**Leah's Naked Adventures**

by LeahR

**Part One**

Introduction: A Catholic schoolgirl explores the feelings of being naked outdoors and becomes a committed exhibitionist.

**Background**

It started when I was still a teenager, though I don't remember exactly how old I was. I was the oldest of five children in a Roman Catholic family. Besides me, there was one other girl, Pauline, who was second youngest and we had three brothers, Robert, Jacob, and David.

Robert was about 15 months younger than me and there was a lot of sibling rivalry, with quite a bit of fighting between the two of us. He would always accuse me of being mom's favorite, which was probably true, since I was a “good” girl, always getting straight “A”s in school and helping out around the house, while he barely got by in school, not because he wasn't smart, but because he didn't apply himself. I, on the other hand felt he got away with a lot more than he should and I was always quick to point out any of his shenanigans to our parents.

Because we were Catholic my parents insisted on sending us to parochial schools and the tuition payments kept us poor. I even pointed out to my mom that it was just wasted on Bobby since he didn't study, but she didn't listen. Grade school was bad enough but I especially didn't want him going to high school with me and I stepped up my efforts when he was in the eighth grade. A lot of Catholic high schools are single sex, but the one we went to was co-ed. I even made up a balance sheet to show them how much money they'd save by sending him to public school but to no avail. My dad just said, “So? We'd save twice that much by sending you to public school too.” Looking back I guess I was kind of a brat and maybe I did kind of deserve a lot of what eventually happened to me, but I'm getting ahead of myself.

Despite all my efforts, Bobby and I ended up in the same high school, Sacred Heart. I was a junior when he started as a freshman because even though he was 15 months younger, he was too young by a couple of months to enter school the year behind me. As a result I was one of the youngest students in my grade and he was one of the oldest in his.

**The Beginnings**

I have to go back now and explain how I got started doing what eventually got me into trouble. All the time I was growing up we didn't have a big car or anything. We did have a mini-van but it was a smaller one and squeezing all seven of us into it got to be a chore as we got bigger. After a while, my parents began to leave me home alone when they took the other kids out certain places. I had outgrown things like Sesame Street on Ice and so forth anyway.

At first I just enjoyed the quiet time by myself. I used the time to do things like read, study, or try out different makeup and stuff. Bobby asked to stay home too, but my parents knew better. They knew we'd fight if we were alone together, so it was just me. That's when it started.

I hadn't intended to do anything “bad,” the first time was really just an accident really. One of the things I liked to do when I was alone was take a bath. With five kids and one bathroom, I rarely had time to soak in the tub without one or another of them pounding on the bathroom door, so I took advantage of the solitude to lounge with some nice bath salts.

Well, this one time I was in the bathroom, getting ready to take my bath when I realized I had forgotten my bath salts in my room. I started to put on my robe to go and get them when I realized I didn't really need to wear the robe since there was no one home to see me. For some strange reason the idea of being out in the hall, going to my room and back naked, intrigued me.

I opened the bathroom door and peaked out. The house was silent. I knew my family shouldn't be coming home for hours yet, but what if they came home early for some reason? What if they were already home, but I didn't hear them come in with the bathroom door closed? My brothers and sister couldn't keep THAT quiet, the house was empty.

Cautiously I crept out into the hall. Even though I knew I couldn't be seen by anyone, something about just being naked where I shouldn't be had me excited. My nipples were hard and it wasn't from cold, I had turned the heat up before my bath. I tiptoed, I don't know why, but I literally tiptoed the short distance through the hall to my room.

Once in the safety of my room I gathered up my bath things and headed back to the bathroom. I paused at the door and again peeked out into the hallway. There still wasn't anyone in the house of course, but going back to the bathroom my back would be to the stairway, if there were anyone in the house, they would see my naked backside as I walked through the hall. The thought excited me and I quickly walked back to the bathroom, closing and locking the door behind me.

My heart was pounding. It seemed like all my senses were heightened. I ran my bath and got in. I might have been a good Catholic girl, but I wasn't so good that I didn't masturbate, and I did now, cumming harder than I ever had before! The adrenaline rush! It was addicting and I was hooked.

**Escalation**

From then on things escalated. Being naked in the upstairs hall only got me my adrenaline fix for a little while. Soon, very soon, I needed more than that. It was a cycle I soon recognized. I would get my fix and, still wanting to be a good, Catholic girl, I would tell myself, “There, I proved how daring I am, now I never have to do it again.” Then, in a couple of weeks, days, or sometimes after even just a few hours, I needed it again, with each time needing to be more daring than the last.

Being naked in the upstairs hallway only worked for awhile. Before long though, I began leaving my clothes in my room and creeping down the stairs. My family was gone of course, but my heart was beating a mile a minute. There was a short flight of four steps, then the stairway turned right and eight more steps to the first floor.

The stairs led straight toward the front door and, once on the landing, I could see it. Our front door had a very large oval pane of beveled glass covered with a sheer curtain. I know you couldn't see in as easily as you could see out, but as I got to the bottom couple of steps I could see out very well indeed.

The first time all I wanted to do was go to the bottom of the stairs, to touch the first floor with my bare feet. That would be enough, I told myself, to satisfy this insane craving to be naked. As I got to the last step, I told myself that I needed to touch the door, just to “prove” that I was all the way down the stairs.

That final step, nothing between my naked body and the outdoors but that pane of glass and that flimsy curtain. I touched the door. I did it! I hurried back upstairs, certain that I had faced the ultimate challenge, this would be the last time I told myself. Back in the upstairs hall I didn't want it to end. I sat on the top step, right next to my parent's bedroom door and masturbated, cumming hard on my adrenaline high. As soon as I came I jumped up and hurried to my room and got dressed.

**Me, the Nudist**

I'm not going to cover in detail every step along the way, but I gradually increased both the distance and the time away from my room until I had been naked in every room in the house, including the attic, basement and all the bedrooms, and would stay naked pretty much the entire time I was alone. I would do any chores my mom assigned me before they left naked. Fold laundry, clean the kitchen, vacuum the living room, I did them all naked.

I'd go about whatever activities I had planned for the day naked. Reading, watching TV, studying or whatever I wanted to do, I did it all naked. If mom had assigned me any chores, I did them first so I would have the rest of the time for myself. By this time I had become pretty jaded. Even walking naked in front of a window wasn't giving me much of a thrill anymore.

One particular day I was cleaning the dining room and I had collected a small bag of trash. I needed to take it out to the garbage can and, still naked, found myself heading that way. Now, it would be an exaggeration to say I almost went out the door naked, but I was heading that way, without even thinking much about it. Nudity had become a natural state for me when I was alone.

That brief moment in which I was heading for the door to go outside got me thinking. Excitement was back and I knew the way to more adrenaline was to go outside naked. But how? I tried going to the back door, standing just inside completely naked. I even opened the door, but I couldn't step outside. It was broad daylight and too great a chance that one of the neighbors would see me.

Standing naked like that in the doorway had gotten me excited and I went back to the living room. My heart was beating fast again and I knew I was going to have to do more but for now I just masturbated. Right there on the couch, knees drawn up and my feet on the edge of the cushion. I could see through the front window and the door. I could see a couple people walking past on the sidewalk. In no time I was cumming, my pussy exposed, facing the front door. Cumming hard again.

While I was still spasming I saw our car pulling into the driveway! I jumped up and ran up the stairs, staying as far from the front door as I could as I did so. That was close, and it got me into the “never again” mode for a while, promising myself that I would be a good girl and not be naked outside of my room or the bathroom any more.

**Promise Broken**

While I fully intended to keep my promise, I soon realized that I couldn't. I started thinking about being naked again, only this time I couldn't stop thinking about doing it outside. I knew I was going to give in to the urge and I formulated a plan.

It would have to be at night, I couldn't do it in daylight so it would have to be while my family was home. My plan was to wait until the exact middle of the night (which I decided was 3:00am) then sneak downstairs, take off my clothes, and go out the side door. The front door was definitely out, and the back door could be seen from the neighbors' houses on both sides. At the side door I only could be spotted from one neighbor's house, and it was darker in the driveway.

I rehearsed various parts of my plan. How would I get up at three am? I put my alarm clock under my pillow and tested that. It worked, waking me up, but was muffled enough that it didn't wake anyone else. I practiced sneaking down the stairs, first during daylight when I was alone, then at night when everyone else was asleep. I got to know every creaky floorboard and stair tread in the house and how to avoid them. No one ever woke up.

I decided I was ready. Besides, I couldn't wait any more! I picked Friday night for my first time, that way I wouldn't be missing sleep before a school day. I was excited all week and that evening I was so nervous I thought everybody could tell, so I went to bed early, around 9:00pm. I couldn't sleep though, laying awake, trying not to touch myself. I wanted to save that for later. I remember looking at my watch and it was midnight, three hours of tossing and turning! I thought I'd never get any sleep.

**Outside**

The next thing I knew, my alarm was buzzing. I had fallen asleep after all. I turned it off and sat up in bed. As soon as I did, my heart was racing in anticipation of what I was going to do. I took a sip of water from my nightstand, “Calm down,” I told myself, trying to pretend it was another practice sneak down the stairs. If anyone woke up, I'd just say I'd gone to bed so early that I woke up hungry and was going downstairs for a snack.

I stood up and took a deep breath. I opened my bedroom door. Except for my father snoring, the house was quiet. I slipped out into the hall and started toward the stairs. Just like practice. I was a bit calmer now as I slowly crept down the stairs. My father's snoring stopped and I froze. After an indeterminable amount of time it started back up and I started back down.

Once on the first floor, I had to cross the living room, dining room and then the kitchen to get to the side door, which was down a short flight of steps. I opened the inner door and looked out. Instead of the almost total darkness I anticipated, it was fairly light in the driveway. I was going to have to start paying more attention to the phases of the moon. It wasn't a full moon, but close enough. I decided I'd come this far and I was going out anyway.

With the inner door open and the storm door still closed, I slipped out of my pajamas, hanging them on one of the coat hooks my father had installed here but we never used because normally we used the front door. Now I was totally naked, except for my watch. I slipped it off too, checking the time before hanging it on one of the coat hooks too. I wanted to be able to say that I had been outside wearing nothing but my skin. Well, I wasn't going to say it to anyone but myself, but I wanted to be completely naked. It was 3:20am.

I took a deep breath. I was strangely calm. My heart rate was up, but not as much as I thought it would be. Without thinking any more on it, I opened the storm door and stepped out onto the driveway, facing the street. I WAS OUTSIDE NAKED! Well, I still had the door open, so I was just barely outside. I closed the door and stepped away from the house, still facing the street. I realized my pale white skin must have stood out in the moonlight and I took one more sidestep, closer to the neighbor's house. Now I was in the shadow of their house.

What a feeling! It was early fall so it was cool but not cold. There was a slight breeze, which I could feel on every inch of my skin! Being naked felt so different! My nipples were all crinkly with cold and excitement, to where they hurt a little. I reached up and brushed them with my palms. Then, with very little warning, I heard an approaching car. Before I could move or duck or anything, it flashed past, headlights and amber running lights followed by red tail lights.

I lost all my courage as soon as the car was past and dashed those two steps back to the door. Quickly I let myself back in, though not so quickly that I wasn't careful to close the door silently. I got my pajamas back on with some difficulty as my feet seemed to want to go down the wrong legs. I sneaked back upstairs, going only a little faster than I had come down.

As soon as I was back in my room I started to shiver. Maybe it was colder out than I thought. I tried to check my watch but it wasn't on my wrist. I'd left it hanging by the door. Well, I wasn't going to get it now, I set my alarm for 8:00am so I could go down and get it early. I crawled under the covers, still shivering and thought about what I had done.

I had been outside completely naked! Not one stitch on! If the driver of that car had happened to glance my way as it sped past, he/she might have seen me, a totally naked girl standing in the driveway. I'd finally done what I thought must be the ultimate challenge, outside totally naked! I was still shivering but now it was with excitement as I thought about what I had done, how it felt. I began to masturbate, trying to prolong it as I relived the last hour. Too soon, I was cumming, biting my comforter to keep from moaning out loud.

When I was finished I told myself again that now I wouldn't have to do it any more. What could I do beyond what I had just done? What more was there beyond being naked in the driveway? I fell asleep with the knowledge that I would be a good girl from now on.

**Outside Again**

Despite my intentions of never doing it again, exactly three weeks later I was once more standing at the side door, naked. There was less of a moon today and it was cloudy and cool but not really cold despite now being mid Autumn. I had tried not to give in, but every time I thought about my last naked venture I realized how limited it had been.I had probably been outside less than a minute, and had only taken a couple of steps away from the door. There hadn't been any real chance of anyone seeing me. The thought of putting myself at risk of being seen was what had gotten me down here again.

I wasn't really sure what I was going to do, but I at least wanted to spend several minutes outside. A couple of days earlier we had been playing Yahtzee and the idea had occurred to me to use a die to determine how many minutes to stay outside. I thought that one minute wouldn't be enough, so I decided to roll one die and multiply the result by two. I had rolled a four, so I told myself I must stay outside at least eight minutes tonight. Because of that I was going to wear my watch.

I looked at my watch now, pushing the little button to make the face glow. 3:13. I pushed the door open carefully and stepped out closing the storm door silently behind me. The night air felt as good as before on my naked skin and I stepped away from the door to the middle of the driveway. My father had left the car parked in the driveway tonight and it was between me and the street.

I looked at the car. The back of it extended past the front of our house, closer to the street. I decided that to really prove I was daring, I needed to go around the car and come back to here. That little walk would get me much further from the door, much closer to the street, and into the light from the street lamps. It would use up some, maybe all of my eight minutes too.

I listened carefully but didn't hear any cars or anything. Moving in a half crouch, I walked toward the car, stopping about even with the front bumper. I leaned forward and looked up and down the street, nothing. I looked at the houses across the street, all dark. My heart was beating wildly again, the adrenaline pumping through me. My biology teacher had told us about the “fight or flight” response and I knew that's what I was feeling, adrenaline.

I looked up and down the street one more time and started around the car. I decided to stand up straight and forced myself to walk at a normal pace, speeding up only when I was almost all the way around the car. I got in front of the car and squatted down. I had done it! I checked my watch. Only about four or five minutes gone.

I had calmed down a little and I thought about going back around the car the other direction. I half stood up to check for traffic. Well darn! There was a car heading my way from far up the street to my right. I squatted back down. I should go back up the driveway between the houses before the car got here, I told myself. I checked on the car again. He was closer, obviously, but still far enough away that I could safely stand up and walk up the drive without danger of being seen.

I hesitated while I watched him get closer. I decided to stay put, squatting in front of the car while he passed. If I squatted real small and stayed close to the front of the car, I was in shadow and was pretty confident he wouldn't see me. I had no choice now anyway. I had hesitated so long that if I stood up now I was sure he would see me.

I almost kissed the front grill as I mashed myself against that front bumper while the car drove past. He was going a lot slower than the car that sped by on my first time outside, but not terribly slow, and he didn't seem to slow or pause as he passed, reassuring me that I hadn't been spotted. I checked my watch again and there were still at least a couple minutes to go.

I could feel the cool air on my pussy, opened by my squatting position, and opened even wider as I tried to flatten myself against the car. I realized I was very wet down there. I touched myself. REALLY wet. I started to rub my pussy, getting some of the moisture on my clitty, letting it feel the cool night air. I couldn't stop. I didn't want to stop. I made myself cum.

As soon as I came I wanted inside. I got up and ran to the door and let myself back in. I was trembling as I got back into my pajamas. As silently as I could I made my way back upstairs. I couldn't believe what I had done, masturbated outside! Back in my bed I had to masturbate again. Again I couldn't imagine anything more outrageous. I'd never have to do this again, for sure this time.

The next day was Saturday so there was no school but I got up early anyway. I got dressed and went outside and I stood right in front of the car, on the spot where I masturbated last night. Certainly there was no way I'd ever top that I thought. Standing there made me want to masturbate again so I went back inside.

Over the next several days I masturbated a lot, something not so good for a good Catholic girl's conscience. I couldn't stop thinking about how it felt, being naked, hiding behind the car and making myself cum.

There was a cold snap over the next few weeks and that helped keep my thoughts away from going back outside, at least for a while.

**Adrenaline Junkie**

For the next few weeks I tried real hard to resist my desire to be naked outside. The fact that it got bitterly cold for awhile helped but I still kept masturbating a lot. I thought that might help too, by taking the edge off my desire to be naked, and it did, a little, but only temporarily. Maybe because what I was thinking about while masturbating was being naked outside, the desires would only come back, and stronger. My Catholic upbringing kept telling me I was sinful, but I just couldn't stop thinking about it.

If it had stayed cold forever, maybe I could have resisted, but one day, I think in December, it warmed up. I think it got over 60f and as soon as it did, I knew I had to get my outside fix. It wasn't even a weekend, but a school night the next time I went out. Taking advantage of the warm weather to get my adrenaline had become more important to me then getting enough sleep on a school night.

I didn't even do much that third time, just trying to walk around as nonchalantly as I could. Just your average naked girl, walking up and down in her driveway. I didn't have any close calls with cars or anything. I even stood out in the open near the front of the drive for a while, just trying to act as normal as I could. I did masturbate outside for the second time, though that was back in the shadows between the houses, standing near the side door. I did it standing straight up, feet spread and hips thrust forward, sort of presenting my pussy to the street. I even stood there for a little while after I came this time before going back inside.

Well, giving in after resisting for so long seemed to break all my resistance. After that I just became a little adrenaline junkie. Just like when I was extending my boundaries inside when left alone, I did the same things outside. Every time I had to go a little further, stay out a little longer or take a bigger risk in some way in order to get my fix.

Just as with inside, I'm not going to go into every little detail about how I went from those first couple of steps out the side door, to spending hours outside, and roaming blocks away from my house, that would take too much time and isn't really the story I want to tell you. I am going to tell you a few of the things I learned along the way, however.

One thing I learned is that when it's very cold out, the main thing that's going to bother you is your feet. Oh, if it's really windy and cold, you're going to feel it, but if the wind is calm, it can be below freezing, or even down near zero, and as long as you wear shoes to protect your feet from the frozen ground, you can stay out a remarkably long time.

I also found out that it is a good idea to wear shoes for other reasons. I was afraid, especially as I got further from my own yard, of cutting my feet on broken glass, a rusty old tin can, or stepping on a nail or something. I didn't want to have to wake my mom in the middle of the night and have to explain to her that I needed a tetanus shot and stitches because I somehow managed to cut my foot on a rusty tin can at 4:00am.

There were also the worms. I found out that earthworms like to come to the surface at night and I hated stepping on them and feeling them squirm around when I was on grass. I also worried about other insects that might bite or sting me. I did sometimes go without shoes anyway, because I still had a compulsion to be completely naked. Once I even took my earrings out so I didn't even have them on me.

Another thing I learned is that people that are driving around in cars at night aren't paying as much attention to what's happening outside their cars as you would think. Several times I would be in a position where I was certain they would see me and they would just drive on by. No stopping, no slowing down, no honking the horn, nothing. Maybe they were drunk or maybe they just didn't believe their eyes, I don't know.

There were definitely some times when I was seen though. Once a car passed me, then turned around in a driveway up the street and came back, honking the horn while I scrambled up somebody's driveway to hide in their backyard. Another time I saw a man's silhouette against his front curtains as I ran across somebody's lawn across the street from his house. I was sure he could see me because he kind of ducked down and was moving his head back and forth as if to get a better view through the folds in the curtains.

Once a police officer even saw me. By this time I was so comfortable being naked outside that to get my adrenaline rush I would jog recklessly around corners even if I knew a car was coming. One time it was a police car and his brake lights came on immediately. I ducked up a driveway, looking for a place to hide because I was sure he was going to come after me but, for some reason he didn't.

I was smart enough to know that if I kept up my behavior, somebody was going to catch me someday, but I still couldn't stop. In fact, I had become pretty careless and reckless, though the police car incident did make me a bit more cautious for a little while.

Well, there I was. I had become a perverted little Catholic adrenaline junkie girl. Sometimes I stayed out two or even three hours at a time. Sometimes I stayed out till it was actually starting to get light. Once or twice I couldn't resist going out twice in one night if the first time hadn't been risky enough.

The stage was set for my downfall.

**Out of Control**

Near the end of the summer before my senior year in high school I had pretty much lost all control. I was outside naked more nights than not. I no longer even needed my alarm clock to wake me, in fact I no longer even planned to get up, I simply woke up almost every night with the need to get outside naked. Every once in a while, I slept the night through and woke up in the morning disappointed that I had missed a chance to get naked. Even worse, sometimes I woke when it was around 5:00am, almost starting to get light, still some darkness left, but not enough time to participate in what had become my favorite hobby.

My one brush with a police car had been near the beginning of summer and, although that had taken a few weeks to get over, I now felt like I could get away with anything. Oh, I still knew somewhere in the back of my mind that if I continued I would be caught eventually, and sometimes I would run through scenarios in my mind of what might happen. When I'd first started my naked excursions, I usually thought it would be my parents who would catch me, but I'd sneaked past their bedroom so many times by now that I no longer really feared that anymore. Now I focused more on a neighbor or the police.

I would rehearse it in my mind. A police officer, holding me firmly by the upper arm, knocking on the front door to wake my father, “Sir, we found your daughter running around naked over on the next block. Please take her to a psychiatrist,” and I would be sent to a convent or something. Or, I'd imagine one of the neighbors seeing me and calling my mother the next day with pretty much the same result. Beyond claiming that “It's the first time I ever did it,” I never really thought of anything that would be a plausible explanation for my behavior, so I just sort of planned to somehow stop before I was caught.

Like I said, it was near the end of summer and I knew I would soon have to curtail my activities. I was in the running for class valedictorian so I'd need enough sleep to get good grades, and although I'd been out in the winter before, a bitter cold winter night didn't have quite as much attraction to my nudist self as a nice warm summer night did. The last couple weeks I was going out almost every night and my luck finally ran out.

**Caught**

When I finally was caught, it wasn't by my parents, the police or neighbors as I'd always thought it would be. It wasn't by the paperboy, a stranger, a motorist or an early morning jogger. Rather, it was by the very last person in the whole world that I could have possibly wanted to be caught by.

I'd been out for a shorter time than usual that night, perhaps a half hour or so. I was going to cut the night a bit short because my mom was going to take me to have my hair done the next day and I'd have to get up early. I was across the street from my house, between the two houses over there. There wasn't any traffic, so I started across the street. I wasn't wearing shoes that night and I just walked at pretty much a normal pace, across the street and up our driveway until I was between the houses.

I stopped there and turned to face the street again and touched my pussy. After all this time, the night breeze still felt so wonderful on my naked skin. I wanted to cum, but I decided I'd get inside and have a nice little cum in my bed before sleep. I turned around and went to the side door.

I opened the storm door and then turned the knob on the inner door and gave it a shove. It didn't budge. I tried again. The door was locked! Did I somehow, after all these nights, slip up and forget to push the little button that would keep the lock open? It wasn't a big deal, because like many families, we kept a hidden key outside, but I was shocked at my carelessness.

There was a little awning-like overhang above the door and the key was kept hanging on a small nail on the back of one of the supports. I reached up and felt for it. There was the nail, but no key! I was locked out!

Panicked, I was still feeling for the key when a voice out of the darkness further up the driveway said, “Looking for this?”

“Bobby!” I almost shouted. For a very brief moment I was relieved that I wasn't locked out after all, then I realized my predicament and panicked again.

“Shut up, stupid,” my brother said, still in the same low tone, as he stepped out of the shadow and into the dim light of the reflected streetlights. He glanced up at my parent's bedroom window as he approached, holding the key dangling from his fingers. In his other hand he held the brand new, very expensive digital camera he had conned my father into buying him two weeks ago in exchange for painting the garage.

The light might have been dim, but I still didn't want my twerp of a brother seeing me naked. I covered up as best as I could with my two hands.

“Bobby?” I asked, trying to keep my voice as low as I could while also trying not to show my panic. “What are you doing out here?”

“The question, Leah my dearest, dearest sister, is what are YOU doing out here? You're the one that's naked, not me.”

He kept on getting closer and I didn't want him to see my boobs, which really weren't very big, maybe about average compared to the other girls in my class, and I really didn't want him to see my pussy, even if I did have it covered with my hand, so I turned around to face the wall of the house and asked him to stop.

He stopped, but by then he was only a couple feet away from me. He said, “You didn't answer my question, Lee, what are you doing out here naked?”

I said the only thing I could think of, “I was, um, I couldn't sleep so I was gonna do some laundry and when I went past the side door I just wondered what it would feel like.”

“Bullshit! I've been watching you Lee, I've seen the kinds of things you been doing, what's more, I have lots of really nice pictures to prove it. This camera is really great in low light. I wonder what mom will think when she finds out her little angel is just a little pervert.”

Up till then I didn't really connect the camera with myself. I'd naively thought he'd been taking pictures of stars or something. Now I had more reason to panic. “Bobby! You have to delete those! You have to right now!”

I could see his smirk even in the dim light. “Oh, I'll delete them. I'll delete them, right after I tell mom, she might want to see them as proof.”

“Bobby! You can't! You can't tell mom!”

“I can't tell mom, huh? Is this the same Leah who ran all the way home from school to tell mom when I got caught cheating on that geography test in sixth grade? Is this the very same Leah who ratted on me to dad when I broke the garage window with Shaun's pellet gun? Is it the same one who went and got Father Ambrose when I had that carton of cigarettes in my locker last year? Hmm? Oh, I've got so many reasons not to tell mom!”

“Bobby you can't! I... I'll write all those summer book reviews for you you're supposed to be doing.”

The sound of his chuckle sent shivers up my spine. “Oh, you'll write those, that's for sure. In fact, you'll be doing lots of my homework this year. I'm just not sure that that's gonna be enough to pay me for keeping my mouth shut, Lee. Enough to keep me from leaving a few of these pictures here and there around school. I don't think they'll want a pervert for a valedictorian.”

“Then what, Bobby?” I asked forlornly. “What do you want me to do?”

“For starters, you can stop calling me Bobby. From now on, it's Robert to you. For seconds, turn around Leah.”

“What? I don't want you to see me naked!”

“Oh? You don't want ME to see you? For the whole neighborhood it's OK though? You can run all up and down the block naked but I can't see you? I think I'll just go up and wake mom right now.”

“Wait! Don't! I'll do it.” I took a deep breath and turned to face him but kept my hands where they were, my right arm across my breasts, my left hand over my pussy.

“Drop your hands Leah.”

I knew when I was beaten. Without further argument I dropped my hands to my sides. He just looked at me for a while, then moved around to my other side where the light was coming more from behind him and looked some more. I first felt embarrassed, but as he stared at me I began to feel different. I'd wanted someone to see me naked, now, here was someone. My creepy younger brother, but someone. I could feel my body beginning to react.

“You know,” he said, “You have a pretty decent body Leah. In fact, it's darn near perfect if you ask me. Your face is really pretty too.” I could feel my body reacting further to the compliments. Something was stirring in my belly, the warmth spreading to my chest and pussy. “How come you don't have a boyfriend? Are you lez?”

“No!”

“Then what?”

“I dunno, I just don't have time for that.”

“Nobody ever asks you out. Do they?”

I shrugged.

“You know why? Guys are afraid to ask the really pretty girls out. They think they all have boyfriends or that they'll just say no.” He added, “That and they know you really are a mean little witch.”

I didn't say anything and finally he said, “OK. Here is what you're gonna do. Saturday mom and dad were gonna take me and the others out to buy school clothes, only I'm gonna tell them I don't want to go. This time, you're gonna agree with me, got it? You're gonna be real convincing, understand? Mom's gonna let me stay home with you or else.”

**Saturday**

He let me into the house after that and I got my clothes and went up to bed. I hadn't planned on masturbating after that but the more I thought about Bobby looking at me naked, about the pictures he claimed to have, the hornier I got until I had to do it. I made myself cum before I could sleep.

It took a little convincing, I had to promise we wouldn't fight or anything but mom finally agreed to let Bobby, I mean Robert, stay home. As soon as the car was out of the drive, he called me over to where he was sitting on the couch.

“OK. We're gonna set a few rules. Take off your clothes.”

“What? I'm not doing that!”

He sighed. “Look Leah. You're smart. You should be able to understand that I'm your boss now. Either you do as I say or first I take some of those pictures I've got and spread them around the school, email them out to a few people, then I show them to mom. Understand?”

I couldn't think of any way out of the mess I had gotten myself in so I just nodded.

“You understand? Say it.”

“I understand Robert.”

“Good girl,” he said, “you're learning. Robert or, Sir would be OK too when we're alone. Now take off your clothes. Rule number one: When we are alone, you are always naked, got it? Now strip.”

There wasn't anything else I could do so I just pulled off the t-shirt I was wearing, then slid down my shorts and panties and stepped out of them. He looked me up and down, then ordered me to slowly turn around. I could feel him looking at me and I started to get that warm feeling in my belly again.

“Stop,” he said when I was facing him. He just kept staring at me, focusing on my nipples. “You're excited aren't you? Me looking at you has you all horny.” I shook my head from side to side.

“Yes you are. Your nips are standing out like pencil points. I bet you're wet as hell.” He started to reach toward me and I slapped his hand away. He grabbed my wrist. “Don't ever do that again Leah. Don't ever. When I want to touch you I will.”

His hand continued, touching me between my legs, tracing along my pussy lips. He smirked when he pulled his fingertip away wet.

“Are you going to rape me?” I asked.

He laughed. “Rape you? No Leah. I'm never going to rape you. I may fuck you, but if I do you're gonna want it more than me. In fact, you're going to beg me to fuck you.”

He looked at me again. “OK. Rule number two.” He gave a little tug on my pubic hair. “This has to go. Shave it off, all of it.”

“Bobby I can't do that. What will I tell the girls when they ask about it in gym class?”

He rolled his eyes. “I'm starting to get tired of this Leah. It's ROBERT, not Bobby! I don't care how you explain it, you'll think of something. Now, go upstairs, shave it all off, then come back down. If it's not good enough, I'll do it for you.”

**Slide Show**

I'd shaved my bikini line before so the situation wasn't totally new to me but I'd never gone completely bare before. The truth was there were a couple of girls in my class who were totally shaved so it wouldn't cause that much of a stir. I did the best job I could and went back down to the living room.

When I got back down there Bobby was waiting with his laptop computer on the coffee table. He made me stand in front of him while he inspected my work. I have very fine hair and when I shaved down there it was really smooth. He peered at me and ran his fingers over my lips and mons.

“Nice,” he said. “Good girl! I like all my girls bald down there, so keep it that way.”

All his girls? The only girl I ever knew him to even talk to was Sarah Giebel, a tomboy who hung around with him and his friends. He made me back up a bit, then got his camera and took a picture of me. I started to try and cover up when I saw him pointing the camera but I caught myself and just stood there. What was the use? He'd just force me to drop my hands.

He didn't make me pose or anything, just snapped one or two pictures of me just standing there, naked in the living room. Next he called me over and made me sit on the couch, on a towel he placed next to him. I could see his laptop screen. There was a picture of me, naked and on the grade school playground. It must have been from at least two weeks ago as I hadn't been that direction any other times recently. It really was a good camera. The picture was sharp and clearly me, clearly naked.

“So Leah, tell me about what you've been doing. Don't leave anything out. Remember, I've been watching you.”

I was sure he'd been watching me for at least two weeks, the evidence was on the screen, but I didn't know how long he'd been watching me before that so I couldn't afford to leave anything out. I told him the whole story of my depravity. When I finished, he kind of grinned.

“You know, Leah, until a few weeks ago I thought you were just a stuck-up little bitch, but you're really pretty cool. I'm proud you're my sister and I never thought I'd say that. I'm still the boss though. Remember that, but we're gonna have lots of fun!”

Knowing some examples from the past of the kinds of things he considered “fun,” I was a bit dubious. Right now, sitting naked next to him on the couch, I felt not unlike one of the slugs I'd once seen him salting on the sidewalk, but what choice did I have?

He leaned forward and touched a key on his laptop. “Watch this.”

A slide show started. A slide show of much of my last two weeks of naked adventures. Me naked on the playground. Me naked in the street. Even me masturbating in the driveway!

That camera was good, but not so good as to be able to completely stop motion in such low light, my hand was just a blur between my legs, but you could clearly tell what I was doing, that it was me and that it was in our driveway. If my mom ever saw that picture she'd have a heart attack, then send me to a convent. If the kids at Sacred Heart High School ever saw it, I'd take myself to a convent if I didn't die of embarrassment first.

I had to admit the towel was a good idea as I was getting wetter and wetter, watching myself on Bobby's computer. I was fascinated by what I looked like. A naked girl outdoors. I'd always wondered what I would look like to someone watching, now I knew.

While I was watching the screen, Bobby was watching me, gaging my reaction. “You like that, don't you? Seeing yourself naked?” he asked. Before I could answer he reached forward and switched off the slide show, leaving an open Word document on the screen.

“You've been a good girl today, Leah. Now you better get dressed, mom and dad just pulled into the driveway.”

I snatched up my shorts and t-shirt, then the towel. I couldn't find my panties, then I saw Bobby stuffing them in his pocket, “Rule three,” he said, “no more underwear.” As I dashed up the stairs he added, “We'll talk later, Leah.”

**“Shopping” with Bobby**

I barely had time to get dressed before my mom was calling me downstairs. She and Bobby were sitting in the living room. I stopped when I saw that she was looking at something on his computer. Had I done something wrong? Was he turning me in?

“Hi Leah,” she said. “Bobby was telling me what you did while we were out.”

What? He was telling her what? I just stared dumbly.

“How nice of you to help him with his summer reading book reviews.”

“Oh! Um, yes he was having a little trouble,” I said.

“I always knew you two would get along some day. It's nice to see you've finally grown out of that childish sibling rivalry. Bobby has also suggested,” she said, “and I and your father have agreed, that since he still needs some new school clothes, you take the car and drive him to the mall. The two of you can do your shopping and have a little extra money for a reward for being so good while we were out.”

What? The car? I'd had my license for a few months but all my driving had been with one of them. I'd never been allowed to take the car by myself. Then I saw the grin on Bobby's face. Maybe this wasn't going to be such fun after all. “Um, the car? Mom, are you sure I'm ready?”

“Of course you are, dear! You're a very good driver. Your father and I have complete faith in your judgment and good behavior.” Well that showed how much they knew!

“Um.” I tried to think of some reason why we couldn't do this but I knew Bobby had planned the whole thing out. “OK, I guess.”

She got her purse and counted out a stack of bills, “This is what we budgeted for Bobby.” Then she counted out another stack, “This is for you,” she said, “even though you get your uniforms through the school, you must need some new underwear or something.” No, I didn't. Not anymore. She added a twenty to each stack, “And that's for whatever you want as a reward.”

Holy cow! A few days ago I would have been thrilled to be handed the car keys and a wad of money with instructions to go to the mall, now with Bobby grinning smugly at me, it didn't seem like that much of a good thing.

Bobby switched off his computer and took it up to his room while my mom told me they had no plans for that evening and I shouldn't worry about hurrying back. “Take your time, make sure he tries everything on,” she said. Great! It sure looked like it was going to be a fun afternoon.

When Bobby came back down, he was carrying his camera. “What do you need that for? I asked. “We're going shopping.”

“I'm still trying it out,” he explained. “Besides, you never know when you're going to come across something worth a picture.”

My mom kissed us each goodbye while Bobby fiddled with his camera, then we were out the door and off on our own.

**In the Car**

As soon as we were on the street, Bobby switched the radio to the kind of stuff he thought of as music and we drove along, with him slapping his thigh in time to the beat while I tried to figure out what he had planned for me.

When I got to the cross street, I put on my signal to turn right toward the mall but Bobby said, “That way,” pointing left.

“But, mom said we have to go to the mall and buy you school clothes.”

He shook his head, still pointing left. “No need, I already shopped for everything we need on-line. All we have to do is go to customer service at Target and pick it up. That way, we'll have lots more time for ourselves.”

Wonderful! Just what I needed. More time to do what?

“You shopped for me?” I asked. “What did I get?”

He just looked at me with a slight smile on his face. “You can see later.”

He got his camera out and started to snap pictures of seemingly random things outside, then he took one of me driving. “The best thing about a digital camera,” he explained, “Is that you don't have to worry about wasting film. If something doesn't come out, or you don't like it, you can just delete it.”

I asked him if he'd consider deleting a few things he'd taken over the last couple of weeks and he shook his head. “Why would I do that? I like them all. They're precious to me. Anyhow, they aren't even on the camera anymore. I've already copied them to my backup drive.”

It didn't take long to get to Target and I parked carefully at the end of a row, the way my father taught me. We went inside and Bobby took all the money and paid, getting three or four big bags. I could see a couple of men's dress shirts in one and Bobby looked in the others but didn't offer to show me. Back out at the car, he stowed everything in the back seat and we were off again.

“It's a good thing mom gave us that extra forty dollars,” he said. “I thought I was gonna have to use some of my own money.”

I asked where we were headed now and he said “Metro Parks.”

As I drove toward the park he resumed his picture taking, first of things outside, then turning the camera on me again and snapping a couple.

“You know,” he said, “We're really kind of alone.”

I knew what he was getting at and I said, “I don't think it would be a good idea for me to drive around naked.”

“Probably not, but you can pull your shirt up and let me see your tits.”

I knew he wasn't going to let up and by this time we were in the park. One lane each way, no trucks, no sidewalks not really much way for anyone to see into our minivan. Maybe this was what he had planned, so I went along with it, pulling my t-shirt up and driving that way, tits exposed.

Bobby happily began taking pictures. “Smile,” he said. I forced a smile. “No, not that way, look at me.”

“Robert I can't. I have to pay attention to the road.”

“You can look this way for just a second. There's no traffic and the road is straight here. You don't stare at the road all the time. You have to check the gauges and the rear view mirrors and stuff.”

I turned and gave him the best smile I could under the circumstances and I guess it was satisfactory because he stopped bugging me about it. We passed a big field that was used for athletics. I recognized it as where Bobby's touch football team played their games. Just as we passed, he said, “Slow down.”

**In the Park**

Shortly we came to a tiny parking area that could fit just a few cars and he directed me to pull in there. There were a couple of picnic tables but no one was around. “OK, come on,” he said and got out.

He opened the rear door and got out his backpack. He must have had it stashed in there because I didn't see it earlier. He held out his hand and said, “I'll hold the keys.”

“What are we going to do?”

“Go for a walk.” He started off into the woods. At first the path was paved, an all-purpose trail used by bicycles, joggers and in-line skaters and stuff but soon we turned onto a dirt path. Bobby had his camera out and occasionally he'd take a picture of something, a bird, a flower, an oddly shaped tree trunk.

We walked along that way for quite a while, Bobby happily taking pictures and me just following along. He almost seemed to have forgotten about me and I had lulled myself into a false sense of security when suddenly he startled me by asking, “Are you wearing underwear?”

So sudden and out of the blue was the question that it took me a while to answer. “No sir, I'm not.”

The “Sir” seemed to please him and he gave me a big grin. “See? I knew that once you figured out who was boss, you'd be really good at this. You've always been so good at following rules, Leah. You're just perfect!”

Great! I was exceptionally talented at following the instructions of my blackmailing little brother. So talented that he was praising me for it.

We walked a little further, then Bobby called a halt. “OK, I think this is good.”

He took off his backpack and opened it, taking out a water bottle. “Want a drink?”

I took a big drink and handed him the bottle back. “Thanks.”

He took a big swig and put the bottle back in the backpack and held it out to me. “You can put everything in here.”

“What?”

“Your clothes, put them in here.”

“You want me to undress here?”

“No. I want you to undress back at the car.”

He saw me looking back along the path. “That was a joke! Yes, I want you to undress here! Now get going.”

**Naked in the Daylight**

So this is what he planned. Me naked outdoors in the daylight. It was something I'd thought about but so different from my nighttime excursions that I'd never seriously planned, like, “Mom, can I have the car so I can drive to a secluded area?” He'd managed to manipulate it though so here I was.

I looked around. We must have been fairly deep in the woods, I couldn't see the road or anything and certainly there were no people other than us. There wasn't a lot of undergrowth where we were though, mostly just tree trunks, so you could see a fair distance. He didn't have to prod me again once my compulsion took over. I wanted to be naked.

I started to undress, which didn't take much time since all I had on was t-shirt, shorts, and socks and shoes. It was different. Having Robby there with me, fully clothed, sort of heightened my nudity. Not being in darkness made it much easier to be seen, plus being where we were, I couldn't even tell from which direction someone might approach, if anyone did. There was also nowhere to hide. Yes, there were tree trunks but most of them weren't huge and they would only hide me from one direction.

The adrenaline started to hit me as soon as I took off my shirt. Yes, Bobby had been looking at my boobs off and on all day, but that had been in at least semi-privacy. Now they were exposed to anyone within a couple hundred feet or so. My heart was beating faster and I continued to strip.

I sat on a fallen tree trunk and took off my shoes and socks, putting them in Bobby's backpack as he held it open for me, then I stood and removed my shorts, putting them in the backpack too. I was completely naked in broad daylight in a public park! More naked than ever before even, since I didn't even have the minimal coverage of pubic hair anymore.

Bobby zipped his backpack shut and put it back on. My clothes were no longer even readily accessible. He got his camera and began to take pictures. Lots of pictures and now all of them were of me, naked in the woods.

He had me walk a little ways down the path, then back, photographing me both coming and going. He had me do it both looking serious, like I was on some kind of nature walk, then again smiling. He posed me leaning against a tree, first with my hands behind my back, then above my head, then even like I was trying to cover up.

He had me stand in the middle of the path, feet shoulder width apart and my fists on my hips. He made me jog, and even run up and down the path while he photographed away. He made me sit on the fallen tree, then made me straddle it, the rough bark pressing against my pussy. He made me bend over it so he could photograph my butt.

He took close-ups of my tits, my face and even my pussy, though he called it my cunt. “You have a beautiful cunt, Lee, especially shaved. It looks exactly like a little peach. No, an apricot, a juicy little apricot.”

Well my apricot was getting juicier by the minute when he had me pose squatting on the path with my knees apart, fully exposed. “Touch yourself, Leah. Rub your cunt.”

God how I wanted to! But I said, “I can't do that with you watching!”

“Yes you can Leah. Do it. Be a good girl.”

I knew it was wrong, but I wanted him to see me cum. I had to do it. I started to rub myself, fingering my clit as he watched me through the camera.

“Are you a virgin Leah?”

I nodded.

“Say it, Say it Leah.”

“I am a virgin, Sir.”

The sensory overload of the whole day, the feel of my smooth, bare pussy, all came crashing down on me at once. I came so hard I had to lower my knees to the ground so I wouldn't fall over.

He didn't even give me time to fully recover. Once I was done he simply said, “Good girl, Leah. Now, come on,” and he started off down the path, my clothes still in his backpack.

**Exposed**

I got up and started after him. He was walking at a pretty brisk pace and I had to run to catch up. My bare feet made slapping noises on the smooth dirt of the path and I held my arms crossed over my chest. Like I said my breasts weren't very big but they were tender just now.

“Where are we going now, Sir?” Damn! I guess I really was good at this, as he said. He had me automatically calling him Sir!

“Well, we're headed pretty much straight back to the van, then home.”

“Well, can I have my clothes back? That's right by the road, people will be driving by.”

“Oh, I'll give 'em to you before we get there. Not yet though.”

So we walked. Bobby got out his cell and sent a text to somebody about something but didn't offer to tell me who. In a very short time we got back to the paved path, though it didn't look like the same spot where we left it.

I was nervous walking on the pavement. This path was used by skaters and bicycles. There was a little bit more underbrush around though so at least there was some possibility to hide.

Very soon after we got to the pavement I saw where we were. We must have hiked in a big semi-circle because now we were back to that big athletic field. We stopped and Bobby took us into a small thicket where we were pretty well concealed by bushes.

He took off the backpack and got out the bottle of water again and offered it to me. Since he drank out of it before I normally would have thought cooties and refused but that didn't seem important now and I took a drink. He then got out my shoes and socks and handed them to me. “Put these on.”

I waited for him to give me the rest of my clothes but he put the backpack back on. He pointed through a gap in the bushes. I could see the path as it extended ahead of us and I could also see part of the field. There was a group of girls about my own age playing, or rather practicing soccer. They were about two hundred feet from the closest part of the path.

Where we were, the path was still in the woods, but just ahead, it emerged briefly. For the next hundred and fifty feet or so, the woods were just to the left of the path. To the right, there was nothing between the path and the open playing field.

Bobby said, “Here's what we're gonna do. You're gonna wait here, and I'm going to walk that way, till I get to where the path enters the woods again. Then I'm going to wave at you. When I do, I want you to run to me.”

“But. But, they'll see me.”

“Almost for sure,” he said. “That's why you can't hesitate when I signal you. Don't hesitate, don't stop, don't look at them. Just run as fast as you can till you get to me. That's why I gave you your shoes, so you don't hurt your feet. When you get there, be prepared to keep running till we're sure they aren't following you or anything.”

My heart was racing again and my mouth was dry as I contemplated what I was going to do. “Can I have some more water?”

He handed me the bottle, “Here, but hurry, it looks like they may be getting ready to leave and I don't want to miss this chance.”

Once he had the bottle back, he took off down the path, not running, but walking really fast. I crouched in the bushes, unsure if I could do it. Could I run out in the open, in the sunlight, past the dozen or so girls in the field? Or would I freeze?

Bobby stopped in the shadows up ahead. He turned around and pointed his camera in my direction, then he waved. God!

I jumped out of the bushes and hit the path running. My heart was thumping so hard in my chest I thought it would burst. I just kept looking at Bobby as I ran though I wanted to look at the girls. I heard one of them say “Hey, look!” and another, “Holy cow!” I ran as hard as I could.

Then I was with Bobby. He handed me my shirt as we ran down the path and I pulled it on while running, still naked from the waist down. We went around a slight bend and he stopped me, grabbing me to keep me from falling, and handed me my shorts. “I don't think anyone is following us,” he said.

"Did you know any of them?" I managed to gasp, wondering if any of them might have recognized me.

"Nuh-uh," he said, "I think they're from Saint Boniface. Most of them were wearing burgundy and gold."

Great! Our number one rival high school. I sure hoped none of them recognized me.

Fortunately my shorts were loose enough that I was able to get them on over my shoes with a minimum amount of hopping around. As soon as I had them on Bobby wanted to run again, saying he wanted to get to the car in case anyone had called the park rangers.

Shit! I hoped if they did, they didn't get too good a look at me.

Anyhow I couldn't run very fast because I couldn't breathe! My heart was still pounding. Bobby pulled me along and had the car unlocked with the key remote before we got there. We tumbled in and I pulled onto the road, trying to balance caution and haste.

I was still panting, still high on adrenaline when Bobby said, “God Lee! You did it! That was awesome!”

We drove back toward home, me shaking, while Bobby reviewed what he had on his camera, occasionally exclaiming “Awesome!” or, “Wow! Wait till you see this!”

By the time we pulled into the drive my breathing and heart rate had just about returned to normal. What a shopping trip that had turned out to be!

As we got out of the van, I saw Sarah Giebel sitting on the front steps, holding a football.

**Home Again**

“Say hello to Sarah,” said Bobby, “I'll unload the stuff.”

I got out of the van and Sarah smiled at me. She gave the football she was holding a spin and tossed it up into the air a few feet and caught it.

“Hi, Sarah,” I said, “Still Playing football?”

Sarah nodded and waved at Bobby as he got the bags from the car. “Yeah, probably my last year though.”

I don't think I mentioned previously that Bobby was a pretty good athlete. In grade school he was a star on the football team until his grades caught up with him and he was cut. Sarah was an even better athlete, the best female athlete at Sacred Heart High School and maybe the best overall.

Even though she was just going to be a sophomore, everybody knew she was going to start on the varsity volleyball, basketball and softball teams. She also played rugby as a club sport. In addition to that, she was the quarterback on Bobby's touch football team.

I raised my eyebrows at her answer, “Oh? Too much sports?”

She shook her head, “Nah. Next year we get moved up to the B division. They use a bigger ball and my hands aren't big enough to grip it right and I'm just not quick enough or big enough to play any position but quarterback.”

Bobby had taken the bags inside and now came back out. “I told mom you'd show her what you bought later. Me and Sarah are gonna practice a little.”

Sarah nodded at me and smiled as she got up and she and Bobby headed for the backyard.

I went inside, hoping my mom wasn't going to ask to see whatever it was Bobby had bought for me. I didn't really have to worry, it seemed. “Hello dear,” she said, “Bobby said he ran you ragged at the mall. You look a little flushed, was he that difficult?”

I wasn't surprised that I looked a little flushed after running around the woods naked for the last couple of hours. “No mom, there were just a lot of people shopping for back to school clothes I guess. I do feel a little tired though, I think I'll lie down unless you need help with dinner.”

She thanked me for taking Bobby shopping for his school clothes and said I should get some rest so I went upstairs.

My room was hot and stuffy so before I did lie down I went to open my window which looked out on the backyard. Bobby and Sarah were standing next to the garage talking. While I watched though he started running and she backed up a couple steps and threw him the ball.

I went and laid down on my bed, flopping down on top of the covers and closing my eyes. For the first time all day I was alone for more than a few minutes. I couldn't believe all that had happened to me. My hand went down inside my shorts and over my now bare pussy.

For the first time I had a chance to explore my new nakedness on my own time. How sensitive my newly shaved skin felt! I knew I wouldn't be able to keep my hands off myself at all now. I began to stroke my lips, my clitty. I forced myself to go slow but as I began to think about my afternoon, my brother photographing me naked in the woods, streaking past those other girls. My hand began to move faster.

I couldn't help but moan as my fingers brought me to release and I lay there, still stroking my smooth pussy. Finally I withdrew my hand from my shorts, curled up on my bed and drifted off into a nap.

**Dinner**

I didn't sleep very long but when I woke it was much cooler in my room so the first thing I did was go to close the window. I couldn't see Bobby and Sarah in the backyard any longer so I figured they had either gone to the playground where there was more room or they had finished with their ball toss.

My cell was on my dresser and I could see I had a text. It was from Bobby and said I should wear my new skirt down to dinner and reminded me to remember rule three. Well I couldn't remember the rules by number but I figured with the skirt he probably meant the no underwear rule.

I didn't know I had a new skirt but I guessed it was one of the things Bobby had bought for me. I looked around my room and spotted a Target bag inside the door. Bobby must have put it there when he unloaded the car.

Sure enough, there were actually two wrap around skirts in the bag along with some socks. There was also a light yellow and a light green polo. Fairly mundane stuff except the skirts were a bit shorter than what I was used to, though not scandalously so. Bobby hadn't specified which skirt to wear so I figured I still had some choices. I picked the khaki colored skirt over the navy, and the yellow polo. I put on a pair of the ankle length socks and my Skechers and went downstairs.

My dad was in his den when I passed, working. He's an architect and does a lot of work at home and we had learned not to disturb him when he was on his computer. My mom was in the kitchen, finishing dinner and asked me to set the table. While I was getting down some plates from the cupboard, she said , “Oh, is that what you bought? They look nice on you but isn't that skirt a bit short?”

“Mom, this is the way they come! I'm not wearing this to school, so what's the difference?”

“Well, I don't think you'll be wearing those to church either,” was all she said. “Call your brother in for dinner and ask if Sarah wants to stay too.”

“They're gone, mom.”

“Then who's that?” she asked, pointing out the back window.

Sure enough, Bobby and Sarah were out there, still tossing the football and I wondered why I didn't see them from my room I went and asked Sarah if she wanted to eat with us and she said yes so I set an extra place while mom marshaled the other kids and got my dad.

I know I said earlier that we were poor before but we weren't really poor, there just wasn't a lot of extra money to spend after paying the tuition for all of us. We did have a really nice house which my dad designed himself and it had a big dining room which we needed with five kids and now a guest.

So we all sat down with me between Sarah and Bobby on one side of the table and the other kids on the other side with mom at one end and dad at the other and me with no panties under my skirt.

Sarah was seated next to my dad, who like most dads I guess was into sports, so he and she did most of the talking about the baseball playoffs and the upcoming football season. That was fine with me because all I could think about was the fact that I wasn't wearing panties. You'd think that for a girl who had just been running around naked in a public park not wearing panties wouldn't be such a big deal but wearing a skirt and sitting at a dinner table with my whole family, I couldn't take my mind off it.

The whole meal I kept waiting for Bobby to try and put his hand under my skirt or something but it never happened, which just made the whole time more agonizing since I was sure that that was something he was going to try. The only incident during the meal was when Jacob, who was of an age where I suspected him of trying to sneak looks down my blouse or up my skirt anyway, dropped his fork and had to go under the table to retrieve it. I quickly snapped my legs together and, although he spent far more time under the table than you'd think necessary, when he got back into his chair it was with a disappointed look on his face.

I volunteered to clear the table and load the dishwasher but mom said she was teaching Pauline to do it. Bobby took the opportunity to remind me that I had promised to help him with the book reviews after supper even though it was the first I'd heard of it. Mom of course thought that was a great idea and that was the end of my first pantiless family meal.

**Homework**

I thought Bobby wanted to start right away but he said that he and Sarah needed about a half hour to work on their playbook and he got a spiral notebook and a pencil and they went out back again.

I decided to use the time to take a shower and again I couldn't keep my hands off my pussy. It felt so sensitive and smooth but I did manage to keep from making myself cum this time. Bobby hadn't said anything about what to wear so I dressed in shorts and a t-shirt again and went downstairs to see if he and Sarah were finished. They were just coming in the back door and Pauline was just turning on the dishwasher when I got into the kitchen.

Sarah said she had to get home and my mom said goodbye to her, then told me and Bobby that she and my dad were going to take the other kids to grandma's house for a while to give us time to work undisturbed. Goody! More me and Bobby time, just what I needed after the kind of day it had been already! Mom and dad gathered the younger kids into the car and I was alone with Bobby for the third time that day.

As soon as they were out of the drive Bobby said, “Rule one.”

I knew that was the one about being naked when we were together but I told him I didn't know if I could write book reviews naked. He said, “It doesn't matter what we're doing, when you're alone with me, you're naked. Besides, I think you can get a couple little reviews done in an hour or less and it's an hour drive each way so they'll be gone at least three hours so we'll have a couple more hours alone. Get naked Leah.”

I was starting to wonder if I wouldn't have been better off just letting him tell mom when he first caught me naked outside. I would probably have been grounded for life and they would have put some kind of alarm on my door to keep me in or something but at least it would be done with. He had so many more compromising pictures of me now though, that I didn't see a way out. Plus, maybe somewhere deep down I wanted it this way.

My t-shirt and shorts came off and I handed them to Bobby. “My computer is up in my room,” he said so that's where we headed. He switched on his laptop and I found myself staring at another picture of me naked, this one from this very afternoon. He was already using it as his desktop wallpaper.

He must have had some kind of talent with a camera because the picture was beautiful. It was just me, naked and walking on the path, but somehow he had managed to make me look beautiful, sexy and innocent all at the same time. He had me sit down at his desk, then reached around me and clicked on an icon to open up a document.

I was surprised to find that he had actually made some kind of rudimentary effort at doing the summer reading assignment. I would have thought that he had done nothing, at least there was a start. It wasn't really that awful either. As I said it wasn't that he wasn't smart, he just didn't apply himself. When he wanted to, he could do the work.

With some of what he had written being salvageable, I soon had most of the summer assignment done. It was weird at first, being in my brother's room naked and typing on his computer, but in concentrating on the words in front of me I almost forgot that part, that is, until he said, “That's enough for now, Lee, save it.”

I saved the document and started to get up. “No,” he said, “That's enough homework, but you're not finished. Don't you want to see the rest of the pictures I took today?”

I sat back down. I did want to see them actually, the one he had set as a wallpaper made me want to see more. As much as I couldn't resist being outdoors naked in the past, now I found I couldn't resist looking at myself naked outdoors. “Yes Sir, I do.”

He clicked on another icon and a slide show started again. Dozens of pictures of me naked in the park. They weren't all as good as his wallpaper but many of them I found breathtaking. I couldn't believe it was me. When the slide show ended he started a short video of me streaking past the athletic field.

”Remember that?” he asked.

I nodded.

“Did you like it?”

“Yes Sir.”

“Good! Because we're going to do lots more things like that Leah. Lots more.”

**Rule Four**

He took my hand and stood me up, then led me over to his bed. I started to think he was going to rape me then, even though he said he wouldn't and I started to shake and even tried to pull my hand away. He let go of my hand and said, “Relax Lee. Nothing bad is going to happen.”

The tone in his voice was soothing and I felt a little better though I was still shaking some because I knew that even if he said it wasn't bad, something was going to happen. He looked me in the eyes and said, “Sit down on my bed, Leah.”

I sat on the edge of his bed and he got his pillows and put them behind me and had me lie down crosswise on the bed with my legs dangling off the side. It was getting dark outside by now and he went over and turned on the lamp on his nightstand, then sat on the floor by my feet. “Open up your legs a little, Leah.”

I did and I knew now he could see everything and I blushed a little because even though he had seen me naked and a whole bunch of other people had too, now he was looking right at my pussy. I was wet from looking at the pictures and I thought he could probably see that too and that made me even wetter.

He just looked at me for a little bit, then he said, “You have a very pretty little cunt, Leah.”

“Thank you.”

“No, I mean it. Your lips are just so puffy and your little slit is so cute and I can see your inner lips just peeking out and they're just such a gorgeous shade of pink. It's the prettiest one I've ever seen.”

I wondered just how many he had seen and I didn't know he even knew the word gorgeous, but his words made me blush some more and get even wetter if that was possible. “Thank you,” I said again.

Then he said the words I knew were coming and the words I longed to hear now. “Touch yourself, Leah. I want to watch you cum.”

I wanted to desperately but I didn't want to admit it, so I said, “I already came twice today, Sir. I don't think I can do it again.”

“Yes you can, Leah. Do it. Rub that pretty little cunt for me.”

I had to cum by then. In fact, I was in danger of cuming just from him looking at me and talking like he was to me. I reached down and started to play with myself as he watched.

“Whoa, Leah. Not so fast, go slow and only rub your clit, I want to see your cunt when you cum.”

I slowed down for him, my fingertip making small circles around my clit. “Please,” I asked him, “Could you call it my pussy? Not cunt. I don't like the word cunt.”

“Sure Leah, sorry. Rub your pretty little pussy for me, let me see you cum.”

I wanted him to see it too, and as I watched him watching me I knew it was going to happen soon. Then all the sensations of the day seemed to come back to me at once and all of a sudden I was cumming so hard that I screamed and tried to clamp my legs together as the spasms started. I shoved the back of my free hand into my mouth to try and stop screaming and Bobby put his hands on the inside of my knees to keep my legs open. I forced myself to open my legs wider so he could see and he said, “It's OK, Leah. It's OK, no one can hear you,” so I took my hand from my mouth and just moaned through the rest of my orgasm.

When it finally stopped I just lay there on Bobby's bed, completely spent. He took my hand from my pussy and put the first two fingers in his mouth, sucking them gently, then licking them clean. “I could see your pussy clenching Leah, like it wanted something to squeeze on when you came.”

I nodded.

“Do you want something inside you when you cum?”

I still couldn't speak so I just nodded.

“Do you want a cock inside you?”

That freed my tongue and I said, “Yes, I do, but I still don't want you to fuck me.”

“That's OK, Leah, you will,” he said. “You've been a very good girl today Leah and now I have a new rule for you. Rule number four, You are only allowed to touch yourself, or to cum, if I say it's OK, understand?”

“Yes Sir.”

“Can you do that Leah?”

“Yes Sir, but it will be hard.”

“I know, but you will do it. Now, I want you to go to your room and get some sleep, tomorrow's gonna be a very big day.”

**Church**

I went back to my room still naked, as Bobby didn't offer to give me back my clothes. I realized then that our relationship had changed forever. I couldn't ever look at him as my little brother again. I wasn't familiar with the terms at the time, though I think Bobby may have been, but I was now his sub, he was my dom.

I fell asleep that night before my parents got home and I slept the whole night through. The first I remember the next morning, my mom was calling for me to get ready for church.

For one brief moment I thought the whole thing had been some kind of dream. I was brought back to reality however, by the fact that I was naked in bed. I never slept naked despite my penchant for exhibitionism but I must have been so emotionally drained when I went to bed that I fell asleep without putting on pajamas.

As I brushed my teeth and got dressed for Mass, I wondered what Bobby had planned for me today. He had said it was going to be a big day and I had no idea how he could top yesterday unless he planned on getting me naked in church.

Bobby hadn't said anything about what to wear and since the weather was still warm I wore what I usually wore to church in the summer, a light sun dress only, remembering rule three, I was naked underneath. I didn't really need a bra but I was afraid of my nipples showing through so I picked a darker color, a kind of burnt orange, hoping that would help keep them from showing. It also happened to be a bit longer than most of my summer dresses, I just hoped it wouldn't be windy.

We all piled into the van for the short ride to church. Dad drove and mom sat up front with him, with me and Bobby in the second row while the other three kids had to squeeze into the back bench seat. The drive was uneventful, except when mom suggested that it was such a nice day, maybe we could take a drive through the Metro Park after church.

While I was still trying to think of a way to avoid driving past the same places I had been cavorting in naked yesterday, Bobby spoke up, saying he needed to get home right after church because he and Sarah had arranged the first practice for their touch football team for the afternoon. Mom wasn't too happy about that, saying that Sunday afternoons should be for family activities but she calmed down when dad suggested that we go to the park later and have a cookout.

We got to church and dad fussed because he couldn't find a spot at the end of a row but he finally found a spot he liked so we parked and went into church. Bobby didn't try anything during Mass except once he put his hand on the seat of the pew as I was sitting down so I sat on his hand. Even though he didn't do anything, just being naked under my dress and knowing that he knew was enough to keep me worked up all through Mass.

“You're going to Hell,” I told myself when it was time for communion and I was walking up the aisle of the church to receive.

Father Murdoch gave me the host, saying “The body of Christ,” and I mumbled my response and all I could think of was I wasn't wearing underwear in church.

When Mass was over we stood out front of the church for a little while while mom and dad said hello to some of their friends and Father Murdoch came over and said hi to my parents and he told me he liked my dress and I thought he somehow knew I didn't have panties on but I don't see how he could have.

Karen, one of my friends from school came up and said hi and asked me if I was going to be on the Flag Team again and I figured it was up to Bobby now so I said I didn't know because I really didn't know. Anyhow, she said she'd see me at school and dad and mom finally said it was time to go so we all got back in the van and went home.

**Karen**

When we got home Sarah and several boys who were on the team were waiting and Bobby told them he'd be out as soon as he changed clothes. I went to change too and Bobby got me alone in the upstairs hallway and he told me that he wanted me to get him a date with Karen.

I said “How can I do that? She's a senior and you're a sophomore, she's not gonna want to go anywhere with you.”

He kinda rolled his eyes and said, “Just ask her, Lee. She's your best friend isn't she? Ask her real nice and sweet. I'm sure you can get her to go on just one little date with your poor little lonely brother. Ask her this afternoon.”

He and his team went off to the playground to practice and I went downstairs to help my mom with feeding the other kids lunch. While I made a salad and mom made sandwiches, I thought about what I could possibly say to Karen to get her to agree to go out with Bobby. I knew she wouldn't do it, in fact she'd just laugh at me. That gave me the idea to treat it as a joke. We'd laugh together, then I'd tell Bobby she said no.

After lunch and before Bobby got home from practice, I called Karen. She wasn't really my best friend like Bobby said, but close enough. She was tall and blond and tan and had bigger tits than me. She looked like a model, and she was a cheerleader until sophomore year when her older sister, who was a cheerleader in college, cracked a vertebra doing a stunt and her parents made her quit. On Flag Team we didn't do stunts so that's why she could do that.

We talked a little bit and then I said, “Hey, wanna hear something funny? After we saw you this morning, my brother said he'd like to go out with you!”

To my surprise she said, “Bobby? He is kinda cute, and he looks like he hit some kind of growth spurt or something over the summer.”

“Yeah, but go out with you? What's he on, right?”

“What do you mean? What's wrong with going out with me?”

“Karen he's a sophomore! He's two years younger than you, remember? Your birthday's the same week.”

“So?” she asked, “My mom's three years older than my dad. She always says she's a cradle robber.”

“You're serious? You really would go out with him?”

“Why not? He is really cute and he's taller then me now. He's kinda buff too. We could go to a movie or something.”

My mom was calling me so, a little stunned, I arranged for Bobby to call Karen later and hung up so mom and me could go shopping for the cookout.

**The Cookout: Naked Again**

Shopping was easy. Mom had pretty much a standard picnic list, burger patties, hot dogs, buns, etc., so we were back home and packing up in no time. Football practice was over and Bobby and Sarah were in the backyard again. My mom started to tell me to go get him, but then she said she'd go.

Pretty soon they came back out front and Sarah said goodbye and we went on our family cookout. Dad found a picnic site with a grill and a couple of picnic tables and he and Bobby got a fire started in the grill while I helped mom get the other things ready. She had these plastic clips to hold tablecloths on the picnic tables when it was windy and she fussed around with them. Yes, we had tablecloths on our picnics.

Pauline was picking weeds that she called wildflowers and Jacob and David were throwing around a rubber football. Mom suggested to Bobby that he join them and give them some help with catching and throwing but he announced that I had volunteered to let him try out his camera by posing for some pictures in a nature setting.

Mom, still thrilled that her two oldest were getting along so well after years of sibling rivalry, thought that was a great idea. She told us we should go and she and dad would watch the other kids and get the meal ready and that we should be back in about an hour. Bobby told her that he knew of a very scenic spot down by the river where he and his buddies used to fish and we set off, me, Bobby, and his camera, again alone in the woods.

We started out on a paved path again but after a little while Bobby started to turn onto another dirt path. Now, I don't have a great direction sense or anything, but I was pretty sure that the river was in the opposite direction and I said so.

Bobby laughed. “You think we want them to find us?” he asked. “Besides, anyplace is scenic once you're naked in it. Come to think of it, why not get naked now?”

Well, I could think of a few reasons not to, like mom, dad, total strangers and, oh yeah, the Park Rangers, but I knew Bobby wasn't interested in those reasons so again I got naked in the woods. My shorts and tank top came off and Bobby put them in his backpack again. He told me I could keep my shoes on to make walking easier.

He told me to walk ahead of him and I know he was taking pictures of me from behind because he told me I had one of “The most terrific little butts” that he had ever seen. Then he ran ahead a bit and took more pictures as I walked toward him.

Pretty soon he took me off the path entirely and into the woods. There were a lot of evergreens in the area and we were pretty well concealed where we were. Again he had me strike various poses and snapped away all the time. He found some flowers and put some in my hair. He had me lie down, both prone and on my back on a bed of pine needles, then he found some mud and wanted me to lie down on that.

“Bobby!”

“What?!”

“Robert, Sir," I corrected, "I'll get all dirty!”

“That's better, but if I want you dirty, you get dirty. These will be really cool pictures.”

The mud wasn't real thin, but Bobby added some water from his backpack to it and that made it sticky enough to coat me in mud. My forearms, breasts, belly, the front of my thighs, knees and even my pussy were covered with this dark greenish slimy mud and I hoped I wouldn't get some kind of infection from it.

Bobby daubed a little more mud on my cheeks and chin, then had me pose lying in the mud puddle. He had me lie face down, then roll on my side. He made me lift my upper leg so the pink between my muddy pussy lips would show, and of course, he made me touch myself. He made me play with my clit, spreading the mud around on it, but he told me not to make myself cum this time, and all the time he took pictures.

Lastly he made me stand up and he took more muddy pictures of me until he decided it was time to head back to the picnic. I was too muddy to put my clothes back on, plus parts of me were muddy that would show, like my face, legs and arms. Bobby took off his t-shirt and wet it with water from his backpack and told me to try and wash off some of the mud.

I started with my face and tried to wash off as much mud as I could from the areas that would still be exposed when I had my clothes on. I tried to clean as much mud as I could off my pussy too while Bobby photographed all this. Eventually his shirt was too muddy to be useful anymore so I handed it back to him. I couldn't help but notice that with his torso naked, my “little” brother really was kind buff, like Karen said. I guess he really had grown up a lot.

He gave me back my clothes before we started back, which surprised me because I expected him to make me walk most of the way back naked. I was grateful until I realized he was using the time to take pictures of me with my clothes on to use if my parents asked to see the results of our picture taking expedition. Just before we got back, we came to a water faucet for picnickers and Bobby washed out his shirt, then wrung it out and put it back on wet.

The drying mud was irritating and itching under my clothes by the time we got back. My mom saw me scratching so I blamed it on mosquitoes. Sure enough, dad asked Bobby for the camera and he began scrolling back through the pictures immediately. I was about to freak, waiting for him to scroll to the first one of me naked, when Bobby secretly showed me the memory card in his palm. He had removed it, leaving just the camera memory for dad to look at.

Dad complemented Bobby on his picture taking talent, and then he told me I had turned into a “Real beauty,” and I looked “So natural.” At least he didn't see me as “Natural” as I had been just a few minutes before.

The food was done by then so we ate, while I itched, and Bobby fidgeted, I'm sure anxious to get home and get a good look at the pictures on the memory card. By the time we packed up and headed for home, all I could think about was a shower and I hoped Bobby would let me take one in peace.

**A Shower**

I told mom that I needed to take a shower first, blaming the “mosquito bites” but she said I had to wait till the younger kids had their baths and were ready for bed, so it looked like I was going to have to itch for a couple more hours. I tried changing clothes right away, but that didn't help. I got a washcloth and tried washing up in the half-bath on the first floor and that did help some but I still felt dirty.

My dad asked me what was the matter so I told him I was itchy from the woods and had to wait for everybody else to have a bath first and I really wanted a shower. He said, “Why don't you use our bathroom?” which was a surprise because when he designed the house and we first moved in they said the master suite was off limits to us kids and I'd almost never been in either their bedroom or their bathroom except to clean. “Just lock both doors, and you can take all the time you want.”

I got my bath stuff and got ready for my shower. Bobby hadn't really said anything to me since we'd been home and I think he was in his room, probably drooling over his latest naked pictures of me.

Their bathroom had doors to both their room and the hallway so I made sure I locked both doors. They had this huge shower and a separate bathtub. I thought about soaking in the tub, but I wanted to wash away the remains of that icky mud, not sit in it, so I got in the shower.

It took me awhile to figure out how to work their fancy shower head, which had all kind of massage settings, but finally I got a nice spray and scrubbed myself with my body wash and a puff. I had rinsed off the body wash and was shampooing my hair when suddenly I felt a change in the air pressure or something. Somebody was in the room!

At first I thought it must be my mom, though I didn't think anyone could get in with the doors locked, then I got a look through the glass shower door. It was Bobby! My first impulse was to try to cover up, but then I realized that was kind of pointless in view of the fact that he'd seen me naked so many times already. Instead I asked him how he got in.

He held up a little key, “Didn't you know there was a skeleton key in one of the kitchen drawers? I made a copy years ago.”

“You better get out,” I told him, “What if dad or mom finds out you're in here with me?”

“Don't worry, I got plenty of time. Dad's meeting with a client, and mom has Jake and Davie down in the living room organizing their school stuff while she's hemming Pauline's uniforms.”

He opened the shower door and looked at me, “Rinse off that shampoo and get out here, leave the water running.”

Of course he had his camera and took a couple pictures of me wet. “I called Karen. We're going to a movie tomorrow.”

“She's gonna go out with you?”

“Sure. I told you the really pretty girls are starved for attention.”

Great. Bobby was going to be dating one of my classmates. Well, maybe it really was a good thing. He'd have less time to spend on me, not that I thought she'd go out with him a second time. “Great then. I'm glad to hear it. Now don't you think you should get out of here before mom or dad comes around?”

“I just wanted to say thanks for asking her for me and to get a few bathroom pics.”

“Well you got a few, so why not leave before we get caught.”

“You're such a worry wart. Just a couple more wet ones, get back in the shower.”

He posed me for a couple more pictures, mostly from the back, he liked the way the water flowed over my butt, he said. I was glad to see him crack the door and peak out into the hall before he left.

Just before he walked out he said, “You've been a good girl again today. You can make yourself cum now, Leah.”

Well, I didn't want to, especially after he told me to, so I was determined not to cum. I did use my bath puff to lather up one more time as I wanted to be sure to wash as much of that dirt off of me as I could. The puff felt nice as I scrubbed, especially on my bare pussy. No, I didn't want to cum, but I decided I would just make myself feel a little good, give my clit just a little attention. I put aside the puff and used my soapy finger to trace along my slit up to my clit. Oh! It sure did want the attention!

I started to think about where I was and what I was doing. I was masturbating in my parent's shower! In a room that had always been off limits. I may have had no experience with sex myself, but I wasn't so naive as to think my parents didn't do it. Dad must have designed this room with the big shower and super sized tub for a reason. You didn't have a shower or a tub big enough for two unless two people were going to be using them together.

I started to think about my mom and dad together, in this shower, making love. My mom was almost 40, but she was still very pretty, if just a little chunky. She had reddish blond hair just a little darker than mine. Her tits were definitely bigger than mine, in fact I had looked at her bras in the laundry and she was a c-cup, which I could only hope to grow into at this point.

My dad kept himself in shape, conducting lots of meetings with his clients on the golf course. He had dark brown hair with just a tiny touch of gray and I'd always considered him incredibly handsome. As I continued to touch myself I imagined him standing behind my mom, reaching around to grab her breasts, his hands traveling lower, over her belly, touching between her legs as I was touching myself. I forgot about not wanting to cum as I thought about them together. about my dad and my mom, about him touching her like this.

Then I had the image that it was him touching me, his fingers teasing my clit. I didn't want to think about my dad touching me though, so I tried to imagine some generic man in the shower with me, ready to make love to me, but the image kept switching back to him. I found the only way I could keep from thinking about my dad was to imagine it was Bobby behind me, Bobby naked in the shower with me, touching me, pressed up against me from behind. When I tried to stop thinking about Bobby, the images of my dad kept coming back, so in my thoughts I let Bobby touch me, letting him make me cum in my parent's shower.

When I came I tried to push the images of Bobby out of my head but I couldn't. I remembered that first night when he had confronted me outside in the driveway, telling me I would beg to be fucked by him. I couldn't imagine it then but now I couldn't stop thinking about it.

**Karen: the Date**

The next morning Bobby pretty much left me alone. I think he was preoccupied with his afternoon date with Karen. Dad was at his office while mom had a meeting of her Rosary Society. Bobby did come into the kitchen while I was cleaning up after breakfast and said, “I've been doing some research.”

Well, as I've said he isn't normally the research type, so I was a little confused. Could he possibly be trying to finish the book reviews by himself? Before I could ask, he continued, “I think I can teach you to cum on command.”

“What?”

“I can teach you to cum when I tell you to.”

“I've cum every time you told me to so far.”

“No,” he said, “Not like when I tell you to make yourself cum by rubbing yourself or anything, you'd just cum when I say a certain word.”

“You mean like, even if I wasn't touching myself or anything?”

“Yep.”

I shook my head, “That'd never work, it's impossible.”

“I dunno,” he said, “I've looked at a lot of websites that say it's very possible.”

Just then Pauline came in and reminded me that she was supposed to be the one to load the dishwasher from now on and Bobby dropped the subject. He spent the rest of the morning in his room. Whenever I walked past his door I could see him on his computer but whether he was doing more “research,” sorting through his pictures of me, or doing something else, I couldn't tell and he didn't tell me.

Mom came home around noon and Bobby asked her if he could go with his friends to see “Galactic Rangers,” a movie he'd been waiting for. She asked him if his book reviews were done and he looked at me. “I helped him finish them while you were out, mom,” I lied, so she told him it was OK.

Bobby then did something he almost never did. That is, he took a shower in the middle of the day. A short time later he got a text on his cell and announced, “I'm going, mom. I think we might get pizza after the movie if that's OK.”

“Alright,” she said.

Bobby waved at me and whispered, “Look in your room,” before he headed out the door. I was curious because I didn't see anyone out front so I peeked out the bay window in the living room. From there, I could see him getting into Karen's car, which was waiting about four houses down the street. As soon as I saw them drive off, I figured I'd better get up to my room and see whatever it was that was there before mom wandered in and found it.

On my bed was a bag from Target. It held only two items. The first one was a gift wrapped package, obviously wrapped by Bobby with the paper folded untidily and taped messily. It was about as big as a box of candy. Before I opened it I took out the only other thing in the bag, a folded piece of paper. Bobby had written a note telling me he had set up a Gmail account for me, and telling me to sign on and read my mail.

The note didn't say if I should open the package or not so I decided I'd see what was in it. It turned out to be Bobby's idea of a gift for me. Actually it was a really nice little women's shaving kit with a razor, trimmer, and some really nice lotion. I guess Bobby was trying to make rule number two easier on me. I put it all in my underwear drawer and went to my computer.

The note included a Gmail account name and password so I signed on. I had two emails. One was titled “Instructions,” and the second, “Oh yeah.” The instructions weren't much really, just to use the “gift” to keep myself baby smooth at all times, and to read my mail every day.

There was also a large attachment which turned out to be whole bunch of the pictures Bobby had taken. I started to look at a few of them and I guess I really did look pretty sexy covered with mud. There were a couple from last night's shower too, with water droplets beaded up on my naked butt.

I opened up the “Oh yeah” email and it turned out to be links to a few websites about how someone could learn to cum on command. Most of the websites insisted it was possible but that the subject had to be pretty much willing for it to happen, though one girl said she was trained to do it without her knowledge.

One word that stood out was Pavlovian. I read over some of the stuff on the sites, thinking I wouldn't want to be made to cum just from hearing a word or a countdown. When I decided it wasn't going to work on me I switched off my computer and got up to go downstairs. Only then did I realize how wet I'd become.

Bobby didn't come home till after supper. Mom and me were in the living room watching some TV when he bounced in, which was almost literal. To say he was in a good mood was an understatement. Mom asked him if the movie was that good and he just said, “Huh? Oh! Yeah, it was great! I'm going upstairs,” and he disappeared up the stairs, humming and taking them two at a time.

I was glad to see him go and I was able to spend the rest of the evening in peace. When I did go up to bed though, I found my computer on, with a message scrolling across the screen telling me to read my mail. He must have hacked my password somehow and somehow I felt more disturbed by that than by anything else.

The latest email was titled, “Tonight.”

**Outside Again**

I opened Bobby's latest email with a bit of disappointment. I'd hoped his obvious exhilaration on his return from his date with Karen would mean he'd leave me alone for awhile, yet only hours later, here was another order from him. I was to meet him down at the side door at 3:00am, dressed in a t-shirt, shorts and of course, no underwear.

So for the first time in weeks I set my alarm to wake me in the middle of the night. I set it for 2:45 to allow me time to sneak down to the side door. When I woke, the house was quiet. Bobby's bedroom door was closed and I didn't try to knock or anything. If he overslept and missed our rendezvous I'd wait for a bit and then go back to bed.

I crept silently through the house and there he was, in the kitchen, sitting at the table with a glass of milk. He slugged down the last of it and got up, putting the empty glass on the sink counter. “How was the movie?” I asked.

“The movie? Oh, it was pretty nice. Not so nice as Karen though.”

“Are you going out with her again?”

“Um, maybe not exactly 'go out,' but we have some plans.”

“Like what?” I asked.

“That's really not for you to know Leah,” he said. “now let's get going.”

He led me down to the side door and I started to take off my shirt but he told me to keep it on. We went out and he closed the door carefully. He had his backpack with him and I knew my clothes would end up in it eventually.

We started out walking in a direction I had usually avoided on my night time excursions. The reason I stayed away from this area was that about a block and a half away, there was an intersection where there was a gas station that was open all night. The other three corners of this mini commercial zone had a barbershop, insurance agency and a pizza parlor. The pizza parlor was open till 4:00am on weekends but would be closed tonight.

Bobby led me past the intersection. The other businesses were dark but the gas station was open. It had about eight self-service pumps and a tiny kiosk where the attendant stayed at night and sold cigarettes and beer and stuff. We could see the attendant as we walked past and I couldn't tell much about her except that it was a girl. I couldn't tell her age, except that since the station sold beer, she had to be at least twenty-one.

Once past the station we crossed to the other side of the street to a small parking lot behind the barbershop. There was a light on a pole here but Bobby took me to a corner of the lot right behind the building where it was a little darker. Here, he asked me for my clothes. Sure enough, my shirt and shorts went into his backpack but he gave me back my shoes.

I always felt a little silly wearing just shoes and socks but at least I didn't have to worry about hurting my feet in this junky parking lot, or doing whatever it was that Bobby had planned next.

He led me to the edge of the building by the street where we could look at the intersection. The gas station was catty-corner from the barbershop so we could see the attendant inside the kiosk, but not very well. Bobby hadn't touched me very much since that first night in the driveway which now seemed ages ago, but now he stood behind me and slightly left, putting his left hand on my left shoulder and his right on my right hip.

“I bet she spends the whole night reading magazines,” he whispered into my left ear, “And doesn't even look out except when a car comes.”

The attendant did seem to have her head bent down, probably sitting on a stool or something, looking at something on the counter. Bobby's right hand slid around, cupping my butt cheek and giving it a small squeeze. “See ya at home Leah.”

Just as Bobby started back toward home, a car came through the intersection. It was a two way stop, with the stop being for the street we lived on, while the cross street had no stops. It wasn't any problem for Bobby of course and he just kept going while I ducked back behind the building and flattened myself against it.

When I peeked around the building again, the car had proceeded through the intersection on the cross street and had pulled into the gas station where the driver was getting out to pump gas. I could barely see Bobby, at least several houses past the intersection and back across our street to the side we lived on.

Having to go past the attendant would be bad enough, but no way was I going past the station while there was a guy out there pumping gas, so I ducked back behind the building again and waited. I was pretty sheltered where I was, except maybe if a car came up the street toward me, heading toward our house.

I peeked out again and the man was finished pumping and was paying the attendant through a little window. It occurred to me that at this hour the kiosk was probably locked and all transactions were through that little window. The man drove away and I contemplated my options.

It was possible for me to head another block away from our house, then circle around and avoid the gas station altogether, but that would mean going down several blocks naked rather than just a couple. Bobby was probably right about the magazine I decided and the attendant would probably not even look outside.

The option now was should I run, which might attract her attention, or just walk? The longer I waited, the more chance that another car would come by so I decided to use Bobby's idea from the soccer field. Once I decided to go, I would run past the station, not look, and just keep going till I was clear.

I couldn't see Bobby at all anymore so I took a deep breath and started out running toward home. As I ran across the cross street, I looked both directions. In one direction I saw nothing, but the other way were red taillights a few blocks away, probably the guy that had just got gas, and further away the white of headlights but way too far to worry about.

Having already forgotten my own plans not to look, but just run, I looked at the kiosk. The girl was looking right at me! With that little window still open I could see her face as clear as day. Shit! The girls at the soccer field had seen me and now this girl! I was sure she would be calling the police so I ran as fast as I could till I was a few houses past the station, then across to our side of the street, running all out.

Once I crossed the street I couldn't be seen from the gas station anymore, but I kept going as fast as I could. Just before our house I looked behind me and didn't see anyone, either on foot or in a car. I ran up our drive and ran straight into Bobby, waiting for me.

I was all out of breath and I thought my heart was going to burst. I tried to run past him to the door but he caught me and held me there.

“Calm down, calm down,” he said while I was trying to catch my breath. We were just barely out of the streetlights in the shadows of the driveway. He turned me to face the street. “We're not done yet, Leah.”

**The Word**

Bobby had me facing the street while he stood behind me. He stood so close that I could feel a lump in the front of his shorts pressing up against my butt. Now, I know I'd never had sex, but I certainly knew what that lump was about. We had sex education in health class and, even if it was mostly Catholic “Don't do it,” they did teach you the basics. Also, I'd seen Michelangelo's David, so I knew full well what it was that Bobby was pressing against me.

Bobby urged me forward until I was again in the light from the street, even though we were still between the houses. “You've been a good girl again today, Leah,” he whispered into my ear. “Good girls get to cum. You know that, right?”

I was still breathing hard and I didn't really know what I should say, so I just nodded.

“Do you want to cum Leah?”

I nodded again only this time I managed a “Yes.”

“Good girl! I'm gonna help you cum Leah. You're gonna cum real hard, OK?”

By this time I realized how excited I'd become. The slight breeze in the driveway made me aware of the dampness between my legs, the stiffening of my nipples. I didn't know what he was going to do to help me, but I wanted to cum hard so I nodded again. Just then a car flashed past and I tried to back up out of the light but Bobby held me there, exposed.

“You're OK, Leah,” he whispered again. “Now, we don't want you to scream like you did the other day, so I have some things to help you behave while you cum, OK?”

By now all this running around naked and all the talking about my potential cuming had my sexual tension built up so high that I readily agreed, “Just let me cum, please.”

I started to reach to touch myself but Bobby caught my wrist. “No, Leah. Bad girl. I didn't say touch.”

He took my wrist and brought it behind my back, snapping something around it. Then he brought my other wrist around and did the same. Handcuffs! He had me handcuffed!

“Now,” he said, “To keep you from being too noisy.” He put a ball of some kind in my mouth. It was knotted inside a scarf and he tied the ends of the scarf behind my head. I was now gagged too.

Bobby grabbed the handcuffs in his right hand and forced my arms up to waist level, making me stand straighter and thrusting my breasts out toward the street. Still behind me, he pressed himself against me again, shoving me forward maybe another half a step. I could feel that lump in his shorts again, only it felt firmer now, poking into my left butt cheek as he stood slightly to that side.

“Do you still want to cum, Leah?” he whispered into my left ear. At the same time, he reached around with his left hand and cupped my left breast, his thumb finding the nipple and flicking over it.

I jerked at the touch. All he'd really done since that first night was just look at me, and his touch now sent an electric like spark through me. I moaned around the gag and he tightened his grip on the handcuffs, quieting me.

“I asked if you still wanted to cum, Leah.”

I nodded, trying not to groan.

He shifted a little to his right, letting go of the cuffs and putting his right hand around my waist, pulling me tighter against him. The lump, definitely bigger and harder now, pressed between my ass cheeks, and I wondered what it would feel like if he took his shorts off. I found myself thinking about what my brother's naked penis would feel like, pressed against my naked butt but I quickly pushed that thought away.

His left hand continued to play with my breast, squeezing, tugging on the now rock hard nipple. His right hand didn't stay at my waist long, sliding down over my belly till it went between my legs. He cupped my pussy and I could feel my wetness against his palm. He groaned now and I could feel a throb from his penis.

“Feel my cock against you Leah?”

I nodded again while his hand gently rubbed my pussy, still covering the whole thing. He said, “I've picked out a word for you, Leah. A word you're going to learn to cum to when you hear it. Every time you cum from now on, I'm going to whisper that word to you, and just like Pavlov's dogs learned to salivate when they heard the bell, you're going to learn to cum when you hear it.”

God! I didn't care about that stuff now! My brother was feeling me up in our driveway, practically fucking me in our driveway! I didn't care about any old word, I just wanted to cum!

At last he began to move his hand, the big middle finger rubbing along my slit while his other fingers stroked my lips. His fingertip pressed between my lips, picking up my moisture, then slid up to my clit.

“You're so wet Lee! You want to cum so much, don't you?”

I nodded again, biting down on the gag. I didn't know where he learned it, but he knew how to touch a girl. He didn't just attack my clit, but teased it, not directly touching, but fingers alongside it, using the hood to stimulate it until it, and I, were begging for more.

He could sense it too, sense when I was ready. I could feel him rubbing himself against my butt when he finally gave my clit that final touch, the one that sent me over the edge and I was cuming!

“Whillikers!” he whispered into my ear as my hips were jerking against his hand in front and his hard penis behind. I was trying to scream through the gag as I came as hard as he had promised. My legs turned to jelly and his left arm had to hold me up while I spasmed against his right hand.

Suddenly I realized I could feel wetness in the front of his shorts and I realized he had cum too! I could still feel his penis throbbing between the cheeks of my butt as he again cupped his hand over my pussy, just holding it there.

We stood like that for awhile, both of us panting. He took his wet fingers and anointed my right nipple with my juices, then I could hear him sucking on his fingers. “Mmm, Leah. You taste so good! I'm gonna have to taste that from the source one day soon but we have to get you back into bed now.”

He removed the gag and the handcuffs, turned me around and kissed me on the mouth. There wasn't anything brotherly about the kiss as he forced his tongue into my mouth and I readily accepted it, sucking on it, tasting myself from when he sucked on his fingers. He gave me a little slap on the butt, “Enough! Get up to bed.”

He didn't give me back my clothes so I had to sneak back up to my room naked, where I was asleep in moments. Whillikers? Jesus! In fact, Holy Shit! I wasn't even sure if I could call myself a virgin anymore. Did I just have sex with my brother?

**Jealousy**

I felt very strange the next morning. So much had happened. Like I said, I wasn't sure if I could still say I was a virgin anymore. Technically I guess I was. I mean, he hadn't penetrated me, just used his fingers on my clit.

That in itself was strange. It was the first time I had ever cum from someone else touching me, instead of myself. And he had cum too, at least I was pretty sure that's what that wet spot on the front of his shorts had meant. So I still wasn't sure If I could still call myself a virgin.

It was also the first time I'd ever been kissed like that. I'd had a few pecks maybe, on some of the rare dates I'd been allowed on, but nothing like what Bobby's tongue had done to my mouth.

The really strange and bad part was I woke up wanting more, especially the kissing part.

My mom worked sometimes at my dad's office, especially during the school year but sometimes other days and this was one of them. There were only two days of summer vacation left now and David, Jacob and Pauline were up early and already out to play.

I was alone in the kitchen in a kind of daze when Bobby came down and grunted something. He poured himself a cup of stale coffee from the pot mom had left over from breakfast and sat down at the table with me. He didn't speak for several minutes, then he said, “You OK?”

I nodded.

After a few more minutes he said, “Um, I still need to get those book reports....”

“I'll finish them today.”

“Thanks. Uh, I'm meeting the guys for some practice. See ya later.”

He got up and put his cup in the sink and left.

The next few days not much happened. I finished Bobby's summer reading assignments and he pretty much left me alone. Thursday we started school. Bobby and me had only a short day though with like ten minute periods for orientation. Friday was the first full day of school.

We didn't have to start wearing uniforms till after Labor Day and we were allowed to wear walking shorts as long as they came down to our knees, so not wearing underwear wasn't much of a factor yet.

Near the end of the day on Friday Karen saw me in the hallway and offered to give me a ride home from school so after the final bell I went to meet her in the student parking lot. Bobby was waiting by her car when I got there. “Karen's gonna come over for awhile,” he said.

Mom and dad didn't want anyone over without us asking first but I figured Bobby was gonna do what he wanted anyway, so I didn't comment. When Karen got there, he got in the front seat with her and I had to ride in the back. When she was pulling out of the lot Karen said, “The coach said if Bobby gets his grades up, he can play football next year, so I'm gonna help him study.”

Really? If Bobby wanted help with studying, I was a much better choice than her. She wasn't a dummy, but she wasn't a valedictorian candidate either. Again I decided any comments would be useless, so I just said, “That's nice.”

I kept quiet for the rest of the short ride while Bobby poked at Karen and she slapped at him, although she was smiling the whole time. When we got home they both went up to Bobby's room while I stayed in the living room and wondered what they were up to. The other kids stayed in after care when mom worked with dad, so they wouldn't be home till about 5:30.

Sometimes mom left me instructions to start something for dinner but she hadn't said anything today, so I just kind of stayed downstairs and fidgeted. Somehow I didn't like the fact that Karen and Bobby were alone upstairs but I didn't know why. I kept wondering what they were doing upstairs but I knew better than to interrupt.

As it started to get closer to the time for mom and dad to be home I started to get nervous. What if Karen was still up there when they got home? Just as I was starting up the stairs to try and do something about it, I heard Bobby's door open and Karen came hurrying down. She went straight past me, saying “Bye sweetie! I'll call ya later!”

Sweetie? She never called me anything like that before. I was still standing there at the bottom of the stairs when Bobby came down, twirling a tiny, light red, not-quite-pink piece of cloth on his finger. He tossed it at me and I caught it.

When I saw that it was a pair of panties I started to drop them, but then I remembered mom and dad would be coming in the door any minute and I sure didn't want them finding girl's panties on the stairs so I just stared at them. Bobby went and looked out the front door as Karen drove away.

“There's a girl who knows what she wants,” he said, “And what she wants, is cock.”

I know I told you I'm really smart, but I must be pretty dense sometimes too, because it wasn't until he said that that I realized what they had been doing. Until then I thought they were upstairs concocting some kind of scheme or something, now I realized they were fucking! I also realized that why I didn't like it when they were upstairs alone was because I was jealous!

“You fucked her?” I yelled.

Bobby shushed me, pointing out the door where I could see our van pulling into the drive.

“What will mom say about that?” I continued, only slightly less loudly than before.

“Well, I wasn't planning on telling her about it, were you?”

**Weekend**

Well I probably wasn't going to tell her either, I guessed. I stuffed Karen's panties into my pocket just as the rest of the family was coming in the front door. I saw why I didn't have any instructions for dinner. The church, which was where the grade school was, had a Friday fish fry and like last year, my parents brought home take out dinners.

Jacob was carrying two bags and marched straight into the kitchen while mom said, “Let's all eat while it's still warm,” so we all sat down to eat. Bobby refused to eat fish, so he had mac and cheese while the rest of us got some kind of generic breaded fish and mac and cheese as a side.

“So how was the future valedictorian's first day of school?” my dad asked me.

“Um, it was fine.”

“Did you get all those honors classes you wanted?”

“Yes mom.”

“Did Bobby behave for you after school?”

Bobby? Behave for me? I glanced at him while saying, “Yes mom.”

“I stayed up in my room till just before you got home so we wouldn't fight like last year,” Bobby interjected, his mouth full of half chewed macaroni.

“Don't talk with your mouth full,” Pauline told him and he stuck his tongue out at her.

“Mom!”

“Alright, that's enough,” dad said, “Just eat,” so we finished eating in silence.

There wasn't much to clean up and mom had evidently assigned that task to Pauline so I went up to my room after dinner. I still had Karen's panties in my pocket so I pulled them out and threw them in my hamper.

I was a little tired after the first day of school so I decided to lie down and take a nap. Now, I used to take naps in my underwear but since I no longer wore any I decided to change into casual shorts and a t-shirt instead of the walking shorts and polo I wore to school. While I was changing Bobby walked into my room.

“Hi sis,” he said as I quickly yanked the t-shirt down to cover my breasts. “Oh, you don't have to cover up for me.”

“So? What if mom comes in and finds me half naked with you in here?”

“I'll tell her you were tutoring me in biology.”

“Funny!” I said, “I thought that's what Karen was doing!”

“Actually, when it comes to biology, I'm probably teaching her more.”

“Oh, you're the big expert?”

“Compared to you yeah. In fact, compared to a lot of people. I wasn't a virgin like you, Leah. Haven't been for a long time. Karen wasn't either by the way.”

“Thanks! Thanks for telling me that! Is that why you came in here?”

“You need to watch the way you talk to me, Leah. I might start talking to mom.”

“I'd tell her about Karen.”

He smirked, “Who has more to lose, future valedictorian? Anyway, you asked why I came in. I was wondering if you were gonna do that flag waving stuff again this year.”

“Flag Team? Yeah, in fact we have practice tomorrow morning, why?”

“Nothing really, except those skirts are pretty short aren't they?” He paused to let me think about that. “Well, just wondered. Get a good night's sleep, Leah. Mom and dad are taking the others over to grandma's tomorrow evening so you'll be busy.”

Just then my mom did walk in. Well, she didn't just barge in like Bobby did. She knocked first, then barged in without waiting. At least I had my clothes on by now.

“Oh,” she said, looking a little surprised to find us together in my room with the door closed. She picked up my laundry hamper, “I just came in to get this. Anything going on?”

“Bobby said we're going to go to Grandma's house tomorrow,” I said, hoping to include myself in the “We.”

“Well, we are going,” she said, “But Bobby said you were going to help him with another writing assignment.”

Wow. What happened to his special tutor already?

“She is mom. I'm gonna do some research tonight, then we're gonna write it tomorrow. We were just talking about it,” Bobby told her.

“Well, good. It's so nice to see you two doing things together at last!” She smiled and left with my laundry hamper and Karen's panties.

"Now, remember to be nice to Karen at practice tomorrow," Bobby said before he left.

**A Good Night's Sleep?**

I didn't even know if there really was another writing assignment but Bobby had said I was going to be doing a lot of his homework this year so I didn't doubt it. I hoped he was doing research if there was any required so I could get whatever writing necessary done quickly, after all, I had homework of my own. I decided to try and get some of that done tonight.

One of my assignments was very close to the typical “What I did on My Summer Vacation,” essay, except Mr. Govan thought he was being original by telling us to write about “Something interesting you did over the summer.” Well, I guess I had done some very interesting things but most of them I couldn't write about for school.

I got my computer running and while trying to think of something interesting to write about that didn't involve me being naked, I idly started an essay titled “How I Exposed Myself to the Saint Boniface Girl's Soccer Team.” I actually wrote a few sentences but I found the need to go back and explain how I got myself into such a predicament so I deleted all that and started what you are reading right now.

Bobby had told me to get a good night's sleep and that's exactly what I wanted to do so I shut my computer down and tried to get to bed early. Sometimes sleep doesn't cooperate though and I lay awake wondering what I was going to say to Karen at practice. I wasn't going to say something like, “So, you're fucking my brother?” but I doubted I could keep quiet about what I knew.

Writing my pretend essay had got me thinking about the whole thing and now I couldn't stop. Bobby had left me pretty much alone since Monday night at the gas station and I hadn't been naked anywhere but my room and the bathroom since. I also hadn't cum since then. I wanted to touch myself but Bobby had forbidden it so somehow I resisted, lying there trying to sleep, thinking about Bobby, Karen and me.

After tossing and turning fitfully, half asleep, I happened to roll over and open my eyes, staring right at my alarm clock. It was exactly 3:00am, the time that so many months ago I had decided was the perfect time to venture outside naked. But I couldn't, or could I? None of Bobby's rules forbid it. He had said that I had to be naked when we were alone together, that I couldn't wear panties, that I had to keep myself shaved and that I wasn't allowed to touch myself but he never said I wasn't allowed to go outside by myself.

As soon as I realized that Bobby hadn't forbidden it, I felt the old compulsion taking over. I had to get outside naked again. Bobby might not like it if he found out, and it might result in a new rule, number five, but I needed to do it, and I sat up and threw off the tangled covers.

**Going For a Little Walk**

I climbed out of bed and crept to my door, opening it a crack. As expected at 3:00am, the house was quiet. Leaving the door ajar, I pulled off my nightgown and tossed it on the chair next to my door. I opened the door a bit wider and peered out. Still quiet.

I had always sneaked downstairs with clothes on and stripped before going outside, but that didn't seem exciting enough anymore. I did bend down and pick up my shoes, I didn't know why but I guess my brain was thinking ahead of me. Naked, I stepped out into the hall and shut my door.

I stood there for only a moment before starting toward the stairs. With practiced ease, I avoided all the squeaky floorboards and started down. My heart was beating a mile a minute again, just like the first times I had done this. I don't know if I was more afraid of my parents waking up and catching me, or of Bobby. Soon I was standing at the side door, naked with sneakers in hand.

I opened the door and stepped out, made sure the door wasn't going to lock behind me, and closed it. I set my shoes down on the driveway and stood up, reminding myself that once again, I was outside completely naked. I slipped my bare feet into my sneakers and stood there enjoying that now familiar feeling of the night breeze on naked skin.

I didn't have any kind of plan, but once again it seemed my brain, or my subconscious, or something was thinking ahead of me and I found myself walking down the driveway toward the street. I told myself that “A little walk” would help me sleep and without hesitating, continued down the drive to the sidewalk, turning and starting down the walk as casual as could be.

I hadn't even checked for traffic or signs of life in the neighbor's houses. I did that now, without slowing my walk, still without any kind of plan or conscious thought of where I was going. I felt great. The weather was perfect, with just enough of a breeze to stimulate my naked skin and make me aware of being fully naked. I felt fully alive. It was then that I realized where I was headed. I was walking toward the all night gas station and the pizza parlor.

It was Friday too, and not yet 3:30 so the pizza parlor was probably still open. For the first time my steps slowed but then I thought, “So what?” I would just walk down to the corner, stop before I got too close, then turn around and go back to bed, confident that my little walk would now enable me to sleep. I resumed my normal walking pace, down the center of the sidewalk, just as if it was 3:30 in the afternoon and I was fully clothed, not 3:30 in the morning and I was totally naked.

Two cars passed while I was still walking toward the Gas station, one going in each direction. The first was going the same way I was and happened upon me as I was separated from the street by a couple of parked cars so I don't think he could see me very well if at all. At any rate, he didn't slow and neither did I. The second car came from in front of me and this time I was in an area where there were no cars, no cover, and well lit by a streetlight. I forced myself to keep walking nonchalantly. Once again, as I have noted before, it's like people don't pay that much attention when driving at night to what's outside their cars because he, or she, just drove right on by.

Maybe I was a little disappointed that I didn't get a reaction, or maybe I was just emboldened by it, but when I got near the gas station, instead of stopping and heading back to home, I continued on, slowly though, and crept to the fence between the gas station and the first house on the street.

The gas station had put up this large wooden privacy fence around two sides of their property, separating them from the neighboring houses. The fence was about five and a half feet high, using me as a yardstick because, standing on tiptoes, I could just see over it, which is what I did just now.

It was hard to tell for sure because there were reflections on the windows of the kiosk, but it looked like the same girl that had seen me the other night. I looked over at the pizza parlor which had one car parked in front of it. As I watched, the lights went out inside and a guy came out and got in the car and drove away. Could it be 4:00am already? I didn't think so, but maybe it was close enough that the pizza parlor closed anyway. My calves were hurting so I dropped back down on my heels to rest them and think.

I didn't have a plan when I started out, but just going back home seemed too tame. I took another peek at the girl Shit! I had to do something. Once again my feet started moving without any real plan and I walked around the fence and started across the gas station pavement toward the kiosk. The girl didn't look up until I was almost all the way up to the window.

I didn't think she could see below my waist but she certainly could see my breasts, with my now hard little nipples pointing right at her. She blinked and said, “Um, hello? Are you OK?”

“Yes, I'm fine,” I said. “I wonder if I could have a bottle of water? I didn't bring any money with me, but I could come back tomorrow and pay you.”

She leaned closer to the window, trying to look down. “Are you naked?” she asked.

“Yes.”

She put a bottle of water in the transaction drawer but didn't push it out where I could get it. “Is somebody making you do this?” she asked, looking around at the fence.

“No, I just like being naked,” I said, but then decided to elaborate. “I've been doing this for a while. The other night when I ran past, somebody did tell me to do that, but I'm doing this all on my own tonight.”

She pushed the drawer out and I reached in and took the water. Just then there was a flash of headlights and a car whipped around the corner and started pulling in. Quickly I ducked down below the level of the windows, hoping the car wouldn't pull around to this side of the kiosk. A few feet away from me a door in the kiosk popped open and the girl leaned out, “Hurry, get in,” she said and I scrambled inside, keeping down low.

She motioned me to a spot under a counter by another transaction window on the other side of the kiosk just as the driver walked up. “Give me five dollars on pump number six,” he said and she pushed the drawer out so he could put in the money. I squeezed myself under the little counter while the guy stood there just outside and the girl stood against the counter on the inside.

She was wearing shorts and her naked legs were only inches from my face and I couldn't help but notice how smooth her skin was. Working nights she must have had a lot of time to lay out and she was deeply tanned. I found myself wondering how such dark skin would look compared to her tan lines. Then I found myself wondering if she had tan lines at all and found to my surprise that thinking about it was making me wet. Squatting there like I was I could smell my growing arousal and I wondered if she could too.

She stepped away from the counter and glanced down at me, then back out the window. I assumed the guy was now pumping gas and that's what she was looking at. She looked back down at me then and looked between my legs as I squatted there under the counter. “Shaved. Nice!” she said and looked back outside, then back at me again. “Your pussy looks wet. Does it excite you being outside naked?” Before I could reply she added, “He's finished, it doesn't take long to pump five dollars worth of gas these days. Stand up.”

I moved out from under the counter and stood up. She looked me up and down and asked me to turn around a couple times. “Nice,” she said, “A little skinny maybe, but very cute.” She got out her cell phone. “To pay me for the water, mind if I take a picture? I won't publish it or send it to anybody or anything, just show it to my husband.”

I wasn't real happy about it but I figured I did owe her something. I posed in one of the ways Bobby taught me and she snapped away, grinning. “I have to get going,” I said.

“Sure, just one more picture, out by the pump there, OK?”

She opened the door and I stepped out, posing again by the pump, waving and smiling. She took a picture and waved back, blowing me a kiss before shutting the door again, and watching while I walked away. Again I tried to keep a normal pace as I walked back past the fence and started back up the sidewalk toward home.

**Bobby**

I still wasn't paying much attention to where I was going. It was almost as if I wasn't even aware of my nudity. I was walking straight down the sidewalk, not looking for lights in the houses, not even looking for cars going past. That is I wasn't, until one did pass, coming from behind me. Just as it came about even with me, I saw his brake lights flash on.

The car, a beat up, old, full sized sedan, which had been moving at a pretty good speed until it passed me, slowed rapidly and pulled into a driveway a couple of houses in front of me, across the sidewalk, blocking my path. It happened that there was a tall hedge next to the driveway he had pulled into, making getting past even more difficult. I stopped in my tracks, frozen like a deer in headlights. I wanted to run but there wasn't anyplace near and my feet wouldn't move.

The driver's door open and out climbed this fat, red faced guy, his belly hanging over his belt. He walked toward me. “Off duty police officer, ma'am,” he said and flipped open his wallet, letting me see a badge before putting it back into his pocket. “Don't move.” He started toward me and I stood there, still frozen as he advanced, hitching up his belt and belatedly tucking in the grimy looking blue shirt he wore. “Now, just what is it that you're up to here tonight, miss?”

“Um, I was just going for a walk,” I said, but it came out a squeak, and sounded more like “I was just going for a walk?”

He pulled a little walkie-talkie like thing off of his belt and said into it, “Two-seven-one, Officer J. D. Wilson here, I've detained a female pedestrian, I may need back-up, I'll let you know.”

He stuck the thing back on his belt and said, “Now miss, I'm going to have to ask you to step over to the front of my car, lean over and put your hands flat on the hood, feet spread wide.”

Terrified, and certain that at last I was headed for the psych ward, juvenile hall or the convent, and not knowing which was worse, I started to comply. Before I could take two steps though I saw a flash of movement behind him. Suddenly the barrel of a baseball bat was resting on his shoulder, protruding just enough in front of him so he could see it.

“Leave her alone, creep, and get out of here while you still have intact kneecaps.”

It was Bobby's voice, but he managed to make it sound two octaves deeper.

“Sir, you are interfering with a police officer in the line of duty, I advise you to put the bat down and back away, I've already informed district headquarters of my whereabouts.”

Bobby leaned in and snatched the walkie-talkie thing for the guy's belt and snorted. “This ain't no police radio, jerk, and it doesn't even work.” He tossed the thing away and said, “Then again I guess you don't really need a working radio in your line of work, do you creep?”

I was astonished and still terrified to hear Bobby talking to a police officer like this and tried to stop him, “Bobby you're only making it worse...”

“Shut up,” he cut me off. “This isn't any off duty police officer, It's that fake cop that's been pulling women over on the highway and raping them. He isn't even smart enough to use a different name! Now, get out of here!”

Suddenly I remembered the story. The guy would pull in behind some woman driving alone in her car. He had a stick on blue flashing light and would pull them over on some lonely section of road, then rape them. He had almost gotten me! I stepped forward and kicked him in the crotch as hard as I could and he doubled over, making choking noises.

Bobby started laughing. “Get home Amanda, now!” he said to me, over emphasizing the “Amanda.”

The man was still doubled over, retching now. “But...” I started and Bobby cut me off again. “A-man-duh!” he said, “I said you couldn't do this anymore once we were married, now get home! NOW!”

I started around the car, squeezing past the hedge. The man was just managing to straighten up and Bobby gave him a shove toward his car, “Get in. Drive away, and never come back to this neighborhood!” As the man was managing to get into his car, Bobby swung the bat, smashing the left front headlight. The car backed out of the drive and took off in a hurry.

Bobby caught up to me and pulled out a cell phone. He called 911 and, disguising his voice, told them all about Officer J. D. Wilson, his description, his direction of travel and the fact that his left front headlight was out. He then walked over to the curb and dropped the cell phone down a catch basin. “Just a prepaid phone I use sometimes,” he said. “Used to use, I guess. You OK?”

It was only then that I started shaking.

**Is He? Or Isn't He?**

Bobby had almost certainly saved my life and as soon as I realized how much danger I had really been in I started to shake. It wasn't just a tremble, or like shivering, but real, honest to gosh shaking, and it didn't start little by little and build up, it started all at once, full blown. Bobby saw me and took my hands, standing in front of me. “Lee! Lee, it's over. He's gone. You're OK.”

I was shaking so bad I could hardly talk but I managed to stammer, “Was it really that rapist?”

Bobby nodded. “I think so. He sure wasn't a cop. That radio was just a toy , he matched the description, and I'm pretty sure that was a name he used.”

While we spoke, the sound of sirens rose in the distance, relatively near at first but rapidly fading. “Let's hope they've got him,” Bobby said, “Though I hope he doesn't remember you calling me Bobby. Don't want the real cops tracing any story he tells them about a naked girl back to you.”

As the sirens ceased, now far off I realized Bobby was a real hero. He'd probably saved my life and he possibly had gotten that man caught by the police, but only possibly. “Robert, sir. You shouldn't have let him go. You should have kept him here to make sure the police got him. What if he gets away?”

“I just wanted to get him away from you Lee., and I didn't want to take a chance of getting you caught.”

At that moment I was overcome with emotions. I was feeling fear, but I was also feeling love. My brother had saved me and I loved him. Without thinking, I hugged him, embraced him really, my still naked body pressed against him as we stood there on the sidewalk.

He stiffened up at first. Like I said we had a long history of sibling rivalry and the only affection we had ever shown for each other was usually something forced by my mom, as in, “Hug your sister and thank her for the birthday card,” so I guess he didn't know how to react to a spontaneous, genuine hug. It wasn't long though until he relaxed and hugged me back, putting his arms around me with his hands on my naked back. I kissed him, on the mouth, but a sisterly kind of chaste kiss.

As I hugged him I could feel how strong he really was, how athletic. I was more aware of my nakedness with his hands on my back and it felt good to be held by him. I pressed myself against him tighter and I could feel the bulge in the front of his shorts and I began to feel something stirring in me, something wanton. I ground myself against him, rubbing my pussy against him and kissing him again, but this time the kiss was less than chaste.

Bobby was my hero and suddenly I couldn't resist him. I wanted to reward him, my body wanted to reward him that is, in the way women have rewarded their heroes since the dawn of time. He kissed me back and I felt the bulge growing, hardening against me as our tongues explored each others mouths.

It was Bobby who finally broke the kiss, saying, “We better get home Lee, it's getting late.”

Indeed, it was. The night sky was beginning to show a hint of lightening to the east and we were several houses away from home. I stepped back from him and nodded and he pulled off his t-shirt and handed it to me. “Put this on Lee.”

I pulled his t-shirt over my head and tugged down the hem. Although it was long enough to cover me, it did so just barely. “I'm not giving you my shorts, C'mon.” We started toward home with me still pulling down the hem of the shirt, kind of silly for someone who had just walked up and down the street naked, I guess.

Bobby saw what I was doing and grabbed the back hem of the shirt and pulled it down, covering my butt. This only caused the front hem to rise higher but I didn't mind, I liked having his hand where it was. It didn't take long until we were home and back at the side door.

When we got there, I turned toward him and hugged him again this time it was my hands on his naked torso and I thrilled to feel the muscles under his skin. I pressed my breasts against his chest, my nipples hard under the thin t-shirt. “We should go inside Lee,” he said.

I didn't want to, yet. “Sir? Could I.....Could you make me cum first? Like you did last time?”

Without a word he turned me around, facing the street again like last time. He lifted my arms and pulled his shirt off of me, leaving me naked again except for my shoes, then put his arms around me from behind again. He held me like that, his bare chest against my naked back and he whispered, “You are never, ever to go out alone again. You hear me Lee? Rule number five.”

“Yes Sir,” I said and he started touching me, fondling first my breasts, tugging on the nipples, teasing me till I moaned too loudly and he shushed me.

“Quiet, or do I need to get the gag for you again?”

I shock my head from side to side and reminded myself that we were right below my parent's bedroom window. “You've really become quite a little slut, haven't you Leah?” he asked me as one hand slid down over my belly and found my eager pussy and again I felt his remarkably capable fingers begin working their magic on me.

I bit my lip to keep from moaning again and he continued to play with my clit with one hand and my breast with the other. It was definitely starting to change from the black of night to the gray of dawn now and he worked faster, groaning a little himself as he felt me responding.

I pushed my butt back against him and was rewarded with another small groan from him as I mashed my butt cheeks against the now considerable bulge in his shorts. I reached down and placed my hand on his as he worked at my clit. His fingers felt great on me, but I wanted them in me now. He grabbed my wrist with his other hand and held me still as his fingers slid down alongside my clit and then I was cumming and he was whispering in my ear, “Whillikers!”

**Practice**

Bobby didn't offer me his shirt back so I had to sneak back up to my room naked. By this time it was already almost daylight outside and I was really careful not to make any noise as I crept back up the stairs. I had to get up early for practice and I really hadn't had any sleep so I set my alarm for fifteen minutes later than I had planned, figuring every minute might count and laid down.

Despite the events of the night, this time I didn't have any trouble falling asleep and before I knew it, my alarm was going off. I dragged myself out of bed and got ready for practice. While I was still getting ready my mom came in with my clean laundry, folded and stacked in a basket. On the very top were Karen's skimpy little panties.

“Funny,” my mom said. “Except for this one pair, there weren't and panties in your hamper, and I've never seen these before.”

“Um, I bought them when I went shopping with Bobby that time and I threw out some of my old ones because the elastic was all stretched out.” Shit! I was gonna have to remember to put panties in my hamper even when I wasn't wearing any! I don't know why, but I grabbed the panties and stuffed them in my bag and went downstairs.

The fifteen minutes extra sleep had left me short on time for breakfast and I had a couple of cookies and a cup of instant coffee, made with tap water the hottest I could run. I grabbed my bag of stuff, mostly water, some sunscreen and a towel, along with Karen's panties, and set off, walking toward school.

About half way there, a car pulled next to me and there was a honk. It was Karen. I couldn't think of any plausible reason to refuse a ride, so I climbed in with her. “Didja hear the news?” she asked. “There was a big accident by the interstate last night. The entrance ramp is still closed.”

“What happened?”

“The police were chasin' some guy and his car went off the ramp and landed in a pond.”

“What???”

“I just said, some guy the police were after flipped over the guardrail and landed in a pond. They're still tryin' to get the car out, I heard.”

Wow. Could it be “Officer” Wilson? “Is the guy dead?” I asked.

Karen nodded, “I think so. When I saw on the news this morning, there was a van that said 'Coroner' on it. The coroner handles dead people, don't they?”

This time I said “Wow!” aloud and sat back in my seat.

We pulled into the lot and Karen drove down to the far end, by the football practice field where the flag team was getting ready for practice. When we parked I got my bag. I don't know if it was lack of sleep or if I was upset about the news Karen told me, but without really thinking I pulled out the panties and handed them to Karen, saying, “Here, my mom washed them last night.”

When I saw her staring at them I realized my mistake. She'd left the panties with Bobby, not me. She looked at them a few seconds, then put them in her purse, “Uh, OK, thanks.”

Practice was, well, practice. The new girls were separated out and started on basic drills while we experienced girls worked on the routines we were doing last spring. We'd only have one more practice before next Saturday's game so the coach was trying to get everything down today. Unfortunately one girl, me, did not cooperate.

Again, it probably was the lack of sleep or my other distractions, but twice I missed turning at the proper time and the coach made us do the whole routine over both times, causing practice to run over. When we were through, we girls returning from last year were issued our new uniforms for which we had been measured a couple weeks ago.

I told Karen that I could walk home and she didn't need to give me a ride but she said, “I'm going to your house anyway, Bobby asked me to come over and help him study again.”

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**A Lot to Think About**

Again I didn't really want to ride with her but I couldn't think of any excuse not to so I got in her car and we headed for my house.

“What was the matter with you this morning?” asked Karen, “It's not like you to make all those mistakes.”

“I dunno,” I shrugged. “I guess I'm just tired. I didn't get much sleep last night and I have a lot to think about.”

“A lot to think about? Like what?”

“I dunno.”

“Come on, Leah!” she said, “What do you mean you don't know?”

“Alright,” I said and blurted out, “How come you keep coming over to see Rob...um, Bobby? He's almost two years younger than you. I don't even know why you went out with him the first time!”

“I told you I thought he was cute,” she said, then added after a while, “I guess maybe you wouldn't have heard the rumors.”

“What 'rumors' would that be?”

“That your little brother has the biggest dick in school.”

The biggest dick? “He's got the biggest...penis?”

“Yeah, penis! Dick, cock whatever! I guess maybe nobody ever mentioned it to you, but I heard about it from some of the freshman girls last year. When you said he wanted to go out with me I figured it was a rumor worth checking out!”

I didn't know what to say other than to ask, “Does he?”

She turned and looked at me for a moment, then looked back at the road. “I haven't seen every dick in school, but of the ones I've seen, yeah. It's the biggest, and he can use it too.” She looked at me again to see how I took that, then said, “And it's right there in your house.”

The ride from school to our house was a short one and soon we were pulling up in front of the house. Our van was still there so mom and dad hadn't left for grandma's with the other kids yet. When we stopped I pulled the door handle but Karen hit the lock button and it wouldn't open. “One more thing,” she said, “How did you get my panties?”

“Um, Bobby gave them to me?” I ventured.

“He did huh? Of course he did. And your mom washed them? How did that happen?”

"They were in my laundry hamper, she thought they were mine."

Karen opened her door and we got out and headed up the walk just as mom and the kids came out, dad behind them.

Mom looked a little surprised to see Karen but she said, “Hi Karen. How have you been? How's the flag team?”

“It's looking good! Once we all get the routines down right, it'll be great!”

“Well, that's good. Are you going to be staying long? Leah has some homework she has to do.”

“No ma'am, we just need to have a little talk about a few things.”

“OK, have a nice time then,” mom said, then turned to me, “We won't be home until late, Grandma is making paprikash and wants us to stay for supper.”

“Paprikash! Mom! Why can't I go? You know I love her paprikash!”

“Don't worry, We'll bring you some. Don't forget you have to help Bobby with that assignment.”

“Yes mom,” I said like the good little girl I used to be.

They all got into the car and drove off, leaving me and Karen half way up the walk. “I have to talk to Bobby about some things,” Karen said, and marched right into the house, leaving me to follow.

Bobby was sitting on the couch, remote in hand, flipping through channels. He looked even more surprised than mom had to see Karen but managed to smile. He looked past her at me and asked “Did you see the news? About the car crash?”

Before I could answer, Karen said, “Yes we did.” She went to Bobby and took the remote from him, then grabbed his hand. “C'mon. We have some things to discuss,” handed me the remote, and led him up the stairs.

I sat down on the couch and looked at the videos of the car being pulled from the pond. It sure looked like the same car as last night, you could even see the smashed headlight. I turned up the volume and heard the reporter saying that the occupant of the car had drowned but from evidence from an anonymous tipster and evidence found in the car, the police were saying that the man was the “counterfeit cop” rapist.

I switched the TV off. I didn't want to know any more about J. D. Wilson. I got up and went into the kitchen and made myself a decent breakfast and some coffee and wondered how Bobby and Karen's 'discussion' was going. I guess I should have been glad. At least it left less time for whatever he had planned for me, but somehow I couldn't stop the jealous feeling. I wanted Bobby to pay attention to me, even though I was afraid of what he might make me do, somehow I wanted him to do those things to me. Did I want him doing to me what I knew he was doing to Karen? He had said I would beg him to fuck me. Did I want that?

I don't know exactly how long they were up there but I had time to eat my breakfast and take my coffee back to the living room before Karen came down. She sat down across from me and looked at me with this odd grin. “So,” I asked nervously, “How did the uh, the talk go?”

She leaned toward me and I thought her face was gonna crack she was grinning so much now. “Oh! It was just the best talk ever! Bobby explained so much! I wish I could stay awhile but I have an appointment for my hair.” She got up and hugged me. “You really have a side to you no one would suspect. This is gonna be the best school year ever!” She kissed me on the cheek and seemed to want to say, or do, something else but then she just said, “See you sweetie!” and rushed out.

'Sweetie' again? What kind of talk did she and Bobby have?

Bobby came downstairs as soon as Karen left.

"So what did you and Karen talk about?"

"Oh, all kinds of things."

"Like what Bob.. uh, Sir?"

"Everything, Lee. I told her all about your little hobby and our new rrangement."

Oh my God! I was dead!

Bobby saw the look on my face and said, "Don't worry, Lee. She's not gonna tell anybody. She liked it."

I just stared at him so he said, "She liked it a lot. I showed her some of the pictures."

"Bobby!"

"It turned her on Lee. It really got her hot. She um, got real excited, if you know what I mean. Real excited."

Great! Looking at naked pictures of me got my friend so excited she practically raped my little brother!

"She's coming back this afternoon, Lee. Sarah's coming over now and we're gonna throw a football around a bit. Why don't you get some rest?"

**Sarah**

Sure enough, there was a knock at the side door and I figured it was Sarah. Bobby went to answer it and I went upstairs to try and catch up on sleep if that was possible. It was kind of stuffy and I went to open my window a bit. I could see Sarah and Bobby by the garage and they glanced up at my window, then Sarah said something and Bobby started running and she lobbed the ball at him. I went and laid down and tried to sleep.

I didn't think I'd be able to sleep with all that was running through my head, but I was so exhausted that I did manage to doze off. When I woke up it was cooler so I got up to close my window. I looked out but I no longer saw Bobby or Sarah, I figured they had gone to the playground or something. I did see something that annoyed me. Our garage had a side door and somehow it was warped so that if you didn't close it carefully, it wouldn't latch and would pop open. My dad was always after us to make sure it was closed properly and right now I could see it was open. I headed downstairs and into the back yard to close it.

I hadn't bothered to put on shoes and we had a gravel walkway leading alongside the garage. The gravel was sorta sharp and hurt my feet so I was walking slowly and carefully as I got near the partially open door. We had a picnic table that my dad insisted on storing in the garage and, as I reached out to close the door, I could see the picnic table. It wasn't the table that caught my eye though, but what was on it.

Sarah was lying on the table, naked from the waist down, though she still had on her Skechers. Her butt was right at the edge of the table, and Bobby, his shorts pulled down, was standing there, fucking her. They were sideways to me, and were sorta pre-occupied with each other, so neither had me in direct line of sight or seemed to notice me. Bobby had her legs on his shoulders and I could see his cock, shiny with her juices, as he pumped it in and out of her. My God! It did look big. I could see it clearly as he slid it in and out of her pussy. I couldn't tell for sure, but she looked to be shaved smooth like I was, and I remembered Bobby saying that's the way he liked all his girls.

I had seen Bobby's cock before, but not since we were little and it was little, and it sure looked bigger now, shockingly big. It looked too big to me to be something I'd want inside me, but Sarah seemed to be enjoying it. As I watched, frozen in place by the spectacle, she took her legs off his shoulders and wrapped them around him, Skechers digging into his butt as she pulled him closer and ground her pelvis against him, moaning.

"Jeezus Sarah!" Bobby said, grabbing her thighs and slamming his hips into her, then holding still while I watched the muscles of his buttocks and thighs flexing and I knew he was cumming in her. They were cumming together. Quickly I dropped my hand from the doorknob and, as quietly as I could on the gravel, retreated into the house.

**Karen Again**

I didn't know what to do or think. Bobby had had sex with two different girls today, one in our house and one in the garage. I knew I shouldn't feel jealous, after all, he was my brother not my boyfriend but I felt something. Something that made me want him to pay more attention to me. To treat me like his girl. Did I actually want him to fuck me? Well, evidently Sarah was done for the day because soon Bobby was inside.

I had gone up to my room and pretended to sleep until Bobby came upstairs to wake me up. I guess he could tell something was wrong because he didn't even mention that I was still wearing clothes. Instead, he asked, "What's the matter Leah? Is it Karen?"

I shook my head.

"Last night? He's dead Lee. He won't hurt anybody anymore."

I decided I had to confront him, even if he turned me in to mom. I turned and glared at him.

"What Lee?"

"What were you and Sarah doing just now?" I asked.

"Working on some pass patterns in the backyard."

"Not in the garage?"

"Were you snooping around Leah?"

"I went out to close the garage door."

"Ah," he said. "Sarah said she saw somebody but I told her you were up here...."

He tried to go on but I broke in, "This time I am gonna tell mom!"

"About Sarah?" He laughed. "She already knows Lee. She caught us a long time ago. All she said was, 'I know you're not going to stop, so just don't get her pregnant.' That's when she started buying me condoms."

"Mom buys you condoms?!!!!" I shouted.

Bobby glanced at my window. "Yeah," he said. "I don't need 'em for Sarah, she hates them. She's on the pill. Karen is too, but I still let mom buy me a pack now and then. Never know when you're gonna need one. I have plenty of them Lee. Just in case."

I knew what he was talking about but I wanted to make him say it so I asked, "Just in case of what?"

"Just in case you ever need one Lee. All you have to do is ask."

"Great! That's good to know."

"Anyhow Lee. We're alone. Get naked."

Almost defiantly, I stripped off my clothes, t-shirt and shorts don't take long to remove, and put my hands on my hips. "There! Is this what you want?"

"It's what you want, Lee. You're the one who's the exhibitionist."

"You made me!"

"I did not. You were running around naked outside for months before I even found out about it, then months more afterwards before that night in the driveway. Did I make you go out last night?"

"No," I admitted.

"Where did you go anyway? You were almost home when I found you."

"Down to the gas station."

"Oh? Did anyone see you?"

"Yes sir. The attendant saw me."

"How did that happen?"

"I asked her for some water."

"So, you went up to the window naked?"

"Yes Sir."

"You see, Lee?" he said. "That's more than I ever had you do. I'm not making you do these things as much as you are making yourself do them."

Just then the doorbell rang.

"That's Karen," Bobby said, "aren't you going to answer it?"

"I'm naked."

"Yes, I know." He waited but I didn't move. "Lee? What are you waiting for Lee?"

"What if I tell Karen?"

"Tell Karen what? About Sarah? She already knows about Sarah and me. Who do you think told her about my, 'gifts?'"

I still didn't move and the doorbell rang again.

"C'mon Leah. You're just wasting time. Like it or not, Karen's gonna spend the afternoon with us." He took my hand and led me, sullen but unresisting, down to the front door. " What's the matter Leah? I thought Karen was your friend, don't you want to see her?"

It wasn't so much me not wanting to see Karen as me not wanting her to see me naked, but that wasn't really it either. I didn't want Karen to see Bobby and Bobby picked up on it. He looked into my eyes and I couldn't hide it.

"You're jealous, aren't you?"

I shook my head.

"Yes, you are. You know I'm fucking her and Sarah and you want me to be fucking you." I shook my head again. "It's OK, Leah. I've wanted to fuck you for years. Remember that night in the driveway? You do have a perfect little body, Lee. You're the hottest girl in school in my book. I never thought I had a chance until I saw you sneaking out that one night. You feel it too, I can tell. All you have to do is ask Leah, now open the door for Karen."

**Karen and Me**

I went to the door and opened it, standing behind the door so I couldn't be seen from the street. Karen leaned in and peeked around the door. "Wow!" she said, "You really are naked."

"Come on in, Karen," said Bobby from behind me. "Did you think about what we talked about?"

Without taking her eyes off of me, Karen stepped through the door and into our living room. "Yes Sir and I want to do it."

"You read those web pages I told you about? You understand what it means?"

"Yes Sir."

"So you want to be my sub? Like Leah is?"

"Yes Sir."

"Then ask, like a sub should."

She turned to him, "Please Sir, May I be your sub?"

"Take off your clothes."

With another glance at me, she started disrobing. She was wearing underwear but I wondered how long that would last. Like I said, her breasts were bigger than mine so going without a bra would be more obvious. Soon there were two naked girls in our living room. Bobby stepped forward and looked at her, walking around her. He stopped in front of her again, and much like he had done with me, reached out and tugged gently at her blond pubic hair, then ran his fingers through it.

"I was gonna say shave this off," Bobby said, looking at my smooth pubic area, "But I kind of like the contrast. I'll be able to tell you apart in the dark. We'll just keep it well trimmed."

Just then the phone rang. Bobby checked the caller ID. "It's Grandma's," he said, "Probably mom. She'll expect you to answer it, Lee, just be careful what you say. In fact, put it on speaker."

Well, it was mom, and the news wasn't good from my point of view, though Bobby seemed pretty gleeful. They had had a tire go flat right in Grandma's driveway. Dad had put on the spare, but the tire store said they wouldn't be able to get the right sized tire till tomorrow and mom refused to drive home on that little donut spare they had, so they were all staying at Grandma's overnight. Mom promised to still bring me some chicken paprikash, told me to 'be good,' and to watch Bobby.

I hung up the phone in shock. Bobby was literally rubbing his hands together happily. He would now have the rest of the afternoon, all night and, since the tire store didn't even open until 1pm on Sunday, most of tomorrow to do whatever he wanted with me. The first thing he did was tell Karen to call her house and ask her mom if she could stay over with me since our parents were stuck out of town. She did that and then Bobby wanted to order a pizza, but Karen said she had a better idea but she would need to go to the store. Bobby wasn't going to let her, but she whispered something to him and he approved.

Karen put her clothes back on (including underwear) and went out. When she was gone, Bobby went up to his room and came back down with two little packets that I knew from health class were condoms. He put them on the end table next to the couch where I could see them. Karen was on the pill he had said, so I knew these were implied for me. I don't know for sure what kind of effect he was trying to achieve on me, but it was working. Seeing the two little packets, (two?) and knowing what he wanted to do with them got me wet.

He startled me by saying, "I want you to go upstairs Lee. I'm sure you're still tired and I have big plans for tonight. Try and get some sleep. Don't come down till I call you for dinner."

**Dream**

This time I readily fell asleep, though I had a dream.

In my dream I was shopping with my mom. I was naked and quite aware of it, though mom and other people in the dream didn't seem to notice. We were in a grocery store but we were in an aisle where they sold condoms. To my embarrassment, my mom kept picking up condoms and asking me loudly which kind I liked. When I didn't answer, she proceeded to tell me and everyone in earshot, what kind Bobby liked, what kind Sarah liked, (I guess she hadn't heard about Sarah's disdain for them at all) and even what kind Karen liked.

Eventually we made it up to the register, where it seemed like every kid in our school was standing in line waiting to buy something. Mom threw down a dozen or so different varieties of condom, explaining, again loudly to the clerk, that it was my 'first time,' and that I hadn't been able to decide. The clerk rang them all up and handed each box to me. Why bother with a bag in a dream?

When we were through the line, there was Karen. She too was naked, with that golden thatch on display, Karen said we had to hurry, because it was time for flag practice. Mom just kind of faded out of the dream at that point and we were on the practice field, naked, but flags in hand, marching out our routines. I kept making mistakes again, and the coach kept yelling at me, saying that maybe if I wore clothes I could think straight, though Karen didn't seem to have any problem.

Suddenly all the kids who previously didn't seem to notice, were all laughing and pointing at me about being naked. I ran off the field and all the way home. When I got there, Bobby was waiting for me.

"Mom bought these for you," he said, handing me a condom. "Ready?"

He laid me down on the grass on somehow the condom was on him and he was sticking his cock in me. I didn't know what it was supposed to be like, it just felt kind of squishy in the dream. There were people around, but nameless, faceless people. Dream Bobby fucked me steadily till he said, "Willikers!" and I came, in my dream, in my sleep, waking up moaning, my pussy wet, just as I heard Bobby calling me to come down for dinner,

I got up and had to stop in the bathroom before going downstairs. Karen was in the kitchen, naked. She lifted the lid off my mom's dutch oven and said, "Surprise! Paprikash!"

**Paprikash**

Karen explained that she knew how to make Paprikash and asked Bobby if she could make it for me since I was missing my Grandma's

My grandma makes the worlds best chicken paprikash so, while I appreciated the thought, I wasn't really enthused about eating Karen's but it turned out to be pretty good. The gravy was a little thin maybe, and Karen served it over store-bought noodles instead of the home-made spaetzles my grandma made, but it still was pretty good and I had two helpings. I was still feeling the after effects of my dream, the afterglow of my dream orgasm, and felt even better after the meal and then to top it off, Bobby even pitched in to help clean up.

After dinner, Bobby took us, both still naked, into the living room and had us sit together on the couch. He told me that while I was asleep he had had Karen call her mother and tell her how our parents weren't going to make it home tonight and she was going to spend the night with us. He also said that since there was still some daylight left outside, he wanted to take some more pictures. Karen was gleeful.

Bobby allowed us both to dress, me in just shorts and a tank top, but Karen in a sundress he made me lend her. She was allowed underwear and we both wore socks and sneakers. Since Karen was taller than me, the dress was way too short on her but I figured with Bobby that probably didn't make much difference. Since we had Karen's car, she drove, with me sitting in the back seat. As soon as we were headed down the street, Bobby turned around and told me to strip. Karen tried to turn around and look, but Bobby told her to concentrate on the road.

"Shoes, Sir?" I asked after the short work of removing the two articles of clothing I had been wearing.

"Um, keep them on for now."

Bobby directed Karen to drive down to 'my' gas station, saying we needed to buy her some gas to pay for the use of her car. When we got there he expressed disappointment.

"I guess your girlfriend is off tonight, or maybe it's just too early for her shift. I was gonna have you pump the gas, but I guess Karen will have to do it."

He dug into his pocket and gave her a ten dollar bill. "Here, buy ten dollars worth, then come back and pump it. But first, take off your panties."

"Huh?" Karen asked, "But Bobby I..."

"What?" he asked.

"I can't go out there without underwear."

"You will do what I tell you. I thought you said you want to do this and now you're questioning me and you will not call me Bobby."

Karen looked contrite. "Sorry Sir." She pulled her panties down and off, then stepped out of the car. She kept one hand on her skirt, trying to hold it down. She paid at the kiosk, then returned to the pump. It took both hands to operate the pump and a gust of wind got a hold of her skirt and I could clearly see her butt for a moment. Nobody around seemed to notice and as soon as she had the pump started she had a free hand for her skirt again.

We drove down to the park. Bobby had Karen park where we had had our recent family picnic. There was nobody to be seen so Bobby got out of the car and told me and Karen to do the same. It was still light, but the light was fading so Bobby seemed in a hurry. He had his camera out and began snapping pictures of me. By this time I had learned what he wanted and began automatically striking poses I knew he would like. after a few shots though he told Karen to "Go over there and get in the pictures."

Karen turned white as a sheet, but began to lift the sundress over her head.

"No. No," Bobby said. "Keep the dress on."

He posed us together and took a few normal pictures, if you can call pictures of a naked girl normal. Very soon though, he said, "Now kiss her."

I don't know which of us he was speaking to, but before I could figure it out, Karen had turned to me and planted her lips on mine. I tried to push her away but Bobby said, "Yeah Leah! Show some fight."

I was still trying to get away from her when the wind picked up and she let go with one hand to push her skirt down again. "Yeah, that was cute!" Bobby yelled.

She was still kissing me and after the initial shock it was starting to feel good. Her lips were so incredibly soft and warm and she kissed so tender. Once again the exhibitionist in me took control and I wanted more. I started kissing back. A naked girl in the park, this time with a girlfriend.

"Pull the dress up in back Leah, and put your hand on her butt."

I did, pulling her closer, and kissing her hard, wondering if anyone was near enough to see. She melted into me and I could feel the hardness of her nipples through the thin sundress. What was I doing? I didn't know. I had the dress half way up already and I just kept tugging on it. Karen backed away from me a little and I worked the dress up and over her head, leaving the both of us naked.

Bobby was saying something but I couldn't hear it. Once I had her dress off, Karen sank slowly to her knees, briefly kissing my nipples on the way down. Then I felt her breath on my cunny. She pressed her nose to my slit, inhaling. Then I felt her tongue on me, the first tongue to taste my cunny, which was responding with more and more for her to taste. We both groaned and she pulled me down to the grass. I was naked in a public park, essentially having sex with another girl!

Karen laid me on the grass and spread my legs, putting them over her shoulders. She fastened her mouth to my cunny and attacked it! Bobby had stopped whatever he had been trying to say and I saw him circling around us, camera pointed at us all the while. Karen sucked my cunny like a vacuum cleaner, her tongue busy against my clit, alternately dipping into the opening of my vagina, insatiable. A huge orgasm ripped through me, my cunny seemed to be trying to turn itself inside out, to engulf Karen's lips and tongue. I screamed when I came, the noise echoing through the park.

Bobby was galvanized by the scream, pulling us apart and up off the ground. He grabbed the dress and pushed us to the car, telling Karen "Just drive."

I think we may have been almost too much for him.

"Where?" Karen asked.

"Home. Our house."

The drive took several minutes, but seemed like an hour, during which Bobby kept trying to look at the viewfinder on his camera. Karen drove in silence while I scrunched down in the back seat and fingered my pussy. Bobby had given me a couple of great orgasms with his fingers, but I'll tell you fingers are nothing like a tongue on your clit!

When we got to the house Bobby told Karen to pull into the drive and park between the houses. It was full dark now and he didn't let us get dressed, just ushered us naked through the side door. Karen still hadn't said anything and I don't think she liked being interrupted right after making me cum. Bobby rushed upstairs and Karen looked at me.

"That was amazing," I told her.

"You taste unbelievable."

Bobby returned with as many pillows and blankets as he could carry. He tossed the pillows on the living room floor and spread the blankets out, layering them to make a sort of mattress. Bobby kicked off his shoes, then pulled off his shirt and shorts, pulling off his underwear along with the shorts. For the first time I had a close up view of his naked penis.

It seemed enormous. It was bobbing up and down, sort of twitching and I realized the twitching was in time with his heartbeat. Wow. I stared at it, fascinated.

"Touch it," he said and I reached out, tentatively wrapping my fingers around it. I was amazed that it could be so hard, yet so soft at the same time.

"Rub it."

I stroked my hand up and down my brother's penis for a few minutes before he took my hand off of it and led me onto his makeshift bed. He motioned to Karen and she joined us on the blankets. Bobby had me lay down in the middle of the blankets and he laid on one side of me with Karen on the other. They leaned toward each other and kissed before Bobby rolled on top of me and began kissing his way down my stomach, over my belly, past where I used to keep my pubic hair, until his tongue began licking gently along my slit.

I squirmed under his tongue and could feel him work his body down as well, insinuating it between my legs, spreading them widely. His tongue began working skillfully at my virgin pussy and the feelings were totally irresistible. He was every bit as good with his mouth as he was with his fingers. I was melting. As he worked at me with his tongue, I began to feel my hips lift and move almost as if of their own volition, thrusting my pussy up at his mouth. My legs opened wider, I had never been more aroused, even when masturbating or being masturbated in the driveway. Not even when Karen made me cum in the park.

I have to admit, I was ready for him to take my virginity. I wanted it. Bobby continued to suck on my pussy while Karen joined in, kissing me with her mouth still tasting and smelling of pussy, my pussy. I tried to hold it off, but soon I felt another orgasm approaching. And when it came, it was incredible! I heard myself cry out and I was vaguely aware that I had wrapped my fingers in Bobby's hair and was holding his face tight to my body. Once that wave of pleasure washed over me I released my grip on his hair and he looked up and smiled at me. Then he started kissing his way back up my stomach until he was over my face and kissing my lips. Now I could smell myself on him as well as Karen. The smell was intoxicating.

Next Bobby sat up next to me, his cock pointing at the ceiling. He pointed at the end table where the two packets of condoms still lay. "Get one," he said to Karen. "Put it on me so she can see."

I started to tremble as I knew it was going to happen and I wasn't going to try to stop it. I watched as Karen placed the condom on his cock, rolling it down til she reached the base. She grinned at me.

Bobby got over me on his hands and knees and I could see his cock, hard up against his flat hard stomach, He lowered himself until I felt his cock pressed against my stomach and throbbing, the twin lumps of his balls on my swollen cunny lips sending little shocks through me. He stared down at me until I looked up at him to see what he was waiting for. He said, "Put it in, Leah. Take my cock in your hand and put the head of it in into your pussy."

Without hesitation I reached down and put my hand around his cock. I felt the heat almost burning my hand even through the condom as I guided him to me and lined him up with my virgin hole. I felt him push into me, slowly. Just a little at first. I felt my cunny lips being spread and stretched open by his large cock. He started to move just a couple of inches of his cock in and out of me, slowly, teasing me with it. I groaned, wanting him to stop teasing and fuck me already.

He continued with that slow in and out motion, invading only the first couple of inches of my body with his hard cock, stopping each time, just short of my hymen. I was going crazy. I wondered how he could stand it. I remembered him saying he wouldn't fuck me until I begged him and I wondered if that's what he was waiting for. For me to beg.

Finally I could stand the maddening teasing no more and I screamed at him, "Goddamn it Bobby! Fuck me!"

And he did it. He dropped down on top of me, his entire weight behind his cock, and he tore into me. My hymen was shredded, my virginity gone. I screamed again, and he stopped, his cock buried deeply in me. It didn't hurt exactly, but stung like mad. It felt like an enormous hornet had stung me right between my cunny lips. I screamed yet again and tried to buck him off of me but he was way too heavy.

Karen said, "Hush. Hush. Just hold still. It will stop hurting." She continued to try and soothe me and I managed to hold still. I had my arms wrapped around Bobby's shoulders, holding him tight and shivering as the waves of pain slowly diminished.

Bobby kissed me gently, but I could taste the urgency in him. He waited a moment more, watching my eyes, and then he moved again, slowly, tentatively, as he judged my reaction. It still hurt at first, but it was sort of a good hurt. I could feel my inner muscles trying to get used to being stretched. I was still aroused and needed him to fuck me. The pain slowly lessened and now I felt the pleasure of being a woman. Of being filled by, and fucked by, a man's cock.

I started to move beneath him, pushing myself up to meet his thrusts. I started whispering, "Yeah! Oh yeah! Fuck me Bobby! Fuck Meeeeeeee!"

Soon I felt myself approaching orgasm, Then it hit me! I had my first ever orgasm from fucking and it was followed by one after another, a long string of cumming before Bobby finally came. I don't know if he had tremendous staying power or if maybe he had just cum so many times already that day that he could last so long. I was still cumming when I finally felt him push deeper into me. I could feel his cock swelling inside me. Then he let out a strangled cry and I could feel the spasms of his cock cumming inside me.

I loved feeling his cock twitching in me as he came. I loved feeling his weight on me as he lay there, breathing hard. I hated feeling his cock slip from me when he finally moved off of me. He looked at me and I nodded, to let him know I was OK and he smiled at me. "You OK?" he asked.

"Can we do it again?" was all I could say, and we did, many, many more times. But those times will be another story.

**Leah's Naked Adventures - Part Seven**

**Breakfast in the Living Room**

The night that circumstances, a flat tire, along with a damaged wheel rim on a Saturday evening when no tire stores or service stations were able to fix it, forced our parents and younger siblings to stay overnight at my Grandma's, leaving Bobby and me home alone, we finally did the deed. That is, we had sex. Yes. My brother fucked me. Our friend Karen was there, having just eaten me out in the park while Bobby filmed it. Then we had driven home and we did it.

Weeks earlier Bobby had told me that if we ever had sex, well, he said, "I may fuck you, but if I do you're gonna want it more than me. In fact, you're going to beg me to fuck you." And I had, the weeks of sexual tension that had begun the night Bobby confronted me about my exhibitionism and then showed me all the pictures he had to prove it, had finally culminated with me doing just that, begging him to fuck me. Initially Bobby had used those pictures to blackmail me, forcing me to be even more daring than I ever had been on my own. I soon realized though, that he was only making me do the kinds of things I wanted to do anyway.

After I gave my virginity to Bobby, the three of us all fell asleep on the blankets on the living room floor. Karen woke me up while it was still dark, took me upstairs and put me in a bath then went downstairs and made me some breakfast. She came back up, dried me off, then took me back downstairs and fed me while we huddled naked under some of the blankets Bobby had spread on the living room floor. When I was finished eating, she took my plate and utensils and put them on the coffee table while we finished our coffee, which was all she was having.

"How was it?" she asked.

"It was good, but I usually don't eat that much in the morning."

She smiled at me softly. "No silly, last night. It sure looked as if you liked it."

I think I blushed. "Oh God, Karen!"

"That was the hottest thing I ever saw! I wish I had a brother!"

I know I blushed then. Karen took our coffee cups and put them on the table. "How are you feeling now?"

"Good."

"Hmm. No regrets?"

I thought about it for a bit. I had always planned on being a virgin bride, at least when I thought about being a bride at all, but overall I was glad that I had had Bobby as my first. I shook my head.

"Sore?"

"It hurts a little. Is Bobby really the biggest in school?"

"Well, that's what I heard, but how would you know unless you lined them all up and measured? He's the biggest I've seen anyway."

We still sat on one of the blankets Bobby had spread out on the living room floor, each wrapped in another blanket. Karen shifted around to face me, close enough that our knees touched. She reached and opened my blanket in front and looked down between my legs. It was starting to get light now, the room filling with the gray light of early morning, the lamp on the end table not really adding much anymore. There really wasn't any visible evidence of my lost virginity of course, and Karen reached in and touched me, fingertips resting on my outer lips.

"Poor little sore pussy. All tore up and not even cummed in!" she said.

"He cumm.. came in me."

"No sweetie. He came in the condom. Poor pussy didn't get any nice warm, sticky cum."

She still had her fingers on me and even though she just had them resting there, that and her talk were getting me wet. I wondered what it would feel like to have cum in me. She slid one fingertip over, touching my slit, feeling that wetness. She gently pushed me down, lying me on the blankets. She arranged my blanket to cover my upper half, and lay down between my legs, pulling her own blanket over her head. She began to slowly lick me.

Even with the layer of blankets, the living room floor was still hard. I shifted around a little, trying to get comfortable. Karen must have thought I was trying to get away, because she grabbed me by the hips, holding me tightly, and began to lick me for real, pushing her tongue into me. To let her know I wasn't trying to get away I reached down and caressed her head, running my fingers through her hair.

I saw motion and I looked and saw that Bobby was awake, sitting up watching us. Of course Karen was completely hidden under the blankets but the shape of the blankets and her motions left little doubt as to what she was doing. Bobby, who was also still naked, got up and quietly moved around behind her, then lifted up the blanket, exposing her lower half. She jerked in surprise, but recovered quickly and went on eating me.

Bobby lifted her by the hips, getting her up on her knees and I could see that his penis was hard, sticking straight out, and I thought he was going to fuck her from behind but he didn't. Instead, he knelt down and hooked his arms under her thighs, putting her legs on his shoulders, and he started eating her.

Karen's head was still under the blanket but because of the angle that Bobby had her body at, it had slid down, exposing most of her back. Bobby was looking at me over Karen's back while she squirmed between his tongue and my pussy. We locked eyes, Bobby staring at me while Karen continued to tongue me. I couldn't take much more and I think she knew it, sucking in my clit while sliding a finger into me. I came, yelling Bobby's name while still looking into his eyes and she fastened her mouth over me, sucking out my juices.

She stopped sucking, resting her head on my mons while Bobby continued to eat her. It wasn't long before she started to shake and her hands, still on my hips, clenched, nails digging into my skin and I knew she was cumming too. Bobby finally let her go, getting her legs off of him and she slumped down, her head, and only her head, still under the blanket.

Bobby crawled around Karen and over to me, where he kissed me. It was the best, most erotic kiss I had yet had, tasting Karen on his face. I found myself licking him, getting all of that taste that I could.

Karen finally extricated herself from between my legs, throwing off the blanket with a "Whoa!"

**More Breakfast**

Karen was trying to fan herself with the edge of a blanket, and I realized that, still wrapped in my own blanket, I was hot, so I threw it off and the three of us sat there naked.

"Want some breakfast?" Karen asked Bobby.

"I just had some," he said.

She flipped the edge of her blanket at him, "No silly. Not that, real food?"

"Not yet," he said rather pointedly.

"One of us hasn't cum yet this morning," Karen said to me, "We'll take care of that."

She moved over to him and got him to lie back, his still hard cock sticking straight up. "C'mon sweetie," she said, "You need to learn how to do this."

She motioned me to take the side of him opposite from her. She grasped his cock and bent down, tucking her hair behind her ear. She licked once at the tip of his cock. "The fist drop is the sweetest," she explained before opening her mouth and taking a couple of inches of him in, bobbing up and down a little. She lifted up and a ray of golden light from the rising sun broke through the curtains and illuminated his shaft, showing it to be slick with her saliva.

"You try now, sweetie," she said, "Be gentle. Careful with your teeth."

With only a slight hesitation I leaned down and took my brother's cock into my mouth, trying to be mindful of my pearly whites. Karen continued to grasp the base while I tried a few tentative head bobs. Bobby moaned and I grinned, or tried to, as much as I could with a cock between my lips.

"That's it sweetie, nice and gentle. Here, you hold it," and I gripped him with one hand around him. "You're doing real good, isn't she Bobby?"

"Uh-huh," he grunted.

"Cum in her mouth Bobby. You can't cum in her pussy yet but she needs some cum! Cum in her mouth!"

"Is it okay Leah?" he managed to groan.

Well, I didn't know if it was okay or not because I really didn't know what to expect but when Karen said 'cum in her mouth,' I could feel him swell and get harder, so I figured he wanted to, so I nodded. It didn't take long after that. I didn't really know (back then) anything to do but the bobbing up and down so I did that.

Soon he groaned and put his hand on the back of my head. He grunted, "I'm gonna cum, Lee! Here it comes!"

Even though he had asked me if it was okay, he now grabbed my head with both hands, pulling me further onto his cock. He swelled even more, then his cock jerked and spat into my mouth. I was surprised by the force of it, and the amount. I almost gagged but managed to control it. His cock pulsed several more times, filling my mouth to where some dribbled out. I waited till he stopped, then sat up, my mouth full of cum I didn't know what to do with.

Karen saw the look in my eyes. "Swallow it!" she said and leaned across him and kissed me, keeping her mouth on mine till I swallowed Bobby's load. "There!" she said, forcing her tongue into my mouth and tasting the dregs with me. "Good girl! Isn't she a good girl Bobby?"

"Yeah," he said. "You've gotta get her on the pill, Karen. Take her to your doctor." To me he said, "I love you Leah."

**Leah's Naked Adventures - Part Seven A**

**Church**

Karen asked Bobby if he was ready for breakfast now and he was agreeable so she and I went into the kitchen to fix it. I made fresh coffee and washed the things from breakfast while Karen made Bobby eggs and sausage patties. Bobby came into the kitchen, wearing a pair of boxers. The two of us were still naked.

We served him, then got more coffee for ourselves. Just as we were sitting down, the phone rang. Bobby looked at the caller ID on the kitchen phone. "It's Grandma, answer it, Lee"

I picked up the phone. Of course, it wasn't Grandma, but Mom, calling from Grandma's to check on us. She said there wasn't any update on when they would be home because the service station wasn't even open yet. She asked about Bobby and I told her he was right there eating breakfast. Then she reminded me that it was Sunday and that I should take the envelope with their weekly contribution to church with me. I told her not to worry about us and not to hurry.

Shoot! I had forgotten about church and, with Mom reminding me about the weekly envelope, I had to go. She always put a check in the envelope and she would notice if it wasn't cashed. Yesterday at this time I was trying to convince my mom to let me go with them, now I wanted more time with Bobby and church was going to cut into it.

Bobby however, seemed perfectly happy to be going to church. He had finished eating, and suggested that we all take a shower, then go to as early a Mass as possible. We put the dishes in the dishwasher, then Bobby used his key to let us into Mom's bathroom. "No playing around," he said. "Just a shower."

So we all got into that big shower my parents had in the master suite and all we did was wash. Bobby grabbed a towel and went off to his room to get dressed after instructing me to lend Karen a dress for church, "I want you both to look nice," and so I let her borrow one of my sun dresses. Since she was taller than me, it was a bit short on her but not scandalously so.

Bobby gave his approval and we got into Karen's car for the ride to church. Of course, neither of us had on any underwear. Karen found a place to park up close, which was fine with me because it meant less time for the wind to play games with my skirt while walking from the car. Bobby on the other hand, decided to sit at the very back of the church, almost in the last row, which was also fine with me at first until I realized it would mean a very long walk up the aisle and back when we went up for communion.

Mass was relatively boring. I spent most of the time thinking about what we would be doing once we returned home, because I knew we weren't done yet. Going up to receive communion with no underwear was less of a big deal than it had been for me the first time and I smiled at Father Murdoch as he presented me the host. Something happened on the way back to my seat however, that made Mass far less boring.

When I was walking back down the side aisle and only a couple of rows from my pew, I saw a girl I knew from grade school. Our eyes met and there was that acknowledgment of recognition, but then, just as I passed I saw this curious look on her face. I returned to my pew and knelt for a minute, pretending to pray. There was something disturbing about the girl.

I sat back down. Then I remembered who the girl was. Her name was Faith and I remembered the last time I saw her. It was about two years ago, when we were sophomores. We had been asked to show support for Sacred Heart High School by attending a soccer game with our rivals, Saint Boniface. Faith was playing for Saint Boniface.

Mass wasn't quite over, but I wanted out of there. Faith was one of the few kids from our parish who went to Bonnie's, and she played soccer! She must have recognized me. Maybe she didn't recognize me when she had seen me in the park, but now, when our eyes had met, something obviously clicked and I knew she knew it was me that day in the park.

Outside the church, two girls with no underwear stood nervously on the steps while Bobby talked with a couple guys from his team. We asked if we could wait in the car but Bobby said no, and kept us standing at the top of the church steps.

I looked around and there was Faith, standing with a woman I figured to be her mom. They exchanged a few words and Faith nodded, holding up one finger while the older woman started toward the parking lot. Faith turned toward me and crooked a finger.

**Part Seven B**

**Faith**

I tried to pretend I didn't see her beckon, but Faith pointed at me, then crooked her finger again. I just tried to sorta hide behind Bobby, but he noticed Faith. “Go see what that girl wants, Lee.”

Great! So much for ignoring her. Reluctantly I went down the steps and over to Faith. “Hey, Leah,” she said, “How are things?”

“Fine,” I said. “How are things at Saint Bony Face?”

Immediately I regretted using our derogatory name for Saint Boniface High School. Faith had never been a close friend, but neither had she ever been an enemy, and I thought this would be a bad time for her to become one, but she just shrugged it off. "Things are great! I think the soccer team will be going to the state finals this year."

Really? We were in the same district and they would have to beat us to get there. "You'll have to get past Sarah Giebel first."

"Sarah? Oh, the super sophomore you guys got? It takes more than one girl to make a team. Anyhow, funny you should mention soccer. We been practicing all Summer. In the park."

I wanted to point out that she had been the one to mention soccer, not me, but I knew she brought up the park for a reason. "Yeah. I'm sure it's a good place to practice."

"Leah? Just tell me. That was you, wasn't it?"

I glanced at Bobby but he wasn't even looking in our direction. I didn't know what to do, so I just said, "Yes."

"I knew it! I knew it was somebody I knew, but till I saw you today, I couldn't place her, um, place you!" She looked toward the parking lot, "Listen Leah, don't worry. I won't tell anybody! I gotta go."

Faith ran toward the parking lot, and I made my way back up the stairs to Bobby.

He was finishing up his meeting with his teammates, so soon we were back in Karen's car and headed back home. He told us he had cancelled practice for his touch team and that the three of us were going to spend the afternoon together. Bobby directed Karen to stop at Wendy's on the way home then asked me, "So. Who was that girl?"

"Faith."

"Okay. So what did Faith want?"

"She plays on the Saint Boniface soccer team Bobby. She recognized me!"

"Oh. So, what did she want?"

"She wanted to know if it was me that day. I'm scared Bobby! What if she tells?"

"Did she say she was going to?"

"She said she wouldn't."

"So. Then we'll count on that."

Then we were at the Wendy's drive through. I didn't feel very hungry but Bobby said I had to order something so I got a chicken sandwich.

"Did she say anything else?" he asked, once we were on the street again.

"Just that they were gonna beat us at soccer."

"Well then, Lee. I don't know of much we can do. Relax."

**Afternoon Delight**

Well, I tried to relax, but I was still worried. We got home and, after we all got naked, ate our Wendy's lunch. Bobby said we should clean up the living room, so we folded up all the blankets and put them away. I made sure to throw the condom wrapper away and pick up the second condom Bobby had put on the table, then we went upstairs and cleaned up Mom's bathroom.

We all went to Bobby's room and Karen and I sat on the bed while Bobby sat in his one chair. It was barely after noon and I told Bobby I thought we should call Mom, just to see if things were on schedule, so I went and got my cell. Well, things were on schedule, which meant the tire store wasn't even open yet so Mom said she would call me when they were leaving.

Bobby was clicking through some of his pictures of me on his computer and Karen reached over and stroked my thigh. Bobby saw her and said, "Karen, don't."

He swiveled his chair around to face us. "Okay, Leah. We probably have three hours or more before Mom and Dad get home. Enough time to do all kinds of things. We could go to a movie, go for a walk, work on my homework, watch TV, play some games, whatever, but I'm going to leave it up to you. We will do whatever you want from now until they get home."

Up to me? I had simply assumed we would pick up where we left off before church, now I had to choose? A couple months ago I couldn't imagine feeling like I did now. I had had Bobby's cock in me once and I wanted it again. I wanted to cum on it again.

"Can't we just have sex some more?

"Is that what you want to do Leah?

"Uh-huh."

"You're sure?"

"Yes sir."

"Tell me what you want me to do."

"I want you to fuck me."

As I said that I could see his cock suddenly come to life, swelling and beginning to stand up in his lap. I stared at it, fascinated. "Okay," he said, "But I'm not gonna fuck you, you're gonna fuck me, Leah."

He stood up, his dick now sticking straight out, and walked over to the bed. Karen moved down to one corner. Bobby first sat next to me, then lay down, swinging his legs up and over me, so that his head was down toward the foot of the bed, and his feet were now behind me. "Look in the nightstand, Leah," he said.

I pulled open the drawer and found several condoms. I got one of the little packets out and tried to hand it to him. He shook his head, "No Leah. You put it on me."

I tore open the packet and tried to remember that one time in health class when we had been taught how to put one on. I thought I had it right, but I looked at Karen for guidance as I placed it over the head of his dick. She nodded, so I rolled it down over him, encasing his pulsing cock in ribbed latex.

Bobby beckoned me and patted the bed on the other side of him. "Knee over here, Lee."

I straddled him, positioning my self over his cock. It seemed like a river had started flowing between my legs and I could smell my arousal. without being told to, I grabbed his cock and put the head against my opening, rubbing it through the moisture. Bobby's eyes locked with mine and I started to lower myself onto him. We watched each others faces as I slowly impaled myself on his cock.

I was still a bit sore, but it was a good kind of sore as I stretched my inner muscles around a cock for just the second time, not stopping till my clit mashed against his pubic bone. Oh, god it felt so good! I wished I could stay like that forever, my brother's cock deep inside me like that.

Even though it felt great just to have him in me, it felt even better when I started to move. It took me just a little while to figure out what felt best, raising and lowering myself on his cock, rocking my hips to rub myself against him. Just then my cell, which I had put on his nightstand, rang. It was Mom's ringtone.

**Leah's Naked Adventures - Part Seven C**

I tried to jump up and answer the phone, but Bobby was too quick. He grabbed me by the hips and forced me back down, holding me there tightly. Karen meanwhile, jumped over Bobby and grabbed my phone, handing it to me.

"Put it on speaker, Leah," Bobby said.

So I took my phone and, with my brother's cock buried deep inside me, said, "Hello Momma."

"Leah?"

"Yes Momma."

"Leah, are you alright? You haven't called me 'Momma' in years."

Bobby started moving, pushing up into me while I tried to talk with our mom.

"I'm fine, Mom. Maybe I jus....just miss you a little too much."

"Bobby isn't giving you too hard of a time, is he?"

Karen giggled at that and Bobby shushed her.

I was trying to maintain some kind of detachment, trying to ignore what Bobby was doing to me so I could answer my mom, but that was getting more and more difficult. "No Mom. He's being good."

"You sound funny." Shit! She could tell! "Like an echo. Do you have me on speaker phone?"

"Yes Mom. I'm um, cleaning the kitchen."

Just then Bobby put an extra jerk in his hips and I gasped.

"What was that?"

"Nothing!"

"Nothing?"

"Bobby just surprised me a little and I almost, um, dropped a glass."

"Oh, is he there? Bobby? Are you behaving for your sister?"

"Yes Mom. I'm doing what she told me to do."

"Leah? David wants to say hi."

Our little brother? "HI LEEAAH!"

I couldn't take it any more. I started to move on Bobby's cock again. "Hi Dave. How are you?"

"Great! we're having fun at Grandma's! Are you having fun? Daddy wants to say hi."

Oh God!

"Hi sweetheart, fixing the tire's gonna take about three hours but we should be home in time for supper. Here's your mom back."

Oh God! I was gonna cum!

"Leah? Grandma says hi too."

Please! Please! Don't put my grandma on the phone now. Not Grandma!

"Leah?" Mom asked.

I was biting my lip to try and keep from crying out when I came. Bobby saw me and for once took some pity on me. "Mom?" he asked, "Are you gonna stop anywhere on the way home?"

"I don't know, we could. Why?"

Bobby arched under me, driving his cock further up into me, and I came. "I need some filler paper for school. College ruled."

I was thrashing around on him as he still held my hips, keeping me tight against him.

"I guess we could get some, or we could go out later and get some. Is Leah still there with you?"

I was able to gasp out, "Yes!"

"Listen Leah. Don't work too hard. You sound a little strained. Why don't you take it easy till we get home? Okay?"

"Yes Momma. I'm gonna hang up so I can finish the kitchen, then I'll rest. I promise.

I flipped my phone off. I was still impaled on Bobby, but he lifted me up off of him. He hadn't cum and was still hard as a rock. The condom was all slick and wet with my cum and he yanked it off as he jumped up. He grabbed Karen. He threw her down on the bed and got on top of her. "I'm gonna give you all the cum she churned up in my balls. I'm gonna fill you up!"

I watched as he started pounding poor Karen, although she didn't seem to mind, squealing with delight and wrapping her legs around him. It didn't take him long till he stopped, pushing deeper into her, and came. I looked on, fascinated by the flexing of his butt muscles as he came in her.

He rolled off of her, panting and she groaned. Her hand went between her legs and she started rubbing her clit. I could see Bobby's cum in her, slowly oozing out between her red and swollen pussy lips. "Help her, Lee. Help her cum," Bobby said.

I wasn't sure what he wanted me to do but Karen said, "Eat me, Leah! Suck me!" So I got between her legs and started licking at her cummy pussy.

"Suck it! Suck your brother's cum outta me!"

I did my best, cleaning her of Bobby's cum with my mouth while she continued to rub her clit. As I was sucking on her, nursing on her, she suddenly grabbed my head and pulled my mouth to her clit. Her pussy seemed to be trying to turn itself inside out and I knew she was cumming. I kept sucking while she came, till finally she pushed me away.

While we were all laying there, all tangled up and panting on Bobby's bed, His cell rang. He grabbed it and looked at it. "It's Sarah."

**Part Seven D**

**Sarah's Turn**

Bobby picked up his cell. "Hey Thumper!"

Thumper was what everyone at Sacred Heart High had been calling Sarah since last spring, though I had never heard Bobby use the nickname before. It started when, as a freshman playing varsity fastpitch, she had hit three home runs in one game, one to win the game in extra innings.

Bobby didn't put his phone on speaker so all we could hear was his half of the conversation, which was mostly just yeses and noes. Shortly he put down his phone. "Sarah is coming over," he said.

Well Sarah had been coming over almost every weekend for years, so I guess I shouldn't have been surprised. I wasn't exactly disappointed either. I was a little worn out and tired after the last several hours. Not only staying up late and then awake early, but my pussy had had quite a work out too. We were all pretty exhausted actually and were still lying in Bobby's bed when the doorbell rang, immediately followed by a beep from his cell.

I thought he would make me or Karen answer it, but Bobby got up and pulled on a pair of shorts, then went downstairs. He didn't say that he was coming back up and I assumed they would go out into the garage, but after several minutes he returned with a bemused looking Sarah in tow.

"Jeez Bobby, I thought you were kidding!" Sarah said, looking at us. "Really? Both of them?"

Karen had pulled a sheet over us when we heard them coming up the stairs, but we were both still lying in my brother's bed naked under that one sheet. Sarah walked past Bobby into the room and stood by the bed, hands on her hips. "So Leah, did you really let him fuck you?"

I looked over her shoulder at Bobby, wondering if he wanted me to deny it, but he now was the one looking bemused, so I simply nodded.

"Wow," Sarah said. "That's cool. In a roundabout way, that's kinda sorta like masturbation, fucking your own brother, so I won't even count it as cheating. You can fuck him all you want. You though," she continued, turning toward Karen, "It's not like that. With you, He's cheating on me, and he's going to have to pay for that, but what am I going to do about you?"

Sarah removed her hands from her hips and reached down and yanked the sheet off of us, then folded her arms in front of her, glaring at Karen. I could swear that she was tapping her foot as I looked from one to the other, wondering what was going to happen.

Suddenly, Sarah burst out laughing, doubling over and pointing at Karen. "P-priceless! If you could only see the look on your face!" Holding one hand on her belly she continued, "Oh my God! Don't worry. We don't got any kinda exclusive thing going, so go ahead, just make sure he's got enough left for me."

Sarah looked at me, "You too, I think it's so hot that he's finally fucking you! Bobby's seen me fuck other guys, and I know he's had other girls before you two, though I've never seen him do any of them." She looked over her shoulder at Bobby, "I think we need to change that little oversight soon by the way, I'd love to see you with these two."

Sarah once again looked at us. "Not today though. It's my turn, girls. Get out of that bed."

**Spectators**

So we climbed out of Bobby's bed and headed for his door. "Wait a minute," Sarah said. "You don't have to leave, just let us have the bed."

Karen and I looked at each other and kinda shrugged. If she wanted us to watch, okay. Well, there was only one chair, so I sat on Bobby's wicker clothes hamper. Sarah started to strip. She was wearing a loose t-shirt with a black athletic bra, black compression shorts and, it turned out, lavender lace boyshort style panties. She wasn't wearing them for long though, pulling them off to reveal a pussy as smooth and bare as mine.

Bobby was naked again, his boxers discarded. His cock looked hard as steel despite the number of times he had cum in the last couple of days. It was pointing slightly upward, the tip shiny with precum. Sarah's body was incredible. You've heard the expression, 'Not an ounce of fat?' Well, she did have a few ounces, mostly in her smallish, firm looking tits, with a little left over for her butt, but otherwise her body was slender and hard looking. Not one of those female body builder types, but still with every muscle softly defined. She looked every bit the athlete she was.

Sarah walked over to Bobby and caressed his cock. She dropped down on her knees and took a couple of inches of his cock in her mouth, cupping his balls with one hand. She sucked briefly, then looked at us. "I can taste one of you on him. Odd. I never tasted girl before."

That got to Karen. "It's me. Leah gets the condom, so you taste me." she volunteered.

Sarah looked back up at Bobby and lifted his balls like she was judging their weight. "Half empty already," she said. "I want the rest inside me."

She stood up and holding him by his cock, led him over to the bed, then pulled him down on top of her. Bobby proceeded to do to Sarah what he had just done to both Karen and I, that is fuck her. Having already cum several times in the last day, he didn't cum quickly, and Sarah took him in several different positions till he finally put her on her back, with her legs on his shoulders and he finally came deep inside her.

When they were done, they simply lay on Bobby's bed recovering and I got up and took Karen to my room.

**The End of Part Seven**

**Afternoon Nap**

So we left Sarah and Bobby tangled on his bed and I took Karen to my room. I turned my bed down and got in. "C'mon," I said, holding up the edge of the blanket.

Karen climbed in with me and we snuggled. At first we were face to face but then she rolled over and pushed back against me and we lay spoon-fashion. I caressed her to see if she was interested in playing a bit, but we were so tired that soon we both drifted off to sleep.

I had never slept with someone in the same bed before, well not since I was tiny anyway, and it was a new experience for me. Karen would turn over and I would half wake and roll over with her, to spoon from the other side, then we would both half wake again and roll over the other way. Each time I was half awake I felt like I should be doing something, but naked Karen felt so good against naked Leah, so I just lay there.

This peaceful little interlude was shattered when there was a knock on my open door and Sarah rushed in. "Leah! Leah, wake up!" She was holding my cell and held it out to me. "You left your phone in Bobby's room. Your mom called!"

Did you ever wake up from an afternoon nap and think it was early morning? I blinked and tried to orient myself., looking at my alarm clock. 3:47? At first I thought it was the middle of the night and I couldn't figure out what Sarah was doing in my room, then I came fully awake.

I jumped up. Holy shit! Almost 4:00pm? I grabbed the phone from Sarah and looked at it. Two missed calls! Both from Mom. One just a few minutes ago, one 45 minutes ago! If my mom had called when they were leaving, like she said she would, they could be home any second! And here I was, naked, with two other naked girls in my room!

I gave Karen a shove. "Karen! Wake up! Get dressed!"

Karen sat up, rubbing her eyes and looked around. "I don't even know where my clothes are!"

Sarah left, I hoped to get dressed too. I didn't know where the dress I had worn to church was. Probably downstairs in the living room, with the one Karen borrowed and Bobby's church clothes too! Great! What a thing for Mom to walk in on! I threw on some shorts, a t-shirt and sandals and ran downstairs, leaving Karen to fend for herself.

Sure enough, our two dresses and Bobby's shirt, pants and underwear were all scattered near the front door, looking just as you would expect from three horny teenagers who couldn't wait to get naked. There may as well been a sign that read, "Sex in Progress!" I grabbed them all and looked around. Thank God we had cleaned up the living room this morning!

I spotted the clothes Karen wore yesterday, folded and sitting on an end table, and grabbed them too, then dashed back up the stairs. Bobby and Sarah, both dressed, were coming down. "Pick up any evidence!" I told them and ran back to my room.

Karen was looking through my dresser for something to wear and I tossed her clothes at her. I stuffed everything else in my hamper and quickly made my bed, then went to check Bobby's room while calling my mom back. She said they had stopped at Target to get Bobby's filler paper but were now on the way home. Great, that meant they would be here in minutes. I told her I missed her calls because I fell asleep and told her I would see her soon.

Bobby's bed was made in his usual fashion, but the room reeked of sex. I opened a window, then closed the door on my way out, hoping the room would air out before Mom happened to look in. I had no idea what the other three were doing, but I had to pee so I took myself to the bathroom and took care of that, then tried to straighten myself up a little.

I told myself I looked okay, 'normal,' especially after having just got up from a nap, but I knew I was different. I had had sex since yesterday morning and I knew I was different. I wondered if anyone else could tell. I looked okay, but I felt like I had magic marker on my forehead, "I just had sex." I could smell sex all over me and I wished I had time to take a shower, but I didn't. Mom, Dad, and the kids were home.

**Big News**

I went down to the living room. I tried to tell myself it was all in my head, but I couldn't shake the feeling that everyone could tell I was changed. They hadn't planned on an overnight stay at Grandma's so they all still wore yesterday's clothes. Mom told the younger kids to go up and change and Dad said he was going up to shower and change.

I didn't know where Bobby and Sarah were, Karen either, so it was just me and my mom in the living room. "Did everything go okay?" she asked. "Bobby wasn't too hard on you was he?"

I shook my head, "No, Mom. He was good."

I stayed near the stairs, afraid to get too close to her. Just then Karen came in, holding her keys. "Had to move my car," she said to me, "Forgot they were coming home."

"It's okay, Dear," my mom said. "It was nice of you to drive them home from church." She held out a small bag to me. "Here, Grandma sent you some paprikash. Better put it in the fridge."

I took it and went into the kitchen, Mom and Karen following. I walked fast, trying to keep my mom from getting too close. Now I could see Bobby and Sarah in the backyard with their football. Mom could too. "Did Sarah ask to come over?"

"Yes Mom. But, she's here every Sunday."

"I'm going to go upstairs and get cleaned up too. We have some big news and something to ask you, but I want to wait until your father is here too."

**Holiday Plans**

Karen said she had to get home. Before she left she gave me a long, lingering kiss. "I can taste me and Bobby on you," she whispered. I was extra glad Mom hadn't insisted on kissing me when they got back and I went into the downstairs half bath and brushed my teeth. I washed my face and hands too and I felt a little better by the time I went back in the kitchen.

Bobby and Sarah came in, both sweaty, and I wondered if it was just football or whether they had sneaked into the garage for a little extra. Sarah said that she needed to get home too. She even gave me a kiss, but it was just a peck. Then it was just us, me and Bobby in the kitchen, the rest of the family upstairs.

Bobby got himself a glass of ice water from the refrigerator, and drank it while leaning against the counter. "That was close Leah. You should be more careful."

"Me? It wasn't all my fault!"

Before we could discuss it any further Pauline and Jake came down and soon the whole family was there. Mom picked up the phone and ordered Chinese, then we all sat down in the dining room. Mom told us that Grandma was going away on vacation, a cruise over the Christmas holidays.

"This part is up to you, Leah," Mom said. "Grandma doesn't want to leave her house empty for a week and she asked if you would be willing to stay there, house sitting, while she's gone."

**Leah's Naked Adventures - Part Eight**

**Bobby's Going Too**

Grandma had asked me to house sit while she was away on her holiday cruise. Bobby and I went to work on Mom and Dad right away and, through our combined efforts, managed to change that to Bobby and me. It really wasn't difficult. I claimed I would be afraid all alone in that big old house by myself. Bobby had a term paper he wanted me to help him write. A couple more reasons thrown in and it was set. Bobby and I would have a full eight days on our own together at Grandma's house.

There had been a couple of delays, but Karen had taken me to a women's health clinic where I had gotten a prescription for birth control pills. I had started taking them a couple of weeks ago. so I was protected by now, but Bobby and I hadn't managed to find a way to get some time alone so I could get my first bareback ride.

Bobby finally decided we would wait until Grandma's for our first time without a condom. He also made a few rules for our week together. One of course really wasn't new. I was to be naked the entire week. Another I thought unnecessary, we were going to have sex everyday, even if one of us, or even if both of us, didn't really feel like it. I couldn't imagine such a circumstance, but Bobby said, "Trust me, it can happen."

Grandma was leaving a couple days after Christmas, and returning the Saturday before we started back to school. Mom was going to drive us to Grandma's, then take her to the airport, then go home. The day finally came, Mom and I had made a shopping trip to pick up groceries that I could cook, and Bobby and I liked. We loaded the car, said goodbye to Dad and our siblings, and we were on our way. I felt like I was leaving on my honeymoon.

Grandma was ready to go when we got there. She gave us some last minute instructions, one of the toilets had a tendency to get 'stuck,' she said, "Just jiggle the handle," and the oven thermostat didn't work right. I was to sleep in Grandma's room and Bobby was to have the guest room, or so they thought.

Bobby helped load Grandma's luggage in the car and then they were gone. Bobby and I were alone! Bobby gave me my suitcase and had me remove one set of clothing, to wear the day we went back home, then he took the suitcase and locked it in Grandma's front closet. He had me strip and he threw my clothes down Grandma's laundry chute. Then he got his own suitcase and took out a gift-wrapped package and handed it to me.

"Robert, I didn't bring anything for you!"

"Sure you did. You're sitting on it."

The package was beautifully wrapped, and I knew he must have had the store wrap it. That or, maybe Mom. I took off the bow and carefully removed the paper. Once I opened the box I was pretty sure Mom hadn't had any part of wrapping it. It was a beautiful little white lace babydoll set.

"Put it on," Bobby said.

"I can't! You said I had to be naked," I teased.

"C'mon Leah. This will be better than naked, You'll see."

The top had lace cups and was open down the front under the bra. I had to shorten up the straps to get it to fit right. The panties turned out to be crotchless. Once I had everything on, I posed for Bobby.

"You're beautiful Leah! Beautiful and sexy, and I love you!"

"I love you too, Bobby. You're gorgeous and sexy too."

**In Grandma's Bed**

He took my hand and led me up to Grandma's bedroom. It was only late afternoon, and we hadn't eaten yet, but I wasn't worried about that. I did stop outside Grandma's room. "Wait Bobby. I know it's silly but, I kinda feel like this is our wedding night..."

"It's not silly, Leah."

"Could you carry me over the threshold?"

Bobby easily picked me up and carried me through the door, then deposited me on Grandma's bed. He looked down at me for a second, then started removing his clothes. When he got to his pants, he pulled them down underwear and all, and his cock sprang out, fully hard and ready. I licked my lips in anticipation.

Bobby pulled his pants the rest of the way off, then put his hand in one of the pockets and pulled out a condom. "Sure you don't wanna use this?"

I shook my head. "I want to feel YOU inside me for once."

When he was totally naked, Bobby climbed into bed with me. He lay atop me, hard cock pressing into my belly, and looked into my eyes. "Wedding night, huh?"

I nodded.

"So. If we're married...?"

"You don't have to stop with Sarah and Karen."

He nodded. "Okay. Karen likes you more anyway. You know that don't you?"

"Yes sir, but she still likes a cock now and then."

"I'll give her some of that, but you'll still give her pussy, won't you?"

"Of course I will. Are you gonna fuck me? Or just lay on top of me all night?"

"Which would you prefer?"

"Dammit Bobby! I've been waiting to have you cum in me for weeks! Fuck me NOW!"

I had asked Karen if it would feel different without the condom, and if I would be able to feel it when Bobby came in me. She said it definitely would feel different. She also said she could always feel the cum but that some of her friends said they couldn't. Now I was going to find out.

Bobby kissed me. He lifted up and reached between us and took his cock and rubbed up and down my slit with it. I kissed back and waited. I wiggled underneath him, hoping he take the hint and put it in me. Finally he did, but ever so slowly.

As he slid into me, I could feel every one of those veins that were no longer compressed by the latex as they entered me. The feeling was incredibly good. Instantly I understood Sarah's disdain for condoms. Bobby pushed slowly into me until he bottomed out, then held still. I whispered in his ear, "Oh God! Bobby it feels so delicious! Fuck me forever."

He kept still for an agonizingly long time, during which I could feel pulsing and twitching in his cock. Just when I thought I would scream, he started to move. He fucked me with long, slow, deep strokes. His cock pulling back, my pussy sucking hungrily at him, trying to pull him back in, then plunging slowly back into me. It was wonderful and he slowly built me up til I knew this would be a cum like no other.

"Ready honey? I'm gonna cum in you."

Yes, I was ready. I nodded and he quickened his pace ever so slightly. His cock felt impossibly hard now and then I started to cum, inner muscles clenching on his cock. He groaned and thrust hard into me, two, three times, then pushed all the way in and held there, and I could feel it! The pulsing, jerking of his cock, the warmth of his semen.

I locked my legs around him, squeezing him with my arms. I screamed. I could still feel that warmth inside me. Finally it stopped. I could feel him getting softer. He kept his cock there, till at last I had to get his weight off me and urged him to move. He slid out of me and rolled onto his side next to me. I could feel some of his semen as it started to dribble out of me. What a sensation.

Bobby held me close while I drifted off.

**Supper in Bed**

I don't know what time it was when I woke, but Bobby was gone. I couldn't see Grandma's alarm clock and I had taken my watch off with my clothes. I was under the covers, the bedroom door was partly open and there was a dim light in the hall. I thought maybe Bobby had indeed gone to the guest room to sleep.

I was hungry since I had skipped supper, but I didn't want to get up just yet. Instead, I reached under the covers and dreamily felt my pussy. I softly caressed my clit, then pushed a finger into me as deep as I could. I pulled it out and brought it to my mouth. Yes. I could taste it, Bobby's cum in me.

I pushed back inside me and pumped my finger in and out a bit, feeling the cum oozing around it. Just when it was starting to be fun, the door was pushed further open and Bobby came in, carrying a plate and two bottles of Dr Pepper.

I guess there was enough light from the hall for him to see my eyes because I didn't move but he said, "Oh, you're awake."

"What time is it?"

"Eight."

"In the morning?"

"No Nympho. It's still Friday night. You slept about two hours. Sit up. I brought you something to eat."

When I sat up, the blanket fell down and he could see where my hand was. "What were you doing, Lee?"

"Just feeling your cum in me."

"Not being a nasty little girl?"

I shook my head.

"Could you feel it when I came in you?"

"Uh-huh. I mean, I couldn't feel it like shooting in me, it just felt really warm, and I could feel your cock jerking, which I could feel before too, but this time there was this pulse of warm with each jerk." There was something else I noticed when I sat up. "I can smell you now, down there."

Bobby put the sodas down on the nightstand and, wearing boxers, climbed onto the bed next to me. I could see he had a big plate of scrambled eggs, one of the few things he knew how to cook. I started to take it from him but he held it away. "It's for both of us. Daddy's gonna feed you."

He had topped the eggs with salsa, which I hadn't tried before but turned out to be surprisingly good. He alternated forkfuls between us till I refused another bite, then he wolfed down the rest. "Full?" he asked.

"My tummy is, but I have another place that could use filling."

He sighed dramatically and got up, shaking his head. "Like I said, 'Nympho!' Little thing is gonna kill me!" he remarked. "Be right back."

Bobby left with the plate, fork and napkins, and I took the opportunity to use the toilet. I could feel more of his cum leak out when I sat and I would have been disappointed except that not only did I think I was gonna be filled again soon, but the feeling of it oozing out was kinda cool too. I made a mental note to put some towels around the house wherever I might sit because I was pretty sure Bobby was gonna keep filling me with cum as often as he could.

**All Night Long**

Bobby was back in bed when I got back to the bedroom and I climbed under the covers with him. As I did, I could see that his cock was hard and ready again. "Who is the nympho?" I asked.

He pulled me against him and I snuggled. He kissed the top of my head as I wrapped my fingers around his cock, jacking it slowly. We didn't speak and I slid my hand to the head of his cock. With my fingertip I spread his precum over the head, then got up and threw off the covers and straddled him. I started to lower myself onto him, but then had an idea. I turned around so I was facing his feet, then put him at my opening and sank down on him.

I could hear him moan and I knew he liked the view. I braced myself with my hands on his thighs and went to work. Since he had cum a few hours ago, I had to ride him a fairly long time before he grabbed my hips and pulled me down on him. Again I could feel the warmth of his cum in me and it made me cum, squeezing his cock with my pussy till he stopped squirting in me.

I sat up straight and stayed that way while he caressed my hips and butt, then reached up and cupped my breasts. I guess he wasn't a 'breast man,' because he usually didn't pay them that much attention, so this felt extra special. He squeezed them and flicked his fingers over my nipples. "That feels nice Bobby," I said encouragingly.

Bobby lifted me off of him and laid me on my back. I guess the encouragement worked, because he began to suckle on my breasts. It was glorious and I caressed the back of his head to let him know how I felt about it. It wasn't long however, until he climbed on top of me and entered me again.

This time he had to do the work, fucking me mercilessly. The feeling of his naked cock in me was superb and he lasted even longer than the last time, making me cum three times before he finally pumped me full of cum again and we fell asleep in Grandma's bed.

**Taking Care of Bobby**

The Winter sun was streaming brightly through my Grandma's lace curtains when I woke up for my first full day of house sitting. I looked over at Bobby lying next to me. Bobby my brother, my lover. He was snoring softly and I didn't want to wake him. Yet.

What a first night of house sitting I had had! Bobby had fucked me once in the afternoon, then while I napped he had gone downstairs and made us supper. After feeding me, he had fucked me two more times before we fell asleep in each other's arms. But that wasn't all. Twice during the night we had woken and each time he fucked me, no, made love to me! It wasn't just fucking, but loving.

Each time, one becoming aware of some movement on the part of the other. Reaching out to touch. Finding a response. Me rolling toward him, or him toward me. Kissing, but not speaking. Silently knowing what we both wanted, needed. No real foreplay. Just checking to see if I was ready, if he was hard. Then a long slow love making. Slow at first, but gradually faster, more urgent, till he came in me for the fourth, then the fifth time in the last half-day. Finally holding each other till we were asleep once more.

I gently kissed his forehead, careful not to wake him, and slipped out of bed. I padded across the hall, to Grandma's bathroom, then changed my mind and went down the hall to the smaller bathroom, so the noise of the running water might not wake him.

I showered quickly, then wrapped myself in a bath sheet while I put on some light makeup, wanting to look nice for Bobby. Leaving the towel in the bathroom, I went downstairs to make breakfast for me and my sweetheart.

Bobby had scrambled some eggs for me last night, so I decided on waffles this morning. I also made some sausage links, and loaded a tray with a plate of waffles, syrup, sausage and two glasses of orange juice. I carried the tray upstairs.

It looked like Bobby was still asleep, so I called, "Bobby!" It took me three tries till he woke and saw me standing there naked, holding the breakfast tray.

"Hi Gorgeous!" he said.

It was my turn to take care of Bobby, so this time I fed him, taking one bite for myself for each of his two, feeding him three of the four sausages along the way. When everything was gone except for the one sausage, I put the plate aside and picked the sausage up with my fingers. "I don't know why, but there is something I like about sausages," I said.

I held it up between my two index fingers, then grabbed it by one end. I put the other end in my mouth and closed my lips around it, then pulled it slowly out and looked at it again. "Yummy!"

Bobby chuckled. I proceeded to suck on the sausage, pumping it in and out of my mouth, then licking it. "Mmm!" I said, stopping and running my tongue over my lips, making a show for Bobby. He grinned. Then I put it back in my mouth and bit through it, holding now half of a sausage while I chewed the rest. Bobby winced, then burst out laughing.

"Leah you're a mean little tease. I'm not gonna let you have any more of my sausage."

I popped the rest of the sausage in my mouth and licked my fingers. "No?" I asked, reaching under the covers and finding his semi-hard cock and giving it a squeeze.

"Leah, I have to rest a little bit. You're gonna wear it right off!"

I pretended to pout. "You said we have to have sex everyday!"

"So I did, and we will, but I gotta have a little time to recover. Anyway technically, we already had sex today. Those last two times were after midnight."

I pouted.

"God Leah. How I love you! Let me get up and take a shower. Let me rest just a little, then I promise I'll let you play with my sausage some more. Is that coffee I smell?"

**Housekeeping**

After breakfast Bobby and I went downstairs to have some coffee. On the way past the front windows we saw that it had snowed during the night. Not a lot, only two or three inches, but enough that Bobby decided to go out and clean the walk.

I stayed inside and stayed naked while I washed to dishes and straightened up a little. I went upstairs and made the bed. I Knew we would only be messing it up again soon, but I wanted it to look nice and inviting for Bobby.

While he was still outside Mom called to check on us. I told her Bobby was outside shoveling snow and she said they didn't get any snow, even though they were only about fifty miles away. She said Grandma had made the flight and had called to say she was on the ship and that she would bring us souvenirs. Well, I was collecting my own souvenirs and I hoped to collect a few more this afternoon.

Bobby finished up outside and came back in, taking off his coat and boots by the side door. I went to meet him where the steps came up to Grandma's kitchen. He gave me a hug and put his ice cold hands on my butt. I wiggled and let him keep them there, squeezing and massaging me. "Does that feel good?"

"You know it," he said.

He finally let me go, after giving me a little slap. I had felt his cock getting hard as we embraced and I knew that despite his pleas for rest, I could get him to fuck me again soon, maybe right now. Bobby went into the living room and turned the TV to some college bowl game.

I went upstairs again because I had remembered that I wanted to have some towels around to protect Grandma's furniture. I laid one on the couch next to Bobby and went back into the kitchen.

My mom had showed me how to make really good popcorn in a skillet. It was much better than microwave popcorn, so I made a nice big bowl of fresh buttery popcorn and took it into the living room. I snuggled next to Bobby on the couch and balanced the bowl on his lap.

He tried some popcorn and said, "Holy cow Leah! How much butter did you put on this?" and held up his greasy fingers.

"I dunno. Lots. Should I measure next time?" I grabbed his hand and licked his buttery, salty fingers, sucking each one clean while gazing into his eyes.

"You know Lee, you are just way too sexy to live. How am I supposed to watch the BCS when you are doing stuff like that?"

I put his hand back in the popcorn bowl and sat up straight, hands on my lap, pretending to be good. The bowl was in the way, so I couldn't see if my finger-licking demonstration had had my desired effect on his cock. It must have some effect, because he dug down in the bottom of the bowl and came up with his fingers actually dripping butter and showed them to me.

"Um, I guess I did use a bit much," I said.

He started to reach toward me and I thought he wanted me to suck his fingers clean again, but when I started to lean forward, he pushed my shoulder back and coated my breast and nipple with butter, then set the popcorn bowl aside. He proceeded to lick my breast and nipple clean. Now we were getting somewhere and I was glad I had placed a towel here earlier.

He reached back into the bowl and got some more butter. I thought maybe he would give my other breast the same treatment but he reached down and coated my mons and outer lips with popcorn butter. He found my clit with his slippery fingers and rubbed it with butter too.

Bobby got off the couch and down on the floor between my legs. He scooted me forward so my butt was to the edge and pressed my knees apart. He wiped his still buttery fingers on my thigh, then began by licking that off before moving higher. I was in heaven!

The whole thing was so erotic. Being in my Grandma's living room, where we had played on the floor as children, so many memories around me, while my brother licked and sucked on my clit! Then I realized that I still had some of his cum in me, that he was eating his own cum out of me, and that sent me over the edge. I came so hard that Bobby had to hang on for dear life until I finished.

When I was calm enough I sat up and started to reach down to undo his jeans but he stood up. "Leah, I know you are insatiable, but I really do want to watch the game. If you want to stay here with me, you have to promise to behave."

He sat down and resumed eating popcorn and watching the game. "Would you be a good girl and get me some napkins?"

**The Bowl Game**

I got Bobby some napkins so he could eat popcorn without getting his fingers and Grandma's furniture greasy, then went up to the bathroom to wash the left over butter off of me. I guess Bobby was right, I was insatiable, because standing at the sink, washing butter off of my tits and my pussy, I was horny again, even though Bobby had just made me cum for the sixth time in less than a day.

I went back downstairs and got out my laptop, went into the dining room, and tried to concentrate on schoolwork for a while so Bobby could watch his game, but it wasn't working. I struggled through one writing assignment but I knew it wasn't up to my usual standards. Finally I went into the living room and asked Bobby if I could sit with him again.

"If you can be quiet and behave."

Well, I didn't know if I could but I sat there anyway and tried to get interested in the game. I began to wonder what would happen if I couldn't behave, so finally I asked Bobby, "What if I can't?"

"Can't what?" he asked, still looking at the screen.

"Can't be quiet and behave."

He looked at me then, his eyes flicking up and down over my naked torso. He turned back toward the TV, "Well then, I guess you'd have to be spanked."

Our parents had been known to give us an occasional paddling, but it had been eight or ten years since I'd last been spanked. The idea of Bobby spanking me seemed strangely intriguing, but I wasn't sure, so I did try to behave.

For a while.

I kept thinking about what it would be like if Bobby spanked me. I wondered if he really would, or was he just saying it. The more I thought about it, the more it began to excite me. I began to get fidgety. At first it was just kind of involuntary fidgety, as the game did not interest me and I was bored, but the more I thought about a spanking, the more I wanted to see if Bobby would do it. My fidgeting got to be purposeful, designed to provoke Bobby.

He finally paid attention. "Leah!"

"What?"

"You said you would behave."

"I'm bored."

He looked at me, his eyes going down to my breasts, down toward my crotch, though because of how I was sitting, you couldn't really see anything there. "Really, Leah? One of the biggest games of the year is on, and you're bored? You're a spoiled little brat, Lee and I'm going to give you that spanking."

He didn't do anything right away, and I think he was waiting to see if I would protest. When I didn't, he pulled me, naked, over his jean covered lap and placed his hand on my bare bottom. "You understand why you're getting this?"

"Yes sir, I'm being a bad girl."

"There's no such thing, Leah."

He raised his hand, then brought it down swiftly, landing with a resounding 'Smack!' It hurt more than I expected, stung, really, and I yelped. Bobby held his hand still on me for a moment, then drew back again, and I waited. The second swat was harder, but I was ready and I didn't cry out.

He hit me three or four more times, each one seeming harder than the last, and I moaned once, but otherwise kept quiet. His hand stayed on me, rubbing my bottom now, and I could feel the warmth he'd created. His fingers reached between my legs and I could feel my wetness on them.

Bobby pushed one finger into me. "My little pain slut." He worked the finger in and out of me slowly. "Grandma doesn't have DVR," he said. "You aren't gonna let me watch the game, are you?" I didn't say anything.

"All right Leah. You're going to have to make a choice. I'll either fuck you now, or tonight, but not both. If you want it now, you'll have to wait till tomorrow morning for more, but if you wait until later, I promise to keep you cumming all night."

I knew I should wait. I knew Bobby really DID want to watch the game. I knew that if I said now, he would hold me to the tomorrow morning promise. His finger was still pumping in and out of me slowly. I could feel his cock hard against my belly. I couldn't say no.

"Now please."

He pulled his finger from me and cupped my pussy with his fingers, rubbing gently. I opened my legs, wanting more. Then, suddenly, he gave me a little slap, right on my now very wet pussy. I let out a little grunt and he rubbed me some more. Then he started spanking my pussy.

The slaps were very light, but very rapid. He kept slapping me with his open palm. My clit was poking out and, while his palm and fingers slapped my cunny lips, his fingertips occasionally landed right on my clit. He'd hit me six or eight small, fast slaps, then pause, then slap, slap, slap, slap six or eight more times.

Individually, the slaps didn't really hurt, but the constant stimulation was making my pussy more and more sensitive, my clit poking out more, and getting hit harder as a result. Suddenly he drew back, and gave me a much harder smack and I squealed, squirming. He resumed the light slaps and they were starting to sting more, sounding wet as my pussy juiced even more. He stopped and slid two fingers into me. I groaned loudly.

"God! You really are a little pain slut, aren't you?"

I didn't want to admit that the spanking had me so hot, so I didn't answer, but I could feel my pussy practically sucking on his fingers. He pulled them out of me. "Stand up, Leah!"

I stood and I could see a big wet spot on the thigh of his jeans where I had leaked all over him. He stood and said, "You got my fingers all messy, clean them off," holding them before my face.

In addition to the me taste, his fingers still tasted slightly of popcorn butter, and I licked and sucked them as clean as I could.

"Go upstairs, and bring down a blanket for me to fuck you on."

As much as I liked Bobby fucking me, I liked him telling me he was going to do it almost as much! I ran up the stairs, my naked feet slapping on the hardwood. I grabbed a spare blanket and ran back to the living room. Bobby took the blanket and laid it on the floor, folded in half so it was double thickness.

Bobby took off his jeans and his socks, but left his t-shirt and boxers on. "Lie down, Lee."

Dutifully, I got down on the blanket and he knelt next to me. He told me to raise my knees, but keep my feet flat on the floor. He made me spread my legs and cupped my pussy again. He started the slapping again but he didn't continue long. Soon my pussy was tingling and he circled my clit with a fingertip. I thought I was gonna cum right then and I grabbed the blanket in my fists, but again he stopped.

Bobby moved around by my feet and he pushed my knees further apart and up so that my feet were off the floor. He shoved his boxers down, then he leaned forward and entered me. He continued forward, rolling my hips up off the floor and putting my calves on his shoulders. My own shoulders were pushed against the floor and his cock felt bigger than ever before. "I'm gonna cum so deep in you, it'll still be leaking out when we get home next week!"

He started to fuck me. He was so deep he was hitting my cervix and that didn't feel so good, but I was so sensitive after the slapping, and there was so much pressure on my clit, and the way I could feel his balls on my butt, I knew I was going to cum soon. He stared down at me, continuing to fuck me, until I couldn't take it any more and my pussy clenched down on him as I actually squirted. He pounded me harder and soon he was cumming too. This time I swear I could feel the spurts of his cum hitting my cervix and I came again, screaming.

Bobby spent himself in me, then got off of me, sitting on the end of the blanket. We stayed there for several minutes, panting. The game was over. I was satisfied. For now.