**Kate Moves to San Diego**

by[tielstiels](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1204568&page=submissions)©

I can feel it, with every step down the hallway. I'm taking short and fast steps, keeping my legs clamped as tightly together as possible, tightening all the muscles in my lower abdomen and thighs. I let out a small gasp when the toy inside me suddenly vibrates, pausing for a moment. "Are you okay?" A guy immediately to my right asks with genuine concern. I ignore him, pushing on, where the hell is lecture hall 7A?  
  
And why are there so many people here in the first place? I wanted to come early and get here ahead of the rush of students. A requirement for my current condition, did I get the time wrong? Deep inside me is a little pink toy, a vibrating egg. The idea of going to class with it, and some dark stranger I barely know controlling it through my phone, it just seemed so naughty. I couldn't resist the idea, I think. I don't remember that part very well anymore.  
  
Lately, I haven't been able to resist my urges at all, everything around me seems naughty and turns me on terribly. Again the devilish little device vibrates, this time not as intently as before, but instead the vibrations continue. "Awwww, fuck," I utter, half a moan, half a suppressed whisper, again catching the attention of some of the nearby students. I stumble the few steps to the wall and have to stop and lean against it for support. It feels so good, my close and I press my lips together to suppress another moan. I can feel the start of something building inside me. I force my eyes open and my attention back to finding my destination. And then there it is right next to me, the door to room 7A. Pushing it in, it opens up to the lecture hall, but I realize my mistake too late. I'm about seven steps in when the vibrations spike again, I let out a high pitched whimper and all eyes are on me. The class has already started! And the door I entered through has positioned me right at the front of the room. The seats full of students to my left, and the board and professor to my right. I freeze staring blankly into the air, fuck I'm close I can feel it.  
  
"Please have a seat miss," the words are kind enough, but the intonation makes it clear my little interruption of the first Chemistry A class of the semester is not appreciated. The vibrations stop and I rush to a seat in the front row. I slide down in my seat, making me as small as possible. I am certain that had the vibration continued it would have made me cum, right there in front of all the other students. The thought makes me shudder, and I can feel myself blushing, what a way that would have been, to start my first day at college.  
  
The buzzing reappears with renewed power, keeping me squirming and pushing me towards an inevitable orgasm, then pausing letting me relax. It stops and restarts again and again, teasing me in a deliciously wicked way. But why is it so loud? It is beeping now. I'm having difficulties keeping my line of thought. Oh God, everyone can hear it. I fumble with my phone. I have to make it stop, somehow cut the connecting to the toy. My phone in hand. I can see the alarm now. I slide to turn it off, and as the noise disappears, gone is also the lecture hall, the insistent vibrations, the pink toy, and the eyes of all the other students. I'm back in my bed, looking up at the ceiling.  
  
Fuck that was intense, and I let out a deep sigh. I have had naughty dreams before but never like this. I smile, my hands begin to rub my body, the dream might be gone, but the arousal is still very much there. One hand squeezing my breast through my t-shirt, the other sliding over my stomach, circling my navel a feeble attempt to enjoy the sensation before giving in. I know it won't take much to push me over. My body tingling as I reimagining sitting in the front row, the egg vibrating again and again. The thought of someone else controlling it is soo hot, if still very new to my more and more graphic fantasies. My hand, now inside my panties, mimic the rhythm, taking me higher and higher, closer and closer.  
  
"Kate! Get up!" The sounds of my mother's voice make me jump, "I...", I'm sliding, "Auch! Fuck!" I slipped off the bed, and my head hit something on the way down, the pain in the back of my head spreading. Shit, it hurts. I slowly gather myself and sit up. I must have moved while asleep, to the edge of the bed without realizing, and with my head the wrong way. "That was one intense dream," I chuckle. The pain is quickly subsiding again, I just hit the packed suitcase, no permanent harm. I'm about to crawl back under the covers and finish what was so cruelly interrupted, but I have this nagging feeling that I'm forgetting something, something important. Something about today, and about that suitcase. The packed suitcase, oh right, I'm leaving for San Diego today. I look at my phone: 08:34. A sinking feeling in my stomach is soon replaced by a surge of adrenalin, I must have snoozed a lot, the alarm should have gone off at 8.00!  
  
I stumble towards the bathroom, hoping a cold shower can push the drowsiness and horniness away. I throw my t-shirt in the dirty clothes and push my panties down, realizing they are soaked. They soon join the t-shirt in the laundry basket. That dream must have had me rattled up bad.  
  
My eyes close as the cold water is rushing down over my body. I love cold showers, the kick you get from the water forcing your body on high alert. My breasts are a little sore, I massage them leaning back against the wall, why won't they grow? I'm still just barely an A cup. "I'm not asking for much you know," talking to no one in particular, "just like a small handful." But wait, don't they fell different today, more substantial? Looking down gently squeezing them, perhaps they have grown, if just a bit. A moan escapes me by surprise, my nipples are still super sensitive. I turn the heat up, the warm water feels wonderful on my sensitive breasts. The feelings from the dream overwhelm me again. I try to zone the world out, my hands start moving in a well-practiced sequence.  
  
Recently I have been doing this a lot, I can't help it. In the beginning, the strategy was to ignore the urges, but that just made it so much worse. I have accepted now that I have to go at least once a day, or I just lose my mind. Oh yes, biting my lip to keep quiet. I just need, a little, more...  
  
"Kate! Now! We are leaving!" This time the shouting isn't what surprises me, she seems to shout all the time these days. It is the loud banging on the bathroom door. Give me a break!  
  
"I'm coming!" I shout back more than a little annoyed. As my hands grab the knob and turn off the water, I realize that is exactly what I am not; cumming. If it wasn't because I was so damn horny I might even be able to find it funny. Of course, my crazy control-freak mother wants us to leave early than agreed. I will never get it. Why say 09:00 if you mean 08:45? I definitely won't miss that. I probably won't miss anything.  
  
The shower helped partially though, all awake now. Drying myself, I look in the mirror, at least it is a good hair day. The towel is wrapped around my body. Even this would be easier with bigger breasts. I get it to hold, and start brushing my golden blonde hair. I guess I should be thankful to Mom for those genes, going past my shoulders, it is long, thick, and wavey.  
  
Finally, it is today, I'm going away from this little half-asleep, half-dead town. The excitement has been building all week, escaping this place and moving to college is a big deal. These last months have been intolerable. Honestly, it has been hard ever since my brother left two years ago. God, I can't wait, being the only one left, Mum and Dad have had time to question my every action, and the only one to fake liking the homegrown vegetables, that seem to fill more and more of our diet. Just let me have sushi or a good pasta dish instead.  
  
There is a knock on the door again, this time more lightly. The door opens and my mother comes in, so intent on hugging me that she nearly tackles me instead.  
  
"Sorry sweety, I'm just a little on edge today," she explains.  
  
I sigh, sensing the tension leaving my body, "I know Mum, the last one leaving, right?"  
  
"Yeah, it is just... I will miss... I love you, Kate." I can hear she is struggling to put the words together. I get a final little squeeze before she takes the laundry basket and leaves. This is hard for them, the last of us kids all grown up and leaving.  
  
"Dad has already taken your suitcase down. I have coffee and breakfast for you in the car," she shouts as she heads down the stairs.  
  
Back in my room, I slip on my new white dress with black little dots on. It was a going-away present from Madison, my best friend here. I met her in my karate class, and it just feels so easy with her around, it seemed she always had a plan. She was also the more fashionable one, pushing me to wear a skirt, telling me it was an atrocity not let the world see my beautiful legs. When I gave in, she immediately moved on to dresses and shorter skirts.  
  
While I'm moving around to find my panties, I realize just how short the dress is. On all fours, I bend forward to look under the bed, and it suddenly slides down my body, leaving my butt naked. And then it hits me. With my naked butt wiggling in the air, my head turned to look under my bed, I know exactly where my panties are. In the laundry basket. The one that my mother just took with her. I stand, take a few quick steps, and open my closet; empty. All the spare ones are packed in the suitcase, the suitcase my dad just took down. I scurry through my backpack: laptop, passport, documents for school, vitamins and supplements, makeup, toothbrush, all there, but no clothes, and no underwear.  
  
Suddenly I am aware of my arousal again, but before I devote any more attention to it I can hear my dad calling me.  
  
"Come on Kate! We have to leave now, the flight won't wait!" I grab my backpack and rush down, trying to find the laundry basket, but the machine is already started. Can't she take a break for once? Outside on the doorstep, I'm putting on my sandals.  
  
"Dad, where is my suitcase? I just need to get something from it."  
  
"Please sweety is it really necessary?" Mum interrupts from out the window, I can hear she is trying not to shout at me. I sigh, shut the door and slip into the back seat of the car, and we drive off. It will have to wait until the airport, I can manage that.  
  
Mum passes me a sandwich and coffee from the front seat. I look at my phone, 09:02. We are right on time, so what was the rush all about? There are messages from the girls at the karate club, and from my older sister and brother who both already live in San Diego. Caroline is 24 and has just started at a law firm, I can't remember the last time we had a pleasant interaction, but she seems happy today. "For my big little sister!" and there is a picture of an elegant red dress with and an open bag, it looks surprisingly classy for something my sister would pick and expensive. Is that really for me? I guess she does owe me for a lot of crappy birthday gifts. My bigger brother is 21 and still in college, and he is hinting at a party tonight if I'm up for it. Like countless times before I wonder who would ever call their son Melvin? I guess I should be happy that they only had a temporal meltdown and I didn't get a first-class stripper name like Candy or Crystal.  
  
As I look out the window at the countryside rushing by I can't help but feel a little nostalgic. It has been good for us to move out here in the middle of nowhere. Don't get me wrong I can't wait to come back to San Diego, and I have hated all the small town bullshit with a vengeance. But honestly, Dad needed the break, and so did we all I guess. Dad, or James, sold the company six years ago, and we all moved here, or well Caroline didn't. She started in college and stayed behind, first in the dorms and then in Mum and Dad's huge downtown apartment. Mum and Dad have spent the last years growing vegetables and teaching a bit instead of running the company. Dad was way too successful with his adventure as a personal trainer and coach, so soon Mum had to help with all the practical stuff. They branched into healthy eating, her specialty, and suddenly they were the hippest personal trainer/health duo in the city. It was crazy, they had all kinds of big shot clients, movie stars, lawyers, and their spouses. The only problem: They just couldn't say no, and as the number of clients increased so did the stress of the family. Finally, Dad had a stroke, while rushing from one thing to another, he had forgotten to do all the stuff they were telling their clients.  
  
I remember that when he came home from the hospital, his brother Jonathan came in from overseas. They talked every evening far into the night for almost a week. At the end of it, Jonathan had made them both recognize that they had earned enough for more than one lifetime. So the company was passed on, and we moved out in the country-side.  
  
I was furious, back then I was 12 and finally getting old enough to do all the stuff I had seen Caroline enjoy, and then we had to move. It was just so unfair. I understood a few months later why we moved, suddenly they were smiling all the time. Especially when they came in covered in dirt from the garden, how you can get that dirty from picking weeds I just can't phantom. Family dinners also became a thing, especially when Caroline would visit. They started showing up to my karate tournaments, and they seemed to enjoy picking me up or driving me wherever I wanted to go. Okay, maybe I will miss that.  
  
"Can you turn on the air-con, Dad?"  
  
"You were never one for hot weather, sweet pea." I'm just about to scold him for calling me sweet pea, but the breeze from the aircon hits, and I sigh out contently instead.  
  
Flipping the dress up and down trying to ventilate under it. I look down, no bra. That is not so uncommon, I have nothing to hold up anyways, but no panties. I feel a rush, I'm only wearing the dress, just one single piece of clothing. Then I remember what is ahead of me, and I'm tingling all over, I have a plane ride coming up; escalators, security check, and a crowded cabin. The tingling turns to nervousness. I have to get some clothes from my suitcase before boarding the plane. I need to. I'm squeezing my legs together, the dream, my failed efforts at morning masturbation, the thoughts of how little I'm wearing, it is all swirling around my head. I can feel the signs of my arousal, my breath deepening, the flush in my cheeks, my nipples hardening against the fabric of the dress. I need release, I need it bad. Looking to see if they are occupied in the front, I pull my backpack up across my lap, to shield the view. They are discussing something with the garden, a pattern for cycling vegetables to keep the soil nutrified or something. My right-hand slides under the bag, and the dress. I have to bite my lip hard not to moan out loud when my fingers reach between my legs. Deep breaths, I'm so incredibly turned on now, and the touch of my fingers feel marvelous. If I am not careful they are making small squelching noises while they slide up and down. I'm failing hard at trying to go slow and being discrete, soon my fingers are intently rubbing my clit. I'm getting closer fast, oh this is going to be a big one, a really big and loud one. I freeze, no I can't, I won't be able to be quiet. I yank my hands away, the sudden movement almost pushing me over the edge. I stiffen and tighten every muscle in my body, trying not to lose control. Slowly, slowly I'm backing away from the impending orgasm. My sigh as I relax back into the seat makes Mum turn and look.  
  
"Are you okay back there sweety?"  
  
I just barely make a nod and give her a forced smile, and she turns back, continuing to discuss something about the tomato plants. I empty the last of my drink and take another one from the cooler and steels myself for the last hour of the drive. My eyes keeping wandering to my hands, one on each thigh. Repeatedly they slide down between my legs squeezing the inside of my thighs. I try sitting on my hands to keep from touching myself again, but they quickly start feeling numb. I occupy my mind with replying to all my texts this morning, hoping for the last part of the car ride to be over.  
  
I was of course not always like this, almost rubbing myself off in front of my parents, but in the last few months, my hormones have been raging. Or so I'm hypothesizing, as I don't know the reason. What I do know is that I keep getting aroused all the time. A light breeze under my skirt, a cashier smiling at me, the smell of chocolate, it seems anything can trigger it. I just can't help it.  
  
"You what! Where the hell is my suitcase?", the anger is swelling up inside me. I'm just about to scream, right there in the parking lot. "Kate," my dad tries to reason with me ignoring my swearing, "listen we talked about this, Marcus and Melanie are driving to San Diego today, you know, with all your other stuff. As you said, there was no reason to bring the suitcase and pay for the luggage, right?" Awww fuck, I mumble something incomprehensible and stomp off towards the entrance. I can hear Dad chuckling behind me. He is right of course, that is exactly what we agreed. I know. I know all too well because I was the one who convinced everyone to do it. I had way too many things I wanted to bring, and I didn't want to wait until Mum and Dad could drive with the rest of my stuff by the end of next month. So our oh-so-friendly neighbors accepted right away when I asked, they were going anyway. I just had to accept that they would do a stop visiting Melanie's mother, so my things would be there a day late. How could I forget that?  
  
Now I'm rushing inside, backpack flung over my shoulder, wearing just my white dress and sandals, looking for a place to hide. I stop as I scan the departures hall for a sign to a restroom.  
  
"Not so fast sweet pea", my dad puts his hand on my shoulder, "you are not going to leave like that." He gives me a stern look, then his expression softens and he leans in for a hug. The feelings start welling up in me. I can feel his arms around me, my head on his chest. I don't know what to say. We stay like that for a minute not saying anything. I will miss him. When he lets go again Mum has caught up with us. She is busy figuring out which gate I am flying from. A final kiss on the cheek and Dad gives me a little push towards mum, forcing a goodbye hug with her too. I am trying hard not to sob now, when we let go Mum is crying. They wave and force a pair of smiles as I start walking towards security.  
  
"See you soon, sweet pea!", I clench my fists, why can't he just stop calling me that.  
  
"Dad! I'm not a vegetable!", I start.  
  
"You are a little poisonous though!", he counters, "Sorry! I promise that is last time I'll call you that, sweet pea." They are both laughing now, and it is infectious, my anger melting away. The mix of feelings making the goodbye a little easier.  
  
Walking away their presence disappears into the background. The many people crossing paths around me and the sounds of the airport fill my awareness instead. My previous life fading away quickly. After turning a corner, I'm alone, I walk slowly and reflect that this is it, the beginning of something new. The feeling of freedom is exhilarating and terrifying. I'm suddenly glad Caroline is there to pick me up in San Diego.  
  
Some dorky guy with glasses wearing a superhero t-shirt, and a pair of very worn khakis grips his boarding card as it was intent on flying away from him. He manages to get on the escalator behind me without losing the boarding card or tripping. A naughty thought enters my mind, can he see up my dress? Probably not, but I still look back, and when I do I catch him staring at my legs. I have always liked them, they are long and smooth, and all the karate has made me both flexible and strong. Before I know what I have done, I wriggle my ass a bit, straightening the dress, and I can hear him choke, and start to cough. As we get off the escalator, I look back and smile at him, his gaze drops immediately, and a few seconds later he tries to steal another look, but my eyes are patiently locked on him. He is blushing now, no longer paying any attention to his surroundings, and then bang. With a loud crash, he walks directly into a trash can and stumbles. Poor kid, I giggle and continue, what a rush! As the sudden spark of excitement slowly subsides reason comes back. Just what am I doing? Acting like a slutty tease? Pull yourself together Kate.

The queue towards the security check is moving slowly. The dorky kid has managed to collect himself and is some meters behind me in the queue. As the queue bends and turns through the separations, we walk past each other a couple of times, and each time his faces turn a deeper shade of red. What is this feeling, seeing him struggle, almost helpless?  
  
Still contemplating the new sensation I reach the conveyor belt and go through the motions; laptop, liquids, backpack each on a separate tray. I turn to walk through the scanner when motioned to by a rather old and a little chubby looking guard. Beep, beep, beep! The sound startles me as I step through the scanner.  
  
"Go back, and take off your shoes; please", the last word almost omitted, the guard now looking grumpy is not impressed. Bending down untying the sandals I fumble with the buckle trying to hurry, I look up and a young female office a few feet behind him is staring at me. Her expression that of utter shock. The older grumpy guard is staring too, his expression turning from grumpy to furious before me. I look down, and for a second everything freezes around me. I am flashing them; they are looking straight up my dress! I quickly move to adjust the dress, but a tingling sensation has started from my fingertips and toes and spreads throughout me. My heart pounding in my chest as I manage to place the sandals on the belt and once again step through the scanner.  
  
"Please step this way Miss", the female security guard steps forwards and points to a small room. All color leaves my face, I start to stammer some excuse but am interrupted.  
  
"These are your things right?" she continues, I nod, collect them, and move along. The officer, maybe 30 years old leads me into the little room. She has her light brown hair tied back in a little ponytail, and her face is despite some rough features cute, but right now she is all business.  
  
"Are you traveling alone?", her voice is ice-cold, as she draws a curtain shut behind her. Biting my lip, I feel like I'm eight years having stolen from a candy store.  
  
"I am", I reply, shifting my weight from one foot to the other. Her expression is hard making me even more nervous.  
  
"I have to scan you again, and then do a body search to see you don't have anything under there," pointing to my dress.  
  
I can feel the heat in my cheeks, the likely unintentional point of the officer, makes me blush. With a hand scanning device, she quickly covers my arms, legs, and body, without anything going off. I can see her pose relaxing as she is convinced I'm not hiding anything.  
  
She motions me to put my arms up and then searches along my sides and my back, where she freezes for a second. Oh my! She has realized I'm not wearing a bra. The officer smiles at me, "it is rather hot today isn't it?". My face red like a cooked shrimp by now, and I can feel my nipples hardening again. Looking down, they are making small visible bumps in my dress. Each touch moves the dress just a bit, but my body craves attention and grabs at everything it gets. The tiny tugs on the dress become waves of pleasure spreading from my nipples and breasts. I can't help it, her electric touch, teases a tiny moan out of me.  
  
She touches my stomach and hips now, then stops right where my panties should have been. I squeeze my legs together feeling the dampness on my sex.  
  
"Oh! I was right!" she gasps. I shudder, the embarrassment is mixing with arousal now, I'm no longer sure what is what. Looking me directly in the eyes. I whimper, why does she have to be this close? She strokes down the outside of my legs, her touch now slower and lighter. Her hands move up my sides again, her fingers tickling me. As her hands move up my back I can feel how the dress is being pulled up, the bottom part of my ass is almost exposed now. It drops down again as her fingers glide around my body to my breasts. One finger sliding over the curve of each breast, then grazing my nipples.  
  
"Mmmmmmmm", my moan much clearer now startles her, and the officer moves her hands away from me, she is thinking hard. She takes a step back, and looks me over one last time, then shaking her head gathering her composure again.  
  
"Damn I wish I were as brave as you", she smiles still standing right in front of me. "You are naked under there. That is naughty."  
  
"Sorry for all of this, but I had to check you. If flashing a bit of skin was all it took to get through security planes would drop like stones from the sky. Boarding card, please."  
  
Fumbling with my phone, I find it and pass the phone to her. After examining it, she says something about the plane being in the far end of the airport, and that I have to hurry. I don't register much, my heart pumping, and my skin still tingling from her touch, I stand frozen staring blankly into the air.  
  
"You should go, you don't want to miss that flight, miss."  
  
I snap out of it and pick my backpack and sandals, and rush to the gate. I don't know what time it is, I consider if I should stop to put on the sandals, but push on, ignoring all the people staring at me.  
  
The boarding hasn't even started yet when I reach the gate completely out of breath. I slide down in a chair catching my breath, trying to push the embarrassment of the security check and running barefooted through the airport behind me. I reopen my boarding card on my phone and double-check the seat number, a window seat at least.  
  
On the plane, I close my eyes and relax. What a rush. Just as the fantasies are about to fill my naughty mind again, someone disturbs me.  
  
"This is row 14, right?", I turn to answer and the first thing I see is her breasts, then her face. She is spectacular. Fiery red hair, a huge grin on her face, and a very impressive bust. I nod in approval, and she starts talking.  
  
"I'm Amber, who do think will get that seat," pointing between us. "Lucky him; or her. Getting a spot between two sexy women". This woman is something, I don't know what to say, so I'm just staring at her. Her bra is pushing her breasts together and up, there is just a hint of perspiration between them, and they bounce a little with her every move. Just as she and her breasts have settled, a familiar face shows behind her.  
  
"I think this is my...", and nothing else comes out. The dorky kid from the escalator is staring at me, shocked. Amber gets up and lets the dorky kid in.  
  
"Do you two know each other?", she queries.  
  
"No!", sputters the kid, "I just looked, I mean saw her in the queue. For security." Ambers nods, looking over at me with a curious expression, apparently catching his tiny slip.  
  
"I'm Amber", the big-breasted woman, leans across Malcolm and introduces herself again, when she is back in her seat. Completely ignoring the guy between us, but showing him, and me, a lot of cleavage.  
  
"I'm Kate." We are exchanging pleasantries when the kid tries to speak.  
  
"I'm Ma... Malcolm," he stammers but is immediately interrupted by Amber.  
  
"Sshhh now, us girls are talking." And he sinks back into his seat. Amber continues to chat, turned towards me, and in effect Malcolm, her very large breasts clearly on display. As the plane takes off I learn that she is 35 years old, working as an event coordinator, and is now flying back home to San Diego after a wedding event.  
  
Malcolm is a mess, he doesn't know where to look, trying desperately not to look at Ambers cleavage, and not at me, failing at both. He is pretty decent looking, I glance over him again. Oh God, is that a bulge? Down the inside of his right thigh is a very distinct and large ridge, clearly showing just how affected he is sitting between the two of us. He even has difficulties sitting still. When I look up, I lock eyes with Amber, her gaze going from me to the bulge and back. A smirk on her face, clearly she is loving this. Malcolm is trying to hide his state of arousal with his arms, but it is too late we both know.  
  
Amber continues talking about everything and nothing. Asking a bit about me, and I share that I am moving to San Diego to start college. Malcolm slides further down and back in his seat after being caught staring at Amber again. When the seat belt sign switches off, he immediately excuses himself and moves to get up, Amber stands but only leaves a little space for him to squeeze by her. Malcolm disappears down the aisle towards the lavatories.  
  
She is laughing as she sits again, "He didn't know where to look, your legs, or my boobs!" Then more quietly, "no secret what he is about to do now," her expression turns serious with the last statement as if some realization has come to her. "Excuse me, but I don't want to star in his little masturbation escapade - and neither do you I assume. Be right back."  
  
Amber, gets up and strides determined to the lavatory. I peek out to see what is happening. As she reaches the door, she knocks on it, saying something I can't hear. A little while after Malcolm steps out, redfaced, he ducks down and scurries back to our row. I'm biting my lip hard to not giggle as he settles into his seat again.  
  
Even if I am just a passive spectator to Amber's performance to tease poor Malcolm, I'm still loving every second of it, and I can feel the effect on me too. We all settle in our seats and an embarrassed Malcolm tries to read a book, but Amber has other plans, whispering something in his ear, and all color leaves his face. "Would you mind getting a drink for me, dear? Amber says and she gets up and looks expectantly at Malcolm, "white wine please and one for Kate too."  
  
"Erh... yes! Of course," and he disappears down the aisle once more.  
  
Amber moves into the middle seat, "That smirk on your face, you are enjoying this aren't you?".  
  
I nod, biting my lip.  
  
"How old are you, Kate?"  
  
"I just turned 19 in June."  
  
"Oh splendid, so much youth ahead of you. You do know you can make most men do anything for you, like poor Malcolm here. I whisper a tiny little nothing in his ear and off he is getting us something to drink. I can't help it, but I just love to make men squirm."  
  
I try to say something, but the words disappear in my throat, she is all woman this Amber. Surely it is not that easy to control men. "I wish I had breasts like you", I ramble when I do manage to say something.  
  
Amber is laughing hard, causing a few turned heads, "no no no, don't think like that, I would kill to have your body! You look stunning, you are tall, slim, have that perfect wavey blonde hair and", looking over the edge of the seat, "very sexy legs and feet indeed!".  
  
Malcolm returns with the drink, Amber doesn't give any indication that she is going to move from his seat. He resigns to the other seat, passing her the drinks.  
  
"But I have something special planned for poor Malcolm here," she whispers discretely to me as she passes me the glass. Then she turns her attention on Malcolm, putting a hand on his thigh and chatting away at full speed, only stopping to sip from her drink.  
  
The glass of wine is by no means a regular occurrence for me. My parents have kept things very strict with drinking, so I'm still getting used to the taste. Amber continues to play with a stunned Malcolm, who seems to be consistently stammering, whenever she touches his knee, thigh, or shoulder.  
  
The show is just what my naughty side needs to grab my attention and force all kinds of lust-filled thoughts into my conscience. Did she think I was that beautiful, I look down at my legs and feet, Malcolm certainly liked them. I can feel the heat from between my legs, blood rushing there again, making everything arousing. I'm starting to wonder if I should head to the toilet and finally get some relief, but Ambers interruption from before convinces me to stay put.  
  
The rest of the flight continues to pass with few incidents. Sometimes Amber is reading, sometimes a finger traces Malcolm's thigh, sometimes she is whispering things in his ear. At one point Malcolm tries taking a pillow from the compartment above the seats, to hide his very obvious erection, but Amber just grabs the pillow puts it behind her head and says thanks.  
  
Before the captain starts the descent they switch seats, so Malcolm is back in the middle. The bulge is still there, it seems Amber has been keeping him hard for almost an hour now, there is even a little wet spot on his pants. The continued tease even if not directed at me is making me wet, I'm struggling to calm. Malcolm however is pushed far beyond anything he has ever tried and I am sure he would willingly do just about anything Amber could ask.  
  
The uncomfortable change in pressure during the descent is always hard for me, and for a while keeps my mind occupied. I can see the sparkling blue Pacific Ocean out the window, the Sun shining from a clear sky, it is hot in San Diego too. I'm tensing up, not used to flying yet, and the landings always make me nervous. The shaking from touching down in San Diego help me relax. A very different plane ride is over.  
  
Malcolm has his eyes closed, and Amber waves to get my attention, then mouths very clearly; watch. Watch what, I try to mouth back, but she just smiles and starts teasing her fingers up and down Malcolm's thigh, whispering in his ear again.  
  
As soon as the plane taxis into position at the gate Amber moves and jumps up, to reach her bag from the overhead compartment, pretending not to able to. Everyone else is standing up too, making the aisle typically crowded. Malcolm jumps up offering his help, no longer needing Amber's guidance. The closeness makes it impossible for them not to touch, and Amber takes full opportunity pushing her chest into Malcolms as he lifts the bag down for her. A hand on his side, she gives me a little wink.  
  
She pushes past Malcolm rubbing against him and puts the bag on the seat. Then bends over and grabs a few loose items from the seat pockets, using the chance to wriggle her bottom against Malcolm, who is again turning red. He looks at me to see if I am noticing what is happening. For a second panic is written all over his face before Amber stands again, and he relaxes. She then turns to him and pulls him in for a hug thanking him for all the help, her left thigh slides up between his legs the scene hidden from most, but not from me. Malcolm tenses up, eyes closing, standing completely still. Amber is slowing rubbing her thigh up and down while holding on to the hug, then she leans in kisses him on the cheek, and licks his earlobe once. Her leg moving faster and more insistently now. Then Malcolm suddenly shudders biting hard on his lip, but a tiny moan escapes him. Oh, God! She is making him cum!  
  
Right then Amber takes a step back, Malcolm shaking visibly and desperately holding on to the back of the seat not to fall over, and a wet spot spreading across his khakis. Amber reaches for my hand out to help me up giggling. And lets me out before her. She easily reaches my overhead bag and passes it to me, and I follow the now moving mass of people out of the plane. Looking back I can see Malcolm sliding back into his seat in the row.  
  
I'm stumbling through the plane, trying to comprehend what I just saw. A hand grabs mine as we exit the plane, it is Ambers. She is leading me away laughing hard now, very obviously pleased with her performance. She then seems more serious.  
  
"Kate, I am sorry if I got carried away. I mean... you seemed like you liked watching that. Was it too much?"  
  
Though shocked as I am it is my turn to laugh now, "Oh no, I loved it! I just never think I could do anything like that."  
  
Relaxing visibly, "You might surprise yourself, Kate, you just might. Bye now!" And with that she is gone, striding off towards a restroom.  
  
Finding my way through the airport goes without a problem. I see neither Amber nor Malcolm again. Heading out through the arrival hall I start looking for Caroline. I see her before she sees me, as her attention is on her phone. I snap a picture of her and sends it to her, then quickly walk behind one of the supporting pillars. The timing works out perfectly, and she is staring dumbfoundedly the other way when I peak out, and I can easily sneak up behind her.  
  
"BUH!", she makes a little jump and spins around as I reveal myself.  
  
"How did you?" clearly confused, she is pointing towards the arrival gate, behind her.  
  
"Magic, sis; magic!", damn it feels good to surprise Caroline. It is not often I can get her to shut up. Then she locks me in the biggest hug I have had in a long time. I missed her too.  
  
"You are finally here! And looking great, sister, cute dress! I might have opted for a bra though", laughing hard. "You know it is just a little see-through?"  
  
Getting embarrassed for what seems like the millionth time today. "Let's just get to the car shall we?"  
  
In the car, Caroline is back to her usual self. She is super excited about me finally coming to San Diego and all the things she wants to show me. It is past midday now and we are headed to lunch, sushi, of course, her treat she explains. Then she'll show me how to get into the apartment, it almost sounds like I have to remind her I'm staying at the dorms. Melvin has something planned for tonight, but Caroline sounds skeptical. Then tomorrow we can go sightseeing and shopping. I interrupt saying that we will have to meet at the dorms first, as my things are planned to arrive with Marcus and Melanie early in the day.  
  
I'm tired and as the chatting turns to all the things she has been up to, I drift in and out sleep as we drive through the city to get sushi, and then back to the apartment.  
  
The apartment is big and spacious with a large bathroom, four bedrooms, and a large common area with a kitchen. The kicker is the long balcony on the south side, where you can see out to the ocean. I realize now that this must have been crazy expensive, and Caroline is fortunate to have had this all to herself for years. I can't help but feel jealous.  
  
Over sushi, I share the events on the plane, with Caroline. She is laughing hard throughout it all, finding it hilarious. I share everything; or well everything that happened on the plane that is. I do conveniently skip the parts of wriggling my butt for Malcolm on the escalator and trying to hide that he knew me when sitting down in the row. I can sense my cheeks heating up just as I think about the security check.  
  
"You met one hell of a tease there, a real dominatrix I guess. Not my cup of tea though, I like a confident man who can grab me and throw me on the bed!" Caroline says as she stops laughing. "Soo, what about you Kate? Did you like it?" The smirk on her face clear, and here eyes searching for any indication of my reaction.  
  
"Erh... no. I mean that was so gross. And what a slut," I try to hide my arousal, but I am not sure how well I am doing. From under my dress, I can feel the heat from my sex. Taking the last bite of sushi, I ask for a place to nap, seeking both to sleep and to get away before my sister asks too many questions.  
  
Caroline laughs again, I'm sure she is getting more than she lets on. "You can use your old room. I will just go buy some stuff for tonight, Melvin is insisting we throw you a welcoming party."  
  
I sigh out deeply as I land on my old bed. Mum and Dad kept the apartment when we moved, both because Caroline would need it soon, and for all the trips back, as all their friends naturally didn't move with them out to the middle of nowhere. The plan was always to move back to San Diego when we had grown up, and with me leaving for college that time is coming closer. I think they still want a year or two more growing their vegetables, maybe they are also trying to give me a little space before following.  
  
I can hear the door shutting, as Caroline leave to go shopping, I'm alone. My dress is instantly on the floor, and I slip under the covers, a single thought overwhelms my mind now. Relief. I can't wait any longer, retelling the story for my sister was just too much. On my back, one hand grabs my breast and pinches the nipple, making me gasp. The other quickly pushes down over my abbs and navel reaching between my legs. Of course, I'm wet, my pussy is soaked, and within seconds I'm rubbing frantically, there is no holding back now. No pretense of warming up or going slow. I grab a pillow pushing it down between my legs I roll over and start humping it hard.

I think of the escalator, the security check, the officer's hands on my body, and Malcolm shaking as he makes a mess in his pants. Then my orgasm consumes me, I scream out loud, then bite the covers and my repeated moans and screams are muffled by them. As the orgasm fades so does my conscient thoughts and I drift off to sleep.  
  
I wake up as I hear voices out in the living room. My brother has arrived it seems. The pillow between my legs is still wet from my masturbation session, and a tingling sensation is still in my body. A soft knock the door brings me out of my dreamy state. "Melvin is here, come on out and say hi," Caroline says outside the door. I dress quickly and curse myself for the lack of underwear.  
  
We are catching up on everything, and Caroline, again and again, hints at my plane story, each time receiving an ice-cold stare from me, I'm not sharing that with him! My telepathic abilities still need some practice as the hints just get more and more bizarre.  
  
Melvin has invited a friend of his over, and he is bringing his smaller brother who is also just moving here to start college next week, they are coming by for a barbecue and a few drinks. So no crazy party, this is also much more to my liking. The aircon is off, making the apartment crazy hot, I need a shower, and excuses myself.  
  
Caroline comes into the bathroom just as I'm about to start a shower, my dress on the floor. "Hey, I'm naked!", I grab the towel and try to cover myself. My sister is carrying the red dress I saw from early and babble on about how gorgeous it will make me look. She just ignores my complaints and is insisting that I try it on right away.  
  
"I wanna see how it looks, so put your panties on and slip into it. I think you can do without a bra in this one though. The fabric is quite a bit thicker than on the other," pointing to my dress on the floor.  
  
I'm just standing there, holding the towel in front of me. My stomach is twisting and turning my heartbeat steadily increasing. I don't know what to do! I'm panicking! How am I going to get out this?  
  
"Are you okay Kate? You like you have seen a ghost," she slows down and her question filled with real concern. "Do you want me to turn around, while you put your underwear on? We are sisters you know." Her attempt at lightening the mood, just increasing the pressure on me.  
  
The tears are welling up inside me now, and as they start to roll down my cheeks I sob, "I... I don't have any; any panties."  
  
Unsure what I mean, she decides to hug me, and I start crying, this day is too much. Leaving home, saying goodbye to Mum and Dad, the whole no panties thing, drinking wine, I mean I'm only 18, my sister talking a thousand miles an hour, a party tonight, and now this. It is just too much and now that the sexual high is gone, and I can't keep going anymore.  
  
I end up telling her about this morning and how everything just sucks. She leaves to find a pair of her underwear I can borrow. She also brings a few of her bras, but they are all too big. We get a good laugh out of that though, as I look ridiculously with them on. Seeing how shaken I am about the move, or at least that is what we tell Melvin, they offer to cancel the plans for tonight. After an hour of just relaxing on the couch drinking tea, and eating chips I am feeling much better. So Melvin texts his friend that tonight is still on, and Caroline also decides to have one of her friends coming over, so six in all.  
  
As the evening coolness settles over San Diego, a breeze comes in from the sea, and Caroline opens all the windows letting the air in. Finally the temperature drops to more comfortable levels. Melvin is out on the balcony barbecuing, sipping from his cold Budweiser. Caroline is in the kitchen preparing what looks like a salad, and I am still here on the couch coping with all stuff that happened today.  
  
I don't know if I am coming to terms with the embarrassment, but thinking back on it all now I do have a smile on my face again. Thinking of Malcolm gives a little rush. The power that woman had over him, it is oddly seductive, like a succubus striking an unbeknownst foe. Will I ever be able to do what she did? Do I even want to? Those are the thoughts filling my mind, not the awkward flashing at the security guards nor the car ride where I almost made myself cum in front of Mum and Dad.  
  
In some way I feel a little responsible for Malcolm, I did tease him on the escalator, and in the security queue, and him seeing me again in the row might have made things even harder for him. It was hard that is for sure, I chuckle as the thought enters my mind. I was responsible, for a tiny part, I conclude, and a sudden rush fills me. Shocked I discover that I am not feeling one bit sorry for him, no that was probably the height of his week. Instead, I am loving this, the power, his helplessness. It this getting me excited again?  
  
The doorbell rings, and I get up, shouting that I'll open the door. Caroline rushes from the kitchen and puts a hand on my shoulder. "Perhaps now is a good time to get that shower and change to the red dress. I can still see your... you know, through there," nodding to my chest.  
  
"Oh... right," I don't need to look down to know that my nipples are trying to poke holes in my dress. So with my makeup and the red dress, I head to the bathroom to get ready. I shower, put on the dress but struggle with the zipper in the back, so I leave it for now and apply my makeup instead. After a final failed attempt at zipping the dress, I conclude that I need help and head back out to the rest. I stop just outside the door because a guy is standing in the hallway. He reminds me of poor Malcolm, but it is not him. He hasn't seen me yet, as he is looking at a picture on the wall. Well, staring is more like it.  
  
The guy has black hair, combed over too much, jeans, and a white shirt tugged into his pants and buttoned up to his chin. Then his hands reach down his pants, clearly to adjust things down there. Surprised I look to the picture he is staring at, and recognize it instantly, it is a picture of me at prom. I hadn't seen that Caroline had put it up here, but I know it well. It is hanging on the wall back home too. His hands are still in his pants, doing a little more than readjusting now.  
  
"I see you like me, or well my picture." I startle the guy his hands flying up, and he spins around to face me. Staring dumbly at me, then glance back to the picture, then back to me. The shock of me standing there overpowering his embarrassment.  
  
"It is you isn't it?"  
  
I nod, giving him the coldest stare I can muster. "So just what were you doing out here, staring at my picture?", I query looking between him and his crotch.  
  
"No no no it is not like that; I'm just; you know readjusting things as guys do. Waiting for the bathroom."  
  
I chuckle, my picture made him hard, that is pathetic and a little cute, perhaps there is some potential to this. "Since you are just standing there, you can help me out," I turn my back to him and point to the zipper, "please zip me up."  
  
I can feel his hands tremble when he touches the zipper, slowly pulling it close. "Thank you," I step away and start walking past him back to the others, "and don't take too long in there!" The rush is exceptional this time, I am loving this.  
  
They are all on the balcony chatting, drinking beers, and Melvin is checking on the grill. The introductions are brief, there is Caroline's friend a short redhaired girl, Jessica, they know each other from work. Then there is Melvin's friend from college, and part of the same soccer team, Josh, who is 22. His little brother Jonathan and the guy from the hallway is my age. Caroline hands me a beer, saying she knows how strict Mum and Dad can be with this, and jokes that I might have a bit to learn. The confidence still surging through my body I ask if she doesn't have white wine instead? She is startled just for a moment, and then everybody laughs before she points me to the fridge. In the background, I can hear Josh saying something about that I am catching up quickly.  
  
For dinner, we move inside and I catch Jonathan looking at me several times, but he doesn't say much. Neither do I, the events of the day, and this newfound thrill still on my mind. Caroline, Melvin, Jessica, and Josh all seem to know each other from before and talk non-stop, with no time nor quietness for thinking. In the end, I seek refuge on the balcony, things are much better out here, the solitude a welcome change. Now on my second glass of white wine, I try to take it slow and learn how my body reacts to the buzz. I don't know if this is just a cheap bottle, but this is sour, there is some time before I learn to appreciate it.  
  
I hear the door open and close behind me, Jonathan perhaps, he has been very quiet all evening. A shared trait perhaps, more thinking less talking, that would be pleasant.  
  
"Uh, Kate, can I disturb you with just... I just wanted to say sorry for before." Bingo, that is him. I turn and smile,  
  
"Sure, but help me out here, what exactly are you saying sorry for?"  
  
"I mean... you know, the adjusting part," this is not going the way he intended.  
  
"Hmmm...," I pause making him sweat just a little longer, he is quiet almost frozen in place. "Okay, let me help you instead then. This is what I think happened, you can just nod if I am right. So you were out there in the hallway, staring at my prom photo, and because you can't control that little pecker in your pants, you started getting hard. How am I doing?"  
  
A single barely noticeable nod is all he can muster.  
  
"Okay so then I come out, and you want me to believe that you were just rearranging things. Sure you stopped when you heard me, the real question however seems to be: Would you have continued if I hadn't interrupted things? Would you have jerked it off right there in the hallway looking at my picture, is that it Jonathan?" What is happening to me! This is such a thrill!  
  
"No! No, I would never do that, sorry really Kate. I mean I would never do that, you know, thinking off you," he is rambling ahead now, trying to find some way out. He is making this all too easy.  
  
"So I am not hot enough, is that it Jonathan. You sure know how to flatter a girl," I can barely keep my face straight. Turning and looking back over my shoulder, I have to pretend to rearrange my hair not to give myself away.  
  
"No Kate, you are soo hot... beautiful I mean, really beautiful, I just wouldn't. You know I don't do... that." Now there is an obvious lie.  
  
I can't keep it up anymore, at first, it is just a smile that turns into a grin, then I lose it and start laughing. "I'm just teasing you, Jonathan! There is nothing to be sorry for you know, I might even be a little flattered you liked my photo that much." That makes him relax, he is smiling now, and he looks pretty cute when smiling, that shirt though; did his mother button it? I step closer, and he stiffens. My hands glide up and touch his shoulders, then in over his chest, I can feel his heart pounding, and then up to the top-bottom. With a snap it gives away, my hands slide down to pull his shirt out his pants. A few tugs and the change is complete, as I step back his shoulders relax and he releases his breath.  
  
"Much better. Now, why don't you get me something cold to drink? I'm still struggling a little getting used to this," handing him my half-empty glass of wine. He hurries off without a word and is off towards the kitchen.  
  
Leaning on the balcony fence, I look out to the sea again, the noise from the traffic still fills the air. I can see the sea and just a hint of the USS Midway on my right. The breeze coming in is making the evening cool and pleasant. The air plays with my hair and under my dress, my eyes close and I try to hold on to the sensation. The air wind sweeping up under my dress and grazing my legs, how would this have felt without panties on? Can I? It would take just two seconds to pull them down, the excitement building in me, my hands are moving under my dress when I hear the down behind. My hands quickly snap back in front of me, as I try to casually smooth the dress before turning to face Jonathan.  
  
Jonathan and I sip on the drinks, lemonade with ice, and we sit and chat. All the usual stuff, college plans, frustrations of living in a small town, the rush of moving away from home. Maybe it is because he is still nervous, but he is quite the chatterbox and he keeps looking down on the balcony floor instead of up at me.  
  
At first, his talking fast about a nerdy little project he has going on, he saw this screaming robot vacuum cleaner video online, and now he is secretly trying to make his parents' robot scream and swear whenever it hits a wall. Then he grows quiet contemplating something.  
  
"One of my friends is trying this long-distance relationship, now that he is moving away. It sounds very difficult." I don't answer not knowing why he is saying that. "Have you had any problems like that?" I don't immediately understand, but then it strikes me, he is asking the boyfriend question.  
  
"You want to ask if I have a boyfriend," I state, "you must be smitten with me."  
  
Of course, he is blushing now, and squirming a bit in his seat. His eye looks down again, but this time I follow where he looks. Oh, so that is it! I have been dangling my feet in front of him without knowing. I just thought he was nervous, but he is staring at my feet. That little pervert! I stretch and bend my left foot for a little extra effect, and he immediately takes a deep breath and shifts in his chair.  
  
"Do you need to readjust something again?", I can't help it, he is so cute when he struggles to keep calm and fails. He sits up straight, eyes flashing back up to meet mine and he tries to formulate an answer.  
  
"I... " pausing and thinking, then resigning to being honest and nods "yeah I kinda do."  
  
"You like looking at my feet and legs Jonathan?", his full attention on me now. Again a nod.  
  
"You like me teasing you? Like with the dress in the hallway?", more nodding.  
  
I uncross and recross my legs carefully, not showing anything. "I love it Kate, please don't stop. I will do anything, just let me have a chance."  
  
My finger rests across my mouth signaling him to be quiet. I'm doing my best to keep a neutral expression, but my heart is beating fast and my palms are getting sweaty. "Really? Anything? I don't really need anything," I can see the disappointment in his face, "but here type in your number, you know if I need anything," will full emphasis on that last word. I hand him my phone which he nearly drops fumbling to type in his digits. The situation in his pants is very clearly on display now.  
  
"Now Jonathan, I will let you and your little situation there cool down; come join us when you have it under control again."  
  
With that, I leave Jonathan and join my brother and sister inside again. For the rest of the evening, I try to make a point of not talking directly to him, but I catch him staring at feet a few times, not sure if I am dangling them on purpose or not. I have already decided that I am going to text him, not tomorrow of course, but in a few days. The question that beckons is now: What to write?