I'm nineteen years old, female, from Florida. For as long as I remember I've always hated wearing clothes and have sought to wear as few as possible depending on the circumstances. The less clothes I wear the more liberated I feel so naturally my goal is to be stark naked as much as possible. This has led to some interesting adventures. One of the strangest was when I was in high school and these three nasty heifers attacked me in the girl's restroom one day and ended up tearing all my clothes off. Then they went to class and left me stark naked. I didn't know what to do, but I knew I didn't want to hide in the girl's bathroom all day so I ended up going to class totally nude. Mwahaha! That was a hoot, let me tell you. Plus it made me real popular that day with all the guys and even some of the girls - hehe. The teachers didn't actually know what to do.

You know, there really isn't a specific rule against coming to school without clothes on and it turned out the principal was scared my parents would sue someone about all my clothes being ripped off by some other students so basically what happened is I stayed naked all day. I even rode home on the bus that way. It was awesome. Another thing that happened around the same time was one Saturday my mother had already promised my little sister to take her to the park and then at the last minute she couldn’t go so I got drafted. I hated it but I didn’t have any choice. I had been drinking coffee all day long and it wasn’t long after we got there that I really had to go to the bathroom. It turns out the restrooms are all closed, even the men’s, because of repairs. I don’t know what I’m going to do. I try to get my little sister to leave but she refuses and runs off. I can’t follow her because I’m too afraid I’ll start peeing if I attempt to run after her. So I didn’t have an choice at that point but to try to go behind a bush.

The problem was I was already dressed up to go out on Saturday night. I was wearing a very pretty ruffled white blouse and my ultra cool brand new black leather jeans and I certainly wasn’t going to risk getting any urine on them. What this meant was I was going to have to pull them completely off because they were so tight I’d never be able to squat right; plus I’d always been terrible with maintaining my balance squatting like that. I’d be more apt to fall face forward in to my own puddle of pee. So I run over and hide behind some large bushes and pulled my jeans down. Unfortunately the first leg of the pants I tried to remove gets caught on my ankle high tied boots. So I’m hopping around on one foot like an idiot but I finally got it off. I’m pretty hysterical by this time. I sat down on the ground for the second leg and as soon as I successfully pulled the jeans off my body I regained my footing and spreading my feet apart as far apart as I could I squatted and started to pee. Oh God, it felt so good.

Of course, you know what happened. A group of boys came walking up on me. They were all a couple of years younger than me but twice as big and they were really enjoying my predicament; particularly looking you know where. Probably was the first time they saw one in real life. I had managed to cut myself off in midstream and I was going to try to grab my jeans and run away but they were too quick for me.

They grabbed me and held me from behind. I wasn’t worried at all about being sexually assaulted because all I had to do was to scream and people would have come running from all over but it would even have been more embarrassing if I done that. They pulled my blouse off and my boots so I was stark naked! And then looked me all over, you know how kids are with a new toy. Then they held me standing straight up until I couldn’t stand it anymore and I had to start going with them there and standing straight up to boot. Actually I was kinda turned on by the whole thing watching my stream leave my body in front of them. Then they got scared and ran away with my clothing leaving me there totally nude in the park on a Saturday afternoon. Well, you could imagine that even though I didn’t mind being naked in certain places that would bother other people this wasn’t one of them. I was really freaking out. The park was jammed with people and I didn’t have the slightly idea what I was going to do and I really needed to get back and check on my little sister.

Well, finally I realized there wasn’t anything I could do about it so I decided to act as if nothing was wrong. I just sauntered out there and collected my little sister who knew enough by then to not say a word and to come along quietly and we just walked by people and out of the park. Do you know that some people didn’t even notice? And nobody else said a word – like in ‘The Emperor’s New Clothes.’ So I learned an important lesson, it’s all in how you carry yourself. This New Year’s I had plans to go out with my good friend to a party. I've known her for a long time. Her boyfriend had to work. We were going to a party. By the time we would get there it would be after midnight. She picks me up from work and isn't even dressed to go out. Said she changed her mind. I was kinda disappointed but I didn't want to act like a jerk. We stopped to buy gas at an all night station and I see these two guys I used to know in middle school. Now I was wearing a winter coat over my outfit which I was going to wear to the party for a hoot.

The dress was so see-through that it was actually mostly holes but did cover me in essential areas, but I couldn’t wear anything beneath it. We talk and then they invite me to a party with them and then they'll take me home. So I tried to get my friend to change her mind but she wouldn't go so I said ok. Well, to try to shorten this tale of woe they take me to their trailer way out in the middle of nowhere. When we first get there they say that people will be coming in a little while from other parties. Theirs is suppose to start at 2am. Once they get a look at this dress they start getting a little wild. I couldn't just sit with my coat on, you know. In fact, it's hard to sit in this dress because it was so short. So then what happens is unbeknownst to me at the time, these two guys start taking X and special K and pretty soon they're really wasted. I didn't have any money with me and besides it turns out these clowns don't have a phone. So they're dancing all around me naked waggling their penises in my face and begging me to take if off and grabbing at me here and there, trying to pull my dress off, what there was of it. So finally the one guy grabs me and the other guy strips off my dress. Man, were they shocked to see me totally nude except for my high heels. I guess the fools thought I had room for underwear beneath it. It was still really uncomfortable for awhile with all of three of us naked and I refused to have sex with them. They finally got so loaded they couldn't move and that was my New Years.

It's a Party!
By Bubblegom

Chapter One

My mother told me I never liked wearing clothes. She informed me that from the time I could toddle around I would always pull anything off she had on me, plus my diaper. She said that later when I was about five and six, she had to watch me like a hawk when she took me to go swimming because I would always pull my bathing suit off and go swimming around naked in whatever pool, lake or ocean we were in.

As far as back as I can remember, I've always hated wearing clothes. They just feel so confining to me, as if I can't move or function correctly when I'm all weighed down with clothes. This is particularly a problem because I am a young woman and us women seem to have to wear so many clothes and clothes that are too tight or heavy. In elementary school I was always getting in trouble for stripping down at recess. Of course, the older I got the more attention I seemed to receive from boys and that was rewarding in itself.

I can remember in the sixth grade, me and a group of boys would always disappear during recess around the side of the school and I would strip down for them. They loved it and so did I! It always felt so liberating to me and free. Sometimes I'd get some of them to do the same thing. Their bodies looked so funny at the time to me with their little hairless peckers. But I never let them touch me, that was one of my big rules. You can look, but you better not touch. Sometimes I would touch them though, if they begged me enough and if a boy was particularly mature before his time, his dick would get real hard. One time I actually stroked a boy's cock until he shot off against the side of the school. That was so hot to me, having that kind of control! But he got scared when it was happening to him, because he really didn't have any idea at the time what it was. He never came around me again after that.

Of course this whole thing made a lot of the other girls real jealous of me and they hated me for it. Every once in a while they'd all gang up on me at recess and pull my clothes off and run away with them figuring to really embarrass me when I had to go back to class naked. But I would fool them. We lived pretty close to the school and I would just run home for the day and if a teacher asked me the next day why I didn't return to class I would tell them and those girls would get in big trouble.

Every once in a while when I was going home like that, some perv would stop and try to convince me I should get in his car for a ride to my home, but I never fell for that one. But wouldn't you think all those people driving by would see there was a young girl stark naked walking along the side of the road and call the police or something? But I guess that's true. Nobody wants to get involved today.

In middle school I had a best friend named Andrea and she was way cool. She wasn't like me or anything, but she didn't judge me. In fact, she used to try and help me in any way she could. You know those yucky gym suits girls had to wear? Well, I retailored mine. I had the blouse cut up to just across the bottom of my breasts and I had the shorts cut up right along the bottom of my labia! In fact, it was so short, that if I wanted, I could turn a certain way and you could see my pussy! One day in the eighth grade our gym teacher was sick and, we had to go to class with the boys, so they had us doing gymnastics together in the gym. The teacher was this real young guy, Mr. Boyd. He was really good looking too. He was fairly tall, with a nice bod and blond wavy hair. It was his first year teaching. So anyway I had it all worked out with Andrea. She was supposed to jump on the small trampoline and vault onto the horse and do one of those basic put your hands down between your legs and touch once with them and jump off the horse. Well, Andrea hit the trampoline super hard and vaulted all the way over the horse and landed awkwardly right at my feet and acted as if she had fallen and on the way down she grabbed my shorts and pulled them down to the floor.

What a laugh! I wasn't wearing any knickers, of course and then when she stood up she acted as if she were off balance and she pulled my blouse up over my head leaving me standing there in front of all these boys stark naked. It was so great and I looked at Mr. Boyd and he was getting a hard on. I was beginning to develop real well by then. I had had my period already and my breasts were almost fully developed and I had all my pubic hair. So I kept looking at him and smiling. I thought he was so hot! Some of the girls finally ran over and helped me get dressed.

That afternoon right at the final bell as I was leaving my last class, Mr. Boyd suddenly appeared at my elbow and asked me to follow him into his office. I couldn't understand what any of this was about until I followed him down to his office by the gym and saw Andrea sitting there. She looked way bummed out. Mr. Boyd told me to keep standing by his desk while he went over and locked his door. I began to feel uneasy wondering what he wanted. He went and sat down behind his desk.

He explained, "Let me get right to the point, Sara. That display this afternoon was horrible. If I were to tell the principal what had occurred, you would be expelled in a heart beat and so would Andrea for helping you in your little foul minded scheme."

I glanced back at Andrea and she hung her head guiltily. I instantly realized the jig was up and that she had cracked under the pressure and admitted everything to Mr. Boyd. When I looked back at him, he continued, "That's right, Sara. I've talked to Andrea and she told me all about it. You have one chance to save yourself and Andrea too."

"What's that?" My voice quavered. It wasn't an act. I really was scared. I didn't want to be expelled!

"Well," the young teacher explained, "I think you have some serious emotional problems, young lady with this need of yours to expose your body to the opposite sex like that. If you go on like this, you could end up getting arrested or even worse, raped! Now, I want you to receive some counseling for this, but I'm worried that something might happen, before you can get to a counselor or the counselor is able to help you, so I would like to help you first, if I may."

"S-Sure," I stammered. "That'll be fine."

Andrea started to get up to leave thinking her part was over in what turned out to be quite a charade. Mr. Boyd directed, "Oh no, Andrea. I want you to stay too. I think you can probably help Sara with this."

Andrea sat back down reluctantly. "Well, what do you want me to do?" I asked, feeling a little braver seeing as though he wasn't going to turn me in - at least, not right away.

The young teacher explained, "I need you to strip off all your clothing."
I flushed bright red. I know you might think this was strange for me, but it was embarrassing. I mean, it's one thing to be in charge of when you strip off, but another thing to be in a locked office with your close friend and a young good-looking male teacher and he tells you to do it.

He further directed, "Come on, right now. I need to see how it affects you in order to better help you."

I glanced at Andrea for some support and she was looking at the floor, so I removed all my clothing. It didn't take me long because I wasn't wearing much - just a blouse and a short skirt - no bra or knickers. I stood stark naked in front of him except for my shoes.

Mr. Boyd walked around the desk and looked me closely up and down. He said, "Take your shoes off too." And he watched me as I removed my flats and placed them on my other articles of clothing.

"Spread your legs some. Good. Now do you see this?" the teacher asked me, bending down and pointing at my exposed labia. "You are getting excited, now that's not natural in this situation, is it Andrea?"

Andrea silently shook her head. She told me later she was too frightened to say anything.

"Andrea, come up here too," Mr. Boyd ordered. Andrea grudgingly joined me and tried not to look at me standing there totally nude with an engorged labia hanging out. "Okay, Andrea. I want you to remove all your clothing too."

Andrea turned bright red and exclaimed, "I will not!"

"Andrea," he said severely, "You are involved in this too. I would hate you to get expelled. I'm not asking you to remove all your clothing because of a whim or that I need to see you naked. I have a full grown girlfriend. I don't need to see thirteen year old girls naked. I'm trying to help your friend. I want her to see how a normal young woman reacts to being naked in a public setting."

Well, now I knew a load of bullshit when I heard it, but either apparently Andrea didn't or she didn't know what to say to it, so she slowly removed every stitch of clothing she was wearing. And let me tell you, Andrea was a knockout. I mean I'm pretty hot, but Andrea was drop dead gorgeous. She had really long dark black hair that hung straight down her back, great big breasts for her age, a narrow little waist, her pussy already was full grown with pubic hair and her legs were long and luscious.

Of course, she was terrifically embarrassed. She told me later she hadn't been naked in front of a man since she was a little girl and that had been her father. Andrea stood kinda hunched over with one hand across her pussy and the other attempting to hide her luscious breasts. Mr. Boyd went over and stood in front of her.

"Now you see, Sara," he declared, "this is how a normal, modest young woman acts when not wearing anything in a public place. You can put your hands down now and straighten up for a minute please, Andrea."

Andrea just stood there. I actually think she was frozen solid for a minute with shock. The young teacher went on in an angry tone. "Andrea, I said to lift your hands for a moment! I don't want to have to keep telling you everything twice. The next time this happens I'm just going to quit fooling around with you and send you down to the principal's office."

My friend very halfheartedly, I'm sure, straightened up and dropped her hands to her side completely displaying the ample charms of her completely nude body to the young teacher. From what I could see from the corner of my eye, she appeared to be blushing mightily.

Mr. Boyd stepped back in front of me and explained, "There again, Sara, do you see how embarrassed your friend is? Now that is a natural reaction, Andrea is not enjoying it. But you are sexually twisted somewhere. You do act as if you enjoy it."

The young teacher continued to speak, as he began to pull his t-shirt over his head displaying a very muscular upper body physique that tapered down to a narrow waist. I told you he was a hunk! "Now I want you both to look at me and see how unnatural it is for me to be naked in front of you in school like this."

He then proceeded to pull his gym shorts and jock strap down to his feet stepping out of them and laying them on his desk. Mr. Boyd stood before us completely naked except for his gym shoes. His hips were slightly bigger than his waist, his stomach was flat as a board, and his legs were muscular, but beautifully sculpted. His penis didn't look wrinkled at all like some of the ones I had seen on younger boys, but probably the reason for that was presently it was way hard! It stood straight out between seven and a half and eight inches long from his big thatch of blonde pubic hair. Wow! I happened to glance at Andrea and she was looking at the floor, but I knew she had seen him because she was shaking and I was afraid she was going to faint.

"Now," Mr. Boyd continued, "see what you being inappropriately naked could bring about. Why you might cause someone to take their clothes off themselves and then step up to you and do this." The young teacher stepped close to me and leaned down and began to passionately kiss me on the lips, while running his left hand down my body until he located my clitoris. He must have been very accomplished at this, because he seemed to locate it immediately and he began to stimulate my love button with his digit. I moaned and almost swooned in his arms. It felt that good!

While continuing to push his finger in and out hard, Mr. Boyd broke off the kiss and glanced over at Andrea. "Andrea!" he shouted. Her head snapped up. I noticed she appeared so red her face resembled a ripe tomato. "You need to watch us," the young teacher ordered sternly. "You were involved in this as much as Sara and you need to see where it can lead if gone unchecked. Now I don't want to have to tell you again!"

Mr. Boyd suddenly just leaned over and picked me completely up as easy as can be and lay me across his desk! He then inserted his large erection into my dripping, distended labia. Even though I was technically a virgin because a man had never penetrated me, a giant dildo that I had found in one of my friend's parents' room had and it had broken my hymen. Consequently the young teacher was able to slide all the way in easily. His eyes grew wide in surprise. I almost laughed in his face. He thought he was copping a cherry and then found he wasn't! But I wasn't going to tell him that technically he was, that's for sure!
Since he had encountered no resistance, he began to plunge into me again and again with great speed and power. God, it felt good, but I was afraid he was going to rip my little thirteen year old pussy in two he was going so hard. "Oh, God!" I began to scream. "Fuck me!, fuck me, Mr. Boyd!"

I noticed that he, from time to time, would glance over to Andrea to make certain she was still watching and he would make eye contact with her. I think he had a little exhibitionist problem of his own, plus I think in his mind he was fucking the two of us at the same time.

Suddenly I began to enjoy my first climax brought about by a man as waves of cum washed out of me. "Ah, ah!" I screamed. Then I felt and saw Mr. Boyd tense for a second and then twitch and then he was shooting his hot load of sperm right into me. When he had finished, he semi-fell over me on the desk. "God," I heard him murmur. "You are one hot little piece."

I smiled sweetly at him, showing my still present dimples and answered, "Thank you, you ain't so bad yourself."

"Hahaha!" the young teacher roared.

I happened to look over in Andrea's direction and she was standing transfixed with her mouth agape. Now that he had gotten his rocks off, Mr. Boyd was anxious to get us out of there before someone saw us. We dressed quickly and just before leaving, he cautioned us to say nothing or he would tell the principal what we had done in gym class. Both Andrea and I realized that he would win in any kind of a telling contest, because we had messed up first in front of a lot of witnesses and, after all, he was a teacher and we were just two thirteen year old girls.

None of this had much effect on me, other than to let me know that I loved the feel of a man's cock inside of me, but it did something bad to Andrea. It warped her in some tragic way and she became the slut of the middle school. And Mr. Boyd never touched her! Sometime during the spring I heard she had gotten pregnant and she dropped out of school and I never saw her again. I really did miss her after that.

It's a Party
By Bubblegom
Chapter Two

Well, Mr. Boyd and I got it on a number of times after school during the school year. He might have had a fully grown woman girlfriend like he said, but she must have been a frigid bitch because he certainly seemed to enjoy making love to me. I think he really did have one, because I saw him with a pretty young brunette woman at one of the school dances he had to chaperon. I made it a point to go and say hi to him with my blouse hanging half off me, so you could see all the way down to my nipples. Man, you should have seen him blush.

But he paid me back on Monday afternoon, you better believe it, by pounding into my narrow little pussy with that great big cock of his. I could barely walk that day after we were through. The young teacher used to tell me when he wanted to make love by passing me a little folded up square piece of notebook paper when we passed in the hallways. It would have been far too noticeable for him to tell me any other way. Being a girl, I didn't have much interaction during the day with the boys' phys-ed teacher - haha!

During our two week Christmas break, of course I didn't see him at all. In the middle of the week following Christmas, I was surprised to hear from Andrea when she called me on the telephone. Even though it had only been a couple of months from the time of my initial lesson from Mr. Boyd, we had already drifted completely apart. So you can imagine I was flabbergasted when she invited me over to spend the night. It turned out her parents had gone out of town and I really think she had been scared to spend the night alone in their big old house. She had asked a number of boys, but they hadn't been able to sneak out during Christmas like they could have during the ordinary times of the year. Anyway their loss was my gain. That's the way I saw it.

When I arrived I saw Andrea sitting on the living room couch with a number of different kind of liquor bottles sitting in front of her on a table. It turned out she had broken into her parents' liquor cabinet. We started sampling the different liquors trying to find out which we really liked. Anyone can tell you that this is the wrong way to drink unless you want to get drunk in a hurry.

My first clue that I was becoming increasingly intoxicated was I felt uncomfortably warm. I began to pull my skirt and blouse off to cool down. While I was peeling them off, Andrea exclaimed, "Sara, what are you doing?!"

"I'm too hot," I whined.

"But you're naked," Andrea complained, pointing out the obvious.

I was naked already having not chosen to wear any underwear, because I knew it was just going to be us girls. I found myself wondering what Andrea was getting so excited about. Later I found two reasons why she had been.
I sat on the couch next to her so closely that my bare body was sometimes touching her clothed one. I was getting so snockered that I didn't pay attention to that, but I thought about it later. As we sat and talked and laughed like old times, we just kept getting drunker and drunker. Suddenly Andrea turned and expressed, "I really wish you would get dressed. You never know what might happen."

"You really are turning into a drag, Andrea," I responded. "Instead of me getting dressed, why don't you get undressed?"

"No way, you wouldn't dare!" she screeched.

Now that's the kind of challenge I enjoy responding to. I grabbed onto my fine looking friend and began to unbutton her blouse in preparation of removing it from her. Andrea squealed like a stuck pig and began to wrestle me in order to make me cease and desist. I pushed her down on the couch and crawled up on her and sat across her just below where her pussy was and finished unbuttoning her blouse. I pulled it off her and began to undo her skirt by pulling the side zipper down.

"No! Stop it!" yelled Andrea. I just laughed at her. "Mwahaha!"

I had quickly reduced my friend to her skimpy bra and knickers, when she reared up and was able to push me off her. She reached down to the floor to gather up her skirt and blouse in preparation of donning them again, when I struck again and literally tore her underwear off leaving her stark naked, the same as I.

"You bitch!" Andrea cried out and she leaned forward and began to passionately kiss me, slipping her tongue into my startled mouth. It took me a moment to really fathom what was happening. It was such a shock to have my best friend kissing me like this and we had never even talked about it.

I began to return her kisses with fervor, while pressing my naked body against hers. It felt so good; all that bare flesh against bare flesh. While the raven-haired beauty continued to passionately kiss me, I began to rub my pussy against hers as hard as I could. My clit became stiff from stimulation and I could feel hers had too.

I broke off contact from her kissing and slid down to her clitoris and began to lap and probe and poke at it with my tongue. Andrea began to writhe and moan. "Oh, God. Oh, God, Sara. It feels so good."

Andrea suddenly sat up causing me to stop.

"What the hell?" I asked.

"Wait a minute, I want to try something," she explained.

I watched as she reached behind the couch cushion and brought out a nine-inch dildo! It was then that I realized she had this in her mind all along. "Okay," Andrea declared, while turning around in her seated position, laying down on her back and sliding down to where my pussy covered her face.

"ove up o my munt," the young woman attempted to say, but her voice was muffled by my labia which was hanging right over her mouth. I giggled but did as she said, because I understood enough of it. I slid up on my stomach until I was looking at her upside down clit - haha! It's just like 'Alice in Wonderland,' I decided. Everything's backwards!

I began once again to kiss and probe her love button with my tongue, when suddenly I felt that nine-inch dildo rammed up my pussy from behind. "Oh shit!" I screamed. "Keep going! That feels so good."

Andrea did as I asked. As I continued to service her with my tongue, she began to ram that dildo almost all the way up me, just barely being able to hang on the end of it with so much of it crammed up inside of me. Harder and harder and faster and faster, Andrea plunged that huge dildo into my slit.

Oh God, I thought, I'm gonna go any minute! And I wanted Andrea to go first, so I stopped tonguing her and pulled her pussy lips as wide as I could and then I made my right hand into as tight a fist as I could and I slid it up inside of Andrea and began to thrust without the slightest bit of trouble, since she was so wet there from stimulation.

"Oh shit, Sara!" she screamed and immediately was brought to climax pouring out waves of cum on my fist and wrist while my dam suddenly broke itself and my orgasm was so intense for over a minute that I actually lost consciousness and wasn't really aware of who I was or where I was, but on the contrary all I knew was intense physical pleasure.

We both had just sat back on the couch exhausted when I heard the front door open and someone say, "Andy, we're home." Oh Christ! I thought. Now what? But I was kinda excited to see who it was. So there I was sitting stark naked with mine and Andrea's cum hanging off my body when her seventeen year old brother and his two friends walked in!

I glanced at Andrea, who looked at me and smiled and then I realized she had had this all set up too!

It's a Party
By Bubblegom
Chapter Three

I always had the hots for Andrea's brother, Eric, ever since I'd met him the year before. Four years older than us, he stood a slim figured, six feet and had long, black as coal, hair that hung way down his back. In his features, he was a male version of the gorgeous looks of his sister, Andrea. Sitting there totally nude and half drunk, I gazed at him with a half smile on my sensuous lips that still has the gloss on them of some of his sister's sexual fluids. I could tell from the expression on his handsome face when he looked at me that he found me desirable, but also that he was not surprised to find me stark naked, confirming my belief that Andrea and he had this set up from the beginning. But when he looked to his sister, his look became one of shock and surprise. I don't think he had ever seen his sister without clothes; at least not since she had grown.

Now the other two guys in the room were a different story. One of them was known as Jimi and the other was Luke. They spent so much time with Eric that the three of them were known as the three Musketeers. Both of them were standing as if rooted into the living room floor and their mouths had dropped agape, and they had not, as of yet, acquired the wherewithal to close them. I giggled to have such an affect on young men, who were getting ready to enter young adulthood, while only being thirteen myself.

Eric strode up to us and he spoke to his sister harshly. "Andrea, what are you thinking? Put some clothes on immediately."

I noticed my good friend's beautiful face set in a rigid mask of defiance that her brother missed temporarily, as he had already moved his attention to me. "Good evening, miss Sara," the young man intoned. Eric has always been smooth with the opposite sex.

"I see you're looking as tasty as ever," he spoke with a sly grin on his face, as he pointedly stared at my bare breasts and uncovered pussy. The young man then reached out his right hand.

I matched mine with his and we shook hands. My right hand was the one I used when I fist fucked his sister and I believe some of the odor of his sister lingered and was transferred, because when he brought his hand back he appeared to catch a sniff of something.

"Hmm," he murmured, looking at me and then his sister with askance. "What have you two been doing, anyway?"

It was then that he noticed that, not only was Andrea not getting dressed, she was sitting with her legs spread-eagled totally exposing her labia to the other two young men.

"Andrea!" Eric exploded.

Before he could say anything further, he was interrupted by his friend, Jimi who stepped forward and expressed, "Hey, lighten up man! You're being a right drag."

Jimi wasn't quite as tall as Eric, but appeared to have a more rugged physique beneath his apparel. I've always been a sucker for a good build on a man. He was quite good looking with red curly hair and a few freckles across his attractive features. He had an impish grin and was quick to joke.
Now in Eric's crowd being called a right drag was the worst insult known, so he immediately shut up, but he continued to shoot deadly looks at Andrea until I soon distracted him.

Luke was the third one. He was shorter than the other two and his build fell in between, but he had a head full of beautiful blonde hair and he was easily the most handsome of the three of them. But being short myself, (I'm only five feet, two inches) I always shied away from short men for fear of the two of us being called munchkins or worse.

Luke spoke up, "I've got the beer." And he held up two cases of beer.
When Jimi began chatting up Andrea, who was still sitting there defiantly totally nude, Eric had turned again to complain. Before he could fire off another protest, I reached out and quickly unbuttoned his jeans and pulled down the zipper and, lo and behold, I discovered he wasn't wearing any underwear as his penis flopped out at me.

"Hey!" the dark-haired young man exclaimed, as he whirled around to me.
As I continued pulling Eric's pants down over his slim hips and to the floor, I couldn't help but notice from the corner of my eye that Andrea appeared totally shocked to view her brother's flaccid penis.

I, on the other hand, was extremely gratified to observe how large his penis appeared in its natural state because I had immediate plans of fucking his little brains out. Mwahahaha!

"Hey!" the beautiful young man exclaimed again.

I responded, "Hay is for horses and I'm banking on you're a stud and not a gelding."

Eric was currently in such shock over the impending possibility of his becoming sexually involved in front of his thirteen year old kid sister that he was unable to appreciate the pun I had just made.

"Huh?" he responded, with a vague expression crossing his ordinarily handsome features.

I realized it wasn't that Eric didn't want to engage in sex, but that he was used to doing it on his terms and when he said and not that of some young woman. I knew he just wasn't used to such sexual honesty on the part of a girl.

I reached out and grasped him around his waist with both of my hands and began to pull him toward me causing him to take baby steps or he would fallen forward due to his pants still being gathered at his shoe tops. I then proceeded to apply my mouth to his now lengthening penis and began to suckle on it.

"Oh God!" he moaned aloud. From that point on I don't think he gave much of a care if his sister was watching or not, which for the most part she was; even when she became sexually involved with Jimi and Luke.

I continued to take as much of his penis into my mouth as I could, while swirling my tongue around on it also. I realized he was going to cum soon, because I could see his knees buckling a slight bit. He began to rub his hands through my long blonde hair more and more as I continued going down on him. Eric began to moan lowly and then louder and louder until he sounded as if he was were in great pain. I reached out and massaged his balls causing his dick unbelievably to become ever harder.

Suddenly his knees buckled almost entirely and he would have fallen on me if I hadn't pushed him back up. His hips started to twitch as if outside of his control and then he appeared to spasm and twitch suddenly while I felt and tasted the hot load of semen he shot into my mouth. I released his balls and reached behind him to his beautiful flat behind and pulled him even closer to me causing him to continue to climax beyond the normal time.

When Eric was completely finished shooting his wad of cum into my beautiful mouth, this time his knees did buckle all the way and he awkwardly fell towards me because of his sudden lightheadedness and also his still remaining entangled in his trousers laying at his feet. I caught him without any problem, since he was tall but very slight of build and helped guide him to the floor in front of me.

As he sat there completely stunned for a moment from the intensity of the orgasm I prompted from him, I looked over at Andrea for the first time. She was laying on the floor on her back with her feet on the floor and her knees bent. The young ebony-haired beauty was holding her legs as wide apart as possible offering Jimi and Luke a vivid view into her completely open labia; something they had only caught fleeting glimpses of before and that would have been mostly in the dark of the back seats of cars at night.

They both had removed all their clothing leaving Eric presently the only one clothed in the room and like I thought - Jimi had a helluva body, while unbelievably it appeared that Luke had a monster joint jutting out from his small frame. I thought, maybe I needed to reevaluate my position on not wanting a short boyfriend - haha!

As I waited for Eric to regain his sexual prowess, so I could get my fair share of the orgasm profits, I watched as Jimi and Luke hovered around my close friend. Man, she certainly had changed! If Mr. Boyd could only see her now, he'd be sorry he chose me. He confessed to me one time that he came on to me rather than Andrea, not because he thought I was the most beautiful of two of us, but that he felt as though I would be the most willing. Well, he was right about that - Mwahaha! But that was a hell of a confession to make to somebody you're screwing, isn't it? I didn't care - all I wanted was that big stiff dick of his.

Anyway after very little initial foreplay with Jimi suckling on my friend's nipples and Luke doing a little pussy lapping, Andrea suggested in no uncertain terms that they quit fooling around and get to it. I think both of them felt more than a little nervous about the whole thing. You know how boys at that age can be.

Jimi asked her something in a low tone and Andrea suddenly scrambled up on her hands and knees. Jimi climbed up on his knees behind her and began to rub his hands all over the milky white skin of her back and then her lovely rear, finally reaching around to her pubes and locating her clit. My friend appeared so sexually charged that she spread her legs as wide as possible and then reached behind with her right hand and, grasping Jimi's hard-on, she guided it right into her wide open labia from behind.

"Ah," she gasped and, as Jimi began to slam into her from behind, Andrea signaled to Luke to approach her. Luke had since gained his feet after his initial sexual foray of attempting to satisfy her with his tongue. He walked over to the beautiful young woman and leaned down close to better understand her message.

I noticed he flushed heavily at Andrea's suggestion, but he also immediately did as instructed and dropped to his knees in front of her and then allowed her to cover his now raging hard-on with her beautiful mouth. So Andrea had something sexual going on in two areas at the same time. Haha! What a slut! I thought.

It was then that Eric slowly regained his senses from the massive orgasm that was brought forth from him with my mouth and he happened to glance over at the cavorting threesome. Quite naturally he became immediately incensed to observe his thirteen year old, baby sister being used and abused by his friends.

But when he quickly scrambled to his feet to hurry over there and break up their sexual shenanigans I interceded. "Oh no, you don't," I ordered. "You owe me a screwing and you're gonna give me one right now," I continued. I know I spoke crude to him, but sometimes that's the only way you can get a man to listen.

Eric half turned his attention to me. "Huh?" he responded.

I reached up and grasped his shirt just above his top button and ripped the thin but tasteful material from his body in one swift movement. I had waited awhile to see all of this boy nude and it was worth the wait. As I mentioned previously, he was extremely handsome with long dark hair. He had some nice upper body muscle nomenclature and long beautiful swimmer's legs. Eric was slim without being skinny. And as I mentioned before, his penis was quite large, even in its flaccid state, but it was quickly becoming unflaccid with every passing second.

"Hey! What are you doing?" Eric protested.

"You can go play with your friends and your sister later," I pointed out to him. "Right now you're going to screw my brains out, or is that some kind of problem for you?"

"Play with my sister? I never said I wanted to play with my sister," the handsome youth protested to me.

I began to feel sorry for him. He just didn't seem to be near as smart as I was, but maybe he was just having a bad day. I decided that I'd had more than enough crap from him for one evening and I stood up and exclaimed, "Now listen here! Lay down on that couch on your back right now."

Eric was in such a weakened state emotionally and mentally at the present moment that he did what I asked without a moments thought. He lay flat on his back with his presently lengthening prick sticking up in the air. Luckily it was a long couch or he would have been hanging over.

I climbed up on top of him and immediately went down once again on his young penis. "Oh God, Sara," he moaned. "Again?" he almost complained.

"No," I responded, stopping now that his erection was righteously hard. "You're giving me a ride instead," I explained and then I climbed up on his seven inch penis and let myself down gently onto it.

"Oh yes," I murmured, as I began to plunge up and down on his hard-on and incredible sensations began racing through my body alerting all the nerves that something good was going to happen.

Eric placed his strong hands at my waist and guided me, helping to keep me straight and going as high as possible without slipping off. The extra momentum that was being generated by me plunging up and down on his stiffened tool was causing heretofore unexplored areas of my vagina to become stimulated by him.

Even though the young man was also being buffeted by the strongest sexually pleasurable feelings of his young life, his interests were being divided by the loud shrieks of his currently sexually ravished younger sister behind him. Consequently he kept trying to turn his head around in an impossible position to be able to see what was happening directly behind him. Every time Eric would attempt this I would reach down and bitch slap him and tell him to pay attention, but of course holding the position that I did in the entire procedure assured me a complete view of what he was missing. And a good thing it did, because it afforded me the opportunity to be the first, and for awhile the only person, who saw Eric and Andrea's parents come home unexpectedly early from their trip! Their parents hadn't set their suitcases down on the floor yet or observed what to them must have been a truly hideous sight of their thirteen year old daughter being fucked from behind, while offering solace to some guys prick in the front, when I quickly and quietly slipped off Eric's still wildly plunging penis and, picking my skirt and blouse off the floor, while forgoing the hunting of my shoes, I slipped into the kitchen and out the back door before the screaming could commence. Mwahaha! That was certainly close. I heard later that it was just lucky that none of them were eighteen yet, but Eric was sent away immediately to military school and Jimi and Luke were never allowed anywhere near Andrea or her house again.

The End

It's a Party
By Bubblegom
Chapter Four

I never saw Andrea after that night. I've felt bad about that right up to this very day. I really enjoyed our friendship and I miss her. I have no idea where she is presently or what's she's doing.

Not long after our Christmas vacation was over, something interesting occurred. Have I mentioned that my parents are very religious? In fact, my mother is so religious she has a cross as a screensaver. Man, that's putting your religion where you want it - to protect your computer. Mwahaha! The upshot of all this religious preoccupation is that I absolutely had to attend church every week or I would never hear the end of it for the entire following week. I also sang in the church choir.

I had just been accepted into the Senior Choir. In our church we had the Cherub Choir, which was for small children and the Junior Choir which was for older children, and the Senior Choir, which was for everybody else. I enjoyed singing in the choir. I have a good voice, so singing was easy for me and I enjoyed sitting up behind the minister on Sunday morning and looking out at the congregation. When the sermon would become boring, (which it always did) I could look out at everyone and amuse myself - hehe, or amuse them. Because I'm short and also sang soprano, I would always be seated in the front row of the choir.

But best of all, I loved our choir robes. They were deep burgundy and looked really cool, but the best part was what you could wear under them - which in my case was nothing. Mwahaha!

Everyone else just slipped their robe on over their outer apparel, but I always disappeared into the ladies room and, after stripping down to just my shoes, I would put on the robe. I would then stash my outfit in one of the Sunday school rooms. And no one would be wiser, or so I thought, but we'll get to that part of the story later.

Some Sundays when I was bored, I would pick out a good looking guy in the congregation, establish eye contact with him and, then slip my right hand under my robe surreptitiously, and masturbate myself 'til climax. Man, that was hot too! Somehow it always felt better doing it there than anywhere else. And I wouldn't have anything to wipe myself with afterwards, so I would sit there all sticky for the rest of the hour and then still be sticky when I talked to people in the choir and the congregation that would come up following the service. I loved it! It just seemed so nasty and secret.

Another thing I used to do was during the prayers. Now I don't know how much church you've ever attended, but at several points in our services the minister would lead us in prayer. Everyone, quite naturally, was supposed to have their heads bowed and their eyes closed during this time. Well, of course not everybody would cooperate in this endeavor - I suppose for a variety of different reasons, and there would be people who were looking around at everybody.

It didn't happen very often, but once in a great while there would only be one other person besides myself looking around and, if the person was an attractive male, then I would do 'my thing.' We usually stood during these prayers, so I would make sure he was looking directly at me and then I would very slowly lift up the hem of my choir gown all the way up until it rested under my chin. Man, you should have seen the looks on their faces! It was awesome! And invariably they would look around to see if anyone else was watching and when they would look back, I would have already lowered my robe and I would have my head bowed in prayer as though nothing had happened at all. I know this blew their minds - haha! Now they weren't certain if they really had seen that or just hallucinated it. They would always try to talk to me after the service, but I always managed to avoid them.

Now this went on for awhile and then catastrophe struck. It started innocently enough. The minister had us stand and bow our heads for the end of the sermon prayer. I raised my head and looked around and observed a young man staring right at me and he was way cute too! He was about five foot, eight inches, which is a good height for me. The young man appeared to be in his late teens and he was absolutely gorgeous! In fact, as soon as I saw him, I was thinking in terms of allowing him to talk to me after the service and I had never done that before. So looking right at him, I raised my choir robe and kept it up for over a minute and I don't know if you're really aware how a long a minute is, but it can seem really long, depending on the circumstances. Realizing the minister was reaching a conclusion, I quickly lowered my robe and winked at him. He was grinning broadly at me. I don't know what it was, but something made me turn my head to the left and I was looking directly at Mrs. Hatfield, who was glaring at me with all the hatred in her soul, which was plenty! I almost fainted dead away, as my blood ran cold. There was no way this old harridan wasn't going to tell.

Now as soon as the service was over, the minister walked down the main aisle and waited at the back doors to shake everybody's hand and talk to them briefly. Of course that old bitch was headed right on a bee line towards him and she kept rounding around and glaring right at me, as if to ascertain that I was still present. I wanted to get out of there pretty badly, let me tell you, but I was blocked in from all the people who had gathered around to talk to the choir. These were usually friends and family members of the choir members. I also observed that boy coming up to me too, but I didn't have time right then to worry about him. I just wanted to get the hell out of there! But what was I supposed to do? Walk on people?

Anyway I finally managed to get free by practically crawling on the floor, but I got out and I immediately headed back to get my clothes. That was my big mistake - well, that among many. I should have just left.

I had just stepped inside the Sunday school room, where I had stashed my clothes. Then I made my second mistake, I didn't lock the door immediately behind me. I didn't think I needed to, because I knew it was going to take the minister a few more minutes to shake everybody in the congregation by their hand. Unfortunately I had forgotten about the assistant minister! Our church always had an assistant minister. He would be a young man directly out of seminary, who wasn't quite ready for his own charge yet. Usually the major problem would be that he was too young. It's a drag, but a lot of churches just didn't trust a minister who was too young. I think maybe they don't trust someone, who hasn't lived long enough to have been tempted by a lot of sin.
Anyway I had forgotten about Thad - Thad Jenkins. He was our assistant minister and apparently the minister had pushed Mrs. Hatfield off on him. Not that I blame him - she was one ugly old bitch alright. I'd only been in the classroom enough time to walk across the room where I had my outfit hidden, when the door opened and in walked Mrs. Hatfield with the assistant minister.

Despite my out and out shock, I knew what to do. I put my most innocent look on my features and inquired, "Why, Minister Jenkins. How are you this morning?" I'll tell you, I was so cool, butter wouldn't have melted in my mouth.

Before he could answer, Mrs. Hatfield pointed her arm at me and spoke in an incredibly dramatic voice, milking her one big moment in the sun, "There's the little strumpet, herself. She's the harlot, who exposed herself to that decent young man during the service."

Oh for God's sake, I thought to myself. She's probably going to swoon in a minute. And then I realized that sounded like a good idea, so I acted like I fainted dead away. It's not hard to do, but you have to remember to allow your legs to just carry you to the floor rather than throwing yourself down. And you have to be able to risk it, you can't attempt to catch yourself in any manner.

The next thing I 'knew' (hehe) assistant minister Jenkins was leaning over me patting my hand. "Are you okay, Sara?" he asked, sounding gravely concerned.
"She's okay, that harlot is just faking something," the old harridan explained.

The young minister whirled around and instructed in a firm voice, "Mrs. Hatfield, please!"

"In fact," he continued speaking, while gently pushing the older woman out of the door of the classroom and into the hallway. "Thank you for all your help, but I need to speak with Sara alone."

As Mr. Jenkins was shutting the door in her face, I could hear the old bitch exclaim, "Don't forget to have her take off her robe! Make her show you what's under her choir robe."

"Alright, I will," he placated. Shutting the door and locking it, he turned to me with a smile and expressed, "Geez!"

I had since regained my feet. I smiled back at him.

"I'm very sorry, Sara. I don't know what's come over her," expressed the young minister.

"Maybe the devil made her do it, Mr. Jenkins," I quipped.

"Haha!" he laughed. "But please call me Thad. You're only a few years younger than me and when you call me that, I think my father is in the room."

Now it was my turn to giggle. "Shall we go?" Thad inquired.

I forgot to mention that Thad was just cute as a little 'ol bug, didn't I? Well, he was. He was about five foot, six inches tall. Personally I don't think he had gotten his full growth yet, but he definitely had in certain areas, if you catch my drift. I think his being so short was another thing that was holding him back from acquiring his own church. It just made him appear so young.

He seemed to have a better than average physique beneath his black suit. He had sandy brown hair, blue eyes and a cleft chin. I wouldn't have been surprised if he had had dimples when he smiled.

As he began to unlock the door, I said, "Wait!"

Thad glanced at me with askance in those beautiful blue eyes. "What is it, Sara?"

"Don't you think as a man of God that you should live up to your promises?"
He inquired, while displaying a quizzical expression across his handsome features, "Whatever are you talking about?"

"Well," I continued shyly, "You promised Mrs. Hatfield that you would check beneath my choir robe."

The young minister smiled and responded, "Oh, is that it? Ok, what's underneath your robe, let me see."

Believe you me, my heart was pounding in my substantial chest and adrenaline was racing through my body, as I reached down and pulled the choir robe off completely revealing my total nudity.

I heard his sharp intake of breath and Thad appeared as though he might pass out for a second, but then he appeared to gain control of himself.

"Sara!" the young minister exclaimed, shocked.

I stood there smiling at him, but did not choose to answer him.

"Sara!" Thad exclaimed again.

This time I answered, "What?"

"You're so beautiful," he murmured, while reaching out and taking me by my right hand.

I flushed more from his compliment than by standing nude before him. The young minister pulled me to him and held me embraced in his arms for a number of minutes. Oh my God! It was so romantic I couldn't believe it.

Then Thad began to kiss me - everywhere. The handsome young man at first passionately kissed me on my mouth. His lips were so incredible soft and yet they sent shivers down my back. I pushed my tongue into his open mouth and against his tongue.

A few minutes later the young man began to kiss down my neck and then down to my breasts, God, I couldn't believe it. I had never have anyone be so passionate or caring and concerned about my pleasure. Maybe it was from his being a minister and caring about people, or maybe he was just that good in bed - I don't know. He began to suckle on my nipples until they grew as erect as I'd ever seen them and they became so sensitive that I could hardly stand anything to touch them. Thad then began to kiss me across the soft down of my lower belly, finally ending around my pubes. Man, let me tell you - I was squirming by then.

I thought he was going to start tonguing my pussy and I didn't want that. I wanted him to fuck me - NOW! So I attempted to pull him up to me, but he just shook his head no. Thad proceeded to kiss me softly down my inner thigh. Good grief! No one had ever kissed me there. It was so sexy. He continued to kiss down to my feet and then made me turn around and he began to work his way back up my bare body with his mouth. The young man literally kissed my ass. Haha! I thought that was just an expression.

When the young minister reached the back of my neck, he turned me around and silently embraced me again. I whispered, "I want you to make love to me."

Being a true gentlemen, Thad complained, "But Sara, you're too young."

"No, I'm not!" I insisted, in a firm voice. "I'm not a virgin, and haven't been for months and I want to make love right now!"

To convince him of my intentions, I reached down and unbuckled his belt and then unbuttoned his black suit pants. His trousers fell halfway to his knees and I observed the head of his penis poking out from his boxer shorts. It looked so cute - just like it was searching out pussy. I sank quickly to my knees and helped him step out of his trousers and underwear. I folded them nicely and placed them on a activity table. I didn't want to him to look all rumpled when he left me. Thad appeared completely stunned by this time about his standing there half naked with his penis sticking straight out at a stark naked thirteen year old parishioner. He was probably wondering what was his new career was going to be after he got booted out of this one. Haha!

I took him by the right hand and led him to the front of the room. I lay down on my back across the teacher's desk with my legs spread wide. I patted the inside of my thigh just below my pussy lips in invitation. Thad just stood there before me staring at me. He seemed to be completely frozen. I don't know if he was watching some battle between God and Satan or what. If he was, I think God won, because I just don't think Satan is for anything that is as sweet as lovemaking - it just has to be God's bailiwick.

By this time, I am as hot as a fire cracker. With all the kissing of my body that he did, I think I could have made myself go off just by touching myself a couple of times. But I didn't want that. I wanted Thad to make love to me and to feel his explosion inside of me and then I would go. I sat up at the end of the desk and pulled the handsome young minister to me. I reached down with my right hand and helped guide his erection into my completely distended labia. I then reached behind him with both of my hands and began pulling him towards me and then pushing him away with my body.

I did this for a good couple of minutes, while he just basically was still frozen and I'm telling you - it was a lotta work. You got to be strong to do both parts, when you make love. Finally just when I didn't think I could continue, Thad woke up. I think he decided if he was going to lose his job over this, he may as well enjoy himself.

He began to thrust inside of me with great vigor and I immediately went off - just when I didn't want to. But what the hay - sometimes you just can't control these things. As it was, I just came and came and came as he continued to move inside of me with immense energy and then all of the sudden I felt him tense and then begin to spasm as his sweet semen spurted suddenly into my grateful pussy.

"Ah, ah, oh God!" the young minister moaned, as he saw his first glimpse of heaven right here on earth or so he told me later. When we both had finished our sexual catharsis, we remained slumped against each other in an embrace for a number of minutes.

Suddenly a loud knock came upon the door. I had to nudge Thad hard to convince him to respond. Finally he answered, "Yes, what is it?"

His voice cracked on the last part of the sentence and I giggled causing the young man to offer me a stern glance, which caused me to giggle some more.

"Thad, is that you? What's going on?"

It was Thad's boss! "Yes, Minister Harkness, it's me," Thad answered. "I'm speaking to Sara. We'll be finished in a minute."

"Oh, that's okay. Take your time. I'll be in my office when you're finished. We need to talk about that disturbing Mrs. Hatfield."

I couldn't help myself and giggled again. "Stop it," he hissed. "Alright sir, I'll do that."

We listened, as we heard the minister's footsteps leading away from the door and then we breathed a sigh of relief.

Thad stood and watched me get naked in reverse, as I pulled on my clothes. (Think about that one for awhile - haha!). I swear he enjoyed every moment of it right up until I sealed every part of my body away from his eyes. Then he donned his apparel and we kissed once and made a promise to try to meet after choir practice on Tuesday night.

Oh God!

End of Part Four

It's a Party
By Bubblegom
Chapter Five

Well, I would 'visit' with Mr. Boyd two or three times a week, and I would 'see' Thad on Tuesday evenings after choir practice and on Sundays after the service, so you can see I was definitely sexually satisfied during that period. Haha! In fact, I was helping to raise our national orgasm index quotient. That's an important stat, you know - the higher the orgasm index quotient is, the lower the homicide rate is. Honest to God, that's because there is more coming than going. Mwahaha!

By this time it was nearing the end of May and the school year was going to end soon. I don't know about where you grew up, but in Florida we got out of school about the first of June. But we have to start school before Labor Day and, of course, we don't get any snow days, so it all balances out in the long run. I had just had my fourteenth birthday and I was finally legal - NOT! I had one heckuva of a birthday party, but I'll tell you about that another time.

I think because the school year was drawing to a close and Mr. Boyd hadn't been able to figure out one way that he would be able to see me over the summer, he became super horny and was banging me all the time. But I had no complaints, I loved it and it was helping the country too, you know - haha!

On Thursday afternoon in the last week of May, Mr. Boyd had to go to a special teacher's meeting at four o'clock concerning graduation ceremonies, so after we had finished I felt at loose ends. Not having anything better to do, I decided I would walk down to the mall. I would probably run into some of my friends there. As I left the school property and started walking down beside the busy thoroughfare that led to the mall, I had the strangest feeling that I was being followed. When I turned around to look, I only saw a young woman wearing a baseball cap and sunglasses, who was driving some kind of a late model Pontiac. I don't know very much about cars. It just looked as if she were stuck in bumper to bumper traffic and was condemned to creep along behind me. I figured that was probably the reason I felt as though I was being followed.

I went down a ways further and the traffic had started to loosen up, but this woman was still behind me. I was beginning to get pretty paranoid about the whole thing, but I told myself I was acting like a nit wit. Well, guess what - I should have listened to myself, because myself was right! Mwahaha!

Right then the Pontiac swooped into the curb and, just as I was walking by the car, the woman threw her door wide open knocking me ass over tea kettle onto the sidewalk. She jumped out of the car lickety split, opened up the rear door of the auto, and threw me in to the back seat quickly. The young woman took out a huge roll of duct tape and yanked my arms behind by back and ran that roll around my wrists five or six times and then tore it with her teeth. Honest to God! This woman was crazed! She tore the duct tape roll with her teeth! I was beginning to get a glimmer of understanding who this might be, but I was hoping I was wrong. She then wrapped the roll of duct tape around my mouth and cut off my means of communication. Lucky I wasn't asthmatic - it might have killed me. I bet that dumb bitch didn't even consider that.

The crazy lady then jumped back into the driver's seat and we took off like a rocket to Mars or something - Vroom! Apparently she didn't care if I saw where we went or not, because she didn't cover my eyes or anything, but it didn't matter anyhow. I had no idea where we were after awhile. It was somewhere that I wasn't familiar with. Finally we arrived at our destination and she opened up her garage door with one of those garage door openers that you use from your car. Those are very convenient when you're abducting someone. Mwahaha!

So she pulls the car into the garage closing the door behind us. She hustles me out the back seat and she's none too gentle about either. The young woman was throwing me around, as if I were a rag doll. She was considerable taller than me and didn't have any difficulty at all making me do whatever she wanted.

Stepping into the house, we started down some basement steps. Now in Florida, most houses don't have basements, because the entire state is a dredge area. That's right, the entire state is dredged sand from the bottom of the ocean, but some of the older houses do have basements.

After reaching the basement floor, the crazy woman pushed me to the very back. It was fairly dark naturally and she was becoming quite irritated with me, as she was banging me into various things, such as, old furniture, and boxes of long unwanted items.

Finally something inside of me snapped and my mouth overcame my common sense and, despite still having my mouth covered with tape, I exclaimed, "Hey! Lighten up, bitch!"

I guess she could understand the gist of what I said despite it being muffled, because the words were barely out of my mouth, when the insane acting female smacked me hard across the back of my head!

"Ow!" I complained.

She snarled, "Shut up before I really hurt you."

We reached the very back part of the basement and she pushed me against the wall and knelt down and duct taped my ankles together. I'd always wished I'd used that opportunity to slam my knee up against her temple, but even if I had - what would I have done then? My arms were taped behind my back and my lips were sealed, so to speak. I had no idea where I was. I would have had a very difficult time just opening an unlocked door!

The woman stepped away from me, leaving me slumped against the back wall.. She took off her sunglasses and baseball cap. She lay her sunglasses down and she shook out her long brunette hair.

The woman was quite attractive. She had an oval face, a classical nose and a wide mouth and was wearing a quite short brown dress. Judging from what I could see from the plunging neckline of her dress, her breasts were substantial. But then she had been quite good looking the last time I saw her, also. You see, I knew who she was. She was Mr. Boyd's girlfriend! I remember him introducing her as Catherine.

She declared, "I think I observe just a modicum of intelligence in your eyes and you have remembered where you know me from."

The attractive woman stepped forward and grabbed the bottom of my chin in a vise like grip. "You stay away from my boyfriend or I will fuck you up. You are going to ruin his life, cause him to lose his teaching license and possibly go to prison. Now I am going to remove the gag for a minute. I want to hear your answer."

Man, when she ripped that duct tape off my mouth, that smartened me up a little, whew! Catherine asked, "Are you going to stay away from him?"

I don't know what gets into me at times like that, but I always get rebellious. Plus I didn't know what the crazy lady's hidden agenda was, but I doubted she was just going to let me go if I told her I'd stay away from Mr. Boyd.

"Well," she demanded.

"Fuck you!" I suggested.

I'll have to hand it to her. I thought she would go off half-cocked and start yelling at me and beating at me, but she didn't. Catherine stood for a moment, and then almost musingly said, "Fuck me? No, I don't think so, dear. Fuck you!" the crazed woman exclaimed, while slapping me hard across my face.
When she pulled her hand back for another swipe, I was ready and, this time when she brought it down across my face, I bit it and hung on for the ride!

"Ow!" she screamed.

Catherine naturally attempted to yank her hand from my mouth to no avail. It turned out later I had bitten her almost down to the bone and human bites can be quite nasty and become easily infected. When she couldn't obtain the use of her hand again, she attempted to convince me in another manner. The crazed woman reached out with her left hand and pulled my short skirt off in one swipe. I wasn't wearing any underwear, as usual. I guess she thought that was going to embarrass me or something. Mwahaha!

After pulling my skirt off didn't have any affect, Catherine grabbed my blouse at the top button and pulled down, opening it for a full view of my bare breasts The blouse couldn't fall off because of arms being held behind my back. That, of course, didn't stop me either.

The brunette woman reached down with her left hand and began to manipulate my clit. Now that did give me pause - let me tell you. The more she pushed on my love button, the more my grip with my mouth on her hand lessened until she finally just lifted her hand from my mouth. Instead of stopping what she was doing to hit me, Catherine lowered to her knees in front of me and replaced her finger with her tongue. Now this is what I was talking about when I referred to a hidden agenda. Whether she was aware of it or not, this is what the young woman wanted to do the entire time.

She reached up and manipulated my nipples, which were already erect, but making them harder while she continued to lap at my pussy, sending waves of ecstasy cascading through my body. Suddenly my orgasm hit with my cum flowing out of me. Catherine seemed intent on drinking down every drop. When I had finished, the woman looked up at me with her lips glistening and smiled.

And that's all there was to it. Catherine agreed to take me home on her way to the emergency room to have her hand looked at. It surely needed some stitches. Mwahaha! But she had her revenge on me big time. The pretty woman just threw me in the car, as is and dropped me on the sidewalk in front of my house after also duct taping my ankles together. As she sped away, I glanced around my suburban neighborhood at dusk and noticed I was quite the spectacle standing there stark naked with my ankles bound and my hands tied behind my back! Haha.

I hopped on up to the front door and somehow managed to finally get it open. You should have seen how my family looked when I came in. They were seated at the dinner table. They, of course, bombarded me with questions, but, as usual, I only gave them my name, rank, and serial number.

I turned and hopped on up the stairs to my room. Later my younger sister came and released me from the binds of the duct tape. I slipped under the covers and went right to sleep. After all, it had been an exhausting day!

End of Part Five

It's a Party
By Bubblegom
Chapter Six

Well, like I alluded to in the last chapter, I had a birthday in the middle of May. I insisted on a big party and, when my parents told me no, I just kept throwing an ongoing temper tantrum until they agreed. Mwahaha! It was a huge party, I'm not kidding. My birthday fell on a Wednesday that year, so the party was held on a Friday because of school, you know.

Unbeknownst to my parents, I had plenty of booze stashed away. I'd been working on it for over a month. Also a lot of the kids that were coming were bringing booze, so that party floated, let me tell you. I also got one of those local high school bands to come cheap, because I promised them all the free booze they could drink. Mwahaha!

Now my biggest problem, naturally enough, was what to do with my family - I sure didn't want them hanging around. I finally convinced them - and it was difficult, let me tell you - that they should visit my aunt for the weekend. They had put off visiting her, because they didn't like her very much - haha!

Well, they finally agreed and they all pulled out in our station wagon on Friday morning and wouldn't be back until Sunday afternoon, at the earliest. I didn't go to school that day, but instead stayed home and worked on getting everything ready for my big birthday party.

Everyone was supposed to start showing up after dinner, but of course people arrived a lot earlier than that. My close friends came over right after school, but that was okay because they were going to help me get everything ready. They even helped me pick out my outfit. I wore this real short tight black dress that had a plunging neckline, and with my blonde hair - I looked hot, let me tell you! I really scored too and got a whole lotta presents. It was the bomb!

So most of the people started showing up around dusk, you know - about 8:30 or 9 o'clock, because it was getting on to the summer and, since it was Friday night, a lot of the kids were planning on staying real late and they didn't want to start their partying too early or they'd crash too soon.

The band got there about nine and the whole house started rocking. Man, I'm surprised it didn't collapse or something. There were cars parked everywhere, up and down my street and all over my lawn. There was probably about a hundred people there all told and the band was great! Now I did something that I usually don't do and as far as I'm concerned it's my friends' fault. I started drinking. I usually don't drink that much, because it affects me so, but all of my close friends were drinking and, they kept calling me a party pooper and even worse names than that, so finally I said okay I'd have one drink. Well, I'm certain you know what happened. One drink led to another drink and that drink led to another drink and pretty soon, I was pretty smashed. Haha.

As soon as I got drunk, I started getting that urge to strip down and get comfortable, but I thought that stripping down at my own birthday party at ten o'clock at night would be pretty gauche, you know? But I really didn't know what to do with myself at that point.

I couldn't afford to drink anymore without doing something way stupid, so I was trying to dance in order to wear some of the affect of the alcohol off, but apparently booze doesn't work that way. In fact, as the time went by I kept getting drunker. Well, I went over near the end of the living room and squeezed myself down between all these couples, who were busy making out on the couch. I thought maybe I could just outwait the booze, but I guess it wasn't having anything to do with that. As soon as I sat down, the room started spinning around. You ever have that happen to you after drinking? It's really weird, let me tell you. So that room spinning around made me feel as though I wanted to vomit, so I quickly closed my eyes and kept them shut, thereby keeping the room on the floor, so to speak.

Later I guess I fell asleep. I don't like to say I passed out, but that was probably closer to the truth. Anyway I must have been out for a while and I must have been moving all around in my sleep too, because when I woke up most of those couples on the couch had ceased their romantic undertakings and were staring at me. It seems that my short black dress had ridden up to around my waist and of course I wasn't wearing any underwear underneath, so my pussy was on big time display. Mwahaha!

So at that point, what did I care? It was far later in the evening and some of the people had cleared out, so I just turned my back to the kid sitting next to me and asked him if he would pull the zipper down on the back of my black dress. Judging by how fast he acceded to my demand, I think he was anxious to help. I just leaned forward and let that dress slide down my arms and off my bare breasts and then I stood up and allowed the whole dress to hit the floor, and I was suddenly starkers and the hit of my own birthday party!

Guys were coming out of the woodwork to ask me to dance, but I waited until one really cute boy, who I had had my eye on for awhile came over. His name was Jim Hawkins and he was really attractive. He was a little taller than me, but he had a great build. Jim wore his dark hair medium long, had coal black eyes that could look right through you when he wanted and a large mouth that looked just right for kissing.

Of course the band wanted to play fast numbers, because to them it was more fun and also they wanted to watch me gyrating around naked. I went over and straightened them and let them know if they didn't play slow numbers, they were cut off from the booze. Jim drew me close to him, as soon as the song began and pressed my nude body against his clothed one as tight as he could. I could feel his penis starting to stir some. Haha! It felt like a little mouse at that point.

It was fairly dark in the room naturally with all the main lighting being turned off, but I could still see his girlfriend over on the side of the room glowering at me. I guess Jim wanted to dance with me more then he wanted to appease her. I wonder if me being stark naked had anything to do with that. Mwahaha!

We had been dancing for a minute or two and I felt his erection inside his pants grow significantly larger, so I surreptitiously reached down and lowered his zipper. Jim pushed aside the opening of his boxer shorts and 'ol Mr. Johnson came out for a visit. I glanced over at his girlfriend and I could see her attempting to peer through the gloom, but I could tell she couldn't know anything for certain at that point.

I raised up on my tiptoes and his seven-inch prick just slid right into my wet distended labia. I had been wet ever since I had stripped down. We quit the charade that we were dancing and we just stood in one place and rocked back and forth, as if we were still attempting to dance, but had grown tired.

Personally I was so excited, I went off like a firecracker. Bang! Bang! It took Jim a little longer, but not much, because after all he was a fifteen year old boy - how long do they need anyway?

Unfortunately it was about this time that his girlfriend grew very suspicious and pranced out on the part of the living room that had become the dance floor. When she pulled us apart and she saw Jim's penis still sticking out of his pants, I thought she was going to faint. But no such luck. She began screaming at the top of her lungs and hitting him and then hitting me.

Well, when she started hitting me, that was all she wrote, because I don't let anybody hit on me. I figured if I grabbed a couple of pieces of apparel off her that it would calm her down. I soon discovered that I was wrong about that too. She was a hottie too. I'm sure ordinarily Jim would have never left her side. She had long brunette hair, a simply gorgeous face with a little button nose, and a fabulous figure, which included large breasts and a narrow waist. I already had her down to her bra and half-slip, but she kept on coming back for more, just wailing away on me.

"Kitty, stop!" Jim shouted.

"Kitty?!" I laughed. "Does Kitty want some milk?" I asked, pushing my breasts up at her.

Just as I wanted, this seemed to infuriate her the more and as she wildly struck out at me, I slipped her attack and moved in close and ripped off her bra exposing her beautiful breasts. She screamed and the crowd that had grown around us grew wild. I grinned in appreciation at them for their applause and moved back in for the kill. Grabbing her half-slip and knickers by the waist band, I yanked them down to the floor rendering her as naked as me, excepting for her shoes. She was now so insane with rage that when she discovered her clothing limiting her movement, instead of pulling them back on, she just kicked it away. Her boyfriend had stopped saying anything to either one of us, but stood and watched in appreciation of the tableau that lay before him. We were every man's wet dream - two women who had stripped themselves naked fighting! Mwahaha!

The very next time she punched out at me with her right hand I grabbed it and quickly twirled her around, while holding her right arm up at a painful position. Mr. Boyd had taught me some self defense tactics between our sexual trysts. Kitty must have picked up a few moves of her own along the way, as she knew enough to kick my ankle with the back of her right heel until I relinquished my hold.

The very attractive young brunette then greatly surprised me as she lowered her left shoulder and charged me knocking me to the ground flat on my back! She lay on top on me and glared as if to say, Well, what are you going to do now sucker? I reached out with both of my hands clutching the sides of her head and pulled her down to me, while kissing her passionately and slipping my tongue into her open mouth. She was so surprised she didn't know what to do.

I used her indecision to reach down with my left hand and locate her clitoris and began to manipulate her love button vigorously. Mwahaha! Now she had no further interest in fighting, that was for sure. The crowd pushed closer around us, while pushing Jim further away. I think the entire situation of making love in public with another female turned Kitty on completely and very shortly she was moaning and writhing, while the crowd cheered as though they were at a sporting event. Actually these people were pretty weird and tacky too.

We continued to kiss passionately, while I fiddled with her clit until suddenly she began to cum with a vengeance with it flowing from her literally in torrents. She later told me it was the best sexual experience she'd ever had. Mwahaha!

"Ah, oh God!" she shouted out, as the crowd went completely wild. I made a decision then and there not to invite most of these folks to anything ever again, not even a cock fight.

After Kitty had finished, she lay in my arms for a few minutes while the crowd dispersed and went back to whatever disreputable activity they had previously been involved in. We later got up and I showed Kitty my bedroom for the rest of the night. Jim was left high and dry and out in the cold, so to speak.

Kitty and I have remained the best of friends to this very day and certainly a port in a storm for each other.

End of Part Six

It's a Party
By Bubblegom
Chapter Seven

Well, that certainly had been a birthday party that we would talk about for awhile, don't you think? Haha! I mentioned a couple of chapters back that I felt as though my clothes were thoroughly safe, when I stashed them in a Sunday school room and it turned out they weren't. As the summer wore on, I began to experience extreme feelings of horniness. This was due to school being out and not seeing Mr. Boyd and Thad Jenkins, our assistant minister, was finally given a church of his own. Go Thad! But it was too far away for me to visit.

I still didn't have a boyfriend; certainly not because I hadn't been asked. Practically every boy I knew had asked me to be his girlfriend. Boys have a tendency to want to have a girlfriend, who enjoys stripping herself stark naked all the time. Mwahaha! But I hadn't met anyone yet, who had made my heart go pitty-pat much less any other part of my body.

The boy, who I had seen on that one ill-fated Sunday that Mrs. Bulldyke, or whatever her name was, caught me flashing suddenly reappeared one Sunday morning later in June. I was determined this time to meet him. Again during the closing prayer, I looked up and saw him looking directly at me. This time I made damn sure no one was watching us and then I did something I had never risked before and, to this day, I still can't believe I did it.

I reached down to the hem of my choir robe and pulled it completely off my body. I was standing in church during a service stark naked! I didn't even have shoes on. Then I ran my finger slightly along my pussy lips. He appeared stunned for a second and then was grinning broadly at me and waved. I quickly slipped the robe back on with no one being the wiser.

After the service, I observed him attempting to make his way toward the choir. He finally was able to push his way through the crowd of well wishers and family members and reach me.

"Hi, my name is Frank - Frank Stein," the young man introduced himself. He stood somewhat taller than me, but was not a giant by any means. He had longish wavy dark hair, brown eyes and one of the cutest smiles I had ever seen.

"I'm," I began, but then he interrupted.

"I know who you are," he informed me. Frank went on to explain that he had asked around the last time he had seen me and discovered who I was, but couldn't find out anything else like where I lived, etc.

"I'm flattered," I replied shyly, acting as though me showing him my totally nude body had nothing to do with it.

"Hey, Sara!" The discordant voice of Audrey the young woman, who sat next to me in choir jarringly interrupted our conversation.

"What, Aud-rey," I said with a long sigh indicating to her that I was plenty put out by her interrupting us, but that I would deal with it.

"The choir director said we needed to turn in our choir robes immediately, so they can be gathered for dry cleaning. You wanna give me yours now?"

"No!" I shouted, drawing attention from several people. "No," I reiterated in a lower tone. "I'll give mine over in a minute."

Audrey stuck her tongue out at me and replied, "Geez! Some people! You try to help them and they throw up all over you."

Audrey turned her back to Frank and I. I could just see myself acceding to her request and handing over my choir robe to her. Man, that would have been something! Since I wasn't ready for a public stripping of that magnitude, I suggested to Frank that he come along with me, while I retrieved my outfit in order to turn in the robe.

Of course he dutifully agreed and traipsed after me downstairs to the classrooms. Once inside the correct room I went straight over to where I had left my clothes. And they weren't there!

"Oh shit!" I exclaimed. "My clothes are gone."

Frank wandered over to where I was standing. "Are you sure?" he asked, peering around owlishly.

"What'd you mean - am I sure?" I responded angrily. "Of course I'm sure! I left them right there. Do you see any clothes?"

Frank shook his head silently. Just then Audrey's unpleasant drone cut the tension in the room. "Hey, Sara! Are you in there? I have to get that robe. Hey, why'd you have the door locked?"

Now I was between a rock and a hard place. My clothes were missing, they wanted the choir robe and Audrey was attempting to get in the room. I had no choice at this point, but to hand my choir robe out to Audrey through the cracked door.

As I handed it out to her, making sure to keep the door closed enough so she couldn't see anything, I explained, "I have the door locked because I'm in my underwear."

"Oh yeah," Audrey replied sarcastically. "Hehe, you don't wear underwear, Sara. You're probably naked in there."

I was beginning to realize that my sexual proclivities were becoming too well known. I breathed a sigh of relief when I heard Audrey's high heels clicking away down the hallway. Turning to Frank, whose mouth was completely agape at the sight of me standing next to him stark naked. I was blushing furiously. I know, you gonna say why, that I was just standing in front of him nude out in the church. Well, that was completely different. He was a lot further away from me and we were in a room full of people. Now it was just me and him and he was standing right next to me and I had just met him!

I noticed immediately that he either had an erection or a mouse in his pants. So I reached down there and felt around. Sure enough, it was an erection and it was getting larger. I pulled his zipper down and reached in and released it. I gave it several yanks and he suddenly went off like a sky rocket!

"Oh Sara!" he exclaimed.

I pulled his handkerchief out of his suit pocket and handed it to him. "Here, clean yourself up and then stash that."

I realized I was being abrupt, but I had some things I needed him to do and there wasn't much time. After Frank had completed his task, I explained to him. "I need you to go down to the janitor's closet and bring me back some rope. And hurry!"

I'll say this for him. He obtained that rope about as quickly as he had his orgasm. Then I instructed him to find Audrey and bring her back to me and don't let anybody see him. You see, I had figured out who had taken my clothes. It suddenly occurred to me whose perfume I had smelled in the corner of the room when I went to search out my clothes.

A few minutes later, Frank knocked gently on the door and I allowed him and Audrey to enter. Her eyes became as large as saucers, when she obtained a good look at my total nakedness.

"Sara! Whatever are you doing and where are your clothes?"

"I think you know where my clothes are, Audrey," I accused.

"Now how would I know that?" the girl inquired suddenly appearing quite malicious.

"Give it up, Audrey," I retorted. "I smelled your perfume over there where my clothes had been. Now I want them back this instant!" I demanded taking a step closer to her.

"Well, you're right, I did take them," the girl whined. "But I can't give them back because I destroyed them!"

I reached out and grabbed her by the right upper arm and shook her as I exclaimed, "You'd better be kidding, Audrey."

"Well, I'm not," Audrey replied in a 'what are you going to do now' tone.

"Then I'll just have to take yours," I retorted grinning evilly at her.

"What!" the girl screeched.

"Grab her," I ordered Frank, as I looked around for something to gag her with.
Spotting his cum rag, I jammed that into her whiny, obnoxious, screeching wide-open mouth! Mwahaha!

While Frank held Audrey in a vise like grip, I quickly denuded the young woman. I even took her underwear off, even though I didn't want it for myself. Man, you should have seen her blush. It turned out that, beneath all that staid clothing Audrey wore, she was actually quite attractive as is often the case with young women, who for some reason or other don't feel they are pretty and hide their beauty under a bushel. She had long light red hair, a cute face peppered with freckles, pert little breasts with large nipples and a big red-haired muff.

I handed the rope to Frank, who quickly hamstrung her by tying her wrists together behind her back and then tying her ankles together and then joining her wrists to her ankles via the long rope. I checked the ropes to assure they were secure and then complimented Frank on a good job. He was a natural. Good thing we weren't interested in serial killing, we'd have made a good team. Haha!

Upon my encouragement, Frank set Audrey up against the back wall so she could watch if she so chose.

"Take your clothes off," I ordered Frank.

He stripped completely down to the buff in no time. I had been right. He was fine looking with good body definition, a narrow waist, long legs and a big prick. Mwahaha! I cast a quick glance at Audrey, who had been assiduously studying Frank's nude form and only turned her head when she noticed me looking at her. I giggled softly to myself thinking that I was getting ready to really give her something to stare at.

I sank to my knees and placed his penis in my mouth and quickly sucked on it 'til it reached its full length. I swear I heard Audrey moaning lowly to herself. I bet she hadn't seen many erections, if any.

After laying myself down directly in front of the blushing young woman, I directed, "Come on, Frank, hop aboard! We haven't got all day, you know."

The young man quickly dropped to his knees in front of me and leaned over and began to suckle my nipples. God, that felt especially good considering the circumstances with being in the Sunday school room and having Audrey watching us. She hadn't been able to even tear her gaze away for a few seconds. As Frank was busy sucking on my aureoles, I kissed him passionately while running my tongue all around his mouth and stroked his elongated sexual organ until unbelievably it grew even lengthier. My labia was wide open in invitation and I was already dripping just from having Audrey witnessing our love making. I am twisted, I know that. Mwahaha!

I guided his seven-inch tool into my wide-open pussy and whispered to him to get on with it. Frank began literally pounding into my body. I guess he wasn't kidding around anymore. Man, I couldn't remember when I had felt so good, but I realized I was extra horny due to not having much sex all summer. I glanced up at Audrey and it appeared to me as if our sexual interaction was really getting to the young woman, but she was unable to effect anything herself because of being tied. She still appeared to be attempting to move her legs up and down having them tied at the ankles in an effort to rub her pussy lips together. Haha! I almost felt sorry for the poor hypocrite - almost!

When Frank continued to pound his seven-inch erection into my labia, I suddenly began to orgasm. I came and came and came and came; in other words, I came a lot. I crossed my legs in a vise like grip on the young man's hardened penis and he could barely move it and the feelings must have been out of this world for him as he shouted, "Oh sweet Jesus!" as he shot his torrent of hot sperm into me. I thought his crying out for Jesus was highly appropriate since we were in church at the time. After that he collapsed beside me and we lay and cuddled for a few moments, before I advised him we'd better be on our way before someone came to investigate where Audrey might have disappeared to.

We dressed hurriedly and then we untied our would be voyeur. I had decided it was much crueler to allow Audrey the run of the church completely naked than to leave her tied up and have her family or friends find her, which would probably elicit their sympathy. This way Audrey really couldn't say anything about me without incriminating herself. She had tears running down her face as she pleaded with me to at least leave her the bra and knickers to wear.

I laughed in her face. I retorted, "You were going to leave me without any clothes, so deal with it bitch!"

I took Frank by the hand, strolled out of the church and never looked back. I never did really hear what happened to Audrey after we left. I think she had to be hospitalized for awhile because of a nervous breakdown and then once she did return to the choir she sat way over on the other side away from me. But I never did have any more trouble out of her.

End of Part Seven

It's a Party
By Bubblegom
Chapter Eight

We were lucky, we had a community swimming pool in our neighborhood. It was supposed to be a municipal pool; at least it had been built by the city, but that was about it for city responsibility. It was really up to the neighborhood to keep it running smoothly. If we had waited for the city to come for instance and add more chlorine the entire summer would have been over by the time they would have shown up.

I don't know if you're aware of this, but it gets real hot in Florida. News Flash: It gets damn hot in Florida in the summertime. Mwahahaha! So as the summer wore on, we would be spending more and more time in the pool. And you know me, I had this itsy bitsy bikini. It wasn't a t-back, it was a real bikini; but it didn't cover much. I think it was a couple of sizes too small. Haha! I mean the top covered about half my breasts, but still every once in a while it would slip down past my nipples. And my bottom often showed a lot of excess pubic hair, because I refused to shave down there. First time I tried to shave I cut myself and that was that. I made a vow I would never cut myself down there again.

And every once in a while late at night, I would slip out of my bikini entirely and swim around stark naked. It always felt so liberating and free, but mainly of course nobody could tell anything anyway, unless they got right next to me. We weren't supposed to go in the pool at night. They would lock the gate, but we would climb over the fence and go swimming anyway.

Every once in a great while I would meet a new boy in the day time and we'd make a date and then he would show up late at night and we would go skinny dipping. And sometimes one thing might lead to another - you know how that goes.

One afternoon all these clowns showed up from some other neighborhood. I never was quite sure where they came from, but I knew it wasn't anywhere close to us. There was ten of them and let me tell you - they were really crude. I mean they were spitting in the pool and everything. It wouldn't surprise me if some of those pigs were pissing in there too. All of our people had gathered in one small corner of the pool, while the rest of them were lounging all over the place.

As I already have mentioned there were ten of them, five females and five males. Out of those ten, nine of them were slobs, pigs, and heifers; but the tenth one - ooh la la. He looked like a young hoodlum and probably was. He was about six feet tall, had black hair pushed up in a old fashioned pomp, coal black eyes, and a continual sneer on his handsome face. He was slender but not thin and appeared very graceful. He had these wonderful appearing hands. I have a things for hands. His were quite big, but not fleshy at all with long delicate fingers.

This young group of sociopaths were becoming louder and louder and beginning to work themselves up to challenging us for the sole ownership of the pool. If we were to back down, we might lose custody of the pool for the rest of the summer. Something drastic had to be done and it needed to happen quickly!

I quickly and quietly conferred with my cohorts and sauntered up to the good looking one. As I moved toward him, I made sure my nipples were showing and my bikini bottom was pushed down near the start of my vagina.

"Hi!" I spoke brightly.

The young man made a big production out of sneering at me and then glancing over to his buddies, who were all guffawing and carrying on, but I noticed he couldn't keep himself from continually checking me out and his bathing trunks began to develop a rather large protuberance, if you know what I mean.

Finally he spoke. Actually he snarled at me, as if he were a dog, "What'd you want?"

"I have a proposition for you," I declared, sounding more confident by far than I really felt.

"What's that?" he asked, again looking over at his compatriots for support. They were shouting out things such as "Fuck that little bimbo, Tony." As I've previously mentioned, they were quite the class group.

"I'd like you to make wild passionate love to me, " I answered, while suddenly whipping my bikini off completely and standing stark naked in front of him.

That wiped the sneer off his face, let me tell you and quieted that crowd for the moment also. Some of my group were yelling, "Don't do it, Sara," and "Sara, what are you thinking of?" But these were all prearranged comments.

I noticed Tony had to swallow large a couple of times before speaking. "Okay," he croaked, while reaching out to me.

I stepped back and help my right hand extended out in front of me, palm up. "But wait," I ordered. "There's a condition."

"What's that?" he managed to say. I think it was a miracle he could speak, because all of his saliva had dried up. Haha!

"All of your friends have to strip themselves naked," I explained.

"What?!" one of those pigs screamed. "Tony, don't agree. It's some kinda trap."

Tony whipped his handsome head around to them, his face fixed with an expression that displayed he would book no arguments. "Do it!" he commanded.

As the young dark-haired man returned his attention to me, the nine pigs, heifers, and slobs all begrudgingly and moaning all the while stripped off their suits. Man, let me tell ya - they were gross. I mean GROSS! They all had fat wrinkles and you could barely make out the guys' pee pees because they were hidden in so much fat. And the females (I hesitate to call them girls) all had these huge breasts that were already all hanging down to their bellies - I suppose from not wearing any support.

"Okay," Tony declared simply.

"You too," I insisted.

Since we were standing in the shallow end of the pool, the handsome young man pushed his trunks down to his feet and stepped out of them. Man, he was a hottie and his erection was already huge!

"Give them to me," I ordered, holding out my hand.

Once he had complied, I threw them over to my friends with the instructions to take care of them, as though I was looking out for him. Mwahaha! Lest it be thought that I was prostituting myself to get us out of this jam, let it be understood that I wasn't. I would have been glad to fuck this guy, irregardless of any circumstance. He really turned me on. Besides everything else, he had that aura of danger that always attracted me the most.

I reached down and clutched his cock and began to work my hand up and down on his impressive shaft. It appeared to grow even longer! "Oh," he gasped, while his knees buckled somewhat.

I leaned forward and pushed him back and whispered, "Steady love, we have all afternoon." He actually lightened up a little and bestowed upon me a small smile.

Meanwhile his group was really into the sexual action occurring in front of them and they were screaming instructions and obscenities, as if they were at some sort of an erotic athletic event.

I could tell by the stunned expression on Tony's handsome features that he might have talked a good game, but that he actually had very little sexual experience and that was probably at a gang bang of some poor unfortunate. Consequently I decided to take the initiative, so I stepped closer and cupped his balls, while beginning to kiss him; tentatively at first and then more passionately, plunging my tongue into his mouth and seeking out his tongue.

I told him to pick up my left leg as high as it would go, and then I guided his enormous erection into my wide open labia and we commenced to going to town. He may have been a novice but he seemed to have all the rudiments down successfully and God - it felt so good! With him rocking into me deeply, while we stood up in the shallow end of a public pool in front a large crowd of laughing jeering people in the middle of a weekday afternoon, the whole experience began to take on a surrealistic quality. It almost seemed to me that I was seeing flashes of a kaleidoscope of colors, which I'm sure was just a product of my overactive imagination, but it didn't seem so at the time.

I suddenly heard the police sirens in the distance and I knew the jig was up, so to speak. I reached out with both of my hands and placed them around his beautiful bottom and pulled him even closer to me.

"Go now," I whispered. "Because we're gonna have to run in a minute." And then I squeezed his cock extra hard inside my pussy.

His cock went off like an out of control fire hose and he shot his load of hot semen into me, which in turn triggered my own orgasm. Oh sweet Jesus! It felt so good. I think it was the complete sum of the whole situation, but it feel like something akin to a mystical experience. My cum escaped me in waves. I clutched on to him to maintain my balance.

As soon as we were finished cumming, I grabbed him by the hand and shouted, "Let's go!" I quickly led him out of the pool and by his group of hooligans and out the gate at the far end of the swimming pool area. Luckily I didn't live far from the pool and no one was home at my house. We dashed into the coolness of my home.

"What's going on?" Tony demanded.

"I don't know," I answered, but I was lying. I did know. When his gang of VIP's (very intolerable persons) had been engrossed watching our sexual olympics, one of my group had snuck over and stolen all their suits. Oooh! Somebody had to touch them - barf. Then someone else called the cops. Mwahaha! Teach them to fuck with us!

One of my friends lived in a house bordering the pool area and she said that when the cops got there, it was hysterical. She explained all of the cretins were trying to get away and were bumping into each other and falling down and the cops looked like they were gonna puke. Haha! We never did see any more of them for the rest of the summer.

Tony and I fucked for the rest of the afternoon and then, giving him something of my fathers' to wear, I sent him on his way. I haven't seen him since, either.

End of Part Eight

It's a Party
By Bubblegom
Chapter Nine

I don't know about where you live, but in Florida we're not allowed to personally have any fireworks at all. They're scared we'll hurt ourselves or we'll start brush fires. I don't know where and how - the entire state is now made out of concrete. It seems as if the only fire works we're allowed to have are snakes and sparklers. Man, talk about lame!

Of course, there is a brisk illegal trade of practically any kind of firework you might want, but what else would you expect from the state that would sell anybody a gun and probably five or six at the same time. I'm fond of saying that in Florida you can't own a fire cracker, but you can buy a semi-automatic hand gun to celebrate with.

As a matter of fact, several years ago some fat slob was sitting in a lawn chair, getting smashed on beer and watching the public display of fireworks and apparently a bullet that someone had fired straight up in the air started descending, after it reached its highest trajectory and came straight down and landed in the drunk's gut. Mwahaha! He was so wasted he didn't know it for a while and then started complaining of a stomach ache. What a dumb ass!

So anyway, since we can't legally have any kind of real fireworks, most people go to the public display of fireworks put on by each 'city.' I have city in quotes because most of these areas are hardly cities in any traditional sense, but are just sprawling areas of suburbia incorporated with a city charter. But whatever, somebody pays for these firework displays and my family always goes.

We always attend the fireworks shown in one of the county's parks. We go way early to get a good seat. It's really insane, you wouldn't believe it. In the first place, you have to bring your own seats in the form of a blanket or lawn chairs. The next thing is the fireworks aren't set off until nine o'clock or sometimes later depending on when it finally becomes dark, but my family goes out there at three o'clock in the afternoon to get a good seat! God! You can't believe it. It's so hot, and dirty, and boring! But I have to put up with this every year.
I had wanted to wear my bikini, so I could continue to get a good tan, and maybe promote some action over in the bushes, but my mother said absolutely not. Darn her! So I compromised with an outfit that was almost as good with a halter top that left a lot of my breasts exposed and an extremely short skirt. Of course I wore no underwear and flashed good looking guys all day. Mwahaha! It was the bomb.

Later we ate this lame picnic supper, where my mother served spam sandwiches. Can you believe that? I thought spam was only on the computer. This stuff was hideous. It finally got dark and the action started; in more ways than one.

They started to set off the fireworks and everyone went "ooh" and "ah" all over the place. Fireworks basically leave me cold. I mean, if you see one, you've seen them all. After all, how many different colors are there or different designs? Then some freak starts setting off a roman candle. You know what that is? You hold this long cylinder in your hand and it shoots out miniature fireballs that then explode hopefully up in the air into different colors and patterns.

Unfortunately, much like a bullet, what goes up must come down, and the still red hot embers started falling all around me. I let out with a loud shriek and I'm ashamed to admit that I started running around like a chicken with my head cut off. Mwahaha! Then I really started to panic when the hot remnants began falling on my clothes and I didn't remember that I needed to hit the ground and roll to put out any possible flames. Instead, like an idiot, I continued to move in my fright and my clothes began to smolder and then broke into a small blaze!

I really screamed then and luckily for me a young man leaped up and literally jumped on me and wrestled me to the ground and put out the fire by covering it with his body. He didn't get burned anywhere on his body, but his clothes did get a little burned in a couple of areas. As for me I suffered no damage to my body, but luckily enough (haha) my clothes were burned right off my back. God, I loved it! There I was stark naked except for my shoes in front of this huge crowd of people and I didn't have to do anything to get that way. My mother couldn't even be upset with me. In fact, she was even solicitous toward me.

The only bummer was I had to act like I was all embarrassed and attempt to cover myself, which of course I managed to not do very well. Mwahaha! My hands kept slipping off my breasts or my secret area. As I looked around at the crowd, I saw blushing mothers attempting to shield their children's eyes and fathers, who were trying to act like they weren't getting off on looking at me.

You know when I really start thinking about it, I just don't get it. It's just the human body. Everybody has one, you know; not as good as mine, of course - haha, but still what's the big deal? Everybody knows, even little kids, generally what everybody looks like beneath their clothes. Why all the big embarrassment and scandal?

Anyway it turns out the guy, who rescued me is this really good looking older teen, maybe eighteen or nineteen years old. God, he was a hunk too. I couldn't believe he was there by himself, but I guess his idiot of a girlfriend stood him up. He introduced himself as Billy Jack, while gazing right at me. You see, he had enough sense to realize that I would take it as an insult if he didn't look at me and enjoy my beauty. He stood head and shoulders above me, had short black hair and resembled a young Robert Culp. I don't know if you ever saw any of those old westerns that Robert Culp used to be in when he was real young, but he was incredibly handsome, believe it or not; well, so was Billy Jack. I was just about creaming right there, because of standing totally naked before him with his intense staring at me.

Suddenly he broke the mood by suggesting I follow him to his car to retrieve a blanket he had brought for him and his girlfriend to sit on. Since we had only brought lawn chairs with no blanket, and my mother didn't want to strip off (thank God, if you've ever seen her - haha) any of her outer apparel for me to put on, she had to let me go with him against her better judgment. I mean would you agree to send your stark naked fourteen year old daughter off with a teenage stranger?

I cut quite a swath of attention from the crowd, as I sliced through them following my rescuer to where his car was parked. Women were blushing - I have no idea why, they've all seen the equipment before. Kids were laughing and screaming and pointing and men were staring. There was even a few teenage boys attempting to follow me until Billy turned around and discouraged them with his flat stare. It was really great! I laughed outloud all the way.

We finally reached the parking lot and his car. It was much darker there and there was not very many people around naturally. The handsome young man reached into the back seat to pull out his blanket. When he turned around to hand it to me, I dropped my left shoulder suddenly and knocked him back into the back seat. Mwahaha! Before Billy could respond in any manner, I dove head first into the back seat landing on top of him! I think I knocked the wind out of him for a moment, because I heard him exclaim, "Umph!"

I took advantage of his momentary paralysis to unbuckle his belt, unbutton his skin tight blue jeans and pull them and his jockey shorts down and off his body. Mwahaha! Sara strikes again. His prick was already fixed straight up as if standing at attention for inspection. So I gave it the quick once over and found it appeared perfectly beautiful, so I took most of it into my mouth and began to suckle it. Oh God! From the expression on his beautiful face (and this guy was beautiful) and the sounds he was making, I thought he was gonna cum right off.

I decided to suck him off until completion and then on the next go around he would be able to hold out until I had cummed myself. I continued to go down on him and I'll tell you - I was absolutely taking as much of his joint as I could into my mouth. I was practically letting it gag me and I was really knob slobbing on it too. I was bringing my lips all the way back up to around the head and then running my tongue everywhere. I'm telling you that to know what I doing to him was getting me almost as hot as he was, as he was thrashing around and moaning to beat the band. I mean I was practically cumming myself just by thinking about it. I was real wet down there and I jammed three fingers into myself, because I couldn't stand it anymore. I was hoping he could recuperate quickly. I shouldn't have worried. This guy was a real stud, let me tell you!

Suddenly he started going off in my mouth like he had his own roman candle - haha. But I don't think he was Italian. I was so hot by this time I took my mouth off his prick and let him stream his cum all over me. And this guy had a lot! It was like showering in cum. Mwahaha! It was dripping off my face and hair. It was killer! I ripped open his shirt, buttons flying everywhere and rubbed some of his cum on his huge chest and then flung myself on top of him again and rubbed my naked body all over his. He was groaning with another hard-on in no time.

I sat up and then rose up on my haunches and plunged my completely distended dripping pussy straight down on that gorgeous prick of his. OH MY GOD! I'd never felt so good. It must have been a combination of everything that had come before it, but it seemed like his erection went straight through me and was coming out my asshole. Good God almighty! I moved maybe five times on him and I was off, the cum was just flowing out of me. It was the first time that I experienced multiple orgasms, as I just kept going and going. Finally of course he clutched me by my upper arms and halfway sitting up he began to twitch and spasm as he shot his hot semen into me. God! It was so hot!

Suddenly I heard someone knock on the car window and my mother's voice called out, "Sara, come on, honey. We're ready to leave."

I glanced up and there was my mother peering in the window at us! Man, talk about a reality check, but you should have seen the look on her face when she got a good gander at us. Mwahaha!

"Everybody, come wait in the car for Sara. Sara, you say goodbye to your little friend and let's go," I heard my mother say as she quickly moved away from the window.

Of course, Billy begged for my name and phone number, but I declined stating that any more sex like that would burn out my nervous system completely. Haha! I didn't have the heart to tell him the real reason is I have learned not to get involved with guys who are already in relationships. It's bad for my physical health.

Billy was kind enough to give me the blanket so I didn't have to ride home stark naked with his cum all over me. As it was, my little sister knew something was up. She was sitting next to me and I saw her keep sniffing the air and looking around.

My mother never said a word to me about it, but the very next day she took down to the Health Department to get birth control pills.

End of Part Nine

It's a Party
By Bubblegom
Chapter Ten

When we weren't in the swimming pool during the summer months, we were usually down at the community recreational center. It was pretty nice. Outside it had a lot of trees that we could loll under out of the heat and some assorted picnic tables. There were some swings, a sliding board, the obligatory basketball court, and, surprisingly, a well cared for baseball field. Of course, it wasn't regulation; it was a compromise between a softball field and a regular baseball field, but it suited the needs of the neighborhood very well.

Inside the most inviting characteristic was the ice cold air conditioning. There was also a large color TV connected to cable, books and magazines, a computer, old comfortable furniture, cds and a cd player, and the necessary Foosball table. Sometimes my friends would go outside and smoke a blunt, but I didn't usually partake. I didn't like the effects; it'd make me paranoid and horny. There's a helluva combination for you. I wanted to have sex, but I couldn't trust anybody! Haha!

The rec center director was named Charles. He was real young, he had just graduated from college and he was waiting to receive his first teaching position. If I were to describe him, it would be easiest to just call him a tall bronze god (little g). He stood over six feet, his muscles had muscles, and he was so good looking he had grown women hanging off him, whenever I would see him outside of the recreational facility.

The only problem was he had a sharp tongue in his head and he could be such a smart ass when he wanted to be. I mean, we knew it was all in fun, but it would get old after awhile - you know? One day he was going on and on about how we never got any real exercise and how out of shape we all were. Finally I couldn't stand it anymore and I jumped up and stood in front of him.

"Here," I exclaimed, pushing my body up in his face. "Does this look like I'm out of shape?"

Charles laughed that deep hearty laugh of his. "Miss Sara," he replied. Charles always called me Miss Sara. "I wasn't talking about that kind of shape. I bet you all couldn't even play a baseball game to the completion without having to drop out."

Well, like I said before - sometimes I let my mouth overload my ass, so I go, "You're on. We'll play you all in baseball. Now what's the bet?"

Charles laughed again, as my friends were falling out all over the place behind me saying, "No way!" and "Stop it, Sara!

If you win, I'll take you all out to eat dinner," the young black man explained. "And if we win, you all take my team out to dinner."

"Alright," I declared. "It's a deal." My friends were all moaning and groaning.
The rec director responded, "We'll play in one week's time. You all can use our equipment in the game and to practice with whenever you want." I thanked him and the deal was set.

Well, needless to say my friends were not happy. I think my best friend at the time, Kristine, a real cute little brunette, summed it up best when she said, "Sara, you've really lost your mind this time. The other team is all boys. They're gonna kill us."

I had to admit her assessment was correct based on our practices. Some of the team acted as if they had never seen a baseball, glove, or bat before. And they all threw - gasp - like girls! Haha! We had two guys and they were our pitcher and catcher, so at least we didn't have to worry about that. After our last practice, the team was clustered around me demanding that I apologize to Charles and call the game off.

"No way!" I answered. "Don't worry, I have some secret weapons in mind. And all you girls remember to wear your most revealing mid-riff and the shortest shorts you own."

The day of the game finally arrived and when the team arrived I noticed they had complied with my directions. They all looked very hot! And when they ran, their mid-riffs would fly up revealing their bras. I knew it wouldn't do any good to try to convince any of them not to wear their bras, but at least some of them had chosen really sexy looking ones and nobody was wearing those icky looking sport bras. Man, some of their shorts looked painted on they were so tight and I'm not sure if they were all wearing knickers or not, because I just don't see where some of them had any room under their shorts.

The team received it's first surprise when it arrived and discovered Catherine was going to play with us. That's right, Catherine - Mr. Boyd's girlfriend. It turned out she was a gym teacher too and when I explained it to her, she decided she wanted a piece of the action too. Since it was summer and she had declined to teach summer school, she had a job as a sales clerk at a posh downtown department store in the women's section. The statuesque brunette had arrived directly from work on her lunch hour and had to return to work right after the game, so she was wearing that same short dress she had been wearing the last time I saw her. She looked awesome. Mwahaha! When ever she bent down, her dress was so low cut, you could see all the way down to her beautiful nipples! And she wasn't wearing a bra. I quickly recognized that she had obeyed my suggestions. Of course I was dressed in my bikini. There was no rule against that, even though when Charles saw it he attempted to claim it was against the rules. I think he had already began to get a glimmer of my plan. This was going to be a cake walk!

The game started and we even had an umpire. One of Charles' staff had volunteered and I really think she didn't appreciate his sense of humor too much, because it seemed as if most of the close calls went our way. We flipped a coin to see who got to be home team and I swear the ump flipped it between her fingers after catching it. But whatever, we won the toss and picked home team, so we would have last at bats. Charles tried to act as if I had made some hideous mistake in his rather feeble attempt to convince me to change our decision. I stuck out my tongue out at him and declared, "I know a little more about the game then you think, Chas." I knew he hates being called Chas.

Our pitcher's name was Bobby Foster and he was a strapping six feet, three and he pitched for his high school team. His catcher was his brother Jackie, who also played on the varsity at their school. Needless to say, Bobby struck out the side in the first inning. We came in to bat. Charles was pitching for their side and he was pretty good. I did mention he was athletic, didn't I?

Our first two batters, of course, struck out, but they looked damn hot doing it with their little shirts blowing up above their bras, when they took a swing. I could tell from the look on the boys' faces on the other team that we were already getting to them. Mwahaha! The third batter up was Catherine and I suppose Charles thought if he was nice to her maybe she would go out with him later or something. Of course he didn't realize she was a physical education teacher - not in that getup she was wearing. So he threw her a soft pitch and she swung and whistled it right by his left ear and into center field. You should have seen the expression on his face! I laughed out loud and he glared over at me.

Catherine took a lead off first base and at the earliest opportunity Charles threw over there; supposing I guess to catch her unaware for the third out, so his little ego could be assuaged. Now Catherine had been in the correct baserunner's stance perfectly balanced with her feet spread apart and her knees bent, which had caused her already short dress to ride up way high on her thighs. I couldn't see well from our dugout on the first base side, but I wouldn't be surprised if her thong was completely visible. I do know that she was bent at the waist in the appropriate manner, while resting her hands on her knees and I could see the firstbaseman was very engrossed in looking down her dress at her breasts that were now completely visible down to her nipples.
Unfortunately for him, Charles didn't notice the firstbaseman wasn't paying any attention until he threw over there and of course the throw went down the first baseline and into the rightfield corner. By the time the dust had settled, Catherine had scored. Mwahaha! Charles was so mad he walked our pitcher and catcher intentionally and then struck out the next girl in three straight swinging strikes. So we were ahead one to nothing.

Charles led off the top of the next inning, batting in the cleanup spot naturally and hit a mammoth homerun over the leftfield fence on the first pitch. It was nothing bad against our pitcher; Charles was a grown man and Bobby was only a fifteen year old boy. Even though another couple of guys got on base, we got out of the inning by only letting in the one run, when Kristine was kindhearted enough to strip down to her bra and knickers at her position at shortstop with two on base and two out and when a three ball and two strike pitch was rocketing toward the plate. Naturally the batter completely froze, as he was staring at her and the third strike cut down the middle of the plate for strike three. Charles attempted to protest, but the ump wasn't buying a bit of it. Haha!

When we got to the dugout, Kristine was blushing a bright red, but she admitted to me that she found it exciting and decided to not put her outfit back on, but to play in her underwear for the rest of the game. I slapped high five with her. Mwahaha!

As luck would have it, Kristine was our leadoff batter, and, as she is fairly short to begin with, I had instructed her to bend over as much as possible to shorten the strike zone. I laughed out loud when I saw her. She looked as if she was suffering from severe cramps she was so bent over. Charles, of course, was screaming about it and the ump said, "Play ball!" Needless to say, Kristine walked on four straight pitches. A major league pitcher couldn't have hit that strike zone.

Once she reached first base, the small dark-haired beauty was able to get a sizeable lead, because the first baseman kept staring at her in her skimpy bra and knickers. At first, Charles attempted to get his firstbaseman's attention, but finally he gave up in frustration. He was so mad I thought I saw steam coming out of his ears. When he peered into the catcher to signal him what pitch he was going to throw, because Charles didn't take pitching advice from anybody, I was coaching first base and waved Kristine to take off running down to second. By the time Charles had realized it, she had almost reached second base, but he threw there anyway. Unfortunately for him, the shortstop who should have been covering the base, was staring at Kristine as she jogged into the base with her breasts bouncing in her flimsy bra and the throw went wildly into center field and Kristine made third.

Unfortunately our next two batters struck out, as Charles really bore down and was throwing smoke. I'm ashamed to admit that one of them was me. After I made the second out, I took over coaching third base, because I had an idea. Since our next batter was a girl, Charles was taking his time and not throwing near as hard, because he realized now he might need to conserve some of his energy.

I stepped up to Kristine, as she was standing on third base and whispered my plan to her. She responded by violently shaking her head no. Charles threw strike one. I attempted to convince her by pleading with her. She still shook her head in the negative. Charles threw strike two. As he went into his windup, I finally convinced Kristine and she pulled off her bra and knickers and handed them to me and took off running nakedly down the thirdbase line in a wild attempt to steal home. Charles pitched the ball and the batter swung and missed - strike three!

But wait - the catcher had stood up and was abjectly staring, as the beautifully nude teenage girl ran right at him and the third strike floated harmlessly by him to the backstop. By the time their catcher had retrieved the ball and thrown to firstbase, the batter was safe there and Kristine had scored. As per our arrangement, I quickly ran to our dugout and handed the flushed, sweating, out of breath Kristine her underwear and she immediately donned them.

"That was awesome, dog!" I shouted at her. She just laughed insanely at me. I think for the moment the experience of publicly stripping herself naked in the middle of a baseball game had snapped her mind a little, but she soon came around. Good thing, because the next batter struck out and we needed her back at shortstop. So after two innings, we were ahead two to one.

We got three quick outs, as our pitcher bore down and then we came in to hit in the bottom of the third. Catherine was our first batter and Charles wasn't messing around with her this time. He tossed up there two quick strikes and then began to nibble at the plate, hoping to entice her into swinging at a bad pitch. But Catherine was too experienced for that. She had soon worked the count to two strikes and three balls.

"Time out!" I called out to the ump, who granted it and then I ran out and conferred with Catherine a few steps from home plate. The beautiful young brunette woman turned around and allowed me to pull the zipper down on her dress and then she stepped out of it revealing her beautifully shaped abundant breasts and her thong. I retreated with her outfit to the dugout.

The umpire called "Resume play," and Catherine stepped into the batter's box, being careful to not bend over for fear of getting her beautiful breasts hanging in the strike zone. I could see Charles' erection from our dugout and I knew it was a lost cause for him. Sure enough, the next pitch was nowhere near the plate and Catherine walked down to first base, where I gave her the dress back.
While the beautiful physical education teacher slipped her dress back on, Charles again intentionally walked our pitcher and then induced our catcher to hit into a double play and then struck out the next batter. They came in to bat for the top of the fourth.

Charles led off with another huge home run, this time over the right field fence and the score was suddenly tied again, this time - two to two. Bobby got the next three batters and we came in to hit in the bottom of the fourth. I thought I saw some tightness on Charles' usually relaxed features and realized he was beginning to worry about winning the game, now that he had glimpsed my strategy.

Kristine led off first and what a fighter she'd turned out to be. I had no idea about this before the game. She'd always come across to me as rather bland, but I liked to hang around her, because she had been so easy to boss around. Haha! Well, she got two strikes on her and she then called me out of the firstbase coaching box. When I got to her, she just whipped off her bra and knickers and handed them to me without a word. She jumped back in the batter's box stark naked. I could see my behavior was beginning to rub off on my friends.

Of course you know what happened; when the third strike came the catcher was busy watching Kristine and she was able to make it to firstbase, before he could get the ball there. A pretty big crowd had gathered from the neighborhood, because it's pretty boring in the afternoons in the summer and they were yelling all kinds of shit at Kristine, but she just acted as if she didn't hear them. I offered her the underwear, but she declined saying she would stay naked, while she was on the bases.

The beautifully naked Kristine didn't have any trouble stealing second and third, while the eighth place batter and I struck out. I was particularly pissed off about it, because Kristine represented the go ahead run and she was only seventy feet away. So there was two out, when Nicole got in the batter's box. After swinging and missing the first ball thrown, she stepped out and called time. She called Kristine down from thirdbase and they stood talking. I'll tell ya, if that didn't look incongruous - a team of teenage boys on the field all decked out in different uniforms, Charles pitching and Kristine, the baserunner standing there totally nude. It was a hoot!

Just before Nicole resumed play she reached down and pushed her shorts down to the ground and stepped out of them! The crowd exploded, because the good looking blonde wasn't wearing any knickers and she was a natural blonde too. I don't know because I'm not a guy, but I've always heard that men find a half dressed woman more erotic than one completely nude - but you know men, go figure. The half naked blonde got back in the batters box and her pussy was right on the same level as the catcher's eyes, since he was crouching. I bet you can figure out what he was looking at.

As soon as Charles started to move out of the set position, Kristine took off running from third base. Nicole, in the batter's box, never moved until the last possible second, so even though the catcher was holding the ball, he was completely oblivious to anything except for Nicole's snatch. Mwahaha! Nicole suddenly stepped out of the batter's box and Kristine slid into home safe. God! Think about that - sliding into home stark naked! But she was ok, and didn't have any strawberries from it. You know I think if those women, who played professional baseball would have played naked, they'd still be pulling in the crowds! Haha!

That put us ahead three to two. The score remained that way until the top of the ninth. I know, you're saying to yourself - oh, come on, how could you still be ahead? There was two reasons. The first reason was Bobby finally got smart and started intentionally walking Charles instead of challenging him. The second reason was most of the team, except for Bobby and Jackie (damn it) had stripped down to some degree. Catherine at first base was only wearing a thong. Nicole at secondbase was still naked from the waist down. Kristine, at shortstop, had remained stark naked. Our thirdbaseman, Carrie was only wearing her knickers. In fact, there wasn't a girl on our side, who hadn't removed some part of their outfits except for me. Ain't that a trip?! Mwahaha. Anyway you know boys in their early teens can't concentrate on baseball if there's naked women around; at least these couldn't. They were like little kids in a candy store.

Well, of course the shit came down just like it always does in these stories. It was the top of the ninth and we were ahead by one run. We got two quick outs, but then the bases became loaded through two hits and a hotly contested base on balls. Charles came confidently striding up to the plate and I could see Bobby was tiring quickly. I had to do something drastic right now!

I called time out and then ran in from the outfield and sent Nicole out to right field, where I had been positioned. As Charles stepped into the batter's box, waving his bat menacingly at our pitcher, I moved up from the position as second baseman to standing right behind the mound. As the pitcher wound up and threw towards the plate, I quickly whipped off my bikini and stood beside Bobby stark naked. Charles immediately backed up and pointed out at me and called out, "Sara, now you quit that!" The pitch split the plate and the umpire cried, "Strike!" Hehe, Charles had forgot to call time out.

Charles glared at the umpire angrily, who gazed back stoically at him. It was certainly within the rules of the game to call the pitch a strike, whether or not Charles considered himself ready. The young black man pointed his bat at me one more time in warning and then resumed his position in the batter's box. When Bobby received the ball back from his brother, he happened to glance to his right and discovered me standing there totally nude. Apparently he was the only person within miles, who hadn't known about it. Mwahaha! When his mouth dropped agape and he stood staring at me, I nudged him and directed, "Hey! You can look at me anytime you want. Now bear down and get him and I'll let you get some whenever you want." Hehe! The young pitcher took a big gulp and returned his attention to the batter. I wasn't kidding with him either. I rather fancied him. He was good looking and reputed to have a prick as long as his pitching arm.

The three runners danced off their respective bases. Our pitcher peered in to get his sign from the catcher, but everyone realized it was all for show. Bobby was going to throw nothing, but high heat. When you're in this kind of situation, you either win or go down with your best pitch. When Bobby started his full windup, because it was very doubtful that the other team was going to attempt to steal home in such a situation with two outs in the ninth, I began to finger my pussy lips. Then as the thrown ball was rapidly approaching the plate, I used both hands and pulled my labia wide open.

"Strike!" the ump called out, as Bobby's pitch split the plate.

Charles was really mad now. He shouted out at me. "Sara, knock it off right now or I'll have you banned from the rec center."

Charles dug in at the plate and then motioned to Bobby to bring it. This time when the young pitcher flung the ball, I jammed three fingers up my twat and began to work them in and out. Naturally enough, not being dead, Charles was watching me and not the pitch as it floated across for a called strike three!
Bedlam broke out all over the field. The crowd went wild in applause and screaming its approval. Charles' team didn't act disappointed in the least, but rather they raced on the field to congratulate us and also to stay and gawk at the nude and near nude young women, while the bolder ones stayed to chat and ask for dates.

As soon as I saw the umpire's arm go up calling the third strike, I took off running into center field and then hopped the low fence loping towards the rec center, because I knew Charles was gonna start out after me. As I ran along, I managed to turn my head and sure enough there was Charles about a hundred feet behind me. He was screaming obscenities at me and still waving that big bat. Now I know you would expect that a young athletic black man in the prime of his life could catch a fourteen year girl. Well, that would ordinarily be true, but in this case I had fear on my side and it can be a big motivator, besides producing much needed adrenaline.

I managed to pound into the rec center before him and ran right to his office. I ran in, but I didn't have enough time to get the door locked before Charles came crashing through the door. I was relieved to see he had lost the bat somewhere.

"Sara!" Charles shouted, "Aha, I've caught you."

I could see he was just a teensy weensy wound up, so I stepped past him and closed and locked the door. As he turned toward me with a perplexed look on his chocolate features, I reached out and slipped my left hand down into those little gym shorts he was wearing. I immediately grabbed a hold of something that felt as large as small child's arm making a fist. Geez! This guy was huge.

Charles protested, "Sara, now stop that this instant!"

He did seem sincere in his request, unlike a lot of men I had truck with previously, but in this case like always I paid no attention. I pulled his gym shorts down along with his jock strap. He wasn't wearing any underwear. Good God! His prick looked to be over eight-inches. I thought I had died and gone to heaven. Mwahaha!

"Sara," the young man. "I can't do this. I would hurt you."

I stood up on my tiptoes in answer rubbing my already distended labia against the tip of his huge penis while I began to kiss him, tentatively at first and then more when he appeared to return the favor more passionately. He suddenly gathered me up in his huge arms and embraced me so fiercely if I hadn't known better I would have thought he was trying to crush the life right out of me. As it was, I almost fainted from the intensity of the entire situation. God, it was so romantic. He began to passionately kiss me all over my body, almost hyperactively, and I wanted to tell him to slow down, but I found I was unable to speak I was so swept away.

As Charles had moved down and was kissing me gently and lovingly all around my twat, I gripped his behind with both of my hands and pulling him towards me, I rammed four of my fingers up his asshole and began to move them in and out.

"Sara!" he cried out, in extreme pleasure.

I was practically creaming myself and I think he was going to cum any minute and I wanted to feel him inside of me. I took him by the hand and led him to the couch in his office and laid down on it with my knees bent and my labia laying wide open in invitation of his big cock.

Man, I was so hot he had barely pushed the tip of that monster into me and I was cumming! But it was alright, I was going off the entire time he was riding me.

"Oh God damn!" Charles was shouting, I guess because I seemed so tight to him compared to a grown woman.

Good grief, I thought. Good thing I locked the door.

As the young man continued to plunge into me, I lifted my legs up and wrapped them around his waist and joined them at the ankles, pulling him even closer to me and also tightening my pussy even more around his prick. That did it! Charles began to shoot his load of hot cum into me. It felt as though it had been delivered by a high pressure fire hose. When he finally stopped he just collapsed on top of me and we lay intertwined like that for a quarter of an hour completely exhausted between the exertion of the game and the ecstasy of our love making.

Charles finally disengaged his prick from my pussy and I'll tell ya - it still looked plenty big to me. I could tell he was suddenly less than thrilled to have a stark naked fourteen year old white girl in his locked office, but he just seemed unable to concentrate at the moment for some reason. Mwahaha!

The young black man suddenly pulled his shorts on and went to the door and called his assistant, who had been the umpire for the game, into his office. She was a quite attractive young woman with curly short brown hair, stood about five feet, five and had a really nice figure. Her face displayed no surprise when she saw me sitting naked on his couch, because I'm sure she had figured out that I was in there after watching Charles chase after me when the game was over.

But her pretty features did take on a look of alarm at the next thing she heard from Charles, when he declared, "Rachelle, Take off your blouse and jeans."

Man, I could tell she was pissed. "What?!" she sputtered, "In your dreams, buddy!"

Charles angrily spoke, "This whole shit with this girl sitting in here stark naked is your fault. If you would have thrown her out of the game when you should have, none of this would have happened. Now she needs to go home and I need to not get lynched. We live in Florida, you know."

Rachelle argued, "I can't go out there around those kids for the rest of my shift in my bra and knickers and I absolutely refuse!"

Charles looked in my direction and flashed me a glance, while he said to Rachelle, "I guess you're right. We'll think of something else."

I nodded at Charles that I had understood his unspoken signal. As Rachelle turned to leave the office, he leaped forward and held her by the arms with his iron grip. I began to quickly strip her down.

"Stop!" she screamed.

I just laughed and stripped off her underwear too. Mwahaha! She didn't want to be in her bra and knickers - see how she liked that! God, she was really beautiful beneath those clothes and when I saw Charles' eyes widen at the sight of her, I knew he would be busy for the next hour or so. I dressed quickly and told Charles, as he was bent around the beautiful nude young woman that we would expect our dinner on the next evening. He waved at me in agreement, when I skipped out of his office. Mwahaha!

The End of Part Ten

It's a Party
By Bubblegom
Chapter Eleven

I'll say this for him, Charles turned out to be a real stand-up guy. He took us all out to eat at a really nice place. Of course, it could have been due to that boff I gave him. I bet he was relieved, when we all showed up dressed - particularly me. Haha! I guess you've been able to figure out that between the community swimming pool and the community recreational center we didn't get out of the neighborhood much. That was true, but at least a couple of times a summer, sometimes maybe more - we would go to the beach. Where I live, we have a beautiful beach.

Since it was almost time for school to start, we were able to convince our parents that we should be allowed to take the bus down to the beach one day during the week. It was way less crowded than on the weekends. A whole of bunch of us went, but when we got there I mostly hung with my best buds at the time, Kristine and Nicole.

Now first when we got there early in the morning before it became too hot, we'd just roam around the beach, just to see what we could discover and what kind of trouble we could cause - hehe. I always wore my same bikini - ya know, the scanty one that barely covered me? And I was continuing to grow, so that thing was just exposing more of my body. I was actually surprised my mother hadn't noticed it and made me get a new one, but ever since the Fourth of July and her seeing me riding Billy like a bucking bronco in the back of his car, she'd seemed anxious and distracted whenever we were alone together.

You know how these really pretentious young women like to obtain a full body tan by untying their bikini tops and bottoms and laying on their stomachs with the entire back of their bodies nakedly on public display? Well, whenever we would see this and, if there wasn't a boyfriend in the immediate area, Kristine would drop something really cold on their backs, such as coca cola or ice cream from a cone. Naturally enough, they would scream and forget about their precarious situation and would rise up from their position on the towel or blanket they were laying on.

At this point Nicole and I would grab their bikinis and whatever they had been resting on and then we would run like hell down the beach laughing our asses off, while the young women would be left standing there confused and totally embarrassed at their sudden stark nakedness on a public beach! By the end of the day, we would have quite a collection of bikinis and towels stashed. Mwahaha!

In fact, sometimes we would even have a group of young men following us around enjoying the show and even pointing out to us potential victims. Haha! One guy one time had a camera. Now that's what I call enterprising. We've been able to extort money from them before by threatening to stop harassing the young women.

If we were completely broke, which it seemed we were most of the time we would proposition some guy with a camera, if he wanted to take pictures of us naked. Mwahaha! You know, it's funny, but usually the young guys weren't interested; I suppose because they can get the same look at girls they know for free. But it would be the older guys, who would go for this immediately; particularly those horny middle-aged guys with the fat ugly wives.

We'd go somewhere down the beach away from everybody and we would all strip off stark naked - me, Kristine, and Nicole - so these clowns could snap our pictures. Hehe. You see, I had totally corrupted my friends by now. This all came to a head at a slumber party, but that's another story.

We'd tell them to be quick about it, because there was one life guard, who really had a hard on for me and I don't mean the good kind. This guy really wanted to bust me. I don't know why. I had never messed with him over anything. Kristine said it was because he fancied me, but then he would feel guilty about it because I was only fourteen, so he would take it out on me. I don't know about that, but I know I thought he was a hunk. He was going to be a freshman in college in the fall and he had the typical swimmer's good body - you know what I mean? I mean these guys never have an ounce of fat of them and they all are strong, but have real supple bodies. You know that means - hehe. That's right! They're a real good lay. And by God, he was always wearing this real little red speedo. I swear it was cut so low that it just barely covered Mr. Johnson.

So one time we had this old guy snapping away at us with his little instamatic, while we were starkers and he suddenly asked me, "How much for a roll in the hay?"

Now you could tell he used to be good looking with real dark hair and he was only in his forties, but he had one of those pot bellies. I don't know why men let themselves go like that, maybe they can't help it.

I answered him pretty snottily because he irritated me. "I ain't no baby hooker, mister. But I'll tell you what, you give me a hundred dollars and you can beat off to us."

"Sara!" Nicole exclaimed, aghast and scandalized. I could be wrong, but I don't think she had ever seen a man's penis before.

Actually I had been kidding. I just wanted to give this asshole a hard time for thinking, that if we would let him take our pictures when we were naked, it meant we were nothing better than street whores. Don't get them wrong. I'm not judging them, I'm just not like that. I'm a slut, not a whore. Mwahaha! I just happen to dig sex too much.

So I was completely flabbergasted when he answered, "It's a deal." He reached behind him and pulled his wallet out of his bathing trunks. Man, this guy was prepared. He was carrying his wallet! Haha! He counted out a hundred and handed me five twenties and then dropped his bathing trunks to the beach and began to manipulate his wang with his right hand. It was pretty big too. Too bad this asshole was just plain fat.

He was stroking himself pretty good, while looking directly at the three of us. I glanced over to discover how Kristine and Nicole were holding up and Kristine appeared as if she might break into tears, but she was watching the guy intently. On the other hand, Nicole was staring at the beach. I nudged her gently and whispered, "This guy is paying big bucks for us to watch him, so pick your head up. Nicole did as I instructed and man, she was blushing something awful, although I never did think it was from embarrassment. I looked down at her pussy and she was starting to get wet down there just watching this perv.

Suddenly he started groaning and his prick splattered cum all over the place. Now you know, this was nothing new to me, but Kristine started moaning. I thought she was to vomit for a minute, but she pulled through it ok. Since he had finished and was now just standing there with his wilting prick in his hand, we hurriedly got dressed before someone came up and saw us. And we hurried off without saying a word to the guy. I think he was standing there waiting to be told he had done a nice job. What an idiot! Mwahaha!

Well, since we had this newfound money, I decided we should use it to get this lifeguard off our backs, so to speak. I think I really just wanted a little revenge on him for his causing me to have to look over my shoulder so much. Plus I really wanted to fuck him! So we went across the street from the beach to one of those little tourist trap shops and bought one of those cameras that prints the picture out immediately after taking it.

I spoke to Kristine and Nicole about their roles in my little scheme to discredit Harley. Yes, that was his name, I'm sorry. It was Harley. I don't know why, maybe his father was an old biker or something. The first thing you have to realize is that, at times, there is a severe undertow that crosses the gulf about fifty yards out. That's one of the reasons the life guards are always encouraging people to remain closer to shore. The other reason is even though it is a cushy job, they are lazier than shit and they hate to have to exert energy if they don't have to.

Down at the waterline, I stripped off my bikini and handed it to Nicole for safe keeping. Then I waded out into the gulf water. The tide was already coming in for the day and the waves had some significant force to them. They kept knocking me down, but I persevered and made it out about one hundred and fifty yards. Kristine told me later I looked like a small ball bobbing up and down on the waves.

The rest was up to Kristine and Nicole. As you've probably figured out by now, they went racing up to Harley screaming and crying about the undertow was pulling me out into the gulf. Once they had his initial attention, which is not easy with this guy, they pointed out to where I was. Nicole described it to me later and said Harley let loose with a string of obscenities, but then jumped down from his life guard chair and ran down to the gulf and dove in. That was certainly the difference between him and me. I had to wade out there. He dove off the beach where the water was very shallow and then swam out to me in no time.

When he drew closer to me, I began to submerge myself for a few seconds at a time and then would surface sputtering and spitting out water, as though as I was drowning. I'm a mean bitch, ain't I? Mwahaha!

Harley called out, "Sara, hold on! I'll have you in a second." How little did he realize how prophetic his words had been.

Swimming close to me, the life guard reached and seized me by my hair, the way he was trained, so I wouldn't fight him in my panic and pull him down with me.

"Ow!" I complained.

"Sorry, Sara," the handsome young man muttered, while transferring his hold from my hair to throwing his arm across my chest in preparation of towing me into shore, once he had realized I wasn't panicking.

Once he began swimming us toward the shore, Harley suddenly realized I wasn't wearing my bikini top, as he had his right arm hooked under my bare breasts. I could see his face was extremely flushed and he began to focus his entire attention on now reaching the shore as quickly as possible and not intermittedly looking back at me as he had been.

Once we attained shallow water, the life guard immediately let go of me, as if I were on fire and he was going to be burned. How right he was! Haha! Harley helped set me on my feet and you should have seen the emotions running across his handsome features when he observed I was stark naked. They appeared to run the gamut from complete apprehension to complete and unbridled lust, but there was no more embarrassment on his face, that was for sure.

"Sara!" the handsome young man naturally exclaimed. "Cover yourself," he complained, while continuing to stare right at my nudity. I could already see his prick was growing with leaps and bounds within that tiny speedo of his.

"Okay," I readily agreed. I quickly reached out and grabbed the waistband of his bathing trunks and pulled them down and off his body completely.

Mwahaha! His large cock sprung out at me. He was uncircumcised too. I love it when they're uncumersiced for some reason. I guess it makes them look longer to me.

"Fine," I said, "I'll wear these," and I giggled at him.

Harley was attempting to cover up his big prick and take his speedos back from me and failing miserably in both tasks, as I easily danced away from him in the shallow surf.

"Give me those!" he bellowed. "I could get arrested and lose my job to boot."

"Too bad," I laughed at him. "Catch me if you can," I cried out and turned and ran in towards the beach. Luckily it was now late in the afternoon and most of the beach crowd had already left to do whatever it is they do in the evenings.

As I've mentioned before, I'm pretty quick, but Harley was faster and we were in his element. He was right on my ass, so to speak when we pounded up on the beach. I saw Kristine and Nicole waiting over to the left, trying to blend in and not appear conspicuous, until it was time for their role in this sexcapade.

The life guard reached out, grabbing me by my shoulder and whirled me around to face him, which is actually what I wanted at that point. My labia was wet and distended and I was ready to fuck and his erection was huge, but just to be on the safe side, as I flung his trunks off to the side where Kristine and Nicole were waiting, I lowered to my knees and slobbered on his nob some. There is nothing worse than a dry hump, but to tell you the truth I wasn't interested in any foreplay with this guy. I was ready to get it on! Mwahaha!

I looked up at him and I could see he was no longer in any kind of mood to protest, once he began to experience my velvet lips wrapped around his cock. His head was thrown back in ecstasy. I lay back on the beach with my legs drawn up at the knees and my pussy wide open and beckoned to him.

"Come on, Harley," I entreated him. "Come to mama." Pretty sick, huh? Haha!

The young life guard moaned and fell to his knees in front of me appearing completely identical as a supplicant kneeling on Sunday morning. I clasped his erection and guided it directly into my sweet honey pot. Harley might have been slow to catch on, once upon a time, that he wanted to fuck me, but once he had his prick inside of my sweet twat, he began to ride me with all his worth.

God! It felt so good; part of it was probably from fucking on a public beach, but the fact is the guy was good. He was banging me so hard you could hear us hitting when he thrusted in - thwap - thwap -thwap. I could tell he was going to blow any second and I wasn't ready yet. I directed him to place my legs up on his shoulders, which he was more than happy to comply with. Hehe. Harley was now on his knees poking every millimeter of his prick straight into my cunt hole, looking straight down at us enjoying the show. He had his own little porno flick going.

I could feel him starting to orgasm as his entire body twitched and then spasmed and he exclaimed, "Oh Christ Sara!" As I had my legs wrapped around the back of his neck, he seemed to be able to reach places in me no one had ever done. God, I started to go and the cum cascaded from me like blood in a Quentin Tarantino movie. Just before Harley let loose with his load of hot sperm, his head was thrown back in complete sexual abandon and Kristine ran up with the camera and snapped off four quick pictures of us fucking on the beach and then she wisely fled the scene. Harley then shot his load of cum and collapsed right on top of me.

"Sara," the big stud murmured, "What was that?"

"Haha!" I laughed. "That was Kristine with a camera. She got some nice shots of you fucking me. Wanna see how that came out?"

Man, you can bet he rose off me quickly, his half hardened penis waving around at me. I bet if I had started sucking on it again, he would have gotten another erection immediately.

"Sara!" Harley exclaimed, sounding completely panicked. "What are you going to do with those?!"

"Don't worry," I explained. "We're not going to publish them or sell them or anything. They're insurance."

"Insurance against what?" the young man asked, completely perplexed.
"Against you fucking around with me or any of my friends. You got it, Harley?"
He silently nodded his head in the affirmative.

"Because I show those pictures to my father, and you're going away for a long time, and you'll have a child abuse charge on your record for the rest of your life," I carefully explained to him.

In fact those pictures would rear their ugly head later, but that's another story. Standing up, I sauntered over to Kristine and Nicole. I pulled on my bikini after Kristine handed it to me and my parting shot to poor Harley, who was still kneeling on the sand was, "So you got fucked twice today, Harley! Mwahaha!"

The End of Part Eleven

It's a Party
By Bubblegom
Chapter Twelve

Well, the next week was the most hideous week of the entire year - when we went back to school. The only thing that was exciting about it at all was I was now a freshman in high school, so I had all that new stuff when you're first getting used to everything. That made it a little more bearable than usual. Another good thing was I was going to the same school as Kristine and Nicole. We were able to eat lunch together and we were together in some classes.
Kristine and I had physical education together the last period of the day, so after classes we lolled around in the hot showers, because neither one of us were in a hurry. We both lived so close to the school, we didn't have to take a bus and no one was coming to pick us up either. Kristine had told me that Nicole had left immediately after the sixth period, because she had to go to the dentist or some such misery.

So Kristine and I stood under those hot showers for quite a while and talked and laughed. I really dug Kristine. Besides her personality and being willing to take chances, she had this hot little body. Man, I really felt like jumping her bones sometimes, but I didn't want to freak her out, you know?

Just as a little experiment, I decided to play with my pussy lips a little and stick my finger in when we were talking, just to see how she would react. I noticed her eyes grew wide, when she observed initially what I was doing, but she never missed a beat in the conversation and she was clearly watching me.

I located my clit and began to manipulate it as hard as I could, while continuing to talk about my new algebra teacher. Kristine flushed bright red, but looked as if she were mesmerized and completely unable to tear her eyes away from my pussy. Man, I was really getting off on this. This was better than being naked in public. I'm not even sure if she had ever done herself up until this point. Later she wouldn't admit to me one or the other.

Suddenly I began to orgasm with the cum feeling as though it was literally being forced from me causing me to twitch and moan. Geez, it was powerful from just coming from my own hand, probably part of it being I was doing in a public shower in front of a completely shocked appearing Kristine.

When I was finished, I glanced at Kristine and noticed she was now staring at the shower room floor. She appeared to be slightly shaking. I didn't know for sure at that time, but come to find out, she was feeling pretty horny after watching that.

"Kristine?" I spoke tentatively.

The pretty girl raised her head and offered me a small smile.

"You ok?" I asked.

She nodded silently in the affirmative.

"Come over and give me a hug," I invited.

When she crossed the shower room to me, I thought, Aha! Gotcha.

She literally fell into my arms already indicating to me that she was interested in more than a simple hug. I sampled the waters by offering her a full embrace. Kristine made no protest at all. God, I was in heaven. I'd been lusting after her hot little body almost since the time I had met her, but I never thought anything would ever happen with it.

Her bare skin felt so good on mine. I slid my hands down to her ass and pulled her even closer to me, and she fully reciprocated. I thought the time had arrived for the big plunge, so to speak, and, since we were almost exactly the same height, it was nothing for me to kiss her tentatively on the lips; almost a sisterly peck, just to see how she would react. She began to kiss me back more passionately, while pulling me even closer to her. I could tell she was way turned on too.

I ran my hands down gently all over her nice firm young body, caressing her everywhere I could reach easily, while we continued to kiss sticking our tongues in each other's mouth. I reached down with my left hand and located her clit and began to work it. Kristine let out with a loud moan and her knees buckled. I held her up with my other arm, while continuing to manipulate her clitoris. I became positive I was correct that she had little sexual experience, even by her own hand.

I suddenly decided that if this was her first sexual experience with another person, I wanted it to be a little more personal than by my finger. I pulled her down to the shower room floor under the beating warm water and proceeded to rub my clit on top of her clit until they were both hard. Kristine was moaning and writhing underneath me and literally begging me for sexual release. I pushed down and located her clitoris with my tongue and pushed her over the edge completely with it. The cum literally cascaded from her labia and Kristine was screaming out my name. I hoped no one heard us out in the halls. It could have proven to be very embarrassing, if they had come to investigate. I became so hot watching her, I began to spontaneously orgasm myself.
When we finished our sexual congress, I lay there beside her for quite a few minutes under that hot water beating down on us. I felt so goddamn good.

Finally we arose and went into the locker room and I toweled Kristine off lovingly rubbing every crack and crevice of her beautiful body, while she did the same for me. Then we helped dress each other, as if we were small children helping to pull up knickers and put on bras. God, I was getting hot again just dressing her. I think I was half in love with her. After we dressed, we gathered our belongings and went outside, where we saw the football team practicing. Mwahaha!

End of Part Twelve

It's a Party
By Bubblegom
Chapter Thirteen

I don't know how it is where you live, but in Florida football is right next to God, country and family and I'm not sure what order it goes in. Besides currently having three successful professional franchises in the Miami Dolphins, Tampa Bay Bucs, and the Jacksonville team, there are also three highly successful, major college football programs in The University of Florida, FSU, and the University of Miami. All of this success, of course, initially stemmed from the high school ranks, so even football at that level is taken quite seriously.

The high school's team had been practicing at least for a month, and actually sneaking practicing some all summer. Their first game would be in a few days. As we stood near the sidelines watching them, we could see the players cutting their eyes towards us, whenever they felt they could get away with it. Finally one of the coaches noticed we were being a distraction and chased us away, none too nicely I might add.

Naturally enough revenge immediately entered my mind and I turned to Kristine and suggested we investigate the boys locker room, while they were out at practice. Kristine indicated she was up for it and away we went to see what kind of trouble we could cause. Mwahaha!

Sneaking in wasn't hard, because the doors weren't locked. In the first place, everyone else was supposed to have already left and who would think anybody would mess around with the football team anyway? The scary part was right when we entered, because we weren't certain if there may still be someone in the locker room, but it was completely empty. We immediately attempted to open lockers, some of them had those combination locks on, but some were unlocked.

Let's get one thing straight, we weren't in there to rip anybody off. We just wanted to see what kind of havoc we might be able to cause. Haha! I found some jock straps at one point and began throwing them at Kristine. She screamed and was running around like a chicken with her head cut off and I was laughing my ass off.

When we heard the players beginning to enter the locker room, we became completely panicked! I'll admit it. We flipped out and ended up running the wrong way and became dead ended in the shower room. Kristine was looking all crazy and confused, when she asked, "What are we gonna do, Sara?!"
Kristine always looked to me to get us out of our jams. It was only right, because I was the one, who usually got us into them. I answered her by quickly stripping off my outfit, until I was standing stark naked.

"Here," I said, handing my clothes to my beautiful friend. "As soon as the shower room starts to fill up with players, run out and go to the nearest door to the right and out into the hallway. Don't try to make it to the door that leads outside. There'll still be players coming in and you would never make it. Once you hit the hallway, keep running until you find a janitor and explain to them you got locked in and they'll let you out. Then wait out front for me. For God's sake, don't panic and run home. I wouldn't relish trying to run home from school stark naked the way I used to when I was in the sixth grade!"

Kristine appeared completely aghast, when she replied, "Sara, you're not going to fuck the whole team, are you?"

"Oh relax," I giggled. "Even I'm not that slutty. Besides I don't even know these guys. I just know once they spot me naked, they won't pay any attention to you."

Sure enough, as soon as the shower room began to fill up with huge, nude, sweaty football players, Nicole was able to just waltz out, because they were all staring at me with their mouths hanging open and some pricks already becoming hard at the sight of me. Remember, these are high school guys. They can get hard for no reason just walking down the hallway at school.
Can you imagine that some of these guys were trying to hide their penis from me. God, I couldn't believe it. What a bunch of blushing virgins! I'll tell you some of these guys were just fat slobs, but those were the lineman. The rest of these guys were pretty good looking and then a boy sauntered in, who I did recognize. He was the starting quarterback and he used to live in our neighborhood. His name was Eric and he was a blond Adonis, let me tell you. He was also purported to be a great quarterback and already in line for a major college scholarship, but I didn't know about that. I wasn't much into football then. I did become quite a fan later, but that was when I was a cheerleader. That's a story for another time.

He stood about six feet, three and his prick looked to hang down halfway to his knees. I thought I had died and gone to heaven again. I could tell he fancied me, as he walked right towards me. The players in the crowded shower room cleared a path for him, as the Red Sea had for Moses. After all he was the starting quarterback and these guys are minor Gods in high school around here.

Eric moved in until he was almost touching me with his giant cock that was already hard. I was completely ready to do this guy, I want you to know.
"And you are?" he asked me kindly, never once acting as though it was in any way odd to find a naked girl waiting in the men's shower room.

God, I could barely speak, I was shaking so much. This was a very unusual occurrence for me. It was usually I who was in compete charge of the situation.

I finally managed to eek out, "I'm Sara."

"And I'm -," he began to say until I interrupted. "Oh, I know who you are. You used to live in my neighborhood."

After that, Eric began to peer at me closely, until I saw recognition enter his eyes. "Oh, you're the girl we used to call Bubblegom," he declared and then he laughed heartily. He had a beautiful laugh.

Why did they used to call me Bubblegom? Well, that's an embarrassing story and I might tell it sometime or I might not. Suddenly he snapped his fingers and demanded, "Guard the room!"

Every last player left the shower room and stood in front of it out in the locker room. Believe it or not, I was relieved. I didn't particularly relish fucking this guy with the whole football team watching and I sure as hell wasn't pulling no train! There are limits, you know.

Eric spoke, "You surely have grown up, Sara."

"Hey Eric," I explained. "No offense, but to hell with the small talk. We're both naked. You don't have to chat me up, you know. Let's just fuck."

The handsome young quarterback appeared a little shocked, but more amused than anything. I don't suppose he was used to anybody as forward as I am. He was more familiar with those blushing debutantes, who acted as though they didn't want it as bad as he did. They all were already looking for husbands, even though they were still only in high school. Isn't that pathetic? You can't tell anything about a person, when they're still in high school. I'm sure Jack the Ripper probably looked okay, when he was in school too.

Eric agreed simply, "Alright," and he pulled me towards him, until he was completely embracing me. God, he was so much taller than me his prick was poking me somewhere between my belly button and my breasts.

"Let's get it on," I whispered to him. "The coaches could force their way in here anytime."

The young man nodded and lowered his knees, as if he were doing a deep knee bend. I thought to myself it certainly was a strange time to exercise until I realized he was inserting his huge erection straight into my cunt hole. Oh God! Talk about fucking good! Then he reached behind my legs and picked me completely up off the floor, until my pussy was waist high on him. I quickly caught on and wrapped my legs around his waist and crossed them at my ankles to keep me firmly entrenched on his cock.

Eric was so strong he walked me and him over to the wall and, using that for balance, he began to thrust into me hard, over and over and over.

"Oh Goddamn!" I screamed. It was lucky none of the coaches heard me, but I couldn't help myself. This guy might have the best I'd ever had and I'd had grown men too. He just kept thrusting over and over quicker and quicker. I thought I was going out of my mind, until suddenly the cum was literally ripped right out of me.

"Shit!" I screamed, as it rolled out and then Eric let loose his load of cum right into me. I could tell by the expression on his face he was lost somewhere for a moment. He had completely left reality.

When the young quarterback had completed his pass of cum to me, so to speak, he set me gently on to the shower room because, at the moment considering everything, he probably didn't have the strength to hold me any longer. We embraced for another moment or two and then I gently reminded him we probably needed to get me out of there, before I was discovered by some of the teaching staff.

He softly called out, "Hey, Tiny. Bring me a jersey." There always has to be some big guy on every high school football team named Tiny. That's a cosmic law.

The aforementioned Tiny acted with some alacrity and carried into the shower a brand new football jersey. It fittingly enough had the number 10 on the back. Tiny didn't waste the opportunity to look me over closely and I guess he liked what he saw also, because his prick became hard as a rock immediately.

Eric took the jersey from him, thanked him, and sent him on his way back into the locker room. Turning to me, he instructed me to hold my arms up and then slipped the jersey down over me. It was so large it hung down to my knees and, at the risk of seeming immodest, I have to admit I looked adorable in it. The handsome young quarterback gave me one more passionate lingering kiss and then took me by the hand and granted me safe passageway from the locker room to outside the school. I walked around the corner of the school in a complete daze, until I saw Kristine smiling and waving her right arm at me. I could tell she was very relieved to see me from the huge smile on her pretty features. I didn't even bother putting on my outfit, but just carried it with me as I walked home beside Kristine. The jersey was way longer than my skirt had been anyway. Naturally enough, Kristine demanded to know what had occurred after she had made her great escape and, as I was recounting it to her, I realized something amazing - I was in love! Mwahaha!

A/N The Eric in this story is a tribute to the fine writer, Eric123550, for the complimentary early reviews he gave me, which gave me motivation to continue writing this story. Please check his fics out as soon as possible and thanks again, Eric.

End of Part Thirteen

It's a Party
By Bubblegom
Chapter Fourteen

Well, that was quite an inaugural day of high school, wouldn't you say? Haha! You'll hear some more later about me and Eric. The next day after school, we (Kristine, Nicole, and me) all went down to the mall to windowshop. Actually they went down to windowshop, I went down to shoplift. There, I admitted it. Take me away, officer. It's not an excuse, but my parents gave me little money to buy clothes with and they said I was too young to work. That left me in the familiar position of being between a rock and a hard place, when it came to acquiring new outfits. What did I need new clothes for, you might ask. Why, people became tired of watching me strip off the same old clothes all the time. Mwahaha!

I had this little gig we worked that Kristine and Nicole helped with. We would browse in one of those hip clothing stores in the mall and I would act real suspicious by taking lots of outfits in the dressing room with me, making certain I attracted all the sales personnel attention with my antics. Then when I would come out, I would leave half of them in the dressing room. Naturally enough this caused the staff to think that I had put the outfits on under my clothes. Meanwhile Kristine or Nicole would go in the dressing room and do just that, while the employees of the store were questioning me. What happened on the day in question was an example of the typical riff that I would run on them.

As I was sashaying from the shop, the head of the sales department stepped forward and blocked me from leaving. "Excuse me," she said. "I think you need to return the items you took."

Appearing to act highly indignant, I demanded in a loud voice, attracting attention from people all over the store, "What the hell are you talking about? I didn't take anything." This was necessary in order to distract everyone in the store from watching Kristine or Nicole or both of them.

"You most certainly did," she insisted in a most supercilious tone.

"Prove it," I demanded. "Or step aside," I added, while attempting to step past her.

"Do I have to call security?" the young woman haughtily asked. Yeah, you know these places - you have to have a young woman in charge or the kids will think the clothes are old fashioned. In fact, to tell you the truth I sorta dug her looks. She was quite thin, but I think you have to be to model some of the new fashions like she had to, but her breasts appeared quite large beneath her pink knit jersey. I could also tell she wasn't wearing a bra, because I could see where her nipples were protruding hard through the soft fabric of her top. She had beautifully long red hair and, as I already have indicated, a flat stomach and a very narrow waist. Her facial features were quite attractive in an unusual way with very high cheek bones, very carefully formed thinned eyebrows and beautiful full luscious lips.

"What'd want me to do anyway? Strip?" I retorted, having a difficult time with not laughing in the young woman's pretty face.

"No, certainly not," she replied, looking at me now quizzically. "Just go back in the dressing room and take the clothes off you have beneath yours."

"I will not!" I responded emphatically. "Then you'll think me guilty and I'm not!"

Every eye in the store was now on me and some of these were interested guys, who had been dragged along mall shopping by their girlfriends. Man, I was starting to get off on this. Mwahaha!

Before the attractive young woman, whose name was Betty, which the name tag on her blouse proclaimed, could respond further, I pulled my sweater up and over my head revealing my bare breasts! Betty flushed red and began to understand she might have more happening here than she had bargained for. Haha!

Before she could do anything to stop me, I dropped my short skirt to the floor and very carefully stepped out of it stark naked, except for my shoes. "Oh my God!" Betty cried out. "What are you doing?"

"There," I declared. "Does it look like I'm hiding anything underneath my outfit?"

"No, no, I was mistaken," admitted the young beauty. "Please put your clothes back on." Betty was practically crying by this point. A crowd of interested customers had gathered around me, while Kristine and Nicole carried out half the store.

"I will not!" I said adamantly. "Not until you apologize to me for accusing me falsely of stealing."

"I'm sorry, I'm very sorry, now please put your clothes back on," the saleswoman pleaded.

"You know," I mused outloud thoughtfully, "I imagine I have quite a lawsuit here. Young woman forced to strip herself naked in mall to prove she wasn't shoplifting. What do you think?" I asked her rhetorically.

"Please," Betty was now reduced to begging. "I'll do whatever you want. Please don't cost me my job."

That was music to my young ears. As I spoke to the young saleswoman, I couldn't help, but notice that the few young men present in the store now had prominent bulges beneath their pants and their girlfriends were glaring angrily at them and then at me.

"Good," I approved. "Than come with me into the back of the store," I directed. As I led the now quivering young woman to the stock room in back of the store, I debated my next plan. Usually I just leaned on them for some free outfits, but this struck me differently. I rather fancied this young girl and I, at the very least, wanted to see her naked.

We stepped into the back of the store and drew the curtain shut. I could tell that every salesperson left in the store was standing just outside the curtain listening to every word we spoke, because I could observe their feet under the curtain. That was great because that meant that Kristine and Nicole were free to empty out the store, so the longer I kept Betty back here, the more we could steal. I'm so bad. Haha!

I didn't know what kind of background Betty had, but I know she was having a difficult time looking at my nude body, but instead kept glancing down at the floor. To get the ball rolling, I suggested, "How about you give me five free outfits of my choosing and we'll call it all even."

That caught her attention. "Five!" she exclaimed loudly, quickly raising her head to stare at me. "That's a lot of money," Betty complained.

"A lot less than a lawsuit for mental cruelty and emotional suffering," I retorted, "Plus this way, you'll be allowed to keep your job."

I'll say this for her, sometimes they argue with me vehemently but ultimately futilely, because they have to eventually give in, but Betty grasped the fact that she had been thoroughly bamboozled and agreed to my demands immediately.

"There's just one more thing," I added in a tone that would appear to indicate that it was just an afterthought.

"What's that?" the young attractive woman asked wearily, probably assuming I wanted some shoes or some sort of item. I relished in my mind what I was going to say next and what her reaction would probably be.

"I want to you to strip off," I explained.

"What?!" Betty cried out, while turning beet red. I'm not sure what her problem was. We were both girls.

"You heard me," I riposted. "Take all your clothes off!" I heard some of the other salesgirls giggling outside the curtain. That got me off even more, knowing they were listening and possibly peeking through where the curtain joined.

Betty threw her hands up in front of herself instinctively, as if that was going to protect her against my demands.

"Now!" I insisted, "or I consult my attorney. I want to see if those tits are real or not." I just threw that part in to be crude and really worry her.

The good-looking young woman unfastened her skirt and lowered it to her feet, where she stepped out of it and then lay it on some unopened boxes. She then grasped the bottom of her pink pullover and lifted it off her body completely. Aha! I thought. I had been right, she wasn't encumbered with a bra and her breasts were huge with gloriously large nipples. I could barely contain myself right then.

Betty stood clad in her pink thong and shoes. I could tell she had no inclination to strip further and wouldn't unless I prodded her.

"Everything!" I commanded. "Shoes too."

The young woman flushed crimson and I began to wonder if maybe she had at least some bi-tendencies to be acting this way in front of another female. Betty slowly pulled her thong off reluctantly and then shucked her shoes. I could definitely observe some serious movement being done to that curtain. It's a wonder they hadn't pulled it down in their frenzy to look.

Betty was beautiful just as I assumed she would be and she stood attempting to shield her bountiful breasts and juicy pussy with her hands, and I quickly reached out and knocked them away saying, "Stop that! Place your hands down by your side."

I stepped slowly around her, as she stood nakedly at attention. She had a really superior ass too and she had this beautiful red pubic hair. As I stepped back in front of her, I noticed her labia was somewhat distended and there was some moisture present just by standing naked in front of me. I was right! This girl was getting off too. I noticed she was still slightly quivering, although I now believed it was in anticipated lust, rather than nervousness or shock.

I took her by the hand and cooed in my most sincere voice, "Betty, my name is Sara and I'm happy to meet you. You need to relax, because I won't hurt you or make you do anything you're uncomfortable with. That wasn't exactly true, but there was no sense worrying her unnecessarily at that point. To prove my point to the young woman, I took her hand I was holding and gently placed it on my left breast and just let it sit there.

As soon as she began to feel comfortable enough to gently rub my nipple, I pulled her to me in a tight embrace. Her bare body felt so good on mine! This was so hot making love to this young woman in the back of the store with her subordinates watching us. I probably could have creamed right then, if I thought about it real hard.

"You are so beautiful," I murmured to Betty. I felt her return my compliment by rubbing her hands softly all over my body. She put her hands everywhere, straight down my back and around the curve of my ass. The pretty young woman suddenly moved her hands around my pussy and then began to manipulate my clit. Oh, I was squirming then. I was used to being the seducer, rather than the seduced and the attractive redhead was definitely seducing me.

"Oh Betty!" I exclaimed, while squirming with intense pleasure the more she worked my clit. God! My knees buckled, and Betty caught my weight. She definitely knew what she was doing. Suddenly the good looking redhead dropped to her knees in front of me and finished her erotic task with her tongue. She hardened it somehow and stuck it straight up my pussy and began to thrust with it.

"Goddamn!" I cried out, as the cum cascaded from me into Betty's willing mouth. If I hadn't already been in love with Eric, I think I was have fallen right then for that young woman. As it was, I think I fell 'in lust' with her.

Betty stood up and offered me a brief hug. She smiled and suggested, "Wait right here and I'll go get your clothes."

She then returned to the public part of the store stark naked herself to retrieve my clothes. I loved that! I had a convert. I heard loud cries of shock, when the young woman walked nakedly through her place of employment. She was soon back with my outfit and wouldn't let me do anything, as she lovingly dressed me. We kissed one more long passionate kiss and then made plans to meet again. I then sashayed through the curtain and out through the store with every eye on me, until I rejoined my friends in the main part of the mall. Mwahaha!

A/N Gentle readers, don't despair. There will be more of Eric and me next chapter.

End of Part Fourteen

It's a Party
By Bubblegom
Chapter Fifteen

The next day after school, I was totally bummed. Both Kristine and Nicole had to go do something with their mothers directly after school, so not only did I have nothing to do after school, but I didn't even have anybody to walk home with. I hadn't met anybody else yet at my new school, except for Eric and, of course, he was at football practice. Naturally, later on as the years went by, I made lots of new friends and met practically everybody in the school, when I ran for school president, but that's a story for a much later time.

Anyway, I was walking home kicking shit. You know when you're just barely moving down the sidewalk and you're just so bored you're staring at the ground and kicking at small stones and tin cans? Well, that's kicking shit. Suddenly I was aware that a car was pulling up beside me out of traffic. Fully expecting to look up and see some perv getting ready to make his pitch at me, I thought to myself, Oh crap, now what?

"Hey Sara, what'cha doing?" a familiar voice called out, before I had a chance to glance up. It was my friend, Bobby! You remember - Bobby our pitcher from the baseball game?

I gazed into his handsome smiling face, surprisingly seated behind the wheel of a new red sporty appearing automobile. "Bobby!" I squealed. "What are you doing driving? You're only fifteen and where did you get that car?"

Bobby grinned some more, now resembling a Cheshire cat. "I turned sixteen on Monday," he explained, "and this is my birthday present from my parents."

"Gawd! You're lucky," I exclaimed. "I bet when I turn sixteen, my parents will buy me a toy car."

Bobby threw his head back and laughed. He had a nice laugh, not forced or shrill. "Come on," the young man invited. "Hop in, I'll drive you home."

"Okay," I agreed, while quickly climbing in. I don't want to appear immodest, but I looked cute as hell that day. I was wearing a short white midriff blouse and a blue pleated skirt that fell halfway up my thighs as I sat. I saw him enjoying the sight of me from the corner of his eye.

"Where to?" he asked. "Home?"

"Oh, not really," I answered. "I'm in no real hurry to go home."

"Well, okay," Bobby replied, sounding doubtful. "But I have some things I have to go do in a little while, so let's just go get a coke somewhere and then I'll have to drop you off home."

I nodded, but thought to myself there wasn't a chance in hell I was going along with that plan. He pulled up to one of those places, where you can still place your order outside, while you sat in your car, with a girl who will come out on roller skates or you can go inside to eat. I don't want to plug any businesses, so let's just call it 'Charf and Barf.' I was thinking maybe I should get a job there, when I was old enough. Man, it'd be a kick to come skating out stark naked to a car full of guys. Mwahaha! I bet that they wouldn't be calling inside to complain.

Bobby was pulling the car into the parking lot and was distracted by his need to watch out for traffic. In Florida with all the old people, driving in parking lots is more dangerous than driving on the highways. They're liable to do anything! I quickly pulled off my blouse and skirt and sat nude beside him. As he parked the car, he turned to look at me. Now, Bobby has known me for years and nothing I do usually wouldn't surprise him, but I think I did surprise him a little later on this day.

"Hehe," he responded, when he observed me sitting beside him naked. I suppose he thought he was calling my bluff or was that buff, when he got out of the red auto and asked, "Coming, Sara?"

I thought, Not yet, but I will be soon, but I answered, "Sure," and I also got out of the vehicle. As I was walking toward the eating establishment, Bobby exclaimed, sounding completely nonplussed, "Sara! You can't go in there like that. You'll get arrested."

"Sure, I can," I contradicted. "Now, come on," I insisted, while wrapping my arm through one of his and practically dragging him into the restaurant. As it was, luck was on my side. There were very few customers inside and most of them were young women, and they just seemed mildly amused by my antics. They probably assumed I was pledging to some sorority or something and had to go naked somewhere in public in order to be allowed to join. You were always hearing about stuff like that. Usually it was in conjunction with some young woman having a nervous breakdown over something obscene she has been required to do to gain admittance to the society. In fact, I did join a soritory at one point, but that's another story also.

Naturally all of the waitresses were female and, since this was the very end of their shift, they appeared completely worn out and probably wouldn't have cared if every customer in the place was nude. The after school manager was on duty and he was just a pimply faced teen, who had probably never seen a naked girl before, outside of a magazine, so he didn't appear as if he were going to complain, unless someone made him.

I pulled Bobby over to a table and then I sat down. I could have chosen a booth, but that would have hidden too many of my physical charms. Mwahaha! "Go get us a coke," I directed, as he was just standing there with his mouth hanging open gazing at me sitting totally naked in a fast food enterprise in the middle of a weekday afternoon. The handsome young man turned and stumbled up to the counter, returning within a few minutes with two large cokes with accompanying straws. The cokes were in those way large glasses that had 'Charf and Barf' labels on the side.

After he sat down and passed my drink to me, he just sat and gazed at me from across his side of the small table. Bobby finally spoke, "Sara, I have known you for years, but I never will get the depth of you."

I just laughed, but I knew what he meant. He was telling me I was still a constant amazement to him. "Well, I try," I finally answered. Bobby flashed me that warm smile that always melts me to a puddle. After we finished our drinks, Bobby paid the check at the front register, while I waited standing behind him. I gazed at everyone square in the eye and they would just look back at me, as though I was completely dressed. People are weird that way. If you act like nothing is wrong with being naked, they're loath to tell you; unless it's little kids, they'll always tell you. I guess that's the real meaning of that hackneyed old story, 'The Emperor's New Clothes.'

As luck would have on our way out, a young tall black man was coming through the door. "Bobby, my man," he slightly slurred in that southern drawl, while doing that incredibly sexy slow hand slap. Then he looked at me and his eyes grew very wide.

"And what or who do we have here, and what have you two been doing?" he laughed.

"I'm Sara," I spoke up, since I noticed that reality had entered the picture again for Bobby and he appeared frozen for the moment. I held out my right hand and the young man shook it.

"I'm Darrell," he responded, "I'll be giving you a call one of these days." He did too, but that's another story.

"Who was that?" I insisted, as we finally made our way back to Bobby's car.
"Oh, he's one of the starters on the basketball team at our school."

Oh, cool! I thought. Football, basketball, and I've got the baseball player right here!

After the handsome young man had started the car, he turned to me and suggested, "Sara, you better get dressed. I'm taking you home now." As he pulled into traffic, I sat and very obviously pouted. I couldn't believe it. I strip myself naked in public and he's taking me home!

After he merged the car we were riding in with oncoming traffic, I leaned over and pulled the zipper on his blue jeans all the way down. As Bobby wasn't wearing any underwear, his large prick just popped out at me. He had been in a steady state of erection the entire time I had been naked. God! I don't know how he stood it.

"Sara!" Bobby protested. "What are you doing?!"

"Just drive," I answered him in a surly tone. That was such a stupid question, I didn't think it deserved a rejoinder. I lovingly lowered my mouth over his hardened cock and began to slowly suckle it, reaching every inch all the way down the stem to the base. I even suckled part of his balls after I had gotten all of his prick into my mouth. I could hear him moaning over the din of the traffic. Geez! I hoped he didn't wreck us.

Oh God! It was so awesome. Riding down the highway at sixty miles an hour and I was stark naked in the middle of the afternoon in a little red convertible sucking on Bobby's cock resting on my knees with my butt up and the back of my cunt waving in the breeze. I was getting as hot as he was as I felt my labia open completely. I reached underneath with my free hand and began playing with myself. It felt so sweet. Cars were driving by and honking at us. I didn't care. It was all in the moment and I only cared about Bobby's cock and my pussy. We could die right after climaxing - I didn't care right then.

I could suddenly feel my cum building from deep inside of me, as I was working my entire fist up my vagina until suddenly my orgasm was ripped out of me in waves. Oh sweet Bobby, I thought, as I couldn't speak. My mouth was full of his prick. Suddenly he began to twitch and I lowered my mouth further on him and wrapped my lips around his shaft as tight as I could for him.

"Oh Sara!" he cried out as he filled my mouth with his sweet spurting cum from his convulsing cock. I swallowed it all. It actually tasted quite good, but a little salty. When he had finished, I sat back up in the passenger seat. I still had some of his cum dripping of my beautiful lips. He was speechless for a matter of minutes and then finally spoke, "Ok, you win, Sara. I'll drop you off at my house. There's nobody home. Go in through the garage. I have to do some errands for my mother and then I'll be back directly."

I sat and clapped my hands like a small child. I had won! I didn't have to go to my miserable lonely home yet. Bobby was as good as his word. As we pulled up in his driveway, he used his automatic door opener to lift up the garage door and, since he had said no one was home anyway, I just carried my outfit with me as I quickly darted from his car into the backdoor of his house through the garage.

And immediately stepped into his kitchen, where his brother Jackie and two of his friends were standing! Mwahaha!

End of Part Fifteen

It's a Party
By Bubblegom
Chapter Sixteen

Well quite naturally when I observed Jackie standing there in the kitchen unexpectedly with two of his friends, I was delighted. For one thing, I adored Jackie. He was really just a more firmly built version of his brother Bobby. Bobby was sixteen and a junior in high school. Jackie was fifteen and a sophomore in high school and I was fourteen and a freshman. Obviously, through most of my childhood, I had been closer with Jackie, than I was with Bobby, because our ages were closer. Plus I hadn't been relishing being alone in Bobby's house. For one thing, it would be kinda boring and, for another thing, I could later be accused of stealing from them. Of course, that wouldn't have stopped me from nosing through all their possessions. Haha!

The two boys with Jackie were his friends Will and Robert. I knew both of them slightly, but not at all in the biblical sense and, judging from the expressions of their faces, they were quite surprised and delighted to see the 'real' me. Mwahaha! Will was tall; he was around six feet, three and fairly skinny, although he had these wonderfully large hands. That really turns me on and he was very handsome. Robert wasn't as good looking, but he was a solid six foot and looked to have a large upper body beneath his clothes.

Jackie exclaimed delightedly, "Sara! Where did you come from?" Knowing my propensity for being comfortable in front of others, despite being totally nude, he reached out and took my outfit from my arms, where I had been holding it in front of myself and he placed it on the kitchen counter.

Noticing suddenly that I was still dripping sexual fluid from my vagina, Jackie's happy expression suddenly fell and he spoke dejectedly, "Oh, I get it - Bobby."

Stepping to him, I placed my hand behind his neck and stepped up on my tip toes and kissed him passionately. I declared, "Hey, I'm here with you now and that's all that is important, isn't it?"

Suddenly breaking into a huge smile, Jackie appeared beautiful to me. "Sure, Sara," he agreed. "You always could make me smile, you know."

Suddenly I felt four hands touching me everywhere they could reach, which was considerably apparently! One hand was poking around my labia from behind, another was rubbing the nibble on my right breast, while one was preparing to invade my asshole and the fourth one was tickling my pussy hair.

"Wait a minute!" I exclaimed, while whirling around and gently knocking the hands away. "I love sex, but I'm not a whore! I'm not taking the three of you on at the same time."

Will and Robert appeared totally desolate, while their friend just smiled at them - evilly, I thought. "But there's a solution," I explained. "I just happen to have two good friends, who I think will be willing to come over." It was obvious to me that my statement has caused hope to suffuse the good looking features of Will and Robert.

I knew I was up to no good, inviting two virgins over to an orgy. Mwahaha! But I thought it was time for Kristine and Nicole to give it up and start having a good time. Jackie showed me where one of the phones was located and I quickly called Kristine and explained to her that there were two fabulous looking guys at Jackie's, who really wanted to meet them. Okay, okay, it was a lie. But it was only a little white lie, because unbeknownst to them I really meant meat them. Haha! Kristine sounded all excited, when she asked me for the address and, after consulting with her mother, she promised that she and Nicole would be right over.

I went into the bathroom and cleaned myself up, if you know what I mean and by the time I was finished and exited the bathroom, Jackie excitedly informed me that my friends were getting out of a car in front of the house. I ran and took a peek from behind the front curtains in the living room and, sure enough, I observed Kristine and Nicole getting out of Kristine's mother's car. Man, they were both dressed to fuck! Hehe. I'd really never seen either one of them dress like that; at least not to go out. Both of them looked hot! In fact, I didn't know how Kristine managed to leave her house dressed that way, but apparently her mother had been distracted with it being almost dinner time. Kristine had a bunch of younger brothers and sisters.

She was actually wearing a rather longish blouse and nothing below the waist. Mwahaha! I think, though, that I would have been the only one, who would have noticed it immediately, because it was extremely beautiful and made out of silk and fell to her upper-thigh. It was just that I had seen her wear it as a regular blouse. Nicole appeared just as hot and was wearing those same little shorts she had poured herself into for the baseball game. They were black and so tight you could actually see the outline of her pussy lips and the crack of her ass. Her blouse was a little black mid-riff. I began to think I might have underestimated my friends in more ways than one.

After waving goodbye to Kristine's mother and watching her drive off, my friends turned and walked quickly up Jackie's front walk. I swear as Kristine walked, her blouse would separate for a split second and I was seeing her pussy hair. Mwahaha! I stood nakedly by the front door and wondered what their reaction would be when I threw open the door and stood before them stark naked. Well, as it happened, when I opened the door, after they knocked, Kristine and Nicole both smiled at me, apparently delighted to see me and spoke, "Hello, Sara." Then they stepped past me and directly up to Will and Robert and they all introduced themselves to each other and left me standing in front of the open doorway like a fool with egg on my face.

Suddenly I felt one of Jackie's hands gently curl around my waist pulling me to him, while he pushed the front door shut. "You better close this, Sara," he suggested, "before you give the paperboy a thrill." I giggled and turned and threw my arms around his neck and just stood perfectly still and he ran his hands gently up and down my body. God, it was so wonderful; it gave me shivers!

I moaned and pulled his head down towards mine and began to passionately kiss him again. As he returned the sexual favor, my left hand snaked down inside the waist band of his blue jeans and jockey shorts and began to fondle his penis, which was beginning to spout inches at a time.

"Oh God, Sara," he groaned. I was afraid he was going to go off right then in my hand. You know how these high school boys are, but it wouldn't have mattered. He would have been hard again in about ten seconds. Hehe. I continued to push my tongue into his mouth, while he lowered his hands around my bottom and pulled me even closer to him. His erection was continuing to grow and I quickly unbuttoned his blue jeans and pulled them and his underwear down to the floor. His prick sprung out full blown and, I think if I would have been as tall as he it would have shot straight into my cunt. As it was, it was sticking in my belly button. I laughed and exclaimed, "No, no Jackie! Wrong place!"

Jackie laughed his big guffaw, I think mainly just to find a girl, who offered herself sexually to him without it appearing that it was a serious gift from God or something. There's really no reason that sex shouldn't be fun too. It doesn't always have to be so God awful serious all the time. Jackie was kissing all around my breasts and then lower, as he closed in on my pussy with those full lips of his. Suddenly he was actually very gently nibbling at my pussy lips with the edge of his teeth. Good God! I never had anyone do anything like that before. It was the weirdest combination of almost being painful and the most exciting feeling. Then he was pulling out strands of my blonde pubic hair with his teeth.

I was rubbing his back and I reached down and ripped his T-shirt off and threw it over in the corner. The young man did have a spectacular appearing upper body . I was feeling so hot I didn't think I could wait any longer. "Jackie!" I wailed. "Come on, you're just teasing me now."

He looked up at me from my crotch and grinned that impish grin of his. "That's the idea," Jackie laughed. ""Come on," I implored again.

"Okay," Jackie agreed, finally taking mercy on me. "Get down on your hands and knees," he explained. Figuring he was going to take me one of my favorite ways - doggystyle - I acquiesced with some alacrity. I purposely placed myself, so I could watch what Kristine and Nicole were up to after I lowered to the living room rug.

Kristine was paired up with Will, which naturally left Nicole with Robert. Not knowing each other, plus Kristine and Nicole being basically novices, had caused them to move a lot slower than Jackie and I. Mwahaha!

There was a full length couch and a short love seat in the living room of Jackie's home and both were profitably filled at the moment. Kristine sat wrapped around Will and both of them were deep throating each other with their tongues. I recognized immediately that I had been correct in my assumption that Kristine wasn't wearing anything beneath her dress, as it had ridden up to around her waist and I was looking at her wide open labia, as she was sitting with her legs wide open in a most unlady like position.

Alright, Kristine! I thought. Turning my attention to Nicole and Robert, I saw Robert pulling Nicole's midriff blouse over her head bearing her beautiful breasts, having already divested her of her shorts. I hadn't actually seen Nicole completely naked before. She might have had an even better body than Kristine. She was definitely a hottie.

All of the sudden I realized Jackie wasn't interested in doing it doggystyle, as I felt him inserting his large peter into my butt hole. And I don't think he was going surfing. Hehe. My rectum was like the last hole in my body that hadn't had a prick forced into it, except for maybe my eardrums and my nose! So I figured it was probably time for that to go too.

When Jackie first forced his erection up my ass hole, it hurt like hell, but I bit my lip to keep from crying out and moved with him as best I could as he was forcibly slamming himself into my backside again and again over and over. Being distracted by Will excitedly tearing away Kristine's blouse off her body and a stark naked Robert beginning to copulate with Nicole helped in the beginning and then suddenly it didn't hurt anymore - but on the contrary, was feeling as good as anything ever had in my entire life. God! I started to cum right away.
"Oh, oh, fuck me, Jackie!" I screamed out. So much of the time when I make love, I'm in places I really can't make any noise, so it was nice for one time to be able to make as much noise as I cared to. I just adored talking dirty when I made love. As I watched Kristine sucking Will's joint as hard as she could and Robert continuing to fuck Nicole hard, who must have already surrendered her virginity, because she appeared to be enjoying it, I was climaxing the entire time.

Jackie let loose with his rush of hot sperm straight up my bottom hole and he cried out in ecstasy. Suddenly the front door opened and, as I turned my head to see who it was, Bobby walked in followed closely by his father!

End of Part Sixteen

It's a Party
By Bubblegom
Chapter Seventeen

When Bobby, closely followed by his father, first entered the house, I believe that I was the only one cognizant of that fact. Kristine was having her mouth filled with the cum from Will's knob, as she had continued her slobbering of it and Robert was presently shooting his manly essence into the beautiful Nicole, who was also climaxing. Jackie was slumped over my beautiful bottom after shooting his semen straight up my behind. I was somewhat intrigued to see what the reaction of Bobby and Jackie's paterfamilias might be, but I was never really worried. The best of men are still at heart nothing but 'dirty dogs,' but I don't hold that against them - because I'm a bitch in heat. Mwahaha!

The first indication to the other occupants of the living room that something might be slightly amiss in the area of privacy was when Bobby began to laugh after seeing the tableau of sexual preoccupation that lay before him. Naturally the first two people who reacted were the females. Kristine and Nicole appeared completely panic-stricken and looked as if they didn't know whether to shit or go blind. Since I was still on my hands and knees facing them, I was able to assuage their fears by broadly winking at them. They both visibly relaxed after that.
I disengaged myself from Jackie's prick, which had remained crammed up my rectum and stood up. I swear I heard a pop, as it left my asshole. I figured Bobby and Jackie came by their early sexual proclivities naturally, because their father looked pretty good for an old man. He had the same rugged good looks, although they were now slightly blurred by time. He appeared to have Bobby's handsomeness and Jackie's large upper body. He obviously worked out several times as week, as he looked very hot - at least to me! After all, he was only in his early thirties.

The older man looked my stark naked body up and down, as he stood in front of me and apparently he liked what he saw, because he smiled widely as he spoke, "Well, little Bubblegom, it looks as if you're all grown up. How are you, Sara?"
It appeared he remembered me. Haha! "I'm doing great," I declared, "as you can see, Mr. Foster." I stepped closer, pushing my totally bare body forward and almost touching his.
He laughed the identical laugh as his sons and responded, "Please call me Chad. Being called Mr. Fuller by one as beautiful as you makes me feel old."
Hehe, had a way with words, didn't he? "Okay, Chad," I agreed.
"Who are all your friends, Bobby?" his father inquired.
Actually, as it turned out, Bobby only knew Will and Robert, so I had to introduce Kristine and Nicole to him. Despite their total nudity, my friends' early proper training caused them to have to gain their feet and approach Chad and shake his hand. I almost burst out laughing at the total incongruity of the two stark naked teenage girls being formally introduced to my friends' father.

I was still standing close enough to Chad to notice that he was beginning to experience an erection and I had to see it! He was wearing a pair of lime-green slacks with a white sports shirt. I remember from my childhood that he was a highly successful architect. I began to softly rub the outside of his crotch. The man looked down at me and smiled. I was in! He hadn't pulled away and protested.

Barely glancing at Kristine and Nicole from the corner of my eye, I managed to catch their attention and I nodded slightly. They apparently understood my unspoken signal, as they immediately moved in on the older man and began to undress him. I'll say this for them; for someone who was almost completely sexually innocent until a short while ago, Kristine and Nicole were quick studies. Nicole unbuttoned his sports shirt completely and then removed it from him revealing his substantial upper body. I was right, by God! He was beautiful. He must have continued working out for years since he was Bobby's age. His arms alone were almost as big as my waist. I couldn't wait to get a good look at his prick.
While this was happening, I stood up on my tiptoes and pulled Chad's head down to mine and began to kiss him slipping my tongue into his mouth as soon as possible. Kristine used the opportunity to unbuckle his belt, unbutton his slacks and then slipped them and his underwear down to the floor and then off his body. Not being able to wait any longer, I slipped down to my knees and directly confronted his erection. It was huge! It was as big as Charles' and that's really saying something. I began to wrap my sensuous lips around it taking as much of it into my mouth as possible.

The older man immediately began to moan in sexual ecstasy and move his hips in time with my mouth. I reached under his prick and cupped his balls, rubbing them gently while continuing to lovingly suckle his large cock all the way down to the base. Meanwhile I noticed that Bobby had stripped all his clothes off himself and he and the still nude Jackie had stepped up beside Nicole. Bobby was kissing her fervently and rubbing her nipples, while Jackie had knelt and was currently eating out her pussy single-mindedly. Nicole appeared to be in another world somewhere, as her eyes were completely glazed.

I removed my mouth from Chad's pulsating prick and, stepping up on my tiptoes again, I whispered in his ear. He glanced at Kristine and then back at me and nodded in the affirmative. As Kristine had been just standing there completely overwhelmed watching the sexual action being performed on Nicole, Chad had no difficulty pulling my beautiful friend to him. You see, I had suddenly realized that Kristine was still a virgin technically, since all she had done was give head to Will. I thought the nicest way for Kristine to be introduced to her first real love making with a male would be with an older man, who would be gentle and thankful rather than with some bumbling kid.

I knew I had been correct in this assumption when I saw Chad sweep her up in his strong arms and just hold her tightly for a matter of minutes, while whispering something to her. God, it looked so romantic to me. I could visibly see Kristine relax considerably in his arms and then suddenly she laughed and I realized all would go well for her.

The older man picked my friend completely up off her feet and then softly set her on her back on the rug. He knelt in front of her and gazed down at her beautiful, nubile young body with gratitude in his eyes. Kristine spread her legs wide and held her arms up to encourage him to begin. She was very brave, my friend was. Chad inserted that veritable hog of a cock of his into Kristine's virginally tight cunt and I could see from the expression on his face he hadn't experienced anything that felt as good as that for awhile. As soon as he began to thrust into the young virgin, I dropped to my knees beside Kristine. I wanted some of this action too!
I began to quickly kiss her softly all over her face finally ending with her lips. Kristine was bravely meeting the older man's thrusting by attempting to raise her butt off the living room rug in time with him. Suddenly I could tell from the expression present on her gorgeous features that Chad had penetrated her virginal hymen, but my gutsy friend made no sound of complaint. I was so proud of her. She was a true sexual warrior. Mwahaha!

As I kissed Kristine while slipping my tongue into her mouth, I reached down and began to play with my clitoris. As the action between Chad and my friend intensified, so did mine with myself. Soon my labia was dripping and I felt the wave of cum building up in me. Feeling the presence of someone close to me, I glanced up and observed Will and Robert standing there beating off. As I watched them stroke themselves quicker and quicker, that was enough to carry me over the edge and my orgasm began to wash from me.

God! The whole thing was so hot! Nicole was cumming into Jackie's mouth, while she was stroking Bobby's prick, which started to spray cum on her. Kristine cried out as her first climax from a man was wrenched from her young body and Chad threw his head back in sexual delirium, as he pumped his hot cum into my best friend, while Will and Robert culminated their masturbation by shooting their semen all over me and Kristine.

And then the front door opened and Mrs. Foster walked in. We really should have remembered to lock the door. Mwahaha!

End of Part Seventeen

It's a Party
By Bubblegom
Chapter Eighteen

When Mrs. Foster, Megan I later found out, opened the front door and entered the living room, all activity froze until the room resembled something akin to an obscene diorama created by a demented child, who had read some pornography for his book report. Her highly attractive facial features immediately flushed a deep pink. She had curly blonde hair that hung in ringlets down to her shoulders. She stood about five feet, five and, believe or not, looked to be a perfect 36-24-36, which I later discovered was true. You could tell she hadn't left herself fall to wrack and ruin, that's for sure. She was the proud owner of a beautiful oval face which would continue to age well, a large mouth and clear deep blue eyes and appeared to be in her early thirties.

Behind the two paper bags of groceries she was carrying in her arms, I could observe she was wearing a very expensive tailored black dress that hugged every curve and nuance of her body and black high heels. Mrs. Foster glared at the now rather forlorn nude figures of Will and Robert, who still had their now wilting peckers in their hands and declared icily, "I am going to place these bags in the kitchen. When I return to the living room, I want to find you two conspicuously absent."

Even when the beautiful woman was offering admonishments, her voice was melodious. She then turned her attention to her family, completely ignoring me and my friends. "You three need to be prepared for a family meeting," the youngish woman replied sternly.

Their responses seemed oddly cheerful and inappropriate for the highly charged situation, as Chad answered, "Will do!" and Bobby and Jackie responded with "Sure, mom." I quickly realized something was seriously skewed here and I became worried enough to gather my friends around me and communicate to them to be ready for anything. I fully expected her to come out of the kitchen with a large handgun and blast away at us in traditional Florida style. Mwahaha!

The woman carried the bags into the kitchen and Will and Robert dressed in record time and ran out the front door; something that I wished I could do also, but couldn't. I certainly wasn't considering traveling across town butt naked and I'm positive Kristine wasn't either and my outfit was in the kitchen with Bobby and Jackie's mother and Kristine's outfit was laying in tatters on the rug. Nicole was frantically, bordering on hysteria, searching the living room for her clothes, when the beautiful blonde woman reentered the living room.

Speaking to Nicole, she suggested in a gentle voice, "Please stop whatever you are doing. There is no cause for alarm. I just wanted them to leave, that is why I spoke as I did. We are - shall I say - a very unusual family. Isn't that right?" the mother and wife asked the three males in the family.

"You can say that again," I heard Chad express humorously.

"My name is Megan," she introduced herself to us. "I think I remember you - your name is Sara, isn't it?"

"Yes m'am," I respectfully answered, figuring I should because I still didn't have a clue what the fuck was going on.

"Oh no, Sara, please, I want you to think of me as your friend, not as your elder. Please call me Megan," the beautiful blonde entreated.

"Sure Megan, what's up dog?" I cracked, causing her to widely smile and laugh a deep throaty laugh. God! She looked awesome when she did so. Upon her request, I introduced Kristine and Nicole.

"I'm completely charmed to meet you all," she spoke, sounding quite sincere.
Stepping up to me, Megan asked, "Sara, could you please help me out here and unhook the top of my dress and pull down the zipper. It's so difficult for me to reach it."

"Sure," I acquiesced with alacrity now completely seeing the lay of the land, so to speak. They were a very unusual family, to say the least. Mwahaha!

Megan turned her back to me and I stepped up on my tip toes, as she was three inches taller than me and did as she directed me to. I pulled the zipper down to just above where her butt crack was. As she just continued to stand there, I got the rest of the picture and nodded to Kristine and Nicole who fell in immediately.

Megan leaned forward and her dress fell off her arms and down to the floor. She stood dressed in a black silk half-slip and a black brassiere that was currently housing some beautiful breasts. Since I was still standing behind her, I unhooked the black bra and Megan allowed it also to fall to the floor.

Standing back up on my tiptoes I began to kiss the beautiful woman all around the back of her neck beneath her hair, as I lifted it up with my hand. I could tell I was getting to her, because she was squirming around in front of me.

Meanwhile Kristine pulled down the half-slip revealing the rest of the young mother's naked body, as she was currently not wearing any knickers. I don't know if she took them off in the kitchen or she went all day not wearing any. Even though I currently couldn't see her, I realized she must have been incredibly beautiful, because of Kristine's gasp after taking down the woman's last piece of apparel.

Chad crossed the room to where we were standing and pulled Nicole out of the group. He gently led her to the sofa, and after she lay down on it, he climbed abroad her, making sure not to crush her with his weight. Suddenly Bobby and Jackie did the same to Kristine, leaving me with Megan.

The beautiful mother turned around and embraced me fully. Oh man! I was so hot with my bare body pressed against the stark naked stunning body of a mother of one of my childhood friends. I wouldn't even know to have a fantasy this good.

"You're so beautiful, Sara," Megan whispered to me. "Would you like to make love to me?"

"Oh, yeah," I enthused.

The older woman slid her hands down to my butt and pulled me even closer to her, even though I wouldn't have thought that possible. Then the lovely blonde gently spread my bottom cheeks as wide as possible and then suddenly rammed four finger up my ass. Wow! That got my attention, let me tell you. Her four fingers were at least twice as wide as Jackie's prick had been. She slid those fingers all the way in up to her hand and then began to work in and out, in and out over and over.

"God damn!" I cried out. It felt that good. The youngish mother then lowered her left hand to my pussy and, after locating my clit, she began in push my love button as quickly and as hard as she could. Wow! Wow! Wow! This, combined with the bottom action was so overwhelming I wasn't sure if I was going to be able to remain standing up or even conscious much longer.
Megan lowered her head and began sucking on my nipples as hard as anyone ever had in my entire life. I was surprised the next day that I didn't have a hickey there it was that intense.

"Oh Megan!" I screamed when on top on her continuing to assault my ass and my clit with her hands she began to actually bite my nipples but not hard enough to cause any serious damage to them. "Ah, ah!" My body began to twitch and rock on its own. I had no control over it at all and suddenly I began to climax as intensely as I ever had with the cum spurting out of me, while I rocked back and forth on her hands.

I thought I had completely finished and I was going to tell Megan she could stop, when suddenly I began to cum again. "Oh, oh, oh!" I cried as once more a huge orgasm was wrenched from me. Of course, I had heard of multiple orgasms, but I thought it was just a myth. Suddenly I could no longer stand as, even though I had finished cumming, the beautiful mother continued to work her hands in my body and I was now so sensitive that the entire experience was moving into an area of sensuality I had never encountered, somewhere in between intense pleasure and intense pain and I collapsed completely into her waiting arms.

Megan continued to hug me for a matter of minutes in her strong embrace and it felt so wonderful, somewhere between a lover and a mother or maybe as confusing as this sounds both at the same time. Anyway it was awesome and I still was having cum leak from my body. As I was resting my head on the youngish woman's shoulder, she suddenly cooed, "Would you like to lay down, love?"

When I nodded my assent, she took me by the hand and led me by Chad and Nicole making love and Bobby and Kristine fucking and into her bedroom. As soon as we lay down together and intertwined with each other, I began to feel my strength flowing back into my body. I began to kiss Megan with great fervor everywhere on her gorgeous face, while she climbed on top on me until her clit fit perfectly over mine. We began to rub against each other with great intensity and I couldn't believe it when I yet again felt an orgasm arising from somewhere deep within me. I wasn't even sure if I could weather cumming any more right then.

Suddenly the boy's mother called out to him from astride me, "Hey, Jackie! Come here a minute will you?" Yes, I would have to agree with Megan's statement, when she said they were an unusual family.

When my friend arrived in the bedroom in a timely fashion, she directed him to get 'Big Boy' and the teenage boy returned quickly with the longest, widest dildo I had ever heard of, much less seen. Continuing to plunge her clitoris against mine, she reached out her hand and Jackie placed this awesome looking monster of an artificial cock in it.

"Thank you, son," she intoned. "Come here, sweetie and give your mom a kiss." I watched as Jackie stepped forward and offered a peck on his mother's cheek. "See you later love," she called out, as the teenager left the room.

Once I got a good look at this 'Big Boy,' I decided there was only one cunt that thing was going in today and it wasn't mine. I sat up causing Megan to slide off me and, at the same time, I captured the giant dildo from her.

"Mwahaha!" I cackled, "It's my turn now, Megan." The beautiful woman looked delighted at my sudden assertiveness and offered me one deep kiss full on my lips and then rolled over her back laying right beside me with her legs spread wide.

I arose to my knees and sat in front of her gazing down at her. God, she was beautiful, glorious full breasts with absolutely no sag, and tight little nipples, flat as a washboard stomach, long finely sculpted legs and a luscious labia with soft down blonde pubic hair. This was, by far, the prettiest woman I had ever fucked.

I believe the young mother became impatient to get on with it, as she suddenly thrusted her labia at me to interrupt my perusal of her nakedness. I instantly crammed that giant artificial prick straight into her distended labia. As she was already dripping from all the prior activity, it just slid all the way in. Jesus, it must have been ten inches long! It should have just about been threatening to come out her butthole. I began to move it in and out of her as quickly as I could, while she began to thrash wildly all over the bed. I had to move over her in a more balanced position in order to be able to manipulate the dildo with all my strength, when suddenly I felt a large cock slide into my labia from behind.

Turning my head slightly, I saw it was Jackie. 'Alright!' I thought. 'Let's boogie!' For every thrust I pushed into his mother with 'Big Boy,' Jackie pushed three into me. I was becoming just a little worried thinking that between this mother - son team, they might push me into some sort of sexual psychosis, but abruptly my orgasm began to spurt out of me, when I felt Jackie shoot his load of young man cum into me, while his mother started screaming out my name while cumming and cumming and cumming.

'Good God almighty, if that wasn't the God damnest most awesome sex I've ever had,' I thought to myself before falling slumped over Megan while Jackie lay on top of me. Hours later I awoke to the darkness and, as soon as I remembered everything, I began to panic as to what happened to Kristine and Nicole and what was going to happen when I didn't come home. Megan, who was lying next to me still delightfully naked felt me stirring and gently spoke to me, "It's fine, love," she whispered, not wanting to wake Chad, who was apparently lying nude next to me on the other side, as I was in the middle.

And it turned out it was fine. The young mother and wife was as good as her word. She had given Kristine something fine to wear home, had Bobby drive both of my friends home and called my mother and explained to her that I didn't feel well and she would be keeping me over night. I lay between them all night and it was sweet. It was a night of feeling completely secure surrounded by real parent figures that I never had experienced previously with my own mother and father and fucking one and then the other and then all three of us together. Mwahaha!

End of Part Eighteen

It's a Party
By Bubblegom
Chapter Nineteen

As the time went by in the early fall that year, Eric and I went out several times. Each time we would do something different; the first time we went out we made love, the second time we fucked, and the third time we screwed our little brains out. Mwahaha! I began to learn the intricacies of football, as we would be laying together somewhere; both of us stone cold stark naked and Eric would lightly diagram certain game situations and/or specific plays with a red magic marker. For instance, if the offensive team had the football at my navel and was headed downwards, Eric might diagram a play in which the quarterback would step back two steps, stop, look around quickly, fake a pass by pumping once, but not following through, faking a handoff to the back crashing by him and then turning and following the back into the four hole and hopefully running safely behind him and scoring a touchdown at my pussy! More often than not these skull sessions would be interrupted by something large moving and becoming wedged in my endzone!

Quite naturally after a few of these sessions, I decided I wanted to be a cheerleader and I was bright red from my tits to my cunt from the magic marker. Haha! Just kidding, but not about wanting to be a cheerleader. Now, of course I couldn't be a varsity cheerleader, because I was only a freshman. Although I was allowed to go out for the junior varsity, Eric advised me that I should stick with the freshman team, because that way I would be a shoo-in, since most of the other freshman girls still looked like little boys compared to me. Mwahaha! Had a way with words, didn't he? When I mentioned it to Kristine and Nicole, they said they wanted to do it too. I thought that was way cool, so we went out for cheerleader tryouts together.

The freshman football schedule began later, because no one knew who the frosh team would consist of until school started, when the beginning students would come out for the tryouts. The varsity had already won its first two games by lopsided scores by the time the freshman football team would be officially formed.

Now of course you have to understand that up until a certain point I had nothing to do with this one. This particular incident was actually caused by Kristine and Nicole, who thought they were protecting me. I think it turned out they were incorrect in their assumptions, but their hearts were in the right place, at least. In my case, my everything is in the right place! Mwahaha!

We already had realized we were going to be chosen for the squad just for the reason that Eric had mentioned and there was another girl, who I thought was certain to be chosen also. Kristine and Nicole strongly disliked her, and said they thought she was a hoity-toity stuck-up bitch, but I strongly disagreed with that. I explained to them that I thought she was just shy and didn't know anybody in the school and acted that way, because she was attempting to keep others at arms' length to protect herself. Maybe she had had some bad experiences while in middle school.

Her name was Rebecca and I later found out she was a year older than me. That was another thing she felt badly about. She thought if people knew she was a year older, they'd think she had failed because she was stupid, but that wasn't the case. It was just when she was young her family had moved so much she ended up losing a year. She was very, very pretty with light brunette hair streaked with blonde highlights, blue eyes, and fair skin. She was between five feet, three and five feet, four inches tall and appeared to have a figure beneath her clothing that promised earthly delights, if you know what I mean; just the kind of firmness that most boys love - me too! Mwahaha.

Apparently in this particular case, it didn't matter to Kristine and Nicole what I thought about it, because they just went about their evil machinations in secret. My good friends would seem to have a promising future in wardrobe design for a major movie studio, as they waited one day for Rebecca to leave, while I was still back in the shower room masturbating. That was another thing that put my friends off about the young girl. They insisted, since she never showered after practice, that there was something hideously wrong with her or even - gasp - she was really a boy! I attempted to explain again to them that this fit my theory that she was just shy and non-trusting, but they just didn't want to hear it.

To return to the day in question, immediately after Rebecca left to go home, Kristine and Nicole popped open her locker easy as pie despite it being secured with a combination lock. I had shown them how to do that. Oh, bad me! - slaps self. They substituted her cheer leaders' uniform with another one they had doctored. I don't know exactly what they did, but apparently they had loosened some threads here and loosened some threads there. They removed entire sections by taking the threads out and then refastening them very weakly. We had matching cotton knickers and a bra that went with the uniform and they had even 'fixed' those. Placing the substituted uniform and underwear into Rebecca's locker, Kristine fastened the combination lock and no one was the wiser.

At least I certainly wasn't when I finally came out of the locker room, and Kristine and Nicole started kidding me about why did it take me so long to shower. I did notice on the way home that, at certain times, they would shoot looks at each other and giggle. But you know young girls, if you worried every time they did something like that you'd end up a blithering idiot. I mean more than you are now - Mwahaha!

After school the next day we all went down to the locker room as usual to dress out for cheerleader tryouts. When we arrived I noticed that Rebecca must have rushed from her last class and came straight to the locker room to undress in privacy. I casually mentioned that as we were changing and Kristine shot another pointed glance at Nicole. At the time, I really didn't think much about it, but later I remembered it. We left the locker room and went outside to the athletic field, where the varsity, junior varsity, and freshman teams were all practicing at different ends of the field. Our cheerleader tryouts happened to be held that day on the sideline where the varsity was practicing. I really dug that because every once in a while I could see Eric and he would wave at me when the coaches weren't watching.

The teacher, who was in charge of our tryouts, finally came out. Naturally enough she is not a physical ed teacher, because all of them are involved with coaching various sports. She was one of those cutesy drama teachers, who was a cheerleader in high school and she thought she was so precious. You know the type, I'm sure. Her name was Ms. Lyons but she insisted we call her Bettina, when we weren't in class with her. I guess if I were a guy I wouldn't have minded jumping her bones some because she was very cute, but she didn't turn me on at all. I couldn't stand her personally and she was very small standing about five foot. That was way too small as far as I'm concerned. It'd be like fucking a child.

Bettina had us do some basic warmup exercises, nothing very strenuous - just something designed to stretch the muscles out some before starting the actual drills. She had us do this in order to help avoid such things as hamstring pulls, and turned ankles and such. Then Bettina clapped her hands in a over exuberant manner calling us to begin our drills. She shouted out the first exercise, which involved two of the participants providing a base for the third participant to climb up, so the actual cheer involves the third person having one leg on each of the two girls she is standing between. I know you've seen something like this before.

Anyway unluckily for Rebecca, she was the middle participant between Nicole and Kristine. I'm positive, although they never would admit it, that as soon as Rebecca began climbing up on them, not being content with knowing that her uniform would quickly fall apart from the areas they had loosened on it, Kristine and Nicole began to 'help' by grabbing at certain threads while they were helping her up. By the time Rebecca had achieved the top height of standing with one leg on each of their shoulders, her entire uniform including her underwear had just seemed to melt away with pieces of it tumbling everywhere.

Rebecca did the worst possible thing she could have done upon discovering that she was now standing stark naked almost five and half feet off the ground. She began to scream calling attention to herself from all over the field. And as luck would have the varsity was on a short water break, so she got all of their undivided attention too. It used to be in high school that the coaches thought it was bad to give water breaks, but since all those athletes have dropped dead down here in this hellish Florida heat, a player only has to look slightly hot and he can get some water.

The guys were whistling and hollering and I'd agree it was with good cause. Rebecca was every bit as beautiful beneath her clothing as I'd thought she'd be; nice high firm breasts with luscious appearing nipples, a figure that went down to a narrow waist and then flared out nicely at the hips, fine looking legs, and beautiful pubic hair that was blonde streaked that matched the hair on her head. The totally naked girl continued to scream completely out of control, as Kristine and Nicole were holding her legs in a manner that prevented her from jumping to the ground. Before I could reach their side to convince them to lower her, Bettina became involved and ordered them in no uncertain terms to allow the now crying girl to jump down.

As soon as they acquiesced to the teacher's order, Rebecca raced toward the girls' dressing room and soon had disappeared into the building. Stopping to give my friends a substantial angry stare, I then informed Bettina that I would go talk to the hysterical student. Bettina immediately appeared grateful and thanked me. I don't know what they teach these people in college, but it sure isn't anything about how to help a kid. I hurried after Rebecca into the school.
I went straight to the women's locker room, because I assumed she wouldn't have headed anywhere else in the school since she wasn't dressed. Upon entering the locker room, I initially didn't observe her anywhere, but then I heard her weeping. I finally located her back in the shower room. I'm not sure what led her back there, but I was thinking she probably just instinctively went as far away from others as she could. She was slumped on the floor in the corner of the shower room.

I didn't want to scare her, so upon entering the room, I spoke, "Rebecca?"
"Go away."

I treaded my way to where I was standing directly behind her. I placed my hand on her bare back. I felt a distinct shudder run through her and she attempted to pull away. "Go away," she repeated.

"Rebecca," I began, "it's not the end of the world. It'll be alright."

"They all saw me naked!" the young girl wailed and began loud weeping again. So far I wasn't doing very well with this crisis counseling bullshit.

"So what?" I rejoined. "I've been naked in public hundred of times."

"Yeah," Rebecca replied bitterly, "I've heard about you, you're crazy."

Actually I wanted to laugh and agree with her, but I realized that wouldn't help her. I attempted a different tack. "Rebecca, do you like boys?" I asked.

The very attractive young woman stopped crying and half turned her head peering at me with a sudden quizzical expression across her facial features. "Of course," she replied tentatively.

"Well, then," I responded, knowing I was beginning to get to her. "You'll have plenty of requests for dates this afternoon. Wait until Kristine and Nicole see how they actually helped you. Man, will they be pissed. And look at this way - you've now entered legendary status in the history of our high school. In three short weeks you've managed to accomplish something that will be remembered fondly forever."

Luckily enough for me and I guess for Rebecca in the long run, she had a good sense of humor and began to see the absurdity in the whole thing from what had happened to her to my own rather insane blathering and she began to giggle. Soon she was laughing uproarishly and I thought it was safe to join in. As soon as I thought it was safe, I reached down and helped her off the shower room floor and just held her in my arms as one would hold a small child. I had no sexual thoughts at that particular moment, which was highly unusual for me.
Finally stepping back, Rebecca was able to offer me a small smile and she murmured thank you. I of course told her that anytime I could help I would be glad to. As I started to turn away, Rebecca asked, "Are you bi?"

That question caught me a bit by surprise, but I answered, "Why, yes. Are you?"

"No, I don't think so," the naked beauty replied. "At least I never have been, but I wondered if you would like me to kiss you one time as a way of thanking you for your kindness."

I certainly knew a come-on line when I heard one, so I stepped forward and wrapped my arms around her in an embrace holding her close to my body. She was shaking slightly and I don't think it was because she was cold. Rebecca was slightly taller than me and I looked up into her winsome face and murmured, "You are so beautiful and feel so good. I could stay like this for hours." The young girl flushed and didn't say anything, but neither did she complain or pull away.

Finally I began to kiss her on the lips, gently at first until I could tell she was somewhat comfortable with it and then I began to kiss her more passionately. As Rebecca began to respond in like kind she slightly opened her mouth and I pushed my tongue in. She moaned and put her hands under my cheerleader sweater and rubbed them all over my back. I lowered my hand and cupped her breast. It was fulsome and firm. She gasped when I lowered my head and began to suckle her nipple and then she began to squirm. I don't believe anyone had ever done that for her. When I moved my mouth to her other nipple, Rebecca reached down and grasped the bottom of my sweater and pulled it completely over my head and then down my arms and off my body. Again the good looking young woman gasped; this time when she became cognizant of my bare breasts. She hadn't realized that I hadn't been wearing the standard issued cheerleading bra.

I lowered my right hand down to her pussy and stuck my middle finger in and began probing with it. Again Rebecca began moaning and writhing against me. She whispered, "I'm a virgin." I whispered in return, "Well love, I don't have the physical equipment to remedy that particular problem," causing her to giggle. When I moved my hand against her clit feeling it grow hard, she pushed my short skirt to the floor.

"My God!" she exclaimed. "You weren't wearing any knickers either!"

"I never wear underwear," I explained. "I like to always be ready for action."

As Rebecca was thinking about that, I lowered to my knees and began to thrust my tongue hard against her clitoris again and again harder and harder. She was tearing at my hair with her hands while moaning and arching her back. It was getting hard for me to control her and I had to pull her closer by placing my hands on her beautiful bottom. I could tell she was getting very close and I went at her clitoris even harder and was pulling her pussy right up into my face.

Suddenly Rebecca cried out, "Oh Sara! I'm cuuuummming!" And she did. All over my face.

Later, after Kristine and Nicole came in and finally apologized to Rebecca after I glared at them long enough and she was kind enough to forgive them, we all left together; another member having been added to our group. Mwahaha!

End of Part Nineteen

It's a Party
By Bubblegom
Chapter Twenty

I was correct about one thing - being stripped stark naked by Kristine and Nicole during cheerleader tryout certainly led to Rebecca claiming her fifteen minutes of fame; at least as far as our school was concerned. Guys were coming out of the woodwork to ask her out. Of course, as she herself pointed out to me, most of them just asked her out, because they thought she was an easy lay based on the nudity incident in front of the football team.

Man, did they get a surprise! At the end of an evening in which they had spent considerable money on a dinner and then a movie with refreshments, all they received from Rebecca was a firm handshake. Mwahaha! My beautiful friend said she had nothing against making love in theory, she just wanted it to be right.

Part of Rebecca's brush with greatness was an invitation to our high school sorority, Zeta Phi Gamma. It was actually quite an honor, because freshmen weren't usually invited. It was disguised as a academic society, but that was just to fool everybody from the school board on down to the parents. Of course there were a number of parents, who wondered why the dues were so high for their daughter to remain in it, but not one of them ever figured out it was to pay the rent on their off school property sorority house. Every student knew about it, but no one ever said a word, even if they were bitter about not being asked to join. For one thing, snitching would have made them an instant pariah. Another thing was even if they weren't asked to join, that didn't rule out being invited to parties there. And they had some hella parties!

Now I had always heard some fairly rough things about the hazing to join this sorority and, when I broached the subject with Rebecca, she admitted to me that she had also. The four of us, me and Rebecca plus Kristine and Nicole started asking around in a rather low key manner, so as to not attract any attention as to our mission of finding anyone, who may have been 'rushed' by the sorority and later was judged unfit to join. We were hoping that out of these people, somebody would be bitter enough to cooperate with us. It took us awhile to locate someone, who was willing to tell us the truth about this sorority, but we finally did. Her name was Sharon and, at the time we talked to her, she asked us to never use her last name and we gave our word.

She was now a senior and explained to Rebecca and I that she had been 'rushed' when she was a sophomore, she thinks now because her family had quite a lot of money. Sharon stood about five feet, ten inches, had red hair, green eyes, a face full of freckles, an average build and an infectious personality. We met with her one day after school and sat with her in her red 'Vette in a nearby shopping center parking lot. I guess she wasn't lying when she said her family had money. "I was rejected, because I adamantly refused to participate in the hazing procedure."

"Which was?" I prompted.

"They transported us way out of town, dropped us off in some nearby woods, told every one of us to strip down to bare skin and then they left with everyone's clothing."

"And what happened to you?" Rebecca wondered, "Since you refused to participate."

"They dropped me off too, and made me walk five miles back into town," Sharon explained. "But at least I had my clothes."

"Did anybody ever complain or tell anybody?" I inquired.

Shaking her head, Sharon answered, "No, and I hear they still do the same thing for hazing and at the same woods."

"Hmm," I spoke thoughtfully. "Now that is interesting."

"Who are the people in charge of taking them out there?" Rebecca asked.

The redheaded young woman explained, "It's so sensitive an issue that they're taken out there by three people, the president, vice-president, and the treasurer of the sorority."

Suddenly I saw the big picture. The president, vice-president, and the treasurer were all extremely attractive girls. That certainly came as, no surprise because as most things in high school if left to the students to decide, looks will always win out over brains.

"Sharon," I asked, "Do you have access to a car with more room that you could use to drive all us out to the woods on the night of the hazing?"

"Sure," she responded.

"And can you bring a camera?" I inquired.

"Sure," Sharon answered perplexed for a moment and then I observed the light of recognition enter her eyes and she smiled at me. And I smiled back.

We were all in the woods early on the next Friday evening. The initial sorority hazing committee had chosen the location well. It was an area that promoted privacy and yet was still close enough to town to allow the unfortunate naked young women to return to their homes. The woods themselves were not thick, but, on the contrary, were mostly cleared out of undergrowth. I was standing with Sharon, Kristine, and Nicole. Rebecca, of course, was with the group desiring to join the sorority. She had promised me that she would play along and cooperate fully with them until the time for our part of the plan arrived.

The late in the day sunlight was shining through the trees adding a certain yellow radiance to the situation. Sharon appeared more than slightly upset, after I peeled my outfit off displaying the beauty of my stark naked body.

"W - What are you doing?" she stammered.

With Kristine and Nicole grinning broadly at the situation, I joked with the young woman. "We're all stripping down and then taking each others' picture. That's why you brought the camera."

"No, I'm not!" Sharon declared.

Kristine stepped up to her and touched her on the arm. "Relax," my good friend advised. "Sara's just joking with you."

"Oh," the other young woman replied, still flushing heavily and looking at my nude figure with askance. Sharon watched me suspiciously all evening, until the real action began. When will I ever learn that you just can't kid with some of these people? Never! Mwahaha!

The four of us waited quietly hidden, separately scattered at different points in the woods. Rebecca had said there were fifteen charges in the new 'rush' class. It grew dark and still they didn't arrive. My nerves grew tight in anticipation and apprehension, as everyone else's probably did also. Although my nerves were the only thing tight on me, as I had remained totally nude - Mwahaha!

Suddenly we heard some vehicles pull off the highway a short distant away and then in a few minutes I observed some streams of light from flashlights cutting through the foliage. Sure enough, fifteen young women, Rebecca included, walked tentatively into the large clearing. I'm certain some of them already knew what was going to happen and were anticipating their upcoming travails in sheer terror, while the rest of them were just worried as to what could be possibly be expected of them.

Suddenly the God almighty president of the sorority followed by her two flunkies stalked into the center. I knew her slightly. Her name was Brittany (makes you dislike her already, doesn't it? Mwahaha!) Sheldon and she came from an extremely rich family. That in itself doesn't necessarily make her a bad person, even though the riches came from her father being a slime, I mean, attorney, but there certainly was no excuse for the haughty way she stalked through life, thinking everyone else beneath her. Unfortunately for her, she had inherited some of her physical characteristics from her father, as she was almost six feet tall and had these incredibly large hands, although her overall appearance was saved by her long dark hair that hung down to her ass. She also looked as though she weighed in at as much as one hundred and eighty pounds, but again she was saved by the fact that she appeared to carry the weight evenly distributed in a simply bodacious figure. Brittany appeared to have huge breasts beneath her very expensive 'Lord and Taylor' white blouse. Her body then tapered down unbelievably to a twenty-four inch waist before flaring out to thirty-six inch hips. Her features were large boned, but still attractive; all in all a very bizarre appearing person. Her voice, on the other hand, was high and squeaky and very annoying, particularly when she was directing orders with it.

On the other hand, her two underlings, the vice-president and treasurer of the sorority were quite beautiful. The vice-president, Jessica Gail had short brunette hair, green eyes, a little button nose set above a particularly wide mouth with full lips casting an overall facial appearance of smoldering sexuality. She was about five feet, eight inches tall and built like a brick shit-house. She also accentuated her appearance by pouring herself into the tightest, most abbreviated clothing possible. In other words, a person after my own heart. Mwahaha! Man, I wanted to fuck her!

The secretary of the sorority, Stephanie Stephens, on the other hand was very tastefully dressed wearing a silk white blouse buttoned to the collar, and tucked into a slate grey knee high skirt, with a dark blue blazer and believe it or not - penny loafers. Mwahaha! Why not saddle shoes? She had medium length very dark hair, which matched her dark eyes that resembled limpid pools of tar. Her overall figure appeared willowy, while her features were pretty in a vapid way. She stood about five feet, five inches tall and she gave off an almost painful aura of not being very strong. We shall see, I thought to myself. In fact, she was a bit of a spoon.

Squeaky started speaking in a Brittany voice - wait, I'm sorry. Brittany started speaking in a squeaky voice, "Ok, listen up! I'm only going to say this one time. You are to immediately strip off all your clothing, shoes included. There will be no exceptions. I will repeat this one time and one time only. If you want to be considered for the Zeta Phi Gamma sorority as a member, you will immediately strip off all your clothing."

That started a buzz going amongst the prospective members, let me tell you. Several of the young women just started stripping off immediately, while the rest of them were milling around like cattle just before they stampeded. I noticed Rebecca was removing her stylish outfit and she didn't even have to. Either she just didn't want to create a scene, before the rest of my plan began to unfold or she was starting to enjoy stripping off - I don't know which. Mwahaha!

Most of the girls had now denuded themselves and were standing in a manner, in which they hoped to block people from seeing their private parts. Some of the young women were crying. It was pathetic, that evil bitch Brittany was going to pay and it would be this evening, I vowed to myself. Brittany ordered her stooges to start gathering up all of the stripped off apparel and to begin carrying it to the cars.

The girls began to mill around even more and some began to protest, when they observed their clothes being carried away. "Shut up!" the sorority president screamed in a high pitched nasty whiny voice. I'd seen and heard enough. I stepped out into the clearing and waved my arm, so the rest of my hidden group could see me.

Naturally Brittany noticed me immediately, and as I sauntered up to her, she declared, "Well, what the hell do we have here? It's not going to do you any good to strip off, Sara. We don't need a chapter slut."

"I didn't think you did, Brittany," I answered back. "Not as long as they have you, that is. Mwahaha!"

Brittany became so scarlet with rage so quickly I thought she was going to stroke out. On top of everything else, she just wasn't used to anybody talking to her like that. "You little smart ass cunt!" she howled, as she began to run towards me. Around the clearing, Sharon and Rebecca would convince the girls of the 'rush' to not interfere and Kristine and Nicole had control of Jessica and Stephanie, the vice-president and treasurer of the sorority respectively.

As Brittany came racing towards me across uneven ground, she didn't realize she was doing the worst possible thing. As the much taller girl lunged at me, I turned my body aside and stuck out my leg. Naturally enough, Brittany went sailing over my leg and began to stumble and fall. I will say this for her, she made a very gallant effort to remain on her feet and actually continued to stumble for another twenty feet before crashing head long into a tree. Ouch! Mwahaha!

The tall young woman had fallen on her side and, as she was momentarily stunned, I took the opportunity to ran up to her and begin to strip her down. Before she became readily cognizant of what was occurring to her I was able to reduce her to her black bra and knickers. When I unfastened her bra, I held it up in front of my face. God damn! I had never see anything like it. Somebody could move in there to live. It was a 44 DD! As Brittany finally grasped what was happening to her, she attempted to sit up and push me away. "Get off me you whore!" she complained.

"Mwahaha! Not bloody likely," I laughed in her face as I pulled her last bit of apparel off. Jesus! She really was something else entirely. As I said, she was very tall, but you never would have known her weight to look at her. Brittany had one awesome figure. She had forty inch plus breasts and apparently she was careful to only wear sensibly constructed bras all the time, as there was no sag yet to her breasts at all. From her huge breasts her body dive-bombed down to her twenty-four inch waist!

From her waist, her hips flared out to around thirty-six inches giving her a nice comfortable looking labia surrounded by bushy black pubic hair. As I previously mentioned, Brittany had long dark beautiful hair that hung down to her ass. I was sitting on the taller young woman at about her waist line and, as she had continued attempting to throw me off her, she was bouncing all around on the ground. I was riding her like I would a bucking bronco. I reached down and grabbed ahold of one of her substantial breasts and threw my other hand up in the air, as I've seen them at rodeos on television.

"Yahoo!" I cried out, and I didn't mean that lame internet service.

"OW!" Brittany screamed. I bet that did hurt the way I was holding her tit. "Please let go of me," she entreated, with tears in her eyes and in the sound of her voice.

"Then stop trying to throw me off," I advised. The big raven-haired girl ceased her behavior immediately.

"That's better," I replied.

"What are you going to do to me?" she asked in a trembling voice. There was no doubt this was a very different Brittany from the one of a few moments ago.

I deigned to answer, but instead I leaned down and began kissing her hard. It's a good thing her people were rich, so she had good dental work done on her or I would have been loosening some teeth. She was moaning, but I don't know whether it was in protest or pleasure. I grabbed that breast again, but this time gently and I rubbed my hand over her nipple as it rose in appreciation. God, her breasts were so big her nipples were enormous. I could hardly wait to see the size of her clit.

As I took my mouth off hers and scooted down to her pussy, she again entreated, "What are you doing?"

"I'm raping you, you dumb twat, " I cackled. Man, once these pretentious ones crumble a little - then that's it, all pretense is gone completely. Even though it was night and there were only flashlights in existence, there was moonlight shining down on us, which helped quite a bit. I could easily discover her clitoris, because it was God damn huge!

I stuck my finger against it and my finger bounced. "Oh! Oh!" Brittany cried out. Now I had learned that at least she liked that. I fingered myself until my own clit grew large and then I situated myself with legs spread open against the dark-haired woman's pussy. Brittany just lay there watching me. She appeared somewhere between shocked and bemused.

I began to move quickly against her clitoris. Oh shit, it did feel good. "Move," I implored her. "Move!"

Once Brittany began to feel the pleasurable affects of my efforts, (affects she may never have felt previously), she began to double her endeavors and she soon was reduced to a puddle of spitting, mewling orgasm as the cum flowed from her onto me. I continued to push my clit against her, until I could feel my orgasm beginning to build from deep within me. I quickly pulled myself to my knees and stuck four fingers into myself to induce the cum to flow hard and immediately. Several strokes with my hand and that's all I needed. As Brittany continued to writhe in her orgasm my cum rolled out of me and onto her. That was the picture that Sharon took of Brittany, as she rolled in the dirt and the leaves of the forest floor in the frenzy of her orgasm with mine leaking onto her.

Leaving the sorority president still writhing in the dirt, I walked over to where Jessica Gail and Stephanie were standing, and being guarded by Kristine and Nicole. I motioned to Kristine for her to stand watch now over the wasted Brittany and leave Jessica to me. As I previously mentioned, Jessica was around my height and wearing one of the tightest and shortest dresses I had ever seen. When I stepped up to her, she looked at my stark naked beautiful body, that was now somewhat covered with leaves and dirt and cum leaking from my distended labia, with raw lust appearing on her beautiful face. This girl was ready to go! I had always liked Jessica myself and I always felt she had gotten involved with Brittany through weakness only, so I was going to allow her to keep her clothing intact, after we had finished.

I leaned forward and pulled Jessica's beautiful face toward mine and began to passionately kiss her. She returned my kisses in full force, while rubbing her hands forcefully all over my body. God, that felt good. I pulled her so close to me I could feel her private body parts pushing against mine through the fabric of her dress. There was always something nasty to me about being totally nude, while making out with someone completely dressed. I can't explain it, but I always got off on it. Finally though, I whispered to Jessica to strip down.

She reached behind her and unfastened her dress and one second later it was laying in the dirt and she was standing starkers! "God, you're so beautiful, " I spoke lowly and believe me it wasn't a prayer.

As I've already mentioned, Jessica stood about five feet, eight, had short brunette hair, green eyes, and the most sensuous mouth I have ever seen, on a man or a woman. Her breasts were large, but proportional with the rest of her body and her pussy lay completely open as she had shaved all her pubic hair. "Good God, woman!" I cried out. "I want to fuck you!"

Jessica blushed and pulled me back and completely enfolded me into her nakedness. As I was just that much shorter, her beautiful twat was rubbing my left nipple and it was as hard as a rock. This beautiful girl's bare skin felt so wonderful rubbing on mine I was literally trembling in her arms. She leaned down, smiled at me and began kissing me again and again, almost even beyond passion and into another realm of sexualality.

Jessica suddenly ceased kissing me and helped me lay down on the forest floor. She spread my legs apart so my distended labia lay completely open in invitation and then rammed her right fist straight into my cunt hole.

"Oh God damn!" I screamed in pain, as my labia hadn't been prepared to accept anything that big all at once, but as Jessica continued to thrust with it over and over, it stopped hurting and began to feel as pleasurable as anything I had ever experienced. "Ah! Ah! Ah!" I was screaming now in ecstasy. Still Jessica pounded away at my twat with her fist until suddenly my cum began to cascade from me in huge waves. "Oh Jessica!" I cried out as she continued to thrust until I was completely finished.

I finally half sat up and embraced the young woman holding her close to me. "You're far fucking out," I whispered to her. Jessica flashed a beautiful smile at him and we quickly made plans to meet again very soon. Mwahaha!

Regaining my feet, which let me tell you was a chore in itself I slightly staggered over to where Nicole was watching the secretary of the sorority, Stephanie Stephens. As I mentioned earlier, she was wearing a silk white blouse buttoned to the collar, and tucked into a slate grey knee high skirt, with a dark blue blazer and penny loafers.

I had been planning on having sex with her too, but by this point in the proceedings I had to say no. Stephanie was so freaked she couldn't even look at me, but instead was staring at her feet.

"Stephanie!" I exclaimed. "Look at me!" The pretty dark-haired girl reluctantly raised her head. I could tell she was attempting to just look at me in the eyes. What a spoon! I thought. She's embarrassed to looked at a naked girl.

All of the sudden I just felt too tired to mess with her anymore than necessary, plus she was so pathetic she wasn't worth much time or effort on my part. "Stephanie," I said again. "Strip off right now!"

"What?" she exclaimed, turning bright red.

"Come on, Stephanie," I declared. "This isn't exactly a new concept. You were going to make all those young women over there do the same thing." As I spoke, I observed the young women candidates for the sorority had all donned their apparel except for Rebecca, who had remained totally nude for some reason. Damn, if she didn't appear more beautiful each day that went by.
Returning my attention to Stephanie, I was provoked to anger, something which I can usually avoid, when I recognized she had done nothing in terms of removing any clothing.

"Stephanie!" I screamed as I threw my two hands onto her silk white blouse and hooking them into the collar I violently pulled straight down and ripped her blouse completely off. Stephanie squealed. Yes, that's what I said - she squealed, like a little piggy all the way home. Before she could move and do something that would cause me to become even more angry I pulled off the rest of her clothing and left her standing as naked as I was. Then she was really squealing - oink, oink.

"Shut up!" I snarled at her and threaten to backhand her. She flinched and ducked. I wouldn't have hit her. I only hit people in self defense, but she didn't know that and she was acting like such a wimp. She was going to help leave all these poor young women out here five miles into nowhere, but she couldn't begin to take her own medicine.

It may sound like a simple sorority prank to you, but anything could have happened to them before they reached their homes. Sharon came over and snapped several pictures of Stephanie standing completely nude also. Mwahaha!

It was explained to her and Brittany that if for any reason those girls were not chosen for the sorority or we heard that the hazing procedure had started again we would make these pictures public. Brittany insisted she understood, while Stephanie appeared to be in a state of shock. They both begged for their clothes, and I just laughed at them. Mwahaha! At that, they got a lot more than those girls would have had; they were allowed to drive their autos home. I warned them with a smirk to be careful on the way home to not get pulled over by the cops. Man, can't you see that scene in your head? 'Step out of your car, please.' Actually that happened to me, but that's a story of the future.

The sorority 'rushes' all went up by the road to wait for Sharon to make the necessary amount of trips to get everybody home. Jessica had taken some with her along with Kristine and Nicole. I think she just wanted to get the real skinny about me from my friends. Rebecca had been kind enough to wait back with me, while I searched the area to make sure we hadn't left anything incriminating. As I've mentioned, she had remained naked. I don't think at this point she knew exactly where her clothes were, because of her outfit having been carried up to the cars earlier in the evening.

We were holding hands as we walked around the area, when suddenly we heard a man's voice demanding in a harsh tone, "What the hell are you two girls doing way out here naked?" And then a tall figure stepped out of the undergrowth, but he was still protected by the shadows, so I couldn't get a good look at him. I don't mind telling you, I was scared shitless! There's a lot of serial killing nuts out there. The adrenaline was racing wildly through my body, as I whispered to Rebecca, "You run to the right and I'll go left." Rebecca began to laugh, which I thought was way inappropriate for the situation, even if she were in shock and then she announced, "It's Eric."

And the figure stepped out more into the moonlight and it was Eric. And he was stark naked! Mwahaha! God, he was beautiful, six feet, three inches of the most gorgeous sex machine I have ever seen. I was so happy so see him and then when I remembered how he had just scared me shitless, I became extremely angry.

"What the hell are you doing?!" I angrily demanded, stepping quickly toward him. "Scaring us like that?!" Oh God, he threw back his head and guffawed his awesome laugh, which always gave me goose bumps and watching the lines of his beautiful neck melted my heart on the spot.

Throwing myself into his arms and hugging the hell out of him, I demanded, "And where are your clothes, young man? What exactly do you think this is?"

My lover answered me by picking me completely up and beginning to kiss me as quickly as he could. I wrapped my legs around his waist and returned his passion kiss for kiss. Jesus! It was wild! I was so love in him.

Laying me gently on my back on the ground, Eric knelt in front of me. His dick was longer than I had ever seen it. I think he was really getting off on Rebecca watching us. I know I was. I spread open my legs for him and he very lovingly rammed every last millimeter of his huge erection into me.

Wow! I thought I'd gone to heaven one more time. I swear I felt it coming out my ass. Eric began to thrust with his monster hog of a penis, at first slowly and then faster and faster. I was arching myself as much as possible to facilitate him reaching every last bit of me.

I happened to glance at Rebecca and she waved and smiled. I smiled back. I was so glad she didn't look totally freaked out. I didn't want any more Andreas' on my conscience. I sat up halfway and clutched Eric as hard as I could. He enveloped me in his complete embrace and we rocked like that until we both shot off together. God, I was so in love.

Eric whispered, "You're the best, Bubblegom."

"Of course," I smiled and kissed him. Mwahaha!

End of Part Twenty

It's a Party
By Bubblegom
Chapter Twenty-One

It was now the end of October and Halloween was fast upon us. It fell on Thursday that year and, as it was on a school night, all of the Halloween parties I was invited to were to be held on Friday evening. A number of boys that I knew had invited me to parties at their homes, as I suddenly seemed to be very popular. I wonder why? Mwahaha!

I wanted to go trick or treating at the malls and score a buncha candy, but Kristine and Nicole became suddenly 'too mature' to do that and I didn't want to go by myself. Luckily this girl that I had recently met named Mitzi wanted to go. Now Mitzi was just a shade different than most folks, although I thought she was way cool. For one thing, she used to bring this George Bush cutout everywhere with her. Haha! Personally I loved it, but I think her teachers' hated it, although it turned out, I guess, that there really isn't a school rule against bringing a George Bush cutout to school with you. Mwahaha! And she could launch into these fantastic spontaneous raps. Mitzi called it 'when I go insane.'

She was also way cute. She was Asian, so she was actually a little shorter than me and that's going some. She had an average build with large breasts for her size, brown hair with pink highlights, tan skin, and almond shaped green eyes with a yellow ring around the pupil; all in all a very nice piece of work. When I met her in school on Thursday the day before Halloween, I asked her if she wanted to go trick or treating with me in the mall.

Mitzi responded, "George Bush!" She waved the cutout at me and then continued. "HE'LL GO TO THE MALL! BWAHAHA! I wanna go too."

I started laughing hysterically. I tell you the girl cracks me up. I asked, "I take it that's a yes?"

"AFIRMATIVE, AFIRMATIVE. We have a ten-four on that little buddy," Mitzi replied.
Luckily for my sanity, right then the bell for the next class rang, so we had to hurry to different classes, but not before making our plans.
……….
One of the things we discussed, before leaving to go to class, was what costumes we were going to wear. We decided to both dress up as little old men. Mwahaha! I didn't know what Mitzi's costume was going to be like, but I think I looked totally realistic. You know, unfortunately living in Florida means there's a lot of old people kicking the bucket all the time, so I didn't have any difficulty at all with going down to a thrift store and scoring a really good suit. Of course, it had to be for an extremely short man, but luckily a lot of these old folks seem to shrink into themselves before passing on. So I had a really nice gray suit, black oxfords, some black socks, white shirt, a gray tie and I had a brown fedora to tuck my hair up in. I had some theatrical makeup from - well, never mind, but you just never know when you can use some theatrical makeup. I aged myself considerably with that and then I lightly drew in some wrinkles. I looked great, if you want to know the truth.

As I mentioned before, I lived within walking distance of the mall, so I didn't set out until after the evening fell upon us, because I didn't want to take a chance of anybody I know spotting me dressed like that. As I walked along to the mall, it struck me that the height of irony was I didn't mind people seeing me when I was stark naked, but I didn't want them to see me dressed as an old man for Halloween. Oh, vanity - Mwahaha!

As soon as I arrived at the mall, I didn't have any difficulty locating Mitzi, because she was standing outside shaking her cutout of George Bush at people and talking away to it. They appeared to be cutting a wide swath around her on their way into the mall.

"I WANNA DO THAT!! CAN I CAN I CAN I CAN I MOMMY?! Oh wait. Yer not my mommy, - shoves stranger away. Go away! I said go away - runs away with stranger following," Mitzi prattled away.

I started laughing immediately. Mitzi heard me, turned and offered me a large grin. Her outfit looked fabulous. She looked just like an old man. No one would have known the difference. Mitzi explained to me later that she used some old clothes of her grandfather's and did some alterations on them. She was a young lady of many talents, one of which was cracking me up whenever she wanted.
I offered her a quick hug and then we entered the mall and began our store to store hike in search of free candy. Whenever we felt that people from the various stores were being chintzy in what they offered us, Mitzi would break out into one of her periods of 'insanity.'

"Shoves stranger away. Go away! I said go away! Runs away with stranger following. AHHH! STRANGER! Whacks stranger with charred and thorny cardboard cutout of George Bush - SEE SEE?!! IT'S HIS FAULT!! I TOLD YOU!!!"

By the way, these are only pale approximations compared to Mitzi's real ravings. And she was delivering them in a deep gravely voice of an old man. God, it was wild! Of course, they were pouring candy into our bags just to get us to move on down the line and away from their stores. Mwahaha!

I was eating about every other of those little chocolate bars they were giving away. I don't know if you have ever experienced this or not, but if you eat enough cheap chocolate in a short period of time you will start to experience some fairly severe cramps. So of course I needed to get to a restroom as soon as possible. As luck would have it, we were right in front of the ladies room, but as we attempted to enter, a security guard, who I suppose had been watching us for a while to see if we did anything that would warrant him throwing us out of the mall, stepped in front of us blocking the doorway.

"Whoa there, old timers," he said jocularly enough. "Let's not get confused here. This is for women. The men's room is over there," he explained, while pointing a little ways down the mall.

"But-," Mitzi started to complain, until I nudged her in the ribs with my elbow. She understood immediately and fell silent. They thought we were men - hehe. We were going to use the men's room! Mwahaha!

I answered in my best gruff voice. "Thanks a lot, we must have gotten confused, officer." I might not have done a very good job at this, because he looked at me rather strangely, but did allow us to go on.

Haha! The men's room! Can you believe it, I had never been in a men's room in my life up to that point - not even in elementary school. The first thing I was amazed by, when we stepped in, was the men's urinals. I had never seen anything so strange in my life. Of course, I had caught glimpses of them in movies, but those scenes never offered the true ridiculousness of them. There were several men of various ages bellied up to the urinals using them. I really couldn't see much of their penises, but I could see the piss streaming out of them. Man, that turned me on! Believe it or not, I had never seen a male piss before. I was going to have to remember to ask for that next time I had sex. Mwahaha! I wonder how men ever become accustomed to using something like that in public. Women are far luckier, we get to hide behind closed doors.

Speaking of which, I turned to go use one of the commodes and Mitzi grabbed a hold of my arm. "Where do you think you're going?" she hissed at me. Mitzi still was clutching George Bush to her, which was attracting no small amount of attention, of course.

"I'm going to use the toilet," I whispered in return.

"Not without me," she rejoined. "You're not leaving me out here by myself."

Actually upon second thought, I decided she was correct. I didn't want to leave Mitzi out there in the main part of the men's restroom with that George Bush cutout by herself. There was no telling what kind of havoc she might wreak, before I could return from my business.

"Well then, hurry up," I entreated. "I'm gonna shit my pants if I don't hurry."

It was pretty damn crowded in there. Public restroom stalls weren't built for two teenage girls and a large George Bush cutout, even if the two girls were on the smallish side. Of course, you know me - I got tickled immediately, when I was trying to pull my pants down and there wasn't barely enough room to move in. Against my better judgment, I finally had to ask Mitzi for assistance and she ended up pulling my trousers all the way off. Of course that left me naked from the waist down, because I wasn't wearing any underwear.

That set Mitzi off on another spontaneous insanity rap. "Oh, don't look George! GEORGE IS LOOKING AT YOU! BAD GEORGE! BAD GEORGE!" This of course started me laughing hysterically again. I wonder what they were thinking out in the other part of the men's room.

So I go to sit down on the toilet seat and now my suit coat is hanging down into the toilet water. I could tell right away this wasn't going to work. How in the world do men deal with all this, when they have to take a shit? I took the jacket off and hung it on a hook on the back of the stall door. Then I reseated myself. Of course now my long white shirt was hanging down in the toilet water. Man, this was getting monotonous and I really needed to shit immediately. So I stood up one more time and removed my shirt and hung it also on the stall door, along with my suit coat. All I was wearing now was a tie and those men's shoes. I must have looked pretty damn cute, because as I sat down I noticed Mitzi's eyes were as big as saucers and she responded, "WHY ARE YOU SO CLOSE TO ME? WHAT ARE YOU DOING NAKED ON THAT TOILET SEAT? GET AWAY GEORGE!"

I reached out to her and clutched her arm. "Shh, Mitzi!" I hissed. "They're gonna hear you out there." She suddenly fell silent, for which I thanked God at the moment. I began to concentrate on going. I'll tell you, I really had to go because usually I can't go in a public rest room and also I usually could never take a dump with somebody else in the stall, but I didn't care. My cramps were that bad, and believe me I'm used to cramps - so these were bad!

As I was concentrating on my relieving myself, I wasn't keeping a close eye on Mitzi as she went over and stood by the stall door. By the time I had successfully completed my task, I happened to glance up and Mitzi was standing in her bra and knickers! Man, she had a tight little body too! I reached out to her from the toilet seat - remember this is a small stall, and pulled her to me. I pulled her knickers down. Her twat was beautiful and right on the level with face. I didn't waste any time pulling her closely to me and beginning to tongue her pussy. Mitzi started moaning and twisting all around. I pulled her even closer and stuck three fingers on my right hand into her labia from behind. As I began thrusting inside of her with them, Mitzi began rocking with them in time. I moved my tongue to her clitoris and began to push against it as hard as I could. Now she was really groaning loudly and I grew worried she would attract attention out in the main part of the rest room. I moved my left hand up to her face aand covered her mouth with it hoping to minimize the noise escaping from her presently. I was damn careful to not block off her wind though. It was probably just in time as it turned out, because as the cum cascaded from her luscious labia into my mouth and all over my hand, I could hear her talking under my hand. "Mwahaha!! Bows and knocks over a vase in process. IT WAS HIS FAULT!! - Points to the charred cardboard cutout of Bush…Ahehe…heh…Shoves it behind a thorn bush. It wasn't me - nods - HOW DAREST THOU DISS THE MWAHAHA?!

When she had finished twitching her body into my face signaling the cessation of her orgasm, I pulled her down into my lap and hugged her in a large embrace. Her jabbering seemed to run down in volume and speed the tighter I clutched her. Finally as I began to rock her, she fell silent. We remained like that for a matter of minutes, until I almost fell asleep sitting there and I believe that Mitzi had. I awoke her and we silently redressed.

When we opened the stall door, imagine our surprise when we observed several men right outside attempting to hear every word. I look right at them and they all now appeared every embarrassed at being caught out eavesdropping and I declared, "Is there something I can help you with? Mwahaha!"

End of Part Twenty-One

It's a Party
By Bubblegom
Chapter Twenty-Two

The next night was Friday, when all of the Halloween parties were going to be held. Since I had been invited to so many of them, and had also been told I could bring whoever I wanted to the party - popular, ain't I, mwahaha! - we decided to party hop. The 'we' was me, Eric, Kristine, Nicole, Bobby, Rebecca, Jackie and a guy named Mickie. Okay, let's see if you've been paying attention. Who went with who?

That's right. I went with Eric, Kristine was with Bobby, Nicole was with Eddie, and Rebecca was with Mickie, who she had been dating for about a week. Since there was eight of us, which was too many to ride together Bobby took Kristine in his car and the rest of us rode with Eric. Eric had a brand new SUV. Now I'm not saying where this new car came from, because we certainly know that there wouldn't be any major colleges, who would break the recruiting rules so drastically to offer a high school senior a new car, wouldn't we? Mwahaha!

This Mickie was an interesting character. He wanted to be a writer and he was real tall and was exactly Rebecca's age. She had only known him for about a week, but I think she was already sweet on him. I'll tell you what, if he does anything to hurt her - I will rack him up, and I'm not kidding. He'd better watch what he does.

I'm gonna tell you now what kind of costume everybody wore. Of course the guys, and you could have guessed this if you would have thought about it for more than a minute, were totally unimaginative. Eric wore his football jersey! Isn't that stupid? His costume was his football jersey and Bobby and Jackie were just as bad. They wore their baseball uniforms. Now I guess wanting to be a writer left Mickie with no easy way out. You can hardly wear a writer's jersey - haha! He and Rebecca came in these cat costumes. As far as that went, it looked as if there was a lot more Rebecca than there was costume. The costume consisted of a small halter top and then a skirt with a slit that ran almost all the way to the hip. I didn't see where there was any place for knickers under that thing, but who am I to judge - hehe.

Kristine and Nicole was dressed as little angels and you know what's funny? They used to be, until I got a hold of them. Now they were little hellions! Now who's left? Oh yeah, me. Ha! Like you weren't waiting with bated breath to hear what I was wearing. Well, I came as Lady Godiva. Mwahaha! I took a number of blonde falls and starting with the first one, I wove that into my hair, then I wove the other falls one by one into each other. When I had finished, you could take all the falls and spread them out and they covered my body completely, or, of course, I could move them here or there and flash different parts of my body. You know me!

The first party we went to was held by a guy named Phillip Jackson. He always seemed like a nice guy to me. He was a sophomore, stood about five feet, ten inches, had dark hair and was pretty cute. Phillip lived in a nice split level house. He had all the standard Halloween favors at his party - you know, the 'brains' in the bucket and fake cob webs and bobbing for apples in a great big tub of water. It was way too early in the evening for me to be doing anything like bobbing for apples, because when I leaned over my extended fall would do weird things in the back and leave my back side completely open with the back of my pussy hanging out. A lot of the couples were dancing or making out and, since Eric was in the kitchen bullshitting with all his football cohorts, when Bobby asked me to dance I said sure, because I saw Kristine over fooling around with Nicole with bobbing for apples. It was a slow song naturally and Bobby pulled me extremely close to him. I threw my arms around his neck and lay my head on his upper arm, as we slowly moved around the floor. The longer we danced, the tighter he pulled me to him, until I could feel him starting to develop an erection. I reached down subtly, because even though most of the lights were down low, people could still see some things, if they realized to watch intently. I rubbed the outside of his pants in his crotch area, until I could tell he was super hard. Even if I hadn't known it from the feel of it, I would have realized it from Bobby's whining; he was just about mewing like a newborn. Boys are so easy to please!

I pulled his zipper down and reached inside his boxer shorts (striped incidentally) and released his seven inch cock into the world of Halloween parties. It looked happy to be there! Before I began to work my hand on his impressive shaft, I pushed his baseball pants and his underwear down to the floor.

"Hey!," he complained. "You making a spectacle of me. What are you doing?"

"Take it or leave it," I answered, showing him no mercy. Well, not surprisingly he took it. I wasn't trying to embarrass him needlessly. I just didn't want him shooting off into my 'costume.' It was way too early in the evening for that kind of bullshit. We were going to go to a lot more parties and I didn't want to show up reeking of sex.

I began to rub my hand up and down slowly on his fully extended penis. Bobby had the prettiest prick and it was all I could do to keep my mouth off it, but I really didn't know this Phillip very well or vise versa and I didn't want to shock anybodies' sensibilities so early in the evening.

As I worked my hand faster and faster on my friend's cock, Bobby leaned down and kissed me ardently again and again. God, I was having second thoughts about my role in this endeavor. I was really getting hot and naturally I began to stroke his prick even harder. He suddenly groaned and began to twitch uncontrollably as his penis began to orgasm shooting cum out on the living room rug. Man, I bet that was gonna leave a strain!

When he had finished climaxing, I kissed him once more and then wiped my hand on the back of his ass.

"Sara!" Bobby complained.

I grinned at him. "New policy, you shoot it - you wear it."

The young man couldn't help himself, as he had to laugh. I didn't want to come across as a hard ass, but the evening was still very long and I didn't feel as though I wanted to smell like cum from there on out. I did one thing for him, though. I quickly lowered myself to my knees and sucked his cock dry of any lingering sperm that had been hanging around, so to speak. He looked as if he enjoyed my little 'clean-up' job, haha!

We soon left that party and went to another one. The next one we decided to attend was just a few blocks over and was being held at the home of Laura Roswell. Laura was a senior and very hot looking. She was about five foot, seven, with blonde ringlets that hung down past her shoulders, a super pretty face with high cheek bones and a generous mouth, and it appeared that she was the proud possessor of a body that just wouldn't quit beneath her clothes, unless I'm a poor judge and you know I'm not! As I've already mentioned, she was a senior and getting ready to go away to college. I think she was real good with computers. Actually she was more Eric's friend than mine, as I met her through Eric, but she specifically had invited me and not him. I think she thought he was a jock. You know what? He is a jock. Mwahaha! And a spaz, because after I got out of the car at Laura's house he shut the car door on part of my costume and, as I stepped away from the vehicle, I pulled the last fall away and it hung in the car door. I whirled around and started hitting poor Eric, who wasn't aware of his faux pas.

"You dumb ass!" I shouted at him. "Look at this," I pointed out to him holding up the piece of wig stuck in the door. Well, he was apologizing profusely all over the place and I'm quick to anger and quick to get over it too, so I forgave him with a kiss and a quick rub of his crotch. It wasn't the end of the world and I was still covered down to my knees.

Finally managing to maneuver our way successfully to the front door, we were greeted by Laura herself, who appeared genuinely happy to see me. I filed that away for reference for another time. The young woman had her house decorated wonderfully for the party. She had streamers of black and orange crepe paper looped from one place to the other on the ceilings and had paper jack-o'-lanterns and skeletons hanging from the walls.

"Oh, Laura," I gushed, "the place looks great." She smiled at me and winked.
'Hmm,' I thought.

Eric, of course, predictably disappeared into the kitchen to talk with the other jocks. I forgave him, because they had a big game coming in the next week and it was homecoming besides. I began wandering around saying hello to various people. I stopped and had a cup of punch from a large crystal punch bowl. Unbeknownst to me, the punch was spiked with vodka - mwahaha! I didn't have a clue, because it was very well disguised with some sort of fruit drink. I only had a little, but with me a little goes a long way. I think I have some kind of allergy to alcohol, which is why I don't usually drink much.

The first cup tasted so good I had another one. I had a good little buzz going already and didn't know it! Spotting Kristine over in a dark corner of the room, I sauntered over to her; for all I know I might have slightly staggered over - haha!

"What's up?" I asked her.

"Just hanging out," my beautiful friend answered.

Since there was no one in the immediate vicinity, and I was feeling alcohol inflamed horniness descending on me I leaned over and offered Kristine a long passionate kiss. I think she was originally a little taken aback, because it was unexpected, but she soon warmed to our activity and was returning my kisses with great fervor and also inserting her tongue into my mouth at the first opportunity.

I reached my hands up under her angel costume (high irony factor there, ain't it) and ran them softly all over her young supple body.

"Oh Sara," she cooed. "God, that feels so good."

I reached behind and unfastened her bra and then pulled her knickers down to the rug and she stepped out of them. Meanwhile Kristine pulled me to her and rammed three of her fingers straight up my butt hole. Whoa! That got my attention, let me tell you. As she began to work them in and out, thrusting them as far as she could up my rectum, I reached down to the hem of her costume and pulled it up and off her body totally exposing her beautiful nude body for all to see. To tell you the truth, I didn't know if anyone had noticed us or not, and at that point I didn't care; I was that turned on.

Kristine took her other hand and pushed aside the long fall also exposing my stark nakedness to her eyesight. I could see the lust gleaming in her eyes and embraced her as hard as I could. I rubbed my naked body on her. We fit perfectly. "I love you," I murmured.

Kristine flushed and gushed, "Oh Sara, how lovely you really are."

I did love her at the moment; not in the same way I loved Eric, but I did love her. Not only was she a great person, smart with a great sense of humor, but she had this hot little body. I reached down and stroked my clitoris until it became enlarged and then I located Kristine's and did the same. We began to rub our clits against each as hard and as quickly as we could. Jesus! I was so horny and it was so good. It was tremendous; suddenly we both began to cum simultaneously. "Oh!" Kristine screamed out. I was a little more circumvent and was able to limit myself to some ahs.

We stood and held each other for a few seconds and then feeling someone's eyes on us, we turned and saw Laura and two of her close friends looking at us. They didn't seem shocked or scandalized at all, but greatly interested and maybe a little turned on. I started to say something, and Laura just smiled, and shook her head.

'Hmm,' I thought again.

Kristine quickly donned her angel costume, but couldn't find her underwear. That's because I had stashed it. Mwahaha! I like all my friends nude beneath their outer apparel. It makes for easier access.

Soon after we cummed, we went. Haha! Sorry, couldn't help myself. Our next stop was at a girl named Susie's house. She was a cute little freshman chick, who I knew well enough that she invited me to her party. Part of it was she knew I was hanging out with some school heavyweights like Eric, but another part was I think she genuinely liked me or at least she was intrigued with my lifestyle. She was way cute herself. She was about my height, with short black hair, and hazel eyes and always had a ready smile on her face. Susie was also a lot of fun to be around, because she knew a lot of great jokes. She was dressed as a harem girl in some sort of a mostly see-through costume. Whew! I really wanted to jump her bones, but I couldn't because I didn't know her well enough to know how she'd react.

She had the whole lower part of her house set up great, like a haunted house. It was really very creative; you know, with skeletons jumping out at you and such. I really don't know how she did it, but it was a really cool idea. I decided to hang out down there and see what happened, because it was plenty dark. Mwahaha! I was kinda hanging out in one of the corners watching the reactions of different people, as they came by. As luck would have it, Nicole ventured by. She was by herself, because I imagine Jackie was upstairs hanging in the kitchen bullshitting about sports. Urgh, sports! Gag me with a spoon.

Anyway right as I knew the skeleton was gonna leap out at her, I grabbed Nicole's arm. Haha! You should have heard her scream. Man, she can be loud when she wants to be. I pulled her to me. "Relax, Cole," I explained. "It's me, Sara."

You can bet she was mad. "God damn it, Sara!" my pretty blonde friend exploded. "Don't ever do anything like that again. You scared the shit out of me."

Now I knew I had really frightened her, because Nicole hardly ever cusses. I embraced her and murmured contritely, "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to scare you so badly. Is there anything I can do to make it up to you?"

Nicole patted me on my back and answered, "No, that's alright. I forgive you." But then her beautiful face suddenly took on a mischievous appearance. "Yeah, there's something you can do, you can eat out my pussy."

Well, that was just up my alley, so to speak. I immediately dropped to my knees and pulled up her angel gown. I was immediately confronted by her pussy hair. Nicole hadn't been wearing any knickers. She had told me that she hadn't worn any underwear below her waist, since the time of our baseball game, but I didn't know if I could believe her or not. Here was direct evidence that she had been speaking the truth, that little devil.

I used both hands and pulled the lips of her pussy wide apart. "Oh, God," Nicole moaned. There was moisture present. I think she had been fingering herself all along underneath that long costume she was wearing. A girl after my own heart - mwahaha! I immediately began to use my tongue on her hairy twat. I stiffened my tongue as much as possible almost making it tubular in appearance and probed into her labia, as deeply as I could. Meanwhile I brought my left hand up and began to manipulate her clit until it was rock hard. Kristine was going crazy, moaning and groaning and twitching her hips at my face. I loved it, having that kind of affect on someone I cared about. I slipped my right hand down to my own cunt and fingered my lips. I was as wet as can be. Suddenly Nicole shuddered and grabbed the back of my head and was throwing it from side to side, as the cum came rolling out of her. She threw her head back and screamed out my name and I knew we were going to have leave there soon. I bet they heard that all through the house. Mwahaha!

Nicole finished her climax and I dropped her angel costume back down and stood up and passionately kissed her with her cum still on my lips. "Yum, yum," she murmured in my ear. I giggled in return.

As people were beginning to flock downstairs to discover who had gotten so scared of the haunted house that they had screamed, I suggested to my sexy friend that we get the hell out of Dodge. Nicole and I hurried back upstairs and noticed Kristine standing by the front door.

She explained, "The rest of them are already outside. I rounded them up, as soon as I heard Nicole's sex scream." Nicole blushed crimson and I laughed to see it. Suddenly a drunk lurched up to me out of nowhere it seemed and grabbed me about the waist.

"Heshy, honesy," he slurred. "Come sspend ssome time with sme."

Well, you know me, I can't stand to be struck or pawed by anybody, so I pushed him away saying, "Get your hands off me!" When I pushed him away, he grabbed another piece of my fall and then stumbled away with it.
Nicole suggested, "Come on, let's just get out of here before something else happens." As we left I noticed that now my 'costume' went down to my upper thighs and I had to be careful how I stood or I'd be flashing my pussy at people. You know how much that worried me, don't you? Mwahaha!

The next party we stopped at was being given by Axel. Axel was an old friend of mine from middle school. I know you're wondering about his name, I really can't tell you. Maybe his people were big 'Guns and Roses' freaks. He was a tall drink of water, I tell you. I bet you have a picture of him in your mind. Well, if you pictured him as tall and thin, you'd be right and he had a long, thin face, but I found him to be very attractive in a strange way. Must be my Puritan ancestors - haha! He had jack o'laterns carved out of pumpkins all over his house with candles burning in them. I'm surprised the smoke alarm didn't go off. He either grew them himself or got lucky in a day after Halloween sale. I had never seen so many in one place before.

After we were there for a few minutes and I made some small talk with Axel, who naturally enough was acting, as if he was real interested in my costume and trying to touch it. I had to threaten him that I would cold cock him if he didn't cease, but I was mainly kidding. I understood his frustration. I noticed Jackie come ambling out of the kitchen holding a tall boy and I called out to him, "Hey Jackie!" That was one of the reasons all the jocks hung out in the kitchen, so they could drink beer. Basically I hated the taste of beer, but of course I had been known to drink it before.

Jackie came over and I introduced him to our host. It was only right, Jackie was drinking his beer. Using this as a way of leaving Axel's hands to himself, I looped my arm through Jackie's and waltzed away with him. "Where are we headed?" I asked my old friend.

"I don't know where you're headed," he responded, "but I'm going to go take a whiz."

"Oh I wanna go!" I exclaimed, suddenly remembering my goal of watching some guy take a piss.

"You do?" Jackie asked incredulous, with a quizzical expression on his handsome face.

"Yeah," I replied. "I've never had the opportunity to watch a guy pee and I want see how it works."

"Ok," he said doubtfully. I followed him up to the bathroom on the second floor, giggling all the way. This was going to be great. Unbelievably lucky for us, the bathroom was not occupied. After closing and locking the door, Jackie turned and pulled his zipper down and took his cock out. He began to urinate into the toilet bowl. I noticed he was beginning to get a little hard. Well, who can blame him with me standing there, but I knew it would be harder for him to go, if he became too hard.

"Wait a minute!" I exclaimed. I noticed he had some difficulty with stopping his piss in mid-stream. "What?" Jackie wanted to know.

"This," I responded, while pulling his baseball uniform pants and jockey shorts down to the floor. "I can't really see anything with your cock just barely sticking out of your pants." Jackie's answer was a shoulder shrug and then he turned back to the task in hand - hehe. I could now see all of his prick all the way down to the balls. As he stood there pissing that golden stream into the bowl, I was really getting hot watching him. I have no idea what that means, no doubt some kind of awful deviancy. I began to finger my pussy lips and then I finally plunged some fingers in and was moving them in and out, just as he finished.

Turning to me he grinned, "Okay, your turn."

"What!?" I exclaimed.

"You heard me. I went, now you go. What's right is right."

"But I don't feel like going right now," I explained, which basically was true.

"Here," Jackie said, handing me the tall boy. "This is almost full. Drink this down. You'll have to go, I guarantee it."

"Okay," I agreed, taking it. Actually I was excited about the whole thing. I drank the tall boy straight down, as much as I could. When I had finished I felt rather lightheaded and really didn't understand it at the time, never realizing I already had a base of a couple of cups of vodka laced punch.

Sure enough, in a very few minutes I had to pee and turning to the toilet I had to put the seat down. Boys always leave the seat up! Why is that? What is so difficult to remember about putting the seat down? Well - enough with that rant. I went to sit down and Jackie grabbed my arm and directed, "Stop." Turning to him, I naturally asked why.

"Because," Jackie explained, "I won't be able to see you good if you sit down.

"Well how else am I going to go if I don't sit down?" I asked, naturally perplexed.

"Standing up," was his shocking, to me, answer.

"You're kidding?" I retorted.

"Nope," Jackie insisted. Grabbing my falls, he pulled them tight around my back. I stood there basically stark naked. I could see us in the bathroom mirror and I looked very hot!

He lifted up the toilet seat for me and pushed me over to where I was standing in front of it. Naturally enough it took me a few minutes to get used to this. Obviously I had always gone sitting down, but finally enough pressure from the beer that I had chugged built up in my bladder and the stream of pee started coming out. It was so cool just standing there in front of Jackie and peeing straight into the toilet. I'm gonna have to practice this at home, I thought. When I had finally finished, I turned to see what Jackie thought and imagine my glee when he was standing there beating his meat to beat the band. He must have been doing this the entire time I was peeing, because his prick was huge and red faced and I could tell he was going to go off any second.

'Welcome to perversions personified,' I thought to myself.

Jackie was running his hand over his impressive shaft as fast as I had ever seen anybody do it and all of the sudden his cock just exploded with his cum shooting all over me. So much for me not wanting to smell like sex.

'Oh well,' I thought. 'We're only going to a couple of more places.'

After Jackie had cleaned up and tucked his now little 'wee willie winkie'away back in his pants and I wiped my pussy dry with some toilet paper, we went back downstairs and collected everybody and set off again for another party.

End of Part Twenty-Two

It's a Party
By Bubblegom
Chapter Twenty-Three

The next party we visited was being given by Camille. She was one really cool chick, who was getting ready to graduate (one of those weird mid-year things) and then she was going to join the army. The girl loved guns! She actually scared a lot of guys with her rap. Mwahaha! But most of them were sissies to begin with. Camille stood about five foot, seven, had blonde hair, blue eyes, and a great body. I envied anybody, who got in her rack.

After we knocked on the door, somebody came and let us in and then staggered away, before we could enter. As it was now getting far later in the evening, I believe drinking had caught up with the majority of the partygoers at Camille's. It was almost totally dark as we entered the house, but as my eyes finally adjusted to the lack of light I could make out couples here and there in various stages of undress.

'Alight!' I thought. 'My kind of party!'

Eric and the rest of the jocks in our group quickly disappeared into the kitchen to search out any remaining beer. I started randomly wandering around saying hello to various people that I knew and checking out some of the minor sexual action that was occurring here and there. Since I was becoming bored, I decided to check out if I could get a drink of whatever these people were smashed on. That was a big mistake, and I really should have known better.

I managed to procure a large rum and coke, heavy on the rum and light on the coke. Later I found out it was 151 proof rum. Believe you me, that shit will knock you on your ass. I finally managed to locate in the dark some of my friends, who I had come with. Those turned out to be prophetic words, so to speak. I found Rebecca and Mickey sitting on a small love seat in the corner of the room. I don't think they could have been sitting any further apart from each other, so I decided immediately that I needed to do something to help them overcome this shyness problem they appeared to be experiencing.

I sat right between them in the middle of the short love seat, squeezing myself in. "How ya all doing?" I asked with false joviality.

"Uh, Sara," Rebecca began to say.

"What?" I interrupted, knowing full well she was going to suggest I move on.

"Oh, nothing, I guess," my attractive friend sighed.

I slightly moved my fall away from my lap, so my pubic hair was on full display. Rebecca didn't take a notice, because she was looking away for the moment, but I observed that Mickie glommed on to the fact of it immediately, He was already staring right at my briar patch (just remember, you could get pricked) and I could see he was developing an erection.
I leaned over and pulled his zipper down and pulled his ever lengthening joint out of his pants and began to stroke it.

"Oh, God," Mickie moaned.

"Hey! What the hell do you think you're doing?" Rebecca angrily demanded of me.

I dropped her boyfriend's cock and turned my attention to my good friend. I didn't answer verbally, but instead slipped my hand up the bottom half of her cat costume, until I felt her cunt. Aha! I knew she hadn't been wearing any knickers. As I poked three fingers into her already opening labia, Rebecca began groaning and writhing on the love seat. I leaned over and began to kiss the beautiful young woman fervently over and over. God, I was getting wet myself. Good thing too, because I could see that Mickie had shed himself of his pants and underwear and was kneeling beside me pulling on his seven inch prick. I had a feeling he was going to be looking for somewhere to stick it real soon.

Rebecca appeared to lose total control, as she suddenly pulled my head down to her clitoris and pushed my face into it. She was behaving like quite the little vixen that night, let me tell ya. Naturally I began to push against her clit as hard as I could with my tongue, while continuing to thrust my fingers in and out of her cunt. Rebecca was rolling all over the love seat and it was becoming difficult for me to control her.

"Oh God damn it, Sara! Fuck me!" she cried out.

Suddenly as if spurred on by my good friend's exhortations, Mickie rammed his stiffened penis straight into my twat from behind. Oh lord! It felt so good! You have to remember, actually this was the first time all evening that anyone had thought to possibly satisfy me too, that wasn't prompted by myself. Not that I'm complaining, but it certainly added to the intense pleasure I was experiencing. And it felt better and better the more he thrust his huge cock in and out of me. My labia was completely distended and dripping and was accepting every millimeter of him. The harder Mickie fucked me, the harder I pushed my friend's clit and worked my fingers in her. Oh shit, the whole thing was unearthly. I felt so damn good. Suddenly I felt the cum start to work its way through and out of me.

"Oh fuck!" I cried out, just as Rebecca began to climax. In her thrashing, she reached up and pulled the whole damn fall off me and then threw it somewhere in the darkened room.

'Oh well,' I thought, 'easy come, easy go,' although it hurt like hell for a minute when she tore it away. As the orgasms flowed from me and Rebecca, Mickie continued to thrust into me with the spirit of a rabid horny dog.

As I collapsed momentarily onto my pretty friend, I thought, 'Well, first half accomplished. Now for the other half.' When I successfully pulled myself off Mickie's plunging penis and moved off Rebecca, he fell forward almost landing on his beautiful date.

"Hey! What the fuck?!" he quite naturally exclaimed.

I leaned over to him and whispered to him in a way that only he could hear. "You've been poking the wrong girl," I explained to him. "There's your girlfriend right there. But you be gentle with her," I warned. "I think she's a virgin."

I'll say one thing for Mickie. He was very adaptable. He went from thrusting wildly into me, as if he were a out of control wild animal to gently kissing Rebecca and whispering terms of love to her, while running his hands all over her. I was still rushing like a bitch from my recent climax and cum was dripping from me, as I suddenly felt the need to sit down on the rug beside my cavorting friends.

I just watched as Mickie slowly kissed each square inch of my beautiful friend's body, before passionately kissing and embracing her for a number of minutes. By the time he finally began to softly poke his potent prick into her fully distended pussy, Rebecca was so hot and bothered I think she could accepted an elephant. Hey! There's something I haven't tried yet.
I could tell from the expressions on my dark-haired friend's features, when her lover finally penetrated her hymen, but she accepted it without crying out and culminated or cumminated her own climax with Mickie, when he experienced his orgasm. We left soon after that on our way to the last party on the night's agenda. It was so dark in the house and outside on the way to the car, no one noticed I was stark naked now. What the hell! I was supposed to be Lady Godiva, haha! I was just a Lady Godiva with short hair.

The last party was being given by a girl named Krista, whom I had just met but I already liked her a lot. She was a little taller than me and weighed around one hundred and ten pounds. Krista was quite the beauty having curly brown hair in loose ringlets and a great looking athletic body with a washboard flat stomach and slim, but beautifully shaped legs. Her nickname was KinkyLilSquirt, which I didn't know why she was called that, but it certainly sounded promising to me. Mwahaha!

Krista answered the front door herself, after we knocked upon it. Of course her attention was naturally drawn immediately to me standing before her stark naked.

"Good to see you all of you, Sara," she giggled. Krista was cool, I'm telling ya. "But you were supposed to wear a costume," she continued, "not come as yourself."

"Very funny, I am wearing a costume," I responded.

"Oh?" Krista said, arching an eyebrow. "What might that be - Eve's? I don't see your fig leaf though."

Everybody who I came with was laughing at our brilliant repartee, I must say.
"No," I explained. "I'm Lady Godiva."

"Oh, sure," the brunette replied, rolling her eyes. "Well, come on in," Krista invited taking me by the arm and leading me into the house. "I'm sure everyone will be happy to see you, Lady Godiva."

Oh man! This was the one house that had all the lights on and the living room was full of people. I'm surprised Krista's parents weren't there too, the way this thing was going, but they had gone out to a Halloween party of their own. Most of the people present were Krista's girlfriends and they were all used to me.

"Hey Sara," a few of them called out and, of course, their boyfriends weren't going to complain because I was totally nude. Mwahaha!

This time I followed Eric into the kitchen and I was quite the hit with all the jocks too, haha! They were all giving me sips of their beers and mixed drinks. I don't know why, I was already naked. Why did they expect me to take off if I got drunk? My birthday suit?

I could tell Eric was a little embarrassed with me standing there talking to all his friends while I was stark naked, but I could also tell he was plenty turned on too; plus I think he enjoyed the way all his friends were drooling about me and envying him.

By this time, I had a pretty good buzz going and I decided that enough was enough; Eric had just spent his last minute being away from me by hiding in the kitchen. I took him by the hand and led him out into the living room. I asked Krista if we could use her bedroom and she said sure, but don't do anything she wouldn't do. Haha! What a card that girl was. And she had a tight looking body too.

On the way up the stairs, I unfastened almost all of Eric's clothing, having pulled that ridiculous football jersey off him and his jeans and jockey shorts down to his feet and then off him, leaving him clad only in his shoes. A good looking girl suddenly emerged from the second floor bathroom. She stopped short and looked Eric up and down and then smiled at him. The big sissy attempted to cover his genitals. I laughed and pulled his hands away exposing them to the young woman.

"Don't mind him," I explained. "He's new to all this."

"Yes, I can see that," she replied, looking me up and down as well and then sauntered down the staircase.

"Sara!" my handsome love complained.

"Shh," I responded and led him into the bedroom Krista had directed me to. The young woman had decorated the walls with various posters and pictures. There was a large file cabinet in one corner, a large book shelf, and a nice table that a fairly large lamp-shaded light resting on it. I actually only paid close attention to the bed and it appeared very comfortable. Mwahaha!
I continued leading Eric over to the bed and then I pushed him down on it and jumped on top of him. Subtlety isn't my middle name. I was kneeling right over his groin area. His erection was standing straight up, well, you know what I mean. It actually did slant a little. His peter looked so precious. I could have just gobbled it all up. No, better not. So I compromised and began sucking on it. It became even larger in my mouth. I was taking all of his seven inches too. By this time, I was really blasted on booze, but of course I didn't realize it. Eric was running his hands through my hair wildly.
Suddenly he reached down and pulled me up on him. Our nakedness merged into a combination of bliss for me.

Eric explained, "I don't want to cum that way. I want to fuck and cum inside of you."

Isn't he romantic? As he ran his hands all over my breasts lovingly and even kneaded my nipples until they were standing straight out, I sat up just below his pecker. I then raised up and slid his huge cock straight up into my distended labia.

"Oh God damn!" I cried out, as it felt so good going all the way up. Eric just smiled at me and begin thrusting into me as hard as he could. Jesus, Mary, and Joseph - this guy was so good and I loved him so much. I leaned over as much as I could without coming off and pulled him up with me, so our naked upper bodies were pressed against each other. Somehow this caused him to be able to push deeper into me than anybody ever had. Maybe I was just more open for him, because I loved him. I don't know, but it was producing sensations of ecstasy I had never experienced previously.

I could tell from the expression on my lover's face that he was ready to climax, but had been holding himself back waiting for me. I clutched him even tighter to me and whispered in his ear causing him to laugh. "Go for it stud-muffin, I'm ready," I told him. I began to let loose with torrents of cum, while he shot up into me the most sacred seed known to man. Lets just leave it at the entire sexual episode was merely awesome.

When we had both finished climaxing, I climbed down and cuddled next to him. Eric pulled me in close and we lay in complete satisfaction. The next thing I knew a rather bemused appearing Krista was leaning over and waking us up. It seemed that all the other guests had gone home, except for us and the rest of our crew. I noticed she was attempting to glance away from Eric's nakedness, but was having a difficult time doing such.

It hardly mattered anyway, as my stud-boy had to get up and locate his clothes and pull them on before we left and Krista had ample opportunity to gaze at his beauty then and not have to worry about it looking awkward. I didn't blame her in the least. Krista walked us downstairs, I think to make sure we actually left, haha! And as we were leaving, I leaned over and offered a quick hug to her, thanking her for everything and explaining I would call her soon to see if we could do something together. When she answered, please do I felt I had made another friend.

I guess because of all the booze I had consumed, I didn't remember most of the ride home, nor going to bed. What I did remember was the next morning, when my head was killing me. Never again, I promised myself. Of course, I just meant no more drinking. Mwahaha!

End of Part Twenty-Three

It's a Party
By Bubblegom
Chapter Twenty-Four

Needless to say, I could hardly walk the next day, between my severe headache, upset stomach, and extremely sore pussy. Believe you me, I didn't engage in any masturbation on that day - mwahaha! In fact I took it easy all week. Oh yeah, I can hear you - sure you did, Sara, but I did and for a very good reason, I might add. The Big Game!
As I've previously mentioned, if you've been paying attention, this was our homecoming game. That's always a big deal anyway. Now our opponent was our biggest rival and that made it even a much bigger deal. In the year in question, it was even bigger than usual, because we were undefeated and they were undefeated and, according to the newspapers, our bitterest rivals were our only roadblock from an undefeated regular season and a chance to win the state championship in postseason play.

So I made certain to do nothing all week to distract Eric's concentration or his physical condition. In fact, I figured if I kept him horny, he'd be in high state of frustration and take it out on our opponents. Anyway, I believe what that trainer said in the first Rocky move, "Women weaken the legs." Mwahaha! It seemed like a very long week with no sweet loving, but the day of the game, Friday, finally arrived.

Our opponents were favored by six points and, it was only that low because, the game was being played on our field. I realized that I was going to need to do something to help the team, but I wasn't certain, as to what it would be. On Thursday evening, I went over to Kristine's house and we sat and brainstormed about what I could do to help, if anything. After a couple of hours of semi-arguing, we were able to agree on a plan of action.

The game was scheduled to start at eight o'clock on Friday evening and we got there way early, although not to get good seats; but rather to be able to stand on the field at the end of the end zones. Ordinarily this wouldn't be allowed until the seats were completely filled, but of course Kristine, Nicole, and I had no trouble sweet talking our way down on to the field.

I don't know if you've figured it out yet knowing me, so I'll tell you. I was going to do anything I could to distract the other team, without being caught out by others. I mean what good would it do if anybody in authority observed me and I got thrown out of our stadium? First I thought I would wear my cheerleader uniform with no underwear beneath, because the skirt was so short to begin with. But then I realized that was no good, because for one thing I wouldn't able to hang around any other part of the field except where the cheerleaders are and I couldn't go there, because I'm not a varsity cheerleader.

So I'm assuming you're thinking now that I wore some kind of cheap abbreviated outfit to disturb the opposing players with. Nothing can be further from the truth. Mwahaha! I had this red sundress that some aunt had given me for Christmas. It was very long and, in fact, it almost dragged on the ground. Naturally enough, I hated this dress and never wore it, but it was perfect for this situation.

It was bright red, which would attract the attention of the players easily. It was cut extremely low in the front and, in fact, was held together in the front with a ring. It would be quite easy to pull it down to totally expose my beautiful breasts. As for the rest of the dress, it was a full skirt, although it had a slit in it that ran from the waist to the ground and it would take absolutely no effort to pull the slit around to the front to totally expose my nether regions. Since it was still so early, we went down by one of the end zones and then under the stands, where we could watch everything occurring, but it would be unlikely anyone would notice us as long as we were fairly quiet. That was difficult for me when I spotted Eric warming up, but I had to display some discipline. After all, it was for the good of the entire team.

Finally the captains from both teams met in midfield with the officials to participate in the coin toss to decide, who would receive the kickoff. Our opponents won the coin toss and elected to receive. I'm so superstitious that I took that to be a bad omen. Another thing that's important to note, is that Eric's football lessons had progressed to his explaining how to read what the other team was probably planning on doing by what formation they were in. Of course, this was just a very basic introduction at the time, but I could tell when to expect a run or a pass and then take it from there. They only had one really good runner, so it became easy to anticipate when he was going to be given the ball, and then flash him just as the play started. He was fumbling' all over the place, let me tell you. Mwahaha!

Of course, I could only do this, when they got close enough to the end zone where they could see me. In fact, it got so bad that whenever the other team got within thirty yards of the endzone, I could see them searching me out. They would be looking all around for me, when they were in the huddle instead of listening for what play had been called for. So I give 'em a quick flash of my pussy or tits to encourage them to keep coming back for more. I bet their coach was pulling his hair out. Mwahaha! They would travel up and down the field at will, until getting in the red zone and then they would self destruct.

Unfortunately our team wasn't doing much better. We only had two paltry field goals to show for all our efforts, but still led for most of the game. Late in the fourth quarter, it appeared that the effects of my flashing my body parts at them had began to wane, because they had driven very close to our end zone.

Our opponents had no interest in a field goal for obvious reasons, but needed to score a touchdown and extra point. Time was quickly running out and the other team had no timeouts left. They had a first and ten on our twenty yard line, when their quarterback faded back to pass. Since they had been in a pass formation and, given the current game circumstances, our team had fallen into a eight deep defense looking for a pass all the way. Consequently they were completely fooled when the opposing quarterback slipped the ball to their running back, who ran a draw play. The hole that had opened for him to run through appeared larger then the red sea parting for Moses and the running back waltzed through it and past the startled lineman and linebackers without any difficulty and, in fact, was headed straight toward our endzone!

I decided the time had now arrived for drastic action, if we were to win this game. As he was crossing the ten yard line I stepped out into the middle of the end zone from the end of the field and whipped off my sundress and threw it to Kristine. There I stood stark naked in front of three thousand fans, but more importantly I had the attention of the ball carrier, who immediately stopped dead still; his eyes as big as saucers and his mouth agape as he drank in my denuded beauty.

Suddenly he was speared in the middle of his back by the helmet of one of our players, who had thrown himself through the air in a last second desperate tackle causing the ball to pop straight up in the air. It came straight down and then began to roll toward our end zone in that haphazard way that a football will because of its' end to end shape. It was all I could do in my excitement to not throw myself on it, but I knew I would get killed when all those oxes fell on me. It continued to roll somewhat forward, egg like, towards our endzone, when suddenly two of our players fell on it sealing the victory.

The referee fired his gun signifying the end of the game and the field became bedlam. The referees sensing a debacle developing quickly ran to their cars in the parking lot, as the opposing coaches ran behind them screaming their protest. The field became very crowded, as fans emptied from both sets of stands and ran onto the field. I was attempting to return to Kristine and acquire my dress, as even I didn't relish being stark naked in a crowd of three thousand wild football fans, but both of us being short I couldn't even begin to see her in the huge crowd.

My breasts and pussy were being fondled and groped by guys, grown men, and even girls and women, as I ran through the crowd attempting to find Kristine. Suddenly a friend of mine named Eudora fortunately appeared before me.

Taking me by the hand, she began to drag me through the crowd toward our team's bench. Eudora was real cute, as she had long shoulder length hair, dark brown eyes and stood five foot plus. She had a fine figure and looked to have full breasts for her size. I'd always kinda of lusted after her, but had never had the opportunity to hit on her. And this again is another story for a later date.

Thank God for her, as Eudora led me right to where Eric was standing celebrating their win. I gave her a quick hug of thanks and kiss on her lips, before falling into my lover's willing arms. He quickly stripped off his jersey and slipped it over me and, then as the team ran to the locker room, Eric kept me hidden away from the coaches' eyes by keeping me in the middle of the thundering pack.

Once we reached the locker room, Eric pushed me into a broom closet. Haha! Lucky I'm pretty short and not claustrophobic. Eric dawdled until everybody else had left. Even the coaches had left; in fact they were among the first to leave, but you could hardly blame them. It was fairly late now and they'd been working since early in the morning. Finally, after what seemed forever, Eric pulled open the broom closet.

He was standing before me, beautifully naked. "Hehe," I giggled at him.

"Little Sara," my fine looking love said, "you won the game for us."

"Hehe," I replied. Sorry, I had just been through too much to be any kind of a conversationalist. I immediately saw a bad prick arising and took a hold of it with my right hand and pulled him to me.

"Hey!" Eric complained. "Be careful! You could break that, you know."

"Hehe," I replied, "Fat chance of that," and letting go of his now fully erected penis I hugged him to me in a full embrace. He felt so good against my bare body and you might not believe this with him being so much taller than me, but we always seemed like a perfect fit to me.

Suddenly I was just so horny even I couldn't believe it. It must have been my five days of celibacy had caught up to me with a vengeance. I began to kiss him everywhere on his body. It was very unlike me. With men, I was usually the kissie, not the kisser. I kissed and licked him all over his broad chest and even suckled his little nipples, they looked so cute. Believe it or not, they grew bigger. Eric began squirming around. I think he was a little sensitive there. I continued kissing him down his belly, until I reached his thick patch of pubic hair. I bypassed his pulsating tool (haha! sorry, private joke) that was threatening to stab me in my eye and lifted it up with my hand and began licking and kissing his balls. Oh, you should have heard him then, moaning and carrying on. Boy, men lose all sense of pride during sex, don't they?

I was licking and kissing the inside of his thighs, when suddenly my strong and beautiful honey exclaimed, "Sara enough!" and he pulled me up and embraced me again, while telling me how much he loved me and how he wanted to do nothing else with the rest of his life except make love with me. It felt so good I swear it gave me a little adrenaline rush, but men will tell you some crazy shit, I know that.

I started rubbing as much of my naked body against his vigorously, until he finally understood my unspoken message that I was fully ready to get it on. Mwahaha! Eric broke the embrace and he led me into the coaches' office and gently lay me on the couch there. It's a good thing I'm not very tall because this thing was short, but it actually ended up helping us, as it caused Eric to have to hover over me on his knees and elbows. Looking down at me with reverence, it made feel wonderful that he wasn't yet taking me for granted. Believe you me, that can happen and when it does, it's a stone drag.

When he continued crouched there with love in his eyes, I grew impatient and exclaimed, "Hey, take a picture, they last longer. Let's get it on." I'm so wicked.

Eric laughed deeply and agreed, "Alright, little Bubblegom, let's get it on!"

The second he inserted his huge prick into my completely distended pussy, I felt ready to explode it felt so wonderful. I quickly lifted my legs up and wrapped them around his waist, crossing them at my ankles. This allowed more room for him on that short couch, thereby making it more comfortable, but it also allowed him to reach places inside of me that his prick couldn't ordinarily reach.

Resting on his elbows, he thrusted into me again and again, harder and deeper. Good God almighty! I never got tired of this. It was better than any drug I ever tried and I tried a lot of them later on, but that's another story; although none of them ever felt this good. My whole body tingled and my mind was on fire. My heart was pumping a hundred miles an hour. I loved him so damn much. "Go for it!" I cried out.

"I am," he smiled at me.

"I know," I smiled back.

Suddenly I realized from the look in his eyes, he was going to climax any second, so I let mine go. "I love you, Eric!" I screamed, as the cum rolled out of me, while my love shot his heavy load of love seed into me. He kept thrusting for several minutes, until we were completely dry and then he gently lowered himself onto me. I just grabbed on to him in the tightest hug I could and also increased the pressure around his waist with my legs. We remained locked like that for several minutes, until suddenly there was a timid knock on the door from the outside of the school.

"Oh shit," I heard Eric mutter.

"Just ignore it," I suggested. "Maybe they'll go away."

"No," my stud quarterback answered. "We can't afford to have someone hanging around outside knocking on the door for any length of time. Who knows what attention they may call to themselves."

As he started to rise off of me, I tightened my legs further around his waist and advised, "Oh no, you're not going anywhere."

"Oh yeah," Eric responded, "we'll see about that," and he began to tickle me everywhere he could reach. I'm very ticklish and he knew that. By the way, I've heard the theory that the more ticklish you are, the more sexually repressed you are also. I think I'm living proof that that theory is a crock of shit!
Mwahaha! He had no difficulty getting loose after tickling me.

"You booger!" I exclaimed. "No fair!"

"Haha!" he laughed, on his way to the door. I jumped up and followed directly behind him. As he threw the door open, I observed, while standing directly behind him, the startled expression on Krista's beautiful features, as she stood staring at Eric's stark nakedness for the second time in a little over a week. Mwahaha!

End of Part Twenty-Four

It's a Party
By Bubblegom
Chapter Twenty-Five

As Eric threw the door open, I observed, while standing directly behind him, the startled expression on Krista's beautiful features, as she stood staring at Eric's stark nakedness for the second time in a little over a week. Mwahaha!

My new friend looked precious, as she stood all flushed appearing and wearing an off the shoulder white top and blue jeans cut so low a little bit of her white frilly knickers were visible. Krista was staring directly at my lover's penis, which was large even though it was in the flaccid state, and she stammered, "Uh - uh." She looked so fuckin' beautiful standing there that Eric's prick was growing longer just from his observing her. But that's the way my guy was - you didn't even have to get undressed for him to get hard. Mwahaha!

Krista finally found her voice and managed to say, "I saw Sara out there on the field not wearing anything and I'm worried about her, because I couldn't find her anywhere on the field after the game."

I laughed and stepped from around my lover. "I'm right here."

Krista flushed again, I suppose because she thought she interrupted us making love. "Oh, good. Well, I'll be going then."

"Oh no, you don't!" I exclaimed. I stepped forward and clutched her by the wrist and pulled her into the locker room, while Eric shut and locked the door behind her.

"W - What are doing, Sara?" the young beauty stammered.

As if in answer, Eric stepped forward and began to kiss the bubbly brunette, while I stepped behind her and unzipped her white top and then lifted it over her arms and off her body exposing her pretty lacy bra that appeared to be housing some fairly massive breasts. Eric broke off his kiss to kneel down and unbutton her jeans and pull them and her lace knickers off her body, while I unhooked her bra liberating her beautiful breasts. She had adorable appearing nipples and I immediately began to suckle one. Oh man, it made me so hot, when I noticed she kept her pussy area shaved completely. I had never seen that before. It caused her to look so obscenely naked, I loved it.

I couldn't help myself. I immediately reached down with my left hand and just began to gently rub her shaved area where her pubic hair should have been. It felt as smooth and naked as a baby's butt. Mwahaha! Krista was squirming in our arms, but she wasn't protesting. In fact, the only sound the beautiful young woman was making was some low moaning. Eric had stood up and was running his hands all over her body in soft caressing. I inserted my tongue into her labia and lapped, until it became distended somewhat and moisture had formed. Eric was feverishly kissing her, while Krista had finally reciprocated by inserting her tongue in his mouth.

When I reached up with my left hand and began to manipulate her clit, while I continued to tongue her labia, Krista couldn't help herself as her body took over and she began to rock and thrust against my tongue and hand. I could suddenly sense that she was going to go off like a sky rocket and I told Eric to take her now.

He glanced at me in surprise and I reiterated, "Go on, you big dummy. It's ok, I love this girl and you should too." And I did 'love' her too. She was beautiful and caring. Krista was smart and funny and had this real tight body going for her. Besides all that, she shaved her cunt and I could tell, we were gonna have some fun together.

Eric swooped down and picked her up off her feet and carried her over to our makeshift bed of towels. I heard my beautiful friend gasp from surprise and exhilaration. My handsome lover lay her gently down on the towels and then placed himself on top of her, his bare body leaning completely on her nakedness. It was getting me so hot, I couldn't help myself. I jammed three fingers into my cunt hole and begin to thrust them in and out, as I watched Eric and Krista make love.

Since there had been so much foreplay previously, they didn't waste any time getting down to it, as Krista took Eric's huge erection and guided it into her wide open pussy. Eric hunched over her and thrusted his seven inch prick into her hard and deep, over and over. I was manipulating my clitoris, while continuing to thrust my fingers deep into my vagina when I suddenly began to orgasm. Jesus, it was so good, as I sat there with cum forcing itself out of me in sharp spasms, while Krista cried out, "Fuck me, Eric!"

Eric threw his head back in ecstasy, when he shot his hot load into the tight body of my new friend. I know he felt great having his second orgasm within a fifteen minute interval and Krista was cumming the entire time. She later told me that it had been the best sex she had ever experienced and she had multiple orgasms. You go, girl!

We remained in that locker room for most of the night, participating in many sexual combinations. It was almost like a new kind of sexual algebra plus geometry. We just about did it all. I don't know about Eric, but Krista and I could barely walk when we finally walked into the parking lot in the predawn darkness. On the other hand, it was a very satisfying sort of pain. Eric lent me his jersey, because of course I still didn't have my dress and he gave us both a ride home. My sister snuck down and let me into the house and my parents were never none the wiser. And that was that for the homecoming football game of that year. That night we had the homecoming dance, but that's another story. Mwahaha!

End of Part Twenty-Five

It's a Party
By Bubblegom
Chapter Twenty-Six

I don't what the girls wore to the big dances at your school, but at our school they wore these very long tight gowns that resembled nothing less than a cross between a cotillion gown and a lounge singer's outfit. Mwahaha! And besides appearing tacky as all get out, they were no good to dance in, not even a slow dance, because of the aforementioned tightness. Remember that black dress I wore way back at my birthday party? Well, that's what I wore. Of course, since I had grown taller since my birthday and weighed more (in proportion to my height), the dress was shorter and tighter and, of course, it goes without saying that I looked very hot in it.

I actually shouldn't have been allowed to attend, since it was an unwritten rule at our school that freshmen didn't appear at any of the formal dances. In fact, we had our own dance on Friday night after the game, but I was busy that night doing my own kind of dancing. Mwahaha! Besides Eric wouldn't have been caught dead at a freshman activity; even if he had wanted to go, he still couldn't have gone, because of his position in the hierarchy of the school social strata. That's some bullshit there, ain't it? Haha! By the way, when I successfully ran for the office of school president, somebody wanted me to write down all the unwritten rules for him. I told him if I did that, then they wouldn't be unwritten. He didn't get it. Mwahaha! What a dummy. Anyway that's a story for another time. As I was saying, I shouldn't have been allowed to attend the dance although, with the power that Eric had, he was able to swing it quite easily.
I think the homecoming dance began at eight o'clock and we arrived a little before nine. You know us, fashionably late - haha! Actually I had a difficult time getting out of bed, due to our activities of the night before. Eric's such a sweetheart, he just waited patiently downstairs letting my father bore him to death. Of course, look at his payoff - me! Mwahaha!

We finally get there and get inside the gym. Romantic, ain't it? Big dance in the gym, where you still smell the left over body odors from years past. By the way, for all you people who don't understand what a homecoming dance is - tough shit!

Of course, as soon as Eric walks in the whole place stops drop dead still and then explodes in a cacophony of applause, screaming, and shouting for the win over our bitterest rivals. I'll tell ya this too, Eric was so cool. He just played it off, as if it were all a minor annoyance. Although I realized that inside he was digging the shit out of it. In the midst of it, he leaned over to me so I could hear him, because it had remained very noisy and declared in his most sincere voice, "They're wrong, you know. You're the real hero of the game, we wouldn't have won it without you."

I know, I know, I'm an idiot, but it made me tingle all the way down to the soles of my feet when he said that. Mwahaha!

When things began to return to normal, I realized they once again had hired a lame-o band for the dance. I don't what kind of bands your school hired for dances, but ours always hired some group of old guys from someplace like the Elks, or tigers or some animal. And they always had some guy that played the accordion. Can you believe it? The accordion! And they always thought they were so hip, if they played something like 'Raindrops keep falling on my head.' Mwahaha! Lame, I'm telling ya.

Eric, of course, had to make his little rounds of saying hello to certain people, starting with the coaches and their wives, some of the alumni, and such and therefore had to leave me on my own for a little while. Normally that would be fine, because a lot of guys would use the opportunity to hit on me or I would spend the time talking with my friends, but this dance was different. All the guys had dates and they dare not leave their side to go rap with me and I didn't know most of the girls there, because they were all upperclassmen.

I was just standing there by the sidelines, minding my own business, and waiting for Eric, when I suddenly hear spoken in a very snotty tone, "Well, if it isn't little Sara. What are you doing here, Sara?"

I turned in the semi-darkness and glimpsed my accuser. It was Muffy Hamilton, or Misty, or Missy; you know one of the M names, whose fathers' are always attorneys, or doctors, or CPA's, or CEO's. I answered, "I'm attending the dance, M----, the same as you." I always slurred her name, so as to not be caught out that I didn't remember it. She became very snotty, if she discovered you didn't remember her name, and personally I wasn't looking for any trouble - not on tonight of all nights.

She then answered me, "You may be here at the dance, but you're certainly not the same as I." 'Thank God for small favors,' I thought to myself. She then turned to her little entourage of sycophants that followed her everywhere the way feeder fish follow sharks and they appropriately tittered at her latest lame attempt at a witticism.

Muffy, Misty, or Missy returned her attention to me and, as she looked my outfit up and down, I thought, 'Oh Christ, here it comes!' Now you have to understand right off, her gown was one of most horrific formal gowns I had even seen. It was some kind of horrid shade of pink, that combined with her long red hair, was completely wrong for her. That pink bounced off her skin tones making it look, as if she were going to stroke out at any second, although maybe she was going to, I don't know. The top of the gown looked like the top of a ballet outfit and had sparkles on it. Haha! Honest to God, it had sparkles all over it, and the bottom of the gown flared way out, as though it had a bustle beneath it. It didn't as it turned out, but I'm getting ahead of myself.

Muffy, Misty, or Missy announces for all in the vicinity to hear, "It's too bad, Sara that you couldn't afford anything to wear to the dance."

Ok, that did it, as far as I was concerned! It was ok to dis my dress, but not to indicate that I was some kind of poor urchin child for all to hear. Consequently I responded, "Oh M---, how lucky you are. Did they have a sale of some of the outfits used in 'Gone with the Wind?' Mwahaha!" 'That ought to fix her,' I thought.

She turned bright red from anger and glared at her companions, when the empty headed twits got confused and tittered at the wrong time. Losing her thin veneer of civilized behavior altogether, she snapped at me, "Listen here you little cunt. I'll wipe the floor with that rag you're wearing."

Luckily before I could respond, Eric magically appeared at my elbow; apparently drawn by the negative vibrations that were being emanated. "Good evening, Ms. Hamilton," Eric suavely intoned, while slightly bowing. Goddamn it! He didn't use her first name. I still didn't know what it was. The bitch actually blushed at my lover's attention to her. 'Aha!' I thought. 'Hands off, bitch!'

"We'll just be going," Eric explained, as he took me by the elbow and steered me away from the dangerous reef I had almost rammed myself on. "Sara, what the heck are you doing?" he whispered to me, as we moved out on to the dance floor.

That was Eric's version of confronting me. He was so sweet. I said in a totally innocent voice, "What do you mean, lover?"

He wasn't falling for that, but he knew better than to argue with me. I'm like a dog with a bone in an argument. I just won't let go, haha. Eric led me out on to the dance floor and we began slow dancing to the band's version of - get this - 'Roll Me Over in the Clover." Pathetic, but I could have used a roll from my lover just about then, let me tell you. The next thing I know somebody had asked Muffy, Misty, and Missy to dance and they're out there too.

A minute later that bitch is giving me the hip, as they swirled by us. She knocked me into Eric, who recognizing what happened, suggested, "Just let it go, Sara. We don't need any trouble."

And he steered us away from them, or so he thought, but a minute later she did it again. Eric could see me becoming flush from anger, and he suggested we sit this one out. But you know - the best laid plans and mice and men, etc.
As we were crossing the floor to leave, she (lets just call her Muffy) bumped into me one more time and this one was the worst. It sent me sprawling onto my face on the gym floor with my entire bare backside on display, as my short dress had flown up. "Mwa ha!" Muffy laughed her big horse laugh. "The dumb bitch can't afford underwear."

Now Eric had more than enough sense to back away, because he realized he wasn't going to talk me out of this one. I slowly regained my feet, giving myself time to get my breath back and to calm down a little. It really doesn't do to enter a fight too over amped with anger. The dancers had cleared a large circle. The teachers, who were acting as chaperones, weren't paying the slightest bit of attention to us. They probably thought it was a special kind of dance. It was in a way, because I stared at Muffy with my most menacing look and declared, "Let's dance."

I'll say this for her; she was game to go, but then again she probably did think she could whip my ass. She stood at least four inches taller then me and had an extra twenty pounds weight advantage. But she was wearing her high heels, while I had already kicked mine off to the side.

Muffy replied, "I'm gonna kill ya, you cunt."

"Come on," I indicated, motioning with my hands.

Muffy was indeed smarter than most of the girls I fought. She did nothing risky and moved slowly, but purposely; although it didn't matter in the long run, because I was just so much faster than she was. She stepped inside and attempted to grab me in a headlock, which, I'm sure with her height and strength, she could have inflicted great pain on me with. I slipped it easily and reached down and clutched the waistband of her full skirt and pulled it down and off her in one sweep. Man, you should have heard her scream then. I assumed she would be wearing about twenty petticoats, but no way. All she was wearing below the waist beneath her gown was a very thin thong. And guess what? She had a hot figure, I was amazed and she had a few random strands of red pubic hair peeking out from the thong. I loved that!

Of course, once I ripped off the bottom half of her gown, Muffy became completely insane and lost all emotional and physical balance. She started screaming at me, while she insanely charged me. I sidestepped her the way a matador would a bull and whipped off her top as she ran by. And that's when I got my second surprise. She was wearing some weird sort of wrap around her breasts, which almost flattened them completely. Apparently she had huge breasts and wasn't happy with them or something. I don't know, some chicks are strange like that.

When I pulled her top off her, she stumbled and fell hard on to the gym floor. I quickly leaned down and relieved her of the rest of her clothing, including her high heel shoes! When she pulled herself to her feet and realized she was standing stark naked at the home coming dance, I think her mind snapped. She began screaming at the top of her lungs and ran off wildly out of the gym and into the hallway.

'Oh no, you don't,' I thought. 'You're not getting off that easily.' And I took off sprinting after her. Once I reached the corridor, I saw her already at the far end and still running wildly. I realized I would never catch her in the tight dress I was wearing, so I whipped it off. Mwahaha! You were waiting for that, weren't you? I took off after her again, this time being able to run much faster.

I fully expected about half the dance crowd to be following us soon, but what happened was Eric stopped them by blocking the door and quietly suggesting to let us work it out for ourselves. What a man my lover was; the quarterback for the unbeaten football with a sure athletic scholarship to wherever he wanted, a straight A student, that he earned with hard work and study, the respect of his peers and of course - me! Mwahaha!

As I pounded along behind Muffy, I suddenly realized that I had been fooled by her traveling with her little group of stooges into not realizing she hadn't come with a date. No one had asked her! Of course I immediately felt sorry for her and, as is my way, my anger just evaporated as water returns to the sky. I continued to run after her, but I had a different agenda in mind now.

Muffy suddenly veered right into the teacher's lounge, I was uncertain as to why. I didn't know if she was hoping to fool me, just couldn't run any further or was just ready to fight. I followed right behind her and there she stood waiting for me - legs spread wide and her hands on her hips! She looked gorgeous. Gasping for breath, flushed with her recent efforts, she had huge breasts, a narrow waist and her red haired pubic thatch looked wild and overgrown. Muffy, indeed!

Muffy exclaimed with some shock in her voice, "Sara, where are your clothes?"

"Right here," I explained, as I threw my dress over on a table.

I advanced on her as Muffy attempted to take on a fighting stance, but she appeared just too exhausted to fight anymore. That was good as far as I was concerned. I stepped up and embraced her firmly pressing our naked bodies together.

"You're beautiful," I murmured to her.

"No, I'm not!" exclaimed the young woman emphatically and she attempted to push me away, but I hung on as if for dear life and it might have been so - hers.

"Yes, you're are," I reaffirmed, while reaching down with my left hand and pressing on her clit. "But why do you try to hide your breasts so?"

"I'm not pretty," Muffy insisted, while squirming to my ministrations of her clit.
"I'm ugly."

"What the fuck are you talking about?" I demanded, while reaching behind and pressing her even closer to me.

"I'm ugly! My father has told me that every day of my life. My breasts offend him. He wanted a son, so I try to be his son."

"Oh my Gawd," I complained, "I've heard some happy horsecock in my life, but that takes the cake. Your father needs to be stripped naked on cable TV and flogged with a whip until he is bloody and near dead.

Muffy giggled. I think her nerves had been stretched so thin, between me and being stripped naked and now this, that she had finally cracked. Her giggles turned into guffaws and she laughed and laughed. I took this opportunity to lead her over to the couch in the teacher's lounge and lay her on it, in more ways than one.

I lay down on top of her beautiful body, while continuing to push on her love button and I also began to passionately kiss her snaking my tongue into her beautiful mouth. Muffy finally decided to get into the spirit of the occasion and she returned my kisses, while moving her hand behind and, locating my labia, she stuck three fingers into my distended pussy. Oh God, now this felt good. We were both moaning and writhing on the couch.

Muffy asked, "Sara, would you call me a name?"

"Sure," I groaned, thinking she wanted me to call her something dirty or maybe I was finally gonna learn her real name. "What is it?" I asked, while continuing to move her clitoris.

"Little Bit," was her surprising answer.

I am almost laughed right in her cunt, until I realized it was probably her childhood name and remembered that my name from my childhood was Bubblegom. I was awfully glad I hadn't laughed, when she froze me with her next words. "My daddy used to call me Little Bit, back when he loved me."
And then she began to sob uncontrollably. I began to tear up myself. I can't stand to hear someone else cry, it always make me cry also. I stopped what I was doing and reached up and just hugged her to me and even rocked her a little, as she continued to cry. Finally she began to gain some control over her sobbing.

"I'm so sorry," she sniffled.

"Nothing to apologize for," I told her. Suddenly I understand it all - her way of dressing, her lack of boyfriends, and her snotty attitude. Actually she was a sad little girl. After my rocking had induced her to a near drowsy state and she appeared happier, I whirled around on the couch and stuck my cunt up into her face, while I was left facing her labia for some 69 action.

"What's this?" Little Bit asked surprised.

"That's my pussy," I giggled.

"Well, I know that. What's it doing here?"

"Oh, it's just hanging around," I replied.

We both start laughing after that. She took my hint, after I began to lap her open labia, while manipulating her clit with my hand. I have no idea to this day what she was doing back there, but good grief, whatever it was felt heavenly. I don't know if she had stuck her nose up me, or a zucchini, or her whole damn hand, but whatever it was she kept thrusting it into me again and again until the cum cascaded from me. It felt so fuckin' good.

Suddenly Little Bit was moving around so much it was difficult for me to stay on her and her body started twitching and writhing and finally it was as if she experienced a death spasm, which it in a way it was, since it was death to the old her and birth to the new Little Bit and her orgasm came flowing out of her. "Fuck you daddy!" she screamed.

I reversed my position once again, and lay cuddled with her for a few minutes, while we intermittently kissed. "That was wonderful, Sara," declared Little Bit. "I would like to do that again sometime."

"I think that can be arranged." I smiled at the young beauty. Suddenly I heard Eric clear his throat in a stage cough and then he stepped into the room, carrying Little Bit's outfit.

"I hope I'm not interrupting anything.

I offered Eric my best smile. "Hi lover," I called out. "No, we're finished."

At that statement, I couldn't help but notice that my new friend blushed deeply and I giggled at her. My main squeeze handed Little Bit her outfit and then gallantly turned his head while she donned her attire, even though he had certainly been looking at her nakedness the entire time. I used this opportunity to also dress.

We all walked out of the school together; Little Bit having decided she had no further interest in returning to the dance. She told me later that she went right home, stood in front of her father as he sat in his easy chair reading the newspaper as he did every evening and stripped off completely and yelled, "Look at me, daddy! I'm your daughter, not your son!" Good for her, I say. Mwahaha!

Later we were parked in Eric's driveway and rutting like wild animals in the back of his SUV. We were both stark naked and Eric was hunched over my behind plunging into me dog style, when he suddenly spoke, "You know, Sara I was there the whole time you were with Little Bit."

"Little Bit!" I exclaimed. "You heard all that?"

"Uh huh," Eric smiled. "And I just wanna tell you - you're something else."

"Oh yeah," I responded. "Well, I'm a lot more than that and don't you forget it! Mwahaha!"

End of Part Twenty-Six

It's a Party
By Bubblegom
Chapter Twenty-Seven

The homecoming game and dance were on Friday and Saturday, so when Sunday came around I bet you think I was just glad to stay at home and rest up? Wrong! I wasn't an old fart, who needed rest. I was more than ready to keep the party going, but Eric said he couldn't. He told me (I'm using my whiny tone here) that he needed to stay home and study all afternoon and evening, because he had mid-terms coming up. Well, excuse the hella out of me. Like Mr. Perfect still wouldn't go, wherever he wanted to, when it became time to choose a college. I don't want to sugarcoat it here, I was pissed. I mean I usually couldn't see him during the week because of football and everything, so all we had together was the weekend. I was actually wondering if my charms were beginning to fade as far as Eric was concerned and I was losing him to somebody; but that's a different story.

So anyway, after I had my little blowup at him over the telephone on early Sunday afternoon, I didn't hear anything more from him on that day. I realized I wouldn't unless I called him, which I was still too angry to do. Eric knew better than to call me, when I was pissed at him. Mwahaha! So I found some stuff to do. I watched Mtv for a while; you have to remember this was five years ago. And I worked some on my writings. I bet you didn't know I wanted to be a writer - haha!

In the evening I went online and began surfing around looking to get into trouble. I love hentai and every once a while you see these lengthen your penis ads. Have you ever seen those? They show some guy supposedly after taking the pills or using whatever the exercises or machine they are selling is and he has this obvious plastic prick that's about fifteen inches long! They're hysterical! Mwahaha.

Suddenly the instant message box came on.

Eudora: Hey, Sara is that you?

It was Eudora. Remember the girl who rescued me after the football game fiasco? Well, if you don't, go back and read chapter twenty-four. Mwahaha!

Sara: 'Yeah, it's me. What's up?'

I can be so banal when I'm online.

Eudora: Are you okay? I was worried about you after the game.

Sara: 'Oh yeah, I'm great. Btw thanks a lot. I don't know what would have happened without you coming along. Those people were getting kinda weird.'

Eudora: Hey, np. That was de bomb what you did. You saved the game!

Sara: 'Aw, I wouldn't go that far.'

But I was eating that shit up with a silver spoon.

Eudora: Plus, it was so funny. I was rolling around laughing. What are you doing online anyway? I've never seen you on very much.

Sara: 'Oh, Mr. straight A's Eric has to study for mid-terms. He hasn't got time to play.

Eudora: Oh, bummer. Sounds like he has his priorities twisted.

Sara: 'Mwahaha! Yeah, I think you're right.'

Eudora: Hey, you wanna do something?

Sara: 'Like what? I haven't got much money to go out.'

Eudora: Oh, I can't go anywhere on Sunday night. Is anybody around?

Sara: 'What'd you mean? Is anybody at my house?'

Eudora: No, where's your computer?

Sara: 'It's in my bedroom.'

Eudora: Btw call me Eud, all my friends do. Are you alone in your bedroom?

Sara: 'Hang on a minute.'

Eudora: Okay.

As I went to lock my bedroom door, I had more than an inkling where this was headed and I was becoming excited already. As I've already said, Eudora was prime Grade A, as she had long shoulder length hair, dark brown eyes and stood five foot plus. She had a tight little figure, weighed about ninety pounds and looked to have full breasts for her size. I'd always kinda of lusted after her, but had never had any real chances with her before.

I returned to my seat in front of my computer and entered

Sara: 'Okay, I'm alone.'

Eudora: Ok, good. I'm gonna send you a pic of me, but you have to promise me you'll never show it to anybody else without my say so or I won't send it.

Sara: 'I won't show it to anybody, I swear to God.'

Eudora: Ok, wait a minute. I'll get it and send it.

Sara: 'Ok.'

I waited for a few minutes and then

Eudora: Ok, I sent it. Tell me when it comes in.

Sara: 'Ok.'

Another minute passed and then the very familiarly obnoxious voice announced I had mail.

Sara: 'Ok, it's here. I'm going to get it.'

Eudora: Good, I'll wait.

I moved the computer hand up and opened my mail. It was a download and a picture, so it took a couple of minutes to complete the proper procedure. Imagine my surprise when I was offered the opportunity to view the file and I selected yes and was taken to a picture of Eud stark naked! Oh man, she was way fine. I hadn't been wasting my time lusting after her.

Sara: 'Hey, that's great, thanks.'

Eudora: Np. Is there a pic of yourself you can send me?

Sara: 'I'm not sure. Let me think for a minute.'

The problem was there were no pictures of me in the nude ever taken, except those taken by those middle-aged pervs and they didn't give me any extra prints. Mwahaha! Then I suddenly remembered that picture of me riding Harley that Kristine had taken. I stood up, moved to my desk and took it out of where I had hidden in my drawer.

Sara: 'Sorry, hang on, I have to scan it.'

Eudora: Sure, I can hardly wait.

I placed the pornography on the scanner and that's what it was pornography, and copied it in a minute and then sent it to her. Little did I know how that thing was gonna come back and haunt me. I could certainly tell when Eud received it because

Eudora: Wow! wow! wow! That's so hot. Is that the lifeguard guy?"

Sara: 'Yeah, that's him, he was good too.'

Eudora: Hehe. I bet. I've always fancied him some myself.

Sara: 'Haha, yeah, but he was kinda stupid.'

Eudora: Who cares? Look at the size of his prick!

Sara: 'Yeah, you're right.'

Eudora: What are you wearing?

Sara: 'Just a halter top and a pair of cut offs. What are you wearing?'

Eudora: Nothing, I'm naked.

Sara: 'Hehe, just the way I like my women.'

I quickly removed my outfit and then said,

Sara: 'Ok, I'm naked too.'

Eudora: Are you looking at my pic?

Sara: 'Yep, are you looking at mine?'

Eudora: You're beautiful, you know?

Sara: 'You're very hot yourself. What are you doing?'

Eudora: I'm kissing you passionately and sticking my tongue way down your throat.

Sara: 'Oh God, that's good, I'm running my hands all over your hot little body.'

Eudora: Oh yeah, I'm running mine all over you.

I began to rub my hands all over my body. It felt so good, much better than if I just done it without any stimulation.

Eudora: Now I'm sucking on your nipples and they're getting much bigger.

I began to rub my nipples really hard and pinched them until they arose.

Sara: 'I'm kissing you all around your cunt. How does it feel?'

Eudora: Oh, it feels great. Let's go over to your bed.

Sara: 'Ok, I'm tonguing your clit now. It's getting real hard.'

Eudora: Oh God! It feels so good. I rammed four fingers into your cunt and I'm working them in and out.

It was then I went over to my dresser and pulled open the bottom drawer. I took out the eight inch dildo I had hidden there. I sat back down at the computer, spread my legs as wide as they would go and rammed that sucker straight in. Oh God! It was so good. That thing was not only long, but it was super wide. My cunt walls formed around it like a suction cup. I'm surprised I could move it in and out at all. I'll say this for Eud. She was really good at this. I knew she had to be playing with herself too, but she kept sending me messages. It was all I could do to type one handed once in a while.

Eudora: I'm continuing to work my fingers in and out of you. You still stimulating my clit, right?

Sara: 'Yeah. It's getting real hard.'

Eudora: Okay, while continuing with my fingers in your pussy, I'm tonguing your clit. God, I love your body so much. You're making me so hot. I can't stand it. I remove my fingers and lay my naked body down against yours and we begin to rub our clits against each others'.

Sara: 'I love you, Eud!'

I did love her right then as I continued to plunge that eight-inch love piston into myself over and over, harder and harder until suddenly I was moaning softly while my cum came spilling out all over the dildo. As I sat in complete ecstasy and sexual satisfaction, I stared at her picture and thought, 'Oh yeah, I gotta score this chick for real. She is so hot lookin'. I know - we'll have a slumber party.' I was finally able to write

Sara: 'I saw, I conquered, I came. Mwahaha!'

Eudora: Haha! Sara, you're a trip. I came a while ago.

Sara: 'God, you were excellent. We'll have to do this again.'

Eudora: Sure, but you were great too. And I really dig your picture.

Sara: 'Oh yeah, don't let anything happen to mine.'

Eudora: Ok, I won't.

A knock came on my door. "Sara," my little sister called out, "Mom said come to dinner."

"Ok, I'll be right down," I replied.

Sara: 'Shit, I have to go eat.'

Eudora: Ok, it's been fun and Sara?

Sara: 'What?'

Eudora: Remember to wear some clothes to dinner.

Sara: 'Mwahaha! Ok, see you in school tomorrow.'

Eudora: Ok, bye.

Sara: 'Bye.'

In honor of Eud, I not only wore clothes to dinner, I wore some knickers too, but first I pushed that dildo that was still hanging from me all the way up and then I slipped my knickers over it and I left it like that all evening. God, that felt good! Mwahaha!

End of Part Twenty-Seven

It's a Party
By Bubblegom
Chapter Twenty-Eight

I didn't get a chance to see Eric at all during the next day at school. Somebody told me they thought he had to go on a personal errand at lunchtime, so I had lunch with Eudora, Christa, and Krista. I know, I know, but I'm not making this shit up. I had two friends named Christa and Krista. Krista, you already know about, and Christa was a fourteen year old beauty. She was five feet, three and a half inches tall, had shoulder-length brown hair with blonde highlights, bright blue eyes, a nice bust for her age and long legs. She had tan-ish ivory skin and long fingers with black nails. The young brunette was an excellent skate boarder, considered herself a punk, and had an entourage of gay males that were usually at her beck and call. There's a funny story that goes along with that, but that's for another time.

The lunch was truly hideous. It was some kind of meatloaf mystery meat, with library paste being passed off as mashed potatoes and cardboard green beans. I don't know where they find this shit they serve us. I ate my ice cream sandwich and drank my iced tea. I have to keep my girlish figure, anyway - mwahaha! We spent the rest of the lunch period throwing meatloaf at people, when the teachers weren't looking. It was great! Haha! When the bell rang to go to the next period, we made plans to meet immediately after school, since I realized Eric had football practice and I wouldn't be able to see him anyway.

The rest of the afternoon agonizingly crawled by. I swear the clock had a snail for the second hand. But finally the final bell rang and that was the fastest I moved all day getting to my locker and dumping my books off and then meeting Krista and Christa. I know, I know, but try living with that - every time I would say Krista or Christa, they both would go 'Yeah.'

At lunch time, we had made plans to go down to the mall. It was only about a mile from our high school and the walk was pleasant enough. It was down residential streets with sidewalks and usually there was not any major problems associated with it. As we were walking along, I saw Tiny about a block ahead of us. You remember that rather large lineman that brought me a jersey the day I 'met' Eric? Some introduction, huh? That's starting things off with a bang! Mwahaha! Anyway, I'm thinking, 'What the hell is Tiny doing here, when they have football practice?' He didn't appear to be injured in any way that I could see.

"Hey, Tiny!" I cried out, as I can have a big mouth when I have to. Ask Eric. Tiny hears me and waits for us to catch up with him. He had a big smile on his face, when we greeted him more intimately. After all, I was the quarterback's lady and it behooved him to be respectful, plus he always had the hots for me after that day he saw me stark naked in the shower room. I know, you're thinking that, of course, he had the hots for me after seeing me completely nude, but let me tell you - I saw him completely naked and I didn't have any interest at all in his lard bound butt. Mwahaha!

"Hey, Tiny," I asked, "why aren't you at football practice?"

"We didn't have any," was his very surprising answer. Tiny went on to explain that the coaches were so happy over their win (their win?) that they gave them the day off. Hell, I should have gotten the week off for the part I played in it, as far as I was concerned.

Before I even had time to contemplate concerning where Eric was, if he didn't have football practice, Christa asked, "Hey, isn't that Eric?" When I turned my head, I sure enough observed him driving by in his new SUV, but that wasn't what attracted my attention. It was the beautiful and I mean beautiful, as in drop dead gorgeous, raven-haired young woman sitting next to him, as they flew by us.

I felt as though I had been struck by a thunderbolt. I couldn't move and I was experiencing difficulty breathing. My adrenaline was racing through my body and I could feel my heart pounding and my ears ringing. I had never felt anything near that uncomfortable in my whole life. I wanted to chop that bitch up into little pieces and then I wanted Eric next!

Christa innocently asked, "Who was that with Eric?" I observed from the corner of my eye that Krista was making hand signals for Christa to remain silent. I turned to the both of them and said in a dead calm voice, strangely enough, "I don't know, but when I find out she's dead meat. And Eric's next."

Krista warned, "Now Sara, don't go off half-cocked. You don't know for certain who that was. I just have a difficult time thinking that Eric would cheat on you like that. That could be his sister for all you know."

"Yeah, she's right," Christa chimed in.

"Yeah, sure," I replied bitterly. "A sister, who he has never mentioned and who I have never met. Yeah, that's the ticket," I continued sarcastically. "It's really his cousin. No, it's his mother. No, wait it's his aunt. No, I have it. It's his father."

While I was vastly amusing Christa, who was laughing hysterically, Krista just shook her head at me in disagreement and frowned at me. "You're just hurting yourself," my good friend pointed out. "Why don't you go over and find out for certain."

"Oh yeah, I intend to," I responded with the utmost seriousness. "I surely intend to right now. And I want you all to go with me."

"Oh, sure," Christa agreed, while Krista shook her head emphatically. "No, I think this is between you and Eric," Krista explained.

"If you don't go with me, I will fuck the two of them up and ask questions later," I threatened.

"That's extortion," the beautiful young woman complained. "You're blackmailing me to go along."

"Yeah, I know." I grinned maliciously at her.

Eric's house was a mile from the high school in the opposite direction that the mall lay. Luckily we had only traveled a minimum of the way toward the mall, when we observed Eric, consequently we only had a little over a mile walk to his home. Krista attempted to make small talk on the way, but the only person, who would talk with her was Christa, as I had only one thing on my mind - vengeance is mine, saith the Sara. Mwahaha!

They might have thought I was kidding, although I think Krista knew otherwise, but I wasn't. I intended to take the butcher knife I knew was in Eric's kitchen, and I intended to cut that bitch up into tiny little pieces and feed her to Eric. I am not a person to be fucked with or fucked over.

Soon we were standing in front of my erstwhile boyfriend's house. Sure enough his SUV was standing parked in the driveway. As we approached the front door, Krista suggested that she gain admittance and discover what was really going on and then she would report to me.

I realized what she was doing, that she was going in and warn them about me being outside, but I pretended to believe her intentions and to go along with them. Christa and I hid in the hedge shrubbery, by the side of the house while Krista knocked on the front door and was invited inside.

"Come on," I ordered Christa waving her along, as I quickly approached the front door.

"I thought we were going to wait for Krista," responded the attractive brunette young woman.

"No way," I explained. "I don't trust her. She's gonna tell them about us outside here."

"Why would she do that?" Christa persisted.

"To try and prevent me from fucking them up," I answered.

"Oh, I get it, but what are we doing?"

"We gonna try and get in without them discovering us and then we'll go hide in Eric's room. I know that sooner or later he's gonna take her in there to fuck her little itty bitty brains out, and I'll be ready for them. Mwahaha!" I exclaimed.

"Shhh!" Christa cautioned me, as I had gotten carried away as usual.

Our luck held and the front door was not locked. Five minutes later, we stood inside of Eric's room. It made me sick. The room was spotless and everything was put up into it's place.'He's so anal-retentive,' I thought. This was the same room that I thrilled to last week as being an example of how serious minded my lover was.

"What are you doing?!" Christa asked, naturally alarmed, as I had stripped off all my apparel and stood before her stark naked.

"When he brings that bitch up here to fuck her, I'm gonna wait 'til he begins his little love spiel and then I'm popping out of the cake, so to speak to ruin his timing. Then I'm gonna fuck the two of them up, starting with her."

"Uh, Sara," Christa started to say.

"Quiet!" I commanded. "I think they're coming," as I heard someone talking on the stairs to the second floor. "Quick, get under the bed, while I hide in his closet."

Christa immediately did as I suggested without any further questions asked. She was great to have along in an emergency, as she kept her cool at all times. I managed to just make it into the closet before the bedroom door opened and Eric and the mystery guest signed in.

Oh yeah, she was gorgeous. The sight of her made my stomach turn; great big tits, narrow waist and long legs. God, I thought I was gonna barf I was so upset.
"Oh, Eric," she whined, "whatever are we going to do?"

"I'm not sure, she certainly wasn't outside and I'm worried about it," my turncoat exboyfriend complained. I realized they were talking about me. They were probably worried about what my attack would be and when.

"Well," that bitch replied, "I guess there's nothing we can do about it right now. Should we just go on with everything as planned."

"Yeah, I guess so," was the prick's answer.

'That does it,' I thought, and I ripped open that closet door and launched myself onto that two-bit whore, before anyone really knew I was in the room. All hell broke loose after that. Eric kept calling out my name, which I ignored because my justice would not be interrupted.

That bitch was fully dressed, but wouldn't be when I'd gotten finished with her and then I would cut her into tiny pieces. I quickly tore off her sweater and matching skirt (oh how utterly collegiate, excuse me while I gag) before she knew what had hit her. It was nothing after that, even though she had stood up, to tear off the rest of her clothing leaving her as stark naked as me.

I was just getting ready to jump on her sorry ass and rip her a new one, when Christa crawled out from underneath the bed and distracted me momentarily. She explained to me later that she did it on purpose, because she honestly felt I was being extremely wrong-headed about all this. All I have to say is it takes a very good friend to strip herself naked in front of strangers just to help you out, as that's what Christa had decided on doing, knowing it would divert me for, at least, a short time. And that's exactly what it did, as she was extremely beautiful. I thought she would be beneath her clothing, but seeing is believing as they say.

I returned my attention once more to the naked whore still standing in front of me, when suddenly Krista pounded up the staircase from the lower floor calling out as she ran, "Stop it Sara! She really is Eric's older sister."

"Oh get real," I snapped at her, as she bounded into the room. "That's too weak. How come I've never heard of her?"

"Because she's been away at college," Eric answered, stepping toward me. "I went to pick her up at the airport at lunch time today."

"Then how come you didn't tell me about it?" I demanded.

"Because you hung up on me yesterday, before I had a chance to tell you, and I know how you are when you're mad at me. I knew there was no way I could have called you back," Eric explained. "I thought that I would see you this morning before class, but I couldn't find you anywhere."

"Oops," I giggled. "I was late again."

"I should have attempted to send you an email yesterday and tell you," decided Eric, "but I figured you would probably ignore that too. Sara," Eric went on to formally introduce us, even though it seemed rather ludicrous at the time since we both were standing there completely nude. "This is my sister, Erica. Erica, this is my wild and crazy girlfriend, Sara."

"Mwahaha!" I exclaimed, while shaking Erica's hand.

The beautiful young woman laughed a deep throated wonderfully melodic sound and said, "Pleased to meet you, Sara. I've heard a lot about you from Eric, and I'm happy to see it's all true."

I blushed under the heavy staring of Erica at my total nudity. I know that sounds rather funny for me to say, but this was my boyfriend's older sister, who I had just met by tearing off all her clothes. By the way, it did occur to me as passing strange that Eric and her seemed so comfortable with her standing there nude like that.

I sensed rather than heard some movement to my right and as I turned my head, I observed Christa removing Krista's clothing and Eric was already standing completely nude. 'Oh, I get this picture,' I thought to myself delightedly and I no longer felt uncomfortable with Erica's intense staring at me. Rather I was now completely at ease and I stepped up on my tip toes, as the dark-haired beauty was several inches taller than me and pulled her naked body next to mine. Her skin felt like satin and it was completely blemish free wherever you felt or looked.

Erica fully embraced me in return, while beginning to rub her hands gently all over my body. It felt as though she was wearing some sort of velvet gloves her hands felt so good. As I was passionately kissing her, while snaking my tongue into her open mouth, the raven-haired young woman began to press against my clitoris as fast as she could with her finger. God, it was sending jolts of pleasure throughout my whole body much as if I had been struck with an electric wire, but in a good way. I had felt moisture at the bottom of my completely distended labia. I was more than ready to be fucked! I realized, even at the time, that a large part of my pleasure was simply that I was being made love to by my boyfriends' sister with him in the room.

I felt my clit become hard as a rock through Erica's touch and I dropped to my knees and did the same for her clit with my tongue, while she stuck three fingers into my open labia and thrusted them in and out.

"Oh, God Erica," I moaned almost completely over the top with lust. I took Eric's sister by the hand and led her to his bed, where I had lay more than once with Eric, even though he would have to sneak me into the house. I suddenly found myself wondering what his parents thought we were doing. Well, I would imagine it wasn't anything like this, I laughed to myself.

Erica lay on the bed and pulled me down on top of her. As we kissed each other over and over, snaking our tongues everywhere in each others' mouth, we rubbed our clits against each other producing some of the most pleasurable sensations I had ever felt up to that point.

"Oh, Eric, I love your sister too," I cried out in my passion as the cum cascaded from me matching Erica's orgasm in every way. I continued to kiss the beautiful college student and also to rub my breasts against hers the entire time until suddenly I began to develop another orgasm arising deep within me; somewhere buried so deeply it was almost primal in nature and I screamed, as it was wrenched from me in spurts almost painfully. It was something I had never experienced previously.

Erica pulled me up to her and almost crushed me in her embrace and we lay cuddled the rest of the afternoon, as we watched the sexual cavorting of Eric fucking the living daylights out of Krista, while Christa sat on Krista's face while Krista ate out Christa's pussy. (Sorry, but that's their names. Be glad this isn't one of those books on tape - mwahaha!) And that's how I became introduced to Eric's sister. Haha!

End of Part Twenty-Eight

It's a Party
By Bubblegom
Chapter Twenty-Nine

Well, that had certainly turned out to be a rather weird start to the week, didn't it? We remained in Eric's bedroom for hours and continued our initial sexual foray. I switched between Erica and Eric the entire time. And no you perv, we didn't do any threesomes of me and the brother and sister act. Although personally, I would have been up for it. Hell, she ain't my sister. Mwahaha! You know what they say about that particular family situation, so I'm not gonna repeat it for you. First Christa had to go home at supper time, and then Krista had to go home in the early evening. I stayed all night, because Erica called my house and spoke to my mother and acted, as though she was Eric's mom and said that they just adored me so much. She asked if I could be allowed to stay there all night; she would make sure I got off to school in the morning. Of course my mother gave her permission.

I think I could be abducted by a child molester and he could call my house and say, hey I'm keeping Sara overnight and they'd said alright. Mwahaha. I think my mom was just burned out about me and had let go emotionally, which of course is horrible parenting skills, but I loved it! It fit all my schemes exactly. By the way, speaking of child molesters and I was, I personally don't think there is anything childlike about me any longer, but to a middle-aged child molester I might look like hot lunch to go. Haha! I'll tell you what - he or she, whatever the case may be, had better be one hundred percent super vigilant, because if they aren't and they let down for one second, I won't be cringing and crying. Nope, I will attack fully and attempt to cut out their genitals and stuff them in their mouths. Mwahaha!

There is absolutely no earthly excuse for such human filth, as these pedophiliac exploiters of children. I personally know a number of young women, who were sexually molested while growing up and I'm here to tell you, they ended up plenty fucked up, emotionally and physically and will stay that way, unless they make a decision to talk about it; and talk about it a lot, and until they are able to work through it and let go of it. As incredible as it might sound to some of you, the young women themselves feel guilty and take responsibility for the behavior that was inflicted upon them. Such is the twisted psyche of the child, who has been abused.

Anyway, I slept all night sandwiched between Erica and Eric on Eric's bed. I felt so safe and secure for a change. In the morning, I woke up first and climbed up on Eric's early morning hard-on that young men are well known for and began to plunge up and down on it. As I was riding him, Eric opened his eyes at last from his deep sleep, smiled when he saw me up on top of him and murmured, "Is this rape, Sara?" "Mwahaha!" I laughed heartily. "You bet your ass it is!"

Erica woke up from all the noise we were making, smiled when she observed us and wished us good morning. She then turned over on her side, propped her head on her hand and turned our love making into a spectator sport, while she worked her fingers in and out of her labia. As Eric's huge cock continued to be plundered by my descending and ascending pussy, I was experiencing a completely new set of feelings concerning getting up in the morning. As precum moisture formed at the apex of my labia, I realized I was going to cum very soon, so I whispered to Eric to go for it.

Eric embraced me with his long arms and incredibly pulled himself up, where he was facing me close enough to begin to passionately kiss me. I heard Erica moaning, as she began to experience her orgasm by her own hand, although she was certainly using us as visual stimulation. I wonder which of us she was actually fucking in her mind?

Eric arched his back, threw his head back in ecstasy and literally howled like a werewolf in London, as he shot his hot load of cum into my beautiful young body, which triggered my own orgasm to come or, should I say, cum cascading from me. God, it put a whole different slant on getting up in the morning for school, believe you me.

Right then his mother knocked on the door and called out, "Eric, have you gotten up yet?"

'Haha,' I thought. 'He certainly has!' I couldn't believe it, when he was able to answer in his normal voice, "Yes, mom. I'm up." My lover was truly incredible.
....
Eric and I finally did get to school and we were actually on time, which was a first for me in my freshman year. Mwahaha! I was always tardy, but I always caused such hella situations in homeroom, often by sitting at my desk in a manner that flashed my pussy everywhere that my homeroom teacher was actually glad, when I was late and would never report me for it. Haha!

At lunch time, I ate lunch with Eric and Krista. It was one of the few times that I could eat lunch with Eric, because usually the coaches wanted the team to eat together. Some crap about team unity - you know, the team that eats together, shits together or something like that. Mwahaha! I think the coaches were away until later in the afternoon at a seminar put on by one of the college's football program.

Whatever it was, Eric and I certainly took advantage of the opportunity being offered to us. We sat on the far side of a table in the middle part of the row with our backs facing a cafeteria wall, while Krista sat across from us. No one could or would pass behind us. As Eric prompted Krista to talk about which university she wanted to attend after high school, and what she would like to major in, I, very surreptitiously so as to not attract Krista's attention or anybody else's for that matter, slipped my right hand beneath the table and unbuttoned Eric's jeans and, then while he acted as if he was just straightening up and changing his seating arrangement in the chair, I pulled them and his underwear down to the floor, leaving him basically sitting half naked in his chair in the school cafeteria.

He then snaked his left hand down under the table and pulled my short skirt from my waist and then allowed it to drop to the cafeteria floor. I kicked the skirt off my feet, because it was preventing me from sitting with my legs wide open. I then lowered myself just a tiny bit lower in my chair and reached over to Eric with my right hand under the table and began to stroke his prick, which had already begun to grow substantially, since I first pulled his pants down. Eric sat with an idiot's grin pasted on his face, as he stared at Krista. I made a mental note to ask Eric, who he had been thinking of when I was stroking his giant pecker.

My lover now reached under the table to my lap with his left hand and he began to roll my clit between two of his fingers, as though he had just found a marble and was preparing to roll it on the floor. Oh my God! Whatever he was doing to it felt so fucking good that it was all I could do to not cry out in bliss. As it was, it was causing me to move around in the chair in a rather peculiar manner and Krista had begun to immediately look at me with suspicious eyes. I think she knew what was going on, but didn't know how to confront it.

The better I felt from my lover rolling my clit in his hand, the quicker I stroked his penis under the table and visa versa. Both of us were egging the other one on to further heights. When Eric and I began to moan lowly, I'm sure the expressions on our faces were too much for Krista to bear and she ducked her head under the table to confirm her suspicions, just as my stud-bunny and I began to cum.

"Oh my God!" she cried out.

Even though my hips were twitching in my chair, because the cum that was forcing itself from my body, I still had the wherewithal to caution Krista, "Shh! You wanna get us busted?"

"But this is so wrong," Krista remonstrated with us, "beating each other off in public," although I noticed her head remained hidden beneath the cafeteria table, as she watched every bit of the semen shoot out of my lover's big prick.

When she finally resurfaced, her face was sweaty and quite flushed and she was having difficulty with just sitting in her chair. Mwahaha! We quickly readjusted our clothing, before somebody did see us. Eric was fortunate compared to me. He had jockey shorts he could put on plus long pants. All I had was the short skirt. Right, right, it's my fault I didn't wear any knickers. Like I knew in advance in the morning that Eric and I were gonna masturbate each other in the cafeteria during lunch period. I pulled up my short skirt and stood up. I swear I heard myself squishing down there and a few drops of cum dripped out. I surely wanted to reach the girls' washroom and get myself cleaned up before my next class.

Just before we left the cafeteria, Krista asked me what I was doing after school. I answered, "Nothing, why?"

"Oh, I've just got some things I want to talk about," Krista explained, attempting to sound nonchalant.

'Oh, hell!' I thought. 'She really is upset about this masturbation thing.'

As if reading my mind, my beautiful friend laughed and explained, "It's nothing bad, it's just some things I need to talk about with you."

"Ok, sure, I guess so," I agreed.

"Cool!" Krista responded. "I'll meet you out front, as soon as school lets out."
Sure enough, my friend was a woman of her word and she was patiently waiting for me outside the front of the school, when 3:30 pm finally rolled around.

"Hey," I greeted my beautiful friend, while walking up to her.

"Hey, yourself," Krista laughed. She had such a wonderful laugh, all full of ringing musical bells and singing canaries.

"Where we going?" I wondered.

"My mom's here to give me a ride home. Do you mind going home with me?" Krista inquired.

"Hell no!" I exclaimed. "Let's ride, Clyde," and I took my friend by the arm and escorted her to her mother's car.

Her mother was real nice and treated us more like fellow human beings instead of small children, unlike my wacky mother, who thought I was a very sexy five year old.

When we reached her home, we went upstairs but not to her room. Instead Krista asked me if I minded joining her in the bathroom. I said, "Sure," but I guess my confusion was reflected on my face.

"You'll understand in a moment," the beautiful teenage girl assured me.
After we both were in the bathroom and Krista had locked the door with the inside lock, she directed, "Sara, would you be so kind as to remove your skirt?"

'Mwahaha!' I thought. 'Here we go,' and I quickly dropped my skirt on the bathroom rug. I leaned forward to kiss Krista, only to have her point her finger at my pussy and ask seriously, "What's that?"

"Your finger?"

"Very funny - NOT!" Krista retorted. "I'm being serious here, now what's that?"

I suddenly felt an overwhelming need to please my new best friend, so I wracked my brain to understand what she was attempting to show me. "My pussy," I answered.

"No, no!" the young brunette beauty impatiently exclaimed. Krista began to poke me just above my vagina with her finger for emphasis in her frustration. "Now what's that?" she demanded.

"My pussy hair?" I attempted once more to appease her.

Krista's entire body appeared to momentarily relax and she breathed a sigh of relief. "Close enough," she smiled. I swear I could hear birds sweetly singing whenever Krista smiled at me.

"I actually meant your overgrown pubic hair," the young woman explained, while straightening up.

"What about it?" I asked suspiciously.

"You certainly know it doesn't look good," Krista answered.

"I know no such thing," I answered, feeling extremely put out about all this. 'What the fuck is her problem?' I thought. "Lots of guys say they like it all wild like that," I further justified.

"You certainly realize it doesn't look sexy," my good friend persisted.

Oooh! Not sexy! That was hitting me where it hurts. "Ok, truth time," I told Krista, causing her to breath another sigh of relief. I realized at that time she had found this extremely difficult and had been worried about how I would take it. That made me feel good to know that she cared enough about me to confront me about an obviously sensitive subject.

"I tried to shave one time and I cut myself and I vowed that I would never do that again." My words all came out in a rush, due to my embarrassment and anxiety concerning this subject.

I could see the obvious sympathy in Krista's beautiful brown eyes. "Didn't your mother show you the right way to go about it?" she asked.

"My mother! Mwahaha! I don't think she has any pubic hair and she had her vagina sewed up immediately following my birth!"

My beautiful friend giggled and then replied, "I'll show you all you need to know."

I spontaneously offered a hug to Krista and when I straightened back up, I enthused, "I want mine shaved bald like yours."

She arched her eyebrow the way I love. "Are you sure?"

"Yep, yep, I'm positive. Yours' looks so hot!" I answered.

Krista just smiled, but I could tell I had really pleased her. "Okay, just sit down there for a minute."

While I lowered the toilet cover, and sat down, my good friend bustled around the small bathroom gathering up the shaving gel, her woman's safety razor and a pair of small scissors. My pubic hair resembled nothing less than a yard, which had grown unattended for years. Krista realized she surely needed to first prune back most of the growth with the scissors before beginning to shave me. She worked very slowly being extra careful not to pull, pinch, or God forbid, cut me. The pretty teenager understood if she hurt me in any manner that that would be the end of the whole undertaking.

After Krista had cut my overgrown patch of pubic hair with the scissors as short as she could, she applied the gel from the shaving cream can. It was somewhat cold and caused me to squirm around a little. My friend glanced up at me and smiled. "We're almost finished," she explained.

Krista was again as good as her word and, in a very few minutes, the area surrounding my cunt was as bald as a baby's butt. Rubbing it with my hand, I exclaimed, "That's the bomb, dog! It's looks great! Thank you so much," I gushed, as I once again spontaneously offered a hug to Krista.

This time the beautiful young woman returned my embrace, while reaching down with her hand and running her finger along my pussy lips. Since I was still sitting down, I reached up under Krista's skirt and pulled her knickers down to her feet. I unfastened her skirt and placed it on the side of the bathtub - remember, neatness always counts - and then buried my face in her lusciously naked cunt hole.

"Oh God, Sara!" the young woman exclaimed, while running her hands wildly through my hair.

Her labia quickly opened completely under the ministrations of my tongue and Krista was beginning to thrust her hips in rhythm with my tonguing, helping me to go even deeper. I was hotter than a firecracker myself with some sexual fluid leaking from my completely distended labia on to the toilet seat.

I reached around the beautiful young woman with my right hand and pulled her even closer to me. Then I placed my middle finger into her virginally tight rectum and pushed it all the way inside of her and thrusted in and out. "Oh Sara," Krista moaned, "Do me, do me!" Suddenly she arched her back and twitched and quivered as the cum was forced from deep inside of her. "Oh, oh!" Krista cried out. I drank down every drop and did not remove my mouth from her glorious vagina, until she was completely spent.

I then pulled my girlfriend down on my lap and hugged her close to me. That's right, I now considered her my girlfriend. I didn't tell her, I didn't have to - she already knew. We sat like that for a number of minutes, hugging and randomly kissing, until suddenly there was a knock on the bathroom door.

"Krista, are you all ok? I thought I heard someone moaning," her mother called out.

"No, mom. We're fine, but thanks for asking," answered Krista.

"Ok, dear. Well, let me know if there's anything I can do to help."

We listened quietly until we heard her mother walk away back downstairs. I looked at my new love and exclaimed, "Mwahaha!"

End of Part Twenty-Nine

It's a Party
By Bubblegom
Chapter Thirty

Before I knew it, we were looking at having a week off from school over the Thanksgiving holiday. A few of us were sitting around at Nicole's house one afternoon after school the week before Thanksgiving and discussing what we could do together during the week's vacation.

"Let's have some kind of party," Kristine suggested.

"A Thanksgiving party? How would we ever do that?" Nicole asked.

"Yeah, that's no good," I agreed.

"Hey, how about some kind of giant sleep-over?" Krista inquired. When my lovely girlfriend observed the happy expressions on everyone's face, she knew she had a hit on her hands.

"But where can we have it?" Kristine wanted to know. "We can't have it at my house. There's not enough room with all of my bothers and sisters." That was much the same problem at my home.

Nicole suggested, "Why not have it here? We have plenty of room." Man, that was an understatement. Nicole was an only child and she virtually lived in a mansion; at least a mansion compared to all our homes. Her father was either an attorney or some sort of high class crook; oh, sorry - same thing.

So the deal was struck. The party would be held on the Friday following Thanksgiving, beginning about seven o'clock in the evening and going all night; well, it was a sleep-over. We were all free to invite whoever we wanted; the more the merrier, but we had to tell Nicole by Friday morning, so she could buy enough food and soft drinks, etc. The only rule was no males allowed.

I thought to myself, 'Yeah, sure, uh huh. Mwahaha!'

Well, as far as what happened on Thanksgiving itself, I went with Eric to his house for dinner and then later Eric came with me to my house for dinner. At both homes, by the way, the turkey was stuffed with dressing and I was stuffed by Eric's big fat prick. Mwahaha!

The next day I went over to Nicole's house early in the afternoon to help her with various things in preparation of the party. If you're a guy, you're probably thinking what the heck kind of preparation do you have to make for a slumber party. Believe you me, there's a lot to do, plus you have to decide what you're gonna wear, Of course, in my case it's what I'm not gonna wear. Mwahaha!

I hadn't been at Nicole's house long at all, when I decided I was already feeling hemmed in, so to speak, so I slid out of the purple short skirt and pretty tank top I had worn. When Nicole turned around and observed my total nakedness, she exclaimed, "Oh my God!"

"What?" I asked, completely perplexed.

"When my mother sees you, she'll have a hissy fit."

"Why? She's seen all this before, hasn't she?" I inquired.

"Well," Nicole answered with doubt in her voice, "not on another woman probably, but maybe on herself. My mother's a real prude, you know?"

"Well, I'll unprude her," I replied.

Nicole laughed. "Somehow I doubt it. I think you better stay out of the way, if she comes in for anything."

"She won't be coming in alot, will she?" I asked, literally holding my breath until I received an answer.

"No, I don't think so," Nicole affirmed. "I asked her not to."

"Good," I expressed, my breath coming out in a rush of relief. It would have ruined all of my carefully laid, and I do mean laid, plans. Mwahaha!

Pretty soon some of Nicole's closest friends began to trickle in early. Kristine arrived first. When she walked in and glimpsed me standing there, the beautiful young woman exclaimed, "Sara, how good to see you're ready to have some fun in your party outfit!"

We all got a good a laugh out of that, let me tell you. Carrie was the next person to show up. I really haven't told you about Carrie. She's an old friend of Kristine and Nicole going way back to elementary school. She was about five feet, five inches, had fairly short but very curly red hair, a nice firm but rounded body, and really large breasts; all in all a really nice piece of work.

The next person who arrived was one of my 'secret' guests that no one except Nicole and me knew about. Do you remember the beautiful young woman, who tangled with me at my birthday party - Kitty? Well, in case you don't, let me tell you - she was one hot looking little mama! Haha! She had long brunette hair, a simply gorgeous face with a little button nose, and a fabulous figure, which included large breasts and a narrow waist.

Kitty's outfit included a long, stylish appearing, green dress, which hugged her body in all the right places, pearl earrings, and green high heels. She always was fashionable but, all in all, I found it to be a strange outfit for a slumber party. But who am I to judge? I wasn't wearing anything to a slumber party. Mwahaha!

After the beautiful young woman was introduced by me to Kristine, Nicole, and Carrie, she turned to me and offered a lengthy embrace. Kitty and I had at first stayed in close contact with each other, in more ways than one, but eventually had drifted apart at the start of this school year, when it turned out that we were going to attend different schools together. When I returned her hug, I stepped up on my tiptoes and began to feverishly kiss her, while forcing my tongue into her mouth.

Kitty began to moan softly and, I could tell from her quick physical responses that, for some reason, she hadn't been receiving any sweet loving recently. The stylish teenager stepped back slightly from me and, as she did, Kristine and Nicole very carefully inserted themselves in the middle and gently separated us.

"Hey!" I complained. "What the fuck?"

"Language!" Carrie warned me with a stern countenance. I shot her an angry glare, but I really wanted to shoot her an angry finger.

Nicole explained, "We can't do that right now, because my mother could come into the room any time with new guests arriving or bringing refreshments. If we're going to do that, it will need to be late tonight. If you can't wait, I suppose you could use the upstairs bathroom, but try not to monopolize it for very long, please."

I nodded my agreement at Nicole, when suddenly Carrie complained, "Good grief, Sara! This is a sleep over, not an orgy!" When everyone but Kitty and I laughed, I thought, 'Laugh now, bitch! Because I'll wipe that smugness off your face before we're finished.'

After Nicole and Kristine had made the first large bowl of punch, something made out of several different juices and orange sherbet, I asked Kitty if she would elicit the three of them in some kind of conversation, while I spiked the punch. She did and I did. I added several huge quantities of vodka, mixed in with some more vodka and stirred oh so carefully. Oh yes, this new punch will verily knock some people on their ass! Mwahaha!

The next to arrive was Krista, my new love and girlfriend, who looked merely scrumptious. She was wearing the same outfit she wore on the day that Eric and I fucked her for the first time. By the way, I still loved Eric, you know. I just had a boyfriend and a girlfriend. Be glad I didn't have any animal friends, haha. Well, come to think of it, there was one dog, who had a especially long cock, but that's another story that will never be brought up.

After meeting all who she wasn't already acquainted with, my wild sweet love came and stood in front of me; her face represented a mock study of someone very frustrated with me. Krista looked so God damned beautiful, I wanted to just tear off all her clothes and fuck her on the spot. My girlfriend stood with her hands resting on her hips and leaned forward slightly, while asking, "What do you have to say for yourself, Sara?"

"What do you mean?" I asked in a small voice, while attempting to cover my pussy and breasts with my hands. This was a game that Krista and I sometimes played, but the others knew nothing of it. They had ceased their own conversations and were straining to eavesdrop on ours.

"I mean why are you standing there stark naked, when I wasn't even here!" my girlfriend accused in a considerably louder voice. "And keep those hands down," the young beauty ordered, while pulling my hands away from my body.

"Now come here, bitch and lick my pussy," Krista ordered. As soon as my girlfriend and I heard several sharp intakes of breaths coming from the other side of the room and someone saying, "Oh good God!" we couldn't control ourselves any further and burst out laughing.

As the others realized that they had been taken in, they began to threaten us with all sorts of bodily harm, while Krista and I were practically rolling around the floor with laughter. That was when my friend Rebecca walked into the room. Naturally enough she demanded to know what was going on. As everybody shouted things out to her at the same time, I don't think she ever really figured it out.

Rebecca looked as tasty as ever. In case you don't remember, she was very, very pretty with light brunette hair streaked with blonde highlights, blue eyes, and fair skin. Rebecca was between five feet, three and five feet, four inches tall and appeared to have a figure beneath her clothing that promised earthly delights, if you know what I mean. My young beautiful friend appeared to be getting with the program, as she was wearing a very revealing halter top and a blue mini-skirt so short her sheer knickers were clearly visible beneath it. If only she hadn't worn knickers, then I would have known she was ready to graduate from the 'Bubblegom school of exhibitionism.' Mwahaha!

After being introduced around to those who didn't know her, Rebecca came over to me and we stood and made small talk about what had occurred since last we talked. She pleased me by saying she loved my new angry looking red cunt hole look. I was still laughing, when Christa entered the bedroom.

Do you remember that Christa was five feet, three and a half inches tall, with shoulder-length brown hair with blonde highlights, bright blue eyes, a nice bust for her age and long legs? After greeting everybody individually Christa and Krista came over and started talking with me and Rebecca. I think they mainly came over to make me write Christa and Krista over and over - haha!

In fact they had this little gig they ran whenever someone would say one of their names. They both would say, "Do you mean her?" and point at each other. The last time they had done that to me I warned Krista that it might be time to just call her KinkyLilSquirt, whenever Christa was around also. I don't know how she felt about that, because she had just looked at me and exclaimed, "Mwahaha!" I just don't know where she is getting this stuff from.

As everyone began to grow more comfortable, they were eating the various kinds of food that had been set out and drinking vast quantities of my vodka spiked punch. A few of them were getting fairly sloshed and didn't even realize it. Mwahaha! Fairly quickly Kristine and Nicole had to make up another large bowl of it. This time I also involved Krista in my project, as I was finally able to add vodka when no one was looking. I had snuck in about ten quarts of vodka into the sleepover, haha! Where did I get the money for ten quarts of vodka? Well, it wouldn't be that college scouts were laying all kinds of illegal money on Eric - no, that wouldn't be it. Mwahaha.

Right after that Eudora came in with Betty trailing right behind. They were an incongruous couple, let me tell you. They had just happened to meet at the front door. Do you remember who Betty is? She's that extremely fine looking sales manager at that store in the mall. I had gone out with her several times since then. Betty had remained a extremely hot fuck, plus she dressed so fashionably and always brought me good looking outfits too! Mwahaha! In fact, she was carrying a new dress with her on a hanger.

After the two of them had been introduced around and each of them had been given some punch, Betty immediately gravitated to me still holding that dress on a hanger. I leaned forward and brushed my breasts against her currently covered substantial bosom, while kissing her on the cheek.

"Hello, love," Betty greeted me. "What's that?" she asked, while slightly poking my shaved genital area with her finger sending a little thrill through me. Man, I was so hot and ready to fuck with all these fine looking young women all around me.

I answered, "KinkyLilSquirt shaved me." Krista cackled, "Mwahaha!"

Betty complimented, "It looks quite sexy, it makes me want to eat it all up."

"Hey, save me a little," Krista complained. Betty flashed her a quick smile to show my girlfriend all was cool. It was de fuckin' bomb to have all these beautiful teenagers fighting over me. This is promising to be a hella night, I thought to myself.

"I brought this for you," Betty declared, holding the dress up. Peering at the dress, I recognized there was very little to it. It was basically see-through as it was just a bare, and I mean bare, minimum of material being mostly open space. It was just up my alley - how to be dressed, but yet naked at the same time. Haha!

"It's perfect!" I praised. "Thank you so much, hon," I gushed and I offered Betty another kiss. I took the dress and hung it near the bedroom door, so I would remember to take it with me tomorrow following the sleep over.

As they drank more punch, some of my friends grew extremely warm. I noticed Nicole went over and put on the AC, which is unusual at Thanksgiving time, even for Florida. I bet I'd have some of them stripped down to bra and knickers in no time, due to their being so heated, in more ways that one. I was making the rounds of the different conversations, while subtly running my hands over some of my friends, who I could tell were the most intoxicated. They were so intensely talking they didn't really notice how much they were getting off on my touch.

When I reached the threesome of Krista, Betty, and Christa, I came up behind my lovely girlfriend and began kissing the back of her neck, while saying, "I love you so much, KinkyLilSquirt." Krista giggled as much from my kisses tickling her as the use of her nickname. I unzipped her white top and then lifted it over her arms and off her body exposing her, extremely low cut, lacy bra, which exposed most of her fairly massive breasts. I then unbuttoned her jeans and pulled them off her body leaving her dressed only in white frilly knickers below the waist. Krista turned and we stood and just cuddled each other for a matter of minutes. It just felt so good to be holding her semi-naked body so close to my naked one, that I had adrenaline just racing through my body. I saw others cutting their eyes toward us, as they continued their conversations. I realized they knew I was capable of anything and were just a little apprehensive about what might be coming next. Mwahaha!

End of Part One of The Sleep Over

It's a Party
By Bubblegom
Chapter Thirty-One

When I reached the threesome of Krista, Betty, and Christa, I came up behind my lovely girlfriend and began kissing the back of her neck, while saying, "I love you so much, KinkyLilSquirt." Krista giggled as much from my kisses tickling her, as from my use of her nickname. I unzipped her white top and then lifted it over her arms and off her body exposing her, extremely low cut, lacy bra, which exposed most of her fairly massive breasts. I then unbuttoned her jeans and pulled them off her body leaving her dressed only in white frilly knickers below the waist. Krista turned and we stood and just cuddled each other for a matter of minutes.

It just felt so good to be holding her semi-naked body so close to my naked one, that I had adrenaline just racing through my body. I saw others cutting their eyes toward us, as they continued their conversations. I realized they knew I was capable of anything and were just a little apprehensive about what might be coming next. Mwahaha!

That's what made it so surprising to everyone, including myself, when Krista made the next move by reaching behind her and unfastening her bra. She then reached up and brought the bra down off her shoulders and arms and dropped it at her feet on the floor.

Krista's breasts were perfectly shaped with wonderfully full nipples and just the exact size that was needed to delightfully fit her body. They were large for her overall height and body, but not unpleasantly so. I immediately lowered my mouth on one of her nipples and began to suckle it.

"Oh!" my beautiful girlfriend moaned at the touch on my mouth on her breast.
Krista reached down and pushed her knickers down to the floor and stood gloriously stark naked before me - and before all the other young women in the room with the late afternoon sunlight streaming through the windows.

As I was moving my mouth from one nipple to the other, I happened to glance at the rest of the party. Kristine and Nicole were grinning broadly at us, public sex being old hat to them. Kitty had pushed her gorgeous green dress up around her waist and her knickers down around her knees and she had three fingers jammed into her labia and was working them in and out as quickly as possible. Her head was thrown back in a state of ecstasy.

Rebecca had pulled her short skirt off and was now watching us wearing only her halter top and sheer knickers. Christa and Eudora were tentatively running their hands lightly over each other, while intently watching Krista and myself.

Betty, who was standing beside us, began to massage all around Krista's neck and shoulders, right in the areas where most people carry their stress and tension from the hassle of their day to day lives. She had strong appearing hands and supple fingers and was able to elicit a moan of satisfaction from my beautiful girlfriend every time she dug in with her hands.

Krista began to play with my clit; it being now extremely easy to find due to my hairless condition down there. As Betty continued massaging my best girl, I began to kiss KinkyLilSquirt passionately over and over driving Krista to manipulate my clit ever more strongly causing me to begin to thrust my hips at her hand.

Oh God damn, it felt good! I knew my lady love was feeling good also, as her face was extremely flushed and her eyes indicated that she was only in partial touch with reality at the present time. Her skin was so smooth and it was literally glowing at the moment.

I decided to take this to a higher level and I led her over to one of the five beds that had been pushed into the large bedroom in anticipation of the sleepover. I was amused when Betty followed us, but you know me - the more the merrier. Mwahaha!

I helped my beautiful girlfriend to lay on her back on the bed and she pulled her legs up until they were bent at the knees and spread wide apart offering the entire room a complete view of the inner workings of her distended labia.
As I lay beside her, whispering my love for her, and holding her gorgeous body next to mind, Betty crouched between Krista's legs and began to tongue her clitoris.

"Oh God!" my wild sweet love cried out, as her cum gushed from her cunt and into Betty's mouth. I began to kiss my sweetheart passionately slipping my tongue into her mouth, as she responded in like kind, while continuing to twitch and turn as her cum continued to roll from her in multiple orgasms.

She explained to me later it had been a peak sexual experience for her, as she had never ever experienced anything before near that good. We decided it must have been everything put together that added to it - doing it in front of a number of our friends, having her cunt eaten out by Betty, while being cuddled, kissed and loved by me.

As I lay relaxing in my baby's arms in post-coital sweet talking and sharing private jokes, I happened to glance over at some of our friends. Kitty had since stripped off both her dress and her underwear leaving her only wearing her green high heels and she looked hot in them, let me promise you that! With her long brunette hair, gorgeous face with a little button nose, and large breasts and a narrow waist, she was flat out drop dead beautiful. Kitty was currently laying on a bed with her nude body wrapped around Rebecca, who had seemed to have lost her knickers along the way and was currently dressed only in her halter top.

Christa and Eudora were also completely nude and involved with each other on yet another bed, kissing and rubbing their clits against each other.

'Oh my God!' I thought. 'Krista has started an orgy, the likes of which hasn't been seen since the days of the Roman Empire! Mwahaha!'

Kristine and Nicole were standing in the corner watching everybody with bemused looks on their faces, but in case you think they were handling everything that had gone wrong with the sleepover so far in a mature manner, you're mistaken. They were just slugging down that punch and hadn't yet tumbled to the fact that it was heavily laced with booze. They were really just three sheets to the wind, haha!

Now that bitch Carrie was another matter. She stood over there, her face completely flushed, hands on her hips, and looking pissed as hell. I later decided that her red face was more related to being sexually stimulated rather than angry, but I certainly didn't know that at the time. And who would have?

Carrie began spewing her anger all over us. "Who do you two perverts think you are? You're not at your house. This is at Nicole's house and she said she didn't want you to do anything like this and if you did to take it to the bathroom."

"No, really," Nicole explained. "It's alright, I don't mind - really, Carrie."

Carrie stopped her rant long enough to smile at Nicole and then returned to spewing her bile out over us. "You dykes are disgusting anyway, you're an abomination unto the Lord, but then to insist we have to witness this sickness is even worse. You should have the common decency to keep this kind of abomination to yourselves."

I don't know what Krista was feeling, but I was PISSED! I turned to my lady love and said very calmly, "Let's fuck this homophobic cunt bitch up."

Krista smiled at me, the smile that is full of rainbows and butterflies. (Alright, so I'm corny when I'm in love - sue me). I took that to be a yes. This Carrie was so full of self righteousness that she wasn't even worried about any kind of retribution on our part. Maybe she was just so used to having her own way that it never occurred to her that people might fight back, but whatever it was caused her to pay no further attention to us, but to turn her attention to Nicole and Kristine. I suppose she was seeking some type of validation from them, but it never came as we crossed the room to her in a vengeful mood; at least there was on my part.

Carrie was wearing a yellow tank top and blue jean cut offs. She was just a tad chunky, but a far cry from being overweight in any sense. In fact, I had the idea it was a good chunky, as in muscle rather than fat based on the way her body appeared, as she moved around and the way her bosom filled out the front of the tank top promised some generous breasts.

We were standing directly behind her and she was ranting so extensively to Nicole and Kristine, she didn't have the slightest idea we were there.

"Hey cunt lips!" I yelled in her ear causing her to jump in surprise. Mwahaha!

As the young woman began to turn around, I decided not to give her any more warning than that. Gripping the bottom of her tank top, I pulled it straight up and over her head, while Krista had the hard job of unbuttoning Carrie's cutoffs and dragging them down to the floor. As soon as the redheaded teenager turned all the way around, I crammed the wadded up tank top into her mouth preventing her from calling out immediately, but of course it wouldn't have proven to be effective in the long run.

I reached out and yanked her bra off and - hello - liberated her very sizeable, but wonderfully shaped breasts with their enormous nipples. Carrie made the mistake of attempting to cover her breasts from prying eyes, rather than fighting back. I believe, since KinkyLilSquirt and I are actually rather slight of height, she might have been able to out bully us, although we were much faster than she as it turned out.

Krista and I were working as well together as a well trained wrestling tag team. Krista pulled Carrie's knickers off exposing her rather fleshy pubes and her large thatch of bright red pubic hair. Motioning to Krista to pick up our victim's feet, I carried her by her shoulders over to a bed and laid her down. Krista immediately set about tonguing Carrie's clit, while I first suckled both nipples and then began to kiss her gently all over her upper body. Her body was twisting and writhing on the bed, but I wasn't actually sure if it was in ecstasy or protest and noticing that she was desperately attempting to communicate, I grew frightened that possibly she was asthmatic and needed to be able to breath through her mouth.

I quickly pulled the tank top from her mouth just in time to hear her moan, "Don't stop, do me, do me please." And she reached out with her arms and drew me close to her body and squeezed for dear life. This poor girl probably hadn't been touched by anyone, outside of a handshake or a pat on the shoulder, since she was a baby. I certainly am able to readily identify a person, who is suffering from touch deprivation and she was one of the worst cases I had ever witnessed.

As she continued to embrace me in a death grip, I moved my naked body against hers as much as possible, which I could tell she found deeply rewarding from the words of gratitude she was expressing to me. It turned out when I spoke with her later, that her parents had been killed in an auto accident, when she was an infant and she was raised by a great aunt and uncle, who were literally the ages of many of her friends' grandparents. They offered her all the material things she would want or need and words of encouragement throughout her life, but no physical contact, as they had failed to understand the importance of such in a child's development to a happy, mature adult.

Krista continued to tongue Carrie's clit as hard as she could, while I hugged the red haired pretty teenager, while kissing her over and over. Suddenly Carrie was arching her back in almost a drawn bow position, as her cum finally and furiously emerged from deep inside her. There must have been quite a build up of jism in her, as she admitted later she had never had an orgasm in her entire life, if you can believe that. I just remembered we used to say that somebody, who we knew hadn't had an orgasm in a long time, had a very bad case of white eye; meaning their cum buildup was almost all the way to their brain. Mwahaha!

As Krista, Carrie, and I lay cuddled side by side by side (haha!) on the bed, Christa and Eudora and Kitty and Rebecca were still involved in sexual play on two of the beds. Betty had also stripped herself naked and was leaning over Kristine and Nicole while removing their clothing, as they were presently passed out from too much vodka laced punch and thereby missed in its entirety the truly terrifying scene when Nicole's mother entered the bedroom unannounced carrying a huge plate of sandwiches! Mwahaha!

End of Part Thirty-One (Part 2 of The Great Sleepover)

It's a Party
By Bubblegom
Chapter Thirty-Two

I don't know if you remember where we were in this tale of my sexual odyssey, but if you don't - then go back and look at the last chapter and then go to your doctor for some medication for attention deficit disorder, mwahaha!
I'm positive that the scene that lay before Nicole's mother represented to her something from the deepest bowels of hell; something that might have crossed her mind in the middle of the night, when she couldn't fall asleep as one of the worst things that could ever happen to her daughter - to be corrupted by some twisted lesbo fornicators! Hehe! In fact, since Nicole was obviously passed out and a stark naked Betty was standing over her holding Nicole's clothing, I'm positive her mother thought her daughter was being raped by some demented gay demon from hell.

Now when the woman in question screamed, it had a tendency to help everyone present to concentrate on the immediate task at hand - i.e. getting out of that room as quickly as possible! Mwahaha! I had no idea what happened to anybody else at that time, I only found out later. All I knew then was Krista had the presence of mind to grab her clothing and me by the hand and we fled past Nicole's mother, who was involved in one of those hands up to her face, head thrown back, full bore horror movie screams. I'm surprised the cops weren't there by then just by that scream alone. Mwahaha!

Since I had stripped off so long before anybody else had even arrived, there wasn't a chance in hell that I would be able to locate my clothing under everything that had been thrown on it since then. Krista had some money and wanted to call a taxi for us to travel to her house, because her family had left to go out of town for the weekend on Friday morning, but I suggested we just get out of there as quickly as possible and call from somewhere else.

Accepting my advice, Krista rapidly donned her outfit and gave me her bra and knickers to wear. I must admit I looked as cute as a button in her scanty undies, although it looked strange to me, because I never usually wear any underwear. Mwahaha! Well, we finally got down to a little shopping center and located a payphone and called a Yellow Cab. Have you ever heard this one? A drunk staggers up to a hotel clerk and demands, "Call me a cab!" And the hotel clerk replies, "Okay, you're a cab." Haha!

Now you may ask how did I feel about running around on late Friday afternoon in public wearing only Krista's bra and knickers - you know me, what do you think? Haha. Well, you're wrong, I was embarrassed. Thank God it being late November it was already dark, plus it was the day after Thanksgiving, so most people had the day off their jobs. Despite all this, there was still quite of lot of people at the shopping center. There always is, it's like the number one pastime in the state of Florida - shopping, because there's so many old people and that's all they can do anymore is spend money. Mwahaha!

So there was quite a number of people at this shopping center, but do you remember my rule? I just stared right at them, until they looked away. The old farts probably just figured it was some kind of new fashion, but, of course, we had these teenage guys come over to rap. They were just a bunch of clowns and I handled them quickly. I told them we'd go out with them sometime, if one of them would lend me his clothes. Mwahaha! They couldn't get away quick enough.

Finally, like after a half an hour the taxi arrives. We climb into the backseat and Krista gives the driver the address. Of course, you can see this guy looking at me in the rear view mirror during the entire trip, but he plays it cool and never says a word. We finally arrive at Krista's house and she pays him and gives him a good tip for not giving us a hard time or anything, plus I'm pretty sure she bought his compliance with it, if anybody ever asked him about picking us up.

Okay, I was being paranoid, but you didn't see how crazy Nicole's mother looked. I wouldn't have put anything past her at that point, but it turned out that she didn't do much. After all, she did finally discover that Nicole and Kristine had been passed out from drinking and, of course, she never believed their explanation that they didn't know anything about it. Mwahaha!

Gawd! We finally got into Krista's house; she had to go find the house key they leave stashed outside for her and I don't mind telling you it wasn't a moment too soon. I was freezing! It was damn cold out; at least, for Florida it was. It had already gone down in the thirties and when you're used to the temperature being ninety degrees - that's cold. I'll tell you, my nipples were standing straight out from it. Now that's cold! No wonder that taxi driver had kept staring at me. Plus once I had hit that heat in the taxi I had began to sweat and it rendered Krista's flimsy bra and knickers virtually transparent. Man, I bet he had a story to tell that night - haha!

My sexy girlfriend rushed into the house and called out 'first dibs' on the shower. She stripped off immediately leaving her clothes just laying on the living room floor and ran off into the bathroom. I stood there thinking, Alright for you. We'll just see about this. I planned on going in there after her, but first I went to make a quick telephone call. I stripped off her underwear and left it in her bedroom.

When I attempted to enter the bathroom, I discovered it was locked. I took that as personal affront and I went down downstairs and rummaged around in her family's toolbox, until I found what I was looking. I brought the tiny screwdriver back up to the bathroom and started working on the lock. Trust me on this, don't ever lock yourself in a bathroom to escape a murderer or something like that. There isn't a bathroom lock that's worth a shit, unless you put a deadbolt on it. Haha!

It only took me a few short minutes to pop it open and I crept into the bathroom very quietly. I wanted to surprise her completely and I surely did when I stepped into the shower behind her. I put one hand on her breast and the other down across her pussy. You should have her scream! Scared the living shit out of her, I did. Teach her to lock me out!

The first thing I noticed was, despite the hot shower dripping off her beautiful tight little body, there seemed to be some other liquid substance present. "Oh, I get it," I spoke aloud. Krista giggled.

I took her by the shoulders and turned her 'til she was facing me. I knelt down on one knee and I began to lap her clit as hard as I could. My sexy girlfriend began to squirm in my grasp. She was still clutching the soap in her hand and she began to lather me everywhere she could reach with that bar of ivory. Oh God, that felt so good, that big brick of hardness rubbing me all over and yet leaving that soft soapy trail behind it. And it was ninety-nine and ninety-nine one hundredths percent pure. Mwahaha!

"Oh, shit!" Krista cried out, when her cum came flowing out. I took it and wiped it all over us. I mean, we were in a shower, it would just wash off immediately. I reached up with my hands and held her by her narrow waist until she was finished climaxing, so she wouldn't slip in the tub and hurt herself badly.

Later I stood up and held her in an embrace under that hot water. It was heavenly and felt great. It had been a hella day, alright. This is probably a good place to recount what happened after we fled from Nicole's' house. Now this is only what I was told, obviously I wasn't there. I guess everyone except for Betty didn't have any problems grabbing their clothes and running out of there. Betty just had to make a run for it, stark naked or not and she managed to get away. I guess some crazy things happened to her on her way home totally nude, but that's her story. Maybe I can get her to tell it sometime.

Nicole's mother, of course, called 911 and was recounting her complaint to the cops, who were quite skeptical due to the absence of anyone else being there, when suddenly one of the 911 personnel informed them, "Hey, these girls are drunk." I guess that calmed Nicole's mom down quite a bit, since the cops then started threatening to arrest Kristine and Nicole for underage drinking. In the long run, the cops just decided to shine it on and I'm glad about that. I wouldn't have wanted them to get into trouble for something that was my fault.

Of course, we were all banned from ever seeing Kristine and Nicole again, which was a stone drag. I mean, we talked at first a lot at school and everything, but you know - when you can't do something with your friends outside of school, the friendship just naturally begins to fall apart. And this one did too. It was too bad, because we had a lotta fun together, but I guess it was time for all of us to move on.

Both of them practically got married on the same day. It was one year after graduating from high school and they both wore white, just like they were good little girls; but I guess that scarlet letter bullshit is all of the past anyway, thank God. And that's the complete story of the sleepover - mwahaha!
I just had started to soap up Krista's sexy body, when suddenly the shower curtain was pulled open and Eric stepped in!

End of Part Thirty-Two

It's a Party
By Bubblegom
Chapter Thirty-Three

As Eric stepped completely naked into the shower, I squealed, "Eric! What a surprise!"
He glanced at me rather strangely, as I had just called him on the telephone, but I didn't want him to give it away that I had told him to come over. I had explained it to him over the phone in great detail, but you know guys - duh!
So being over a foot shorter than him, I was able to offer him a sharp elbow in the you know where to snap him back to reality. "Ooh!" he complained. "Oh, yeah, I went over to Nicole's," he explained, finally remembering what we had talked about, "and you weren't there, so I came here."

"What was happening at Nicole's?" Krista naturally wanted to know.

"Oh, who cares?" I interrupted. "Eric's here now, that's all that counts, isn't it?"

I didn't want Krista to know I had called Eric, because I wanted it to appear that he came over spontaneously and then decided to call a friend of his, who I wanted her to meet. I turned around in the shower, so I was facing my handsome boyfriend. Man, he was built so fine and looked so good standing there in the shower with his big prick already straightening out in front of him. I got tingly just from looking at him. I know Krista had turned around too and was getting off on him too, as I heard a little gasp escape her lips.

I knelt down and began to suckle on his beautiful dick taking as much as I could into my mouth. I heard Eric's sharp intake of air when my lips put pressure on his cock and I swirled my tongue around it as deep as I could. I was getting pretty hot myself going down on his pretty prick, so I reached down with my left hand and began moving and manipulating my clit as fast as I could. Eric was already moving his hips thrusting into my mouth with all of his prick and, with each time, I took a little more of it into my mouth. Suddenly I heard some moaning coming from Krista and I turned my head slightly and saw she had three of her fingers jammed up her cunt and was going to town, let me tell you. Her head was thrown back and I really don't know if she knew where she was right then. Eric began to spurt his cum into my mouth and I kept working my mouth on him, until he had squirted it all into me.

When he was finished, I realized my girlfriend was still masturbating, so I just turned around on my knees and began to lap her cunt, while pushing on her love button with my fingers. Krista appeared weak in her knees and I became frightened she would fall in the slippery bathtub, but Eric reached over me and held her up, until she regained her balance. She was thrusting her hips at me now vigorously and cried out, "God, Sara, stop! I can't stand anymore!" Of course I kept going and, just when she was climaxing and rubbing and pulling at the hair on my head, Eric brought me to my feet by placing his strong hands on my hips and he carefully inserted his totally rejuvenated seven inch penis straight up my butt. Oh sweet Jesus, it was so unexpected; it hurt, but felt great at the same time, but that's probably a good simile for my whole life.

Once Krista was finished with her orgasm, she dropped to her knees and returned the favor. Soon I was getting two timed, but with a big difference from the old definition of it. Eric was thrusting into my behind as hard as he could, thwacking into me over and over, while my girlfriend pulled and prodded my clitoris with her hardened tongue. Good grief! I didn't know if I was cumming or going. Haha!

Suddenly I was doing both, as I began to climax with the cum cascading from me, while Eric shot his second load of semen into me in ten minutes. When we had finally finished orgasming, we all fell slumped together in a big group hug under that warm water beating down on us until it became cooler. Then we moved after that, by golly - when that cold water started beating down on us. Haha! Talk about rude.

I was still totally drained and satisfied when we all sort of crawled over each other and out of the tub. Then we proceeded to towel each other off lovingly with these huge bath towels, drying and rubbing everywhere on each others naked bodies, every crack and crevice, it was total heaven as far as I was concerned.

Once we were completely dry, we threw open the bathroom and stepped out nude into the upstairs hallway, because the bathroom was completely steamy from the hot shower beating down for so long. After all we were all alone in the house or so I thought. Eric had left his clothes strewn all over the hallway and since Krista's outfit was still down in the living room, I volunteered to go get it for her, being the kind hearted soul that I am. Mwahaha!

I wasn't there. Krista explained this to me later. As soon as I had left to go down downstairs, Eric turned to her with a large smile on his good looking face. Krista naturally inquired, "So what's so funny, Eric?"

My number one love replied, "Sara wanted me to have a guy I know come over and visit later because she wanted you to meet him, but I brought him with me. He's downstairs waiting for us right now."

"And you think that's funny? Allowing Sara to go down there stark naked when she doesn't know this guy is there?" Krista was thoroughly pissed.

"Aw Sara won't mind. You know her. She does it all the time," Eric retorted.

"There's a big difference between Sara knowing the people she's with and deciding when she wants to walk around nude or just stumbling into some place stark naked, where she doesn't expect anybody else to be."

"Oh, you worry too much," Eric laughed.

Well, being a young woman Krista had a great deal more insight into me than Eric did and she was exactly right. I went romping down the stairs completely unknowing that there was this hunk of a hottie guy waiting to greet me in the living room.

First let me tell you about Shawn. Shawn was like Eric's best friend outside of the usual brainless jocks he hung around with. I'm not implying that all jocks are brainless, but all of the jocks that Eric hung with were, except for Shawn. Shawn was a wrestler and therefore had a great fucking build it turned out, but that was later.

I bounded into the living room to gather up Krista's outfit I thought and there I was greeted with the shocking sight of Shawn standing up like a perfect gentleman to greet this totally nude girl, who had just entered the room unexpectedly. Mwahaha! Like I've already mentioned, he was very handsome and he had dark hair and dark eyes and was about six feet, two inches tall.

Of course the minute he lay his eyes on my lushly naked body, they lit up like Christmas tree lights and his smile suddenly resembled the Cheshire cat's. I could see his prick lengthening beneath his nice slacks, but that hardly was a compliment. I mean I'm standing there with my labia still all distended from the sexual play I was just involved in. My hair is slicked back still wet, but my totally nude body shone from the shower and toweling I just had experienced and I probably resembled a completely mad Jane from a crazed Tarzan film.

'Oh man, I am gonna kill Eric!' I thought. Well, there wasn't nothing to do at that point, but bite the bullet and stick my hand out and introduce myself. Even though I felt very embarrassed and I'm positive I was flushed in certain usually unseen areas in polite company, I wasn't going to act as if I were some kind of shy virgin and fall into a September Morn crouch. That would have just been too fucking silly.

"Hi, I'm Sara," I introduced myself sticking out my right hand to him. He introduced himself as Shawn. Thank God at that point, Krista and Eric, both completely dressed came down the stairs and into the living room.

Krista immediately came to my side and told me to go ahead and put on her outfit, which I gratefully did over in the corner of the living room as Eric introduced her to Shawn. I could tell by the way her eyes widened at the sight of him that she dug him right off, which was cool. That's why I had Eric to bring him over in the first place. I thought Krista would dig him and I wanted her to have a boyfriend. Every girl in high school needs a boyfriend unless they're just out and out gay which is fine, but even then if they want to go to certain school activities it would behoove them to have developed some kind of relationship with a guy.

I saw Eric cutting small glances at me while I was dressing in the corner to see if I was mad at him. To tell you the truth, I wasn't mad at him. I was fucking furious and I figured to make him pay over the next couple of days. Oh yeah, I know you're thinking I wouldn't be able to because I'm too horny, but you see I have my methods. I would strip off in front of him, but not allow him to touch me. Then I would masturbate in front of him and make him watch every second, but if he attempted to touch himself - I'd knock the shit out of him and I would too!

I finally pulled on Krista's outfit and rejoined them on the other side of the living room. Krista looked real hot. She had these little short shorts on and a halter top. She looked great and Shawn was drooling at her, so to speak. While he and my hot girlfriend stood chatting, Eric went to make some drinks. I guess the fool (I don't really think he's a fool) went and brought some vodka and orange juice. I'm thinking to myself, Great just what I need. But luckily it turned out where I didn't have to drink much, but Shawn and Krista appeared to have enjoyed the vodka a little too much, if you catch my drift.

After we sat around talking and having a few drinks, (they did, I was still nursing my first one) Eric suggested playing some cards.

"What kind of cards?" Krista inquired.

"Hey, about some bridge?" I replied, playing the fool just to spite Eric, because I suddenly saw what he had in mind with this whole deal; bringing the vodka and orange juice and getting everyone half smashed and then suggesting a card game. Yeah, he was real subtle - like a sledge hammer. Mwahaha!

Either Shawn or Krista saw it coming and they didn't care or else they were blindsided by it completely, but they didn't make a word of complaint when my boyfriend went on to suggest playing strip poker. More than likely Shawn did see it coming, but being a guy he was all for it and Krista was getting so loopy from the vodka already, she didn't really have a clue what was happening.

We all sat on the floor to play strip poker. Of course, I didn't last too very long, on the other hand I wasn't wearing much either. Two straight losing hands and I was mother naked again. Shawn sat across from me and his eyes were as big as saucers as he stared at me. It didn't seem to matter that he had just seen me a few minutes ago in the same condition. With guys its like - out of sight, out of mind. As soon as you cover it back up, it's like a brand new trip for them to see you uncovered again. Sheesh! Go figure.

I'm glaring at Eric I'm so pissed off at him. I didn't have him bring Shawn over so he could dig me. I had him bring him over to dig Krista, who by the way was pretty smashed by this time. I saw her break up a pair of kings in her hand and throw one away, keeping the other one and a deuce and a trey; and we had no wild cards!

She began to reclaim some of Shawn's attention away from me when she was sitting there in her tiny bra and knickers after losing a couple of hands. Then she lost the next hand and I guess she was so out of it that instead of taking her bra off, she shimmied down her knickers and sat there naked from the waist down with her legs crossed Native American (not Indian, you dopes) style displaying all of her shaved pussy.

But later when I thought about it, I realized I was mistaken and my beautiful girlfriend had ran a giant con on everybody, because right after she did that she turned her head and winked at me. Mwahaha! Well, with her shaved cunt and beautiful pubes hanging out she had all of Shawn's attention then. He wasn't doing much better at that point himself and was sitting only in his slacks.

Eric won the next hand and Shawn had to take down his slacks, revealing his skimpy red bikini underwear and he had a nice package in there, I could tell. Krista, on the other hand, had nothing left as she was wiped out in more ways than one and she had to peel her bra off leaving her stark naked. I'll say this for her - she was a trip that day.

She made a big production out of standing up and taking the bra off, you know leaning over and reaching behind her and sliding the bra down her arms. Then she stepped in front of the seated Shawn to hand Eric her bra with her shaved pussy just about hitting Shawn in the nose. I was watching the guy and it was all he could do to not grab her there and then, but he probably figured he was in polite company. But you and I both know that he figured wrong. Mwahaha!

After losing the next hand, Shawn stood up and removed his bikini briefs and handed them to Eric. Yep, I know you're wondering - he was plenty big, even when he was flaccid and he had great big balls. Well, you would have to to hang out with this crew. Mwahaha!

It was then that I could tell Krista's drunkenness was all a sham - a Shawn sham you could say, because she was suddenly stone cold sober. And not shy at all because before he could sit down again, my sexy girlfriend grabbed him around the waist from her sitting position on the floor and pulled him to her and began to suck on his wiener which became huge in no time. But wait! All this is the next chapter's story. See ya then for the 'Great Strip Poker Orgy.' Mwahaha!

End of Part Thirty-Three

It's a Party
By Bubblegom
Chapter Thirty-Four

It was then that I could tell Krista's drunkenness was all a sham - a Shawn sham you could say, because she was suddenly stone cold sober. And not shy at all because before he could sit down again, my sexy girlfriend grabbed him around the waist from her sitting position on the floor and pulled him to her and began to suck on his wiener which became huge in no time.

Krista continued to go down on Shawn's long penis taking as much of it as she could into her beautiful mouth. The tall young man was groaning and moaning so much, I don't know if anybody had ever given him a first rate blow job.

I crawled across the living room rug to where he was standing and I inserted one of my fingers straight up his butt hole. Man, he let out a war hoop! I bet he'd never had anything up there either except for a suppository. I pushed my finger all the way up him and then began to work it in and out. Meanwhile I was playing with my clit with my other hand. Jesus, I was already over the top with sexual passion and we hadn't even begun to play.

As soon as I felt his sphincter muscle relax around my finger, I drove one more into him. Hehe, this made Shawn literally jump forward and he crammed all of his prick inside of Krista's mouth. She told me later she almost gagged when he did that and spewed that vodka all over. Man, that would have been something - if she would have puked all over him. I bet that would have ruined any chances of them having a relationship! Mwahaha! I happened to glance over to Eric, and man, he looked so forlorn sitting over there fully dressed with everybody's clothes sitting in a pile in front of him. I felt so sorry for him - NOT!

I don't know if you remember, but when I get a mad on for somebody, it takes me a while to get over it. Let him sit over there and stew. Drink some vodka, that's what I felt like telling him. Feeling my orgasm building deep inside of me, my whole body felt so fucking good at that moment, I wished I could have made it last forever. I pushed even harder on my clit and rammed one more finger up into Shawn's butt hole. That did it for him and me. Suddenly he was screaming and I mean screaming, "Oh God damn, Krista!" At least in his moment of passion, he remembered her name. That's important to a girl, in case you guys weren't aware of it. When you're having sex, remember - try not to call out the name of anybody other then who you're with.

My orgasm was washing out of me at that the same exact second that Shawn was shooting his massive load of cum straight into Krista's mouth. She swallowed it all down and sucked on him until he was dry as a boner - whoops, I mean bone. (Freudian slip, mwahaha!). I almost felt as though I had been making love to both Shawn and Krista, it had felt that good.

As soon as Shawn had finished cumming into Krista's mouth, he just kept standing there like a big dummy; so I gave him a good shot in the small of the back and instructed him. "Hey, you big galoof ! Go cuddle her!"

I will say this for him. Once I said that, I haven't ever seen anybody move that fast immediately after sex. He swooped down with his strong arms and picked her up as though she were as light as a feather and almost crushed her in a loving embrace. Shawn and Krista stood that was for a few minutes until it became obvious to my girlfriend that Shawn's prick had reached full length again because it was poking her in the belly.

"Lay down on your back," she commanded him in a stern voice I had never heard her use. The tall young man knowing a good thing when he heard one quickly acquiesced. His prick was standing, almost completely straight, seven inches into the air. It was really beautiful. I envied Krista right then, but after all I had a guy with his own beautiful prick. I just happened to be angry with mine right then.

I grabbed Krista for a moment surprising her no end. I quickly jammed three fingers straight up her twat and kept moving them in and out rapidly until her labia was completely able to accept them and I felt some of her moisture on them. I then removed them and gave her a soft slap on her bare ass, as if encouraging her to do well in an athletic contest and whispered to her, "Go get him girl."

Krista smiled at me releasing beautiful butterflies and gum drops and then giggled. She then climbed over Shawn straddling his big prick and then plunged herself straight down on it, impaling herself straight up the cunt as it were.

"Oh God!" Krista cried out from the sheer overpowering pleasure of it all. Shawn grabbed on to her narrow waist, so she wouldn't fly off the top of his massive cock as he offered Krista the ride of her life. Up and down, up and down she flew with Shawn's seven inch cock going way up inside of her. "Oh God, Krista!" Shawn exclaimed. "You're the best I've ever had!"

Watching them go at each other that way was making me hotter than a fire cracker and twice as horny. Suddenly I scampered over to where Shawn's head was resting on the living room rug and I did a obscene deep knee bend right over his face, dangling my dripping fully distended labia over him. He immediately caught on to what I was desiring and Shawn began to tongue all around my pussy lips and then finally inside of my labia. God! It felt so nasty, it was great! He just held his tongue straight out and as stiff as he could make it and I lowered myself up and down on it. I reached out and clutched Krista to me and began hugging and kissing her at the same time that she continued riding up and down on Shawn's lengthy prick. I could hear him groaning and moaning underneath me and I realized it wasn't going to be long for him now, and I wanted to make sure Krista got off before he did.

I first lowered my head and began to suckle her nipples. I was feeling so good myself I thought I was gonna explode and I could feel my cum building up within me. I lowered myself gently down onto Shawn making sure not to suffocate him. That would be a cumming and going I would like to avoid. He began to pump my sexy girlfriend faster and faster and I reached behind her and jammed three fingers up her butt, when she was on the way up. When Krista lowered herself on them she screamed out in ecstasy and then she began to climax and climax and climax. Just when I was starting to feel as though I was the Lone Ranger, my orgasm came spurting out of me and felt as though it was wrenched from me one drop at a time. Suddenly right on cue Shawn shot his load of hot cum into Krista as I fell off him onto my side on the living rug carpet. I didn't want to collapse on his face now, did I? I don't know how Shawn and Krista were feeling, but I felt as though I was just floating when all of the sudden I heard a key being inserted into the front door and the sounds of Krista's family arriving home unexpectedly! Mwahaha!

End of Part Thirty-Four

It's a Party
By Betty Page
Chapter Thirty-Five

Hey, Bubblegom here. Did you happen to notice who wrote this chapter? You didn't? Well, it's right up there silly. That's right! Betty wrote this chapter. I asked her to in order to have a more accurate narrative of what happened to her after she was forced to flee Nicole's house stark naked. And for all you who were hoping to find out what happened when Krista's family came home early - tough beans, as they say in the grocery trade. Haha! Now you be nice and don't flame Betty or if you like her better, don't tell me. My fragile ego might not be able to handle it. Mwahaha! So without further ado - here's Betty!

When Sara first asked me if I wanted to tell my story, my first inclination was to say no; primarily because I never thought of myself as a writer. But if there's one thing that I have learned from my relationship with Sara it's to be open to new ideas, so I told her I would give it a whirl.

I never would have believed before I met Sara that I could meet one individual who would play such a major impact on me changing my attitudes toward many things. For instance, I don't believe I ever really thought about public nudity except when I would have those nightmares that everyone has about being naked in school. And I certainly never knew that I was bi-sexual. I would have denied that to my dying breath.

Sara was correct in her assessment of me on the day we met. Even though I was certainly horrified and also worried about losing my job when she removed all her clothing in the store, I, also on some level hidden deep inside of me at that time, was very excited with it. Later I realized that I was excited about Sara so casually breaking one of society's major taboos - the one concerning public nudity. It not only is a taboo, it is against the law.

I don't want to give you the wrong impression of me. From that day in the store when I first meet Sara to Thanksgiving day, I had only been nude in public one time and, of course, that was the day I met Sara. I really couldn't explain it to myself that night when I went home from work how I come to sashay through my public place of employment stark naked, but I think now looking back on it that I had just felt so good from making love with Sara that I didn't care about anything at that particular time. And as I have already mentioned I was sexually excited by it.

Before I get started you need to know that Sara insisted that I provide a description of myself for all of the readers who might not have as of yet read the chapters I was mentioned in and she also said I was not to be modest. So even though it's going to sound like I'm stuck on myself here goes; I'm quite slim, but I think not unattractively so. My breasts are large and my lovers have told me I have beautiful nipples. I have long red hair and, as I already have indicated, a flat stomach and a very narrow waist. My facial features are quite attractive with very high cheek bones, very carefully formed thinned eyebrows and full lips.

Now as Sara mentioned a couple of chapters back, when Nicole's mother walked unannounced into Nicole's bedroom, I had just removed all of Kristin and Nicole's clothing. I was just going to put them in a shower in an attempt to sober them up some. Of course, all hell broke loose at that point. I was relieved to observe Krista and Sara escape and the other girls were grabbing their clothing.

I looked all around the room almost hysterically at the time and I couldn't discover one stitch of my apparel. I suppose I was either so excited I couldn't see it even though I was looking right at it or it had already become buried underneath a lot of other people's clothing.

Nicole's mother continued to scream at the top of her lungs, which of course I found to be very unnerving to say the least and my head was filled with visions of the police arriving and my being arrested, etc. So I panicked. I'll admit it, I panicked and bolted from the room and ultimately the entire house.

I realized later that if I hadn't panicked, I might have been able to discover something of Nicoles' to wear or maybe even her mother's. I'm certain I could have located a long rain coat to wear for instance, but it's too late to cry about that now. I, at least, had the wherewithal to bring my wallet with me on my flight from the She-Devil's house. That's what Sara calls Nicole's mom now - the She-Devil.

When I reached downstairs I didn't know if there might be police on their way right then so instead of going out the front door into who knows what, I escaped through the back door connected to their kitchen. I discovered myself to be in their fenced in backyard and the side gate had a lock on it!

I figured at that point that I had really done myself in, but it turned out to be a good decision on my part. The rest of the young women at the sleepover, excepting of course Kristin and Nicole, were fleeing from the front of the house when the police pulled up with their lights flashing and sirens whining. The girls, some of them still only half dressed, naturally drew the immediate attention of the police, but I'm happy to say that all of them were successful in their attempts to escape.

The fence was about six feet high, but it was just a plain wooden fence and since I'm athletic I didn't have any difficulty in obtaining a foothold and climbing over it; although I'm thankful I didn't get any splinters you know where!

Of course I was now in somebody else's back yard. No matter how much I wished I had grabbed a coat on the way out of Nicole's house it was now far too late to return because of the police who were swarming the house.

You need to realize something and I don't mean this as a putdown. I'm not like Sara as far as being nude in public. I was already horribly embarrassed and it was chilly out besides. Although I do have to admit that I found it to be sexually exciting at the same time. I can't explain any better than that and I also can't explain why I would find it so.

Just then the backdoor of the house opened and several young children came out to play. I either warped them beyond what any therapy could help or I became the highlight of their early childhood; I don't which at this point.
There were two little boys and two little girls and they all looked to be around eight years old. A little towheaded boy exclaimed upon seeing me, "Oh my Gawd! Look at her."

"Jason, don't cuss," ordered a dark-haired girl.

"I wasn't cussing, I just said Gawd." He defended himself.

"You were too, you were taking the Lord's name in vain," riposted the little girl.

I was standing there all crouched down attempting to hide my vagina and my breasts, but there's only so much you can hide with two hands. A blonde haired girl asked, "Hey, how come you're all nekkid?"

I managed to find my voice and I responded, "A bad person took all my clothes and now I don't have any and I have to get home."

"Oh, do you need some clothes?" the little dark-haired girl asked. Not waiting for any answer, she began to cry out, "Hey, Mom! Come out here for a minute. A lady out here needs some clothes."

Well, if that didn't strike stark terror coursing through my body, I don't know what would. I began to protest attempting to quiet her, but she paid no attention and kept shouting out for her mother. I had little choice at that point except to run around the side of their house toward the front. Luckily there was nobody out front at that particular second so I dashed around the fence and into the back yard of the house next door, where I discovered I might have been worse off since there was a teenage boy sitting in a lawn chair reading a book!

He immediately set his book down on the ground, stood up, and smiled at me; as well he should have! It couldn't be everyday that a stark naked girl ran into his backyard.

He spoke, "Hello, my name is Matt. What's yours?"

"Betty," I stammered.

"Pleased to me you," he rejoined.

Now you might find this strange, but somehow this normal social procedure had a calming affect on me. I suppose looking back it was because he chose to consciously overlook my nudity and treat me as if everything was copasetic.

Once I was able to regain some of my composure I was able to notice that he was fairly good looking. He was very tall and he later told me he was six feet, four inches. He had dark blond hair that he wore in a buzz cut. He had gray eyes, a large handsome nose and wore thin-rim glasses. He was fairly slender.
Of course when this was going on I was all crouched down as much as possible hiding my physical attributes. Matt suddenly declared, "Hey, I know you. You're a friend of Sara's aren't you?"

"Of course, I'd been thinking ever since I saw you that you looked so familiar. We met at the mall several times," I replied. "Well, I guess I should be moving on. I've got quite a distance to go to return to my house."

I know it sounded stupid, but I didn't know what else to say. I hardly wanted to stand there completely naked and make small talk.

"Wait," he protested. "You can't leave like that, but I can't take you in my house that way either, because I have a lot of relatives visiting over Thanksgiving."

"No, no, that's okay," I responded. I know I wasn't making any sense considering the situation, but I didn't want him to feel responsible for me. I began to move away toward the front yard still in that identical crouch. I'm certain I l resembled an obscene Groucho Marx.

"No, please wait," Matt said again. This time he reached out to me with his right hand and helped me stand to my full height. For some reason I didn't feel embarrassed at all standing in front of him stark naked. It might have been because he had been so nonjudgmental towards me or maybe I just sensed the gentleness about him, but whatever it was I just stood there and let him gaze at me.

And boy, I could tell he was enjoying himself. He suddenly pulled of his long winter coat and passed it to me. Not one for looking a gift coat in the seams when I was completely nude, I put it on immediately without any protest. Allowing it to hang open for a moment I thought, I leaned forward and stepped up high on my tippy-toes, pulled his head down towards mine and planted a large kiss smack on his lips.

I initially thought I was just thanking him for being so kind to me, but as soon as I began kissing him I was suddenly totally overcome with passion. I began to wildly kiss him while forcing my tongue inside of his startled mouth. I pressed my nude body hard up against his clothed one until I felt his erection growing longer.

I reached down and liberated his large prick by unzipping his pants and pushing his underwear down enough.

"What are you doing?" he gasped.

"I'm going to give you the thrill of your life," I answered my voice husky with passion.

I pulled him down with me on the hard cold ground and Matt quickly got the picture. He unbuckled his pants and pushed them down to his ankle. I lay back with my legs spread wide open and my labia completely distended in open invitation. Matt gasped. "You are so beautiful," he murmured.

"Come on, let's get it on," I encouraged.

Matt inserted his large penis directly into my open cunt hole. I began to buck and twist immediately I was so hot. As he began to thrust into me, I went right off with the cum cascading from me. I had never reached an orgasm so quickly in my life. I know it had to do with the entire situation of being out in his backyard in the early evening having sex and having come up to his house stark naked. I was getting off on all of that.

"Ah yeah," I cried out. "You're so good, lover."

Matt began to push into me with wild abandon himself and I half sat up and grasped him by the shoulders so he could push into me as hard and as far as he possibly could.

Suddenly he tensed and then exploded almost literally shooting his cum into me from a high pressure fire hose. It felt so good I began to orgasm again. Sweet Jesus, it was the best sex that I'd ever had. Please don't tell Sara. It might hurt her feelings. Matt continued to shoot into me for what seemed like the longest time. I kept pushing up meeting him with every one of his deep thrusts. Good God, we were rutting like wild animals. It was so passionate.

Even though it was chilly out, we both had perspiration pouring off us from our sexual endeavors. Finally it ended as all good things must come to an end, but that doesn't mean this can't be a beginning. I hugged him to me as hard as I could pressing my bare body mostly against his still clothed one. I wanted to see him naked, but that would have to wait until another time.

As we embraced I idly found myself wondering if anyone had looked out the window at us. If they had, they probably thought Matt was performing CPR on some poor nude girl. In this case, I'm not telling you what the C stood for.

After a few minutes, of course, we began to get chilly, so Matt carefully buttoned up his coat around me. He was so tall that I was completely covered and then some. We made plans to go out on Friday night to a movie. I guess this relationship would work backwards since it had started out with a bang. There you see, Sara - I do have a sense of humor.

Matt went in and borrowed the keys to the family car and was kind enough to give me a ride home. He walked me to the door and we kissed and kissed and then finally he said he had to get back before they called the police on him for a stolen car.

Despite his protestations, I insisted he take his coat. After all we weren't going to see each other for a week. While we were still standing there talking, a neighbor who lived in the apartment next to ours came out. As soon as he saw me standing there totally nude, he stopped dead in his tracks and then dashed back into his apartment and slammed the door. Then I observed the door open a crack and him staring at me through it. Haha! That was great! I was beginning to see why Sara got off on this.

Of course my roommate didn't care for it when I came in stark naked and she was having a Friday evening romantic tête-à-tête with her boyfriend. As my best friend Sara would have said - mwahaha!

End of Part Thirty-Five

It’s a Party
By Bubblegom
Chapter Thirty-Six

Bubblegom here. Mwahaha! Did you like Betty’s chapter? Personally I think she did a great job. Well, I hope you remember where we were. We, (the three of us, me, Krista, and Shawn) had just finished making wild crazy sex when suddenly we heard the key turning in the front door and Krista’s family talking!

Krista, Shawn, and me jumped up in a heartbeat and pounded up the staircase to the second floor. I didn’t know right at that particular time but Eric was able to beat it out the back door before they entered the living room. Unfortunately the problem with that was Eric had everybody’s clothes.

Now this didn’t bother Krista at all. She naturally got dressed in her bedroom where we were all huddled and then went downstairs to appease her family by displaying that she actually gave a God damn. Haha! This of course left Shawn and me still stark naked.

Now I decided to have Krista tell me what outfit I could ‘borrow’ until I could get home, because I wanted Shawn to experience just a little of what I had went through when I came down into the living room stark naked to retrieve Krista’s clothes and he was standing there fully dressed. Of course I couldn’t help playing with him a little as he sat on the side of the bed all huddled down now over his shriveled up penis. Have you ever noticed that before? Right after sex that long thing just shrivels down to nothing for a little awhile. Mwahaha! Of course it will be back and soon too!

Krista had told me I could pick out anything I wanted so of course I picked out the sexiest thing I could find. It was a short light blue midriff and a short blue skirt. I pulled up the one chair in the room and - that’s right – I sat right across from Shawn with my skirt hiked up and my legs open and chitchatted with him acting totally oblivious to the situation. Haha! Of course he started getting hard right away but he remained hunched over attempting to hide it from my eagle eyes.

I began to more than subtly finger the lips of my cunt while I talked, much like I had with Kristine that first day in the shower together. When I suddenly jammed three fingers inside of myself and began to work them in and out the cat was finally out of the bag, so to speak as Shawn groaned aloud; he suddenly was almost in pain from watching me.

Right then Krista reentered the bedroom. “Sara! What are you doing?” she screeched at me.

I tumbled to it right away. Krista wanted us to do one of our routines for the benefit of Shawn. I realized she had some kind of trickery in mind. Mwahaha! “What?” I asked in my most innocent voice.

“This,” she angrily exclaimed, marching across the room and yanking my fingers out of my twat. “You’re masturbating in front of my new boyfriend! How dare you!”

I got the complete picture then. My smart and beautiful girlfriend was readying him to accept they were already going out. “Get up, you bitch!” KinkyLilSquirt demanded.

I could hardly wait for her to tell Shawn what her nickname was. Krista yanked me up on my feet and pulled off my outfit in a split second. I really at that point didn’t haven’t idea what she had in that twisted little mind of hers! Mwahaha!

She exclaimed, “You want to play with yourself so bad, do it right now!”

Oh yeah, I got it then. I began to push three fingers in and out of my labia as fast as I could. I know you’ll probably think this weird with all the sex we just had, but this scenario got me hot. God damn! I was ready to cum any second. I can really get into these role plays we do anyway and then doing in front of Shawn, who was sitting on the side of the bed with his mouth agape. He had forgotten to cover his dong in his excitement at watching and it was already sticking way out.

“No, not that way,” Krista demanded and she yanked me over to where my twat was almost sticking Shawn in his face. “Do it right there, and keep watching him look at your shameless hussy behavior.”

I swear to God. She really said hussy. It was to laugh but I managed to keep a straight face and attempted to appear ashamed of myself as I continue to plunge my fingers deep inside myself.

“Oh God!” I cried out suddenly as I began to cum, attempting to keep my voice down because of Krista’s family being home.

My kinky girlfriend yanked my hand away from my pussy and pushed me up in Shawn’s face as he was sitting exactly parallel with my creaming labia. I thought his eyes were going to bug out of his head right at that second.

“Ok, that’s enough waving your twat at my new boyfriend,” she exclaimed while pulling me back out of the way. She was a trip that day – let me tell you.

Krista took my place in front of Shawn’s face and she suddenly lifted her short skirt. She wasn’t wearing anything beneath it. She was becoming more like me everyday. It was actually getting a little scary. I didn’t know if the world was ready for two of me.

Shawn’s eyes bugged out a bit more. He was beginning to resemble a man on Frog Island. My sexy girlfriend reached down and uncovered his erection by pulling his hands away. She quickly began to work her hand on his impressive shaft making it even longer. Suddenly he groaned loudly and shot off a huge wad of his cum almost straight up in the air. Man, you should have seen Krista jump back then. I’ve never seen her move so quickly.

I must admit that I failed to see her strategy for a moment, but then watching her when she revealed the beauty of her nakedness by quickly stripping off her outfit, I understood she wanted a long romp with this guy and want the preliminary cumming out of the way first. That’s my girl! Haha!

Krista pushed Shawn back on the bed and threw herself wantonly on to him rubbing her naked body all over his. The two of them were moaning so loud I grew frightened her parents would hear, but I guess they thought someone was having their period or something and didn’t want to know about it.

Shawn was rubbing his hands over all his new girlfriend’s sexy body while Krista satisfied herself by kissing him everywhere she could reach on his upper body, including suckling his little tiny nipples. Man, you should have seem him squirm when she was doing that. Apparently guys are sensitive there also.

Finally they were feverishly kissing each other while ramming their tongues into each other’s mouth while continuing to embrace as hard as they could. Well, I decided that I had seen about as much as I could stand and I climbed up on the bed with them. I was resting on my knees and I lowered my mouth on to Shawn’s huge erection until I had as much as I could in my mouth. I began suckling on it as hard as I could as quickly as possible realizing that I only had a short time until Krista would be ready for her turn. Sure enough just as she was disengaging from her kissing him, Shawn began to twist and writhe and his orgasm was shooting straight up out of his prick. I pulled my mouth off and his cum came flying out right in front of Krista’s startled appearing face. Mwahaha!

She immediately did me one better by climbing up on Shawn’s face and indicating to him that she desired to be eaten out by him until his penis had scored a major comeback, so to speak. He was more than happy to oblige and soon Krista was moaning so loudly I grew frightened again that her family would hear her downstairs.

Shawn’s left arm was hanging limply off the bed. I picked it up and took three of his fingers and placed them inside my cunt and began to work them in and out. Despite all the sexual play I had participated in on that day, I still couldn’t stop if there were more to be had. I think I was starting to approach a sexual point of no return. Mwahaha! One where I would end sitting in some institution, drooling on myself, stark naked of course and playing with myself twenty-fours a day. Oh well, I guess there’s worse lives that that, come to think of it.

As Krista’s new boyfriend continued to work his fingers in and out of my brimming pussy, I leaned over him and did him fair trade. I began to gently rub my hand on his now shriveled shaft, but man! It didn’t remain like that for very long. It was soon six inches and still growing by leaps and bounds, so to speak. I whispered in Krista’s ear, “Shawn’s ready.”

My cute girlfriend, quick like a little bunny, leaped up from his face and, reversing herself, she sat right down on his now completely rigid prick. But she was sitting backwards! I mean, of course, she was facing away from him. Mwahaha! I had never seen anything like this friend of mine. Shawn allowed her to bounce up and down on him a few times and then he took her by the waist with his big strong hands and literally lifted her off him and then set her so she was crouched on her hands and knees. He quickly scrambled up behind her and began to rub his hands all over her body, up under her flat stomach, and gorgeous breasts. And then he rubbed them straight down to her crotch and began to massage the outside of her labia gently with his whole hand. Man, Krista was just about to scream, I tell ya, when he then inserted his seven-incher right straight into her cunt hole from behind and began to ride her with all his might. I quickly slid under the front part of her body until I was laying on my back beneath her beautiful face. I reached up and pulled her down to me and began to kiss her feverishly, while rubbing my hands over her breasts and then culminating with removing my mouth from her’s and placing it instead on her nipples. I was sucking them furiously, when I suddenly heard her mewing like a little babe and suddenly she began to climax with a vengeance. Oh, she was bucking and writhing then! Shawn hung on for the ride, which was well over a minute and, then being the perfect gentleman after waiting for his lady to satisfy herself, he shot off his load of cum straight into her. They both then collapsed on the bed and ultimately onto me.

Well, I think we dozed for quite a while and then we started moving around, because we became hungry. Krista had to wait until she had eaten her dinner and, then during the evening, she snuck us up some food; the best too! Turkey sandwiches with lettuce, mayonnaise and plenty of salt. Mwahaha!

We stayed up there in Krista’s bedroom all weekend and fucked like little rabbits. Oh, by the way, we made Shawn stay naked. Haha! And we would make rude remarks about him; you know, sexist remarks like – look at the shlong on that dude. I wonder if he’s smart enough to know where to put it.

Well, he would show us over and over that he knew where it went. If he tried to cover himself with a blanket or something we would take it from him. It turned out he was very ticklish, so it was no problem getting anything away from him that he attempted to use to cover himself. It was the bomb! We had our own twenty-four hour a day sex toy. And every time we would start rubbing on him, he’d get hard again, no matter what. It’s a wonder we didn’t kill him or, at the very least, cause his dick to fall off.

Shawn was able to stay all weekend because he called his parents and told them he was spending it with a friend. Haha! Some friend or should I say friends? Anyway I had permission from my mother to stay at Krista’s – what did my mother care? I bet we made love over fifty times during those two days and three nights. I know I’ve never done anything like it before or after that time. Come Monday morning Krista and I could barely walk.

We smuggled Shawn out of Krista’s house after her family had gone to bed on Sunday evening. He was wearing one of her father’s bathrobes and Krista called him a taxi – haha! you’re a taxi! Sorry, old joke. And she was nice enough to lend him the money, but she made it perfectly clear to him that she expected her money back. My beautiful girlfriend told him she wasn’t supporting a gigolo! Mwahaha!

Man, Krista and I slept the sleep of the sexually exhausted that night, let me tell you. And I even got to school on time on Monday morning. Of course, that was because I was with Krista and she’s never late. What a goody two-shoes. Haha!

You should hear what happened on Monday, but wait – that’s for next chapter.

End of Part Thirty-Six

It’s a Party
By Bubblegom
Chapter Thirty-Seven

Well, as I said last chapter, thanks to Krista, we got to school on time. In fact, we arrived about fifteen minutes early which ordinarily I wouldn’t have been pleased with, because I hated being in school so much I begrudged every extra second spent there; although that day was different. It afforded me the opportunity to go around and touch base as much as possible with the people who had been at Kristine’s Thanksgiving party.

In fact, you wouldn’t have believed it, but all the details were already all over the school. You remember the power and effect of the high school grapevined rumor mill, don’t you? Or maybe you were raised in the Vatican City – mwahaha! Anywho, come to find out, I had become a major high school celebrity overnight. All that day people, a lot of whom I didn’t even really know, were coming up to me asking me for the details and begging to be invited to our next party. Haha! It was the bomb, let me tell you. Even seniors were coming up to me and remember, I was only a freshman.

Of course, none of them realized that I knew that behind my back they were calling me everything from a bull dyke to the lesbo queen, but that didn’t bother me none. Eric and I both knew that not only was our love strong, but so was our sex life! Mwahaha! I always said that this bell swings both ways.

First off I discovered Kristine hanging around in front of our home room. She told me everything was okay with her except that she had been grounded for the next sixteen straight years. Lets see, I told her that would mean she would miss her high school graduation, attending college, probably getting married, and she wouldn’t be allowed out on a date until she was thirty. Hehe, I don’t think she saw the humor in it, but my good friend did admit she was doing much better than Nicole, who hadn’t even been allowed to attend school that week and it was so bad at her house that she wanted to go to school! Her mother sent her to a shrink for about two years before they figured out that Nicole wasn’t queer. Man, talk about lame. It should have been her anal-retentive, Bible thumping mother that was sent to the shrink, but that’s another whole can of worms that I’m not opening, unless Nicole wants to tell it sometime.

During that morning I was able to talk with Rebecca, Christa, and Eudora and according to what they told me, everybody had gotten away clean without any consequences being wreaked on them. Of course Betty had already graduated from high school, but I called her at lunch time at the store where she worked and she proceeded to tell me everything she has since related in the chapter she wrote. If you haven’t read it then you’re reading all this out of order and you need to go find her chapter as quickly as possible and read it. Then go to your family doctor and explain that you need meds because you’re schizophrenic – mwahaha!

When Betty told me everything that had happened to her running around Nicole’s neighborhood stark naked, I laughed my ass off. She got real pissy and informed me she failed to see the humor in it (she has since changed that position), but she did admit that she wouldn’t have met Matt. My friend was already totally enamored with him and she just went on and on about it. I didn’t mind, I’ve been there, done that myself and have the T-shirt. Besides he was a sweet guy and I was going to have to remember to thank him for helping Betty when I saw him next. He was a senior so sometimes I didn’t see him for days at a time, but I made a commitment to look him up during the coming week and thank him.

Finally I had to beg off and tell Betty I needed to get to class. Actually I didn’t because it was still lunch period, but lord! Enough is enough for one call. I promised I would call her in the evening and let her bore me to tears then – mwahaha! Again, don’t get me wrong. I’m not judging her, I was the same way right after I met Eric. You know, I just realized something. I bet our friends are glad when we’ve finally been going with someone for awhile so we can quit talking about them so much. Haha!

I finally got through all those miserable afternoon classes. You know, the ones where the clock on the wall in the room refuses to move. You wait for what you think is at least fifteen minutes and then you look up at the clock and you see only two minutes has passed! I used to be able to sit in the back of the room and surreptitiously slip my hand down my skirt waistband and finger myself when I got bored; which, of course, was all the time – haha! But then everybody learned about me and they would watch me like a hawk during class. Now you know me – I’m not shy, but I just didn’t feel like masturbating myself in front of a classroom of people. I just don’t consider it to be a spectator sport.

Finally the last bell rang signifying the end of school for the day, and I was free. Free at last! Catchy, huh? When I located Krista she was hanging out in front of her locker talking to this senior named Tom. Now let’s get straight right from the beginning, this guy was a hottie. He was fairly tall, had a nice build, long brown hair and was incredibly handsome. Best of all, he didn’t think he was that hot, so he was a nice guy. All those guys who think they’re God’s gifts to women and treat us like shit should all be castrated. Mwahaha! At least, that’s what I think.

Meanwhile back to Tom, I would have jumped his bones in a heart beat except for one thing – his girlfriend. Her name was Alecia and let me tell you – you’ve heard of a love – hate relationship, haven’t you? Well, Alecia and I had a hate – hate relationship and it was mutual! Whenever she came around me I could immediately feel my hackles rise and I’m sure her’s did too at the sight of me, which was too bad because – believe it or not – she was hotter than her boyfriend. She was only a freshman but for some reason she looked to be about nineteen. I mean we’re both nineteen now and she looks exactly the same as she did then! I don’t know why, some girls were just like that. They physically matured faster than everyone else, maybe she ate too many fast food hamburgers, haha.

Alecia stood five feet, six inches, had long reddish-blonde hair and was built like the proverbial brick shithouse. Not only that, but her face held timeless beauty. I can’t explain it better than that. It was as if no matter what era she had been born in, she still would have been considered beautiful. And yet there was also a touch of world weariness in her expression, as though she had already been there and done that, but didn’t mind because she was more than willing to do it all again. All things considered, I had always thought it was a shame that we didn’t get along, because I would have liked to jump her bones too.

We were standing laughing and talking with Tom. There were still a number of people in the hall getting ready to go home for the day when Alecia suddenly came around the corner. When I saw the fire in her eyes from spotting me with her boyfriend I knew there was going to be bigtime trouble. There was just no way she would let me slide with this and there was no way either that I was going to back down to her. Once you start backing down to people, it’s impossible to stop; at least that’s what I think.

She stalked on her high heels down to us in a second and a half, at least that’s what it seemed like. That was another thing about her. She dressed like a woman would dress, tasteful skirts and blouses. That just made her all the more desirable in my eyes, probably in her boyfriend’s also.

“Tom!” she exclaimed. “What the hell are you doing with this...this... bimbo?”

“Bimbo?!” I laughed. “What the hell have you been reading? Mickey Spillane?”

Alecia pinned me with one of her killer gazes and riposted, “If I want any shit from you, I’ll squeeze your head.” That was a pretty good line under the circumstances. I had to hand to her. It got the crowd going too and they moved closer to us enclosing us in a circle. I couldn’t have backed down now if I wanted to. And I didn’t want to.

“Hey slut-monkey! You wanna piece of me? Come on then. Fuck this foreplay working yourself up to it. Let’s just get it on!” I invited. I know, I know...slut-monkey? Well, when you’re real mad you’ll say any crazy thing. You could probably yell out the Star Spangled Banner at whoever you were fighting with and it would sound like a threat.

I’ll give Alecia her due, she was game from the start. She just dropped her books and bag on to the floor and kicked off her high heels. I noticed she was stocking footed and I figured that was an advantage for me, because she would find her footing to be slippery to say the least in those school hallways. She was smart too. Alecia didn’t even think about charging me which would have been to my advantage because of my innate quickness. Instead she dropped into one of the more basic karate defensive stances, where supposedly she could block any punch or kick easily by deflecting it left or right, up or down.

I began to feel queasy down in my gut because if she were a black belt she was going to hand me my ass on a silver platter. But luckily for me as it turned out Alecia had just begun to take Karate classes at that time. You know me, I had to find out right away; so I faked a straight right and when she moved her left arm sideways to block my punch I slipped in a good left cross right on her chin!

The punch served two purposes; one, it hurt her and two, it told me she had no Karate skills to speak of. I breathed a sigh of relief. The blow snapped her head back into a locker. I realized that must have hurt, but she was tough. Alecia didn’t make a sound and instead glared at me with even more hatred, if that was possible.

I decided to try another left cross which turned out to be a big mistake, because she was ready for that and when I stepped forward she brought up her left stockinged foot right up under my pussy – hard! Now it wasn’t as if I was a guy or something because I’ve had guys tell me if they were kicked in the balls like that, the fight would be over and they would be on their knees puking, but it did hurt enough to have a foot pounding up there where usually only other things were allowed.

Observing the look of pain of my face, Alecia then made a mistake of her own. She attempted the same kick and this time I was ready. I grabbed on to her ankle before it reached its’ goal. I didn’t know what else to do right then so I just hung on to her ankle and began to hop her around in a circle. This caused the crowd to start laughing at her and she actually snarled at me. I was beginning to understand that I had underestimated the entire situation. I had been hoping to just beat her butt and get the hell out of there and go home. Now I could see that wasn’t going to happen and I needed to readjust my strategy.

As I have previously mentioned, Alecia was wearing a knee length dark skirt and a ruffled white blouse. I reached out with my free hand and grasped the waistband of her skirt and ripped it completely off her! “You bitch!” she howled. The crowd started going wild, yelling and hooting. I realized I needed to get this done quick before some teacher heard us or worse – a principal.

I couldn’t believe my own eyes. Beneath that dark skirt, Alecia was wearing a half slip. “Oh my God!” I cackled. “You wearing a half slip! I though those things existed only in books.”

“You dumb slit! You’re so stupid, you don’t know not to admit that,” Alecia cracked back at me.

'Touché,' I thought. 'This girl is good.'

She suddenly wrenched her ankle from my grip and quickly stepped back from me. We both stared at each other for a second and then we made our next moves. It just so happened that we each had the same move in mind. When I went for the waistband of her half slip, Alecia slipped in and grabbed my blue denim skirt. RIIIIP! Alecia was suddenly clad in pretty yellow ruffled knickers and I could feel a breeze on my pussy. Mwahaha!

I said mocking her, “Ooh, your knickers are so cwute.”

“That’s more than I can say for your nasty looking cunt hole,” she angrily responded. Remember? I was completely shaved down there.

Before I could respond in any manner, the beautiful girl slipped my guard and grabbed me up in a huge bear hug. Being considerably taller than I, she managed to pick me up completely off the ground and was squeezing the very breath out of me! My breasts were completely mashed against hers and to avoid my feet just dangling uselessly off the ground, I had wrapped my legs around her waist and was squeezing my genitals against her bare skin between the top of her knickers and the bottom of her blouse. I’m not ashamed to tell you I was getting plenty turned on by that, but I had to do something quick or I was going to pass out!

I placed both my hands on her sternum and pushed her back as far as I could with her still hanging on to me for dear life. Then I quickly moved my hands to her collar and ripped straight down tearing all the buttons off her blouse exposing her very fulsome bra encased breasts.

“You bitch!” Alecia screamed at me.

“Mwahaha!” I laughed back at her.

Right then I happened to notice that Tom and Krista were standing off to the side and not paying attention at all to our struggle, but instead were laughing and talking.

“Don’t look now,” I said, “but Tom seems to be enjoying himself getting to know Krista better.” Of course Alecia whipped her gaze over to where they were standing.

“Tom!” she screamed. Haha! You should have seen his expression. He looked like a deer caught in headlights.

“I thought I told you not to look,” I declared as I used the opportunity from her attention being divided to rip off her bra exposing her breasts to public view. God! They were large, beautifully formed, breasts with enormous nipples; just right for suckling. I couldn’t help myself and I began to suck on her left nipple as she continued to hold me up in her arms.

“What are you doing?” Alecia screamed in frustration at everyone and everything and she attempted to throw me down to the floor.

I managed to get my feet under me in time and I began to pummel her with both of my closed fists in her rib area with all my might. I had her completely at my mercy and I fully expected her to capitulate any second when she reached out and ripped my knit shirt off rendering me stark naked except for my shoes. Mwahaha! I guess she thought me being naked at school would be a new experience for me and I would quit fighting. Fat chance!

To pay her back in like kind, I reached down and pulled her last bastion against public nakedness down to her feet totally exposing her, carefully bikini trimmed, beautiful pubic hair that rested on her plump mound just above her gorgeous labia. She was left looking incredibly sexy wearing a yellow ruffled garter belt attached to her stockings as her only pieces of apparel. No wonder Tom was so whipped! When Alecia bent over to retrieve her knickers, I came up with my right fist in an uppercut that nailed her flush on the chin. She teetered on her feet for a second and then fell backwards, over and out. Turn the burner off and take her out of the pan. She was done.

I’m not certain, even now, if Alecia was conscious, semiconscious, or unconscious when the voice of the principal sliced through the general din of the crowd in the hallway. “What’s going on down there?”

I could tell immediately from his question that he hadn’t seen us yet because of the crowd of students who were closely pressed around us. I quickly looked up for Tom and motioned for him to go get his car. He nodded that he understood and he and Krista ran down the other way and out of the school.

I bent over Alecia. “Wake up!” I ordered shaking her a little. When she didn’t respond, I shook her a great deal harder.

“Wha?” she mumbled. “Leaf me alone.”

“Wake up!” I tried again. “If you don’t get up, we’re going to get expelled.” The word expelled appeared to make a definite impression on her. Her eyes flew open although they were still fluttering in her head. I pulled her to her feet and we staggered through the crowd on the other side away from the approaching principal and down the hallway.

When we reached the outside, Tom came screeching up in his car – right on time. He reached behind him and threw open the back door. Alecia and I tumbled in. “Go! go! go!” I loudly entreated while pulling the door closed behind us. Tom punched it and we roared from the parking lot and out on to the highway.

Alecia gave directions to go to her house, her parents weren’t at home. Since Krista was sitting in the front seat with Tom, I used this glorious opportunity to pull Alecia next to me and cuddle her as best I could.

“Why did you save me?” she whispered.

“Don’t be a spaz, I would never leave you in such a predicament. We’re two of a kind, you know,” I answered.

Alecia smiled sweetly at me. A moment later, I leaned over and began to passionately kiss her. She made no protest and I trailed my left hand gently down from her breasts over her sweet little belly and down to her secret place. Once there, I located her clit and began to manipulate it with my middle finger.

“Oh, God damn,” she moaned. “That feels so good.”

Tom pulled his car up his girlfriend’s driveway. “We’re here,” he unnecessarily announced while turning his head to look at us. When he saw what we were involved in, his eyes grew big as saucers.

Haha! I thought. Welcome to the world of Bubblegom.

Tom had managed to salvage Alecia’s bag so at least we didn’t have any difficulty getting into the house. We reached the living room and our hostess told us to make ourselves at home, that she was going to take a quick shower and disappeared into the bathroom. Krista giggled at Tom’s continuing abject staring first at his girlfriend until she had disappeared from his sight and then at me.

“Take a picture, it’ll last longer,” she told him.

“That’s a great idea!” he exclaimed. “I’ll go get the camera.” And he ran off to look for it.

“Now see what you did,” I kidded Krista. She stuck her tongue out at me.

'Well, in for a penny, in for a pound,' I thought and walked down the hallway and stepped into the bathroom. The small room was steamy from the hot water being run in the shower. Alecia was behind the shower curtain. I pulled the curtain aside and stepped in behind her. I began to kiss the back of her neck while gently cupping her breasts with my hands.

“What took you so long?” she asked.

Okay, that’s it for this chapter kids. Stay tuned and discover what happens with me, Alecia, Krista, and Tom. Mwahaha!

End of Part Thirty-Seven

It’s a Party
By Bubblegom
Chapter Thirty-Eight

Well, I hope you remember where we left off. If you don’t remember, go back to chapter thirty-seven and refresh your short attention span. Even if you do remember, go read it again. It’s a pretty hot chapter, I think. I had just stepped in behind Alecia while she was taking a shower.

“What took you so long?” she asked.

I stepped on my tiptoes and began kissing the back of her neck while gently cupping her breasts with my hands. I sensed her enjoying my ministrations as her entire body seemed to relax at the same time. I suddenly had a pang of sympathy for the girl who I had previously hated right up to a few minutes before, as I realized there were things in her life that caused her to carry herself the way she did. Alecia apparently felt as though she had to always be on the defensive at all times or she would go under in some crucial way.

I whispered, “No one can get you here. I won’t let them.”

That must have been the right thing to say as she turned and pulled me to her in a tight embrace. It felt wonderful, my bare skin everywhere touching hers. I want to get something straight right now. As you probably realize by now, I have a pretty good body but compared to Alecia, I was just a scrawny little thing. Part of that as I said was due to her early physical development, but the rest of it was she had the best body I had ever seen up to that time. I was just contented looking at her naked, to tell you the truth.

We stood like that for quite a long time until the warm water began to grow coolish. At that point we realized if we were going to shower we’d better do it then or prepare to take a cold shower. Not being a guy, I personally had no desire to take a cold shower or to lower my libido either – mwahaha!

Alecia took the bar of soap and broke off a piece of it and handed it to me. We both lathered our hands up and then proceeded to rub the soap all over each other. If you have never done this, I would highly recommend it. It is so hot rubbing your hands everywhere with that soap while having the same done to you; plus you were getting clean! And you know what they say – God is Clean to Nextness or something like that. Haha!

When my new friend was cleaning me somewhere below my waist, she must have thought she had lost the soap and she began probing for it with her fingers inside my labia. Sweet Jesus, this coming on top of all that foreplay of the fight and that’s what I decided later that we had been doing without realizing it when we were fighting – participating in foreplay, her fingers suddenly in me felt heavenly. I began thrusting myself against her hand as hard as I could.

“Oh do me,” I murmured.

Alecia redoubled her efforts in response to seeing my reaction. It probably surprised her somewhat to see me so wet so quickly, but at the time she just had no idea at the high state of sexual arousal I stay in most of the time. I swear I can dream about a telephone pole and cream in my sleep. Haha!

Suddenly my lovely new friend had taken me completely over the top as I began to orgasm with a vengeance. My hips twitched in the sex act literally out of my control as the cum felt as though it was being ripped from my body.

“Oh God, Alecia!” I cried out. Since the bathroom was just down a short hall from the living room, I gathered it was probably no longer a secret from the other company what we were doing. There was nothing I could do about that. It just felt so good I had to yell.

When I finally finished climaxing, I pulled her to me again in a loving embrace. I began to kiss her all over her face and then moved down her long beautiful neck. It may sound silly to you but her neck was so graceful appearing. I mean, think about it – have you ever seen somebody with a neck so short that it actually appeared that their head was merely resting on their shoulders? Haha! If it’s a guy, they’re usually called no-neck.

Well, Alecia had this long beautiful neck just right for smooching. I moved slightly down and began kissing all around her awesome breasts. As I mentioned before, they were gloriously shaped with enormous nipples. I realized I was getting to her as she was steadily moaning and writhing in my arms.

I tongued her nipples before moving down further. I sank to my knees and kissed all of her lower belly. I tongued her belly button causing her to twitch and laugh.

“Please,” she cooed. “I’m very ticklish.”

“Mwahaha!”

It was an innie by the way. As Alecia continued to wiggle from my kissing all over the top of her pubic thatch, I suddenly inserted three soapy fingers up her rectum.

“Oh Christ!” she screamed. I continued to work them in as deeply as I could.

“Hurt?” I asked.

“Yes,” she gasped, “but keep going.” Haha! A girl after my own heart. I knew from experience it would begin to feel good to her real soon. Sure enough, a moment later she was moaning my name and it wasn’t from pain.

I quickly located her love button and pressed my tongue against it while continuing to jam my fingers in and out of her gloriously shaped behind. To stimulate Alecia even more I was pulling her to me with my right hand in time with my thrusting with my tongue.

“Oh! Oh! Oh, Sara!” she wailed loudly. I knew I was getting to the girl big time, hehe; not only from her exhortations, but also that she had become extremely wet and it wasn’t from shower water!

“What are you doing in there, Sara?” I heard Krista call out. She had obviously entered the bathroom. I could tell immediately from the tone in her voice that she wanted to role play. Well, I was up for it! Mwahaha!

Suddenly my sexy girlfriend yanked the shower curtain open and exposed Alecia and myself in some perverted lesbian acts. Haha! We both couldn’t help but turn our heads and look at her. Tom stood behind her outside the bathroom in the hallway and the expression on his handsome features was priceless; somewhere between complete shock and extreme lust.

I think observing her boyfriend watching her carried Alecia right over the edge and she began to cum and cum and cum with it flowing out of her in a veritable flood of multiple orgasms!

Oh! Oh God damn Sara!” my lover cried out as I licked all the cum I could from her nether regions. Tasty fare, indeed.

“What are you doing, you slut?!” Krista demanded in a shrill voice. It was all I could do to keep from bursting out laughing. You should have seen the shocked expressions on Alecia and Tom.

My lovely girlfriend yanked me out of the bathtub but was careful not to hurt me or cause me to lose my footing. I winked at her one time, hoping that no one else saw it except for Krista and hoping that she understood I was requesting a change of role plays for today. She must have because she quickly winked back one time and then fell silent waiting for my lead.

I reached out and pulled off Krista’s knit blouse in one swipe! Her bountiful breasts were safely tucked away for the moment in one of her extremely lacy bras. My wild sweet love had been requesting for me to participate in a scenario with her where I pretended to be upset with her and I stripped her naked in front of people that didn’t know her well. The crazy nut wanted me to do it at school one day and I had managed to talk her out of it. Can you imagine? I had to be the responsible one, that’s when you know you’re in big trouble – mwahaha!

Krista really got into it, I’ll give her that. She screeched, “Sara, you bitch!” and attempted to slap me, but I easily blocked it; particularly when it was all an act.

“Sara?” Alecia asked thoroughly confused at this point.

Tom, on the other hand, didn’t look confused at all. The handsome young man was buying the act completely – haha! I clutched Krista’s skirt by the waistband and pulled it down to her feet in one swift move.

“You cunt!” she cried out in supposed complaint and actually was slapping me very lightly around my head. Below the waist, my beautiful friend was only wearing her shoes and a very narrow see-through thong – in other words, not much! You could easily make out the lips of her sex which gave me a sudden idea.

I reached down and grasped the top of her thong and pulled upwards as high as possible causing it to almost become buried in her pussy slit. Mwahaha!

“Oooh!” Krista screamed, but it was alright. I could already observe she was wet down there. “Stop it, stop it!”

“Okay,” I said, appearing nothing if not completely agreeable and I yanked the thong completely off her body leaving her practically stark naked from the waist down in front of our new friends since she was now wearing only her shoes and her bra.

I flung the thong over to Tom who had now entered the bathroom but he still remained as befuddled appearing as ever. As Krista supposedly turned to entreat the young man to return her underwear to her, I unsnapped and removed her bra fully exposing her beautiful breasts to him. The teenage girl was now standing in front of him completely unencumbered of any clothing. Tom stood frozen with Krista’s thong clutched tightly in his right fist and his mouth agape, totally unable at that moment to initiate any action of his own.

I will say this for Alecia’s boyfriend – he was very gallant. Tom actually attempted to cast his gaze away from my friend’s nudity and he complained, “Stop that right now, Sara! And give her her clothes back.”

“Mwahaha!” I laughed at him.

From behind me I suddenly heard Alecia warn, “You’d better stay out of this, Tom – I’m telling you. It’s better to not get involved in other people’s relationships.” And I knew right then that Allie had tumbled to it that we were putting them on, because if she thought that it was real she would have attempted to stop me.

Tom, bravely or stupidly (take your pick depending on your personal viewpoint), lumbered forward until he was standing next to Krista and in front of me. “Here,” he said handing my girlfriend her thong. He didn’t notice she made no attempt to replace it on her body as he already realized he had bitten off more than he could chew. Mwahaha!

I had already unsnapped his white slacks (he wasn’t wearing a belt) and pulled down his zipper. “Stop Sara!” Tom complained in a frightened voice. I think he really was scared that Alecia would wait until he was asleep one day and fuck him up because of this out of jealousy.

I paid absolutely no attention to his protest but pulled his trousers down to his feet, while Krista yanked his jockey shorts down simultaneously. His seven inch erection almost hit my sexy friend right in the eye and as Alecia’s boyfriend scrambled to cover his huge prick with his two hands we pulled his pants and underwear completely off.

“Stop it,” he half heartedly protested but I think this time it was all for show.

Krista and I both just ignored him and proceeded to rip his attractive looking sport shirt completely off his body, buttons flying everywhere. Tom’s upper body looked pretty damn good to me. Apparently he was one of those guys that looked a lot better naked than he did dressed – mwahaha!

Of course the handsome young man moved his hands in an attempt to save his shirt and when he did, I checked out his beautiful penis a lot closer and noticed he already had a drop of precum on the head. He was certainly ready to go! Haha! We weren’t going to have to mess around with him with any senseless foreplay but would be able to get right to the main agenda.

Don’t you just hate that when you have to cuddle with guys and kiss them a lot and tell them you love them before they’ll agree to have sex with you, girls? I mean you practically have to tell them you’ll still respect them in the morning before they’ll fuck you. Haha!

Well, we had Tom stark naked except for his shoes and socks and I figured he could keep them for protection if he wanted. Krista and I each grabbed him by a shoulder and forced him to sit on the bathroom floor. From there we made him lie flat on his back. Good thing this was a fairly good sized bathroom, wasn’t it?

His prick was standing straight up in the air and before he could move away I clambered aboard and plunged myself straight down on it!

Oh God! It felt so good to be impaled on something long for a change. That thing felt as though it was tickling my tonsils. I guess Tom had finally decided he believed in that old sexist saw; when rape is inevitable, lie back and enjoy it. Except he wasn’t lying back, he had become actively involved. His thrusting with his lengthy erection was reaching places inside of me I’m not sure had ever been reached. Every nerve in my body was screaming out for release and it felt better than any drug I ever did. I mean it – I was rushing like a bitch.

“Oh fuck me!” I screamed out.

I leaned down and kissed him passionately over and over, thrusting my tongue into his mouth as he continued to thrust upwards as quickly as he could. The handsome young man suddenly sat half up and hugged me in a giant embrace as he shot his love juice all the way up me.

“Oh, oh, oh,” he gasped, as his quivering cock continued to convulse with cum. “You’re great,” he whispered to me. I suppose he didn’t want Alecia to overhear him but it didn’t look to me as though she cared to be jealous any longer as she had stepped out of the tub and was kissing and hugging Krista at that moment.

I went off like a sky rocket with my cum cascading from way deep inside of me. At least, that’s what it felt like. I’m sure the entire experience was partially due to everything that had occurred in the last hour; from stripping his girlfriend stark naked in the hallway at school to making love with her in the shower and now to Tom finishing the whole thing off with his monster cock. Lord! What a tasty sixty minutes that had been.

When I finally finished cumming, I sat slumped over Tom for a few minutes. Imagine my surprise when I realized he had remained massively hard. I wanted to do him again but my mother had taught me not to be greedy – haha; so I climbed off him and proceeded to give him a good knob slobbing just to get him totally hard again.

As he started moaning from my suckling his giant prick, Krista lightly slapped my shoulder in complaint. “Hey, it’s my turn,” she whined. Haha! She can be so adorable. I told her to relax, that I was just getting him primed. You have to prime that pump, you know? Mwahaha!

Once I had him all cleaned up, I took my mouth off his throbbing manhood (hehe) and I moved away from him while sweeping my right arm over her. “Volia,” I said.

“Merci, mademoiselle,” Krista replied. Man, she sure is a kick, ain’t she?

Before Krista could take my place by climbing aboard Tom to bareback ride him, Alecia suddenly moved around to Tom’s feet and pulled him partially out into the hall. At the time I was just attempting to lie down in the bathtub and I thought, Whatever. I was plain and simply exhausted and needed to just ‘be’ for awhile. You should try getting that tired, it’ll take the edge off your sex drive alright.

I had taken some thick fluffy towels and placed them in the bottom of the tub and then laid on them. Oooh! That felt so good. It was then that I took the opportunity to glance around. Besides Krista being steadily pumped atop Tom’s lengthy penis, Alecia was now straddling her boyfriend’s sweet face on her hands and knees with her beautiful ass pointed towards Krista. I really don’t know if that was any sort of comment by Alecia to my friend over what she was doing with Tom or not – hehe; but anyway, Allie had situated herself with her cunt hanging right over Tom’s mouth. Of course it was upside down; but you know what I always say – any port in a storm. With her pretty reddish blonde pubic haired muff hanging down over his mouth, Allie’s boyfriend finally took the hint and began to quickly lap her cunt.

Krista was bouncing up and down so hard on Tom’s prick I thought she was going to fly off and Alecia was on her hands and knees and rutting like a dog due to the ministrations of her boyfriend’s tongue. She was looking right at me lying there in the tub and I winked at her. She offered me a big smile. God, she was beautiful! I wish I could have had two girlfriends.

Actually I wondered why I couldn’t. It wasn’t as though we were going to get married, or were we someday? I don’t know if you remember but a long time ago there was a series of weird sexual novels by a guy, I think, called Robert Rimmer and he was always pushing ideas like legalized marriage between one man and two women.

Come to think of it, why is it always one man and two women? Why not one woman and two men? One man couldn’t service two highly sexed women. They’d have him crying for mercy in two weeks. Remember – there isn’t one part on a woman’s body that has to get hard for her to enjoy sex. All she has to do is lie back and enjoy it.

Finally despite being tired I couldn’t stand to watch all that sexual activity and I began to play with my clit. In no time I was teetering on the edge once again. Suddenly Krista began screaming Tom’s name over and over and then she almost fell over off him as she climaxed. She probably would have if Tom hadn’t grabbed her and held her upright on him as he shot off his load of cum for the second time in about ten minutes. Oh, the joys of being young.

When I observed Alecia beginning her own orgasm it carried me right over the edge again and I once again was twitching in sexual ecstasy. We both watched each other closely as we went off, I suppose in our minds we were doing each other again. It was awesome.

By the time everyone had finished, Tom had cum all over his body. I quickly jumped up out of the bathtub and pulled Krista up on her feet.

“Let’s go,” I whispered to her. “I think you should take a quick shower, Tom,” I advised winking at him and then I pushed my sexy girlfriend out into the hallway and shut the bathroom door behind. A minute later I heard the shower water running along with some low moaning. Mwahaha!

There wasn’t much for me and my stark naked friend to do at that point so I suggested we go into the kitchen and rustle up some grub because all of that boffing had made me ravenous. Krista put on a long apron that covered her completely in the front and but left her nude back completely visible. I love that kind of thing. It just goes to show you can take perversion anywhere.

Tom and Alecia emerged from their further sexual trysting an hour later completely dressed causing me and Krista to appear a tad bit silly since we no longer had any clothing to speak of; but to hell with it I figured. You should have seen Tom. Even after all that, he was still attempting to be a gentleman and not stare at us; so of course that caused his peeks to take on a larger significance than it needed to and after a little while you could tell he started to get hard again. Guys! They’re insatiable.

Alecia solved the problem by lending us some clothing; luckily it was something she had worn when she was younger because she was about four inches taller than me and Krista. If we had attempted to wear any of her current apparel we would have been tripping on it. Anyway Tom gave us a ride home and right after dinner I went right to my room and crashed. I was exhausted!

The next day I went to school as usual and was late again – as usual. After third period, I happened to run into Matt in the hall. You remember Matt, right? The guy who Betty was so hot on? He’s tall and slender and has dark blond short hair – ring a bell with anyone?

I thanked him very much for helping Betty and he told me if I really wanted to thank him I could invite him to our next party. Mwahaha! Well, we didn’t get to talk for very long because the bell rang for the next class. It turned out that Matt, being a senior, had an open period so it was decided that he would accompany me to my class. He said that he happened to know my teacher very well and that he was positive the teacher wouldn’t mind him sitting in.

Matt and I sat in the very back row in the room. Half of the class was missing due to sickness. The closer it became to Christmas, the more people said they were sick. I guess they weren’t worried whether Santa brought them anything or not. Haha!

There was no one sitting within four or five desks in either direction because of this. I was sitting in the next to last desk in the first row and Matt had taken the desk behind me. The handsome young man was wearing a long raincoat still because it had been drizzling early in the morning.

After the teacher had called the roll, she began the usual boring lecture when suddenly one of those runners from the office showed up and the teacher stepped out into hall. A few minutes, she stepped back in the room and explained she had to travel down to the office for a minute and to please behave until she got back.

I thought, 'Of course I will. Mwahaha!'

Matt suddenly began to massage my shoulders gently. I felt all my tension melt away at his sensual touch. “Oh,” I exclaimed softly, “that feels so good. Don’t stop.”

As Matt continued to gently massage me, I pushed my desk back flush with his in order to allow him maximum room and access. Matt responded by slowly pulling my blouse out of my short skirt until it was completely in the open.

The young man began to massage my back near my waist. God, it felt so good and I moaned softly. Matt then placed his hands higher on my back and then moved them around front to my breasts, pausing one in a while to rub my nipples. I began to squirm in my desk seat.

“Oh Matt,” I whispered.

Matt quietly slipped out of his desk and dropped to one knee beside my desk. He reached out with the touch of a surgeon and unsnapped my skirt and then pulled it down to the class room floor, leaving me sitting there half nude in the middle of class! God, I was already sopping wet.

The tall, young man stood up beside me and pulled me up into his arms, while slipping his open long raincoat completely around me. I reached down and unbuckled Matt’s belt, unsnapped his light brown trousers and pushed them and his red bikini briefs down to his knees, completely freeing his new totally rigid penis.

Matt leaned down kissing me passionately and then lowered his body by bending his knees, while I groped his thick erection, finally culminating with me standing on my tip toes while helping to guide his penis into my engorged labia.

“Oh God,” I moaned as Matt began to rock inside of me.

A/N Okay kids, that’s it for this chapter. Stay tuned for more sexual fun while Matt and I make love in the classroom under his coat. Mwahaha! By the way, Alecia has agreed to write about some of her own sexual adventures and they will be posted on this site. The Pussy Posse is growing!

End of Part Thirty-Eight

It’s a Party
By Bubblegom
Chapter Thirty-Nine

Hey, Bubblegom here. I hope you remember where the last chapter left off or that you even read it at all. In case you didn’t and you’re lazy or dysfunctional and don’t want to go back to it, I’ll begin this one with the last part of that chapter. Nice, ain’t I? Haha!

Matt suddenly began to massage my shoulders gently. I felt all my tension melt away at his sensual touch. “Oh,” I exclaimed softly, “that feels so good. Don’t stop.”

As Matt continued to gently massage me, I pushed my desk back flush with his in order to allow him maximum room and access. Matt responded by slowly pulling my blouse out of my short skirt until it was completely in the open.

The young man began to massage my back near my waist. God, it felt so good and I moaned softly. Matt then placed his hands higher on my back and then moved them around front to my breasts, pausing once in a while to rub my nipples. I began to squirm in my desk seat

“Oh Matt,” I whispered.

Matt quietly slipped out of his desk and dropped to one knee beside my desk. He reached out with the touch of a surgeon and removed my skirt and blouse, leaving me sitting there stark naked in the middle of class! I realized someone was cognizant of the fact because I heard several moans and sharp intakes of breath. God, I was already sopping wet.

The tall, young man stood up beside me and pulled me into his arms, while slipping his open long raincoat completely around me. I reached down and unbuckled Matt’s belt, unsnapped his light brown trousers and pushed them and his red bikini briefs down to his knees, completely freeing his now totally rigid penis.

Matt leaned down kissing me passionately and then lowered his body by bending his knees, while I groped his thick erection, finally culminating with me standing on my tip toes while helping to guide his stiffened penis into my dripping engorged cunt.

“Oh God,” I moaned as Matt began to rock inside of me.

It was so incredibly sexy to be standing there in the middle of a classroom during a regular schoolday making love. I managed to turn my head just enough to use my peripheral vision to observe the entire class was silently watching our every move, except for one guy who was sound asleep with his head on his desk. I bet when he woke up later and discovered what he’d missed he’d be pissed. Haha!

Matt was indeed a wonderful lover in the best sense of the word. He continued to make slow deep thrusts into me, taking his time as though he had all the time in the world. The feelings I was experiencing were exquisite as the extremely confident young man never varied his pace. Don’t get me wrong. Matt wasn’t being gentle in any stretch of the imagination but was pounding into me with each and every thrust – whap, whap, whap. It was so silent in the classroom otherwise that the sound from each thrust sounded like a bullet exploding. Just knowing the other students were hearing that was turning me on even more.

With each one of his savage thrusts into me I felt so God damn good that I was teetering right on the edge of orgasm the entire time. I wanted to feel his entire naked body against mine and I reached up to his top button and pulled his shirt completely open and then pulled him closely to me. Jesus! Naked skin to naked skin always feels so wonderful to me. I bet I wasn’t ever held when I was a baby. That would fit my parents perfectly too.

Once I did that, Matt began to really pound into me at a much faster rate. Mwahaha! It must have turned him on too. He was now wildly plunging his steel hard penis into me at an incredible rate and I could tell he was just on the verge of his orgasm. I think he was trying to hold himself back until I cummed which was sweet but basically stupid because I can cum just by looking at someone. Haha!

I figured I had one ploy up my lack of sleeves which would turn the trick immediately; besides I wanted to see his nude body. I reached up and totally surprised him, to say the least, by sliding his coat and shirt off his body leaving him standing there wearing nothing but me!

His bikini brief and trousers had long since fallen to his ankles leaving him standing in class basically totally nude. Mwahaha! I took a quick glance around the room while continuing to twitch my hips in time with his continued pounding into my cunt with his prodigious penis and I noticed none of girls in my class looked embarrassed in any way. In fact they were all watching Matt’s love making completely enthralled and intrigued.

'And that’s what wrong with America today,' I thought. 'There’s no virgins left. Hehe!'

Sure enough as soon as I had denuded him Matt shot off like a rocket to the moon – blast off! I pulled him even closer to me as he twitched over and over in his cum spasms. Boy, I was surprised to see he had so much cum in him. I figured a good looking guy like him would be getting some hot sex action every night of the week, but he probably was one of those nice guys who didn’t assert himself enough with women.

Seemingly out of the blue my orgasm started to bubble out of me. It felt as though it started at the soles of my feet and worked it’s way up – it felt that good. I’m sure the reason it was so great was because I was really getting off on the fact that we were fucking in the middle of the school day in front of the entire class! Mwahaha!

“Oh God!” I cried out. “You’re so fucking good!”

I didn’t have to cry out. In fact, it would have been prudent on my part to have remained silent, but I couldn’t help myself. I wanted to help Matt by advertising what a great lover he was and I also couldn’t help but screw with my classmates’ minds a little more. You know me! Haha!

In fact it immediately became apparent that it was totally imprudent of me as just at the second that I shouted out at my moment of climax, our teacher, Miss Collins stepped back into the classroom. Naturally her attention was immediately drawn to us because of my indiscreet screaming.

By the way, I just referred to her as Miss Collins rather than the more politically correct Ms. or even, God forbid, Mrs. for a reason. I really didn’t know how old she was at the time, but she always looked to me to be about twelve years old. From certain things she had said concerning herself during the teaching of the class, I was led to believe that she had done incredibly well in school and in fact had been allowed to skip grades several times.

Consequently Miss Collins could have been as young as seventeen or eighteen years of age when she began her first year of teaching the year before. On top of that, she wore a pair of huge round unattractive glasses, Godawful plaid knee skirts with some kind of old ruffled colored blouses and had her hair in pigtails!

I kid you not. She wore pigtails. What I’m attempting to communicate here is I think the area that Miss Collins was mature in was her education. I had always felt she was a stone cold virgin and probably never had even been out on a date. What happened next proved my point.

As Matt had his back to the doorway, I certainly didn’t want him to turn around and wave his still hard prick at Miss Collins. She might have had a psychotic break. Mwahaha! I quickly whispered to him that the teacher was standing in the doorway and he best get dressed as quickly as possible.

I had locked eye contact with her and you can best believe she was blushing as bright red as a fire truck. The average teacher who walked in on such a situation in their classroom would have been screaming holy hell, but Miss Collins just stood there completely nonplussed. I do think it was probably a miracle that she didn’t faint.

As soon as Matt had pulled his clothes up and on including his long raincoat, I used him as a shield to pull on the paltry amount of clothes I usually wear. Of course the minute the young teacher had returned to the classroom, the rest of the class had swung around to eyes forward, not wanting to become involved in our sexual shenanigans in any way. This turned out to work in our best interest as it allowed Miss Collins once she could finally move again to just return to her desk at the front of the room and ignore the entire thing.

As she lectured for the last few minutes of the class which were all that were left to her, Miss Collins remained extremely flushed appearing. Haha! I bet she had areas in her body tingling she hadn’t even been aware of. I sat there barely listening as I was experiencing the highly desired afterglow of good sex and I wasn’t going to let anything as mundane as school to interrupt that. Mwahaha!

Finally the bell rang to proceed to lunch period. Of course everybody didn’t eat lunch at the same time. The cafeteria wouldn’t begin to hold everyone. It so happened I didn’t have another class for an hour so I was looking forward to maybe pulling Matt along with me somewhere – like maybe the library, haha.

I noticed when everyone exited the classroom they were cutting sly glances at us and some of the guys still were sporting obvious erections beneath their tight jeans. That didn’t necessarily connote anything though. In the ninth grade guys can get hard just watching paint dry.

Matt and I were standing in the very back of the line exiting the classroom and just before we left Miss Collins discovered her voice and asked me to remain. I’m thinking naturally why just me, that Matt was involved too, although I already knew the answer to it. She really liked Matt from the year before when she apparently taught some Junior level classes.

I’ll say this for Matt. Unlike most other guys that I know he didn’t cut and run, he stood right there beside me waiting.

“You can go, Matthew. I need to speak with Sara alone.”

“But-.”

“Please, Matthew,” Miss Collins entreated. She certainly was a shy thing. I think I might have felt sorry for her in ordinary circumstances but since I was certain she was about to take me down to the principal’s office and have me expelled I was a little light in the sympathy department.

Matt offered one 'Well, I tried' glance at me and then had to leave. I understood. It wouldn’t have helped me any if he got into trouble too. My teacher walked him out into the hall and then came back into the classroom, closed the door and locked it. I must admit I was very surprised that Miss Collins didn’t just dump me off in the front office and I looked in askance at her when she returned to me.

Of course none of this stopped her from saying that tired old hackneyed, “Sara! What exactly were you doing when I came back into the room?”

I think teachers take a special class in college entitled ‘Useless Inanities and Other Foolish Ways to Confront Your Students.’ Mwahaha! I just had this gut feeling that nothing bad was going to come out of this.

One reason was I think Miss Collins was far too shy to talk to the principal about two students having...you know...uh...sex together. Haha! And the other reason was how badly it would reflect on her teaching skills for something to happen like that in her classroom. Teachers do have to earn tenure you know and something like public shagging going on when you’re supposed to be teaching algebra just doesn’t help your case for long term employment. Mwahaha!

I decided that I wasn’t going to pretend to be led around by the nose by this young virgin, so when she said, “Sara! What exactly were you doing when I came back into the room?” I responded with “We were fucking our brains out!”

“Sara!” she complained, flushing bright crimson. “There’s no need to be vulgar.”

“I agree, I just enjoy it.”

“Sara, I’m going to ask you again,” Miss Collins began to say.

“No,” I interrupted. “I want to ask you some questions first. What’s your first name?”

The young teacher stood slightly stunned not quite certain how the reversal in interrogation had occurred but she apparently found the question to not be considered too personal to answer.

“Dorothy,” she replied.

“Do you like to be called Dot, Dottie, what?”

“I prefer to be called Dorothy,” Miss Collins said formally.

“Okay, Dorothy it is. Now how old were you when you graduated from college?”

She hesitated but finally answered because I had her completely off balanced. This was not the way she had intended this interview to proceed but the young teacher now appeared powerless to stop it.

“I was seventeen when I obtained my M.A.,” Dorothy explained shyly.

“Seventeen, Gawd! You must be a damn genius,” I exclaimed.

“Sara,” she said primly, “I wish you wouldn’t curse.”

“Well, you know what they say, you can wish in one hand and – oh, never mind. So you still live at home with your parents?” I asked.

Lowering her head until she was no longer looking at me, she murmured, “Uh huh.”

That certainly let me know she was embarrassed about not living on her own, but for God’s sake she was only nineteen and actually emotionally she was probably about twelve. So moving on to the more pertinent information, I asked, “Have you ever been on a date?”

Dorothy quickly raised her head to glare at me. “I don’t see where that is any of your business,” she snapped.

I giggled at her. “Well, that answers that question. You haven’t, have you?”

The young teacher’s entire expression softened from anger to sadness. “No, not really. I’ve gone out with groups of people in college thanks to roommates who always felt so sorry for me being so young and socially out of place; but to answer your question no, no one has ever asked me out on a date.”

While Dorothy was speaking I had reached over and gently removed her glasses and placed them on her desk. Before she could complain, I queried, “Do you actually need those to see?”

“Well,” she equivocated, “I need them some for reading.”

“Ok, use them just for reading and do yourself a favor, get contacts or better still get that laser surgery done. You’re just hiding behind these. Now what’s with this hair?” I asked while moving behind and starting to take it apart.

“Hey! What are you doing?” Dorothy demanded.

“Take the other side and unravel it,” I directed. “What’d you do – wear your hair like this when you were twelve?”

“Yes,” she responded in a small voice.

“Well, it’s time you grew up,” I suggested.

Once we had her hair untangled, I asked her if she had a brush. After she silently handed it to me, I spent the next five minutes brushing her hair out until it looked great. She had dark black hair that brushed out to hanging halfway down her back.

I wouldn’t say she was beautiful by any means, but she was certainly damn attractive now that she wasn’t wearing those horrid appearing glasses and her pigtails.

“You know,” I said, “you’re really very pretty and no one would ever know it.”

Miss Collins blushed and lowered her head. “No, I’m not,” she murmured.

So it’s gonna be like that, is it? That’s okay I love a good challenge, I thought. Mwahaha!

Next I leaned over and unsnapped her skirt in preparation of pulling it down. “Stop!” she demanded in a panicked voice. “What are you doing?”

“I want to see what your body looks like underneath all this crap you wear.”

“No,” she insisted, struggling with me.

I paid her no mind at all and pulled her skirt off. I wasn’t even surprised when I discovered she was wearing a full slip beneath her skirt and red blouse. That meant the blouse had to go too.

“Take you blouse off,” I said.

“I will not!” Dorothy exclaimed while trying to reach her skirt I was still holding in my hand.

I was discovering this to be extremely tiresome. “Look, take the damn blouse off!” I exclaimed. “I want to see how good a body you have beneath all these poofed out clothes. Or would you rather I ripped it off you?”

Still greatly blushing Dorothy finally obeyed me unbuttoning and removing her red blouse. She stood attired in a full slip.

“There, that’s wasn’t so bad was it?” I asked the trembling teacher. “I am a girl you know. You certainly don’t have anything I haven’t seen before.”

“But we’re in school,” she protested in a half whine.

“And the door is locked and there’s no class expected for another hour,” I answered her.

I reached up and pulled her slip down off her shoulders and then all the way down her body and ordered her to lift her feet. When she complied, I placed her slip over with her skirt and blouse. Holy shit, Batman! You wouldn’t have believed it! It looked as if she were wearing an industrial bra and knickers with reinforced steel. I’m surprised she wasn’t wearing a chastity belt.

“Sara, don’t look,” Dorothy complained while attempting to cover herself with her hands.

“Haha! I can see why you wouldn’t want me to look. Where do you buy that hideous underwear from? The Sears mail catalogue?”
“Why, yes, I do,” she answered a bit nonplussed. “What’s wrong with that?”

“I’ll tell you what’s wrong with it, men like sexy underclothing on a young woman – not that stuff.”

“Men!” she squealed. I swear to God she was blushing again.

“Yeah, men,” I repeated. “You know what men are right? They look alot like us but they don’t have big breasts and they have penises.” Mwahaha!

“Sara. please!” Dorothy protested.

“Oh, okay,” I replied. “I wasn’t planning on it, but if you’re gonna raise a fuss then I’ll have to.” And I proceeded to pull her knickers down to her feet. She had the prettiest black pubic hair.

Of course she dropped her hands to cover her pubic area and I used the opportunity to pull off her bra. Oh, it was just all so predictable. Haha! Just another stripping of a public school teacher in her classroom in the middle of the school day.

After removing her bra I discovered she had the prettiest breasts with gorgeous nipples. I reached out and pulled her hands down from where she was attempting to cover her pussy, and wasn’t surprised at all to observe that she had a real right tight body.

“You are so pretty,” I gushed. “Why do you hide yourself behind such horrible clothes?”

“I’m frightened,” the young teacher spoke barely audible.

“You’re frightened of men?” I asked.

“No,” Dorothy answered shaking her head. “I’m frightened of being rejected, of no one finding me attractive so it’s easier if I reject myself before someone else can.”

Well, at least she had some insight into herself – it was a crock of shit, but it was insight. I had a dual fold plan in mind for this young woman. The young teacher of course had continued to blush furiously at me staring at her naked body.

“There’s no need to be so embarrassed,” I smiled at her. “I’ve seen all this equipment before.

When Dorothy offered me a tentative shy smile I knew I was home free. I quickly pulled her to me in a loving embrace. I don’t think anyone had ever done that for her before as she began to embrace me in earnest in return. It would have of course felt much better to me if I were nude too and it was also quite a switch that I was fully dressed and my teacher wasn’t. Mwahaha

I realized I needed to go slowly with her. I began to run my hands lightly over her naked body. By this time Dorothy was making no complaints. I think my touch felt so good to her that she no longer cared about anything other than my caresses. I was kissing her face softly, although I made no move toward her lips. I was going very slowly with her and didn’t want to make any sudden moves which might flip her out.

I slipped out of my outfit as unobtrusively as possible leaving me once again standing naked in the classroom. I had no interest at this point to have the young teacher do anything to satisfy me sexually. I just wanted her to feel my bare skin rubbing on hers. It always feels so good to me.

“Oh Sara,” Dorothy exclaimed. “I really didn’t get a good look at you earlier. You are so pretty.”

My answer was to reach down with my hand to her pussy. She was wet as could be and her cunt was wide open. She was ready for anything. I momentarily disengaged myself from my embrace of the pretty young woman and reached into my knapsack. I pulled out a eight inch dildo.

Well, what did you did expect me to take out – a pencil? Doesn’t everybody bring a dildo to school? Mwahaha! I gently laid her back on her desk and positioned her legs far apart with her knees drawn up. Her labia was so distended and wide open in that position it looked like the Grand Canyon. I couldn’t miss that target.

I leaned over Dorothy from the right side of the desk and kissed her finally passionately but kept my tongue in my mouth. I still didn’t want to freak her with thinking she was under some kind of crazed lesbo attack. This was not an ordinary dildo, no sir. This was the Accommodator. Mwahaha! Not only was it natural looking and very long, a person could fit it comfortably around the head to hold it in place or around the waist. I paid a lot of jack for this I don’t mind telling you. This was the 'Rolls Royce' of dildos.

This was going to be perfect for the young virgin’s first sexual experience. Dorothy’s eyes grew very wide as she watched me step into the dildo and pull it up around my waist. I said, “Don’t worry, hon. It’ll only hurt when you laugh, and I’m gonna have you screaming in ecstasy in a minute.”

I’m quite the romantic, ain’t I? Haha! I positioned myself at the end of desk and put my hands around the teacher’s narrow waist and gently pulled her to me until her legs were hanging down off the desk and her cunt was right on the edge. I very carefully inserted the large dildo into her distended pussy. She was so wet even though she was virginally tight it slid right in and the cunt walls surrounding it literally suctioned the dildo in further.

I didn’t see any reason to waste much time. For one thing, we only had about another forty-five minutes until the next class would be clamoring at the door. The other thing was I saw no reason to drag it out. When I punctured her hymen it would hurt for a bit but after that it would feel good; plus she had the golden advantage of me bringing her to orgasm in her very first sexual experience. How many young women can claim that? How many have had just the opposite experience with an inexperienced teenage boy going wham bam thank you m’am and being finished before the poor girl knew what hit her – hmmm? That’s right – you guys are scum! Mwahaha! Just kidding, don’t worry. It just takes more girls like me to break you guys in right.

I begin to thrust into her with a fast rhythm of in and out, in and out, each time getting closer to breaking through her virginal wall. This was really fun – getting to be the guy for a change. Having this large artificial penis strapped around me really gave me the feeling of what it might be like being a guy and plunging wildly into a woman. Of course I wasn’t experiencing the same feelings and yet I was terrifically wet down there and the dildo was bouncing back against my pussy so I was feeling pretty good anyway.

Suddenly the dildo and I (great name for a book, huh? – the dildo and I) broke through her hymen. She was brave I’ll say this for her, she just moaned a little. On the other hand, maybe she was too frightened of losing her job if someone heard us or maybe she just wanted to be rid of it once and for all. Personally I think she was sick and tired of being a virgin and was thankful I had come along when I did. And that is what she expressed to me later.

As soon as I knew I was through her virginal barrier I really became motivated to bring her to fruition and make Dorothy’s initial sexual experience a memorable one. I was really banging into her now. In fact the whole thing of being naked with one of my teachers in her classroom in the middle of a school day and fucking her brains out with a dildo was turning me on too!

I was so wet it was a veritable flood and I was close to achieving my orgasm myself. Now I guess I was having the opportunity to view the sexual experience from the man’s perspective and how difficult it might be for him sometimes to hold off his climax until his female partner had achieved bliss. Because I had the definite feeling that once I spewed my cum out I wouldn’t feel as motivated to continue servicing my young lover.

Consequently I did as I heard one time that men did to postpone orgasm; I began to think of things I strongly disliked, such as liver, broccoli, geometry class, the Smurfs! Mwahaha And suddenly Dorothy began to moan louder and louder until she began calling out, “Oh Sara!” and she experienced what she told me later was her first orgasm ever, never having masturbated!

I then allowed myself free rein and we came together. It was heavenly and who would guessed that school held for me two orgasms in two hours. Now that’s an education I can relate to. I slipped the accommodator off me and pulled her up from the desk and hugged her tightly. Finally seeing by the clock on the wall that the next class was due in ten minutes, I suggested to the young teacher that we had better get dressed if we didn’t want to offer the next class some unusual entertainment. Haha!

I insisted Dorothy wear my blouse and short skirt and wouldn’t give the young teacher her industrial underwear back. I threw them and the dildo back into my knapsack and put on her Godawful skirt and blouse. Man, people were giving me strange looks for the rest of the day because of that outfit – haha!

We made plans to meet after school and you should have seen the look on Krista’s face when she discovered we were going to be hanging out with a teacher. Mwahaha! Another amazing thing was it turned out that her parents were worse than mine. I didn’t think that was possible, but it was sad – but true.

My mother, of course, was thrilled to think we were hanging out with a teacher. Man, what a hoot! Krista, Dorothy, and I used to come home after school, go straight up to my room, strip off immediately and spend the rest of the afternoon fucking each other. Man, there was more cumming than going, that much was certain.

Sometimes Eric and Shawn would come over to visit. Of course you know my mother – when boys were there, my bedroom door was supposed to be open. Haha! There was a lot more sex going on right under her nose when there weren’t any guys there. So I solved that problem. Until she changed her mind, I had everybody strip down stark naked. Then we would sit around and talk, or listen to records and watch TV until she couldn’t stand it anymore and she asked me to keep the door shut please. Mwahaha!

It grew closer to Christmas so I took to going to the Mall everyday in my effort to shop lift my gifts for everyone. Well, I still didn’t have any money, you know? Sometimes Dorothy would go with me and I didn’t shoplift anything when she was with me, because I never wanted to get her into any trouble. She had a profession. Couldn’t you just see that headlines? Teacher arrested for shoplifting along with student. The papers just love that kid of shit.

It was a couple of days before Christmas and Dorothy and I were at the mall doing some last minute shopping. For once I actually had some money that I had scrounged up somewhere. As we sashayed through the crowds I kept feeling as though we were being followed, but when I would turn around I couldn’t see anyone I recognized. I talked Dorothy into going into one of those teen oriented clothing shops; not for Christmas shopping, but for herself. She still didn’t have any hip outfits. The only new clothes she had she had borrowed from me and she needed to get some of her own.

We hadn’t been in there very long when I finally discovered who had been following us. He was a guy I knew fairly well from school. His name was Alex, although his nick name for some reason was Dark Dude. Who ever knows what these guys are going on about? Haha! He stood almost six feet, had dark brown hair, hazel eyes and appeared to have a great body. All in all, he showed a lot of promise – mwahaha! I didn’t know if he was following me or Dorothy or both of us, but I leaned over to my friend and asked her to remain there without telling her why.

Then I doubled back to Alex until I was standing directly behind him. I reached down and grabbed him by the balls and said, “Is there anything you’re looking for specifically?” as if I were sales personnel. Man, you should have seen him jump!

When he whirled around he was certainly surprised to see me standing there.

“Why were you following us?” I asked. “Have you turned into some kind of mall stalker?”

“Hey, Sara, how are ya? Is that really Ms. Collins, the teacher with you?”

“Man,” I complained. “You really know how to dash a girl’s ego, don’t you? I thought you were wanting to talk to me.”

I slipped my hand down the front of his jeans and cupped his package inside of his underwear. Alex turned bright crimson but whether it was from being embarrassed over what I had said or what my hand was preoccupied with I couldn’t say.

“Yeah, that’s her,” I answered. “But you call her Dorothy outside of school as to not embarrass her and you make no reference to her being a teacher unless she brings it up herself – okay?”

Alex quickly agreed and I led him over by his prick. “Dorothy, this is Alex,” I introduced him. I think he was disappointed when I pulled my hand out so he could step forward and shake my friend’s hand. At least he groaned.

“How do you do?” Dorothy asked formally.

“Oh he does pretty good for himself,” I giggled.

While I had been conversing with Alex, the young teacher had picked out several outfits she wanted to try on. She disappeared into the dressing room. I stood talking with Alex about what he had been doing in the most recent past. Suddenly Dorothy called out that she needed my help in the dressing room. I leaned over and whispered to Alex that he should remain close by and come into the dressing room when I called him.

I hurried into the dressing room. Of course my friend was asking me what I thought of a certain outfit she had tried on. I thought she looked darling in it. It was a zip up in the back red blouse, skirt ensemble. She was asking me if I thought it looked too tight on her. I told her no, not if she didn’t wear any underwear beneath it because it was so tight that it would show off the outline of her bra and knickers unattractively.

We of course argued about that but I finally talked her into it and removed her bra and knickers from her body. I next told her to come out of the dressing room and look at the outfit in the mirror. After she checked out herself in the mirror and she was pleasantly surprised as to how good she actually looked in the outfit, we returned to the dressing room. Right at the exact minute I helped her remove her outfit and as she stood totally nude, I called Alex into the dressing room. As I stepped out I heard Dorothy exclaim coyly, “Oh Alex, don’t look at me. I’m so ugly.”

“No, you’re not,” the young man contradicted. “You’re the most beautiful woman I’ve ever seen.”

A/N Well kids, that’s it for this chapter. Stay tuned for the next chapter – The Great Dressing Room Love-In and Santa Gets a Rise. Mwahaha!

End of Part Thirty-Nine

It’s a Party
By Bubblegom
Chapter Forty

I had just helped Dorothy off with the outfit that she was considering purchasing and as she stood totally nude in the clothing shop’s dressing room, I called Alex in and I stepped out.

“Oh Alex,” Dorothy exclaimed. “Don’t look at me, I’m so ugly,” I heard my friend say coyly.

“No, you’re not,” he contradicted. “You’re the most beautiful woman I have ever seen.”

Hehe, I knew that line was going to serve him well. He must have practiced that thing in front of his mirror every night.

“Oh Alex, that feels so good,” Dorothy gushed.

I waited outside the dressing room to give them a few minutes to cut out the small talk and get down to doing the ‘ol dirty deed’ and then I stepped back into the dressing room. My entrance went unnoticed as they were extremely preoccupied with each other. To my surprise Alex was completely starkers. Dorothy must have insisted he strip stark naked before they started.

'Wow! She really has changed,' I thought.

And I observed I was right about Alex. He had a terrific upper body. Man, just looking at him was turning me on. Or maybe I should qualify that to looking at the two of them going at it the way they were was making me as hot as a fire cracker. Alex, being much taller, had set Dorothy up on one of those little benches they have in the dressing rooms and was shagging her against the wall for all his worth. Whap! Whap! Whap! She was being gently slammed into the wall shaking the entire dressing room.

“Oh Alex,” she was moaning over and over.

I was positive they could hear them all over the store. I wasn’t worried though. Betty was the manager there and I knew the sales personnel on duty had enough sense to leave me along…I thought. I wanted in on this action so I stripped down immediately but I forced myself to wait because I didn’t want to disrupt anything until Dorothy had achieved bliss.

This was actually the young teacher’s first experience with a young man. I mean of course she had had sex with Eric and Shawn, but they didn’t count – they were more of a ‘lend-lease’ program from me and Krista. Mwahaha!

Dorothy had pulled Alex to her in as tight an embrace as possible as he continued to thrust his overpowering erection into her again and again. I was completely flabbergasted at the control he was displaying in not cumming yet. Most guys would have already gone off; particularly with a new beautiful young woman they had never made love to before.

I moved up closer beside them so I could get a bird’s eye look at their sexual action. I could see the entire length of Alex’s beautiful cock filling Dorothy’s completely distended quim with his balls hitting below her. Oh God, it was making me so hot. Did I ever tell you that besides being an exhibitionist, I was also a voyeur? Mwahaha! Man, I was already dripping wet. I began to finger myself in preparation of getting it on with Alex myself soon.

“Fuck me harder!” the young teacher screamed. I could sure tell she’d gotten over her shyness problem in the time she had known me. “I’m gonna cum!”

“Oh Dorothy, I love you!” Alex cried out.

'Ah Ha!' I thought. 'I heard you, and I’m not gonna let you forget it.' Dorothy had her first heart throb. She was really coming along or should I say – cumming along? Mwahaha!

Alex continued to jam his huge prick in and out of my friend’s hot pussy until suddenly he cried out, “Oh God! I’m gonna blow! I’m sorry.” And he began to shoot his load of hot cum into Dorothy.

I took his statements to mean he was feeling badly because he had climaxed before his partner, but he was being way too hard on himself, hehe, because my new friend was twitching and moaning as her orgasm cascaded from her.

“Oh God, Alex,” she moaned. “You’re so good.”

After a couple of minutes of hugging and kissing, Alex disengaged his now shrinking penis from Dorothy, some of his cum running down her inner thigh. I knelt down and cleaned the young teacher up with my mouth and then started on Alex. In a few minutes of my special treatment he was as clean as a whistle and hard as a rock. And that was my intention the entire time of my ministrations. By the way, has everyone ever stopped to think how clean is a whistle? What the hell does that mean anyway? Mwahaha!

Since I was still dripping wet, I certainly didn’t need any foreplay and judging from the length of Alex’s now completely hardened penis he didn’t either – haha; so I bent over right in front of him and encouraged him to enter by waving the backside view of my opened labia in his face. Subtle, ain’t I?

I’ll say this for my friend, he’s smart and figured it out right away. He plunged his raging manhood (I love writing manhood – it’s so corny) straight away into my glistening honeypot. Oh my sweet Jesus! When he rammed every bit of his long dong into me it felt so Goddamn good I thought I was going to cum right off.

“Oh Alex! Fuck me hard!”

I know, I know – not very original, but it was what I was feeling and it was what I called out. The handsome young man was more willing to accommodate me in my request. Polite, wasn’t he? Mwahaha! Alex placed his big hands around my narrow waist and pulled me towards him as hard as he could with every thrust of his long erection. It felt as though his prick was gonna come out of my mouth any minute, it was that intense.

I had myriad exquisite sensations racing all through every inch of my body as adrenaline carried it along, I was that excited. My labia had opened so much I probably could have taken on an elephant and I was literally dripping onto the floor and I hadn’t even had my climax yet. I began rotating myself around and around on his cock and he was groaning louder than I could presently shout. He might have loved Dorothy but I was going to give him something to remember me by!

Alex suddenly gripped me even tighter around the waist, actually causing me pain but I wasn’t going to complain at that point. Besides it all intermingled with the extreme pleasure making it feel even better, if that was possible. All of my love making always had a little S/M in it anyway and I got into it pretty heavy for a period of time but that story is later on.

My lover was now pulling me to him so tightly that I, as I was bent over, could see his balls hanging beneath my labia with each heavy thrust. If that wasn’t weird looking – haha! It looked as if I couldn’t make up my mind which sex I was.

“I’m cumming, Sara!” Alex shouted as he proceeded to shoot his heavy load of love juice into me.

That was alright with me even though it was cutting short my sexual pleasure because honestly I didn’t know how much more stimulation I could handle from his cock before over-amping on sex, so to speak. Also when my lover shot his stream of cum into me it felt so good that it triggered my own orgasm

Goddamn! It was fucking awesome as I was hunched over on his prick as he continued to ride into me even though he was through climaxing. This guy was good, let me tell you! Finally, unfortunately as far as I was concerned, we were finished and Alex pulled his massive prick from me. It even felt fricking great on it’s way out – mwahaha!

I stood up and turned around and observed Dorothy sitting on the small bench in the dressing room. Her eyes were still glazed, she had a small half smile on her pretty face and I think she was still rushing from her sexual activities with Alex. I smiled at her and asked, “Are you okay?”

“I think I’m better than I’ve ever been.”

Before I could answer her, the dressing room door opened and one of the store’s sales clerks burst into the small room. I was shocked that one of them would do that, considering Betty’s relationship with me until I saw it was Hillary Chasen and then all made sense.

The first thing that you need to understand is Betty herself couldn’t stand this young woman, but there was little she could do about it because Hillary never acted in a manner that was so bad that she could be fired over it. Although that’s not to say that she wasn’t a constant irritant to both her co-workers and the store’s customers. In fact hardly anyone could stand her.

She was pretty chunky as she stood five foot two inches tall and weighed in the neighborhood of one hundred and thirty pounds. Hillary had long dark hair which should have stood her in good stead but unfortunately it surrounded a face which greatly resembled a female impersonator. Actually I don’t mean to insult female impersonators because I have seen some who appeared more beautiful than most women, so let’s just say she resembled a ugly female impersonator.

On top of that she had a whiny adenoidal voice and no personality to speak of, unless you enjoy the clinging, helpless, obnoxious type. Hillary loved going to Ren Faires although unfortunately she always insisted on her wearing her scanty cat costume. This would have ordinarily been okay except for the fact that it emphasized her gut hanging out and her jello-y pasty white ass that bounced behind her. She also, luckily for everyone involved, wore a mask. Personally I think it was the best feature of the whole outfit. An entire flag though might have suited her appearance best. . I’m sorry, I don’t mean to sugar coat it like this – mwahaha! I just didn’t care for the woman.

As soon as she entered the dressing room and closed the door behind her and saw the three of us starkers, Hillary said, “Oh my God.” But the tone was all wrong. It wasn’t excited sounding or dismayed or even angry, it just sounded mealy mouth.

Then Hillary spoke as if to herself, “Note to self. Having sex in the dressing rooms is against store policy.”

Dorothy was having conniption fits attempting to hide her nudity and acquire apparel as quickly as possible until I gave her the high sign it was okay. I had already decided this young woman was going to pay heavily for her indiscretion of blundering across my path.

Hillary was wearing an ugly black skirt with wide slashes in it that was sewn up with laces to appear dramatic. She was also wearing a blue paisley midriff baring blouse with her aforementioned belly hanging over her waist band – ugh! Her outfit was bottomed off, so to speak, with some ugly ass square toed boots.

“You know you should just turn around and leave this dressing room because I’m good friends with Betty and I’d hate to see you lose your job,” I offered.

“Oh ho,” Hillary replied. “I can’t believe you all are standing in here naked and threatening me. I think I’m gonna have to call security.” And she turned to leave.

“I don’t think so,” I said ominously.

The unattractive, in all aspects, young woman turned and looked at me, incredulousness written on her features. “I can’t believe you said that. Note to self. This tramp doesn’t know when she is in trouble.”

'Tramp!' I thought. 'That does it, this bitch is in deep shit!'

I reached out and tore that midriff blouse off of her in one quick yank causing her boobs to bounce merrily as she wasn’t wearing a bra. I’ll say this for her – they were pretty good sized but not particularly attractive.

“Hey!” Hillary yelled. Mwahaha! I actually had made her raise her voice octave, so for once she didn’t sound quite so mealy mouthed.

Of course, you know what happened next. This is old hat stuff to me and you by this time. Hillary threw her hands up to keep prying eyes from looking at her tits – like someone would actually want to with me and Dorothy there naked. When she did that, I reached out and pulled her skirt clean off her. She was reduced to standing there in her knickers and her shoes.

“Stop that!” Hillary protested but with as much force as a mother telling a child to stop playing with his food.

I just laughed at her and yanked off her knickers too exposing her big black unruly appearing bush above her cunt. Now I’m not one to say anything like this because up to this point I had never seen one I didn’t think was beautiful but she had some ugly looking cunt lips. I couldn’t quite put my finger on it but they just looked crooked or as if something had torn them. Actually maybe something had, I really knew nothing about her sex life and didn’t want to either!

I will say this for her. She started screaming then at the top of her bloody lungs but it was simply a case of too little, too late. To make the entire project a total success, I leaned down and removed her boots rendering her as stark naked as everyone else in the small dressing room. It was at this point in the proceedings that I usually would make a sexual overture, but not in this case. I don’t mind telling you, I wouldn’t have touched this woman with your sex organs. Haha!

She was dancing a little jig while attempting to cover her privates at the same time. Actually the entire scene was pretty disgusting so I encouraged everyone to dress as quickly as possible as I had my final revenge in mind. In fact Betty was later to thank me to my final solution to the Hilary problem.

No, no, I didn’t kill her – haha! Following my directions, Dorothy returned to the main part of the store and carefully hung up all of the outfits she had brought into the dressing room. I didn’t want there to be any question among the sales clerks that we might have been shop lifting.

Naturally the store personnel were inquisitive as to what was happening with Hillary but only out of a morbid curiosity; not because they had any real concern for her. Dorothy then went to the counter and asked if she could please throw some trash away. They said sure and showed her where a trash receptacle was. The young teacher, per my instructions, carried out her mission to throw Hillary’s clothes away.

When Dorothy returned to us in the dressing room we then proceeded to throw Hillary out into the main part of the store butt naked! She was weeping and complaining but it was all to no avail. She should have thought of that before crossing me. Mwahaha!

Hillary began racing around the store attempting to find something in her size off the racks, which was difficult in itself. You know how these stores always cater to anorexics anyway. She had just located a top she was going to pull on when she was confronted by one of her co-workers, Sharon, a petite pretty young blonde woman.

“Oh no you don’t!” Sharon protested. “You don’t put on clothes until you have paid for them, you know that.”

“But I’m naked and I don’t have the money with me right now, even with our ten percent discount, but you know I’m good for it. Betty can take it out of my next paycheck.”

“Note to self,” Sharon deadpanned sarcastically. “I can see you’re naked alright. Trust me, it’s not a pretty sight and I would like to help you remove it from my immediate vision but I can’t rely on Betty taking it out of your next paycheck because you’re probably gonna be fired for running around the store nude.”

“Oh no!” Hillary wailed. Mwahaha! It was music to my ears. “That’s not fair. You know Sara and those people took my clothes.”

“I know no such thing,” Sharon answered primly. “All I know is you came out of that dressing room starkers and began running around the store. I think you’ve had a nervous breakdown, to tell you the truth.”

By this time quite a crowd of customers had gathered around Hillary. Some of them had already been in the store and others had been drawn from inside the mall in their quest to learn what the excitement was. They all had one thing in common and that was the manner in which they were uproarishly laughing at the nude young woman.

At the point when Hillary began begging with Sharon to allow her to put something on, I’d heard enough and we all exited the dressing area. Having already discussed with my partners in crime what we were to do, the three of us rushed the ugly whiny young woman out into the main part of the mall and then stood across the doorway blocking her from reentering the store.

Mwahaha! You should have seen that scene. Hillary cut a swath of attention through the crowded mall – let me tell you. Remember, it was just before Christmas and the place was packed. I heard people saying things such as, “Somebody should tell that naked hoe to go put some clothes on. I’m gonna get sick.”

Of course, if she had had any smarts she would have gone directly down and hidden in the women’s rest room for the rest of the evening; but not our Hillary. She proceeds to run around screaming like a chicken with it’s head cut off until security came down and placed her under mall arrest. Haha! I really don’t know what that is. What do they do – make you serve your sentence at J.C. Penny?

Anyway the upshot was security called the police who took her away to the emergency mental health facility in the area. It’s not so bad, if you like snake pits! They had to hold her for three days, poor people. The last I heard of Hillary for awhile was she had some case before unemployment and the wage and hour people. Man, I’d like to hear some of the testimony from those proceedings, let me tell ya. Mwahaha!

After the entire Hillary debacle had been swept away by mall security, the entire sales force on duty applauded us. That was cool, let me tell you. Having done our good deed for the evening, we sashayed our way from the store and out into the mall proper. Everywhere we went Alex was holding Dorothy’s hand. Awww, they were so cute appearing.

When we passed by a hair salon Dorothy suddenly explained that she wanted to get her hair trimmed and did we mind. Alex and I both told her to go for it. She stepped into the establishment and discovered much to her amazement that they could take her in about fifteen minutes. All you girls know what a miracle that was so we insisted that we didn’t mind waiting with her.

Alex certainly didn’t mind. He just sat beside her holding her hand until they called her up. He appeared so enamored with her he would have probably sat with her contentedly at the gates of hell. I sat and amused myself by spreading my legs beneath my ultra short skirt and flashing my split bald beaver at the various customers and hair dressers. Mwahaha!

I received every kind of reaction from big smiles to expressions of disgust to lustful gazes. One young woman rubbed her tongue all across the outside of her mouth. I took that to be a yes to my question. Haha!

Now if I had hair halfway down to my ass, I wouldn’t have been considering having it cut; although I understood Dorothy’s predicament. She had had all that for years and years tied up in pig tails and now all of the sudden she had to take care of it, washing and brushing it completely out every night. It can become a major pain in the ass, let me tell you.

After Dorothy was called up to the chair by the stylist, I leaned over and spoke to Alex. “Look, I don’t mean to embarrass you, but I need to ask. What was that raw spot I saw on the head of your penis?”

Well, of course it did embarrass him as I could tell from his sudden excessive blushing, his glancing away, and his defensive answer. “It’s not any kind of disease sore or anything.”

“Oh, I know that or I wouldn’t have touched you with Spoony’s cunt. Haha!” That was a name that Betty sometimes referred to Hillary as. That helped to loosen the young man up some and he was able to tell me.

“Please don’t tell Dorothy because I think it will hurt her feelings, but I guess her pubic hair is so long and thick that it was rubbing on me somehow,” Alex explained.

“Oh, okay,” I replied. “Well, I’m glad I asked. I can help out there.”

The young man blanched. “No, no,” he protested. “Please don’t say anything.”

“Don’t worry,” I insisted. “I won’t mention you and it won’t hurt her feelings at all.”

“Well, okay,” Alex responded still sounding doubtful.

I grinned at him. “You can trust me, you know.”

The handsome young man laughed and said, “I always have, Sara. You know that.”

Right then Dorothy approached us, her appointment with the stylist being finished.

“Hi, what are you guys talking about so seriously?” she asked.

“Secrets,” I smiled.

I thought Alex was gonna choke to death right then. He must have swallowed abruptly down his wind pipe in his surprised reaction to my response and he coughed and coughed. Dorothy and I began pounding on his back.

“Alright, alright, stop,” he pleaded. “I’m okay. Goddamn, I thought you all were trying to kill me.”

“Mwahaha!” I laughed. “Oh, your hair looks awesome!” I complimented Dorothy.

I wasn’t just saying that. A lot of times when people get their hair styled it just looks awful for awhile but you of course tell them it looks great, but in Dorothy’s case it did look fine. Her hair still hung down to her shoulders and was cut very attractively. I really think she appeared even hotter.

When she asked us if we were ready to move on in the mall, Alex and I quickly agreed. We hadn’t walked very far at all when we came upon Santa Claus in his large chair talking to children. You know how these store Santas are usually old winos and guys like that? Well this one was really different, to say the least.

I had just happened to be there one evening when he came into the mall just before he was due to go on duty and I espied the Santa Claus suit he was carrying with him in a dry cleaning bag. This guy was a real hottie, let me tell you. He was six feet tall, had bleached blond fairly long hair, was incredibly handsome and was fairly slim. He looked to be in his early twenties and was probably a college student. I had wanted to meet him but I could see he was in a hurry so I couldn’t stop him right then.

Here was the perfect opportunity. The line appeared pretty long, so I told Alex and Dorothy they should continue on their mall expedition and I would wait there. It might have been me, but they didn’t seem very disappointed to lose my company. Mwahaha! They quickly agreed and went on their way.

I stood at the end of the long line filled with children of all ages and parents holding babies. Nobody paid the slightest bit of attention to me. Sometimes it is helpful to be as short as I am, plus I had seen teenage girls talk to Santa before.

Santa had a helper, a pretty young woman elf who placed a end of line sign behind me. It connoted that I would be the last person on that particular night that might talk with St. Nick. This was because it was growing very close to the mall time for closing. This was perfect for what I had in mind. Mwahaha!

By the time I reached the head of the line most of the stores had already closed, but of course the mall itself was still open. Alex and Dorothy had come up and were standing off to the side glancing up at me once in awhile from their intensely personal conversation.

Santa called me while motioning with his hand, “Come on up, little girl. It’s growing late and Santa wants to get back home to the North Pole. Ho! Ho! Ho!”

This guy was extremely corny, but of course that was part of his job. There was absolutely no one around except for my friends as I stepped forward and sat down on Santa’s lap as the Elf woman was flitting from here to there preparing their leaving.

“Don’t be shy, little girl. Tell Santa what you want for Christmas.”

I wiggled my ass significantly on his lap. I immediately felt him harden under those flannel Santa pants.

“Um, don’t do Santa like that. Just tell him what you want for Christmas.” I swear his voice had gone up several octaves.

I wiggled once more on his lap and could feel his prick sticking up beneath me. I leaned back until my lips were touching his right ear and I whispered, “What’s your name?”

“Derek,” he answered back, “And quit screwing around here. I could lose my job.”

“We’re not gonna be doing any screwing, at least not right now,” I quipped.

“Ho! Ho! Ho! That’s funny, little girl. Just tell Santa what you want for Christmas,” Derek replied loudly in that false bass voice.

I whispered once more, “I want your big massive prick up my twat. What do you think of that?”

“Yeah, that’d be nice,” he whispered back. “Okay, little girl,” he spoke aloud. “I’ll see what I can do. Make sure and leave Santa your address so he can find your house on Christmas Eve.”

Mwahaha! He thought he was finished with me for the time being. How little did he realize at that point. When I began to stand up, Derek naturally assumed I was leaving and he shifted his huge Santa trousers in an effort to cover his embarrassing erection.

Instead of standing up, I shifted around so my position was much better to reach down his pants when I sat back down on his lap. As soon as I reseated myself, I reached down inside of his elastic waist band past all the padding they made Derek wear to appear rotund and groped his erection.

“Ooh!” he exclaimed. “What are you doing?”

I began to stroke as much as his huge penis as I could as it lay inside his trousers. “What’d you thinking I’m doing? I’m beating you off, Santa, hehe,” I whispered in his ear.

“Please,” he groaned. “Don’t, I have to be at work at nine in the morning and there won’t be any time to have my costume drycleaned if it got stained.”

“Okay,” I murmured.

That was all the excuse I needed to hear – mwahaha! Slightly rising up for a second, I pulled his red pants and jockey shorts down to his knees liberating his long erection to the mall air. I noticed that the elf lady’s eyes had grown wide in surprise but she also wore a smirking smile on her pretty face.

I began to seriously work my other hand up and down on his hard prick. From where I sat it looked to be between six and a half to seven inches in length. 'Long enough to please me,' I thought with a giggle.

I hadn’t been doing him very long at all when Derek began to groan louder and louder and twitching his hips up and down in a very good simulation of the sexual act, that’s how good I was causing him to feel.

“Oh God!” he cried out, finally causing Alex and Dorothy to glance up at us from their conversation. They probably couldn’t believe their own eyes as they observed me sitting on Santa’s lap jerking him off when suddenly his cum began to shoot straight up in the air. The elfin young woman laughed to see such sport. I needed to remember her, I told myself.

To save him from his dreaded worry of staining his Santa trousers, I lowered my head and finished him with my mouth. He tasted real sweet too. Then when Derek had finished his climaxing and my mouth was dripping with his cum, I plastered a big kiss on him snaking my tongue way deep into his mouth. I figured he should have some of it back. The whole scene was so fucking hot I’m surprised I didn’t orgasm myself, but I was dripping wet.

I realized Derek knew I was wet because I wasn’t wearing any knickers. I tucked his long dong back down inside of his pants and helped him to pull them up to make himself decent again. Nothing would ever make me decent again – mwahaha! As I stood up from his lap, Santa in a complete surprise to me stuck his hand up under my short skirt.

In a second he had located my clit and was manipulating it as hard and as fast as he could. Oh my God! It was all that I could do not to scream with pleasure. I stood watching my friends and the still interested elf who was smiling at me as Derek worked my clit as it were a toggle switch.

I couldn’t help but yell, because it just felt so Goddamn good, as the cum began to cascade from me on to his hand, but at least I was appropriate. I called out “Merry Christmas to all and to all a good night,” which set everyone to laughing, eventually myself included.

The entire scene of Santa Claus manipulating my clit in the now emptied mall in front of my friends and Santa’s helper seemed to take on a surrealistic quality to me and it was all I could to maintain my footing as my orgasm continued to gush from me. Jesus, it was a veritable flood as Derek kept pushing my one note over and over in what turned out to be one of my largest sexual crescendo’s of all time or at least it was up to that point in my life.

I finally finished creaming all over his hand and wrist. There was so much cum it was running down my legs. God! It was great, it was so nasty. It was then the entire situation proved to be too much for me physically and I would have collapsed to the mall floor if Derek had not held me up by clamping his hand firmly over my twat. Damn, that felt hot too!

He stood up behind and pulled me into him in an embrace. “That’s was great, thanks,” I murmured to him.

“My pleasure,” he smiled down at me. We made plans to meet on the following night after he got off work and I gave him a kiss goodbye. Turning, I waved and smiled at the elf helper who did the same and then I shouted out to my friends to come on and we walked from the mall. On the way out they didn’t say a word. I wonder why? Mwahaha!

The upshot of it all was Dorothy and Alex made a date for the following evening and then he gave us a ride to my house. Dorothy was staying at my house overnight as school was already out for Christmas holiday.

Entering the house, we luckily skated right up the stairs past my family gathered around our Christmas tree singing hideously offkey Christmas carols. Haha! What a bad joke. They called for us to join them and we waved as if they were greeting us.

Instead of entering my bedroom, I pulled my friend into the bathroom and locked the door behind us. She was looking at me all wild-eyed, God knows what she thought I was gonna do to her, but I imagine she was more than a little put out when I ordered her to drop her skirt and knickers on to the bathroom floor.

Sometimes if I was little too brusque I think Dorothy would become frightened of me and I think this was one of those times because she just complied with what I wanted and stepped out of her skirt and underwear. She probably thought I was demanding sex, but I wouldn’t have led her to the bathroom to do that. I don’t have any of that kind of confusion – you know, between bathroom procedures and sexual tendencies.

I have to admit though she looked sexy as hell standing there dressed only in her blouse and shoes. No wonder men might find that attractive, I sure did; although that wasn’t what we were there for. If I was looking for loving, I would have suggested my bed – I’m weird that way. Mwahaha!

Using Krista as my role model, I explained to Dorothy what I wanted to do and, I suppose using me as her role model, Dorothy explained she wanted to appear just as I did. So taking the tiny scissors and cutting her pubic hair back as much as possible, I then shaved the rest of it off for her until all the area around her precious little cunt hole was as bald as a baby’s butt.

You know Dorothy by now, she was blushing like crazy until I told her she looked incredibly sexy and then she planted a big kiss on my lips. Haha! We quickly ducked into my bedroom so no one would observe my friend’s half nakedness, but it turned out we didn’t have to. They were still downstairs caterwauling. Haha!

I told Dorothy to take her blouse and bra off to keep them fresh for the next day and I would get her a night gown. Hehe, I don’t wear any, but she didn’t know that then. As soon as she had stripped off, I snapped her picture which is presently on the first fan fiction page. Man, was she pissed. Mwahaha!

I hugged and kissed her to calm her down and then we turned off the lights and crawled into my bed nude. We hugged and cuddled, it was great. A short while later my bedroom door opened and my nine year old sister Kimberly entered. She removed her clothes and crawled up between us naked as a jaybird. And then we all went to sleep, haha! Fooled you, didn’t I?

Don’t miss the next chapter and my adventures with Santa on Christmas Eve. Mwahaha!

End of Part Forty

It’s a Party
By Bubblegom
Chapter Forty-One

Hey, you all okay after that last chapter? Pretty intense, wasn’t it? Mwahaha! I really hope you all read the short reminisce Alecia wrote about her experiences at Ren Faire with spoon girl – I’m sorry – I meant, Hillary. If you haven’t, go read it right now. I’ll wait for you – haha! It’s at http://adultfan.nexcess.net/aff/story.php?no=3803.

Some of you may be wondering why I haven’t been with Eric or maybe you don’t give a fuck – haha, but Eric was out of town with his family until very late Christmas Eve; actually very early Christmas morning. That’s another mess, but that’s for a couple of chapters from now.

Considering it was actually a holiday being Christmas Eve, we didn’t get to sleep very late at all. But you know my mother – actually you probably don’t and more the fortunate you are – mwahaha!

She wouldn’t actually come into my room and wake us up. Oh no, not my mother – that would be way too straight forward. She’d come into my room, wake me up and ask me if I had called her – what a trip! Or start running the vacuum cleaner right outside of my bedroom door and if that didn’t work, then begin banging it into my door until I got up to see what was going on.

Oh, then you should hear her when I come out to see what all the noise was. Oh, did I wake you? I’m so sorry, well it is 9:30 or whatever. But anyway we were up fairly early. It was just as well. We had a bunch of stuff to do that day and would have to get ourselves ready for the evening.

None of us were really sure what we were going to do or where we would do it, we just knew it would be something massive. I mean, you can hardly plan a Christmas Eve party at somebody’s house when their families are there. We were gonna have to find somewhere else to party, we just hadn’t decided where yet.

First I made my mother drive us over to Dorothy’s house; served her right for waking us up. Talk about a death defying trip! Man, I surely don’t know how my mother ever got a driver’s license in the first place, much less kept one. She just wouldn’t pay attention to what she was doing. She was always so busy talking instead, I guess the reason was in the car was the only place she had me captive.

Her one saving grace was she just drove so slow she avoided accidents. Talk about embarrassing, though if you were riding with her. Cars would be honking behind her and drivers would be shaking their fists at her when they finally drove by. We always slid way down in the seat so people couldn’t see us. She always appeared oblivious to all of it.

Socrates said something like the life unexamined wasn’t worth living; I think my mother believed the opposite – haha! We finally get to Dorothy’s house and then the same thing with her mother – yack, yack, yack. We didn’t stay there long, you better believe. The old in and out, so to speak. Dorothy changed her outfit and then we flew out the door.

Thank God, Dorothy had a car. Don’t ask me what kind. I have no idea about cars back then. I knew it was blue and sporty. Apparently back before me, her car was her only claim to fame. The only reason her parents even let her purchase a car was she needed one to get back and forth to school.

Man, what a weird pair ‘her’ parents were. My mother would have been delighted to have Dorothy for a daughter in place of me; instead all her parents would do was bitch and moan about her. I guess parents are never satisfied.

Dorothy drove us to the mall and what a wild scene that was – not wild like my kind of wild, wild like the place was fucking jammed. You remember? It was Christmas Eve. Christmas Eve at the mall – always a large mistake. Haha!

We drove around and around for about a half an hour before we found a parking space. I was just getting read to jump out naked and talk to the first guy we saw getting ready to pull into a space, but luckily for Dorothy it didn’t come to that. She was just having a fit with me just threatening to do that. I really don’t know what was wrong with her – mwahaha!

We were supposed to meet Krista at the mall and sure enough when we finally entered the right door – we had to walk halfway around the huge building – there my wild sweet love was. And she was irked. We were at least half an hour late. Of course her mother had just dropped her at the door.

“Sara! You slut!” she snarled at me.

‘Oh ho!’ I thought. ‘She wants to play.’

Well, mall or not I was up for it, but Dorothy had been around us just enough to know what was going to happen and she put the major kibosh on it. She told us no way, no how, forget it!

Just like good little students we obeyed our teacher. Actually she had the ride – mwahaha! The first shop we visited was the one where we had humiliated Hillary the evening before. Dorothy never had gotten to buy anything. This time Dorothy just went in and tried on some outfits. Oh, how boring.

At least Betty was there and she gave me a big hug for getting Hillary out of her hair. All of Hillary’s co-workers were gathered around and congratulating me – it was cool, but I told them to throw money. Mwahaha! That’s when they went back to work, but Betty was cool.

She came up with the most awesome Christmas outfit. It was a Santa Claus outfit, but none like I’d even seen. It was red and white trimmed, of course, but it was a one piece of apparel – being a coat which flared out to a tiny skirt. And I mean miniscule – it was de bomb! This thing just covered the top of my thighs it was so short.

Of course, you got these little red fur knickers to wear with it, but you know me – mwahaha! I could hardly wait for the evening to wear it. It looked perfect for me on Christmas Eve. I gave Betty a great big hug and kiss and she slipped her tongue in my mouth. This girl surely had changed.

Something else that Betty did that was awesome was when Dorothy came out to pay for several outfits, Betty said they were on the house. Man, that was at least a couple of hundred dollars, probably more! If I’d known she was gonna do that, I would have picked something out too – haha!

That’s how grateful she was to get rid of Hillary. Betty told me that much less hire Hillary back if she observed her even attempting to come back into the store, she would eject her. Of course, Krista wanted to know what we were talking about and after we told her – she was really pissed that she had missed it.

Hey, I didn’t have any sympathy for her. I asked her if she wanted to come to the mall and she gave me a ration of shit of how boring it was and how she was going to spend the evening with Shawn and then of course he had to do something with his family.

Families suck at Christmas time. They get in our way of having fun – big time! Don’t they understand it’s one of the few times in the school year that we get out of school for any extended period of time?

Well, then we went to one of those mall eateries – you know, I’m sure you’ll eaten in malls before, unless you live in the swamps somewhere – mwahaha! And they probably have one there. You can probably paddle far into the Everglades here in Florida and find the Everglades Mall! Run by a group of alligators, no doubt.

Anyway you know the thing with this mall food is, it’s different than your usual fast food but in the long run it’s the same old crap and it costs more. But what’re you gonna do? Nobody is making me eat.

So after we ate, I disappeared into the women’s restroom (I just wanted to be clear which restroom it was – haha!) and changed my clothes and came out wearing the Santa Claus outfit. No, I had the red knickers on – like it’s any of your business. I was going down to see Derek and I don’t want to scandalize all the young chillum.

I had a funny teacher that used to call us that. He’d say I’ve come to heal all you chillum. Of course you know what happened to him – he quit. All the humane teachers always quit because they can’t stand the conditions they have to work under.

I truly think there are a number of qualified caring teachers who graduate from college but the school system just grinds them into the dirt until they’re all at the same level of a slug.

I think everyone needs the Sara rehabilitation program like I gave Dorothy, but of course some of them are just too damn old for that. In that case they should retire and get out of the way.

Since I have known her from way back when – it’s been five years now, she hasn’t said one stupid thing to her students. And she admits that before she met me and Krista, she said stupid things to students all the time.

Of course, she thought they were the things she was supposed to say because they were the things said to her in school and also the things they taught her to say in college, but of course those were the same things her professors were taught in school by their professors and so on forever.

Everybody is always saying how important it is to learn from history; we don’t learn a damn thing from history. We just keep doing the same dumb shit over and over. I know – I know, you’re saying – where’s the smut, Sara? Well, hang on, it’s a long chapter – mwahaha!

Well, I went tripping down to visit Derek while Dorothy and Krista went to do some very last minute Christmas shopping. I don’t particularly remember who for, I just know it wasn’t for me – haha! No, I mean it.

We had an agreement not to give each other presents because of the expense. We’d rather spend our money for more important things – like booze for instance. Anyway what’s the big deal with treating each other like shit for most of the year and then assuaging our guilt by spending a lot of money on each other at Christmas time. The only people who win out of that is the shopkeepers.

Let me tell ya, I was attracting some attention wearing this scanty outfit in the mall. I had a gang of high school guys following me everywhere, half of ‘em with hardons; but like I said – some of these guys can get hard watching paint dry much less me flashing my red knickers at ‘em.

Of course, these weren’t like real knickers. They were red just like the coat-dress was and made out of the same material. You couldn’t see anything through them, even if you had one of those x-ray specs they used to sell in the back of comic books – haha! Remember those things?

Well, like Alecia said in her fic on Hillary at the Ren Faire – by the way, you ‘have’ read it, haven’t you? Anyway just in case you don’t remember, she said guys just see skin and lose all capacity for judgment – mwahaha! That’s what it was like with these guys, they saw this short little outfit and they went bananas.

Every once in a while on my trip down to see Derek, one of these guys would come up and try to chat me up. Ordinarily that would have been an acceptable way to pass time, but I was in a hurry so I would reach out and start rubbing on the guy’s crotch.

You know, not one guy tried to stop me, all men are such sluts. Here’s some strange girl, they don’t even know my name and I might be crazy you know? Well, I am crazy but I mean Kraaazy! I might be preparing myself to stick them in the gizzard with my toad stabber, but they’re letting me rub on them anyway.

I would rub on them until they were super hard, which took all of about eight seconds. You have to remember there was people steady passing by us on both sides and sometimes right between us causing me to stop for a second and they’re all going about one hundred miles a minute. Oh, the joy of the holiday season!

And most of these guys are trying to act like everything is normal and asking me what high school I go to and do I know somebody or other, while I just rub on their crotch harder and harder.

Now another thing about these guys, they don’t really stop and think it through. You know like – if this girl here keeps rubbing me, my dick will go off in my pants and then I’ll have this huge wet spot there and everybody will notice and I’ll be embarrassed.

No, not one guy thought about that until afterwards. That’s listed under either being incredibly short sighted or thinking with the other head – mwahaha! It is a shame, isn’t it that guys only have enough blood in their bodies to fill one head at a time?

One guy even took his prick out so I beat him off to climax – what did I care? We had quite a crowd around us by the time security showed up. I just faded away while they led him away. I never did find out what happened to him; probably went through the rest of his life with a ‘showing his wanker in public’ charge on his record. What an idiot!

Well, I was really lucky. I get down there and the 'Elf' lady, whose name was Vicki (I’ll tell you more about her later) tells me that Derek is on a short break and I should go back into the employees lounge and visit him.

She says she knows he would be most happy to see me and gives me a big wink. I told her I would be most happy to see ‘all’ of her – mwahaha! She blushed, but told me anytime. You don’t have to hit me with a hammer to get my attention. I made sure I got her phone number right then.

I go back into the employee’s lounge – some lounge, you know what it looks like if you’ve ever worked retail. Just a small dirty room, with some tired looking dirty tiled floor, with a beat up table and some old chairs and green institutional paint on the walls and did I mention that it was dirty?

Derek was naturally ecstatic to see me. I mean, think about it – who wouldn’t be? Except maybe for the Pope.

“Sara!” he exclaimed. “And what’s that you’re wearing?”

I grasped the sides of my coat-skirt and flared it out and did one those put one foot behind the other curtseys holding my skirt straight out showing off my red knickers. I guess I was just so proud I was wearing underwear for once – haha!

“My name is Mrs. Claus,” I introduced myself.

I’ll say one thing for Derek. He was more than just a handsome stud, he could think fast on his feet or on his ass as in this case he was sitting down. “Oh no,” he said. “I don’t need a Mrs. Claus this afternoon.”

I looked him dead in the eye and exclaimed, “Mwahaha!”

You see I had already asked Vicki if she would like a break this afternoon and she jumped at the chance. So there was no way out for my stud Santa.

I threw myself down on his lap and began kissing him wildly, pushing my tongue into his mouth.

“Sara,” Derek attempted to complain. “I’ve only got a few minutes before I have to go back.”

“That’s all we need with me around, now come on!” I exclaimed.

I jumped up from his lap and pulled him to his feet. I pulled his big red Santa pants and boxer shorts down to the floor. His penis was sticking out from all that stomach padding they made him wear and it resembled a big angry hamster – haha!

I pulled my red knickers down to my ankles and then bent over right in front of him offering a wonderful view of my complete sexual interworkings and also a direct path to ‘Nirvana.’ (And I ain’t talking about the group.)

I peered around behind me at Derek who was just standing stunned at the recent turn of events. “Come on, boy!” I exclaimed. “Time’s a wasting, hop on board.”

“Sara, you are truly one of a kind,” the handsome young man spoke sincerely.

“Well, think about it,” I retorted. “Two of me would be scary, mwahaha!”

I realized that I needed to get us started before someone came in – not that it would bother me, but it might put Derek off a little. I was figuring to bring him in a little at a time, but by that evening I would have him ready for anything. Haha!

I reached behind me and grabbed ahold of his massive sausage and plugged it into my cunt hole. I started riding it back and forth for all my worth but he was basically just standing there stunned.

So I reached back and gave his balls a squeeze and said, “Come on, Goddamn it! Somebody will come in eventually and I ain’t quitting ‘til I get my ride from Santa.”

Man, he started banging me then! Haha! He was thwacking into me from behind – bam! bam! thank you m’am. So I just kept squeezing his balls because it appeared to be working alright.

This guy was real good, and knew his way around a pussy once you got him going and he felt super good. His prick was going way up inside of me and my cunt was taking all of him. I had him trapped, I was clutching his prick that hard. He couldn’t have pulled out of me in case of fire. Suddenly we both heard a very deep voice say, “Five minutes, Santa. The kids are starting to line up.”

Man, this scared Santa, oh, sorry, I mean Derek, so much he immediately went off in me – whoosh! A great big studley load too, let me tell you. I naturally turned my head around to see who was in the doorway and there was no one there! That was weird but I think it made me go off right then too as my orgasm came bubbling up. God, it was all good.

Derek was off of me like a shot and had his pants pulled up and everything tucked in a flat ten seconds. He looked at me. Santa looked scared – haha.

“Who was that?” he asked me.

I didn’t see anybody, I tell him. Didn’t he recognize the voice? Now it gets weirder. Derek said he didn’t work with anybody who had that voice. We go back out into the mall and the kids are all lined up but behaving and there’s no adults around. Strange, huh?

So when Derek, I mean Santa, is up there doing his thing with the kids, I went up and down the line talking to them and asking them who was out there with them before we came out.

Remember I was dressed as Mrs. Santa Claus, at least that’s what I told them. Some of the older kids were bigger than me and I knew they were looking at me rather strangely.

Anyway I asked them if there had been someone out there before we came out and every one of them gave me the same answer – they said it was the real Santa Claus!

Go figure – weird huh, like I said. Real Twilight Zone material, to this very day we never have figured out who it was lined the kids up or told Derek they were waiting and ignored us making love.

The afternoon wore on as afternoons are wont to do except if you’re in school – mwahaha! Then they linger forever. Even though the mall would be open until ten o’clock at night, Santa was allowed to return to the North Pole at six o’clock to prepare himself for the nights’ adventures of delivering gifts. What a hoot!

But Derek was unhappy. His roommate had promised him if he could use Derek’s car for the day while he was at work, he would bring the car back by six o’clock and an outfit for Derek to wear. His roommate’s name by the way was Bo. I don’t know why – probably short for Bobo. Anyway Bo was a no-show.

I know, you’re thinking, well, we were in a mall – why didn’t Derek just go down to some store and buy an outfit? Well, one reason was the stores kinda frowned on Santa coming down there to their shops with the little kids around and buying an outfit – duh, huh?

And the other thing was Derek had taken this Santa gig because he needed extra money so desperately, so why would he just go and unnecessarily waste a bundle on an outfit from the mall at Christmas prices? Yes, that’s right. The answer is – he wouldn’t.

So he went with us the way he was. You remember, don’t you? I came to the mall with Dorothy, so it turned out she was happy to provide him with a ride to wherever. In fact Dorothy was almost insistent on us driving him home to change his clothes, but he lived twenty miles in the wrong direction from the mall.

And to make it worse there was only one main thoroughfare to the town he lived in and traffic was always terrible to begin with, but on Christmas Eve travel on it would be prohibitive. It would probably take over an hour one way so Derek said no way.

I told him don’t worry about it. It was Christmas Eve and he was dressed like Santa Claus. People would just assume he was really in the spirit of things; plus with me with him wearing that little outfit no one would be watching him anyway – mwahaha!

Derek got a laugh out of that and it seemed to lift his spirits, but it turned out he was mostly upset because Bo (you think he would know not to trust someone named Bo) was supposed to bring the adhesive remover because they didn’t want some kid pulling Santa’s beard off easily so they had him glue it on every day. If you did pull any of it out you’d probably pull off the first layer of skin with it. Ouch!

I told him not to worry, there was something I could do to help. He looked at me strangely but then I was used to that. Krista and Dorothy had to go home for dinner and whatever else before they could come back out and play later. I certainly wasn’t gonna take Santa home with me. For one thing my mother had just barely got used to Eric. I don’t think she could have handled me bringing Santa Claus home on Christmas Eve.

And my little sister was another issue. At age nine I knew for a fact she no longer believed in Santa Claus but she played it as if she did. And my parents believed her and they would become highly agitated if I brought a Santa Claus home with me on Christmas Eve.

The reason my little sister kept pretending she still believed was so my parents could never tell her they couldn’t afford something she wanted. After all you can hardly tell a kid Santa couldn’t afford something. Bad year at the North Pole – yeah, that’s the ticket. A bunch of elves got laid off and everything, mwahaha!

We took my sexy girlfriend home first and then Dorothy drove us to her house. She felt bad that she couldn’t invite us in, but as I’ve previously stated her parents are crazier than mine and that’s going some.

I didn’t want to go in there anyway but I wasn’t going to let Dorothy know that. It would have probably hurt her feelings. After all she had to live there. She probably wouldn’t realize that someone couldn’t even stand to visit, but it killed me to see the way they emotionally beat her up. I kept wanting her to stand up for herself and tell them to get bent or something.

A/N This chapter ran way too long for one chapter so I broke it into two shorter chapters. Never fear, smut fans – the next chapter is already up.

End of Part Forty-One

It’s a Party
By Bubblegom
Chapter Forty-Two

Dorothy was more than kind enough to lend Derek – that’s Derek, she lent Derek the car. I’m stressing this because I didn’t want anybody to think that she let me drive her car. Besides never having driven a car before, I had no driver’s license, I was too young and I was only five feet, two at the time.

Although it must have surprised a lot of motorists we passed when they saw a great big roly poly Santa Claus behind the wheel. That was a hoot! You see Derek had kept his padding because I insisted. I thought he looked a lot cooler on Christmas Eve than he would have as a skinny Santa Claus. Everybody would have figured not to expect much in their stockings if they saw a skinny Santa. Mwahaha!

Before we left, Dorothy went into her house and came out a few minutes later with some things in a paper sack. Dorothy instructed us to come back for her in an hour and not to forget about her. She would hate to call the law out on us.

I knew she was kidding, but still she looked serious when she said it. I understood she didn’t want me to get Derek wrapped up in something where he would forget about everything except for me. Mwahaha!

I told Derek to take us some place where there would be plenty of light outside but not a lot of people around. He looked at me strangely because I guess he was hoping I was going to tell him to go park somewhere real dark for some ‘fa la la.’ Men! What can you do? You can’t live with ‘em and you can’t live with ‘em. Haha!

Derek drove us way down in one of those well lighted, on Christmas Eve, Church parking lots. You know, the kind of service that is so big the police will be there to help the crowd enter ongoing traffic that drives by the church.

After he parked in the back as I requested, he turned the car off and waited to see what I wanted. Boy, he was surprised when I took this big pair of scissors out of the sack and proceed to cut away at his beard. I bet he about shit his pants though when I first came at his face with those big scissors. Haha!

I wouldn’t have blamed him for being worried. I mean when you think about it, it’s a crap shoot at best. You don’t know out there who’s some nut, so you just try to trust your gut and hope for the best. Well, in a very few minutes I had that beard cut down where it was so short I couldn’t cut anymore with the scissors.

Then I took the shaving cream and the safety razor out of the bag. I lathered him up and I proceeded to shave him. Oh I can hear you, it was just what he said, “Hey! We don’t have any water.” I told him he was a big sissy and to be quiet before I cut his face to ribbons. I was down to adhesive in no time. I told him he was responsible for removing the glue.

So at least I had Derek with me again and not Santa Claus. It was about time to go pick up Dorothy so we hit the road. On the way I told Derek that we had all been invited to Vicki’s house for a party, but that we were going to need to stop and pick up some booze to go with us. He said no prob and we would do that little thing right after we picked up Dorothy.

I think he was frightened about borrowing the car and didn’t want to be late returning it. He didn’t know if he should believe what Dorothy said or not about calling the cops if we were late. Hell, I knew her a whole better than he did and I wasn’t certain either.

We went and picked up Dorothy, who had called as many people that she could reach to tell them about the festivities to be held at Vicki’s. It turned out that our hostess lived with her husband in a really classy two bedroom apartment not too far away.

I wondered what Vicki’s husband looked like because judging by her looks he must have been a studmuffin. Vicki was five foot, six inches with exceptionally well developed legs. She had a narrow waist and large beautiful breasts and very long dark hair; all in all a rare beauty.

So after stopping by and picking up Alex, we went to an A.B.C. Liquor store and obtained a half a dozen quarts of vodka. We then drove straight to Vicki’s. When we arrived I pulled my knickers off in such a way that no one noticed and left them in the car.

I knew Dorothy would have had a fit and I didn’t want to worry her. All I had to do in this Santa outfit was cock my hip to the side and I could flash my pussy at anybody. It was great.

When we got upstairs to their apartment, we discovered we were first and that was fine, because I really wanted us to get there before the other people we had invited had arrived. Even though Vicki had insisted we could invite whoever we wanted, I realized it could be awkward for everyone concerned if they arrived before we did.

Vicki was still wearing her short skirted elf costume; either because she hadn’t had time to change after arriving home from work or she just wanted to wear it in honor of the season. It didn’t matter to me. She just looked as cute as a little old bug.

And I was right about her husband too. He was over six feet tall, had black hair, a great build and was good at making martinis. We didn’t waste any time presenting him with the six quarts of vodka. From the huge smile on his face, I could tell he liked us already when he observed we were thoughtful enough to bring him some booze and not just plan on drinking all of his.

Vicki’s husband, whose name was Jack, was dressed in a white shirt, opened at the collar and some nice slacks. He must have just come directly from work. He got busy playing bartender and soon everyone was in possession of a vodka martini; some of them had two like me – mwahaha!

As he was mixing the drinks, I stood around the temporary bar set up he had for the party, and occasionally I would flash my beaver at him. I could tell he saw it, even though he wasn’t saying anything because his prick was busy talking as it grew longer and longer beneath his pants.

I think I was frightening him because he suddenly called out asking Vicki what she was doing. When she answered from the kitchen that she was busy fixing the dip, it took me a minute to realize she hadn’t invited Hillary but was preparing something for the potato chips.

When he wouldn’t come back from behind the bar after fixing the drinks, I moved behind him. Jack was about a foot taller than me and I wrapped my arms around him and pulled him back into me and moved my hands down to his crotch area.

“You’re scared of me, aren’t you?” I accused.

“W – Why do you say that?” Jack stammered.

“Haha!” I laughed, as I rubbed his crotch area until his erection was fairly full blown beneath his pants. “Okay, good then,” I said.

I opened his trousers and pushed them and his underwear down to his ankles. I twirled him around ‘til he was facing me and I began to kiss him all his chest, stopping to tease each of his nipples for a second.

Jack appeared as if he were made of frozen putty. I think he was torn between wanting to get it on with me and wondering what Vicki would think. I, on the other hand, wasn’t torn by anything – mwahaha!

I instructed him in no uncertain terms to lower his knees until his now raging prick was even with my distended dripping vagina. As soon as he did as instructed, I stepped forward and impaled myself on his huge cock. I immediately jumped up and wrapped my legs around his waist and joined them behind his back by crossing my ankles while grabbing on to his neck. Ah youth.

Jack was quick to understand and he stood up with me hanging off his prick. Taking small steps because of his trousers and underwear hanging around his feet, he carried me over to the wall by the front door and holding me against it, he plunged into me again and again with wild abandon.

I unzipped my Santa coat-skirt and allowed it to fall off me leaving me completely nude except for my shoes. When I pushed back from him I could now look down past my bare breasts and see Jack’s massive cock moving in my bald cunt. It looked so sexy!

I opened his shirt ripping off the buttons in the process. He wasn’t wearing any undershirt so I was able to pull his naked upper body against mine. It felt so fucking good.

Of course you know the drill by now – what can go wrong, will go wrong. As Jack stood there holding me as we humped out little brains out, someone suddenly knocked on the door.

“Get that, will you honey?” Vicki called out from the kitchen.

I really think Jack freaked and didn’t know what to say, as he didn’t do anything except continued to drill his prodigious prick into me over and over. I was literally on fire with passion. I think he did groan loudly a couple of times as an answer to his wife – hehe.

“Jack, did you hear me?” she called out again.

When Vicki didn’t receive an answer that time, she proceeded from the kitchen into the living room. She appeared quite taken aback for a second when she first espied us fucking against the living room wall, as actually who wouldn’t have been?

A malicious smile quickly grew upon her lovely features and instead of saying anything, Vicki turned and opened the front door! I could see the entire scenario as it unfolded in front of me from my position against the wall, but I realized Jack was completely oblivious as he continued to rut into me with long savage thrusts.

As soon as I observed Vicki throw the door to the apartment open and I saw the rather large crowd of people awaiting entrance, I realized this was going to be awesome!

Besides my friends, who had been invited; Alecia, Tom, Betty, Matt, Rebecca, Axel, Krista, and Shawn, there were a number of people who I had never seen before that turned out to be some of Jack’s co-workers!

As soon as I observed the look of shock on most of their faces when they saw Jack and me fucking in the living room, I shot off. Man, it was great! Instead of attempting to hide my climaxing from the strangers, I proceeded to ham it up.

“Oh! Oh Jack! Fuck me! Oh you’re so good!” I cried out. Hehe.

Vicki invited everyone to enter and then stepped up behind her sexually busy husband. Tapping him on his shoulder, Vicki cooed in dulcet tones which belied the mischievousness evident on her pretty face, “Darling, your guests have arrived. Aren’t you going to say hello to them?”

Jack appeared to react to that particular admonishment as if he were waking from a long slumber. He began to jerk his head around to look behind him and I grew frightened that if he recognized his co-workers watching him, Jack would immediately lose his erection. I wanted him to enjoy his well earned orgasm.

Before Jack could whip his head around, I tightened my cunt down on his long hard prick ten fold and squeezed as hard as I could. He shot his hot load of cum up me immediately while screaming, “Oh God damn Sara!”

My friends burst into spontaneous applause, while the rest of the group stood with their mouths agape. The jig was up so to speak as far as Jack now realizing there was others present.

He whirled around and offered his office cohorts a sickly grin and full frontal nudity as I slid down off his now wilting prick. I stood in front of them brazenly nude with my legs spread wide with my cum and Jack’s still leaking from my pussy.

Damn if I was going to be put off by someone I didn’t even know and probably wouldn’t ever see again, but I could understand why Jack would feel funny; particularly if these people were ‘straight.’

So I stepped in front of him and introduced myself allowing him the opportunity to pull up his pants and get all tucked away. I could tell the men didn’t mind meeting me, but the women seemed a tad put off – I wonder why? Mwahaha!

It turned out that one of the things that Vicki had been involved in preparing for everyone was more drinks so I gotta another one and belted it down. After all it was a party. Jack was steadily mixing drinks for everyone throughout the rest of the evening and Vicki laid out quite a spread of food. It was a great party!

People from the two contingents (Jack’s place of business and my friends) began to mingle and Vicki put on some current CD’s. Some people were dancing, although Vicki was playing the hostess with the mostess and mingling with her guests. I mingled myself through the party goers – of course, I was completely naked.

People who didn’t know me of course were looking away from me constantly like they were embarrassed. Why should they be embarrassed? After all I was the one standing there without any clothes on. People sure are weird about nudity. Everyone basically has the same equipment; if I want to show mine off, why should it embarrass people?

I guess the nudists are the only people who handle this issue halfway appropriately, but even they become all enmeshed in treating it as if it were an health issue; i.e. how healthy it is for you to get outside nude and soak up the sunshine, etc. It’s almost as if nudity indoors is unhealthy.

And for some reason they insist on playing volleyball. Why is that? Everyone knows volleyball would be a drag to play naked. The only sport worthwhile to play naked is baseball; everyone knows that – hehe.

Most of my friends had become busy with each other, if you catch my drift. Alecia had Tom’s pants and underwear off and he stood there blushing like crazy while she sucked his dick.

Alex and Dorothy appeared to be sedately sitting in the corner, but in actuality she had her left hand down his pants and was jacking away on him.

Betty and Matt, Rebecca and Axel, and Krista, and Shawn were all in various stages of undress and sexual play so I decided I was missing out on the fun.

I worked my way around socializing to Vicki, where I pulled her to me and out on the dance floor. Vicki was little taller than me. She had long dark hair and highly unusual attractive features which seemed to be timeless echoes of beauty. She had a svelte figure and appeared beneath her clothes to be beautifully proportioned.

Luckily for what I had in mind, the next song was a slow number. As we barely moved around the area that had been cleared in the living room – dining room area for dancing, I pulled Vicki to me as tightly as I could and rubbed my naked body against her clothed one.

“Oh Sara,” the young woman murmured.

I’d wanted to make love to Vicki as soon as I had saw her and particularly so after I discovered she was interested. I also figured at this point that I owed it to Jack if he were in any trouble with his wife for his sexual interactions with me to put the shoe on the other foot, so to speak.

As we ‘danced’ (more like shuffled) around the room, I moved my hand up beneath the short skirt of her outfit and slipped it into her knickers. They were the same violet color as her elf outfit. I moved my hand all around her pubes until I located her vagina.

As soon as I started fingering her pussy lips, Vicki became instantly wet. She must have already been turned on plenty with me and Jack fucking and then me running around the party stark naked. I plunged two of my fingers up her pussy and she began to moan softly.

I ripped off her knickers with my other hand and then unfastened her small skirt and allowed it to drop to the floor leaving her half naked. I wanted this bitch to be as naked as me! We were already starting to attract some attention. Her pussy hair was coal black and neatly trimmed to be worn beneath ordinary bikini knickers.

I continued to work my fingers in and out of her tight quim vigorously and even added an extra finger as Vicki was kissing me passionately. Finally she plunged her tongue into my mouth and was thrusting it all around in time with her hunching on my hand. I ran my free hand up under her ‘elfin’ decorated blouse and immediately felt her bare breast.

Vicki must have removed her bra since arriving at home because I know for a fact she was wearing one at the mall, because with the size of her breasts it would have been quite obvious if she weren’t wearing one. I pinched and pawed at her large nipples and she finally took the hint and pulled off her blouse leaving her totally nude.

God, she was a beauty! Large breasts with beautifully shaped nipples, a narrow waist, long legs and a wonderful pussy with black pubic hair - this Jack was a lucky man – and I was lucky myself! Haha!

Most of the remaining party that wasn’t already involved in sexual play of their own had now gathered around us; in a nice way, no one was being rude or anything. They just appeared rather scandalized but somewhat interested despite that. I bet this was putting some kinks in Jack’s straight friends!

I leaned down and suckled Vicki’s beautiful aureoles; first her left one and then the other one. Vicki groaned incessantly as she appeared to be getting off on my ministrations like a heat seeking missile and became even louder as I slipped my fourth finger into her. My beautiful temporary lover reached down and located my clitoris. She began to play it as if it were a fret on a guitar – hehe.

And she was getting some good sounds from it as I began to moan in pleasure myself. Suddenly Vicki became so wet and her pussy was so dilated that my entire hand slipped inside of her. It was so hot! She was dripping all over my wrist and arm and riding me for all she was worth.

“Oh God damn, Sara!” Vicki screamed, as she experienced her climax, writhing so much it was all I could do to hold her upright with my other arm. From the look on her beautiful face, Vicki was momentarily lost somewhere in sexual heaven as she almost painfully ejected her final orgasm.

When she finally regained her senses and glanced around at the crowd of Jack’s co-workers who were gazing at her with expressions on their faces ranging from aghast shock to raw animal lust, Vicki must have been plenty embarrassed to be standing totally nude in front of them and having had just experienced an orgasm from engaging in lesbian sex.

She screamed, “Oh my God!”

This elicited no end of merriment among the party goers as Vicki turned and ran off to her bedroom leaving me standing there stark naked holding the proverbial bag with her sexual wetness still dripping from my hand. I offered to meet people by shaking their hands, but they all shied away for some reason. Unfriendly pricks, weren’t they? Haha!

Well, time passed quickly as it does at parties when you’re having a great time. I flitted from group to group seeing what kind of trouble I could stir up. All this time I had a drink in my hand constantly.

When it grew near midnight, it was unhappily discovered that we were almost out of booze. Since no one was interested in drawing the party to an early close, it was quickly decided to pass the hat to collect money and then send someone out to acquire some more; hopefully a great quantity of it.

After the money was collected a decision had to be reached as to who was sober enough to drive. Well, it turned out that the only one who was jober as a sudge, hehe, I’m sorry – I mean sober as a judge was Dorothy, of course.

Derek, who was a little high, and me, who was three sheets to the wind volunteered to go with her. Of course Dorothy didn’t mind Derek going with her as protection, Santa Claus suit and all, but she wasn’t crazy about me going at all.

You know me. I refused to get dressed and just staggered out with them to the car totally naked. I think once we were in the car I heard Dorothy muttering something to Derek about at least it was dark out.

We arrived at the liquor store with about ten minutes to spare and since the place appeared safe enough, it was decided that Derek remain with me so as to prevent me from doing something that might get all three of us thrown in jail. Mwahaha!

Dorothy went into the store to purchase our booze and I used the opportunity to dash from her car to a holiday display directly across the street. Luckily for everyone involved, there was hardly any traffic around because of it being late on Christmas Eve, not exactly a big party night.

Naturally enough Derek chased after me as I ran between the holiday figures. Part of the display held the traditional nativity scene. I ducked and dodged from ‘ol Santy until he was gasping for breath and then I reached out and pulled him down on something more or less flat for him to lay on.

I threw myself down on him and was kissing him all over his face, but mostly on his mouth, finally sticking my tongue into it and halfway down his throat. He was kneading my breasts and flipping my nipples between the backs of his fingers in a rather rough way, but as drunk as I was, it felt great to me.

Even though I was no longer drinking I felt myself becoming more and more intoxicated and realized that I was going to pass out soon, no matter what I attempted to do to prevent it. I wanted to finish my night’s sexual activities by giving Derek the fuck of his life so I suggested to him that we get it on immediately if not sooner.

He seemed more than willing to comply as he lifted me completely in the air with his strong arms and placed me smack dab on his stiffened prick. I was so wet I just slid all the way down and was completely impaled.

I was feeling so horny I hardly had to move on him at all and I was already cumming. Of course the whole situation had gotten to me with us fucking outside in the middle of town.

Just because I was already getting mine, I didn’t just sit there on top of him like a bump on a log. Nope! I’m too good a lover for that; besides I wanted him to remember this Christmas Eve for the rest of his life.

Besides my plunging myself up and down on his seven-inch cock which was shining in the moonlight with my sexual fluid as if it were Excalibur, Derek was thrusting upwards so violently he was having to hold me on with his two strong hands encircling my waist.

My handsome date suddenly complained that something was hurting his back. I leaned down over him as much as I could while instructing Derek to sit up as far as he could as he continued to thrust into me. When he partially raised his body up, I pulled out from underneath him the item that was causing him physical distress.

Just as Derek began to shout out in glee at his orgasm that he was shooting up me, I observed that it was a carved figurine of the baby Jesus that had been causing his pain. As I lay the small statue up by his head while still creaming myself and listening to his shouts of sexual satisfaction, I was able to grasp the basic confusing dichotomy of the modern Christmas. Is it supposed to be the celebration of the baby Jesus or of Santa Claus?

I was still pondering this when I laid my head down on Derek’s chest and passed out. Mwahaha!

End of Part Forty-Two