**Kellie Treats a Family Friend**

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I hadn't really fooled around with guys too much back when I was twenty. I was enrolled in college, but I commuted from home, so I never had any wild dorm night experiences. Thinking back to those days, there is one experience that I often think about when I am touching myself, and it really turns me on to think back to that night.  
  
When I was twenty, my younger brother was 18, as were most of his friends. We didn't really run with the same crowd, so the only friends of his that I knew were the ones who hung out at our house, most of which I had known since we were kids. My brother's friend Adam was one of those guys. I must have known Adam since he was 10 years old, and I knew he always had a crush on me. As we grew older, I started showing curves, and by the time I was twenty, I was 5'5, about 120 pounds, with c-cup breasts and a tight young body. My blond hair was long at that time, but whenever I happened to see Adam, it was usually in a pony tail because I was just hanging out at the house.  
  
Adam had never really changed, and at 18, he was still chubby, zit prone and awkward with girls. However, he was the sweetest guy I knew, and I always hoped he'd get in shape or clean himself up so he would have some luck with the ladies. I know that he was quite shy, and that I was one of the few girls he was able to talk to, just because we'd known each other forever. He always came to me with questions about how to impress girls, how to talk to girls, basically anything related to girls. He never asked me any sexual questions, but as my body ripened, I could tell he was becoming more nervous around me, and that his eyes were lingering on certain parts of my body.  
  
Even back then I guess I was a bit of an exhibitionist. Not that I ever outright flashed or anything, but I also never made a move to get dressed when Adam was over. So if he happened to be coming upstairs as I was exiting the bathroom after a shower, I never rushed to my bedroom. The way our stairs were located, he could see my ass (and probably my pussy) each time this happened. I also never changed from pajamas just because he happened to come over on a weekend morning. So, during my twentieth year, I am positive he saw my pussy and ass, and he must have seen at least my nipples when I leaned over in my nightshirt.  
  
Adam was a gentleman though, and he never really pushed the issue. One time, he was coming up the stairs right after I had just finished a long hot shower, so my skin was especially pink and soft. I had taken such a long shower because I was shaving my pussy, leaving just a little strip, but making sure it was completely bald otherwise, so my lips were totally bare. I did have boyfriend at the time, and loved me to keep it shaved, so I was always touching it up. This day however, I had really shaved myself clean, and my pretty pink pussy was wet just from all the attention. Of course, this day also happened to be laundry day, so my mother had taken all of the towels from the bathroom save for a tiny older towel that barely reached from my boobs to my crotch.   
  
Thinking oh well, I need to get dressed, I wrapped the towel around my body, but my entire ass and at least the bottom half of my slit was clearly exposed. I had a handful of clothes, and as I came out of the bathroom and turned towards my room, Adam came up the stairs. As he came up under me, I dropped my clothes, and bent down to pick them up. Forgetting the length of my towel, I stayed stooped over grabbing panties, bra and shirt as my pussy hovered inches from his face. Had I been paying attention, I probably would have felt his breath on my softest parts, he was that close. As soon as I saw how close he was jumped and ran into my room.  
  
Once I got to my room Adam knocked on my door (supposedly to apologize, but probably to get another peek), but I was already on my bed when he knocked, so I didn't open the door. Just knowing he had seen my pussy, spread open, pink and so warm from the shower made me pulse with excitement. His voice through my door seemed so plaintive and horny that my pussy began to drip with wetness. I couldn't really respond to him so I just uttered "It's okay. Just forget about it." While I said this my fingers were slipping between my lips and sliding my pussy open. My clit was so engorged it was pressing through the folds of skin above it, and my fingers were like electricity as they rubbed my soft little button. I could see Adam's feet at the bottom of the door, and knowing he might hear me drove me even wilder. I began sliding my fingers into my pussy and rubbing it from the inside out. As I was still living at home back then, I had no toys, so I grabbed a hairbrush from my nightstand and pushed it into my hole until my lips opened up and swallowed the handle. Faster and faster I slid it in, until I began to moan softly, and I saw Adam's feet begin to rock under the door. I kept going until I came several times and then slowly curled up on top of my towel as my body relaxed.  
  
"Bye Adam." I panted as I drifted off to sleep.  
  
I didn't run into Adam for another month or so, and the next time I saw him he was sleeping over our house. My parents were gone for the weekend, and my brother and Adam had plans to drink and party at the house. My boyfriend was out of town until Sunday, so Friday and Saturday night I had nothing to do. Friday was uneventful, my brother and Adam went out for most of the night and I only saw them in passing the next morning. Of course, I ran into Adam as I came out of the bathroom (I have a feeling he used to listen to the water and come upstairs whenever I finished my shower...). I was feeling naughty, and I had just shaved myself bare, so I made sure to give him a quick peek as I walked to my room.  
  
That night we crossed a line. Being broke from the night before, my brother and Adam decided to stay in on Saturday. I had planned to watch movies in and curl up on the couch, but with only one good TV, we all ended up watching movies together. Around 11:30, my brother started nodding off, and by midnight he gave up and went upstairs to sleep. Adam and I were left alone on the couch. As I had planned on being alone, I was wearing just my nightshirt, and a pair of panties.  
  
Adam was having trouble paying attention to the TV, and he kept glancing at the blanket hoping I would move or shift so he could see something. It was warm, and I soon slid on top of the blanket. Of course, Adam was now only a few feet from my curled up form.   
  
"Do you mind if I stretch my legs out?" I asked.  
  
He nodded in return and I unwound my long legs and laid them across his lap. Almost instantly, he froze. Not sure what to do, he kept his hands down, and tried to watch TV like nothing was happening. My shirt had slid up, exposing most of my thighs and from his angle, he could likely see my panties pressed against my lips. Realizing this, and feeling him under my legs, I began to get hot, and my pussy began to soak the thin fabric. Within minutes, the panties were see through and Adam could simply stare at my pussy.   
  
I soon felt his cock hardening in his pajama bottoms. Without heavy fabric to cover it, it was obvious he was getting an erection. With my legs on top of it, he knew he couldn't hide it. Adam had never touched a girl, or seen any parts of a girl (other than my pussy, ass, and tits!), and his large body began to perspire. I could tell he was afraid and didn't know what to do.  
  
"It's natural you know." I told him.  
  
"Wha-What?" He stammered.  
  
"That." I said, as I lifted my foot and pressed it into his crotch. His cock was bigger than I expected, and I could feel at least 7 inches of hard young meat pressing back on my foot. He struggled through an apology, but a sat up and put my fingers over his lips.  
  
"You liked listening to me that time, didn't you." I asked.  
  
"Yes." He replied, sheepishly.  
  
"Do you ever touch yourself?" I asked him. Knowing the answer, I reached for his waistband. "Show me."  
  
As I pulled down his pajama bottoms, his thick, uncircumcised cock sprung out. I could feel it burning as it brushed my hand.  
  
"Show me." I commanded again.  
  
He grasped his shaft and pulled back the skin covering his head. I had never seen an uncircumcised penis before (I'd only seen two circumcised ones at that age) and it was amazing the way he slid the skin up and down and the way his cock-head sprung in and out as he jerked off. I sat back and placed my legs on his thighs, and slowly spread my legs for him. I pulled my panties to the side and wet him stare at my tight pink slit.  
  
Worried that he'd cum too quickly, I asked if I could try something. He froze, and I pulled his hand away as I laid my head in his lap. His belly pushed my head forward, but with his large cock I was able to pull it into my mouth. All the extra skin felt funny, and I could barely breathe as I began sucking and licking its length. Adam soon got into it, and I felt his hand grab my ass and his finger slide inside my pussy. His excitement, combined with his inexperience, led to the next two fingers being jammed roughly in my little tight asshole. It felt good, his roughness, and I attacked his shaft with more energy.  
  
Soon, I could feel him losing control. He grabbed my pussy and asshole as if he were trying to lift me up like a bowling ball. At the same time, he jammed his cock deep into my throat, choking me, and causing me to gag. His thick load, which had built up for what seemed like years, filled my entire mouth. Between his cock and his cum, I looked like a dying chipmunk. I tried my best, but couldn't keep that warm sticky mess in my mouth and coughed out his whole load all over his cock. His legs pulled together, and the pool of cum sat between his thighs, with his cock floating in a soup of cum and saliva.   
  
Knowing this was his first time, and feeling like he should have the best experience possible, I leaned back over and began licking up the cum, swallowing the strings and stickiness in gulps. Soon it was all gone, except for a thin glaze coating his cock. I began to lick it and slid my tongue into every crack and crevice, even under his foreskin, so I could lick him clean. Of course, as any teenage male with his cock in a girl's mouth, he soon grabbed my head again and jammed it deep as he came once more. This time i was ready for it and swallowed it every drop. I could feel the hot creamy load as it slid down my throat, and covered my entire mouth.   
  
I rested my head on his lap and felt his cock laying against my ear. He was still fingering my pussy and ass, but he had had enough and soon we both fell asleep on the couch, with his hand still in my holes.  
  
I woke up with a start around 8 am. My boyfriend was at the door, and I hadn't had time to shower or brush my teeth. I ran some water through my hair to clean off the cum, but that was all I had time for. I ran to the door and greeted my boyfriend. Of course, the first thing he wanted was a big kiss, which I gave him.  
  
My teeth and tongue still tasted of Adam's cum, but my boyfriend didn't even notice. To make sure, I took him to my room and let him have me any way he wanted, but that is a story for another time.