**Michelle**

Although I had been touching myself between my legs for some time, enjoying the way it felt, and the flashes it sent through me, it wasn't until the summer before I turned fourteen that I had my first orgasm, (although at the time I didn't even know what it was), just that it felt wonderful...I was in heaven, and from that day forward I couldn't come enough, or often enough.
I graduated from my fingers to the hand held shower head, to trying everthing from candles to carrots to even a cucumber.
Although I didn't yet even know what my clit was, I knew there was one little tiny spot just above my slit that felt better than anything else. Even though I loved the feeling of having something deep inside my pussy, it wasn't the same feeling as teasing my little magic button. It wasn't until half way through the summer that I discovered just how great it could be to do both at the same time. ((My middle finger on my right hand rubbing on my clit, while my left hand was furiously pumping something or other in and out of my pussy.
My early fears that something was wrong when my pussy used to get really wet and start leaking juice went away when Jennifer, (my official best friend), told me that that's what happens when a girl gets excited, and it's perfectly normal. (More on Jennifer in later chapters.)
But for the rest of summer, Jennifer became my "sex ed" teacher. Although my age, she seemed somehow much wiser and more experienced. She's the one that explained to me that a girl's pussy getting wet was just like a guy's penis getting big and hard...the sure sign of exceitement.
PENIS!!! Although I had seen my dad's before, (and my older brother Ricky's), usually coming out of the shower, I had never thought (or knew) that they would get big and hard when excited. I became infatuated with thinking about penises, penises getting big and hard, and started wondering what it would feel like if I could make a guy get excited enough to make his penis hard.
Constantly thinking about penises, and penises getting big and hard made my masterbation sessions more and more frequent...lying in my bed, sitting on the toilet, standing in the shower...I just couldn't get enough, and just couldn't get the thoughts of a hard penis out my mind.
This is where my story begins...

**Chapter 1**

By age fourteen, my body had pretty much matured. At 5' 5" tall, I weighed only 102 pounds, but my breasts had filled out to a nice 36C. I had a little tiny waist, fairly long legs, and virtually no butt. (My brother Ricky (older at 17) used to tease me that I had "an ass like a ten year old". I had only a very fine wisp of hair around my pussy, and kept the reddish blonde hair on my head at medium length.
After my best friend Jennifer had explained a few of the facts to me, like my pussy getting wet being the equivalent of a guy's penis getting hard, I couldn't get the thought of a hard penis out of my mind. I began to pay more and more attention to the bulge in my dad's pants, and even more attention to my brother Ricky's crotch, always wondering what they would look like if their penis got hard.
I got to deliberately taking to try to time my bathroom entrances with their exits, always hoping to catch a glimpse of their penis.
My first real rush came one night when my parents were out, leaving Ricky in charge of us at home. I had gone to bed fairly early, and as usual wore just a short filmy (almost see through) nightie, and a pair of skimpy panties. I awoke some time later needing to take a pee.
As I started past the door to Ricky's room on my way to the bathroom, I could hear sounds of moaning and groaning coming from his room. I slowed and very quietly crept uo to his door and peeked through the open crack.
My heart stopped and my pussy quickly became drenched.
Ricky was lying naked on him bed, one hand curled around his penis, stroking it up and down. He was watching his TV playing a movie with two naked people actually going at it. I mean on the screen you see everything!! His penis, her pussy, everything. At first she was just stroking his penis, just like Ricky was stroking his, but then the guy put his penis in her pussy and started stroking in and out. Everything was right there on the screen in plain view!
I had never been so turned on in my life. My hand immediately found it's way under my nightie and inside my instantly wet panties, and I started stroking my soaking, dripping slit, mesmerized at the sight of Ricky stroking himself while watching the couple on the screen.
My fingers left my slit alone and moved to my clit. I gasped at the contact and had to stifle a moan of my own. My finger started moving faster as I watched Ricky's hips start to buck up and down on the bed, and his hand started moving faster and faster.
I was so wet at this point that my pussy was literally dripping, and I was afraid the honey was going to start running down my thighs.
I was almost there, very close to coming, when Ricky arched his back and let out a powerful groan. Seconds later, his penis shot a burst of white cream right into the air, once, twice, then a third time!
I couldn't help it...I gasped.
Ricky's head jerked around, and I quickly ducked away and back into my room, terrified that he might have seen me. My heart was pounding as the seconds ticked away, but after a few minutes with no one pounding on my door, I decided I was safe and hadn't been caught.
However, in those few earlier extremely horny minutes, I had completely lost sight of the fact that the original reason for getting up was to go pee, and now it was urgent.
I slipped out of my door wand walked as nonchalantly as possible down the hall to the bathroom. I couldn't help but glance into Ricky's room on the way past as his door was now wide open. Not seeing him on his bed I just continued on and rounded the corner into the bathroom.
Ricky was standing there, stark naked, penis in hand, peeing into the toilet.
My mind instantly flashed to the squirts I'd seen come out earlier when he was stroking himself, and I froze, momentarily paralyzed.
He tuned his head and growled, "What's the matter...never seen a guy pee before?"
"It's not that," I stammered, still somewhat in a trance. Fascinated and mesmerized by the sight of the stream flowing out the end of his penis, I managed to mumble "I just really need the toilet."
He grinned. "Wait your turn." The stream of golden pee flowing out of his penis slowed to a trickle, then stopped. Then, to my utter amazement, he proceeded to shake his penis up and down several times.
"What," I stammered, "are you shaking it for?"
He grinned again, "Gotta make sure it's all out so I don't drip."
"Oh" I mumbled and blushed, hoping he had no idea how turned on I had gotten watching him pee, and then shaking his penis.
He finished, turned, and walked right past me, not bothering to even try to cover himself. Although my eyes were riveted on his groin, I couldn't help but notice as he passed that he seemed to be trying to stare a hole right through my nightie. That in itself gave me quite a tingle.
I lowered my panties and sat on the toilet seat. But as I relieved myself, my mind kept going back to Ricky's penis, how soft and innocent it looked while he was peeing, and how big and hard and throbbing it looked when he was stroking himself. And mostly the way it jerked when he squirted.
I finished and went to wipe myself, but when the tissue rubbed against my clit I almost jumped right off the toilet seat.
I hurried back to my room, tightly closed the door, and jumped back into bed. It was only a matter of seconds before my hand found it's way inside my panties, and started lightly stroking the lips of my slit. As I continued, my breathing became heavier and my heart started racing.
I could feel the juices running out of my drenched pussy, bathing my fingers and soaking my panties.
My breathing became rather ragged as images flashed through my mind...Ricky holding his penis...the stream flowing out the end, Ricky stroking his penis while watching the horny movie, how big and hard it got while he stroked it, his penis tensing and then shooting the spurts into the air on his bed, his eyes boring through my nightie when we passed in the bathroom.
My fingers left my lips and moved up to my clit. The very first touch caused me to jerk, and as my fingers continued to tease my hot spot, my breathing soon turned into panting.
My body was bucking as all the different images of penises kept flashing through my head, but the image that stayed with me as I started to come was that of Ricky trying to stare right through my nightie.
My fingers moved faster and faster over my engorged clit, and bucking and humping I came. My butt lifted up off the bed and my pussy desperately humped at my fingers as spasm after spasm racked my body. I moaned quite loudly as my orgasm washed over me, and even though I tried to stifle the sound, the thought occured somewhere in the recess of my mind that anyone anywhere near my bedroom door would quite clearly hear my noises and have no doubts what exactly was going on.
When the last spasm subsided, I collapsed on my bed, still panting heavily, sweating heavily, but totally satisfied.
Until I heard the noise just outside my door.
Slipping out of bed and tiptoing to the door, I pressed my ear against the wood, struggling to control my still somewhat labored breathing. Listening intently, I heard nothing at first, but then heard the unmistakable sound of footsteps retreating down the hall.
Terrifed, I returned to my bed, certain that Ricky had been standing outside my door and had heard everthing, knew exactly what I'd been doing. That realization was bad enough, but even worse would be the embarassment if he knew, or even suspected that the images of his penis, and him staring at my nightie, were the primary causes of my arousal, and heated self pleasuring session.
As I started to doze off, I realized that my emotions were turning from embarassment and humiliation into kind of a quiet arousal. I remembered the sight of him stroking himself while he was watching his movie. I rmembered the way he tried to stare through my nightie when we passed in the bathroom. My imagination started to wander..."I wonder if he got turned on by listening to me pleasure myself...I wonder if he got big and hard again while he was listening...I wonder if he stroked himself...I wonder if he squirted again...I wonder how he would have acted if he could have actually seen me?"
I sat bolt upright!
What if he had seen me? What if he COULD see me? Would that be a trun on? He tried to look right through my nightie. What if he could see EVERYTHING?
As I laid back down, those were the thoughts foremost in my mind, and as I started drifting off to sleep, my plot starting unfolding in my mind.

**Chapter 2**

I awoke groggily, only slowing becoming aware that one of my hands was down inside my panties, and that one of my fingers was deep inside my pussy. As I came to, I became aware that my pussy was gushing, my hand was soaked, and my panties were drenched.
My mind drifted back to the last evening as I slowly began teasing my rapidly awakening clit. Ricky...watching the movie and stroking himself...jerking...spurting...Ricky, holding his penis while he peed, Ricky, shaking his penis up and down to "be sure I got it all so I don't drip"...Ricky trying to stare through my flimsly nightie, Ricky (maybe) standing outside my door listening to sounds as I pleasured myself...the whole thing about boy's (guy's) penises getting big and hard as they got turned on.
My finger started moving on my clit, faster and faster...as if it had a mind of it's own. In no time I was panting and bucking up and down and started the day with a wonderful orgasm.
As my breathing slowed and my heartbeat returned to normal, I starting reviewing in my mind the plan for the day.
I was enthralled at the thought that maybe I, and me alone, could make a guy's penis get hard just by looking at me, listening to me, and that maybe I could turn guys on just by being me.
I scurried to the bathroom and took a quick pee, all the time my mind being centered on sex. (Sex that I had never experienced...at this point in my story I am still a virgin, in fact have never even touched a boy's penis.)
Still, just the thought that I could make a boy's penis hard just by letting him look at me has me absolutely fascinated....and more than a little turned on.
So as I go to brush my teeth, my mind is churning...today I'm going to find out eactly what I can do a boy even if I don't do anything to the boy.
Since my mind is centered on sex, the electric toothbrush takes on a whole new identity. As I feel it vibrate in my hands, my mind starts to wander..."I wonder what this would feel like......?"
I finish with my teeth, rinse the brush head, and decide to see what this would feel like against one of my nipples.
(Time out...you need to know that although my breasts are average at best (36C), in retrospect I have always had extrordinary nipples...when aroused and hard, they will grow to a solid 1/2".)
So as I apply the brush to one of my nipples, it immediately hardens and grows. The brush doesn't feel as good as I thought it would, so I turn the brush over so the vibrating plastic is against my nipple rather than the brush itself.
Heaven.
My nipple gets hard as a rock and grows even bigger than usual...to the point it feels like it's going to burst.
Then my mind starts wandering again..."If this feels so good against my nipple....I wonder what it would feel like..."
In a flash I have checked the bathroom door and stripped off my now soaking wet panties. I start by teasing myself, running the unit up the inside of my thighs, spreading my legs so I can watch myself in the mirror. Around and around my pussy I go, but don't actually ever touch it.
The teasing is driving me crazy, but even more so the sight of my own pussy in the mirror, lips wide open, juices running...begging for attention.
I slowly bring the unit up and start running it around my lips. The tingling sensation is driving me crazy and I already know that when I do finally let myself come, it's going to be one massive explosion.
I'm not quite reay to end this yet so I continue teasing...exploring...I run the unit all around my thighs, my lips, and almost by accident (maybe) touch my anus.
What a jolt.
I gasped...and hastily moved it...continuing the teasing of my pussy.
But as I got wetter and wetter, and my breathing got heavier and heavier, I couldn't help but remember the shock when the unit actually touched my anus.
This time I did it on purpose.
I moved it slowly along my lips, first one then the other...each time going lower and lower.
I ran it over my butt cheeks. And although this did nothing for me, each time I would bring it a little closer to my crack.
I finally started running the unit very lightly through my crack, careful not to touch my hole. After a few minutes of this, it seemed like my own body was screaming and bucking, wanting the contact with my hole.
So I finally relented, bringing the unit closer and closer to my anus, until again contact was made.
My body jerked again.
I backed off for a moment, then again brought it closer and closer, until once again the buzzing unit was touching my little hole.
The feeling was exquisite...not sexual really...but very erotic.
I continued playing with my back side hole for another minute or two, then realized the juices flowing out of my pussy were dripping all the way to the floor.
I quickly brought the unit back to my pussy, and starting again playing it around my lips, getting closer and closer to where I really wanted it....and then decided that foreplay was over...my clit was screaming for attention.
I brought the unit up slowly, and finally laid it to rest with the back side of the brush head half against the hood that usually covers my clit, and half against my now protruding clit itself.
It took only only a couple of seconds, and the explosive climax racked through me. My legs shook, by body trembled, my chest was heaving, I couldn't breathe. After several seconds of this heaven on earth, I started to come down.
My legs felt like rubber...I couldn't stand.
I leaned back against the counter steadying myself, and looked at the electric toothbrush with a whole new attitude.
When my breathing finally returned to normal, I reminded myself that I did have a plan for the day, and it involved boys and penises...not electric toothbrushes.
I jumped in the shower and started Part One of THE PLAN!!!
I returned to my room and intentionally left the door wide open. I crawled into bed naked and waited, scarcely breathing, waiting for any kind of a sound that would tell me Ricky was awake. In the meantime, I let my hand drift down to my pussy and start idly caressing my lips.
As soon as I heard the first sound, I pulled the sheet, (only the sheet), up over my entire body. I made sure it was lying perfectly flat against me to that the entire outline of my body was clearly visible beneath the thin covering
I heard him head down to the other end of the hall to the bathroom, and returned one hand to my pussy while I waited in anticipation.
I waited as I stroked my now very wet pussy, hoping that my perception of his arousal, and therefore, my plan, would have the desired effect.
As soon as I heard the toilet flush and the door open, I pulled the thin sheet up over my head...completely covering me, with the idea that if I caught his attention, and he decided to stay and watch, he wouldn't have to worry about me "catching" him.
As I heard his footsteps coming down the hall, I increased my movements, putting first one, then two, and then three fingers inside my pussy, pumping them in and out in such a way that there could be no mistaking what I was doing. I got wetter and wetter.
Even though my choice for pleasuring myself is not invading my pussy with my fingers, but rather pleasuring my clit, I realized this was not so much for my pleasure, but to see what effect it had on Ricky. I let the movements of my hand get more pronounced.
I was rewarded a moment later when I heard his footsteps approach my door, and then stop with a sudden gasp.
My hand got frantic, pummeling my pussy, and then I withdrew my fingers and started on my clit. I made sure the movements would be clearly visible under the sheet, and my clit started to harden as I fantisized what might be happening on the other side of the sheet.
I spread my legs apart, my fingers working furiously, my mind racing even more.
Was his penis getting hard watching me?
Was it already hard?
Was he touching it?
Was he stroking it?
Is it going to spurt again?
My mind was racing and my fantasy was going out of control as all of these images raced through my mind. I urged my fingers to move even faster, and in seconds was in the middle of a mind blowing orgasm.
When I finally caught my breath, I opened my eyes only to find that my doorway was empty...no Ricky in my fantasies.
Disappointed at the result, yet totally satisfied with a great come, I decide to move on to phase 2.
I dried my pussy, (as best I could), and showered. I had chosen an outfit specifically for the purpose of seeing if I could turn guys on, just by looking. (The first test on my brother is just an experiment.)
(Remember that last night Ricky had stared hard at my nightie and (I Think) also stood outside my bedroom door listening to the moaning and panting as I pleasured myself.
I had decided during the plotting stage to see if Ricky (or rather Ricky's penis) could be made to get excited by the mere sight of me.
After my shower, I returned to my room to dress...where I had chosen my outfit very carefully. Mom and Dad were both at work, gone for the day, so I had nothing to think about except teasing Ricky and seeing what kind of reaction I got.
The outfit I had chosen consisted of two pieces. One was an old cut off Tee Shirt that I had worn when I was ten (Before I had breasts) and was now way way way too tight. But when I put in on, the look was exactly what I wanted. The cutoff left most of my tummy bare, and although it covered my breasts, it was tight enough that the outline of my nipples was very clear through the thin fabric.
I chose panties that were skimpy, low cut bikinis, and semi transparent. Checking myself in the mirror, and practicing different poses, I could see that if I bent over, the crack of my butt would be clearly visible, and that if I sat with my legs at all apart, the puffiness of my lips would be easy to see, and the outline of my slit would be clearly visible. I tried squatting on my haunches, keeping my knees together, but my feet a little apart, and was rewarded in the mirror by the sight of the thin little strip of material hugged tight against my pussy, the shape of my lips clearly visible. I noticed in some of my pratice poses that the little bit of fuzz that I had surrounding my pussy was visible in some of the poses...and I didn't think that looked sexy.
Donning my "costume", I paused to check myself in the mirror. My nipples were clearly visible even though I had a Tee Shirt on, and my panties barely covered anything. When I turned around to bend over and look in the mirror, the crack of my butt was clearly visible through the "almost panties". When I turned around to do a front inspection, I think I could almost see the lips of my pussy kind of hiding behind the little bit of hair that I have down there.
I put on my "costume" and proceeded down to the kitchen to see what would happen.
Ricky was standing at the kitchen counter, engrossed in the morning paper, sipping coffee. He was bare chested, wearing only boxer shorts, and seemed oblivious to my presence.
I walked in, mumbled "good morning" and went to get some juice out of the refrigerator. After opening the door, I made it a point to bend over, giving Ricky a great view of my semi covered butt, and the crack splitting the view in half.
When I retrieved the juice, I turned to notice that although his position hadn't changed, his eyes were glued to my panties.
Feigning a yawn, I stretched my arms up over my head, making sure that my breasts were straining against my tight tee, and that my nipples were clearly outlined against the tight material, and was again rewarded by his eyes being glued to my chest.
My mind was racing as I thought about my next move. "Is he watching? Is he getting turned on? Is his penis getting hard?" All because he's looking at me?"
I knew what my next move was going to be, but I was getting scared. My pussy had gotten very wet, to the point of dripping into my panties, and although I really wanted to continue putting on a show, I was getting afraid that there would be a very big wet spot in my panties, and Ricky would look and laugh.
It was then that he turned slightly and I could see the bulge in his boxer shorts.
Now I feel confident. I was right all along. I can turn a guy on, even my brother, just by letting him look at me.
With this realization, I am now starting to feel really sexy...I mean really sexy...bordering on horney.
I grab my coffee, and hop up on the kitchen counter, careful to make sure that Ricky has a momentary view of my panties stretched tight over my pussy before I "demurely" cross my legs.
I go back to my "practiced" pose, feet up on the counter, knees up to my chin, feet and knees together, knowing that from the right position, Ricky has a clear view of the thin material stretched over my pussy.
Ricky appears not to notice at first, and I start to get scared again. The honey flowing from my pussy seems to be increasing, and I'm sure the wet spot in my panties is getting larger and wetter by the moment.
I'm afraid I'm making a fool of myself until he turns around and approaches me. The bulge in his boxer shorts has grown, and he conveniently stops directly across the counter from me, with a very clear view of anything (and everything) I want to show him.
I am getting very turned on, looking at the obvious bulge in his shorts, but maybe more from the thought that I caused it, just by letting him look at me.
I part my knees slightly, and his eyes gape as he stares at the thin strip of material, now obviously very wet, stretched tightly over my pussy.
I'm looking in his eyes, and he in mine. I'm still afraid to say anything that might break the electricity in the air, so I say nothing but part my knees a bit further.
My pantie clad pussy, and the now obvious large wet spot, should be clearly visible to him.
"My God!", I thought, "What am I doing? This is my brother!" But the very thought of him getting turned on and his penis getting big and hard just from looking at me made it impossible to stop my "show".
His eyes were glued to my panties, and the bulge in his boxer shorts was growing even larger.
Looking at his penis growing, (even though I couldn't yet see it), was turning me on more and more. My pussy juices were now flowing freely, my panties were soaked, but all of a sudden I didn't care.
I put one of my hands in my panties, and started fondling my lips. I was already soaking wet, and all of a sudden didn/t care.
I just wanted to find out if I could turn a guy on just by letting him watch me.
I laid back further, opened my legs wider, and looked him in the eye.
"Do you like to look at me?" I asked.
"Yeah" he answered, his hand moving to his groin.
"Were you standing right outside my bedroom door last night?"
"Yeah" he mumbled
"Did it turn you on listening to me?"
"Yeah"
"Did your penis get hard listening to me?"
"Yeah"
'Did you stroke yourself while you listened to me pleasuring myself?"
Blushing a bright red, he replied "Yeah"
"Did you squirt like the other time?"
His face went pale..."What do you mean the other time?"
"Ricky, you know exactly what I mean. I watched you pleasure yourself from outside your bedroom. I saw you squirt. You listened to me pleasuring myself from outside my room, but even though I couldn't see you and you couldn't see me, I knew you were there."
His blush deepened.
"Ricky, did it turn you on to hear me playing with my pussy, to hear me making myself come?"
"Yeah"
"Would you like me to do it again...but this time close up?"
His face lit up. "Oh yeah!"
I thought I had him, but just to make sure I laid back and spread my legs further. The wet spot in my panties was growing every second, but I no longer cared. Showing off to my brother was really turning me on. If I could turn my brother on, I could probably turn any guy on.
I slid a hand inside my panties and watched his face as he watched me finger my pussy. His eyes were riveted to the thin strip of material covering my pussy from his gaze. I got more brazen and the movements of my hand more obvious. He stood as in a trance.
As I moved my fingers from my pussy to my clit and started teasing it, I watched his eyes. Although I was pleasuring myself, my biggest turn on was watching the expression on his face, the look in his eyea as he watched me play with myself.
IT HAPPENED!
Without him ever touching his penis, it grew to the point that it popped out of his boxer shorts. It stood right up and and was big and hard, just like the night I watched him stroke it. I wondered if I could it would squit again from just watching me.
Awed at the sight of his big, hard penis, (and really turned on), I raised my legs and pulled my drenched panties down off my legs. With them off, I leaned back and spread my legs wide. I spread my lips open.
"Do you like what you see?"
His response was a gasp.
"OK big brother, I'm showing you everything. I'll show you how I pleasure myself if you will take your penis in your hand and stroke it like you did last night and make it squirt again."
Ricky couln't decide whether to be turned on or ashamed, and stood there for a minute undecided.
"Come on Bro", I purred, stroking my pussy and making sure it was wide open for his view, "I showed you mine, and how I do it. You gotta show me yours, and how you do it."
Ricky blushed again, but eventually took hold hold of his penis and started a slow up and down motion. As I watched it grow in size and get hard, my pussy got wetter and wetter. I moved my fingers to my clit as Ricky started to get flushed in the face.
I stared in fascination as his penis kept growing bigger, longer, thicker, and for the first time in my life wondered what it would feel like to have one of those in my pussy.
I put my lewd thoughts aside, and focused on how much fun I was having knowing that even my own brother was turned on just looking at me, my breasts, my pussy, me fingering my pussy.
I was getting hotter and hotter, fingering my clit, but Ricky got there first. It was just like the time I watched him in his bedroom. All of a sudden, his body starting jerking, his penis started twitching, and then one, two, three spurts of white cream shot into the air.
I remembered the first time I saw that, and seeing it again was enough to make my finger fly over my clit. In seconds, I came........hard.
After we both calmed down, we approached each other, probably somewhat sheepishly.
"Ricky,: I said blushing..."this wasn't supposed to happen"
"Michelle...you're my little sister...but nothing serious happened, so don't worry about it. But I do need to warn you that next Saturday I'm having a bunch of ny friends over for a pool party/barbeque, so you might want to be a little more careful how you dress."

**Chapter 3**
I returned to my room with my mind in a turmoil, racing. I couldn't believe what I'd just done. In front of my own brother, taking off my panties, spreading my legs, fingering my pussy, deliberately putting on a show for him...eager for him to stare at me...to see everything. The image of him stroking his hard penis, or it jerking and squirting...all because he had gotten turned on looking at me...watching me.
My panties were still clutched in my hand, and as I went to put them in the hamper, the big, dark, wet spot caught my attention. I don't know exactly why I did this next, but I brought them up to my face, pressing the wet spot against my nose, inhaling deeply.
"Oh my God!" II thought, "is that what I smell like?"
My other hand was immediately back at my pusy, and I pushed my middle finger deep inside, sliding it around until it was thoroughly soaked with my juices.
I brought my hand up to my face, extending my wet middle finger and running it under my nose. Inhaling deeply, I found the scent of my own honey intoxicating. I breathed deeply several more times thinking that it smelled like...it smelled like....I don't know what it smelled like...me, I guess.
After a minute or two of this I found myself getting turned on again, even though I had just had a wonderful come.
Somewhat tentatively, I stuck out my tongue and licked at my wet finger. I decided I liked the taste as much as I liked the smell and within seconds had my finger pushed into my mouth, licking and sucking to get every bit of my juice.
Moments laters, I had two fingers back deep in my pussy, swirling around, gathering more of my precious love nectar.
Back to my nose and mouth again, inhaling deeply and then feverishly licking and sucking the honey.
Three or four more rounds of this, and I was REALLY getting turned on again!
As my mind thurned again to sex, I found myself thinking about the movie Ricky had been watching in his room the first time I saw him stroking himself. I remembered that the few minutes I had seen showed EVERYTHING, including a really sexy close up shot of the guy pushing his hard penis in and out of the girl's pussy. I decided then and there that I was going to convince my brother to let me borrow it so I could watch it all the way through. (I was already thinking about what a hot, wild masturbation session THAT was going to be!)
I used my already wet panties to dry my pussy as best I could, and then decided I was to explore the new (and sexy) side of my brother that I had just discovered.
This time I chose a tee shirt that I often sleep in. It's tight enough up top that the outline of my braless nipples was clearly apparent, but long enough that it came down just below my pussy and butt. (As long as I was just standing still.) But the slightest bending, or even reaching up with my arms, would would my privates (front and rear) on clear display.
I checked myself out in the mirror, and tried a few experimental bends, stretches, and poses. The best one I thought was when I got down on my hands and knees and kind of pushed my butt up in the air. Looking back over my shoulder into the mirror, I was stunned at how blatantly this pose showed me off. Not only was my pussy very clearly visible, but in this position, the cheeks of my butt were spread apart, and my little butt hole stared right back at me in the mirror. "Wow," I thought..."both holes showing at the same time." Satisfied that I could again put on a good show, I went back down toward the kitchen.
Ricky was sitting at the table, still clad in just his boxers, reading the paper.
I slipped up behing him, and leaned over his shoulder. Dropping one hand to his chest, I began lightly stroking his nipple, while I whispered in his ear in my best husky voice..."That was kinda fun...I hope we can do it again sometime."
Still behind him, I continued caressing his nipple and breathing heavily in his ear while I dropped my other hand to my pussy, inserting a finger and swishing it around until it was good and wet.
"Sis," he replied ina husky murmur, "I'm all for it any time. We just gotta be kinda careful."
"Don't be silly," I whispered in his ear. As I continued caressing his nipple, still quite small, it became as hard a s a rock. "I'm not saying we should go all the way or anything like that. In fact, I wouldn't. But as long as it's just us playing around we can't really be getting in any kind of trouble with anybody else, now can we?"
His breathing was getting deeper as he replied, "No...I guess not."
I pulled my dripping finger out of my pussy, and raised my hand as I whispered in his ear in my sexiest voice, "Ricky...do you think my pussy smells sexy?"
I extended my wet finger and moved it just under his nose. He inhaled deeply and I was rewarded by seeing a twitch in his boxer shorts
"Oh God yes!" he replied, continuing to inhale rapidly.
"Do you think it tastes as good as it smells?" I whishpered as I brazenly inserted my wet finger between his lips.
He just grunted as he licked and sucked greedily on my offering.
The twitching in his boxer shorts was coming on a regular basis now, and I was pretty sure that I was on the right track to getting my "movie borrowing" request granted.
Standing up, I moved around the table and over to the fridge. I opened the door and bent way over, reaching into the bottom shelf. I was sure that in this position he would have a perfect view of both my pussy and my butt.
I rummaged around on the bottom shelf for a minute, making sure he had plenty of time to enjoy the view I was offering him.
Straightening, I turned and was thrilled at this sight of his open mouth, his eyes glued to me. "Didn't we used to have some strawberry jelly in here?" I asked innocently.
"Um..." he stammered, "I though so...did you look in the pantry?"
"Perfect!" I thought to myself as I moved over to the pantry. "Showtime Part 2."
I grabbed the footstool and got up on it, reaching and stretching to forage around on the top shelf. In this position, I was sure my tee had risen far enough to offer Ricky a great view of my butt, although I wasn't sure if he could see my pussy between my legs from behind.
I started searching my way down the shelves, until I got rid of the footstool and had to begin bending over to continue my hunt. I knew he was again being treated to a nice view of my pussy, and I was secretly thrilled knowing his eyes were glued to me.
As I searched lower and lower, and kept bending over further and further, I was secretly hoping (praying!) that I wouldn't find any strawberry jelly until I got a chance to get down on my hands and knees and rummage through the stuff on the floor.
Lady luck was smiling...no strawberry jelly.
Even without looking, I was pretty sure I had his complete attention, but just to be on the safe side, sighed and announced, "No luck so far...hope there's some on the floor."
With that, I dropped to my knees and leaned way forward, pushing my head under the bottom shelf. I extended my arms in front of me, and began rearranging the items on the floor.
I took my time, knowing from my practice pose that in this position, he had a perfect view of not only my pussy, but also my tiny butt hole looking out from between my spread cheeks.
I thought I could hear his breathing getting havier and heavier, and decided to go for broke. Balancing on one elbow, I reached my other hand back between my legs, and feigning an itch, scratched the lips of my pussy. The pretense of scratching gave me a perfect chance to spread my lips, letting Ricky's gaze actually see up inside me.
I heard him gasp.
I rearranged a few more items, the backed out and stood. I feigned disappointment as I walked back to the table. "No strawberry," I mumbled as I moved around to his side of the table. "I guess I'll have to settle for grape."
As I approached his chair to reach for the jelly, I tingled with delight as I saw that his penis was now big and hard, standing straight up and making a giant tent in his boxers. I swear I could actually see it twitching.
Acting unaware of his hard on, and pretending complete innocence, I moved back around the table and sat in the chair directly across from him.
Immediately, he "acidentally" dropped his knife and leaned underneath the table to retrieve it. I made sure my legs were far enough apart for him to see my pussy, and wasn't at all surprised when it took him several seconds to retrieve the knife.
I decided I had him (again), and when he straightened up, decided it was time to ask my "favor".
"Ricky," I started slowly, "remember last night when I saw you stroking yourself?"
Blushing slightly, he replied, "Yeah."
"You were watching a movie of two people...um...you know...going at it," I said, my turn to blush.
He looked up, "You saw that?"
"Only a couple minutes," I replied hastily. "But I was wondering if I could...well...you know...maybe borrow it?" My blush was deepening.
"Turned you on, did it?" he asked slyly.
As much as I told myself there was no reason for it, the color was now flooding my face, my blush getting deep red.
"Well...yeah...kind of...sort of...maybe." I stammered. I looked at him anxiously and quickly added, "But it was really watching you stroke yourself that was turning me on and I wasn't paying much attention to the movie."
His eyes narrowed somewhat and a huge grin broke out on his face. "So now you want to borrow it?"
"Yeah," I mumbled, looking away from his suddenly piercing gaze.
"What's in it for me?" he asked with a suddenly wolfish grin.
That caught me completely by surprise, and I sat there stock still, dead silent for a minute while my mind raced furiously. This wasn't going quite according to plan. Then I remembered the way his eyes were glued to me a few minutes ago, and the huge tent in his boxer shorts. An idea came to me. Since he liked to look...
I grabbed my tee and pulled it up over my head, dropping it to the floor. I cupped my breasts in my hands, fondling them...pointing them at Ricky. I pinched and tweaked at my nipples, feeling them grow hard.
As I fondled myself, I raised one of my bare feet and extended my leg until my foot came in contact with his penis. I could feel how hard it was, and it jerked with the first touch of my foot.
I began rubbing my foot up and down, feeling his penis twitching. I continued tweaking and teasing my nipples as I looked him in the eye and asked coyly, "Maybe you'd like to try feeling these."
"I'm sure I would," he replied, "But right now I like what you're doing with your foot a whole lot better." His penis was rock hard. I removed my foot and tried to regroup.
Completely naked, I got up moved around the table to once again stand behind him. This time I used both hands and began lightly caressing both his nipples. They instantly became hard.
I looked down at the now giant tent in his boxers. I breathed in his ear, "Mmmm...,"
I dropped one hand to his lap and gave him a gentle squeeze through his shorts. I whishpered in his ear in my sexiest voice, "I though you just took care of this thing a little while ago."
"I did," he mumbled, obviously embarassed, "but that's just the way guys are...I mean sometimes we just can't control it."
I moved my hand back up his chest and continued caressing his nipples as I moved around the chair to his side. I cupped my one breast and held it right in front of his face and whispered huskily, "Perhaps you'd like to try feeling this while you take care of it again."
Hie penis twitched and broke free through the opening in his boxers, standing up tall and hard. One of his hands reached for his groin, gripping his penis in a fist, while the other came up to my chest and squeezed my offered breast.
He began stroking himself, while gripping me, alternating with pinching my nipple.
I winced. "Not quite so hard, "I whispered quietly, "You have to be gentle."
His grip on my nipple lightened immediately, and his fist began moving faster, up and down on his now hard, throbbing penis.
This continued for a minute, his eyes glued to my breast, mine glued to his hard penis, and his hand stroking it.
He stopped abruptly. "No," he said, "If you want to borrow the movie then I want to watch you do it again."
I knew I had him.
"It?" I asked in my most teasing voice.
"You know...when you use your fingers..."
"Use my fingers to do what?" I asked coyly.
"Um...you know...you know...between your legs..." He was almost whimpering.
I was starting to get really wet, as again it seemed that even my own brother could be put "under my thumb", turned on just by the sight of me.
I moved his newspaper to the far side of the table, and hopped up, sitting on the edge facing him. With deliberate slowness, I put first one foot, and then the other, on the backs of the two chairs on either side of him. In this position, my pussy was wide open and on display, not more than a foot from his face.
His mouth dropped and his eyes gaped as he took in the view I was offering him, his breathing becoming heaverier once again.
Although I couldn't actually see his hand on his penis from this position, I could tell by the movements of his arm that his stroking was getting faster.
I moved one hand across my stomach, extending my index finger and bringing it to rest, just above my slit, the finger seemingly pointing right at my clit.
I purred, "So what do you want me to do now?"
"Touch it, stroke it," he mumbled.
I was only to glad to oblige as my pussy was now, once again, soaking wet. My juices were dripping down onto the table.
I slid my hand lower, and began gently caressing my clit. "Is this what you want to see?"
"Yeah," was all he could get out, as his breathing became raspy and his arm movements still faster. I couldn't tell who was getting more turned on, him or me. His eyes remained glued to my wantonly displayed pussy. My finger started moving faster as I could feel my juices running out of me and down the crack of my butt.
He leaned in closer...and closer...and then closer. His face was now inches from my pussy. I could feel his breath, flowing across my lips. I wasn't sure what he planned next...but I got kinda spooked.
I quickly brought my other arm down behind my butt and around my thigh. I inserted one, then two, then three fingers deep into my pussy. I started slowly, suggestively, moving those fingers in and out of my channel while the finger on the other hand continued tormenting my clit.
My own breathing was now becoming harsh. He was no longer breathing, but rather panting. I felt myself getting close to coming.
"Not like this," I gasped. "Stand up. I want to see. I want to watch. I want to see you squirt."
He slid his chair back and stood. I could see his hand, curled into a fist, furiously pumping up and down on his penis, his big...hard...twitching...throbbing...penis.
My breathing was ragged, my chest heaving. The fingers pumping in and out of me are moving faster and faster. The finger on my clit is flying. My clit is huge, and hard.
My juices are flowing freely, running out of me. My orgasm is close.
His fist pumps faster...faster...faster.
He groans. His entire body goes rigidly still. His penis twitches, then jerks. He spurts once, twice, then a third, and even a fourth time.
His juice lands on my stomach...warm...almost hot.
It sends me over the edge.
With three fingers pumping in and out of my pussy, and a finger flying over my clit, I arch my back, let out a small scream, and come...and come...and come.
When the spasms finally subside, I'm exhausted.
I take my finger off my clit. I look up at Ricky. He's still standing there, his penis still in his hand, his eyes still fixed, staring between my wide spread legs. Although his penis is starting to shrink, his breathing is still rather ragged.
I sit up and, rather wickedly, remove my drenched fingers from my pussy and hold them up to his face, tempting both his nose and mouth.
"Oh God Sis," he groaned, "Don't start again."
I made a slow deliberate show of bringing my fingers to my own mouth, reaching out with my tongue and licking the glistening juices off of each. He stood frozen, eyes glazed as I pushed them into my mouth, and made a rather noisy show of sucking them clean.
I just looked at him rather coyly. "Now what about that movie?"

**Chapter 4 - The Pool**
I grabbed my tee shirt off the floor and pulled in on over my head. I followed Ricky to his room and watched while he opened one of the drawers in his dresser. After rummaging through it for a moment, he turned, holding out a DVD.
"Here," he said, offering it to me. "I think this is the one that was on that you saw a part of."
"You think?" I asked, taking the disk, "How many different ones do you have?"
"Oh, six or eight I guess," he replied nonchalantly.
I mentally filed that bit of information away for future reference, as well as the location of the drawer he kept them in.
I returned to my room, already anticipating what I was sure would be a wonderful masturbation session later that afternoon.
Ricky would be leaving shortly after lunch for his summer job at the local supermarket, and mom and dad wouldn't be home until five thirty or six o'clock, which meant I would have the house all to myself most of the afternoon.
I retrieved my panties from the hamper, still wet from our earlier "session", and dried my pussy again. I put them back in the hamper, and tried to sort out the rest of my day.
Well, not really the rest of my day, since I knew where the afternoon hours were going, but rather tried to figure out what to do for the next couple of hours until Ricky left for work.
I picked the sexy DVD up off my dresser, and looked at it, front and back. It didn't look like anything too great, but I remembered the few minutes I had seen. On a whim I opened the case. The inner insert was full of pictures from the movie, sjpwing every body part and every act imaginable! One of the pictures showed a girl with a penis in her mouth! One showed a girl with a penis in her butt! One showed two girls licking each other's pussies! I couldn't wait for the next couple of hours to pass so I could watch the whole thing in private.
I decided I wasn't going to spoil my later planned "private party" by peeking first, and reluctantly closed the case back up. I decided that since I had to "kill" a couple of hours anyhow, I might as well get a couple of my weekly chores done. (Vacuuming the pool and sweeping the deck around it are on my regular chore list.))
Time out. Shortly after we moved into this house, (years ago...I think I was five or six years old), mom and dad had a beautiful pool and deck added onto the back. The pool is in ground, good sized...maybe twenty feet across, thirty or forty feet long...(I never actually measured it)...three feet deep in the shallow end, seven feet deep in the deep end...which has both a diving board and a water slide.
They built a huge concrete deck around it, and built a roof over maybe the first ten or twelve feet out from the house, so we could use it even if it was raining. They had a huge enclosure built over the entire thing, completely screening it in, with several sliding glass doors into the house, one normal door into the garage, and two screen doors leading out into the yard.
So, I decided to get these chores done, (vacuuming and sweeping), and pulled off my tee shirt. My mind was still on the sexy movie, and what was coming later, and on the pictures I had seen on the inside of the case....a girl with a penis in her mouth...a girl with a penis in her butt...a girl licking a guy's butt hole, a guy licking a girl's butt hole, two girl's licking each other's pussies! Do people really do all this stuff???
My mind was anywhere but in the present as I opened my dresser drawer and pulled out a white "summertime" bra, and matching white panties. "Summertime" means they are ultra thin material, meant to be cool. Not exactly see through, but almost. The dark area around my nipples was pretty clearly visible, and although the few hairs surrounding my pussy were too light colored to show through, my slit was pretty clearly outlined.
I pulled on a light weight tee and a pair of nylon gym shorts and started down the stairs to get done what I had to do.
I was just sliding open the glass door leading to the pool area when I realized I was being a complete bubble brain. I always wear one of my swimsuits (bikini) when I work around the pool. I don't know what I was thinking when I dressed in regular clothes. I paused and briefly debated going back upstairs and changing, but decided the hell with it and continued out back.
The sound of our next door neighbor's lawn mower running registered vaguely in my mind as I hooked up the pool vacuum and got started. The pool, as usual, was a snap, and inside of fifteen minutes I was stowing the vacuum and getting ready to sweep the deck.
That turned out to be not much of a job either, and twenty minutes later I was picking up the last small pile of sweepings when I heard the screen door to the deck open behind me.
I turned and saw Jeff, out next door neighbor, walking through the door and onto the deck. Jeff and I have known each other forever. We've been next door neighbors since we were five or six years old, and I never thought of him as anything other than the boy next door.
However, with my "awakening" in the past day. I now saw him in an entirely different light. He was shirtless, wearing only a pair of shorts, shoes and socks. He actually was not a bad looking guy, and had a nice body. Maybe just under six feet tall, he was fairly slim, no fat what so ever. While not muscular as like the weightlifter type, he was non the less very fit. Perhaps "wiry" is the right word.
He was sweating very heavily as he approached me, and obviously had had quite a workout pushing the lawnmower around. As he grew closer, I started to REALLY admire his body, and found my eyes drawn to the bulge in his shorts. The familiar tingles started running through me.
"Damn!" I thought to myself. "Now I really wish I had worn one of my bikinis."
He approached with a friendly smile and a wave. "Hey, Michelle," he started, "I can't believe the lawnmower ran out of gas and our can is empty. Do you by any chance have any I could borrow?"
He drew closer and I caught a whiff of his manly scent. "Damn, damn, damn," I thought, silently cursing my choice of clothes.
"Might be some in the garage," I answered lightly, "Hang on just a sec and I'll check."
My mind was racing furiously as I turned and walked toward the door to the garage. How could I get him to stay aroung? How could I see if I could get him interested...in me...in looking at me? How could I find out if I could get him turned on like had worked with my brother Ricky? I couldn't very well change into a bikini while in the garage!
Disappointed, I located the gas can and returned to the deck. As I exited the door from the garage, I noticed him gazing at the pool, almost wistfully. I had a flash of inspiration and knew immediately what my plan was going to be.
I approached him and put the can at his feet, again catching his manly scent.
"I'm just getting ready to take a quick dip and cool off," I said in as light and airy voice as I could muster. "You look like you could kind of use a break yourself to cool off. Want to join me?"
His gaze shifted from the pool to me. "I would really love to," he said almost sadly. "But I have no idea where my swim suit is."
BINGO!
"Don't be silly," I said, quickly grabbing my tee and pulling it up and off my head, dropping it nonchalantly to the deck.
"Go in in your underwear. I do it all the time."
His eyes were fixed on my chest, staring holes right through my almost transparent bra. I hooked my thumbs in the waistband of my gym shorts, giving them a quick tug and letting them fall to my feet. "Besides," I added, "underwear's not really all that different than a swimsuit anyhow."
His eyes were now fixed on my filmy panties, and I could feel myself starting to heat up. I stepped out of my gym shorts and turned around, making a show of bending over to pick up my shorts and tee shirt. I fumbled with them for a second or two, making sure my butt was pointing right at his face. I stood back up and turned around to face him, his eyes immediately flickering over my breasts.
"Well," I asked, "are you going to stand there and burn up all day, or are you going to join me and cool off?"
"What the hell," he said, and his hands moved to undo his shorts. I turned away as if disinterested and walked the few feet to put my shorts and tee shirt on one of the patio tables. When I turned back around, he had kicked off his shorts. My first surprise was that unlike my dad or brother Ricky, Jeff didn't wear boxer shorts, but rather white briefs. As I casually sauntered back in his direction, he put one foot up on one of the deck chairs and began untying the laces of his sneaker.
In this position, with his foot up, and his legs spread, the sight of the sexy bulge between his legs was turning me on. I could clearly make out the outline of his penis, even the smooth shape of the head. My eyes were transfixed.
He quickly finished removing his sneakers and socks, and straightened, turning to face me. I quickly moved my gaze from his groin, hoping he hadn't caught me staring. I gestured toward the pool and said, "After you. You're the guest."
He turned and walked to the edge of the pool. Right behind him, my eyes were automatically drawn to his firm, muscular butt, the white material of his briefs stretched tightly across his cheeks.
He reached the edge of the pool and paused. I stepped up beside him and quipped, "Last one in is a rotten egg!"
I didn't hesitate, but dove in head first. The water felt fantastic, refreshing. Not so cold as to be uncomfortable, but cold enough so I felt my nipples instantly harden. I swam a few strokes under the water, and then stopped, putting my feet down and standing up.
The depth when I stood was such that the water level was just above my waist. Facing away from Jeff, I glanced down...and gasped!
My bra, originally semi see through, now wet, was completely transparent...almost invisible! It hid absolutely nothing! I might just as well not even be wearing it! I walked slowly toward the steps in the corner of the shallow end, my back still to Jeff.
My mind was racing. How was I going to handle this? I hadn't even thought about the white material turning transparent when wet. At first flustered by this unexpected turn, it took a few seconds to realize that this could be a great chance to "play". I reached the steps and reached for the handrail. As I climbed out of the pool I decided the best way to play on this perfect opportunity was to feign innocence, pretend that I wasn't even aware that my bra now had all the covering up ability of a piece of clear plastic wrap.
I glanced back over my shoulder as I stepped up out of the water. Jeff was still standing at the edge of the pool, had not yet taken the plunge.
I turned and walked back toward him, my face a mask of pure innocence. I thought his eyes were going to pop out of his head as he stared at my breasts. When his eyes dropped down to my panties, I suddenly shivered. "Oh my God," I thought, "Have my panties become just as transparent as my bra?"
I walked right up to him, continuing my innocent act. "Your turn," I shouted and gave him a playful shove. It was enough to make him lose his balance and fall over into the water. In the couple seconds he was underneath, I quickly examined my panties. Same thing, completely see through, completely clear. I quickly jumped back in the water, flustered, my mind racing.
I moved slowly toward the shallow end, thinking furiously. What had at first had me somewhat flustered was now opening a whole range of possibilities. As long as I was playing innocent and naive, I could show off anything I wanted to, in any position I wanted to, because I "supposedly" didn't know I was showing off anything...
My mind went into overdrive, examining possibilities. What could I do to get into sexy positions, showing Jeff everything, while still maintaining my act of innocence?
I swam lazily toward where Jeff was now standing. I stood next to him in water that was just above my waist, just below my breasts. His eyes were so busy staring at my now rock hard nipples that I'm sure he didn't even notice me trying to get a clear view of his briefs, and hopefully the shape of his penis inside them.
And then I had a sudden, wild thought! Did his briefs turn as clear and transparent as my bra and panties had? Would I actually be able to SEE his penis, and not just the outline, not just the shape of the bulge?
I needed a ploy to get him out of the water where I could see...really see. In a matter of seconds, inspiration hit me. I turned away from him and started moving toward the steps in the corner. Looking back over my shoulder, I called out, "Come on, you can help me."
With Jeff right behind me, I reached the steps. I stepped up on the first one, and then put my other foot up on the top one. Pausing, I bent way over, pretending to be picking at my toe.
Perfect. With my legs somewhat spread, and me bent way over with Jeff's face just a foot or two away, I knew he had a perfect view of my pussy...my slit, my lips, maybe even the other little hole between my cheeks.
I heard an unmistakable gasp, and continued picking at my toe for a few more seconds before straightening up and continuing out of the water.
I walked over to the large chest/box thing where we store most of our pool toys, and lifted the top lid. Certain Jeff was right behind me, I again bent way over, keeping my legs somewhat spread, and began rummaging through the contents. I knew he again had a perfect view of my pussy, and swear I could actually feel his eyes staring at me, trying to look right up inside me.
I grabbed the floating basketball basket and one of the undersized balls that goes with it and straightened up.
"Here," I said turning to face him.
My turn to gasp.
His briefs had indeed turned almost transparent. Not like the clear plastic wrap my bra and panties now resembled, but transparent enough so I could actually see the flesh of his penis where it lay against the wet material. I could clearly see the head, round and pink, and thought I could even make out the tiny pee hole at the end of it. I couldn't tell for sure, but I thought it actually looked larger than before.
I handed him the net and ball, and turned back to the chest, bending over again and rummaging. I found a few more of the balls for the game, but stayed in my bent over position for a few more seconds, squeezing and comparing the balls. I wanted him to have a good long look at my pussy, but ran out of reasons to maintain my "pose".
Selecting two of the balls, I straightened again, turned, and said, "O.K. Let's go have some fun."
As I walked past him, my eyes automatically looked down at his groin, and now there was no doubt. He was definitely getting bigger.
I threw the balls I was carrying into the pool and jumped in after them. I turned just in time to see Jeff toss the ball he was carrying into the water. I got a little closer to him as he bent over slightly and dropped the net into the water, close to the edge.
By the time he strightened back up, I was only a couple feet away, standing with my head at the perfect height to stare directly at his penis...his slowly growing penis.
We took turns trying to shoot the balls through the net from different angles and distances. Neither of us was overly good at it. I was trying to make sure the floating net stayed in the shallow end, so whenever I stood up my breasts would be up out of the water and in plain view.
We horsed around for a little while, missing on more baskets than we made, and I was retrieving one of the balls when I made an amazing discovery. To get this ball, I had to wade right in front of one of the return water jets from the filter pump, and in doing so felt the jet of water brushing the outside of my hip. I grabbed the ball and turned, and the cascade of water was hitting me right on my pussy! It felt wonderful...like a thousand tiny fingers all trying to caress me at the same time. I got instantly turned on and stalled for a moment, standing with the water directly on my pussy. It was wonderful! I tried moving a little closer and bending my legs a little so the water was aimed directly at my clit.
Heaven!
I knew in an instant I could come like this, and decided this was going to require further exploration. I threw the ball back to Jeff, and moved over to the steps up out of the shallow end. "I'm going to grab a soda," I called out. "Want one?"
"Sure," he replied eagerly. I wasn't sure if the eagerness in his voice really came from wanting a soda, or if it was from another chance to stare at my pussy through my now "non existent" panties.
Either way, I decided to repeat my earlier show. As I reached the steps, Jeff was "conveniently" one step behind me. I moved on to the first step, then reached one foot up to the top step, bending over and picking at my toe. His view of my pussy, I knew, was perfect. I picked at my toe for a good minute...maybe two...making sure he had plenty of time to stare. When I straightened and turned around, I swear his hand was under the water, squeezing, if not rubbing, his penis.
I feigned nonchalance, climbed out of the water, and went to grab two soda out of the pool deck fridge.
I turned to return to the pool, Jeff's eyes glued to me, or rather, my body. I handed him one of the cold cans, and opened mine, taking one sip, and then setting it down on the edge of the pool. I carefully placed it so it was right over the spot where the return water jet came out of the pool wall, knowing that any time I went to "innocently" take a sip of my soda, the water would be streaming directly at my pussy.
We played around with the balls and the basket for a few more minutes, me making sure my breasts stayed above water level and in plain view. I swear every few seconds Jeff would sneak a hand down into the water and squeeze his penis. That was really getting me turned on as I wondered if it was getting bigger, and maybe getting hard.
I was trying to figure out a way to get him out of the pool without being too obvious, so my view would be unobstructed, but my mind was coming up blank.
I moved back over to the side of the pool, reaching for my soda. I carefully positioned myself so that the stream of water was aimed directly at my slit. I sipped my soda, moving forward and backward a few inches until the cascading water felt just right.
What a rush!
I stayed in that position, "innocently" sipping at my soda, and began gently rocking my hips back and forth. The stream of water felt wonderful, and I could feel myself getting wet...from the inside.
The splashing sounds of Jeff shooting the basketballs stopped, and I wondered if he was looking at me...watching me. I wondered if he had any idea what I was doing. I felt his presence right behind me, and started rocking my hips a little harder.
I crouched slightly so the stream was now aimed directly at my clit. I left my hands perched in plain view on the side of the pool, and increased my rocking motion.
He was now so close behind me that I could hear his breathing. I bowed my head between my outstretched hands and let out a low moan, my hips rocking faster, my pussy getting wetter, my face getting flushed.
I still wondered if he knew what I was doing...and why I was doing it. The warmth was spreading through my entire body, and I knew my orgasm wasn't far away.
I felt his hand on my shoulder as he asked in a concerned voice, "Michelle, are you OK?"
I turned to face him and answered, "Yes...I'm fine...wonderful...almost."
He looked me in the eyes for a second and asked, "What are you doing?"
I was so close to coming, my reply was nothing more than a husky whisper, "What do you think I'm doing?" I rocked my hips in an even more exagerated fashion.
He blushed as it became more obvious. "Well...I'm...ah...um...not sure," he finally stammered.
His right hand had disappeared below the water, but I could pretty much see him squeezing his penis through his briefs. I moved away from the jet, and taking his left hand, put it right in front of the cascading water.
"Can you feel that?" I asked huskily.
He just stood there frozen, except for his right hand, which looked to be getting much more active.
I removed his hand from the jet and repositioned myself, again beginning the rocking motion of my hips. The cascading water was doing wonderful things for me, I could feel my orgasm approaching. I looked over at Jeff.
"If you're a girl, this feels wonderful," I whispered. I continued in a low throaty voice, "And you don't even have to do anything yourself...just stand here."
I was panting now.
His jaw dropped, his mouth agape. His hand in the water had changed motions so that now even his upper arm was moving in a steady rhythmic motion.
He looked at me in awe. "You mean you're...........?"
"Coming...or trying to," I answered quickly.
"Here? In the pool? In front of me?" He was now blushing, although it didn't seem to affect the movements of his arm or hand.
"Of course, silly." I looked up into his eyes and whispered, "What's the matter? Don't you like to come?"
He blushed further as he stammered, "Well...sure...I mean...I do...but it's usually by myself in private...or with somebody else touching me...I mean...you know..."
His blush deepened as he became more and more flustered.
I began rocking my hips more and more forcefully against my wonderful water lover, and watched as the movements of his hand and arm became faster and faster.
My breathing became harsher as I felt my orgasm rapidly approaching. My pussy was dripping, and my clit felt so hard I thought it was going to burst.
I moved a tiny bit closer to the jet as I watched him rubbing himself faster and faster.
"Jeff," I purred, "Why don't you take it out and let me watch you stroke it?"
He looked at me in shock, and his blush got even deeper. He didn't say a word, but his hand didn't stop moving either.
"Come on," I hissed, "It really turns me on to see a guy squirt."
He remained speechless, his hand and arm still moving, and I returned my attention to my own pleasure. The feeling inside me was building, my insides were on fire, and I felt my orgasm rapidly approaching.
I increased the movement of my hips, my breathing now ragged, my chest heaving.
I leaned my head back and closed my eyes.
"Jeff," I growled, "I'm close...so close...getting closer. Oh God! Here it comes...Jeff..." I panted, my voice now nothing more than a whimper.
With a low groan I mumbled, "I'm gonna come...gonna come...coming...coming...OH GOD coming...Jeff...coming...coming...COMING!"
I gasped as my orgasm washed over me. It was a really nice come...not mind blowing or bone shattering like a couple I'd had in the last day or two, but a very nice, warm, delicious come, perhaps made even better by knowing that Jeff was standing right next to me, watching me in my most personal, intimate moment.
As my spasms subsided, I looked over at him, still standing in shock, his hand and arm still moving.
"Come on," I asked huskily, " I let you watch me...now let me watch you."
I remembered what he said about him coming, "...in private or with someone else touching me..."
I brazenly reached out and put my hand over the hand he had gripping his penis. I looked him in the eyes as I asked ina sultry voice, "Does this mean you want me to...touch you?"
"Oh God yes!" he murmured.
Teasingly, I said, "Well then let's move someplace a little more private."
He was up and out of the pool in a flash, and although I had intended to lead him out and put on another show, he was in front of me. The only good part about that was that I got a great view of his butt in his now "see through" briefs as he scrambled out of the pool.
"Let's move over under the roof part so nobody can see us," I whispered suggestively.
He oved quickly under the roofed part of the deck, shielding us from anyone who might be trying to watch. He leaned back against the patio table as I approached him. His still wet briefs afforded me a wonderful view of his penis, big and hard, and now I could even see it throbbing.
"Finally," I thought to myself, "I'm actually going to get to touch it and stroke a guy's naked penis. I wonder if I can make it squirt?"
He was staring at me in anticipation, his hand now again covering and squeezing his penis through his briefs, as I approached.
I reached out and moved his hand, replacing it with my own.
"Isn't it my turn now?" I purred.
I squeezed his penis through his briefs, feeling it twitch and throb. The thrills running through me were getting intense.
I squeezed his penis through his briefs and whispered, "I've never done this before...you're going to have to show me what to do."
"Just stroke it," he barely managed to get out in a hoarse whisper.
I started a gently rubbing up and down, feeling him get fuller...bigger...harder...
I looked him in the eye as I whispered suggestively, "Well, then maybe you need to pull your shorts down first"
He hooked his thumbs in his waistband and tugged down. His penis came into full view, now big and hard...twitching...throbbing...
"Finally..." I thought to myself.
I was reaching to touch it, grip it, stroke it, when the sound of a car pulling in the next door driveway invaded our moment.
"Oh no," I moaned to myself, "please...please...please...not now."
Two quick honks of a car horn destroyed our revelry, and Jeff quickly paled.
"Damn it!" he swore. "That's my mom and dad. I gotta get home like right now and finish my chores."
I'm not sure who was more disappointed, him or me. He quickly tucked his now rock hard penis back into his briefs, scrambled to pull on his shorts, and yanked on his socks and shoes. Grabbing the gas can, he headed for the door. I stopped him.
Reaching up, I whispered in his ear..."Maybe you could stop over tomorrow...?"

Frustrated thoughts of "almost" stayed with me as I watched Jeff disappear around the corner of the hedgerow, back into his own yard.
Bother Ricky hadn't yet left for work, so I couldn't yet begin my private "pleasure party", the one I'd been eagerly anticipating since he'd agreed to let me borrow his sexy movie. I decided I might as well get some sun, and positioned myself on one of the lounges, laying out my towel and leaning back. The warmth of the sun felt wonderful, and I felt myself kind of dozing as all the sexy images of the past day flooded through me. Seeing my brother stroke himself...and squirt. Lewdly displaying myself to him while I caressed myself, my lower lips wide open to his gaze. Watching his penis get big and hard...just from looking at me. Watching him pee...and then shake and "milk" his penis. "Gotta make sure I got it all so I don't drip." was his mumbled explanation. The few minutes I'd seen of his movie, the one he was watching while he stroked his penis. The sights of the guys and girls...their bodies...their...everything...the things they did. I awoke to the sound of my brother's voice.
"Jesus, sis, don't you ever get enough?"
As I came out of my fog, I realized he was standing at the foot of the lounge, looking down at me. I also realized that one of my hands had found it's way into my panties. Strangely, I didn't panic. Instead I kind of slowly stretched, opened my eyes, and looked at him.
"Well tell me bro...is there any such thing as enough?"
He just chuckled and grinned, turning away and heading for the door.
My senses and full awareness returned quickly. Ricky was leaving for work. I had the house all to myself. I rose and walked into the kitchen, just as Ricky was closing the door behind himself on the way out.
"Perfect!" I thought, already racing ahead to how much pleasure I was going to give myself the rest of the afternoon.
When I heard the car start and pull out, I knew I could get started.
I had already kind of formulated my plan for this afternoon, and just needed to go "shopping".
I moved to the refrigerator, opening the door and then the bottom crisper drawer. I rummaged through it briefly, selecting one good sized carrot.
I moved to the sink and turned the water on hot, holding it under the flow until I was satisfied that it had reached a decent temperature. (At least on the outside!)
I started to leave the kitchen when I noticed the bowl of bananas sitting on the counter. The shape caught my immediate attention. Unlike the carrot, they were someone curved, particularly at the one end, and I wondered...
Since they were already at room temperature, I simply grabbed one on the way out the door. I looked at it as I headed up the stairs. Bigger than the carrot, (though not as long),...still...the curve in the shape...
I was already getting wet.
I got to my room and dumped my "toys" on my bed. I picked up and opened the cover to Ricky's sexy movie, put the DVD in the player and hit "play".
While all the copyright warnings and threats were flashing on the screen, I hurried down the hall and retrieved the electric toothbrush from the bathroom.
The warnings were just finishing as I returned to my room, and as the main menu was appearing on the screen, I turned down my comforter, grabbing all three pillows, (I have a queen size bed), and propped them up against the headboard.
I climbed up onto my bed and leaned back against my pillows. I made one last check to make sure that all of my "toys", as well as the remote control were in easy reach.
I knew I had a few hours with the house to myself, and was determined to take my time, and not rush things. I wanted this to last.
I settled myself, leaning back, raised my knees and spread my legs. I pushed "Play" on the remote, and, just as the movie was starting, had a thought.
I pushed "Pause" and jumped out of bed. I grabbed the frame holding my free standing full length mirror and moved it over to the foot of the bed. I placed it right next to the edge, careful that it's position wouldn't interfere with my view of the screen. I adjusted the tilt a couple of times, hopping back up and off the bed, until I was sure it was just right.
I could see the TV screen clearly, but if I looked a little to one side, could see the reflection of me on my bed. I raised my knees and spread my legs again, and hit "play". As the movie started, one hand automatically went between my legs, teasing my lips in a gentle caress.
My finger continued teasing my lips. I could feel myself getting wetter as the opening scene unfolded.
Just a guy and a girl, hugging...kissing. Their hands began wandering all over each other, and the undressing started. The tops came off first, revealing his hairy chest, and her frilly bra.
More kissing...more groping.
She was unbuckling his pants as he hooked his fingers in her skirt and slid it down her legs.
She began lightly licking his nipples as he reached around her and unhooked her bra. It fell away and the camera zommed in for a close up of her breasts. "About the same as mine," I thought to myself. (Mine are 36C)
He began to caress, tweak, and pinch her nipples, but even though they hardened, they didn't grow all that much. (Please understand that although my breasts are only average, my nipples are exceptional. When aroused (or cold) they will grow to a solid 1/2", standing stright out from my breasts.)
She dropped his pants, and his briefs, and gripped his penis. The camera zommed again as she began stroking it, letting me watch close up as it became bigger and started to get hard. He hooked his fingers in her panties and tugged them down. She stepped out of them and turned, the camera focsing on her now naked pussy.
She had no hair down there!
Well, just a little bit, a tuft right at the top of her slit. But her lips and the sides of her pussy were shaved clean!
He reached a hand down between her legs and began caressing her mound, as her hand movements on his penis increased in tempo.
I reached down and tugged off my own panties, once again raising my knees and spreading my legs. I glanced into the mirror and looked right at my hand as it returned between my legs and began lewdly running one fingertip up and down my lips.
I watched the penis on the screen grow big and hard and increased the tempo of my finger on my own lips.
I pushed one finger up inside me as I watched her move down and lick his nipple, first one and then the other. (My brother Ricky loves it when I lightly caress his nipples, though I've never tried licking them.)
The guy appeared to be getting really turned on, breathing heavily. I pushed a second finger up inside me, whirling them around until they were very very wet. I withdrew them and held them up to my nose, inhaling my scent deeply, and then slowly pushed them into my mouth.
I licked and sucked on them slowly, savoring my taste, and watched as the girl's mouth left his nipples and began moving further down his body.
This time I put three fingers up inside me as I watched her mouth get closer and closer to...
"No way!" I thought to myself. But somehow I knew what was about to happen...and my fingers started to move in and out of me. I was soaked...dripping.
On the screen, she didn't do what I thought she was going to do. She moved lower still, and, sticking out her tongue, started licking all over his balls. Around and around she went, until I could see them wet from her mouth.
I reached for my carrot, replacing my fingers inside of me. I slid it in and out of me. The outer skin of it was a little rough, so I went slow and gentle as I watched what happed next.
His balls were glistening now, wet from her mouth, and what she did next stunned me. She raised his legs, pushing his knees back against his chest, and pushed her tongue against his little back hole!
I couldn't believe it!
But at the same time, it was kind of a turn on. It was so...so...so...naughty!
My hand and the carrot started moving faster as I watched her licking, teasing, kissing, probing his little hole with her tongue.
She kept this up for a minute or two, then went back to licking all over his balls.
The camera shot on screen was alternating between her tongue and his face. He was obviously enjoying every second of her tongue's attention, both around his balls and in his back hole. His face was flushed, his breathing heavy.
I pushed the carrot all the way up inside me, and felt a twinge when it hit my cervix. I tried to calm down a little, and returned to a steady motion, going all the way in (as far as I dared), and out on each stroke.
On the screen, she moved her tongue away from his butt, and took one finger, pressing it against the opening to his back channel. She pushed harder and I gasped as I watched her fingertip disappear up inside him.
"No way!" I thought to muself, but the carrot was moving faster. Without even thinking about it, I moved my free hand to my butt, and pressed the tip of my middle finger against my own tight little back hole.
I pressed a little harder...and still nothing. I pulled the carrot out of me and replaced it with my finger. Pushing it all the way up inside of me, I twirled it around until it was coated with my juices.
I pulled my finger back out, replacing it with the carrot, and moved my hand back to my butt. When I tried to push my finger up inside of me this time, my tiny back door opened, and my finger moved in.
What a feeling!
Both of my holes were filled!
The girl on the screen pulled her finger out of his tiny hole, and joined it with her middle finger, then touched both against his back channel, and pushed BOTH up inside him! The camera cut away to his face, and he appeared to be loving it. She started pumping both fingers in and out of him, and I started moving the carrot faster, even as my own back door finger started to move.
On the screen, she licked his balls for a few more moments, then took her free hand and grasped his penis. She brought her mouth up to its head and then, sticking out her tongue, started probing his tiny pee hole...
His hips began rocking as she opened her mouth and took his penis inside. At first it was just the head, but then she started taking more and more into her mouth, until, finally, she had his entire penis in her mouth!
"No way!" I thought to myself. "That thing is way too long to fit into her mouth!"
Without even realizing what I was doing, I pulled the carrot out of my pussy and brought it up to my mouth. I parted my lips and pushed it inside. As I watched the girl on the screen start pumping her mouth up and down the full length of her lover's penis, I started pushing the carrot father and farther into my own mouth. I felt the tip start to enter my throat.
I gagged...almost choking...and quickly pulled it back out.
On the screen the girl had stopped her up and down movements and had paused, her lips against the guy's skin, the entire length of his penis in her mouth.
"No way!" I though again to myself. But somehow the carrot found its way back inside my own mouth, and I started pushing deeper.
Again, I felt the tip start to enter my throat, and again, I started to gag. This time I didn't jerk it back out, but just left it sit there. For the next several seconds, I continued gagging, thinking I was going to throw up.
But after a few more moments, the gagging passed, and I felt my throat relax. Encouraged, I tried pushing it in a little further...everthing still OK.
I pushed further...and further. When I felt my fingertips brushing my lips I realized that I had the whole thing in my mouth! (Well, mouth and throat.) I couldn't believe it! This thing had to be a good seven or eight inches long! And I was swallowing all of it!
Secretly thrilled, knowing how much of a penis, (carrot in this case), I would be able to fit in my mouth, (when the time came), this exercise, however, wasn't doing anything for the burning ache between my legs.
I removed the carrot from my mouth and put it back in my pussy, starting a gentle in and out motion. The finger in my little back hole was soon in the same rythm as the carrot sliding in and out of me, and I watched as the girl on the screen removed the guy's penis from her mouth. She turned around, straddling his head with her knees, and lowered her pussy to his mouth as she took his penis back into hers.
Both the carrot and my finger started moving faster as I watched him stick out his tongue and begin licking up and down her lips. The camera zoomed in for a close up as he began licking her clit.
Licking her clit!
"Wow," I thought. That must feel like...feel like...feel like...heaven!
Both my finger and the carrot were flying in and out of my holes as I watched him torture her clit with his tongue. I felt my orgasm approaching.
On the screen, she had removed her mouth from his penis and was now panting and groaning, her hips rocking back and forth, mashing her clit against his tongue.
I started moving the carrot in and out of me faster and faster, the finger in my tiny back hole matching the rythm.
The girl on the screen arched and froze, letting out a small scream.
That sent me over the edge. I pushed both the carrot and my finger deep up inside of me and came...shuddering and shaking...and came...jerking and quivering...and came...and came...and came...
I collapsed back onto my bed even as on the screen she collapsed down against him.
"Wow!" was all I could think. Imagine a tongue on my clit...coming in a guy's mouth...wow.
As my breathing returned to normal, I felt myself strangely unsatisfied, even though I had just had a killer come.
"I want something more..." I thought to myself.

On the screen, the girl rolled off her lover and lay on her back, still breathing heavily.
The guy hadn't come yet, and his penis was still sticking straight up in the air,...big...hard...throbbing.
As my own breathing slowed, I began gently rotating the carrot back and forth deep inside my pussy. Its skin was still very rough, but having just come, I was wet enough that it wasn't all that uncomfortable. I wiggled my finger in my tiny back hole as I watched the girl on the screen move to her hands and knees. I watched as she reached a hand back between her legs and started rubbing her clit. My own clit wanted some attention, so I removed my finger from my tight back channel, and brought that hand around between my legs. I continued slowly rotating the carrot inside of me while my fingertips on my other hand started teasing all around my clit.
As I watched the guy position himself behing his kneeling lover, I realized that all of a sudden my butt felt really empty.
Thinking for just a second, I pulled the carrot out of my pussy, replacing it with two of my fingers. I moved the carrot around to my backside, and pushed the tip against my tight hole. The carrot was wet enough from the flood in my pussy, that it was only a matter of seconds before I felt my tiny back door give way, and the carrot push up inside me. I quickly grabbed the banana and pushed it slowly up inside my pussy.
What a feeling!
The curved tip of the banana felt like it was touching, rubbing, caressing me...in places deep inside me that had never been touched before!
I watched as the guy on the screen rubbed the tip of his penis up and down his lover's slit.
I started moving the banana slowly in and out of me. God it felt so good...so different...the tip...curved...rubbing against my channel walls...
The rough skin of the carrot in my little back hole was starting to get uncomfortable,...starting to chaff against my tender skin, and I stopped moving it, focusing instead on the incredible sensations the banana was sending shooting through my pussy.
I felt the tremors starting again and knew another orgasm wasn't far away.
I pulled the carrot out of my backside, somewhat surprised that even this small movement of the rough skin hurt me. I discarded the carrot, and moved one of my fingers back to my tight entry hole. I pushed the tip inside, and was relieved that there was no discomfort. My finger was small enough, however, that even when I pushed it all the way in, I still felt strangely empty...unfulfilled.
I started rotating the banana in my pussy, gently probing my backdoor with my finger, as I watched the guy on the screen push his penis into his lover's pussy. The camera angle changed to show a view from behind, up between his legs. I could see his penis pushing in and out of her pussy. I could see his balls dangling down between his legs. I could even see his little backdoor, the one that just a few minutes ago she had been teasing with her tongue. As he continued moving in and out, it looked like the inner lips of her pussy had a mind of their own. It looked like every time he pushed in, they were trying to suck him in deeper. Every time he pulled out, it looked like they were trying to hold on to him...pull him back inside.
As the screen showed him pumping faster and faster, I automatically quickened the rotation of the banana, feeling it deep up inside of me. My finger in my back hole started pushing in and out. My hips began rocking steadily, my breathing became deep and harsh.
On the screen he pumped in and out of her pussy furiously, their moaning and groaning becoming louder and louder. Both the banana and my finger were flying in and out of my holes as I felt myself losing control.
The guy suddenly pulled out of her pussy, grasping his throbbing penis in one hand and pumping it wildly. My orgasm was starting...growing...building...reaching...peaking.
As he jerked and shot his cream all over her back, I lost control. Not even trying to stifle my moans, I came wildly. I could feel my tight little back hole clamping down around my finger, and my pussy spasmed and spasmed as wave after wave rocked through me.
I collapsed back, exhausted, panting. As my breathing started to slow back down I glanced in the mirror. I saw the tip of the banana sticking out of my pussy as I pulled my finger from my backside, and watched fascinated as the tiny hole winked back at me in the mirror. I slowly pulled the banana from myself, and brought it to my mouth, stopping first at my nose to inhale the scent of my orgasm. I opened my mouth and licked and sucked my juices from the yellow skin.
I just lay there for a moment, savoring the afterglow of a delicious come.
The screen moved to the next scene, and it started like the last one...guy and a girl...kissing...grabbing...groping...undresing each other. My hand moved almost automatically down between my legs, and I began idly teasing my clit as I watched the two on the screen fall onto the bed. He laid her on her back, then reversed his position, pushing his penis into her mouth while his tongue began dancing around her clit. I watched as he spread her legs further, and then pushed a finger into her backside hole. She bucked up and down as he began pushing his finger in and out of her, all the while teasing her clit with his tongue.
My other hand found its way to my own tight little back hole, and I pushed a finger up inside me while my other finger continued playing with my clit. I could feel myself starting to become aroused...again. I stopped tormenting my clit and pushed one, then two fingers up inside my pussy. Already soaking wet from my last come, it was only a metter of seconds before my fingers were again coated with my own pussy juices.
As the guy on the screen reversed his position again, I repeated what was rapidly becoming a ritual. I pulled my dripping wet fingers from my pussy and brought them up to my face, first smelling, and then opening my mouth and tasting, my own sweet cream.
I put my two fingers back up inside my pussy as I watched the guy on the screen push his penis into his lover's waiting pussy. They began pumping in a rhythm that the fingers in both of my holes soon matched.
My own hips began humping against my hands, as if both of my holes were saying they wanted more.
My movements became faster as I watched the guy on the screen pull his penis out of his lover, and then roll her over, pulling her up onto her hands and knees. I felt the beginnings of an orgasm growing as I watched him rub the tip of his penis up and down her slit.
I gasped as he suddenly brought the head up from her pussy and laid it against her back door hole. My own finger in my own tight rear channel was pumping furiously in and out of me as I watched in awe. "No way," I thought. "That thing will never fit in there."
He was pressing now...pushing...but nothing. All of a sudden the finger in my backside just wasn't enough. I wanted something more! But what? The rough skin on the carrot had hurt too bad, and the banana was way too big...I looked around my room but saw nothing that would give my back door the pleasure I wanted.
On the screen, the guy gave a sudden lunge, and the head of his penis disappeared inside her! She shrieked in pain...and he froze. The camera switched to a shot of her face...teeth clenched...eyes shut tight...breathing labored...her agony was obvious.
Neither of them moved for a moment, even though the speed of my own hand movements was now racing.
After a moment or two, the guy on the screen began moving in and out of her back hole...slowly...little bit at a time. The camera showed the expression on her face change from one of excruciating pain...to mild discomfort...to...to...to...bliss?
"Oh God," I thought. "I gotta find something..."
I hit pause on the player and jumped out of bed. I thought maybe if I could find a little smaller carrot, one with smoother skin, that it might work...making my back channel feel filled like the girl on the screen.
As I headed toward the stairs and the kitchen, I realized my honey was starting to trickle down my thighs. I cupped one hand tightly over my pussy, hoping I wasn't leaking enough to leave spots on the floor.
I got to the kitchen and anxiously opened the fridge, pulling open the crisper drawer with my free hand. I rummaged briefly through the carrots...and grew increasingly disappointed. There were some different sizes, but they all had the same crude, coarse, rough skin that had hurt my tender back hole earlier. I looked briefly around the kitchen, wondering if there was something...anything...else I could use. Seeing nothing, I went to close the crisper drawer when I saw...it!
My thoughts immediately left my butt and went back to my pussy!
There it was...big...a cucumber...huge...green...huge...sexy...huge...obscene...huge...
Oh God I wanted it in my pussy!
I grabbed it and closed the drawer with my knee, the fridge door with my shoulder, and moved to the sink, turning the water on hot.
As I rotated the cucumber under the flow, I thought idly that I must look pretty silly, one hand cupped tightly against my pussy, like I had to pee...
When I was satisfied that the hot water had warmed the cucumber up to a nice temperature, I shut off the water, grabbing my new "toy" and leaving the room. I was already imagining how good this was going to feel as I walked through the dining room toward the stairs. I was in such a hurry to get back to my room, back to the movie, and "play" some more, that I almost missed it.
Right in front of my eyes...
On the dining room table, standing up straight and tall, the candles sitting in their holders!
Perfect!
Tall, maybe ten or twelve inches. Tapered...maybe 3/4" at the top, 1-1/2" at the bottom. Straight...SMOOTH!
"Oh God," I gasped as I moved to the table.
I clasped the cucumber under one arm and used my free hand to twist one of them free from its holder, and was now almost running as I headed back up the stairs to my room.
I plopped on my bed, scooting until I was sitting directly in front of my mirror. I propped my pillows behind my head and lay back, raising my legs and pressing my knees against my breasts. I looked into the mirror and saw both of my holes staring back at me. I could see my honey glistening on my lips...glistening on my thighs.
I brought the cucumber down between my legs and stared in the mirror as I pressed the tip against my opening. I pushed slightly, and the tip went inside of me.
"Oh God," I thought..."incredible!" I pushed it in a little further. I had never felt so "filled up". I pushed further, and as it went deeper up inside of me, I could feel it filling...stretching...my pussy.
It didn't hurt...it was just...intense...
"My god!" I thought as I continued pushing it up even further inside of me. "If this is what a cucumber feels like, how does a woman EVER give birth to a child?"
The sensation was delicious as I continued watching raptly in the mirror. More and more of the huge green monster disappeared up inside of me, until only the very tip was left visible. I couldn't believe it! This thing had to be eight or nine inches long, and probably three inches in diameter, and I had the whole thing up inside me!
I can't even begin to describe the feeling...it was...it was...it was...I don't know...incredible!
I looked at myself in the mirror, the tip of the cucumber sticking out of my pussy. I gazed at my lips stretched tight, obscene, around the huge shaft. I looked at my tiny back hole winking at me...begging for attention.
I grasped the candle in my other hand, bringing it around and pressing the tip against my tiny opening. I pushed, and felt my body surrender, opening and letting the slender invader up inside of me. "Oh My God!" I thought. "both holes..."
I pushed the candle further up inside of me. I gasped as I felt the candle rubbing against the cucumber, seperated by only...?
I continued pushing, watching in the mirror as more and more of the candle disappeared up inside my tiny backside entrance. "God I look obscene!" I thought as I watched myself in the mirror. More and more of the candle went up inside me until I felt my fingertips brushing against my cheeks. God I had all of both of them inside of me! I felt so...so...so...full!
I started a slow in and out movement with both of my new lovers, and quickly fell into a slow rythm. I continued this for a moment, watching my lewd display in the mirror. I stopped the movement, and scooted back up on my bed, rearranging the pillows. I reached for the remote, and hit "rewind". I waited until the scene was just before the guy put his penis in the girl's butt, and then pushed "play".
I started moving both the cucumber and the candle back in and out of me as I watched him force his penis into her small hole. I gasped myself as I once again saw the expression of extreme agony on her face. My rythm quickened as her expression changed from pain to bliss, and I was soon moving both of my toys in and out of me even as the guy on the screen started a slow movement in and out of his lover's back door.
As their pace on the screen quickened, so did my own. Both the cucumber and the candle were flying in and out of my holes and I felt yet another orgasm approaching.
On the screen, the girl was openly panting, her hips rocking back in rythm against her lover. My juices were running out of me as I watched him freeze, then pull his penis out of his lover's tight back channel. He grabbed it in one hand and stroked furiously, squirting his juice all over her back. I was right on the brink of my own come as the camera zoomed in for a shot of her freshly invaded butthole. God, it was still wide open! Gaping!
That sent me over the edge, and whimpering like a lost puppy, I happily gave in. I shuddered and spasmed as once again the waves of delight crashed over me.
When the tremors finally subsided, I lay back against my pillows, thoroughly exhausted, but utterly delighted.
I lay there basking in my afterglow, and although I figured I was pretty much orgasmed out, I left the movie playing. A couple more scenes unfolded, pretty much more of the same, guy and a girl...etc...etc...etc.
Somewhere along the line, my hand drifted back down between my legs and I began idly toying with my clit. The next scene had a girl and two guys, and this one caught my attention.
My finger kind of quickened and the stroking of my clit was soon sending the familiar warm waves washing through me. On the screen, one of the guys was laying flat on his back as the girl mounted him, straddling his hips. The camera zoomed in for a close up of his penis pushing up into her pussy, and as she began humping against him, my own finger started to get more insistent, teasing my hardening clit.
On the screen, the other guy moved in front of the girl. He stroked his hard penis right in front of her face, and she soon opened her mouth and pulled him in between her lips.
"My God!" I thought. "Two penises at the same time..."
My other hand soon found its way back between my legs, and I pushed two fingers up inside of me.
It wasn't long before we all in the same rhythm, my fingers in my pussy, the guy's pwnis moving in and out of the girl's pussy, and her mouth moving back and forth on the other guy's throbbing hard on.
I could feel myself starting to get hot...again...and wondered if I could possibly come again. I wondered what was happening to me...I was getting obsessed with coming! "This can't be normal," I thought as I watched the tempo on the screen increase...both penises in both openings.
All of a sudden, the guy in front of the girl pulled his penis out of her mouth. It was glistening with her saliva as he moved around behind her. The camera zoomed in for a close up as he grasped his throbbing member and positioned himself on his knees behind her. I watched and gasped as he pushed the tip of his penis against her little back hole. "No way!" I thought, even as my own fingers began pumping in and out me at a faster pace.
My breathing was starting to get harsh as I watched him push against her...and her tight little hole opened, swallowing the head of his hard on.
"Oh my God! Both holes! One in her pussy, one in her butt!" I stared in fascination as the camera zoomed again, showing both penises sliding in and out of her.
The fingers inside my pussy seemed to take on a mind of their own, and pulled out of my soaking wet channel, seeking my own tight little back door. As my other finger began moving more feverishly against my clit, I pushed one, then two, fingers up inside my backside hole.
My clit was pulsing as I watched the pace on the screen get faster and faster. The fingers in my butt were moving in and out in rhythm with the penises on the screen, and my fingertip was flying over my clit. I could feel yet another orgasm approaching.
On the screen, the guy in the girl's pussy pulled out and shot his cream all over her pussy lips, her thighs, while the guy in her butt started pumping even faster.
My breathing was again harsh, my own hips bucking as I watched him pull his penis out of her tiny hole and erupt all over her cheeks...all over her back.
I went over the edge again, coming hard. I could feel my tiny butthole clamping down on my fingers as I shook and shuddered, waves again washing over me.
Feeling now totally exhausted, I just lay back on my bed, luxuriating in the sensations flowing through me. The movie was still running, but I was only paying half attention.
The other half of my mind was already looking toward tomorrow...what I was going to do if Jeff actually did come by again. How I was going to make up for today's "almost".
One hand had dropped back between my legs and a finger was idly toying with my clit...again...but i wasn't really paying much attention to that either. I was pretty sure I was done coming for the day. My mind continued drifting through my plans for tomorrow as several more scenes unfolded on the screen.
I was half thinking about turning off the movie and calling it a day when the next scene started...with two women kissing...each other!
I watched their tongues playing together...the camera angle was such that even though their lips weren't actually touching...they weren't actually kissing, both had their tongues out and were toying...dancing...with each other's. I watched in fascination, and without even thinking about it, my finger began moving more firmly around and over my clit.
I watched as they began moving their hands all over each other,...backs...sides...legs...thighs...butts.
They were wearing only bras and panties, and it wasn't long before the bras came off, and they were moving their hands over each other's breasts...pinching and tweaking each other's nipples.
Two women...with each other...no men!
Although I had never even thought about that possibility, the sceen on the screen was really starting to turn me on, and my finger started moving faster...again...I could feel my heat starting to rise...again!
On the screen, the girls removed each other's panties, and their hands dropped between each other's legs. The camera zoomed for close up shots as they parted each other's lips and inserted fingers into very wet holes. They fingered each other for a moment or two, and then changed position, one reversing herself, straddling her lover's head, and lowering her pussy onto her mouth. The camera zoomed for another close up as the girl on her back pushed out her tongue abd began lapping at her mate's lips...then at her clit.
The girl on top had lowered her head between the other's legs, and her tongue was soon also engaged in her lover's pussy, playing with the lips, toying with her clit.
Two women...two tongues...two pussies...two clits...no men!
Without even thinking, my other hand found its way back between my legs, and two fingers pushed up inside my own dripping hole. I watched in rapt fascination as the girls on the screen feasted on each other...lapping at each other...drinking each other's honey, and I knew within moments that I wasn't finished coming for the day.
My finger movements increased as the girls licked and sucked at each other, and as the sound of their moaning increased, my own breathing started getting faster and faster...soon turning into panting.
I took my finger off my clit and reached for the electric toothbrush. I turned it on and quickly moved it between my legs, reversing the head so that the smooth plastic back side of the brush was vibrating against my clit.
Heaven!
The fingers inside my pulsating pussy were pumping furiously now,as the torrid pace of the vibrating plastic against my clit sent waves pouunding through me. I stared as the girls on the screen let out soft screams and started coming. My own orgasm was getting close as they froze, then spasmed, and then collapsed against each other.
The camera zoomed in for close ups on their faces, and I could see the juices of their orgasms thoroughly wetting each other's lips, cheeks, jaws...glistening...almost dripping.
It sent me over the edge again, and I pressed the toothbrush tightly against my throbbing clit, quivering and shaking as yet another delicious come overtook me.
I gasped and jerked as my back arched, my body seeming to scream for more.. I pumped the fingers in my pussy furiously. Waves of delight rolled over me as I shook and whimpered through yet another mind blowing orgasm.
I collapsed back on the bed as the spasms subsided, and just lay there, panting, not quite believing what I'd just seen. Two girls...alone together...licking...tasting...
Without even realizing it, I pulled my two fingers out of my own dripping pussy and brought them up to my face, first inhaling deeply, and then pushing them slowly into my mouth. As I licked and sucked my fingers clean, I reveled in the taste of my love juices...idly wondering again if all girls smelled and tasted the same.
The movie was still running as my breathing returned to normal, but I wasn't really paying any attention any more. I was still thinking about the two girls...together...
I rolled off my bed and scrambled to the bathroom, suddenly realizing just how badly I had to pee.
It was on returning to my room that I happened to notice the comforter on my bed. "Oh my God," I thought. There was a big...no...huge...very dark...very wet spot...not spot...puddle...covering the entire middle of it. I had come so hard...and so often...the juices that had gushed out of my pussy made my comforter look like I had peed on it!
Suddenly embarassed, I quickly pulled it from the bed, grabbing the carrot, candle, and cucumber, as I quickly scooted down the stairs to the laundry room.
When the comforter was secured in the washer, I returned the candle to its holder and the vegetables to their crisper drawer. I looked down and saw the inside of my thighs were shining bright...wet with my juices. I decided I had time for a quick shower while the washer was running...but even after I had turned on the water, waiting for the temperature to get right...I just couldn't resist one more time. I lowered one hand and pushed two fingers deep up inside my drenched pussy, wiggling and swirling them until they were thoroughly coated with my honey. The scene of the two girls licking each other was flashing through my mind as I brought my hand up to my face, pushing the wet fingers into my mouth. I savored the sweet tast of my honey, thinking back one more time to the scene of the two girls...together...with each other...and idly wondering again if all girl's smelled and tasted the same.
By the time my shower was finished, my mind was already racing ahead...planning and plotting for tomorrow...Jeff...maybe...

**Chapter 7**

I awoke slowly in the morning, realizing as I did that one of my hands was down inside my panties. Memories of last night started floating through my brain. The movie, all the things I had seen, things I'd never dreamt of. The girl with the penis in her mouth...the girl with the penis in her butt...the guy's penis squirting into a girl's open mouth...two girls licking each other's pussies...
My finger started stroking up and down my moist slit as these images washed through me. I remembered the girls using the fake penises on each other, and remembered what I had felt while I had been pushing the cucumber in and out of my own pussy. I thought about the scene of the girl bending the guy over the kitchen counter, and then running her tongue up and down the crack of his butt, finally focusing and dipping her tongue in and out of his little hole. My amazement when she removed her tongue and replaced it ith first one, and then two of her fingers, pumping in and out, the groans he made, the expresion on his face. How she reached around him and stroked his penis with one hand while pumping his butt with her other.
I thought back to last night with my candle, first wetting it in my pussy, then pushing it into my little back hole, pumping it in and out while I worked the cucumber in and out of my pussy. The intense feeling of having both holes filled up at the same time.
My finger movements increased as my pussy got wetter and wetter. I kept thinking back to the movie, all the scenes involving butts.
I moved my other hand down my backside, and started teasing my tight puckered little anus. I tried to push a finger in, but it wouldn't go. I brought the hand to my pussy, inserting the finger and swrirling it around until it became nice and wet. I returned it to my butt, and pushed again. This time my little hole opened up and swallowed my finger greedily. I began moving it in and out as my other hand went back to my pussy, these fingers now toying with my suddenly hard clit. My breathing grew harsh, and I felt my orgasm approaching as I increased the movements of both hands. In a matter of a few more seconds, I had treated myself to a delicious morning come.
As I started to come down and my breathing returned to normal, I realized jsut how badly I had to pee. Glancing at the clock, I climbed out of bed. Not even seven o'clock yet, I realized as I walked out of the room. I idly wondered why I had woken up so early.
I went down the hall, noticing as I passed Ricky's room that he wasn't there. I turned the corner to the bathroom and was surprised to see him standing at the sink, shaving, clad as usual only in his boxer shorts.
At first he didn't notice me standing in the doorway. I had a bit of a dilema. I really needed to pee, but he looked to be a ways away from being done. I suddenly remembered what a turn on it had been for me to watch him pee, and wondered if...?
Feeling suddenly very naughty, I walked right in, and as I edged past him asked nonchalantly, "Up so early...?"
As first he barely glanced at me as he mumbled, "Early shift at work today..."
I moved past him to the toilet. I brazenly raised my nightshirt and lowered my panties, sitting down on the seat. From the corner of my eye, I could see him now staring openly at me. I opened my legs a bit, and released my stream.
He continued staring at me, and although I knew he could see very little, if anything, the sound of my stream splashing in the water in the bowl was unmistakable.
He was still gawking as my stream slowed, and stopped. I reached for the roll of tissue, and made a show of slowly and deliberately wiping my pussy. I was rewarded by a telltale twitch in his boxers.
I stood, flushed, and slowly pulled my panties up my legs. He was rinsing off his face as I started to leave when he suddenly asked, "So did you enjoy the movie?" He eyed me with a knowing look, the grin on his face widening.
I walked around behing him, reaching both arms around his chest. I lightly strummed his nipples with my fingertips. (He loves that.) As I continued teasing his now hard nipples, I leaned forward and whispered in his ear, "Did I ever! It was very enlightening...even educational," I purred.
Watching him in the mirror as I continued caressing him, I could see a bulge growing in his boxers.
"Did it turn you on? Which part did you like the best?" he asked, trying to sound casual.
"Pretty much all of them," I replied throatily. I continued my teasing caresses, watching him in the mirror as I added, "One of my favorites was the guy squirting into the girl's open mouth." The sudden jerk in his boxers gave him away. "The scene where the guy had his penis in the girl's butt was REALLY hot!" I moaned into his ear. His shorts twitched again. "But I think my very favorite was where the girl was running her tongue all around his balls, then all around his butt, and then pushing it in and out of his little hole."
I heard his sharp intake of breath as his eyes narrowed. His shorts twitched a couple more times and his breathing was getting labored. I was really, really, REALLY tempted to drop his boxers and see what kind of reaction I would get from putting MY tongue in HIS butt, but decided to wait with that idea until sometime when he wasn't getting ready for work.
Instead, I lowered my right hand and gripped his now semi hard penis in a loose fist through his shorts. I felt it grow bigger and harder as I squeezed it a couple of times. I purred in his ear, "Maybe we could watch it together some time?"
His jaw dropped and his eyes met mine in the mirror. I reached my hand through the opening in his boxers, gripping him and stroking. He just kept staring at me in the mirror as I increased my hand movements, going faster and faster, squeezing harder and harder.
He was openly panting within seconds, and a couple moments later jerked, froze, then squirted...all over the counter...into the sink...a little on the mirror.
"Sorry bro," I murmured, "but I'm not on clean up detail today. Think about the movie."
I blew him a quick kiss and left, returning to my room.
I quickly made my bed, and the "brush" with brother Ricky was soon forgotten as my mind turned to what I expected (hoped!) would be happening later on in the day. I had had an "almost" incident with my next door neighbor Jeff yesterday, stopped before it got really interesting by the sound of his parents returning home.
I had rinsed out and dried the bra and panties I had worn yesterday, and laid them out on the bed, planning to use them again today. They wer perfect for my plan. Intended for the heat of summer, they were a very lightwight filmy mterial, teasingly semi transparent. The dark areas around my nipples were easy to make out, and the panties were small and tight enough that they hugged my pussy tightly, making the outline of my lips and slit pretty obvious. The best part about my "costume" however, was when it got wet. The filmy material would then turn completely transparent, and although technically still dressed, the cover up ability of the bra and panties was reduced to that of a sheet of clear plastic wrap.
I left my room and started down to the kitchen for my morning juice, and maybe a bite of breakfast. As I was barefoot, I was virtually soundless as I padded across the carpet. I could hear the sound of my mom's voice as I approached the kitchen. I got to the door and froze. My mom was standing behind my dad, clutching him in a bear hus. Her arms were around him. One hand was stroking, rubbing, caressing, the bulge in the front of his pants as she cooed in his ear, "Don't make any plans for after work."
I remaind frozen, standing and staring, mesmerized, in shock as my mom continued to fondle my dad's groin. The bulge in the front of his pants was growing noticeably. Mom continued talking into his ear, although she had lowered her voice to a whisper, and I could no longer hear what she was saying. My dad let out a soft groan.
They hadn't seen or heard me, and I hastily retreated a few steps. My mom and dad! I had never even thought about them in a sexual way, and had never given any thought at all to what (if any), sex life they might have. (Even though at the time they were both only in their mid thirties.) Thinking about it, I realized both my mom and dad would probably be considered quite attractive. Both were trim and fit, keeping themselves in good shape. I don't know if my dad would be considered handsome, but I thought my mom was quite pretty, even sexy. Her figure is a lot like mine, slim and slender but with really nice breasts. (hers, I think, are a little bigger than mine. Where I am a 36C, she is probably a 38, and maybe a D cup.)
But still...MY MOM AND DAD?????
Regrouping quickly, I coughed loudly twice, anouncing my approach to the kitchen. Sure enough, when I walked through the door, my mom and dad had parted. This time in, however, I couldn't help but cast a few furtive glances at the bulge in my dad's pants, the bulge that just a moment ago my mom had been fondling and stroking!
I grabbed a glass of juice and a muffin and headed toward the table. I put them down and turned as my dad announced, "We gotta run sweetie. We're running a few minutes late."
I moved quickly and gave my mom the customary hug, and peck on the cheek. I turned and gave dad a quick kiss, but intentionally pressed my hips against his when I went to hug him. I could feel his hardness pressing against me! "Wow," I thought to myself, "Who would have thought...?"
Turning away quickly to hide my now blushing face, I said in a light, slightly flip voice, "Have all kinds of fun at work. See ya when you get home."
I finished my juice and muffin as they departed, and left the kitchen, heading back to my room. Ricky was coming down the stairs as I headed up them. I just couldn't resist it as we passed. I reached out and squeezed the front of his pants, whispering in my sexiest voice, "Don't forget what I said about the movie."
He froze and I continued for a few seconds rhythmically squeezing the rapidly growing bulge in the front of his pants. "What?" I asked innocently, "Would that embarass you?"
He just grinned and moved on, shaking his head. I reached my bedroom door just as I heard the sound of the front door, announcing his departure. I now had the house all to myself.
Although I knew I would be spending a fair amount of time in the pool shortly, I decided to go ahead and jump in the shower anyway. I quickly lathered and rinses my hair, then grabbed my razor and did a quick shave under my arms. I moved on down to do my legs and, as I finished with them, I looked briefly at the very sparse, fine hairs surrounding my pussy. Thinking back to the movie I had watched last night, I remembered that all of the girls had their pussies shaved to one extent or another, and briefly debated shaving my own. I decided against if for the time being, and replaced the razor, reaching for the body wash. I quickly lathered, then rinsed, my entire body.
I knew I had come several times (I lost count!), in the past couple days, and since I didn't own a proper douche, decided to clean myself inside the old fashioned way. (I had done this several times in the past, and pretty much had it down to a science.)
I grabbed the tube of body wash, and squatted down on my haunches, knees spread far apart. Using two fingers of my left hand, I spread my pussy lips wide open, and with my right hand inseerted the tube as far up inside of me as it would go. I squeezed the end as I slowly withdrew the tube, depositing a liberal amount of the gel the entire depth of my pussy. Setting the tube aside, I kept my lips spread open and inserted two fingers of my right hand deep up inside of me. I alternated between wriggling nad twisting them back and forth, along with pumping them in and out. When I was satisfied that I had thoroughly cleaned every bit of my inner channel, at least all the parts I could reach, I withdrew my fingers and stood.
I removed the hand held shower nozzle from the wall mount holder, and adjusted the dial from "spray" to "jet". I squatted back down, and again spreading my lips with the fingers of my left hand, brought the stream of water right up against my open pussy. I could feel the water rushing up inside of me, and watched as the sudsy froth began flowing back out. I kept this up for a couple of minutes until the water flowing back out of me turned clear.
Satisfied that I had thoroughly rinsed my insides, I moved my fingers to spread my lips at the very top, exposing the hood over my clit. I aimed the stream of water at that spot, and within seconds felt the familiar warmth spreading through my body as my clit started to respond to the water's caress. I thought briefly about treating myself to another come, but decided that would defeat the purpose of having just cleaned the insides of my pussy.
I stood, adjusting the dial setting back to "spray", and was replacing it in the wall rack when a very naughty idea flashed through my brain. I remembered the incredible sensations from last night when I was sliding the candle deep in and out of my butt, and my brain went into overdrive.
I grabbed the tube of body wash, turning around so my back was to the showerhead. I spread my legs and bent over as far as I could. I reached back with one hand to spread my cheeks, and used the other to press the tube as tightly as I could against my little back hole. I couldn't get the whole width of the tube to go up inside of me, but did get enough of the tip in me so that when I squeezed, I could feel the gel ooze up inside me.
I squeezed a small amount of the gel onto my middle finger, and set the tube aside. Reaching back, I brought my finger up to my hole and pressed firmly. I felt it slip inside of me and pushed harder, until the entirety of my finger was up inside my tight back channel. I started moving it about, wiggling it, twisting it, sliding it in and out. Again, the sensation was delicious, not really sexual, but very erotic, and a definite turn on! Feeling brave, I removed my finger and brought it together with my index finger. Reaching back, I tried to push both up into me. It was several seconds before my hole relented and I was able to get them in. At first, it actually hurt some, but after a few seconds the pain became nothing more than a mild discomfort...which also quickly faded. I started moving my fingers about...wiggling...twisting...pumping...
I continued my back channel massage for another minute or so, then removed my fingers. I grabbed the showerhead back off the wall rack, again adjusting the dial back to "jet". I turned the water on up to full force and bent back over.
I brought the jet right up close, aimed right at my little hole. It was only seconds before I felt my opening relax and open up, the water then streaming right up inside of me.
I looked back between my spread legs, expecting to see the same sudsy froth flowing back out of me. I was stunned, and more than a little bit grossed out, when the water flowing back out was a murky, slimy, brownish color.
I stood stright up, in shock, and only slowly realized that I had just given myself my first enema!
With this "enlightening", and the realization that I hadn't hurt myself, or done anything wrong, I bent back over and returned the water jet to my butt. I held it there for a full minute, maybe two, until the brown color started to fade and the water running out of me became clearer and clearer.
Finally satisfied that I had thoroughly cleaned out both of my holes, I straightened, set the dial back to "spray", and returned the head to the wall rack. I turned off the water and stepped from the shower, toweling off quickly.
I towel dired my hair as best I could, then spent a few minutes with the blow dryer.
I grabbed my nightshirt and panties off of the floor and started down the hall to my room. I noticed on the way that there was still a large dark, damp spot in the front of my panties from my early morning come, and, as I entered my room, couldn't resist bringing them up to my face. I pressed the wet spot against my nose and inhaled deeply, once, twice, then a third time. I really liked the scent and decided it smelled like...well...sex!
It turned ME on, and I remembered how excited my brother Ricky had gotten when I held my fingers, soaked with my juices, up to his nose and mouth.
I was wondering if that special scent (and taste) would have the same effect on Jeff, (assuming of course he actually showed up.)
I dropped my nightshirt and still damp panties in the laundry hamper, and moved to my bed to put on my "costume".
I put the bra on first, then stepped in front of my free standing full length mirror. I gazed at my breasts, able to see the dark rings of my nipples through the flimsy material. I quickly brought my hand up and lightly teased my nipples. They immediately became hard and upright, straining against the material. (You should know that although my breasts are only avereage (36C), my nipples are something else. They don't look like anything special most of the time, but when they get excited, (or cold!), they will stand right out and grow to a full 1/2".)
I turned back to the bed and grabbed my panties, stepping in and pulling them up over my hips. They were one, maybe two sizes too small, and when I turned back to the mirror I could see the way they hugged my pussy, clearly outlining the shape of my lips, and making the somewhat darker shadow of my slit kind of visible.
Although I had looked at my pussy many times before, I had never really LOOKED at it. I pulled my panties back off my legs and walked over to the full height mirror. I pulled it right next to my bed, adjusting the angle of the tilt so it was slightly down.
I hopped up on my bed, scooting right to the edge in front of the mirror. I raised my knees and spread them far apart. For the first time, I was REALLY looking at my pussy. It looked so...soft, so...pink! I lowered my hand and spread my lips open, trying to see up inside myself. That didn't really work, so I contented myself with just gazing at the little bit of soft, pink, inner flesh that I could see.
"Wow," I thought to myself. "So this is what the guys get so turned on looking at."
I moved my fingers to the very top of my slit, spreading my lips again, hoping to see what my clit, my little "magic button", actually looked like, but all I could see was the hood covering it.
I lightly caressed the hood, hoping to entice my clit to get hard and pop out, but felt myself getting moist before it came into view. Since this, again, would have defeated the purpose of my internal "bath", I stopped and hopped off the bed.
I pulled my panties back on and returned the mirror to the corner.
Checking myself one last time in the mirror, I decided I was satisfied with my appearance and made my way down to the back deck and the pool.
I had planned this fairly carefully, and decided that when (if) Jeff showed up, I would be "dozing" on the lounge, my legs splayed out, pointing in the direction of the door he would be coming through.
I grabbed one of the reclining lounge chairs and moved it into position. I went back inside and retrieved my portable radio, bringing it out back with my dark sunglasses. (My plotting had led me to figure out that with the sunglasses on, nobody on the outside looking in at me could even tell if my eyes were open or closed, much less where exactly they were looking. I grabbed a soda from the fridge, picked up my magazine, and strategically placed them both on the edge of the pool, directly over my "magic water jet". I placed the radio right next to them, and turned it up just loud enough that Jeff would be able to hear it next door and know I was outside.
Checking around the deck one more time, I was satisfied my "stage was set", and started toward the lounge chair. I happened to glance in the corner and noticed the oversized tire inner tube that we used as a pool float.
Inspiration hit!
I quickly grabbed it and threw it in the water. After giving it a minute, I flipped it over, so the wet (cool) side was up. I eased myself into the water and hoisted myself up on the tube. I positioned myself so that I could lay back, shoulders and head resting on one side of the tube, legs dangling over the other, with my butt half sticking down through the opening in the middle.
I looked down to check the view that I thought I would be affording Jeff, (hopefully) and realized I was too far down in the water. I readjusted my position, hoisting myself up a little bit, and looked down again.
"Perfect," I thought. My pussy was now up out of the water, affording a perfect view to anyone looking. I spread my legs, splaying them out over the far edge, and raised my arms up over my head. I tried to imagaine what I looked like, "spread eagle" on the oversized tube. I decided this ploy was much better than the lounge, plus the fact that this way my bra and panties were already wet, transparent and see through.
I laid back and half closed my eyes before I remembered, "Damn! I forgot my sunglasses!"
I rolled off the inner tube and went quickly to the patio table, grabbing my sunglasses and slipping them on my head.
I went back into the pool and climbed back aboard the tube, once again assuming my "position".
I paddled myself into position near my soda, magazine, and radio, and waited...hoping.
Minutes went by and I began actually dozing...not sleeping...but kind of drifting in and out of awareness.
I came to and realized that I had drifted to the far side of the pool, and the inner tube in which I was floating had completely swung around. I was now facing in the exact opposite direction of where I wanted to be when Jeff (hopefully) made his appearance.
I quickly paddled back to the edge where soda, magazine, and radio lay. This time I hooked one foot up on the edge of the pool, anchoring my position. As I looked down to check myself, I realized that this posture caused my leges to be spread even further, and that the open disply of my pussy was now actually really naughty, bordering on lewd.
I quickly splashed a bunch of water on both my bra and panties, checking to make sure that they had once again turned "invisible".
The water had the desired effect. I might just as well have not been wearing anything!
The splashing water also had the effect of turning my nipples rock hard...they were now standing tall and proud, straining against my see through bra.
I WAS READY.
Satisfied, I settled back in the tube, stretched my arms back behind me, and leaned my head back...waiting...

**Chapter 8 The Plot - Jeff - Part 2**
My plot was, assuming Jeff came over, to be in the pool, wearing the same whispy white bra and panties that I had yesterday. I was sprawled out across an over sized inner tube, spread out, arms back over my head, legs dangling over the other side of the tube. I had propped one foot up on the deck, both to anchor my position, and to insure that my legs were spread as far apart as possible. I anchored the tube, and thus myself, so that my wide open legs were aimed right at the door he would be coming through. I had ducked in the pool to thoroughly wet my bra and panties, and double checked to make sure they were, again, completely see through. (Like clear plastic wrap.) I wanted to make sure as he came through the door, the first thing he would see was my wide open pussy. I must have dozed off.
The next thing I remember was the sound of the screen door opening. I opened my eyes and saw Jeff coming through the doorway. He froze the instant he saw me, splayed out, "spread eagle" on the oversized inner tube.
I watched him, my eyes hidden and secure behind the dark sunglasses, as he turned and very quietly closed the door.
Jeff is my nextdoor neighbor, the one for whom this "plot" had been laid. We had known each other forever, since we were quite small, and although he was a couple of years older than me, (he was entering his high school junior year, while I was just preparing to enter as a freshman), we had always been pretty close friends.
He's a pretty decent looking guy, maybe six feet tall. He's on the slim side, with a body that, although fit and muscualr, could best be described as "wiry".
Yesterday had been an "almost" day, abruptly stopped by the return home of his parents. Jeff was again shirtless, wearing only a pair of gym shorts and his sneakers and socks. I wondered idly if he was wearing the same white briefs he had on yesterday, the kind that became almost transparent when wet. I feigned sleep as he tiptoed over toward me, stopping almost right above me. His eyes were glued to my lewdly displayed pussy, and I reveled in the fact that I could watch his every move with him having no idea that my eyes were even open, much less where they were looking.I lay motionless as his right hand reached down to his shorts. As he continued staring at my wanton display, he began fondling himself, rubbing, squeezing, stroking through his shorts. Watching him play with himself was really turning me on and my mind was racing, trying to figure out my next move.
Jeff made it for me.
Hooking his fingers in the eleastic waistband of his shorts, he gave them a quick tug down and let them fall to his feet.
My heart stopped beating.
Instead of the white briefs he had been wearing yesterday, today he was wearing...he was wearing...he was wearing...well...I guess, "pouch" for lack of a better word. The tiny white bag barely covered his penis and balls, with a thin string extending around both sides of his waist. I could actually kind of see through it, not just his shape and outline, but the actual flesh color where his penis pressed against the flimsy material.
I was instantly wet, this time from the inside.
His hand returned to his groin, and he again began fondling, squeezing, stroking himself. Under the thin material, I could see him growing bigger and harder.
GOD, I wanted to touch myself!
But I continued to fake dozing, wondering where this would go. I lay motionless for a few more minutes as he continued caressing himself, his penis growing larger every second. My heart was now racing, my pussy was dripping, and it became harder and harder to lay there motionless.
Jeff bent down and pulled his shorts off his feet, picking them up and turning.
This time I did gasp!
His "pouch" had no back to it, just a thin string running up between his cheeks!
He moved to the patio table, setting down his gym shorts, and then lifted one foot up onto one of the chairs. He bent over and began untying the laces of his sneaker. In this position, with his legs slightly parted, and the one foot up, the cheeks of his butt parted. I swear I could actually see his little hole, or at least most of it! The thin string running up to waist barely covered a fraction of the opening. His cheeks, tight and muscular, looked particularly "inviting".
My mind flashed back to the movie last night, and all of the things people were doing with other people's butt holes. I rmembered my session with the candle sliding in and out of my own little hole. I remembered the erotic sensations from my "accidental" enema.
Jeff finished removing his sneakers and socks, and turned, returning to the edge of the pool, and once again standing right above me while I faked sleeping. His hand moved back to his groin, and the fondling and squeezing started again. His penis was now so big and hard it appeared ready to burst right through the thin material of his "pouch".
I was so wet! I was so turned on! I was so...something! I wasn't even sure what! I just knew I wanted to do something...anything to make something more happen!
Didn't have to...Jeff did it for me.
He dropped his hand from his groin and turned, moving toward the shallow end of the pool.
Without budging my head, I let my eyes follow until he was out of sight.
I waited breathlessly, wondering what was coming next.
With the radio playing right next to me, I didn't hear him enter the pool, was unaware of him approaching me, until he reappeared in the corner of my eye. Keeping my head motionless, my eyes followed him as he moved past me and stood just on the far edge of the inner tube. His eyes were fixed on my lewdly open pussy, and I watched as his one hand disappeared down into the water. The tube was interfering with the view of what I really wanted to see, but I could see his upper arm moving. I knew inside that his hand was once again fondling his penis.
It was getting harder and harder to remain motionless, faking sleep, while I kept watching his arm movements. This "act" continued for a few more moments as my mind was racing, trying to figure out what to do next, without giving myself away.
I saw him briefly lower his other hand into the water, and could tell from his movements that he was sliding his "pouch" down off his hips. Sure enough, a moment later his arm took on that identifiable motion, telling me he was now actually stroking his hard penis.
I watched in absolute silence as his mouth opened slightly, his chest started heaving, his arm movements became faster and faster, all the time his eyes glued to the display between my wide spread legs.
An idea hit me. Without moving a muscle other than my lips, I purred in a sulky voice, "Starting without me, are you?"
He froze momentarily, his eyes moving from my panties to my face, where my open eyes were still hidden behind the dark glasses. I raised my left hand and removed my sunglasses, placing them on the deck next to the pool, while extending my right hand slowly and deliberately across my midriff and into my panties. I extended my middle finger and bagan caressing up and down my slit. His eyes followed my hand downward, becoming fixed on what I was doing between my legs, and in seconds his arm motion started up again.
I watched him watching me for a moment or two. His eyes appeared to be bulging, and the speed of his arm movements increased.
I ran my other hand down inside my panties, and, using two fingers, lewdly spread my lips. His breathing was becoming faster, his arm flying. I looked right at him as I slowly inserted one, then two fingers all the way up inside of me. "Slow down," I cooed sexily, "You got a head start. Let me at least get caught up."
I started pumping my two fingers in and out. He was panting now, but his arm movements did slow down considerably.
The warm rushes started to roll through me as my fingers contined tormenting my suddenly soaking wet channel, and with a sudden thought, I moved my right foot and pressed it gently against his hard penis, and the hand covering it. He immediately removed his hand and I beagn a slow, teasing up and down movement with my foot.
"Or perhaps," I murmured, "you'd rather that I helped you take care of this thing." I pressed my foot firmly against his throbbing penis for added emphasis.
"Oh God yes!" he blurted, almost pleading.
I removed my foot and rolled off the tube, moving and standing right in front of him. I took both his hands in mine, and placed them on my breasts. I ran one hand down the front of him, gently cupping his balls, but not yet touching his hard on.
"Since my hand is going to be kind of busy," I whispered naughtily, "I thought you might like something to do with yours."
He began squeezing. "Not so hard," I said. "You have to be gentle." He immediately loosened his grip and began squeezing in a gentle rythm. "That's better," I purred. I began very gently squeezing his balls in the same rythm he was squeezing my breasts. My nipples were hard as rocks, standing stright up.
"Take my bra off," I breathed, still gently squeezing his balls. Since it has a clasp in the front, it took him only seconds. He slid it off my shoulders and set it on the deck by the edge of the pool, his hands immediately returning to my breasts. This time, he started pinching my nipples between his thumbs and forefingers.
"Not so rough," I had to say again, "You HAVE to be gentle!"
He lightened up at once and began pinching and gently twisting my nipples in a way that was very quickly becoming very pleasant, and very erotic.
I removed my hand from his balls and curled a light fist around his rock hard penis. I could feel it throbbing and pulsing in my grip.
"Tell me what you want me to do," I whispered throatily. He just groaned.
I gave his penis a gentle squeeze.
He jerked and squirted!
Just like that, it was over.
I was momentarily stunned, unsure what to do next. So fast? Within seconds I had convinced myself that it was me, I had some magical power over guys. That feeling gave me quite a rush, and my self confidence grew by leaps and bounds.
I kept my hand loosely wrapped around his penis, which was starting to soften. I started squeezing in a slow gentle rythm, while trying to figure out what to do next. I wasn't ready for this little encounter to be over with.
I continued my rythmic squeezing while I looked down into the water. I could see where he had squirted. It looked like three small pieces of white string, floating, drifting aimlessly in the water. With a sudden thought, I cupped my left hand and scooped in the water, catching a couple of them. Bringing my hand up between our faces I pouted, "I was kinda hoping you were saving this for me."
He froze, not saying anything, but I thought I felt a slight twitch in his penis. I continued my gentle squeezing, thinking what to do next. I rmembered the way his eyes had been devouring me, and had an idea.
Still holding his penis, I led him a few feet further toward the deep end, stopping when the water level reached his chest. At this depth, it put the level od the deck right at his chin. I turned him toward the edge of the pool, and, releasing his penis, took both his hands and placed them up on the deck, leaving them separated by a good two and a half feet.
"Wait right here," I whispered throatily, "I'll be right back."
I scurried to the steps in the corner of the shallow end, and hurried up out of the pool. I walked back towards him, stopping right in front. I slowly and deliberately hooked my fingers in my panties and pushed them down off my hips, letting them fall to my feet. I stepped out of them and crouched down to pick them up, making sure to keep my knees well apart, my legs spread. I retrieved them and straightened. With my feet apart, I held the wet panties out over past his head., wringing them out and letting the excess water drip back into the pool. In this position, he was looking stright up into my pussy.
I turned and retreated a couple of steps, keeping my back to him. With my feet well apart, I bent over as far as I could, making a show of smoothing my panties and laying them out on the deck. I stalled in this position for a moment or two, making a show of fidgeting with them and making sure they were lying out flat in the sun. I knew from his position at the edge of the pool that this "pose" would offer him a perfect view of my lips, my slit, and even my little back hole. I fiddled with my panties for another moment or two, and then strightened up, turning and approaching him.
I reached the very edge of the pool and stopped, then squatted, and sat, right in front of him. I brought my knees up high and placed my feet on the edge of the deck, spreading them apart as far as I could so they were almost touching his outstretched hands.
This position was perfect. His face was at the exact level of my wide open pussy, his eyes but a mere foot from my lips. Without saying a word, I brought my right hand down between my legs, extending my middle finger. I began slowly teasing up and down the length of my slit. I still said nothing but continued gently stroking my lips.
His eyes were glued to my naughty display, and I thought they were going to pop out of his head when I pushed a finger up a little bit inside of me. I continued this lewd display for another minute or two, and then feigned a gasp as I pushed my finger all the way up inside of me. I held it there for a minute, wiggling the tip back and forth, caressing the inner walls of my channel.
His mouth was slightly open now, and I could sense his breathing becoming heavier.
Feeling daring, I pulled my finger out of my hole and joined it together with my index finger. Watching his eyes watching me, I slowly and deliberately inserted both fingers back between my lips, then made a show of slowly pushing them both all the way up inside me, groaning as I did.
I alternated between sliding my fingers in and out of me, and holding them all the way in, just wiggling the tips around and around. My pussy was quickly getting wetter and wetter as his eyes became glazed, staring hungrily at my wanton display. I continued this "show" for a minute or two, and then, convinced my fingers were now thoroughly soaked with my juices, withdrew them from my sopping hole.
I held them up under his nose and asked in my most innocent little girl voice, "Do you think I smell sexy?"
He didn't move, didn't say a word, but began rapidly and deeply breathing in my scent. Feeling bold, I pushed the tips of my fingers against his lips until they parted a bit. I slid them into his mouth and asked demurely, "Do I taste OK too?"
I could feel his tongue moving all over and around on my fingers. From this angle, I couldn't see his penis down under the water, but fervently hoped it was getting hard again.
With a sudden inspiration, I withdrew my fingers from his mouth, him making a sucking sound as I pulled them away. I reinserted them into my now drenched pussy, pushing all the way in and again wiggling the tips around my inner channel.
He hadn't moved one inch since I had "positioned" him for my "show". Both his hands were still placed on the very edge of the deck.
I reached my left hand out and grasped his right wrist. I put his hand down in the water and then pushed downward on his arm. Wickedly, I purred, "I think you can find something more fun to do with that hand," hoping he would get the hint.
Sure enough. Even though I still couldn't see his penis down in the water, in a matter of seconds I could see his upper arm start moving back and forth.
I withdrew my fingers from my hole, dripping wet, and offered them again to his nose and now eagerly awaiting mouth.
When he was finished, I withdrew my fingers and reached down, grasping his left hand. I curled it into a loose fist, then extended his index and middle fingers.
"Now," I whispered hoarsely, "Let's find something fun to do with this hand..."
I looked him in the eyes as I brought my left hand down between my legs, using my fingertips to spread my lips wide. His gaze immediately went between my legs, and I slowly guided his hand until his outstretched fingers were just grazing the entrance to my wet hole.
I gave his hand a slight tug and felt his fingers start to enter me. "Now," I hissed, "in and out."
He immediately jammed his fingers all the way up inside of me. I quickly grabbed his wrist and admonished again, "Jeff, if you're going to touch me you have GOT to be gentle!"
He looked somewhat sheepish as I released his wrist, but he started a very nice, slow, steady in and out rythm. I continued to hold my lips open as his eyes were glued to the sight of his fingers moving in and out my now very wet, now very hot, channel.
The rythm of his fingers moving in and out of me remained steady, but I could see the movements of his arm down in the water start to quicken. I didn't want this to end like this, not again, and besides, I still couldn't see what I really wanted to see.
With sudden inspiration, I grasped his wrist and pulled his fingers from my wet hole. Looking him in the eyes, I brought his hand up to my face, then passed his fingers under my nose, inhaling deeply.
I parted my lips slightly and stuck my tongue out. Slowly and seductively, I made a show of licking my juices from his fingers. When finished, I pushed his fingers into my mouth and began sucking gently.
"Mmmmm..." I purred, "I hope you like the way my honey tastes as much as I do."
He just stood there, dumbfounded. But the movements of his arm quickened even more. I needed to something now, before it was too late...again...
I reached my arm down into the water and grasped his wrist. "Easy," I cooed, "You're supposed to be saving that for me, remember?"
He grinned sheepishly, but his arm movements slowed, and I decided it was time to move this further along. I slid off the edge and into the water, replacing his hand with my own. I led him, holding his penis, to the steps in the shallow end. Although I still couldn't really see it, I could tell from the feel that it was again big and hard.
I led him up the steps and out of the water, starting over toward one of the patio tables under the overhang. He kept glancing around nervously.
"Don't worry," I whispered, "there's no one around to see us."
I led him to the table, and turned him to face me. I let go of his penis, and grasped both of his hands, placing them on the table behind him. I brought my hands to his chest and began lightly caressing his nipples. (My brother Ricky just loves it when I do that to him, so I figured, why not?
His nipples, although remaining small, immediately hardened. I moved one hand back below his waist and gripped his penis in a loose fist. I began a slow, deliberate stroking motion. Standing up on my toes, I whispered in his ear, "Do you like that? Does it feel good?"
His only response was a low groan.
I continued stroking him, breathing heavily in his ear. On sudden impulse, I stuck out my tongue and began lightly running it around the inside of his ear. I kept the rythm of stroking his rock hard penis, while panting in his ear, my tongue dancing lightly. "Tell me what you want me to do," I whispered huskily. His only response was the quick twitch of his penis.
I removed my hand from his nipple, and reaching over, grabbed one of the patio chairs, pulling it around so it was directly in front of him. Without missing a stroke, I sat down and settled myself.
This was perfect!
Sitting directly in front of him, his hard penis was right in front of my face. Inches away from my eyes...I could see everything. Inches away from my nose...I thought I could detect his manly scent. Inches away from my mouth..........
Half of me really wanted to just part my lips and take him inside my mouth. I debated and debated while I continued stroking him. I could see a small drop of fluid at the end of his tiny pee hole. I wondered what it tasted like. I thought back to the movie I had watched, with the guy's penises in the girl's mouths. I thought of the scene where you could actually see a guy's penis squirting into a girl's waiting, open mouth, and her swallowing greedily, or the scene where the guy had squirted all over the girl's face, her then wiping it up with her fingertips and then sticking them in her mouth, sucking them clean.
I was tempted...so tempted. I continued stroking him while this debate raged inside my head. I finally decided not this time. I wasn't quite ready for that yet. I wanted to experience each one of these new erotic experiences one at a time.
I stared directly at his throbbing penis as his hips began gently rocking. I reached my other hand down and gently cupped his balls. I extended my middle finger and started teasing around his little back hole, finally making direct contact.
He gasped.
I looked up at his face as I continued my stroking rythm. His head was tilted back. His mouth was open...his eyes closed. I returned my gaze to his throbbing penis.
I pressed my fingertip against his anus more firmly, then tried pushing a bit. It didn't budge. I pushed a little harder. Nothing.
I remembered my own private pleasure party with the movie, and the candle in my own little back hole, and had a sudden flash.
I removed my fingertip from his anus and my palm from his balls and dropped my hand between my legs. I pushed my middle finger all the way up inside of me and wiggled it around, thoroughly wetting it with my juices.
I removed my finger from my dripping pussy, and returning my hand to cup his balls, pressed the tip of of my wet middle finger against his tight opening. When I pushed this time, my finger, wet from my own juices, actually parted his tiny hole and went in a little bit.
He gasped again.
I left my finger with just the tip a little bit inside of him, and began wiggling it, then twisting it back and forth. His breathing became raspy, his chest heaving. His penis was throbbing, demanding, as his hips began rocking steadily.
I squeezed a bit harder on his penis, and increased the tempo of my stroking. He was hard as a rock. My stare returned to his penis, and the head looked like it was ready to explode. Big and bright red, it looked...it looked...it looked...well...delicious.
I told myself no again, and increased the rythm of my strokes, continuing to wiggle just the tip of my finger in his tight hole.
He was openly panting now, chest heaving, hips rocking.
His balls, so soft and fragile cupped loosely in the palm of my hand, were in stark contrast to the rigid throbbing penis inches in front of my eyes.
I increased both the pressure of my fist and the tempo of my stroking. Looking directly at his penis, it almost seemed to be talking to me...asking me...pleading with me...begging me. There was now a thin string of fluid dangling out of his tiny pee hole. One more time, I sped up the pace of my stroking.
My left hand, cupping his balls, actually knew when he was coming first. His balls tightened and contracted. His body started to jerk, his penis twitching and throbbing.
I knew it was time.
I stroked faster, and shoved my finger all the way up inside his tiny back hole, wiggling it furiously.
He grunted, mouth wide open.
His body jerked, then went rigidly still. I stared intently at his tiny pee hole as he squirted once...twice...a third time.
My chest was covered with his juices.
I continued stroking gently, slowly, as his penis rapidly softened. His breathing returned to normal, he lifted his head, and opened his eyes. I released his penis and brought both my hands to my chest, running my fingertips through the thick cream collecting between my breasts.
I was really, really turned on now, and hadn't come yet, and was thinking about what to do next.
I thought about raising my fingertips to my mouth, and again had to tell myself no.
I massaged his cream into the sides of my breasts, still gazing into his eyes. His eyes were alternating between my fingers and my eyes. Neither of us spoke a word. I'm not sure either of us had any idea what to say.
I returned my fingertips to the middle of my chest, gathering more of his liquid. This time I started to massage it directly onto my nipples, which immediately became hard.
His eyes were glued to my fingertips.
We sat like this for a good minute or two, neither moving, neither speaking.
Our revelry was broken (again) by the sound of his parent's car pulling into their driveway. He quickly straightened, retrieving and putting on his "pouch" and his shorts. He scrambled into his socks, and his sneakers, and then stood facing me.
This was really wierd.
Neither of us spoke...just looking at each other...not knowing what to say.
He finally stammered..."I think I gotta go..."
"Yeah you do," I mumbled back...frustrated...again...
As he turned to leave, I grabbed his arm, spinning him back to face me.
"So tell me," I purred, "Maybe another encore...?"

Jennifer and I had been friends forever. She lived just a few doors down the street, and we had pretty much grown up together. Although she is only one year ahead of me in school, (she's getting ready to start her sophomore year, me my freshman year), she was about a year and a half older than me. (She already had her driver's license...how cool!)
It was pretty common for one of us to sleep over at the other's, and this time it was my turn to spend the night at Jennifer's.

**Chapter Nine**
I was so excited. I was going to spend the night at Jennifer's. Although we have sleepovers fairly regularly, this would be the first one since my sexual "awakening" had started. I had so much to tell her about!
I threw a few things into my bag and was on the way out the door when I remembered about Ricky's movie. I decided to take it along with me and grabbed it out of my drawer, adding it to my bag as I headed out.
Jennifer greeted me at her front door, and I said my polite "hi's" to her parents as we headed toward her room. Her brother was in the kitchen as we pased through, and although in the past I had never thought of him as anything other than Jen's brother, I found myself looking at him in a whole new light. "I wonder what his penis looks like?" I mused. "I wonder if he strokes it? I wonder how big it gets?"
It seemed like ever since my experiences had started a week ago, I couldn't look at any male without automatically thinking about their penis...wondering.
Her stereo was playing as we entered her room, and I tossed my bag in the corner as she shut the door. We plopped down on the bed and started our usual "girl talk". School was starting next week, and for the first time, I wasn't even thinking about classes, or teachers. I was thinking only about guys...and penises!
In the middle of our gossip, Jen got up off the bed and pulled her top off up over her head. Her bra followed, and seconds later, her jeans and panties. My God! She was shaved too, all except for a little bit at the top. I felt a kind of a strange tingle as I thought back to the movie and the scenes with just girls. Naked, she turned and went to her dresser. She pulled open a drawer and pulled out a pair of pink panties. She was climbing into them casually as she was telling me how excited she was that her parents were going to let her drive to school occasionally. When she turned to face me, I caught my breath. Not only were her panties the skimpiest things I had ever seen, but the material was so sheer that I could see her pussy right through them!
I felt another strange tingle as she turned and walked to her closet. She pulled out a pink thing, kind of resembling a half slip, and pulled in on over her head.
It barely came down below her butt, and when she turned back towards the bed, I could see her breasts, her nipples, through the thin material.
"Jen," I kind of stamered, "where did you get that...thing...?"
"What, this?" she asked, holding out the bottom hem of her top. "I got a few of them. It's what I usually sleep in. Can't exactly wear it out in public, but it makes me feel sexy at night." She winked as she added, "If you catch my drift..."
"I've never seen anything like that," I gushed. "Where did you get it?"
"It's called a baby doll," she replied. "You can get them just about anywhere...why...you telling me you don't have anything like this? What do you sleep in?"
"No," I replied, "nothing like that." I added quickly, "Usually just a tee shirt and panties. That's about the sexiest thing I've ever seen!"
"Like I said," she responded, it makes me feel real sexy when I wear one. Hey," she added, "you wanna wear one?"
"Love to," I gushed. She turned and returned to her closet. Rummaging through, she called back over her shoulder, "Would you prefer red, white, or black?"
"Ummm...white, I guess," I replied, even as I was staring at her butt, in clear view despite her almost invisible panties. I felt another strange tingle. She pulled out the half slip piece and tossed it to me. I jumped up off the bed and quickly peeled off my tee shirt and bra, sliding the silky material on over my head. When I glanced in the mirror, I could clearly see my own breasts, my own nipples, through the filmy material. Jen was back at her dresser, poking through the drawer as I pulled off my shorts and panties. Naked from the waist down, I waited until she stood back up, holding the pair of white panties that would complete my outfit.
She walked toward me as she announced, "Here they are." She paused right of me and then suddenly put her hand down between my legs! She gripped a bit of the sparse hair down their and gave a playful tug. "You really should shave this," she murmured in a taunting voice, "guys think that's really sexy."
I just stood there...frozen in shock! My best friend had just put her hand between my legs. It wasn't anything sexual, but still...! I thought back to the movie and the scenes of the girls...with each other...touching...licking... I felt another strange tingle as I pulled the wispy panties up over my hips. Turning again to look in the mirror, I realized that although I could see through the top, and see through the panties, when both were on, the two layers of the filmy material was just enough so that although I could see the panties clearly underneath the top, I couldn't actually see my pussy through both layers of slinky silk.
We hopped back on the bed and sat facing other, cross legged, "Indian style". I saw Jen's eyes moving up and down from my breasts to between my legs. I was wondering what was going through her mind as I tried not to stare at her body. The movie...the girls...
In the position we were sitting, I could see her breasts and nipples through the filmy top, and casting a quick glance down, could clearly see her pussy through the skimpy panties. I was pretty sure she could see everything, every part of me, in return, as her eyes continued wandering over my body, and again I felt a strange tingle...a strange warmth.
We continued our aimless chatter for a few more minutes, and out talk soon turned to guys. We were soon comparing notes about which cute guys we hoped would be in our classes. Somewhere in that converation Jen brought up my brother Ricky, telling me how cute she thought he was, and bemoaning that he was going to be a senior, and probably wouldn't even be interested in talking to a sophomore, much less taking one out.
I couldn't resist and started telling her about the incident of watching him lying naked on his bed, stroking his penis...watching his sexy movie.
"Oh my God!" she gasped. "You actually saw his cock? You saw him jerking off? What did it look like? How big is it? Tell me more!" she demanded breathlessly.
I started relaying the story and felt a really strange rush as Jen casually dropped one of her hands between her legs and began stroking herself through the thin material of her panties. I couldn't believe it! Right in front of me as if nothing was happening! I felt my own pussy start to moisten as I started telling her about me watching Ricky. I was trying not to stare at her hand between her legs, but was finding it impossible. God I wanted to touch myself!
"Well," she demanded, "did you get to actually see him come? Watch him shoot?"
As I told her about watching his body jerk, and him squirting into the air, she moved her hand inside her panties, and I couldn't help but stare as her finger movements became more pronounced...right in front of me!
My own hand drifted down between my legs, and I began to tentatively caress my slit. I couldn't believe I was doing this! My juices started flowing as I told her about watching his cream shoot up in the air and land all over his chest. My finger movements got more insistent as I told her how hot it had gotten me, and what I was doing back in my room moments later.
She pulled her hand out of her panties and brought it up to her mouth. My own finger movements increased as I watched her lick and then suck on her own juices. I remembered how much I loved to do that, how much I loved the way I smelled and tasted when I was turned on, and wondered if she felt the same, if she tasted and smelled the same.
As Jen pulled her fingers out of her mouth, I was just getting ready to slide my own hand inside my panties when she reached forward and beat me to it. Without saying a word, she shipped her hand inside my panties and began stroking up and down my now soaking wet slit.
I gasped! My best friend! Touching my pussy! Stroking my pussy! I sat frozen for a moment, not sure how to react. But her fingers felt so wonderful caressing me! I felt my breathing quicken as she quickened the pace of her caresses. She looked me in the eye as she slid her other hand back down inside her own panties, and within seconds was stroking both of us.
I remained frozen, still somewhat in shock, unsure what, if anything, I should do. It felt so good! I didn't want to do anything to caue her to stop!
I felt her push one, then two, of her fingers up inside of me, and thought I could see through her panties that she was doing the same thing to herself. She began a slow in and out movement. It felt so good! But I was so confused...this was a girl with her fingers in my pussy...not a guy. I was getting really turned on...but it was a girl! What's wrong with me?
She just kept looking in my eyes, not saying a word. Every few seconds, she would stop her in and out movement, leaving her fingers all the way up inside of me, just wiggling the tips around inside my channel.
I was still frozen. Confused, my mind racing. This was a girl! She had her fingers up inside my pussy! She was getting me really turned on! A girl?
She pulled her hand out of her panties and held it up to my face, extending her fingers under my nose.
"Think I semell sexy?" she purred.
I sniffed, then inhaled deeply...several times...She smelled like...like...like...me!
I opened my lips and very tentatively ectended my tongue. She immediately brought her fingers to my mouth, and hesitating for a moment, I slowly extended my tongue furthur, barely touching her fingertips. I moved my togue just a little bit, waiting to see what she tasted like.
My mind was still in a whirl...I couldn't believe I was doing this...with a girl!
Jen just sat there, looking in my eyes...not saying a word.
I opened my mouth slightly and took her fingers inside. I licked and sucked gently and soon discovered that she tasted just like me!
This was so sexy...but my mind was still in a whirl. I was so confused. I was incredibly turned on, yet still wondering...a girl?
Jen pulled her fingers out of my pussy and brought her hand to her own face. She sniffed for a moment and just murmured, "ummmmm".
She opened her mouth and took her fingers inside. I felt a momentary panic. What if she didn't like the taste of my pussy juices? What if she thought I was gross?
She sucked on her fingers for a moment or two. Still looking right in my eyes, she finally said in a sexy voice, " God you taste wonderful! I bet the guys just love it!"
I felt an instant flood of relief. But I was still in a turmoil. "The guys...um...the guys?"
"When they eat you," she responded immediately.
"Eat me?" I was now really confused.
"Yeah silly. Eat you...go down on you...lick your pussy?"
"I don't know," I replied rather lamely. "It's...um...well...um...I don't..."
"Wait a minut!" she giggled, "Are you telling me that you've never had a guy go down on you?"
"Well...um...no...not really" I kind of stammered.
"Oh girl!", she chuckled again. "You've got a lot to learn."
"Lay back," she commanded, pushing on my shoulders. My mind was till whirling, I was still confused...a girl?
I relented and aid back against the pillows, still unsure what I was doing. She hooked her fingers in the waistband of my (her) panties and tugged them down off my hips...off my legs...off my feet. She moved her hands to my knees and pried them apart, spreading my legs wide open.
She just sat there for a moment, looking at my gaping pussy. She moveed between my open legs and paused again, just staring at my wanton display. She moved her hands to my knees and pushed them even furthur apart. She continued to just sit there, staring between my open legs...looking directly at my pussy.
She lowered her head and I felt her tongue gliding up the inside of my thigh...then back down the other. It felt so good! She continued this for a moment, then lifted her head. The next thing I felt was her tongue tickling my navel, then moving slowly lower and lower. My hips began swaying, bucking...as she continued teasing me. Her tongue grazed across the skin just above my slit, then went back to tantalizing my thighs.
Oh God I wanted her tongue...right...there!
All thoughts about the wierdness of this encounter vanished. My pussy...my clit...seemed to have minds of their own.
She kept moving her tongue closer and closer...I could feel her hot breath on my lips. Her tongue lightly touched my slit, moving slowly up and down it's length. I gasped! Such a feeling! My juices were flowing freely as she continued her play. She reached with her hands and I felt her fingertips spreading my lips...opening me up. She pulled her head back for a moment and just stared at me. I felt so...lewd.
My best friend was holding my pussy wide open...staring at me...up inside of me! Jen lowered her head and I could again feel her hot breath washing over my most private parts.
I saw her tongue peek out of her mouth and closed my eyes in eager anticipation.
The seconds seemed like hours. God I wanted to feel her tongue!
"Jen..." I whimpered, "please..."
It was like an electric shock. I felt her tongue make contact ever so lightly. My clit felt like it was going to explode! She moved her tongue ever so slowly around and around my magic button and my hips sharted bucking.
I wanted more!
My pussy sought her mouth, trying desperately to increase the pressure. My breathing became harsh as she finally began licking...up and down...back and forth...around and around.
God it was incredible! The sensations she was sending through me were like nothing I had ever felt. My pussy was humping wildly against her mouth. I could feel an orgasm already starting to build.
She stopped suddenly and lifted her head.
"Jen," I begged, "why...?"
She hooked her fingers in the waistband of her panties and tugged them down off her hips. Moving slightly, she wiggled them down past her knees, and then off her feet. She scrambled aroung, reversing her position, and the next thing I knew her knees were straddling my shoulders.
I felt her hands slide under my butt as I looked up and saw...HER!
Her pussy, just inches away from my face...her lips...her little button peeking out from its hood...even her tiny back hole. It was the first time I had ever seen another girl's pussy close up, and it looked so...inviting! Her lips were already a little open...I could see her juices glistening on her smooth shaven skin.
I felt her tongue return to my clit as she lowered herself closer...and closer...and closer. I could smell her scent...it was intoxicating.
Her tongue continued working its magic on my clit as she brought her pussy closer and closer to my mouth...until suddenly her lips were touching mine. Instinct maybe, but I parted my lips and slowly, tentatively, stuck out my tongue.
I had barely touched its tip to her lips when she mashed her pussy down tight against my mouth. Her tongue was racing around on my clit as she ground her slit against my lips. My tongue searched her opening, drinking in her juices. Her taste was wonderful...sexy. Her honey tasted just like mine, I realized, ad I began eagerly lapping up and down her wet hole.
Her tongue was sending electric jolts through me as I reached a bit higher and began exploring her magic button with my tongue. Her pussy released a flood of her cream, covering my tongue, my lips, dripping onto my chin.
I felt my own orgasm rapidly growing as her hips began bucking wildly, her pussy mashing against my mouth, trying to devour my tongue.
I lapped feverishly at her clit even a s I felt the first waves of my own orgasm overtake me. I could feel my own hips humping against her mouth as she seemed to try to push her clit inside...between my lips. I licked and licked as wave after wave of ectasy washed over me. Within moments, I heard her gasp and felt her jerk, and her pussy spewed honey all over my face as she quivered and shook.
The spasms subsided, and we both just stayed where we were, panting, trying to get our breathing back.
I could feel her hot breath still washing over my pussy as her panting started to subside. Neither of us had moved, and I was still looking right up at...into...her pussy. I could see her juices glistening on her skin, and could see the thick cream collected between her lips. I pushed out my tongue and slowly and gently licked up the length of her slit, reveling in the sweet taste of her honey.
As my tongue savored the taste of her juices, my eyes became focused on her little back hole, just inches away. On impulse, I ran my tongue up a little furthur and probed at her little brown opening.
"Oh, you are a naughty, naughty girl!" I heard her gasp, even as her hips began rocking back against my mouth, urging me deeper. I pushed at her back hole with my tongue, and felt it open slightly. I curled my tongue into a point and tried to probe deeper.
It didn't really taste like anything, and I decided my little wicked play was really kind of fun.
Her butt began pushing harder against my mouth, even as I felt the tip of one of her fingers probing at my own tight little back channel.
I felt her finger push up inside of me, and my own hips began rocking, pushing against her finger. I felt it go deeper...and deeper. I pushed my tongue against her backside harder and harder until all of a sudden she pulled her finger out of me and scrambled off my face.
She turned around and leaned into me. Her lips brushed my own, followed by her tongue invading my mouth. Our tongues danced, our lips tight against each other, and I felt her breasts mash against my own. I could taste my pussy juice on her mouth, and wondered if she could taste her own on mine.
Jen broke our kiss and straightened. "Wait just a second," she whispered. She scrambled off the bed and rummaged underneath it. She stood seconds later holding a showbox.
"If we're REALLY going to play...then let's play."
I sat up as she climbed back on the bed, putting the shoebox down between us.
"This is just for us girls" she giggled, removing the cover.

(To be continued)

10

Oh my God! Penises! The box contained several different pretend penises...different colors...different sizes...but no mistaking what they were!
"Jen," I squealed, "Where did you...how did you...what...?"
"These are some of my very best friends," she whispered in a conspiring voice. "Sometimes when there's no guys around and my fingers just aren't enough..."
"Oh my God!" I gasped again, even as my hand reached into the box and began fondling and sifting through the different pieces.
Plastic...metal...rubber...beads on a string...beads on a plastic wand...some really wierd shaped...things...not penises...narrow at one end...very fat at the other...pink...smooth...with a flat base.
"Jen," I gasped again, " where...how...what...?"
"This is my pussy's favorite," she confided. She was holding a pink penis. It looked so real. I reached out and touched it...gripped it. It even felt real...just like my brother's...just like Jeff's. But it was a lot bigger than either of theirs. Not really any longer, but a lot fatter.
She continued showing me the contents. "This is my clit's favorite," she breathed, holding up a shiny metal penis.
"You clit's favorite?" I asked, somewhat confused.
"Yeah," she murmured. She twisted the base of the piece and held it out to me. "Feel."
I reached out and clasped the shiny penis. Oh my God! It was buzzing and vibrating. I felt an instant flood of juices, just imagining what that ...that...that...thing would feel like buzzing against my clit!
She twisted the base back and laid it down, picking up the beads. "These are my butt's favorites," she confided.
"Your butt's?" I asked, somewhat increduously. My mind was in a whir. I couldn't believe what I was seeing...or hearing. This is the girl that had just licked my pussy! I had just licked hers! I licked her butt! She had her fingers in mine! And now this?
"Yeah," she replied, holding up the string with the six beads on it. "You slide these up inside your butt one at a time, and then when you're ready to come...when you start to come...you pull them out. It's fantastic! I come so hard!" she added quickly.
I examined the string in her hand, and the beads on it, and tried to imagine what it would feel like to have them pushed inside my back hole...and then pulled out...while I was coming!
"Then what about these?" I asked, grasping the firm plastic wand with the beads on it.
"Same thing," she replied. "The beads feel just the same, except with this one you can push it in and pull it out...pump it. With the string, it takes forever to push them back inside once you've pulled them out.
My imagination was going crazy, my pussy was pulsing as I reached back into the box and pulled out one of the wierd shaped pink rubber things. "And this?" I asked.
"That's a butt plug," she replied nonchalantly. "See how skinny it is at the tip and how fat it is at the base?" she asked.
I just nodded dumbly...still somewhat stunned.
"When you first put the tip in your ass it will open you up...but as you push it in further and deeper and get to the bigger parts...it stretches you way open. It's great," she continued, "Even better than a guy's cock because this will open you up slowly. It doesn't hurt as much at first like a guy's cock does."
I sat frozen, dumbfounded. Still, the tingles rushing through my pussy were getting stronger, more and more fierce...demanding...
"This," she said with a wicked grin, holding up another penis, "is my very special favorite friend."
I looked at the penis in her hand, and noticed the way the top of it was curved to one side. My mind instantly flashed back to my private pleasure party, and the banana...with the curved end...how I had twisted it inside of me...how it touched my channel in places I had never felt before.
Jen's grin grew even more wicked as she held it up in front of my face. "Check this out," she said and reached for the base. She started twirling the small lever in the bottom. Oh my God! The curved head was rotating around and around!
My pussy spasmed and I felt a flood of juices as I imagined what that thing would feel like up inside of me...the head twirling around and around...
My eyes must have been wide as saucers...my mouth agape...because Jen just sat there for a few seconds.
"Well," she whispered finally, "you ready?"
"Ready?" I replied weakly.
"Yeah," she replied firmly. "We gotta educate you girl!"
I just sort of nodded...not sure what to say.
"Get up on your hands and knees," she instructed, taking charge.
I did as she asked and for a moment felt nothing...except silly. There I was, naked on my best friend's bed, on my hands and knees, her right behind me...I'm sure staring at both of my holes.
A moment later I felt her tongue probing my little back hole, followed in seconds by feeling her pushing something up into my pussy.
"What are you doing?" I asked, confused and turned on at the same time.
Her tongue left my butt as she replied, "These are the beads on the wand. We gotta get them good and wet first or else they won't go in...or else they'll hurt."
Her tongue returned to teasing my butt opening, and I felt the "thing" sliding in and out of my pussy. She kept this up for a few moments, then I felt her pull it all the way out. Within seconds, I felt something much larger trying to push up into my pussy.
"Now what?" I asked rather meekly.
"This is the first one I showed you," she replied. "Trust me...it's gonna fill you up just great...enjoy."
She pushed and I felt if enter me. She was right! It was fat enough that it stretched me a little bit, but didn't hurt at all. It was wonderful! She pushed it in furthur and I moaned. I had never felt so completely full! (Well...maybe with the cucumber) But this was different...it wasn't me doing this...it was my best friend...and a girl at that!
She started a slow in and out movement with the fake penis and within moments I was breathing heavy...almost panting.
"Hang on," she breathed. Seconds later I felt a pressure against my tiny back hole...and then she pushed. The first bead on the wand popped up inside of me! It wasn't really pain...just a slight discomfort as my little opening accepted the bead, and then closed right back up after it was inside.
She pushed again...and I felt the second one slide inside me. The penis in my pussy was moving faster now, and my breathing was getting ragged.
I felt the third...then the fourth...fifth...sixth...bead enter my butt, and then the movement in my backside stopped. The penis in my pussy was now moving faster, and I thought I could maybe feel the beginnings of another orgasm approaching.
The movement in my pussy stopped just as I was starting to feel the first waves. "What now?" I whimpered.
"Trust me," was all she replied.
Moments later, I felt the fake penis pulled from my channel, and within seconds felt something else being pushed up inside of me.
This one was a little longer, but not as thick. All of a sudden, I felt the tip rubbing against my inner wall. Oh God! I thought...the one with the curved head!
She started twisting the lever, and I could feel the curved end rubbing all around my insides. This was incredible! My very depths being touched...caressed...not even the banana had felt like this. She increased the speed, and the rotating penis head was now driving me crazy! Again...I felt my orgasm approaching.
Again...she stopped.
"Now what!" I cried out, the frustration...the...desperation... apparent in my voice.
She crawled up next to me and looked me in the eye as she held up the shiny metal penis. She twisted the base and held it lightly against my cheek.
"Take this," she murmured, "and hold it against your clit."
She pressed the buzzing toy into my hand and moved back down the bed. Moments later, I felt the head of the penis in my pussy start to rotate again. This was heaven! I reached down between my legs with the buzzing toy in my hand and brought it to rest against my clit.
OH MY GOD!
Electricity shot through me! This was incredible! I had never felt...never imagined...anything like this! The buzzing...the vibrating...against my clit...the head of the curved penis twirling around in the depths of my pussy!
My orgasm was quickly approaching, and I knew this time there would be no stopping it. She twirled the toy inside of me faster, and I pressed the vibrating penis harder against my clit. My hips were bucking...my chest heaving...breathing ragged...and it started...
Wave after wave after wave of the most unbelievable ecstasy crashed through me. I couldn't breath...couldn't move...couldn't...anything!
I was panting as my orgasm built...and built...and built.
I was moaning and whimpering as it peaked...but then it didn't stop...the waves just kept coming and coming and coming...stronger and stronger and stronger.
I think I was sobbing...maybe even screaming...I don't know...
Just when I was sure I had reached the very absolute peak of pleasure...I felt the first bead being pulled out of my butt.
It started growing all over again...wave after wave...
The second bead...
Gasping...can't breath...
The third bead...
Dizzy...light headed...delerious with pleasure...
Fourth...
Whimpering...babbling...
Fifth...
Sobbing openly...crying...
Sixth...

I came to kind of slowly...not too sure at first where I even was.
I opened my eyes and saw Jen looking down into my face...a kind of a wry smile on her face.
She reached out a hand and gently brushed the hair from my sweating forehead.
Still disoriented, I mumbled, "What happened?"
"You came girl...I mean you really came..." she whispered in a husky voice.
"But Jen..." I protested weakly, "I've come before...but...but..."
"Well you did it right this time," she chuckled. "I think you actually passed out for a couple of minutes."
"Oh God," I mumbled. What was happening to me? This...coming like that...with a girl...not even a guy...with toys?"
"It was a good one girl," she chuckled again. "The comforter underneath you is soaking wet."
I was suddenly embarassed...humiliated. The most unbelieable powerful orgasm I had ever had...with a girl...not even with a girl...with her toys!
I didn't know what to say...my face bright red with an embarassed blush.
"Relax," Jen cooed, "That's the way a good come is supposed to be."
Trying desparately to regroup and regain my senses, I managed to mumble, "But what about you?"
"Don't worry," she chuckled again. "I can play with these anytime...this one was for you..."
The warm afterglow of my incrediable orgasm was still filling me as we looked into each other's eyes. Somehow, I knew our relationship had just changed...forever.

11

Hi, Michelle again. I just celebrated my thirty third birthday, but the stories I'm telling are from when I was just approaching fifteen, geeting ready to start my freshman year in high school.. The stories are all true, and I'm doing my best to tell them in the order in which they actually happened. (To the best of my memory.)
At the time, I was 5' 5" tall, and weighed 105 lbs. Medium length reddish blonde hair and blue-green eyes. My breasts had filled out to a nice, (although average), 36C. I had almost no waist, and a little tiny butt that my brother Ricky used to joke, "Looks like the ass of a ten year old."
I had been touching myself for about a year, but just within the past week or two had become really aware of guys, (and now girls too), of sex, of penises. I was absolutely infatuated with penises, particularly when they grew big and hard. To watch one actually jerk and squirt was the ultimate turn on.
By the time this story unfolds, I had become a hopeless exhibitionist, marveling at how just the sight of me, (my body) could cause a guy to get big at hard. (At that time I still thought it was something special about me, not yet knowing that that's just the way guys my age were.) Still, my ego, my self esteem, were soaring....thrilled that I had some sort of strange magical, mystical power over guys.
The following story takes place the Saturday before school was to start. My mom and dad were off to some kind of an all day company outing. (Picnic and golf I think.) My older brother Ricky (17 yrs old) had invited some of his friends over for a pool party and cook out, and this is how the story of the day unfolds.
This is a long, long story...about a long...long day...will have to be told in several parts...but...

If there is one single day in my entire history that will stay with me all of my life...this is the day!

So here we go...

**The Pool Party - Part One**
I awoke slowly, realizing that one of my hands was down inside my panties. It seemed like this was becoming a daily thing. My finger began idly teasing up and down my lips as my mind wandered back over the incredible series of events of the past few days...seeing my brother stroking himself...jerking...squirting. Spreading myself and touching myself in front of him...the time with our neighbor Jeff...the movie...I slid a finger up inside of me as I remembered all the things I had seen people doing on the video...the sleepover at Jennifer's...us exploring each...her toys...us licking each other...tasting each other.
Without even thinking about it, I pulled my finger out of me and brought it up to my nose, inhaling deeply. I pushed it into my mouth, licking and sucking, savoring the taste...remembering the taste of Jennifer's pussy. I pushed it back inside my panties and began teasing my clit. My finger started moving faster and faster as all of these sexy images kept flashing through my mind, and in a matter of minutes, I had treated myself to a warm, delicious morning come.
I stretched and yawned as my breathing returned to normal, and, rolling out of bed, started down the hall toward the bathroom. As I passed Ricky's room, I idly noticed that he wasn't in bed, but his bed wasn't made yet either, meaning he was still in the house somewhere.
I reached the bathroom and went in, lifting the toilet seat. I lowered my panties and sat down. As I released my stream, I looked down...and gasped!
The wet spot in my panties was huge! I mean, very big, very dark, and very wet looking! My God it looked like I had peed my panties. I wondered just how many times I had made myself come during the night!
As my stream slowed to a stop, I leaned forward and tugged them off my feet. I reached for the tissue and wiped, then flushed, standing and lowering the toilet lid.
I retriebed my panties from the floor and started back toward my room. On the way, I brought my panties up to my face, and, pressing the big wet spot against my nose, inhaled deeply. It smelled like...it smelled like...it smelled like...well...me!
I tossed them on the bed, and started for the kitchen, now wearing only my nightshirt. My brother Ricky was in his usual place, sitting at the table, drinking his coffee and looking at the newspaper. Just as usual, he was both bare-chested and barefooted, wearing only a pair of boxers.
I did my usual, walking up behing him and putting my hands across his shoulders and down onto his chest. I started lightly teasing his nipples. (He absolutely loves that!)
They became hard as rocks as I leaned and whispered in his ear, "So how's big brother this morning?"
He mumbled something or other in reply, but didn't move. I continued caressing his nipples as I looked down at his boxers, expecting to see the usual twitch or two of his penis.
Not this time...nothing.
"What's the matter?" I whispered coyly. "Is our little friend still sleeping?"
Still no reply, so I grew bolder. I ran one hand down his front and gave him a gentle squeeze through his shorts. This time I got a twitch...or two.
I started squeezing him in a slow gentle rythm.
"But bro," I pouted, "aren't you happy to see me?"
I gave his penis a firmer squeeze and was rewarded when I could feel it start to swell and grow in my grip.
I hissed in his ear, "Well maybe you're not happy to see me, but a certain part of you seems to be quite pleased."
I squeezed a bit harder and was thrilled to feel it grow bigger and start to harden.
I continued my rythm, feeling him growing. He still had said absolutely nothing, so I whispered in his ear, "Don't you like this? What's the matter?"
Although his penis was now rock hard and throbbing, he just sighed and let out a long breath.
"Sis...it feels great. I'm just not sure I want to do this again."
"Do what?" I asked him, somewhat confused.
"well...um...," he stammered. "You know...have you...watch me...while I..."
Everything was all of a sudden crystal clear. He thought this was going to be another tease session, another mutual masturbation show. Time to let him know what I really had in mind.
I pushed my other hand down into his lap, and peeled back the flaps covering the opening in his boxers. I reached in and pulled his penis clear. "God," I though to myself, staring at it, big, hard, proud, "It really is beautiful."
I started a slow, gentle, up and down motion as I whispered in his ear, "Relax bro...it's my turn."
I continued my stroking, speeding up my rythm as I heard his breathing become heavy.
"You got something in here for me?" I hissed seductively, giving his penis a firm squeeze for added emphasis.
I returned to my stroking motion, speeding up slightly, and I thought I could feel him start to buck his hips against my hand. I tightened my grip and started moving my hand faster.
He was panting now, and the bucking motion of his hips was unmistakable.
With a loud groan he froze, jerked, and squirted.
"Oh my God!" I thought to muself, "I actually did it!" I watched as he squirted a second and then a third time, then collapsed back in the chair.
I continued slowly stroking and gently squeezing his penis as I felt it start to soften. As his breathing returned to normal, my gaze remained on his penis. As I squeezed again, I could see one last drop of cream right at the tip of his ltitle pee hole.
I reached up on the table and grabbed a napkin. Wiping the drop from his hole, I looked at him and mimicked the voice he had used with me the very first time. "Gotta make sure I got it all so you don't drip..."
He just stared at me, stunned for a moment, saying nothing. The his face broke into an impossibly wide grin as he chuckled, "Gotta hand it to you sis, you're a real quick learner."
I smiled at him impishly, "Or maybe I just had a real good teacher...?"
He grinned again as I released his penis. I turned and walked to the fridge, getting a glass of milk and a muffin. Returning to the table, I sat opposite him.
"Today's your pool party cook out thing isn't it?" I asked conversationally, knowing damn well that it was. I'd been plotting this day for a week!
"Yeah," he replied. "No big deal. Just some of the guys coming over and we're gonna hang at the pool, throw some burgers on the grill, and kind of party. It's the last weekend before school starts."
"Just guys?" I asked coyly. "No girls?"
"Nah, not this time," he replied.
"Not going to be problem if Jennifer stops over later?" I inquired.
He gave me a kind of a wierd look as he replied, "Shouldn't be..."
"So how many pen...er...guys...did you invite?" Inwardly, I was laughing hysterically. I'd almost asked him, "How many penises did you invite?"
"I think maybe eight or ten," he replied, then added, "But I'm not sure everybody will show."
"So what time does the big party start?" I asked.
"Not sure about that either, he replied. "I told the guys it was kind of an all day thing, to come on over any time, buit I know some of them got stuff they gotta do today...so I'm really not sure when anybody's gonna show up."
I finished my muffin and stood to leave. As I walked out the kitchen door, I had a sudden thought. Maybe a little naughty...maybe a LOT naughty, but I was already trying to get in the proper mood for the rest of the day.
I stopped and turned around, heading back to the table to stand next to him
"Hey bro," I started. "Could I ask your opinion on something?"
"Sure," he replied, looking up at me. "What's up?"
I lifted my right foot up and placed in on the table right in front of him. I pulled up on my nightshirt as I saw his eyes automatically drop to stare between my legs. I reached down and using just the tips of two fingers, spread my lips open. In this position, I was competely spread, my gaping pussy just inches from his face.
"Do you think it would look sexy if I shaved my pussy?"
He stared directly up into me, saying nothing. I just stood there, lewdly displaying myself as a few seconds ticked by. I could feel the warm rush flowing through me.
"Well?" I prompted a few seconds later. "What do you think?"
I could feel myself starting to grow moist as he continued to stare.
"Well," he finally stammered, "yeah, kinda..."
"What do you mean kinda?" I asked impishly. "You mean kinda sexy, as opposed to really really sexy?"
"No..." he rasped. "I mean you should kinda shave it."
"What do you mean kinda shave it?" I asked with a chuckle. "You either shave or you don't!"
I knew I was really getting wet now, relishing my brother's gaze, riveted to my wantonly displayed pussy. I wondered if he could smell me.
"Well...you know...you got to leave a little bit..."
"Come on bro,,,help me out here. What do you mean?"
"At the top," he stammered.
"Don't tell me," I murmured suggestively. "Show me..."
I grabbed his arm and brought his hand up between my legs. He extended his middle finger and reached for me. He drew a small circle right at the top of my slit.
Even though he had come not more than a few minutes ago, I swear I saw a twitch in his boxers.
"Leave this alone...shave the rest."
"Why not shave it all bare?" I asked curiously.
"Cuz your pussy will look like you're six years old."
BINGO!
That's what was wrong with the movie! All the actresses were shaved to one extent or another, but only a couple of them were completely bare. At the time, I thought completely bare was not very sexy, but didn't really know why. That was it! Shaved completely bare their pussies looked like they might have been the pussies of a small child.
I didn't want to be a small child! I didn't want to be a little girl! I wanted the guys to look at me like a grown woman!
These thoughts flashed through my mind in an instant, while I continued to let Ricky feast his eyes on my open display.
Knowing what I was going to do, I pulled my foot off the table. I stood, blew a quick kiss in his ear, and whispered, "Thanks bro." as I left the room.
I returned to my room, grabbed a pair of scissors out of my drawer, and headed to the bathroom. I didn't think Ricky would be coming up the stairs anytime soon, but I left the door open anyhow, just on the chance he would want to watch me. I was idly wondering if a guy would think it sexy to watch a girl shave herself.
I pulled the wastebasker over in front of the counter and looked down at myself in the mirror. I put one foot on either side of the wastebasket, placing my pussy directly over the top of it, and picked up the scissors.
I never had very much hair down there, and could see my lips peeking through what little bit there was. I started snipping the sparse strands, wanting to cut them as close as possible, but not wanting to take a chance on nicking myself, particularly not today.
I watched as the golden strands drifted down into the wastebasket, and within a few minutes, all that remained, except for the tuft at the top, was stubble.
I turned and started the water for the shower, adjusting the temperature a couple of times, and climbed in. I squirted a few drops of the body wash gel into my stubble, and rubbed it vigorously until a nice lather had formed. I picked up my razor and started the process of turning my stubble into smooth, bare skin. That took only a couple of minutes, and then I quickly did my legs and under my arms.
I lathered and rinsed my hair, and picked up the body wash. I quickly cleaned myself from head to toe, and was about to turn off the water when I had another idea. today was the pool party, and I wanted to be squeaky clean, inside and out.
But I also knew that all the attention I had paid to my pussy, the scissors, my fingertips, the lather, the razor...had me just turned on enough that if I wanted to clean myself inside...and stay clean...I was going to have to come again first.
I reached for the hand held shower head, and removed it from it's wall bracket. I adjusted the head from "spray" to "pulse". I squatted down on my haunches, spreading my knees apart. I reached down with one hand and used two fingers to spread my lips wide apart. I brought the shower head up between my legs and aimed it so the pulsing water was hitting directly on my clit. I rocked back and forth slowly, adjusting the distance from the shower head to my magic button until it felt just perfect. It was only a matter of a few moments until I felt the familiar surge rushing through me, and in a few more seconds had treated myself to another wonderful early morning come. I stood and replaced the shower head in it's bracket.
Although I didn't own a proper douche, I had the manual finger/soap method pretty much down to a science. I inserted the tube of body wash all the way up inside my pussy, then withdrew it slowly, squeezing gently as I did. Replacing the tube with two of my fingers, I began moving them, in and out, around and around, wiggling them, twisting and turning them, until I was sure I had reached every single spot that I possibly could.
I grabbed the shower head again, adjusting the flow from "pule" to "jet". Squatting down, I once more used two fingers on one hand to spread my lips wide. I brought the jet right up close until I could feel the water rushing up inside of me. I gave it a minute or two until the water flowing back out of me was no longer a sudsy froth, but had turned clear.
Returning the head to it's wall bracket, I reached for the tube of body wash, and, turning, inserted the tip inside my little back hole. I squeezed a small amount of the gel up inside me, and then added a dab to the tip of my middle finger. Placing the tube on the soap dish, I reached around behind me and pushed the tip of my finger up against my tiny opening. I pushed a bit harder, and felt myself relax back there and allow my fingertip to enter. I continued pushing until I had my finger all the way up inside me, and then began wiggling, twisting, and rotating it, then finally pumping it in and out. After a minute or two of this, I reached again for the shower head, and, turning around, bent all the way over. I brought the head right up against my back hole, and in a few seconds, felt the water rushing up inside me. Looking back between my legs, I knew now to expect the water flowing back out of me to start as kind of a murky brown, so wasn't surprised or grossed out when that's what I saw. Within a minute or two, the brown color disappeared and the water running out of me was clear.
I straightened, adjusting the head back from "jet" to "spray", and gave myself a final rinse. Stepping from the shower, I towled myself dry quickly. I grabbed the electric toothbrush and did my teeth, then spent a couple of minutes under the blow dryer. All the time I stood in front of the mirror, I was looking at my newly shaved pussy, trying to decide if I thought it looked sexy. I even tried putting one foot up on the counter, spreading my lips with my fingers, but just couldn't get a real good view. All this time my mind was racing...thinking forward to the pool party...all those guys...all those PENISES!
I returned to my room, already feeling extrmemly naughty, just thinking about all the possibilities the rest of the day was going to bring.
I picked up the yellow bikini I had carefully chosen as today's "costume". Two days earlier, I had carefully used a scissors to cut out the interior liner from both the top and the bottom, so I knew the only thing covering me would be the thin nylon.
I put on the top, pulling the string up over my head until I felt the bow at the back of my neck. I adjusted the two tiny triangles of material so they covered my nipples, (but not much else), and reached between my breasts, tying the connecting string in a tiny bow.
I stepped over to full height mirror to check out my "look". I liked it. With the interior liner removed, the thin nylon covering my nipples molded itself against them, making very clear their outline and shape. I tweaked and pinched my nipples for a couple moments, feeling them grow and harden. I thought it looked pretty hot and was pretty sure it would get the guys' attention. I looked down at my newly shaved pussy and had a sudden idea. I pulled the miror over next to my bed and hopped up. I laid back, bringing my knees up and pressing them against my breasts. I spread my knees far apart. Looking down between them, I gazed at the reflection of my near naked pussy staring back at me in the mirror. My little tiny back hole was clearly visible just below it.
I moved my hands down and used my fingertips to spread my lips. "Wow..." I thought as I looked at my inner pink, "that really does look sexy."
All kinds of wicked thoughts were running through my mind as I heard brother Ricky coming up the stairs.
I swiveled slightly so my naked spread pussy was aimed directly at the door to my room, keeping my legs up and my knees tight against my breasts.
"Hey Ricky," I called out as I heard him approach down the hall. "C'mere and tell me what you think."
I maintained my obscene pose as he rounded the corner and came throught the door.
He froze.
I swear his jaw dropped a foot, and he just stood there...looking...staring.
"Well!" I asked.
"Um...well..." he stuttered.
"How can you tell from way over there? Come on over here and take a close look. I really need to know what you think."
He approached my bed like a man in a slow motion movie, his eyes never leaving the sight of my lewdly displayed holes.
He stopped at the foot of my bed and murmured, "It looks OK...it looks good...real good," he finally managed to rasp out.
"I don't want it to look good," I pouted. "I want it to look sexy...does it?" I rocked my hips suggestively.
"Sis," he replied, "It looks VERY sexy...how does it feel?"
"It doesn't feel any different," I admitted. "Although it does sort of sting a bit."
"You need to put some aftershave on it," he replied quickly.
"Aftershave?" I asked.
"Yeah," he answered, "just like I use on my face. It'll kinda sting for a few seconds, but then it'll feel fine. Besides," he added, "in addition to taking the hurt away, it'll prevent you from getting razor rash."
I thought quickly.
"Oh," I said, and then feigning disappointment quickly added, "And here I thought you would just kiss it and make it all better." I rocked my hips again.
I swear his jaw dropped even further as he just stood there, frozen, staring at my lewdly displayed holes.
"Well?" I whispered huskily.
He hesitated a moment longer, then lowered himself to his knees in front of me. His mouth was now just inches away from my spread pussy. His face...his eyes...his nose...his mouth. He just sat there for a moment...looking...staring...The expression on his face was like that of a man dying of thirst...who had just been offered a jug of ice water. I could feel my juices starting to flow...anticipating...
I rocked my hips lewdly one more time. "I'm waiting..." I croaked.
He moved his face even closer to me and I could see his mouth open, then his tongue protrude from between his lips. I could feel his hot breath washing across me. I was really getting wet now, and wondered if he could smell me.
He leaned furthur forward and I felt the first delicious moment as his tongue made contact with my lips. I gasped.
He pushed his tongue up inside of me, and began quickly moving it in and out. I could feel his hot breath wash over me as his tongue continued to probe my now dripping hole. My breathing quickened as I thought to myself, "God, it's like he's trying to screw me with his tongue."
This continued for several moments and I felt the familiar warm glow spreading through me. "My God," I thought, "The very first time a guy has licked me...and it's my own brother!" I thought back to my first experience with Jennifer, and how her tongue had felt.
But I was getting more and more turned on. My hips started rocking back and forth in rythm with his tongue. It was like my pussy was trying to suck more of his tongue up inside of me.
He was almost panting now, trying to drive his tonge deeper and deeper. It felt wonderful, but it wasn't what I wanted. I thought again about how Jennifer had licked me.
"Wait," I whishpered hoarsely.
I reached down and used my fingertips to spread my lips at the very top, exposing the hood covering my clit.
"There," I hissed. "Use your tongue...lick me...right there..."
He leaned forward eagerly and began lashing my clit.
"Stop!" I almost croaked. "Ricky...you have to be gentle...VERY gentle."
He leaned back forward and started a slow, gentle, tantalizing torture of my clit. Up and down...side to side...around in circles...
His tongue was driving me crazy. My hips were now bucking out of control and I found I was actually thrusting myslef against his tongue.
My breathing grew harsh...my chest heaving...my hips thrusting.
The tingles and flashes were rapidly spreading through me and I felt my orgasm approaching.
He stopped and leaned back.
"What?" I cried, almost in a panic...I was so close.
"Nothing sis," he murmured, "You taste great."
"Why are you stopping...?" I asked, almost pleading.
"Well...I thought...I mean...um..." he stammered.
I grabbed a handful of his hair and pulled his face back between my legs. "You can't stop now! You can't leave me like this..." I was desperate.
He started again his delicious torture of my clit, and within moments I was right back on the verge of coming.
I was panting openly now...hips thrusting wildly.
"Faster," I hissed. "Ricky...I'm so close."
His tongue movements immediately increased, and I could feel my juices dripping out of me as he continued pummeling my hardened clit.
"Ricky," I croaked, "put a finger in me."
His tongue never missed a beat as I felt him push a finger deep up inside my channel.
It sent me over the edge.
Chest heaving, I felt like I couldn't breathe. My head tossed wildly side to side as I started shrieking, "Ricky...now...now...Ricky...coming...coming...COMING."
Spasm after spasm after spasm racked my body as this incredible orgasm took complete control of me. I jerked, twitched, arched. Every muscle in my body tensed...let go...tensed again..let go.
When the spasms finally started to subside, I collapsed on the bed...breathless...exhausted. "God what a come!" I thought to myself.
As my breathing began returning to normal, I looked down between my spread legs at my brother's face. His lips, cheeks, and jaw were glistening with my juices, but he seemed oblivious, just sitting there with a very self satisfied grin on his face.
I thought back to our session earlier in the morning and hit him with his own line. "Well bro, I will say...you are a quick learner."
He hit me right back, never missing a beat. Smiling impishly, he replied, "Or maybe I just had good teacher."
We sat there for several moments, not moving...not speaking.
Finally I looked at him and whispered, "It's OK now, bro..."
"What's OK?" he asked, a quizzical look on his face.
"You can take your finger out of me..."

**Chapter 12**

Ricky left my room and I quickly peeled off the top of my bikini. I huried to the bathroom and jumped back in the shower, giving myslef another soap/fingers manual douche.
I dried myself and returned to my room, donning my bikini. (The bikini itself was yellow, really skimpy, but the important part was that a couple of days ago I had taken a pair of scissors and cut out the interior lining, both top and bottom. With just the thin layer of nylon covering me, I knew it clung to me like a second skin, and the shape and outling of my nipples, (even when soft), was distinct. I also knew the bottoms, (what little there was of them), would cling to me, the tiny triangle riding up into my slit, accentuating the shape and outline of my lips, and that the back triangle would ride up into my crack, hugging my butt like it was painted on.
I laid back down on my bed, looking down through my legs into the mirror, and started experimenting with different "poses". I spread my legs to different degrees, and tried lifting one knee, swaying it back and forth, trying to figure out what the sexiest position was that I could show the guys when they arrived, while still trying to appear nonchalant and "innocent". Satisfied finally that I knew exactly what to do, I rose and quickly straightened out my bed.
I checked myself in the mirror one last time, then moved it back to its normal position. Satified with my appearance, I started to gather my "equipment" for the day. Even though I had just thoroughly cleaned my insides, I could feel myself already growing moist in anticipation of what this day would bring...maybe.
Ricky had invited eight or ten of his friends over for a pool party / cook out, and I was eagerly awaiting the arrival of those peni...er...guys.
Jennifer, (my best friend and so far, first and only, female lover), said she would come over too. But she said she was going shopping for school clothes this morning, and it would probably be afternoon before she showed.
I gathered a large towel, a couple of magazines, and one of my steamy romance novels. Glancing briefly at the clock, I realized it was almost 11:00 AM. (My how time flies when you're having fun!)
I hurried down to the pool, and deposited everything on the patio table in the corner, under the roofed part of the deck. I went back up to my room and grabbed a bottle of sun lotion, and my battery operated tape player.
I grabbed my dark sunglasses off my dresser and propped them on my head. (I had learned a couple of days ago what a wonderful thing dark sunglasses were. From the outside, nobody can even tell if my eyes are open or closed, much less where, (or what!), I was looking at!
I went back down to the pool. Depositing the lotion and tape player on the table, I grabbed one of the reclining lounge chairs and moved it out from under the roofed part into the sun. I positioned it so that when the guys came through the sliding glass door, they would be looking straight up between my legs.
To finish setting the stage, I went over to the big chest/box where we kept most of the pool toys. I pulled out the floating basketball net and threw it in the pool. I started to pull out a couple of the balls to go with it, but hesitated. I just might need an excuse later to visit this chest again, giving me a chance to put on a show.
I spread my towel out over the lounge and climbed in. I relaxed and laid back. I adjusted the spread of my legs a couple of times until I was sure I was presenting the "picture" I wanted to. I lowered my sunglasses over my eyes...and waited.
It wasn't ten or fifteen minutes before I heard the sound of the sliding glass door opening, and opening my eyes behind the dark glasses, saw Ricky leading Scott and Eric out onto the deck.
Although they were both going to be seniors, they must have already turned eighteen, (legal drinking age back at that time), because they were lugging whole bunches of beer. I continued feigning my "unaware/asleep" pose, watching them through my glasses. Scott and Eric were two of Ricky's friends. Neither was overly good looking, yet neither was bad looking. They both had decent bodies, nothing spectacular, but not bad. I guess they were just...all in all...average.
Still, my juices were already flowing so I probably found them more attractive then they deserved to be. A few minutes later, Michael and Tommy showed up, and now there were four of them. Four penises!
Four! I was in heaven even though i couldn't really actually see any of them. The guys were all wearing swim trunks that kind of looked like gym shorts...baggy...not sexy...no bulges.
Still, my imagination was going crazy as I tried to picture what they looked like under their trunks...what their penises looked like...soft...and hard! I felt myself getting wetter.
But I was also feeling let down...disappointed...none of the guys seemed to be paying any attention to me.
Within a minute or two, the guys were all in the pool, splashing around. A minute later I heard Scott call to Ricky, "Hey, you got any balls to go with this basket?"
Ricky turned and shouted to me, "Hey sis, can you help?"
I pretended like I was just coming out of a sleep, and replied, "What?"
"Can you see if you can find some of the balls to go with this basket?" he hollared.
"Perfect!" I thought.
I feigned a yawn and stretched, sure that my nipples were straining against the thin nylon covering them. I got out of the lounge and walked over to the chest.
Flipping the top open, I bent all the way over and rummaged through the contents.
With my butt to the pool, I thought to myself, "Damn! I should have gotten wet before I did this!" I grabbed a couple of the balls and turned back to the pool. I tossed them in, calling out lightly, "Anything else guys?"
Getting no response, I thought, "What the hell!" and jumped in myself. When I broke the surface, I knew my suit would now be glued to my nipples, and made sure to stand up straight, remaining in the shallow end, so the water level was just above my waist.
"Much better," I thought, noticing that I now had five pair of male eyes riveted to my chest. Since I still had my dark sunglasses on, no one could tell exactly where I was looking.
Walking slowly toward them, I called out, "Hey guys, do I get a chance?"
One of the balls immediately came flying toward me. I caught it and turned, flipping it toward the floating basket. Much to my surprise, it actually went in!
Michael hooted, "Look's like you've played this before!"
I just smiled and called out, "Hang on a sec, I'll get a couple more."
I made my way to the steps and climbed out of the water, heading toward the chest. I was pretty sure at this point that all the guys would be staring at me. I innocently hitched my bikini bottoms up a bit, knowing that the thin material would ride up between my cheeks...and my lips.
I bent all the way over again, affording the guys the best view I could of my butt, knowling they would also be able to see my pussy shape between my somewhat spread legs. I grabbed two more of the balls and turned, walking back to the edge of the pool.
Standing on the side with my legs slightly spread, I called out playfully, "So who is going to come claim these two?"
Within seconds, Michael and Eric were standing in the water right in front of me. Both were staring up between my legs, and I imagined their penises twitching inside their suits. I tossed them the balls, and had a thought. "Hey guys," I called out, "Anybody ready for a beer?"
Five entusiastic answers sent me over to the pool fridge. I grabbed a six pack and walked back to the pool. This time, all five guys were standing right at the edge, awaiting my arrival. I felt my pussy moisten as I watched all of their eyes roaming all up and down my body. I'm not exactly certain, but I'm pretty sure I saw Scott drop a hand down into the water, giving himself a quick squeeze. Don't know for positive, because just a second later, he excused himself, heading out of the water and toward the pool bath. "Gotta pee," he hollared as he moved off. I anxiously let my eyes follow him, but even as I was imagining him getting hard, his suit was so big and bulky, I couldn't really see anything at all, not even a shape.
"Damn!" I thought to myself. I really wanted to see a penis! A bare naked, hard penis! After handing all the guys a beer, I grabbed the last one from the six pack and asked in a pouty voice, "Anybody mind if I share the wealth?"
I opened it and took a swallow, then placed it on the edge of the deck, right over my favorite "magical water jet".
I jumped back in the water and we all just kind of horsed around for the next minute or two. I actually made a couple of more shots into the basket! But in reality, my mind was on the male eyes staring into my chest.
"Much better," I thought to myself.
It was a few minutes later when Scott walked back out of the pool bath that I had my flash inspiration. The pool bath! Within seconds, my mind had raced through the beginnings of a plan, and I put it into action. I moved to the edge of the pool and took another sip of my beer, lingering as I felt the water jet caressing my pussy.
"Hey guys," I called out as Scott jumped back into the water. "I'm gonna grab a bite to eat. Anybody want another beer before I go?"
Five affirmatives sent me back out of the water and back to the fridge. I grabbed another six pack and returned to the pool. This time I was thrilled to see all of the male eyes absolutely devouring me as my wet suit clung lewdly to my pussy lips. My nipples were hard as rock, and I quickly dispensed the beers, hurrying into the house, anxious to put my plan into action.
I grabbed a banana on my way through the kitchen, and moved into my parent's bedroom, closing the door behind me. I moved quickly to the sliding glass doors and parted the blinds just a fraction. Peering through, I had a perfect view of the guys in the pool. I moved to the sliding door separating my parent's room from the pool bath, and slid it open just a little tiny bit.
Gazing in through the small crack, I thought "Perfect!". From this angle, I would be able to see everything. The next guy that came in to pee would be standing at an angle so that I would be able to see his penis, his hand holding it, the stream flowing out the end...everything! And the slight crack in the door was small enough that I seriously doubted that whoever the next guy was would even notice it was slightly ajar.
I moved back to the sliding glass doors, peeking cautiously through the blinds, and settled in to wait.
My hand found its way into my bikini bottoms, and I started getly stroking my lips, getting wetter by the minute.
I waited for hours...
It was probably really only a couple of minutes, but it seemed forever.
Tommy was the first guy to climb out of the pool and head for the bathroom. I was still disappointed in that his big bulky swim trunks showed nothing, but my fingertips now had my pussy aroused enough that my imagination was going wild.
I heard him open the door and moved quickly to my little "spy crack". I glanced at the banana I had left laying on the dresser and briefly considered...
"No,: I thought, "not this time..."
I peered through the crack as he entered, lowering his swim trunks. When he turned to face the bowl, my view was perfect. There was his penis...in plain sight. It was beautiful...not big or hard...just...beautiful.
He grasped it in one hand and released his stream. I stared mesmerized as the golden flow shot out of the tip of his penis, and heard the splashing sounds as it hit the water in the bowl.
Proceeding with part two of my plan, I took my hand out of my bikini bottoms and boldly slid the door all the way open, walking into the bathroom.
Feigning surprise, I stood there frozen. He was just as frozen as his head jerked around to look at me. No words had been spoken, but he didn't move, the golden stream still flowing out of him.
"Sorry," I said just standing there, now staring openly at his penis. "I didn't know there was anybody in here..." I finished lamely.
He said nothing, just standing there...peeing...and I grew bold.
I moved into the room and reached for his penis, replacing his hand with my own.
He didn't object as I murmured suggestively, "How about a little help?"
He just stood there, not moving, not speaking, as I grasped his penis and directed his flow into the bowl. His stream subsided, and I gently shook his penis up and down a couple of times, as I had seen my brother Ricky do.
I began a gentle stroking motion as I whispered huskily, "Think we got it all?"
He remained motionless, mouth agape, staring in disbelief as I released his penis and lowered my bikini bottoms. I reached back and grasped him as I sat down on the seat, whispering naughtily, "My turn."
I released my stream as I resumed my stroking motion. I spread my legs as far apart as I could, and, although I don't think he could really see anything, his eyes were glued between my legs as the sound of my stream splashing into the water in the bowl was obvious.
I stroked him a little faster, feeling him grow larger and starting to get hard in my hand. His penis was right in front of my face as my stream started to subside, and I just sat there, staring at it growing bigger and harder as I stroked him.
With my free hand, I reached for the tissue and made a show of wiping myself...several times. His eyes followed my every move.
He let out a groan. I stroked his now rock hard penis faster. He twitched, jerked, and spurted...all over my neck, all over my face.
I slowed my hand movements and began gently squeezing him as I slowly moved my hand back and forth. I could feel him starting to grow soft, but continued my hand motions, squeezing a little more firmly..."milking" him.
In a few more seconds, one last drop of his white cream appeared at the tip of his tiny pee hole, and on impulse, I leaned forward, sticking out my tongue. I gently probed at his tiny opening, licking up the last little bit of his spurt. I had actually done it! I had actually tasted a guy's cream!
Salt! That's the first thought that went through my brain!
"Oh my God!" I thought to myslef, "salt!" I love salt...I salt everything!
This was incredible! My first taste of a guy's cream! Not only was it unbelievably sexy, a real...REAL...turn on, but I loved the taste...the flavor...
I knew in an instant I wanted more of this...
As he stood there, still motionless, still speechless, I used my fingertips to scoop up some of his cream that had landed on my face. I put my fingers into my mouth, making a show of sucking them dry.
"Ummmm..." I murmured. "You taste really sexy...wonderful..."
I returned my fingers to my face, then my neck, scooping up all of his cream and returning my fingers to my mouth, licking and sucking on them until I was sure I had collected every drop.
He stared at every one of my movements, and still hadn't said a word.
We just looked at each other for a few moments.
I gave his penis one last squeeze, looked up into face, and whispered, "I think we got it all now..."
I stood up and flushed the toilet, pulling up my bikini bottoms. I bent over and tugged his swim trunks back up over his hips.
Looking up at him with my most naughty smile, I purred, "This is our little secret...right...?"

**Chapter 13**

I waited for a few momemts while Tommy exited the pool bath, heading out back. I was absolutely certain that within minutes, every guy in the pool would know what had just transpired.
I left the bath through the sliding door into my parents' bedroom and resumed my position at my "spy spot". Peeping through the crack in the blinds, I could see Tommy reenter the pool, yakking away. Within seconds, all the guys were gathered around him, focused on him...and I just knew he was telling them what had just happened.
All the guys except my brother Ricky.
He just stood back...casting an occasional glance at the blinds I was "hiding" behind, a kind of a self satisfied smirk on his face.
I watched the animated chatter in the pool for another minute or two, and then exited my parents' bedroom into the house. I fidgeted in the kitchen for a moment, then made my way back outside. I was instantly turned on as every guy, even Ricky, stared at my every move as I made my way back to the pool.
With a sudden thought, I stopped and hollared," Who's ready for another beer?"
Five guys yelped yes, and I detoured past the fridge, grabbing another six pack.
I'm not sure what was turning me on more...knowing that five guys had their eyes glued to me, or the fact that I could still taste the somewhat salty taste of Tommy's cream.
Regardless of why, I felt another rush in my pussy...and somehow knew that my day was just starting.
I grabbed a six pack out of the fridge and returned to the edge of the pool. I squatted on my haunches as I peeled the cans out of their plastic holder, careful to keep my knees well apart.
Four guys were immediately right in front of me...staring at the thin material covering my pussy. Brother Ricky stayed back a little, the same little smile on his face. When I looked over at him...he just winked...and his smile broadened.
I gave him a half smile in return and finished handing out the beers, keeping the last one for myself.
I knew I had to get back in the water...get my suit wet again....so it would cling to me and show off everything, so I quickly jumped in the water.
I surfaced at the perfect depth so the water came up just above my waist, my top clinging to, outlining my now hard nipples. The guys were staring holes right through the skimpy nylon.
I had a thought, and moved toward the steps, climbing out of the pool, pausing just long enough on the steps so the guys could see the thin nylon of my bottoms plastered against my cheeks, my lips, my slit.
I headed for the slide at the deep end of the pool.
The guys were still watching me as I climbed up the steps, and I paused for a moment at the top. "Anybody goona help me if I start to drown?"
Four guys were immediately clustered in the water at the bottom of the slide, and I paused again, plotting my next move.
I sat down on the edge of the platform and pulled my knees back to my chest. I knew this would make my wet bottoms cling to me, clearly outlinging my pussy.
"Gonna do a cannonball!" I shouted gaily. I shoved off and skittered down the slide.
I hit the water with a huge splash and immediately there were four guys trying to "rescue" me.
I was still under the water as I felt hands...lots of hands...all over my body. Some brushed my breasts, some touched my butt...one even grazed up against my pussy.
This was driving me crazy...I couldn't even tell which guy was touching me where!
All I knew was my pussy was now throbbing...again...and, as I broke the surface, searched quickly around, trying to figure out which of those wandering hands belonged to which of the guys. I made it back to the shallow end and stood, pretending to be completely unaware that all those hands had been touching me...everywhere. I stood, making sure I was in shallow enough water so that my bikini top was clearly visible, the thin nylon clinging to, outlining my now solid hard nipples.
I just stood for a moment, enjoying the way they were all staring at me, still trying to figure out which of the hands had belonged to which guy. Giving up, I grabbed two of the baby basketballs, hoisting one in each hand.
Turning slightly, I flipped one of them casually toward the floating basket. It went in!
Chuckling, I turned back to face the guys, hoisting the ball in my other hand. "OK guys," I purred suggestively, "which of you is ready to show me what you've got?"
I'm not sure any of them caught my intended double meaning, so I just flipped the ball in their general direction, and turned back, climbing out of the pool and going over to the chest to fetch a couple more.
I did my usual show of keeping my legs somewhat spread as I bent far over, knowing for certain that all the guys would have their eyes riveted to the thin strip of material hugging my pussy lips.
I grabbed two more balls and straightened, turning back toward the pool. I flipped both of them toward their little group and jumped back in.
The next several minutes were spent just horsing around, shooting at the basket, playing, splashing about. Again, several times I felt hands sliding across my breasts, my butt, and on a couple of occasions, even lightly groping at my pussy. What a turn on!
I was really enjoying this, not just being the center of the guys' attention, but it seemed like every time I tossed one of the balls in the direction of the basket, it went in! I don't think I missed one shot in the next ten or fifteen minutes!
The beer was flowing freely, the guys getting agitated as they weren't faring too well at shooting the balls. (Maybe I had their attention distracted?). After a few more minutes, poor Scott, (who I don't think had made one single shot), sighed resignedly and announced, "Sorry guys...think it's break time for me."
I watched him out of the corner of my eye as he made his way to the steps in the shallow end and climbed out of the pool. My eyes were glued to his butt as he made his way over to one of the patio tables in the corner under the overhand. I realized as I watched him that he had a pretty nice body...slim...muscular...nice legs...nice butt. (What I could tell from his somewhat baggy suimsuit.) He plopped down in the chair in the corner and I turned my attentioon back to the pool...and the rest of the penises...er...guys.
We splashed and played around for a few more minutes, and it seemed like the hands on my body were getting more and more frequent...and more and more intimate. I felt one reach up between my legs from behind and give my pussy a quick squeeze.
I took a few more shots, still making almost every one I tried, and decided it was time to move this party on. I plotted my next move.
I was standing there, looking at Scott looking dejected sitting in the corner. I was forming a plan as I felt Michael brush up against my side. I could actually feel his penis pressing against my thigh. He was handing me one of the balls as he smirked, "Don't tell me you're gonna bail out on us too!"
I took the ball from his hand, and then, feeling really impetuous, reached down into the water and groped the front of his swimsuit, giving his penis a quick squeeze. I lowered my hand further, cupping his balls, as I replied, "Don't worry. I'll be back." As I gently kneaded his balls, I added suggestively, "And maybe later we can find out if your aim is better with these balls?"
That comment gave me a great idea for an opening line, and I removed my hand from the front of Michael's suit, turning and heading toward the steps in the shallow end.
I climbed out of the pool, grabbing a towel, and headed toward the table where Scott was sitting. I made a show of drying myself, making sure the towel against my breasts had my nipples standing up straight and hard, obvious through the slinky nylon covering them, and, as I approached the table, suggestively ran it down my stomach, spreading my legs somewhat as I lewdly exagerrated the motion of rubbing the towel up and down the tiny triangle of nylon molded tightly against my pussy.
Scott's eyes were glued to me as I approached the table. I draped the towel over the chair across from him, "accidently" placing it so that it would provide a kind of a privacy screen between the guys in the pool and the chair he was in.
"You know sir," I began in a light conversational tone, "for a small fee, I could probably teach you how to shoot those balls through the basket."
"Kiss my ass," he chuckled, good naturedly.
"Yeah, wouldn't you just love that!" I replied quickly. "You should be so lucky."
I paused, just looking at him for a moment. He looked at me, a kind of quizzical expression on his face, trying to figure out what I meant by my last comment.
After a brief pause, he regained his bravado and chuckled again. "Well, anytime, anyplace, chickie, you just say the word."
He looked right at me, almost daring me to respond.
I stared right back at him for a second, and then, placing one hand jauntily on my hip, said in a mock stern voice, "You do understand sir, that in order for me to comply with your request, you would first have to stand and remove your swim trunks."
I stood there staring into his eyes, daring him right back in return. I wasn't breathing, my heart was pounding, wondering what his response would be.
He just looked at me for several long seconds, and then a sly grin broke out on his face. He stood, hooking his fingers in the elastic waistband of his trunks. He gave a slight tug and pushed them down off his hips. My gaze immediately went to his penis...it was beautiful...so sexy...I wanted...wanted...
After standing there staring at me for a moment, he finally managed to snicker, "Your move, chickie."
I lifted my eyes from his penis to his face, and he just stood there, looking at me...daring me. My gaze dropped back down between his legs, and I thought, (or maybe just hoped), I saw a slight twitch.
I cast a quick glimpse back over my shoulder, and after assuring myself that the guys in the pool were totally ignoring us, moved quickly around the table to stand behind him. I hooked my fingers in his trunks and lowered them to his ankles. Stooping down, I pulled first one foot, then the other, out of them, and cast them away to the side. I grabbed both his ankles and spread them well apart.
I sttod quickly and reached for his hands, placing them on the patio table in front of him. I pushed his shoulders forward, more and more, until he was kind of half leaning over, half laying on the patio table. I grabbed one of the cushions off the adjacent chair and dropped it onto the deck right behind him.
I quickly knelt on the cushion and ran my hands up his firm, muscualr thights. My hands reached his butt, and I gripped one of his cheeks in each. They were so tight! So hard! I kneaded and squeezed for a minute, my eyes gazing at the twin globes.
I gripped his cheeks tightly in my hands and spread them far apart.
There it was!
His little tight back hole, staring straight at me...inches away.
My eyes remained riveted on his tiny opening as I ran my tongue suggestively up the back of his thigh, then back down the other. I felt his legs tense as I repeated the motion a few more times.
I dropped my eyes and could see his balls hanging down between his spread legs. I abandoned his thighs and started licking gently all around his sac. He shuddered.
I continued washing his balls with my tongue for several more moments, then went back to his thighs. He tensed again as I moved higher and higher and started licking up his cheeks, first one, then the other.
I pushed my tongue out and gently licked up and down the top of his crack. I moved back to his balls and lavished them again...back to the top of his crack...back to his balls.
His tiny hole seemed to be talking to me...begging for attention. His hips began a swaying rocking motion as he seemed to be trying to position himself to get my tongue where he wanted it.
I continued my tease, the tip of my tongue coming ever so close to his little opening. I curled my tongue and ever so lightly barely touched the tip against his hole. He jerked.
I quickly moved back to his balls, licking hungrily. His hips were rocking now.
I spread his cheeks even further and my tongue began a long, slow, up and down movement the entire length od his crack. Every time the tip of my tongue would touch his tiny hole, he would jerk. I continued this for several moments, then curled my tongue again, pushing the tip against his opening. I tongued, probed, licked, pushed. I wondered if I could get a little bit of my tongue actually up inside of him.
His hips were humping back against my mouth. It seemed like they were trying to get my tongue inside of him as much as I was.
I continued this delicious feast for a few more minutes, until the rocking of his hips became so harsh I decided it was time to move forward.
I removed my tongue from his butt and stood, leaning forward and grasping both of his wrists. I pulled his hands behind him and placed them on his cheeks.
"Hold yourself open," I hissed, as I knelt again.
He immediately spread himself, and my eyes were again riveted to his tiny back door. I curled my tongue, pushing it up against his hole as firmly as I could, trying to penetrate. It didn't really taste like anything, I decided, except...maybe...a guy!
I continued probing his hole with my tongue as I reached one hand up between his legs and grasped his penis. It was already kind of swelling and growing and in a matter of seconds was hard and throbbing. I squeezed it and began stroking as I continued trying to push my curled tongue in and out of his little hole.
I pushed my other hand down inside my bikini bottoms and pushed one finger up inside me, swirling it until it was wet with my juices. I pulled it out and, pulling my face away from his butt, pushed the tip of my wet finger against his channel.
I continued stroking his throbbing penis as I pushed my wet finger a little bit up inside of him. He gasped. His back opening clamped down around my fingertip as I began wiggling it about, relishing the sight of my fingertip disappearing up inside of him.
I stroked his penis faster and I could hear his breathing become raspy, his hips bucking madly.
I stopped both movements abruptly, and pulling my finger from his back hole, grabbed his hips and turned him to face me.
Still kneeling on the chair cuchion, his throbbing penis was now only inches in front of my face. I reached one hand back down into my bikini bottoms, again pushing a finger deep up inside of me. I twirled it around for a moment, then pulled my hand back out of my bottoms.
Reaching between his legs, I cupped his balls in the palm of my hand, and extended the freshly drenched finger, pushing the tip up inside his back opening. He jerked again as I reached up, grasping his penis in a loose fist in my other hand, beginning a slow, rhythmic stroking motion.
I saw a drop of his cream form at the tip of his tiny pee slit, and this time, couldn't resist.
I pushed my tongue between my lips and leaned forward suggestively.
I paused for just a moment, savoring the anticipation, then leaned forward and collected the tiny droplet on the tip of my tongue. "Salt", I thought again to myself.
I leaned forward further and began probing his tiny hole with the tip of my tongue, continuing stroking his penis as I began swirling my tongue all around the head of his throbbing hard on.
His hips were starting to buck against me as I wiggled the tip of my finger in his little back channel.
I parted my lips and pulled the swollen head inside my mouth, my tongue swirling, while my hand continued stroking up and down his shaft. I pushed my finger a little further into his back hole, while pushing my mouth forward, drawing more of his penis inside.
I began a gentle sucking motion as I pushed further still. When my lips came in contact with the fingers wrapped around his shaft, I removed my hand and pushed forward again, drawing more of his throbbing organ into the cavity of my mouth.
I felt the head brushing against the roof of my mouth as I continued drawing more and more of him into me. I pushed my finger further into his tiny back door and pushed my face even further forward, feeling the head of his penis start to enter my throat.
I started to gag and paused, remembering my experience with the carrot...the gagging as I had tried to push it all the way inside my mouth and down into my throat. I froze, fighting the gagging sensation, and waited. My finger was still wiggling in his back side, and my tongue was still lavishing all around his throbbing penis as I waited patiently for my throat to relax and accept the welcome intruder.
I moved my free hand back down inside my bikini bottoms and began stroking up and down my slit as I pushed my mouth a little further, feeling his engorged head move past the back of my mouth and into my throat.
I pushed one, then two fingers, up inside me as I pushed my mouth forward a bit more, feeling my lips brush against his wiry pubic hair.
"Oh my God!" I thought, "I've got the whole thing inside my mouth!"
I just held that position for a moment, my lips buried in his hair, the entire length of his throbbing penis in my mouth and throat, and removed my fingers from my sopping channel, beginning a slow circular motion around my aroused hard clit, torturing the little magic button.
I pulled my head back, releasing the shaft of his organ, until just the head remained in my mouth. I tasted another little drop of salt, and knew another droplet of his cream had made its way to the tip of his tiny pee hole.
I pushed forward again, slowly engulfing more and more of him until I again felt my lips brush his hair. I pulled my head back again, leaving only his head between my lips, and stopped there for a moment, running my tongue furiously all over and around his penis tip, probing again at his tiny pee hole.
The fingers on my clit were moving faster now, and I pushed my finger deeper inside his back opening, wiggling furiously.
I began a slow motion, taking his penis all the way into my mouth and throat, then slowly withdrawing until only the head remained. The fingers on both of my hands were moving faster and I felt the beginning of another orgasm approaching as my head fell into a steady rythm, my lips moving back and forth on his throbbing hard on. After several of these in and out motions, the gagging sensation in my throat disappeared, and I found that I really liked the sensation of his penis filling not only my mouth, but trying to get deeper into my throat.
As the finger movements on my clit started moving faster still, I pushed the finger in his little back hole all the way in, wiggling it around, and heard him start moaning. His hips were rocking steadily against my eager mouth, forcing himself into me, and the palm cupping his balls felt them twitch, then start to tighten and contract. I knew he was close.
My clit was on fire as I felt my own orgasm start to build, my finger now flying furiously. I could feel his penis throbbing. I moved my head back and forth faster and faster, tightening my lips around his shaft as I felt the first beginning waves of my own come start to overtake me.
I felt his penis twitch, and jammed my face all the way forward, mashing my lips against his pubic hair. I felt the head of him plunge into my throat...and jerk.
I felt him squirt. I could feel his hot cream shooting straight down my throat as he spasmed once, twice, a third time. His tiny back hole clamped down tightly on my invading finger.
My fingertip was wildly mauling my clit...I was so close.
The squirting stopped, and he seemed frozen. The head of his penis was still lodged in my throat as he let out a long sigh.
His body went limp as my finger tried desperately to get me over the edge, my own hips rocking and bucking, wanting to...needing to...come.
He began to soften in my mouth and I got even more frantic. Mashing my fingertip against my clit, I pummeled it. Almost...so close...not yet...almost there...
He pulled his penis out of my mouth.
He leaned back against the table, still breathing heavily, his chest heaving. I looked up at him, wondering if the frustration I felt was apparent in my eyes.
I pulled my finger out of his tight little back hole, and gave up mauling my clit...this was just apparently not my time.
I looked up at him, disappointed and frustrated at the same time.
"Disappointed?" I thought to myself.
Frustrated...definitely. But disappointed?
Then it hit me. I had made a big mistake. When I had felt him start to come, I had jammed my mouth down over the entire length of his penis, burying the head deep in my throat. When he came and squirted, he had shot it straight down my throat, not into my mouth. I never got to taste him.
"Well," I thought to myself, "A lesson learned...I won't make the same mistake the next time..."
My mood brightened immediately as I realized that this party was just starting to warm up...

**Chapter 14**

I left him leaning against the patio table, and moved through the door into the pool bath. I still hadn't come, and my pussy and clit felt like they were on fire.
I lifted the lid to the toilet, tugging down my bikini bottom, and seated myself quickly. My hand was immediately between my legs, rubbing circles around my engorged clit. My breathing became raspy as I felt the tremors start to build. I had been so close...outside...just moments ago...that it was only a matter of moments until I felt myself right back on the brink.
My clit felt like it was going to explode as I felt the juices start to actually run and drip out my pussy. My chest was heaving as I felt the first waves...
The door opened...
Eric was halfway through the door before he caught sight of me, sitting on the toilet, legs spread wide, my hand...my fingers,,,flying furiously over my engorged clit.
He froze...his jaw dropped...his eyes went down to stare between my wide spread legs, and the sight of my fingers...working...my pussy.
I froze...so close to coming...part of me was embarassed...part didn't care. I just wanted to...needed to...come.
"Close the door," I hissed. My fingertips were still trying to get me over the edge as he closed the door behind him and stepped timidly inside.
"Get over here," I rasped, hooking the fingers of my free hand inside the elastic of his trunks as he approached. I gave them a quick tug down and my eyes became riveted to his penis as it came into view.
My chest was heaving, my breath panting as my finger kept trying...desperately...to get my clit to respond...and come.
I grabbed his penis in a tight fist and immediately shoved the head into my mouth. My tongue swirled all around the head and I felt him quickly start to respond...to grow...to swell...to harden. I locked the index finger and thumb of my hand against my lips and started moving both my hand and my mouth up and down the length of his growing hard on. My nostrils were flaring, trying to suck air through my nose. My hand and mouth were flying up and down his penis...God I was so close!
I felt his penis start to twitch as his hips started humping against my face. I knew he was close and was determined I wasn't going to repeat my earlier mistake. Keeping my fist wrapped around the base of his shaft, I sucked against the head in my mouth, swirling my tongue wildly around and around the smooth skin. I probed at his tiny pee hole, waiting for the flow of his cream.
My own hips were bucking furiously against my finger, trying so hard to get me over the edge...I felt him stiffen...and jerk.
I felt him squirt...his thick cream splashing against the roof of my mouth. He squirted again...and again.
Salt!
I could taste it! I could feel it filling my mouth...coating my tongue...dribbling out between the corners of my lips. I swallowed hungrily...and he squirted again. I was in heaven...the first time a guy had actually shot in my mouth. It tasted wonderful...I loved it. I swallowed greedily.
My tongue returned to his pee hole, searching for more.
I felt my own frustration grow as my finger continued mauling my clit...so close...
My nostrils were still flaring, trying desperately to suck air into my heaving chest as I felt his penis start to soften.
I didn't know what to do!
I could feel his hot cream on my chin where it had oozed out of the corners of my mouth.
I swirled my tongue again around the head of his penis...wishing this wouldn't end...wishing beyond anything I could come!
He pulled his now soft penis out of my mouth and took half a step backward. He just stood and stared at me, his face an expression of complete disbelief as to what had just happened.
I opened my mouth, gasping for air as my finger continued its futile efforts to get me to heaven.
After a few more seconds, I gave up. I pushed two of my fingers deep up inside my sopping wet pussy, and then pulled them up to my mouth. I looked him in the eyes as I made a show of licking my honey, then inserting them into my mouth and sucking.
"Mmmmmm..." I purred.
I pulled my fingers from my mouth and used them to wipe his cream off my chin, my cheeks. I looked straight at him as I pushed them into my mouth, lewdly licking and sucking them clean.
"Much better," I whispered, "when I can taste them both together."
God I was so horny! I wanted to...needed to...come so bad!
His eyes kept moving from my fingers and mouth down to my still spread pussy, and then back up at my face again.
His eyes were glazed, he still appeared in shock as he finally stammed, "Michelle...that was unbelievable...but now...I really...REALLY...need to pee."
With a sudden flash of inspiration, I spread my legs further, leaning back against the toilet tank. I moved both my hands down between my legs and used my fingertips to spread my lips...wide.
"Then here," I gasped. "Pee here."
"What?" he squawked, "you want me to...pee..???"
Spreading the top of my lips to expose the hood over my clit, I murmured, "Here...right here...do it...squirt it...shoot it..."
I was gasping again as he grabbed his penis in one hand and moved closer, aiming the head down between my wide spread legs.
I gazed intently at the tiny pee hole on the tip as he released his stream. He adjusted his aim quickly and I felt the hot stream pulsing against my clit.
"Oh God!" I thought. Within seconds, the tremors began washing over me. I felt my orgasm build as I watched the golden stream shooting out of him. It was like a thousand tiny fingers...all trying to massage me at the same time.
My orgasm built and built, and I shuddered as I gasped, "That's it...there! Oh God I'm coming...coming...COMING!"
The last gasp was more like a plaintive wail as I finally felt the blessed waves wash over me. I rocked, bucked, shuddered, gasped...tensed...jerked...and collapsed back.
My eyes were still on his penis as his stream ebbed...and stopped.
As my breathing returned to normal, I adjusted the position of my fingertips, spreading my entire pussy as wide open as I could.
"My turn," I breathed huskily, releasing my own stream.
His eyes were glued between my lewdly spread legs as the golden jet spewed out of me. When my flow finally slowed and stopped, I grabbed a handful of tissue, looking him in the eyes as I slowly and suggestively wiped myself.
I reached out one hand, gently cupping his balls, urging him closer. I opened my lips and took his now soft penis into my mouth, pushing until I felt my lips brushing against his pubic hair. I held him inside me for several seconds, relishing...reliving...the moment...the experience.
I continued twirling my tongue around his shaft...his head...searching for one last drop. After a few moments of this I realized that this encounter was probably over, and tried to think of something sexy and witty to say to end it.
I pulled his penis out of my mouth and looked up at him. His eyes still looked somehat vacant, the expression on his face far away, I'm sure not believing what had just happened.
With a sudden thought, I leaned forward, grasping the swim trunks bunched down at his ankles. "I have an idea," I murmured, pulling his trunks up past his knees. "I think it would be a good idea if we pulled these all the way back up before you went back outside."
I gave him my best sexy, naughty grin as I hitched his trunks up over his hips. I couldn't resist and grasped the front of his suit, giving his penis one last squeeze.
He grinned somewhat sheepishly as he turned and exited the bathroom, and I quickly flushed the toilet, standing up and removing my bikini the rest of the way. I opened the glass door and hopped in the shower stall, quickly washing and rinsing myself.
As I was toweling dry, my mind was already racing forward...wondering what the rest of this day was going to bring.
I put my bikini back on and exited the bathroom through the sliding door connecting to my parents' bedroom. There was no doubt in my mind that within minutes every guy out back would know what had just happened...guys are just like that...they like to talk.
I left my parents' room and kind of sauntered towards the kitchen, intentionally taking my time, wanting to make sure "the story" got told before I went back out to the pool.
The doorbell rang just as I was passing the front entryway. When I opened the door, Keith and Gary, two more of Ricky's friends, were standing there.
"Hi guys," I gushed lightly. "Come on in, the party's just getting started.
I felt a warm glow as I felt both of them staring at my skimpy bikini, kind of mentally undressing me. Turning to lead them, I discreetly reached up in front of me and started pinching my nipples, feeling them quickly grow big and hard.
Gary was a pretty average guy, not bad looking, but not really great looking either. Keith, on the other hand, was a fox. I mean drop dead gorgeous. Tall, wavy dark brown hair, beautiful brown eyes...body like...well...like...to die for!
My pussy pulsed as I led them through the kitchen. My mind was racing, trying to come up with a plan...for Keith.
I pointed to the sliding glass doors leading out to the deck and announced, "Everybody's out back."
I was really trying to figure out a way to get Keith to linger for a minute...or two...or more...as Gary made his way through the doors.
I had just given up when Keith said, "Got a bathroom I could use real quick?"
Perfect!
"Sure," I replied, pointing to the little half bath off the kitchen. "Right through that door."
The second he disappeared I returned my fingers to my nipples, twisting, tweaking, pinching. God I wished my suit was wet so the thin nylon would really hug my rapidly hardening nipples.
I continued pinching until I heard the toilet flush and the door open. Dropping my hands innocently to my sides, I felt a warm rush as his eyes immediately dropped to my chest, staring holes through me as he entered the kitchen.
"Hang on a sec," I started, and then paused, pretending to be somewhat flustered. "There's something I gotta show you."
I led him over to the kitchen counter, then paused again, trying to make it sound like I was stammering...unsure..."This is gonna sound really weird, but I really want your honest opinion on something."
He looked at me with a kind of quizzical look in his eyes and said, "Well yeah, sure...what's up?"
"I wanted you to see this," I gushed, "I want your opinion." With a quick movement, I dropped my bikini bottoms to my ankles, pulling one foot out of them. I lifted my leg and place my foot on the counter right in front of him, my pussy now on wide open display.
He froze, his jaw dropped, and his eyes immediately left my chest and dropped to the lewd display between my open legs.
"Well?" I whispered, rocking my hips suggestively.
He just stared. His mouth started moving, but no words were coming out.
I dropped one hand between my wide spread legs and began running my fingertips lightly up and down my lips.
"So what do you think?" I asked again.
He still just stood there...staring...not speaking...mouth agape.
"I shaved it silly," I murmured suggestively. "Can't you see there's no hair left?" I continued running my fingers up and down my lips as I added, "And I just wanted to know if you think it looks sexy."
He remained frozen, gawking at my lewd display, and I pulled my foot back off the counter. Reaching forward quickly, I grasped the waist of his shorts and tugged them down. "I showed you mine, now you have to show me yours..." I purred.
I pushed his shorts down to his ankles, quickly kneeling in front of him and grasping his penis in a loose fist. God it was gorgeous!
I began a stroking motion and could feel him quickly start to swell and grow. I leaned forward and blew lightly. He was starting to grow hard as I pushed my tongue between my lips and probed at his tiny pee slit.
He gasped and I could feel his legs tense and I opened my mouth and took his pink head inside. I swirled my tongue all around the shaft as I took him deeper and deeper. I felt the head push into my throat, and briefly fought the gagging sensation. As soon as it passed, I pushed my face further still, swallowing more of him, until I felt his coarse pubic hair tickling my lips.
I had one hand down between my legs, flying over my engorged clit, as I held his swelling penis all the way inside mouth and throat for a moment, then began a steady in and out movement. I pushed one finger up inside of me as I locked my loose fist against my lips and moved my hand and mouth as one, all the way in...all the way out.
His hips were bucking against my face as I speeded up my motion. I pulled my finger out of my drenched pussy and returned the fingertip to my clit, flying over the enraged bud, wondering if I could come again before he did. I quicked my motions, eager to taste yet another load of cream...of salf...of...guy!
His hips began rocking faster and faster. I knew he was close as I gave up on my own pleasure and pulled my hand from between my legs, reaching up to cup his balls. I squezzed them gently, in the same rythm as my fist and mouth flying up and down on his throbbing penis. I could feel his balls start to tighten and contract, and felt his body freeze, then jerk.
His hot cream filled my mouth. I swallowed greedily, wanting more. He squirted a second, then a third time, and this time I held it in my mouth, savoring the taste as it coated my tongue, filling each little crevice in my mouth.
My nostrils flared as I tried to gulp air through my nose, anxious not to lose one single drop of his precious cream.
I felt him start to soften. and, holding my lips tightly against his shaft, slowly pulled his penis out of my mouth. I swirled his juice around and around a couple more times before finally swallowing, and sighed...momentarily contented...even though I hadn't come. He tasted so good! Not as salty as before...just wonderful...sexy.
He was still staring at me in disbelief as I pulled his shorts back up over his hips and straightened up, pulling my own bikini bottoms up my legs. I hitched them around my hips, adjusting the skimpy material as I looked at him and purred, "You still haven't told me what you think of my shave job..."
He broke into a wide grin, chuckling as he turned and headed for the door, and I waited until he was gone before I turned and exited the kitchen the other way.
I couldn't believe it! I just had another penis in my mouth! Shooting in my mouth! My mind was going crazy as I headed for the stairs.
The doorbell rang again and I quickly answered. There...finally...stood Jennifer...and...Lisa!
"Hi," Jen gushed, "we just got done shopping and I told Lisa I didn't think you would mind if she came over with me."
"Not at all," I replied, recovering quickly. "Come on in...party is just getting underway."
Lisa is the third of our little triangle, and although I'm not as close a friend with her as I am with Jen, the three of us pretty form an inseparable trio.
Of the three of us, Lisa has the reputation as the wild one. Where Jen and I both like to party, (and Jen had recently become my first female lover), Lisa on the other hand seemed to live to party. Her reputation wasn't exactly that of a "slut", but the guys were always lining up to take her out...and some of the stories being told about her were really wild and crazy...things I was just only now starting to experience...to fantasize about.
"Did you bring your suits?" I asked, leading them through the foyer.
"Yeah, of course!" they chimed, almost in unison.
I led them up the stairs and into my room. "you can get changed in here," I announced. "I'll go grab some towels."
I hurried down the hall to the lien clostet next to the bathroom and grabbed a couple of over sized beach towels. When I got back to my room, Jen was already naked, Lisa was just starting to undress.
My eyes roamed over Jen's body as she rummaged through her small bag, extracting her bikini. She was kind of bent over the bed, and i could see the lips of her pussy peeking between the backs of her thighs. Memories of our night together flooded through me, of us licking...tasting...each other...of her "toy" collection...of that incredible orgasm...and I felt myself start to ,oisten.
Although my eyes were glued to Jen's naked body, I noticed out of the corner of my eye that Lisa was watching me, a kind of strnage expression on her face.
Lisa removed her bra and peeled off her shorts as my eyes continued to wander all up and down Jen's naked figure. Jen straightened, bikini in hand, and turned, facing me. My eyes were immediately drawn between her legs...remembering her scent...her taste.
Lisa was still watching me...watching Jen...as she peeled down her panties. She grabbed her own swim suit and walked over to me, stopping at y side. Slipping quickly into her skimpy binini, she boldly slid one hand down inside my bikini bottoms, clutching my pussy. I felt an immediate flood of my juices as she whispered in my ear, "You look like you're ready to eat her alive."
She started teasing my clit with her fingertip as she turned to Jen and announced, "Hey girl, I think somebody over here likes you!"
My pussy was responding to her caress as Jen looked at her and just kind of smiled. She gave me a slight wink as she pulled on her bikini bottoms. "Glad to hear at least somebody appreciates me," she chuckled.
Lisa looked back and forth between the two of us, a knowing grin suddenly appearing on her face. "And you mean I wasn't invited to the party?" she puted, wiggling her hand in my bikini bottoms. My juices were flowing freely now, and i felt my clit start to harden.
"Lisa, don't be greedy! You know you have to share," Jen admonished.
That thought struck me like a thunderbolt! Jen and Lisa? Lisa and Jen? No way!
I felt a flash of...of...of...maybe...jealousy? Jen and Lisa?
Jen finished adjusting her suit and walked over to us. Lisa's finger were racing around my pussy and clit, and I was quickly losing control of my breathing. Jen looked right at Lisa's hand in my bottoms, and smirked as she pushed one of her own hands down into Lisa's bikini. Lisa gasped and caught her breath as i could see Jen's hand start to flutter all around pussy. Jen kind of looked at both of us as she whispered in a hoarse voice, "We can play with these anytime we want...but right now I think there's a bunch of guys out back.
Eyes locked and fingers swished for a few frozen moments, and then I felt Lisa pulling her hand out of my bikini bottoms. I watched as Jen did the same, and we all just kind of stood there, looking at each other.
"What the hell just happened?" I though to myself.
Lisa with her hand between my legs...playing with my pussy...right in front of Jen! Jen with her hand in Lisa's bikini...obviously playing with her pussy...right in front of me!
What was I getting myself into???
Lisa finally broke the silence. "As usual Jen, you're right." She was smiling over her shoulder as she turned toward the door. "So girls," she smirked, "Let's go find us some cocks!"

**Chapter 15**

Lisa turned, heading toward the bedroom door, and I gasped. Her bikini bottom had no back to it! Just a thin strip of material running yp between her cheeks!
"Lisa!" I squealed, "what in the hell are you wearing?"
She turned to look at me as she replied, "Huh? What?" a puzzled expression of her face.
"Your suit," I gushed, "your butt...there's nothing there!"
"Oh this?" she replied hooking her fingers in the thin strings running around her waist, "It's called a thong. You can't wear them at any of the public beaches, but I figured for a private party, it would be kinda cool."
She got kind of a weird grin on her face as she added, "Besides, I promise you the guys will love it!" She turned quickly around, shoving her butt at us, and bent way over, looking back at us between her spread legs. "See what the guys are gonna see?"
I gasped again. The thin strip of material running down between her cheeks was skimpy enough that from this angle, with her legs spread wide, her tiny back hole was partially visible on either side of the skimpy string, and it was so thin that it actually started to run up into her slit, the lips og her pussy visible on either side before it flared out into the tiny triangle in front!
"Trust me," she giggled as she straightened back up, "there won't be any complaints from the guys."
She was adjusting the two tiny little patches barely covering her nipples when Jen interjected, "Why all of a sudden do I feel like an old den mother?"
Without even thinking, I blurted "Do what I did."
Jen looked at me questioningly as she asked, "And that would be...?"
I pulled off my bikini top and turned it toward her. "I cut out the lining. Just this little bit of nylon left."
Jen looked at it for a second as Lisa drew close and demanded," Let me see that!"
They spent a couple of seconds examining my handiwork before Lisa looked at me, smiling as she quipped, "Looks like a great nipple show!"
Warming up, I gushed, "It gets even better...I cut the lining out of the bottoms too!"
"You did what?" Jen exclaimed. "You might just as well go out there in a pair of panties!"
I chuckled as I reminded her of my "session" with Jeff.
"Well maybe I should just go naked," Jen giggled, "that would show you both up!"
Lisa smirked as she replied, "I'm sure we'll get around to that...eventually...but for right now...let's go check out the guys...the COCKS!"

We had a pretty attentive audience as we emerged through the sliding glass doors. Lisa was being...well...Lisa...as she exagerrated the sway of her butt, walking over to the patio table and depositing her towel. She kicked off her sandals and then bent way over to retrieve them, deliberately making sure her butt, her spread legs, and the view in between were aimed directed at the guys in the pool. I couldn't believe it, when, still in her bent over position, she reached a hand up between her legs and pretended to fidget with the thin strip of material covering (almost) her slit. She wiggled it about for a moment, and anybody watching was catching glimpses of her slit as she "adjusted" it.
"This is going to get really crazy really quick," I thought to myself as I hollared, "Who's ready for a beer?"
Lisa was at my side before all the guys could even say yes, and had a beer open within a second. I just looked as she tipped the can and guzzled the whole thing! In seconds!
She was already reaching for another as I grabbed a six pack and distributed the cold cans to the guys. Jen took one, sipping slowly, as she watched Lisa "attacking" her second one with obvious relish.
I grabbed and opened a can and walked to the edge of the pool, depositing it carefully on the edge right above my "magic water jet". I leaped in and turned, shouting to the other two, "What are you, afraid of getting wet?"
Jen and Lisa just smiled in return, walking to the edge of the pool and setting their beers on the side. Jen jumped in the water, but Lisa lingered, picking her beer back up and downing the rest of this one too.
She went ot the fridge and opened another, drinking deeply before setting it down on the edge of the deck and heading for the slide. All the guys had their eyes on her as she swayed her almost naked butt in a lewd motion.
She climbed the steps and paused at the top. She waited until she made sure she had all the guys' attention before she fiddled with her top, adjusting the tiny patches of material. It came as no surprise to me that in the the process, she "accidentally" uncovered one of her nipples. She was looking at all the guys as she gave a slight tug to the tiny tringle of her bottom. The skimpy material rode up into her slit, showing the sides of her lips, as she spread her legs and squealed, "Here we go!"
She flew down the slide, hitting the water with a loud splash, and was immediately surrounded by guys. She rose to the surface, sputtering, as eager male hands reached ou to "assist" her. Her tiny bikini top was in disarray, exposing one of her breasts completely. The guys were openly staring as they all made their way to the shallow end. Lisa turned toward the side of the pool, grabbing her beer and finishing it with several long gulps. She turned back to the guys, her breast still fully exposed.
She finally noticed that all the guys were staring at her chest, and looking down, smiled as she whispered in a sexy voice, "Looks like I almost lost something."
She adjusted her top and moved toward the steps. "Who's ready for another beer?" she shouted.
She again exaggerated the sway of her butt as she made her way to the refrigerator. I couls see all the guys staring at her...watching her every move...and i was feeling...jealous?
Lisa cracked another beer of her own, drinking deeply before setting it down on the edge of the deck...right next to mine...right on top of...my magic water jet.
Jen and I were standing together at the edge of the pool as Lisa jumped back in. Jen leaned over and whispered in my ear, "I think Lisa's getting tipsy."
We watched as she waded back to the circle of guys. She grabbed two of the balls, turning and tossing them at the basket. They both missed by a mile, one even going over the top and out of the pool.
Jen and I were still standing together, leaning against the edge of the pool as Lisa made her way up the steps and out of the water. She again "hitched up" her bottoms, drawing the thin strip of material up between her lips. She grabbed the errant ball and tossed it back in the pool, jumping back in after it. The guys all still had their eyes on Lisa as I felt one of Jen's hands slide across my back, and then down, clutching, kneading, squeezing one of my cheeks under the water.
Mybe it was all the beer I'd already consumed, or maybe I was just getting horny again, but it felt wonderful. And I kind of parted my legs...hoping...
"I think sh'e about to heat this party up," she whispered in my ear, taking another sip of her beer.
I couldn't believe this! Jen was standing there ever so casually, like nothing was happening! But her hand was wandering all over my butt. I suppressed a slight gasp as I felt her snake it up between my legs and grasp my pussy! Right there in the pool! With everybody all around!
She started squeezing me, massaging me, under the water, and I could feel myself start to moisten.
"But Jen," I gasped quietly, "what about the guys?"
"Let's see what Lisa does," she murmured, still caressing me.
My pussy was responding, getting wetter, as Lisa made her way over to the circle of guys and announced gaily, "Who cares about the damn basket anyway?" She reached one hand down into the water and groped at the front of Gary's suit. "I like these balls better."
He just stared at her, frozen, as she turned and waded back toward us. "Hey girls," she shrieked, "who's ready for some cock fights?"
"What?" I squawked, incredulously.
"What the hell are you talking about?" Jen added as she quickly removed her hand from between my legs.
"Come on, I'll show you," Lisa answered gaily, heading back towards Gary. She grabbed him by the wrist and dragged him back over toward us. When she had approached to within a few feet, she stopped, turning to face him. "Scrunch down in the water," she instructed. As he complied, she moved quickly around behind him and kind of hopped, climbed, slid up onto his shoulders. "Grab my hands and stand up," she squealed. He stood with Lisa perched on this shoulders, her pussy pressed tightly against the back of his neck, her legs dangling down the front of his chest. "Now grab my thighs and hold on," she instructed.
He did as she asked, and she started a really wicked, obscene show, grinding her pussy lewdly all around the back of his neck. "Pick your mount girls," Lisa giggled, obviously enjoying herself. She continued her gyrations against the back of Gary's neck, and I felt a flush in my own pussy, wondering if Lisa's clit was getting hard...all that "massaging".
I waded over and grabbed Michael's arm. "Ready to play?" I whispered suggestively. He just grinned as he let me lead him back into the shallow water. He lowered himself into the water and I clambered up on his shoulders, as I had seen Lisa do. It took me a few minutes to get situated and balanced, and I took the chance to kind of rub my pussy around the back of his neck.
What a turn on!
In this position, my clit was pressed tightly against his skin, and every little movement sent a delightful little spark through me. I continued fidgeting, apprearing to be trying to get sitauated and balanced, but in reality basking in the wonderful rushes moving through me as I massaged my clit against the back of his neck. This was so perfect! It looked so innocent...but I could feel myself start to get wet all over again.
We turned just as Jen finished climbing up on Tommy. I notcied she too had a kind of a sly smirk on her face as she squirmed around on his shoulders. She finally looked at me, grinning broadly as she winked.
"So now what?" she asked Lisa.
"The idea is to try to stay on top of your guy, while you try to knock the other two off of theirs," she replied. "No hair pulling...you just have to kind of wrestle," she added.
"So how did you come up with the name cock fight?" I asked mischievously, winking at Jen.
"You'll find out after a few more beers!" Lisa shouted gaily.
Jen and I just looked at each other as the guys we were perched on started moving closer to each other.
Michael's hands were clasped tightly on my thighs, and I was squirming around on his shoulders, trying to rub my pussy...my clit...against the back of his neck...without being too obvious. When I looked again at Jen, it appeared she was trying to do the same thing. I wondered if the guys had any idea what was going throught our minds...or our pussies! Lisa was humping Gary's neck wildly...her motions very obvious.
We got closer, arms outstretched, the guys tightly grasping our legs, and reached for each other.
Pushing and shoving, tugging ensued, but I was having trouble concentrating on the contest as the sensations washing through my pussy were becoming more and more insistent. Every move...every sway...every twist and turn...rubbed my hard bud against Michael's neck. I could feel myself getting really turned on...wet. I knew I was soaked from the pool but wondered if he would be able to feel the heat of the new wet spot mashing against the back of his neck.
Lisa and I grabbed each other's shoulders and were rocking each other, trying to knock each other off. Maybe I was too focused on Lisa, maybe I was focused on the delicious sensations rushing through my pussy...but I was distracted.
I felt a hand on my shoulder and a tug from the back. Completely not expecting that, I quickly lost my balance and toppled off Michael's shoulders and into the water.
Sputtering, I returned to the surface to find Jen grinning and Lisa shrieking in delight.
"You lost, girl...you're first!" Lisa laughed.
"What do you mean first?" I asked, wiping water from my eyes.
"You gotta go topless!" Lisa giggled.
"What?" I gasped.
"Rules are rules..." Lisa responded. "Loser has to lose their top."
The guys were all clapping, hooting, whistling...waiting. Maybe it was the beer...maybe it was just having spent several minutes rubbing my pussy and clit against the back of Michael's neck...maybe it was...
"What the hell," I announced, and peeled my top off over my head. I tossed it to the edge of the deck and basked in delight as all the guys' eyes were immediately glued to my chest.
I took a quick glance down and was pleased to see that my nipples were hard as rock and standing tall...straight up and proud.
I let the guys feast their eyes for another moment or two and then asked, "So are we ready to go again?"
Hearing two afirmatives, I quickly jumped back up on Michael's shoulders, again savoring the feeling as I ground my pussy against him.
Lisa got Jen this time, and in a few more seconds, Jen had also discarded her top. We got ready for the next round, Jen and myslef with our naked breasts jiggling, nipples up hard. The guys were jsut staring and I think maybe I was feeling a little jealous because the guys were now trying to look at both of us. The third round started quickly.
Lisa got me this time, and I was kind of stunned when she announced, "Well we know who gets to go bottomless first!"
I stood frozen for a moment, not sure about this. But then again, maybe it was the beer. I was standing in waist high water as Jen approached and tugged my bottoms down. I pulled them down my legs and off my feet, tossing them to the edge of the deck as I announced, "Let's go! I'm gonna get you this time!"
The guys were all staring at me, trying to see down through the water and catch sight of my naked pussy. I felt a real rush realizing that the only thing keeping me from being completely exposed was the few inches of pool water. I was giggling inside as I watched the guys all trying to get a better position for a better look.
I was trying to think of a way to put on a show while still pretending to be innocent as I clambered back up onto Michael's shoulders. I was squirming again, relishing the delicious feelings as Jen climbed back up onto Tommy. Squaring off to face each other again, my breasts were in plain view to everybody, and now that my bottoms were off, my naked pussy and clit were pushed directly against Michael's skin. I wiggled, twisted, squirmed, luxuriating in the wonderful rushes flowing through me.
We approached each other agin, Jen and myslef both with our naked breasts bobbing and weaving in plain sight...nipples hard and erect.
I think Tommy lost his footing, or slipped...or maybe just wanted to see Jen bottomless, because I had barely grabbed her shoulder when they both went down, dropping underneath the water.
When they surfaced, Lisa was still sitting atop Gary, a triumphant smile on her face.
"Your turn to get naked!" she squealed at Jen.
Jen looked at me for a second before she reached down into the water. A moment later, her hand reappeared, her bikini bottoms crunched into a small ball.
The guys were all trying to look down at her through the water as I moved over to the side of the pool, grabbing my beer and taking a hugh gulp as Jen tossed them to the edge of the deck, announcing lightly, "So tell us, Queen Lisa...your Majesty...what happens now?"
Lisa hopped down off Gary's shoulders and made her way to the side of the pool. She was taking another long pull off her beer when brother Ricky interrupted.
"At least one of us better go see about some food before everybody ends up trashed."
He made his way to the shallow end and was starting to climb up the steps out of the water when Lisa announced, "You two losers gotta go sit on the edge of the deck, legs open, and show the guys what you've been hiding under the water."
Brother Ricky froze at that moment. I looked at Jen, she looked at me. I knew Ricky had seen my pussy, (close up...in fact...he had tasted it), but he had never seen Jen's. (I don't think)
He paused, waiting to see what would happen next.
Lisa took another long pull off her beer and headed over toward us. She grabbed our wrists and led us to the shallow end.
She patted the deck at the edge of the pool and announced, "OK girls...plop your butts right up here...let the guys see what they've been missing."
I didn't think it was time to tell about all my earlier exploits that day, so I just looked at Jen and shrugged.
We hopped up on the edge of the deck and leaned back, resting on our hands. Our feet were dangling in the water as six guys were immediately in a small semi circle right in front of us...staring.
Our legs weren't crossed, they were open a little bit, and the guys seemed to be trying to stare holes right up into us.
Lisa broke throught the circle of guys and admonished, "Not like that! You gotta show something!"
She approached me and grabbed my ankles, propping my feet up on the side of the deck, pushing my knees back until they were squished against my breasts. She did the same with Jen, and then spread her knees wide apart. She returned to me and did the same.
"Oh my God!" I was thinking to myself. In this position, we were...we were...open!
With my knees back against my chest and spread far apart, I knew the guys in front of us could see everything...everything...probably even my little back hole!
I looked over at Jen...she just looked at me.
We sat there, lewdly displayed, everything in clear view as the guys tried to draw closer. A couple of them dropped hands down into the water and I could only imagine what they were doing with their penises while they enjoyed our wicked display.
I was vaguely aware of Ricky getting back in the pool and making his way into the circle, his eyes drawn to the naked pussy between Jen's legs.
"That's better," Lisa announced to the world. "Now use your fingers and open up!"
"What?" I shrieked in disbelief.
"You heard me," she responded. "Open that thing and give the guys a really good look."
I knew the beer was getting to me as my hesitation vanished and I reached one hand down between my legs, using my fingertips to spread my lips wide. I glanced over at Jen and saw her doing the same. We just looked at each other as Lisa blurted out, "Well, guys, think it's only fair that if they're bottomless, you should be bottomless too!"
Without waiting for a reply, she reached over and grabbed Michael's suit, yanking it down his legs. She grabbed at Tommy next, doing the same thing.
"What's the matter guys?...Shy or something?" she giggled.
The guys all looked at her, then at each other, and then slowly, one by one, reached into the water and pulled down their trunks. Somewhat sheepishly, they held them up, and then tossed them over the edge of the deck.
"Much better!" Lisa crowed, "Now we can have some fun!"
She waded into the group of guys and started reaching down into the water. I was staring as I realized she was touching, fondling, grabbing, maybe even stroking all those penises. I was quickly getting really jealous!
Lisa turned and came back toward us. "You know I think the guys would like it a whole bunch better if you two held each other open...got my drift?"
My jaw gaped as I stared at her. Here we were, sitting on the edge, legs up and spread wide, pussies on open display, holding our lips open with our fingers while the guys stared.
"Don't act so sweet and innocent," she admonished, "you two know damn well what I'm talking about...or do I need to make it clearer?"
Lisa moved in front of me, grasping the wrist of the hand on my pussy and pulled it away. She pushed it down between Jen's legs even as she grabbed Jen's wrist and pushed her down onto my pussy.
I looked at Jen...she looked at me.
"Now open up girls..." Lisa giggles.
I tentatively used my fingertips to spread Jen's lips, and felt her doing the same to me. God this was so unbelievable!
The guys were frozen, staring, and I thought their eyes were going to pop right out of their heads. At the same time, I felt kind of a warm rush flow through me. Not sure if it was the audience...or Jen's fingers...or both.
"Move your fingers," Lisa urged, "give the guys something to watch while I'm busy."
"Busy?" Jen blurted out.
"Yeah, busy," Lisa replied as she moved back over to Gary. "I gotta take care of my champion stud...er...steed."
I felt Jen's fingers start to move around my lips and felt myself getting wetter. I started moving my own fingers against her smooth skin as I watched Lisa grab Gary's penis, leading him over to the steps. She pushed him up onto the second one until his waist, hips, and penis were clear of the water..
Lisa wrapped one hand into a fist around his penis and quickly pushed the head into her mouth. Both her hand and her mouth began stroking up and down his shaft. Even from where I was sitting, I could see him start to swell and harden, and I felt a sudden rush through my pussy. Without even thinking abou it, my fingers started moving faster against Jen's warm lips.
I felt her fingers moving against mine as we watched Lisa's head bob back and forth along Gary's now rock hard penis. My clit was getting hard and my juices were flowing as Gary started bucking his hips against Lisa's face. I pushed a finger up inside of Jen and felt her do the same to my sopping channel inreturn as we watched, mesmerized, at the sight of Lisa sucking on Gary's penis...right in front of everybody! Lisa had dropped one of her hands down into the water, inside her bikini bottoms, and I could tell from her arm movements that she was mashing her own clit.
The rest of the guys seemed to be trying to divide their attention beatween me and Jen, with our legs up and our wide open pussies on display, and Lisa and Gary next to us when Gary all of a sudden twitched, and then his body froze.
Lisa jammed her mouth all the way down on his penis and held him...all the way inside her mouth. I could tell he was squirting from the way his body was jerking. He said nothing...just grunted and then moaned.
Jen's fingers were now flying furiously around my pussy...I could feel an orgasm approaching, and sppeded up my own finger movements in her wet channel.
I could see Lisa's adam's apple bob up and down a couple of times as she swallowed, then straightened and stood. Wiping the little bit of Gary's cream that had oozed out around the corners of her mouth, she quickly stuck her fingers between her lips, making a slurping sucking moise, then grinned as she announced, "God I just love winning!"

**Chapter 16**

Hi...Michelle again. Thought I'd take a quick time out and reintroduce myself to anybody that hasn't read any of the prior chapters.
Today, I am thirty three years old, but telling stories from when I was just turning fifteen, getting ready to start my freshman year in high school
I'd been touching myself for over a year, but it had only been the past couple weeks that I started to really awaken and discover guys...and penises...and sex.
I'm a hopeless exhibitionist, still believing that there was something magical about me...something that could turn guys on and make them get hard just by looking at me...my body...not yet realizing that that's just the way guys my age were.
Following is a continuation of my brother Ricky's pool party...a day I will never forget as long as I live. It was the Saturday before school was to start...last weekend of the summer.
He had invited a bunch of his buddies over for the day, and I had invited my best friend Jennifer, who had showed up bringing Lisa along, a mutual firend...the third of our trio.
The beer had been flowing freely...and I think both Jen and myself were a little bit tipsy.
Lisa was already well on her way to being totally trashed...

The Pool Party - Part Six

I couldn' t believe it! Lisa had just sucked Gary's penis! Right there in front of all of us!
She was still wiping the last few drops of his cream from the corners of her mouth as she made her way back into the water and started toward us, a huge grin on her face.
I hadn't realized it, but my fingertips were still massaging Jen's pussy lips, and hers were still playing with my clit as Lisa approached.
Jen and I looked at each other, somewhat sheepishly, and withdrew our hands (reluctantly?) from each other's wet folds and sat up, closing our legs and dangling our feet again in the water.
"That was fun!" Lisa announced, "What's next?"
I slid down into the water as I responded, "You tell us. You seem to be the one with all the fun games."
Lisa paused and let out a small belch, looking around. The guys were all clustered around her, even though Jen and I were the two that were naked, and Lisa still had her bikini on.
Brother Ricky saved the day as he called out from the corner of the pool, "I know what's next! Since everybody else is butt naked, Lisa, don't you think you should join the party?"
He stood there on the steps, looking at her...daring her...waiting.
Lisa moved to the edge of the pool, grabbing her beer and swallowing deeply before turning and announcing, "OK guys...show time!"
Jen and I moved to the edge of the pool and our beers as Lisa made her way up the steps and out of the water. She stood at the edge of the deck and waited until the guys had clustered around in front of her before she started lewdly swaying...bucking...humping...her hips.
As I turned to put my beer back down, my "magical water jet" pulsed against my already aroused pussy. God it felt so good! I just stood there for a moment, letting the thousands of tiny fingers caress me, and even without thinking about it, started gently rocking my hips to and fro, letting the pulsing water tickle my most sensative parts. This was the first time I had done this without anything on "down there" and the feeling of the water thrusting against my naked pussy was unbelievable...delicious. I felt myself start to get really wet and my pussy start to twitch, my clit to throb.
I cast a sidways glance at Jen. She was staring at Lisa's lewd demonstration as she pulled her top off over her head, discarding it to her side. She was bucking her hips obscenely as she cupped her breasts in her hands and held them out toward the guys.
"Look at my nipples!" she squealed. "They're so cold and hard, who's gonna warm them up for me?"
She leaned toward the water, pinching and tweaking her nipples in a lewd display, eyes roaming all around the guys gathered in front of her.
No immediate response from the guys, but I thought I could detect from the corner of my eye a couple of the guys' hands disappear into the water.
My hips were starting to sway harder against the warm rush of pleasure flowing through me out of the jet, and I felt the unmistakable signs of approaching heaven start to drift through me. My hips rocked harder.
I looked at Jen and saw her staring intently at Lisa, who was now done displaying her breasts and moving on. With her bottoms still on, she squatted down at the edge of the pool, spreading her legs lewdly. She leaned back, putting her hands flat on the deck and leaning on her arms. She started bucking...humping...her hips obscenely. She looked like...looked like...she was Doing It!
The guys were all staring at her...her wanton act...her wide spread legs...looking right up at her pussy, not quite covered by the thin strip of material of her bikini bottoms.
The jet of water pulsing against my pussy was now getting me really turned on, and I could feel the beginnings of orgasm approaching as I watched Lisa stand up, hooking her fingers in her skimpy bottoms.
I cast a glance at Jen, seeing she was intent on watching Lisa's obscene "strip show". That in iteself was a turn on. I was standing one foot away from my best friend...my first female lover...getting ready to come...and she had no idea what was going on!
The waves washing through me were getting stronger as I watched Lisa turn her back to the pool, and the guys in it, and suggestively wiggle her bottoms down off her hips. She made a lewd display of bending over as she moved them down to her ankles, and off her feet. She had her legs spread well apart, and bent all the way over like she was, even from our angle I could see the puffy lips of her pussy peeking between her spread thighs.
She maintained her pose for a moment or two, and then straightened, turning to face the guys.
They were all staring at her, not quite believing what was going on. She had a suggestive grin on her face as she purred, "Well guys, what do you think?"
The water jet pulsing on my pussy and clit was getting me really close...my hips were rocking now, nothing I could do to control it. The waves were starting...
Lisa reached down between her legs and grabbed her pussy, using her fingertips to spread her lips wide open. The guys were gawking.
Lisa squatted again, leaning back on her hand, spreading her knees, and opened her lips even further. I swear even I could see up inside her pink insides!
The guys were all frozen...staring...
The waves started building in me and I could feel my orgasm approaching when all of a sudden Jen reached out and grabbed my shoulder.
"She's trashed," Jen whispered, "she's gonna do something stupid."
The spell was broken. My almost orgasm vanished.
Jen and I watched as Lisa pushed two fingers up inside of her. "God, I wish I had a real cock!" she complained.
She started pumping her fingers in and out of her pussy, the guys watching, spellbound.
After a moment she stopped, looking around the circle of guys, and asked, "Any volunteers?"
Without waiting for a response, she pulled her fingers out of her pussy and stood. With a gay shriek she launched herself into the water, landing right in the middle of the group of guys.
Within seconds, both of her hands had disappeared down into the water, and it was obvious from her arm movements, and the expressions on the faces of the guys next to her, just what she was doing.
Jen and I just watched. I moved slightly away from my magical water jet, my pussy still pulsing somewhat, and grabbed Jen by the arm.
"Jen, try this." I whispered in her ear. She glanced over at me, then turned her attention back to Lisa, obviously stroking two of the guys under the surface of the water. I pulled gently on her arm and maneuvered her toward the water jet. She was still turned sideways, watching the show in the water, so I put my hands on her hips and kind of swiveled her until she was facing the edge...and the jet.
I knew the instant I got her in the right position, because she froze...solid.
She didn't move for a moment or two, and then turned her head to look at me, her eyes wide.
"Michelle!" she gasped, "you mean this...this...you mean...you can...you..."
Words escaped her as I felt her hips begin a gentle swaying motion beneath my hands. I could feel her rocking fall into a rythm as I remembered the delicious sensations of the pulsating water when I had it spraying directly on my clit.
I just grinned at her in return and we both turned our attention back to Lisa and her antics. The guys were all gathered around as she moved her hands from guy to guy, stroking for a minute, and then moving on to the next. She seemed to be having the time of her life.
Who could blame her? All those penises!
I moved one of my hands off Jen's hip and squeezed one of her butt cheeks. Her breathing was getting a little bit raspy, as we watched Lisa start bobbing her head in the water.
Oh my God! I thought to myself, as she moved from guy to guy, repeating this motion.
With both her hands still busy in the water, it looked like she was playing with three penises at once! One in each hand, and one in her mouth! Every few seconds her head would surface as she came up for air, and then she would move on to the next guy, lowering her head in the water again.
I admit I was jealous! All those penises!
Without even thinking about it, my other hand dropped into the water between my legs and began caressing up and down my slit. I was squeezing, kneading, fondling Jen's butt as the movement of her hips increased, now humping against the pulsating water jet.
The guys were all so wrapped up in Lisa...and her hands...and her mouth...that they weren't even paying any attention at all to us over on the side.
I pushed a finger up inside my own sopping channel and began running the middle finger of my other hand up and down Jen's crack. She spread her legs alittle bit apart and bent over slightly. I took that as an invitation and pushed the tip of my finger up inside her tiny back hole.
She gasped and the bucking motion of her hips became even more pronounced.
My own finger was swirling furiously around the inside of my own wet hole as I felt the beginnings of the first tremors roll through me.
Jen was moaning as she dropped both of her hands down into the water. Without even being able to see, I knew she was using her fingertips to open her lips, leaving her clit wide open, naked and exposed to the delicious fingers of water.
She hunched down a little bit, and I pushed my finger further up inside her back hole, wiggling it all around as she began rocking steadily. I knew she was close! So was I! I pulled my finger out of my pussy and began mashing it against my own engorged clit.
Jen gasped and froze. Her tiny butt hole clamped down on my finger as I watched her open her mouth, panting heavily.
I knew she was coming! Oh God, I was so close! My own hips rocked as my finger mauled my clit...so close...
Jen exhaled ludly, then slumped against the edge of the pool. I felt the muscles of her back channel relax against my finger, even as my own finger continued the mad assault on my engorged button.
So close...
Lisa shrieked with delight. "Party time!" she announced and we both turned our heads that way.
Her arm was flying. Scott was standing there, a look of pure amazement on his face as it was obvious what Lisa was doing to him...his penis...under the water.
He jerked and froze, and Lisa shrieked again. Scott gasped and stiffened, jerking once, twice...a thrid time. Lisa was gigling like she'd just discovered a pot of gold.
Although we couldn't really see it, it was onvious Scott was emptying his squirts into the pool...into Lisa's hand.
She pulled her hand up out of the water as Scott kind of slumped, exhaling deeply. She brought her fingers to her mouth and suggestively licked them.
"Ummmm," she purred.
Jen and I looked at each other in amazement, too stunned for words. All thoughts of my own orgasm vanished as Lisa suddenly eyed the oversized inner tube standing in the corner of the deck.
Letting out another shriek, she scrambled out of the pool, swaying her naked butt lewdly, and retrieved it, throwing it into the water. Still butt naked, she came around toward us, stopping and pulling deeply at her beer.
"Ready for some real fun?" she whispered.
Without waiting for a reply, she stood and turned. She opened her legs and reached down with both hands, spreading her lips obscenely. "OK guys," she announced, 'now it's my turn."
She took a flying leap, landing on top of the tube, and promptly falling off.
Scott left the pool to go help brother Ricky with the food as Jen and I stood quietly on the side, the guys oblivious to our presence. Lisa made a show of clambering back aboard the oversized tube. I felt Jen's hand slide across my back and down to my butt again, squeezing and kneading one of my cheeks. My "almost" orgasm from moments ago was back in my mind in an instant, and I eagerly spread my legs...hoping...
We were watching intently as Lisa made a lewd display of flailing around on the top of the tube, taking every chance to spread her legs wide, showing her naked pussy to the guys now clustered eagerly around her.
She finally settled on her back, arms stretched up over her head, legs spread obscenely.
I felt Jen's hand slip up between my legs, grasping my pussy, and moments later felt one of her fingers slide up inside of me. The tremors started almost immediately.
Lisa, lewdly spread eagled on the over sized tube, was clearly the center of the guys' attention. Jen and I were being completely ignored as I remembered how I had used the same obscene "pose" on the same tube to entice our neighbor Jeff, only days earlier.
I felt Jen push another finger up inside of me and start moving them in and out as Lisa announced gaily, "OK guys, we need a volunteer here!"
Jen's finger movements in my pussy were sending flutters through me, and I quietly dropped one of my hands into the water, using just one fingertip to tease my again aroused clit.
Lisa pointed at Tommy and said, "OK, under the water and come up right..." She pointed a finger down between her wide spread legs, "...here!"
My finger was no longer teasing my clit, but was now rubbing somewhat insistently.
Jen's fingers were moving faster and I felt the wetness grow within me.
Tommy ducked down into the water and surfaced seconds later, standing up inside the tube bewteen Lisa's wide spread legs. His face was only inches from her lewdly displayed pussy and I thought his eyes were going to pop right out of his head.
My breathing was starting to get ragged as Lisa reached down and spread her lips open.
"OK stud," she was kind of slurring her words, "Let's see if you know what to do with that tongue." She took both her hands, grabbing his head, and pulled his face down into her wide open pussy. He began lapping eagerly, his head bobbing as his tongue lavished her slit.
Lisa bucked her hips obscenely against Tommy's face, exagerrating her sounds as she moaned and groaned.
"Oh yeah, stud," she gasped. "that's it! Right there!"
Lisa's hips were bucking wildly as Jen pushed her fingers all the way up inside of me, holding them there and swirling them about. I could feel the waves starting to build.
Lisa was panting and shrieking, bucking wildly against Tommy's face. She had both her fists firmly grasping his hair as she pulled his head tighter and tighter against her lewdly gyrating pussy.
Jen dropped her other hand to my butt, and seconds later I felt her push a finger up inside of my tiny back hole. Oh God! My own hips were bucking as she began pumping the fingers of both hands in and out of me. I wiggled my own fingertip against my clit, feeling it throb.
Lisa was actually starting to whimper as Tommy's face was rocking up and down between her wide spread legs.
I felt the first waves start to build...and all of a sudden Jen pulled her fingers from both of my holes.
"Oh God no!" I thought to myself, "not again..." I was so close...
Jen glanced at me out of the corner of her eye and whispered, "Let's go join the party. Why should Lisa have all the fun?"
Almost in a trance, I let Jen lead me over to the circle of guys. I almost wanted to cry out of frustration. So close...again...
We parted and stood on opposite sides of the tube, watching Tommy ravenously lick up and down Lisa's open pussy. Both of Jen's hands immediately disappeared under the water, one in front of Keith, the other in front of Gary. Even though I couldn't really see, I was certain she had one of their penises in each hand. Moments later, her arm movements confirmed that she was stroking both of them. Two penises! At the same time!
I watched for a moment, my frustration building, and then reached one of my own hands into the water, putting a loose fist around Michael's penis. I began a slow stroking motion and immediately felt him start to swell and harden.
I dropped my other hand into the water, intending to grasp Keith's penis, only to find it surrounded by his own fist, pumping furiously.
"Let me help with that," I murmured, replacing his hand with my own.
I started stroking both penises in rythm, and within moments could feel both of them twitching...throbbing.
My own frustration, my own "almost"...again...orgasm was quickly forgotten as I reveled in the sensation of two hard penises bucking...humping...against my hands.
Lisa was openly panting now, rocking wildly, as I felt hands start to wander over my hips, across my butt. I felt a finger lightly running up and down the length of my crack, and another hand move around and squeeze my already drenched pussy. I increased the rythm of my stroking as I felt a finger push up inside my tiny back hole, and seconds later felt a finger from the hand in front of me push it's way up inside my pussy.
The fingers in both of my holes began in and out movements as Lisa began squealing.
I felt Keith twitch and jerk, and moments later could feel...I mean actually feel...him squirting into the water.
The finger movements in my back hole slowed and stopped as I felt Michael begin to buck against my hand. I released Keith's penis and moved that hand over to Michael as well, cupping his balls while I continued stroking the length of his throbbing hard on.
The movements of his finger in my sopping pussy became frantic as I felt him, too, begin to twitch and jerk. Within seconds, the hand cupping his balls announced he was coming as I felt his sac tighten and contract. He jerked, then froze.
Moments later, he let out a long breath and kind of slumped over.
Seconds later, his finger movements in my pussy stopped.
"Damn! Not again!" I thought to myself...so close...again...
Lisa let out a loud shriek and announced, "That's it! Coming!"
She clamped her thighs tightly around Tommy's head, locking him in place. I wondered if he could even breathe. I had never seen anything as obscene as watching Lisa lewdly, wildly, wantonly, mash her hips against Tommy's captive face.
She jerked a couple times, then froze, then slumped back against the inner tube.
I looked across at Jen and noticed that the guys on both sides of her had wide grins on their faces. "Them too," I thought wistfully to myself. "Everybody's coming but me..."
Tommy turned around toward us, his face dripping with Lisa's juices, but the grin on his face unmistakable...triumphant...
We all just stood there for a minute, kind of looking at each other, not really knowing where this was going next.
Our revelry was broken by the sound of brother Ricky's voice calling from the doorway to the house, "Hey everybody!"
I turned my head to look...and froze...
It was God!
I mean...he was a god...the guy standing next to my brother...he had to be a god...he...he...had to be...he was...perfect...beautiful...sexy...perfect...he had to be a god!
He was standing there...looking. I'm not sure he believed what he was seeing.
I didn't care. He was the most gorgeous guy I had ever laid my eyes on. Tall...six feet plus. The tight tee shirt he was wearing showed off his muscular chest, his bulging arms, the tight tiny little stomach.
I felt a flush in my pussy...my legs went weak.
He was...perfect!
Long wavy dark brown hair. Beautiful eyes, beautiful cheeks, beautiful lips...beautiful nose...beautiful ears...beautiful...everything!
All of a sudden I was embarassed...naked. I made a half hearted attempt to cover my breasts...I don't know why...most of the time I love to show them off...get a guy's interest...but this guy...I don't know what I was feeling...just...just...I don't know.
I knew in an instant that regardless of what the rest of this day might bring...one way or another I was going to get this guy...alone...just the two of us...
Somewhere...somehow...something...everything...
The frustration and aches in my pussy from all the earlier "almosts" seemed somehow suddenly magnified. I was on fire...just looking at this beautiful god.
Brother Ricky announced, "This is Brad...just moved in down the street...starting school with us this week. He..."
Ricky continued rambling his introduction but all of a sudden my ears didn't work.
My heart was thumping...pulse racing. I had never been so turned on in my life, and right now nobody was even touching me!
My knees were wobbling as Brad's eyes kind of roamed around the pool, looking at all of us...naked. His eyes seemed to pause, or maybe I just hoped they paused, when they got to me, and I felt a blush immediately redden my face.
It was pretty obvious what had been going on here, and his eyes continued circling, taking it all in.
Finally, his impossibly beautiful mouth broke into an impossibly perfect smile.
He chuckled as he said,
"I take it you all have met?"

**Chapter 17**

This is a boring story. But it, like the others, is true, and needs to be told in order. This one needs to be told in order to set the scene for the next one. Guys reading this will probably find it boring...girls reading this will remember a day, an incident, somewhere in their own past, and know exactly what I'm talking about. xxx, Michelle I

I couldn't believe this god was just standing there, flashing that impossible smile.
My knees were weak. I was actually trembling. His eyes glanced at me again, lingering for a moment, and I felt my blush deepen.
"Oh God, why?" I thought to myself. "Why did he have to see me like this the first time?"
There we all were, naked, standing in the pool. It was pretty obvious what had been going on, and for some reason I was really embarassed.
Lisa seemed oblivious to it all. Guys were still grouped around her, and I could see them wandering their hands all over her lewdly displayed body. They were squeezing her breasts, pinching her nipples. Gary and Tommy both had hands down between her wide spread legs, fondling, stroking, her open pussy.
My attention went back to the hunk standing right behind me.
This guy was just so impossibly gorgeous. I'd never wanted anything as badly in my life as I wanted...wanted...him.
Ricky led him over to the patio table in the corner of the deck and announced with a chuckle, "In case you haven't notice, no trunks allowed in the pool."
Brad turned and looked at all of us, flashing that dazzling smile again as he took in the scene.
With a light chuckle he said, "Well, it that's the rules..."
He pulled his tee shirt up off his shoulders and I just stared in awe. He was so perfect!
My pussy was fluttering, my heart pounding. "Keep going," I prayed to myself.
He sat in the patio chair and removed his sneakers and socks, depositing them on the table. He stood and pushed his sweat pants down to his ankles, stepping out of them. My breath caught in my throat as he hooked his fingers into the waistband of his white briefs.
He seemed to hesitate for a moment, and I was silently screaming, "Oh please oh God oh please oh God oh God oh God..."
He flashed that dazzling smile before he turned around, his back to the pool, and to me, and pushed his briefs down his hips below his knees.
I couldn't help it. I gasped. Oh God what a butt! It was perfect! Just like the rest of him. Small, tight, muscular...my mouth was watering...my heart was pounding. I wanted to touch it...squeeze it...kiss it...lick it. My pussy fluttered again. Oh God this was out of control!
He bent over to push his briefs down off his ankles...I almost came right there!
I could see his balls hanging down between his thighs. Like everything else about him...they were perfect. My mouth was watering as I imagined running my tongue all around them...sucking them into my mouth. God, I could even see his tiny back hole. It, too, looked perfect...inviting. I was going wild imagining pushing my tongue up inside that tiny opening.
God I wanted him!
He strightened, turning to face the pool. My breath caught in my throat. There it was!
His penis!
I could feel the juices gushing out of me as I just stood there, gazing in awe. I had never seen a penis so beautiful...so pink...so inviting...so perfect. I could taste it, I could imagaine it sliding in and out of my mouth...feeling it growing...swelling...getting hard.
Without even thinking about it, I dropped a hand down into the water and began stroking my slit. God I was so wet!
Brad casually dropped his briefs on the table and walked over the deep end of the pool. I couldn't tear my eyes away as I watched his penis, swaying gently back and forth as he walked. My finger dipped inside my drenched pussy.
His eyes were drawn to the lewd specacle of Lisa spread eagled on the inner tube. I felt a flash of jealousy as he seemed to pause, watching the obscene show. Both Gary and Tommy now had fingers pushed up inside Lisa's wide spread pussy, and were pumping in and out as her hips rocked and she shrieked with delight.
Brad just chuckled, shook his head, and contiued on to the diving board, just standing there for a moment/ God I wanted to attack him right there...I didn't care who was around...who saw what...I just wanted him!
He walked to the end of the diving board and bounced up and down a couple of times. With each bounce, his penis jiggled, flopping up and down. Oh God...
I pulled my finger out of my pussy and started massaging my clit as Brad stepped to the back of the board and then, with three quick steps, bounced on the end and dove in the pool.
All I could remember was the sight of his penis, waving wildly, bouncing as he dove. My clit was hard as a rock, throbbing, and the juices were literally dripping out of me as he broke the surface. He shook his head and brushed the hair back off his forehead, wiping the water from his eyes. He just stood there for a moment, lloking around at all of us...looking at him.
I cast a sideways glance at Jen and saw her eyeing him...hungrily.
I hissed out of the corner of my mouth, "Don't even think about it! He's mine!"
Jen looked at me and winked, whispering, "Just save me the leftovers...deal?" She chuckled as I felt her hand again descend across my back and grasp my butt. She started suggestively running a finger up and down my crack and my legs parted automatically.
I grinned at her in return as Brad waded into the shallow end of the pool. The water level was just above his waist, but I was staring down into the water, trying desperately to see his penis, just inches below the surface. God I was so turned on!
He waded toward us, right past Lisa, who was still obscenely spread eagle on the inner tube. He glanced at her and her wide open pussy, and I felt an instant flash of anger...jealousy. "No," I thought to myself, "not her."
He continued moving right past her, seemingly uninterested, and I felt an instant flood of relief. He approached to within a few feet of us and again flashed that impossibly perfect smile.
"So who's in charge of fun and games?" he asked chuckling.
My eyes were still staring down into the water as Lisa belched, announcing her presence. We all turned to look at her as she pulled the guys' hand from between her wide spread legs, replacing them with her own and using her fingers to lewdly open her lips.
"All the fun and games you want right here!" she slurred her words.
Brad didn't turn away this time, and I felt the anger flood through me again. "Oh no you don't," I thought to myself.
I quickly waded over to Lisa. I don't know what got into me...the beer...the several "almosts" of the past hour...or wanting the gorgeous guy behind me for myself.
I reached out and slapped her pussy...hard!
"Maybe," I said nastily, "you should wear a sign on this thing that says 'public parking'".
I couldn't believe I did that! Said that! What a bitch I was!
I was instantly embarassed and humiliated. I could feel the flush reddening my cheeks.
Until my God standing behind me chuckled and said, "From what I can tell, looks like that lot's already full."
I fell in love with him that instant.
My knees were like rubber again as I turned and looked at him, my expression...my expression...I don't know...awe?
He was still smiling as I waded back over toward him. I glanced down and was pleased to see that my nipples were rock hard and standing up. God I hoped he noticed.
I was doing my best not to stare down into the water, looking for his penis, as I approached within a couple feet of him, asking lightly, "How are you at basketball...pool style?"
I was trembling all over and my heart was pounding as he replied, "I'll try anything once...twice if I like it the first time." He chuckled again.
Oh God! Every time he smiled...every time he chuckled...every time he laughed...my pussy pulsed and my clit throbbed!
I wanted...I wanted...I wanted...so desperately...
My mind was whirring as I turned and waded to the far end of the pool, grabbing two of the basketballs. How was I going to...where was...when was I...somehow I had to...
I flipped one of the balls at him. He caught it easily...with one hand...
I turned and flipped the other one in the general direction of the floating basket...it went in!
God what a rush! I hadn't embarassed myself in front of my god.
He was smiling at me as he said, "Look's like you've played this before."
I felt another rush go through me. My knees were weak again as I wondered, "Does he like me? Does he think I'm sexy? Cute? A spoiled little kid?"
It seemed like he didn't even look at the basket as he casually flipped the ball over his shoulder.
It went in...of course...
I wanted to get close...so close...
I kinda lunged...sort of...toward the basket and retrieved both of the balls. Wading over toward him I suggested, (sexily I hope), "Looks like I'm not the only one that knows how to play."
He just smiled that impossible smile again as I handed him one of the balls.
Somehow, my mind had shut out that there were still a bunch of other people in the pool with us. They just didn't exist. It was only him...and me...
My kind of magical fantasy land trance was broken as he said, "So OK, how about we get a game going?"
Jen was at his side in an instant, standing close...too close...to him, and I kind of shot her a nasty glance. She backed off a few steps, winking at me as she did, and turned to the rest of the guys. "OK guys, let's go," she announced.
Gary and Tommy already had their hands back between Lisa's wide spread legs, and both had a finger pumping in and out of her gaping pussy. They seemed a little reluctant to let go of their new "toy", but finally waded over to join us, leaving Lisa alone, naked, spread eagled on the inner tube.
Teams were chosen quickly. Jen ended up on Brad's team, me on the other team. I was kinda disappointed at first, until I realized that would give me a chance to "guard" Brad...and get as close as I wanted...
Lisa made her presence known again by announcing in a loud, slurred voice, "Well if you guys are all too busy, guess I'll just have to make up my own little game."
With that she dropped both of her hands between her legs, pushing two fingers of one up inside her open pussy. She used the fingertips on her other hand to begin mauling her clit, moaning and whimpering in a lewd, exagerrated display. She was bucking her hips against her hands, shaking her head from side to side. Everybody kind of watched her obscene show for a moment or two. I was afraid Gary and Tommy were going to head back over to her, so I quickly grabbed and fired one of the balls in their direction.
As the game started, I realized just how well it had worked out that Brad and I were on opposite teams. I brushed up against him every chance I got. My pussy was fluttering. I pushed my breasts against him...his back...his arms...his chest...everything I could push against him. My hands wandered over him...across his butt...across his chest...brushing his nipples.
I really wanted to touch his penis.
I let my hands wander over his hips...his thighs a couple of times...so close...
I felt him behind me and could feel his penis against my hip...my butt. Oh God that wasn't where I wanted it.
I let my hand brush lightly against his penis, and was rewarded when I felt one of his hands brush against my butt. My pussy was flooding.
I felt brave and reached behind me, this time deliberately, obviously, grasping his penis in a loose fist.
I squeezed gently and then let go, turning to look up at him.
"Which do you like better?" I purred, "my offense or my defense?"
He just smiled that impossibly perfect smile again as he chuckled, "Both."
Lisa now appeared to be passed out cold on the inner tube, at least I think she was. She was still in an obscene, lewd spread eagle, but I thought I could hear her snoring.
As we continued frolicking, Brad's hands became bolder. He squeezed my breasts a couple of times...my butt a couple of times, and...finally...FINALLY...reached up between my legs and grasped my pussy.
I almost came right there.
I reached back and grabbed his penis, again, this time deliberately stroking it. I felt it start to swell and grow. Oh God I was in heaven!
We continued the game...Brad and I continued fondling each other...more daring with each passing minute. I grabbed and stroked his penis every chance I got...he squeezed my pussy every chance he got...I was going crazy...I had to figure out a way to get him alone. I felt him push a finger up inside me and almost came again. So many "almosts"...I had to get him alone!

For what Jen is about to "accidentally" do, I will "owe her one"...forever.

Brad was standing in front of the basket. I was standing in front of him, "guarding" him. I had one hand reached behind me, down in the water, and was squeezing his penis. He had a hand kneading my butt. Jen had the ball on the other side of the pool and threw a pass at Brad.
It was way high, way up in the air, and Brad leaped high up out of the water to try to catch it.
I swear my perfect man-god was at least ten feet up in the air as he grabbed the pass with one hand and descended on the basket. He slammed it through the net...

And then crashed down into the edge of the deck...

He didn't yelll, didn't scream...didn't whine, yelp,anything...he didn't say a word...
Of course not...he was a god...
But the look of agony on his face was unmistakable. He wasn't actually bleeding, but I could see the raw redness at his elbow...along his arm.
He headed back toward us and I noticed him limping...even in the water. I wondered what else he had smashed on his way down.
In an instant my plan formed. "Thank you Jen..." I murmured to myself.
I quickly waded over to Brad, gently grasping his wrist and holding his arm up.
"Let me look at that," I instructed. I brushed my hip against his penis as I made a show of inspecting his arm. It was starting to "ooze" blood through the nasty raw scrape and I grabbed his wrist, leading him toward the steps in the shallow end of the pool.
My mind was whirling feverishly. I had seen his penis, not really up close, but I had seen it. But he still hadn't seen my pussy. I wanted him to...up close.
I wanted him to see it...look at it...want it...
I knew kind of what I was going to do playing "nurse", just couldn't figure out how to work my own "show" plan into the scheme.
I was holding his hand as I led him across the deck toward the sliding doors. "Let's get this fixed," I whispered as I led him through the doors and into the kitchen.
I turned to close the doors behind us, and then back to face him.
We were alone!

**Chapter 18**

I led him through the kitchen, pausing to grab the small plastic squeeze bottle of anti-bacterial soap off the counter. I took him to the stairs and started up when my first flash inspiration hit me.
Two steps ahead of him, I "accidentally" dropped the small plastic container and bent down to pick it up. I knew that this should put my pussy just inches in front of his face.
I was hoping he would take the hint and do something...anything...but didn't want to linger too long in my bent over position. It would just be too obvious.
I straightened and led him down the hall to my room. Leading him to the edge of my bed, I turned him to face me. For the first time, I got a good look at the nasty ugly bruises on his knee and hip. I quickly knelt down in front of him. I ran my fingertips ever so lightly over the welt on his knee, and then moved my hand higher up, to the bruise on the front of his hip.
Leaning in close, I ran my fingertips gently over the red area, probing very, very gently.
I felt him wince a little, and leaned closer still, pretending to be inspecting his wound.
My eyes, however, were focused on his penis. It was right in front of me...inches away from my face...my mouth.
My pussy fluttered and my breath caught. I could feel the juices soaking me. Oh God how I wanted to...wanted to...
I stood and pushed him gently back, seating him on the edge of my bed. I held up his injured arm, pretending to examine his wound. But the corners of my eyes were still focused on his penis...right there...naked...between his legs...sitting on my bed.
My pussy fluttered again and I felt another flush of my juices. God I hoped I wasn't dripping.
"Stay right there for a second," I managed to whisper in a hoarse voice, "I'll be right back."
I scurried down toward the bathroom, but had to pause to catch my breath. He was in my bedroom! He was sitting on my bed! He was naked! His penis was...right there!
Regaining my composure, I entered the bathroom, hastily pulling the electric toothbrush, blow dryer, and hair brush off the small tray they sat on.
I opened the medicine chest and pulled out the tube of first aid cream and the cotton balls. Moving quickly to the linen cabinet, I pulled out gauze, bandages, and the peroxide. I grabbed a wash cloth and wet it with warm water. Wringing it almost dry, I placed everything on the tray and almost ran back to my room.
He was still sitting right where I had left him. I tried not to stare at his penis as I approached, but my mouth was literally watering at just the thought...
I had intended to set the tray on the bed next to him, but then thought, "That would be stupid." A much better idea flashed through my fantasy inflamed mind.
I stopped just in front of him and turned around. With my back to him, I bent way over and carefully placed the tray on the floor. My feet were discreetly apart, so I was pretty sure he would be able to see my slit, and the lips of my pussy peeking between my thighs.
I bent my knees slightly as I fumbled with the tops of both the first aid cream and the peroxide. I was pretty sure that, bent over like this, with my knees somewhat bent, the cheeks of my butt would be parting and he should be able to see my tiny back hole, as well as a much better view of my pussy.
I fiddled with the supplies for a few moments, opening the gauze and the bandages. God I wanted him to touch me...feel me...caress me...do something...anything!
After a minute or two of...nothing...I gave up, straightening and turning to face him.
I moved his knees slightly apart and stood between them, damp wash cloth in my hand.
I propped one foot up on the edge of the bed, just outside his hip, and reached for the wrist of his injured arm. I draped it across my knee, inspecting his elbow again. I was hoping...wishing...praying...that in this position his eyes would be on my open pussy, now right in front of his face.
I let go of his arm and turned around, bending over again to retrieve the peroxide.
When I turned back to face him, I thought, (or maybe just hoped...prayed), that his penis looked like it had swelled a little bit.
I propped my foot back up on the bed, again lewdly displaying my pussy just inches in front of his face, and reached for his arm, laying it across my knee. I dabbed at the scraped, bruised area with the cloth, and, satisfied it wasn't actually bleeding, released his arm. I turned and bent over once more, this time grabbing a couple of the cotton balls.
I repeated my show of propping my foot up on the bed. This time, when I placed his arm across my knee, I could actually see his eyes...staring between my legs. My pussy fluttered.
I really...REALLY...wanted to reach down and spread my lips open and ask...beg, for him to...to...to...
I finished cleaning his elbow and quickly knelt on the floor in front of him, inspecting his knee. My eyes were still distracted by his naked penis just inches from my face as I repeated the cleaning process with first the cloth, and then the cotton balls and peroxide. Even though I was kind of trying to pay attention to what I was doing, my clit was throbbing as my eyes were automatically drawn to his penis, right there in front of my face. It was just so perfect! My mouth was watering as I felt another rush of juices flush my pussy.
I finished his knee and leaned closer still, looking at the wound on his hip. Oh God his penis was now only inches away from my face...my mouth...
I dabbed at the ugly red patch on the front of his hip, and then started around the side. I'm not exactly sure how he landed when he came down on the edge of the deck, but this bruise started on the front quarter of his hip and went all the way around the side, disappearing under his butt.
I dabbed as far as I could, and then whispered in my sexiest voice, "You're going to have to kind of lift up...and maybe sort of roll over."
It kind of hurt me to say that because I really didn't want him to move anywhere that would move his penis from in front of my face, but figured once the "nurse thing" was over, I might get the chance to give his penis all the undivided attention I wanted.
I ducked back and he promptly rolled onto his side. It looked uncomfortable as hell, with his legs stuck out straight from the end of the bed. In a flash, the next inspiration hit.
"Better idea," I kinda cooed. "Why don't you scoot down here and kind of sort of kneel on the floor and lean over the bed?"
He quickly did as I asked, although I think he gave me a kind of a funny look as he moved into position.
Unlucky for him, but very lucky for me, this scrape was actually bleeding a little bit, and a couple of the droplets had dripped onto his upper thigh...a couple onto his butt cheek.
I dabbed at them one by one, all the while staring at his beautiful...tight...perfect butt, right in front of my face. I finished cleaning him and had another flash inspiration.
I grabbed the tube of first aid cream and dribbled a few drops onto the scraped area. I put the tube back down and started using my fingertips to gently...very gently...spread it around the bruise.
I couldn't help but bend over slightly and look between his legs. In his bent over position, both his penis and balls were hanging down between his legs, just off the edge of the bed.
Oh God I wanted to...wanted to...wanted to...
I let my fingertips continue playing with his hip, his thigh, the cheek of his butt. Without even realizing it, my fingers were getting closer and closer to his gorgeous crack, to his balls...to his penis...
I continued staring between his legs as my breath became short and another flood of juice washed through my pussy.

I stopped pretending.

I moved one hand to his other cheek and began kneading, rubbing, squeezing, both of them...deliberately...obviously...
His tiny back hole was winking at me as I leaned forward, sticking out my tongue. I began moving it, tickling his balls with just the tip...ever so lightly.
He gasped and twitched...but didn't resist...didn't pull away.
Emboldened, I began lavishing them with the full length of my tongue. It was so sexy...his balls...my tongue. I couldn't get enough! I washed every little bit of them I could reach, even leaning forward and probing his tiny pee hole with the tip of my tongue.
He gasped again and I went back to feasting on his balls, licking everywhere. I very gently sucked first one, and then the other into my mouth, running my tongue all around the warm soft flesh while my lips held him captive.
I moved my head up a little bit and began running my tongue up and down his crack, avoiding touching his actual little opening...waiting...waiting...waiting...until his hips started humping back against my face.
Only then did I curl my tongue into a point and probe right at his tiny hole.
He gasped again...and jerked.
My juices were flowing freely now, dripping down the insides of my thighs as I tried to push my tongue up inside his tiny opening. I swirled it all around the pink hole, licking...probing...pushing. His hips were rocking...mashing back against my face...my tongue...and I could hear his breathing start to become heavy.
I lowered my head again, lavishing his balls with my tongue, and then sucking the head of his penis between my lips.
He was moaning as I felt him start to swell in my mouth and ran my tongue in circles all around the smooth head of his growing organ.
I pulled my head away and put my hands on his hips. I twisted him around gently as I whispered, "Think it's time for you to sit back up on the bed."
Within a second or two, he was back up and sitting, reclining back on the edge of my bed. I knelt again quickly between his knees, spreading them apart with my hands. I reached forward and curled one hand into a loose fist, grasping his penis. I leaned forward, still staring...still somewhat in awe...at the magnificent sight right in front of my face.

The time for games was over.

I leaned forward and opened my lips, pushing forward until I felt the head of his penis hit the roof of my mouth. I held him there for a moment, swirling my tongue all around him. I started a stroking motion with my hand, and now could feel him quickly starting to swell and grow.
I removed my loose fist from his shaft and pushed my face all the way forward. I felt my lips mash his pubic hair as the head of his penis invaded my throat. I paused for just a moment, waiting for the gagging sensation to pass.
As soon as it did, I pulled my mouth back until only the smooth tip of his organ was between my lips. I moved forward again, delighting in the sensation of the head of his penis pushing into my throat.
I bobbed back and forth a few more times, then wrapped one hand again around the base of his shaft. My mouth and hand moved in unison as I felt him grow and harden.
His hips started to hump against my face as I dropped my free hand down between my legs, grasping my pussy.
I froze.
God, I was soaked!
The juices were literally running out of me, dribbling down my thighs. I didn't care. I used a fingertip to start torturing my engorged clit as I bobbed my head and fist up and down the length of his throbbing hard on.
I felt his penis twitch and knew he was getting close. My finger was flying over my clit as I thought, "God...I want him to squirt...to shoot...I want to taste him...to drink him..."
Then another part of me objected, "NO!" I wanted more...I wanted...I wanted...
A tiny voice inside my brain screamed out, "Don't even think about it girl...no pregnancies...no babies..."
The other half of my brain was screaming, "I don't care! I want him!"
The argument was boiling in my brain as Brad's hips started jerking against my face. His butt was all the way up off the bed as he thrust his penis between my willing lips.
"God what to do?" I thought to myself. My pussy was drenched, my clit throbbing as my finger flew faster and faster.
My mental "war" was interrupted by Brad croaking, "Why don't you hop up here and turn around so I can play too?"
In a flash I was up on the bed, my knees straddling his shoulders. I started to lower my hips...my pussy...and then I felt his tongue tickling up and down the backs of my thighs.
"Oh God," I thought to myself in a sudden flash of panic, "I hope he's not grossed out."
I could feel my juices running down my thighs, wet...sticky...
"What if it turns him off?" I worried to myself.
He stopped for a moment, and I was paralyzed. "That's it," I thought, "now you've done it...you grossed him out. You screwed up any chance..."
I forgot he was a god...
Seconds later, his tongue returned...not tickling this time...but lapping at my thighs like a dog starving for water.
Up and down...one and then the other...getting ever closer to...closer to...
I leaned down, again grasping the base of his penis in a fist and pushijng as much of it as I could into my mouth. I resumed my bobbing motion and felt his hips start humping again.
He was devouring my thighs with his tongue. He moved upward, his mouth...his tongue...roaming all over the cheeks of my butt. I felt him reach up and grasp my twin globes in his hands, spreading them apart.
I knew my tiny little back hole was now lewdly displayed, just inches in front of his face, and wondered if he was going to...going to...
My hips were rocking as my answer arrived just moments later. I felt the tip of his tongue start to tease lightly up and down my crack. At first, he didn't touch my tiny opening, but teased all around it...getting ever closer and closer...
I felt another flood of juices wash out of my pussy. I was humping my butt back against his face...wanting his tongue to...to...to. His penis began twitching in my hand and mouth. God I wanted to taste him...but one of the little voices was still screaming, "No! You want more!"
The other little voice was still insisting, "No babies!"
His tongue finally...finally...touched my puckered hole and I gasped. I had to take my mouth off his penis, gasping for air, my hips bucking. His tongue...my tiny hole...it felt so delicious...so naughty.
I returned my mouth to his throbbing penis as his tongue began furiously lashing...licking...probing...my tiny back entrance. He continued this heaven for several moments, my butt pushing back against his face...trying to force his tongue inside me.
I felt him shift again, his tongue tickling lightly up and down the lips of my pussy.
My clit was screaming.
My hand and mouth were moving faster and faster on his rock hord organ as I mashed my pussy down against his face. I squirmed around, wiggling...trying desperately to get his tongue on my clit.
His mouth kept getting closer and closer to where I really wanted it. I was going crazy. I was sure my juices were flooding...drowning...his face.
Finally...finally...I felt pure bliss as the tip of his tongue brushed against my throbbing engorged clit.
I came.
No warning...no build up...I came...and came...and came...
I was moaning, gasping, whimpering as the wonderful waves washes through me. My juices gushed out between my legs as I felt his penis start to jerk. My knees clasped tightly around his head, imprisoning him, as I felt spasm after spasm shoot through me.
His penis jerked again, and I reached down a hand, gently cupping his balls. I could feel them starting to tighten...to contract. It was time...
I stopped...still wanting something more.
That little annoying voice inside my head was still insisting, "No babies!"
I was still gasping, my chest heaving, trying to suck air into my lungs when I felt his tongue return to my clit, lavishing warm strokes all over the tiny bud.
I came again.
"This isn't happening," I was thinking to myself, "twice in two minutes?"
As my breathing started to return to normal, I stared at his penis, inches in front of my eyes. It was throbbing, twitching, jerking. It looked like a piece of hard steel standing up between his legs. God I wanted it...wanted it...wanted it...in me...
The annoying voice in my head...denying me...
With a sudden flash of inspiration, I scrambled off of him, quickly moving to the other side of the bed. I got on my hands and knees, facing away from him. I spread my knees and pushed my butt up in the air. I moved a hand down between my legs and began suggestively running a finger up and down my drenched, dripping slit. I pushed a finger up inside of me, swirling it around. I pulled it out, wet with my juices, and pushed it against my little back hole.
I laid my head down on the pillow and took both hands, reaching around my hips and grasping my butt.
I looked back over my shoulder at him as I spread my cheeks as far as I could.
His eyes were glued to my rear as I hissed...

"Use this hole..."

**Chapter 19**

I was kind of panting in anticipation as Brad continued staring at my lewd display.
Perched on my hands and knees, with my butt pushed up in the air and my hands holding the cheeks of my butt as far apart as possible, he was looking at both of my holes...maybe even looking up inside my holes.
His penis was standing straight up in the air, throbbing, twitching. The smooth pink head looked like it was going to explode.
He started to move, climbing up on his knees as I whispered, "Wait just one second."
One hand came off my butt and went between my wide spread legs, a finger disappearing deep up inside my dripping pussy. Swirling it around until it was thoroughly coated with my juices, I pushed it back up between my cheeks, touching the tip against my tiny back hole. I pushed...forcing it up inside of me to the first knuckle. Wiggling it about a little, I coated the tight rim of my opening with my juices.
Brad's eyes were glued to my obscene display as I repeated the process a few more times. He moved into position behind me, kneeling straight up, and even though I couldn't actually see his penis from this position, it was obvious by the motions of his arm that he was holding it...squeezing it...stroking it.
His eyes were glued to my lewdly displayed holes as my hand returned to the cheek of butt, pulling it as far apart as possible.
"Wait," I gasped, panting now in anticipation of...of...finally...a penis...inside me.
I turned around quickly, facing him. Removing his hand from his throbbing penis, I quickly pushed my mouth all the way down over his rigid shaft, not stopping until I felt his pubic hair against my lips. Perhaps it was the excitement of the moment, but even as the head of his penis pushed it's way into my throat, there was no gagging sensation...not even for a second.
It seemed like my tiny butt hole and my throat were having the same thoughts...I want it...put it in me...put it all the way in me.
I swirled my tongue all around his pulsing shaft, trying to work my mouth full of saliva. I coated every inch of his penis with my mouth's liquid, soaking it...drenching it. My mouth released his wet shaft as I turned back around, laying my head back on the pillow and reaching both hands behind me again, spreading my cheeks...exposing my hole.
"Now," I panted.
He moved closer, right behind my upturned backside. I could see his arm moving again, and seconds later felt the head of his penis rubbing...teasing...tormenting...all up and down the length of my slit.
He continued this delicious torture for another moment or two. My pussy was pulsing...my clit was throbbing as the smooth head of his organ rubbed briefly against my pulsating magic button. He continued moving up and down the length of my slit, and every time the head of his penis brushed against my lust engorged clit, another flood of juices soaked my pussy...drenched my pussy...dribbled...ran out of my pussy.
I was just starting to get a little nervous about his intentions when I felt him shift again, and seconds later felt him running his hard on lightly up and down the length of my crack. I gasped every time the head came in contact with my puckered opening, and my hips pushed back of their own accord...searching...seeking...wanting...
Breathing was getting difficult now...my chest was heaving. I was moaning out loud without even knowing it. God I never wanted anything so bad in my life...
He stopped moving his penis up and down, and the head nestled up against the opening of my tiny back channel. I pushed back against him, feeling the pressure increase. He remained motionless, and my hips began swaying slightly, my tight hole pushing more firmly up against his rigid organ.
"In me!" I was silently screaming, "I want it in me!"
"Brad...now..." I gasped.
I pushed back against him again, and although I could feel the pressure increase as his tiny pee slit pushed against my puckered opening...it still wasn't...wasn't...wasn't...
"Brad...please..." I whimpered...begging...pleading...
He gave a sudden thrust forward...

Oh God the pain...

Agony...searing...burning...tearing...ripping me...

A thousand little fingers of white hot lightning ripped through my tiny back hole as spasms of unbelievable pain shot through my entire body. He was going to kill me...I was going to die...no...I wanted to die...no...just stop...make the pain go away...do something...anything...just make it stop.

I was paralyzed...I tried to scream...I couldn't...

I tried to move...I couldn't...

I tried to breathe...I couldn't...

Tears filled my eyes as the terrible waves of agony kept washing over me...through me. It felt like every nerve in my body was concentrated as the tiny tight opening to my back channel...and every one of them was screaming in anguish...
...crying...whimpering...begging...pleading...make it stop...please dear God...make it stop...
I reached back and grasped his hips in desperation. "Wait," I managed to croak.
He froze and we just stayed there...for seconds...minutes...hours...days...forever.
The tears were running freely down my face as spasm after spasm of unbelievable agaony racked my body. I was shaking...quivering...crying...sobbing uncontrollably.
"It's not supposed to be tlike this!" I was silently screaming. This was supposed to feel good...wonderful...sexy...pleasure...but not this!
Suddenly, I became aware, through the mist of mind numbing anguish, that my one hand was wet...hot...sticky.
"Oh God no!" I silently screamed at myself. In my tortured panic, I had grabbed and squeezed his injured thigh so hard that his blood was running all over my hand.
The tears started again. "What else?" I whimpered to myself. "He'll never talk to me again...never look at me again...he'll hate me forever..."
My mind was so fixed on what a little girl jerk I was being that at first I didn't even notice the pain in my tiny back hole start to subside. But it did...
I got my breathing back and opened my mouth...gasping huge gulps of air as fast as my tortured lungs would allow.
Only after several deep breaths did I even start to become aware that the terrible agony in my tight back channel was diminishing. The pain was still severe...I still felt like I was on fire...ripping...tearing...but maybe not dying...maybe even surviving...
I had to get him out of me...somehow...but I was afraid to move...and sure didn't want him to move.
The pain had almost died off to a dull throb when his penis gave an involutary twitch.
It started all over again...the searing...burning...torture...fire...pain...anguish...a new flood of tears filled my eyes as I began sobbing uncontrollably.
This time the torture only lasted a few minutes and then subsided...almost quickly...
"I've got to get him out of me..." was all I could think. But what to do...I was still paralyzed. I knew if he even moved, even the tiniest bit, the waves of agony would start all over again.
We remained frozen for several moments...and the pain once again died away to a dull throb.
I pulled my hand off his injured thigh and brought it up to my face, glancing at it. Oh God...it was covered in blood...his blood...dripping...
"Brad, I am so sorry," I whimpered. The tears and sobbing started all over again. I had never been so embarassed, so humiliated, in my entire life. I had never felt so stupid...a jerk...an idiot...a fool...a...a...a...child...
My god's only reply was, "Are you OK?"
"Me?" I almost shrieked, "What about you? Look at my hand!" I made half an attempt to hold up my blood soaked hand.
"Don't worry about me. I'll be fine. I've had worse," was all he said.
Maybe it was the brief conversation, maybe that was a distraction. Maybe it was just the seconds having time to go by...maybe it was my tiny back hole having time to adjust...maybe it was...I don't know what it was...
But the pain...the burning...the torment...the agony...were gone...gone.
It was now more like a discomfort. I felt filled...really filled...stretched...even though he was only a little bit in me. I started thinking maybe it wasn't time to panic...maybe it wasn't time to get him out of me...maybe it wasn't time to...
"Brad," I gasped huskily, "Move...just a little tiny bit."
"Which way?" he whispered back.
"In...just a little tiny bit.," I gasped back.
I cringed, winced. Every muscle in my body tightened...expecting the worst.
He leaned forward just a fraction. I felt his penis push a little bit further up inside of me.
No pain...no pain...no pain...
The nerve endings in my tiny back hole were still shrieking...but not in agony...more like...more like...more like...I don't know...it was just...something...I don't know.
"Brad," I whispered," a little more..."
He moved again. I felt his penis throb and twitch as he pushed it a little further inside my tiny channel. Still no pain...it was...it was...
"Brad," I murmured, "all the way...just go really slow."
I felt him push forward slowly...steadily. His penis was filling me like...like...I'd never been filled before. I was going to explode from the inside...maybe...it was filling me...expanding me...stretching me...deeper...more...filling...deeper...filling...more...
The tight entrance to my tiny back hole was alive with nerves...all of them screaming out. It wasn't pleasure...it wasn't pain...it wasn't sexual really...not even sensual...just...just...intense.
Intense turned into highly erotic as I felt his balls push against the drenched lips of my pussy. He was all the way in me! My little back channel had a guy's penis all the way up inside!
Not just a penis...not just a guy's penis...my god's penis.
I was floating...the terrible agony of minutes ago was quickly forgotten as he began a slow, sensuous, in and out movement. He would push all the way inside, filling me, expanding me, and pull slowly out until just the head remained trapped by my tiny opening.
This was exquisite! My breathing became labored as he fell into a steady rythm. I had never felt so alive...so aware...so conscious...focused on the sparks shooting out from my tight back hole entrance. I felt my pussy release another flood of juices.
I wiped my bloodied hand on the pillowcase and quickly moved it down between my legs. My fingertip was tormenting my lust engorged clit as I heard Brad's breath start to get raspy.
The pace of his movements increased. Every stroke in...every stroke out...had the nerves in my tiny opening screaming for more. Never had I dreamed...
My finger movements became faster as I felt the beginnings of a wondrous release start to wash over me. My pussy was dripping...gushing...my clit was throbbing.
He pushed his penis all the way up inside of my tight channel and held it there. I felt it twitch, throb,jerk...I thought he was going to suirt.
Inside of my butt...Brad...squirting in my butt...I was delerious...it sent me over the edge.
Panting...moaning...whimpering...sobbing...I came.
I felt my tight back opening clamp down around his penis as the spasms racked through my body. Tears filled my eyes again as the sensations consumed every ounce of me. I couldn't breathe...again. I couldn't move...again. Shuddering, I just tried to focus and concentrate on the delicious waves shooting out of my back side hole and rushing through my entire body.
I was starting to come back down to earth, gasping as I tried to get my breathing back. I felt his penis twitch again and just laid there, relishing the moment...the warmth...the glow.
Neither of us moved for a few seconds, neither speaking. It was a few moments later that I felt his penis twitch again...and again a few seconds after that.
Some kind of alarm was going off in my lust filled brain.
His penis twitched again and I slowly realized it wasn't shrinking...wasn't getting soft.
He hadn't come!
My god had waited patiently for me...worrying only about my pleasure...and hadn't come.
I thought I was in love him before...now I knew I was.
I looked back over my shoulder and whispered in my sexiest voice, "Brad...pull it out."
He looked at me in shock...like...like...what the hell?
"Trust me," I purred, "pull it out."
He silently did as I aked, although I thought the expression of shock and amazement on his face had turned to one of extreme disappointment.
I scrambled around and gently pushed on his chest, laying him out flat on his back. His penis was sticking straight up in the air...a tower...a monument.
I quickly garbbed the base of his shaft in a loose fist and pushed the head into my mouth. My tongue was swirling around his throbbing shaft as I began bobbing my head up and down. I felt his head invade my throat, pausing...waiting for the gagging sensation to stop, then locked my fingers against my lips, moving my mouth and my hand up and down as one. I felt his hips start to buck...hump...against my face.
I moved up, straddled his waist with my hips, positioning my hole directly over his throbbing penis. I grasped it in one hand, slowly lowering myself until I felt his head pushing against my back channel entrance.
I lowered myself further, feeling him enter me...again. There was no pain this time, just the exquisite pleasure of feeling his throbbing penis pushing into my tight hole.
I lowered myself further. This was incredible. The angle was different...the penetration felt different...the head of his penis was rubbing parts of the inside of my channel that hadn't been touched before.
I began rocking up and down, panting as I increased the pace. I was raising and lowering myself, savoring the feeling of each stroke...taking him all the way up inside of me...and then pulling back until just the head remained trapped inside my tight hole.
My bobbing movements fell into a slow, steady rythm as I spread my knees apart, reaching a hand down between my legs and spreading open the lips of my drenched pussy. His eyes immediately fell between my legs, staring at my wide open display as I contued moving my back hole up and down the length of his shaft.
I brought my other hand up to my mouth, extending my middle finger and pushing it in between my lips. I sucked suggestively...lewdly...for a moment and then moved that hand too down between my legs.
His hips were starting to hump against my butt as I placed my wet middle finger on my clit and began moving it around in small circles, tormenting my hard throbbing button.
Oh God...heaven!
My clit was on fire...my tiny back chute screaming at the intense feeling as I felt a gigantic orgasm start to overtake me.
My finger was flying on my engorged clit, my tight puckered hole ravishing up and down his penis...and all of a sudden I was gasping...moaning...panting...screaming...
I felt my tiny back hole clamp down on his throbbing penis like a vise. I could barely breathe as spasm after spasm racked my body. This orgasm was...was...like a tidal wave. It kept growing and growing...getting stronger and stronger...more and more powerful. It wouldn't stop...wouldn't slow...
It seemed to last forever, and when the spasms finally seemed to subside a little bit I found myself shaking...quivering. I was gasping through my mouth in deep lungfuls.
My whole body felt like rubber...shivering...trembling.
I felt his penis start to twitch and jerk again and leaned forward...whispering in his ear, "Don't come yet." I leaned up a bit to look into his eyes.
He stared at me in shock...disbelief.
My lips returned to his ear, whispering again, "I want to taste you. I want to drink you."
I lifted myself off his throbbing penis and moved between his legs, spreading his knees far apart. I slid one hand down between his legs, pushing the tip of my middle finger against his tiny back opening, while gently cupping his balls in my palm. I opened my lips slightly and leaned forward, feeling the head of his penis move into my waiting mouth.
I held him there for a moment, with just the head inside my lips, and swirled my tongue all around the smooth skin, pausing to probe at his tiny pee hole.
His penis was twitching again as my head moved forward, engulfing more of him until the head was brushing the roof of my mouth. Moving forward further still, his head entered my throat. Pausing until the gagging sensation passed, his penis seemed to be still growing in my mouth...filling it...stretching my lips.
"This is what was just in my little back hole?" was the thought wandering through my brain. All of a sudden the earlier moments of excruciating agaony became clear. This still growing monster had been inside me!
Moving my head again, my lips brushed against his coase pubic hair. Pausing again, with his entire penis in my mouth and throat, my tongue swirled all around his shaft, delighting in feeling him twitch and throb.
I pushed the tip of my finger inside his back hole, hearing him gasp as I pulled back my head and curled my other hand into a loose fist, grasping the base of his shaft.
The index finger and thumb of that hand were glued to my lips as both hand and mouth began bobbing up and down as one.
I wiggled the tip of my middle finger in his tight rear channel and increased the rythm of my bobbing...stroking...sucking...kissing...licking...his pulsing penis as his hips began bucking...humping up off the bed.
My palm felt his balls start to tighten and contract and it was clear it was time.
My hand and mouth were flying up and down the length of his throbbing tower as he groaned and began to jerk, his hips mashing against my lips, hips penis ravishing my mouth.
His hips came up a foot off the bed as he froze, croaking, "Oh Jesus..."
I pushed my middle finger all the way up inside his tiny back hole, wiggling it as I felt the first squirt blast against the roof of my mouth. It was followed quickly by a second...and third.
I swallowed as much as I could but still felt drops of his sweet cream dribbling out of the corners of my mouth.
He quirted a fourth time...and a little bit of a fifth time.
This time, his juice stayed in my mouth, coating my tongue. I swirled it around, savoring the slightly salty taste.
He collapsed back on the bed...panting...moaning.
I swallowed again and used my fingertips to collect the little droplets running down my chin.
He seemed to be getting his normal breathing back as I sucked my fingertips greedily into my mouth, determined not to miss even one little drop.
He was lying back, eyes half closed, with a kind of a dreamy expression on his face. He just looked so content...so...peaceful...so...perfect.
The slight taste of salt was still in my mouth as I crawled up next to him. Draping one leg over his thigh, I dropped my arm across his chest as my head nestled in the crook of his shoulder. My pussy was pressed against his thigh, but not sexual...just warm...intimate.
His arm went around me, snuggling me against him.

My lips returned to his ear as I whispered, "Thank you."

My eyes were on his face as I started to doze.

I think I saw my god smile.

***Pool Party Epilogue:***
Having finally finished this marathom day, I went back and read it beginning to end, and even though it's horrendously lengthly, there's still whole parts of that day that were left out...that I forgot...

The Measurement: We lined all the guys up and stroked them until they got fully hard and big...then got out a ruler and measured them. (My brother Ricky actually won that one at 6-1/4"...rest of the guys were all between 5-1/2" and 6".

The Squirting Contest: (Right after the measurement). While the guys were still all hard, we took turns stroking them until they came...seeing which guy could squirt the furthest. (Tommy won that one...I think in Lisa's hand)

The "Quick Come" contest, Lisa's idea (who else?): Each of us chose one guy and took his penis in our mouth. Using only lips, tongue, and mouth, (no hands allowed),
we raced to see which one of us could make the guy come first. (Jen won that one, with Michael I think...but it might have been Eric.)

These might be worth revisiting to tell the story some time down the road.

But for now...happy holidays.

xxx, Michelle