**Shopping with Sara**

by[DrThrob](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1105926&page=submissions)©

I knew my sister Sara's car was in the shop, because it was me who had put it there. It was just a fender bender, and no one had been hurt (unless you count the sizable dent the repairs would make in my wallet), and so she was milking my well-deserved guilty feelings for all she was worth.  
  
" Listen, Bobo." Actually, my name is Mike, but she always calls me Bobo when she's pissed at me. "You owe me big-time."  
  
"I'm paying for the repairs," I said. "What else do you want from me?"  
  
"A ride to the mall." She laughed good-naturedly. "Me and the girls are going power-shopping!" She smiled, already knowing that I'd do it, but wanting to clinch the deal. "Laura's coming!"  
  
I tried not to sound too psyched when I said I'd do it, but I was certainly less than convincing--especially since my sister Sara already knew I had the hots for her girlfriend. Well, all of her friends were hot, and had had their turns in my fantasy life, but Laura was something more. I was really stuck on her; I had it bad!  
  
Sara and I jumped into my car, and we headed over to Bonnie's house, which was where the other girls were hanging out. I waited while Sara bounced up to the door and hit the bell. She's my sister, but I couldn't help noticing how her short skirt accentuated her long, smooth legs and how nicely her frilly white blouse presented her firm eighteen year old boobs. She's my sister, but I couldn't help speculating as to whether she was as braless as she looked.  
  
Bonnie's front door popped open with a flourish, and a cluster of significantly underclad girlfriends burst out into the sunlit summer heat like so many clowns from a clown car. I grinned as I began supplying each of the girls with their honorary clown names. Bonnie, (who was wearing a deep blue halter, matching short shorts, and crisp white sneakers) I named Horny The Clown. Denise (whose long black hair shone brilliantly, framing her alabaster cheeks and the sexiest mouth I've ever seen) was promptly renamed BJ The Clown. Claire (the plainest of the hotties) became Shorty The Clown. Claire's sister (whose name I didn't know, and who had a delightful and decidedly-alluring evil twinkle in her eyes) was promptly christened Dinky the Devil-Clown. When Laura stepped from the pack of swirling beauties, supertight bluejeans and a denim bra-top announcing the perfection of her curves, all thought of clowns and clown cars left my brain--which in turn slid from my skull, firmly lodging in my lap. I barely registered the presence of Darla, Monica, and two other girls I didn't know.  
  
I have no idea how the eleven of us managed to cram ourselves into my car (which comfortably held four and could carry six in a typical pinch) but I do know that five of us fit, two-deep, in front. Sara shoved Laura in first then slid in herself followed by Darla; Claire's sister playfully dove in headfirst, accidentally (I think) overshooting and landing face-first in my already desire-tightened man-zone. I looked down at the short red haired stranger with her mouth on my erection and moaned.   
  
She scrambled back, blushing and alternately giggling and apologizing, somehow managing to make eye contact in a brave attempt to determine whether I was pissed that she so clearly knew that I had had a throbbing boner even before her half-open squealing mouth slammed onto my pulsing cockhead. "Uh, hi," she said. "My name's Sally."  
  
Everybody who'd noticed our ignominious meeting cracked up, breaking the tension. Both doors slammed shut, and we took off. Every time we turned right, Laura's hand pressed onto my leg--she had to keep from sliding into my steering arm. I loved it, but it was embarrassing too, because both of us could tell that the other one knew Laura knew that I was ragingly close to coming.  
  
Sara knew it too. All the girls in the front seat knew, and perhaps the back seat girls knew as well. If you think about it, since everyone knew that everyone knew what Sally's young and impressionable face had done, there were only two ways my sister Sara could react. She could freak (either in anger or embarrassment) or she could laugh it off and make me squirm for fun. I can't tell you how glad I am that she chose the second alternative!  
  
By the time we got to the mall, most of the girls in the front seat had winked or flirted or otherwise teased me, pretty obviously enjoying the process fully; if there had been anyone in the car at the beginning of the trip who hadn't known I was completely aroused, she did by the time we got there. And they all took delight in keeping me that way.  
  
I found myself centrally located in the midst of a tightly-bunched cluster of hot cuties, where I was bumped, pinched, brushed against, and otherwise anonymously handled by one or the other of the girls. To my relief, my sister Sara had edged to the outside of the group, slightly ahead of me and the rest of the girls, silently giving them the go-ahead to grab me at will "without her ever knowing."  
  
One girl would "trip" and grasp my ass to keep from crashing into me; another would touch the side of my face from behind drawing my gaze so another girl could cup my balls. Their flirtatious ministrations were far enough apart that each was a welcome titillation, and close enough together to keep me close to the edge. After a few minutes of that, I would have done anything, anything at all for those playful teases!  
  
The mall, though far from truly crowded, was full enough that it seemed natural that a small mob of boisterous shopping girls would be chattering and moving as a single unit down the wide walkway towards the stores of their choice.  
  
We shoved our way into a bookstore, and one of my sister's naughty girlfriends slid my hand into another girl's crotch, which I promptly and decisively buffed to a shine until she pulled away gasping and giggling. In a big-name music store, someone covered my eyes "Guess Who?" style, while two or three of the girls tried to undo my jeans and pull them down. With odds like they were (ten of them against me) I struggled hard to escape even though I was loving every minute of their delicious attentions, and eventually won my freedom--for a moment.  
  
By the time we got to the Women's Wear, I think everybody had crossed that invisible line between turned-on and definitely-gonna-come-today; God knows I'd passed that line long since. So it didn't take much to convince me to allow them to blindfold me with a scarf and secret me into the changing rooms, where one or two of them would stand guard while a few others stripped, tried on their selections, stripped again, and redressed mere inches away from my sister's too-lightly blindfolded brother.  
  
In twos and threes, the girls would slip out of their clothes knowing that maybe I could see through the blindfold (which I could, sort of). I'd get a misty eyeful of nipples, asses, sideboob, and full-on nudity from one group, until another group would charge the dressing room, kick the others out, and take over for their own turns at "maybe-flashing" me.  
  
It didn't take all that long for the shopgirls to figure out that something was up, so my sister brought them in, pulled off my blindfold, told me to strip, and announced that she was going to get a soda. "I'll be back in a while," she said, and was gone.   
  
I stood there for a long, long second while two or three shopgirls stood, unsure of what to do about the guy in the dressing room being flashed by girls who had obviously dragged him in there; they knew they should pitch us all out, yet they also were intrigued by the novelty and sheer audacity of this cluster of pervy customers. And they were somewhat wide-eyed, watching and wondering if I'd strip in front of so many females.  
  
I pulled my shirt off and tossed it over my shoulder, unconcerned for the moment as to wherever it landed. That was enough: the shopgirls suddenly became co-conspirators, and as I stripped away the rest of my clothes (which disappeared almost as soon as they were out of my hands) the girls fell to and secured the center section of the store which is where the dressing rooms were. Darla, Laura, Sally, Bonnie, and one of the shopgirls were down to only-panties in a matter of seconds, and several of the others went topless.  
  
They passed me around like a bong at a party. One after another after another, they felt me up, kissed me, cupped me in their hands, took me in their mouths, and pressed all manner of their beautiful body parts into my hands, my lap, my every personal space. It became impossible to tell if I was being taken by three girls or twenty; the shopgirls, my sister's friends, other observant customers, even (they told me later) a female mall cop who had stumbled onto the scene and became entangled--they all blurred one into another and back.  
  
It was like a kaleidoscope of flesh. I lost complete track not only of time, but of how many times I came, how many women came around me. At some point, someone pressed a buzzing vibe into my hand and shoved my toward Laura. Our eyes locked, and she slipped out of her panties as I moved to bring her off. Sally replaced her as soon as she came, then a few women I'd never seen before, and on and on, one after another until the batteries died.  
  
Finally, the walls of flesh fell away, and feeling came back into my legs. I became aware of the scene around me: one of the shopgirls was nestled facedown in Bonnie's lap while Denise (her left hand caressing herself through her panties) stroked Bonnie's hair. Bonnie's head lolled backwards and she came, hard.  
  
There were abandoned clothes everywhere, but as far as I could tell, it was just skirts, halters, and feminine under things. And shoes; lots of shoes. My clothes were nowhere.  
  
Sally appeared at my shoulder. She leaned in and said, "I missed my chance to blow you. Raincheck?" I nodded. "Let's get you something to wear."  
  
She found my shirt, but the rest of it was gone. I put it on, but it didn't cover much below my hips. Somehow, that made me feel more naked than I'd been without it, which was actually kind of nice. I spent about fifteen minutes walking around the pairs and clusters of unclad sweetmeats--Monica, Darla, and the rest--with Sally holding my hand. We found Laura naked, changing the batteries in a fist-sized vibe (not the one I'd had. That one was blue; this one was banana-yellow). She looked up as she popped the battery cover closed and switched it on. She grinned at me wordlessly as she started fucking herself again.  
  
I was totally spent, but I knew I'd remember that peahen smile of hers for a long time.  
  
My sister Sara meandered in, smiling, looking around at the panoply of satiated women draped like Dali clocks throughout the central island and changing rooms in the midst of the Women's Wear. She tossed me a pair of shorts. "I got ya these," she said. "Found your wallet, too. And your keys." She turned to the room at large, most of whom we'd come in with. "You ladies want a ride back?"   
  
Bonnie, her face buried in her shopgirl's sex, waved her away. The others began collecting themselves, getting dressed--mostly not in the clothes they'd arrived in. The mall cop had her uniform's slacks on, and Laura's bra-top, and her police hat; she had her cuffs back, and her club, but she couldn't find her shoes anywhere. She finally settled on someone else's crisp white sneakers.  
  
The nude tits and other female delicacies, now mostly stowed away, swayed with their dazed-looking owners out into the public areas of the mall. We made our way back to my car. One of the shopgirls (she told me later her name was Kristy) was with us now, and two sisters who'd wandered in for lingerie and wandered out with less than they'd arrived in, joined us in the car for the trip back to Sara's and my place for food and showers.   
  
It was a tight fit, and there was silence and rustling clothing the whole way home. This time, Laura was in the back seat between the sisters, and Sally was pressed against me. "Think your sister would let us fuck her?" she whispered. "I doubt it, but you can ask. I am her brother, you know."  
  
"She spends enough time checking out your ass!"  
  
"Really?!" I couldn't stop smiling.  
  
"Nice smile," she teased. "Maybe I'd better just keep you to myself!" She put her hand on my cock, which I was amazed to feel stirring. "Hmmmmm. Or not!" She winked, and I stepped on the gas.

**Shopping with Sara--Picnic Episode**

My sister Sara's car was still in the shop. I'd put it there with a bonehead manouver the other day; she was no longer pissed at me, but she knows enough to play a guilt-trip for all it's worth. In fact, Sara and I both knew she was glad I'd bashed the thing up--it gave her an excuse to "force" me to do things that I normally wouldn't do. Just yesterday, she got me to drive her and her friends to the mall for some powershopping, a trip which ended quite happily for everyone (see "Shopping with Sara").  
  
But today was a new day, and Sara was psyched to coerce her brother (my name is Mike) into continued depravity, debauchery, and public pleasures galore.  
  
"Today, my dear brother, you are driving me and the girls to the State Park for a picnic out by Knuckle's Pond."  
  
"Who all's coming today?"   
  
"Laura, of course. Sally. Ginger and her twin sister Redd. Becky, Taylor, Zoey, and Darla. Plus you and me naturally."  
  
"Who's Taylor?" I knew all the other girls.   
  
"Oh, you'll like her! She's great!"  
  
"Do tell..."  
  
"She's got black hair, black make-up, black clothes..."  
  
"Not black teeth, I hope."  
  
"Funny. No, she's got pretty white teeth, lovely pink gums, and a tongue that'll set your wet dreams on fire!"  
  
"I can't wait to meet her....even if you aren't supposed to talk to your dear brother like that!"  
  
"Like you mind!" She grinned, knowingly.  
  
"Yeah," I admitted. "I'm pretty much of a horndog, as we both know. But sisters aren't supposed to converse with their brothers about wet dreams." She didn't say anything, but I could tell that Sara had caught the sparkle in my eye. That and the involuntary throb that had tightened my jeans.  
  
She handed me a list. "Here," she said. "When you get back from the grocery with all the picnic stuff, the girls will be here." As Sara had known I would, I jumped into my truck and punched it toward Bert's Big Grocery, which was just at the edge of town. It took me about half an hour to gather all the goodies on her list, and the whole time, I kept thinking about Taylor and the lovely reputation of her feminine mouth. I imagined her--well, you can guess what I imagined her doing, and she was good, let me tell you! By the time I was standing in front of the check out girl (short-cropped blonde hair, cool-blue eyes, and a pair of firm round breasts perfectly suited to her slender frame) my eyes were a tad sex-glazed and my jeans didn't fit at all.  
  
"Someone's going on a picnic it looks like," she said.  
  
"Yup. Knuckle's Pond."  
  
"I love it there!"  
  
"You can come if you want," I said. "When do you get off?" She missed a beat. Our eyes met, lingered for a moment. Somehow I knew she exactly what she was going to say. "Besides 'All the time' I mean." She laughed. Then she looked at her watch.  
  
"My Uncle owns the store; give me a minute." She finished ringing me up and closed her register. She strolled over to the Service Desk and said something to the guy behind the counter. I probably could've read his lips in reply if I hadn't been checking out her incredible ass and long smooth legs. She turned, smiling, and pointed me out to the guy, who looked me up and down disapprovingly. She stretched over the counter to kiss him on the cheek, laughing. I realized I hadn't thought of Taylor in nearly five minutes. That, and I realized I was holding my breath. When she pulled off her apron and tossed it to the guy, it was all I could do not to imagine her suddenly nude!  
  
"My name's Mike, by the way," I told her. She allowed that her name was Julie, which I pointed out had a sensual quality when spoken. She smiled; I blushed.  
  
When we got back to the house, we found that my sister Sara had been right. The girls were all there, and they packed into the truck before I even had a chance to kill the engine.  
  
"Let's go!" they shouted, and we motored.  
  
"Don't look in the mirror, brother mine," said Sara. "We're putting on our suits back here."  
  
"Spoil sport!"  
  
"Hey, at least she told you when to peek," quipped Julie.  
  
"Noticed that, did ya?" someone called from the back seat. I didn't recognize the voice, and I looked in the mirror. A girl who could only be Taylor was pulling her shirt off over her head. No bra, of course. Her tits were perfect, which she must've known, because she pretended her head was stuck. She spent a minute or so flailing around, elbows toward the ceiling, fully naked from navel to neck. Someone said "Get her arms!" and in a flash her arms were captured. Ginger and Redd (who were seated on either side of Taylor) began caressing her nipples and unlatching the buttonfly of her shorts. Taylor screamed and struggled, but rather than pulling her knees to her chest, she made the mistake of half-standing in an effort to squirm away.  
  
Her pants didn't quite make it halfway down to her knees, but I saw enough to know that she wasn't wearing panties, and that she was sporting a neatly trimmed landing strip. Fortunately, Julie grabbed the wheel and kept us from hitting the huge maple my distracted state had aimed us for.   
  
Taylor quickly slipped into her bikini while I righted our direction; somehow, Julie's hand ended up in the center of my lap, where it rested calmly for the remainder of the drive.  
  
When we all piled out in the parking lot, Sara, Ginger, Redd, Darla, and Sally were all wearing bikinis, as was Taylor of course. Laura, Julie, Becky, and Zoey were still in their street clothes, as was I. Had I known that the entire backseat had stripped off while I was being soothed by Julie's left palm, I probably would've slammed us into a ditch.  
  
The hike in to Knuckle's Pond (nearly five miles) was uneventful, or at least so I thought. When we arrived, Laura and Zoey were in their bikinis, too. Apparently, Julie and Becky realized that at the same time I did; then, the three of us realized that everyone else was watching us expectantly.  
  
Becky blushed deeply, turned half away from me and quickly stripped out of her clothes and into her bikini. She'd been quick, and coy, but I'd seen a delightful sun-drenched sideboob, and her pretty, curvaceous derriere.  
  
Julie's eyes met mine. "I don't have a suit," she said.  
  
"Me either."  
  
"After you," she said.  
  
Even if I hadn't been under the scrutinous eyes of a veritable mob of sexy women in bikinis, even if I didn't know that Julie was going to be skinnydipping with me in a matter of seconds--and the lot of us still fifty yards or more from the pond--I would've been blushing. I still had a hard-on from Julie's skillful palm, and every woman in the campsite's clearing knew it.   
  
I pulled off my t-shirt, stalling just a bit. Then I ditched the rest as casually as I could manage. "Guess I have a bit of a boner," I admitted.  
  
"A bit? Jesus!" Zoey muttered under her breath.   
  
"Don't be embarrassed," soothed Sally. "I still owe you that rain check from yesterday." I remembered then that she had promised me a blowjob, and the thought of her talented mouth intensified my erection substantially. Hell, if I wanted to, I could toss a Frisbee fifty yards with that stiffy!  
  
Julie ditched her jeans and panties, then lost her top with a teasingly self-deprecating flourish, and the two of us were nude together inside a circle of wide-eyed bikini girls.  
  
"Last one in can't fuck my brother!" Sara shouted, and she tore off toward Knuckle's Pond with a swarm of girls in hot pursuit, each one shouting "Oh, HELL no!" louder than the one in front of her. I took off with them, watching them bouncing and jiggling as they ran, but I had to stop partway there because my hard cock kept bashing against my stones as I ran.  
  
Sara dove into Knuckle's Pond first, followed by Sally, Julie, and Becky. Zoey and Laura, who had been even farther from the pond than I had been, were neck and neck, battling for last place. Five feet or so from the pond, Laura slipped in the mud and hit the deck hard, sliding head first into the water well behind Zoey.   
  
Laura came up, coughing and swearing. She rinsed off as much mud as possible, revealing two bloody knees and a bikini top torn beyond repair. She took it off and threw it over her shoulder like so much spilled salt.  
  
Julie swam over to her and shook her hand. "A valiant effort," she said. "But I'm afraid you won't be fucking Mike this afternoon." Everyone laughed, even Laura, who playfully insisted that Julie should "Kiss my wet, muddy ass!"  
  
By that time, I was standing at water's edge (nude as the day I was born and hard as the workday is long) with a pond full of women who had just raced for the right to my thighs staring on. I don't know which was the brightest: my smile, their glowing faces, or the reflecting surface of that sun-gold pond.  
  
We splashed around in the water for a while, laughing, flirting, and generally carrying on. Eventually, though, we got out of the water and dried ourselves in the sun. My sister Sara loudly complained that there is nothing worse than a cold, damp bikini, and took hers off. If she stood in front of me for a little longer than strictly necessary, turning this way and that, her firm boobs glistening on her chest, and her desire-dampened pussy sparkling in the heady sunshine, I didn't complain at all.  
  
I also didn't mind that several other bikinis somehow managed to become dislodged from their owner's newly-naked frames.  
  
Becky, Sara, and a few of the others were silently tossing dice and rustling around in a bag someone had secreted away. Julie was resting her head on my shoulder and lightly stroking me with both hands, keeping me hard but not letting me get any closer to release. The remainder of the girls were laying out, eyes closed, soaking in the sun.  
  
Zoey handed Sara a rubber mallet, and pointed; she, Sara, Becky, Sally, and Taylor silently circled around Laura; suddenly, they pounced! Becky and Sally spread Laura's legs wide while Zoey and Taylor pinned her arms. They wrestled black nylon straps around both ankles and both wrists. With a few whacks of the hammer, my sister Sara drove in four footlong aluminum tent pegs while the others fastened the straps to the immovable pegs.  
  
Her legs were spread wide, and her arms formed a shoulder-height cross. Laura swore up a blue streak, but she was tightly bound and could only squirm ineffectually. She looked like a topless snow angel having a fit!  
  
"Oh, my God!" laughed Julie, a cry which Laura echoed, but with a much more anxious tone.  
  
Becky slowly untied the double-knots fastening Laura's bikini-bottoms to her hips, and then pulled the suit away. She called me over for a closer look at the helpless, naked damsel. Her chest heaved with each breathless gasp, and her sex was clearly wet with desire. The desperate look in her eyes was a palpable cross between aroused vulnerability and heated pleading for release.   
  
"I think she likes it!" called Sara joyously.  
  
"Please--!" Laura gasped. My cock throbbed, but my sister held me back.   
  
"Anything but fucking her," my sister Sara said. "This unfortunate hussy lost the race!"   
  
Ginger and Redd dropped to their knees and began licking circles around poor Laura's nipples. She moaned. I dropped to my knees between Laura's warm, sexy legs and began stroking her thighs. Laura started reaching her pussy toward my hands, but she could only move an inch at most, and I wouldn't let her control the approaching fingers. She half-wept with frustrated passion, moaning, and too proud--for the moment--to beg.  
  
Behind me, Becky started sucking the toes of Laura's left foot. Zoey began pressing her bikini-clad loins onto Laura's right foot, eventually using Laura's toes to push the bikini's crotch aside. Zoey was riding Laura's bigtoe, fucking herself with her bound friend's foot, mere inches behind me on the right.  
  
My sister Sara, herself as naked as I was, approached the hopelessly prone Laura from above, and slid a large clear dildo into the suffering slut's mouth. Laura began sucking on it with a passionate fury I have never seen before, her eyes locked with mine as I slipped my index finger into her sodden pussy and began stroking inside her with a "c'mere" gesture. She whimpered and bucked, and I slipped a second finger in with the first.  
  
My sister Sara turned around--her ass toward my eager face--and bent forward. Sara kissed Laura on the forehead repeatedly, then all over her face, while I stepped a half-step forward and pressed my throbbing cock into my sister's pussy from behind.   
  
Laura looked up, raping that clear dildo with her avid mouth, while I slid a third (and then a fourth) finger into her pussy, and watched in helpless jealousy as I fucked my sister hard. The thought of Laura watching my cock plunge into my sister Sara'ssex, while all those other girls watched me bringing the two girls to orgasm, was so hot!   
  
My fist was in Laura now, and she started to blurt out a gutteral mooing moan of pure lust; my sister Sara began to come, too, as she looked into Laura's desperate face. Zoey reached out and cupped my balls from behind, and I exploded into my sister's perfect pussy! Zoey herself brought herself off on Laura's curling toes!  
  
I had never heard Zoey come before--she sort of cooed, like a supple female dove, at the same time making an urgent humming thrust-sound deep in her throat; and all the time her hand cupping my balls with complete tender abandon! I'll never forget that sound, the way that sound held my soul. What is it about a woman's pleasure-songs? They make me fall in love every time!  
  
As we caught our breath, our giggling audience untied Laura, and brought out the various snacks I had procured at the store. We all heartily stuffed ourselves, rested, sunned ourselves, cooled off again in the pond, dried off, and gently made out till it was time to hike out.   
  
Julie got dressed again, as did the girls with bikinis to cover up with, but I decided to stay nude out of solidarity with Laura since her bikini top was destroyed and her clothes were back at the car. Somehow, no one thought to suggest she wear my shirt, just as no one suggested that I wear a smattering of cloth, as Laura was doing. Go figure.  
  
Anyway, we made it back to the car, and we drove back to the house. Sara and I offered our hospitality in the form of dinner and a sleepover, an invitation which several young nymphs accepted. Julie declined, as she had to swing by her Uncle's place; seems her cousin Nancy was in town, and the two of them had to keep her Uncle entertained.  
  
Sally, too, had to take off. She asked for another rain check, which I graciously approved, honestly telling her that I can't wait for her to cash in those "promisory blowjobs."   
  
"I love that you used the plural this time," she said.  
  
"You noticed that, did you?" I smiled, as did she.  
  
My sister Sara shooed Sally away playfully. "You can have him another time. Right now, he belongs to us."   
  
Becky, Taylor, Ginger, Darla, and Redd grinned. "We all made it to the pond in time, too, you know." I looked up at them , as if alarmed. "And Sara, you've already had yours." "Aren't you even gonna ask me what I think?"  
  
"Oh, HELL no!" My sister Sara laughed aloud as the five girls circled me with their eyes on fire.