My Life

Part One   
  
By Sara   
  
Even though people wrote that they were okay with sexually explicit, I know that I offended some people at ASN, which is primarily the same sort of site as this one. Consequently for the time being I will tone down the sexual parts. If people indicate later, that they would enjoy them more explicit then I will consider it. Even though the early part of my experiences do not involve a lot of involuntary stripping, my later life does. But I felt a need to present my experiences in the order they occurred so the reader will have a sense of who I am and where I’m coming from.   
  
My mother told me I never liked wearing clothes. She informed me that from the time I could toddle around I would always pull anything off she had on me, plus my diaper. She said that later when I was about five and six, she had to watch me like a hawk when she took me to go swimming because I would always pull my bathing suit off and go swimming around naked in whatever pool, lake or ocean we were in.   
  
As far as back as I can remember, I’ve always hated wearing clothes. They just feel so confining to me, as if I can’t move or function correctly when I’m all weighed down with clothes. This is particularly a problem because I am a young woman and women seem to have to wear so many clothes and clothes that are too tight or heavy. In elementary school I was always getting in trouble for stripping down at recess. Of course, the older I became, the more attention I received from boys from stripping naked and that was rewarding in itself.   
  
I can remember in the sixth grade, me and a group of boys would always disappear during recess around the side of the school and I would strip down for them. They loved it and so did I! It always felt so liberating to me and free. Sometimes I’d get some of them to do the same thing. Their bodies looked so funny at the time to me with their little hairless peckers. But I never let them touch me, that was one of my big rules. You can look, but you better not touch. Sometimes I would touch them though, if they begged me enough and if a boy was particularly mature before his time, his dick would get real hard. One time I actually stroked a boy’s cock until he shot off against the side of the school. That was so hot to me, having that kind of control! But he got scared when it was happening to him, because he really didn’t have any idea at the time what it was. He never came around me again after that.   
  
Of course this whole thing made a lot of the other girls real jealous of me and they hated me for it. Every once in a while they’d all gang up on me at recess and strip my clothes off and run away with them figuring to really embarrass me when I had to go back to class naked. But I would fool them. We lived pretty close to the school and I would just run home for the day and if a teacher asked me the next day why I didn’t return to class I would tell on them and those girls would get in big trouble.   
  
Every once in a while when I was going home like that, some perv would stop and try to convince me I should get in his car for a ride to my home, but I never fell for that one. But wouldn’t you think all those people driving by would see there was a young girl stark naked walking along the side of the road and call the police or something? But I guess that’s true. Nobody wants to get involved today. Even at that age, I became excited at being naked in public and I didn’t even really understand the feelings my body was experiencing. I certainly got off on the looks of shock and surprise on people’s faces when she saw me totally nude.   
  
In high school I had a best friend named Andrea and she was way cool. She wasn’t like me or anything, but she didn’t judge me. In fact, she used to try and help me in any way she could. You know those yucky gym suits girls had to wear? Well, I retailored mine. I had the blouse cut up to just across the bottom of my breasts and I had the shorts cut up right along the bottom of my labia! In fact, it was so short, that if I wanted, I could turn a certain way and you could see my pussy! One day in the eleventh grade our gym teacher was sick and, we had to go to class with the boys, so they had us doing gymnastics together in the gym. The teacher was this real young guy, Mr. Boyd. He was really good looking too. He was fairly tall, with a nice bod and blonde wavy hair. It was his first year teaching. So anyway I had it all worked out with Andrea. She was supposed to jump on the small trampoline and vault onto the horse and do one of those basic put your hands down between your legs and touch once with them and then jump off the horse. Well, Andrea hit the trampoline super hard and vaulted all the way over the horse and landed awkwardly right at my feet and acted as if she had fallen and on the way down she grabbed my shorts and pulled them down to the floor.   
  
What a laugh! I wasn’t wearing any panties, of course and then when she stood up she acted as if she were off balance and she pulled my blouse up over my head leaving me standing there in front of all these boys stark naked. It was so great and I looked at Mr. Boyd and he was getting a hard on. I had developed physically by then. My breasts were 34C and I had blonde pubic hair. I screamed, “Oh no! I’m naked!” As if everyone already couldn’t see that. I have never attempted anything like this before, so all the girls thought it was real and they were all laughing and pointing at me. The guys weren’t though, they stood with their mouths hanging open and boners poking out of their short gym shorts. I act as if I was attempting to hide my nudity behind my hands, but of course I just kept moving them all around so everybody could see everything. I stood with my legs far apart and my pussy lips were easily seen. I was so excited my clit had slipped its hood and was sticking out. So I kept looking at Mr. Boyd and smiling. I thought he was ‘so’ hot! Some of the girls finally ran over and helped me get dressed.   
  
That afternoon right at the final bell as I was leaving my last class, Mr. Boyd suddenly appeared at my elbow and asked me to follow him into his office. I couldn’t understand what any of this was about until I followed him down to his office by the gym and saw Andrea sitting there. She looked way bummed out. Mr. Boyd told me to keep standing by his desk while he went over and locked his door. I began to feel uneasy wondering what he wanted. He went and sat down behind his desk.   
  
He explained, “Let me get right to the point, Sara. That display this afternoon was horrible. If I were to tell the principal what had occurred, you would be expelled in a heart beat and so would Andrea for helping you in your little foul minded scheme.”   
  
I glanced back at Andrea and she hung her head guiltily. I instantly realized the jig was up and that she had cracked under the pressure and admitted everything to Mr. Boyd. When I looked back at him, he continued, “That’s right, Sara. I’ve talked to Andrea and she told me all about it. You have one chance to save yourself and Andrea too.”   
  
“What’s that?” My voice quavered. It wasn’t an act. I really was scared. I didn’t want to be expelled!   
  
“Well,” the young teacher explained, “I think you have some serious emotional problems, young lady with this need of yours to expose your body to the opposite sex like that. If you go on like this, you could end up getting arrested or even worse, raped! Now, I want you to receive some counseling for this, but I’m worried that something might happen, before you can get to a counselor or the counselor is able to help you, so I would like to help you first, if I may.”   
  
“S-Sure,” I stammered. “That’ll be fine.”   
  
Andrea started to get up to leave thinking her part was over in what turned out to be quite a charade. Mr. Boyd directed, “Oh no, Andrea. I want you to stay too. I think you can probably help Sara with this.”   
  
Andrea sat back down reluctantly. “Well, what do you want me to do?” I asked, feeling a little braver seeing as though he wasn’t going to turn me in – at least, not right away.   
  
The young teacher explained, “I need you to strip off all your clothing.”   
  
I flushed bright red. I know you might think this was strange for me, but it was embarrassing. I mean, it’s one thing to be in charge of when you strip off, but another thing to be in a locked office with your close friend and a young good-looking male teacher and he tells you to do it. I was very embarrassed.   
  
He further directed, “Come on, right now. I need to see how it affects you in order to better help you.”   
  
I glanced at Andrea for some support and she was looking at the floor, so I removed all my clothing. It didn’t take me long because I wasn’t wearing much – just a blouse and a short skirt – no bra or panties. I stood stark naked in front of him except for my shoes.   
  
Mr. Boyd walked around the desk and looked me closely up and down. He said, “Take your shoes off too.” And he watched me as I removed my flats and placed them on my other articles of clothing.   
  
“Spread your legs some. Good. Now do you see this?” the teacher asked me, bending down and pointing at my exposed labia. “You are getting excited, now that’s not natural in this situation, is it Andrea?”   
  
Andrea silently shook her head. She told me later she was too frightened to say anything.   
  
“Andrea, come up here too,” Mr. Boyd ordered. Andrea grudgingly joined me and tried not to look at me standing there totally nude with an engorged labia hanging out. “Okay, Andrea. I want you to remove all your clothing too.”   
  
Andrea turned bright red and exclaimed, “I will not!”   
  
“Andrea,” he said severely, “You are involved in this too. I would hate you to get expelled. I’m not asking you to remove all your clothing because of a whim or that I need to see you naked. I have a full grown girlfriend. I don’t need to see sixteen year old girls naked. I’m trying to help your friend. I want her to see how a normal young woman reacts to being naked in a public setting.”   
  
Well, now I knew a load of bullshit when I heard it, but either apparently Andrea didn’t or she didn’t know what to say to it, so she slowly removed every stitch of clothing she was wearing. And let me tell you, Andrea was a knockout. I mean I’m pretty hot, but Andrea was drop dead gorgeous. She had really long dark black hair that hung straight down her back, great big breasts, a narrow little waist, her pussy had black pubic hair and her legs were long and luscious.   
  
Of course, she was terrifically embarrassed. She told me later she hadn’t been naked in front of a man since she was a little girl and that had been her father. Andrea stood kinda hunched over with one hand across her pussy and the other attempting to hide her luscious breasts. Mr. Boyd went over and stood in front of her.   
  
“Now you see, Sara,” he declared, “this is how a normal, modest young woman acts when not wearing anything in a public place. You can put your hands down now and straighten up for a minute please, Andrea.”   
  
Andrea just stood there. I actually think she was frozen solid for a minute with shock. The young teacher went on in an angry tone. “Andrea, I said to lift your hands for a moment! I don’t want to have to keep telling you everything twice. The next time this happens I’m just going to quit fooling around with you and send you down to the principal’s office.”   
  
My friend very halfheartedly, I’m sure, straightened up and dropped her hands to her side completely displaying the ample charms of her completely nude body to the young teacher. From what I could see from the corner of my eye, she appeared to be blushing mightily.   
  
Mr. Boyd stepped back in front of me and explained, “There again, Sara, do you see how embarrassed your friend is? Now that is a natural reaction, Andrea is not enjoying it. But you are sexually twisted somewhere. You do act as if you enjoy it.”   
  
The young teacher continued to speak, as he began to pull his t-shirt over his head displaying a very muscular upper body physique that tapered down to a narrow waist. I told you he was a hunk! “Now I want you both to look at me and see how unnatural it is for me to be naked in front of you in school like this.”   
  
He then proceeded to pull his gym shorts and jock strap down to his feet stepping out of them and laying them on his desk. Mr. Boyd stood before us completely naked except for his gym shoes. His hips were slightly bigger than his waist, his stomach was flat as a board, and his legs were muscular, but beautifully sculpted. His penis didn’t look wrinkled at all like some of the ones I had seen on younger boys, but probably the reason for that was presently it was way hard! It stood straight out between seven and a half and eight inches long from his big thatch of blonde pubic hair. Wow! I happened to glance at Andrea and she was looking at the floor, but I knew she had seen him because she was shaking and I was afraid she was going to faint.   
  
“Now,” Mr. Boyd continued, “see what you being inappropriately naked could bring about. Why you might cause someone to take their clothes off themselves and then step up to you and do this.” The young teacher stepped close to me and leaned down and began to passionately kiss me on the lips, while running his left hand down my body until he located my clitoris. He must have been very accomplished at this, because he seemed to locate it immediately and he began to stimulate my love button with his digit. I moaned and almost swooned in his arms. It felt that good!   
  
While continuing to push his finger in and out hard, Mr. Boyd broke off the kiss and glanced over at Andrea. “Andrea!” he shouted. Her head snapped up. I noticed she appeared so red her face resembled a ripe tomato. “You need to watch us,” the young teacher ordered sternly. “You were involved in this as much as Sara and you need to see where it can lead if gone unchecked. Now I don’t want to have to tell you again!”   
  
Mr. Boyd suddenly just leaned over and picked me completely up as easy as can be and lay me across his desk! He then inserted his large erection into my dripping, distended labia. Even though I was technically a virgin because a man had never penetrated me, a giant dildo that I had found in one of my friend’s parents’ room had and it had broken my hymen. Consequently the young teacher was able to slide all the way in easily. His eyes grew wide in surprise. I almost laughed in his face. He thought he was copping a cherry and then found he wasn’t! But I wasn’t going to tell him that technically he was, that’s for sure!   
  
Since he had encountered no resistance, he began to shag me vigorously. God, it felt great. I don’t want to give you the wrong idea, he wasn’t raping me. I was more than ready to make love to a man, I was sick of masturbation. And I certainly didn’t want some teenage jerk to do wham, bang, thank you m’am in ten seconds. “Oh, God!” I began to scream.   
  
I noticed that he, from time to time, would glance over to Andrea to make certain she was still watching and he would make eye contact with her. I think he had a little exhibitionist problem of his own, plus I think in his mind he was screwing the two of us at the same time.   
  
Suddenly I began to enjoy my first climax brought about by a man. “Ah, ah!” I screamed. Then I felt and saw Mr. Boyd tense for a second and then twitch and then he had his climax. When he had finished, he semi-fell over me on the desk. “God,” I heard him murmur. “You are one hot little piece.”   
  
I smiled sweetly at him, showing my still present dimples and answered, “Thank you, you ain’t so bad yourself.”   
  
“Hahaha!” the young teacher roared.   
  
I happened to look over in Andrea’s direction and she was standing transfixed with her mouth agape. Now that he had gotten his rocks off, Mr. Boyd was anxious to get us out of there before someone saw us. We dressed quickly and just before leaving, he cautioned us to say nothing or he would tell the principal what we had done in gym class. Both Andrea and I realized that he would win in any kind of a telling contest, because we had messed up first in front of a lot of witnesses and, after all, he was a teacher and we were just two sixteen year old girls.   
  
None of this had much effect on me, other than to let me know that I loved the feel of a man’s erection inside of me, but it did something bad to Andrea. It warped her in some tragic way and she became the slut of the high school. And Mr. Boyd never touched her! Sometime during the spring I heard she had gotten pregnant and she dropped out of school and I never saw her again. I really did miss her after that.

Part Two   
  
By Sara   
  
Well, Mr. Boyd and I got it on a number of times after school during the school year. He might have had a fully grown woman girlfriend like he said, but she must have been a frigid bitch because he certainly seemed to enjoy making love to me. I think he really did have one, because I saw him with a pretty young brunette woman at one of the school dances he had to chaperon. I made it a point to go and say hi to him with my blouse hanging half off me, so you could see all the way down to my nipples. Man, you should have seen him blush.   
  
But he paid me back on Monday afternoon, you better believe it, by pounding into my narrow little pussy with that great big cock of his. I could barely walk that day after we were through. The young teacher used to tell me when he wanted to make love by passing me a little folded up square piece of notebook paper when we passed in the hallways. It would have been far too noticeable for him to tell me any other way. Being a girl, I didn’t have much interaction during the day with the boys’ phys-ed teacher – haha!   
  
During our two week Christmas break, of course I didn’t see him at all. In the middle of the week following Christmas, I was surprised to hear from Andrea when she called me on the telephone. Even though it had only been a couple of months from the time of my initial lesson from Mr. Boyd, we had already drifted completely apart. So you can imagine I was flabbergasted when she invited me over to spend the night. It turned out her parents had gone out of town and I really think she had been scared to spend the night alone in their big old house. She had asked a number of boys, but they hadn’t been able to sneak out during Christmas like they could have during the ordinary times of the year. Anyway their loss was my gain. That’s the way I saw it.   
  
When I arrived I saw Andrea sitting on the living room couch with a number of different kind of liquor bottles sitting in front of her on a table. It turned out she had broken into her parents’ liquor cabinet. We started sampling the different liquors trying to find out which we really liked. Anyone can tell you that this is the wrong way to drink unless you want to get drunk in a hurry.   
  
My first clue that I was becoming increasingly intoxicated was I felt uncomfortably warm. I began to pull my skirt and blouse off to cool down. While I was peeling them off, Andrea exclaimed, “Sara, what are you doing?!”   
  
“I’m too hot,” I whined.   
  
“But you’re naked,” Andrea complained, pointing out the obvious.   
  
I was naked already having not chosen to wear any underwear, because I knew it was just going to be us girls. I found myself wondering what Andrea was getting so excited about. Later I found two reasons why she had been.   
  
I sat on the couch next to her so closely that my bare body was sometimes touching her clothed one. I was getting so snockered that I didn’t pay attention to that, but I thought about it later. As we sat and talked and laughed like old times, we just kept getting drunker and drunker. Suddenly Andrea turned and expressed, “I really wish you would get dressed. You never know what might happen.”   
  
“You really are turning into a drag, Andrea,” I responded. “Instead of me getting dressed, why don’t you get undressed?”   
  
“No way, you wouldn’t dare!” she screeched.   
  
Now that’s the kind of challenge I enjoy responding to. I grabbed onto my fine looking friend and began to unbutton her blouse in preparation of removing it from her. Andrea squealed like a stuck pig and began to wrestle me in order to make me cease and desist. I pushed her down on the couch and crawled up on her and sat across her just below where her pussy was and finished unbuttoning her blouse. I pulled it off her and began to undo her skirt by pulling the side zipper down.   
  
“No! Stop it!” yelled Andrea. I just laughed at her. “Mwahaha!”   
  
I had quickly reduced my friend to her skimpy bra and panties, when she reared up and was able to push me off her. She reached down to the floor to gather up her skirt and blouse in preparation of donning them again, when I struck again and literally tore her underwear off leaving her stark naked, the same as I.   
  
“You bitch!” Andrea cried out and she leaned forward and began to passionately kiss me, slipping her tongue into my startled mouth. It took me a moment to really fathom what was happening. It was such a shock to have my best friend kissing me like this and we had never even talked about it.   
  
I began to return her kisses with fervor, while pressing my naked body against hers. It felt so good; all that bare flesh against bare flesh. While the raven-haired beauty continued to passionately kiss me, I began to rub my pussy against hers as hard as I could. My clit became stiff from stimulation and I could feel hers had too.   
  
I broke off contact from her kissing and slid down to her clitoris and began to lap and probe and poke at it with my tongue. Andrea began to writhe and moan. “Oh, God. Oh, God, Sara. It feels so good,”   
  
Andrea suddenly sat up causing me to stop.   
  
“What the hell?” I asked.   
  
“Wait a minute, I want to try something,” she explained.   
  
I watched as she reached behind the couch cushion and brought out a nine-inch dildo! It was then that I realized she had this in her mind all along. “Okay,” Andrea declared, while turning around in her seated position, laying down on her back and sliding down to where my pussy covered her face.   
  
“ove up o my munt,” the young woman attempted to say, but her voice was muffled by my labia which was hanging right over her mouth. I giggled but did as she said, because I understood enough of it. I slid up on my stomach until I was looking at her upside down clit – haha! ‘It’s just like ‘Alice in Wonderland,’ I decided. ‘Everything’s backwards!’   
  
I began once again to kiss and probe her love button with my tongue, when suddenly I felt that nine-inch dildo rammed up my pussy from behind. “Oh shit!” I screamed. “Keep going! That feels so good.”   
  
Andrea did as I asked. As I continued to service her with my tongue, she began to ram that dildo almost all the way up me, just barely being able to hang on the end of it with so much of it crammed up inside of me. Harder and harder and faster and faster, Andrea plunged that huge dildo into my slit.   
  
‘Oh God,’ I thought, ‘I’m gonna go any minute! And I wanted Andrea to go first, so I stopped tonguing her and pulled her pussy lips as wide as I could and then I made my right hand into as tight a fist as I could and I slid it up inside of Andrea and began to thrust without the slightest bit of trouble, since she was so wet there from stimulation.   
  
“Oh shit, Sara!” she screamed and immediately was brought to climax pouring out waves of cum on my fist and wrist while my dam suddenly broke itself and my orgasm was so intense for over a minute that I actually lost consciousness and wasn’t really aware of who I was or where I was, but on the contrary all I knew was intense physical pleasure.   
  
We both had just sat back on the couch exhausted when I heard the front door open and someone say, “Andy, we’re home.” ‘Oh Christ!’ I thought. ‘Now what?’ But I was kinda excited to see who it was. So there I was sitting stark naked with mine and Andrea’s cum hanging off my body when her seventeen year old brother and his two friends walked in!   
  
I glanced at Andrea, who looked at me and smiled and then I realized she had had this all set up too!

Part Three   
  
By Sara   
  
……….   
  
I always had the hots for Andrea’s brother, Eric, ever since I’d met him the year before. Four years older than us, he stood a slim figured, six feet and had long, black as coal, hair that hung way down his back. In his features, he was a male version of the gorgeous looks of his sister, Andrea. Sitting there totally nude and half drunk, I gazed at him with a half smile on my sensuous lips that still has the gloss on them of some of his sister’s sexual fluids. I could tell from the expression on his handsome face when he looked at me that he found me desirable, but also that he was not surprised to find me stark naked, confirming my belief that Andrea and he had this set up from the beginning. But when he looked to his sister, his look became one of shock and surprise. I don’t think he had ever seen his sister without clothes; at least not since she had grown.   
  
Now the other two guys in the room were a different story. One of them was known as Jimi and the other was Luke. They spent so much time with Eric that the three of them were known as the three Musketeers. Both of them were standing as if rooted into the living room floor and their mouths had dropped agape, and they had not, as of yet, acquired the wherewithal to close them. I giggled to have such an affect on young men, who had already entered young adulthood, while only being sixteen myself.   
  
Eric strided up to us and he spoke to his sister harshly. “Andrea, what are you thinking? Put some clothes on immediately.”   
  
I noticed my good friend’s beautiful face set in a rigid mask of defiance that her brother missed temporarily, as he had already moved his attention to me. “Good evening, miss Sara,” the young man intoned. Eric has always been smooth with the opposite sex.   
  
“I see you’re looking as tasty as ever,” he spoke with a sly grin on his face, as he pointedly stared at my bare breasts and uncovered pussy. The young man then reached out his right hand.   
  
I matched mine with his and we shook hands. My right hand was the one I used when I fist fucked his sister and I believe some of the odor of his sister lingered and was transferred, because when he brought his hand back he appeared to catch a sniff of something.   
  
“Hmm,” he murmured, looking at me and then his sister with askance. “What have you two been doing, anyway?”   
  
It was then that he noticed that, not only was Andrea not getting dressed, she was sitting with her legs spread-eagled totally exposing her labia to the other two young men.   
  
“Andrea!” Eric exploded.   
  
Before he could say anything further, he was interrupted by his friend, Jimi who stepped forward and expressed, “Hey, lighten up man! You’re being a right drag.”   
Jimi wasn’t quite as tall as Eric, but appeared to have a more rugged physique beneath his apparel. I’ve always been a sucker for a good build on a man. He was quite good looking with red curly hair and a few freckles across his attractive features. He had an impish grin and was quick to joke.   
  
Now in Eric’s crowd being called a right drag was the worst insult known, so he immediately shut up, but he continued to shoot deadly looks at Andrea until I soon distracted him.   
  
Luke was the third one. He was shorter than the other two and his build fell in between, but he had a head full of beautiful blonde hair and he was easily the most handsome of the three of them. But being short myself, (I’m only five feet, two inches) I always shied away from short men for fear of the two of us being called munchkins or worse.   
  
Luke spoke up, “I’ve got the beer.” And he held up two cases of beer.   
  
When Jimi began chatting up Andrea, who was still sitting there defiantly totally nude, Eric had turned again to complain. Before he could fire off another protest, I reached out and quickly unbuttoned his jeans and pulled down the zipper and, lo and behold, I discovered he wasn’t wearing any underwear as his penis flopped out at me.   
  
“Hey!’ the dark-haired young man exclaimed, as he whirled around to me.   
  
As I continued pulling Eric’s pants down over his slim hips and to the floor, I couldn’t help but notice from the corner of my eye that Andrea appeared totally shocked to view her brother’s flaccid penis.   
  
I, on the other hand, was extremely gratified to observe how large his penis appeared in its natural state because I had immediate plans of fucking his little brains out. Mwahahaha!   
  
“Hey!” the beautiful young man exclaimed again.   
  
I responded, “Hay is for horses and I’m banking on you’re a stud and not a gelding.”   
  
Eric was currently in such shock over the impending possibility of his becoming sexually involved in front of his seventeen year old kid sister that he was unable to appreciate the pun I had just made.   
  
“Huh?” he responded, with a vague expression crossing his ordinarily handsome features.   
  
I realized it wasn’t that Eric didn’t want to engage in sex, but that he was used to doing it on his terms and when he said and not that of some young woman. I knew he just wasn’t used to such sexual honesty on the part of a girl.   
  
I reached out and grasped him around his waist with both of my hands and began to pull him toward me causing him to take baby steps or he would fallen forward due to his pants still being gathered at his shoe tops. I then proceeded to apply my mouth to his now lengthening penis and began to suckle on it.   
  
“Oh God!” he moaned aloud. From that point on I don’t think he gave much of a care if his sister was watching or not, which for the most part she was; even when she became sexually involved with Jimi and Luke.   
  
I continued to take as much of his penis into my mouth as I could, while swirling my tongue around on it also. I realized he was going to cum soon, because I could see his knees buckling a slight bit. He began to rub his hands through my long blonde hair more and more as I continued going down on him. Eric began to moan lowly and then louder and louder until he sounded as if he was were in great pain. I reached out and massaged his balls causing his dick unbelievably to become ever harder.   
  
Suddenly his knees buckled almost entirely and he would have fallen on me if I hadn’t pushed him back up. His hips started to twitch as if outside of his control and then he appeared to spasm and twitch suddenly while I felt and tasted the hot load of semen he shot into my mouth. I released his balls and reached behind him to his beautiful flat behind and pulled him even closer to me causing him to continue to climax beyond the normal time.   
  
When Eric was completely finished shooting his wad of cum into my beautiful mouth, this time his knees did buckle all the way and he awkwardly fell towards me because of his sudden lightheadedness and also his still remaining entangled in his trousers laying at his feet. I caught him without any problem, since he was tall but very slight of build and helped guide him to the floor in front of me.   
  
As he sat there completely stunned for a moment from the intensity of the orgasm I prompted from him, I looked over at Andrea for the first time. She was laying on the floor on her back with her feet on the floor and her knees bent. The young ebony-haired beauty was holding her legs as wide apart as possible offering Jimi and Luke a vivid view into her completely open labia.   
  
They both had removed all their clothing leaving Eric presently the only one clothed in the room and like I thought - Jimi had a helluva body, while unbelievably it appeared that Luke had a monster joint jutting out from his small frame. I thought, maybe I needed to reevaluate my position on not wanting a short boyfriend – haha!   
  
As I waited for Eric to regain his sexual prowess, so I could get my fair share of the orgasm profits, I watched as Jimi and Luke hovered around my close friend. Man, she certainly had changed! If Mr. Boyd could only see her now, he’d be sorry he chose me. He confessed to me one time that he came on to me rather than Andrea, not because he thought I was the most beautiful of two of us, but that he felt as though I would be the most willing. Well, he was right about that – Mwahaha! But that was a hell of a confession to make to somebody you’re screwing, isn’t it? I didn’t care…all I wanted was that big stiff dick of his.   
  
Anyway after very little initial foreplay with Jimi suckling on my friend’s nipples and Luke doing a little pussy lapping, Andrea suggested in no uncertain terms that they quit fooling around and get to it. I think both of them felt more than a little nervous about the whole thing; probably never having participated in an orgy before.   
  
Jimi asked her something in a low tone and Andrea suddenly scrambled up on her hands and knees. Jimi climbed up on his knees behind her and began to rub his hands all over the milky white skin of her back and then her lovely rear, finally reaching around to her pubes and locating her clit. My friend appeared so sexually charged that she spread her legs as wide as possible and then reached behind with her right hand and, grasping Jimi’s hard-on, she guided it right into her wide open labia from behind.   
  
“Ah,” she gasped and, as Jimi began to slam into her from behind, Andrea signaled to Luke to approach her. Luke had since gained his feet after his initial sexual foray of attempting to satisfy her with his tongue. He walked over to the beautiful young woman and leaned down close to better understand her message.   
  
I noticed he flushed heavily at Andrea’s suggestion, but he also immediately did as instructed and dropped to his knees in front of her and then allowed her to cover his now raging hard-on with her beautiful mouth. So Andrea had something sexual going on in two areas at the same time. Haha! ‘What a slut!’ I thought.   
  
It was then that Eric slowly regained his senses from the massive orgasm that was brought forth from him with my mouth and he happened to glance over at the cavorting threesome. Quite naturally he became immediately incensed to observe his thirteen year old, baby sister being used and abused by his friends.   
  
But when he quickly scrambled to his feet to hurry over there and break up their sexual shenanigans I interceded. “Oh no, you don’t,” I ordered. “You owe me a screwing and you’re gonna give me one right now,” I continued. I know I spoke crude to him, but sometimes that’s the only way you can get a man to listen.   
  
Eric half turned his attention to me. “Huh?” he responded.   
  
I reached up and grasped his shirt just above his top button and ripped the thin but tasteful material from his body in one swift movement. I had waited awhile to see all of this boy nude and it was worth the wait. As I mentioned previously, he was extremely handsome with long dark hair. He had some nice upper body muscle nomenclature and long beautiful swimmer’s legs. Eric was slim without being skinny. And as I mentioned before, his penis was quite large, even in its flaccid state, but it was quickly becoming unflaccid with every passing second.   
  
“Hey! What are you doing?” Eric protested.   
  
“You can go play with your friends and your sister later,” I pointed out to him. “Right now you’re going to screw my brains out, or is that some kind of problem for you?”   
  
“Play with my sister? I never said I wanted to play with my sister,” the handsome youth protested to me.   
  
I began to feel sorry for him. He just didn’t seem to be near as smart as I was, but maybe he was just having a bad day. I decided that I’d had more than enough crap from him for one evening and I stood up and exclaimed, “Now listen here! Lay down on that couch on your back right now.”   
  
Eric was in such a weakened state emotionally and mentally at the present moment that he did what I asked without a moments thought. He lay flat on his back with his presently lengthening prick sticking up in the air. Luckily it was a long couch or he would have been hanging over.   
  
I climbed up on top of him and immediately went down once again on his young penis. “Oh God, Sara,” he moaned. “Again?” he almost complained.   
  
“No,” I responded, stopping now that his erection was righteously hard. “You’re giving me a ride instead,” I explained and then I climbed up on his seven inch penis and let myself down gently onto it.   
  
“Oh yes,” I murmured, as I began to plunge up and down on his hard-on and incredible sensations began racing through my body alerting all the nerves that something good was going to happen.   
  
Eric placed his strong hands at my waist and guided me, helping to keep me straight and going as high as possible without slipping off. The extra momentum that was being generated by me plunging up and down on his stiffened tool was causing heretofore unexplored areas of my vagina to become stimulated by him.   
  
Even though the young man was also being buffeted by the strongest sexually pleasurable feelings of his young life, his interests were being divided by the loud shrieks of his currently sexually ravished younger sister behind him. Consequently he kept trying to turn his head around in an impossible position to be able to see what was happening directly behind him. Every time Eric would attempt this I would reach down and bitch slap him and tell him to pay attention, but of course holding the position that I did in the entire procedure assured me a complete view of what he was missing. And a good thing it did, because it afforded me the opportunity to be the first, and for awhile the only person, who saw Eric and Andrea’s parents come home unexpectedly early from their trip! Their parents hadn’t set their suitcases down on the floor yet or observed what to them must have been a truly hideous sight of their seventeen year old daughter being fucked from behind, while offering solace to some guys prick in the front, when I quickly and quietly slipped off Eric’s still wildly plunging penis and, picking my skirt and blouse off the floor, while forgoing the hunting of my shoes, I slipped into the kitchen and out the back door before the screaming could commence. Mwahaha! That was certainly close. I heard later that it was just lucky that none of them were charged with statutory rape because seventeen was the age of consent, but Eric was sent away immediately to a university in another state and Jimi and Luke were never allowed anywhere near Andrea or her house again.

Part Four   
  
I never saw Andrea after that night. I’ve felt bad about that right up to this very day. I really enjoyed our friendship and I miss her. I have no idea where she is presently or what’s she’s doing.   
  
Not long after our Christmas vacation was over, something interesting occurred. Have I mentioned that my parents are very religious? In fact, my mother is so religious she has a cross as a screensaver. Man, that’s putting your religion where you want it – to protect your computer. Mwahaha! The upshot of all this religious preoccupation is that I absolutely had to attend church every week or I would never hear the end of it for the entire following week. I also sang in the church choir.   
  
I had just been accepted into the Senior Choir. In our church we had the Cherub Choir, which was for small children and the Junior Choir which was for older children, and the Senior Choir, which was for everybody else. I enjoyed singing in the choir. I have a good voice, so singing was easy for me and I enjoyed sitting up behind the minister on Sunday morning and looking out at the congregation. When the sermon would become boring, (which it always did) I could look out at everyone and amuse myself – hehe, or amuse them. Because I’m short and also sang soprano, I would always be seated in the front row of the choir.   
  
But best of all, I ‘loved’ our choir robes. They were deep burgundy and looked really cool, but the best part was what you could wear under them – which in my case was nothing.   
  
Everyone else just slipped their robe on over their outer apparel, but I always disappeared into the ladies room and, after stripping down to just my shoes, I would put on the robe. I would then stash my outfit in one of the Sunday school rooms. And no one would be wiser, or so I thought, but we’ll get to that part of the story later.   
  
Some Sundays when I was bored, I would pick out a good looking guy in the congregation, establish eye contact with him and, then slip my right hand under my robe surreptitiously, and masturbate myself ‘til climax. Man, that was hot too! Somehow it always felt better doing it there than anywhere else. And I wouldn’t have anything to wipe myself with afterwards, so I would sit there all sticky for the rest of the hour and then still be sticky when I talked to people in the choir and the congregation that would come up following the service. I loved it! It just seemed so nasty and secret.   
  
Another thing I used to do was during the prayers. Now I don’t know how much church you’ve ever attended, but at several points in our services the minister would lead us in prayer. Everyone, quite naturally, was supposed to have their heads bowed and their eyes closed during this time. Well, of course not everybody would cooperate in this endeavor – I suppose for a variety of different reasons, and there would be people who were looking around at everybody.   
  
It didn’t happen very often, but once in a great while there would only be one other person besides myself looking around and, if the person was an attractive male, then I would do ‘my thing.’ We usually stood during these prayers, so I would make sure he was looking directly at me and then I would very slowly lift up the hem of my choir gown all the way up until it rested under my chin. Man, you should have seen the looks on their faces! It was awesome! And invariably they would look around to see if anyone else was watching and when they would look back, I would have already lowered my robe and I would have my head bowed in prayer as though nothing had happened at all. I know this blew their minds – haha! Now they weren’t certain if they really had seen that or just hallucinated it. They would always try to talk to me after the service, but I always managed to avoid them.   
  
Now this went on for awhile and then catastrophe struck. It started innocently enough. The minister had us stand and bow our heads for the end of the sermon prayer. I raised my head and looked around and observed a young man staring right at me and he was way cute too! He was about five foot, eight inches, which is a good height for me. The young man appeared to be in his late teens and he was absolutely gorgeous! In fact, as soon as I saw him, I was thinking in terms of allowing him to talk to me after the service and I had never done that before. So looking right at him, I raised my choir robe and kept it up for over a minute and I don’t know if you’re really aware how a long a minute is, but it can seem really long, depending on the circumstances. Realizing the minister was reaching a conclusion, I quickly lowered my robe and winked at him. He was grinning broadly at me. I don’t know what it was, but something made me turn my head to the left and I was looking directly at Mrs. Hatfield, who was glaring at me with all the hatred in her soul, which was plenty! I almost fainted dead away, as my blood ran cold. There was no way this old harridan wasn’t going to tell.   
  
Now as soon as the service was over, the minister walked down the main aisle and waited at the back doors to shake everybody’s hand and talk to them briefly. Of course that old bitch was headed right on a bee line towards him and she kept rounding around and glaring right at me, as if to ascertain that I was still present. I wanted to get out of there pretty badly, let me tell you, but I was blocked in from all the people who had gathered around to talk to the choir. These were usually friends and family members of the choir members. I also observed that boy coming up to me too, but I didn’t have time right then to worry about him. I just wanted to get the hell out of there! But what was I supposed to do? Walk on people?   
  
Anyway I finally managed to get free by practically crawling on the floor, but I got out and I immediately headed back to get my clothes. That was my big mistake – well, that among many. I should have just left.   
  
I had just stepped inside the Sunday school room, where I had stashed my clothes. Then I made my second mistake, I didn’t lock the door immediately behind me. I didn’t think I needed to, because I knew it was going to take the minister a few more minutes to shake everybody in the congregation by their hand. Unfortunately I had forgotten about the assistant minister! Our church always had an assistant minister. He would be a young man directly out of seminary, who wasn’t quite ready for his own charge yet. Usually the major problem would be that he was too young. It’s a drag, but a lot of churches just didn’t trust a minister who was too young. I think maybe they don’t trust someone, who hasn’t lived long enough to have been tempted by a lot of sin.   
  
Anyway I had forgotten about Thad - Thad Jenkins. By the way, all of the real people’s names have been changed in order to protect the innocent and to prevent the guilty from suing me. He was our assistant minister and apparently the minister had pushed Mrs. Hatfield off on him. Not that I blame him – she was one ugly old bitch alright. I’d only been in the classroom enough time to walk across the room where I had my outfit hidden, when the door opened and in walked Mrs. Hatfield with the assistant minister.   
  
Despite my out and out shock, I knew what to do. I put my most innocent look on my features and inquired, “Why, Minister Jenkins. How are you this morning?” I’ll tell you, I was so cool, butter wouldn’t have melted in my mouth.   
  
Before he could answer, Mrs. Hatfield pointed her arm at me and spoke in an incredibly dramatic voice, milking her one big moment in the sun, “There’s the little strumpet, herself. She’s the harlot, who exposed herself to that decent young man during the service.”   
  
‘Oh for God’s sake,’ I thought to myself. ‘She’s probably going to swoon in a minute.’ And then I realized that sounded like a good idea, so I acted as if I had fainted dead away. It’s not hard to do, but you have to remember to allow your legs to just carry you to the floor rather than throwing yourself down. And you have to be able to risk it, you can’t attempt to catch yourself in any manner.   
  
The next thing I ‘knew’ (hehe), assistant minister Jenkins was leaning over me patting my hand. “Are you okay, Sara?” he asked, sounding gravely concerned.   
  
“She’s okay, that harlot is just faking something,” the old harridan explained.   
  
The young minister whirled around and instructed in a firm voice, “Mrs. Hatfield, please!”   
  
“In fact,” he continued speaking, while gently pushing the older woman out of the door of the classroom and into the hallway. “Thank you for all your help, but I need to speak with Sara alone.”   
  
As Mr. Jenkins was shutting the door in her face, I could hear the old bitch exclaim, “Don’t forget to have her take off her robe! Make her show you what’s under her choir robe.”   
  
“Alright, I will,” he placated. Shutting the door and locking it, he turned to me with a smile and expressed, “Geez!”   
  
I had since regained my feet. I smiled back at him.   
  
“I’m very sorry, Sara. I don’t know what’s come over her,” expressed the young minister.   
  
“Maybe the devil made her do it, Mr. Jenkins,” I quipped.   
  
“Haha!” he laughed. “But please call me Thad. You’re only a three years younger than me and when you call me that, I think my father is in the room.”   
  
Now it was my turn to giggle. “Shall we go?” Thad inquired.   
  
I forgot to mention that Thad was just cute as a little ‘ol bug, didn’t I? Well, he was. He was about five foot, six inches tall. Personally I don’t think he had gotten his full growth yet, but he definitely had in certain areas, if you catch my drift. I think his being so short was another thing that was holding him back from acquiring his own church. It just made him appear so young.   
  
He seemed to have a better than average physique beneath his black suit. He had sandy brown hair, blue eyes and a cleft chin. I wouldn’t have been surprised if he had had dimples when he smiled.   
  
As he began to unlock the door, I said, “Wait!”   
  
Thad glanced at me with askance in those beautiful blue eyes. “What is it, Sara?”   
  
“Don’t you think as a man of God that you should live up to your promises?”   
  
He inquired, while displaying a quizzical expression across his handsome features, “Whatever are you talking about?”   
  
“Well,” I continued shyly, “You promised Mrs. Hatfield that you would check beneath my choir robe.”   
  
The young minister smiled and responded, “Oh, is that it? Ok, what’s underneath your robe, let me see.”   
  
Believe you me, my heart was pounding in my substantial chest and adrenaline was racing through my body, as I reached down and pulled the choir robe off completely revealing my total nudity.   
  
I heard his sharp intake of breath and Thad appeared as though he might pass out for a second, but then he appeared to gain control of himself.   
  
“Sara!” the young minister exclaimed, shocked.   
  
I stood there smiling at him, but did not choose to answer him.   
  
“Sara!” Thad exclaimed again.   
  
This time I answered, “What?”   
  
“You’re so beautiful,” he murmured, while reaching out and taking me by my right hand.   
  
I flushed more from his compliment than by standing nude before him. The young minister pulled me to him and held me embraced in his arms for a number of minutes. Oh my God! It was so romantic I couldn’t believe it.   
  
Then Thad began to kiss me – everywhere. The handsome young man at first passionately kissed me on my mouth. His lips were so incredible soft and yet they sent shivers down my back. I pushed my tongue into his open mouth and against his tongue.   
  
A few minutes later the young man began to kiss down my neck and then down to my breasts, God, I couldn’t believe it. I had never have anyone be so passionate or caring and concerned about my pleasure. Maybe it was from his being a minister and caring about people, or maybe he was just that good in bed – I don’t know. He began to suckle on my nipples until they grew as erect as I’d ever seen them and they became so sensitive that I could hardly stand anything to touch them. Thad then began to kiss me across the soft down of my lower belly, finally ending around my pubes. Man, let me tell you – I was squirming by then.   
  
I thought he was going to start tonguing my pussy and I didn’t want that. I wanted him to screw me – NOW! So I attempted to pull him up to me, but he just shook his head no. Thad proceeded to kiss me softly down my inner thigh. Good grief! No one had ever kissed me there. It was so sexy. He continued to kiss down to my feet and then made me turn around and he began to work his way back up my bare body with his mouth. The young man literally kissed my ass. Haha! I thought that was just an expression.   
  
When the young minister reached the back of my neck, he turned me around and silently embraced me again. I whispered, “I want you to make love to me.”   
  
Being a true gentlemen, Thad complained, “But Sara, you’re too young.”   
  
“No, I’m not!” I insisted, in a firm voice. “I’m not a virgin, and haven’t been for months and I want to make love right now!”   
  
To convince him of my intentions, I reached down and unbuckled his belt and then unbuttoned his black suit pants. His trousers fell halfway to his knees and I observed the head of his penis poking out from his boxer shorts. It looked so cute – just like it was searching out pussy. I sank quickly to my knees and helped him step out of his trousers and underwear. I folded them nicely and placed them on a activity table. I didn’t want to him to look all rumpled when he left me. Thad appeared completely stunned by this time about his standing there half naked with his penis sticking straight out at a stark naked thirteen year old parishioner. He was probably wondering what was his new career was going to be after he got booted out of this one. Haha!   
  
I took him by the right hand and led him to the front of the room. I lay down on my back across the teacher’s desk with my legs spread wide. I patted the inside of my thigh just below my pussy lips in invitation. Thad just stood there before me staring at me. He seemed to be completely frozen. I don’t know if he was watching some battle between God and Satan or what. If he was, I think God won, because I just don’t think Satan is for anything that is as sweet as lovemaking – it just has to be God’s bailiwick.   
  
By this time, I am as hot as a fire cracker. With all the kissing of my body that he did, I think I could have made myself go off just by touching myself a couple of times. But I didn’t want that. I wanted Thad to make love to me and to feel his explosion inside of me and then I would go. I sat up at the end of the desk and pulled the handsome young minister to me. I reached down with my right hand and helped guide his erection into my completely distended labia. I then reached behind him with both of my hands and began pulling him towards me and then pushing him away with my body.   
  
I did this for a good couple of minutes, while he just basically was still frozen and I’m telling you – it was a lotta work. You got to be strong to do both parts, when you make love. Finally just when I didn’t think I could continue, Thad woke up. I think he decided if he was going to lose his job over this, he may as well enjoy himself.   
  
He began to thrust inside of me with great vigor and I immediately went off – just when I didn’t want to. But what the hay – sometimes you just can’t control these things. As it was, I had multiple orgasms as he continued to move inside of me with immense energy and then all of the sudden I felt him tense and then begin to spasm as his sweet semen spurted suddenly into my grateful pussy.   
  
“Ah, ah, oh God!” the young minister moaned, as he saw his first glimpse of heaven right here on earth or so he told me later. When we both had finished our sexual catharsis, we remained slumped against each other in an embrace for a number of minutes.   
  
Suddenly a loud knock came upon the door. I had to nudge Thad hard to convince him to respond. Finally he answered, “Yes, what is it?”   
  
His voice cracked on the last part of the sentence and I giggled causing the young man to offer me a stern glance, which caused me to giggle some more.   
  
“Thad, is that you? What’s going on?”   
  
It was Thad’s boss!   
  
“Yes, Minister Harkness, it’s me,” Thad answered. “I’m speaking to Sara. We’ll be finished in a minute.”   
  
“Oh, that’s okay. Take your time. I’ll be in my office when you’re finished. We need to talk about that disturbing Mrs. Hatfield.”   
  
I couldn’t help myself and giggled again. “Stop it,” he hissed. “Alright sir, I’ll do that.”   
  
We listened, as we heard the minister’s footsteps leading away from the door and then we breathed a sigh of relief.   
  
Thad stood and watched me get naked in reverse, as I pulled on my clothes. I swear he enjoyed every moment of it right up until I sealed the sweet private parts of my body away from his eyes. Then he donned his apparel and we kissed once and made a promise to try to meet after choir practice on Tuesday night.   
  
Oh God!   
  
The End of Part Fou

Part Five   
  
I had my seventeenth birthday in the middle of May. I was now what I called semi-legal; I could be screwed, but I couldn’t vote. I insisted on a big party and, when my parents told me no, I just kept throwing an ongoing temper tantrum until they agreed. Mwahaha! It was a huge party, I’m not kidding. My birthday fell on a Wednesday that year, so the party was held on a Friday because of school, you know.   
  
Unbeknownst to my parents, I had plenty of booze stashed away. I’d been working on it for over a month. Also a lot of the kids that were coming were bringing booze, so that party floated, let me tell you. I also got one of those local high school bands to come cheap, because I promised them all the free booze they could drink.   
  
Now my biggest problem, naturally enough, was what to do with my family – I sure didn’t want them hanging around. I finally convinced them – and it was difficult, let me tell you – that they should visit my aunt for the weekend. They had put off visiting her, because they didn’t like her very much.   
  
Well, they finally agreed and they all pulled out in our station wagon on Friday morning and wouldn’t be back until Sunday afternoon, at the earliest. I didn’t go to school that day, but instead stayed home and worked on getting everything ready for my big birthday party.   
  
Everyone was supposed to start showing up after dinner, but of course people arrived a lot earlier than that. My close friends came over right after school, but that was okay because they were going to help me get everything ready. They even helped me pick out my outfit. I wore this real short tight black dress that had a plunging neckline, and with my blonde hair – I looked hot, let me tell you! I really scored too and got a whole lotta presents. It was the bomb!   
  
So most of the people started showing up around dusk, you know – about 8:30 or 9 o’clock, because it was getting on to the summer and, since it was Friday night, a lot of the kids were planning on staying real late and they didn’t want to start their partying too early or they’d crash too soon.   
  
The band got there about nine and the whole house started rocking. Man, I’m surprised it didn’t collapse or something. There were cars parked everywhere, up and down my street and all over my lawn. There was probably about a hundred people there all told and the band was great! Now I did something that I usually don’t do and as far as I’m concerned it’s my friends’ fault. I started drinking. I usually don’t drink that much, because it affects me so, but all of my close friends were drinking and, they kept calling me a party pooper and even worse names than that, so finally I said okay I’d have one drink. Well, I’m certain you know what happened. One drink led to another drink and that drink led to another drink and pretty soon, I was smashed.   
  
As soon as I became drunk, I started getting that urge to strip down and get comfortable, but I thought that stripping down at my own birthday party at ten o’clock at night would be pretty gauche, you know? But I really didn’t know what to do with myself at that point.   
  
I couldn’t afford to drink anymore without doing something way stupid, so I was trying to dance in order to lessen some of the affect of the alcohol, but apparently booze doesn’t work that way. In fact, as the time went by I kept getting drunker. Well, I went over near the end of the living room and squeezed myself down between all these couples, who were busy making out on the couch. I thought maybe I could just outwait the booze, but I guess it wasn’t having anything to do with that. As soon as I sat down, the room started spinning around. You ever have that happen to you after drinking? It’s really weird, let me tell you. So that room spinning around made me feel as though I wanted to vomit, so I quickly closed my eyes and kept them shut, thereby keeping the room on the floor, so to speak.   
  
Later I guess I fell asleep. I don’t like to say I passed out, but that was probably closer to the truth. Anyway I must have been out for a while and I must have been moving all around in my sleep too, because when I woke up the couples on the couch had ceased their romantic undertakings and were staring at me. It seems that my short black dress had ridden up to around my waist and of course I wasn’t wearing any underwear underneath, so my pussy was on big time display.   
  
So at that point, what did I care? It was far later in the evening and some of the people had cleared out, so I just turned my back to the kid sitting next to me and asked him if he would pull the zipper down on the back of my black dress. Judging by how fast he acceded to my demand, I think he was anxious to help. I just leaned forward and let that dress slide down my arms and off my bare breasts and then I stood up and allowed the whole dress to hit the floor, and I was suddenly stark naked and the hit of my own birthday party!   
  
Guys were coming out of the woodwork to ask me to dance, but I waited until one really cute boy, who I had had my eye on for awhile came over. His name was Jim Hawkins and he was really attractive. He was a little taller than me, but he had a great build. Jim wore his dark hair medium long, had coal black eyes that could look right through you when he wanted and a large mouth that looked just right for kissing.   
  
Of course the band wanted to play fast numbers, because to them it was more fun and also they wanted to watch me gyrating around naked. I went over and straightened them and let them know if they didn’t play slow numbers, they were cut off from the booze. Jim drew me close to him, as soon as the song began and pressed my nude body against his clothed one as tight as he could. I could feel his penis starting to stir some. It felt like a little mouse at that point.   
  
It was fairly dark in the room naturally with all the main lighting being turned off, but I could still see his girlfriend over on the side of the room glowering at me. I guess Jim wanted to dance with me more then he wanted to appease her. I wonder if me being stark naked had anything to do with that.   
  
We had been dancing for a minute or two and I felt his erection inside his pants grow significantly larger, so I surreptitiously reached down and lowered his zipper. Jim pushed aside the opening of his boxer shorts and ‘ol Mr. Johnson’ came out for a visit. I glanced over at his girlfriend and I could see her attempting to peer through the gloom, but I could tell she couldn’t know anything for certain at that point.   
  
I raised up on my tiptoes and his seven-inch prick just slid right into my wet distended labia. I had been wet ever since I had stripped down. We quit the charade that we were dancing and we just stood in one place and rocked back and forth, as if we were still   
attempting to dance, but had grown tired. Personally I was so excited, I went off like a firecracker. Bang! Bang! It took Jim a little longer, but not much; I mean considering the circumstances the entire situation was highly sexually charged.   
  
Unfortunately it was about this time that his girlfriend grew very suspicious and pranced out on the part of the living room that had become the dance floor. When she pulled us apart and she saw Jim’s penis still sticking out of his pants, I thought she was going to faint. But no such luck. She began screaming at the top of her lungs and hitting him and then hitting me.   
  
Well, when she started hitting me, that was all she wrote, because I don’t let anybody hit on me. I figured if I grabbed a couple of pieces of apparel off her that it would calm her down. I soon discovered that I was wrong about that too. She was a hottie too. I’m sure ordinarily Jim would have never left her side. She had long brunette hair, a simply gorgeous face with a little button nose, and a fabulous figure, which included large breasts and a narrow waist. I already had her down to her bra and half-slip, but she kept on coming back for more, just wailing away on me.   
  
“Kitty, stop!” Jim shouted.   
  
“Kitty?!” I laughed. “Does Kitty want some milk?” I asked, pushing my breasts up at her.   
Just as I wanted, this seemed to infuriate her the more and as she wildly struck out at me, I slipped her attack and moved in close and ripped off her bra exposing her beautiful breasts. She screamed and the crowd that had grown around us grew wild. I grinned in appreciation at them for their applause and moved back in for the kill. Grabbing her half-slip and panties by the waist band, I yanked them down to the floor rendering her as naked as me, excepting for her shoes. She was now so insane with rage that when she discovered her clothing limiting her movement, instead of pulling them back on, she just kicked it away. Her boyfriend had stopped saying anything to either one of us, but stood and watched in appreciation of the tableau that lay before him. We were every man’s wet dream – two women who had stripped themselves naked fighting!   
  
The very next time she punched out at me with her right hand I grabbed it and quickly twirled her around, while holding her right arm up at a painful position. Mr. Boyd had taught me some self defense tactics between our sexual trysts. Kitty must have picked up a few moves of her own along the way, as she knew enough to kick my ankle with the back of her right heel until I relinquished my hold.   
  
The very attractive young brunette then greatly surprised me as she lowered her left shoulder and charged me knocking me to the ground flat on my back! She lay on top on me and glared as if to say, ‘Well, what are you going to do now sucker?’ I reached out with both of my hands clutching the sides of her head and pulled her down to me, while kissing her passionately and slipping my tongue into her open mouth. She was so surprised she didn’t know what to do.   
  
I used her indecision to reach down with my left hand and locate her clitoris and began to manipulate her love button vigorously. Now she had no further interest in fighting, that was for sure. The crowd pushed closer around us, while pushing Jim further away. I think the entire situation of making love in public with another female turned Kitty on completely and very shortly she was moaning and writhing, while the crowd cheered as though they were at a sporting event. Actually these people were pretty weird and tacky too.   
  
We continued to kiss passionately, while I fiddled with her clit until suddenly she began to cum with a vengeance with it flowing from her literally in torrents. She later told me it was the best sexual experience she’d ever had.   
  
“Ah, oh God!” she shouted out, as the crowd went completely wild. I made a decision then and there not to invite most of these folks to anything ever again, not even to a cock fight.   
  
After Kitty had finished, she lay in my arms for a few minutes while the crowd dispersed and went back to whatever disreputable activity they had previously been involved in. We later got up and I showed Kitty my bedroom for the rest of the night. Jim was left high and dry and out in the cold, so to speak.   
  
Kitty and I have remained the best of friends to this very day and certainly a port in a storm for each other.