**Sister Surprises Us**

by Harry Perry

You know, I’d always thought that I got along pretty well with my little sister.  Mom and Dad did too.  We had a lot of fun together, and I don’t ever remember her being a little pest like my friends’ sisters were.  I mean, even a few years later, when she was 17, she was always really sweet to me, and I loved her a lot.  I always felt very protective of her, and she always was most appreciative.

Somewhere around the age of 14, things seemed to change between us.  Not in a negative way, just different.  At first I couldn’t really tell what the change was; I just sensed something different.  I swear I didn’t change at all, it was her.  Suddenly she started looking very different to me.  I found myself very proud when I was walking next to her.  My friends always wanted to walk with us and seemed to be especially interested in Megan.  So was I, for some reason.

Up until that age, she was just my little sister.  Then suddenly, she was *my* little sister.  She was someone everyone wanted to be around, including me.  I suddenly became very aware of how she dressed, her makeup and her hair.  I noticed how she walked and where the curves were forming on her slender little body.  I suddenly saw her.

I’m sure she was quite aware of her new appearance.  She seemed to walk differently - more erect, more like she was proud of herself.  That’s when she started dressing differently, too.

I noticed that her clothes were suddenly tighter, fitting her body like a latex glove.  She wore clothes that showed more of her legs, more of her shoulders and more of her midriff.  This is when I realized what a nice looking stomach she had and how perfectly her bellybutton was shaped.

We had never seen each other naked, except when we were real little and we took baths together.  I never really had an interest in seeing her naked, and I presumed she wasn’t motivated to see me, either.  The opportunity never really presented itself, anyway.

Suddenly, I was curious.  Suddenly, I wanted to see what was under her little bit of clothing.  For some reason, she seemed to know what I was thinking because she was constantly letting me get a lot of peeks.  I’m sure they were really quite inadvertent, but when she caught me looking, she didn’t make any effort to hide herself.

What really surprised me was that Mom and Dad never said anything about what she wore.  Well, there was that one time, I guess.

She came prancing down from her room one Saturday morning wearing this tiny little halter top and a pair of shorts that should have been illegal.  The halter was really old, from when she was at least 3 years younger.  It was so tightly stretched across her small, early forming breasts, it looked as if it was painted on with water colors.  It was so worn thin that her areolas could be seen clearly through the material.  It was starting to tear in places, too, exposing the side of one breast, her breastbone and the underside of the other breast.

Her shorts were skin-tight and looked like they were meant for a five-year old.  They stretched around her firm, round butt cheeks and barely covered them.  A good two inches of her ass hung out below the hem.  I had a lot of trouble not staring at the front of her shorts, though, because they showed off her wonderful flat abdomen and bulging mons pubis, not to mention the clear indentation of her slit down the middle.  I couldn’t believe she didn’t know just how naked she looked.  I presumed she didn’t look at herself in the mirror.

To add to my surprise, it wasn’t especially warm that morning.  On an extremely hot day or if the house was especially warm inside, I could maybe understand her minimal outfit, but I thought it was rather chilly.  The goose-bumps on her arms indicated to me that she also felt cool, but she didn’t let on.  The cool air also affected her nipples, which looked to be rock solid underneath the thin material of her top.

Nothing was said all through breakfast.  I wondered if Mom and Dad even noticed she was practically naked.  I couldn’t help but stare at her, and she seemed oblivious to my attention throughout the meal.  I noticed her body was having an affect on me, too; mostly in my privates.  It made me aware of my sister's sexuality, though she didn't seem to be aware of it.

Finally, as we were about to leave to play with our friends, Mom very politely told Megan she was going to have to change into something more appropriate if she was going outside.  I couldn’t believe that my sister was actually going to go outside dressed like she was, but it seemed that was her plan.  I also wondered why it was okay for her to wander the house like that in front of me but not appropriate for outside, but I may never know the answer to that.

Other than that one time, I don’t remember Mom or Dad every saying anything about the way she dressed.  Over the next three years, she would wander around the house wearing just about anything she wanted.  She often would wear just her bra and panties while we watched the TV before bed.  She never wore a robe or anything for warmth in spite of how cold it might have been.  Also, Megan seemed to prefer those little half bras that leave just a bit of her areola peeking out at the top.  Sometimes she would wear a lace bra that was completely see-through and showed everything.  Nothing was ever said.  It seemed as though there was nothing taboo as long as she didn’t go outside like that.

Almost every night, I would see her coming from the bathroom after taking a shower wearing nothing but a tee-shirt.  I swear she didn’t towel herself dry before she put the shirt on as it would always cling to her succulent young body and turn slightly transparent from being wet.  Her nipples were always stiff as stones, and I wondered if she was doing it on purpose to tease me.

A lot of times, she would be looking for something to wear and prance around the house wearing just her panties.  She would keep one arm across her breasts to hide them, but I found her panties revealing enough to distract me.  I couldn’t believe Dad didn’t notice (or seem to, anyway), because I surely did.  I found myself fantasizing about her all the time when I masturbated.  I felt real guilty afterwards, until the pressure built up, and I had to take care of myself again.

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When I was 16 and she was 15, she asked me to help her buy a new bikini.  She had earned enough money selling cupcakes at a local bake fair to buy a really nice one, she explained.  It was not uncommon that she would ask me to go to the store with her, so I thought nothing of it.  I had outgrown my bathing suit as well, so I figured I’d pick one up while I was there.

As we drove to the bikini shop, Megan explained that this time she wanted to get a really sexy suit.  According to her, all her friends had sexy bikinis except her.  She wanted me to promise that I wouldn't tell Mom and Dad because she didn't think they would understand.  Even though I wasn't too comfortable with her looking too sexy, I agreed because I loved her and wanted her to be happy.

When Megan came bouncing out of the dressing room in her first suit, I was positive I didn't like her looking this sexy, at least not in front of others.  She was wearing a bright, fluorescent orange string bikini.  It barely covered her breasts or pubic area.  Besides, it was made of such thin, stretchy material, it looked like it was a tattoo.

When she did a little pirouette for me and I discovered it was a thong, I was convinced it would be illegal for her to wear it in public.  After all, she was only 15.  I was horribly embarrassed that it aroused me as much as it did.

What really surprised me was I couldn't believe this was my little sister.  When we were young, she seemed so shy except around the house in front of us.  That's why I always felt so protective of her.  Suddenly, she was an exhibitionist!

"So, what do you think?" she asked as she spun around in front of me again.

"You're not thinking of wearing that in public, are you?" I asked, amazed at my once-shy little sister.

"Of course!" she exclaimed with a little squeal.  “Why wouldn’t I?”

"Well..." I hesitated, "...it's a bit small, isn't it?"

"Oh, don't be a prude," she said.  "It’s the rage!  Both Sally and Beth have one just like it.  I think it's marvelous!"

She must have tried on about a dozen suits, all about as revealing.  Each time she would come out, she was more excited than the previous time.  I was really struggling with my less-than brotherly feelings for her, and I was afraid it showed.  My reservations only seemed to spur her on, as she got more excited and bouncy the more I grimaced.  She even started giving me little kisses on the cheek and hugs each time she went back in to change.

While waiting for her to change, I began to notice a lot of guys hanging around.  It occurred to me that they were enjoying the show my little sister was giving.  My protection mode kicked in, and I started staring them down and trying to make them uncomfortable enough to leave.  One guy I even confronted.  I told him that she was only 15 and that if he didn’t move on, I was going to call the store manager over.  Strange thing was, it seemed that Megan noticed the guys disappearing and was somehow disappointed.  I guess she was enjoying showing herself off like that.

Well, she finally tried on a suit that I definitely didn’t approve of.  Up until this one, I thought she looked pretty sexy, but I figured she’d wear them around friends or me and be relatively safe.  This suit was so sexy and revealing, I was afraid even I couldn’t protect her.

The suit was a bright white color, and I swear it was made of the thinnest material the company could find.  Although it was opaque, it was so thin and clingy that even the most minute bump or dent on her body showed through.  Not only were her hard little nipples completely evident on her nicely developing breasts, but I could see her sebaceous glands (those tiny bumps around the edge of her areolas) as if she were completely naked.

The top of the bikini was pretty standard otherwise; two small triangles that formed around her breasts held in place by strings around the back and around the neck.  The bottoms were made of the same white material and a thong, as all her previous suits had been.  The amazingly small strip of cloth that covered her young slit looked to be about a half inch wide, just barely enough to cover the crease between her lips, and definitely not wide enough to cover everything.  Even though she had a very sparse covering of almost clear blond hair in her pubic area, most of it was exposed as the thin piece of material just barely reached the top of her slit.  The little bit of pubic hair that was covered seemed to be trying to escape from either side of the thin strip of cloth.

I was extremely surprised that she seemed perfectly comfortable with having that much of her private area fully exposed to the world (not to mention me, her own brother).  I was absolutely mortified by the erection I had from looking at my little sister, and I had to make an immediate adjustment to hide it.  Part of what turned me on was her total lack of modesty and what appeared to be a desire to show off her sexy little body.  It just wasn’t right, I thought.

Immediately, she stepped in front of the three-way mirror and inspected herself.  Instead of suddenly becoming aware of how much she was showing, she seemed quite pleased with what she saw.  She even adjusted the triangles over her breasts to make them smaller, and then she moved the tiny strip of cloth covering her vagina about a half inch lower so that it just reached the top of her slit.

“Ooh, I like this one!” she breathed heavily.

“Megan!” I scolded.  “You can’t be serious!  You’re practically naked!”

“Oh, I am not!” she retorted in a huff.  “You sound just like Mother!”

“But...” I stuttered, “...do you know what’s going to happen to that suit when it gets wet?  It’ll be almost see-through!”

“So what!” she spat.  “I think I’ve got a nice body.  I should be proud of it.  Don’t you think?”

“Yes you do have a nice body,” I admitted, “but that doesn’t mean you should flaunt it to this extreme.”

“Why not?” she asked.  “I think the boys will really like it, don’t you?”

“Oh, the boys will like it, all right,” I muttered.

“Good, that’s what I want.”

“Well — I don’t know if you should go this far!”

“I’m going to get it,” she said defiantly.

“I don’t think that’s a good idea,” I argued.  “Mom will have a shit-fit if she sees you wearing it.”

“I don’t plan on wearing it around her.”

“Well, you don’t plan on wearing it around your friends, do you?”

“Sure, why not?”

“I can’t believe you’re even considering it!” I shook my head.  “As a matter of fact, I don’t believe you would!”

“Sure I would!  Why wouldn’t I?”

“You might as well not wear a suit at all!” I said.  “You forget, I know you!” or so I thought.  “I’ll bet you chicken out!” I have no idea why I said this to her.  Maybe I thought it would remind her of her conservative attitude or at least the one she used to have.  On the other hand, I knew she never turned down a bet or a dare and almost always proved me wrong.  I wonder if there wasn’t a bit of desire to see her parading around in this suit in public going on inside me.

“Okay, you’ve got a bet!” she said.  I suddenly realized what I'd said and regretted it.

She continued to admire herself in the 3-way mirror, touching herself here or there, pulling the strings a little tighter, checking the exposure.  I noticed the little strip covering her virgin slit was turning transparent, and I realized she was getting wet while looking at herself.

“I’m going to have to shave this off,” she said almost to herself as she combed her fingernails through her sparse pubic hair.  “Or do you think I should keep it?” she asked, turning around to me as if to let me see what she was talking about.  I stared at her pussy as she pulled on her pubic hair for me.

When I didn’t answer her, she said, “Oh, I’ll figure that out later.” She jumped down off the little platform in front of the mirror and said, “Let’s find you a suit now.”

We got me a pair of trunks that I didn’t even try on.  There was no way I could check the fit with the erection I was sporting.  Having my little sister prancing around the store wearing that revealing bikini made it impossible to lose my hard-on.  Megan picked out the suit, and I was pleased with the soft cotton feel of it.  It looked like it might be a bit small, but she assured me it would be fine.  Her explanation was that it would expand in the water and hang loose.  She held it up in front of my hips and stretched the sides around to make sure it would fit my waist, and that was it.  Although I thought my erection was obvious, the way she acted as she measure the suit over it, you'd never know.

While she was in the dressing room putting her clothes back on, I thought about what I had done by daring her to go in public with that suit she was going to buy.  Now, even if she had have chickened out, she wouldn’t after making a bet with me.  What a rotten thing I had done.  On the other hand, it seemed to turn me on thinking of her in public, exposed and embarrassed.

She came out carrying the two suits she wanted to buy.  It turned out that the store was having a two-for-one day, and she could afford them both.  She decided on the orange one she first tried on and the last one that I had dared her to wear in public.  Although the orange one wasn't quite as minimal, it was only slightly better.  Maybe Megan would chicken out at the last minute and wear it instead.

As we walked to the cashier, I told her that she didn’t have to follow through on the bet.  I wouldn’t hold her to it.  She would hear nothing of it.  She was determined to prove me wrong.

“You know I’m really glad you came along with me,” she said as we left the store.  “You really helped me pick the best suits.”

I was a bit confused, because I hadn’t said much of anything to encourage her to buy either of the two that she chose.  As a matter of fact, I thought I was discouraging her and recommending she find something more conservative.  They both had to be the sexiest, but I wasn’t about to tell her that.  Hell, she’s my sweet little sister.  I wouldn’t want her to know that she turned me on or that I found her in the least bit sexy.

“Well, I’m sure Mom wouldn’t have approved of either of those suits.  I can see why you preferred my company,” I acknowledged.

“Oh, that’s not the reasons.  I wanted to make sure that these suits were the sexiest, and you helped me figure it out.”

“But I never told you they were sexy,” I said, a bit confused.

“Oh, yes you did!” she said in a sing-song voice with a big grin on her face.  I looked at her quizzically and saw her bright blue eyes drop to stare at my crotch.  That’s when it hit me.  The little minx!  How dare her!  Here I was trying so hard to hide my sexual feelings from her, and all the while, she was quite aware of them and actually using them to help her pick clothes.  I couldn’t believe it.

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The next weekend, Megan and I went to the local swimming pool.  Even though I hadn’t forgotten about our little bet, I really wasn’t going to press it.  I hoped she would forget about it because I was really angry with myself for setting her up like that.  Unfortunately, she hadn’t forgotten.

We changed in the locker rooms at the pool, and I truly expected Megan to come out in the orange bikini or one of the one-pieces that Mom had gotten for her.  I was sure she wouldn’t have the moxie to parade around in a thong at our local pool where our neighbors and friends might see her.  She would have to see them at school and at the mall.  Could she face them after exposing her body to them?

I usually am dressed before she is, and I had already reserved our two chaise lounges by the time she exited the locker room.  I was stretched out and relaxing, looking at the other half-naked babes wandering the pool area when she finally came out.  Imagine my surprise when I saw her wearing the little white bikini.  My heart leaped into my throat.

At first, my attention was drawn to this absolutely fabulous looking girl that was walking from the locker room who looked to be completely naked.  Then I realized it was my own sister, and she was wearing *the* suit.  I doubt if there was a guy at the pool that didn’t see her walking across the pool area.

She looked magnificent.  Her long silky blond hair flowing in the wind behind her.  She walked straight and tall, obviously proud of her tight little figure.  Her wonderfully sexy body had developed quite nicely, and I found myself actually proud that she was my sister.

The suit did little to hide her feminine charms, especially in the bright sunlight.  She might as well have been completely naked.  I couldn’t believe she was so brazen, considering how shy she had been all her life.  Hell, in the light of day, I could see clearly the shadow of her half-dollar sized areolas through the thin white material.  Her breasts were quite well developed, a good C-cup, and they stood firm and proud on her slender chest.  She had the flattest stomach of any girl there with the sexiest little bellybutton imaginable.

The tiny strip of white cloth that pretended to cover her womanhood did little more than draw more attention to it.  I don’t know how it managed to stay in place as she walked, but the tiny trough that identified her young slit was visible from across the pool.  I couldn’t believe she actually looked in the mirror before exiting the locker room because there was no way she could know just how naked she looked and walk that comfortably across the deck.

As she made a place for herself on the lounge next to me, I was quite aware of all the guys watching her.  Hell, I could hardly keep my eyes off of her myself, and I was her God-damned brother!

By the time she was stretched out on her back, basking in the sun, there must have been about six guys that came over to talk with her.  They didn't care at all that I was right beside her and could have been her boyfriend.  Overhearing their conversations, I realized these were all kids from her school that I guess she knew fairly well.  She was obviously enjoying the attention.

I actually enjoyed watching the boys as they tried to convince her to take a swim with them.  She wasn’t quite ready for the water yet, but it afforded them a lot of time to absorb every detail of her body into their young eyes.  I could see that a couple of the boys were sporting pretty good sized erections under their suits as they inspected her body from close up.  I was quite impressed with how well she managed to keep her arms out of the way so her friends could have an unobstructed view of her charms.

By her reluctance to get in the water, I think she was very aware of how naked she was and how much more naked she would be if she got wet.  I couldn’t believe that all of her modesty was gone; there had to have been some remaining.  That was the only reason I could imagine that she kept avoiding the inevitable and getting into the pool with her young friends.  I think wearing the suit was almost the easier part of the challenge, getting it wet was a whole other matter.

Well, to my surprise, it wasn't that long before she finally agreed.  The boys all parted to make way for my sexy little sister as she climbed off the chaise and headed for the water.  I was amazed at how perfect her bare butt looked as she strode to the pool’s edge.  I don't think there was a male in the area that wasn't watching her, and I think a lot of the women were, too.  I caught her giving me a sideways glance and a funny smirk as she turned to find the steps at the shallow end.  I'm not sure what that was about.

She slowly stepped into the water and walked out to the deep end where the boys were leading her until she was treading water, surrounded by her entourage.  It seemed to take her a long time to become relaxed and jump around like she usually did.  My guess was that she didn’t want to jostle anything and maybe lose what little covering she had.

She must have paddled around for a good hour with the boys before she finally had the courage to get out of the pool.  I had watched her closely to see what she was going to do and if she was going to signal me to bring her the towel.  You’ll never know my surprise when she paddled to the far end of the pool and pulled herself up onto the edge.  She gave everybody a wonderful show of her bare young ass as she bent slightly and raised a leg up out of the water and finally lifted herself up to stand on the edge of the pool.

Once out, she turned to walk over to me.  The route she took had to provide the longest walk possible and brought about a number of wolf whistles.  What an amazing little show off.  It would have been much easier and quicker to get out on this side of the pool, but she chose the side that would require the most exposure.

Once again, she walked just as proud as could be, making no effort to cover her body.  She looked like a model, and I was sure she had no idea how the water had affected her suit.  She never looked down at herself or adjusted a thing as she strode around the pool.  I imagine every man within miles was watching her.  She had to know that, too.

The suit had turned completely transparent wherever it touched her skin.  The original white only showed along the seams and where there were wrinkles that pulled the material away from her body, of which there were very few.

From where I sat, it looked as if she had lost her bikini all together.  Her nipples and areolas showed right through the top and appeared to be highlighted by the triangle of white from the seams on the edges of the material.  Although she wasn't huge, she was definitely not flat, either.  She was probably average for her age.  Compared to the other women there, her breasts were amazingly firm and well shaped, barely jiggling as she walked.

I couldn’t even see any outline of the bottom part of her bikini.  For a moment, I thought she had lost it or removed it while in the water.  It was at that moment that I realized she had shaved all of her pubic hair off.  If it weren’t for the well developed hips and wonderfully long, slender legs, she looked like a little girl below the waist.

As she rounded the end of the pool, there were about a dozen boys that were being rowdy and pushing each other around.  She had to stop and wait for them, finally excusing herself so she could pass.  I was impressed with how much self confidence and poise she demonstrated as the boys stopped and stared, slowly splitting to let her pass.  Once again, I was extremely proud that she was my little sister.

The boys whistled at Megan after she had passed, and a couple of them offered their services.  I saw Megan give a little smirk, but kept walking without acknowledging them.

When she finally reached my side, she leaned over and gave me a kiss on my cheek.  Then she adjusted her towel on the lounge and lay down on her stomach.  I swear I was beaming with the thought that everyone there knew she was there with me.  I hoped most of them didn’t know she was my sister.

I couldn’t believe how turned on I was by her.  My eyes seemed drawn to her exposed ass.  I felt that familiar swelling in my shorts that had been making itself known since Megan had climbed out of the pool, and I had to adjust myself or be embarrassed.

Just then, she turned her head to face me, resting it on the lounge.

“Shit!  I can’t believe I did that!” she whispered to me.

“I can’t either,” I mumbled back.

“You have no idea how sexy that made me feel,” she breathed.

“You definitely win the bet!” I smiled, thinking how she out-did herself this time.

“God!  It was so much fun seeing how I affected all those boys!  Even the older boys were looking at me!  It was so exciting knowing that every one of them was paying attention to me!” she grinned.

“So, what happened to your friends?” I asked, wondering why all the boys were still in the pool.

“Oh, I think they are trying to calm down before they get out of the pool,” she said as a matter of fact.  “You know, I never realized how easy it was to get boys excited.  It’s actually a lot of fun!”

What a tease my little sister had become.  I couldn’t believe it.  I started to worry about what kind of trouble she was setting herself up for.  Did she have any idea just what affect she was having on all these guys?  I wasn’t sure.  Then she made it clear.

Very quietly, she said, “I’m really glad to see that I have a positive affect on you, too.”

I looked at her quizzically and watched her eyes drop down my torso.  They stopped when they reached the tent that had formed in my bathing trunks.  Immediately, I put both hands over my crotch and mashed my erection down, out of view.  Then I grabbed my towel and pulled it over myself to hide my excitement.

“Aw, don’t cover it!” she whined softly.  “It looks so cute when it’s like that.”

“Megan!  I can’t go letting people see that!  They’re gonna think I’m some kind of pervert or something!”

“Oh, they will not!  Besides, all of the other older boys weren’t afraid of what others thought,” she argued.  “I thought only the little boys were embarrassed.”

“What do you mean?” I asked.

“Didn’t you notice?” she looked at me funny.  “When I was walking over here from the pool, every one of those boys at the end got huge boners.  It was great!”

“MEGAN!” I was shocked.

“What?” she acted so innocent.  “That’s why my friends are still in the pool.  They’re waiting until they go down because they’re too embarrassed.”

“I can’t believe you!” I said in amazement.

“It was so much fun in the water with them,” she went on as if I hadn’t said anything.  “The guys were all talking to me and saying really sexy things, I couldn’t believe it.  They were all looking at my body and getting really excited.  I could feel Billy and Tommy rubbing their little boners against my ass all the time.  It was such a turn on!  It was so hard to pretend like I didn’t notice.  I wanted to grab one and feel it.”

“Megan, this is not appropriate behavior!” I tried to scold her, even though my groin was becoming increasingly difficult to control.

“Theirs is so much smaller than yours,” she commented.  “That’s why I thought they were embarrassed and the older boys weren’t.”

“How do YOU know?” I demanded.

She looked me in the eyes and gave me a wicked smile.  “Oh, I can tell.  A girl needs to know these things, you know.”

Shit, this girl’s going to be trouble, I thought.  How am I ever going to protect her from other guys.

Well, needless to say, the boys came back after a while.  When they did, Megan rolled over onto her back and let them ogle her body again.  By this time, the white material had dried enough to be opaque again.  She didn’t seem to have any problem showing her body either way, though.

By the time we left to go home, I think she had a date for every Friday and Saturday until her 18th birthday.  She loved it.

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After that, Megan was worse than ever.  She drove me crazy.  It seemed like she was just trying to tease me, just trying to get me hard.  It was everything I could do to keep my morals intact.

A number of times, when she saw that her antics were having the desired affect, she would try to convince me to let her see it.  There was no way!  Hell, she was my sister!

“Aw, come on!” she would whine.  “You’ve seen me!  What’s the big deal?”

Well, she was right.  I had seen her.  Hell, her whole class had seen her.  As much as I wanted to expose myself to her, I was afraid it wouldn’t stop there.  She had no idea how horny she made me.  She had no idea how attracted to her I was.  She had no idea how much I wanted my own sister.  No matter how hard I fought her, she never let up.

“I know you want to,” she would say.  “The fact that you’re always getting a boner when I’m around speaks volumes.”

I was good, though.  I never let her have her way.  I never let my morals break.

Then, one weekend, Mom and Dad left us alone.  I was 17 at the time, and they felt I was plenty old enough to take care of Megan and myself for one night and two days.  I have to admit, today, I wonder why they weren’t aware of the problem this was going to cause.  At the time, I knew what a horn-dog she was and so I wasn’t so sure I could handle it.

I decided to have a couple of my friends come over to spend the night.  I figured Megan wouldn’t be quite so flirtatious in front of a couple of strangers, especially boys my age.  Also, it helped to keep me occupied so I wouldn’t be alone with her.  Well, I was wrong.  It didn’t help.

As soon as my friends, Charlie and Rob, arrived, Megan started flirting with them.  She came out wearing this sweet little sun-dress that fit her like a glove.  It was just long enough to cover her crotch, and it was so form-fitting, it was obvious that she wasn’t wearing a bra.

While she hovered over us, I started feeling a little pissed.  My friends were paying more attention to her than to what we were doing, and Megan was eating up the attention.  I have to admit, I was having a hard time keeping my eyes off of her lithe little body, too.

After a while, I noticed that both Charlie and Rob were constantly adjusting themselves.  They were obviously struggling with hard-ons and trying to hide them from being seen.  Every now and then, I caught Megan staring at their crotches and knew that she was aware of the affect she was having.

Both Charlie and Rob were giving me a really hard time for being such an old fuddy-duddy.  I guess I was acting really prudish, so I started to loosen up.  I was fighting a losing battle, anyway.  I decided I was going to try and control myself, but not ruin the fun for my friends.

Megan asked the guys if it was okay to put on some music, and they agreed readily.  She put on some really slow music and asked the guys to dance with her.  Shit, I knew where this was leading, and I wondered just how far she was going to let it go.  Was she just enjoying the attention, or were my friends going to take advantage of the little nymph.

As each of us took turns dancing with Megan, she made sure to rub her slender little body all over us.  She made no effort to stop my friends from letting their hands wander.  She let Charlie and Rob squeeze her tight little ass, pressing her pelvis hard against their strained jeans.  She just giggled and ground her hips into them.

When I was dancing with her, I tried to hold her like we were taught in school.  She wouldn't have it, though.  She kept grabbing my hands and placing them on her firm ass and hips.  She put her hands on my butt and pulled me in to her, grinding her hips into me.  I was so afraid she was going to feel my erection through my jeans, I pulled away.  I'm sure I was too late each time, but I tried anyway.

At one point, while Rob and I were watching Megan and Charlie dance, Megan turned her back on Charlie to face the two of us.  She held Charlie to her backside as he reached around her waist and ran his hands up and down her body.  She rocked her hips in time to the music, rubbing her ass against his groin, and we watched as his hands slid up to cup her tender little breasts, squeezing them through her dress until her nipples almost exploded.  She didn't flinch.  She just kept dancing with her head tilted back against Charlie's chest with her eyes closed and continued her grinding.

She let Rob take his turn dancing with her next, and she gave him the same opportunity to fondle her breasts, which he took full advantage of.  Then she tried to get me to dance with her again.  I knew she just wanted me to do the same, but I just couldn't.  My cock was about ready to explode, and I was scared to death of what was going on.  She was my own sister, after all, and my friends knew it.

She was so frustrated with me that she decided she didn't want to dance anymore.  She plopped herself down in between my two friends and sulked.  I went off to take a pee and spent a good deal of time just trying to get my cock to go down so my bladder could empty.

Well, I finally relieved myself and hurried back into the living room.  Who knows what nasty goings-on were happening in there without me to keep watch.  Of course I was starting to lose my own moral strength and was about to let Megan do whatever she wanted to us.  I was a normal 17 year old, after all.

Sure enough, as I rounded the corner, I caught Megan giving Charlie a major kiss.  It was obvious that their tongues were battling inside each other's mouths.  They didn't see me right away, and so I also got to see that Megan had her hands flat on Charlie's right thigh, under which was the clear sign of his erection.  Her other hand was busily squeezing Rob's crotch, clearly finding his erection ready and willing.  Charlie's hands were also busy, fondling my sister's breasts through her thin dress.

Suddenly they discovered I was there, and Rob and Charlie sat up straight, trying to pretend nothing was going on.  Megan dropped back into her position between my friends with her hands folded in her lap.  The picture of innocence - my ass!

I didn't know what to say.  For some reason, I was so turned on, it really didn't matter.  Seeing her like that, rubbing my friend's where she shouldn't, destroyed my moral strength.  All I wanted was for her to rub me there, too.  How could I get mad, especially with my friends there enjoying her.

Rob and Charlie were making small talk while I took my seat facing the three of them.  I had to adjust things in order to sit, and I found Megan grinning and staring at what she had done to me.  Where did this little girl learn this stuff?  I didn't know, and I found myself not caring anymore.  I just let her stare at my groin and didn't cover it like I usually did.

I decided to lighten up.  As a matter of fact, I decided to break into Mom and Dad's liquor cabinet.  The four of us made some drinks and started having a great time.  Megan was obviously happy to see me relaxed and let her flirting go even further.  She was overly willing to keep all of our glasses full.  She made a point of leaping up and refreshing our drinks, copping a feel of either Charlie or Rob each time she stood, and she let us peek down her dress as she poured our drinks.  I don't think Charlie, Rob or even I ever lost our erections the entire evening, and that seemed to be just what Megan wanted.

"Hey, guys," Megan suddenly announced, "I heard of this great game." The guys all groaned.

`What sort of childish thing does she have planned?' I thought.  "Oh, God!" I groaned.  "What is it?"

"Oh, come on, guys," Megan whined.  "It'll be fun, I promise."

"Okay, I'll play," Rob said unconvincingly.

"No, seriously," Megan pressured.  "I want you guys to all promise you'll play, no matter what."

"Well, it depends..." I started.

"No, really," Megan pleaded.  "I promise you'll like it.  Just promise you’ll play, okay?"

"If we'll like it so much, why won't you tell us what it is?" Charlie asked very logically.

"Oh, come on..." Megan whined.  "Why won't you just promise?"

I knew she was thinking of some sexual game.  She just didn't want to admit it.  I think she was a little afraid of me criticizing her or ruining it somehow.  What she didn't realize was that my morals were in the gutter, and she could have said just about anything, and I would have gone along with it.  "Little-me" was in complete control.

"Okay, I'll promise," I finally said, knowing this would break the ice for the other guys.

Sure enough, Rob and Charlie immediately agreed, although they both acted real tentative about it.  Immediately, Megan ran off.  She said something about cigarettes.  We were all wondering what she was up to.

When she returned, she was carrying a pack of Dad's cigarettes and explained the rules.

"I'm going to give you a cigarette and light it," she said to Rob.  "You don't smoke it, you just hold it in your hand.  I get to do whatever I want to you, and you can't move or stop me in any way.  As soon as you drop an ash off the cigarette, I have to stop.  At this point, you can put the cigarette out.

"Whoever notices the ash falling, trades places with me.  I hold a new cigarette, and the next guy gets to do whatever he wants until I drop an ash."

She looked at each of us with this big grin, obviously wondering what we thought.  Her smile was infectious.  I couldn't believe what a little tease she was, and I wondered just how far she would actually go with this.  It sounded pretty fun, though.

Charlie and Rob were actually pretty enthusiastic about the whole thing.  They acted a little reserved because they didn't want me to think they wanted to jump my sister.  They didn't know how ready I was to jump her myself.

Megan went on to explain that, since there were three guys and only one girl, we would switch places each time.  It meant that she was the object of our attention every other time, but it didn't seem to matter.  We were to continue playing until we ran out of cigarettes.

So, the game began.  Megan lit Rob's cigarette and began.  As soon as she was sure it was burning, she dropped on her knees in front of him and started unbuckling his belt.  She certainly didn't waste any time with preliminaries, did she?

I watched Charlie turn to watch what Megan was about to do.  I was in awe.  This was a side of my little sister I didn't know existed.

We both watched my little sister open Rob's pants and reach inside.  It was amazing to watch her aggressively digging around in Rob's jeans searching for the object of her desires.  Rob's eyes lit up when her tiny hand found it.  A big grin formed on her face as she pulled it up and out from under his boxer shorts.

"Aha!" she said, "I found it!"

I was sure this was the first cock she'd ever seen (except for the occasional glance she might have caught of me coming out of the shower).  I just couldn't believe Megan had been with a boy yet.  I knew she went out with her friends, but I didn't remember her ever dating one guy, and so I presumed she was still a virgin.  The way she was admiring Rob's swollen tool, it had to be the first one she'd seen close up.  She rolled it around in her hand, ran her finger tips up and down the surface, squeezed it and finally pulled his foreskin down to admire his cock-head.  Rob was clearly going crazy, having such a cute young thing fondling his cock.

After a couple of minutes of this, Megan very tentatively stuck her tongue out and let it glide gently up and down Rob's six-inch pole.  She carefully licked every part of his cock, making sure to run the tip of her tongue along every ridge and up and down the urethral bulge.  I was starting to think that Rob was going to shoot his wad when Charlie suddenly announced that Rob had dropped an ash.  Shit, I was so turned on watching my little sister in action, I forgot all about the game.

"Aw, I was having so much fun," Megan whined as she tried to put Rob's cock back into his pants.  She struggled with it for a few seconds while the three of us watched her and finally said, "How about you just leave it out for me to look at whenever I want?" Rob didn't mind.  He was essentially speechless, staring at Megan without moving.

Given that he didn't respond, she decided it was an acceptable proposition and just left his cock sticking out of the top of his boxers with the elastic holding it flat against his abdomen.

She then turned and plopped down on the couch between my two friends.  As she grabbed a cigarette, I looked at Rob who was still sitting there stunned, the better part of his cock sticking up from above his boxers.

"Okay, Charlie, light me up!"

Charlie was so excited, he fumbled with the matches trying to get her cigarette lit quickly.  Megan giggled, watching him, and stared at the straining member in the crotch of his pants.

Finally, he got her cigarette lit and tossed the matchbook over his shoulder.  Immediately, he dove into her chest and started sucking on her nipples, which were prominently displayed through the thin material of her dress.

While sucking on one breast, Charlie's hands were busy running all over her body.  He squeezed her other tit, rolled the nipple around between his thumb and index finger, then slid down her little body to dive between her legs.

Just about then, I noticed an ash drop to the floor.  Without thinking, I cleared my throat and pointed it out.  I realized that she flicked the cigarette intentionally in front of me to get me to notice it.

Charlie pulled away, somewhat disappointed, and rolled back into his seat, grinning from ear to ear.  Megan's left nipple was almost completely visible through the wet spot left by Charlie, and it looked swollen from the suction.

"I gotta go pee!" Megan announced as she stubbed out her cigarette and ran off to the bathroom.

While she was gone, the guys sighed.

Then Rob said, "God!  What a hot sister you've got!"

"Yeah!" Charlie agreed, "you sure are lucky!"

"Shit!  You get to live in the same house with her, too!" Rob pointed out.

"But she's my sister," I reminded them.  They both looked at me like they were saying, "So?" I shook my head and said, "What?  You think I could do my own sister?  Jesus, what perverts!"

"Oh, man!" Charlie sighed.  "With a honey that's that hot, I don't think I'd care!"

"Yeah," Rob agreed, "I don't think I'd let a little thing like her being my sister hold me back!"

"Hey, I bet she'll go all the way," Charlie whispered.

"No way!" I shook my head.  "She's still a virgin.  She wouldn't!"

"I don't know," Rob said, drawing out the last word.  "She may be a virgin, but, at the rate she's going, she won't be for long!"

“Look,” Charlie said a bit under his breath, “if things go the way they seem to be going, I won't breathe a word about it to anyone!  I promise!”

Then Rob added, “Yeah, man, I won't say anything to anybody, either.  We don't want you to feel like you have to hold back for us.”

Just about then, Megan returned from the bathroom.  We could hear the toilet refilling from it's recent flush.  She convinced me to sit on the couch in the *throne* position, between Rob and Charlie.

As soon as Megan got my cigarette lit, she went to work at getting into my pants.  Instead of digging into my underwear as she had for Rob, she just got me to lift my butt up a little and pulled my pants and underpants to my ankles.  No wasting time on me.

Of course I was really turned on, and my erection snapped up after being released and stood straight up into the air.  I was a little hunched down on the couch so my butt hung off the seat some.  I think I was about as hard as I'd ever been in my life.

"Holy shit, man!" Rob gasped as he saw my tool waving in the air for all to see.  "That's a pretty nice sized dick you've got there."

Not really noticing before, but I was quite a bit bigger than Rob, by about two inches or more.  I had never seen another guy's hard-on before, and so I'd never had anything to compare myself.  Megan didn't seem to notice or care, though, she just seemed to be thrilled to see anybody's cock.

Instead of playing with my cock, as she had Rob's, she stood up and straddled my knees.  She sat down on my lap facing me and slid her butt up my thighs to press my cock between us.  She lifted her dress over my cock, dropping it so my cock was underneath, and then wrapped her arms around my neck.

As she pressed her lips against mine and I felt her tongue dig it's way between my lips, I could also feel her bare pussy grinding on the bottom of my throbbing shaft.  I had the sudden realization that she had removed her panties while taking a pee a few moments earlier.  That meant she was completely naked except for the thin little dress she had draped over herself.

As she continued to kiss me, she started humping her hips on my shaft while her tongue tried to reach my uvula.  I could feel her hard clit scraping against the bottom of my straining hard-on.  What a horny little nymphomaniac she was!

When she saw my eyes grow wide at the realization that she was humping my cock with her bare pussy, she released her lip-lock and gave me the dirtiest little grin I've ever seen.  Without breaking her rhythm on my cock, she whispered in my ear, "Doesn't it feel fantastic?  I just had to know what you'd feel like rubbing me down there." She pulled my head back to hers and started kissing me again.  Her breathing was hot and heavy as she held her mouth against mine.

Suddenly, she squeezed me even harder to herself, and her hip movements became very fast and small.  I could feel her breath stop for a few seconds as her little body went rigid.  My little sister shuddered and jerked for a few seconds.  If I didn’t know better, I would have thought she was going through an epileptic fit.  She grunted her release into my open mouth and finally relaxed.

"Oh, God!" she breathed into my ear, "I needed that!"

Then she quickly dropped down onto her knees and pulled my pants and underwear from my ankles.  She threw the clothes out of the way and then spread my legs apart so she could move in real close to my swollen, throbbing hard-on.  I noticed that my cock glistened with moisture, clearly coming from her.  Resting her arms on my thighs, she took my tool in her tiny little hand and very gently stroked it, more feeling it's size and texture than anything else.

"You know, guys," she said while inspecting my cock, "he's kept this hidden from me for years.  I've been dying to see it for a long time, especially up close like this, but he's just been too shy."

My friends were dumbfounded by what they were watching, not to mention what she was saying.  I wasn't sure if it was because of what Megan was doing to me or if they were impressed by the size of my cock.  Either way, they were both absolutely silent and just staring.

Megan hugged my cock to her cheek, like she might do with a hamster or something, and then started stroking and licking it.  She wrapped her tiny mouth over the purple circumcised head, and I could feel her tongue flicking back and forth across the pee-hole.  I was so turned on, I thought I was going to blow right there.  For some reason, I was a bit modest about having an orgasm in front of my buddies, especially into my own little sister’s mouth, and so I tried to jerk my hips to pull my cock from Megan’s mouth.  This must have been enough to make an ash drop from my cigarette because Rob almost screamed when he saw it.  They practically had to pull Megan from my cock to get her to stop, and it was none too soon.

Rob stood up, and Megan had me slide over into his spot while she took her position between Charlie and me.  I think Rob was about to go crazy because he was shaking while he tried to light Megan's cigarette.  She actually giggled a little watching him.

He immediately dropped to his knees and went to remove Megan's panties.  You can imagine his surprise when he discovered she wasn't wearing any.  Megan seemed almost proud when he lifted her dress up to expose her naked body.  She grinned as she spread her legs and let him see her bald pussy.

"Holy shit!" Rob exclaimed as he looked from Charlie to me to make sure that we had witnessed what he was looking at.

Megan now scrunched down and spread her legs wider, letting all three of us have a good look at her bright pink, swollen pussy lips literally dripping with moisture.

As we stared, I noticed her trying to flick her cigarette to make an ash fall.  I don't know why she didn't want Rob to continue, but I wanted to see just how far she would let him go, so I didn't say anything.

When I looked back at Megan's face, she was looking at me.  She must have known I was challenging her, and that only encouraged her to let Rob continue.

Rob tentatively ran his fingers down her swollen lips and just barely let them ease between them.  He quickly jerked his hand back and said, "Jesus!  You should feel how wet she is!" He held up his finger and showed us his glistening digit.

Then he repeated the caress only, this time, he let his fingers slide up and inside her vagina.  This caused Megan to catch her breath and jump, causing a legitimate ash to fall.  Charlie made the announcement, disappointing Rob.

Megan stood to put out her cigarette and pushed her dress down.  She almost rushed Charlie into position and lit his cigarette.  Before he was even settled, she went to work to remove his pants.  Like me, she just shucked off his jeans and underpants, throwing them into the growing pile on the floor.  Charlie's straining hard-on leaped up from his groin.

"Oh, how cute!" Megan squealed.  She was quite surprised, as were Rob and me, to see that Charlie's erection was quite strongly bent to one side, almost pointing at a ninety-degree angle to his left.

Megan immediately grabbed his tool and tried to straighten it.  No matter how hard she tried, nothing worked, it just went back to its bent shape, so she finally gave up.

For some reason, Charlie's cock looked harder and more ready to burst than either Rob's or mine.  The circumcised head was almost flat with the rest of the six inch shaft, barely making a ridge around the crown.  He was also considerably skinnier than either Rob or I.  It looked to be about as big around as two of Megan's skinny little fingers together.

This time, Megan seemed bent on seeing a cock erupt.  Instead of teasing and caressing Charlie as she had me, she went to work shucking her fist up and down his skinny shaft.  She started pumping just his cock-head and ran her tongue up and down the shaft, drawing a line over his scrotum and perineum.

Charlie was obviously going crazy, and I was sure he wouldn't last for long.  As Megan pumped and squeezed the head of his cock, Charlie started humping his hips in time with her.  The cigarette hadn’t burned down enough at this point to release an ash, though his movements would certainly have shaken one loose otherwise.

When Megan sucked one of his balls into her mouth, I knew it pushed him over the edge.  That's when Rob screamed, "He dropped and ash!"

Megan released Charlie's cock immediately and pulled away.  It was too late.  Charlie's hips rose off the couch, and a long stream of cum spewed out of the tip of his cock, spraying my thigh with his sticky sperm.  All three of us just stared at his burning red tool as three huge spurts of cream were released.  Megan didn’t touch him.  She just sat back and just watched as his cock jerked out it’s load.

Finally, Charlie dropped his hips back onto the couch, and he heaved a satisfied sigh.  I grabbed a tissue and wiped his goo off of my leg, acting disgusted, even though it really didn't bother me.

"Aw, poor Charlie," Megan sympathized.  "I'm so sorry about that, but you know the rules.  I had to stop when Rob saw you drop an ash.  You should be more careful next time." She giggled and pushed him aside so she could take his place on the couch.

As soon as Rob had her cigarette lit, he pulled her dress over her head and threw it into the pile.  Now Megan was completely naked.  Not a stitch of clothing covering her lithe, nubile little body.  Once again I felt proud to be the brother of such a little fox.

Megan was such an exhibitionist.  She just stretched herself out on the couch and let the three of us admire her perfect body.  Her breasts were well shaped for her almost skinny body.  She had very little fat covering her bones, allowing us to see her ribs and young stomach muscles.  Her mons pubis bulged a little from her abdomen, almost presenting her vagina to anyone who wanted it.  Her pussy lips were clearly red and swollen, begging to be touched and caressed.  I could see her clitoris just barely peeking out from the top of her feminine crack.

I knew Charlie and Rob were just as impressed with her sexy body as Rob pulled her hips toward the edge of the couch.  He spread her legs apart and went to work licking that burning red slit that all men desire.

Megan made no effort to stop him.  I could tell she was ready for another orgasm, and she was perfectly willing to let Rob give it to her, right there in front of Charlie and me.  She immediately started moaning as Rob's tongue danced over her clit and outer lips.  Her hips began rocking with his rhythm.

I could tell she was just about to have her climax when a huge ash fell to the floor.  As fast as I could, I announced it and pulled Rob from my sister's pussy.  I felt this cruel streak and wanted her to suffer a little, especially after what she had done to Charlie.

"Oh, you stinker," she groaned as she moved out of the way for me.  "Just for that, bro', you've had it!" She lit my cigarette and immediately pulled my shirt over my head, careful not to touch the ashes.  Now I was as naked as she was.

As she focused her attention on my turgid pole, she said, "You better be ready for this, 'cause I wanna eat your cum!"

She ignored the shocked look on my face and went to work sucking the purple crown of my cock.  With her hand, she pumped the shaft fast and hard.  She didn't seem to want to waste any time, she just wanted an orgasm before I dropped an ash.

I couldn't believe how good she felt.  I was so turned on already, but feeling my little sister sucking my cock and trying to pump me to orgasm, I thought I was going to lose my mind.  For some reason, the thought of blowing my wad down my sister's throat in front of my two buddies turned me on even more.  It seemed so deviant.  It seemed so wrong.  I never once thought what they might think of me for letting my own little sister suck me off.

It seemed like just seconds before I started shooting.  I was so stimulated, I thought my balls were going to blow right out of my cock into Megan's mouth.  I leaned back on the couch and let my orgasm complete as Megan continued to suck and pump until I was dry.  I couldn't believe that little nymphet.  She sucked every drop down, not one drop spilled from her mouth.

Since I didn't drop an ash through the whole ordeal, Megan just kept on sucking and stroking.  I couldn’t believe I just got a fabulous blow-job from my sister right there in front of my two best friends.  By the time Charlie announced that I finally did drop an ash, my cock was once again at its fully erect state.  As far as I know, neither of my friends even knew that I had an orgasm, much less that Megan had swallowed it all.  Of course they could guess from the way I thrashed and moaned.

As she pulled her head from my lap, Megan smiled up at me and said, "Mmm, that was good, bro'.  I hope you'll let me do that again sometime."

My naked little sister took her seat on the couch between Rob and me.  She scrunched herself down and spread her knees apart before Charlie even lit her cigarette.  She was obviously ready to be brought to orgasm as quickly as possible.

Charlie lit her cigarette and dropped between her legs.  Within seconds after his tongue found her clit, Charlie had her screaming in orgasm.  She pumped her crotch into his face and must have cum for ten minutes.  Her nipples were so hard they looked like they were about to pop off her sexy breasts.  Her neck and chest were flushed bright red.

As her hips returned to the couch, Charlie lifted himself up, and it was clear he was about to insert his straining cock into her virgin pussy.  He had just his cock-head buried between her young pussy lips when Rob announced that she had dropped an ash.  Charlie was severely disappointed.

This time, Megan had Rob stand in front of her while she remained seated on the couch.  The first thing she did was to remove all of his clothes so that he now stood in front of us completely naked with his turgid cock standing almost straight up at the ceiling.  It looked as if it would pop if Megan looked at it funny.

Megan turned Rob to face her and, holding his butt cheeks in each hand, she sucked his cock into her mouth.  Being smaller, she was able to take his entire cock into her mouth, pressing her nose into his dark pubic hair.  She held that position, and I could see her cheeks hollow as she sucked for all she was worth.  I can only assume her tongue was dancing all over his swollen appendage as he just stood there.

Within seconds, Rob was pumping his hips and grunting.  I could see all of his muscles tense with each load of sperm he deposited into my sister's throat.  She kept her face buried in his pubes, pulling his ass with her hands.  I could see her throat bob up and down as she swallowed his seed.

By the time he was done, his muscles were shuddering, and an ash dropped to the floor.  I called out the event, and Megan slowly pulled herself from his groin, sucking his cock clean all the way.

Rob's cock was completely flaccid by that time and hung limply in front of him.  It was bright red from the abuse it had just received, but his face had a wonderful satisfied look.  He slumped to the couch, his knees obviously weak.

On my turn with my sister, I ate her hot twat until she had another shuddering orgasm.  She looked so sexy slouched down on the couch the way she was, glowing from the aftermath, that I just couldn't help myself.  I drove my raging hard-on deep between the two lips I had just eaten.  Megan gasped as she felt me fill her void, and if it weren't for the vigilance of Charlie, she would have dropped an ash.

At this point, Charlie held her hand steady while he and Rob cheered me on.  I pumped my shaft into her tight little cunt about six times and then exploded.  I could feel Megan contracting inside as we both reached orgasm together.  For some reason, it never occurred to me that she might be a virgin and I just popped her cherry.  I was on overload.

After I was done and pulled my soft cock from her pussy, we discovered there were no more cigarettes.  We had to end the game.  We stubbed her cigarette out and poured ourselves another drink.

Both Rob and Charlie each took their turn fucking my little sister while I watched.  Then Megan begged to suck us each off one more time before we headed to bed.  She had no trouble making us hard, even after two unbelievable orgasms.  Not only did she get us to cum a third time, she never let one drop spill from her lips, swallowing every bit.

Megan and I showed Rob and Charlie the beds they would be sleeping in and headed off to our own rooms.

After cleaning myself up, I went to bed and lay for about an hour just thinking about what a sexy wonderful sister I had.  I wondered what our lives were going to be like after this.  My cock got hard thinking about it.

While I was still thinking about it, I heard my door open, and Megan tip-toed in.

"Hi, bro'," she whispered.  "I couldn't sleep, and I wonder if I could come in here and sleep with you."

I pulled the covers aside, and she slipped in.  Immediately she found my erect cock with her tiny hands and started stroking me.

"Ooh, you're already hard," she whispered.  "Were you thinking of me, I hope?"

She pushed me onto my back and mounted me.  She was unbelievably wet and juicy as my cock slid all the way in.  Grinding her hips with my cock buried deep inside her, I soon had yet another orgasm.  She never slowed as she also went over the edge, finally dropping onto my chest.

Just before we fell asleep, with her still lying on top of me, she admitted that she had just done the same for both of my friends.  Each were told that she was so turned on to them that night that she wanted to reward them with another fuck.  She had saved me for last because I was so much bigger, and she wanted to fall asleep with my cock still in her.