**Oct 21, 1999 Doing Me With My Parents Home**

by Kelly85

**Chapter 1: Sex With Steve**

There was something special about Steve, something about him that no other boy will ever have so far as I am concerned. Simply put, he was my first in so many ways. He was my first real boyfriend, the recipient of my first blowjob. Most of all, he was the first boy to fuck me, the one to whom I willingly gave my virginity. Whenever we were together and I felt his naked body pressing against mine I was always reminded of what he had of mine. Regardless of whatever may happen between us in the future, I knew he would always have a special place in my heart.

From the horror stories I’d heard from many girls I knew I was a lot luckier than most in that I actually enjoyed my first time. Of course there was some pain being I was so tight but I was prepared for it thanks to my wise mother who gave me “the talk” well ahead of time. In my case this not only included the mechanics of sex, but also how to prepare myself for my first time. It also didn’t hurt that I was NOT Steve’s first. I can only imagine what it would’ve been like to have been with another virgin at the time, both of us nervous and unsure of ourselves. At least when I did it with Steve ONE of us knew what we were doing!

What made my relationship with Steve even extra special for me is that even after he got what I knew he wanted from the moment he first looked at me, he didn’t just dump me afterwards like I was some notch on his belt the way some guys might have. One of my closest friends had such a horror story where her guy was sweet and kind at first but once she let him in her panties he never talked to her again. Even worse, he wasn’t afraid to tell every guy in school he’d scored with her and that she was a skank. Here we were over three months later and Steve was still dating me exclusively which made me feel very special. Sure he bragged to everyone about what we were doing but at least what he told them was complimentary.

For all these reasons, and maybe mixed with a little concern over having to deal with a different guy, I didn’t even date another guy after our first time, let alone have sex with anyone else. Steve was still the only boy to get to home plate with me and he was making the rounds of the bases as often as he could! Sometimes I don’t know who wants it more, him or me. It seemed that it’s all we did whenever we got together. Even so, it seems the more we did it, the more I wanted it. People say a relationship need to be based on more than sex. Well ... I disagree, at least when you’re a young teen. So far as I was concerned, the more sex the better!

Steve’s parents were divorced so he lived at home with just his mom Marlene, younger sister Sharon (my friend), and baby brother Jim. Sharon was one of my best friends and it was thanks to her that I met Steve in the first place. Their little brother was a pain, always trying to look up my skirt or down my top whenever I was at their house. Sharon knew all about what Steve and I did but rather than being upset or embarrassed, she thought it was hot that her friend and brother were doing it. She even liked to pretend she was jealous of me but I think she just got a kick out of teasing me. I mean, like Steve was her brother.

When you’re a young teenager there aren’t all that many options when it comes to finding a place to have sex. Of course there’s always the family car where Steve had screwed me a number of times in both the front and back seats but it was awkward and lost its allure after the first few times. We did it most anywhere we could get away with it - movie theaters, parks, school, church, even an old school playground. The best times, though, were when our parents were out and we had our bedrooms to ourselves and could relax and be comfortable. Not to say we always did it in a bed, but you get the picture.

There was ONE minor detail that Steve didn’t know about and that was the extent to which my parents knew what he was doing with their only daughter. My mom had always been my closest friend and since I was a little girl I confided everything to her. She was the first person I told after I gave Steve my first BJ and the first again after Steve took my virginity. She taught me to masturbate, well, more she gave me some pointers. My mom even kept an open offer for me to make use of the impressive collection of dildos she kept in the drawer by her bed. While I appreciated the offer, I always preferred my fingers so I never used them all that much. Once she caught me as I secretly watched my dad masturbate which led later that same night where she had me hold my dad’s dick to understand what was happening to him. You can imagine how shocking it was when his cum erupted from his cock like a geyser all over me! Even though she wouldn’t allow me to touch it since then, at least I better understood how a male penis worked.

Given how much my parents knew about my new sex life it was sort of funny to watch Steve try to pretend nothing sexual was going on between us when we were around my parents. Imagine if he knew I told my mom everything each time I came home from a date! Heck, they even knew about how Steve’s mom had joined in with us not soloing ago. Steve would’ve probably died had he known they knew about that particular day, especially the part where he fucked his own mother right in front of me! I was a bit surprised at my mom’s reaction when I told her about. I’d actually practiced a whole speech for when she accused me of making it all up yet from her reaction it was like she wasn’t surprised. Just goes to show you never know everything about anyone, especially your own mother.

**Chapter 2: Watching TV With Steve and My Parents**

So now it was just a typical Thursday night with Steve over at my house watching TV with me and my parents. We were supposed to be doing homework but there were a couple of shows I wanted to watch first so we were sitting on the couch next to each other. Steve had his arm draped around me with his hand resting on the back of the couch which I found rather amusing. Had we been alone I knew where it would be - groping my boobs! Sure they may not have been as big as the ones on the other girls he used to date but he seemed to enjoy playing with them all the same and I certainly didn’t mind! Obviously it was my parent’s presence that was keeping him from fondling me which was comical considering it was no big deal for ME to play with my boobs when he wasn’t around.

Growing up as an only child my parents treated me as an adult from an early age, or at least not as condescending as most parents are with their kids. They spoke to me like I was an equal rather than a child, discussing matters from religion and politics to even sex with no holds barred. I don’t like saying we had an “open” home when it came to nudity as too many people use that term to describe a situation I consider kinky - to be kind. At our house we didn’t run around stark naked or deliberately expose ourselves to each other. Even those times when we did see the other naked it was not with any sexual intentions, it was just the way it was.

One example of such a time was using our hot tub. For as long as I can remember we were nude in the tub although when going to and from the tub we usually wore at least a towel or robe. Another example is sleeping in the nude. I started at first to mimic my parents and then simply because I just enjoyed the comfort that comes without wearing anything to bed. However, my mom’s rules were pretty strict ... once I got up I immediately put something on to cover myself up at least a little bit. Unless I was dressing or passing between the bathroom and my bedroom my parents didn’t usually see me totally nude around the house. Our old house only had one small bathroom so sometimes when someone was in a hurry they might shower while someone else was in there but that was about it. I never felt right about sharing it to use the toilet and frankly, some things require privacy.

When it comes masturbation, that’s another thing I have a hard time understanding why most families make such a big deal out of it. Thankfully I was taught that masturbation is healthy and whether people admit it or not, something most everyone needs to do from time to time. Whenever I or my parents felt inclined, depending on how bad the need we might wait until we were alone or if the urge was that strong then we just do it where we were without embarrassment. My mom even had rules about it, stressing that masturbation by definition is a solo event so putting on some kind of “show” was strictly forbidden. All my mom’s rules sometimes seemed silly but looking back, most of them were just common sense. Like her masturbation rule ... if I was watching a show and getting turned on by some stud, why not just do it then and there instead of putting it off until I went to bed? It wasn’t THAT inconvenient to turn away or use a blanket over me when I did it.

Masturbation at home to satisfy an itch is one thing. Regardless of how you might try to say differently, watching someone do it can still be a turn-on. Though he would never admit it, I knew my dad liked it when I would do it on the couch while he watched TV so I figured Steve would be the same being a normal male. Steve was quite surprised the first time I masturbated in front of him as apparently none of the other girls he dated had done so. It took some convincing on my part to get him to do it with me around but once he realized how horny it made me his inhibitions loosened up a bit although I got the feeling he was never 100% comfortable with me watching.

Sitting by Steve, I couldn’t help but look down at his lap and dream about his lovely dick, frustrated that it was hiding from me beneath his jeans. Mmmmmmm, what I could do with it at that moment! God I loved his cock and what he did to me with it! I never grew tired of seeing him grow hard, knowing the reason for it was ME. I especially loved the feeling of it getting bigger in my mouth when I sucked him. I bet every girl gets turned on knowing it’s her that’s causing such reaction in a guy. It certainly made me feel incredibly hot and sexy! Mmmmmmm, I would’ve loved to reach down and unzip his jeans, pulling out his wonderful dick and sucking it right there and then on the couch. Yet as much as Steve loved me to suck his cock, I knew that he’d freak out if I did it with my parents in the same room so I just had to dream about it and do my best to ignore my itching pussy.

Indeed, speaking of itching ... my pussy was getting warmer by the minute as I started thinking more and more about my boyfriend’s dick while ignoring the TV show I’d pushed so much to watch a little earlier. As horny as I was I knew that if he hadn’t been there I would’ve been fingering myself long before now. As much as we fooled around in public, I still doubted that he was ready to deal with me doing myself with my parents in the room! From my perspective, I would’ve been “doing it while my parents were in the room” rather than “doing it in front of my parents”. It may have been a subtle difference but an important one, at least to me.

As I got hornier and hornier I started squirming more and more. My mom sneaked a peak at me now and then, smiling and shaking her head. She knew what was going on with me and no doubt it amused her to see my discomfort. She often teased my about how horny I was all the time, even going so far as to say when I was younger that my pussy would wear out if I kept playing with it so much. Usually she just seemed amused when my young hormones surged but I’ll never forget the scolding she gave me when i started rubbing myself during church service once. At least I didn’t reach under my skirt but we had quite the mother-daughter talk when we got back home about what was “appropriate”.

Finally I couldn’t take it anymore. Dang! If I didn’t get my hands on that incredible dick and SOON I was going to go bonkers!

“Hey Steve, don’t you think we should get started on our homework?” I asked innocently.

“If you guys want to do it down here, we can turn the TV down if that would help,” my dad chimed in. As much as I loved my dad I could’ve killed him! He knew full well what my true intentions were and the last thing I needed now was him teasing me! He knew darn well I wasn’t interested in homework!

“Mom!” I whined, pleading with her for support.

“John... , “ my mom said, giving my dad a look telling him to leave me alone. It was all she needed to do as my dad took the hint and went back to his newspaper, ignoring us again for the moment at least.

“C’mon Steve, let’s go up to my bedroom,” I said, sitting up straight and grabbing his hand.

“Are you sure... ?” he asked a bit hesitantly, looking at my parents and then back at me. He didn’t say anything but the message was clear.

“Stop being such a fuddy dud, just come on!” I huffed, standing up and pulling him up off the couch. I gave my parents a wave and a little smile as we headed up to my bedroom. What Steve didn’t see was how I wiggled my butt in triumph!

**Chapter 3: In My bedroom With Steve**

With the family room in the basement and my bedroom on the second floor it was a bit of a climb but I would have scaled Mount Everest at that moment if it meant getting fucked by Steve. Once in my bedroom I immediately hopped up on my bed and laid out flat with my head on the pillow and arms to my side. Steve started to close the door but I raised my hand to stop him.

“Leave it partly open,” I told him.

“But what if your parents come up here?”

“The stairs squeak something horrible so it’s better to leave the door open so we’ll hear them coming. Better to do that than have them surprise us, don’t you think?”

It wasn’t like I could tell him one of the conditions my parents had made in return for allowing me to bring him home was my door couldn’t be closed. They claimed it was for my own protection so in case anything happened they would hear me. Given they were in the basement family room I frankly didn’t think it mattered whether my door was open or closed but it that’s all it took to get them to agree then I’d quickly accepted their terms.

Steve’s eyes squinted as he pondered by rationalization. It took less than ten seconds and then he shrugged his shoulders, apparently accepting my logic even as twisted and illogical as it may have been. Seeing his young girlfriend laying there waiting for him, ready to give herself totally to him, probably didn’t hurt when it came to helping him forget about the door.

“Well, are you just going to stand there or are you going to take my clothes off?” I teased him, rolling back and forth from side to side on my bed. Of course I could have just stripped but I liked it when he undressed me. Even so, if he didn’t get his butt in gear I was going to rip my own clothes clothes off!

Steve took a final look at the door which he had left open a couple of inches before turning back to me. One thing I loved about Steve, he was always as horny as any sixteen year-old boy could be and once his little head started to do the thinking the big one lost all control. Right now he would do most anything to fuck me and I knew it, even if it meant risking my parents catching us.

Steve FINALLY came to my bedside and reached down to undo the zipper on my jeans. Whenever we started doing it I found it interesting to see where he wanted to start with me and unzipping my jeans was always a good sign. My boobs weren’t exactly the most developed but my pussy and ass were light years ahead so it wasn’t surprising he usually wanted to get to those first. After undoing the zipper I raised my hips up to make it easier for him to pull my tight jeans down and off my hips, then over my legs until he tossed them to the floor. Knowing what I’d planned for the evening I hadn’t bothered with panties, not that I wore them much anyways, so my fuzzy brown pussy was now exposed for him to view and his eyes fixated on it as they always did.

“Do you like my little pussy Steve?” I asked him in my best imitation of a little shy girl.

The answer was obvious so without waiting for his response I put my hand down to it and ran my fingers through the short fuzzy pubic hair barely covering it. It wasn’t even long enough to poke through my fingers, certainly nothing compared to the thick thatch of black curly hair that covered my mom’s, but I knew it would grow more soon. Heck, some of my friends were already shaving theirs but for now I’d waited too long for it to come in so I was happy to keep it. I ran a finger down between my moist pussy lips and toyed with my tight pussy hole, then ran it back up again to my stiffening clit.

“I love to play with my pussy while you watch,” I murmured, “Do you like to watch me touch myself Steve?”

Of course he did but I still loved to hear him tell me so. Having him watch me was hot but listening to him tell me how much I was turning him on made it so much better!

“You look so hot when you do that,” he said softly, as if he didn’t want to speak too loud or I might stop or something. Fat chance of THAT happening!

“Show me how it turns you on,” I demanded, “I want to see your cock.”

Steve’s eyes didn’t leave my hand as I worked it over my clit and pussy but his own hands were unbuckling his belt and then undoing his jeans no sooner than the words left my mouth. We’d been dating long enough that he knew what I really wanted. His pants dropped to his ankles but he just left them there as his underwear soon followed and his hard dick protruded out from below his sweatshirt. I loved it when he got hard like he was now. A guy could say anything he wanted and who knew if he as telling the truth, but when he looked at you and his dick grew the way Steve’s was now, there was no doubt what he was thinking!

“Stroke your dick Steve,” I said, “Show me how I turn you on ... show me what you do at night in bed when you think of me.”

He started to stroke his dick with his right hand and my mouth went dry as I imagined my mouth on it instead of his hand. THAT would come soon, I had no doubt whatsoever, but in the meantime I loved seeing him jerking off for me. Usually it took a lot more coaxing to get how to stroke himself in front of me so I knew he must be REALLY horny. All the better...

I took a moment to pull off my own sweatshirt, leaving myself nude on my bed in front of him. “Do you like my body Steve?” I whispered to him as I cupped one of my small breasts in my hand while I went back to my pussy with the other.

Steve just nodded, his hand really going to town now on his dick. The way he was going, I wondered how long he was going to hold out!

“Tell me Steve, do you like looking at my fourteen year-old body?” I teased him. I knew I didn’t have the figure that girls older than me had. Heck, I didn’t have the figure most of the girls MY age had. There was one thing different though in that mine was fully exposed to him and he knew he could do almost anything he wanted with it.

“You’re so beautiful,” he sighed, perhaps as much from his jerking off as anything else.

“You want me, don’t you Steve? Tell me how bad you want me.”

“Oh god yes ... I want you Kelly!”

“Show me how much you want me, make yourself cum for me.”

“Almost there,” he said, panting from his exertions. He hadn’t moved from the spot he started at, his pants still around his ankles as his hand stroked his stiffened dick even faster.

“Cum in my mouth ... I want you to cum in my mouth,” I quickly told him, anxious not to waste one drop of his precious cum. From experience I knew there was plenty more tonight where this was about to come from so why not get started off on the right foot?

Steve shuffled over to my head and I turned to face him. I opened my mouth just in time as he groaned and put his cock up against my tongue. No sooner did I feel it touch when he started shooting warm sperm all over my tongue and lips. More loads quickly followed it, most of them going in my mouth and pooling in my cheek. A little bit dripped from my mouth and went down the side of my face. For whatever reason one of his shots totally missed my mouth and went into my hair on the side of my head and cheek. When he finished I reached out and grabbed his dick, pulling it into my mouth and sucking the last drops of cum dribbling from it. He shuddered as my tongue played over his sensitive cock head.

“Oh god Kelly ... that feels so good,” he gasped.

My hand released him and I let his cock drop from my mouth so I could swallow his cum. It was harder when laying down so I sat up to make it easier to gulp the gooey mixture down without choking. Steve’s was the only cum I’d ever tasted and although at first I wasn’t too sure about it, over time I’d grown to love the flavor of him manhood and couldn’t wait for my next helping.

“Mmmmmmm, you taste SO good,” I purred with a grin on my face.

The top sheet served as a washcloth to wipe off his cum from my face and chin. It didn’t matter if it got messy - my mom washed my sheets every couple of days anyway as I tended to be messy when I masturbated and so she insisted on cleaning the sheets regularly.

Steve’s cock didn’t even waver after he’d cum, remaining hard as a rock, ready for more action. Oh yeah, you gotta love sixteen year-old boys!

“Well, are you finally ready to fuck me?” I teased him as I stretched back on my bed with my legs spread wide apart. Oh I felt like such a blatant slut whenever exposing myself shamelessly to him like this. All the while I couldn’t keep my eyes off his hard dick as I could only imagine the nasty thoughts that must be running through his head about now as he looked down at his fourteen year-old girlfriend, baring herself and offering herself to him like some whore he’d picked up on the streets of downtown Pittsburgh. Only there was one BIG difference - I didn’t charge, well at least not for money. No, me fee was that he fucked me as often as I wanted it ñ which was pretty much every day.

“You better believe it!” Steve laughed as he took off his shoes and socks so he could get his jeans off finally before he killed himself tripping over them. His sweatshirt quickly joined the pile of clothes on the floor and there was my handsome boyfriend standing nude next to my bed. Mmmmmmm, I loved looking at his sexy naked body and my pussy tingled again as I thought of how badly he wanted me judging from the stiffness of his dick that was sticking up in the air out from his crotch. It amazed me how men could carry all that between their legs and still walk!

“But aren’t you afraid my parents might catch us?” I asked naughtily. Of course I knew the REAL answer to that question but was more interested in getting his reaction. Sure enough, for a moment he looked over his shoulder back to the door and I could see the flicker of indecision in his eyes.

“Ummmmm ... are you SURE I shouldn’t shut the door all the way?”

I spun so my legs draped over the side of my bed and my head was against the side rail by the wall of my daybed. Grabbing the rail with both hands behind my bed for support, I lifted my legs up and over me, spreading them wide to give him a perfect view of my pussy and asshole. I almost laughed as I realized it was like a scene straight from one of my dad’s porn movies.

“Just quit worrying about my parents and pay attention to me,” I pouted, wiggling my bare bottom naughtily at him and grinning. “Besides, I’ve got something waiting for you.”

When a sixteen year-old buy is standing naked in front of a fourteen year-old girl spread out nude on front of him, her legs back like a stripper giving a front-row view of her crotch, was it any surprise he suddenly seemed to forget all about her parents? Steve moved up to the edge of my bed and leaned forward such that my naked ass and thighs were pressed against him. He took my legs by the ankles and pushed them back further, letting his dick drag over my wet pussy that was craving him so badly. His hips moved in and out as he rubbed his cock against the outside of my pussy, wetting it and letting the hard shaft glide over my clit.

“God that feels so good Steve,” I moaned, pressing myself along his shaft as he rubbed against me.

He continued to tease me, sliding the smooth head of his erect dick up and down my wet slit, taunting me by starting to press into me and then pulling back just as I thought he was about to enter me. How he managed to find the willpower to not push into me was beyond me. All I knew was I wanted in me more and more with every stroke.

“Put it in me ... Oh my god Steve I want to be fucked ... I NEED you to fuck me ... Oh fuck, I want you to fuck me so bad!”

If my parents hadn’t been two stories down they would’ve surely heard me as in my uncontrolled lust I couldn’t keep the level of my voice down any lower. It wasn’t like I was exactly shouting but my voice can be loud and firm at times, reflecting the sexual tension in me that was building up literally by the second as his hard dick continued to tease the exterior of my wet pussy.

“That’s it ... beg for it you dirty slut,” he teased me, “Now it’s your turn to tell ME how much you want it ... C’mon, tell me how bad your naughty pussy wants my big dick.”

It was all part of the game we’d grown to play the more we did it. At first we just fucked for the sake of fucking. There was nothing very emotional or exotic; we just stripped down and he pushed it in me and we both came as quickly as possible. It was as if at first if we were afraid that if we didn’t do it fast then maybe something would happen to make us stop. Over the past few months I’d found that the more he fucked me the more I learned to appreciate the emotional side of sex. Each time he did me it became more emotional and less just about the physical pleasure. Finally I understood why my mom claimed that “good” sex was at least 80% emotions and 20% or less physical manipulation. I grew to love the teasing, the taunting, the dirty talk, the name calling. As much as Steve wanted to hear me beg for him to fuck me, in reality I loved telling him even more. I loved it when he called me a dirty slut or a sexy bitch. It made me feel like naughty girl in a wonderful, sexy way.

“God I want you in me ... fuck me Steve ... please!!!! ... put your hard dick inside of me ... I want you to fuck me and then cum inside of me,” I pleaded, going on and on as he continued rubbing his hard shaft over me, now and then letting his head push against my waiting pussy hole, taunting me and then pulling back away again just as I thought he was about to push it in me.

Each time I was sure he was going to give in and put it in me and each time he pulled back I felt an increasing sense of urgency and absolute NEED to have him in me, no less than I needed to breath.

Fortunately for me now, maybe when he got older Steve would be able to hold out longer but not at this age. His horny dick was taking complete control of him and there was only so long it could rub against me without demanding to be shoved inside of me. As I twisted and turned, my body screaming for his dick, I noticed a slight movement outside my door. Oh my God, someone was watching! The door was barely open so I couldn’t see who it was there weren’t many options. It had to be either my mom or dad and judging from the height odds were heavily in favor of it being my father. Damn, how had he managed to sneak up without hitting one of the squeaking boards? It was an accomplishment I’d never achieved in all the years I’d tried sneaking upstairs without notifying my parents!

I turned my head back quickly as I didn’t want Steve to wonder what I was looking at. It was enough for me to know my dad was watching without actually seeing him. Wow, what was he thinking seeing his fourteen year-old daughter nude on her back, begging her teen boyfriend to fuck her like some nasty whore in heat? It was like a scene straight out of one of his “teen amateur” porn movies that he loved to watch except in this case I was the underage teen and not just some whore of a porn actress pretending to be one. Was he getting excited watching us?

On the one hand I couldn’t imagine my own father getting a hard-on watching his own daughter being fucked but then again, as I was so often reminded by him AND my mom, he WAS a guy and guys can get turned on no matter who it is. IF he was getting an erection I was sure it wasn’t because his DAUGHTER was being fucked but rather it was the image of a fourteen year-old slut being fucked right in front of him. Who could blame him for jerking off under the circumstances? I had little doubt he was knowing how he reacted to seeing it on TV.

Now that my dad was watching I wanted Steve to fuck me all the more - if that was even possible. Gawd, it was such a turn-on for me knowing Steve had no idea he was about to fuck me right in front of my own father! It was one thing a few weeks ago for us to find out his mom was watching us but for some reason it just seemed more erotic to me for a dad to see his daughter being fucked than for a mom to watch her son fucking a girl. Maybe it was the fact I always thought of myself as a “daddy’s girl”, safe in his arms and secure when he was with me. As much as he’d heard about the things Steve and I had done, for him to finally see with his own eyes the sexual side of his only daughter was incredibly erotic, at least for me.

Steve finally had his dick positioned at the entrance to my hungry pussy and without any more teasing he thrust his strong hips forward, driving himself inside me just enough for the tip of his dick to spread me apart but not quite enough to fully penetrate me.

“Quit teasing me, dammit! Fuck me! Yes FUCK me!” I literally begged him, thrusting my narrow hips up toward him in a vain attempt to draw him in me further. I wasn’t just playing games now, I really DID want him to stop teasing me and get on with it. There comes a point in foreplay when the fun and games is over, when you just need to be fucked and DO IT. Well, I’d long since passed that threshold!

“OK slut, you asked for it,” he mumbled more to himself as I felt him lean into me.

My pussy felt like it was splitting open, driving my legs apart as his cock head forced its way into me. It felt tight enough around my finger let alone pushing something in several times larger. I lifted my head and looked down past my flat stomach where I watched and then gasped as the smooth head disappeared inside of me. It was fascinating to see it move inside of me while at the same time I could feel it as it filled me up inside. It was sort of surreal in a way to relate the feeling in me with the sight of his cock entering me. It was like watching one of my dad’s porn movies and seeing the guys cock penetrating the whore’s cunt yet at the same time this incredible sense of pleasure and lust erupted inside of me as his thick shaft rubbed against the sensitive inner walls of my pussy.

“That’s it Steve, don’t stop, keep pushing it in me ... deeper ... fill me,” I moaned. Despite the overwhelming sensations of being fucked, I was still aware that we had an audience and I tried to be sure to speak up loud enough for my dad to hear me as well.

“Shit Kelly, you’re always so fucking tight,” Steve groaned, grunting as he kept the pressure on, pushing his dick up to the hilt inside of me. Our crotches met, the base of his dick pushed up against the outside of my pussy. Steve ground his crotch into me, our pubic hair intertwining. His thick black hair mixed with my fuzzy brown covering, tickling me more than anything else.

“Oh yes ... don’t move now ... just stay in me,” I said softly as he held himself inside of me.

Steve’s cock was so erect it literally throbbed inside of me, allowing me feel his pulse deep inside of my pussy. Now and then he unconsciously shuddered a bit and his dick would jerk in me but that was OK, as it added a sense of reality that no dildo could duplicate. Finally, he couldn’t hold back anymore and started stroking his cock in and out of me. At first they were full length strokes where he would draw himself out of me to the point his dick almost would slip out and then drive back in as far as he could penetrate me. As time went by the strokes shortened and got faster. I knew what that meant so it was time to make a change if I didn’t want this to end prematurely.

“I want you to fuck me from behind,” I gasped after we’d fucked this way a while. I’d learned that while Steve would fuck me just about any way I asked, he seemed to prefer good old missionary style and left to his own devices he would’ve stayed like this until he came. On the other hand I tended to be more adventurous, looking for new ways to fuck all the time. One thing about my dad’s porn collection - it was a great source of ideas!

Steve’s cheeks puffed out as he released his breath, obviously a bit frustrated at having to pull out of me, even if just for a few seconds. Whatever, I didn’t care as I had needs too! I simply rolled over until my ass was up in the air, facing the side of the bed where he was still standing. Spreading my legs slightly he quickly reinserted himself much more easily this time and was soon back in his rhythm again. Less than ten seconds had passed, if that much, in the changeover so it wasn’t like he had anything to complain about.

The reason I enjoyed doggie style is because it allows for the deepest penetration by his dick. Missionary was my overall favorite because I could see Steve’s facial expressions. It also made him the dominate one and while I’m not submissive by nature, I enjoyed letting Steve THINK I was as it seemed he got much more inventive when he thought he was in control.

Each time Steve rammed his hard dick in me it was like being spanked as his crotch slapped up noisily against my bare ass. God, it was like he was going to push himself up inside my throat! Steve’s hands were on my bare hips, using them like handles to pull me in and then push me back out again in sync with his dick as he fucked me. I quickly used it as an excuse to turn my head and sure enough I could just make out the eye of someone peeking through the door. It had to be my dad or else my mom had grown several inches taller in the past hour or so. I would’ve loved to have mouthed to him, “I love you daddy” or something like that but Steve would’ve probably caught me and wondered what was going on. I doubt he would’ve understood my father wanting to watch me getting fucked, undoubtedly turning it into some kinky male fantasy instead.

“Hey, you ready for a ride?” Steve asked between pants.

Well, why not? It was more work for me of course, but I didn’t doubt that he needed the break.

Steve pulled out and for a moment I regretted agreeing as my pussy felt so empty! Needing him again I quick backed off my bed to allow Steve to get up on it. He laid out lengthwise, his wet dick sticking up like a flagpole from his crotch where the base was buried in thick pubic hair. Before jumping on board I couldn’t resist leaning over and taking a few mouthfuls for myself. Mmmmmmm, I could even taste my pussy on his cock!

Oh well, as much as I loved sucking his cock I loved being fucked by it even more so regretfully I let his cock slip from my mouth but I knew it would be there another night for me to enjoy it - many nights for that matter. Once on the bed I straddled his hips, sitting up straight so his cock was directly underneath me. Reaching in with my hand, I grabbed the shaft and moved it under my pussy hole. Once we were lined up I swiftly dropped my weight down to drive it into me yet again. As wet as I was and stretched from I took him easily.

Mmmmmmm, once my boyfriend was inside of me I dropped my full weight down on him until he was buried inside of me and I was literally sitting on his crotch. By swiveling my hips I could grind my pussy into his crotch, feeling his cock swivel around inside of me. Leaning forward, I dropped to support myself with my hands on either of his shoulders, letting my little boobs dangle just above his face (well, “dangle” might be entirely correct but you get the idea.

“Suck my nipples,” I whispered hoarsely to him as he lifted and then dropped his hips to cause his dick to move in and out of me without me having to do much of anything.

I lowered myself down as he raised his head and he took my nipples in his mouth one-by-one, sucking on one and then back to the other. I loved my boobs to be played with and sucked, especially my nipples which could be incredible sensitive at times. Just wearing a loose shirts that moved across them as I walked was enough sometimes to harden them up like I was being laid.

Holding myself up with one hand, his mouth on my nipples and his dick in my pussy, I reached between us to finger my clit. It was so swollen and sensitive I almost jumped off his dick when I first touched it. It wasn’t going to take much more to set me off, that much was for sure!

“I’m cumming Steve,” I moaned as if it was necessary to tell Steve given the way my pussy was gripping his cock. Besides, I had my audience to keep informed as well.

Steve had often complained, in a nice sort of way, that when I came it was like his cock was caught in a vise from the way my pussy would squeeze down on it when I was having an orgasm. I couldn’t help it, it was just a natural reaction that I had no control over. Besides I knew he wasn’t really complaining.

It was all so wonderful, exactly what I had dreamed about for most of the day once I knew Steve would be coming over. After waiting for hours finally I was being fucked and sucked. My pussy was exploding, causing my entire body to break out in goose bumps as I groaned and moaned from the seemingly impossibly strong waves of pleasure that were running through every part of my nude and sweating body.

“Oh my god, you feel so good in me!” I moaned loudly, throwing my head back as I sat up on his crotch, Steve’s dick imbedded in me like I was mounted on a pole. My one hand stayed on my clit as the other played with my boobs.

Steve just watched me as I kept myself going while sitting on his dick. He had told me before it always amazed him how long I could maintain an orgasm, gripping his dick with my pussy and gushing my pussy cum over him as my body flushed. Even when I had my eyes open it was like nothing was in focus, just a blur as my mind seemed to focus completely on what was happening between my legs. I swore sometimes my hair even seemed to tingle when I came really hard as the sensations spread out all through my body. Before Steve started fucking me, I used to cum pretty hard when I masturbated but those times were nothing compared to this, when a real dick was inside of me instead of my finger.

God, I loved to be fucked and at that moment all I knew was that I wanted Steve to do me as often as he could. It was like he some sort of drug dealer, the guy I went to when I really wanted to get “high” except instead of using a drug I generated my own “high” within me. I suppose it could be argued by some that the hormones and chemicals released in me when I orgasmed were no different than taking other drugs and that I could be getting “hooked” on them in the same way people get hooked on heroin. Well, if that be the case then I really didn’t care - it feels great, it’s legal, and I always have it with me! The only difference being the “quality” of my supply as it was always better when I got it from Steve.

Had nothing else happened my orgasm would have started winding down by now but Steve wasn’t exactly taking all this lying down, if you know what I mean. Seeing me get off and feeling my pussy work his cock was enough to get Steve worked up as well and sure enough, he couldn’t hold back anymore. I have to admit I was caught a bit by surprise when I opened my eyes and looked down at Steve only to see his eyes close and a moan escape from him as he came again, this time in my pussy instead of my mouth.

Some girls claim they can’t feel a guy when he cums in them but most, including me, would say otherwise. Sure it may vary in intensity between guys or even between fuckings but I still feel something. All I knew as sensitive as I was at this point, it was like a bomb went off in me as his dick swelled slightly and then seemed to explode as a felt his cum spewing from him and shooting deep inside of me. It was just what I needed at that moment to revive my own orgasm, setting me off again.

“Oh yeah Steve, that’s it, cum in me,” I cried out, not caring how loud I was this time.

One after the other, like machine gun fire Steve emptied load after load of sperm inside of me. Rather than being smaller the second time, if anything it was like had even more than the first time when he came in my mouth. My pussy felt like it was on fire as his final shot of sperm was deposited in me. My pussy gripped him tight, like it was a milking machine attached to a cow except I was on top of him instead of hanging down below.

“More ... give it to me Steve,” I gasped, “I want it ALL in me ... give me everything you’ve got!”

Steve just grunted as his strong hips lifted up as if trying to push his dick in me even further, ancient instincts kicking in making him drive his sperm deeper into me like he was mating with me. Finally he was finished and I just fell forward, laying against his chest with his dick half in me. We kissed for what seemed forever as my entire body seemed to sizzle with the heat of my passion for him. Nobody had ever made me feel the way Steve did and I just wanted him to know how much I loved it when he fucked me.

“You know, for such a little girl you sure can get heavy,” Steve said gently after a while.

Still feeling a little dazed, I had no idea what time it was or how long we’d been at it until I looked at the clock next to my bed. Dang, we’d been at it for well over an hour! I wondered if my dad was still watching but there was no way to turn my head around to look without being obvious about it. In any case, he probably was gone by now since the show was essentially over.

Rolling over towards the wall, I wedging myself on my side between the bed rail and Steve’s nude sweaty body. With one arm draped over his chest and one leg over his, I let my throbbing pussy rub up against his hip. It was like I was some sort of male dog, humping myself gently against him, my pussy still craving for more despite everything it had been given.

“God Kelly, aren’t you EVER satisfied?” Steve teased me as he felt me humping his leg.

“No!” I answered him simply. I wasn’t just being silly, I meant it. I couldn’t conceive how I could ever be totally fulfilled to the point where I quit fucking because I was “satisfied”. There was always a point it had to end but that was dictated by other things, not my pussy!

“I can believe THAT!” he chuckled. “I think I’ve created a sex monster!”

“Well, it’s all your fault so now you have to live with the consequences,” I said as I snuggled up against him, my small bare breast squeezed tightly against his hard body.

“I think somehow I’ll manage,” he replied with a laugh. “Now don’t you think we’d better do a little studying?”

“What!” I exclaimed, pretending to be surprised and shocked, “The only thing I wanted to study tonight was your dick.”

“It seems that’s all you ever want to study,” he laughed, “I feel used sometimes. Don’t you ever want to be with me for more than my dick? Don’t you really want to know me for who I am inside?”

He pretended to pout but then burst out laughing. Sure I liked Steve and maybe even was starting to love him. Even so, we both knew what really kept our relationship going - sex. Well, I wasn’t complaining and I knew he wasn’t either.

Eventually we got up and dressed. It was tempting to just put on a nightshirt since it was getting late and in the end that finally what I decided to do. Steve watched as I pulled one out from my dresser and let it drop over my head. It came down to about mid-thigh when I stood up and was made of thin cotton so it didn’t leave a lot to the imagination on top.

“Is that what you’re wearing to bed?” Steve asked.

“Of course not silly,” I replied, “I don’t wear anything to bed. This is what I wear around at night.”

“Wait a minute, you sleep nude?” Steve questioned me, looking at me a little closer.

“Sure. What’s the big deal?”

“And you wear THAT around the house at night?”

“Yep!”

“JUST that?”

I looked at him like he was asking me the silliest questions in the world and replied, “Of course, what’s wrong with it?”

“I mean, no panties or bra?”

“Of course not, why would I? I’m at home, not church you know.”

“In front of your parents?”

“Steve!” I huffed, getting a bit tired of the forty questions routine. “What’s the big deal with me wearing this?”

“No big deal ... never mind,” he replied, turning to leave my bedroom.

As much as I had toyed with him, I knew full well what he was thinking - I’m really not that stupid or naive you know. Most kids didn’t sleep nude, I knew that, but it was the way our family slept and none of us made a big deal out of it. Besides, once we got up we put something on. As for wearing just a nightshirt without panties, like a typical guy who only thought with his dick he no doubt assumed I flashed my dad or something else just as weird and kinky. Oh sure there may have been a few times when he got an eyeful of my bottom but it was by accident IF it did happen and what was the big deal even if he did? He’d seen me naked all my life and it’s not like I was putting on a show for my dad while he masturbated or anything like that.

Once back in the family room Steve stopped to say goodnight to my parents and then left from the back basement door. After watching him leave I hopped onto the couch and wrapped my legs under me to watch TV again.

**Chapter 4: After Steve Left**

“Well, did the two you get ANY studying done?” my mom asked rather mischievously. Like she really didn’t know! I turned to look back at her and rolled my eyes at her.

“Oh mom!” I whined a little. She grinned, knowing knew full well what we’d been doing up there.

“So what did you think daddy, did like seeing your daughter getting fucked?” I suddenly said to my dad, catching him more than a little off guard.

“John?” my mom said, looking at my dad with renewed interest, “Something you forgot to tell me about?”

“I ... I was just making sure she was OK,” my dad stammered. It wasn’t me so much he seemed to be concerned about but my mom.

“Yeah right,” my mom chastised him, “No wonder it took you so long to go to the bathroom.”

“I just checked in on them,” my dad continued in his defense, “I heard her moan so I just wanted to be sure everything was OK.”

Yeah right, I knew better but I wasn’t going to say anything and get in the middle of this one.

My mom just shook her head in that “I can’t believe men sometimes” way she should have had patented. My dad seemed relieved to have gotten out of it so easily but turned out he was a little premature with his self-congratulations. What the heck, why not... ?

“Now daddy, you didn’t tell me what you thought about seeing Steve fuck me,” I continued to needle him.

“That’s quite enough Kelly,” my mom said, surprising me by rising to the defense of my father. I could tell from her look that she was shutting down the conversation but somehow from the look she next gave to my dad, I had a feeling it wasn’t over between the two of them!

That pretty much ended any discussion over my “studying”. For the rest of the evening we just watched TV silently. After a while I started to think again about Steve fucking me and my pussy was still wet from the thought of being filled by his dick. Eventually it was more than I could take so I slipped one hand under my night shirt and started to play with my pussy. I might not orgasm this way but it felt good just as I lightly played with myself. Whether or not my dad was watching I really don’t know as I didn’t look back to check, figuring it was better just to let whatever happened, happen. Besides, what difference did it really make?

Soon it was bedtime and I got up to kiss them both goodnight. I couldn’t help but notice my dad’s sweatpants looked a little worn around the crotch area and it was obvious that while he wasn’t fully erect, he wasn’t flaccid either. Hmmm, maybe he HAD been watching me. It gave me a funny feeling for moment thinking of him doing that but once again, he IS a guy and I AM a girl. Whatever he was doing I felt comfortable knowing it wasn’t like he was thinking of me as his daughter but as a hot little fourteen year-old which was OK with me.

Back in my bedroom I dropped the nightshirt to the floor along with my other clothes - a habit my mom had given up long ago on trying to cure me. Slipping between the cool sheets, I felt a couple of wet spots against my butt and smiled as I thought of poor mom having to wash the sheets yet again. Oh well, I may as well make it worth her while I thought as I put my hand between my legs and started masturbating yet again. It had been quite a day and something told me I wouldn’t be going to sleep for a while tonight!