## **Nude Like Me - Chapter 5**

#### by SFWS with the assistance of Neel Down

*Still holding firm onto Summer's head with a fistful of hair, Jim's cock started to soften. As it did, it let him relax and soon his hot piss was spraying the back of Summer's throat. She was taken quite by surprise and tried to swallow fast, but the stream was simply too strong and some spewed out of her nose.*

*Chris and Lily watched. Gasped, and wondered why on earth Summer didn't just drop the damn tennis ball. Jim grinned and kept a tight hold on Summer's head as his hot piss continued to spray down her throat.*

*Summer was doing everything she could to keep from drowning from Jim's pee. She refused to concede and kept swallowing as fast as she could.*

**RUNNING BARE**

Finally the stream of piss subsided and Jim released his hold on Summer's head, allowing his cock to escape the young girl's mouth.

"Do you still want to be a slut?" Deirdre asked, a smug expression on her face.

"More than ever," Summer responded, totally shocking all present. "I'd love to have Jim put his magnificent cock in my cunt and ass, but I've sorta promised Chris that he can be my first."

Deirdre had gotten out of the car and now moved closer to Summer, studying her hot little body. "It might be a few years before your holes can handle a cock the size of Jim's," she proclaimed. "I'm amazed you got it in your mouth."

"At first I thought the same thing," Summer admitted, "but then I remembered that I had been fisted in both my cunt and butt by my 'brothers'. If my holes can take an adult size fist, they can probably take Jim's cock."

"Your brothers fisted you?" Deirdre repeated in astonishment.

"Yeah, when they were home from college on winter break," Summer added. "It was so kewl. Robby had his fist in my cunt and Walt had his in my anus. They actually picked me up like that and carried me out to the kitchen table. I loved it, but Mom and Dad weren't very happy. The guys were forbidden to ever fist me again until I was at least twelve."

Jim just stared at Summer in amazement. The whole purpose of all that he had just done to this young girl was to hopefully dissuade her from her goal of becoming a slut. Evidently it was way too late for that. In which case... "So you've never had sex in your twat or butt yet?" Jim asked.

"No, originally my parents forbade me to have sex until I was twelve," Summer explained. "Now that I'm starting the pill tomorrow, I'm allowed to have sex starting next Saturday. Chris is sleeping over so that he can hump me all night."

Jim and Deirdre exchanged astonished looks. Neither of them had ever met a young girl quite as incredible as Summer; certainly not at age eleven. They were also surprised at how broad-minded her parents evidently were.

Jim just shook his head in astonishment. "It was nice meeting all of you," he said. "Unfortunately, Deirdre and I have to be on our way." Then he had a second thought. "Is it okay if I look you up in a couple of months? I have a couple of friends that I'm sure would like to meet you. If you're interested, we can fill all your holes at once."

Summer's eyes widened, wondering what it would be like to have three adults making use of her body at the same time. "No promises, but please do get in touch," Summer agreed. "It'll depend a lot on how far I have progressed on my bucket list by then."

"Understand," Jim said, leaning down and giving Summer a passionate kiss on the lips. "See you in a couple of months then." Jim and Deirdre both got back in the car.

"Fair warning," Jim said just before pulling away. "My friends and I have a tendency to occasionally get a bit carried away. I guarantee that you'll live through the experience and not suffer any permanent damage, but you'll most likely end up bruised and sore for a week or so." Without any other comment, he drove away.

"Summer, you're not seriously interested in getting together with that man and his friends!" Lily insisted. "You don't even know the fucking guy, and he just as much as promised that you would get hurt."

"Please, don't do it," Chris practically begged.

"Will you two please calm down," Summer said, as the Amigos walked their bikes down the lane to Summer's house. "All I did was tell the man that he could get in touch with me in a couple of months. Please just forget about it and don't bug me about it every day." She might have asked Chris and Lily to forget about it, but Summer knew that she wouldn't. How could she possibly stop thinking about three large cocks filling her every hole?

"What time do you have to be home by?" Lily asked Chris.

"I told my Mom that I wouldn't be home for supper," Chris replied. "I'm probably good as long as I'm in the door before dark. Why? Do you want to play some basketball?"

"No, we all have to talk," Lily said seriously. "I have a date for the movies with Billy on Friday night."

"Well, that explains the hand holding and goo-goo eyes, but what does your dating Mr. Jock-strap have to do with Summer and me?" Chris asked.

Lily looked back and forth between Summer and Chris. "I don't know what to wear, he hates my bush and I have to learn how to give head," she gushed.

At first Chris and Summer just stared at Lily. What to wear was a normal everyday problem for girls, but the other two were major events.

"Are you going to shave it off or do you want it plucked out?" Summer finally asked.

"Your mother said not to shave," Lily responded with concern.

"I know," Summer said, hesitation in her voice. "It's just that plucking is a bit painful and you have so much hair."

"But you plucked all of your hair?" Lily questioned.

"In my case it was two or three hairs a day as they popped up," Summer explained. "In your case, it's a full bush and the hairs are deeply entrenched, plus you're only giving Chris and me six days to pluck them all out, assuming we start now."

"Chris! I don't want him touching my pussy," Lily vented.

"It's too sizable an undertaking for me alone and in such a short time," Summer insisted. "I'll need help. Beside he won't actually be touching your cunt. The tweezers will as they pull out your hairs."

Lily reluctantly agreed, although she detested the thought of Chris doing something quite so intimate to her.

Once they reached the pool area Summer said, "You can get undressed while I tell mom and dad I'm home and get a couple of tweezers." She was just about to leave, when she suddenly stopped and turned back to Lily. "Why the sudden interest in blow-jobs? Are you planning to give one to Billy on your first date?"

Lily turned the darkest shade of red conceivable. "I don't plan on it," Lily said tentatively, "but after that show you put on today, I might have to do it in order to keep him interested in me. He was practically salivating while he watched you give head to all those other boys. It seemed like he really wanted to be with me, but at the same time was missing out on something he genuinely desired."

"Sorry about that," Summer said, not really sounding all that sorry. "It wouldn't have been fair if I hadn't treated all the boys equally. Look, we can watch videos and I can demonstrate using Chris as a model, but you've already seen me do him and the others. It's sorta like riding a bike – you actually have to do it to learn. Why don't you practice on Chris while I'm in the house?"

"Him? You want me to give a blow-job to the dweeb?" Lily protested fiercely.

"Stop calling him that!" Summer snapped. "We're best friends. We should all feel comfortable doing sexy things together. Chris, you don't mind if Lily sucks your dick, do you?"

"I...I... guess not," Chris replied, trying to sound nervous and uninterested. The sudden lump in the front of his swim trunks revealed his true feelings.

"If she does a good job, perhaps you can return the favor by going down on her," Summer heartily suggested. "Actually, you should definitely do that. That way you can compare the difference between doing it when her cunt is hairy and when it's nice and smooth and bald." Summer headed inside, leaving Lily and Chris fretting about their next move.

Chris looked at Lily nervously. "Are we really going to do this?" he asked.

"I have to learn," Lily replied glumly. She was displeased with the entire situation, but really felt she had little option. As she started to undress, she mumbled, "I hope Billy appreciates the sacrifices I'm making for him."

Although he tried to hide his eagerness, Chris was ecstatic at the thought of Lily giving him head and then him getting to go down on her thirteen year old cunt. Chris was nude long before Lily. She didn't seem at all anxious to attempt her first blow-job. Finally they were both naked and ready to begin, although there was a great variance in their exuberance.

"Are you going to swallow or do you want me to tell you when I'm ready to cum so you can pull off?" Chris asked complaisantly.

Just the thought of what she was about to do had Lily on the verge of barfing. "I guess it's not a real blow-job unless I swallow," she said, praying for strength. Lily couldn't believe she was about to suck on a boy's pisser, especially not a dweeb seventh grader.

"Don't you dare even think about pissing in my mouth," Lily exclaimed. "If you do, so help me, I'll bite that little worm you laughably call a cock right off. I can't believe Summer let that guy do that to her. It was so degrading. It was like he was using her as a urinal."

"Neither can I," Chris agreed, "but she didn't have a helluva lot of choice. His cock was practically wedged in her mouth and he was holding her head firmly in position. But even so, I don't think Summer found it at all degrading. She probably feels it is just something a slut does. Didn't she say that she wanted us both to piss and shit on her?"

"Do you really think she was serious about that?" Lily asked, as she got down on her knees in front of Chris.

"I take everything that Summer says about sex seriously," Chris replied. "I think that girl will try anything, no matter how cockeyed or perverted you and I might think it is."

"Don't hold my head, and be sure to warn me before you cum," Lily ordered as she held Chris's penis begrudgingly between two fingers and eventually inserted the offensive organ into her mouth. Surprisingly, it wasn't as gross as she had expected it to be. She had once played at doing this using an uncooked hot dog as a stand-in. She now found that they were quite similar except that the hot dog was cool and Chris's cock was warm. There had also been that little benefit that there was no danger of the hot dog ever pissing or cumming in her mouth.

She began to slowly lick his cock, surprised that she wasn't totally revolted by the act. As long as she was able to avoid thinking about the fact that Chris peed out of this organ, it wasn't all that bad. She was very careful with her teeth and was actually starting to somewhat enjoy herself when Chris yelled out, "I'm almost there. I'm about ready to shoot my wad."

Something about Chris's impending eruption caused Lily to panic. Even before he began to ejaculate, she spit out his cock and started gagging as if she were about to throw up. Chris grabbed his cock and aimed it so that his stuff landed in the grass next to the deck.

"What happened?" Chris asked when they had both regained control. "You were doing so good."

"I fuckin' panicked," Lily admitted, still trembling slightly. "I kept thinking of that bastard pissing in Summer's mouth and I lost it."

"I'd never do that to you," Chris promised. "Well not unless you asked me to. I'm kinda hoping Summer lets me do it to her sometime."

"You want to piss in Summer's mouth?" Lily asked. "That's gross."

"Not if she wants it," Chris argued.

Lily shook her head. Whether or not Summer wanted it or not didn't make it seem any less gross to her.

"Summer's going to be so disappointed in me," Lily lamented.

"She doesn't have to know," Chris promised. "We'll get together and practice until you get it right. For now, lay down and spread your legs so I can reward you for being brave enough to even try."

Lily would never admit it to Chris, but she was starting to like him. Perhaps in time they could actually become good friends.

When Summer finally returned outside, Chris had just succeeded in licking Lily to a very orgasmic finish. "Now that's more like it," Summer said, happily. "Isn't it better to have sex than to fight? How did the blow-job go?"

"It was great," Chris lied. "Lily is a natural."

"Chris is being overly generous," Lily added. "I have a long way to go before I'll ever be anywhere near as good as you."

"Then I guess you two will just have to practice a lot," Summer said with a laugh. "I've heard that it's even more fun to practice sex than it is basketball. By the way, my parents agree with you two. They want me to be careful as far as Jim and his friends are concerned. They don't have any problem with me fucking three guys at the same time, but they want me to get more experience first and know a bit more about the guys."

"You actually told your parents about what Jim did to you?" Lilly asked, astonished.

"I tell them about everything I do," Summer said candidly. "Mom was proud that I gave so many blow-jobs today, but they were both really delighted when I told them about you getting naked with all those boys."

"Guess what Summer? Chris has a hidden desire to piss in your mouth," Lily exclaimed out of the blue.

"Really! Chris, I would have never guessed that you'd be interested in doing something foul like that," Summer said, quite surprised. "Do you have to go now?"

"Sorta," Chris admitted. "I was going to take a trip out beyond the basketball court."

"No more pissing in our yard," Summer insisted. "From now on if you have to go, I want you to let me handle it."

"Summer, are you crazy?" Lily asked. "Are you going to let him use you whenever he has to take a piss?" Lily now really thought she was going to hurl.

"Well not always," Summer admitted. "Obviously, I'm not always with him and we'll have to be careful doing it at school, but otherwise, yeah. Chris when you're peeing is it possible for you to stop for a few seconds?"

"Don't know, I've never tried," Chris admitted.

"Please try it for me," Summer asked. "That was my main problem with Jim this afternoon. It was too much piss and I didn't get a chance to swallow. Swallowing piss isn't all that bad, but it really burns when it backs up into your nose. Are you ready to go?"

Summer got down on her knees and opened her mouth wide. Lily couldn't believe that Summer actually looked impatient to have Chris piss in her mouth. "It's going to be strange having a cock in my mouth that isn't hard," Summer confided.

"I hope it stays soft," Chris admitted. "It's impossible to piss with a boner."

"You'll probably be okay, since you just had a cum in Lily's mouth, but I'll try to keep my tongue away so as to not get you overly excited," Summer promised.

Lily just stood there shaking her head in disbelief.

"This is hard to do," Chris complained. "Sorta like pissing in a cup. It doesn't seem right."

"It isn't right," Lily protested. "Summer is a beautiful girl and should be treated with dignity. She isn't a fuckin' urinal."

"Lily, please! Chris isn't disrespecting me. He's doing something I asked him to do," Summer pleaded. "I have to get good at this if I'm going to be a proper slut. Just relax Chris and let your stream start."

Chris was having an intrinsic battle between right and wrong. He wanted to do it, and Summer wanted him to do it. But when he looked at that beautiful face it just seemed so terribly wrong. Finally his overwhelming need to urinate decided the winner and the flow of piss between Summer's lips began. He remembered Summer's request and tried to stop the flow after a few seconds. It was difficult, but it momentarily stopped and then started again. Although his body didn't want him to, he managed to halt the flow several times before his bladder was finally empty.

"That was perfect," Summer said happily when Chris had finished. She wanted to kiss him, but decided the timing wasn't necessarily appropriate. "You weren't able to stop for long, but it was just enough to give me the needed time to swallow. Your pee tastes a lot better than Jim's; his was really bitter."

"I'm not sure, but I imagine the taste varies depending on what you eat and drink," Chris suggested. "I know the color isn't always the same."

"But it's always disgusting," Lily insisted.

"Does that mean that you wouldn't let me drink yours if I asked nicely?" Summer inquired.

"We're best friends. You know I couldn't refuse you if you asked, but please don't," Lily begged. "It's just wrong."

"Perhaps you'll change your mind when you see me do it with Chris a few more times," Summer replied.

Lily doubted that very much, but decided not to argue the point and instead changed the subject. "Did you get the tweezers?" Lily asked, apprehension evident in her voice.

"Even better," Summer said excitedly. "Tweezers and local numbing antiseptic."

"Where did you get these?" Lily asked, as she examined a sealed packet with four filled syringes.

"Mom got them from a dentist friend," Summer explained. "It's the same stuff they use when working on a tooth. It just numbs a small area, but believe me, it'll make it a lot easier for you to handle Chris and me plucking out your nasty pubic hairs."

Lily was still having difficulty believing that she was going to allow Summer and Chris, a boy she barely knew, to do something so intimate to her.

"I figured we could divide the area covered in gross pubic hair into four parts," Summer suggested." We'll do one section tonight, one tomorrow and one each on Monday and Tuesday. Then Wednesday night we'll tackle any hair in your butt crack and around your anus."

"You're going to do my butt crack too?" Lily asked, shocked. Somehow the idea of her friends plucking hairs out of her ass bothered Lily even more than them doing her cunt.

"Of course," Summer replied. "You don't want to have a nice smooth, clean snatch and a hairy ass, do you?"

When she put it like that, Lily had to agree, but that didn't make the thought of Chris and Summer inspecting her butt any easier to cope with. "But you only have four syringes," Lily noted.

"Yeah, about that," Summer said, rubbing her hands. "Please don't take this wrong. Personally I think you have a beautiful butt and it's not big at all, but the area covered by your crack exceeds the range of a local, so we'll have to puck that area without the aid of the numbing antiseptic and I'm afraid it will hurt."

"Couldn't you use more than one shot?" Lily suggested.

"I asked my mom the same question and the answer is no," Summer replied. "Multiple shots in a side by side area can cause an over relaxing of muscles in that region. If your sphincter muscle relaxes too much, you could have an accident."

Lily didn't even want to consider the possibility of that type of an accident, especially not with Summer and Chris working in such close proximity. "Do you know what you're doing?" Lily asked as Summer opened one of the sterile packets holding the syringes. "Will it hurt?"

"It's a short ultra-fine needle," Summer replied. "Trust me! I know what I'm doing."

Chris and Lily both mentally questioned that comment, but neither responded aloud.

"What quadrant do you want us to do first?" Summer asked.

"I don't give a damn," Lily replied testily. "Just get started so that this ordeal can be over. Give me the fuckin' shot."

Summer smiled. "I already have. Now we just have to give it a few minutes to take effect. While they waited, Summer bathed Lily's cunt with alcohol while Chris sterilized the tweezers. Then Summer had Lily lay on her back and spread her legs wide open to allow her and Chris easy access.

*Summer here: Excitement wise, plucking pubic hair is right up there with waiting for water to boil and watching paint dry, so we are going to skip ahead in this story to Monday morning. I should mention, however, that we were right on schedule by Sunday evening and Lily was a funny sight. Try to imagine a thirteen year old girl with half her pussy as bald as a newborn and the other half hairy as hell and you have Lily's current condition.*

*Honestly, Chris and I were both sick of plucking hair already by Sunday night and we still had a long way to go. At the time I didn't know it, but Chris and Lily had secretly gotten together on Sunday to practice giving blow-jobs. When I found out, I was extremely proud of them both.*

*Monday was day four at school. I believe I mentioned before that my school doesn't base their schedule on the actual day of the week, but rather on a six day repeating cycle. Day four for me is what many kids refer to as a goof off day. I have none of my major subjects today, just things like PE, Art, Music and club.*

*Unlike day one when I have PE the last two periods of the day, on day four I have it on the first two periods. That meant that I would be spending the first two periods of the day totally naked and I couldn't wait. I had gotten the impression that many of the boys in my class were eager to see me nude, too. I just prayed that they wouldn't be greatly disappointed in my not yet totally developed young body.*

As Summer and Lily parted ways at the school entrance, Summer suddenly realized just how nervous she actually was. She wasn't queasy about being naked, that was second nature to her, but like any other girl she was queasy about her looks and whether or not the boys would appreciate her body or instead perhaps make fun of it.

Summer made a quick stop at her school locker and then headed off to PE. Since they had no homeroom, the students reported to their first period class for attendance. In Summer's case, that meant reporting to the girls locker room today. How the girls would accept her nudity was also a bit of a question mark. Initially most of the girls had considered her a tart because of the length of her dresses and the fact that she didn't wear panties. They were less harsh when they learned the supposed reason for her dressing as she did, but many were still unhappy that she was showing off the secret girly parts that they all had in common.

As she entered the locker room, Summer was greeted by Ms Frey, who checked off her name and then handed her a combination lock and a slip of paper containing the combination. "You have lockers twenty-two and twenty-two A," Ms Frey stated. "Memorize the combination before destroying it. Miss Spring, I completely understand if you've had a change of heart. The offer of a passing grade without participating in class is still open."

"Thank you," Summer replied. "I appreciate your kindness, but I really want to take PE. I think I'll enjoy it. Hopefully my classmates will learn to accept my nudity. Personally, I don't consider it that big of a deal."

Ms Frey simply shook her head in wonderment as Summer walked off looking for her locker. She wondered to herself how any beautiful young girl could possibly consider being naked in front of her peers, both male and female, as no big deal.

Summer easily found her locker number twenty-two and the bank of twelve much smaller lockers numbered 22A to 22L next to it. Although she'd never attended school before, Summer easily figured out the system. The large locker was obviously used by the person currently having PE to store her school clothing and shoes. The smaller lockers were evidently used for the storing of PE gear between classes. Unless she decided to keep her sneakers here at school, she doubted she'd ever have a use for the smaller locker since she wouldn't be wearing a PE outfit.

The more she thought about it, the more disgusted Summer became by the possibility that some people would be storing soiled uniforms here between classes. The locker room smelled clean and fresh today, but that concept could quickly change.

Summer stored her gym bag, which only contained her comb and towel, in the large locker and then slipped out of her dress and hung it neatly in the locker. That quick and she was ready for class before the majority of her classmates had even checked in with Ms Frey. Not wearing underwear makes getting undressed quick and taking class in the nude makes getting ready even quicker.

Summer sat on the bench in front of her locker and checked her combination lock. Four, twenty-three, forty-four. Summer was delighted that she had a number that was so easy to remember. Four, two, three, four, four she quickly memorized. She tried unlocking the lock, locked it and then tried again before placing the lock on her locker. She was ready and eager to go, but some girls were still checking in with Ms Frey while others seemed to be taking an eternity to change their clothes.

Summer noticed that one girl had practically crawled inside her locker to avoid being seen as she changed. Another girl tried to hide her practically non-existent breasts while she changed from her regular bra to an athletic bra – neither of which Summer thought the girl really needed.

"You better get your PE kit on," the owner of locker twenty said in friendly warning. "I understand Ms Frey can be rather rough on dawdlers."

"I'm ready to go; I'm not wearing a kit," Summer explained. "I'm taking PE in the nude."

"Wow! Is that a new option this year?" the attractive girl asked, looking at Summer in somewhat awe. "I think I'd have the guts to go topless, but I'd be too embarrassed to have the boys see my privates. You must be really brave. You don't even have any pubic hair to help hide anything. The boys will see all of you." The girl stopped to think for a moment. "Do you think any of the boys will be taking PE naked?"

Summer wanted to explain to the girl that taking PE naked wasn't actually a new option, but rather that she was a sorta special case, but she was interrupted by a loud shrill whistle. "Let's go ladies!" Ms Frey yelled importantly. "Down to the track and one lap before calisthenics."

There was a collective moan from the girls as they headed out of the locker room. Evidently, unlike Summer, they didn't enjoy running. As eager as she was, Summer allowed the other girls to lead the way since she had no idea what direction to go. They exited the locker room at the opposite end from which they had entered and were at the bottom of a stairway. Summer assumed the stairs led up to the gymnasium. But the lead girls ignored the staircase and instead pushed open a door to an empty corridor and then another door to the outside.

Just like that, Summer found herself outside and sashaying across the parking lot toward the football stadium, utterly naked except for socks and sneakers. Obviously, this wasn't Summer's first time naked outdoors, but it was under drastically different circumstances than ever before . Today her body would be exposed to over fifty people, mostly her peers, who were not naturists and not naked. At that very moment from another door, the boys started swarming out of the building. They saw Summer at the same time as she saw them, and everyone seemed to freeze.

"What's the holdup?" Mr. Ginter yelled, his way now blocked by the flabbergasted boys in front of him. As soon as he spotted Summer, he understood why the boys were kayoed. He had recognized that Summer was an attractive young girl since the moment he had first met her, but now seeing her totally naked made him realize just how stunning she actually was. Thinking about how even more beautiful she'd be when fully developed caused him to suddenly sprout a full fledged boner.

"Stop staring at the poor girl," Mr. Ginter shouted. "Haven't you little perverts ever seen a naked girl before? Better get used to it because she'll be taking all her PE classes nude. Now get a move on. One lap around the track before calisthenics." Once the boys hurried off toward the track, Mr. Ginter surreptitiously adjusted his stiff member.

Summer appreciated Mr. Ginter's good intentions, but she didn't want the boys to stop staring at her. She loved the attention and very much hoped that she was the only girl that most of these boys had ever seen naked. She hurried across the parking lot and started down the steps leading to the track around the football field. While most eyes were on her, Summer watched as many of the boys and girls started their trip around the track. She was shocked to see that some of the students weren't even running, but had instead simply started a leisurely walk around the track.

When she saw an eager Chris waiting for her at the bottom of the steps, Summer hurried to meet him. "I love your PE kit," Chris said in greeting.

Summer smiled. "You don't think it's too revealing?" she asked, laughing.

"I think you look perfect," Chris replied. "And from the comments I've heard, most of the other guys think so too." Chris chuckled to himself. "They were in the locker room practically praying that you'd go through with being naked today. Personally, I never had a doubt that you'd do it."

"I love how you have confidence in me," Summer gushed. "Do you think we'd get in trouble if I kissed you?"

"Definitely," Chris quickly replied, nervously looking around. "No kissing, no touching and no offensive remarks. Mr. Ginter gave us a lecture about you. That's why we were so late getting out of the locker room. We can look at you, but other than that, you're strictly off limits."

Summer wasn't quite sure how she felt about being declared off limits. She was kinda looking forward to some gentle groping. "What's with that group of slackers?" Summer asked, pointing out the unit of kids that was just walking instead of running. "Ms Frey instructed us to run the track."

Chris just shook his head. "Welcome to the liberal twenty first century American school system where instead of issuing orders, teachers simply make requests and students only do what they want to do and no more."

"You have got to be kidding," Summer declared. "If I were their teacher and they didn't run, I'd put my foot up their ass."

"Then you wouldn't be their teacher for very long," Chris retorted. "According to my dad, teachers now-a-days are nothing more than high priced baby sitters. They have no power and get no respect. It's one of the reasons why the education levels in the U.S. are so low compared to other countries."

"I think our teachers are good," Summer argued. "And most of the kids in our classes try hard."

"Summer, our class isn't a good example," Chris stressed. "We're the best of the seventh grade in an extremely good school district. For every class like ours, there are probably a hundred in the country filled with kids who just don't give a damn. There are schools that have cops patrolling the halls and where teachers fear for their lives."

"All the more reason for us to always strive to do our best," Summer asserted. "What's the story with those guys gathered at the starting line?"

"That's Harry Potter and a few of his friends," Chris replied. "Harry's always been into running, so I imagine they are going to have a race."

"Do you think they'll let us join them?" Summer asked.

"Not sure if they'd want me," Chris explained, "I'm not that great a runner, but they'd be brain sick to turn you down."

"So they won't care whether I can run or not?" Summer asked, not sure whether to be insulted or complimented by that. "Did you say Harry Potter?"

"Yeah, Harry had a few rough years, but now that the whole Potter craze has died down, it's not too bad anymore," Chris informed her. "His mother was an over-the-top fan of the books and movies. His sisters Hermione and Ginevra got the worst of it."

Summer just shook her head. Suddenly her name didn't seem all that awful anymore.

"Harry, may Summer and I take part in your race?" Chris asked, approaching the group.

The boys hadn't been paying attention as Summer and Chris approached, but when they looked up at hearing Chris's voice, Summer immediately had their full attention.

"Damn, I thought old man Ginter was just putting us on," Harry declared, physically gasping at the sight of Summer's nude body. "You're not only naked, but you're beautiful. God, you must be dying of embarrassment."

"Not really," Summer answered honestly. "I've sorta gotten accustomed to people seeing me naked. Do you think I should be ashamed of my body?"

"No, definitely not," Harry said, thoroughly caressing every inch of her physical makeup with his eyes. Suddenly he saw Mr. Ginter appear at the top of the steps. "We better get going or the old man will think we're goofing off like those slackers who are walking. Summer, will you please start in the row in front of me?"

"Any particular reason?" Summer asked questioningly.

"Truthfully, I want to get a good look at that perfect ass of yours and it will be my only chance since once we start the race, I'll be way in front of you the entire time," Harry said, giving Summer a little smirk.

"You wouldn't like to bet on that would you?" Summer asked, a challenge in her eyes.

"Summer, no," Chris warned urgently. He had seen Harry run on numerous occasions and knew just how good the boy was.

"Maybe next time, love," Harry said smoothly. "I'm not one to take advantage of a lovely lady when she doesn't know what she's up against. Chris will you please start us off?"

When Summer assumed her starting position, everyone in the grouping forgot about the race and practically everything else happening in the world. The only thing that mattered was that adorable ass and the precious little hairless cunt peeking back at them from between those fabulous legs.

"On your mark, get set, go!" Chris shouted.

Harry was the first to shake off his trance and realize that Summer had set off at a phenomenal pace. He wasn't worried though because he had seen many runners burn themselves out early in a race before. Never-the-less, he ran at a clip much faster than he normally would have. His intention was to catch her at the halfway point as she began to tire and then leave her in a cloud of dust in the home stretch.

He was a good strong runner and Harry did eventually catch up to Summer, but it wasn't at the halfway point like he had hoped, it was shortly after she crossed the finish line.

"Did you see that?" Mr. Ginter shouted excitedly to Ms Frey. "That's the type of competition that will win us medals. We'll have to make the cross country and track coaches aware of those two."

Ms Frey smiled sympathetically at her older colleague. "I believe that Mr. Potter is already on the cross country team and in all likelihood intends to go out for track in the spring. Why disappoint the coaches by even telling them about Miss Spring's abilities? Superintendent Hastings might know a lot of people, but even he can't pull enough strings to get the State Athletic Commission to allow that girl to compete in athletic competition nude."

"Wow, you're fast," Harry said. "I want a rematch when I'm not distracted by your pussy and fabulous ass. How are you over a long distance? Have you considered going out for cross country?"

"I'm ready for a rematch anytime," Summer replied happily. She was starting to like Harry. "I run 5K with my dad every morning, so I'd love to do cross country, but I doubt I'd be allowed to compete nude."

Harry laughed. "I guess that would be considered an unfair advantage or distraction or something like that. Don't get me wrong, I prefer you being nude over wearing clothes, but couldn't you wear them just long enough for a race?"

"Believe me, I wish it was that simple," Summer began. "I have a rare weird medical problem. It's sorta hard to explain. Have you entered puberty yet? Do you jerk off and cum?"

Harry was dazed. These were personal question about things he hadn't even discussed with his parents or friends. But for some unknown reason he liked and trusted this new girl. "Yes, I have. I just started doing that, but thanks to you I'll probably do it a helluva lot more and yes, I shoot cum."

"I shoot 'cum', too," Summer admitted sheepishly. "It's not the same as what you shoot and I'm not likely to get anyone pregnant, but it looks the same. The problem is that it has nothing to do with sex and I can't control it. When my cunt gets hot and excited from exercise, it just starts squirting it out and the more I exercise the more I shoot. If I had panties on right now, they'd most likely be soaked and 'cum' would be running down my legs like I'd just been fucked by a horse. I've even tried wearing a diaper and it just makes it worse. It can get so bad that I actually pass out."

"Thus far, the only solution the doctors have come up with is for me to keep my cunt exposed to fresh air," Summer explained, spreading her legs far apart. "You'll notice that I'm not squirting now despite just running a race. Now it just happens that I'm a nudist, so I have no problem not wearing panties or being seen naked, but unfortunately others seem to have a problem with it." Summer neglected to add that she was an exhibitionist and slut in training, but he'd find that all out soon enough.

"That's so wrong," Harry said sincerely. "No one should be forced to expose themselves, but neither should they be forced to wear clothing if it risks their health."

"Evidently Superintendent Hastings must concur with you," Summer concluded. "At least I presume that is why I've been given a walk as far as the dress code is concerned, along with permission to take PE in the nude. Unfortunately his authority doesn't extend to athletic competitions with other schools."

"Okay people, enough chit chat," barked Mr Ginter. "Gather into two groups. Boys with me, girls with Ms Frey. We are going to sort you into four teams. The girls will pick two team leaders and the boys will pick two team leaders and then those leaders will select their teams."

Ms Frey allowed the girls to nominate four leaders and Mr. Ginter did the same with the boys. Then the two boys and girls receiving the most votes were made team leaders.

"The four teams will be the blue team, the green team, the red team and the yellow team," Ms Frey announced. "Harry Potter received the most votes and therefore will get to pick his color and initial player first." Mr. Ginter held a hat up high and allowed Harry to pick a colored ball from it. It was yellow. Then the other leaders selected a color.

"As you are selected, form a line behind your team leader," Mr. Ginter instructed. "Have I forgotten anything, Ms Frey?"

"Two things," she stated. "First, team leaders, we realize that most of you don't know each other yet so you may point or describe the person you've selected, just be certain to keep that description in good taste. Secondly, we do not want all boys versus all girls teams, so you will alternate your picks between the two sexes, starting with your opposite. Harry that means you have first pick and it must be a girl."

Harry hesitated only momentarily. "The beautiful blonde naked girl with the great... Summer."

"Mr. Potter, a description is only necessary if you don't know the student's name," Mr. Ginter emphasized, critically. "Miss Spring please join Mr. Potter." He'd never say it out loud, but Mr. Ginter wholly agreed with Harry. Summer was a beautiful girl and among her many positive attributes, did have a great ass.

As the other team leaders selected their initial members, Harry discussed his next selection with Summer. "I really don't know any of the boys that well except for Chris. Please pick him," Summer begged.

"Chris is okay," Harry said, "but we can do better."

"Pick Chris and I'll give you a blow-job," Summer promised emphatically.

"Are you serious?" Harry asked, not able to believe the offering Summer had just made him.

"I never renege on a promise," Summer swore.

"Look, Chris is an okay guy," Harry agreed. "I'll pick him if it means that much to you, but forget the blow-job. I'd only want something like that if you really wanted to do it, not because you felt you owed me."

"What makes you think I don't really want to do it?" Summer asked. "I'm a slut and just love to suck cocks. I'd let you fuck me, but I only just got on the pill and I promised Chris that he could be my first. If you're willing to wait till next week you can be my second fuck. I might be better at it by then."

Harry surreptitiously pinched himself to make sure he wasn't dreaming. He barely knew this gorgeous girl and she was offering to let him fuck her and what's more, she seemed totally sincere. How the hell was he supposed to concentrate on picking a team when all he could think about was humping this little minx. "I don't know any of these girls," Harry admitted. "They must have all gone to other elementary schools. Do you know any of them?"

"Not really," Summer said. "Some of them are in my other classes, but I don't really know them. That girl has the locker next to me. I don't know if she's any good at sports, but she seems nice and said she'd be willing to go topless."

Harry laughed. "I guess there could be a lot worse reasons for picking her."

*Hi! Summer here. Neel says it's time to take a break. A lot more happened that day, but I guess it will have to wait until the next chapter. Please, if you like my story, tell your friends about it and drop me a note. I love hearing from readers.*

## **Nude Like Me - Chapter 6**

#### by SFWS with the assistance of Neel Down

*"What makes you think I don't really want to do it?" Summer asked. "I'm a slut and just love to suck cocks. I'd let you fuck me, but I only just got on the pill and I promised Chris that he could be my first. If you're willing to wait till next week you can be my second fuck. I might be better at it by then."*

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**SACRIFICES FOR THE SAKE OF ART**

As luck would have it Jessica (that was locker girl's actual name) turned out to be a fantastic choice. Not only was she herself good at sports, but she knew all the other girls and all the inside gossip about them. Not only did she know which girls stuffed their bras and which girls would put out, but she also knew which girls would get down and dirty when it came to sports and which were square-toed.

Once the last players, not surprisingly the walkers, were selected, Harry beamed with pride. He had a feeling that he was captain of the best team and couldn't wait to see his players in action.

"Okay, team blue on the five yard line, green on the ten, red on the fifteen and yellow on the twenty," Mr. Ginter bellowed. "Students, I want you to line up by team in the order you were selected. This will help Ms Frey and me to get to know you. Team leaders, we are expecting you to set a bang-up example. Okay people, stretch out those lines. Don't bunch up, give everyone room to exercise."

As they started off with jumping jacks, Harry had his first regret at being named a team leader. He was up front, just a few feet away from and facing the glaring Ms Frey and Mr. Ginter. Meanwhile Chris, who was his number three choice, was directly behind Summer, watching her pleasing ass bounce up and down with each count. Harry could only imagine some of the fabulous views Chris would experience before their calisthenics were completed, and he was undeniably envious.

Chris had been in lust with Summer since the moment he first caught sight of her and nothing had changed that feeling, including her capricious passion to be a slut. Would he rather be her boyfriend and have exclusive access to her body? Certainly, but he was wisely following Lily's advice and cooling his jets. Although at this particular moment it was admittedly challenging to cool anything while watching Summer exercise au naturel.

He had endured the jumping-jacks and sit-ups, but her push-ups were at this very moment driving him absolutely mad. They had all followed Mr. Ginter's instructions and given each other what they thought was adequate space to exercise, but that was when they were standing. When bodies are stretched out to do push-ups, they occupy a lot more ground space than when standing. Thus Summer's head was now currently little more than a foot from Harry's feet, and Chris's head was in a corresponding position to Summer's feet. That afforded him the luxury of looking up those slightly spread, fantastic legs as Summer lifted her body. On each up count her bare cunt seemed to wink at him as if scolding him for looking.

Once again Chris was suffering an embarrassing erection. He felt as if he had experienced more stiffies in the last six days since meeting Summer than he had in the prior six months. It wasn't until he started to get to his feet and tried to hide his most current hard-on that he noticed the giggling coming from Jessica.

Her face was blood-red as she whispered sweetly to Chris, "Please don't take this wrong, I'm not at all complaining. Actually, I quite enjoyed the anatomy lesson, but you might want to reconsider going commando in shorts that brief and baggy."

Chris had hated the PE uniform from the day his mother had purchased it, but she had explained that the store swore it was the one decreed by Mr. Ginter. That unfortunately made complete sense to Chris since for some reason the old man thought the 1950's was the greatest decade ever and treasured everything and anything from that period. Only Mr. Ginter would force the boys to wear shorts that went out of style over fifty years ago.

He could blame old man Ginter for the shorts, but only had himself to blame for being commando. Obviously he couldn't wear boxer shorts under the brief gym shorts, so his dad had given him money on Wednesday afternoon to pick up a pair of briefs or a jock strap. Instead of going to the store on his bike, Chris had spent the afternoon with Summer and Lily and then done the same thing on Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday. It was only as he got ready for school this morning that Chris realized his predicament and decided that the only option was to go without underwear with the bloody shorts just this one time. Based on Jessica's remarks, that evidently had been a poor decision.

As if they were undergoing a blood exchange, Jessica's blood-red face was suddenly transferred to Chris. "You seem to have a nice cock," Jessica said sweetly. "I'd really like to have a proper look at it."

"Well that's not going to happen," Chris said vehemently. "This was just a stupid accident. I'm not about to show you my cock."

"Not even if I asked you to nicely" Summer said sexily, interrupting the two. "I was under the impression you'd do anything for me."

"But... please Summer don't ask me to get my cock out, not here in front of everyone," Chris practically pleaded.

"I'm not asking you to get it out," Summer assured Chris. "I'm just asking you if you would if that's what I desired?"

Chris shyly nodded his head yes.

Not for the first time, Jessica looked at Summer with extreme awe. Not only was this girl beautiful and bold, but it seemed that she also wielded a magical power over boys. Well, at least she most certainly did over Chris.

"Jessica, would you like to come swimming at my house on Saturday?" Summer asked. "If you do, I promise that you'll get to see Chris absolutely starkers. He'll be naked the entire afternoon." Chris gulped at hearing Summer's words.

"Yes please," Jessica quickly responded, without any deliberation.

"My friend Lily from eighth grade will most likely be there too and like Chris, she and I will be naked. So that no one feels awkward, I think it's only fair that you should get nude too. Do you agree?" Summer asked.

Jessica gulped. She definitely wanted to get a good look at Chris's knob, and what better way than by seeing him totally naked. The question now was whether or not she was willing to let him see her naked in return. Is this what her older sister had been talking about when she warned her that junior high kids play much more serious games? Getting naked with boys was definitely something she considered more serious.

She was already in wonderment of Summer and wanted to be more in control like this girl seemed to be. Getting to be like her would involve hanging with her and getting to know her better. And obviously hanging with Summer meant being willing to get nude. "I'll be there," Jessica said bravely. "Just tell me the time and where you live."

There, she had done it. She had committed to going to a skinny dipping party. Now she had five days to work up the nerve to actually take all of her clothes off.

"Is this a private party or is anyone invited?" Harry asked with a cocky grin. He had approached them to get them hustling along since they evidently hadn't been paying attention to Mr. Ginter's instructions, but now their conversation had his interest piqued. He wasn't exactly thrilled at the idea of being seen naked by three girls, but it just might be worth it to get to spend an afternoon with them all nude. Sure, they'd see him, but he'd see three of them.

"Not just anyone," Summer responded, "but I might consider inviting you if you're willing to follow the rules. You have to be naked the entire time and no trying to hide or cover up the interesting bits."

Instead of straight off answering Summer, Harry led the team over to Ms Frey who was handing out flag belts in the various team colors. They would be playing two games. First their team had been matched against the blue team. Depending on the results of that game, they'd either be playing the winner or loser of the red and green team match-up. This was an advantage of having a double period. They'd have been hard pressed to squeeze one game into a single period.

Harry was amazed that the addition of a flag belt made Summer look even more naked and sexy, if that was even at all possible. Since his team had fourteen members, eight boys and six girls, and only seven play on a flag football team, Harry divided them into two groups. He decided it would be easier to just substitute the entire team rather than having the headache of inserting individual players. This seemed a more logical approach since he didn't really know the skills of any of the other players.

He kept Summer on his squad mainly because he couldn't bear to part with her gorgeous young ass. Chris and Jessica headed the other group. Of course. Summer volunteered to play center and since Harry was playing quarterback, he didn't refuse. He doubted he could ever get tired of looking at that perfect ass, especially when Summer spread her legs and bent over to hike the ball. No straight boy could view that sight without forming instant wood.

Harry had been correct about having selected a good team, at least when it came to flag football. It didn't seem to matter whether his group or Chris's group were in; they both dominated. They easily defeated the blue team and then bested the red team in a close final game.

Summer, however, was a bit disappointed. Although she loved being naked and being ogled by all the boys, she felt depressed at not having been groped even once. Ms Frey and Mr. Ginter had kept a close eye on the game and especially on any boys who came within touching distance of the naked girl. She realized they meant well and were only trying to protect her, but she would have loved to have the boys pull on her tits and fondle her cunt.

"That was fun," Jessica said, catching up to Summer. "We have a good team." Then she quickly changed the subject. "Is Harry going to come on Saturday?"

Summer laughed. "Is that come as in come to my house or cum as in squirt his seed?"

"You're bad," Jessica said, smiling through her blush.

"I'm not sure," Summer replied. "He never gave me a definitive answer. Hopefully, he'll tell me at our next PE class. But if he does come, I'll make sure he cums. Have you ever seen a boy get a hard-on and ejaculate?"

"No," Jessica admitted shyly. "I guess I've led a rather sheltered life. Have you?"

"Lots of times," Summer replied. "You'll love it. It's so kewl to watch a boy's cock go from flaccid to stiff and then squirt cum. It was one of the first things I put on my bucket list."

"Bucket list?" Jessica repeated, questioningly. "I thought a bucket list was something old people made of things they wanted to do before they croaked."

"It can be," Summer answered, "but why would you want to wait until you're old to do fun things?" She pointed toward the boys that were gawking at her as they headed toward the outside door to the locker room. "Do you know where they're headed?"

"Sure, to their locker room," Jessica answered.

"And do you know what they're going to do in there?" Summer inquired.

"Duh! Get dressed," Jessica answered.

"Hopefully, they'll take a shower before they get dressed," Summer replied. "One of the items on my bucket list is to shower with them."

"You want to shower with the boys?" Jessica responded, aghast. "But they'd grope and feel you up. They might even rape you."

"Hopefully," Summer retorted. "I think it would be fantastic to be fucked by a large group of boys. Can you imagine how great it would be to have a cock in both your cunt and ass while you simultaneously sucked another boy off? And as soon as those three finished off, another three would take their places. I think that would be heaven. And by the way it's only rape if you say no and I can't picture me ever saying no to a fuck."

"Have you ever even done it yet?" Jessica asked as they entered the building. "What makes you so sure that you'd even like it?"

"Saturday will be my first time," Summer admitted. "Chris is going to sleep over and we're going to spend the entire night fucking. I'm sure I'll like it because I love being fondled and groped and I've been finger fucked like a zillion times."

Once again Jessica just stared in awe at Summer. She felt so inadequate, so immature compared to this girl. Summer opened her locker and grabbed her towel. "Let's hurry and get in the showers," she encouraged Jessica. "My hair takes forever to dry."

"But my sister told me that the girls never take showers," Jessica insisted.

"Suit yourself," Summer said, shrugging her shoulders, "but this girl does. Some boy might offer to suck my cunt this afternoon and I want to be sure I'm nice and clean."

Jessica watched Summer walk off toward the showers, then quickly stripped off and hurried after her.

As Ms Frey entered the locker room, she was surprised to hear the showers running. It was an extreme rarity for any of the girls to shower after gym class. They seldom exerted themselves enough to make taking a shower that necessary and they definitely didn't want to get their hair wet.

She was doubly surprised when she walked by the shower room and saw that there were two girls in there, both giggling and laughing and … Summer Spring was actually washing the other girl. She had evidently first washed the other girl's back, but her hands were definitely now caressing the girl's breasts. This was the first time Ms Frey had ever experienced anything like this and she didn't quite know how to react. Was this against school policy or permissible? The rules now-a-days seemed to be changing constantly.

"You girls best get a move on or you'll be going to your next class naked and with wet hair," Ms Frey yelled out.

Summer would have been quite happy to do that, but instead smacked Jessica's butt and encouraged her to get a move on. "What class do you have next," Summer asked, as they hurriedly dressed.

"Music, same as you," Jessica replied, shaking her head. "You've been too busy checking out the boys to notice any of us girls, but I'm in all your classes except for history. I wonder why we don't have history together?"

Summer knew why, but didn't reply. She was happy to have made two new friends today and especially happy that one of them was a girl from her own class.

People stared at Summer and Jessica as they hurried to the auditorium. For a change it wasn't because of Summer's attire, but rather because both girls still had wet hair.

If nothing else, music class proved that none of the young recording artists of the day had anything to fear from Summer. She had taken piano lessons since five and had become quite proficient. But although she could play a tune, she had difficulty carrying one when singing. But as Chris would tell you, when you look as good as Summer, you have no need to be able to sing.

Music on day four was split by lunch. Last week Summer and Chris felt like they were being scorned as they ate lunch alone every day. So they were both happy that Jessica decided to sit with them today, and then that about ten minutes into lunch Harry asked to join them.

"Boy that was a great PE class today," Harry proclaimed before he was even seated properly. "I think we're going to be the team to beat this year."

"It helped that you had first selection each round," Chris chimed in. "It aided us in avoiding all the slackers."

"What really helped was Jessica knowing all the girls and whether they'd put out or not," Harry added.

Everyone laughed and Harry eventually realized what he had said. "Oh come on guys, you know what I meant," Harry moaned.

"Did Harry tell you why he picked you for the team?" Summer asked Jessica. The girl just shook her head. "I told him that you said you'd be willing to take your top off."

"I guess we'll find out on Saturday whether or not you lied," Chris said, a big grin on his face.

"About Saturday, are you guys serious about the skinny dipping stuff or were you just pulling my leg?" Harry asked.

"Seriously, do I look like someone who jokes about getting naked?" Summer asked.

"Trust me, she's one hundred percent serious," Chris swore. "I met her just last Wednesday and was invited to her house to play basketball. She hustled me and before I knew it, I was naked."

"Chris, be fair and tell the entire story," Summer insisted. "Lily and I were already naked when you got there and neither one of us bothered to cover up. You played the entire game fully dressed while Lily and I were starkers."

"Are you talking about Lily Cooper?" Harry asked, not believing that it could possibly be the Lily that he sorta knew from elementary school. "Wait a minute! Did you say that Summer hustled you at basketball?" He looked at Summer and then back at Chris. "You have got to be kidding me. You better not tell me that she can out jump you."

"Lily Cooper is my best friend," Summer replied. "Do you know her?"

"Sorta," Harry said, blushing. "Okay, don't laugh, but I had a major crush on her when I was in fifth grade. I even tried to kiss her, but I was too short to reach her lips."

"Did she know you liked her?" Summer asked.

"Not till I made a fool of myself trying to kiss her," Harry explained. "She didn't pay much attention to kids younger than herself. How the hell did you two ever manage to become best friends?"

"We have our mutual love of basketball and a few other things in common," Summer informed him. "I'm hoping to make the school co-ed basketball team."

"How can you go out for basketball, but not be able to run cross country?" Harry asked, sounding a bit upset. He really thought Summer could be an asset to the school's cross country team.

"Can we take things one step at a time, please?" Jessica asked. "I want to know how she managed to hustle Chris out of his clothes."

"Sure, I can wait on the cross country explanation," Harry agreed. "I'd like to hear how she talked him out of his pants too."

"I didn't talk him out of anything," Summer protested. "I simply beat him at a fair and square game of HIPPOPATIMUS."

"You did sorta hustle me," Chris complained. "You didn't tell me that you were a wiz at three point shots."

"Is that a new rule of the game?" Summer asked testily. "If I recall correctly, you were allowed to lead off and were ahead HIPPO to zip until you changed tactics and missed a shot, opening the door for me. You could have easily won if you hadn't let up on the pressure. You need to learn that the game isn't over until the buzzer sounds."

"I don't know," Harry said shaking his head. "It sounds to me Chris like you might be a bit of a sore loser. There is nothing in the rules about declaring what shots you are best at. Besides, she let you shoot first and you were leading. Perhaps you should just be a gentleman about it and admit the girl bested you."

"Is that how you got him naked?" Jessica asked. "Did you guys have a bet? Did he have to strip off if he lost?"

Summer simply nodded her head coyly.

"But you were already naked," Harry stated. "What would Chris's prize have been if he'd won?"

"I was going to let him fuck me," Summer said nonchalantly. "I still intent to let him do that this Saturday night, assuming he's still interested in screwing me."

"Chris, wake up and stop being a poor loser," Harry implored. "The way I see it, you're the big winner. I'd give my right arm to get to fuck Summer."

"You don't have to do anything so ridiculous," Summer insisted. "Just ask. I'd be happy to have sex with you, but I promised Chris he would be my first and I always keep my word."

Harry was speechless. He just stared at Summer in disbelief. This was the second time that this awesome girl had offered to have actual sex with him. Could she actually be serious?

"Summer, I'm sorry for acting like such an ass," Chris said. "It was hard for me to accept that I was beaten by a girl. I guess I have a bit of male chauvinist in me."

Summer laughed. "Stick with me and I'll beat that out of you in no time." She gave Chris an evil grin. "And I mean that literally, not figuratively."

"Enough about Chris and me and basketball and us fucking each other's brains out, are you going to join us for a swim on Saturday or not Harry?" Summer asked.

"Yes!" Harry pledged. "Honestly, I'm scared to death about the whole getting naked thing, but if I don't come, I don't think I'll ever forgive myself."

"That's the same way I feel about it," Jessica said in agreement. "I'm petrified to get naked in front of boys, but if I don't do it, I'm sure I'll regret it later."

"Okay, now that we've got all that stuff out of the way, can we get back to cross country?" Harry asked.

Summer checked the time and was frustrated to see they still had fifteen minutes left. She really had hoped that Harry might have dropped the subject. She looked around the table. "Are you guys all done eating because this is a rather gross subject." When they all nodded, Summer began to tell her story. Chris and Harry both already knew parts, but to Jessica it was all new and so Summer covered every detail including her conversation with Mr. Means and Lily at the Rec Center.

"So you can't even wear a tiny thong," Jessica emphasized.

"The larger the garment, the worse, but even the tiniest thong would still cover my slit and if my cunt can't breathe, I squirt," Summer replied. "Shorts cause the same reaction. That's why I have to wear skirts and just like the basketball team, I doubt the cross country team will allow me to participate in a short skirt and without undies."

"How is your research with the ice packs working out?" Harry inquired.

Summer shrugged her shoulders. "Not good, not good at all," she replied. "Size isn't nearly the problem that weight is. I've tried stuffing various things in my cunt: a cloth, a Styrofoam kids' block and even an empty half pint plastic water bottle. Friday I had the bottle in me the entire school day and I pretty much forgot about it until I had to pee. I tried a quarter dollar coin this morning and didn't even make it to the bus. I can get the freeze pak in my cunt, but gravity pulls it out as soon as I stand up. If it won't stay in simply standing, it sure as hell won't stay in running and jumping."

"Sounds like you won't be playing basketball or running cross country," Chris noted, sounding sincerely sad.

"I haven't given up on basketball yet," Summer affirmed. "But cross country has their first meet next Monday and I'm not even on the team."

"If you can solve your problem, you're on the team," Harry stated. "That's why I was late coming to lunch. I stopped to talk to the coach. He's short two girls as it is and would be happy to give you a try. Unlike other sports, there isn't much to learn; it's all about conditioning, and you've already done that."

"Then all we have to do is find something that is naturally cool and light weight," Jessica suggested.

"Good luck with that," Summer said. "Don't bother using Google. When I researched cool things, it gave me a list of things that people thought were kinda neat and when I looked for naturally cold things it directed me to types of insulation."

"Then it sounds like we have our work cut out for us," Harry said as the bell rang and the group gathered up their things to return to music class.

After music they had club period. The idea was to get students interested in the school newspaper, being in school plays or other such activities. For most students it was a free goof off period. Summer had selected drama club, but knew that she could never actually be in a school play unless they performed in the nude and she found that a highly unlikely prospect.

The last class of the day was a double period of art. Summer had been looking forward to this class not because she had any latent artist talents, but because of the reputation of the teacher. This was the teacher that Mr. Means had warned her not to flash her privates to unless she grew a penis. Mr. Wolfskill was gay, but not in the normal way. He was over the top flamboyantly gay and as wrong as it might be, all the kids tended to make fun of him.The art room was just across from the swimming pool, and Summer couldn't help but stop and take a look through the windows at the elegant crystal clear Olympic size pool. Something about this school just didn't jive with Summer. She seldom looked at the newspaper and found the news on television depressing, but she didn't live in a vacuum. She knew that money was tight and that schools across the nation were cutting back in order to meet budgets. That obviously wasn't the case here. This was a public school and yet in comparison to many schools, it looked like the Taj Mahal.

The gymnasium was equal to those found in many Ivy League colleges, the auditorium was large enough and well enough equipped to host a Broadway show and now this beautiful huge pool when most schools don't even have a swimming pool. And this was the junior high school. Summer couldn't begin to imagine what the high school might look like. Her dad was always complaining about high taxes. He'd have a heart attack when he saw this place.

Summer was pulled out of her thoughts by Chris yanking her toward the art room door. The sign above the entrance said art studio, but the room looked more like an art museum and was the size of maybe eight normal classrooms. The walls were covered in what looked like original works of art and statues were gathered all about. In the very center of the room was a small elevated stage surrounded by easels with computer monitors attached to them and a stool behind each. Summer tried to sit as refined as possible, but a stool and a micro-mini skirt don't work well together. At best, she was likely showing a hell of a lot of leg. In all probability, she was showing a lot more.

"Quickly take a seat," said the man fluttering about the room. At least Summer assumed this was a man, but she wouldn't want to bet money on it. Mr. Wolfskill was dressed in a purple three piece suit with a pink shirt and a chartreuse tie. He wore sandals and no socks. His hair was nearly waist length and tied into a pony tail. His face was covered in makeup, especially around his eyes. Summer knew it was impolite, but she couldn't help but openly gawk at the man.

"Welcome to seventh grade Body of Art class where we will be painting the human form," Mr. Wolfskill oozed. "I have been waiting impatiently for this class. Based on your test results, I'm expecting to see some masterpieces this year."

It was impossible for Summer to speak to anyone because the stools were so far apart. She wanted to ask if they had taken any art tests. She knew that she hadn't.

"I see a look of consternation on many of your faces," Mr. Wolfskill said. He walked up to Chris and placed his hand under the boy's chin. "My but you're a pretty boy. You should be the subject rather than the artist," he said, allowing his fingers to trace down Chris's arm before walking away. He totally ignored Summer's sexy legs that had the boys all entranced.

"To clear your confusion, you are correct in thinking that you did not take any test specifically related to art, but your other tests did show whether you demonstrated a high aptitude or not for artistic abilities. It will be my job this year to draw those hidden talents out."

"Although the year is divided into four quarters, your work here will be divided into two phases. The first phase will be making charcoal sketches of our model in different poises and from different perspectives," he explained. "With my help you will then pick your best works and spend the second phase adding color until you hopefully have a work of art worth framing. We only meet once a week and although it might not seem like that much to accomplish, believe me it will be a daunting challenge," he sighed overly dramatically. "Especially in light of the fact that the beautiful male model who I had personally interviewed and selected during the summer called and suddenly quit today without even a good-bye."

Summer wasn't sure if it was the harsh lighting in the room or his eye makeup, but it appeared to her as if Mr. Wolfskill was starting to cry.

"Heaven knows how long it will take me to find another model who can fill a Speedo as well as Shawn did." Once again he sighed deeply and then dramatically threw his hands into the air. "Meanwhile I guess you'll have to concentrate on drawing bowls of fruit."

Jessica shot her hand into the air.

"Yes, young lady, did you have a question?" Mr. Wolfskill asked, acting as if his entire world had been crushed.

"Couldn't one of us fill in temporarily as the model until you've secured another professional?" Jessica asked.

"Are you volunteering," he asked jokingly. He had no interest in seeing any of these girls in a bathing suit.

"No, but you implied that Chris would make a good model," Jessica retorted.

He walked back to the boy whose chin he had briefly held earlier. "I assume you are Chris." Again he sighed dramatically. This time it seemed purposely. "I doubt the administration would allow me to use a student as a model. Please don't any of you, either boy or girl, take this wrong or as a personal put down, but at your young age your equipment isn't nearly big enough to fill a bathing suit in what would be considered by most an enticing way. A painting of an individual in a bathing suit needs to have a sexually enticing attribute to it. I'm afraid that for most of you to be sexually enticing you'd have to poise provocatively in the nude."

"Then Summer should do it," Chris blurted out without even raising his hand. "There is nothing more sexually enticing than watching her bare cunt going up and down between her legs when she does push-ups in PE."

Mr. Wolfskill was bowled-over by Chris's outlandish remark. "Which of you is Summer?" he asked. "Raise your hand please!"

Summer slowly raised her hand, just knowing she was in deep trouble. Part of her wanted to kill Chris, but at the same time another part of her wanted to fuck him right here and now. She loved the fact that he thought her bare cunt was sexually enticing.

"Miss Summer Spring," Mr. Wolfskill said, walking over to where Summer was perched on her stool. "Yes, I received an e-mail concerning you last week. I'm extremely sorry to hear about your malady. We were asked to completely disregard your attire and grant you any dispensation possible. It was not mentioned in that e-mail that you would be taking PE in the nude."

"No sir, I imagine it wasn't," Summer stated. "I've never actually read the e-mail myself, but numerous teachers have mentioned its existence to me. Mr. Ginter and Ms Frey originally intended for me to sit out PE and receive a passing grade of C for the course. I explained that I was a nudist and had no problem with others seeing my naked body. I told them I loved sports and practically begged them to allow me to take PE in the nude. I think they felt that my request fell under giving me any dispensation possible."

Mr. Wolfskill took a moment to consider his current state of affairs. The idea of a naked young girl modeling certainly didn't excite him in the least. If he had to have an adolescent model, he'd for sure prefer it be a boy, perhaps someone like Chris, but that wasn't going to happen. He had to be practical, he had no model and it had taken him two months to entice Shawn into agreeing to pose for free. It came down to this girl or another year with a bowl of fucking wax fruit.

"Miss Spring would you be willing to pose for the class?" he asked halfheartedly.

The words were barely out of his mouth before Summer was out of her dress. "Took you long enough to ask," she said curtly, bending over to take off her shoes and socks. "If I spend the entire year posing nude, what will my grade be based on?"

Now Mr. Wolfskill was gay, not blind. A straight man might not be physically drawn to another man, but he can surely tell if a woman would find the guy attractive or not. Likewise, although Mr. Wolfskill was gay, he could see the attraction Summer might have to straight men and boys, especially when she matured a bit more. Personally he had no interest in breasts or that disgusting hole between her legs, but he did find himself strangely drawn to her ass. In a worst case scenario he could always imagine her a young boy as he sank his rod into that luscious butt.

"Mr. Wolfskill, on what will I be graded," Summer repeated. She now stood totally naked, not the least bit concerned with the fact that her fellow students including Chris and Jessica were now staring a hole through her.

"I've had a great deal of experience with models," Mr. Wolfskill stated importantly. "You will be graded based on your abilities and cooperation. Although your willingness to help out is greatly appreciated, this will not be a free ride. You will be expected to put out."

Summer suppressed her giggles, certain that Mr. Wolfskill didn't mean put out in the normal sexual sense.

"Miss Spring, if you'd please take your place on stage," Mr. Wolfskill instructed. "Class please give Miss Spring a round of applause for volunteering to be our model this year. She has saved us from another wax fruit filled nightmare."

Patently, the boys were much more enthusiastic than the girls in showing their appreciation, but the girls weren't nearly as standoffish as they were last week. Summer hoped that perhaps she was starting to make minor inroads with them. She was surprised the most when she saw that the source of a loud appreciative wolf whistle was her new friend Jessica. It actually caused her to blush, but only very slightly.

As a naked Summer jumped onto the stage, Mr. Wolfskill approached a control panel and turned the master switch on. Suddenly, the stage was accentuated by a dozen spotlights and all the computer monitors came to life with images of Summer on them.

"Welcome to the twenty-first century," Mr. Wolfskill spouted excitedly. "In the old days, the subject of a painting was subjected to days of boring frozen posing. No more! Our model is allowed to move, actually encouraged to do so. All her movements are recorded by six cameras from various angles and saved on the master computer. Each of you has the ability to snap and save any screenshots that interest you. Later you will all peruse your screen captures and decided which you wish to turn into a sketch."

"The huge advantage of this is that you are not all forced to draw the same designated fruit bowl. One of you could draw just her face, another could do a full body sketch while at the same time one of you could concentrate on her budding breasts." He tapped Chris on the shoulder. "You seem to have quite an interest in the normally hidden area between her legs. Perhaps you would like to preserve that in oils for all to see. The choice is yours. You will not be graded on what part of Miss Spring you decide to paint, but rather on how well you paint it."

One of the boys raised a hand. "Yes," Mr. Wolfskill said. "Do you have a question?"

"Are we allowed to paint her in a modern way?" the boy asked.

"Definitely not!" Mr. Wolfskill replied. "A stick figure with oranges for breasts and a banana for a pussy will receive a failing grade." He approached the stage and used his pointer to indicate Summer. "Your job for the next year is to put that face and that body on canvas in a way that everyone will know it is a painting of Summer Spring."

"Are we allowed to embellish at all?" Jessica asked.

"Be more specific," Mr. Wolfskill insisted.

"Well, Summer herself is still a work in progress," Jessica stated. "Her body is constantly changing as she grows. Take for example her breasts. By the end of the year they will probably be much bigger than they are today."

Listening, Summer definitely hoped Jessica was correct.

"Your request has merit," Mr. Wolfskill replied after some concentrated thought. "Your finished project will be compared to Summer as she looks in the spring of the year. Both embellishing and not embellishing could cost you to lose points. Proceed at your own risk, but if you care to enlarge the breasts or perhaps add pubic hair, you may do so."

"Don't add any disgusting pubic hair!" Summer shouted. "I pluck it out every morning: I guarantee there will not be any come this spring or any spring."

Mr. Wolfskill laughed. "Our model has spoken on that subject, no pubic hair."

"Now, I intend to spend the next hour or so having Miss Spring get in all sorts of different positions in order to give you some ideas as to how you might want her posed in your painting. Be sure to take a screen shot whenever you see a pose that interests you. It's the only way we'll know in the future what you want recreated. Hands up, anyone that needs any help with the computer before I get started."

Jessica just marveled at how brave Summer was. The entire time that Mr. Wolfskill had been talking, her new friend had sat totally naked on the stage, every eye in the room on her, and she looked totally at ease. Jessica had a new hero, and her name was Summer Spring.

Mr. Wolfskill started out with normal tame portrait shots. Summer turned her head this way and that, constantly smiling like a professional model would. Although he would never admit it, Mr. Wolfskill was quite impressed with Summer and how she handled being naked.

Next he had her sit in the center of the stage. He pushed a button and that portion of the stage rose up. He had Summer sit demurely, crossing her legs and covering her small, but unquestionably growing, breasts. Then he had her drop her arms, letting her breasts be exposed to the room.

Summer was having the time of her life. She even considered asking her dad if she could become a model, but then she realized that she only wanted to model nude and all nude models were over eighteen.

Next he had Summer sit on the edge of the raised area with one leg over the side and the other propped up. The boys were rapidly capturing screen shots as the girls stared in shock. "Okay, Miss Spring, be prepared, the stage is going to start to rotate." Mr. Wolfskill said in warning.

Summer was starting to feel like a star – the lights, the moving stage, the eyes all focused on her. "Now I want you to lay on your stomach and get in the position you would be in to do push-ups," Mr. Wolfskill instructed. "Please move your hands and feet as close to the edge of the raised area as you safely can. Okay, now get in the up position and hold it. Turn your head, look over your shoulder and smile." While talking he had approached Chris's seat and was now massaging the young boy's shoulders.

Chris was so busy snapping screen shots that he hadn't even realized at first that the teacher had his hands on him. "Is that the view you want to capture in your painting?" Mr. Wolfskill asked suggestively.

The girls sat thunderstruck, most of them never before realizing the view that such a position presented. Every boy in the room was suffering a massive hard-on. Mr. Wolfskill had a massive stiffy, too. Not from Summer, of course, but from realizing the effect she was having on all his male students.

"Is there room for her to move her legs just a bit more apart?" Chris asked.

Summer didn't wait for her teacher to relay the message, but moved her feet a couple of inches to the very edge of the riser. Not satisfied, she lowered her chest slightly and raised her ass in the air as much as she possibly could. There were a few audible moans heard in the room, one coming from Chris.

Mr. Wolfskill squeezed Chris's shoulders and whispered in his ear. "If you need any help with your problem, I'm available after class."

Although Summer didn't have a monitor available to her, she was able to catch glimpses of the show she was putting on from student monitors as the stage rotated. She hoped that the cameras were equipped with zoom lenses.

"Okay class, our model seems to have given Chris here a good idea of what position he would like to paint her in. Do any of the rest of you have a position you'd like to see Miss Spring assume? A number of hands shot in the air including a few girls. Needless to say, Summer was quite busy for the remainder of the class.

"You wouldn't believe my day," Summer said excitedly as Lily slid in next to her on the bus. "Not only did I actually get to take PE nude, but I'm also posing naked for my art class the entire year."

"Damn, you are a little slut aren't you," Lily said, but she didn't seem displeased with Summer, but instead seemed happy for her friend.

"Are you coming over this afternoon?" Summer asked.

"You bet," Lily replied. "Actually, if it's okay with you I think I'll get off at your stop. It will save me time and I can avoid all the 'how was school' questions."

"Sure, but don't you want to change clothes before coming over?" Summer inquired.

"Do you realize how silly that is?" Lily stated. "I take them off as soon as I get to your house anyway."

"I know, but your mom doesn't..." Summer warned.

"She does now," Lily exclaimed. "I told her about everything last night. Well, not everything. I might have left out Chris and playing football naked on the beach, but I told her about you and your parents being naturists and about us getting naked to swim and play basketball."
"How did she take it? Are we allowed to still be friends?" Summer asked worriedly.

"Surprisingly well," Lily replied. "She doesn't think I should tell my dad just yet, but she seems okay with it. Of course she wants me to restrict it to just you and your parents and at your house. She'd lock me in my room and toss away the key if she knew about Saturday at the beach."

"Then don't tell her about the pool party I'm having this Saturday," Summer advised.

"Naked I assume and with a bunch of your little friends. Summer, I can't keep exposing myself to little seventh graders," Lily argued.

"Lily, I love you, but you have to get down off that high horse of yours," Summer insisted. "You're only a year older than my new friends and they're probably just as mature as your friends. They know up front that it is a no-clothes party and they are still coming. How many of your friends would do that? By the way, your boyfriend is invited, assuming he is mature enough to come to a naked swim party."

*Summer here. That was one helluva day. Getting to model in the nude in art class caught me totally by surprise. I hadn't even thought of adding that one to my bucket list and now I guess I won't have to.*

*Lots of little things happened at school this week, but nothing major so Neel thinks that to keep the story interesting and moving along, we should skip ahead to Saturday in the next chapter.*

*I finally get to fuck in chapter seven. I'm not sure if you've been eager for it to happen or not, but I sure as hell have. And believe me, my first time is different than most first times. Neel won't allow me to say more. He says I've already said too much. Luv ya. See you in chapter seven, titled "Doing the Nasty".*

## **Nude Like Me - Chapter 7**

#### by SFWS with the assistance of Neel Down

*Hi! Summer here. Well, after six long, long chapters it's finally going to happen. At last I get fucked in chapter seven. I feel like I've been waiting all my life for this day. So let's not waste any more time.*

**DOING THE NASTY**

"Now I wonder who that is?" Christopher Spring said aloud as the doorbell rang.

"Probably Lily," Summer responded. "She promised me that she'd get here as early as she possibly could."

"Even so, check to be sure before you..."

"Hi Lily, how was the big date? Did you do everything I'd definitely have done?" Summer asked, practically jumping up and down with excitement.

Mr. Spring just shook his head in exasperation. They had a state of the art security system, but Summer never bothered to check who was on the other side of a locked door before swinging it wide open. Over the years, many a pizza man was surprised at being greeted by a cute little naked girl. The problem was that Summer wasn't all that little anymore, and Mr. Spring worried about his daughter. He couldn't seem to get through to her that not all people in the world were good and that neither was all sex. Summer just seemed to think rape was another word for fuck, and he couldn't get her to understand that was definitely not the case.

"Hi Lily. I understand you and Summer are having a big party this afternoon," Mr. Spring said in greeting.

"Not really all that big," Lily clarified. "I believe it's just six people including Summer and me. And it's more Summer's party than mine. I don't even know two of the kids who are attending."

"Will you be sleeping over tonight or is it just Chris?" he further inquired.

"Summer and I haven't quite figured that one out yet," Lily admitted. "I want to be there to support them, but I don't really want to end up just sitting around watching them have sex."

"I understand where you're coming from," Mr. Spring said perceptively. "Your first time shouldn't really be a threesome: you're too inexperienced. Even when you've gained some knowledge as to what you're doing, I've also found that a threesome involving two men and a woman works out much better than one with two women and just one guy. Us guys have a tendency to run out of spunk while you girls seem to have the ability to go on and on forever."

Lily just nodded. She was a bit confused. Did Mr. Spring think that Summer and she were having a threesome, going to share Chris? Did he actually think that she was going to let Chris fuck her? That was never going to happen. Okay, she'd admit that she was wrong about the dweeb. He turned out to be a nice guy, and he really helped her out with the whole blow-job thing, but she certainly didn't want to have sex with him. Or deep down, did she? She really enjoyed sucking his cock now, but did she actually want it inside her?

"Earth to Lily. Earth to Lily," Summer repeated. "I thought we lost you there for a minute. You sorta drifted off. Didn't you get enough sleep last night?"

"I'm fine," Lily lied. "Just thinking about what your dad said. Do you want to practice some basketball or perhaps take a swim before the others arrive?"

"That sounds like a winner," Summer said. "Why don't you get out of your clothes?"

"Maybe I'll wait until we get outside," Lily said hesitantly.

"That's right, my Dad hasn't seen the new improved Lily yet," Summer said giggling. "Come on, get out of those clothes and show him the beautiful cunt that you've had hiding behind all that gross pubic hair. Dad, do you want to see Lily's nice smooth mound?"

Mr. Spring laughed. "What kind of a man would I be if I turned down such a lovely invitation?" He laid down the newspaper and got up to go over where Lily was undressing.

Lily had already shed her tee shirt and Summer was pleasantly surprised to notice that her friend hadn't worn a bra today. Summer loved Lily's breasts and would be satisfied if someday hers just matched Lily's in size. Summer checked her own breasts every morning and although she could notice some growth, it was way too slow to suit her. She kept reminding herself that her mother claimed to have gone from flat chested to a size C practically overnight. She just wished overnight would hurry up and come.

Lily dropped her shorts, and again Summer was pleased that there were no panties on her friend. Mr. Spring literally gasped when for the first time he truly saw Lily's pussy.

"My god, I can't get over the difference," he commented. "Your skin looks so smooth and silky."

"You can touch it if you want," Lily said without even thinking, shocking Summer, Mr. Spring and especially herself.

Chris Spring tentatively touched her mound and then lightly caressed it before ending by running a finger lightly along Lily's moist slit.

"OH! MY GOD! Dad, your cock!" Summer practically screamed. "I want that in me, you have to promise to fuck me with that monster."

"Someday, baby. I promise," Chris said, rather embarrassed at having an erection in front of his daughter and her best friend. "Once you've had some experience."

"Me too?" Lily asked hopefully.

"That would definitely be a pleasure," Chris said. "Girls, why don't you run along? I have to find Summer's mother so this doesn't go to waste."

"My god, your Dad's cock made Jim's, the guy that followed us home from the beach, seem small in comparison," Lily said, as they walked toward the basketball court.

"I know," Summer replied excitedly. "I don't get to see it stiff very often. I honestly didn't remember it as being quite that big. It had to be at least eight inches long and really thick. I don't think I could even get it in my mouth."

"More like nine or ten inches," Lily insisted. "No wonder he never wears pants, they probably don't make clothes strong enough to hold that monster in place when it's erect."

"Don't be silly, he wears pants to work. You've seen him naked plenty of times: it's never been like that before. Lily, I think touching your bare cunt caused that," Summer suggested.

"No, really, do you actually think I had something to do with erecting that Goliath?" Lily exclaimed, not exactly quite sure how she felt about that.

"I don't make a habit of checking out my Dad's cock, but I think I would have noticed if it was that hard before he approached you," Summer noted.

"And now he's in there humping your poor mom as we speak," Lily commented. "She won't be able to walk for a week!"

"Well, something else to add to my bucket list," Summer said with a laugh. "Get impaled on my Dad's stiff rod."

"Would you actually let your Dad fuck you?" Lily asked concernedly. "Isn't that incest and against the law?"

"Yeah! Another one of our country's really brilliant laws," Summer complained. "It's okay for a girl to fuck a complete stranger, but wrong to have sex with a man you've loved and cherished your entire life. I agree that it would be wrong to bear his child and wrong if he forced himself on me, but if a girl willingly wants to do it, why should the fuckin' government tell her she can't?"

"Your mind's always working, isn't it?" Lily asked. "I know they placed you a grade ahead in school, but just how smart are you? Have you ever had an I.Q. Test?"

"No," Summer lied. "Enough about my Dad and me."

"Summer, are we or aren't we best friends?" Lily asked interrupting. "I can tell when you're lying to me. What's your I.Q?"

"Those tests are crap, they don't mean anything," Summer asserted.

Lily stopped and stared at Summer, not moving a muscle.

"Okay, 163," Summer whispered, "but swear you won't tell a soul."

"One sixty...,: "Isn't that even higher than Einstein's?" Lily squeaked. "You're a damn genius."

"I'm no genius," Summer insisted. "If I was so damn smart I'd have figured out a way to keep my cunt from spouting off and imitating Old Faithful. And just for the record nobody actually knows what his I.Q. was because they didn't even have the test way back then."

"Promise me that you won't tell anyone. If it gets around school I'll know it was you," Summer warned.

"I won't tell anyone, but isn't it a part of your permanent school record?" Lily asked. "Don't the teachers all have access to that?"

Summer shrugged her shoulders nervously, hoping that they didn't.

"Damn, girl, you're beautiful, great at sports and a genius to boot. Is there anything you're not good at?" Lily asked.

"Lots of things," Summer retorted. "Just ask my parents. But fucking better damn well not be one of them because I expect to spend a great deal of my life doing just that. Look, can we please stop talking about me? I want to hear about your date. Didn't it go like you planned?"

"Have you ever been on a date?" Lily asked.

"No!" Summer replied. "Dating is a waste of time that could better be used fucking. You know I'm not into the whole boyfriend thing. I just want to have fun fucking a guy and then move on."

"I thought you liked Chris?"

"I do," Summer insisted. "If I didn't like him I wouldn't be fucking him tonight. But I like most guys as long as they treat me decent and have a cock. Lily, you're thirteen, I'm eleven. I don't intend to add finding Mr. Right to my bucket list until I'm at least thirty-five. Anyway will you please stop changing the subject and tell me about your big date?"

"It was nice and I like Billy, but at the same time it was disappointing," Lily admitted.

"So I assume you're still a virgin and Billy didn't even get his poor little cock sucked."

"Maybe today," Lily said dolefully. "He promised to come to your party. Look, I'm thirteen with the dreams and expectations of an eighteen year old. I dreamed of being picked up by a boy in his own car. Instead, my Dad picked him up. I dreamed of going to a nice restaurant before the movie, instead he buys me popcorn and a soda. At least the movie was good."

"What did you see?" Summer asked.

"Beauty and the Beast, the real people version," Lily explained. "That girl from the Harry Potter movies was in it. What a life she must have. Anyway he held my hand, which was nice and about halfway through the movie, he pretended he had to stretch and ended up putting his arm around my shoulder. I sorta cuddled up close to him."

"That sounds promising," Summer said. "What happened then?"

"Then the move ended and his father picked us up. No romantic parking and no blow jobs," Lily said, sounding sad and slightly fed up.

"He kissed you good night didn't he?" Summer asked sympathetically.

"He rode shotgun and I sat in the back seat next to his baby brother who was in a car seat. He did get out and open the door for me at my house, but no kisses. It was a dud. I had even purposely not worn a bra so that he could feel me up, and nothing," Lily said in conclusion.

"Like I said, fuck 'em and move on to the next one," Summer said, in what she considered wise summation.

"Maybe he's just shy," Lily insisted. "I really think he likes me."

"Well on the bright side, he did agree to come to the party today and he does know that he has to get naked," Summer stated. "And he is going to see you totally naked and with a hairless crotch. See if he reacts like my Dad did. Give him one more chance, but if he doesn't at least suck on one of your tits by the end of the day, I'd dump him."

"Let's play some basketball," Lily suggested. "I have to work off some frustration before the others get here for the party."

Although the party wasn't scheduled to start until one, Chris was asked to show up about half past twelve and as usual was quite punctual.

"Chris, why don't you go up to my bedroom and undress," Summer suggested. "You won't be needing your clothes until you leave in the morning."

"I thought I'd wait and get undressed when the others do," Chris proposed..

"Chris, are you ever going to learn to do as I say or am I going to have to start spanking you?" Summer warned.

Momentarily Chris just stared at Summer, trying to figure out if she was serious or not. Then he shrugged his shoulders and trudged off to the house to do as ordered.

"Would you really spank him and do you think he'd let you?" Lily asked.

"Yes and yes," Summer replied. "In ways it's nice and in other ways a bit sad, but I think that boy would do anything I asked him to do in order to not lose our special connection. Spanking is on my bucket list, but I'm not in a big rush for that. I think I'd be good at dominating, but it's not really my thing. Hurting people doesn't turn me on unless the hurting is beating someone in a sporting competition. Now that turns me on!"

"You never mentioned it to me before this week, but now you are constantly talking about this bucket list of yours. Is it a mental list you've just come up with or have you actually written it out?" Lily asked.

"Both," Summer replied. "There is a written list, but I'm constantly making additions to it in my mind. I'm only eleven and want to do an awful lot of things in my life and so I imagine the list might someday look more like a book."

"That was fast," Summer said as Chris sprinted toward her.

"Didn't want to do anything to upset you on our special day," Chris replied.

"Chris, I keep my promises," Summer reminded him. "No matter what you do today, even if you piss me off so much that I want to kill you, I will still let you fuck me tonight. It might not ever happen again if that's the situation, but you will be my first."

Chris did not find Summer's words at all reassuring.

"Perhaps we should go out front and wait for our guests," Summer suggested. "We want to make them feel welcome."

"But we're naked," Chris unnecessarily reminded her. "What if any of them are dropped off by their parents?"

"Shit, I never even thought about that possibility," Summer cursed. "One of the 'rents might want to meet my parents before dropping their kid off, and Mom and Dad are probably still going at it like a pair of rabbits."

*Evidently Summer's guests all had more common sense than she'd given them credit for because they all arrived by their own means, having somehow shucked off their parents. Jessica was the first to arrive just prior to one o'clock and she both surprised and pleased Summer by what she did immediately upon arrival.*

Jessica was still walking down the main lane when she initially spotted Summer, Chris and a tall girl she didn't recognize standing in the driveway next to an open garage door. Although she was still over a hundred feet away from them, it was evident that they were all either naked or wearing nude colored body suits. She very much doubted the latter to be the case.

She had been mentally preparing herself for this moment since Monday and had even dressed specifically for the occasion. Jessica knew this had to be fast or she would totally chicken out. There was no way that she could go through the slow agonizing torture of removing her blouse, then her shorts and still have her bra and panties left to remove while everyone stood and watched her every move. She knew she'd chicken out and run away crying like a little baby. So all she'd worn was a mid-thigh length bathing suit cover-up. She was completely naked beneath it.

The one thing that she hadn't taken into consideration was the bright Florida sunshine and the fact that the cover-up was diaphanous. It had been an extremely embarrassing two mile walk from her house to Summer's and now all she wanted to do was end the anguish. She waved just to confirm it was Summer and then simply shed the cover-up, leaving it beside the road, and began running toward her new friend.

Now Jessica is only twelve, but for a twelve year old she has what most would consider a nice rack. Something else she hadn't considered was how bare breasts react to running, but it was too late for that now.

The eyes nearly popped out of Chris's head as he watched Jessica's lovely breasts gyrate as she made her way toward them. "Nice entrance," Summer said, embracing Jessica in a hug.
"Chris sure as hell enjoyed it," Lily said, extending a hand in greeting to Jessica. "He doesn't raise the flag pole for everyone." There was no explaining why, but there was something about Jessica that Lily instantly liked.

Chris wanted to cover his erection, but knew better. If he tried to hide it, he'd be chastised by Summer or Lily or probably both. So he just smiled uneasily at Jessica as she examined his body and cock with her eyes as Summer made introductions.

"Chris, you really have an adorable cock when it's stiff," Jessica said. She'd never sucked a cock, but she might consider giving it a try with Chris, assuming he would even be interested. "I love how instead of it being perfectly straight, it has a slight curve to it."

Suddenly Summer and Lily were both examining Chris.

"Lily, I can't believe we've never noticed that before," Summer said, bewildered. "We've both had that cock in our mouths multiple times."

Lily just nodded her head and smiled, but she felt like kicking Summer in her beautiful ass. She loved Summer, probably a bit more than normal for a BFF situation, but Summer was at times just too damn frank and honest. Some things should just be shared on a need to know basis and there was surely no need for Jessica to know that Lily had given a seventh grader a blow-job. It was embarrassing.

"Just out of curiosity, what are you wearing home later today?" Lily asked.

Jessica blushed. "I guess it wasn't very bright of me to ditch my cover-up by the side of the road."

"Don't worry about it," Summer said, "here comes Harry. I'll ask him to stop and pick it up."

Harry had ridden his bike, not wanting to ask his parents for a ride and go through the twenty questions game. As far as they knew he had just gone off to ride his bike and he would later explain that he joined some of the guys in a pick-up soccer game. He didn't lie to his parents that often, but when he did he usually managed to get away with it.

Right now he was glad it was the middle of the afternoon and not a dark night. He hadn't been in this area before and didn't even know this lane existed. It was the type of lane where you either expected a couple of pit bulls to come running out of the bushes and attack you or some hillbilly to take a pot shot at you.

What you didn't expect was what Harry saw next. A beautiful young girl with long blond hair was running toward him and yelling out his name. And as if that wasn't good enough, she was entirely naked. The afternoon was off to a good start.

"Harry, Harry," Summer yelled until she was sure she had his attention. "Jessica dropped her cover-up on the lane just before the turn-off for the driveway. Would you please pick it up and bring it with you? You can park your bike in the garage and leave your clothes with it."

Well, that answered a few questions for Harry. Summer was already naked as he had sorta expected she might be. There also wouldn't be any time for him to remain dressed while he ogled Jessica and Summer since he was expected to get undressed immediately. Perhaps that was better. He had dreaded the thought of getting undressed with the girls watching.

Harry stopped his bike and picked up the flimsy garment laying aside the road. He held it up to the sun thinking that it might cover, but it certainly didn't conceal. He nervously wondered why Jessica would have worn a bathing suit to a skinny dipping party. He began to worry if this was all a set up, but then he remembered that Summer was definitely already naked and besides, she didn't seem like the type to pull a dirty trick like that.

Wow, he thought as he observed the house and grounds from the elevated lane. He knew Summer was beautiful, but he had no idea she was rich--or at least her parents were rich. As he rode down the driveway, he wondered if Lily would be here and if she'd remember him. He'd changed a lot since fifth grade, grown nearly a foot and wasn't nearly as tempestuous. He hoped she didn't recognize him, because now he was embarrassed by how he had behaved back then, when he was in love. 'Yeah, ten and in love with an older woman,' he thought. 'No wonder she laughed at me.'

Harry nearly fainted when he entered the garage with his bike. The other two bays were occupied by cars and this bay was totally empty. He laughed to himself. If his parents owned a house with a three car garage, all three bays would be loaded with junk and the cars parked in the driveway.

Well, it was time. He'd been contemplating this moment all week. Half of him wanted to get back on his bike and ride home as fast as he possibly could. The other half wondered whether or not any of his wild dreams about this afternoon could possibly come true. He got undressed, not fast, but not overly slow either and when naked stood contemplating what to do next.

As if somehow knowing that Harry was undressed, but stalled, Summer appeared and entered the garage. Harry's hands instinctively flew to cover his cock which was now rock hard in the presence of this beautiful naked girl.

"Harry, please don't hide it," Summer almost begged. "Did I tell you that I love cocks? It's the best part of a boy or man's body. I don't play favorites: I love them big or small and old or young, but do you know how I love them best?"

Harry hadn't moved. He looked stunned. He couldn't believe the seductive way in which this girl was talking to him. Somehow he managed to shake his head.

"I like them nice and hard the way yours is right now," Summer said.

Just looking at this girl and listening to the things she was saying had Harry on the verge of a discharge.

"Later on this afternoon, hopefully you won't be embarrassed to have a stiffy in front of everyone, but I can understand you not wanting to meet them with your rod sticking out. If you'll take your hands away, I think I can solve that problem for you."

Summer walked over close to Harry and got down on her knees in front of him. The boy didn't have to think about what he wanted to do. His hands left his cock and went to rest on the skin of Summer's soft smooth shoulders. "Try to relax and take your time. Cocks have a habit of leaving too soon, and I like it when they spend a lot of time in my nice warm mouth." Then Summer slowly sucked Harry’s super ready penis into her mouth.

Harry wanted this to last forever. It was like his cock was in heaven and he didn't want it to leave. He struggled to hold back, but eventually it was too much for him and he shot load after load of cum down Summer's throat. She swallowed all of his seed and then licked his cock clean.

"Was that your first blow-job?" Summer asked. Harry nodded. "Well, I'm just a starter myself and certainly no expert, but I think you did fabulous for your first time. Always remember that whether you have that thing in a girl's mouth or cunt or ass, you want to try and relax and make it last as long as you possibly can. That makes the experience better for both you and the girl. Once you shoot that seed it's all over and done. Now, shall we join the others?"

She grabbed Harry's hand and led the still semi-stunned boy toward the backyard, but before she got to the pool she met Lily headed in her direction. "Billy's just now coming down the lane," Summer said. "I have all my immature friends naked and ready to party. I'll let you handle the ultra-mature eighth grader."

Lily thought at first that she recognized the boy Summer was leading, but figured that it was probably just some kid she had seen in a hallway at school. Introductions could wait until she returned. Right now she had to hurry and meet Billy. She vowed that if he gave her any problems getting undressed, she'd kill him.

As Billy arrived at the bottom of the driveway, Lily came around the corner of the house and Billy's mouth dropped open. He literally seemed to gasp for air. "You're naked! I thought you were putting me on when you said we'd be skinny dipping today. What about Summer's parents? Aren't they home?"

"They're home. Summer has the coolest parents imaginable," Lily said. "Hopefully they'll join us later so that you can meet them."

As they had talked, Billy eyes didn't once make contact with Lily's eyes. They kept bouncing from her breasts to her smooth pussy and back. "I.. I like what you did down... downstairs," Billy stammered.

"Thanks, but I didn't really do it. Summer and Chris spent five days plucking out my pubic hairs one by one," Lily explained. "Their fingers ached by the time they were done. Look, they even did between my ass cheeks." Lily surprised herself and Billy by turning and spreading her cheeks apart so that Billy could actually see her anus.

Billy just gulped. He wanted to ask why on earth she'd allow Chris to pluck her pubic hair, but instead said, "I had a nice time last night, did you?"

"Mostly," Lily replied. "I enjoyed being with you and the movie was good, but the ride home could have been a lot better. Your baby brother had on a nasty, smelly diaper."

"Look, I'm really sorry about that," Billy said, sounding sorry. "I had no idea that my Mom was playing Pinochle last night and that Dad would be stuck babysitting. I had expected us to be together in the back seat and maybe I'd get a chance to kiss you."

"Look, everything was fine until the ride home. Let's forget about it. You have all afternoon to make it up to me," Lily said hopefully. "Just park your bike in the garage and take your clothes off so that we can join the others."

Billy parked his bike near Harry's. "I have my bathing suit on," Billy said pointing to his trunks. "I didn't think you were serious about skinny dipping. Look, if it was just you and me, I'd strip off in a minute, but I can't get naked in front of other girls."

"Billy, I gave Summer a lecture yesterday about how much more mature eighth graders were than seventh graders," Lily said disgustedly. "At this moment there are four naked seventh graders ready to jump in that pool and have a great time. Meanwhile I'm standing in a garage totally naked begging a boy I thought cared for me to get nude so that we can have some mature fun together. I guess we know who the baby is!"

"I'm not a baby," Billy insisted.

"Then fucking prove it by getting out of your damn clothes and showing me you're a man."

Lily pointed toward her pussy. "I did that for you. If you ever want to see it again, I suggest you get naked and now."

The last thing Billy wanted to do was get naked and swim with a bunch of seventh graders, but he didn't want to lose Lily either. He took off his tee shirt and then started fiddling with his bathing suit. Lily had run out of patience. She walked behind him and with one quick jerk pulled his swim trunks down to his ankles. "Why isn't that cock rock hard?" she asked, grabbing firmly ahold of said cock. "You've been staring at my naked body for five minutes. It should be hard enough to hammer a nail."

Keeping a vise grip on Billy's penis, Lily started toward the garage door, pulling the stumbling whinny Billy with her. She stopped for a second when they got to the garage door. "I suggest you step out of those before I have to rip them off you. I'd hate to see you have to ride home naked." Truthfully at this very moment Lily not only wanted to send Billy home naked, but she wanted to kick him every fucking step of the way there. As soon as he was free of his trunks, Lily kicked them over near his bike and continued walking.

"Where are you taking me?" Billy whimpered.

"I'm going to introduce you to the mature guests and then we're going to have a great time. And so help me if you try to hide or cover that thing of yours one time, I'll mash your balls to a pulp," she threatened.

As Lily approached the pool area, Chris and Harry made a silent thank you to the powers that be that it wasn't them being led around by their erect penis by an angry Amazon warrior.

Lily had evidently somehow gotten Billy naked, but Summer surmised from their melodramatic entrance that the shedding of his clothing hadn't gone without some difficulty. "Okay, you already all know Lily," Summer said. "This is Billy, he's... someone we play football and basketball with occasionally." Summer had been going to introduce Billy as Lily's boyfriend, but wasn't entirely sure that was still true. "Billy, you already know Chris from last weekend at the beach and these are two of my friends from school, Jessica and Harry." Lily had still not released Billy's cock from her clutches.

"Darn," said Jessica. "I brought something with me that I wanted to show you, but I left it in the pocket of my cover-up. May I go get it?"

"Certainly sweetheart," Summer replied. "Your cover-up is in the garage hanging on Harry's bike. While you're getting it will you do me a big favor?" Jessica happily nodded her head. "When you leave the garage there is a big yellow button right next to the roll up door. Will you please push it? That will close and automatically lock the garage." She looked to the others. "It's not that anyone will steal your bikes or clothes, but my Dad is a security freak and has a fit whenever I leave doors open." Jessica took off for the garage.

Lily shook her head in amazement and for the first time since Billy had arrived, smiled. Sometimes it was as if Summer could read her mind. Summer had somehow figured out that Lily was gripping Billy's cock to keep him from making a break for home. With no bike and no clothes that was very unlikely to happen.

"All locked up tighter than a drum," Jessica said upon her return. "Billy, your swim trunks were on the floor. I hung them on your bike handle before closing the door."

"You have no place to go," Lily whispered to Billy. "Just relax and enjoy yourself. I know I'm going to." Lily released Billy's cock. He sorta regretted that. Not that he had enjoyed it being held in a vise grip, but now it was visible to Summer and Jessica, neither of whom even spared it a quick glance.

"What's in the little box?" Summer asked when Jessica handed it to her. "You didn't need to bring a gift."

"I'm sorry, it's not a gift," Jessica replied. "I'm not sure if it will help or not, but it's for your problem, so you can run cross country on Monday."

Summer opened the box and held up the item for all to see. It was a crotchless thong. 'People are crazy,' Summer thought. 'Why would anyone design such a thing, and worse, why would someone spend good money to buy it? Her parents never had to waste money on underwear for her. Hell if she had her way, they'd never have to buy clothes either.'

"You'll notice I added three thin cotton strings. They don't actually do much in the way of covering, but they are strong and should prevent the freez pak from falling out," Jessica explained. Summer studied the garment while the others looked on. Everyone but Billy knew what was going on, but he didn't want to ask any questions and bring any attention on himself.

A thong normally is a small triangle of material with a strap at the top that connects to a strap that goes around the waist and a strap at the bottom of the triangle that goes through the butt crack and connects to the waist strap. It is designed to just barely cover the slit. Truth be told, in many cases it slips into the slit. This thong was a triangle, but with no cloth in the middle. Instead of covering, it accentuated that area. Jessica had run two thin strands about two inches apart from one side to the other and one strand from top to bottom.

The garment was ridiculous and Summer hated the idea of wearing the stupid thing, but it might just work. It didn't really do anything to cover her cunt, which was good. And the thin strings might just be enough to keep the freez pak from falling out.

"Lily, I want to try this thing out," Summer said. "Would you please run in the kitchen and get one of those freez paks out of the kitchen freezer?" Lily jumped to her feet, leaving a naked Billy to fend for himself.

Summer had sent Lily because she knew her way around the house. She was back in less than a minute. "Okay," Summer said, "I'll lay back on the lounge and you can just shove that thing in my cunt and then I'll put Jessica's gizmo on and we'll see what happens."

"Are you really sure you want to do that?" Harry asked concernedly, causing Lily to pause in her approach to Summer. "I was researching vaginas on the internet last night."

"Typical boy," Lily said, still trying to figure out where she knew this rather good looking boy from. It was a shame he was a seventh grader because she might be in the market for a new boyfriend.

"I wasn't looking at porn," Harry insisted. "I was doing research on Summer's problem."

"I doubt you found anything," Summer interjected. "It's really rare."

"I didn't, but I did learn a lot about your … you know what," Harry said.

"Harry, the word is cunt. If you can't handle that, call it a pussy," Summer said, somewhat impatiently. "Did you find anything worthwhile out?"

"Actually, quite a bit," Harry replied. "First, a girl should be extremely careful what she puts in there. Everything carries germs and disease. I doubt that freez pak has ever been washed. It's likely covered with germs. Also your... cunt is the most sensitive part of your body. You have 15,000 nerve endings inside that area. You don't want to risk frostbite in there."

"Okay, I appreciate your concern, but that has been in me before and I definitely washed it before putting it back in the freezer. Besides, I'm going to let Chris put that dirty little cock of his in me tonight, so I should probably be more worried about that than the freez pak.

Chris looked offended. He didn't think his cock was either dirty or little, but he had no intention of starting a fight with Summer.

"The first time I put one in I was concerned about the cold too," Summer admitted. "So I used the internet like you and evidently for some unknown reason, lots of women put ice in their cunts and without damage. Believe me, it's fuckin' cold when it first goes in, but it's surprising how quick it becomes bearable."

"Yeah, that's another problem," Harry said reluctantly. "Ice melts and so do freez paks. How long does an ice cube last outside on a 90 degree day?"

"Not long," Chris said, deciding to take part in the conversation.

"It's ninety-seven point six degrees inside your cunt," Harry pointed out.

"Then why the hell are we even trying to keep it in her cunt?" Jessica asked, "if it's just going to melt."

"Because it's the only solution we currently have to the problem," Harry said. "What we have to do now is figure out on average how long a freez pak lasts and a way for Summer to change them during a cross country race."

Summer covered her face with her hands as if in agony, then shook her head. "Look, let's at least see if one of these things will stay in and how long it lasts."

While Lily had been in the house, Billy momentarily considered making a run for it, but realized that it would be futile and he'd probably end in up in an even more dire situation. At least here he'd eventually get his clothes back. At least he sure hoped so. It wouldn't be quite as bad if he could just get rid of this damn hard-on, but how do you do that with three beautiful naked girls prancing around in front of your eyes?

"Look, if we're going to time how long one of these things lasts, I probably should get a fresh one," Lily suggested. "I've been holding this one out in this heat all the while you guys have been talking." Lily was in the house and back in a snap.

Everyone, including an overly shy Billy, got up and moved over to the lounge on which Summer was laying. It seemed they all wanted to watch Summer insert a freez pak into her small adorable cunt. Lily chuckled secretly to herself, wondering if doing this had made it to Summer's bucket list.

Summer put the bottoms of her feet together while spreading her knees as far apart as possible. Then she pulled her cunt lips apart, allowing Lily easy access. The boys gasped as one, and immediately were all once again erect and embarrassed.

Lily laughed. "You guys better get accustomed to having a stiffy, she does stuff like that all the time."

"I prefer it when they're hard," Jessica said honestly. "Billy, can I hold yours for a bit like Lily did?"

Yesterday, such a proposition most likely would have upset Lily, but today the idea of further embarrassing Billy just turned her on. "Sure Jessica, feel free," Lily said. "He loves having a girl hold and caress his manhood." Billy was, of course, ready to object, but Lily gave him a ball-crushing look and he begrudgingly allowed Jessica to take hold of his stiff cock. She, however, didn't hold it tight like Lily had. Instead she ran her hand back and forth on it, caressing the tool.

"Okay, I'm set," Summer said, taking a deep breath, readying herself for the cold. Lily placed the freez pak at Summer's enticing entrance and gently pushed. Due to the weight of the pak, it appeared to be sucked in and with a little help from Lily soon disappeared completely from sight.

Summer gasped and shivered from the cold while at the same time Billy gasped and shot cum all over the pool deck.

Summer laughed between shivers. "Jessica, you have to be careful when giving a boy a hand-job. They have a tendency to go off unannounced. Now all that delicious cum is wasted. I much prefer a blow-job to a hand-job, I imagine most boys do, too."

"Is cum really delicious?" Jessica asked Lily.

"I don't have that much experience, Lily admitted. "I wouldn't exactly call it delicious, but Chris's isn't bad tasting at all. I imagine cum is sorta like piss, Summer says it all tastes different."

"Summer drinks piss?" Jessica asked, totally flabbergasted by this knowledge.

"Not only does she drink it, she prefers it directly from the source," Lily explained. "Your new friend is a unique girl."

Jessica was beginning to realize that. She wondered if Summer drank girl's piss, too. She got goose bumps imagining Summer's lips sucking on her pussy.

"Okay, it's in and I've stopped shivering," Summer said. "Lily, please hand me that thingamabob that Jessica made so we can see if it works," Instead of standing, Summer athletically raised her knees and drew them back until they actually touched her shoulders. While in that position, she was able to pull the invention up her legs to her knees and then down in place, but not before Harry spunked. He was standing at the bottom of the chaise lounge and had quite a fantastic show as Summer raised her knees to her shoulders.

"There's an awful lot of good cum going to waste around here today," Summer said, getting to her feet. She twisted and turned her ass erotically. "It seems to work," she said as she put on her sneakers. "The only way to be sure is to give it a road test. Girls, please entertain the boys while I go for a short run. I'll be back in a couple." With that, Summer just ran off.

"Let's get in the pool and cool off while Summer is testing out her whatchamacallit," Lily said, taking on the role of temporary hostess. She noticed that Harry looked extremely embarrassed about having just uncontrollably spunked.

"Don't let it bother you," Lily said, putting an arm around Harry's shoulder and leading him to the pool, which was a rather personal thing to do considering she had just met him and they were both naked, but it felt nice. She even allowed her breast to accidentally rub against his arm. "Things like that happen a lot around Summer. She might be young, but that doesn't stop her from being extremely sexy." She harrumphed. "Even a 'mature' eighth grader like Billy, over there, couldn't resist losing control around her." She had made sure Billy could hear her and emphasized the word mature, but Billy seemed to be ignoring her and staring lustfully at Jessica's quite attractive boobs.

"Do I know you from someplace?" Lily asked. "You seem quite familiar."

Harry laughed. "We went to elementary school together. I was the fifth grade little dweeb who tried to kiss you, but couldn't quite reach your lips."

"Harry Potter," Lily said, quite shocked and surprised. "Wow, you've changed." She found it hard to believe that this was the little twerp who tried to kiss her. She found him quite attractive and appealing. It was sad that he was only in seventh grade and beneath her status.

"Yeah, I've grown almost a foot since then and took up running which has added some muscle tone," he explained. "I've also matured a bit. I don't throw myself at beautiful girls anymore."

"You actually think I was beautiful back then?" Lily questioned. "The kids used to call me string bean."

"I never did," Harry promised. "I thought you were beautiful back then, but now you're even more gorgeous."

'Oh why oh fuckin' why did he have to be a seventh grader,' Lily cursed to herself. "Let's go for a swim," Lily suggested.

But just then Summer came into sight and Harry hesitated. He wanted to find out first hand how her run had gone. He noticed that as she approached, Summer seemed to be fingering her slit and he wondered why, but that certainly didn't turn him off. Everything this girl did turned him on.

"How did it go?" Jessica shouted, now ignoring Billy who had been trying to chat her up.

"Mixed grades," Summer said, hurriedly slipping the garment off and allowing the freez pak to fall to the ground. Lily picked it up to find that it was not only completely thawed out, but hot.

"Let's put it this way, it kept the freez pak from falling out, but it didn't stop it from *trying* to fall out," Summer said. "Unless I have something tight against my cunt lips that is firm and solid, it going to slip between my lips."

"But it didn't fall out," Harry clarified.

"No, it never completely came out, but I had to push it back in all the way at least a dozen times over that time period," Summer reported. "And remember I didn't have shorts on and I didn't run 5K. Hell I'd have to run practically the entire 5K with my hand down the front of my shorts like I was masturbating myself."

Harry nodded his understanding. "How did the freez pak work?"

"Not that great," Summer answered. "When I first put it in my cunt it's so cold that I almost want to cry, but that feeling goes away quickly. The pak never would have lasted that trip if I'd had shorts on."

"So it works, but we have to figure out a way to supply you with fresh ice packs during the run," Harry reasoned out.

"I think your reasoning is a bit clouded by your desire to have me on the team," Summer stated, "but yes, it will work if I run the entire race with my hand in my shorts, changing the pak every time it starts to warm with a new one that magically drops from the sky."

"You should put shorts on and run a 5K so we can determine just how many times and where in the race it will have to be replaced," Harry said.

"Harry, I appreciate your enthusiasm, but I'm not going to run a 5K in the middle of what is supposed to be a swim party," Summer insisted. "If you want to come over tomorrow we can run all you want, but not now, I have guests."

At that moment everything else including running was forgotten as Summer's mother, Karen, came out the patio door. Chris had been waiting for this moment and the look on the faces of Billy and Harry made the wait well worthwhile. Even Jessica's mouth was agape as she feasted on Karen's beauty.

*Summer here: Look, I'm really, really sorry. I know I promised that my first fuck would take place in chapter seven, but I didn't know so much time would be taken up with getting Harry and Billy naked and then Jessica surprising me with that crotchless thingamajig. And Neel has this whole hang up with his chapters being around 7,500 words, so we just didn't get to my first fuck. I'm really sorry.*

*Wait a minute! Why the hell am I apologizing to you guys? I'm the one that someone should be apologizing to. I'm the one who's still a virgin. Is there anyone I can sue over false promises? Now I have to wait until chapter eight. Do you guys have any idea how horny I am?*

*I know it's not your fault. I've waited this long, I guess I can wait until the next chapter, but it won't be easy.*

## **Nude Like Me - Chapter 8**

#### by SFWS with the assistance of Neel Down

*At that moment everything else including running was forgotten as Summer's mother, Karen, came out the patio door. Chris had been waiting for this moment, and the look on the faces of Billy and Harry made the wait totally worthwhile. Even Jessica's mouth was agape as she feasted on Karen's naked beauty.*

**FINALLY**

"You didn't tell me you had an older sister," Harry said.

"You didn't ask," Summer replied. "But I don't, that's my mother." Harry just stared in amazement. He must have gotten in the wrong line when they handed out mothers because his most certainly wasn't of Playboy centerfold quality.

"Are you guys ready for something to eat?" Karen asked sweetly.

Billy just stared, his tongue literally hanging out. He wanted to start with dessert and this woman was now officially his favorite kind.

"Of course we have cold drinks and snacks," Karen said, "but would you rather have Christopher fire up the grill for hot dogs and hamburgers or would you like a variety tray of sandwich halves: roast beef, ham, turkey and tuna?"

After a summer filled with hot dogs and hamburgers, the kids were all ready for a change and their mouths watered at the suggestion of the sandwich tray.

"Mom, could you ask Daddy to come out please," Summer asked treacly. "Jessica loves cocks and I want her to see Daddy's."

Karen was about to run interference for Christopher, but after the love session they'd just had, she was just too tired. She opened the door. "Chris darling, could you please come out here, your daughter has a request." She had planned to go right back in to make the sandwiches, but she had to see how her husband would responded to being asked by his daughter to model his cock.

Lily marveled at Summer's guts. She'd certainly never have the nerve to ask her father to get out his penis and show it off to her friends. But then she'd never seen her dad's cock and it might be better if it remained hidden in his pants. She had been quite surprised with the reaction the boys had to the naked Karen. Not the fact that they all immediately had hard-ons, but that none of them tried to hide it, not even Billy. She was really having mixed emotions about the boy. Earlier, he was as good as dumped, but now he was mixing with the others and no longer acting like a little baby. Then there was his cock. It wasn't huge, nothing like Mr. Spring's, but it was slightly larger than the ones Harry and Chris sported. Did size matter?

"What is it Sweetheart?" Christopher asked as he came out the door, naked as usual. "That pool pump isn't acting up again, is it?"

At first glance, Jessica was already in love with Summer's dad. No wonder Summer was beautiful. She had a Playboy playmate and this handsome devil as parents. The boys suddenly wanted to hide their stiff dicks. Mr. Spring had considerably more when flaccid than they did erect.

"The pool's fine," Summer replied. "Jessica really likes cocks, and I just wanted her to get a good look at yours."

"Pumpkin, that is not really appropriate," Mr. Spring said. "You know that as naturists we do not judge or show off our bodies, it's all about acceptance. I apologize, Jessica."

"Dad, I didn't want her to see it like that. Can't you show her what your hard-on looks like, the way you did Lily and me?" Summer begged.

"Summer that's definitely not suitable," Christopher said, holding back his ire. "A grown man doesn't flaunt his stiff cock in front of a young girl. Besides that's not something I can control."

"I'd really like to see it Mr. Spring," Jessica whined. "Please! Is there anything I can do to get it stiff?"

"Jessica, let me help you," Lily volunteered.

Before Christopher had a chance to react, Lily was rubbing her breasts against his arms and back and Jessica was down on her knees licking the slit at the end of his penis. Right or wrong, Mr. Spring was only human and even though he had just recently finished a wonderful session with Karen before the kids arrived, his penis was becoming rock hard again and stretching out toward young Jessica.

"My god, is that even real?" Jessica said, still on her knees and studying the monster from that angle.

Harry, Billy and young Chris all wanted to blend in with the background and disappear. None of them ever expected to be able to match that colossus in size, even when older.

"Now you've done it," Karen said, shaking her head and gritting her teeth. "My cunt's sore from just having dealt with that behemoth. You girls are responsible for creating it, so you can give the man the relief he needs. I'm going in to make your sandwiches."

Lily stared at Summer. "Does your Mom expect us to have sex with your dad?" she asked, stunned.

"Of course not!" Summer answered. "She knows, or at least assumes, that you are both still virgins. Relief doesn't have to be actual sex. You could give him a blow-job, a hand job or just play with it. She just wants you guys to deflate it so that she doesn't have to deal with it."

"Perhaps if we both just licked and played with it at the same time," Jessica suggested. "I don't think either of us have a chance of getting that thing in our mouth."

Lily agreed and so they both got on their knees, Lily attacking from the left and Jessica from the right.

Christopher Spring did not have a bucket list – and even if he did, he would never have added anything to it that he considered out of the question or inappropriate. But the impossible already was happening. Two young teenage girls were happily stroking and licking away at his log and he was in seventh heaven. The only thing that could have made it any better would have been if one of these girls was his lovely young daughter. He decided to start a bucket list, putting that right at the top.

It was Jessica who first got the nerve to touch and lick tentatively at Mr. Spring's balls, and soon Lily joined her. The boys just watched, their hard-ons begging for attention. They could only pray that they might receive similar treatment before the day was over.

If they were working together on one of the boys, this might have gone on for maybe ten seconds at most, but this wasn't Mr. Spring's first walk around the block. He'd had more experience in kinky sexual situations than even his own little girl could possibly imagine.

It was a good ten minutes before he warned the girls that he was about to blow. Fortunately or unfortunately (depending on your view point) the girls were new to this sorta stuff and didn't move. They were literally both showered in cum. Their hair, their faces, their breasts, just about everywhere.

When Summer had one of her seizures and would seem to cum endlessly, she had wondered where it all possibly came from. Now she realized it was familial. How did her mother manage this? After all a cunt is only so large and Summer knew her little box could never hold that quantity of cum. She didn't even want to think about trying to swallow so much.

She knew she had chosen her friends well when neither Lily nor Jessica screamed in disgust, but instead laughed and starting licking cum off each other's face. Summer was also happy that before they jumped in the pool, they spent a few minute washing under the outside shower. Mr. Spring waited until the girls finished and then took his turn under the shower before joining his wife in the kitchen. Everything was already prepared, so Chris just pushed out the cart containing beverages and then returned for the snacks while Karen bought out the lazy-Susan overloaded with sandwiches.

Summer was pleased when her parents joined her and her friends for a late lunch. She adored her parents and unlike many kids was not the least bit embarrassed by them. It was Summer who sometimes worried that the time would come when she'd embarrass them, especially when it became a well-known fact that she was a slut.

Most of lunch was spent discussing cross country and track. If Harry wasn't an expert he certainly sounded like he was. Plans were made for them all to gather the next day for a trial run with Summer running a 5K in shorts. She was borrowing a pair from Jessica since she didn't own any and she would have needed suspenders to keep a pair of Lily's up.

Originally everybody said they'd come and help out, but then all of a sudden Billy remembered he had a family commitment. Summer and Lily exchanged glances when he backed out, wondering whether it was legitimate or whether he was simply afraid that he'd have to be naked again, although he seemed to be getting on fine now with the nudity.

They sat and talked for quite a time while Chris and Karen cleaned up. Finally the kids decided to take a swim, and eventually Summer's parents joined them. Summer's friends seemed to like her parents and her parents seemed to like her friends. Everything was perfect until they got out of the pool and Jessica asked a question that was sorta like dropping a bomb on the entire day.

"So is Chris really going to sleep over tonight so that the two of you can have sex together?" Jessica asked Summer. "Since neither of you have ever done it before, how do you know what you are doing?" Except for Summer's parents, the others were looking at Jessica like she had grown two heads.

"Don't look at me like that," Jessica growled. "I'm not stupid. I know Chris will put his cock in her cunt, but there must be a lot more to it than that. Some people talk about how great sex is and some say it sucks. For there to be such a great disparity in opinion, there has to be a lot more to it than just putting the dip stick in the oil pot."

Karen laughed at the oil pot comment and then turned and smiled at Jessica. "There is a helluva lot more to it than that," Karen said. "There is good sex and there is bad sex and the difference is mainly in the attitude with which the couple approaches it. I think Christopher will agree with me when I say that the most important thing is to forget about what you want, and do all that you can to please your partner." Chris nodded his head in affirmation.

"Why don't they teach us stuff like that in school?" Jessica asked.

"Well, in many cases sex is a very personal and private thing that people don't really want to talk about in public," Chris explained.

"Why do some people refer to it as doing the nasty?" Lily asked, jumping into the conversation.

"I'm not positive where that phrase came from, but I'd be inclined to blame porn for its existence," Christopher said. "Sex can be beautiful and loving, but in the wrong hands it can be dirty and actually disgusting. Some people like to watch porn to get turned on and excited. Personally, I find it a turn off. I prefer to get turned on by a beautiful woman." He winked at Karen. "You've watched some porn, Summer. What did you think of it?"

Summer puckered her lips in thought. "I learned about a lot of things by watching, but they do make things look crude and dirty. I love giving blow-jobs, but most porn makes it seem really disgusting. And guys seem to be constantly forcing themselves on innocent girls who want no part of it."

"Then sex is better if you love the person," Jessica said.

"Sadly not necessarily true," Karen replied. "Love can make good sex even better, but all the love in the world won't help awful sex. Christopher and I are exceedingly lucky. We are extremely in love and our sex life is terrific. But we do occasionally have sex with others and enjoy it very much."

"I don't understand," Jessica said looking confused. "The two of you seem to know so much about sex. You have an unbelievably great relationship with your daughter and yet you're willing to let her jump in bed with a boy, with her basically not knowing what she is doing."

Christopher Spring laughed. "Don't be quite so hard on Summer. She has spent a great deal of time reading her entire life and knows quite a bit about many subjects, including sex. Could we and would we be willing to give hands on lessons about sex? Certainly. But she's never asked, and we try not to push our little girl."

"Mom, Dad, how exactly would those lessons work?" Summer asked without admitting she didn't already know it all.

Karen laughed. "That's probably why we never suggested that to you. To do it properly we should actually be there with you as you have sex, instructing and helping you along each step of the way."

***Summer here: Sorry to interrupt the story, but can you believe this? My parents think I should allow them to watch and instruct me as I have sex for the first time. How many of you had sex for the first time with your parents watching? I don't see any hands. But it gets even worse.***

Young Chris had been listening intently to all this talk about good sex and bad sex, and he was totally petrified. He had no idea what he was doing. Was there really more to it than simply putting his cock inside Summer's cunt and basically jerking off? The part that worried him the most was knowing that she intended to have sex with others, lots and lots of others. Now, of course, she had said he'd get more than his share, but what if he sucked? What if Summer thought sex with him stank while with others she found it to be good or even great? Tonight could be his first and last time with the girl he loved.

"I think your parents should be with us tonight when we do it," Chris said, not believing he was actually saying the words that were coming out of his mouth. "I want it to be good for you and I'm willing to admit I don't have a clue what I'm doing."

Summer couldn't believe what she was hearing, but it actually touched her heart a bit. Chris was so concerned with her first time being as perfect as possible that he was willing to allow her parents to watch and guide them every step of the way. That meant a lot to her.

"Summer, you've never struck me as shy or timid. Actually just the opposite," Jessica said. "Instead of waiting until tonight, why don't you do it here and now? That way we can all watch and learn."

Harry was ready to explode.

Billy was glad he had been forced to stay.

Even Lily wanted to watch.

It was Jessica's idea so of course she wanted Summer to say yes.

"Fine with me," Summer said boldly. "I don't care who watches me fuck. I'd do it on stage in the school auditorium if they'd let me."

Even Jessica had doubts whether Summer was quite that bold, but she had gotten her yes and was looking forward to learning a lot more about sex.

Chris wasn't at all happy about the entire situation, but at this point didn't have much choice but to do whatever Summer wanted. After all he was the one who initially asked for the guidance of Summer's parents and that's what started them down the slippery path to this current situation. He couldn't very well back out now, especially not knowing how that would affect his relationship with Summer.

Christopher Spring whispered in his wife's ear. "I never expected this. Did you ever dream that we would get to witness our little girl getting fucked for the first time? She amazes me more and more every day."

Karen whispered back. "Last week her first blow-job and now her first fuck and she's only eleven. What next?"

"Billy and Harry, can I have some help please?" Mr. Spring asked. "First let's lay all the chaise lounge mats together so they have a nice comfortable surface to lie on. There are six of us watching, so let's put two of the chairs from the table on either side of the mats and two at their feet. That should make it easy for everyone to see and also hear suggestions that Karen and I might make to the kids."

Once everything was in place Mr. Spring urged everyone to take a seat and then went over to talk to Summer and Chris who both looked extremely nervous. "Look guys, if you want to postpone this, just say the word, I'm certainly not dying for my little girl to lose her virginity."

"I'm ready Daddy," Summer said with confidence. "You know that I've wanted to do this for a long time, and I'm glad Chris has agreed to be my first."

"Chris, I know doing this with an audience won't be easy," Mr. Spring advised. "Just forget about all of us and concentrate on making Summer feel good and you'll do fine. Whenever you guys are ready." He walked away in order to give them a few moments alone.

"I love you Summer," Chris said with sincerity in his heart.

"I love you too Chris, but not quite in the way you might mean. I think both of us are too young for feelings that strong, but I do like you and I hope this is only the first of many, many times we do this together. Even though we're doing it now, I still want you to sleep over tonight. I look forward to cuddling with you and waking up with you next to me in the morning." She kissed him long and passionately like they had never kissed before. "Are you ready to show our friends how this is done?"

"I'll try my best," Chris promised and they headed over to the mats.

"Before you lie down I have a couple things to say," Karen said. "First, I have no idea what you just said to each other, but that kiss was a beautiful start to your session together. Keep showing that type of feeling for each other and this will go extremely well."

"I totally agree with Karen," Christopher added. "Chris, I have a question to ask you. When was the last time you had a hand-job or a blow-job?"

"Thursday afternoon." Chris replied. Summer looked at him questioningly, but didn't comment.

"Did you masturbate at all today?"

"Yes sir, just before leaving home," Chris replied. "I knew all the girls would be naked and I hoped it might prevent a hard-on."

"Did it work?"

"Not really."

"I'm not being nosy, but I wanted to know how long it was since your last ejaculation and how much pent up energy you might have," Mr. Summer explained. "An advantage a boy your age has is that once they cum, they can recover and be ready to go again in a relatively short time. A disadvantage a boy your age has is that you sometimes suffer from premature ejaculation. Can anyone tell me what that is?"

Jessica raised her hand. "It's when a boy cums too soon, sometimes even before he has his cock inside the girl."

"Does anyone know why that is?"

"Boys get excited a lot easier than girls," Lily replied.

"Correct!" Mr. Spring replied. "A boy is sorta ever ready. Normally a girl takes a lot more time to get ready. When a girl gets excited or turned on, the inside of her cunt gets moist and ready to receive a boy's cock. If a boy is too eager and just jabs his cock into a dry cunt and cums within a few seconds, he might think 'oh wow,' but what do you think the girl thinks? Harry, Billy?"

"She probably thinks that really sucked," Harry said. "That would probably be a girl who thinks sex is awful."

"And the reason is that the boy thought only about himself and not the girl," Karen said, taking over. "Chris, do you know what foreplay is?"

"Isn't it the things you do with a girl before sex like kissing, playing with her breasts and maybe even going down on her?"

"I'm impressed," Karen responded. "Why don't you perform some foreplay on Summer and see if it puts her in the mood for sex." She laughed. "That's of course assuming that my daughter isn't already in the mood."

As silly as it might sound at his young age, Chris was really in love with this wannabe slut and wanting to make her feel important and special was not difficult for him. Summer might just be going to have sex, but he was going to make love and he intended to do it as if his entire future depended on it, because it probably did.

Summer and Chris laid on the mats and Chris began caressing her silky smooth skin. He kissed her cheek, her ear, her chin and even her neck before kissing her lips even more passionately than they had kissed before. She was only eleven, he was only twelve, but Chris was determined that this was the girl he wanted to spend eternity with even if it meant sharing her with the world.

He caressed and kissed his way down her body, spending an inordinate amount of time with her breasts. Chris knew Summer was unhappy with her boobs and wanted them to be much bigger. He didn't care if they ever grew because he loved being able to get them entirely in his mouth and suck on them fervently. He moved down her body, planting kisses every inch of the way because he loved every inch of this girl. In his mind she was perfect and there wasn't a thing he would change about her. How do you improve on perfection?

Lily was having second thoughts about possibly allowing Chris to have sex with her. Both she and Jessica were watching enviously, wishing they were in Summer's place.

Harry watched, taking mental notes, wanting to do what Chris was doing. Like a sailor, he'd take any port in a storm, but he'd really like to be with Lily in an intimate way like this, but he knew she considered him too young.

Although Billy would like to do all these things to a girl that Chris was doing, he was getting a bit antsy wondering when Chris would stop wasting time and just fuck the girl.

When Chris started kissing Summer's mound and the sides of her slit, Jessica and Lily felt faint. Harry felt excited and Billy was a bit queasy. When Chris's tongue actually entered and started to probe around inside of Summer's cunt, Billy seemed of the verge of barfing.

"Hopefully Chris is too involved in what he is doing to even hear me, but if you do, please ignore me and continue pleasing Summer," Karen said. Suddenly Summer jerked and moaned.

Karen smiled. "I think Chris might have found Summer's little clitoris. It's very sensitive, but loves to be caressed by a caring tongue. I've been watching your faces and have seen quite a mix of emotions to what Chris is currently doing. This is basically the equivalent of giving a girl a blow-job. The big difference being that if you give a boy a blow-job before sex, there won't be any sex because there is no longer an erect cock. That is not the case with a girl. Doing what Chris is doing only makes a women more eager to have sex. Actually, there are some women who enjoy this part of the sex act more than the actual insertion of the cock into their cunt."

Karen gazed at Billy. "Not all men can bring themselves to go down on a woman. It's not an absolute necessity to good sex, but it certainly helps. If you truly care about pleasing the woman you are with, you will do it. Personally, I love giving pleasure to another woman. Sometimes we do each other at the same time in what is referred to as a sixty nine position."

Jessica and Lily exchanged looks, both realizing that Summer's mother was evidently what was referred to as bi-sexual. Summer had indicated that she might be interested in having sex with Lily and at the moment the idea of that happening was extremely appealing to Lily. She wondered if the invitation to sleep over tonight was still open.

"Okay, we are approaching a critical point in the sex act," Mr. Spring said to his attentive audience. "This is especially critical with young first time boys. I'm talking about the actual insertion of the hard cock into the now moist and ready cunt. During sex the most horrible thing a man can do is to think of another woman. But this is one time it is not only allowed, but suggested."

The girls and Karen all gave Christopher a strange look.

"But the woman must be the most ugly horrible creature you can image," Mr. Spring suggested. "Your cock is about to enter heaven and if you think about it, you'll explode before you get there. You've gone too far for that ugly old witch with the crooked nose and warts to make you turn back, but thinking of her might calm you down just a bit so you don't go off too soon.

This is also a time when your partner can help with guidance. Most cocks are not designed with a GPS unit and first-timers have a tendency to get lost. You can't get to heaven through the mound, it's a bit more south."

If not laughing, most of the kids were at least smiling. That was the entire idea. Mr. Spring wanted Summer and Chris, especially Chris, to relax as much as possible.

"Now guys, your first time having sex will probably be in what they refer to as the missionary position," Mr. Spring continued. "That's with the guy on top. Remember there is a girl under you. As much as she might want your body touching hers, she doesn't want it squashing her."

As Karen watched, she was thus far extremely impressed with young Chris's performance. He had Summer moaning and squirming and begging for more.

"Chris, please put it in me," Summer moaned. "I want to feel your cock inside me. I want our bodies joined together."

Chris semi-reluctantly lifted his head from Summer's luscious pussy. He was amazed at how much he enjoyed eating pussy, or was it just Summer's delicious pussy that he enjoyed eating? He lifted himself slightly and started kissing his way back up Summer's lovely body. He tried to think of the evil witch from Snow White, but it was nearly impossible with such a beautiful girl beneath him. He had to stop for another taste of those sweet adorable little breasts. For Summer's sake, he wanted them to grow, but he hoped not too much. He loved taking them entirely in his mouth. Then he saw that beautiful face smiling at him and tears came to his eyes. He didn't care that he was only twelve, he didn't care that they had just met, he loved this girl.

Again he kissed her passionately as tears fell from his moist eyes.

As their lips parted, Summer said, "I don't know what it is, but I do feel something special, like this is more than just a fuck."

Chris wrapped his arms around her and squeezed her with all his might. He had never in his entire life felt like he did at this moment. "Please Chris, "Summer moaned again. "I need you inside me." Chris raised himself and got into what he felt was the proper position. Remembering her father's instructions, Summer took Chris's eager hard cock in her small hand and guided it gently to heaven's gate.

Chris was surprised at how tight the entrance was, but he slowly worked his way in as he concentrated on a group of witches stirring a bubbling cauldron. Finally his cock was all in, and his body was tight against Summer's. He didn't know exactly what Summer had just done with her muscles, but it felt as if her cunt was somehow giving his cock a hug.

"I know this is asking the impossible, but both of you try not to move. Just enjoy the pleasant feeling, let it last as long as possible," Karen instructed. "Chris, when you can no longer resist the urge, just start sliding in and out, but do it as slow as possible. Make your time in heaven last as long as you can."

Harry and Billy were both rock hard and dying of envy. Before now, fucking was just a mystical magical thing that boys talked about and dreamed about. Now that they saw it was real, but still magical, they wanted to experience it. They were both currently eyeing Jessica hopefully. It wasn't that Lily didn't appeal to them, but rather that Billy thought she had crossed him off her list and Harry doubted he could ever even make that list.

Lily hadn't decided yet whether to completely dump Billy or not. Every time she started to reconsider him as boyfriend material, he did something to again give her doubts, like practically retching when Chris ate Summer out. The better she got to know Harry the more she liked him, but nothing would change the fact that he was a seventh grader. If word ever got out that she fucked a seventh grader, she would have to leave the country. Yet she wanted to experience what it felt like. At this moment in time the sensible thing to do was to have a threesome with Summer and Chris, assuming Summer was willing. Chris would do whatever Summer said, and she trusted him not to say a word about them having sex. He hadn't said anything about her practicing giving blow-jobs on him. Well, if you don't count the gaffe about Thursday. She'd have to tell Summer about them practicing so that she didn't think Chris was cheating, not that Summer should have any complaints about that after the way she freely handed out blow-jobs.

Jessica found both Billy and Harry attractive and wouldn't mind fucking either one of them, except for one slight problem. She wasn't on the pill and didn't even have the nerve to approach the subject with her parents. She was not about to gamble when it came to getting pregnant. If they were willing to settle, she was more than willing to try giving a blow-job although she had no experience.

It was pure paradise being inside Summer's heavenly body but Chris couldn't resist any longer. Nature was instinctively telling him to hump this girl, and so slowly he began an up/down in/out movement. There was no doubt in his young mind that fucking was the greatest thing in the world. He could feel it happening; he was on the verge of coming when suddenly Summer jerked as if going into spasm and screamed, "Mommy, you never told me it would feel this wonderful!" Her arms were around him and his arms around her as he shot string after string of cum into her sweet no longer virgin cunt.

They didn't say it out loud, but the looks on their faces said it all – Lily, Jessica, Harry and Billy all wanted to have sex and as soon as absolutely possible.

"I can't believe our daughter had an orgasm her first time having sex," Chris commented softly to his wife. "I doubt that happens very often."

"In all likelihood not," Karen agreed. "Sadly for most girls their first time is a 'wham bam thank you ma'am' in the back seat of a car from a boy who is only interested in seeing her naked and shooting his load inside her. If you recall, however, I had an orgasm when we had sex the first time."

"Yes. But yours was most likely due to the size of my cock," Karen's husband's argued. "Chris isn't nearly as big as I was back then."

"Summer seemed extremely satisfied," Karen noted. "Is that a point for the side that says size doesn't matter?" Mr. Spring frowned.

"I'm pleased she experienced an orgasm her first time," Karen said happily. "I just hope she doesn't follow it up by getting pregnant like I did. I don't want to be a grandmother just yet."

"Is that even possible?" Chis asked. "She's on the pill."

"Even the pill isn't 100%," Karen reminded him. "Watching my daughter have sex has me all horny. Let's go inside and see if the monster is still up to being awakened three times in one day."

Mr. Spring was not one to pass up such an invitation. "Lily, will you please see that the chairs get back in place and the mats back on the chaise loungers?" Chris asked. "Karen and I have something urgent that must be attended to inside and Summer still seems a bit out of it."

Harry, Billy and Jessica all hurried to help Lily.

"That was fantastic," Summer sighed, still hugging Chris tightly. "My Mom warned me that the first time wasn't always that bang-up, but that sure wasn't the case today with you."

"Does that mean that we can be boy and girl friend now and you not have sex with other guys?" Chris asked hopefully.

"Chris please don't ruin it by going there," Summer pleaded. "I do have feelings for you, but I'm a slut and intend to do more than my fair share of sleeping around. What today means is that I'd definitely like to do that lots and lots more times with you. Can you live with that?"

Chris nodded his head. It wasn't what he wished for, but he'd accept any conditions Summer sought.

"Chis, would you please help the others to straighten up and ask Lily to come over here?" Summer asked sweetly. "I'd like to speak to her."

"What's up with you and Billy?" Summer inquired when her BFF ran over to her side.

"At this point I honestly don't know," Lily admitted. "The only thing that I'm certain of is that he isn't getting a fuck or blow-job out of me today. Maybe never."

"He seems better now, but he was really acting immature when he first got here," Summer pointed out.

"You can say that again," Lily commented. "As much as I hate to admit it Chris and Harry run circles around Billy in the maturity department."

"What about Harry?" Summer asked. "I understand he was rather smitten with you when he was in fifth grade. I think he still is."

"Honestly, Harry has turned into a dream boat," Lily admitted. "If he wasn't only in seventh grade, I'd be on my knees giving him a blow-job right now, maybe even more."

Summer smiled and grabbed Lily's hand. "I don't expect you to take love advice from an eleven year old. But I think you and Harry should take a nice private walk down by the basketball court and see what comes up. And if it does, I think you should practice giving a blow-job on him."

"About blow-jobs, on Thursday it was me with Chris," Lily admitted. "We sorta fibbed to you about how great it went the first time. I literally sucked, but Chris has been helping me and I'm much better at it now."

Summer nodded her head in understanding. "I thought it might be something like that. For the record he never said a word about it to me. I'm not sure what it is about Chris, but I'd trust him with my life. You should really consider practicing sex with him."

"You'd let me do that?" Lily asked, shocked.

"Of course, you're my BFF, besides I don't claim any ownership on Chris," Summer assured her. "By this time next year I have hopes of fucking at least a hundred boys and men. I can't expect Chris to not spread a little seed around. Look, I know you were having doubts about it, but why don't you stay tonight and we'll drive the boy crazy together?"

"Do you mean you want to have a threesome, sex and all?" Lily asked. "Is that something else from your famous bucket list?" Summer just smiled.

"I feel sorta bad for Jessica and Billy," Summer said. "We're having fun and if you go through with it that will be Harry's second blow-job of the day, but neither of them has done anything sexually."

"Jessica isn't on the pill and she's afraid to even talk to her mother about it," Lily pointed out. "So she can't have sex."

"Do you think she'd be willing to give Billy a blow-job?" Summer asked. "Would you be okay with that?"

"I'd be a hypocrite if I wasn't," Lily replied. "I'm intending to fuck Chris tonight and probably suck off Harry in a few minutes. I don't hate Billy. If she's willing, let her go for it." Coincidentally at that very moment Jessica came running towards them looking quite nervous.

"Summer can I use your bathroom? I really have to go bad!" Jessica practically begged.

"You sure can darling," Summer said. "I'll show you the way." Then suddenly Summer stopped. "Number one or number two?"

"Does it really matter?" Jessica asked, looking more and more desperate to go.

"If it's a number one, I think Summer would like you to allow her to swallow your piss," Lily explained.

The whole idea of Summer drinking her piss directly from the source was something that Jessica couldn't fathom, but she was so desperate now that she didn't think she could even make it inside to the bathroom before having an accident. It was either the embarrassment of pee running down her legs or this. Having Summer do it actually might not be nearly as embarrassing as having the boys see her just piss herself.

"Standing or laying?" Jessica asked urgently.

"I guess laying," Summer said, not really having any idea what she was doing.

Summer often did things without properly researching them and usually they didn't end all that well. The whole idea on drinking piss was sorta thrust on her by Jim. She did it successfully with Chris, but drinking piss from a girl's cunt was a bit different than drinking it from a cock. With Chris, she knew exactly where the pee would come out. In this case, she wasn't quite sure and although Jessica didn't have a large cunt, her slit was longer than Summer's mouth was wide. Summer just sorta placed her lips onto the opening of Jessica's cunt and hoped for the best.

"What are Summer and Jessica doing," Harry asked, shocked.

"Sure looks like some hot girl on girl action," Billy added. "Let's get closer." Chris realized that this upset him slightly. He thought Summer had enjoyed sex with him and yet here she was having sex with a girl just a few minutes later.

"What's going on?" Harry asked Lily as the three approached her.

"Jessica had to piss and Summer offered to act as her porta potty," Lily offered up.

"Good thing she didn't have to take a shit," Billy responded, laughing at his own joke.

"Don't laugh," Chris said, completely serious. "If I know Summer, she'll eventually get around to eating shit. Just give her time."

Just the thought of it made Lily want to puke, but what concerned her the most was that Chris was probably right. At that moment the dam burst and there was suddenly piss everywhere. Obviously Jessica had been holding it back for quite some time. Summer managed to catch some of it in her mouth, but only a small percentage. Most of the urine splashed into Summer's pretty face and then back onto Jessica's beautiful body.

Instead of crying, both girls broke out in uncontrollable laughter. They were both soaked in piss and neither seemed to care.

"Thanks Summer," Jessica said between laughs, "you really saved me. I thought I was going to have an accident and make a mess."

Summer grabbed Jessica and tightly hugged their piss-coated bodies together. "I might need a bit more practice at doing that," Summer said, getting to her feet and helping Jessica up.

"Do you really think so?" Jessica asked as they approached the outdoor showers. "So it wasn't really your intention to get us both soaked in my piss?" They both started laughing again.

"Jessica, what do you think about Billy?" Summer asked.

"I know Lily doesn't exactly like him, but I think he's sorta sweet." Jessica replied. "I'd fuck him if I were able."

"I sorta feel sorry for him since he's been pretty much ostracized this entire party," Summer said. "Would you consider giving him a blow-job? If you don't want to, I'll do it, but it might mean more to him coming from you."

"I've never done it before, but I'd be willing to try," Jessica said, actually sounding eager. "But what makes you think he'd want me to?"

"I think he might like you a bit, but that aside, he's a boy and you're a pretty girl offering to suck on his cock," Summer said. "If he turns you down, I'll have my Dad rush him to the mental ward."

Jessica laughed, but after the two had scrubbed each other clean, she went over to talk to Billy and in a few minutes they walked toward a nearby wooded grove. Summer noticed that Lily and Harry were also missing and was pleased.

"Where'd everybody go?" Chris asked, strolling over to Summer.

Jessica and Lily are giving away departing blow-jobs," Summer answered.

"What about me?" Chris asked hopefully.

"Never satisfied are you?" Summer asked, giving him a sweet kiss. "No sex for you until after dinner. Lily and I have a surprise planned for you."

"Is Lily going to stay then?" Chris asked. "Even though you and I have already done it?"

Summer smiled sweetly and gave Chris another kiss, this one much more passionate than the first. "You're about to find out that the work of a fuck buddy is never done."

They might not have all come to the party with a smile on their faces, but they all departed that way. No surprise, but once allowed to, Billy was the first dressed and to depart although he did give Jessica a very sweet smile before he rode off.

Before Harry left, he insisted that they once again go over their plans for the test run tomorrow. Summer thought it was hopeless, but she had agreed. Before leaving, Harry tried to give Lily a kiss and unlike when they were in elementary school, she didn't try to stop him.

Jessica was the last to depart, not really seeming like she wanted to leave. "I had a really good time today," Jessica said. Summer could tell the words were heartfelt. "I can't wait until tomorrow. You guys are a lot of fun to hang with."

"Jessica, would you like to get on the pill so you can do the nasty?" Summer said.

"There was nothing nasty about what you and Chris did today," Jessica insisted. "It was beautiful. If Chris were willing, I'd love to be fucked by him, but my Mom is old school. She feels that anyone under twenty one should never have sex and that the only sure prevention to pregnancy is abstinence."

"If you want, I think my Mom could get you on the pill, and your mother never has to even know about it," Summer suggested. "It's totally up to you, I'm not pushing."

"Yes, please," Jessica responded eagerly. "Chris, once I'm on the pill will you please fuck me?"

Chris nervously looked to Summer for guidance as to how to politely refuse.

"He'd be proud to be your first," Summer said happily. "Chris, we'll have to start calling you the 'cherry buster'. Of course in my case it was probably busted a decade ago."

"Well I better get going. See you guys tomorrow," Jessica said, slipping on her cover-up.

"Jessica, do you realize that thing hides absolutely nothing?" Lily said aghast.

"Really," Jessica replied, not sounding that much upset. "I stopped and talked to a number of boys and men on the way over here and nobody said a thing."

"I doubt I would either," Chris added. "Why would anyone want you to cover properly when you're displaying all your fine bits?"

"Your boyfriend says the nicest things," Jessica replied. "See you tomorrow." She started up the driveway.

"Summer, do you think we should ask your dad to drive her home?" Lily asked urgently. "She might as well be walking home naked."

"Yeah! She's a lot like me isn't she?" Summer said grinning. "Don't spoil her fun."

*Summer here: Well, it finally happened. I'm officially a women and for the record I love fucking. But my first fuck is only the beginning of my story. Please join me in the next chapter when Lily and I drive Chris crazy with a sensualist threesome! See ya!*

*Oh, by the way there's a gallery of some pictures that I hope you'll like of this chapter that a great artist friend did at* [*White Productions membership*](https://www.whiteproductions.info/index.php) *website.*