**Kevin and his Roommates**

by[smalltitslovr](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1873311&page=submissions)©

My boyfriend, Kevin, and I had been going out for about six months. Everything was going great, and we were talking about moving in together after college. But when the pipes burst in my rental house, it gave Kevin and I the chance to try it out earlier than expected.  
  
Kevin and I talked about it for a while, and he seemed reluctant. He lived with 3 other guys, Shawn, Matt, and Jeff. He wasn't sure I'd be comfortable living with them, and he said his roommates were hesitant to let me stay with them. After a bunch of discussion between Kevin and I, and Kevin and his roommates, we all decided to try it. It was only going to be a few weeks, and then the repairs on my house would be complete, and I could move back.  
  
So, I packed up my stuff, and moved into their place. At first, I didn't feel welcome. None of the guys would talk to me, and so I kept to myself, spending most of my time in Kevin's room. Most of the time, I'd work on schoolwork and whatnot. A couple times, when nobody was home, I'd pull one of my toys out, and have some fun. But I didn't spend much time with Kevin or his friends.  
  
After a couple days of that, Kevin and I had a talk, and he convinced me to try and be a little more sociable, and try and be friends with the guys. The words that stuck with me were "just act like you do around your own house, and don't feel like you are a guest." I was definitely feeling a bit lonely, cooped up in the room, so I agreed to it.   
  
The next day was Saturday. I woke up, excited to start the day. I sifted through the clothes I had brought. Most of them were dirty, since I hadn't done any laundry since I arrived. Kevin told me to act like I did around my house, so I decided to wear a pair of comfy, pink gym shorts, and a cut-off t-shirt. I took a quick look in the mirror and made sure the cutoff wasn't too revealing. It was a little more risque than I would have normally worn around the guys, but definitely something I would wear at home, so I decided it was fine.  
  
After taking a shower, and brushing my teeth, I was ready to start the day. I stuffed all my laundry into a bag, and started carrying it towards the laundry room. The guys were sitting in the living room, watching some baseball. As soon as I entered, I noticed I had Shawn's attention, and he seemed to like what he saw. Before long, the other guys noticed, too, and I had 8 pairs of male eyes glued to my body.  
  
"Hi guys!" I said cheerfully, flipping some hair out of my face. "I'm doing some laundry, if you need anything washed, just bring it down and I'll do it while I do mine."  
  
I was tired of lugging the heavy bag of clothes, so I decided to kick it the rest of the way, down a flight of stairs. Then I followed down after it. I was loading my laundry into the washing machine, when I heard footsteps coming down the stairs. It was Shawn. He was carrying some laundry to add to the wash.  
  
"Hey Shawn," I greeted him with a smile. "Got some laundry to wash?"  
  
"Yep," he smiled. He dropped his laundry in the pile with mine, and then started helping me load it into the washer. I was happy to have his help. After loading it all, we tried starting the machine. It gave us a bit of trouble, but Shawn knew the trick to it, and so we had it going without much difficulty. I thanked Shawn for helping me.  
  
"Oh, no problem," he said, smiling. He looked down at my chest. It didn't really surprise me. He had been stealing glances at my body the whole time we loaded the laundry. I couldn't really blame him. My tits were practically popping out of my shirt. "Did you know you have some toothpaste on your shirt?"  
  
I looked down, and said "Really? I don't see anything."  
  
"It's right there," he said, and poked my boob, right above my nipple.  
  
I looked closer, and there was indeed a tiny spec of toothpaste. I shrugged, "Oh well. No big deal. It'll wash off the next time I do laundry."  
  
He frowned at that. "Well, you're doing laundry right now. Why not add it to the wash?" He leaned over and pressed the button to pause the wash, and opened it up.  
  
I thought about it a moment, then replied, "Nah. I'll just wait until next time."  
  
"Why? You should just go topless," he said, smoothly, with a smile.  
  
I was shocked at his suggestion. "What?! I can't just take my top off. You'd be able to see my boobs!"  
  
"So?" he replied, nonchalantly. "It's just skin. It's not like I've never seen breasts before. Besides, during my trip to Europe, I found out how prudish Americans are. Did you know ladies in Europe go topless about as much as men?"  
  
"Really?" I asked. "I've never heard that before." I thought about it for a moment, and realized he was right. They were just boobs. I mean, men have nipples, and it's perfectly normal for them to be shown off. Why couldn't I show off mine? "Alright, I guess you're right."  
  
I took a breath, and in one smooth motion, I slipped my shirt over my head and tossed it into the washing machine. Shawn closed the lid before looking back at my chest. "See, doesn't that feel better? You have excellent tits, by the way."  
  
I looked down at them. "They are nice, aren't they?"  
  
"Yep," Shawn replied, with a smile. "Now, wait here. I'm gonna see if Matt has any clothes to be washed." He walked back up the stairs, and a few minutes later, he returned, with Matt following closely behind. When Matt spotted me standing there, topless, he was stunned.  
  
"See, I told you," Shawn said.  
  
"Wow, Elise," Matt said. "Looking good."  
  
I smiled, "Thank you. Shawn pointed out a stain on my shirt, and then convinced me to take it off."  
  
Matt didn't take his eyes off my chest as he said, "yea, we wouldn't want those stains to stay for too long."  
  
Shawn went on to tell me more about his trip to Europe. I leaned back against the washing machine, and listened to his story. A few minutes later, I saw Kevin at the top of the stairs.  
  
"Hi babe!" I smiled and waved. "The machine wouldn't start at first, but we figured it out."  
  
He asked about my lack of clothing, and I told him about the stain, and Shawn's trip to Europe. Kevin didn't seem convinced. I asked him to grab me a shirt from our room, and he left. Shawn and Matt enjoyed the moment, and didn't take their eyes off my chest until Kevin got back. Kevin threw me the shirt and I pulled it on.  
  
A bit later, Kevin and I got a moment alone, and he wanted to talk about what happened. I felt a bit uncomfortable. I've had past boyfriends that were the jealous type, and I really didn't want Kevin to be another one. So, I assured him that it was no big deal. He didn't quite seem convinced, but he didn't argue the point further.  
  
We went about the rest of the day as normal. Shawn and Matt were definitely warming up to me. They made a lot of jokes, and I felt much more welcome. By the end of the day, I really felt we were becoming good friends. But, just to seal the deal, I decided to make the guys dinner. We ate in the living room, and they all really enjoyed it, and complimented my cooking, which made me feel even better.  
  
I finished my meal first and returned to the kitchen to clean up. A few minutes later, Shawn came in, with the rest of the dishes.  
  
"Hey Elise," he said, dropping the dishes in the sink. "Thanks for earlier. I may have seen plenty of boobs before, but I have to say, yours are definitely my favorite."  
  
I blushed, "Thanks, Shawn. I'm glad you like them."  
  
He turned and started to leave, but then turned back. "Um." He looked back towards the living room, I guess to make sure Kevin wasn't coming or something, before saying, "Can I see them again?" He smiled.  
  
I slapped his arm playfully, pretending to be resistant, but deep down, I knew I really wanted to show them to him again. So, I grabbed the bottom of my shirt, and lifted it up, flashing him for a few seconds, before pulling it back down.  
  
"Thanks, Elise" he said, smiling. "You're the best. Do you want any help with the dishes?"  
  
"Nah," I replied. "I've got it."  
  
He turned and left, while saying, "Well, we're gonna start a movie now. Come join us when you're done."  
  
"Alright, will do." I called after him.  
  
About ten minutes later, I came into the living room and sat on the couch next to Kevin. Before long, Kevin was out like a light. About half way through the movie, I had to go to the bathroom. On the way back, I met Matt in the hallway. I half-expected what he was about to ask.  
  
"So," he whispered, with a smile. "I heard you flashed Shawn again. I think it's only fair I get another look, too."  
  
I sighed and smiled. "Alright, fine," I whispered back. I grabbed the bottom of my shirt, and lifted it, just like I did for Shawn. Then I pulled it back down. "Happy?"  
  
He smiled, but said, "Yep. They're great. But I prefer home-grown."  
  
I was shocked at what he was suggesting. "What's that supposed to mean?"  
  
"I mean, don't get me wrong. All tits are great. I'm just not a fan of silicone," He turned to walk away.  
  
I stopped him, and said, with a little anger in my voice, "My tits are not fake!"  
  
"Suuure, they're not," he said, clearly still not believing. "Whatever you say, Elise."  
  
"I'm serious." They were not fake, and I wanted to prove it to him. So, I pulled my shirt back up, grabbed them, and shook them a bit. "Fake tits don't jiggle like this."  
  
He watched me shake my tits, but he still seemed like he wasn't sure. "Hmm. I'm not convinced. Hold on, let me go get Shawn."  
  
He departed and returned with Shawn right behind him. "Elise says her tits are real. I don't believe her. What do you think?"  
  
I really wanted to show them how much they jiggled, so I let go of them, and jumped up and down a few times, letting them bounce freely. The guys watched, definitely enjoying the sight, but when I stopped, Shawn said, "Well, that was certainly nice to watch, but I'm still not convinced. I've seen plenty of fake tits that bounce like that. There's really only one way to tell fake tits from real ones."  
  
"Oh? What's that?" I asked, already knowing what he was about to suggest.  
  
"Well, feeling them of course," he said, with a slight smirk.  
  
I smiled. I was right. "Alright, fine. Feel them. I swear they are real."  
  
I held my shirt up, out of the way, offering my tits to the two guys. Shawn stepped forward first, gently grabbing my right boob with one hand. He gently squeezed it a few times, before taking the other one in his other hand, and doing the same.  
  
"Hmm," he said, looking at them as he continued squeezing them. "They do feel pretty real, but I'm still not quite sure. Matt, what do you think?" He stepped back, and offered my tits to Matt.  
  
Matt stepped forward, and took Shawn's place in front of me. He wasn't as gentle as Shawn. He immediately grabbed both tits in his hands, and squeezed pretty hard. It wasn't painful or anything, just a much stronger grasp. After a few squeezes, he pinched both my nipples (which caused me to let out a small yelp), then stepped back.  
  
"Ouch!" I replied, rubbing my nipples, before pulling my shirt back down over my breasts. "That hurt!"  
  
Matt smiled and said, "I'm sorry. They were sticking out. It looked like they really wanted to be pinched. Anyhow, I believe you, Elise. I think they're real."  
  
I smiled. Shawn shook his head. "No way. I don't think so. How about this. We'll ask Jeff. If he thinks they're real, I'll admit that I was wrong."  
  
"Alright, deal," I said, and Shawn and I shook hands. "But we can't wake Kevin up. If he sees, he wouldn't like this."  
  
Shawn agreed, and I followed the guys back to the living room, where Jeff and Kevin were. Kevin was still passed out on the couch, and Jeff was sitting in the recliner. Jeff looked up when he saw us walk in. Shawn walked over, and whispered something in his ear; probably asking if he would be okay doing this. He smiled, but shook his head. Shawn gave him a look, and Jeff rolled his eyes, and changed his response to a nod.   
  
Shawn gestured me over. I stood in front of Jeff, and leaned over, offering Jeff my tits, but Shawn shook his head at me. Then he made a gesture, showing me he wanted me to take my shirt off. I looked over at Kevin, to make sure he was still asleep, then turned back, grabbed my shirt, and pulled it over my head, and dropped it to the floor. Then I pushed my bare tits towards Jeff again. Shawn was behind me, and he gave me a small push on my butt, causing me to loose my balance. I caught it on the chair, but my tits were right in Jeff's face. I looked back at Shawn, and made a face like "that wasn't funny!" He gave me another hand motion, which I took to mean that he wanted me to get on top of Jeff. I looked over at Kevin again, to make sure that he was still asleep, then climbed on Jeff's lap, straddling him. Shawn smiled. He seemed content now.  
  
I looked down at Jeff. He didn't seem very pleased with what was going on. I could tell he felt uncomfortable. Probably something about his best friend's girlfriend straddling him topless, while his friend slept on a nearby couch.  
  
Shawn wanted to make sure Jeff had a very good look, so he put his hands on my bare back, and pushed me forward a bit. I put my hands on Jeff's shoulders to keep my balance, and I felt his breath glide across my bare skin, inches from his face.  
  
Then, Shawn whispered in my ear, "Hop up and down a bit. Show Jeff your tits are real."  
  
I did as Shawn said, hopping up and down, making my tits bounce. On about the third hop, I felt Jeff's hard cock poke my inner thigh, through his tented shorts. I could even feel a bit of pre-cum seeping through.  
  
Then, Shawn whispered in Jeff's ear again, and Jeff shook his head hard. After a stern look from Shawn, he relented, and lifted his hands up, grabbing my tits gently. He moved them around a bit, and it felt really good. I could feel myself getting quite wet at this point. I just hoped Jeff wouldn't notice.  
  
Then I heard the buzzer for the dryer. It caused Kevin to stir a little. I quickly climbed off of Jeff, but Kevin didn't wake up. I walked down the stairs to the washing machine. I put the clothes in a basket, and took them back to my room. A moment later, Shawn and Matt joined me, with my shirt. I'd completely forgot that I was still topless!  
  
Shawn handed me my shirt, and said, "Well, that was a lot of fun."  
  
I was still quite hot from being so close to Jeff, and Shawn and Matt had seen plenty of my tits, so I put the shirt on the bed, and continued putting my laundry away.  
  
I didn't want to talk to Shawn, after all he said to me. He could tell I was upset with him, so he said, "I'm sorry Elise. I believe that your tits are real. In fact, I knew it from the very beginning."  
  
I was confused, "wait, then why did you make me do all those things?"  
  
He smiled, "Well. To be honest, we all find you very attractive, Elise. We just wanted to have some fun."  
  
Matt nodded, and said, "Yea. We didn't mean to hurt your feelings."  
  
I sat down, and scowled for a moment. Shawn sat next to me, and put his arm around my shoulder. "Can you forgive us?"  
  
I sighed and smiled at him. "I guess so," I said, and without thinking, put my arms out and gave him a hug. I felt my bare breasts press into his chest as he hugged me back, with his hands on my upper back.  
  
After a moment, he released me. Matt frowned and said, "Hey, do I get one?"  
  
I smiled at him too. "Alright, come here" I stood, and gave him a hug too. He was a little more daring, and put his hands on my lower back, but still wasn't really crossing any boundaries. Then we released, and I continued putting my clothes away.  
  
Shawn and Matt turned to the basket, and started grabbing their clothes. I turned to my closet to put a shirt away, and when I turned back, I saw Matt holding some fabric up.  
  
"Are these yours, Elise?" he said, examining them. They were a very plain pair of white panties. "Very conservative."  
  
I snatched them from him, and said, "Yes, those are mine! They're comfy."  
  
Shawn smirked, and said, "Yea. I guess I just thought you were a different kind of girl."  
  
I folded the panties and put them in my underwear drawer, while I asked "A different kind of girl?"  
  
"Well," he said, pretending to hesitate a moment, but I didn't really buy it. "From all the skin you've showed us already, I just thought you like showing off, so I figured you would have thongs and other sexy underwear."  
  
I didn't know if I agreed with what he said about me showing off, but I definitely didn't want him to think I was a prude or anything, so I said, "I do wear sexy underwear! Just not all the time."  
  
He smiled, and said, "Come on Elise. You don't have to lie to us. I understand if all you have is granny panties."  
  
Now I was back in the mode of proving him wrong, like earlier. So, I decided to show him. "I do wear sexy underwear. In fact, I'm wearing them right now." I turned around, bent forward a bit, and pulled down the back of my pink shorts, flashing the guys the red thong I had on underneath. Then I stood back up, and turned around. "See?"  
  
They both had a huge grin on their face. That's when I realized they had manipulated me again. "Oh my god! You guys just said that so I'd show you my underwear, didn't you?!"  
  
They both laughed, and Shawn said, "Well, to be completely honest, yes. Like I said earlier, we find you attractive."  
  
I didn't really like that they tricked me, but I did like that they found me attractive. But, I decided that was enough fun for the night. "Alright guys. You've had your fun. I think it's time to go back to the living room. The movie is almost over, and I don't want Kevin getting the wrong idea."  
  
They seemed a little disappointed at that, but they didn't protest. I pulled my shirt back on, they grabbed their clothes, and we all left the bedroom.  
  
Matt went to his room, and Shawn stopped to talk to me for a moment. "Hey, Elise," he said. "I don't think I've got your number yet."  
  
"Oh. Yea, I guess not. Give me your phone. I'll put it in there." He handed it to me, and I put it in. Then he continued to his room. I was still hungry, so I decided to make some popcorn before returning to my spot at Kevin's feet. Shawn and Matt were seated in their spots. The timing was perfect. I sat down, and a couple minutes later, Kevin woke up and we finished the movie.  
  
"Damn, looks like I missed everything," He mumbled as he woke.  
  
Matt and Shawn laughed, "You snooze you lose."  
  
I looked up at him as he woke up. "Come on sleepy head, let's go to bed."  
  
We went to the bedroom. I was still a little wet from straddling Jeff, and I really wanted to show Kevin that I was his girl, so I started making out with him. He knew what I was wanting, and he wanted it too, so it only took a few seconds from the time the door closed, to get me naked, on the bed, legs spread wide, with Kevin's cock inside me. And it was only a few minutes more until he pushed me over the edge. I came hard. I might have been a little loud, but I wanted Shawn, Matt, and Jeff to know that at the end of the night, I was with Kevin, and that's all that mattered. Soon after I came, I felt Kevin's warm cum fill me up.  
  
We spooned for a while, and I was thinking about the day. At the start of it, I was convinced Kevin's roommates didn't like me. By the end, I felt much better, and I think they did too.

"I'm really happy that your roommates seem to like me," I told Kevin.  
  
Kevin didn't say anything. I couldn't help but think about my time on Jeff again. I knew he didn't want to betray Kevin, but I could tell, deep inside, he liked me being on top of him. And I had to admit that I did too.  
  
I couldn't believe how much Shawn and Matt liked my tits. I had heard most guys were like that, but I had a bit of a sheltered childhood, so I hadn't really noticed any of that. For some reason, I found it very funny that they were so mesmerized by a little bit of skin. I found myself laughing.  
  
Kevin noticed, and asked, "What are you laughing about?"  
  
"You're roommates are so funny," I said, "You'd think they'd be tired of looking at my boobs after a few times, but they never seem to be."  
  
He was almost asleep before I said that, but my answer seemed to wake him up.  
  
"A few times?" He asked.  
  
I told him most of what happened while he was asleep. I left out a few details, partly because I didn't think they were very important, but also I didn't know how Kevin would react.  
  
By the end, I think we were on the same page about it all being harmless fun. In fact, Shawn and Matt's games were making me feel part of the group, so I kind of liked it.  
  
"It's really fun being one of the guys, you must have a blast living here!" I exclaimed.  
  
"Yeah, it's a non-stop ride," he mumbled.  
  
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When I woke up, Kevin was already gone. I knew the rest of the guys would be out today, so Kevin and I would have the place to ourselves.  
  
I got up, and went to the bathroom. I was still naked from the night before, but I figured the guys were probably already gone, so it wasn't a problem. I hopped straight into the shower. When I got out, I dried off, and went back into Kevin's bedroom to grab some clothes, but before I got to the dresser, I noticed a light blinking on my phone, so I looked at it.  
  
It was a group text from Shawn, with Matt on it too. "Hey Elise. I wanted to apologize again for last night. Matt and I were out of line, and we shouldn't have tricked you like that."  
  
I texted back, "It's alright. No harm, no foul. To be completely honest, I kind of liked the attention."  
  
I went to the dresser to get something to wear. Normally, on a day when I'm just lounging, I'd wear a comfy pair of panties underneath, but after what the guys said last night, I decided on a small, off-white pair instead. I pulled them on, and saw another text come in.  
  
It was from Matt this time, "Oh yea? Well, we liked it too. I actually thought of an idea last night before I fell asleep. I know you can't flash us all the time, so what if you sent us a picture instead? Then we wouldn't bug you about it as much."  
  
I thought about it. One picture couldn't hurt. So, I went back to the bathroom, and took a picture of my chest in the mirror. I wanted to make sure they got a good look, so they wouldn't ask again, so I framed the picture right around my tits. I sent it to them, with the text, "Hmm. I guess that makes sense. Here you go."  
  
I went back to the bedroom and pulled on one of Kevin's shirts, then headed out to the living room. I sat on the couch next to Kevin, with my bare legs stretched across his lap.  
  
"Ahh," I sighed as I stretched, "so nice having the place to ourselves."  
  
After a few minutes, my phone beeped. It was Shawn. He said, "Wow, great picture! Almost too great. Your face isn't in the picture. Did you get this from the internet?"  
  
I smiled, and texted back, "No, that's my chest, silly. Why would I send you a picture of someone else's chest?"  
  
A couple minutes later, he texted back, "I don't know. But I don't think these are the tits I'm looking for."  
  
I laughed at the Star Wars reference, "lol. Well, they are. Would you like another picture to prove it?"  
  
He texted back again, "Yep. If you include your face, I'll believe it."  
  
I smiled and told Kevin I'd be right back. I got up and went to the bathroom, and pulled my shirt off. I took a new picture, making sure to include a lot more of me this time. I framed it from above my head down to my belly button. I sent it, saying, "Here you go. That's me, in just my panties. Believe me now?"  
  
I pulled my shirt on, returned to the living room, and sat down. A minute later, Shawn replied, "Wow! Yep, I believe that's you now. But, I don't believe that you're wearing panties. I think after everything we saw last night, there's no way you're wearing anything more than your birthday suit."  
  
I laughed, and got up again. I went back to the bathroom, took my shirt back off, and took another picture. This time, it was little awkward, because the mirror in the bathroom was pretty small. I had to climb up onto the edge of the tub to get my panties and my face in the picture. I took it, and sent it, with the text, "I'm not that crazy!"  
  
I went back to the living room and sat down again. A few seconds later, Matt texted back, "Wow. I'm genuinely surprised. What kind of panties are those? A thong?"  
  
I smiled again, and started to get up. But Kevin stopped me this time, and asked what I was doing.  
  
"You're roommates are so funny," I replied, "They keep asking me for topless pictures."  
  
"Huh?" he said, surprised.  
  
"Shawn and Matt. They want more pictures," I said.  
  
"More?!" he said, with a bit of outrage in his voice. "What did you send them?"  
  
I didn't understand what he was upset about. "Just a couple pics. I thought it was a good idea and that you wouldn't mind. If they have pictures they won't need to ask me to show them my boobs again. Why are you upset?"  
  
"Well, first," he said, then paused. He figured out his words, and continued, "I'm your boyfriend and you don't even send me pictures."  
  
"Oh!" I said, realizing what was wrong. "I'm sorry, I never thought of that. Here you go."  
  
I sent him the three pictures, and heard his phone beep in the other room.  
  
"So you're okay now?" I asked, smiling.  
  
"No," he stammered, "you're sending nude pictures to other guys!"  
  
I rolled my eyes, "They're not nude. Just some boob pics. I thought we agreed that seeing my boobs was no big deal. How is this different?"  
  
He rubbed his head, and said "Show me the pictures."  
  
I sat down beside him and opened my photo gallery. "These three," I said, bringing them up. He looked at the first one, then swiped to the second one. He gave me a questioning look, so I explained, "I needed to send the second one because the guys said without my face they could be anyone's boobs."  
  
He swiped to the third, and asked, "Why are you doing that?"  
  
I shrugged, "They teased me about that pic too. They wanted a full body shot. Apparently they didn't believe I was wearing underwear."  
  
He handed the phone back to me. He seemed satisfied that what I did was okay, but he said, "Please don't send them any more boob pics."  
  
"Oh, okay," I replied happily and sat back down.  
  
A couple minutes later my phone beeped again. I read the message. It was from Matt. It said, "I was looking at that first one again. Do you have a birth mark under your left breast? I can't really tell."  
  
I looked up at Kevin. He wanted to know what the text was. I said, "They want another boob pic."  
  
He shook his head, "No."  
  
I texted back, "Not right now. Kevin says I can't send you any more boob pics."  
  
A few seconds later, another text from Shawn: "Well, Kevin is a big poop. 💩" I immediately burst out laughing. I told Kevin about the text, but I couldn't keep myself from laughing. That emoji always gets to me.  
  
I finally pulled myself together, and Kevin said he was going to go take a shower. As soon as he left, I got another text from Matt: "So, no boob pics. What about some butt pics? I still want to know if that's a thong."  
  
I smiled and shook my head at their persistence. I thought about it for a minute. Kevin did only say no boob pics. And butt pics aren't even as bad. Everyone has them, and they even show them on TV sometimes. So, I decided it'd be alright.  
  
Kevin was using the bathroom for his shower, so I decided to use the mirror in his room. I went over to it, and angled it so I could see my lower half. I pulled my shirt up above my butt, and snapped the pic and sent it.  
  
Matt replied, "I can't really see. Is that a thong or not?"  
  
I looked back at it, and realized it was a little hard to see my panties from that far. So I grabbed the mirror from the dresser, and put it on the floor. I got on my knees and elbows, with my butt facing the mirror, and snapped the picture over my shoulder and sent it.  
  
Shawn replied this time: "Wow, very sexy. You know, with those panties, it almost looks like you're not even wearing panties."  
  
I looked back at the picture, and saw what he was talking about. The panty color was kind of close to my skin color, so it blended in. I decided to reply with another picture. I got back on my knees, with my butt to the mirror again, but this time, I pulled my panties down to my knees. I wanted to show them that I was really wearing panties, so I showed them what I looked like without them, so they could compare. I snapped the picture and sent it.  
  
Matt replied first, "Wow, thanks Elise!" Shawn replied next, with the text "😮 Definitely the best pic so far!"  
  
I looked back at the pic, and realized that with my panties out of the way, and my body angled the way it was, my cheeks had opened and you could clearly see my butthole and my pussy!  
  
I immediately replied to them, "Oh my god, guys! I didn't even look at that pic before I sent it. Please delete it!"  
  
They both replied that they would, and I breathed a sigh of relief. I was having so much fun taking pictures. I wanted to take more. But I knew I couldn't send Shawn and Matt any more. So, I decided to take some for Kevin.  
  
My panties were still off, and I took my shirt off, so I was completely naked. I knelt back down in front of the mirror, facing it this time. I put one hand on my pussy, and took a picture with the other. Then I leaned back, and spread my legs wide, and snapped another picture. I took one more, squatting, with my legs wide, and spreading my lips apart. I sent all those to Kevin.  
  
Once they were sent, I stood up, and pulled my panties and shirt back on. I left the bedroom, and passed Kevin on the way to the living room. He had just gotten out of the shower, and had a towel wrapped around him.  
  
"Hey handsome, feeling better?" I said cheerfully as I walked by.  
  
I continued to the living room, and sat down. A moment later, Kevin scared the crap out of me. He was very upset, and came in, practically yelling, "Did you send them another boob pic?!"  
  
"No, of course not. You asked me not too," I replied, shocked. I said I wouldn't, and of course I wouldn't break his trust.  
  
"Why's my mirror on the floor?" He asked, calmer now.  
  
"They wanted a bum pic, and that's the only mirror I could find that would work," I replied quietly hoping he wouldn't explode again.  
  
He closed his eyes and took a deep breath. "Can you show me?" he asked hesitantly.  
  
I handed him my phone, and said, "These three. But I'm not sure why you're so upset. Seeing a bum isn't even as bad as seeing boobs. They even sometimes show bums on TV."  
  
He looked through the pictures and asked, "You didn't actually send that did you?"  
  
I felt my face blush. He had just seen the last one. "That one showed a lot more than I intended and I didn't realize it until I already sent it. But the guys said they'd delete it so don't worry. They're just pictures. No big deal right? Plus, I took a couple more special ones I sent just to you." I smiled at him. "Check your phone and tell me what you think."  
  
He went to the bedroom and picked up his phone. I followed him. I really enjoyed his reaction.   
  
"Oh my god," he said under his breath as he looked at them.  
  
I whispered in his ear, "I thought you'd like them. I wish I knew earlier how much you guys liked getting pictures." I reached down and grabbed his stiff cock. "It made me really excited taking the special one's for you too. Here, touch me and see."  
  
I grabbed his hand, and guided it to my pussy. He rubbed it a bit, and I felt myself drip all over his fingers. "Fuck me," I begged.  
  
He did. He stripped me out of my t-shirt and panties, and threw me on the bed, climbing on top of me. I might have gotten a little crazy with my noises. I was so turned on from the pictures I sent him (and the other guys). His cock felt amazing. Before I knew it, I was screaming his name, and cumming. He joined me a moment later, and I felt another giant load release inside me.  
  
"God I love you," I whispered when we were done. My throat hurt a little bit from screaming his name. "You're okay with the pictures right? You liked the ones I sent you?"   
  
"The ones you sent me were really hot," he said tiredly.  
  
I was very glad he said that. "I'm so happy you like them. I really liked taking them for you. Do you want me to take more? I can send you lots more," I said eagerly.  
  
"I'd really like that," he said.  
  
"I'm really sorry I upset you with the pictures to Shawn and Matt, I'll try to be more careful and not show so much. Can I send them more if I'm careful? We were just having some fun. They were just fun pictures. Shawn told me in Europe even some of the newspapers have topless women in them, so it's no big deal right?"  
  
He nodded slightly as he started to drift off. I leaned over and kissed him softly on the lips, and said "I'm really glad you know whatever I sent them was just in fun and didn't mean anything. You're the one I love."  
  
"I love you too," he said, barely audible.  
  
"We're okay then? No big deal?" I repeated softly.  
  
"Yeah," he mumbled just before falling asleep, "no big deal."  
  
I waited a moment, to make sure he was fast asleep. Then I slowly and quietly slipped out of the bed, and creeped down the hall to the bathroom, with my phone. I didn't bother getting dressed, because I didn't want to wake Kevin.  
  
Once I got to the bathroom, sat down on the edge of the tub. I wanted to show Shawn and Matt that I was Kevin's girl, so I opened my legs, and took a close-up shot of Kevin's cum leaking out of me. I sent it to them, with the text, "Alright guys. Kevin said I could send you more pictures, but I want to make it clear that I'm his. Got it?"  
  
A moment later, I got a reply from Matt: "That's great, Elise! Yes, we completely understand. I'm glad he agreed to it."  
  
Then I got one from Shawn: "So, are you taking requests?"  
  
I laughed, and replied, "I'm about to head to bed, but I guess I can take one more picture for you today."  
  
Shawn replied, "Awesome. I'd like to see a full body nude selfie."  
  
Before I could take the pic, Matt said, "One each, right? I'd like to see one with your legs spread, and one foot up on the tub."  
  
I took the two pictures, and sent them. "Alright guys, here you go. Now, Kevin wasn't too pleased with the picture of my pussy from earlier, but now that you've seen it, I don't see the harm in showing you again. But I want you to delete these once you've looked at them, and please don't tell Kevin about them. These are a one-time thing. Got it?"  
  
They both agreed, and I headed back to the bedroom. I climbed into bed, and snuggled up to Kevin, falling asleep.