered, "You are my brother!"

"Step brother, Jacey, step brother." Scott got up and left quickly, embarrassed a bit himself.  
  
Jacey wiped herself off with her brother's t-shirt - and thought that was only fair throwing it in the hamper. She pulled on her shorts, sans underwear, and pulled on a cotton tank top. She collected herself for a moment, and then partly dazed headed back downstairs to watch TV. She laid on the couch mindless staring at the TV. What she was really watching was the images of what just happened with her brother flash through her mind - her splayed nudity in front of her brother, the incredible sensations of his mouth locked on her pussy, the vision of his hard cock in her hands, the out-of-body vision of what it must have looked like when she wrapped her mouth around his cock head, and finally, the pulse of his cock splashing cum on the small pert breasts of her bare chest. In some sense, this was unbelievable - was it a dream? And in another sense, it left her pussy mildly aching and unfulfilled. She felt distraught and thrilled at the same time.