**Little Sister**

**by [sluttyally](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=27467&page=submissions)**

Early one Friday evening Mike arrived, as arranged, to pick me up. We'd planned to do a bit of window shopping, then grab a bite to eat somewhere. After that . . . who knows?  
  
"My God, Ally!" he gasped as I opened the door to him.  
  
I was just finishing a glass of wine with Vicki, my housemate, and I was showing her my 'window shopping outfit' and giggling about the fun I'd have with Mike that night.   
  
"You're such a slut, Ally!" she said, partly disapprovingly, but with a slight grin. "Just like Flora!"  
  
Vicki's little sister had been our subject of conversation, too, over our wine. Flora had just started doing some photo shoots for a modelling agent and Vicki had shown me the photos.  
  
"My God!" I exclaimed, as I went through the poses, "Are you sure she's your sister?"  
  
I winked as I said it and examined the photos more carefully. Flora was like Vicki in build - tall with slim hips and big tits - and had her olive skin, but was very pretty as well. Not that Vicki isn't, but she's got big lips and a prominent nose, which she hates.  
  
"Has Flora had a boob job already?" I couldn't help asking, as I looked at her over-sized breasts stretching a variety of tops and dresses.  
  
Vicki grinned and cupped her own breasts. "Nope, darling. Family assets, these".  
  
I cupped my own breasts in my sheer black top; below, I was wearing some stretchy black shorts and a pair of Vicki's strappy platform heels. This was the outfit Mike gasped at as he entered our flat.  
  
"It's really something I'd wear to go dancing", I explained, as I tottered on Vicki's shoes and led him through to the kitchen to meet her, "but I thought I'd give the boys at the mall - and you, of course - something to stare at".  
  
"Yeah, we'll stare all right!" Mike said, with a smile in his voice as he followed me through.  
  
Vicki had met Mike before and gave him a knowing look as she leaned forward to kiss him on the cheek. She normally just hangs around the house in shorts and a t-shirt after work but, I guess on account of Mike coming over, she'd put on a short summery dress which tied in a knot across her breasts.  
  
"So what's on the agenda for you two?" Vicki asked, after the kisses had been exchanged. Mike stared hard at the knot covering Vicki's breasts and his gaze then shifted to her caramel thighs as he sat down with us.   
  
"Depends what Ally feels like doing", Mike started saying. "A friend of mine's got a party we could go to later on".  
  
Then, suddenly, he reddened and stopped. He'd noticed the photos of Flora spread around the table and looked at us both. Vicki and I just grinned as Mike leafed through the 20 or so photos. Then he looked at Vicki. "She looks like you - but it's not, is it?" he asked.  
  
Mike was holding a photo of Flora dressed in a skimpy blue dress which showed most of her butt and was cut so low her generous breasts were spilling over the neckline.   
  
"She's your sister, or cousin, or something! Am I right?" Mike grinned, having worked it out at last.  
  
"What exactly do you like about her, Mike?" I asked. "What does she have, for example, that her delicious sister Vicki, sitting right here in the flesh, doesn't?"  
  
Vicki and Mike both blushed. I just sat and grinned.  
  
"Um, well, she probably doesn't have anything that Vicki doesn't have", Mike finally blurted out. "It's more what this girl's showing off in these photos".  
  
"Mike likes girls who show a bit of flesh, Vicki", I explained. "Does Flora show a bit?"  
  
"Yeah, she does", Vicki laughed. "She goes out dancing in just a g-string and a backless t-shirt sometimes. You should see the boys crawl all over her!"  
  
"Wow, I'd like to see her - I mean, meet her", Mike corrected himself hurriedly.   
  
Vicki and I laughed. "Actually, Mike, she's coming over soon to have dinner with me; she's at a modelling shoot right now", Vicki said, smiling.  
  
Mike looked thoughtful as we gulped down the rest of our wine; I stood up, ready to go.  
  
"Am I OK like this, honey?" I asked Mike, swivelling on my heels.  
  
"I'm not sure I'll be able to keep my hands off you, Ally, that's the only problem", he grinned, making a playful grab for me.  
  
"Show me what you mean, Mike", I said, moving close enough for Mike to reach me. I looked across at Vicki with a grin, as I leaned my hip against Mike's shoulder.  
  
His arm curled around my butt and I enjoyed the pressure of his hand against the tight satin. He looked up at me and, sensing that he had my permission, his hand moved up the side of my breast.  
  
"Hey!" Vicki said, smiling, "Are you two going to just grope each other here in front of me, huh?"  
  
"Maybe!" I said, as I let Mike's hands wander over my breast. My nipples were erect and I was getting horny at the idea of Mike caressing me in front of Vicki.  
  
"That's nice, Mike", I said, lifting a leg to straddle his lap. I could feel his hard-on through his pants as I wiggled my butt on top of him.  
  
"But . . .", Mike started to say, looking at Vicki.  
  
"What?" I asked. "If Vicki wants us to stop, she'll say so".  
  
Vicki and I had talked about my love of exhibitionism, but the closest I'd got with Vicki in the three months we'd lived together was having her walk in to the lounge room late one night when I was riding a guy on the sofa. On that occasion, she'd watched for a few seconds and then just gone back to her room.  
  
"What do you think, Vicki, hon?" I asked, enjoying the feel of Mike's warm hand pushing my top up.  
  
"Aren't you two going out though?" Vicki asked, starting to look a little less comfortable.  
  
"Mmmm", I said, cupping my breasts and pushing them forward into Mike's face. "Maybe a bit later. This is making me soooo horny!"  
  
Vicki blushed a little, but I could tell by the tell-tale little points showing through her dress that she was getting aroused too.   
  
"Go right ahead guys", Vicki laughed, a little nervously. She started picking up our wine glasses and taking them across to the sink.  
  
Mike took my hard nipple in his teeth gently and started pulling - that's something I just love and I started writhing and moaning loudly astride him. I arched back and pulled my top up so he could reach either of my bare breasts with his mouth. His hands were on my waist but, before long, started to push down my shorts.  
  
"Oh God, yes!" I encouraged Mike in a whisper as his hand slid down inside my thin, stretchy shorts and held my bare butt.  
  
Vicki was staring, wide-eyed, by the kitchen sink as I rocked back and forth, feeling Mike's hard-on against my pussy.   
  
"Is this OK with you Vicki?" Mike asked at one point, as he stopped sucking my nipples. His hand was deep down my shorts as he said this and I grinned at him.  
  
Vicki smiled and blushed slightly and just looked away. I brushed my hair out of the way and arched back again, this time pulling my top off and letting it fall to the floor. The feeling of my heavy breasts spilling out always excites me and I could feel my pussy tingling.  
  
"Um, you and Mike aren't going to fuck, are you?" Vicki asked, hesitantly.   
  
Although she was anxious, her flushed face made her look ravishing. "I don't mind seeing you guys fool around, but I'm not sure I'm ready to watch you do the whole lot".  
  
"We won't do anything you don't want us to, OK babe?" I offered, continuing to rock on Mike's very hard cock.   
  
Suddenly, the doorbell rang.  
  
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"Shit, that'll be Flora!" Vicki almost yelled, dropping the wine-glass that was still in her hand into the sink. "C'mon guys, do this in the bedroom!"  
  
"We'll stop, OK, Mike?" I said, pulling back from him. He was flushed, too, and had a big grin on his face.  
  
"Only if we can continue later Ally?" he whispered. "OK?"  
  
"We'll be good, Vicki", I promised. "Besides, we'd like to meet Flora".  
  
"OK", Vicki said, wiping perspiration from her brow as she went to answer the door.  
  
I could hear the two sisters ooh-ing and aahh-ing at the door and, eventually, the click-clack of two pairs of high heels could be heard coming down the hall. Mike and I had moved across to the sofa, where he sat with my legs in his lap, as I reclined against the sofa's arm. I decided to leave my top off, to see what Flora's reaction would be.  
  
"Ally!" Vicki said, when she saw me, "For goodness sakes!"  
  
The tall almond-eyed girl who stood in front of us was more stunning than in the photos. Even with little makeup, and without the lighting, she looked so much more natural in the flesh. Vicki introduced us and she and Flora took the other sofa.  
  
"We were just looking at your photos, Flora", I said, as I looked her up and down, admiring her outfit. She had a tiny navy-blue pleated skirt and a very tight yellow t-shirt with 'Candy Girl' printed across her breasts. What really made her look sexy, though, were her thigh-high stockings and very high-heeled Mary Jane shoes.  
  
"Yeah, the photos are great", Mike said, turning red. He couldn't meet her eye as she smiled at him and I knew that he was very attracted to this beautiful young thing who sat opposite him with her long legs folded.  
  
"So how did the shoot go?" Vicki asked.  
  
"Not bad", Flora said. Her voice was soft and seductive for a girl her age; there was nothing of the naïve bimbo in the way she spoke. "He's asked me to do glamour next week. I'm 18 now, so it's legal".  
  
"What does that mean?" asked Mike.  
  
Now it was Flora's turn to blush slightly. "Well, it's nude shots, mainly", she confessed. "You won't tell mum and dad, will you?", she added quickly, turning to her older sister with a pleading look.  
  
Vicki looked shocked, but I was getting horny at the thought of someone taking nude photos of this sexy little vixen. I could feel my nipples harden as I felt Flora's eyes on them.  
  
"Why don't you have a top on?" she asked me.  
  
"Well, we were trying on a few things just as you arrived. Mike and I are going out in a moment", I replied, enjoying Flora's eyes on my breasts.  
  
"What were you trying on?" Flora asked, eyeing my top, which was still on the floor.  
  
"You should put something on, Ally", Vicki said. She was irritated with me, but obviously also trying to keep her little sister's curiosity in check.  
  
"Was it this?" Flora asked, leaning over and plucking my crumpled top from the floor.  
  
"Yeah", Mike admitted. "Ally was trying on a few different tops. We're going to a party later on".  
  
I could see Flora's mind ticking away, wondering what sort of party I'd wear such a skimpy top to. "This is a nice top", she commented, before adding, with a little smile, "Do you really wear things like this out in public?"  
  
"Hey Flora, that's enough, OK?" Vicki said, exasperated, "What's with all the interrogation?"  
  
"I like tops like this", Flora mused, holding it up against the substantial curve of her own chest.  
  
"Guys like them too", Mike laughed, playfully pushing his hand into the waistband of my little shorts. I could feel his fingers wriggling and wanted him to continue so I parted my legs to encourage him.  
  
"You can try it on if you like", I offered, raising my hips slightly to allow Mike's fingers between my legs. In the process of doing so, he pushed my shorts well down around my hips as I rubbed my butt into his rock-hard prick. Vicki looked wide-eyed and narrow lipped but didn't say anything, while Flora just took it all in with a little smile.  
  
"Ally, I think you and Mike are getting a bit raunchy for Flora, OK?" Vicki said, watching Mike's hand moving inside my stretchy little shorts.  
  
"Hey, Vicki", Flora protested, "I think I'm the best judge of that!"  
  
With Flora's obvious encouragement, I lifted my hips again and let Mike slide my shorts down even further. Now my little shaved slit was visible, with Mike's fingers moving between my legs. I moaned with pleasure, glancing across at Flora's beautiful face from time to time.  
  
Flora giggled and looked at her sister, who was visibly embarrassed.   
  
"Well, I'm not staying to watch!" Vicki said, and walked off. A moment later, we heard the front door slam shut.  
  
Flora burst into fits of giggles the moment Vicki was gone. "Wow! She's in a bad mood, huh?"  
  
"We're in her bad books now, Ally!" Mike teased.  
  
We all laughed, while I wiggled gently on Mike's fingers and enjoyed the feeling of his hand pushing my pussy lips apart.   
  
"You know, Ally, I love doing sexy things in front of other people too", Flora said, coming closer and sitting on the arm of the sofa Mike and I were on. "But I've never seen another couple do anything before".  
  
She looked me in the eye with a little twinkle of a smile. I could also feel Mike's cock swell under my butt, too.   
  
"I'll take that as an invitation" I winked, lifting my hips clear of Mike's lap. "Would you?" I asked Flora, who calmly took hold of my little shorts and slid them down my thighs.  
  
"Don't tell Vicki", Flora said, as she pulled them over my shoes, "But I've done glamour stuff before. Full nudes and a bit of sexual stuff as well".  
  
"Do you want to take your clothes off then?" I asked, knowing that my pussy was dripping wet and hoping that this sexy young thing would be uninhibited enough to say yes.  
  
"Mmmm", she murmured, looking straight at my swollen labia, as her hand caressed her upper thigh under her short skirt. "Maybe. I'll watch for a little while, OK?"  
  
Mike, in the meantime, had wasted no time. His short, thick cock was sticking straight out of his pants; I took it in my mouth and licked and sucked it until he was writhing. I knew that Flora was enjoying the view; from the arm of the sofa she could see everything.  
  
I sat back on my haunches and smiled at Mike. "Well, that looks just delicious!" I giggled, enjoying the sight of his thick purple cock standing upright. "You or me, Flora?" I asked, grinning at her.  
  
"I need a bit of warming up", she commented, spreading her legs on the arm of the sofa, and sliding a finger under the elastic of her little panties. "Do you like girls?" she asked.  
  
"Mike does", I replied, shifting myself so Mike could lean forwards.   
  
He was faced with Flora's legs spread wide apart: her pale blue panties were damp under her skirt and, without a fuss, she pushed them down. For the first time, we got to see her beautiful pussy: puffed up lips, tiny curls of what little hair grew there, moist and plump.   
  
As Mike's tongue started, I leaned back on the sofa and watched. Mike's prick stayed hard the whole time and, as I moved my own fingers in and out of my squelching pussy, my imagination started to run a bit wild.  
  
"Mike, come and stick that in here", I giggled, as I grabbed his cock between his legs.   
  
"On the rug", I instructed him. He stopped licking and sucking Flora and looked around at me, but then did as I said.  
  
"I get the feeling you've got some wicked idea, Ally!" he laughed.  
  
With Mike lying flat out on his back, I looked at Flora and giggled. "Well, honey, which end do you want?"  
  
"I'm wet now, that's for sure", she smiled, as she went to squat above Mike's erect prick. Slowly, she lowered herself on her high heels until the head of his cock was just touching her lips.  
  
"Oh yeah!" Mike said, as he arched his hips up to make contact. Flora teased him by lifting herself up and then touching his twitching cock once more.  
  
"You little slut!" Mike laughed as he tried to grab her arms to pull her down onto him.   
  
I squatted above Mike's face and held my bare pussy right near his nose. He breathed my scent in deeply before beginning to circle my clit with his tongue. As he did, his body reclined on the floor, Flora eased her narrow hips onto Mike's cock.  
  
"Oh yeah!" he cried, as she slowly worked her way onto his thick shaft.  
  
Mike started bucking to get a rhythm going with Flora and she let him pull her forward, her breasts pressing into his chest and her face where Mike's was - between my legs.  
  
"I can't keep squatting like this much longer!" I panted, although Mike's licking was almost making me cum. "Let's change positions!"   
  
I thought that if I got into doggy position, Mike could fuck me from behind and I could give Flora a lick if she spread her legs and lay on the rug. Mike and Flora readily agreed and I eagerly awaited the feeling of Mike's fat cock sliding into my almost orgasmic pussy.  
  
"Oh my God!" I cried. As soon as he entered me, I came. I didn't even have a chance to touch Flora's little rosebud spread out in front of me. She was spreadeagled, moaning on the rug, pulling her nipples hard, as she watched me writhe with pleasure.  
  
My orgasm had barely subsided than Mike pulled his throbbing cock out of me and moved toward the supine Flora. She giggled wildly as he entered her, too, and started pushing hard into her.  
  
"Yes, yes, yes!" Flora squealed, as Mike's thrusts made her small body move on the rug.  
  
Flora's slim brown legs wrapped themselves around Mike's hips as he pushed himself into her. Her face was flushed bright crimson and her hair was messily spread around the floor. I could see the tremor in her spasming thighs and Mike saw it too.  
  
He pulled out and held his cock at Flora's matted pussy.  
  
"More!" she cried. "I almost came!!! Please!"  
  
At this point, I would have laid a large sum of money on Mike continuing to pound her, until both she and he came. But he simply grinned and continued touching her lips with the head of his cock for another minute or two.  
  
"No more", he finally said. "That's it, honey. Gotta keep you wanting more!" he added, with a wicked grin.  
  
"That's not fair!" Flora said, in a voice that combined a moan and a giggle. "Please!"  
  
"Let's take her out with us tonight, Ally", Mike suggested, as he pushed his still-hard cock back into his pants.  
  
I looked at the beautifully dishevelled Flora open like a flower before us and grinned widely back at him.

If you've read my story, "Little Sister", you'll know the reason why Vicki, my housemate, moved out. For a month, I managed the rent on my own but, then, I got a phone call from Flora, her little sister.  
  
"Ally, I need to leave home!" she complained. "Mum and dad are driving me crazy. And now that Vicki's back at home with us, she's a tyrant!"  
  
Flora was making good money with her part-time modelling and I certainly liked the fact that, unlike her sister, she'd proved to be very open sexually. I knew she was moody and unpredictable, but we struck a deal. The very next day, she moved in with very little furniture - but a ton of clothes and dozens of pairs of shoes.  
  
"I know what you're thinking!" Flora giggled, as we lugged bags up the stairs.  
  
"I'm thinking of all the clothes and shoes I can borrow from you!" I laughed.  
  
We spent the whole first evening sorting out Flora's wardrobe and I felt like I was a six year old playing dress-ups again.   
  
"Put this on!" I'd say to Flora when I found a particularly sexy piece of clothing.  
  
Before long, we were both practically naked, sneaking glances at each other's bodies as we tried on scraps of fabric which were, supposedly, skirts, tops and dresses.  
  
"Do you ever wear anything that covers you up properly?" I laughed.   
  
Judging by the contents of the plastic bags, it seemed that Flora only wore miniskirts, skimpy tops and micro-minidresses. To be sure, she did have a few pairs of jeans, but she'd cut the waistbands off to make them sit low on her hips.  
  
"All the boring stuff, I've left at home", she replied. "Vicki can have it. I've moved out of home to have fun!"  
  
"Now you're talking, girl!" I laughed.   
  
We are studying at the same university: Flora was a first year Arts student, I was final year Psychology. In keeping with our student lives, we kept pretty irregular hours and, once or twice in the first week, I saw Flora stagger home in the small hours, dressed in a small twisted dress. However, I always made sure I was up in time to breakfast with her, if only to see what sexy outfit she'd tease the boys at uni with each day.  
  
"Bra?" Flora asked me one morning at the breakfast table. Flora's breasts were outlined behind a thin purple top, her areolae clearly visible. She toyed with the hair-breadth straps until a daring amount of flesh was stretching the neckline.  
  
"Forget the bra", I laughed. "You might get some good grades dressed like that!"   
  
Another morning Flora came to the breakfast table in a pair of striped cotton micro-shorts. "Can you tell I'm not wearing panties?" she asked, bending forward.  
  
"When you do that, yeah!" I replied. The stretched cotton became almost sheer, making her bare pussy lips visibly press against the fabric. When she stood up, too, the tight fabric clung to her folds, revealing more than it hid.  
  
"Thanks!" she'd say, and prance off to her classes, no doubt to taunt dozens of her fellow male students.  
  
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Having such a flirtatious little vixen around the house made me unusually horny too and I'd wear clothes to classes, too, that were more than usually revealing. I went to class one day in a long crocheted skirt with bare legs and a g-string underneath; another day, I took my bra off from under my lace-up peasant-girl top and took pleasure in letting people see my breasts freely jiggle around.  
  
"You look so sexy Ally!" Flora squealed one morning when she burst into my room while I was getting ready.  
  
I had on a brown suede skirt which laces up and I'd undone the top couple of loops so it sat very low. Because quite a lot of curvy hip was showing, I didn't want panties to show, so I hadn't put any on. The looseness of the skirt meant there was room to slide my hand in underneath and feel my bare pussy. This is what I was doing, in front of the mirror, when Flora came in.  
  
"Keep your hand there, I don't mind!" she giggled, when she noticed I'd reddened slightly.  
  
"I was just wondering if I can wear this skirt without panties", I said, turning to look at my reflection in the mirror and wiggling my hips. My skirt sat so low I could almost see the top of my ass but I thought it looked nice so I left it as it was.  
  
"Sure you can!" Flora giggled, wiggling her own butt, "If I can wear this with barely a scrap of underwear, you can too!"  
  
Flora was wearing a short white skirt which stopped mid-thigh and contrasted blindingly with her long tanned legs. For a change she wasn't wearing high heels, just a low pair of white mules.   
  
"You're joking!" I laughed, feeling immediately horny imagining Flora walking around the campus in a skirt that would waft aside in the slightest breeze.  
  
"Let's meet for lunch today, Ally", Flora suggested with a wink. "You can wear that sexy thing and I'll go as I am. I'll show what's under it then, OK?"  
  
"But I'm having lunch with my friend Carl today", I said.   
  
"Fine!" Flora giggled. "Bring him along. The more the merrier".  
  
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At uni, I clip-clopped along in my wooden-heeled mules. They're high, about 4 inches, and not all that comfortable, but the height makes me feel sexy. Today, too, the way my hips wiggled and my bare skin rubbed against the suede of my unlaced skirt made me especially horny.   
  
"You're looking particularly hot today!" Carl said when he greeted me on the lawns.   
  
"Thanks Carl" I smiled, giving him a chaste kiss. His hands met the bare flesh of my hips and, after our lips parted, one of his hands stayed on the smooth skin above the waist of my skirt.  
  
"Let's go and eat", I replied, enjoying his warm hand on my flesh and wriggling my hips to let my skirt slide lower. "My new housemate's having lunch with us today, if that's OK. She's Vicki's sister, Flora".  
  
Carl had the hots for me when we'd first met and, once or twice, I'd let him have a little taste but I enjoyed his company as a friend more than in bed. I continued to enjoy having him eye me off, though - and, of course, he was always trying to meet my girlfriends.  
  
"OK", he answered, as we walked together and I felt Carl's hand slide from my waist down my hip and push my skirt down dangerously low. I enjoyed the sensation so much I didn't even mind the stares we got from students inside the classrooms along the way.  
  
  
"Look at that girl's legs!" Carl whispered in my ear as we approached the outdoor café areas.  
  
"That's Flora!" I squealed, as I separated myself from Carl and ran to greet her. As we hugged, she also couldn't help sliding a hand in under my loose skirt. The skin to skin contact felt electric and I could feel my pussy tingle.  
  
She grinned as I introduced Carl. He found us a table out in the sunshine and held it for us while Flora and I went to order meals for us all.  
  
"So, who's he, Ally?" Flora asked breathlessly, once we were queuing. "He's cute!"  
  
"He's a guy I fucked once or twice", I said casually. "Just friends now, though", I added, in case Flora had ideas.  
  
I noticed Flora idly play with the knot that held her wrap-around top together. On the way back to the table, she must have loosened it slightly because when we sat down, even more tanned cleavage was jiggling precariously. Carl was hypnotized.  
  
"You've got a great tan", he commented to Flora, looking at the little silver cross that sparkled in the deep cleft between her breasts.   
  
"It's a good tanning weather today, too, isn't it?" Flora giggled, toying with her glinting jewellery.   
  
Carl, sitting opposite Flora and I, watched for almost an hour as Flora fingered her ornament and fiddled with the knot in her top. We chattered away and, by the time we had finished our lunch, it was clear that Flora could go no further without just flopping her breasts out altogether.   
  
"I'm still hungry!" Flora moaned. "Can I eat that bit of cake?"   
  
Without waiting for Carl's reply, she knelt on the bench and leaned a long way forward to take the morsel from Carl's plate. Her tits just about popped out in Carl's face, while I got a close-up of Flora's miniscule g-string.  
  
"Mmmm, yum!" she said, sitting back, licking her finger and flicking her hair back, as her breasts settled back into place, not quite hidden properly behind her top. Flora looked down, but made no effort to straighten herself up.  
  
"What time's your next class, Carl?" she added, with a giggle. "Ally and I are gonna sun ourselves on the grass over there. My next class isn't for a couple of hours". I looked across at Flora, as Carl replied.   
  
"In an hour", he smiled. "But I've read the text", he added, with a broad grin. "C'mon girls, let's get some sun".  
  
"Nice butt", Flora whispered, as Carl got up and took our rubbish over to the bins. His muscular rear and legs showed nicely in the shorts he was wearing.  
  
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The extensive lawns at uni are populated with shady trees and garden beds - and, of course, with students studying, chatting and flirting. Carl led us to a spot in bright sunshine by some trees, near several little pathways which run between the nineteenth century sandstone buildings.  
  
"Nice springy grass!" Flora giggled, as she threw herself down. We all sat down and Carl pulled his t-shirt off.  
  
"Nice chest, Carl!" I laughed. I know Carl's proud of his upper body - he does gym and rock-climbing - but he's probably a bit too vain for my liking, so I couldn't help teasing him.  
  
"Yours isn't bad either, Ally!" he joked, although a moment later he glanced across at Flora who was busily adjusting her top yet again.  
  
"What're the rules here about sunbathing?" Flora asked me, holding the undone knot of her top. "Can I go topless?"  
  
"Nope", I giggled, "I tried that in my first year and got fined. The rules are no swimsuits, no bare breasts".  
  
"Hmmm", Flora mused. "What about this, though?"  
  
Playing with her top, she stretched it so that, even tied, a good eighty percent of her large breasts were on show. She tucked the rest of the fabric up so that her whole belly was exposed.   
  
"Well?" she murmured.  
  
"Technically, I think you're OK!" laughed Carl. "What about you Ally?", he added, with a glint in his eye. "I've got my top off!"  
  
Before I answered, I watched Flora arrange her skirt, so that both thighs were visible to the hip. She lay on her back in a wanton pose and stretched out on the lush grass, so her g-string was just visible. Carl was transfixed.  
  
"Shall I take my bra off?", I asked, feeling a combination of horniness and slight jealousy at Carl's preoccupation with Flora.  
  
I unclipped it and pulled it out from beneath my top and then, like Flora, adjusted myself so that much of my breasts were exposed to the sunshine. I felt myself getting wet, too, as I glanced across at Flora, who moaned gently as her lithe body arched provocatively on the ground.  
  
"Oh, this sun is so, so, so good!" she murmured.  
  
As Carl started chatting with Flora, I lay on my back a short distance from them and untied the side of my skirt, so I could expose my belly to the sun. I pulled the hem up, too, to let the warmth reach my knees and thighs. I closed my eyes and enjoyed the sun on my body, listening to the murmur of Carl's and Flora's conversation.   
  
"Mmmm", I heard Flora's tinkly little voice say softly, "That's nice, Carl!"  
  
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Suddenly, I came to, hearing a male voice loudly saying, "You're one lucky bastard!"  
  
I realised I'd drifted to sleep, as I opened my eyes, blinking, and leaned up on my elbows. The comment had come from a tall guy who looked like he was a graduate of skateboard school. He was standing nearby with his girlfriend - a pretty, plumpish blonde girl - and he and Carl had obviously exchanged a joke. It turned out that what they were looking at was Flora, who was virtually naked, her brown skin glistening in the sun.  
  
"Carl", I whispered, "How long's she been like that?"  
  
"It's cool, Ally!" he whispered back. "We just met Kelly and Donald now; they've been here a couple of minutes, just watching. They're not going to cause trouble".  
  
As if to agree, the guy and girl both nodded.  
  
All of a sudden, I noticed Carl's fingers were shiny and slippery. "Carl!!" I said, in a louder whisper.  
  
"Just tanning oil, honey!" Carl laughed. "You've been asleep for half an hour".  
  
Flora's long legs were slick with oil and, while I'd been asleep, she'd slid off her shoes - and her panties. Her white skirt was around her waist; her bare pussy, like her legs, was shiny with oil. She was lying back on the grass, eyes closed, writhing gently in the sunshine.  
  
"You're quick off the mark, Carl!" I giggled in a whisper, starting to enjoy the sight of Flora on the verge of opening herself up on the grass.  
  
"What did you say, Ally?" Flora murmured, rolling over onto her front to look at us. Her white skirt was grass-stained and she made no effort to smooth it down over her brown butt cheeks.  
  
Carl and I - and the watching couple - were staring hard at Flora's smooth rounded cheeks, and the little flirt knew it! She wiggled her feet again and parted her thighs slightly. "What are you talking about, you two?" she insisted.  
  
"Just telling Ally that the stuff on my hands is sun-tan oil!" Carl laughed. "I'll show you!"  
  
He moved to kneel next to Flora and recommenced rubbing his oily hands onto her thighs. As he did, Flora's legs widened and Carl's fingers massaged her brown skin, moving higher up her thighs as he did.  
  
"That's so nice!" Flora murmured, closing her eyes once more. As Carl's hands started caressing Flora's butt, I could feel my own horniness grow and wished Carl was doing me instead!  
  
Pretty soon, Carl's fingers were well between Flora's legs and she was moaning with pleasure, face down on the grass. Because he was shielding the view from the path, most people - except for Kelly and Donald - just walked by without noticing that this delicious girl was being fingered right here in front of them.  
  
Carl kept looking across at me, with a little smile. He knew I loved exhibitionism and that I loved watching other women get off - especially with a bit of an audience. I moved closer to see every detail of Carl's skilful hand on Flora's sticky pussy and could barely contain my arousal.   
  
"You're getting all hot and bothered too, aren't you Ally?" Carl grinned.   
  
I simply smiled back as I noticed Flora open her eyes momentarily, watching me slide my hand into my skirt. As Carl's hand continued to explore her plump wetness and Flora moaned distinctly, I put a finger against my slippery clit and worked it round and round.  
  
"Aren't you guys afraid of being caught?" Kelly asked. She and her boyfriend moved a little closer, gingerly.  
  
Carl knew he had two horny girls on his hands and he clearly didn't want to waste his opportunity. "Yeah, you're right", he replied. "Let's go back to my place. Flora? Ally?" he asked expectantly. "You guys can come too, if you like", he added, looking up at Donald and Kelly, who both blushed.  
  
"I like it here in the sunshine!" murmured Flora, as she arched back and spread her arms out. In this pose, her breasts popped clear of her loosely tied top and it was now obvious she never wore a top to sunbathe.  
  
The couple gawked at this and Carl pulled his hand from between Flora's legs. "Flora!" he whispered, "I think that's enough, babe!"  
  
"I don't care!" she murmured, as she writhed on the soft grass.  
  
I knew how Flora felt right now - I've always enjoyed spreading my body for an appreciative audience - but both Carl and I were concerned about campus security. If they caught us, our student rights could be suspended. And the best way to get campus security on the scene was to have a crowd. Which is exactly what was forming.   
  
"Flora!" I hissed, adjusting my own skirt and top. "C'mon, hon!"  
  
I knelt next to her and pulled her skirt down to cover her. She let me do that, but wouldn't allow me to adjust her top. She simply sat up, with her chocolate nipples sticking straight out, and asked naively, "What's wrong, Ally?"  
  
"Flora! Look!", I whispered, pointing to the by-standers who'd now assembled to watch her. At my comment, several of them looked embarrassed and walked on, until just Kelly and Donald remained. "We'll get hauled away by security, if you're not more discreet, babe!"  
  
"I'm horny as hell, that's all!" she giggled in a little whisper, as her oily hands went to her breasts.  
  
"Look, Carl's itching to do it with you! At home, though, OK?" I insisted. I was getting anxious, hoping that none of my lecturers or tutors would come this way and see me arguing with this stubborn topless girl.  
  
"I've got an idea!" Flora said suddenly, looking at the couple. "Why don't we all go over there?" She motioned towards a large tree, near a wall, several metres from the pathways.  
  
"But, Flora", I pointed out, "People can still see you!".  
  
"Not if . . .", she looked expectantly at the couple. "Not if Donald and Kelly come and shield me from view".  
  
Donald and Kelly both flushed again and exchanged a quick look.   
  
"We don't have to do anything, do we?" asked Kelly, a note of panic in her voice.  
  
"Not unless you want to!" I giggled, liking Flora's idea the more I thought about it.  
  
Flora tucked her breasts back into her top and picked up her shoes. We followed as she flounced barefoot across the twenty or so metres of lawn.   
  
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Now, I have to say at this point in the story, that I always thought I was a bit of a slut. That is, I'm often happy to show my pussy to strangers, and I don't have to know a guy too well to fuck him. But what Flora did amazed even me - and certainly made me happy to be sharing a house with her!  
  
"Give me the oil, Carl", Flora instructed us when we got to the tree. From her bag, Kelly fished out a sarong, which she laid down. Flora leaned against the trunk of the 150-year old elm, facing away from the pathways and lawns, and we knelt on the sarong, around her.  
  
"So, who wants to start?" Flora asked with a smile, parting her legs slightly. "Boys?" She looked from Carl to Donald, who blushed and looked down.  
  
As Flora lifted her skirt, she placed one bare foot in my lap, the other in Donald's. She dribbled some oil onto her lower belly and we watched as the rivulets ran across her puffy brown lips.   
  
"Don't you wear panties to uni?" Kelly asked. Her nipples were sticking hard out through her tight shirt.  
  
"This is much more fun!" Flora moaned, wiggling her feet as she started to swirl the oil around her labia.  
  
I took the foot that was in my lap and poured a tiny amount of oil onto Flora's little toes. Donald saw me start to massage her foot and he did the same.  
  
"Oh, yeah! That's brilliant", murmured Flora. Then she gave a little giggle and opened her eyes. "C'mon Carl, what about you then?"  
  
He didn't need to be asked twice. His hands went straight to work, kneading Flora's petals at first, tweaking her clit gently, and, then, at Flora's instigation, pushing a finger into her.   
  
I watched Kelly and Donald exchange a flirtatious little look of their own; Kelly was watching Donald push Flora's foot with its blue-painted toenails against the crotch of his pants. That gave me the idea to slide Flora's other foot up my thighs until I felt her toes connect with my rapidly moistening lips.  
  
"Ooohhh", moaned Flora, who was beginning to warm up thoroughly now; the minutes passed as Carl fingered her skilfully. Her feet were arching and wiggling as she built towards orgasm. "Please, Carl!" were her only words to the man who was giving her - and us - such pleasure.  
  
Carl interpreted Flora's words in the only way a man knows. He unzipped his pants and pulled out his thick, hard cock. He looked at Flora, as if for permission, but her eyes were closed and her own fingers were sliding around her clitoris.  
  
"Oh, yeah!" Donald whispered, when he saw Carl's blood-filled penis. He was still kneading his own erection through his pants with Flora's slim foot, as his girlfriend watched.

Like a hot knife into butter, Carl's angry-purple cock slid easily into the outstretched flower beneath him. Flora let out a loud gasp and I was relieved that nobody walking by paid attention; from the pathway, I suppose we just looked like a bunch of students chatting under a tree.  
  
"Can I?" I heard Kelly softly say to Donald. Her hand was on his pants and with his nod, she undid his cock too. Unlike Carl's his was long and thin and she stroked it in her little hand, while Donald kept Flora's slippery foot rubbing up and down his shaft as well.  
  
By now, Flora was bucking her hips and I knew Carl was about to come, because she opened her eyes and said to him, quickly, "Not inside me, OK?"  
  
Carl was as good as his word because, literally two seconds later, he pulled out, spurting a great stream of gooey cum onto Flora's chest and stomach. Carl momentarily lay his head on her belly, but then sat up.   
  
"Yum!" Flora said, as she rubbed the cum into her oily skin, and into her clothes, where the cum had left damp patches. As she did this, she became aware of what Donald and I were doing with her feet.  
  
"Oh wow!" she exclaimed, with a giggle, "A double foot-job! That's so cool!"   
  
A thought then crossed Flora's mind, because her lovely brow wrinkled and she looked intently for a moment at Kelly.   
  
"Um, Kelly . . .", she started.  
  
Kelly didn't answer but merely kept her hand on her boyfriend's thin, hard cock and smiled as Flora pulled her foot away. By the looks on both Donald's and Kelly's faces, they'd worked out what she was going to say and Donald looked at his girlfriend, slightly guiltily.  
  
"Go on," Kelly said softly. "I don't mind".  
  
Donald hesitated and his cock started to go limp in Kelly's hand.   
  
She squeezed a little harder. "Really, I don't", she repeated.  
  
Flora grinned and told Donald to sit under the tree. "I want to be on top", she said.  
  
By the time she'd maneuvered him into position, poor Donald had became quite soft. No wonder, with Kelly's, Carl's and my eyes on him. But Flora's lips came to the rescue and, within seconds, he was standing tall again and Donald was smiling, slightly uneasily.  
  
"Is this OK with you?" Flora asked gently, as she squatted above him, slowly lowering herself. Her delicious slim butt was raised up as she angled her hips forward to receive him and she moderated his thrusts.  
  
Kelly was staring, wide-eyed, at her boyfriend fucking this stranger out in the open and it was not difficult to read her expression of amazement.   
  
"I can only cum when I'm on top", Flora giggled, as if she needed to explain herself to Donald. His eyes were closed and, with a grimace on his face, he pounded his hips up hard against Flora's little body.  
  
She jiggled herself to get different angles and, every now and then, let out a small "Oooh". Sweat was beading on her skin and, mingled with the oil, gave her nearly naked body a coppery sheen.  
  
"I'm about to cum!" Donald whispered hoarsely.   
  
Gracefully, Flora eased herself off and, sure enough, a spurt of white launched itself into the air, raining down partly on Flora, partly on Kelly.  
  
We all laughed, as Donald collapsed into relaxation on the grass. After a brief moment he, too, smiled as he sat up. Looking around him, he seemed suddenly to remember that his pants were around his knees, so he pulled them up and packed his half-erect cock away.  
  
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It was relatively easy for all of us to restore order to our clothes, except for Flora. Her skirt was a mess of grass-stains, tanning oil, sweat and cum and her top was damp right through in places.  
  
"Looks like you missed your class, Carl" she giggled, as she smoothed her skirt down over her legs. "But I haven't", she added, looking at her watch. "Gotta go!"  
  
"Other things are more important than classes, sometimes", he laughed. "Like getting you looking presentable. You can't go to a class like that!"  
  
"Course I can!" Flora laughed.   
  
Then she leaned over to me to whisper something. "I'm still feeling very horny, Ally! I'd like to give the guys in class something to look at. Can I wear your shoes?"  
  
My feet are a size smaller than Flora's but, smiling at her wantonness, I took my strappy shoes off and handed them to Carl, who slid them onto Flora's brown feet.  
  
"Nice!" she said, wriggling her toes.  
  
She staggered to her feet with Carl's help and, standing in my four inch heels, her oily legs looked superbly muscular and taut under the grubby white skirt. Her raven hair was messed up from lying down and little bits of dried grass were stuck all over her.  
  
"Can we give you our phone number?" Kelly asked, breathlessly, as we began to walk towards the classrooms.  
  
"Not as innocent as you seem, huh?" I giggled. Kelly blushed, as we all laughed together.