**Kara Is Bad!**

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"Is that seat taken," Kara asked.  
  
The passenger in the window seat looked up from his magazine. A quick once-over of Kara told him all he needed to know. He held his breath, hoping the guy in the aisle seat wouldn't blow it. The man on the aisle, without raising his head, shifted his gaze from the magazine he had been reading to the spot where Kara stood; he saw a pair of sexy bare feet encased in strappy sandals. As his gaze drifted upward, he took in a pair of shapely, toned, and quite bare legs, the top two or three inches of which were hidden by a short, pleated, skater's skirt.   
  
Kara waited patiently as the man continued his inspection. Tucked into her green and black checked skirt was a white button-front blouse. Kara had left the top three buttons undone, exposing her cleavage, but also suggesting she probably wasn't wearing a bra. Looking into Kara's coal black eyes, the man on the aisle finally spoke, "Uh no, it's vacant. Please join us."  
  
Kara was flying a no-frills airline with open seating. Being one of the last to board, she had found all of the aisle and window seats taken. She was going to have to sit in a middle seat. She had thought about how she was dressed. '*This could be an interesting trip*,' she had told herself, '*If I can just find the right seat*.'  
  
Making her way down the aisle, looking from side to side, Kara had gotten plenty of appreciative looks and offers of seats. But it was not until two-thirds of the way through the cabin that she had found the one she thought would work. The seat was between two men, each probably in his mid thirties, fifteen or so years older than Kara, but still young enough to be interesting. Both were reasonably good looking, nicely dressed and wearing wedding rings - probably family men returning home after a week in Austin.   
  
Having been invited to join them, Kara turned to put her shoulder bag into the overhead compartment across the aisle. She had plenty of great features but her legs were certainly among the best. Kara got up on her toes and stretched to position the bag. Her already short skirt rode up to where it barely covered her butt. '*At least*,' she thought, '*I'm not wearing hose, so I don't have to worry about the tops showing*.' Kara took her time getting the bag situated in the overhead, deliberately offering her seat-mates a tantalizing view of the backs of her bare thighs.   
  
Having held the pose as long as she justifiably could, Kara turned and squeezed past the man nearest her and sat down in the middle seat, letting her skirt ride up to where her panties were visible. Snapping a quick look at each of them, she feigned embarrassment and hastily pushed her skirt down, but not too far.  
  
Kara had lowered the hem of her skirt just far enough to cover her panties, but still leaving her lightly tanned legs and thighs mostly exposed. She took a furtive glance to either side, satisfying herself that her bare legs were attracting sufficient interest. She brushed the hair away from her face, took a magazine from the pocket in front of her and thumbed through it while waiting for the plane to take off.  
  
The flight attendants checked the cabin and made their preflight announcements as the plane taxied to the runway. Shortly after takeoff the Captain's voice boomed through the cabin speakers, welcoming everyone to the flight, but also apologizing in advance for what was going to be a bumpy flight. He asked the passengers and the flight attendants to remain seated and keep their seat belts fastened.   
  
Kara wasn't really a nervous flier but recognized the potentially bumpy flight as an opportunity for some fun with her seat-mates. She expected they were experienced fliers and wouldn't panic over a little turbulence. Their nonchalant attitude was encouraging. She put the magazine away and closed her eyes, pretending she was having to work at remaining calm.   
  
The flight was relatively smooth for some time but then there was a strong jolt. Kara reached out on either side of her and grabbed onto the mens' legs. She pretended to be terrified and held her eyes tightly shut. With each bump she tightened her grip.   
  
As the turbulence subsided, Kara opened her eyes and tried to discern their reactions. She still had both hands clamped firmly onto the strangers' legs. She looked first at one, then the other, and guessed they didn't mind. She turned to the man on her left, the one next to the aisle, and said, "I'm sorry for grabbing you. I was really scared."   
  
"Don't worry about it," he said, "Whenever I fly with my wife, she holds onto my leg the whole flight. She somehow thinks it makes her safer. I'm used to it. Go ahead."  
  
The man on her right added, "I don't mind either, actually I kinda like it." He saw that Kara still had both hands clasped onto their thighs. His cock, only a couple inches from her hand, was already twitching.  
  
Kara noted the suggestive remark and could feel the twitching but pretended to not have noticed either. "Well," she said earnestly, "I'm counting on you guys to keep me safe until we get there." She gave each a gentle squeeze on the leg to seal the deal.   
  
She had a pretty face, nice complexion and shoulder length hair. Kara shifted around in her seat, causing her skirt to creep up a bit more, offering a glimpse of her panties. She felt a stirring near where her hands still rested on their thighs and realized she was having the desired effect. She closed her eyes, willing them to keep looking at her bare legs.   
  
The flight still had its rough spots and with each one, Kara's fingers moved a little higher on their legs. Her hands were so close to their cocks she could feel the heat. A rough male hand brushed against her bare thigh. The man on the aisle tried to make it seem accidental but Kara was sure it was not. She kept her eyes tightly closed, pretending not to notice, as first one, then the other, tentatively staked out a spot on her upper thighs.   
  
Kara was a Freshman at the University of Texas in Austin. In the last year or so, she had become quite sexually liberated. She thoroughly enjoyed male attention and often went out of her way to invite it. She was on her way to South Padre Island for Spring Break and fully intended to have a good time.  
  
Kara felt her seat-mates' hands creep slowly higher, gently caressing her bare thighs. The guys had pushed her skirt even higher and were now almost touching her panties. She opened her eyes and looked dreamily at first one, then the other. Setting aside any remaining pretense, she slid down in her seat, letting her skirt ride up almost to the top of her panties and causing the hands to slide up her tanned thighs to the silky material between her legs. Her lips parted and her breath came faster.   
  
With everyone belted in there was little possibility that anything they might do would be seen. The man on Kara's right, the one who had spoken so boldly to her at first, placed his fingers on the front of her panties and massaged her swollen pussy. Her hands, with a mind of their own, slid up the mens' legs until she felt their cocks. The man on her left, emboldened by her brazen touch, slid his fingers inside her panties and stroked her pussy lips. Kara hadn't really meant for things to go quite this far. She knew she should end it before it went any further, but she didn't really want to.   
  
The decision got made for her. The Captain came on the loud speaker and asked the flight attendants to prepare for arrival. As they came through the cabin checking seat belts, tray tables and seat backs, Kara reluctantly pulled her skirt down, the three put their hands back in their own laps, and all acted like the strangers they were.   
  
As the plane touched down and taxied to the gate, both men wanted to know if there was any way they could see her. Kara told them, "No, I'm just here for a few days and I've already got plans. But I really enjoyed this." Her face lit up encouragingly. "Maybe we'll meet again some day on another trip. If so, I'm looking forward to it." She gave each a peck on the cheek.  
  
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Tommy was waiting for Kara at the gate. (It was prior to "9/11" and people were still allowed to meet passengers at the gate.) He was looking forward to spending the next few days with her. Tommy had graduated from high school as the class valedictorian and most of his classmates would describe him as a geek. Not Kara though.  
  
For her beauty alone, Kara would have been one of the most sought after members of her class, but she was also one of the smartest. She had graduated second in the same class as Tommy. They had been next door neighbors for the last five years of their public school education and although they had been best friends during most of those years, it was not until after graduation that things had become sexual, even briefly romantic, between them.  
  
It may have been a tossup as to which of them was actually the smarter but when it came to sexual matters, Kara was the winner, hands down. As she exited the jet-way, Kara drew the attention of every male there and some of the females too. She wrapped her arms around Tommy and greeted him with a very wet and sexy kiss.   
  
Tommy was just over six feet tall, had wavy black hair, a strong face and solid physique. And as Kara had confirmed, a package to die for.   
  
Kara whispered in Tommy's ear, "I am so horny, I don't know if I can wait 'til we get to the island."   
  
Tommy pushed Kara away from him. "I know what's got me horny," he said, licking his lips while giving Kara a once-over, "But what's your reason?"  
  
Kara took Tommy by the arm and put her face close to his. "Well, I know you would never even imagine that I could be so bad," Kara said, speaking as if confidentially, "But I got to teasing the guys I was sitting with..." She smiled a lascivious sort of smile. "And well I uh... just kinda got all worked up."  
  
Tommy was pretty sure there was more to this story he would like to hear, but he knew not to press for details. When Kara was ready to talk about it, she would. As they walked toward the airport entrance, Tommy turned to her and kissed her on the forehead. He looked down at his noticeable erection and whispered, "And in case you hadn't noticed, I want you too!"  
  
Kara pushed her face into his and said, "How about in the parking garage before we leave?"  
  
Tommy wasn't nearly the exhibitionist Kara was, but he knew how hot she would be with a risk of being seen, like in the parking garage. His cock twitched at the thought... if only he had come alone. He hadn't though and replied, "That would be great but Bill's with me and he's waiting at the curb with the car."   
  
Bill was Tommy's cousin. He had met Kara last summer, a couple of weeks after she and Tommy had gotten involved. By that time though, Kara and Tommy had already realized that their relationship was probably more lust than love; they were 'best-friends' who were also 'fuck-buddies'. Kara flirted with and teased Bill while Tommy watched. As wild as Kara was, (the three of them had even gone skinny-dipping together), Bill considered Kara to be Tommy's 'girlfriend' and resigned himself to nothing more than a sexually playful friendship with her.  
  
"We could ride in the back," Kara suggested hopefully to Tommy.   
  
In spite of the fact that Tommy and Kara had renounced any exclusivity between them, Tommy didn't think there was much they ought to be doing with his cousin in the car too. He realized however, that Kara might have other ideas; she had always been the more adventuresome of the two. Tommy agreed that the back-seat might be a possibility.  
  
Bill had the car parked in a no-standing zone, just outside the front door of the airport. The car was an old Cadillac Tommy's father had bought for use at the beach. Tommy opened the back-door, throwing Kara's carry-on across the seat and pushing Kara in behind it. As she slid in she said, "Hi Bill. We're going to ride in the back if you don't mind."  
  
"No complaints from me; I'm just the chauffeur. Hi, Kara," Bill said as Tommy climbed in.   
  
"Just keep looking straight ahead," Tommy said sternly.  
  
"Yaaza boss," Bill panned as they pulled away from the curb.  
  
Tommy grabbed hold of Kara, putting his lips against hers and pushing his tongue into her mouth. He put a hand over the opening in the upper part of Kara's blouse, letting his fingers wander through and trace the softness of her breasts. Kara whispered in his ear, "Undo the buttons. I want to feel your hands all over me."  
  
Tommy looked to the front, confirming that Bill was indeed focused on the road ahead, then hastily undid the remaining buttons of Kara's blouse. He opened it, baring her tits to his hungry gaze. She closed her eyes and sighed as Tommy took one of them in his mouth and smothered the other with his hand.   
  
Bill adjusted the rear-view mirror so he could see the action in the backseat. Kara opened her eyes to the mirror image of Bill's eyes darting rapidly between the road and what Tommy was doing with her breasts. It excited her to know that Bill was watching.  
  
Tommy put a hand under her skirt and ran his fingers over her wet panties. With her eyes still locked on Bill's image in the mirror, Kara breathlessly whispered to Tommy, "Take 'em off me." Tommy hesitated, not sure he wanted to do that with Bill there.   
  
Kara however did not share his reservations. As Tommy again looked up to confirm that Bill was still facing forward, an impatient Kara reached down with both hands, lifted her skirt, pulled her panties off, wadded them into a ball and threw them into the front seat. Tommy registered amazement as Kara laughingly said to Bill, "Pay attention to your driving."   
  
Kara turned back to Tommy, undid his belt, pulled his zipper down and yanked his shorts to his knees. She took his cock in her hand, straddled him, and rubbed the head of it against her pussy lips. Kara's fingers slid over Tommy's cock, spreading their combined juices over the length of it. Then she positioned it at her entrance and with a very audible, "Ohhh God," lowered herself onto it.  
  
Tommy buried his face in Kara's tits and grabbed hold of her ass with his hands. As they sped along the highway toward South Padre Island, Kara rode up and down on Tommy's shaft, oblivious to the looks they were getting from the surrounding traffic.  
  
Bill tried desperately to watch through the rear-view mirror but they were in the right-hand corner now and there wasn't much he could see. He could hear though and knew they were hard at it. He pulled his zipper down and freed his cock. He wrapped Kara's damp panties around it and jerked off while listening to the sounds coming from the back-seat.  
  
Kara and Tommy were so keyed up it wasn't long before both were moaning in ecstasy. While Tommy pumped his jism into Kara, Bill had his own climax and came all over Kara's panties. As the two in the back adjusted their clothes, Bill opened the front passenger window and threw Kara's cum-soaked undergarment to the side of the road.   
  
"Is Bill staying on the boat with us," Kara asked as she straightened her clothes.  
  
"Yes, I talked him into coming with me. You don't mind do you," Tommy asked in reply.  
  
"No, of course not," Kara said cheerily, "But I think we better stop at a beachwear store, before we get to the boat. Is there one on the way?"  
  
"We don't really go past it, but there is one just a block or two out of the way... several actually," Tommy responded, "But what do you need?"  
  
"I thought I might have you help me pick out a new bikini. Since Bill's here he can help too."  
  
"Umh," said Bill, "That sounds like fun!"  
  
"Uh yeah," said Tommy quietly, not sure he really wanted to share this experience with Bill. "But..."  
  
"Well I've already lost a pair of panties and with Bill staying on the boat too, I ought to have something to wear." Kara's eyes lit up. She touched her lips with a finger. "Unless..." she said, drawing it out, "You want me to be *really* bad."  
  
Tommy thought about Kara being naked with Bill there too. His cock hardened at the thought. Then thinking more realistically he replied. "Uh no. We can stop."  
  
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They stopped at a shop that sold swim suits and other island type clothes. The summer season hadn't really started and Texas Week, the island's big Spring Break blowout, was still a few hours away. It was check-out, check-in day and tomorrow business would be booming, but today it was on the slow side. The only one in the store was the manager. He was more than twice their age, at least in his forties and probably married, but none of that prevented him from salivating over the sight of Kara as she entered his store.   
  
Kara had several bikinis at home but had not brought any with her. She wanted a real show stopper. Toward the end of last summer, after Tommy had gotten somewhat used to Kara's preference for skimpy clothes, he had said, '*If you got it, flaunt it. If you don't got it, flaunt it even more*.' Kara was pretty sure Tommy had intended the '*If you got it,*' part to apply to her – at least she hoped that was the case - but even if it wasn't - she was still planning to tease and show off. She was so into that she could almost orgasm from that alone.  
  
Under the manager's watchful eye, Kara, with the help of Bill and Tommy, looked over the assortment and found a string type that would certainly raise eyebrows. It was the kind men liked and other women hated. Imagining what she might look like wearing it, Bill assured Kara that it was perfect. "Why don't you try it on," he suggested.  
  
Tommy easily saw through the suggestion. He knew Bill was anxious to see Kara in a bikini. That had been a good bit of the reason Bill had agreed to come along – that Kara was coming too and would likely spend most of the week in a bikini, maybe even less.  
  
Early last summer, when Bill had visited and met Kara for the first time, Tommy had serious reservations about Kara's exhibitionist tendencies. Now though, in spite of the fact that some of her actions still made him nervous, he did find her boldness exciting. Sometimes he even encouraged it.  
  
Tommy was all for having Kara parade around the store in that skimpy bikini and he could tell by the expression on her face that she was also anxious to accept Bill's suggestion. There was a problem though. He turned to Kara and whispered, "They're probably not going to let you try it on without panties."  
  
The manager overheard Tommy's remark. He spoke to both of them. "Don't let that worry you." He was as anxious as Bill to have her model it. "I wouldn't expect you to buy it without trying it on."   
  
Tommy had been right, Kara wanted the guys to see it too. She thought though that Tommy had been trying to stop her. She stuck her tongue out at him and turned toward the changing room.  
  
When Kara came out, Tommy and Bill were standing with the manager. She was excited. On the beach, wearing a bikini, even one as skimpy as this, would seem natural, but in the store with just the three guys, Kara felt she was being at least a *little* bad.   
  
Being nearly naked in front of them was exciting. True, Bill, and of course Tommy, had seen her naked before, but the store manager was a complete stranger. Kara was turned on by the appreciative stares and quickly shed any sense of embarrassment. She teasingly rubbed her hands on her breasts, pushed them together and addressed the store manager, "Don't you think this would look better if it didn't have quite so much material?"  
  
Tommy surprised Kara with his reaction. "I agree," he said." If Tommy had felt any concern over Bill or the store manager seeing Kara with so much exposed, it had been erased by the enthusiasm she showed as she modeled it for them. Kara pranced through the store in the already tiny bikini, looking for an even more revealing one. Finding what she thought would do, she hastened to the changing room to try it on. When Kara stepped out, three jaws dropped.

The 'suit' was nothing more than four small triangles of cloth held together by strings. There were suggestive amounts of bare flesh exposed on all sides of the little pieces of cloth that served as a top, it being in all likelihood a size smaller than it should be to accommodate Kara's breasts. No one would have described the bottom as modest either. It was so small that even though Kara pulled it up as high as it would go, it still left the top-most part of her butt-crack showing and barely covered her 'landing-strip'. Kara turned first one way then the other, basking in the attention she was getting from the guys.  
  
Tommy, his cousin and the manager, all looked at Kara as if she was naked. She felt as if she was too and loved it. "You know," Kara coyly said to the store manager, "This bikini would be even sexier if it didn't have a lining. Am I going to have to cut the lining out, or do you have something similar without one?"  
  
The manager licked his lips. "I think I've got a white one in that style and size... if you don't mind changing colors," he offered hopefully.  
  
Kara's eyes sparkled. "Oh yeah, and I'd like white even better, especially if it doesn't have a lining."  
  
The manager walked off and returned shortly with the white suit in his hand. As he handed it to Kara he suggested, "You might want to try it on."   
  
Kara was pretty sure he just wanted to see her in it, but she liked the way he, as well as Tommy and Bill, were so obviously enjoying her near nakedness, she went to the changing room and put it on. Kara looked in the mirror before opening the door. Like the blue one she had just been wearing, the white one didn't cover much, and now without a lining, there was a lot showing through the thin fabric. There was even a faint hint of camel-toe between her legs.  
  
Kara opened the door to three very appreciative looks. If she wondered how good she looked, the bulges in their pants answered the question. Tommy whistled softly and told the manager the suit was a keeper.   
  
Watching the tents grow in their shorts was causing all sorts of wild thoughts to run through Kara's head. She returned quickly to the changing room before she stained the bikini. While Kara put her regular clothes on, Tommy paid for the purchase. They quickly left the store and headed to the car.   
  
At the car, Bill climbed behind the wheel as Tommy and Kara slid into the back. "And you thought I was going to be bad... but I wasn't, was I," Kara asked. When neither Bill nor Tommy said anything, she added, "Well, maybe a little."  
  
Tommy pressed his lips against Kara's. She had buttoned the blouse but left it on the outside of her skirt. As they pulled away from the store, one of Tommy's hands went under the blouse, the other under her skirt. One hand toyed with her nipples, the other closed on her moist pussy lips.   
  
The rapid breathing in the back assaulted Bill's senses. He craned his neck, trying without success to get a glimpse of what was transpiring in the back seat.  
  
Kara put her hand inside Tommy's shorts and wrapped her fingers around his cock. He pressed a couple of fingers into her and worked them in and out. Even before they had traveled the short distance to the marina, Kara was cumming.   
  
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The boat they were staying on was a forty-one foot sailboat, owned by Tommy's father. During his last two years of high school, Tommy's father had taught him how to handle the boat. His father had given permission for Tommy and his cousin to stay on it, and use it, during Spring Break. Tommy hadn't told his father that Kara would be staying on the boat also.  
  
Tommy, Bill and Kara were crowded into a u-shaped dining booth in the center of the boat. It was late Sunday night, thirty-six hours after Kara's arrival. They had returned early from an island night club where, because they were all under the legal drinking age, they had been limited to soft drinks. Although it was now well after midnight, they were still playing a drinking game as an excuse for doing shots of tequila.  
  
The three were dressed as they had been at the club, the guys in board shorts and jerseys, Kara in ragged cutoffs and ripped sweat shirt. Bill left the table to visit the head. "Why don't you get dressed for bed," Tommy suggested after Bill was gone.  
  
"I was kind of wanting to play this game some more. I'm just beginning to get a nice buzz."  
  
"I didn't mean for you to *quit* the game. Just get ready for bed, then come back."  
  
Kara offered a puzzled look. "Let me see if I understand. You want me to keep playing the game but I'm wearing too many clothes, even though your cousin's here? That doesn't sound like the Tommy *I* know."  
  
He grinned. "So maybe I'm catching up with you. Maybe I'm kinda *liking* the way you tease."  
  
Kara didn't have to be begged; she got up and headed for the aft state-room. A couple of minutes after she had disappeared up the companionway, Bill came out of the head. "Kara gone to bed?" he asked.  
  
"Nah, just changing clothes. She'll be right back."  
  
"Whatsa matter. You getting protective again. Don't want her sitting around with no underwear when I'm here?"  
  
"Uh, that's not quite it..." Tommy replied as Kara returned.   
  
"Tada," she chimed, clasping her hands over her head in a 'look at me' pose as she approached the table.  
  
Bill had been fiddling with a deck of cards. He looked up and froze. "Uh yeah..." was all he could get out.  
  
Kara was wearing one of Tommy's t-shirts. It was long enough to just barely hide her panties, *if* she had been wearing any. Their cocks hardened in their shorts as Tommy and Bill realized there was nothing under the t-shirt.  
  
Kara lowered her hands to her sides. "One of you is going to have to get up to let me back into my seat." Kara had previously been sitting in the 'u' of the horseshoe shaped dinette, Bill and Tommy on either side. Tommy made no effort to get up, leaving Bill to make the offer.  
  
Bill got up. Grabbing Kara by the hand, he pushed her toward the seat. Continuing to hold her hand, he lowered her into the booth, trying unsuccessfully for a peek under the front edge of a shirt so short it wouldn't even go under her butt. Kara broke free of Bill's grasp and carelessly skooched her bare butt along the seat to where she had been sitting. Kara looked up at Bill as he slid into the booth behind her. "Didn't see anything, did ya," she asked.  
  
"Uh... just some gorgeous bare legs and a couple of bumps in a t-shirt," Bill responded with a lecherous grin.  
  
Kara put on a pout. "Bumps, huh. So now they're just bumps."  
  
"I wasn't talking about your uh..."  
  
"Tits. You can call em tits," Kara said grinning.  
  
"Tits, right, but that wasn't what I was talking about. I was..."  
  
"Oh you mean my nipples," Kara said excitedly as she pinched them through the t-shirt. "I guess they do make bumps when they get hard. You don't care do you?" Kara had turned toward Bill and jutted her chest out. Her eyes were wide.  
  
"Hey you two," Tommy jumped in loudly. "What say we get back to playing the game."  
  
"Your cousin though..." Kara protested as she turned to Tommy, "I think he's coming on to me." It was obvious from the look on her face that she wasn't really concerned.  
  
"Yeah, well," Tommy replied to Kara, "And it's not okay for him to tease a little too?" There was a momentary pause, but no reply. "So whose turn is it," he asked.  
  
They continued to play for thirty minutes or so, Kara fooling with the hem of the t-shirt and the guys watching every move she made. After Kara lost a couple of rounds, each time taking a shot as the penalty, she called a halt. "I'm going to have to go to bed guys. I just can't do any more."  
  
"Me too," said Tommy, "Let's call it a night."  
  
Bill could have watched Kara all night. Wouldn't have mattered to him how much he had to drink. He didn't argue though. He quickly got up, hoping Kara would come out his side of the table. At the edge of the seat she looked into his eyes as she took his hand, letting him help her up. Bill was looking back, but not at her eyes. He was looking somewhat lower.  
  
Kara pushed Bill toward the aft end of the boat, putting him in the narrow space between the booth and a bench type couch that was opposite. As Kara squeezed past him on her way to the aft state-room, she faced him, brushing her t-shirt covered tits across his chest and dragging her mid-section against his erection. After Kara passed, Bill stepped back into the galley area, affording Tommy clear passage toward the aft state-room.  
  
The boat had been built for cruising and had an abundance of accommodations. It had two private state-rooms, one fore and one aft, each providing reasonable comfort for a couple. In the midsection was a full galley and the previously mentioned dining booth and couch, each of which converted into a sleeping area for two, although the two would have to be very friendly with each other. For four though, three in this case, it really was quite suitable.  
  
Bill had the forward v-birth to himself, but instead of retiring there he returned to the booth, sat down, poured himself another shot; then turned out the light.   
  
The aft state-room was ten feet or so down a narrow companionway from the living/dining/galley area. It was sufficiently removed from the rest of the below-decks area that it wasn't really necessary to close the door in order to have privacy. Even if someone were sitting on the couch, they would only see the foot of the bed.   
  
Kara had lain down on top of the bed covers. She was still wearing the t-shirt. Tommy crawled across the bed and plopped himself down next to her. He hadn't undressed yet, the light was still on and the door was left open. Tommy turned and pressed his lips against Kara's. Her willing mouth opened and his tongue slithered between her lips.   
  
As they played tongue tag, Kara's hand, the one between them, groped the front of Tommy's shorts and locked onto the bulge it found there. He laid a hand on one of her bare legs, gently caressing the inner thigh. He knew she wasn't wearing panties under the t-shirt but stopped at the hem of the shirt, teasing her with anticipation.  
  
Kara's reaction was urgent. She hastily undid Tommy's shorts, yanking the snap apart and jerking the zipper down. Her hand shot under the elastic of his briefs and gripped his cock.  
  
Tommy's head flew up, breaking the kiss. "My god girl, what has gotten into you? Slow down, I'll do it. I'll get 'em off." Using both hands he pushed his shorts and briefs down, then kicked them off his feet. He grabbed his jersey and yanked it over his head. "And since you're so anxious, you need to be getting that t-shirt off too," he admonished, "I'm ready to feel that hot body against me."  
  
As Kara ripped the t-shirt off and tossed it aside, Tommy roughly pinched her nipples, then ran his hand down her stomach and buried it between her legs. He rubbed on her pussy lips and flicked her clit. Kara wrapped herself around him and grabbed hold of his cock.  
  
Bill heard the comments and was sure they were about to get it on. This wasn't going to be quite as good as watching them from the upstairs window had been last summer, '*But Christ... Kara, sitting there between us in nothing but a t-shirt? ...and then rubbing up against me? Holy Shit, that Tommy is one lucky son-of-a-bitch!*' Bill took his cock out. He wasn't hearing much of anything – an occasional sigh or moan was all – but he was already plenty hard. He stroked lightly, waiting for the sounds of action.  
  
Tommy and Kara had dialed it back but continued to gently tease each other and plant suggestive kisses on one another. "For having been so anxious you're certainly being quiet now," said Tommy. "Whatcha thinkin' about?"  
  
"I was thinking about Bill and how crude it was for Julie to ditch him like she did."  
  
On Saturday night, a few hours after Kara's arrival, Tommy, Kara and Bill had run into Julie at one of the more popular Spring Break night clubs. Kara and Julie had been sorority sisters in high school. Julie went to a different college though and they hadn't seen each other since the summer. There was an almost immediate chemistry between Bill and Julie and Julie had surprised them all by spending the night on the boat with Bill.  
  
In the morning she had joined Kara on deck for an early cup of coffee. Julie gushed to Kara over how much fun she'd had. She talked about how wonderful Bill was, wavy hair, movie star face, broad shoulders, washboard stomach, great buns, fantastic in bed and on and on.  
  
Then she dropped the bomb. Julie said she had a thing going with a guy she met in college who was arriving later that day. She would be spending the rest of the week with him. Julie was gone before Bill got out of bed.   
  
"I feel sorry for Bill," Kara said.  
  
"And I do too," said Tommy, "but there's nothing we can do."  
  
While Tommy continued to massage her pussy and kiss her breasts, Kara thought about that afternoon on the boat.   
  
*They had gone sailing. Kara lay face down on the deck of the boat in that nothing bikini they had bought on Saturday. She undid the strings to the top. She was soaking up the sun and thinking how shitty it was for Julie to disappear like she had and leave Bill alone.   
  
After a time, Kara wanted to turn over and sun the other side. She considered leaving her top off, but with the guys in the cockpit only a few feet away, especially with Bill being alone, it didn't seem quite appropriate. When she reached behind to re-tie her top though, Tommy surprised her by suggesting she leave it off.  
  
Kara had really wanted to leave it off and as long as Tommy was encouraging her, she was going to do it. She hesitated momentarily for effect, then rolled over and closed her eyes as if embarrassed.  
  
It should have bothered her, but didn't. After all, she had gotten naked in the pool when Bill had visited during the summer. And just yesterday she had made love to Tommy while Bill was driving. Bill had probably already seen more of her than he would now. Out on the open water though, with the sun shining and two guys staring at her bare tits – it was definitely exciting.  
  
She opened her eyes and sat up. Kara was still topless and Bill was looking right at her. She saw that he had a serious erection. Just knowing that someone wanted her that bad caused her nipples to harden and her pussy to get damp. It was a real turn-on to have Bill staring at her nearly naked body.  
  
And then again tonight, wearing nothing but a t-shirt while playing that drinking game with Tommy and Bill.*   
  
As much as Kara liked Bill's attention, she knew she was being at least moderately bad, teasing him the way she was. As Tommy sucked on Kara's nipples she felt them harden. '*Is it from Tommy's attention or thinking about Bill staring at them?*' Kara liked the thought of Bill watching.   
  
She imagined Bill was standing beside the bed as Tommy continued his ministrations. Kara took hold of Tommy's cock and spread the pre-cum over it's length. Between her thoughts and the reality, Kara was dripping with desire. She urged Tommy between her legs, positioning the head of his cock at her entranceway. A small cry escaped her lips as Tommy thrust into her. Kara's mouth hung open in a silent scream as Tommy repeatedly drove into her, punctuating each stroke with his own groan of delight.  
  
Seated in the darkened galley, Bill hung on every sound, imagining Kara's gorgeous body wrapped around him with his cock buried in her velvety pussy. Hearing her and his cousin reach the height of their pleasure, he stroked faster, bringing on his own climax. The boat went quiet as the excitement drained from his body. Some minutes later he dragged himself into the v-birth and fell asleep.  
  
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Kara was the first to awaken on Monday morning. She and Tommy fell asleep shortly after making love the night before and they were both without clothes. Kara got up and wrapped a beach towel around her, tying it on the left side, under her arm and below her hip. Even though she was bare underneath, the towel was substantial enough to modestly cover her. She went to the galley to fix breakfast.   
  
Kara made coffee and toasted bagels before waking Tommy and Bill. Bleary eyed and still half-asleep, the men struggled into their long baggy swim trunks before stumbling into the galley. They joined Kara in the eating nook near the center of the boat.   
  
Although feeling in need of a shower, Kara thought it was kinda sexy to be eating breakfast with two guys while wearing nothing but a towel. Unfortunately, at least in her mind, Kara was the only one who knew how little she was wearing. The guys were too wasted to notice there was no bikini string around her neck.   
  
It had rained during the night and the boat was damp, however the morning sun was bright and while they were eating it heated up fast. Whether from love-making or the muggy weather, by the time they finished breakfast, they wanted to clean up.   
  
The boat did have two showers, but as with most boats of that size, the showers weren't comfortable and no-one used them unless absolutely necessary. Fortunately, being at dock-side, they could use the marina's showers, an option they all considered preferable.   
  
Tommy, Bill and Kara went topside and jumped across to the dock. They had picked up soap and bath towels but remained dressed as they had been at breakfast. Kara was still wearing a beach towel and so far was the only one who knew she was naked under it.   
  
Even though it was Spring Break, it was early and the marina was still deserted. Even without anyone around, being in a public place in only a towel raised Kara's excitement level and with the excitement came daring. As they walked to the bathhouse Kara said, "I don't really want to go in the women's side by myself; I'd rather go in the men's side with you two."   
  
"I think we might like that, but what if someone else's in there?" Tommy asked.   
  
"You check first, and if someone comes in after we're there, I'll just have to deal with it."   
  
"Kara," Tommy said patiently, "there are no shower stalls, just several shower heads against the wall, and the trunks are going to come off. I suppose you could leave your bikini on if you want, but Bill and I are going to be naked."   
  
Tommy was on Kara's left. She undid the knot below her hip and opened the towel to Tommy's gaze. He probably shouldn't have been, but he was still shocked when he saw she wasn't wearing anything under it. As Kara re-knotted the towel she said, "I wasn't concerned about nudity."   
  
Tommy turned toward Bill as they arrived at the bathhouse. "I'm going to make sure it's empty, if so, Kara's coming in with us. You okay with that?"   
  
"Sure," Bill said. "Of course."   
  
Tommy went inside, then came to the door and motioned Kara and Bill in. As Tommy had said, there were no shower stalls or curtains. The shower room had four shower heads along one wall and a couple of wooden benches opposite.   
  
Tommy knew by now that Kara wasn't wearing anything but Bill expected at least a bikini. Kara dropped her towel and went to one of the middle showers. Her complete nudity stunned Bill. He felt like he should turn away but he was mesmerized. The sight of Kara naked caused his dick to harden.  
  
Without taking his eyes off her, and with considerable difficulty caused by his physical state, Bill stripped off his trunks and stepped under the shower to her left. Tommy watched Kara and delighted in the effect she was having on his cousin. He pulled his trunks down, exposing his semi-erect cock, and got under the shower on Kara's right.   
  
Kara's nipples became firm and her pussy was moist, not just from the shower either. Being naked with two men watching at close range was a considerable turn-on. Yes, she'd been topless on the boat the previous day, and she'd even taken off all of her clothes when the three were swimming last summer, but being watched up close like this was still a thrill.

As they adjusted their showers, Kara turned first toward Bill, then toward Tommy. Satisfied they were watching, she looked down and soaped her breasts, rubbing the soap bar across her nipples until they became hard. Continuing to look toward the floor, she put the soap between her legs and rubbed it against her pussy until she was thoroughly engorged. As she rinsed herself off she snuck a peek to either side to see that her show had produced the desired effect.   
  
Tommy put his hand around his rod to soap his erection, but Kara playfully said, "Let me do that." Kara stepped over to face him. She still had the bar of soap in her hands and stood with her back to the wall, affording Bill a profile view. She soaped Tommy's rigid shaft, then rinsed it off and gave it a sloppy kiss on the head before returning to her own shower. Kara glanced at Bill - this last part had been too much - his cock was throbbing.   
  
For the second time in as many days, Tommy surprised her. "Hey, what about Bill?" he asked. Tommy wasn't sure how he felt about Kara touching his cousin's cock; he wasn't even sure she would do it. Bill's face was painted with nervous anticipation and Kara licked her lips like she might want to do it. Both looked at Tommy - he nodded his acquiescence.  
  
This was more than any of them could have imagined. Bill had dreamed of Kara since meeting her in early summer. Now she was right next to him, wearing no clothes, and he was about to feel her hands on his cock. He expected to explode as soon as she touched him but he told himself it would be worth the embarrassment.   
  
Tommy was excited but couldn't sort out his true feelings. He liked having Bill drool over Kara, even liked Bill watching while Kara played with his cock, but he quivered with uncertainty at the prospect of Kara touching Bill's cock. He hoped she didn't like it too much.   
  
For Kara, having men look at her when she was naked was a major turn on. It was especially hot when she could tease them further like she just had with the soap, and see their erections grow in response. Recently she found she liked men touching her and had also learned it was especially exciting to be watched while having sex. Touching Tommy's cock with Bill watching was thrilling, but after all Tommy was, sort of anyway, her boyfriend. What would it be like to have her hands on *Bill's* cock while Tommy watched?   
  
Kara took the bar of soap and leaned against the wall under Bill's shower as she lathered her hands. Bill faced her with the water pouring over his head. Kara gently wrapped her soapy hands around his cock. Her legs went rubbery as the excitement surged through her. Bill twitched at the feel of her hands on his dick but didn't shoot his wad as expected. He moved his hips back and forth, slowly fucking Kara's hands. Tommy watched and felt sensations he had never known before.   
  
Everyone was at their limit. It was about to get out of hand and only Kara could stop it. She shoved Bill under the shower and rinsed the soap off. Then she pushed him away and turned abruptly to her own shower. She knew she had been bad. And she had nearly lost it. She stood there and let the water pour over her as she thought about what had almost happened.   
  
Bill couldn't believe how close he'd been to an orgasm or how badly he wanted Kara. He stumbled from the shower, picked up his towel and collapsed on the bench.   
  
Tommy wasn't sure what to think either. It wasn't as if he and Kara were in a committed relationship though. Part of him *had* wanted her to continue, but another part wasn't so sure. It had been exciting though, probably more so than any time previously in his life.  
  
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Around ten that night, Tommy and Kara were dancing in one the island's more traditional night clubs. It was a place where the band actually played belly-rubbing type music, but wasn't so loud you had to shout over it. Although themed for an older crowd, at this time of year the revelers were mostly Spring Breakers.  
  
"You're not wearing underwear," Tommy whispered as his hands wandered over Kara's flimsy attire.  
  
"Surprised?" she asked with a cheshire cat type grin.  
  
"I guess not really," Tommy allowed, "But what you are wearing is also pretty thin."  
  
Kara felt she needed to defend herself. "Yeah, but the dance floor is dark, and we are at the beach, so I would imagine I'm not the only one being a little more daring than I might at home."  
  
"Oh, don't get me wrong, I do love it," Tommy said, caressing her butt through the thin brown silk. "I was just thinking though..."  
  
"Thinking? Thinking what?" Kara replied, enjoying the feel of Tommy's hands.  
  
"Well uh, Bill and Paul are with us and they haven't hooked up with any girls yet... so I kinda thought you might dance with them some."  
  
"And..."  
  
"You know, the way you're dressed and all... I just wasn't sure how you'd feel about it. I mean you did get kind of wild with Bill and me in the shower this morning, but you hardly know Paul."  
  
Kara stopped dancing and looked into Tommy's eyes. As she did so, she undid the two lower buttons on the blouse. "I'm okay with it," she teased, "That is, if you are too."  
  
Tommy stepped back and gave Kara a thorough once-over. Her legs were bare, the shorts were really short with big leg holes, the shorts and blouse were tissue thin and her nipples poked out prominently. Kara parted the blouse where she had just unbuttoned it, exposing her midriff, all the way to her belly-button.  
  
Tommy gulped as he looked at the expanse of skin. "Yeah, hell yes I'm okay with it. As long as you don't mind finding me with a hardon every time you come off the dance floor."  
  
Kara wrapped her hand around the bulge in Tommy's shorts. A smile crossed her lips. "You mean like now? Not as long as I get to do something about it later." Kara played with Tommy's cock until the song ended.  
  
At the table, without even sitting down, Kara grabbed Paul's arm and pulled him toward the dance floor. "Come dance with me," she said. Paul stumbled slightly as he was pulled out of his seat. Bent over in feigned reluctance, he allowed himself to be dragged to the dance floor.  
  
When Tommy, Kara and Bill had started out the evening, it had been just the three of them. Originally they had been looking for a girl to make it a foursome. In the previous club though, instead of finding a girl for Bill, they had run into Paul, a classmate of Tommy's. They had invited him to join them. Now they were looking for two girls.  
  
The plan was to have a couple more drinks, then go for a night sail. At least that was the intention, but so far, even though they had come across several girls that were known to one or another of them, they had not been successful at getting any to join up for the sail.  
  
Paul had just met Kara. Yeah, it was hard to take his eyes off her – killer body and dressed like she wanted to show it off - but he didn't really know what to expect on the dance floor. She was here with Tommy so he figured he better be careful. He put his arms around her waist. She put her arms around his neck. He tried halfheartedly to keep a respectable space between them but Kara had other ideas. The more his erection grew, the more Kara pressed herself into it.  
  
As the song ended, Paul surprised Kara, himself too, by leading her from the dance floor. It had been a real turn-on, having her rub up against him but he was afraid if he continued, he would get into trouble. As they sat down, Paul said, "It's probably just as well that we haven't found anyone. Lisa, my girlfriend, is here too." Everyone looked at him in surprise. He continued, "She wasn't feeling so hot so she's back at the condo. She's probably already asleep but I should be getting back there anyway. I really shouldn't even be thinking about going sailing with you guys."   
  
Tommy had never seen Paul quit before midnight. He was the original party animal and Tommy had never known him to be concerned about what Lisa thought either. Still, she had come to the island with him and he did seem genuinely concerned about how she felt. So maybe there was more to it than he thought.  
  
Paul finished his drink and left. It was after 11:00 and it was, once again, just Bill, Kara and Tommy. Kara got up and went to the ladies' room. When she returned, another of the bottom buttons on her blouse was undone, also an extra one at the top. Only the button near the bottom of her breasts was still holding the blouse together.  
  
Even though she was a top student and generally serious about the things she did, Tommy had also seen that Kara could get pretty crazy. Although he had been a little slow to come around to it, he did now like this side of her. Kara showing off and dancing and flirting with his cousin and friends was a real turn on, especially when like tonight, she was so obviously having fun too.  
  
Tommy turned to Bill. "Dance with her."   
  
Bill gave Tommy a kind of bewildered type of look. Kara grabbed Bill's hand and tugged him toward the dance floor. "C'mon," she said, "You heard him. Let's go."  
  
For the next hour or so, Kara alternated dances between Tommy and his cousin. She was on fire. No matter which one she was dancing with she insisted on having their hands under the hem of her shorts, playing with her bare butt. She rubbed her midsection against their erections and sometimes traced her fingers across the front of their shorts. The top button of Kara's shorts even 'accidentally' came undone.  
  
Around midnight, when they still hadn't found anyone for Bill, Kara suggested the three of them should go sailing anyway. Considering how little Kara was wearing and the way she had been acting, Tommy and Bill enthusiastically agreed. They left the bar and headed for the marina.   
  
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While Bill and Tommy were getting the boat out of the slip, Kara disappointed them by saying she was going below to change clothes. Their spirits were rejuvenated however when she came back on deck wearing the skimpy bikini she bought the first day. With the sun down and even a slight chill in the air, Kara's choice of attire announced loudly, '*It's play-time!*'   
  
Considering how she looked - tiny white bikini, no lining - Tommy had trouble keeping his mind on sailing. With Bill's help though, he did get them through the cut and into the Gulf. It was a beautiful night, stars overhead, three to five foot swells and enough breeze to make for a great sail. In spite of how she was dressed, Kara sat quietly to one side. Even when Bill sat next to her, she remained dignified - that is, if it is possible to be *dignified* while wearing so little.  
  
Once they were clear of the jetties, Kara got up, saying she was going to the bow and enjoy the light spray. She rapidly became dripping wet, but seemed to be enjoying herself in spite of the dampness and night air.   
  
Kara turned and called for Tommy to come up to the bow and sit with her. Even though he wasn't anxious to get wet himself, Kara's wet and almost naked body looked so enticing he could not refuse. Bill took over the helm as Tommy crawled over the deck.   
  
Kara was facing forward, her legs dangling over the bow. Tommy sat behind her with his back to Bill, his legs stretched along each side of her. He put his arms around her wet waist and urged her back against him. Tommy kissed her neck and cupped his hands over her breasts.  
  
Kara whispered, "You can take it off if you want." Tommy didn't have to be told twice. He hastily untied the strings and removed the damp top. For several minutes they played in the ocean spray, Tommy's hands gliding over the wet contours of Kara's tits, along her dripping thighs and between her legs, while Kara massaged the bulge in the front of Tommy's shorts.   
  
He was ready to do it right there but Kara reminded him, "We're ignoring Bill."  
  
Tommy looked at her like a kid who had gotten caught with his hand in the cookie jar. He picked up Kara's top and offered it to her, asking though, "You think you really need to put this back on?"  
  
Kara looked toward the cockpit and Bill. "Not unless you think I should." She held a finger against her lip, watching Tommy's reaction.  
  
"Well uh... it'd be okay with me if you left it off... and I'm pretty sure Bill would like it too." Kara stared briefly at him, trying to read what was in his mind, then turned toward the cockpit. Tommy followed, her top still clutched in his hand. They made their way to the cockpit, Kara wearing nothing but the tiny string bottom of her bikini.  
  
Tommy dropped Kara's top on the floor of the cockpit as they sat down on one of the side benches, leaving Bill standing at the helm, surprised, but pleasantly so, by Kara's brazenness.   
  
Bill knew Kara was pretty much of an exhibitionist, and it certainly wasn't the first time he'd seen her topless. Before though, there had always been some sort of excuse for her to show off her near perfect tits. This time, there was none. Bill's imagination went wild. Still he did his best not stare as the three of them carried on a conversation devoid of any mention of Kara's bare breasts.   
  
Tommy 'accidentally' brushed an arm against one of Kara's naked breasts. He offered an excuse but Kara blew it off. As they continued the busy talk, Tommy put his arm around Kara's shoulders. His hand dropped to one of her breasts. Kara leaned against him, making her body more accessible. Except for an occasional sharp intake of breath, she pretended not to notice Tommy's hands playing with her tits. Bill kept his eyes looking forward.   
  
A lull came in the conversation. Kara turned and kissed Tommy; then rubbed her hand across the front of his shorts. She looked at Bill. Although he was pretending to ignore things, Kara could tell he was really watching. She winked at him, then turned and got on top of Tommy, facing and straddling him. Brushing her bare tits against him, she gave Tommy a wet sexy kiss with her mouth full open, inviting his tongue to enter her.  
  
Tommy drove his tongue into her mouth while sliding a hand inside her bikini bottom. Kara was sopping wet, and not just from the ocean spray. He pummeled her already erect clitoris, then put his other hand in and slid a finger into her dripping pussy. Kara arched her back and drew Tommy's head into her breasts. Hoarsely she urged, "Undo the ties."  
  
Tommy looked at Bill who quickly looked away. Still looking in his direction, Tommy put his mouth to Kara's ear and quietly asked, "Are you sure?"  
  
Kara looked into Tommy's eyes which were quite obviously focused on Bill. It wasn't as if she had never been seen naked by Bill. That morning in the shower he had even seen her kiss the head of Tommy's dick. "Yes, I'm sure," she declared.  
  
Tommy looked again at Bill who was no longer making a secret of his interest. Tommy put his lips to Kara's ear and whispered quietly, "With what you are sitting on, you have to know that I'm all for it." He undid the ties. As the flimsy material dropped away he clarified, "I just wanted to be sure it was what you wanted too."  
  
As confirmation, Kara lifted up and ripped the bikini bottom from under her. She was astride Tommy, wearing nothing. Tommy's hands roamed over her naked flesh, playing with her ass, her tits and her pussy. He still had his clothes on, but that was not about to deter Kara. She pulled his cock out of his shorts and rubbed the head of it against her bare pussy.   
  
Tommy looked up. Bill had a hand buried in his shorts. Tommy had never been watched before, at least not that he knew of, but sensing Kara's rapidly building excitement he knew he wanted to be. He gripped her ass in his hands and lifted, the lips of her pussy sliding against his cock. Kara reached between them and pushed the head of it into her. A low moan escaped her lips as Tommy lowered her onto his dick. As his balls pressed against her, she threw her arms around him and sucked his tongue into her mouth.  
  
Kara's back arched; her head snapped back; she grabbed the back of Tommy's head, pulling his lips to her breasts. As she rode Tommy's cock she turned her head toward Bill. Seeing the movement of his hand in his shorts, she put her finger between her lips, sucked on it and managed to say between thrusts, "I know... I'm being really bad... but you don't care do you." Bill's head swiveled from side to side as he stroked faster.  
  
Hearing Kara's voice, Tommy looked up, his face flushed and twisted from exertion. "Huh," he eked out, a moment before the first of the sperm shot from his cock. Overcome with his climax he shouted "*Yes! Yes! Yes!*"  
  
Kara's body snapped forward, smothering Tommy's face in her tits. She tried to explain. "I was just uh... uh..." but with Tommy's cock pulsing within her and his cum flooding her pussy, she instead screamed out, "Oh *shit!*" and thrust her hips against Tommy's as the excitement burst within her.  
  
She wrapped her arms around Tommy's head and slid her pussy up and down his cock, sucking all of his cum into her. Then rolling off, she splayed herself on the bench seat, her ass on the edge, her feet spread apart on the floor of the cockpit and her shoulders against the gunwales. She tossed her long brown hair over her shoulder and closed her eyes, allowing her feverish breathing to subside.  
  
Tommy tucked his cock into his shorts and buttoned up. Although his breathing was still anything but normal, he struggled to his feet. Looking at Bill whose rate of breathing was also somewhat elevated, he said, "I can take it if you want to sit down for a bit."  
  
Bill looked longingly at Kara, naked and with a freshly fucked look about her. Nodding, he took his hand out of his shorts and passed the helm to Tommy. Weak-kneed, he plopped down on the side bench, next to Kara.  
  
Her eyes opened. She looked as Bill's eyes shifted rapidly between her heaving tits and dripping pussy. Kara looked at Tommy. "Pretty bad, huh," she offered.  
  
"Actually, I kinda liked it," he replied with a look of satisfaction. Motioning toward Bill he added, "And it doesn't look as if he thought it was too bad either."  
  
Kara turned her head to Bill. Her eyes locked on the sizable tent in his shorts which he was making no attempt to hide. Kara surprised both of them by wrapping her hand around the protrusion. Then speaking to Bill she purred, "I guess you *did* kind of like it."  
  
Bill nodded cautiously. Kara shot a look at Tommy, wondering what he thought about her hand being on the front of his cousin's shorts. Surprised, but also thinking it might be fun to see what Kara had in mind, Tommy nodded almost imperceptibly. With her eyes still fixed on Tommy, Kara unbuttoned and unzipped Bill's shorts. She took his cock out and wrapped her hand around the bare shaft. Tommy's expression did not vary.  
  
Kara turned her attention to Bill. To a smattering of grunts and groans she stroked his cock. Bill brushed his hand along her naked thighs, coming to rest on her glistening pussy lips. Turning again toward Tommy, Kara saw his head moving slowly side to side. Turning hastily back to Bill she pleaded, "Please no, I'm still sore." Kara had thought it necessary to lie.  
  
As Bill withdrew, Kara took hold of his balls with one hand and stroked his cock vigorously with the other. Bill's breath came faster; his cock pulsed and his cum shot into the air. Kara, conscious of Bill's sudden sensitivity, shifted to a slower and more gentle stroke, grinning as rope after rope of his cum shot forth.  
  
Bill's cock went limp in Kara's hand. She got up and stepped over to where Tommy was standing at the helm. She pressed her naked body against him and gave him a quick kiss. "You really have changed," she whispered. With her finger under Tommy's chin, forcing him to look into her eyes, she added, "Being bad, isn't *really* so bad, is it." She turned to go below, but winked at Bill before dropping from sight.