**Krissy's Exposed Summer**

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**Krissy's Exposed Summer Ch. 01**

"Oh god!" Joe grunted as he ejaculated into Krissy Nguyen's mouth. Krissy kept on stroking the shaft of his cock with her lips clamped around it and her tongue continuing to swirl around the head, as blast after blast of his semen filled her cheeks.

"Mmmmm!" Krissy moaned, looking up at Joe's face as she swallowed every drop, her mouth never breaking contact with Joe's pulsing cock. Finally, the spasms in his body abated and his cock grew softer in her fist and on her tongue. She let Joe's penis fall from her mouth, and spoke.

"Will that hold you over until the fall?" She asked. It was May. The school year was finished. The dorm room around the single bed into which the two college freshmen -- now sophomores -- had folded themselves was stacked with boxes and suitcases holding all Krissy's belongings, and the belongings of her roommate Jenny.

Jenny had, generously vacated the room that morning when Joe came over to wish Krissy goodbye for the summer -- Jenny had a good idea what he wanted, and figured that Krissy was willing and eager. Krissy usually was -- willing and eager, that is. At least as Krissy had described hers and Joe's sex life to Jenny, Krissy seemed like the prototypical GGG girlfriend: good, giving, and game.

On their nights in together, Krissy and Jenny would drink and share stories of their respective sex lives. Jenny didn't have a boyfriend, but had had one in high school, and had several one night stands over the course of their freshman year. She wasn't at all prudish -- she was just very serious about her studies and didn't want the distraction of a boyfriend. Once she had a shot or two of tequila in her, Jenny was only too happy to share the details with Krissy.

Krissy didn't even require that much inspiration to start talking -- she was very open about what she and Joe did when they were alone. But, frankly, what they did was not all that exciting. Krissy and Joe had an enthusiastic but pedestrian sex life. Lots of oral, lots of missionary, not a lot of dirty talk. On the night they met, back during orientation in the prior fall, after talking and drinking in a local watering hole close to the dorms, Joe had asked Krissy if he could kiss her. She was attracted to him, and she liked that he honored her right to consent, so she said yes. But when, as they kissed, she slid her hand down to feel the bulge in Joe's shorts, he immediately suggested that they go back to his room. Krissy was turned on and would have kept rubbing him under the table in the bar, or even done him in a stall in the ladies bathroom, but he was obviously shy.

The few times Krissy had suggested that she and Joe try something racy -- having sex outside at night, or going dancing without underwear, going to a nude beach, or skinny dipping in the river near their Oregon campus -- Joe always said no. It wasn't that the ideas didn't excite him, but they usually excited him so much that he'd initiate sex or ask for a blowjob, and of course, once he came, his fantasies evaporated like so much steam. The bottom line was that Krissy had a playful streak, and Joe did not. Still, their relationship was warm, affectionate, and comfortable, if lacking in thrills.

Probably because of people's stereotypes of Asian women, people tended to underestimate Krissy. But they did so at their own peril. Krissy was whip smart, had already committed to a double major in statistics and psychology, and was by nature a deeply a compassionate person. She had a very high emotional IQ and she always pondered everybody else's motivations and drives. She was nonjudgmental, and very forgiving of those whom she cared about. Krissy was always willing to go the extra mile to accommodate a friend.

Jenny enjoyed hearing Krissy's stories. At first, she couldn't believe that Krissy would do any of the wilder things that Krissy had proposed to Joe, nor could she believe that Joe always refused. But Jenny came to know Krissy as the kind, warm, creative free spirit that she was. Krissy would often hang out nude in their dorm room, and at first Jenny was intimidated and shy. Jenny grew up in a small conservative town and she had had never even met an Asian person before, let alone such a gorgeous and engaging person as Krissy. But over the first couple of months Jenny discovered how liberating it could feel to hang out naked with Krissy, and by the time the school year ended, their habit was to spend most of their time unclothed when they were together in their room.

They were both attractive. Jenny was a cute, blue-eyed, girl-next-door type, with curly shoulder-length blonde hair. She was average height, and average build -- fit, but not athletic. Krissy was short -- 5' 3" -- had long black hair down to her waist, and a beautiful heart-shaped face, perfect (if small) breasts with large dark brown nipples, and a squeezable round bubble butt that made every boy in every lecture hall stare when she'd walk by in yoga pants. Krissy was naturally virtually hairless on her legs -- Jenny was so envious -- and Krissy didn't bother shave the straight black hair that made up her full bush. Krissy liked her pubic hair, despite the broad trend among girls her age to shave or wax it off. Sometimes, standing nude in front of the mirror, Krissy would comb her pubes. Once in a blue moon she could convince Joe to pull out right before coming, whip off his condom, and come all over her bush -- she loved seeing the contrast of his white semen in her black pubes, and she would leave it there while masturbating with her vibrator.

Hearing those kinds of stories always got Jenny massively turned on. Jenny and Krissy never had sex with one another, but under different circumstances they both would have been game. Instead, when they got drunk, they would share grooming tips, sex stories, and do body shots off one another's bellies. The raciest it ever got was when they would sit on the floor, leaning against their respective beds, legs spread wide, and watch one another masturbate. Krissy would stare intensely at Jenny's eyes while Jenny stared at Krissy pussy. Krissy would hold her vibrator on her clitoris with one hand, while reaching the other hand around her thigh to finger herself, spreading her lips wide for Jenny's thirsty eyes, and licking her own juices off her fingers.

Jenny didn't own a vibrator, but would circle her fingers around her clitoris, her clean smooth waxed vulva swollen with the excitement, and whenever Krissy would start to come, Jenny's body would take over and she'd come too. As much as both of them in the heat of the moment might well have gone down on one another ravenously, they never did and neither even suggested it.

Although she had a racy streak, at bottom Krissy was a good girl and wouldn't cheat on Joe. Although the body shots and duo masturbation walked close to the line, that was as close as she was willing to go. Even when horny and drunk, luridly scooping tablespoons of her own juices into her hand and up to her own lips, her roommate Jenny looking on unblinkingly, panting heavily, the two never touched one another sexually. Well, that's almost true -- once, after they both had particularly strong orgasms together, when they stood up, Krissy walked up to Jenny and gave her a huge hug. As they embraced, enjoying the feeling of the bellies pressed together, Jenny could feel Krissy's juices still dripping out copiously, landing on Jenny's thigh and running down both their legs.

"Oh my god!" Krissy had exclaimed, "I'm so sorry -- I'm leaking all over you! I'm so embarrassed!" Krissy grabbed a towel and started to wipe them both off, Jenny protesting somewhat insincerely that it was no big deal. It aroused them both intensely, and they never hugged after masturbating again.

And they each would vacate the room for the other when Joe or one of Jenny's occasional trysts came over. As relatively innocent as they were, the girls' occasional joint masturbation sessions felt wilder than anything Joe was willing to try.

So after Joe came in Krissy's mouth on their last morning in the dorms together, she knew he would quickly doze off. She rolled over beside him, pulled out her vibrator, and brought herself to three successive orgasms as he snored next to her.

**Krissy's Exposed Summer Ch. 02**

After Krissy and Joe made their goodbyes, and promised to talk every day, and to be faithful for the summer, she had loaded her belongings into the beater car -- an old Ford Fiesta -- that her parents bought for her, and she drove home to her their house in Palo Alto, California. Joe caught a flight to his parents' house in Chicago. Krissy's dorm-mate Jenny lived one hour's drive from their college in a small Oregon town, and her parents drove down to pick her up.

Upon her arrival in Sant Clara, Krissy's parents were thrilled to see her, and she them. Her 18-year-old little brother Kimo, who had just graduated high school, was equally thrilled to have her back. They had a close and playful relationship, and they had talked often while Krissy was away at school. He was glad she was home and looking forward to seeing a lot more of her over the summer. Krissy started to settle in for a long summer of R & R by the family pool.

Just one day after she returned, however, her parents unexpectedly announced that because Krissy was now home to watch after her brother, they would be taking a two-week vacation to Hawai'i. They told Krissy not to throw any crazy parties (she made a mental note that they didn't say "no parties at all"), keep her brother out of trouble, and not to break anything. Her dad gave her the keys to his Audi convertible, and told her to drive carefully. "I guess that's my compensation for the free babysitting?" She said facetiously. Her dad chuckled and kissed her on the forehead.

That afternoon, her parents stepped into an Uber and departed for SFO, as Krissy and Kimo stood on the front steps waving them off. As soon as the Uber was around the corner and out of view, Kimo tried to grab the Audi keys.

"No! Dad left these with me. If you need to go somewhere, I'll drive you -- or you can borrow my Fiesta."

"Fiesta!" Kimo whined. "Oh man. Why can't I drive the Audi?"

"Because Dad gave the keys to me, and the last thing I want is having to explain why it's not my fault when you wrap it around a tree!"

"Fine!" Kimo sulked back into the house.

Krissy had been wanting all school year to see her best friends from high school, and immediately set about inviting them over. "It's not really a party if it's just the six of us," she thought, "We'll just hang out and drink by the pool. It's just a gathering." She sent a group text to her crew: "Pool party at Krissy's! Sunset til? BYO Whatever! Miss you all so much!" All four members of her high school gang were already home for the summer, and responded enthusiastically to the invitation.

"Kimo -- I'm having my friends over after dinner!" She called out from the doorway.

"Sweet -- can I invite my friends?" Kimo shouted back to her from the living room.

"No! Not tonight!" she responded.

"Oh man -- why can't I have any fun if you get to?"

"It's not that, Kimo. It's our first day alone in the house. Let's take it slow." Krissy said as she walked back through the house to the sunken living room that looked out onto the pool. "I haven't seen my peeps for a year and I want to catch up with them. I don't want to spend the night chaperoning you and your lacrosse buddies and keeping you out of trouble. You can have people over this weekend. Tonight, just hang with us if you want! Or you can borrow the Fiesta and go hang out with your friends somewhere else if you promise not to drink."

"Yeah ok, I get it." Kimo said, a little disappointed but not really upset. "I'll take the Ford and go hang out at Jake's house -- you and your friends can have the pool to yourselves. It's cool."

"You're a good guy, Kimo. Thank you. Love you, kiddo!" She said and bent over the back of the couch where Kimo had panted himself to play Fortnight.

"Gross sis! Don't kiss me -- yuck!" She giggled, tussled Kimo's hair, and went upstairs to her room to change into a bikini so she could sun herself by the pool until dinner.

She opened her underwear/swimsuit drawer -- it looked as though her mom hadn't moved a thing since she left for college nine months earlier. She had several options -- a dark blue bikini with an athletic-bra top and boy shorts, a white bikini with a halter top that had full coverage in the back and appropriate sized triangles of fabric to cover her breasts, and a tiny G-string thong bikini that she had bought for spring break but never actually worn. I can't have Kimo see me in that! She thought. The white one seemed appropriate, but she was afraid it might become translucent if she jumped into the pool. So she settled on the boy shorts and sports bra and headed out to the pool.

"We're alone in the house and you put on your granny swimsuit?" Kimo taunted as Krissy strutted past him the living room.

"My friends are coming over later -- I'm not here to put on a show for them. Or for YOU!" Krissy shot back.

"Gross!" Kimo responded. "I don't want a show! But you've got nothing I haven't seen before. Get as comfortable as you want to -- you don't have to go all Queen Victoria on my account."

She thought about it for a moment. He had a point -- for whom was she really covering up? The two of them spent half their childhoods naked together in the house, at least until she hit puberty. Their parents were gone for two weeks. Her friends weren't going to be there for several hours. "Yeah ok, fine. You're right!" Krissy responded. And she peeled up the bra and tossed it on the couch.

Kimo looked a little surprised, "Whoa! I didn't mean to get naked, sis! Sheesh!"

"You said it yourself, little bro -- it's nothing you haven't seen before." And with that she peeled down the boy shorts and tossed them on the sofa next to the bra and walked into the kitchen to pour herself a lemonade before heading out to the pool, leaving Kimo speechless on the couch with the growing bulge in his shorts.

"Whatever, perv!" Kimo yelled out to her, finally.

Sitting next to their pool, Krissy enjoyed the feeling of the warm sun on her skin, and the cool lemonade on her tongue, and closed her eyes to savor the moment of pure relaxation. I need this, she thought, and drifted off. She started to dream that she was at a pool party with Joe at some exotic tropical resort. Everybody at the pool was naked and acting like it was the most natural thing in the world. She could feel a tingle and the moisture welling between her legs as she looked around the resort at all the naked people -- so many penises! -- she thought in her dream. Joe came over to her and started to run his fingers up and down her thighs and over her tightening nipples. Mmm, Joe! She hummed in her dream. Someone will see.

Everyone will see! Joe responded, winking.

When did you get so daring? Krissy asked dream Joe, parting her legs so that he could run his fingers up her mound as they ran up and down her body.

I want everyone to enjoy seeing you come, right here, right now! Joe responded.

Oh my god! Dream Krissy moaned, feeling her abs tighten and her pussy start to throb.

Krissy, Krissy, Krissy, Joe hummed at her, Krissy, Krissy ...

"KRISSY" her eyes shot open as Kimo shouted her name at her, and he started to laugh hysterically. "Wow that must've been some dream!" He said, standing next to her by the pool.

"Ugh, Kimo! Why did you wake me up?! God dammit." She had been so close to coming in her dream and now she was powerfully turned on. Her brother was the last person she wanted to see. She looked down at her bare tanned breasts, belly and dark bush, and was relieved to see that at least she wasn't leaking all over the lounge chair in front of her brother. Not yet anyway.

"What do you want?" Krissy asked him.

"Cayleigh is on the phone. She has questions about the party." He responded, his hands in the pockets of his shorts to hide the erection he had developed while watching his naked sister moan and writhe on the lounger.

"Why didn't she call my cell?" Krissy asked.

"She said she did, but you didn't answer." Kimo replied. Krissy remembered that she had left her iPhone phone up in her bedroom. Oops.

Krissy swung her legs off the lounger, away from her brother, and walked into the house, dimly aware of her brother's gaze on her butt, and the moisture that was starting to run down her inner thighs after the dream.

Cayleigh was the other original members of Krissy's little clique -- the two of them and three boys, Jimmy and Timmy (aka "the twins"), and Rob. Krissy and Cayleigh had been BFFs since grade school. They started hanging out with the twins in seventh grade, and they all met Rob and included him in their crew when they got to high school. The five of them were inseparable throughout high school. Rob, who was black and gay, always seemed to have a soft crush on the twins. The twins, Jimmy and Timmy both had the hots for Cayleigh, who in addition to being a big nerd, was also a volleyball star: fit, muscular, tall, and very pretty. And Cayleigh, although mostly straight, nurtured a little crush on Krissy.

But to be fair, almost everyone had a little crush on Krissy, and who could blame them? She was drop dead gorgeous, exotic, smart, funny, playful, unfailingly loyal, and bizarrely (Joe notwithstanding) had almost always been single. Regardless, none of the crew ever acted on their desires and they never let their secret crushes get in the way of their deep friendships. As a result, they were able to be there for each other for four years, sharing every party, school dance, concert, volleyball tournament, high, and low as a team. Always platonically, but with great support, love, and affection for one another.

Rob would sometimes bring dates to the school dances, but he always ended up stag with the crew after the dances ended. Cayleigh, Krissy, and the twins went to every dance as a crew. It was just more fun that way. In fact, their classmates actually called them "the crew" -- more enviously than resentfully. The crew weren't mean kids, but they didn't really open the crew to outsiders.

Krissy jumped up on the marble kitchen counter, sat down, and grabbed the telephone receiver. "Cayleigh! What's up girl? I miss you so much! You're coming over, right?" Krissy said into the phone.

"I miss you too babe! Mwah!" Cayleigh said. "Of course -- we're all coming. I wanted to check whether you wanted me to bring anything other than drinks, and also if it's ok to bring a friend you don't know."

"Drinks, drugs, strippers, ha ha ha, just kidding. Bring anything you want. We've got lots of food, wine, and tequila." Krissy said while pondering the second half of the request. "But who's the friend I don't know?" She asked.

"His name is Jens. He's a foreign exchange student from Denmark who was living with my parents last semester. He's actually twenty -- he's been taking classes at Santa Clara. He's really nice -- Rob adores him. He doesn't have a lot of friends here and I want him to feel included and meet some people."

"Rob adores a sexy Danish boy." Krissy said, "Surprise, surprise. Well, I was really looking forward to hanging with the crew, I miss you guys so much! But if you think he won't wreck our vibe, I'll trust your judgment. Bring him!"

"Yay!" Cayleigh said. "He's really sweet -- I'm sure you'll like him. And nobody can wreck our vibe! We're the crew, baby!"

"See you soon!" Krissy said, and hung up. While she and Cayleigh were talking the fluids that had run down her inner thighs on the walk from the pool, all the way down to her knees, became impossible to ignore. She was sitting in a pool of her own juices on the marble counter. She grabbed a dish towel and dragged it up both thighs to dry them off before spreading her knees apart and pressing the towel into her vulva to soak up some of the wetness. She looked up to see Kimo staring at her slack jawed from the far side of the kitchen island.

"Dude! What the fuck?" She yelled at him -- at once, embarrassed, angry, and, if she were being totally honest, just a little bit aroused to have a pair of eyes glued to the open glistening lips of her dripping pussy.

"Shit I'm sorry." Kimo said, looking to the side. "I just came in and you were doing that. I guess I was wrong earlier -- I haven't seen everything."

"I guess not." Krissy retorted. "Haven't you been with a girl yet???" Krissy asked as she finished cleaning herself and drew her knees back together.

"No. I mean yes. I mean, not really. After the homecoming dance, Lori gave me a hand job and I fingered her a little bit, but you're the only girl I've seen totally naked, like, seen in person, I mean. And I've never seen that much juice come out of a girl. Even in porn. I'm sorry. I shouldn't have watched. My bad."

"Don't worry about it." Krissy said, hopping back off the counter, and wiping the rest of her wetness off the marble. "But maybe me walking around naked like we're both still twelve years old isn't the great idea we thought it was."

"Yeah, maybe. But you should be able to do what you want." Said Kimo, looking up shyly. "But hey, can you answer a question?"

"Maybe. Depends on the question." Krissy invited.

"So, do you, like, squirt?" Kim asked.

"DUDE!" Krissy hollered at Kimo. "Come on! This is not an appropriate sibling conversation."

"I'm sorry. You're right. Forget it." Kimo said, looking down again, embarrassed.

Krissy felt bad for shaming him. There was nothing wrong with being young and curious, and even though they were siblings, she figured, it is the sort of thing a person might wonder about. "Yes. Sometimes. If I'm really excited and being touched just the right way."

"Oh wow." Said Kimo. "And what is that like? Does it spurt out, or what?"

"Sometimes, yeah." Krissy responded. "Sometimes it comes out in jets. Other times, it just kind of flows out. Most of the time, it's not quite that dramatic and I just get wet like you saw here."

"And, I mean, do... shit I'm sorry if this is too personal." Kimo stammered.

"Spit it out boy!" Krissy teased.

"Do you squirt it on guys faces, like in porn? Do they drink it? Do you know what it tastes like?" Kimo spit out all his questions at once.

Krissy rolled her eyes, but figured it was better that Kimo got his sex education from her than from pornography. "Some guys like it on their faces, some don't. Pro tip, little bro: the same is true of girls and your spunk, too! The guys who like it will drink it. It tastes like warm, tart, slightly salty water. Kind of like warm pussy tea." Krissy answered.

"Oh wow, so you've tasted it?" Kimo asked, incredulously.

"I've tasted it on guys' faces. And truth be told, if I'm in the right position, I can squirt right into my own mouth, which is pretty fucking hot. But now I feel like we've taken this conversation way past appropriate sibling subject matter." Krissy responded.

"Thank you -- thank you for telling me. I'm sorry."

"It's cool." Krissy said, tossing the damp towel into the sink, and stepping towards the sofa to retrieve her swim suit. "But don't go telling all your friends that your sister is a squirter. I'll never hear the end of it, and they'll hound me all summer for a demonstration."

"Hahaha," Kimo laughed, nervously, "No they won't. I mean, I won't tell them."

"Good! Promise! And where's the bikini I threw on the sofa?" Krissy demanded.

"I promise!" Kimo affirmed. "And I put your bikini in the laundry. I didn't know you would want to put it back on, sorry."

"No worries." Krissy said, standing naked and facing her brother with her hands on her hips. "The Fiesta key is on the sideboard in the hallway. The crew will be here in about an hour, so scram, ok?"

"Yeah, you bet. I'm going to go hang out at Jake's and play video games. What time can I come home?" Kimo asked.

"Whenever -- give us a few hours to hang. We haven't seen one another for almost a year and I'm sure we have lots of catching up to do. You can also sleep at Jake's if you want to."

"Ok. Noted." Kimo said. "Good talk. Thanks."

Krissy rolled her eyes at Kimo, turned her backside to him, and stomped off to the laundry room to retrieve her bikini. As she pulled it out of the laundry hamper, she realized it was all wet and sticky. That little shit! She muttered under her breath. Kimo jacked off on my bikini! She was about to yell at him again, when she caught herself. She realized she had just cussed him out for staring at her pussy and asking about her squirting, and there's nothing unusual about an eighteen-year-old boy having a wank. Her initial assumption that he was jacking off while thinking about her gave way to the realization that he probably was just doing whatever he normally does, enjoying the freedom to beat off in the living room with their parents away, and her swimsuit was the nearest thing with which to wipe up after he came. That made more sense. Still, she wasn't going to let him off Scott free.

"Kimo!" She shouted out as she went back up the stairs to her bedroom, "Be sure to wash my swimsuit by tomorrow. I might want to wear it."

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Krissy pulled her hair back and put on a little makeup -- just enough to look presentable to her friends. She debated between the white bikini and the G-string. Krissy figured that if they were all swimming, they'd mostly be in the pool anyway, and opted for the G-string. It seemed more "grown up." After a year at college, she wanted to project a confidently adult attitude. As she pulled the thong bottom up over her thighs and let its straps drop across her hip bones, she realized that the diminutive front of the thong was not big enough to conceal her pubic hair. Her long dark straight pubes poked out on both sides and over the top edge. She arched her pelvis forward to see what it looked like between her legs. The G-string concealed her clitoris and little more. It was effectively just a string sandwiched between the lips of her labia. She turned around and spread her cheeks, craning over her shoulder to inspect her back side in the mirror -- the G-string was basically not even there. The slim string ran from her perineum between her cheeks and up to the waist band of the thong. It didn't really even occlude her anus, which pucker visible to the sides of the string. Spectacular! she thought to herself, admiring the curve of her butt. Turning back around Krissy considered the front. She thought , if we swim it will be after dark -- and the only light will be from the pool lights. Plus, these are my best friends -- none of them is going to be ogling my pubes. And even if they did, it's not as they've never seen pubes before. G-string it is!

She tied the top behind her neck, pulled on a pair of shorts and a crop top t-shirt, and went back downstairs. Kimo must have gone up to his room to get ready to go out himself. Krissy inspected the couch to make sure he hadn't left a mess that would embarrass her in front of her friends. Everything looked kosher. She put six bottles of her parents' California champagne into the fridge, along with some sodas, and mixers. She knew that her friends would want to do tequila shots, so she cut up several lines and arranged them on a tray with the salt, a bottle of Patron, and six shot glasses. There was not the ton of food in the house that she had imagined, but she found some cheese and crackers, and hoped that would be sufficient.

Just then Kimo came bounding down the steps and shouted, "I'm out -- see you later!"

"Hold on!" she shouted back. "Come here!"

Kimo took has hand off the doorknob and turned back to the kitchen. "What's up?" he asked, still feeling a little embarrassed and nervous about their earlier conversation, but glad that Krissy was clothed now so he could avoid feeling guilty for his arousal at the sight of her bare breasts and dripping vagina.

"I love you little bro." Krissy said, pulling him in for a bear hug.

Kimo hugged her back warmly, relieved that the tension between them had melted. "I love you to Krissy." He said, wrapping one arm around her back with a squeeze and the other hand on the back of her head, as Krissy pressed her face into his chest.

Krissy looked up at his face. "I've missed you. Go have fun." She told him, taking his cheeks between her hands and planting a soft sisterly kiss on his lips.

"Gross sis! Cut it out!" He pulled away and loped back to the front door.

Just as he opened the door, Krissy teased him, shouting "And don't tell your friends that I squirt!"

"Oh my god! Stop!" Kimo groaned as he walked out, and at that same instant Cayleigh walked in, with a tall handsome blonde boy following one step behind her.

**Krissy's Exposed Summer Ch. 03**

TW: Hard drug use.

In the prior story, Krissy's little brother got an eyeful of Krissy's body, and a lesson about female ejaculation. After things calmed down, he was on his way out the front door of the house to spend the evening with his own friends.

Krissy hollered after him as he walked out the door, "And don't tell your friends that I squirt!"

"Oh my god! Stop!" Kimo said as he walked out, and at that same instant Cayleigh walked in, with a tall handsome blonde boy following one step behind her.

"You squirt?" Cayleigh queried, laughing, as she walked into the kitchen to embrace her best friend.

"No, I told him 'buy Squirt' - for drinks." Krissy responded, her heart jumping a little that her best friend Cayleigh had heard Krissy bragging about her ejaculations. She hoped that Cayleigh wouldn't question why her brother would know that she's a squirter; and hoped that her lie was believable. Hopefully, the subject would change quickly. And it did.

"This is Jens! Jens, meet Krissy. Krissy, meet Jens." Jens held his hand out to shake Krissy's.

"Hand-shake? What is this, business school?" Krissy joked. "It's great to meet you, Jens - Cayleigh tells me nice things about you. Welcome to the crew!" And with that she gave the crew's new Danish member a big welcoming hug.

She poured them both celebratory glasses of champagne, and they drank, ate cheese, and caught up with one another, telling similar stories of college freshman life. Jens mostly listened quietly, and occasionally chimed in. His thick Danish accent making his shyness seem even more charming to Krissy. Eventually Rob showed up, and finally the twins, Jimmy and Timmy, and they all drank champagne and laughed, enjoying reconnecting after their year apart. The crew was back together again!

It was Rob who, slyly looking over at Jens, suggested that they all go swimming in the pool. They grabbed their drinks and headed outside. They all peeled up their shirts, dropped their pants, kicked off their shoes and hopped into the pool, where they kept up their laughing, story-telling, and drinking. At some point, Rob - who was apparently the instigator on this night - said "You know what this party needs? SHOTS!" Everyone cheered.

"I've got this!" Krissy said, jumping out of the pool and heading into the kitchen. Cayleigh leered at Krissy's beautiful round practically naked ass as she strutted back into the house.

Rob, noticing Cayleigh's stare, whispered "Lust much?" and nudged her ribs.

"Shut up. Go flirt with Jens!" Cayleigh retorted.

"Well, I never!" Rob said joking indignantly.

"What's going on over there?" Timmy, who had been chatting about sports with his brother and Jens, asked of Cayleigh.

"Nothing." Cayleigh said. "Let's do some shots and take this party up a notch!"

Everyone cheered at that suggestion, and that the same time Krissy returned with a tray holding six shot glasses, a bottle of her dad's Patron tequila, a bowl of cut limes, and a salt-shaker. Nobody had noticed earlier when they were all leaping into the pool. But as Krissy walked back to her friends carrying the tray, even in the darkness, the light from the pool was enough to reveal just how tiny the front of Krissy's G-string was.

"Hey bring me a shot, Hairy McGoo!" Cayleigh teased, which kicked off a chant of "Hairy McGoo! Hairy McGoo!" from all of them

"What - you act like you've never seen public hair before!" Krissy shot back, a little embarrassed that her bold G-string was not eliciting quite the response she had imagined.

"Never seen that much!" Said Jens, to everybody's surprise. They all went silent and turned to look at him, shocked that the new guy was piling on, and then they all burst into laughter. Even Krissy couldn't help but laugh.

"Fine fine - whatever." Krissy said. "I like my furry cooch. Maybe next time I'll give it a trim. Anyway - if you want these shots you'd better say nicer things about it."

As Krissy squatted down at the edge of the pool to pour the shots, the lips of her labia pressed forward around the tiny G-string, revealing more of her hair, and of her anatomy, than she had planned to put on display. Krissy's friends, suspecting that Krissy didn't realize that she was basically flashing her pussy at them, complimented her pubes.

"Your pubic hair is extremely classy." Said Timmy. "May I have a shot now?"

"Yes, you may, and thank you." Krissy responded with a nod of her head and a grateful tone. "Nobody else?"

"Your pubic hair is like a dark and stormy night." Said Jimmy.

"Your pubic hair is faaaaabulous." Said Rob.

"Your pubic hair is the pride of America." Said Jens.

"Your pubic hair looks good enough to eat!" Said Cayleigh, eliciting hoots from them all, as they licked their salt, knocked back their shots, and sucked on their limes.

Krissy dangled her toes in the water while sitting at the edge of the pool, which did nothing to conceal her genitals from the crew. She didn't have sexual feelings for them, but part of her was enjoying the rising buzz in her belly knowing that they were all looking at - and talking about - her pubes. She fleetingly wished that there were a world where people could be more open about their bodies and their desires. "You guys - I like my pubes! Seriously. Does it look bad?" She asked, looking down at her crotch.

"Looks great, Krissy!" Said Timmy. "We were just teasing you. Some people like that smooth-as-a-baby look. But I, for one, like a pudenda that looks like it belongs on an adult."

"TMI!" Yelled Cayleigh.

"I don't know," said Jimmy. "We haven't really seen the whole bush - for all we know you shaved the middle and just left hair on the sides!"

"Goof ball!" Krissy said, kicking water at Jimmy, but for just a moment imagining what it would feel like to expose herself entirely for them to see - just like Kimo had seen: vulnerable, powerful, desired, exposed ... no no no, she thought to herself.

They all laughed at Jimmy's joke. Suddenly Jens asked "Does anybody want to get high?" Everyone turned to look at him.

"What have you got?" Asked Rob.

"I've got a THC vape, and a little coke. I'm brought enough to share!" The crew were not hard-core drug partiers, but they had smoked some pot, and done a little coke together once or twice.

Maybe it was the tequila, maybe it was the warm California night air, maybe it was the joy of being back together, maybe it was the sight of Krissy's pubes, but almost in unison every one of them said "Hell yeah!"

"Coke and water don't mix," said Jens. "Maybe we should dry off and go back into the house?" They all agreed and hopped out of the pool to dry off and pull their shorts and shirts back on over their swimsuits.

They gathered around the coffee table in the living room. Jens poured a little mound of cocaine out of a plastic baggy and used a credit card to cut some of it into six lines - one for each of them. Rob pulled out a twenty-dollar bill and leaned in to snort the first line, and each of the rest of them followed suit. Krissy could feel her heart rate rise the instant the coke hit her nostrils, and she felt a little twinge in her pussy as the dopamine rush slammed into her brain. She hoped they all were feeling the same.

"Oh wow." Said Timmy, "That's good stuff. I can't feel my face!" Everybody laughed again.

The coke brought a different edge to their conversation - everybody talked a little faster, a little more intensely. Their conversation started to flirt around the edges of sex, talking about the boyfriends and girlfriends they'd had in the prior year. Krissy told them all about Joe, how she loved him, and really enjoyed him, but wondered sometimes if he was right for her. "He just doesn't have a wild bone in his body." She lamented.

"And yet you let him stick his wild bone into yours." Quipped Rob, laughing hysterically at his pun.

"Speaking of wild," interjected Jimmy "somehow when the coke came out, the clothing all went back on. Isn't it supposed to work the opposite way?"

Krissy liked where this was going. The irresistible danger of the route they were starting to head down was starting to envelop her. The disinhibition of the cocaine was thrilling. "What to you suggest, Jimmy?" Krissy asked.

"I don't know," Jimmy responded, "how about a friendly game of strip poker?"

"Yes! That is absolutely precisely what we need to do, right now!" Said Rob, who probably wanted nothing more than to see Jens get naked.

Krissy looked around the room. They had never done anything so risqué together before. On the one hand, a coed group of six young adults snorting cocaine, drinking tequila, and playing strip poker could go wrong a plethora of different ways. On the other hand, Krissy felt safe with her crew, she trusted them, she loved them all, and the alcohol and the cocaine combined to make every suggestion seem like a brilliant one.

Everyone else was waiting for the hostess to give her verdict on Jimmy's proposal - "Fuck yeah, I'm good at cards! Prepare to lose - y'all getting' nekkid!" Said Krissy, to the cheers of the rest of the crew.

Before they could begin, they agreed that, in the interest of fairness, everyone needed to start the same number of articles of clothing. Krissy fished out a whole bunch of socks, but that meant that each of the boys all had five articles, and each of the girls six. Timmy suggested that this unfair was sex-discrimination, and the girls should lose one article, so Cayleigh and Krissy each removed one sock, and they all sat down at the dining room table to begin dealing the cards.

Krissy's poker play did not live up to her trash talk. She lost the first three hands in a row, and in no time found herself sitting in nothing but her bikini in front of all her friends. Putting herself on display, in an impossibly tiny bikini, to her four best friends and a Danish guy named Jens, Krissy felt a lot more exposed than she had when walking around naked with Jenny in their dorm room. Always the Psych major, she tried to reconcile the odd senses that she was feeling in the moment (of, what was it? Shame? Maybe?), with the unabashed pride and arousal she had felt when masturbating with her roommate.

Maybe it's the drugs. Krissy thought. And with that revelation, she decided to stop feeling nervous about it. She shifted in her chair, pulling her right foot up to her left knee. This opened up her thighs exposing her hairy vulva (under a narrow string of fabric) to Timmy who was sitting immediately to her right.

"Nice." He said, looking down at her.

"Put your eyes back into your skull, boy. You saw that already." She shot back with a wink.

After that Krissy's luck improved. After several more hands, and another line of coke for everyone, Jimmy and Timmy were both in their swim trunks, Cayleigh was down to her bikini, Jens retained only his jeans and swimsuit, while Rob had lost only his socks. A big pile of their clothing had accumulated on the floor between the dining table and the living room.

With everyone else less clothed, and the additional coke and tequila, Krissy's comfort level had become total. Meanwhile, Timmy was sporting a large and obvious erection in his swim trunks, and Krissy kept teasing him about it. "Do you have a stick I can use to stir my drink, Timmy?" and "Timmy is having a hard time with his cards - very hard." Everybody was laughing and the banter was becoming increasingly bawdy, when Krissy lost another hand.

"Tops or bottoms?" asked Cayleigh. "Bring it on!"

"Ok, just one thing," said Krissy, holding up her hand to silence the group. "Nobody can ever tell Joe about any of this."

"Tell Joe? Never!" said Cayleigh.

"No never!" chimed in everyone else.

"Who is Joe, again?" asked Jens.

"Right answer!" said Krissy.

Krissy didn't feel like standing up. She untied her bikini top and tossed it on the pile. With the false confidence conferred by the coke and the booze, she didn't even care that her best friends of over five years could all see her dark-brown areolas and large hard nipples, which were obviously erect, and belied the cool exterior she was trying to project.

Only because she was sitting down, nobody was aware how wet all the disrobing, drugs, and sex talk had made her. She was confused about feeling so aroused around people who had always been her platonic friends. Part of her brain was telling her she should stop this all now, send everybody home, and go to bed. But the bigger part of her brain was having a blast, and she wanted to see where this would all go. And again, these were her most trusted friends in the world.

"Nice nips, girl!" Said Rob, who simultaneously lost the next hand and peeled off his shirt. "Look! Mine are hard too! Rawr!" He winked at Krissy.

Meanwhile, the sight of Krissy's supple round breasts and hard nipples, directly above the pubes sticking out of her G-string, and mere inches from Timmy's left arm, left Timmy needing to adjust his swim shorts. He stood up, stuck his hand down his pants and repositioned his penis to a more comfortable location. "Excuse me." He said.

"Oh no!" Said Krissy, "Now I can't see it anymore!"

"I didn't know you wanted to," teased Timmy. "I guess you'll just have to beat me at the cards, if that's not too hard." Everybody laughed.

But Krissy's card luck had run out - she lost the next hand. Everybody else had been on edge knowing that she was one item of clothing (barely) away from full nudity, and a cheer erupted around the table.

"Well fuck!" Krissy said.

"Not yet - later." Joked Timmy.

"In your dreams." Krissy teased back.

She stood up on her chair, and hooked her thumbs into the sides of the G-string and started to pull it down, and at that exact instant remembered how wet she had been getting. But it was too late to stop now. As she pulled the G-string down to her knees, a long glistening strand of her juices stretched from her labia down to the G-string, before attaching itself to her left thigh.

"Wow - someone is having fun!" Joked Rob again, always the kidder.

"Is anyone not having fun?" Joked Krissy as she kicked the G-string onto the clothing pile. And then there she stood, on a chair at her dining room table, as naked as the day she was born, her full bush jutting out in front of her, her juices quite obviously running down her thighs, as five of her best friends of all time and a Danish guy name Jens, in various states of undress, looked her up and down with coke-fueled lust in their eyes. It felt exhilarating.

"Right, then. Who needs more drinks?" Krissy broke the spell. "Everyone? Right."

She stepped down from the chair and into the kitchen to grab another bottle of champagne for the table. While she was opening it, Jimmy said "Well I guess the game is over. That sucks!"

"What do you mean it's over?" asked Timmy.

"Well of the hostess is out, we can't very well keep playing without her, can we?" said Jimmy. That point seemed to resonate with the group.

"Wait, what do you mean I'm 'out'? Can't I play anymore?" Asked Krissy as she returned to the table with the champagne, which they all accepted gratefully.

"You're all out of clothes!" Jimmy said to his naked friend. "You've got nothing left to play with."

He had a point. Krissy, standing next to Cayleigh's chair, raised her hand to her chin and pondered the predicament. She leaned forward, pressing her pubis into the edge of the table between Cayleigh and Jens, her pubes spilling onto the top of the table.

"Dares!" Krissy exclaimed. "I can play for dares. Right? If I have the losing hand, the winning hand can give me a dare. That'd work, wouldn't it?"

"Well, we're changing the rules in the middle of the game," said Rob to a round of boos from everybody else at the table. "But that's ok if we all agree!"

"Nice save, ass hole!" Krissy teased. "Any dissenters?" She inquired. "Hearing none, let's proceed!"

4