**Now You See Me**

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**Now You See Me Pt. 03**

Three weeks had passed since Jimmy took my virginity and I discovered I was an exhibitionist all in the same day. My sex had quite the ache from the daily grind I gave it recalling those hours. And yet I had not been able to bring myself to call Jimmy up. I knew he had to be thinking about me, and his penis had to be rubbed every bit as raw as my vagina but I told myself he was as baffled by the afternoons events as I was and wouldn't want to hear from me. That's not to say that I regretted it, not even a little. I had moments where I thought I should and I tried to work up some guilt but it just wasn't in me.  
  
Everything that happened that day, starting with the episode in the car to the explosive orgasms I'd had in that darkened room in the church had been nothing but amazing and I wanted so much more. Jeez, I'd soaked enough sheets with my juices since that day that my mom had begun to worry something was wrong with me. So, I'd begun masturbating exclusively in the shower so the evidence was easily washed away. Except now there was concern growing around the house about how much time I spent in the bathroom. Two days earlier I had nearly been exposed because of it and it had scared me for a moment, but only a moment and then the spirit that had possessed me at the wedding took over again.  
  
I had snuck into the small shower toilet combo that my brother and I shared wearing nothing but my bra and panties with a plan to pleasure myself to a messy orgasm. It was the middle of the afternoon on a Saturday and my brother had a couple of friends over gaming in his room. My brother is only a year younger than me and all of his friends are of the standard jock model since they all play on the same lacrosse team. I say I was in my bra and panties but that's not entirely true, I was wearing my bra, the laciest and most see through I owned through which my areoles were a clearly visible silhouette, but the panties I wore had been pinched from my mothers "secret" drawer.  
  
I don't know if my parents are the only ones who have one of those hiding places where they stash their sexy underwear and sex toys, or if maybe I'm just the only kid who has been nosy enough to find it. Nonetheless, my parents had one and I knew where it was. I had snuck in their room and rifled through my mothers vibrators, sex position game cards, a strange double loop thing that I think was some sort of ring for a penis and balls and, shockingly, a butt plug and found the almost-non-existent panties underneath. I took a few moments to hold these jumbles of strings, pearls and lace up until I found one that I would like to be seen in. I carefully closed the drawer and returned to my room with my spoils.  
  
Once there I stripped naked and admired myself in my full length mirror for a few minutes. Ever since my awakening I had been fascinated by my body and I regretted not paying more attention to it before. I know it sounds vain but I was enamored of the curve of my hips as they bloomed into my perky butt. I loved the way my breasts hung pertly and my nipples pointed every so slightly toward the sky. I loved the way my labia looked most of all. After my crazy church encounter I had decided to shave my lips bald and leave a small mound above my slit, like a little wig for my clitoral hood. It was closely cropped and cute and the beautiful symmetry made by the meeting of my inner thighs with my slightly curved stomach drew the eye inward with promises of ecstasy. There is no wonder that the female form has been the subject of artistic expression for as long as humans have wielded chalk and paint.  
  
Lest you think me a total narcissist, let me say that I feel this way about all female bodies, I love the variety, the untold variations on a theme on display all around us. In learning to fall in love with the look of my body I was learning to have a deep found appreciation for the beauty in all the bodies around me. I was also learning to get horny as all hell by just a glance at a great butt in a pair of well fit jeans.  
  
After my self admiration had started the juices flowing I allowed myself to think about the next part of my plan, that was to "accidentally" be seen by one of the hard body young men making a nuisance of themselves down the hallway and then use that jolt of energy to get myself off. I slid my translucent bra on and made sure my breasts were perfectly centered. I didn't have to worry about fluffing my nipples to make them strain against the fabric, they were at attention and ready for duty. Then I carefully arranged the strange strings and pearls of the panties I had chosen on the floor and stepped into them and slid them up my thighs.  
  
I have to confess that it took me several minutes to figure out where the pearls were supposed to go. I thought, when I chose them, that they were meant to sit above my butt or over my vagina as an elegant decoration. But once I tried laying them out I realized there was only one place for those pearls to go and it baffled me for a long moment and then I understood. I was a little concerned about pinching if they slid around too much but I found that they were secured in place pretty tight and I wouldn't be walking all that far in them anyway. When they slid into place something awoke within me. They were silky smooth, slightly cool little orbs pressed against my lips begging to be let in. Lined up there like good little soldiers waiting their turn to administer their soft caress.  
  
I stood still for a moment feeling a, by now familiar, trickle of moisture slip from those lips and coat the pearls. I took a few experimental steps and on the second foot fall the front of the strand, well lubricated, slipped past my lips and landed on my growing clit. I sucked in a breath and stumbled before catching myself on my bed post and let a crazed smile paint my face, this was going to be a great afternoon.  
  
Up until this moment I had gone back and forth a little on whether to go through with it, thinking that the thought of being seen might be enough to elicit the orgasm I was after. The feel of those pearls pressing against me, rubbing me with each step banished any thought of turning back. The pressure and ache for release was building in my abdomen and I knew I was about to do some things that could get me in very serious trouble... and that caused another lubricating trickle to escape me.  
  
I stepped to my bedroom door and listened for a minute to make sure I could hear all of the studs making noises in the barn and when I was convinced that they were all most likely accounted for I cracked the door just wide enough to get one eye in frame. Our doorways were angled and faced each other with the bathroom between us and I could see into his room from mine. His door was about half open and standing in it was one of the finer specimens of the jocks I was hunting. These type only wore basketball shorts, socks and slides unless forced to do otherwise so his muscular back was on full display as he leaned against the door and rocked it side to side while cheering on his bros in whatever wast of time they were engaged in.  
  
His shoulders were broad and muscular and the line of his back was sculpted as if from marble. His arms boasted the kind of lean muscle that only youth can maintain without hours a day in a gym and as I watched him I wanted those arms around my waist while those hands kneading my ass. My hand slid down and gave the pearl soldiers a little tug while watching his back and the sensation caused a small whimper to slip past my lips.  
  
It wasn't very loud but it was loud enough to alert the object of my desire. He turned his head around slowly and distractedly, one eye still on the game he was watching and my breath caught in my throat. I forgot for a moment that my door was mostly closed and all he would see if he saw anything would be my eyes peaking around my door. For that split second before realization set in all of the adrenaline surged through my body and its affect on me was neither fight nor flight, it was shudder with pleasure. My knees gave a little and I yanked on my pearls a little harder. My nipples surged to a new hardness and the blush on my cheeks was more arousal than embarrassment, and then I realized he couldn't actually see me and disappointment washed in as he turned his gaze back into the other room. It was time to take this a step further.  
  
I straightened up and took a deep breath to calm myself. I peaked out one more time to be sure all heads were still turned the other way and then I quietly slid my door open and began walking toward the bathroom with dramatic hip swishes like a lady in a fashion show. The sensation of the cool air in the hallway brushing across all of my bare skin, the knowledge that my breasts and nipples were once again on display, and the gentle rolling friction of the pearl pressed tighter against my clit with each sway of my hips ramped my breathing up to the breathless category. I was certain each breath, each heartbeat was audible and that any moment all of the boys in that room were going to turn around and stare at me on display like a doll in a shop window.  
  
Oh God I LOVED the thought, I wanted to be seen! I wanted this boy, which one was he? Was it Cody maybe? I wanted this boy to see me first and I wanted to see the look on his face as his eyes roamed over me, drank me in and reflected my beauty back at me. But he wasn't budging and all too soon I was at the bathroom door and had to make a decision. Go in and take care of myself quietly, or stand here in the hall and hope someone turned around.  
  
I decided to do a little of both. I opened the bathroom door and stood with one foot in and the other half me sticking out into the hallway waiting to duck inside if someone turned around. Four long seconds passed and I was just about to give up and slip the rest of the way in and take care of myself when Cody announced that he had to take a leak and began to turn around. I cannot say what happened next was entirely conscious decision, it just kind of happened. I pulled myself all the way into the bathroom and then took the few small steps back and into the shower and drew the curtain quietly closed and tried to quiet my breathing.  
  
I hadn't turned on the light or closed the door so Cody had no reason to think someone was in here and now I was trapped in the shower wearing nearly nothing at all and there was about to be an exposed penis mere inches away. This was better and worse than I could have hopped for. I wanted to be seen but now I also wanted to catch a glimpse of the dick that was so near without its owner knowing I was looking, this was a whole new angel to my kink and as when I'd discovered I liked being seen a fresh wave passed through my stomach and made its way out of my pussy, leaving wet evidence of its passage. I was now dripping past the pearls held snug in my lips and making distinct sounds on the floor of the fiberglass tub, drip...drip...drip.  
  
Cody seemed oblivious to my plight, not hearing, or just ignoring the sound of my moisture leaking from me. He pushed the door closed, not bothering with the lock I noticed, and began to fumble with his pants to extract my prize as he walked to the toilet. Soon enough I could hear the stream of his urine striking the water in the bowl and the sound sent shivers through as I imagined what it looked like from the front. I slipped back to the edge of the shower/tub and slowly eased the shower curtain back the smallest fraction, enough to get one eye in place. Our bathroom had a mirror that ran the full length of the wall, including directly behind the back fo the commode. It had always seemed a strange design choice to me but it hadn't bothered me all that much since women don't face that wall when they do their business. But I was thanking all my lucky starts for it now as I peaked from behind my thin vinyl mask and saw the reflection of Cody's penis in the mirror as the arc of his stream coursed out of him.  
  
Was it possible that he had a mild erection, or was it just that swollen and full when it wasn't in use? Who could know, the fact was that it was a very respectable size penis and it looked good in his hand, (Would have looked better in my hand.) All too soon his arc began to dwindle and I knew I wasn't going to get to look at this beautiful dick much longer and I NEEDED to prolong this moment. Suddenly, I had an utterly ridiculous idea that was sure to get me caught and without thinking I simply went for it.  
  
"Mmmhmmm, oh God, I need to cum..."  
  
I moaned quietly but audible and I truthfully had no idea what I expected to happen next. I pulled back into the shower and leaned against the wall and now I could see Cody's silhouette on the other side. He was still facing the toilet and his penis was clearly definable in his hand but is head was pivoting side to side and up and down trying to find the source of the comment. I had been quiet but only in volume did I hold back, I had put every ounce of my need and desire into that moan and I loved watching the effect it was having on him.  
  
"I'm so close..." I said to help him located the source.  
  
The silhouette of his penis began to swell quickly and his hand was moving up and down the shaft.  
  
"Is anyone in here? I'm sorry, the door was open and I had to go, I... I am really really sorry!" His voice was a hoarse whisper that was equal parts terrified and lustful.  
  
I pretended not to hear him and slid my hand down to the pearls nestled in my folds and began to rub furiously, making no effort to be quiet, I wanted him to hear what I was doing and I wanted him to peak behind the curtain.  
  
"Hello?" He whispered again, a little more quietly this time as his desire to be present for whatever was happening in this shower began to win out over his manners.  
  
I heard him shuffle closer to the shower curtain and I lost the shadow puppet show he was unknowingly putting on for me as he turned to fully face me. My disappointment was mitigated by the knowledge that his dick was by now fully erect and aimed in my direction. I began to massage my breasts with my other hand, alternating between cupping and squeezing and rolling my nipples between my fingers. The guttural moans that were escaping my throat were no longer manufactured or exaggerated as I gave myself over to the animal instincts that had been driving me for weeks.  
  
I had enough of standing up and wanted to be a in a position to expose all of my assets when Cody finally worked up the courage to peak around the corner of that curtain so I slowly slid down the wall and reclined in the tub with my legs spread wide and my hips softly humping my hand as I worked the wet pearls up and down my tender slit. The spigot controls were by my feet and as I placed my left foot up on the wall for more support I hit the knob and suddenly cold water was pouring over my thighs and splashing my already wet pussy. This had not been a calculated part of the plan and it shocked me back to full awareness for a moment. I spluttered at the cold but I also thrilled at the feel of the water coursing down my thigh and trickling over my mound.  
  
On the other side of the curtain Cody jumped back at the sound of the water turning on and for a moment I thought he'd fled the bathroom entirely, fearing he'd been found out. I froze and held my breath for several heart beats before I heard the sound of a hand releasing a door knob and feet hobbled by shorts around the ankles shuffling back toward me. I realized that this was actually going to work in my favor, up until know I had no reason to be in a bathtub diddling myself and Cody would certainly have figured that out eventually. But now it would appear as if I was just a girl who had come in for a nice hot bath who had forgotten to lock the door and needed a quick jilling before bubbles.  
  
The water began to warm as I lay there letting it course over me and I reached up to turn the cold water on and dial in a perfect temperature as if all of this was perfectly normal. The warmth pouring over me felt amazing and I was drawn back down into the spiral of my carnal desire as I inched my aching pussy closer to the waterfall of pleasure in front of me. This was another first for me, I had never thought to try it but as my butt cheeks slid across the wet fiberglass toward the spout anticipation built like a rising tide inside of me, all I needed now was for Cody to watch me experience this.  
  
I drew out the approach as long as I could, knowing it wouldn't be long before I was writhing in pleasure once I was positioned correctly but this idiot boy was taking too long to work up the nerve and I needed to cum NOW! Once again without much thought I grabbed a fistful of the curtain, got both feet all the way up on the wall so I could slide into home easily and ripped the curtain back and pushed my hips forward at the same time. My eyes were slitted open so that Cody could pretend I didn't see him standing there stroking his dick as fast as his fist could move with eyes as wide as any cartoon character caught red handed.  
  
As the stream of warm water pounded unto my clit my entire body convulsed and I cried out, "Oh shit, yes!" Now my hips formed a mind of their own and began humping the stream of water, causing the stream to pass from my clit, down my slit, just kiss my butthole and back up over and over again. I laid all the way back in the tub and took each of my breasts in a hand and worked them over like it was my first time.  
  
As my orgasm came to its crescendo I felt the mysterious dam in my pussy break loose and the force of the stream of my cum cut through the falling water and hit the wall of the tub and then as my hips pumped it arced up and back over me just as it had in the church. I felt it rain down over me and I stuck my tongue out to catch the droplets as they fell. I added a twist to the thrusting of my hips as I continued to ride this wave and on the next spray of lady cum my arc shot out from the tub and painted Cody with a line as he pumped his own well.  
  
"Holy fucking shit man!" He exclaimed loudly, giving up all pretense of being magically invisible.  
  
I decided to give up the charade myself and opened my eyes fully and looked directly at him. "I want you to come over here and shoot that load all over my body, I want you to stare at me while you do it."  
  
He only hesitated half a second before taking what remained of his logical mind out to the pasture and putting it down for good. He kicked off his shorts and he stepped over to me and now I pushed back from the stream of water, my fading orgasm making my pussy too tender for its brutal assault, and spread my legs as wide as I could get them so he could see all I had to offer. I think the shock of my acknowledgement of him had curbed his orgasm for a moment but as his eyes slid down to my drenched pussy with the pearls embedded in the soft pink folds of my inner sex the fire was relit.  
  
I watched his eyes to see what he was most interested in and the animal desire I saw there burned into me and I felt the second wave building in me. His eyes kept sliding back and forth from my thighs and pussy to my breasts still captive in the see through bra and then to my eyes to make sure he was still OK and that he wasn't hallucinating. The third time his eyes locked on my tits and lingered I arched my back and reached behind me to pop the clasps of the bra. I did not think his eyes could get any wider but they did and the head of his throbbing cock bulged as a spasm struck him. I slowly slid the lacy material down my chest, pausing just before my nipples crested the top of the fabric and let out a long moaning sigh as the material tickled my hard, aching nubs. This stimulation caused a trickle to escape my pussy at the same time and Cody began to beat even more furiously on his stem as he tried to look intently at both my tits and my pussy at the same time. I pulled the bra the rest of the way off my tits and began rubbing them again while staring into his eyes.

"Do you want to see the rest before you cum Cody?"  
  
"Ye... yes, please...err Rachel"  
  
It was amazing the confidence I felt in this moment, considering that I hadn't let anyone see me this up close and personal since the wedding, everything I'd done had been fantasy and remembering. I had been so uncertain that day, fumbling through the whole thing just trying to get to the point of release. And now I was ordering this boy around and offering myself up like a true harlot. And I LOVED it! The only part left for Cody to see was my ass, that was coated in a combination of my own juices and water. I could tell how slick the combination was as I slid around the tub. I stood up slowly, stretching my arms above my head cat like and then stepped out of the tub. Cody backed up like there was a forcefield between us, unwilling to touch me lest I vanish into thin air. I pulled a towel from the rack next to the shower and laid it out on the floor and then turned around to give Cody an unrestricted view of my ass.  
  
"Oh god, I'm going to cum!" The quaver in his voice told me he was making a super human effort to hold back the floodwaters.  
  
"Not just yet, there's something else you're going to want to see, let go of your cock for a second and get down on your knees."  
  
He obeyed without question, his face now inches away from my dripping ass, his mouth hanging open and his tongue making questing motions.  
  
I looped my thumbs into the barely there pearl thong and, bending from the hips, pulled it slowly down my slick thighs. Feeling each one of the pearls pop as they were pulled from my soaking pussy. The sensation for me was mind bending, a small trickle accompanying each pearl as they left their warm enclosure. The view for Cody was sending him into orbit. I looked back between my legs and saw his hand unconsciously return to his straining clock and stroking it ever so lightly. He was tilting in toward me as I bent further over and now I could feel his hot breath on my butthole and my burning pussy. A small whimper escaped him as the smell of my arousal assailed his senses from less than an inch away.  
  
When I reached the floor with the panties I bent my knees and lowered myself to the floor as well, Cody's face following as if attached by an invisible thread. When I was all the way down, face on the floor, ass in the air, legs spread so that both of my holes were on display as if at a museum, with the pearls baptized in my cum suspended between my ankles I held the pose for a few beats. Cody's hot breathing coming in ragged gasps and the feel of it on my pussy and ass sending me to the edge and my hips began bucking gently again.  
  
I pulled myself up just enough to be able to reach back and cup the back of Cody's head, I looked into his eyes and made sure he was drowning in waters as deep as mine and then I pulled his head to my holes and collapsed back into position as his tongue found my clit and licked me from front all the way to the back. He hesitated at my taint and I knew he was wondering how far he could go so I slid my hips down and pushed my asshole over his waiting tongue. That was all the encouragement he needed. His hands came up and grasped my thighs and pulled me back into him with force. I submitted willingly, never having intended actually physically fucking one of my brothers friends but unable to pull back now that I was this far in.  
  
Cody sucked and licked and slurped like he was born for it, my pussy was leaking a steady stream now and he was lapping it up on every pass. I put a corner of the towel in my mouth to muffle my screams as every cell of my body lit up and I fucked his face with all I had. He pulled back for a breath but my hips followed him, giving him only a second of air before my pussy sealed itself around his mouth again. He laid back as I pushed and for an awkward moment we were a tangle of limbs and knees as he repositioned himself laying flat under me and I straddling his face so I could ride it.  
  
We arrived at a 69 position purely by accident but now the cock I had been admiring from the shower was standing at attention under me and I didn't hesitate. As Cody devoured my pussy and ass I eagerly took his cock into my mouth, it wasn't as long as Jimmy's but it was wider and had more veins. I easily fit the whole thing in my mouth and I sucked hard as I slid it in and out, relishing the feel of the veins against my lips.  
  
Given the torture I'd put this poor boy through for the last 20 minutes it wasn't long before his pumping into my mouth became frantic and I knew he was about to cum. I was going to taste semen for the first time and I knew I was going to swallow every drop and love it. The knowledge sent me into my own urgent thrusting and as Cody began to let go and the first spray of his cum hit the back of my throat I let loose my own stream into his mouth. We both groaned deeply into each others most intimate spaces as we drained ourselves.  
  
Cody began to splutter and the force of my orgasm sent my cum forcefully down his throat but he didn't push me away or pull back. He pulled his nose out for a second to get a deep breath and then dove all the way back into me, allowing me to grind my hips into his face as I completely covered him in my juices. His cum kept coming for longer than I expected, I didn't know if it was normal for a guy to shoot 9 or 10 loads but I kept suck for as long as he was pumping. The taste was salty and the texture was a little sticky but I loved the warmth of it as it slid down my throat.  
  
When I was sure I'd sucked him completely dry I gently let his cock fall from my mouth, watching it begin to shrink with some sadness as he came down. I rolled off of his face, my hips still bucking gently on their own and lay on my back breathing deeply. Cody sat up and looked at me, his hair wet and matted against his head, my cum still dripping from his chin and unto his chest that was also coated. He looked back at the towel and we both saw with surprise that it was completely saturated and more fluid was puddled beyond it and under the bathroom door.  
  
"Holy shit Rachel, I had no idea you partied like that, I just came in for a piss."  
  
I giggled somewhat sheepishly but was surprised again that I didn't feel any shame or need to explain or cover up. "I didn't either until a few weeks ago, I'm sorry for sneaking in here and watching you without asking, that wasn't entirely on purpose. I was trying to be seen, not see."  
  
"You don't need to apologize to me for anything! I have never cum that hard in my life!"  
  
Our conversation was cut short by a knocking on the door then, it was my brother. "Hey, Cody what are you doing in there man? Are you talking to someone? You've been gone forever and you're up, we're tired of waiting... Oh shit, man what is this, did something spill?"  
  
Both of our eyes went wide as we looked at the puddle of my cum running out under the door. Cody opened his mouth to make up some sort of story to explain his long absence and the puddle when the handle on the door turned and both of us went even wider eyed as we realized it wasn't locked. The door swung open and there was not time to do anything but sit there fully exposed as my brother and two more of his friends looked into the bathroom and surveyed the wreckage.  
  
Somehow the pearl panties were still around my ankles through all of our wrestling and it was the only stitch of clothing anywhere near me and my skin glistened from a combination of sweat and my own passionate juices. My knees were spread apart as I'd been lounging back resting on my elbows and so my abused pussy, still dripping, was on grand display. Cody was only slightly better off as his back was to the door partially blocking the view to his spent penis dribbling the last of its offerings.  
  
I expected shouts and yells of anger and panic from my brother at least but all I got was stunned silence. A silence that only lingered as I spread my legs even further apart, ran a finger from the bottom of my pussy to the top, twitching as I passed over my tender clit, and brought my wet fingers to my mouth and sucked them.  
  
"Well boys, like what you see?"

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