**Nov 6, 1999 Teasing My Boyfriend's Brother**

by Kelly85

**Chapter 1: Ready to Party**

Until not long ago, Steve was the sixteen year-old brother of one of my best friends, Sharon, an unattainable dream. Two years younger, with a body less developed than many of mr peers, let alone the older high school girls he favored, I never dreamed I actually have a chance to which him. You can see then why this fourteen year-old soon-to-be Freshman felt so proud when this handsome Junior boy took an interest in me over all the other girls chasing him. Why he asked me out the first time I had no idea but I was determined to make sure it wasn’t the last.

Steve was the recipient of my first blow job. I may not have been as talented as some of the other girls but I can’t imagine any of them being more enthusiastic, especially given I did it in the middle of a movie theater. Swallowing the cum he managed to get into my mouth after spewing all over my face didn’t hurt my standing either. It wasn’t much longer before I’d given Steve my virginity and so far he was the only boy I’ve allowed to have sex with me. No doubt didn’t hurt when it came to keeping his interest I was just as eager as he was to do it every chance we got - I’m not THAT naïve you know. In fact, sometimes it seems like we do it almost every day but that’s as much by his choice as mine. For a girl who’d never even kissed a boy only a few short months ago, I’d certainly come a long way!

My friend Sharon also has a younger brother but like most boys his age, Jim was unbelievably immature, especially when compared to his sexy older brother. S such I’d never paid much attention to him although I knew he was always staring at me like I was some sort of alien lifeform. While I pretended not to notice, what girl doesn’t like to be looked at by a boy, even a dweeb like Jim? Besides, a lot of guys at school and even some fathers at church were starting to look at me the way Jim did, especially since Steve was telling everyone what a little slut I was becoming.

Earlier in the week Steve had promised to take me to a party. It was supposed to be one of those deals where someone’s “enlightened” parents served alcohol under the theory it was better to do it in a controlled atmosphere than having their kids go out and get in trouble. Although I didn’t really care about the drinking part, I DO love to flirt. Steve always enjoyed showing me off to his friends which turned me on as well although I never did anything more than tease them mercilessly - the more the better so far as Steve was concerned. He seemed to love seeing his friends look at me, knowing that when all was said and done HE was the one who would get me later no matter how much I teased anyone else. Besides, if I knew my new boyfriend at all there no doubt at some point we’d find somewhere private in the house to have some fun on our own. Then again, it didn’t necessarily have to be TOO private.

Checking myself out in my bedroom mirror while I waited for Steve, I smiled as I thought to myself how turned on he would be when he saw the outfit I’d picked out. To me it was the perfect party outfit - not enough to actually show anything but terribly suggestive as to what was barely concealed. The black skirt was extremely short, even by MY standards, and it barely covered my cute little butt (OK, so I’m proud of it). I’d picked it out after seeing one my friends figure skating and realized that the skirts she wore out on the ice would be perfect for flirting. Of course, I wouldn’t be wearing the tights she wore to cover herself up and keep warm in a cold ice rink. Watching the mirror, I could see all I had to do was bend over just a little and it would ride up my ass, revealing the skimpy black string thong I wore underneath. Granted, normally I avoid wearing panties and I especially despised thongs (think about it guys, how would you like to walk around with a wedgie all day?) Still, with a skirt as short as this one I really needed to wear SOMETHING to avoid being arrested for indecent exposure!

On top I’d chosen a skin-tight sheer white blouse through which my black lace bra was clearly visible - which is the only reason I was wearing the damn thing in the first place. I hate bras for lots of reason of which comfort is high on the list but mostly because it only served to remind me that I was still too small to really need one. A pair of black four inch strap-on heels completed the outfit along with a simple gold ankle chain - a recent gift from my father.

Turning away from the mirror I looked over my shoulder and smiled. This was my best “profile” as my boobs weren’t developing as fast as I wished. It seemed all my friends had these great boobs going and here I was still trying to justify an “A” cup (well, technically a training bra but a girl can dream). That’s why I loved wearing clothes that emphasized my butt, even if I couldn’t claim any credit for it since I didn’t work out, do sports, or anything like that. It was pure genetics to thank for granting me a tight little bottom that filled out my jeans perfectly. I loved Steve to touch it and hold it while we walked through the mall or when we were with his friends. Sometimes when nobody was looking his hands would wander and work their way between my thin legs and my pussy would tingle as I remembered the last time he’d done just that - without the jeans in the way.

With my eyes closed I sighed softly as my fingers pushed aside the thong and lightly touched my fuzzy pussy. God it had felt so good when my sexy boyfriend touched me there! Rubbing my clit slowly, I dreamed of his exploring fingers on me as they teased my clit and explored my wet pussy. Speaking of which, my pussy was already wet as I pushed my own finger up in me and I gasped as goose bumps seemed to break out all over my body. Thoughts arose of how later tonight Steve would be taking off my thong and licking me, tasting my pussy as my short pubic hair rubbed against his face. It wouldn’t be long after when he would fuck me and I’d be moaning, just as I was now after adding another finger to the ones already in me while I fantasized they were actually his hard wonderful cock as it entered me. Steve may have fucked me over at his house just the day before but that now seemed like centuries ago as I continued to masturbate.

Left to my own devices, odds were I would’ve been lying in bed before long with my thong down at my ankles while I fingered myself to a massive orgasm. Unfortunately that wasn’t going to happen as just then my mom walked in on me, interrupting my personal play time. Now I don’t mean to imply she did something bad. On the contrary, my door is ALWAYS open as I shared everything with my parents and had nothing ever to hide. In fact, she was the first person I told when Steve first fucked me! I’ve been masturbating for a few years now and undoubtedly she’s seen me do it a number of times since we first had our mother-daughter “talk” about it so many years ago. Thus I wasn’t embarrassed in the least for her to see me playing with myself although normally she didn’t make a point of interrupting me when I was doing it.

“Ahhhhhh, I see someone’s thinking about going out with Steve tonight ... am I right?” she asked, a motherly smile on her face.

I paused to answer although my hand never left my pussy. While I didn’t mind being polite and respectful in answering her, that didn’t mean I had to deprive myself as well. “Yeah, we’re going over to the Drakes tonight. They’re letting Diane and Jordan throw a party tonight.

“Well, look out for yourself then. I’ve heard some of the other mothers talk about their parties and they seem to have a reputation for becoming pretty wild.”

“Oh Mom!” I whined, “I’m not twelve years-old anymore you know.”

For crying out loud, wasn’t that the whole point such parties, to be wild? I loved my mom dearly but sometimes she could be TOO protective. My mom just smiled again and ignored my pleas. Then she shook her head as she took in my outfit.

“Hmmmmmm, I see you’re not exactly leaving much to the imagination tonight, eh?”

“I was just hoping Steve would like it,” I said defensively.

“Oh I’m sure he will,” she laughed, “And I’d be willing to bet so will the rest of the boys.”

“Oh don’t worry mom, you know Steve is the only I let do me,” I assured her.

“So ... is that the thong and bra set your father bought you last week?” she asked, changing the subject yet again for some reason. “He did tell me you really looked good in it when you posed for him.”

“Yeah, what do you think of them?” I asked, turning around in a circle as I lifted up my skirt so she could see me from all angles, “yeah, dad really liked them on me. He took a bunch of pics.”

“Well, he’s always had pretty good taste when it comes to lingerie,” she said, nodding her head as she inspected my thong. “Although you might want to think twice about wearing that thong and skirt together if you go anywhere more public than that party.”

We both laughed together at that one. She should have been happy I was wearing the at all.

“So your dad had you pose in them?” she questioned, “Hmmmmmm, he didn’t mention THAT part to me.”

“Well, I tried it on in the store when we were shopping but the old prude there wouldn’t let him in the dressing room so we had to wait until we got home for him to see them on me.”

My mom just sighed and then laughed a bit saying, “Well it was probably better you waited until you got home anyways. The bra’s not so bad but that thong...”

Although I knew what she was trying to say, I HAD to wear the thong together with the bra. Actually the thong was why my dad chose the ensemble in the first place. Of course I knew would need be a little careful as when it rode up it practically slipped in right between my pussy lips but my dad didn’t seem to mind. Something told me Steve wouldn’t either.

My mom continued, “Well, Steve’s going to be here any minute but I think you have enough time to show your dad some more appreciation. It’s not every rater who would allow his daughter to be seen in public like this.”

Mothers! Always trying to make sure you thank people and what not for everything. My dad likes to buy clothes for both of use, especially lingerie, and I had to agree with my mom - he DID have pretty good taste. Many a time Steve had complimented me on an outfit I was wearing that my dad had bought me although I never told Steve that it was my dad’s choice. I wasn’t embarrassed to shop with my dad but I didn’t want Steve to get any weird ideas. My dad may enjoy shopping for women’s clothing and I got a kick out of modeling them for him when he gave them to me, but that was as far as it went. I mean really, get your minds out of the gutter; he’s my dad, not my boyfriend!

Even though I would’ve preferred to take the time I had left to finish myself off, just to make my mom happy I grabbed my little purse and headed downstairs to the family room in our basement where my dad was watching TV, As usual he was camped out in his overstuffed Lazy-Boy. He looked up from a legal dossier on his lap when I walked in. His eyebrows raised and a smile came to his face at the sight of his only daughter dressed like a street walker.

“Well daddy, what do you think?” I asked as I twirled around, causing the skirt to fly up and expose the thong and 99% of my little butt, “Does the skirt hide too much?”

“Well ... I think you look like a brazen slut!” he teased me. “The skirt and blouse add a certain something to it. The skirt’s not bad but the blouse seems a bit conservative by your standards.”

I leaned over to kiss him on the forehead and he smacked me on my all but bare bottom playfully. “So how long will that outfit be staying on tonight?” he teased me.

“Oh Daddy!” I exclaimed, pretending to be shocked, “You know I’m not that kind of girl!”

My dad laughed, “Yeah right ... well as your father I just happen to know you ARE just that kind of girl!” Then he looked over at my mom who had come in behind me. “Hey Mary, our daughter here claims she’s not a slut. What do you think?”

“Hey, don’t look at me. It wasn’t ME that bought her that outfit you know,” she replied, shaking her head.

I turned to go but my dad smacked my all but bare bottom playfully. “Hey, no goodbye kiss?”

I looked at my mom who was wagging a finger at me for being so forgetful. It’s not like I didn’t have other things on my mind! Still, I knew I needed to make him happy so leaning over, I balanced myself placing one hand on his shoulder and another on his crotch. I’d really meant to place it on his thigh but when you’re in heels as high as the ones I was wearing sometimes you can’t help but lose your balance. Dad didn’t push me away so I kissed him and didn’t worry about it. As our mouths met and we kissed, his strong arms reaching around me and pulled me in tighter. His tongue pressed against my lips which parted to allow him entrance. I felt him gasp slightly as I pressed down on his crotch, teasing him playfully. Quite a lump under there! As my mom always said, fathers are men too.

Just then I heard a horn honk outside and knew Steve must have finally arrived. Smiling broadly, I stood up and caught my breath as my dad rearranged his pants.

“Well, at least TRY to behave yourself,” my dad called out to me as I started towards the stairs. I didn’t say anything but just blew him a kiss and grinned naughtily. He knew me better that! If my parents really expected me to “behave” they wouldn’t have asked my gynecologist to put me on the pill!

Sure enough, Steve’s car (or more precisely, his mom’s car) was parked by the curb and Steve was looking out the window to see whether or not I was coming. I waved goodbye to my mom who was standing in the doorway as I climbed in the passenger seat. She grinned back at me and I had to wonder if she wasn’t wishing she was in my heels.

**Chapter 2: Steve Forgets His Wallet**

No sooner was I seated in the car than Steve looked at me sheepishly saying, “Uhhhhh, sorry but we have to go back to my house first.”

“Why?” I asked.

“Well, I forgot my wallet,” he said lamely. I rolled my eyes and huffed a bit dramatically. Much as I loved Steve, the boy was always forgetting something. Thank god his dick was attached or he might forget THAT as well and then where would we be! Fortunately his house wasn’t that far away so it was a quick trip. When we got there he parked in the driveway, turned off the car and twisted towards me.

“Why don’t you just stay here while I go find it?” he offered, sticking his head back in the door after getting out. He didn’t even wait for an answer but instead closed the door and hurried into the house.

Well excuse me! It WAS November in southeast Pennsylvania, not exactly Miami Beach, and I really didn’t feel much like sitting out in the cold with exposed bare legs. No wonder my friend wore those tights with this the of skirt. Shivering almost immediately, I decided to ignore him and follow him in where I could stay warm. Although I had a warm jacket on, it wasn’t like I had all that much on lower down to keep me warm!!

It was more than just personal comfort that I had in mind. There was always the chance that nobody would be home. It wouldn’t hurt my feelings a bit if we just stayed and had our own private party. With a brother, sister, and a working mom their house wasn’t empty very often which is why we usually ended up at my house when we wantsed to have sex - which meant we usually ended up at my house. At least there it didn’t matter if my parents were home or not as they never interrupted us. If anything, they encouraged Steve to come over and take me to my bedroom rather than going out and parking or finding some other unsafe place to fuck.

Hopefully this would be one of those rare times we could do it at his house but as luck would have it his younger brother Jim was in the family room watching TV. At first I thought that was going to make a dud of the whole idea but Steve apparently had been harboring a devious idea for teasing his pain-in-the-ass brother.

It’s incredible the difference a few years can make in boys. Whereas Steve was this mature, strong, smart, sexy paragon of a teenage boy, Jim was just the opposite. Dear God, he reminded me so much of the other boys in middle school, the perverted creeps who snapped girl’s bra straps in the hallway. It seemed Jim was always trying to look up my skirt or down my blouse. He’d even tried spying on me and his sister once when we were masturbating in her bedroom. Gawd, he was such a little pervert! Another time he’d even tried to spy on his own brother when Steve was fucking me! Now THAT was just sick.

While I dallied Steve appeared at the top of the stairs. He took a good long look at me starting at my heels and then slowly, deliberately working his way up to my head, lingering on my crotch and boobs of course. I had no doubt at all that he was undressing me in his mind and I wanted to just scream at him that he could do it for real if he just allowed me to follow him into his bedroom. It didn’t help that Steve knew it turned me on something fierce when he looked at me this way. He made me feel like I was a fresh piece of meat in front of a starving dog. One thing for sure, he was definitely getting turned on by what he saw - no hiding that familiar bulge in his pants!

“Damn Kelly,” he chortled as he came down the stairs, “I thought the idea tonight was for you to tease the guys first and THEN show them the goods. Seems you forgot about step one!”

Steve came back down the stairs just far enough to give me a quick kiss and then he turned to head upstairs again to his room. He took just a single step and then paused, apparently lost in thought. Then to my surprise he turned back yet again to me and winked.

“You know you look like you’re in one of those moods to be extra naughty tonight. How would you like to get started a bit early?”

Well was that the stupidest question he had asked me in ages or what? Extra naughty? I thought I was extra naughty ALL the time. After all, I rarely refused Steve when he wanted sex although that wasn’t as big a deal as you might think given I asked for it more often than he did! I was under no illusions about Steve. He may be the only guy to ever fuck me but he had probably done a number of the girls in his class if the rumors were anywhere near true. Having just lost my virginity this past summer I guess I was still in the “honeymoon” phase where I just couldn’t get enough of him or should I say ... his dick.

With a little giggle I started to head up the stairs. Naturally I assumed he meant we were going to do it in his room or someone else’s as we’ve done it in every bed in the house at least twice. To my surprise, Steve didn’t move and instead he gently pushed me back down the stairs. Being more disappointed than he might know, I gave him a questioning look and he nodded his head in the direction of the family room with a sexy smile.

“I DARE you to tease my little brother,” he whispered softly in my ear.

My eyes widened and I looked at him like he was speaking a foreign language or something because I couldn’t believe he had actually said that. Steve didn’t usually even acknowledge that his brother was alive, let alone have me do anything like THAT. Heck, just a few minutes ago he didn’t even want his brother to LOOK at me!

“Ummmmm, Steve ... what exactly do you mean by ‘tease’?” I asked him incredulously. It wasn’t like Jim was on my fantasy guy list when I masturbated. Now had we been around his friends I would’ve understood completely what he meant by “teasing”. One of the things that turned me on about Steve was that he loved to show me off to his buddies. Steve encouraged me to flash my ass and boobs and in general just about anything else if it would make them jealous of him. Sometimes when we were walking with his guys he would plant his hand firmly on my butt cheek and I could only imagine what they were thinking about me!

Now all that was well and good when it came to his friends, but Jim? His perverted little brother? At first, I had to admit the idea didn’t really turn me on but for some reason Steve was suddenly persistent about it, as he always was when it came to convincing me to do something new for him.

“Oh come one Kelly, it’s not like I’m asking you to give him a BJ or anything,” he pleaded. “You know better than anyone how he looks at you all the time. Look at this as your chance to get back at him. Don’t you want to show him what he’s NOT getting?”

Unconvinced, I turned to Steve and pulled his hand to my boobs and looked up at his eyes. “Forget about Jim. Wouldn’t you rather have these right now?”

I teased him in my little girl voice. Steve couldn’t resist giving my tiny boob a playful squeeze through the bra even though there was more bra than boob. Then he let it go and spanked me sharply on my butt. He did it so his hand swept under my skirt and hit my bare bottom causing it to sting just a little.

“Of course I’d love to have them but I know for a fact that you’re going to put out for me later anyway,” he said with a smirk.

I folded my arms and huffed as if I was upset over his arrogance. He seemed awful sure of his chances tonight - for good reason. I hadn’t said “no” to him once since we started dating! If anything, HE was the one who turned ME down a few times.

“Oh give me a break Kelly - you know you are. Hell, why else would you be dressed up like a streetwalking teen whore?”

Steve often liked to walk the fine line between teasing and pissing me off and this as one of those times he was dangerously close to the latter. In the end how could I be mad as I had to admit everything he said was true. There was no denying I WAS dressed like a prostitute and I WAS going to “put out” for him later. But then it wasn’t like I was trying to hide my intentions!

“C’mon Kelly, look at it as revenge for the time he tried spying on us. Just tease the hell out of him and then don’t let him have anything. I can’t wait for him to see what his big brother’s getting - and he’s NOT!”

Another look at Steve’s bulging crotch told me he was getting off telling me to do this. Forget Jim - what I would’ve given right then to unzip his jeans, pull out his yummy cock and suck him off right where he stood! Why not let Jim see THAT?

Finally I resigned myself to the situation. If this was what it was going to take to turn him on and get me fucked extra hard later tonight, then I couldn’t see any real harm in it. Like he said, it wasn’t like I was going to blow his brother or anything like that. I gave Steve a half-smile and nodded my agreement. Steve patted me on my rear again, a bit softer than the last time and then he grabbed it. He started to squeeze my butt with his fingers like he was kneading dough.

“Mmmmmmm, now THAT’S the Kelly I love. I knew you’d do it. Yep, I’ve got complete faith in my little slut. Don’t worry, I’ll make it worth your while later, I promise.”

With that he finally went upstairs and I couldn’t help but giggle to myself. He was right, it WOULD be a little like revenge. Here was a chance to make the little perv pay for being such a jerk. One time Steve was fucking me on Sharon’s bed (for some reason or another he got off doing me in other beds, especially in his parent’s room). Fortunately the door hinges needed oiling and he caught Jim trying to take in a free sex show. Steve chased him off but boy was he pissed off! I guess Steve must have been madder than I had thought given what he was asking me to do to Jim tonight. It was the only reason I could come up with for his change of heart regarding his little brother.

**Chapter 3: Teasing Jim**

Before making my way to the living room, I checked myself over quickly in a mirror hanging in the entryway. Even though my blouse was already unbuttoned down to my cleavage, I unfastened two more so now it was open well below my bust, allowing the black lace bra underneath to be visible directly. Heck, only two more buttons and I could’ve just taken it off and gotten it over with.

Out of force of habit more than anything I tried to straighten out my skirt but it was WAY too short to cover much of anything. Turning around I bent over just enough to check out my bottom which made me start to debate the thong. There wasn’t going to be a lot of time to tease Jim (or at least I hoped there wouldn’t be) so why be coy about it? I reached under my skirt and dropped the thong down to my ankles and stepped out of it. Tossing it onto the stairs with my foot, I wondered what Steve would think when he came back down and found it?

Looking back into the mirror one last time, I saw that my skirt was still covering my bare ass ... but just barely. All it took was to stand up on my tiptoes or lean over just a little to put my bare ass on display, not to mention my fuzzy brown pussy as well.

Actually, there was more to my decision to remove my underwear than just trying to be sexy. I LOVE the feel of running around bare bottomed. At home I prefer to hang around in a short T-shirt or one of my dad’s dress shirts without anything on underneath. Even in public I rarely wore panties under jeans or dresses. So long as a dress or skirt is long enough to keep me from getting arrested, I leave them at home and enjoy the feel of the cool air against my bare skin. Of course, the more public the location or formal the occasion, the hotter it makes me feel being with people who have no idea that I’m naked underneath.

One of my ultimate turn-on’s comes when I’m at church, sitting in the pews without a stitch of clothing under my Sunday dress. I get off imagining what the father next to me would say if he knew the “innocent” looking girl next to him had nothing between her ass and him but her dress! It was usually enough to get me so horny that by the end of the service I couldn’t wait to get home to talk care of myself.

Taking a final deep breath, I ran my hands through my hair, gave it a toss, and was ready for action. Walking slowly and deliberately into the living room I wiggled my ass suggestively as I made my way across the room, taking a seat on the love seat across from his couch where he was watching some silly TV reality show. Once I was sitting down I crossed my legs, slowly and deliberately which allowed my skirt to ride up such that it was effectively out of the picture. I could feel the seat cushion against my bare butt under me so I knew there couldn’t be much hidden from his view down there.

“Hi Jim,” was all I said to him using the same indifferent tone of voice I typically reserved for him.

“Ummmmm, hi Kelly,” he stammered. I thought about it for a second and realized it was probably the first time we had ever been in a room together alone under ANY circumstances which probably accounted for his apparent nervousness.

Since the moment I had walked in his attention had shifted from the TV to my bare legs and ass. I was still wearing my jacket and it was plenty warm in their house as Steve’s mom was divorced so they didn’t have a thermostat Nazi in their house.

“Wow, it’s sure warm in here. You don’t mind if I take off my jacket, do you Jim?” I asked innocently. Yeah right, like he was going to complain if I took ANYTHING off.

He quickly shook his head so I unzipped my jacket and leaned forward to pull it off my arms. In doing so, any last chance the skirt had to cover my bare bottom was history and I knew my blouse was hanging open enough up to show off whatever part of my bra had been partially hidden from view before. Tossing my jacket to the side I laid back against the love seat with my legs still crossed, fully aware that he could see everything from my toes through the heels to my butt.

Jim stared but didn’t say a word so I figured it was time to turn things up a notch. I slowly ran my hands over my bare legs, running my fingertips up my thighs, feeling the smoothness of my freshly shaven skin. I pretending to try to pull my skirt down which was a useless gesture even if I’d really wanted to do it. Then I felt my warm upper thighs with my fingers, tracing my fingernails lightly over my silky smooth skin. My wandering fingers worked their way up until they touched my bare hips. As much as I love to play with my ass (I mean my butt, not my asshole!), having someone watch made it even more erotic. Reaching under me slightly, I squeezed my butt, causing a chill to run through me as I felt just a little bit of pride at the firmness of my ass.

“Do you like my legs Jim?” I asked him softly. “You seem to be looking at them a lot.”

“I’m sorry,” he apologized immediately, his face turning beet red. He HAD to have known I knew he was watching me but I guess it want until I confronted him with it that he felt any supposed remorse over it.

“Oh no, that’s OK,” I reassured him. “Steve’s looking for his keys so I’m just waiting for him and I thought I would just relax in here. Is that OK?”

“Oh yeah!” he burst out and then, realizing how that must have appeared, tried to look serious and said, “I mean, of course you can.”

If he hadn’t looked so innocent and naive I probably would have just laughed at him and walked out. Instead, for some reason that same innocence seemed to be turning me on. I wondered if this wasn’t some of what drew Steve to me when we first started dating. Sure other boys had touched me before but so far as sex went, I was “innocent” as well.

“Well, then I guess you don’t mind if I make myself comfortable,” I teased him gently.

Without waiting for a reply, I twisted around on the love seat to position myself such that I was laying on my back lengthwise, my back propped up against one end of the love seat with my bare legs stretched out flat in front of me. Then, keeping my knees tight together, I slowly bent them upwards until my heels were flat on the cushion. Oh well, so much for keeping your shoes off the furniture! Reaching down to my ankles, I ran my hands from my ankles to the top of my thighs, gently massaging myself like that for several minutes. When I leaned forward to reach the bottom of my legs, my skirt would ride up practically to my waist. With my legs being held together though, seeing me from the side he must have been wondering if I was wearing any panties.

For several minutes I rocked forward and backward like this slowly, enjoying the feel of my hands and fingers as they caressed my bare legs. Then I turned my head quickly and caught Jim staring at me like I was some alien from outer space! His eyes were like saucers, testifying that he’d been enjoying the show. If any final confirmation was needed, all I had to do was look between his legs. He may have been barely a teenager but he must have been packing quite a package for his age considering the tent poking up from the crotch of his jeans. Seeing him get erect because of me didn’t bother me, if anything quite the opposite. To be honest, I would’ve been VERY disappointed if he hadn’t! Naturally, I wasn’t going to tell him that so instead I teased him a bit.

“Now Jim, just what do you think you’re looking at?” I teased him, smiling to try and take the edge off my question.

Jim was still blushing like crazy but if anything, that just encouraged me all the more.

“Oh c’mon, you can speak up Jim,” I teased him as he just sat there stammering. Running my hands over my legs yet again, I turned back to him and said, “Mmmmmmm, what do you say let’s start by you telling me what you think of my legs.”

Jim was still blushing as be blurted out, “Wow Kelly, they’re great!”

Figuring that which was about all he was going to get out. I flashed him my most sexy and devilish grin. “Cool, I’m glad you like them ... do you want to take a closer look?”

At first it was like he couldn’t move, frozen in place by my offer. Then Jim nodded slightly. I waited patiently, or at least as patiently as I could under the circumstances and he finally responded, “Yeah but what will Steve say? I thought you were supposed to be his girlfriend? You know, I thought he was going to kill me the other day just for peeking.”

It was obviously up to me if anything was going to happen so I got off the love seat and slowly moved over to the couch where Jim was now sitting up. As I walked provocatively towards him, I maintained eye contact with him saying, “Let me worry about Steve; he’s going to get all he can handle later. I’ve seen you looking at me before Jim. Don’t you want me now?”

Standing directly in front of him, I slowly raised one leg and planted my foot on the cushion alongside his leg. As my leg came up so did my skirt and from the way he was concentrating on my crotch I knew he was waiting for my thong or panties to be exposed at any moment. Well, he didn’t have to wait long. God, the look on his face when he realized that I wasn’t wearing anything under my skirt was absolutely precious!

“Oh I’m sorry Jim,” I said, trying to sound as if something was MY fault, “I just assumed that you wanted to see ALL of me. Are you sure this is OK?”

Jim just sat there staring between my legs. He didn’t even blink, as if he was afraid if he closed his eyes I might not be there when he reopened them. Odds were he’d never even SEEN a real pussy before except in a porn magazine or movie. Even though I had absolutely NO intention of doing anything but tease him, it still made me feel hot and horny knowing he would remember this moment for the rest of his life.

My pussy was getting warmer by the minute as I started to get off from him watching me so intently. I rocked on my heels, rubbing my raised thigh with my hands. Then I moved one hand up to my crotch, covering it with my palm. I ran the soft fuzzy pubic hair though my fingers as I started rubbing myself. Oh it was partly to tease Jim but right now I needed to touch myself badly as I felt myself getting hotter and hornier.

“Did you what makes me really hot Jim?” I whispered to him. He looked up at me and I could tell he probably had a dozen fantasies but in truth, had no real idea how to answer.

“Well, I love it when a guy watches me when I play with myself,” I said in a low, husky voice. “It’s so much better than just watching myself in the mirror. Will you be my mirror Jim?”

Actually while I may have been teasing him, that was a 100% true statement. Steve may have been the first to actually fuck me but I was teasing my share of horny boys long before then. Even when I was a virgin it got me off to expose myself to a boy and play with myself, seeing him get so frustrated because he could only watch me and not touch, at least not with his hard dick. It also turns me on to think about how they probably masturbate later when they fantasize about having sex with me.

“So tell me Jim - and I want you to be completely honest with me,” I said more sternly, looking down at him to make eye contact. “When you jerk off, do you ever think about me?”

It was a shot in the dark but somehow or another I was pretty confident of the answer. Jim’s face flushed bright red again which told me all I needed to know. Well, he was REALLY going to have something to masturbate to after I was done with him!

Putting my fingers in my mouth to wet them, I then used them to pull my pussy lips to the side so I could twirl my finger around my exposed clit. My breathing grew heavier as I closed my eyes and stretched my head back. Using my other hand I inserted a finger into what was now a soaking wet pussy and shoved it up inside of me as far as I could. With both hands now moving faster and faster I started moaning softly.

When I opened my eyes I saw Jim staring at my pussy as he watched the job I was doing to myself with my hands. His expression was the perfect image of a deer in the headlights - eyes wide open and staring with his mouth hanging open like a fish out of water! Suddenly I stiffened and a gasp escaped from my lips. I knew that I was right on the verge of an awesome orgasm!

I leaned down and whispered to him in a throaty voice. “Oh Jim, do you want to watch me cum? DO you want to see me make myself cum?”

Jim nodded. I shuddered helplessly and my face and chest flushed as my orgasm rose quickly within me and then ultimately consumed me. “Ohhhhhh, that feels so good!!!” I groaned deep and loud.

If anything that was a gross understatement. The combination of my experienced fingers working my sensitive clit, together with the added bonus of having Jim watch me, was now bringing me to an incredible “O”. I closed my eyes again and allowed the surges of pleasure to run freely all through me, momentarily even forgetting about the young boy sitting in front of me watching a real girl cum for the first time in his life. My knees buckled slightly as my legs tingled and weakened like they had been asleep and now the blood was returning. I didn’t stop touching my clit as wave after wave of the most splendid feelings imaginable continue to emanate as a wave from my pussy, literally filled my body with pleasure. It was almost like I was on fire but the fire was inside of me trying to get out, making my skin quiver from head to toe.

After a minute or so my orgasm began to slowly dwindle and I pulled my hands away from between my thighs. Opening my eyes once again, I saw that Jim was frozen like a statue, completely mesmerized by the erotic show being played out right in front of him. I smiled as I held out my cum-soaked fingers close to his face saying, “Here Jim, do you want to smell my pussy?”

Despite everything I’d done so far, my offer seemed to catch him totally by surprise. Obviously a girl had never offered to let him smell her fingers after she had masturbated! Jim didn’t seem to certain about it at first but then his curiosity won out and he leaned forward.

“Mmmmmmm, doesn’t my pussy smell wonderful after I cum?” I said softly. Then I put my finger in my mouth and sucked on it like a popsicle. I could taste the distinct flavor of my own pussy which caused me to smile. Back when I first started masturbating I had experimented a bit at the encouragement of my mom. In the process of following one of her suggestions, I discovered how good my pussy tasted and later found that it was even better after a good orgasm.

Pushing my finger up inside of me to wet it again, I offered my cum flavored finger to Jim asking, “Here, do you want to taste me?”

From the way obedient way he nodded and I knew Jim was all mine now, my little puppet who would do anything I asked. Jim opened his mouth wide like a dolphin waiting for its fish reward. Placing my wet finger between his lips, he sucked my pussy juices off it and ran his tongue round my finger.

“You ever taste a girl’s pussy before?” I asked as I withdrew my finger.

Of course I already knew the answer but I just wanted to hear him say it. Unfortunately it seemed that Jim was so overwhelmed that he’d lost his voice. He just shook his head as he licked his lips. Once again I touched myself, wetting my fingers and then tasting myself as he watched.

“Mmmmmmm ... I just LOVE the taste of my pussy,” I whispered as if saying it to myself but I made sure I was loud enough for him to hear me clearly. “Wanna watch me cum again Jim?”

Naturally there was no need to wait for him to reply. Like he was going to say “no”? Yeah right. Besides, I was so damn horny myself I would’ve done it regardless of what he said. I slowly unzipped the side of my skirt and slipped it off, leaving me even more bottomless than I was before as I stood right in front of him. Then I unbuttoned the remaining two buttons on my blouse, allowing it to spread open and expose my bra. Actually, the bra made my boobs look bigger than they actually were so I decided on the spur of the moment not to strip but to take off my blouse and keep the bra on. In the end, that left me wearing nothing but a tiny lace bra and heels.

Cupping my boobs through my bra, I squeezed them and sighed softly, letting my hands caress my flat stomach and eventually make their way until my fingers worked their way into the short brown fuzzy pubic hair covering my crotch. Some of my friends were already shaving their pussies but I’d waited years for my pubic hair to emerge so no way was I shaving it off! Besides, it made me feel more grown-up to see a soft wedge of hair between my legs. I trimmed it back enough that it didn’t stick out from my thongs or bikini bottoms but other than it actually felt good to run my fingers through it at night when I lay in bed.

Oops ... I could tell that Jim was about to reach out and try to touch me but I wasn’t having any of that. It was one thing to tease him terribly and flaunt myself, but I wasn’t going to let him do anything to me, not even touch me. The only guy who got to do that was Steve!

I decided to return to the love seat rather than use the couch as I had originally intended just to keep my distance from him. After taking a seat, I twisted and laid on my back as before. This time, however, instead of keeping my knees tight together as I had before, I lifted the inner leg up onto the top of the back cushion and let my outer leg dangle over the side of the love seat. This had the effect of spreading my legs wide open giving him an unobstructed view of my fourteen year-old pussy. The bra pushed my boobs up to make them appear to almost overflow from the cups, my nipples barely covered by the lace along the edge of the cup. Now that I was in position, my fingers once again worked their way back between my legs and eventually inside my soaking wet pussy.

Looking over at Jim, I saw that he was also leaning against the back of the couch with his legs spread apart. He was wearing jeans but even so I could see that the bulge in his crotch was even bigger than it was before. For a moment I contemplated seeing if I could get him to masturbate while he watched me the way Steve sometimes does. There was no doubt in my mind that had I asked Jim to jerk himself off that he would have done it in a heartbeat but at his age I couldn’t imagine him having the courage to do it in front of me on his own. In the end I chose not to more out of spite than anything else. It was sort of fun to seem Jim suffer as the desire between his legs grew without him being able to do anything about it. Why let the perv get any satisfaction, even if it came from his own hand?

For a brief moment I tried to take stock of my situation. Things had developed so fast I felt a little overwhelmed. It was hard to believe that just a few minutes ago I was protesting to Steve about having to flirt with his brother and now here I was nude and playing with myself in front of him, getting hornier by the minute. For that matter we weren’t even supposed to be here at all but at a friend’s party instead! I guess this is what my dad would call, “being flexible!”

Normally when I think of masturbation, I envision a solo event. When I played with myself in front of Steve, technically you could call it masturbation but I usually considered it just playing with myself. It may just be semantics but in my mind, with Steve watching it wasn’t so much to get myself off as it was to get him horny enough to fuck me. What I was doing with Jim was teasing for the pure naughtiness of it.

I felt like I had gone back in time to when I was in grade school. Sometimes I would flirt with the boys, showing them my pussy even and in some cases, let them see me playing with myself. I wasn’t worried about exposing myself as I knew at the time it wasn’t going to go any further, regardless of what the poor guy might hope. Granted it earns you a bit of a “reputation” but that didn’t bother me either so long as what was said about me was true. Once when I was in eighth grade a rumor got started by some boy I pissed off that I had let a couple of older boys fuck me which took forever to squelch!

As I put another finger in me my thoughts turned to how good Steve’s cock would feel in me later. Well the hell with later, I wanted it right now! Why was he taking so long anyway? When I started this little tease I’d assumed that he’d be ready to go before I had even gotten this far. Now that I WAS this far though, there was no way I was going to stop and somehow just turn it off inside of me and dutifully wait for him. I’d had cum once already and at the rate I was going the second time wasn’t too far away.

One thing was for certain, though. Steve’s “little slut” was cementing her reputation today, as least so far as Jim went! It was a safe bet that none of Steve’s past girlfriends had ever done to poor Jim what I was doing now. Jim would certainly be telling all his friends about my little show for him and by the time the story got retold and retold again, God only knew what heroic sexual feats I would be accused of performing!

I involuntarily shuddered as I continued to play with myself. For the moment I wasn’t even paying attention to Jim as I concentrated on myself, on just making my pussy feel so damn good. At times like this what I needed more than anything else was to make myself cum - and that was exactly what I was getting ready to do again. From the first time I’d orgasmed several years ago I knew it was a genie that could never be put back in its bottle.

One thing I can say is that I have NEVER used illegal drugs, smokes a single cigarette, or been drunk. You see for me sex is my “drug”, my addiction. The great thing about sex is that it’s free, legal, and always available. I don’t have to worry about getting my next fix, all I have to do is cross my legs and bob my foot enough to rub a tight pair of jeans against my pussy. I can get myself off in class or in the middle of a sermon. Who needs drugs or alcohol when you can have sex?

“Watch me Jim,” I begged him, “Watch me cum!”

Yeah, as if I needed to ask. Yet it was important to me that he did. It wasn’t enough for me just to orgasm, I wanted him to WATCH me when I did. There is just something that stirs me knowing I am desired by a man for nothing more than my body. I love knowing I am sexy enough to be not just wanted, but to be lusted after. From the first time I masturbated in front of a boy I knew it was a major turn-on for BOTH of us. Seeing a boy’s dick grow and get hard, especially when his reaction is all because of me, is a huge ego booster. Here I am, just fourteen years old yet I am already sensual enough to make someone want me so badly that his dick responds involuntarily!

Jim was not just watching me, he was STARING at me, not even blinking as my next orgasm built into a crescendo within my pussy as I kept rubbing myself.

“I’m cumming Jim!” I called out to him, just to make sure he knew what was happening to me.

I gasped as my pussy gushed once again over my fingers, drenching them with my cum and running down my ass to soak into the cushion below me. My back arched and my hips lifted off the cushion as I imagined Steve’s dick in me, driving himself deeper and deeper as he came in me, shooting his cum as deep inside of me as he could reach. My hips pumped up and down as I responded to his imaginary dick inside of me. Finally, I flopped back against the arm of the love seat, still with my fingers inside of me, holding them motionless inside of me. For the next few minutes, the room was deathly quiet as I basked in the warm afterglow of my orgasm.

When I finally opened my eyes I was expecting to see Jim still staring at me so you can imagine my surprise when he seemed to be more interested in something behind me. What could be more interesting than to have your brother’s girlfriend masturbating in front of you? For a moment I thought of Sharon doing it in front of her brothers - damn, now THAT would be hot!

**Chapter 4: Steve Gives His Brother a Lesson**

Turning my head upward, I almost jumped off the love seat when I saw who else but Steve looking down at me. It must have been an interesting sight to see his slutty girlfriend all but nude with her fingers jammed up her pussy and the odor of her sex heavy in the air. At first I feared that he might be jealous or otherwise upset at me for putting myself on display this way for his brother. Instead, a broad grin broke out on his face.

“So what do you say, Jim? Is my girlfriend hot or what?” he gloated.

Jim sighed and looked at me, “Damn Steve, she’s incredible.”

Steve reached down and touched my pussy, making me jump as his fingertip rubbed over my clit. For a moment I thought that maybe Steve was going to fuck me right then in front of his brother! Well, if he’d tried I certainly wouldn’t have protested. Instead it seemed he was more interested in taunting his brother, sort of a demonstration of what he could do to me anytime he wanted.

“Bet you’d love to touch her this way, wouldn’t you Jim?” he teased his younger brother.

Poor Jim, I almost felt sorry for him as he was squirming like his hard-on must have been about to burst out of his pants. God, was he going to be jerking off nonstop tonight! What Steve didn’t realize was that I was getting even more horny from the way he was touching me, even more so than from my own masturbation show I had been putting on for Jim. I curled my finger up at him, motioning for him to lower his head down to mine.

“I REALL want you to fuck me Steve,” I whispered to him.

“Sure baby, I promised you I would,” he whisper back to me.

I grinned naughtily at him and shook my head. “No, you don’t get it ... I want you to fuck me NOW!”

Steve’s eyes widened into saucers as he looked over at his brother not ten feet away before he turned back to me.

“Here? ... Now? ... In front of HIM?”

“Sure, why not, he wanted to see us do it before. C’mon, let’s put on a show for him he’ll never forget.”

I guess I could understand some of Steve’s concerns. In all the time we had been fucking since this past summer we had never done it in front of an audience. Sure, there were those times in the car and in bedrooms at parties where somebody might get a glimpse but it wasn’t like we were putting on a show. Steve certainly didn’t know that my dad sometimes peeked in when we did it in my bedroom - I had no intentions whatsoever of ever letting him find out. All I knew was that if I enjoyed masturbating in front of boys as much as I did, I could only imagine how I would get off having sex with an audience, even if was just his dumb brother!

Looking over at Jim, he was probably wondering what was going on here between his brother and his slut of a girlfriend. I doubted whether he had any idea of what we were really talking about, though. I grinned at him and held Steve’s hand as he continued to fondle my pussy. Steve pulled away and walked around behind love seat, holding his arms out to Jim as if to say there was nothing he could do about things.

“What can I say Jim, she wants it,” he said with a grin from ear to ear. “And when Kelly wants something this bad, I just can’t say no!”

This had to totally confuse Jim who had to be wondering what in the world his older brother was talking about. Then his eyes widened even further than they had when I first touched myself in front of him as I reached for Steve’s jeans and unzipped them. Steve unsnapped them for me at the top and I pulled open the flaps to reveal his hard dick poking up from his crotch. Mmmmmmm, my boy was hard and ready for action! I leaned forward and started sucking on it, nothing special, just your standard head bob up and down on his dick. Taking his cock in my hand, I dropped it from my mouth and looked over at Jim,

“Mmmmmmm, his cock tastes SO good ... I bet you wish I would suck yours, don’t you.”

Jim squirmed even more and for a moment I thought he might have taken my words as an invitation and started to get up off the couch. Fortunately, Steve wasn’t having any of THAT!

“Sorry little brother, she’s sucking MY cock tonight and that’s it”

Being Steve was already hard and ready to go, I didn’t see much use on stretching this out. I just wanted to put on a show for Jim and in any case, I knew Steve would be fucking me more at the party - a LOT more if past experience was any indication. I sat back on the love seat and put my feet up on the cushions with my legs spread apart, a perfect “fuck me” position if there ever was one.

“Fuck me Steve,” I said, loud enough to be sure Jim could hear me clearly. “Give me your big cock ... put it in me.” God, I sounded like some whore from my dad’s porn collection!

Steve looked back at Jim and then a look of determination came to his face as he evidently had made up his mind to go for it. Grasping his hard cock in his right hand, he lined himself up with my wet pussy hole and thrust himself into me while Jim looked on.

“Oh god yes, that’s it Steve!” I moaned as he started stroking himself in and out of me. “Fuck me ... oh yeah fuck me!”

Yep, I did indeed feel like I was now some sort of porn star as Steve fucked me with his brother acting as our live audience. I wasn’t sure what was turning me on more - the feeling of Steve’s cock in me or the thrill of having his brother all but jerking off as he watched me getting drilled by Steve. I felt like such an incredible slut, perhaps more so than at any other time in my life - and it thrilled me!

About the only thing that would have thrilled me more would have been to have Jim join in but I knew THAT was never going to happen so long as Steve had anything to do with it. Steve tended to be a little possessive of me which normally I didn’t mind. He loved to show me off like some sort of prize or trophy. He especially seemed to like it when I teased his friends, maybe because it showed them what he was getting - and what they were NOT. Thus no matter how much it might turn me on, I wouldn’t even suggest to Steve that he let his brother have a go at me. Even so, I had a feeling I knew what I would be fantasizing about the next morning when I had my usual morning masturbation time. Damn, who would have thought when the day started that tonight I would be playing with myself thinking about being fucked by my boyfriend’s little brother?

“Cum on my face,” I said, grinning up at Steve.

My boyfriend looked a little shocked at first - and for good reason. From the first time that I sucked Steve’s cock, I’d swallowed his cum and ever since then unless he was fucking me and going to cum inside of me, that’s where I preferred it - my mouth. For me to tell him now that it was OK to cum on my face for the first time was undoubtedly music to his ears. Actually, I really wasn’t really sure WHY I had said that, it just seemed the right thing to do if we were going to put on good show for his brother. I knew from seeing my dad’s porn movies that watching a guy cum in a girl wasn’t nearly as erotic as seeing him actually cum. Had we been in his bedroom, that would be a different story but for this occasion, I was willing to go for it.

As it turned out, my timing was about perfect. Given Steve fucked me almost every day, I was getting pretty darn good at anticipating when he was about to explode. He pulled himself out and I put my feet down as leaned forward to take his wet dick in my mouth. I could taste my pussy on him which just made his cock all that more delicious for me. Grabbing his dick by the base, I sucked on the head and the first inch or so of his shaft while I stroked his hard cock with my hand. It wasn’t long before he was groaning and I could see him tensing up as he tried to hold back as long as possible.

“Oh shit!” he exclaimed as I felt the first load eject into my mouth.

I quickly pulled it out and let the remainder spray on my cheeks, nose and chin as one load of sperm after another spurted from his hard dick. It was a good thing I wasn’t wearing my skirt or blouse as I could feel some of it drip from chin and hit my thighs. I didn’t want to go out tonight with cum all over my clothes! It just seemed a little tacky!

Once he’d finished I grabbed the shaft and used the head of his dick to spread his cum over my face like lotion, smearing the gooey mixture all over my cheeks. Once I was covered with cum I turned my head towards Jim, smiling at him as he stared at me like I was alien from outer space. I must’ve been quite a sight with all the sperm glistening on my face and his brothers dick still hard in my hand. I took Steve’s cock back in my mouth again for a few last drops of sperm.

As for Steve, well let’s just say that he looked like the cat who just ate the canary. God he was being evil to his brother. Poor Jim looked like he was about to cum in his pants!

“OK Kelly, show time’s over,” Steve said as he patted my head, “I think the poor boy’s had enough for one night!”

There was a small comforter on the back of the love seat which I used as a towel to clean off my face and wipe up whatever had spilled. Hopefully his mom wouldn’t notice although I bet Sharon would be checking it out once I told about what had happened. Standing back up again, I put back on my skirt and blouse and was ready to go. Meanwhile Steve had pulled his jeans back up again and was zipped and buckled once more. We were about to leave when Steve reached in his pocket and threw my thong at me.

“Forget something slut?” he laughed.

I shrugged my shoulders as if it didn’t matter to me one way or the other if I wore them but I still slipped it on. Honestly, I HATE thongs with a passion, especially ones as small as this one. It was really nothing more than a few strings with a small triangular patch over my pussy that covered my pussy slit but not big enough to hide all my short pubic fuzzy hair. It was constantly riding up my ass crack making it literally a pain in the ass. Oh well, I knew Steve loved it so a little discomfort was a small price to pay for what I got him to do to me afterwards.

We left poor Jim with this dazed look on his face. He didn’t seem to know quite what to say or do at the moment. I couldn’t help but think that maybe he wasn’t so bad after all. Jim was actually pretty cute and I caught myself wondering what he was hiding under those jeans. He may not be a teenager by much but from the respectable mound that he was trying to hide he couldn’t be TOO terribly small. Hmmmmmm, should I investigate this further some time?

Back in his car, Steve and I finally were on our way to the party. Steve looked over at me with this huge grin on his face.

“Shit, that was SO cool,” he chuckled, “I would give anything to have a picture of my brother’s face when I was fucking you.”

Then he reached over and rubbed my bare leg adding, “You know, when I first came in the room and you didn’t know I was there, it looked like you were getting off pretty good yourself. Did really it turn you on that much to tease my brother?”

Words couldn’t have expressed just HOW much it turned me on so I did what I always did when I wanted to avoid answering him about something - I sucked his cock. Yep, THAT always shut him up! Leaning over the center console, I undid Steve’s jeans for the second time that night. It came as no surprise that his sixteen year-old dick was hard as a tree branch again, ready to go back to work on my pussy once again. Well, I wasted no time in going down on him, taking his wonderful cock in my mouth once again.

“Damn Kelly!” he exclaimed, “I guess all that must have REALLY turned you on!”

I lifted my head to look up at him as he drove on with a big grin on my face. No words were necessary, I let my mouth do the talking for me as I hungrily sucked on his cock for the rest of the trip to the party. Steve parked on a side street near the house where the party was being held. No sooner did he turn off his car then he laid his seat back and let me finish him off properly. No matter how many times I did it, I LOVED sucking his dick. Coupled with being incredibly horny after masturbating and him fucking me in front of his brother, I knew I wanted Steve’s cock in me again - and again and again!

Finally he shot his wad and this time I kept him in my mouth, feeling his hot sperm squirting into my mouth. It tasted wonderful as always and afterwards I lifted my head up to allow his cum to drip from my mouth back over his cock like syrup on a sundae. Then I went back down on him to suck him and lick the cum back off again, only to repeat the process over again. Steve groaned as my tongue worked its way over his sensitive cock. He held my head loosely in his hands as I sucked the last globs of cum off his cock yet again.

“Damn!” he cried out, “We’re going to have to tease Jim more often. Fuck! What a blowjob!”

Proudly I sat up in my own seat again, wiping the cum that had somehow made it to my chin and cheeks off with my finger and then sucking it off. I was still incredibly horny - my pussy wanted his cock again and it was letting me know in no uncertain terms how impatient it was getting! Well, there was still the party and who knows what fun we were going to have. I knew there was one thing I could count on - I was going to be fucked by Steve again in the next thirty minutes or else! It was something of a goal for him whenever we went out, to see how fast he could fuck me after picking me up at home. Our current record would be hard to beat as we had done it right in my driveway without even starting the car!

As we walked to the house I couldn’t help but think about what he said about me teasing Jim again in the future. Once again, the question came to mind that maybe there might be an opportunity with Jim that I hadn’t realized before. Hmmmmmm, maybe Steve would wish he hadn’t opened this Pandora’s box!