**The Escalation of Emily**

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My living situation for the summer was a little different, but was definitely going to save some cash for a struggling grad student. I was 24, going into my last year of grad school, and working at an internship about 600 miles from school. Instead of sub-letting an apartment or trying to find a place to stay for three months in a distant city, I was staying with the parents of my friend Melissa, who were letting me stay free of charge in Melissa's old room. When they heard I was going to be working in town they insisted that I stay with them. I was not too proud for charity. Mounting student loans had eliminated that kind of pride long ago.   
  
I have to admit that the first few weeks were a little awkward. It was hard for me to determine what was expected of me. Should I eat dinner regularly with Dave and Terrie (Melissa's parents) and their daughter Emily? What about when they were watching television in the evening – should I just join them, or wait for an invitation? Or, should I just retreat to my room where I could work, read, surf the internet, or watch television on my own? Would they consider that anti-social?   
  
And then there was Emily. Emily is the little sister of my friend Melissa. She was still an undergrad student, between her junior and senior years, a couple months from her 21st birthday. Emily still lived at home during the summer. Of course, that "living at home" thing was somewhat relative. She went to school locally; so, had plenty of social engagements throughout the summer that kept her busy. The first few weeks I rarely saw her. On the occasions when I decided that I should take part in a "family" activity, she was often out with friends, leaving me to hang out with Dave and Terrie alone.   
  
Melissa and Emily are very similar in some ways. Both are short. Melissa is maybe 5'2", while Emily couldn't be more than 5 feet tall. Both are, well, well-endowed. I am not exactly a pro with bra sizes, but I assume both are at least size Ds. Both are outgoing and very social – I guess you could describe them as "perky" or "social butterflies." Both have generally round faces, soft features, and very large eyes.  
  
Of course, there are differences too. Melissa has black hair and brown eyes, while Emily has blonde hair and soft blue eyes. Both have noses that are on the smaller side (compared to their eyes), but Emily's nose is a little more pointed than Melissa's. Emily also has more prominent dimples when she smiles, which, combined with her slight size makes her look even younger than her 20 years.   
  
As I said earlier, for the first few weeks, it was a little weird living with the parents of a friend for the summer. However, as the weeks went on, I got more comfortable with the situation, and all of us seemed to develop a "groove" so to speak. I went to work, attended work social functions (of which there were plenty for summer interns), and occasionally sat down to breakfast or dinner with the family. I got to know Dave and Terrie pretty well, who turned out to be pretty fantastic people. Dave was a former business consultant. I'm still not exactly sure what he consulted on, but I know he did it well enough to retire early and work on his dream job –purchasing and then running a skating rink and entertainment center in town. He much preferred to talk about that job than his former consulting work, and so we talked about the "Center" as he called it quite often. Terrie is an interior director who, by the looks of her home, definitely knows what she is doing. We had conversations on art, sports, and politics, and I found it very easy to get to know and talk to both of them.   
  
The one thing that took me the longest to get used to was the room situation. Dave and Terrie owned a three level house. The basement included a large rec/weight room and entertainment room, and a bedroom for when their aging parents visited. The second (ground) floor contained the Master bedroom, and then the rooms you would normally see on the main floor – the kitchen, dining room, living room, and another sitting room. Upstairs there was an open area / balcony leading off the stairs. At one end of the balcony were two adjoining bedrooms, and at the other end was single bedroom. The two adjoining bedrooms shared a bathroom - I think it's called a Jack and Jill bathroom. Those two rooms were Melissa's old room and Emily's room. The third room used to be Melissa and Emily's older brother's, but was now being used as an office / art room for Terrie's work.   
  
That meant that I was in Melissa's room, and shared an adjoining bathroom with Emily. At the beginning of the summer, this concerned me, mainly because I didn't want to cause any problems and could see how both of us using a bathroom could get awkward. However, my concerns never really played out. Occasionally, when we were both up and getting ready at the same time, I would shower in the bathroom that was attached to the office at the other end of the upstairs, but I preferred to use the bathroom connected to my room. Emily didn't seem to mind, and because she was gone so often there really wasn't ever much of an issue.  
  
Emily and I got along fine. Emily was similar to Melissa; she could strike up a conversation about anything with anyone and keep it going. She wasn't around often, but when she was I generally enjoyed my time talking with her. Most of the time we discussed what was happening at her college or at our respective jobs. Occasionally, she would be watching a movie late at night and I would join her, and we just hung out. I almost considered her my little sister. I mean, she was the little sister of my good friend (who had always been a "mere" platonic friend), and I was getting along with her parents so well I just felt like one of the family.   
  
Of course, as these things often do, something happened to change that feeling. It was a Wednesday night, after about a month, which put me about 1/3 of the way through my internship. I was coming home around 8:00 after another social event with my employer and fellow interns. I knew Terri was at her normal Wednesday night meeting, and that Dave would be working at the Center late, so I assumed I would be coming home to an empty house. So, I was surprised to see Emily's car in the driveway.  
  
I pulled in the driveway and came through the garage. As I entered through the basement I half expected to see Emily watching television in the entertainment room or working out in the rec room. Instead, the basement was dark, so I turned on the lights and walked upstairs. I went into the kitchen, and opened the fridge to find something to drink. I wasn't being especially quiet, but hadn't heard anything from Emily yet. Maybe a friend had picked her up and she was out. I grabbed a soda and popped the tab before taking a quick drink. I then turned to walk upstairs to my bedroom.  
  
I slowly picked my way upstairs, a little weary from the long day of working and then having to stay "on" socially for even more hours after work. As I crested the top of the stairs, I noticed Emily's door ajar and her light on. I stepped onto the balcony, when suddenly my eyes caught quite the sight. There was Emily, in a pink bra and matching pink thong, standing just insider her doorway and facing into her room. I immediately stopped and stared. I am sure my jaw dropped. After maybe two seconds, she turned her head toward me. Her large blue eyes grew wide, and I swear I saw her face turn a little brighter shade of red within the few seconds it took her to process what was happening. After she did, she quickly reached out and shut her door. However, that maybe five seconds was plenty of time for my "view" of Emily to completely change. She was all woman, and beautiful. Her blonde hair had framed her face perfectly, and fallen down to just above the rise of her breasts. And those breasts... Yes, they were (sadly) hidden in a pink bra, but it was apparent that they were everything I assumed and more. Probably even larger than the size D I earlier assumed – yet, so round and so real. Below those gorgeous breasts she had a flatter stomach than I had expected, leading down to that pink thong. She was initially turned sideways to me for a second, so I got to see the roundness of her little ass for a second before she realized what was up. That then led into two slender legs that looked quite sexy in just a bra and thong. Her figure was short, but quite well put together.   
  
I stood outside on the balcony for what seemed like ten minutes, just pondering what I had seen. It was like I was in shock, and didn't know what to do next. I felt bad about staring and not saying something right away, but come on, when a guy happens on a sight like that the brain doesn't work quite right. I mean, blood flow and all. Eventually, though, I realized I needed to get out of there before she came back out, or we would probably have a pretty awkward conversation. I wanted to avoid that for as long as possible, so I quickly moved to my room and closed my door, where I stayed for the rest of the night.   
  
I didn't hear from or see Emily the rest of the night or the next day. I wasn't necessarily "avoiding" her, but I also didn't want to discuss our little incident and I worried she might try. However, I needn't have worried. Friday morning rolled around and as I wandered downstairs for breakfast, there she was sitting at the kitchen table, eating eggs and bacon with her mom, wearing some comfortable pajama pants and an oversize sweatshirt, hiding the figure I had seen two nights before.   
  
I sat down, and Terrie offered me eggs and bacon, which I gratefully accepted. It wasn't often that I enjoyed a full homemade breakfast as a poor grad student, and I certainly wasn't going to turn one down now. Emily immediately struck up a conversation with me about some recent happenings at our jobs. This appeared to be a continuation of a conversation she had been having with her mom, who joined right in.   
  
Emily finished eating, but hung around until I was done as we continued our conversation. We were having a great time, getting to know one another, laughing and joking together. It was like nothing had happened Wednesday night. I decided that nothing had, and that if this summer was going to keep going as easily as before I would continue in that vein.  
  
Finally, Emily stood up and announced that she needed to head off to get dressed before work. I needed to do the same, so we all headed our separate ways for the day.  
  
That weekend, I didn't see much of Emily, Terrie, or Dave. I was invited to a party Friday night, and stayed out late into the night, rolling in after everyone else was in bed. I spent most of Saturday around the house, helping out with some yard work and reading some, but Emily, Dave and Terrie were off at various activities and I spent most of the day on my own. Sunday I went to a baseball game with some friends, so didn't see anyone in the family until after dinner.   
  
The next week was busy at work, a whirlwind of activity. I had a big project I was helping out on, and since the guys I was working with were working late hours I was doing so as well, shadowing them, eating in the office, and generally spending enough time at the house to sleep, shower, and do it all again. It was one of those weeks where I wasn't sure if I was coming or going.   
  
By Friday night I was ready for a break, and thankfully so was everyone I was working with. I planned to get home early, grab a bite to eat, and just veg. When I got to the house, Terrie was the only one home. She told me that Dave would be working late at the Center, and that she planned to meet some girlfriends for a girls' night. She recommended that I order some take out, and apologized for not making anything before she left.   
  
"Are you kidding me?" I responded. "I really don't expect you to provide food and board," I said with a laugh. "I know I've said it before, but I just want to thank you again for your hospitality this summer. It has been a huge help to me."   
  
She smiled. I hadn't noticed before, but she not surprisingly had a very similar smile to both her daughters. It was infectious. "I know you say that, but we've really enjoyed having you here the last few weeks. Anyway, I know you don't expect it, which is why it's my pleasure," answered Terrie sweetly.   
  
We chatted for a few minutes, and I asked for some recommendations for take-out close by, which she happily offered. Finally, she got up to go and started to walk toward the door. She turned as if remembering something. "Oh shoot, I forgot to check in with Emily about her plans. I think she was planning to stay in tonight, and was probably expecting something for dinner. Before you call for take-out would you mind calling her and seeing if she wants you to get her anything? Her number's on the fridge."  
  
I agreed, and Terrie headed out the door. As she left I gave Emily a call on her cell. She had no plans for the night. From our short conversation, it sounded like she had had as busy a week as me and was planning to veg too and probably go to bed early. In fact, she laughed and told me she hadn't even noticed I wasn't home much over the week, claiming that she hadn't eaten dinner at home even one night.   
  
I got her take out order, and told her I would probably be getting the food when she got home. In return, she asked what kind of movie I was in the mood for and offered to grab that. After a couple minutes of negotiation, we decided on a new rom-com so that we could both watch the movie on the large screen in the basement – I would get the comedy and she would get the chick flick. The evening was shaping up to be a pretty good Friday night: take-out, a new flick and good company.   
  
I pulled in the driveway about an hour later with our food, and parked next to Emily. The lights were on in the entertainment room in the basement, but no one was there. As I walked in I heard Emily yell down the stairs, "Hey Dan, I am just changing into some comfy jammies and grabbing some silver wear and plates. Make yourself comfortable and I'll be down in five."  
  
I snickered to myself as the dirty thought ran through my mind I'm most comfortable naked. Hey, it had worked in a television show I watched once... Quickly I pushed that total man thought from my mind. Control yourself Dan. Yes, I had happened upon this sexy young thing in her bra and panties over a week ago, but that was obviously a mistake.   
  
Looking around the basement at my surroundings I decided that I didn't need to seem like the dirty old man (even if I was just four years older than Emily). So, I chose a spot on the end of the sectional so that Emily would have plenty of room to sit with some distance from me, if she desired.   
  
Five minutes later, Emily walked down with a couple plates and some silverware. Her "comfy jammies" were a pair of black yoga pants and a loose fitting white tank top cut off at her mid-riff, which looked like it might have been her dads. It was very loose, and the arm holes were way too big for Emily. She held the plates in front of her blocking my view of her breasts, but I didn't see a bra strap under either of the tank top straps.   
  
She sat down the silverware on the coffee table and I opened up the takeout right next to it. I was sitting on the sectional next to the coffee table, and she was standing on the other side of the table. She reached down into the takeout container and began spooning food onto her plate. I looked up, and got a most exhilarating view - her large tank top sagged down deeply, allowing me a clear view of her ample cleavage. She definitely wasn't wearing a bra. In fact, her tank top sagged so far down that I was able to see just the top of her areolas on the tip of her breasts. I tried not to stare, and began rummaging around in the other take-out container, but my eyes continually found their way back to Emily's sexy large breasts. She never looked up; instead taking what seemed like forever to spoon out her food.  
  
Eventually, she stood up and walked around the coffee table. She didn't wink at me or smile, but there is no way she didn't know what she had just done, was there? I waited for her to cuddle up to me. Maybe just start making out. I mean, what else could be her intent with a move like that, wearing an outfit like that? However, she didn't. Instead, she moved around the table and sat down in a most confusing place, not right next to me, but also not on the far end of the sectional. Maybe it was so that she could use the end of the coffee table, but she was in the middle of the sectional, at least three feet from me. She looked over at me, and took her first bite, nonchalantly saying, "Hey Dan, you have the remote. Let's start this thing."  
  
I was confused. I really couldn't imagine that she didn't realize how far down her shirt I just saw. Maybe she just considered me more of a brother than a man, and this is how she normally dressed for a movie night at home, but it sure was getting me hot and bothered. I shifted in my seat, trying to make sure that the tent in my pants was not showing, and clicked to start the movie. I was lost in thought trying to figure this girl out, as the movie started.   
  
We ate in silence for a few minutes. Shortly into the movie, Emily found something funny and laughed out. She was relaxing, eating, and generally just acting like her normal self. At some of the more corny "romantic" moments, she pointed out the ridiculousness and laughed at her jokes. I laughed along with her, and got more into the movie largely because of her commentary. I decided that Emily really just saw me as one of the family. She must not have realized what I had been able to see when she bent over the takeout earlier.   
  
The movie was not at all fast paced, but it seemed to be moving along fairly quickly. I was enjoying Emily's company and the sight of her, even if she wasn't cuddled up next to me. About halfway through, she stood up and moved to the recliner.   
  
As she walked away from me, I checked out her tight little rear in her yoga pants – who doesn't love those, right? She sat down in the recliner, and kicked back, her arms stretched above her head as she basically laid in the recliner.  
  
Her baggy tank top was definitely not form fitting, and so fell loosely on her body. Blessing of blessing for me, instead of falling to her side as she laid back, the fabric of her tank top must have fallen more to the middle of her chest while her breast shifted to the outside, because with her arms raised it actually revealed quite a bit of glorious side boob. In fact, I would swear that about a minute after she laid back the fabric shifted even further in, showing even more of her glorious breast. I didn't see her move to make that happen, but I just couldn't imagine any reason that it would have moved other than her tugging on the other side.  
  
She had to be teasing me. First the lengthy look down her shirt, then this side boob view. However, she didn't even look at me. Instead, she kept up with her banter about the movie, acting as if nothing was amiss at all.   
  
From that point on in the movie, I spent about equal time watching the movie and staring at Emily's body. She barely moved the rest of the movie, other than moving her mouth to comment on the movie. I responded in kind, and we kept up a kind of witty banter about what turned out to be not the best-acted movie.  
  
At the end of the movie, Emily immediately got up, and began clearing the coffee table. Again, she stood on the other side of the coffee table. As she bent over the table I was given a view of her giant breasts hanging low. I began to reach down to help her, as she voiced, "No, you stay there Dan. You seem even more tired than me tonight. Let me clean these up, and then I'll leave you the big screen. I'm going to head to my room."   
  
I was taken aback as she seemed to be directing me to let her be. "Are you sure you don't want to watch another movie or want the run of the big screen? I can head upstairs."

"No, I'm really tired. I really enjoyed our time, but I'm going to hit the bed early. Good night Dan." With that, Emily headed up the stairs. I wistfully watched her sweet ass sway in her yoga pants as she headed up the stairs. I so wanted to follow her, to see if maybe there was something to this growing sexual tension between us. It seemed obvious to me that Emily had worn what she wore on purpose, and was at the very least teasing me.   
  
But, the way she had said her last statement, it was clear to me that I was not to follow. So, I hung on and started watching television. I would let her make the move if there was something to what had just transpired.  
  
An hour later, I realized there wasn't. Terrie had arrived home, and Emily was nowhere to be seen. I told Terrie that Emily had gone to bed about an hour ago, and I was headed to my bed now. As I went upstairs, I decided to try Emily's door, just to look in and see what she was up to. However, when I tried to turn the knob, the door was locked. Well, that answered any question about whether I was supposed to follow earlier.   
  
The next few days were uneventful. I ran into Emily a few times around the house, at breakfast and dinner, and in the early evening once when we watched some television together. Each time our interaction was just like before. Emily was always talkative, and willing to talk about anything. Her personality was infectious, with a smile that lit up the room and was often on her face. Really, there didn't seem to be any hint of a change in how she interacted with me. I began to rethink my take from last Friday night that she was obviously teasing me, because there just didn't seem to be any hint of that in her interactions.  
  
The following Wednesday evening I was the first one home. Terrie and Dave had their normal Wednesday night activities and wouldn't be home until late. Emily was nowhere to be seen – I assumed she was out with friends or working a little late. I decided to veg for the evening and watch a movie or two, so after making a quick sandwich, I headed down to the basement where the big screen TV was located. I scanned through the available DVDs – there were a number of comedies, and a few suspense movies, but the vast majority of movies were chick flicks. I guess Melissa and Emily had been the primary DVD collectors. I picked out one of the suspense movies, not quite in the mood for a comedy, and kicked back on the sectional couch.  
  
About an hour later I heard the garage door open. A brief moment later, in walked Emily. She gave me a huge smile as she stopped and asked what I was up to.  
  
"Oh, just watching a movie. Got back early and decided to veg for a bit. How are you doing?"  
  
"Great!" She answered. "Work went really well today. My boss even called me into his office to tell me how well he thought I was doing this summer. I think I have a real shot at a full time job after I graduate."   
  
I congratulated her on the great news, and we shot the breeze for a few more minutes. After the events of the last couple weeks, I imagined that I might be awkward around Emily. I couldn't help thinking of her in sexual way after our two "incidents", but as soon as we started to talk that always seemed to fly right out the window.   
  
We conversed as easy as ever. And to think, just last week I had imagined that maybe Emily was tormenting me on purpose. I laughed at myself now. The way we talked so easily and she so excitedly shared her good news, it seemed pretty clear that she just thought of me as one of the family – like a big brother.  
  
After about five more minutes, I paused the movie. I hadn't been watching since we started talking. "Oh, I am so sorry." Emily said. "I interrupted you and you were planning to just veg tonight. Let me get going."  
  
"No, no, not at all," I answered. "I just haven't seen this movie so don't want to miss too much. I am enjoying talking to you, and really am excited about your news. You really don't need to leave."  
  
"No, I really should let you be," answered Emily.   
  
"I need to grab something to eat, and then was planning to work out tonight. Will I annoy you if I work out down here in about half an hour?"   
  
"You really don't need to go," I answered. "I feel like I'm chasing you off, and I was really enjoying our chat."  
  
"No, really, I should eat."  
  
I resigned myself to ending our conversation short, and told Emily that it would be no problem at all if she wanted to work out downstairs. I told her that I would probably keep watching the movie, but it's not like she would be in the way or anything. At that, she headed upstairs, and after flipping back a few scenes on the DVD I resumed my watching.   
  
Now, you may recall that both the entertainment room and the workout /rec room are in the basement. They are laid out so that they were generally parallel to one another. It is really like one large room, cut in half. The room is about 30 or 35 feet long but only 15 feet wide, so the family had divided it into two functional areas. In one half, there is a large sectional sofa and a recliner, facing a large screen television. In the other half of the room is a workout mat and a bar (maybe a ballet bar?), and a weight station, all facing a full length mirror that runs on the same wall as the television. So, someone sitting on the couch watching television really has an easy view of the mirror if they are inclined to look.  
  
After about a half hour, Emily came bouncing downstairs. And, you can reiterate bouncing. She was wearing a white sports bra, which left her sexy flat stomach and lower back bare, and didn't really do much to compress her sizable breasts. Her blonde hair was pulled back in a ponytail, and she was wearing some of the smallest green running shorts you could imagine, I would guess maybe four inches long on the sides. They weren't the spandex shorts that most girls seem to wear; instead they seemed to be those classic running shorts that hardly anyone but old men wears these days. No socks or shoes, so her slender legs were completely bare from her upper thigh down to her feet.  
  
There's no way she didn't catch me checking her   
  
out, but she didn't bat an eye or say anything. Instead, after about five seconds, she just gave me a big smile, and asked, "are you sure I won't bother you if I workout while you're watching the movie? I will listen to my music in headphones so I really should interrupt anything."  
  
"Of course I don't mind. Please, this is your house, not mine. I'm just a very grateful guest. You won't bother me at all." I didn't say what I was really thinking, that there's just about nothing I'd rather see than her working out in that outfit.  
  
She thanked me, and then walked into the rec room. I tried not to be too obvious watching her as she walked away, but my eyes were definitely drawn to her sexy back. I don't know what it is, but I have always found a woman's back sexy, especially the shoulder blades and the curve down into the small of the back. Hers was completely bare from the waste up except for an inch of fabric of her sports bra, which I found pretty exhilarating.  
  
I have to admit that I didn't catch much of the last twenty minutes of my movie. I couldn't turn it off and just drool, so I had to somewhat surreptitiously watch Emily, but I will confess that I saw more of her than the movie. For her part, it seemed that Emily was trying to give me a show. She started by doing what I assume was yoga. Her stretches always seemed to accentuate her body. One time she was standing and she stretched her arms high in the air and then reached back, jutting out those huge breasts. Of course, this being yoga she held that pose for what seemed like ages. Next, facing the mirror, she stretched down and grabbed the backs of her ankles. This stretch accentuated her beautiful round ass in just the right places. It also gave me a nice look at her cleavage in the mirror.   
  
After about twenty minutes of various stretches I was hard as a rock watching her, and watching less and less of the movie. Every once in a while Emily's eyes caught me in the mirror and I would turn away quickly. I didn't want to be too obvious, but I was pretty sure she didn't care that I was watching. In fact, I was coming back to my previous opinion that maybe she was tormenting me with some mild exhibitionism.  
  
I was lost in thought when suddenly Emily's voice jarred me back to the land of the living. "Hey, you a big fan of the credits or what?" she said laughing. I looked up and realized that the credits had been rolling for who knows long, and I was basically drooling staring into the mirror.  
  
"Oh, yeah, right. Ha! I was just lost in thought" I said as I turned off the movie and started to get up.  
  
"You're not going upstairs, are you?" Emily asked, with what seemed like a pout to her voice.  
  
It's funny, I wasn't nearly as smooth or conversant now, having basically been checking out this hot female for the last twenty or twenty-five minutes. After a second, I responded "yeah, I thought I might grab something to eat, and I thought I'd give you the run of the basement."  
  
Her smile turned to a frown as I turned to walk up the stairs. After a couple steps, Emily blurted out, "Wait. There are a couple stretches I could really use some help with. Do you think you could help me out?"  
  
Well, there was no way I was going to turn down the chance to hang around longer and check this hot little thing out from a closer vantage point. I quickly agreed, and walked (who am I kidding, I basically ran) over to her.  
  
Emily stood straight up and put her arms to her side. She asked me to get behind her and help her roll her body forward, stretching out as far down as possible while she reached her arms backward. This seemed to be stretching her back and her stomach. It was so sexy to be touching the small of her back and pushing forward, though I did have to "stretch" (pun intended) myself to keep from moving in so close to her that she might feel how much I was "enjoying" her stretching.  
  
Next, she told me she was going to do a backbend. She again stood up straight, and then asked me to hold my hand in the small of her back while she bent backwards. I was standing right over her as she bent backwards, my hand on her sexy back, looking down at her sexy stomach and the underside of her breasts and the top of her shorts.   
  
After holding this for a bit, she stood back up ever so slowly. She then sat down on the floor with her legs in front of her. Again, she asked me to push gently on her back, helping her reach further forward than she otherwise could. She asked me to put my legs to each side of her and sit behind her so that I would have the best position for helping her. I immediately sat, though far enough behind her that I wouldn't accidentally brush her with the front of my pants, which were distinctly tenting.   
  
As I pushed her forward I focused on the small of her smooth back and her shoulder blades. For a minute I contemplated going into personal training. It would be quite the life to get to see sights like this every day.  
  
After a couple minutes of that, she asked me to stand back up. She laid with her back flat on the ground and seemed to be pondering something for a second. Finally, she spoke up. "I need to stretch the backs of my thighs. Will you stand up over me, and help me stretch my legs up and back as far as I can? We'll do one at a time."  
  
My heart leapt. I was stepping up in the sexiness department, able to touch and check out the full length of these sexy legs. And, with her shorts as short as they were, I was really going to get the full leg treatment. I agreed as nonchalantly as possible, and stepped down to her feet.  
  
She slowly lifted her right leg in the air to allow me to get a better hold on it. I slowly moved forward, pushing against her calf and pushing her leg higher into the air until it was generally perpendicular to her torso. I was trying to be careful not to push too hard and make her pull a muscle, but she looked up at me and told me to push further. As I got her to about a 55 degree angle from her stomach to her thigh, I felt pretty strong resistance. She told me hold it there and count to twenty.   
  
Up to this point, I had been concentrating on being gentle as I stretched her leg. Now, however, with nothing to concentrate on, my eyes drifted over her body as I looked down at her and counted to twenty. Emily's eyes were closed, so I didn't need to be self-conscious about what I was doing. I checked out her heaving chest, which seemed to be breathing faster than would be expected from a little stretching. My eyes then drifted down to her knee, her thigh and her shorts. It was there that my eyes almost bulged out of my head as I almost lost count on my way to 20. Her loose, short running shorts gapped at the thighs, and allowed me to look all the way up her legs. However, I didn't see any panties. Instead, it appeared that I could see a small blonde tuft of hair and what appeared to be the soft outer skin of what had to be her pussy. It was a slight red color, but it was hard to see too much because of the way the shorts fell between her legs.  
  
I got to twenty and slowly let her leg down. I could barely compose my thoughts. I had to have been mistaken. Sure, I had gotten the vibe a few times that Emily was playing with me and that some of her "accidental" exposures maybe weren't so accidental, but this could be nothing but purposeful.  
  
She slowly lifted her other leg, and I again began to stretch it up in the air. Her eyes were again closed, so this time my total attention was on her thigh and her shorts. I pushed her leg slightly out as I lifted it up, to try to push her shorts out of the way a little bit, which worked pretty well. As I got her leg perpendicular to her torso, I stopped pushing. She looked up at me with a questioning look, and I quickly told her that it seemed like there was more tension on this leg so I didn't want to push too far. She nodded acceptingly and closed her eyes. I then pushed her leg even wider so that there would be a bigger gap on the inside of her shorts.   
  
There it was, clear as day. I started to count down from 20, much more slowly than the last stretch, as I stared down at the glistening pink pussy lips of this sexy blonde twenty year old. Her pussy was ever so slightly gaping up at me because of the way I had moved her leg, and there was a small patch of blonde curly pubic hair on her mound. I wanted to dive down right then and there and grab a taste, but decided that I needed to let this play out. It was now obvious that Emily was showing off her sexy body to me, and was escalating, but I couldn't assume that meant that I had free reign to enjoy her body. I decided that I would enjoy whatever I could get and "take care" of myself later on the memory of this sexy little minx if that was the game.  
  
As I got to twenty, her eyes popped open and I let her leg down slowly. I was hoping for another stretch or maybe something to get a little closer but instead, she immediately popped up from the ground. "Thank you so much for your help. Those stretches felt SOOOOOO good! Well, I'm going to go clean up now for bed. I'll see you in a bit."  
  
And with that, the little tease was gone. She bounded up the stairs in just a few steps, and headed for her room. I stood in shock, surprised by the quick movement before I could even contemplate making much of a move. After a few minutes, I headed upstairs to my room. I heard the shower running, so I checked the door on the bathroom, just to see if she had left it unlocked and might want me to come join her. I wasn't sure if I would ever have the courage to pull off something like that, even if she did leave it unlocked, but there was no such luck anyway. It appeared that I had gotten all the show I was going to get for the evening.   
  
The next morning was interesting. I headed downstairs after a quick shower. Emily was already up, eating some cereal at the kitchen table with her Mom. She was wearing sweats and a hooded sweatshirt – normal college apparel as far as I was concerned. When I came downstairs she didn't even look up from her cereal. She just stared into the bowl and ate quickly. Her face seemed a slightly redder shade than normal, and sadly, that sexy body was well covered by her choice of clothes.   
  
I grabbed a bowl of apple jacks and sat down at the table. It fit six normally, so there was a chair in between each of us. Terrie immediately started with the small talk, asking about work and talking about the weather. Emily was unusually quiet during the conversation. There was no mention of the praise from her boss yesterday, so I assumed she hadn't given her mom this bit of news yet. The conversation with Terrie was pleasant enough, but there was a slight tension to the room.   
  
After a few minutes, Emily stood up, deposited her dirty bowl in the dishwasher and headed upstairs. Once she was out of ear shot, Terrie quietly told me that Emily had told her she had a bad headache. I hadn't really asked, but I guess my face gave away the fact that I considered something to be wrong. I was glad Terrie had that story from Emily already, so she didn't question me about the silence. At least there was that. No hard to answer questions would come from today's awkward interaction. Still, I was fairly disappointed in the whole situation. I quite enjoyed Emily's exhibitionist tendencies to my benefit, and was very disappointed that it seemed she felt she had crossed a line last night when she gave me a short glorious glimpse between her sexy legs. Honestly, I had hoped for much, much more to come.   
  
That evening I came home late. Emily still wasn't home by the time I went to bed, and she was still in bed when I left for work the next day. That wasn't entirely unusual, but I couldn't help but think she was avoiding me.  
  
Friday night rolled around, and I hadn't seen Emily since the uncomfortable breakfast the day before. I headed out for drinks with some fellow interns after work, so didn't get back until about 9:00 that night. When I rolled into the driveway, I could see that everyone – Emily, Dave, and Terrie – had beaten me to the house. I walked in through the garage, and was met by the sight of all three of them in the entertainment room watching an old Julia Roberts movie. All three looked up at me and said hello. I even got the normal smile (at least normal before Wednesday's stretching "experience") from Emily as she asked how my day had gone. Terrie scooted over so that I would have room to join them all on the sectional if I wanted, making a place at the end of the sectional next to her. I sat down for a couple minutes and caught up on the day. Everything seemed to be back to normal. I guess Emily had either decided she was okay with what had happened, or that she would have to fake it in front of her parents. Either way, I was happy to see things relatively back to normal. I enjoyed my free room for the summer and the company I was keeping, and didn't want anything to ruin that.   
  
After a few minutes I excused myself to go upstairs and watch television on my own. To be honest, I would have stayed had I thought there might be a chance of another show, but I highly doubted that with Dave and Terrie sitting right there between Emily and me. I didn't hear anyone come upstairs the rest of the night, and ended up turning in a little early, tired from a fairly long week at work.  
  
I woke up on Saturday morning to a soft knock on the door. My eyes opened slowly as I heard Emily's soft voice asking from the cracked doorway, "Can I come in? I need to grab some of Melissa's old clothes from her dresser."  
  
Obviously, I was not going to say no to the chance to be alone in a room with the object of all my recent fantasies. However, before I answered I remembered that as was my norm, I was sleeping in the nude. And, as often is the case in the morning, I was hard as a rock. Sure I enjoyed Emily being an exhibitionist, but I wasn't sure I was ready to do the same. "Hold on a minute" I called back as I adjusted the covers to ensure nothing was showing or obviously "tented". "Alright, you can come in." I called out.

In walked a vision of beauty in a much too small towel (or just right sized, depending on how you look at it). It was obvious that Emily had just gotten out of the shower. Her blonde hair was wet, falling down to her bare shoulders. She had a little green eye shadow and lipstick on, but not much. She was covered by a single baby blue towel wrapped around her body, tied at the top and supported by her ample breasts. I would say that the towel might as well have been a hand towel with how small it was, but that's not really true. As she walked in, all the important parts were covered, just barely. The bottom hem of the towel fell just at the top of her thighs and just below her shapely ass.  
  
"Sorry, I hate to wake you up, but I am seriously behind on laundry. Melissa left some of her old clothes here, and I need to find some clothes before I head to a friend's house for the rest of the weekend."  
  
"No problem at all" I answered. "Forgive me for not getting up, but I'm probably going to sleep in still a bit."   
  
Her youthful response made me smile. "It's your room, silly. You're entitled to stay in here as long as you want on a Saturday. Believe me, if I weren't headed out of town I'd be in bed until noon."   
  
A wishful thought ran through my mind: you're welcome in my bed any morning, especially in an outfit like that. Of course, I kept that thought to myself.  
  
With that, she walked through the doorway and up to the dresser. The dresser was a short, white, rectangular dresser, with two fairly sizable drawers on each level, three drawers high, and a mirror on top.  
  
I lay in bed, facing the dresser, which was positioned on the wall parallel with my bed but closer to my feet. Emily turned her back to me, and began to rifle through the top drawers. Sadly, with as short as she was, she didn't really have to bend to do that, but I still got a wonderful view of the backs of her legs.  
  
After a minute of rifling through the top drawers, Emily pulled out a pair of shorts and placed it on top of the dresser. She then closed the top drawers. Without turning, she bent slightly at the waist and began rifling through the next drawers down. That was more like it. The slight bend pulled up her towel ever so slightly in the back, revealing just a hint of the curve of the round cheeks of her ass. She searched in these drawers longer than the first, pulling out a plain white t-shirt and putting it on the dresser, than searching some more until she found another shirt that she placed on top the dresser.  
  
After another minute or so she closed the second row of drawers. "Gosh Melissa" she said a little more emphatically than was probably necessary. "Organize your drawers much?" She sighed and shook her head. If I didn't know any better, I would have guessed she was making sure that I was paying attention. And you can be sure, I was not being shy about staring at her tight little body.  
  
At that she bent further down, and pulled out the bottom drawer on the left. The lady-like thing would have been to bend at the knees or even get down on her knees while she looked through the bottom drawers. I was very grateful that she didn't do the lady like thing. Instead, with her back directly toward me, she bent in half at the waist, as she rifled through the bottom drawer on the left. This lifted up her towel inches in back, giving me an unobstructed view of her glistening pink pussy and the lower half of her ass cheeks.   
  
It was clear that she had shaved or at least trimmed the stubble around those beautiful pink lips, as they were smooth as silk, with just a slight patch of blonde hair barely visible on her mostly hidden mound. Her slit was plainly visible, with just a hint of the pink inside.   
  
This search was a little more dramatic. Emily huffed and puffed, and rifled more vigorously through the drawers, shaking her little ass as she went. "Uggh Melissa, where did you put those panties?" she exclaimed, in what had to be another attempt to make sure I was looking. And was I ever. At one point I wished I had a camera, just to commemorate this lovely occasion; instead I just promised to commit to memory all I was seeing.   
  
She continued to mumble to herself as she finally closed the drawer on the left. Instead of simply moving a foot or two to the right, she slid her right leg back slightly and more to the right, and bent ever further at the waist, stretching her torso to reach the bottom of the right drawer. If it were possible, this put her in even better position for my viewing pleasure. Her towel slid up maybe another inch, and with her legs spread a little more I could see into her pink love canal, which, if I weren't mistaken, was looking even moister than when I first saw it two minutes ago.  
  
She continued to rifle through the drawer and ultimately pulled out a couple pairs of panties which she deposited next to her on the floor. "I really am so sorry for waking you this morning" she called out. "I know I hate waking up earlier than planned on the weekends. Melissa always did say I was a bother." There was breathiness to her voice as she said this, as I could almost hear her breath quickening and her heart beating from the rush of exposing herself to me.   
  
I tried to control my voice. "Emily, you have nothing to apologize for. This is your house. I can't thank you all enough, and I mean each of you, for everything you have done for me this summer." I made sure to accentuate the "everything" – I am sure Emily caught my drift as she finally grabbed her pile of clothes from the ground and stood up to grab the remaining clothes from the top of dresser.   
  
She turned to me and smiled a huge smile, with her bright blue eyes almost dancing. Her face was flushed, which could have been from her head being at her feet for so long, but I assumed was from the rush of her show. Her chest was heaving. She stared into my eyes as I stared up at her face, with the memory of her sweet pussy frozen in my mind.   
  
"Well" she finally broke the silence, "I've got to be heading out. I'm heading to my college roommate's lake house for the rest of the weekend. I guess I'll see you next week."  
  
With that, she turned and walked out the door. My eyes trailed her. She grabbed the end of my door (it opened out into the hallway) and turned toward me. "I will shut you back in here so you can get back to sleep." With that, she slowly closed the door. As she started to close it, her towel came loose and fell slowly to the ground, at first seeming to catch on her breast, but ultimately sliding off, falling the remainder of the way. She made no attempt to catch it, and instead slowed (but didn't stop) closing my door. My last sight of her for the weekend was partially blocked by my door, but it included one complete breast, with a large half dollar size dark pink nipple jutting out. It was so round and looked so delicious. I also caught just a glimpse of the blonde strands of hair at the mound between her legs...   
  
Yeah right, there was no way I was going back to sleep now. I was a little frustrated to hear that Emily would be gone for the weekend, after getting me wound up early on a Saturday morning. Not that I was complaining. It was more the fact that I wouldn't see her the rest of the weekend that had me bothered – not the waking up.  
  
I considered getting up and running to her room, but within seconds I heard the telltale sound of the lock clicking on her door, and moments later heard some activity from what must have been Terrie or Dave downstairs. I pondered my situation. Lying there, naked, a man in my position only had one option. I took care of myself with the images of the last ten minutes or so burned in my mind. I then fell back asleep.  
  
The rest of the weekend was uneventful. As she said, Emily was gone all weekend at her friend's lake house. I spent most of the weekend catching up on some reading, although I did spend part of Saturday evening with Terrie watching some TV shows Terrie had DVR'd. But the memory of that Saturday morning was etched into my mind throughout the weekend, keeping me a bit on edge.  
  
I didn't see Emily again until Monday night, when Terrie, Dave, Emily, and I all had dinner together. Emily ran most of the dinner conversation, discussing the fun she had over the weekend with her friends water skiing and jet skiing. Eventually she asked what I had done over the weekend and I answered with a summary of the boring details. "Wow, Dan, your weekend sounds like it is was pretty lame. You should have at least caught a show at the theatre," Emily responded.  
  
"The show I want to see wasn't in town this weekend" I answered, hoping that my double meaning would be lost on Terrie and Dave but caught by Emily.  
  
It was. Emily immediately got a little crimson and stared down at the table. Terrie asked, "Oh, what show is that?"  
  
"Oh, there's just this little documentary that isn't widely playing that I've really been wanting to see." I tried to be vague yet convincing, and it seemed to work, as the topic of conversation moved on to movies that others wanted to see. No one even asked for a title. Emily quickly got over her embarrassment and jumped back into the conversation. I half expected a kick under the table from her for my comment, but instead she seemed to ignore my comment once she got over the initial reaction. I got the feeling that she liked "showing," but maybe didn't like my acknowledging the show. I decided to keep this in mind for future reference.  
  
That night I was lying in bed trying to fall asleep without much success. Things had definitely been stepped up a notch in the last week, and I was trying to make heads and tails of it. Was Emily waiting for me to make a move? Or, was she solely doing this for the rush, and I was just the beneficiary? From the way dinner went, it sure seemed like she didn't like that I had begun referencing what she was doing, although a lot of that may have had to do with having her parents at the table with us.   
  
I finally fell into a fitful sleep. questioning what could possibly be our next step, if there was a next step.   
  
I woke up with the distinct feeling that there was someone in the room with me. It was still dark out, but I could tell that there was someone there, someone standing in my room. I felt movement toward me, and then what felt like a hand being waived slowly above my head. I didn't move. I almost had to remind myself to breathe. I couldn't see, but I could smell the hint of Emily's perfume, and was pretty sure she was standing over me.   
  
She slowly walked away. She walked around the foot of my bed, and headed toward the closet. The closet in my bedroom was on the opposite side from the dresser, and also toward the foot of my bed. I didn't follow her with my eyes, because it seemed to me she didn't want me awake. I wasn't sure what she was doing, but I wasn't going to interrupt things by asking her.  
  
After a moment, I heard the familiar sound of the pull string for the light being pulled in the closet. A light flooded out of the closet across my bed. I was still facing the dresser on the opposite side of the room. I squinted my eyes. I wanted to see what was going on, but also needed to make it look like I was still asleep. In the mirror, I could clearly see Emily at the closet door. She appeared to be wearing a bathrobe. She was looking intently at me to see if I moved at the appearance of the light, so I concentrated hard to control my breathing to make it look like I was still asleep.  
  
Emily slowly adjusted the closet door so that the light did not brighten the entire room. Instead, with the door half closed, the light only shone across the foot of my bed, and on the dresser and mirror across the room.  
  
Now I was confused. After turning on the closet light and adjusting the door, Emily headed out into the hallway. What was she doing?   
  
My question was quickly answered, as she headed back in a moment later with an old wooden desk chair. It was a fairly standard wooden chair – four legs, paneled back, and arms on each side. She set it right in front of the dresser, facing the bed, so that it was just on the edge of the light. It was maybe five feet away and directly facing my head, which was still turned toward the dresser, just as it had been when she first came in.  
  
She slowly walked over to me again, her bathrobe pulled tight. Again she stood over me. She waived her hand again over my head. I will never understand that method of checking whether someone is asleep. Maybe it's just me, but I am a light sleeper, and basically whenever anyone enters my room when I am asleep, I will wake up. So, movement right above me is almost certain to wake me. But, I digress.  
  
I could feel her staring at me, as I tried to remain calm, keeping my eyes closed and breathing steady. I must have convinced her, because after a minute, she headed over to the chair.  
  
She sat down, and untied her robe. I was riveted as I half opened my eyes again and looked towards her. With our positioning, me in the dark and her in the light, I doubted very much she could see my eyes anyway, but I didn't want to give anything away. Slowly, she took her right hand, and brushed away the left side of her robe, fully exposing her left breast to me. She slowly rubbed her hand around her breast, first massaging it, then focusing more on her dark nipple. She took her index finger and traced tiny circles around her nipple, then pinched it between her fingers. After a few moments of that she went back to massaging her breast again, before again returning to focus on the nipple.  
  
Her nipple was jutting straight out as she continued to play with it. It had to have grown at least a half inch. Her breathing was quickening slightly, as I could tell she was enjoying both the feel of her touch and the fear of being caught. Next, she took her left hand, and pushed away the right side of her robe, so that it fell completely off her shoulders and onto the arms of the chair. She began to work that breast the same as she had the other, massaging her breast, and then focusing on her nipple, rubbing and tweaking them until both were arrow straight.   
  
I wanted to call out and tell her to start sucking one of them, but I wasn't quite sure what affect that would have on her. In the past, it seemed that when I acknowledged what was happening, it always ended. I didn't want that to happen. At the same time, my manhood was fully engorged as I "slept" naked watching this scene. I decided to move slightly to see what would happen. I moaned softly and adjusted my pillow under my head.   
  
At the movement Emily came to an immediate stop and grabbed her bathrobe to quickly cover herself. That answered that. I stopped moving and concentrated on breathing deeply, but not in too exaggerated a manner. After about fifteen seconds, I must have convinced her, because Emily again dropped her robe and began working her nipples.   
  
Within a couple minutes, Emily was breathing hard, and I was having a hard time keeping my own breath measured. She was gorgeous – her soft white skin, her beautiful round breasts, and those delicious nipples. As she continued using her left hand on her breasts, her right hand slowly began to work its way down her perfect belly, past her belly button, and then under her robe which was still draped across her lap. I could tell where she was headed, but was disappointed that I could only "tell". I continued to watch her tweak her nipple while I imagined where her other hand had gone.  
  
I didn't have to imagine long. After maybe a minute, she lifted herself from the chair, and completely removed the robe from around herself, dropping it on the floor. She was wearing the same pink thong she had been wearing the first time I caught her in her undies. I could see her lovely milky thighs, her breasts and stomach, and could see her working her finger underneath the fabric of the thong.   
  
Her breathing was definitely faster, as was mine. I could see her finger fucking herself through the fabric, but still was not getting the full view of things. Thankfully, she took care of that a moment later as she again lifted her sweet ass up off the chair. She grabbed hold of both sides of her thong. Ever so slowly she pushed her thong down her legs, over her knees, and then over her feet. Her breasts tumbled so low that they blocked my view of her pussy as she bent over to move her thong over her feet. I had to remind myself to breathe again, as I am fairly certain I was holding my breath throughout this entire movement.  
  
She stayed in that position for a moment as I heard a drawer opening. What could she be doing now? She was still sitting, but was rummaging through the lowest drawer in the dresser behind her. Apparently, she found what she was looking for, because she sat back up. I reminded myself not to open my eyes too wide as I took in a vision of beauty. Two perfect tits, leading down to a slight thatch of blonde hair on top of a perfect, already sopping wet pussy. She again began working her breasts with one hand while she worked her pussy with the other. Except this time, in her hand at her pussy was a pink sex toy of some kind. I am not exactly experienced with those things, but I assume this was either Melissa's or her dildo. Whatever the name, I could tell what this was for.   
  
She slowly rubbed the length of her slit with the toy, spending especially long at her clit. I could hear her catching her breath whenever it hit just right on that spot. She was sitting so that I could see the beginnings of her pussy, and whenever she rubbed up and down her slit I could see her tight pussy lips open around it.  
  
She spent probably three or four minutes working her dildo around on her clit and running it the length of her pussy. She then brought the dildo up to her chest, and rubbed circles around both her nipples. After a few of these, she brought her hands together, and I heard a low humming noise, before she returned to rubbing circles on her tits with the dildo. Apparently, this toy vibrated, and it looked like she had kicked things up even another notch.  
  
I was expectantly waiting for her to return to her twat with her vibrating dildo. My hard-on was raging, and I half considered throwing the covers off my bed and forcing this little minx to satisfy me. However, I didn't want our little escapades to end, and if the price of admission was her leaving before I was satisfied myself, I decided that was worth it.  
  
A minute later, my patience was rewarded. Slowly, Emily lifted her left leg up, so that the back of her thigh was resting on the left arm of the chair. Then, she did the same with her right leg, all the while keeping her ass firmly planted on the chair. In this position, the entire slit of her pussy was clearly visible to me. In fact, her little pink twat was already gaping open from just the position she took, and it appeared to me that it was quite, quite wet. She again began to run the dildo against her clit, and then up and down her slit, but now I had a much better view.   
  
Because it was vibrating, there was an almost immediate reaction. The touch of the vibrator made her jump as she caught her breath. She started to moan, and immediately bit her lip to stifle the sound.  
  
Slowly, she pushed the tip of the dildo into her waiting pussy. The walls of her pussy stretched around it, it almost seemed too big for her to take. She closed her eyes and pushed just a little more, until she had taken at least eight inches. Then, she pulled it back out, so that only the tip remained in. She quickly sped up this process, as her huge breasts started to bounce from her exertions and her body movements. She used her right hand to shove the dildo in and out, in and out, as she moved her left hand down to her clit. Within seconds, she was again moaning, only this time she didn't catch herself. She continued to rub her clit as she pushed the dildo in faster and deeper. My eyes went back and forth between her pussy and her face. Her face was a sight to behold - her eyes were closed, her mouth was open, and I could see the feeling of ecstasy overtaking her as the feeling overwhelmed her.

Finally, her whole body shook in a massive orgasm. She was rigid in the chair as she rode wave after wave of sheer pleasure. Slowly she removed the dildo, and let it fall to the ground. Her arms fell to her side, and she collapsed backwards, with her legs still up on the arms of the chair. I wished I had a camera. Her nipples were sticking straight out. Her previously tight pink pussy was gaping, with distinct evidence of juices having just flowed throughout, including a large wet spot on the seat of the chair. The slight smell of her perfume that I had gotten earlier had been replaced by the distinct smell of a woman's sexual fervor.   
  
After a moment, I decided to try my luck one more time. I didn't want to scare her away for good, so didn't stand up and come at her in one fell swoop, even though that sounded like a really good plan to at least one part of my body. However, I also didn't want to play it too safe. So, instead of making some kind of small noise or minor movement, this time I rolled over to my back, making sure to make an exaggerated movement with my arm and leg as I rolled so as to make me at least partially exposed. I kept my eyes closed and "snored" loud.   
  
She jumped up with a start, and immediately reached to grab her robe. However, when she heard me snore and saw me still once again, she slowed her movement. She walked over to me. I could feel her staring straight at my eyes, which I kept closed. I felt her reach down, and begin to move my covers from where they had fallen halfway down my chest. She slowly pulled them lower, ultimately revealing my rock hard cock, which sprung out from under the covers upon its reveal. She audibly gasped, and then stood there. I don't know how long, but I could feel my hard member throbbing in the open air, pre-cum dripping down. I expected her to reach down and touch it, to maybe climb on. I wanted to scream out, but I kept silent, waiting for her to make the next move.   
  
Instead, maybe forty-five seconds later, I felt lips on my forehead, as I received a soft peck. "Sleep tight Dan." And with that, she quickly gathered her robe and left the room, taking her chair with her, but mistakenly (or not) leaving the telltale sex toy lying in front of the dresser.

**The Escalation of Emily Ch. 02**

I got off work late Monday evening, not leaving work until around 6:30. As I got into the car, my phone rang. I looked down to see Emily's name on the screen.  
  
"Hey Emily, how's it going?"  
  
"I'm doing well. Late night?" Emily answered, her voice chipper.   
  
"Yeah, just got into my car. What's up?"  
  
"Oh nothing," Emily answered. "My mom was just wondering if you were going to be home for dinner. She said it was no problem if you weren't, but if so, it would be ready in about ten minutes."  
  
"I just left work, so probably have about twenty minutes before I get there. You don't have to wait for me." I answered.  
  
"Oh, that's not bad at all. I'll let mom know. She always likes to have your handsome face at the table while we eat," She giggled. "I'll see you soon."   
  
With that, Emily hung up. As usual, just talking to Emily had my mind racing. Was there any underlying meaning to her statement? Was her flirtatious personality directed at me, or just her normal every day self? Work was the farthest thing from my mind as I drove on.  
  
As I pulled into the subdivision, my phone rang again. It was Emily. "Hey, you almost here? No rush, just thought I'd check."   
  
"Yeah, I actually just pulled into the subdivision. Be in the driveway in probably three minutes."  
  
"Oh good. I actually decided to change, so I'm up in my bedroom. You'll probably beat me to the kitchen, but I'll be down in a minute."  
  
"Sounds good." I responded. "See ya." I hung up, and turned onto the last road before the house, wondering why Emily was so keen on knowing when I would be home for dinner.   
  
I arrived and looked up at the house. Emily's room faced the road, and there was a profile in her window. I did a double take. Her shades were open, and I could see Emily standing back maybe three feet from the window, not directly facing the window but rather at somewhat of an angle. Her arms were stretched above her head, removing a shirt. She was braless, her breasts heavy on her chest. I stared as she dropped her shirt, then bent out of view. I couldn't completely stop, but I slowed my car to a crawl up the driveway. She stood back up, and slowly stretched a shirt down over her naked top, never acknowledging my presence but certainly aware of what she was exposing to the street. There could be no doubt that she had called just to make sure the timing was right. I pulled up the rest of the way into the driveway and walked inside, adjusting my pants as I walked.  
  
"Hi Terrie," I called out as I entered the kitchen. "Thanks for waiting, you really didn't have to."  
  
"Oh, don't give it another thought," Terrie responded. "I love having dinner all together. Plus, Emily told me that it sounded like you had had a rough day. She was really keen on waiting for you, so it was an easy choice."  
  
I smiled, thinking of what had greeted me as I arrived.   
  
As I sat down, Emily came downstairs. She was wearing black sweatpants and a tight white shirt. Her nipples were evident through her shirt and slightly hardened. Terrie seemed to notice too as a shadow fell across her face, but she quickly smiled and sat down. "Well, let's eat."   
  
Other than my constant efforts to glance at Emily's chest without notice from the rest of the table, the dinner was uneventful. Conversation shifted from work, to politics, to recent movies we had seen, to favorite vacations.  
  
It was during this last subject that Terrie interjected, "One of my favorite places to visit is this lake house that our friends the Anderson's own. Actually, Em, I forgot to tell you. And you too Dan. This coming weekend, Dave and I are heading to that lake house for our anniversary. So, you'll have to fend for yourselves all weekend."  
  
I didn't know what to say. My thoughts immediately went to being alone in the house with Emily for a whole weekend. Would she continue her "accidental" exposures? Would she "exercise" for me again? I'm sure I made quite the face as I thought through all the potential ramifications.   
  
Thankfully, Emily quickly spoke up, in her usual infectious voice, drawing all the attention her way. "That's great mom! I know you love that place! I'll be fine. I don't have any big plans, so I'll probably just make it a veg weekend."  
  
Gathering myself, I added, "Yeah, that sounds wonderful. And as I've told you over and over, you don't have to cook for me every day, although I definitely appreciate it. You two have a great time!"  
  
"I'm sure we will." Terrie smiled. "I just love sitting on their boat in the twilight, rocking with the movement of the water. It's going to be great..." She paused, with a far off look in her eyes. "Anyway, I just wanted to make sure you weren't surprised when there's no dinner and we're gone Friday night when you get home from work. So, neither of you have big plans?"  
  
"No," I responded first. "This week sounds like it's going to be pretty busy at work, so I was just planning to veg too. If you need any work done around the house that I can help with though, feel free to let me know."  
  
"I really appreciate it Dan. Dave might like it if you mowed the grass, but otherwise you're good. Just take it easy."   
  
"Yeah, I wasn't planning anything either," echoed Emily. "I know Dan's gotten spoiled with so many home cooked meals, so maybe I'll make one or two so he doesn't go into withdrawal." We all laughed.   
  
Eventually, the conversation turned back to work and current events, with Terrie largely controlling the pace and subject of conversation. It was a struggle for me to keep my mind on any topic, as my thoughts were repeatedly drawn to what might potentially happen this weekend. If I weren't mistaken, Emily was having a similar problem, as I kept noticing a far off look in her eyes.   
  
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I got home late from work Tuesday, well after dinner. I walked up from the basement, through the living room, on the way to the kitchen. Emily and her dad were sitting on the couch, watching television. Emily was wearing a white dress, a thin strap of fabric on each shoulder working overtime to hold up her ample breasts. Her sexy, smooth legs were crossed in front of her.  
  
"Hey Dan," Emily spoke. "We're about to start a movie. Want to join us?"   
  
"Sure," I responded. "I just need to grab a quick bite to eat."  
  
As I walked to the kitchen, Emily joined me. "I'm kind of hungry too. Was thinking about making some popcorn. You want some?" Emily asked.  
  
"Sure, that sounds good."  
  
"Great," Emily replied. "I'm just going to dig through the pantry; I'm sure we have some in there." Emily walked to the pantry, and I walked behind her, drinking in the scent of her perfume and her sexy, slender legs.  
  
After digging through the pantry a minute, Emily turned and walked around me and away from the pantry. She looked around the kitchen, her gaze eventually lighting on a short three step "step ladder" that both women in the house sometimes used given their short stature. She walked and grabbed it, and came back to the pantry. "Of course, it looks like the popcorn is on the highest shelf. I can't even see up there without this thing," Emily noted.   
  
Emily set up the stool and stepped onto it, climbing to the top step, which was about two and a half feet off the ground. At this level, Emily's head was a little over a foot higher than mine, putting her waist and chest bright around eye level, and the bottom of her dress only slightly lower. I hadn't noticed before how this dress (like most she was wearing these days) was quite short. She began moving things around on the top shelf.   
  
After a moment, Emily paused and looked over at me. "Hey Dan, while I'm digging around for this, do you think you could grab that white bowl on the bottom shelf. That should be perfect for a popcorn bowl."   
  
"Sure, no problem." I bent down into the pantry next to Emily, and began piecing through the bottom shelf, looking for a white bowl. I lowered myself to one knee as I dug around. Surprisingly, I couldn't find a white bowl, although there were quite a few smaller bowls of other colors on the shelf.   
  
Emily moved abruptly above me. "Uggh, I think it's way in the back," she muttered as she stepped her right leg across from the ladder onto one of the shelves slightly higher in the pantry.  
  
Her sudden movement drew my attention. I looked up from where I knelt below. I guess I shouldn't have been surprised, but I was. I could clearly see up Emily's dress from this position. The lighting obviously wasn't great, but it was apparent that Emily wasn't wearing any underwear under her dress -- her smooth inner thighs rose and met with no fabric to speak of, and the puffy, slightly pink skin around her vagina was visible between those milky white thighs even in the minimal light.   
  
I sat gazing, lost in the view. Yep - there was definitely no underwear to speak of. Instead, I could just make out the dark slit of her pussy. I was brought back from my reverie when Emily moved again and spoke. "There it is!" She pulled a box of microwave popcorn off the shelf and slowly descended the step ladder.   
  
I gathered myself and spoke, "I actually don't see a white bowl in here, Emily. Maybe it's somewhere else?"   
  
Emily had to have known that I had been caught, staring up her dress, but she didn't mention it. "Oh yeah, I think I loaded it in the dishwasher earlier, I'll get it," she responded. "Why don't you just grab whatever else you're going to eat, and I'll make the popcorn?" she said as she walked to the microwave.  
  
I struggled to think again. What was it I had wanted to eat? I chuckled internally at my mindlessness, aware that blood had rushed away from my brain only moments ago. I dug through the pantry absent-mindedly, eventually lighting on my selection and turning back toward the kitchen. By this time, the popcorn was already done and in the bowl.   
  
Emily's eyes caught mine and she smirked, as she walked out of the kitchen. "I'll see you in the living room." she called out.  
  
I collected my thoughts. Once again Emily was clearly teasing me, this time with her father in the next room. She was getting pretty brazen, and I was enjoying it. I wondered if she would be so daring as to continue this escapade with her dad at least theoretically watching. I hurried back to the living room to find out.   
  
Dave was still seated on the couch when I returned. However, Emily had elected to sit in the chair stationed against the side wall, perpendicular to the couch. Sensing that it was probably my best location for surreptitious views, I entered the room and sat on the floor in front of the couch. From this view, I could glance to my left with my eyes directly at the level of the seat of Emily's chair.   
  
"You're welcome to sit on the couch here with me," offered Dave.  
  
"Oh, this works," I responded. "I'm good."  
  
Dave obviously didn't notice the reason why I had chosen this seat, because he said nothing more, and turned on the movie.   
  
I have to admit; I was beginning to really like watching movies at this house. Once again, I was treated to repeated glances up Emily's dress. With Dave in the room, she was a little more careful, generally keeping her legs crossed lady-like except to switch which leg was crossed. However, her legs must have been sore or something, because she chose to switch them repeatedly -- way more often than seemed natural. Dave did not notice this. I, on the other hand, certainly did.   
  
As we got deeper into the movie, Emily began to get a little more risqué, leaving her legs uncrossed and slightly open for longer periods of time. She even adjusted in her seat allowing the hemline of her dress to ride a little higher. Funny thing, she chose some of the more engrossing moments of the movie to do so, when Dave was totally tuned in to what was happening on the screen. Emily never looked at me (at least that I could tell), but she knew exactly what she was doing. I was treated to repeated peaks at her smooth pussy, her slit tightly closed.   
  
I found myself having to adjust certain aspects of my body, to make sure my arousal was not apparent. As I did, a small smile crossed Emily's face. She was obviously enjoying this slow tease.   
  
Almost mercifully the movie ended. Throughout the entire movie I caught myself repeatedly looking away from the television in Emily's direction. Dave apparently noticed nothing, although not because of any skill on my account. As the credits rolled, Emily stood and walked to her dad, bending down right next to me to give him a kiss on the cheek. "Good night dad," she said. "And good night to you too Dan." I was almost certain I could smell the scent of her sex as stood over me; it was intoxicating. She turned and walked out of the room, leaving me to figure out how to get up without exposing to Dave how she had affected me once again.   
  
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I arrived home from work well after 8:00 Wednesday night, after a business dinner with some of the partners and a client that was in town. As I walked upstairs from the basement, I ran into Terrie and Dave, who were on the couch watching television. Emily was nowhere to be seen. "Hey you two, I am going to head upstairs and catch up on some work I didn't get done today."   
  
"Sounds good Dan. Don't work yourself too hard," Terri said with a smile.   
  
"No danger of that," I laughed, as I climbed the stairs to my bedroom.  
  
As I entered my room, I heard the distinct sound of the shower starting in the bathroom between my room and Emily's. So that's where she is. I lost myself in thought, picturing the sight of her standing in the shower, beads of water hitting her and running down her skin. Shaking myself free of the lovely vision, I moved into my bedroom and sat down at the desk in the corner of the room, pulling out my laptop and some papers I had brought home from work.  
  
I was deep into one of the documents I was reading when I heard the shower stop, and the shower curtain pushed to the site. A minute later, I heard the door between my room and the bathroom slowly open.   
  
"Oh, hey Dan." Emily said quickly. I turned from my work to look her way. She was wearing a white fluffy towel that again looked to be slightly too small, even for Emily's small height. "Sorry, I didn't realize you were up here. I just need to grab some things quickly."  
  
"No problem," I responded, thinking of the last time she came into my room in a towel. "I welcome the interruption -- this isn't exactly exciting work."  
  
She smiled. "I'll be out of your hair in a second. I just need to grab some things again."   
  
She moved to the dresser. Unfortunately, I was not on the bed so not directly behind her like the last time we had found ourselves in this situation. I don't know if that was the reason, but this time, Emily actually bent at the knees, almost ladylike (ha), as she rifled through the drawers. She was still a vision, her smooth legs and taught shoulders drawing my attention.  
  
Emily continued to talk. "I don't know if you've heard, but apparently my big sis has decided to visit tomorrow for my mom and dad's anniversary." This certainly was news to me, and I immediately worried whether this interruption might put a damper on whatever Emily had been planning for this weekend.   
  
Emily must have noticed the change in my facial expression as she went on. "I didn't know until today, but it sounds like we're going to have a dinner tomorrow for their anniversary. You're invited of course. Melissa's going to stay here throughout the weekend, although she told me she plans to catch up with a bunch of old friends so won't be around much after tomorrow."  
  
"Got it," I responded. "Do I need to move out of this room so she can have her old room back?"  
  
"No," Emily replied. "I talked to her, and she thinks it'll be easier for her to just sleep in the guest room tomorrow night and then maybe in mom and dad's room after that. She didn't want to inconvenience you or make you move all your stuff."  
  
"Sounds good. Although if she wants her old room it's really not an inconvenience."   
  
"No, you're good," Emily replied. "Anyway, I'm grabbing some clothes from in here before Melissa gets into town. We're basically the same size, if you haven't noticed, and I don't want her leaving with some of my favorites on Sunday." She smiled up at me mischievously. "Since they're her clothes, I figured I might should grab them today and put them in my room so she doesn't have the opportunity."   
  
I laughed. "I have brothers so no further explanation needed. We don't fight over clothes, but we find plenty of other things to fight over."  
  
Emily stood up from the dresser, holding a large pile of clothes in her arms. She walked to the closet. I took the opportunity to stare fully at her fine figure hiding just beneath a single layer of soft cloth. She disappeared in the closet, and I could hear hangers being pushed to the side. She went on from inside the closet. "I just have to grab a couple more tops and a couple dresses, and I'll be done. Sorry again for the interruption."  
  
I turned back toward my work, now that Emily was out of sight.  
  
The sound of hangers moving stopped, and I heard Emily walk out of the closet. Her footsteps stopped. "So," she said in a voice obviously meant to get my attention. "I'm done in here. I'll be heading to my room now."   
  
I turned to look at her. She was loaded down with a pile of clothes in her arms, both hands also holding a number of hangers. She again started moving but a shirt fell from her grasp. "Dang it," she exclaimed. "You wouldn't mind picking up any of these I drop and bringing them with me, would you Dan?"  
  
"Absolutely not," I said, hopefully not too energetically. I immediately stood and walked to where she stood, bending down to pick up the loose shirt.   
  
"Thanks, you're a big help." Emily began walking again, another shirt falling from her arms. I bent to pick it up as well. As I bent down, I heard Emily exclaim, "Oh shit." I looked up, and caught sight of her towel falling to the floor, her entire backside on display. "Well, no way for me to get that either without dropping all these clothes I'm holding. They probably provide my front more cover than that silly towel anyway. You wouldn't mind bringing that too, would you Dan?"  
  
I dutifully grabbed the towel and followed Emily through the bathroom and into her room. My eyes were focused on the sight of her sexy ass and smooth legs in front of me. This was new, Emily obviously knew previously that she had exposed certain parts to me, but now she was actually acknowledging it.   
  
As we got to the bed, Emily turned toward me. Unfortunately, at least in my mind, the clothes in her arms and hanging from the hangers actually did do a pretty good job of covering all her intimate areas. I made no attempt to hide my gaze.   
  
"Well, thanks for doing that. I guess you already got quite the reward for your efforts. How embarrassing." Emily said, but she didn't look all that embarrassed.  
  
"Oh, don't be embarrassed. You certainly have nothing to be embarrassed of," I responded.  
  
At that comment, Emily's face did redden slightly. "Well, why don't you put my towel and clothes down on my bed, and then you can get back to your work. Sorry for the interruption."  
  
Again, my acknowledging of the situation had seemingly altered the mood. I put down her clothes and towel, and slowly turned away. As I walked through the bathroom door back to my room, I heard footsteps behind me. Emily called out, "thanks again Dan." I continued to walk to my room, catching sight of Emily closing the door behind me in the bathroom mirror. Even though she was there for but a second, she was clearly still naked, giving me one last "reward" for my efforts before the door clicked shut.  
  
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I woke up Thursday with a hard-on, wondering what might be in store for the evening after three straight nights of various degrees of exposure. It seemed the news of her parents' impending departure for the weekend had really lit a fire in Emily, and I was excited to find out where it might lead.

Unfortunately, I still had to work. My day at work seemed interminably long; it was everything I could do just to halfway pay attention to what was going on around me at my internship.   
  
Finally, the day ended, and I headed to the house. On my way, Terrie called. "Dan, it seems like you're running a little late. Want to just meet us at the restaurant?"  
  
Damn it. I had completely forgotten about the anniversary dinner. "I am so sorry Terrie. I really should have called. Time just got away from me. Absolutely, I'll meet you there."  
  
"Oh, no problem sweetheart; we just didn't want to miss the reservation."  
  
We said goodbye and I dropped into a big box store on the way for a quick anniversary gift. I couldn't believe how inconsiderate I had been -- Emily's adventures this week had apparently taken all my attention and totally thrown me off.   
  
I arrived at the restaurant and was led to the table by a youthful looking maître-de. As I approached, Dave gave me a nod, and everyone else was very vocal in welcoming me and reassuring me that I had not ruined anything with my forgetfulness.   
  
I sat down at the only open seat, between Melissa and Terrie. I looked around the table and was slightly disappointed to see that Emily had on one of her more conservative tops. It was tight to the neck, thus showing no cleavage. It was also tight at the chest, so it accentuated her buxom bust, but it was still a little surprising in its modesty. Much to my surprise, normally staid Melissa actually had on a much lower cut top.   
  
We began to eat. Dave and Terrie regaled us with stories of their years of marriage, and all seemed to be having a lovely time. It was not what I had hoped for the evening (before I remembered what was planned), but it was definitely a lovely night enjoyed by all. Terrie and Dave seemed buoyed by the company, and also very excited for their upcoming weekend vacation.   
  
The night was wonderful, other than one fleeting moment. Towards the end of the night, we all gave our gifts to Terrie and Dave: me first, then Emily, and Melissa last. When it came time for Melissa to deliver her gift, she reached across me, nearly brushing against me with her arm and her chest. As she did, my eyes were automatically drawn to the sight of her ample cleavage right in front of me. I quickly realized that I was staring and averted my eyes. However, as I looked around the table to make sure I had not been caught, I caught a clear look of recognition pass between Melissa and Emily. Emily momentarily scowled, and Melissa smirked. Apparently, my look had awakened some sibling rivalry. Thankfully, it did not appear that either Terrie or Dave noticed my improper gaze or the look that had passed between the two sisters. However, I certainly did. As I drove home, I worried endlessly about what had transpired. Would this sibling rivalry change what I was sure Emily had been planning as a weekend of exhibitionism? I certainly hoped not. I fell asleep still kicking myself and worrying about what that jealous look I saw at the table might mean for the weekend ahead.   
  
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If work Thursday had seemed interminably long, Friday felt like five days fit into one, even though I got off an hour early. I spent all day split between worrying about what had transpired at dinner the night before, and erect feeling certain that I was in for a treat tonight. I had not gotten a read on Emily in the morning - she was gone for work before I even came downstairs - so I was unsure what to expect, but still hopeful.   
  
After work, I arrived to an empty house. I was slightly disappointed, but then remembered I had gotten off a little early from work, and Emily was probably on her way now. I wasted no time in getting inside, and getting out of my work clothes into a more comfortable pair of shorts and a t-shirt. I grabbed myself a sandwich, and headed downstairs to the basement. I decided that being positioned in the middle of the sectional watching a movie when Emily entered would give her a wide selection of choices for her continued exhibitionist tendencies, if that was still on tap. From the seat on the sectional, I could see the movie I was watching, but also clearly see the mirror and floor in the adjacent exercise room.  
  
Around 7:30, I was about one third of the way through the action movie I was watching when I heard the garage door. Emily was home! Sure enough, she flitted into the room, looking quite tasty in a red and white sun dress. I wondered what she had on under that dress, if anything. It was short enough that there was certainly the danger of exposure if she wasn't careful. Was she so brave that she went to work without underwear on? I hoped to find out.   
  
"Hey Dan. How's it going?" Emily called out, as she entered the room with a flourish. Her voice was excited and happy -- immediately reassuring me that whatever she had planned for the weekend was still on tap.  
  
"Great Emily. I'm so glad its Friday and I have a few days off again. It's been another long week." I answered.  
  
"Don't I know it." Emily walked in and stood facing me, a few feet away. She was gorgeous, all dolled up with the perfect amount of blue eye shadow and red lipstick accentuating her face, and her blonde hair flowing to her shoulders, with a slight curl.   
  
Her sundress displayed her ample cleavage, and the hem of the dress fell surprisingly high above her knees, given her short stature.  
  
Emily went on to tell me about her week - about how she liked where she worked as a summer job, but how she wouldn't want to make it a career. She was having issues with one of her co-workers always wanting to flirt, which was distracting her from getting everything done that she planned. I raised an eyebrow at this, internally wondering whether she might be teasing this co-worker like she had me, which could certainly lead someone on. She also told me how she wasn't sure she loved the sales aspect of the job. I certainly commiserated with this sentiment, and told her so. After about ten minutes, she finally slowed and exclaimed, with a broad smile, "I am just talking your ear off. I'm so sorry. You were relaxing and watching a movie and here I am, again interrupting."  
  
I chuckled. Dirty thoughts ran through my mind about her welcome interruptions, but I tamped them down and responded, "I'm not bored at all. I always enjoy your company." I then went on to tell her some about my week, but paused the movie so she wouldn't feel like she was interrupting.   
  
After maybe another ten minutes, the conversation started to slow. Emily spoke up, "I really am keeping you from your movie. Press play, and I'll get out of your hair. I'm going to go get changed, and then exercise to burn off a little stress. I won't bother you, will I?"  
  
"Absolutely not," I said, hoping I wasn't letting too much of my excitement come through, but looking forward to the views that I had come to expect.  
  
"Great! See you in a few." And with that, Emily bounded up the stairs. My eyes trailed behind her, unsuccessfully trying to catch a glimpse up her dress as she shot up the stairs.  
  
I started the movie, but generally kept my eyes partially trained on the stairs. Less than five minutes later, Emily came bounding back down. I was not disappointed. It looked like she was wearing the same skimpy running shorts from her last exercise session.   
  
However, instead of a sports bra, she was wearing a white t-shirt, but with extra-large holes where the sleeves had been cut off. It was also cut off at her mid-riff. Based on the amount of bouncing going on in the chest area, I was sure she was sans bra for this session. Very nice.   
  
Emily caught my gaze, smiled, and immediately went to the exercise mat in the adjoining room. She didn't even mention the fact that she had again "distracted me" from the movie. She pulled back her blonde hair into a pony tail and began to stretch, arms over her head, her breasts lifting in the air and her cropped t shirt lifting the same, so that her flat tummy was evident. She held that for what seemed like two minutes. She then kept her hands above her head, but stretched at the waist, first to the right, and then to the left, stretching each side. Her breasts battled with her shirt, fighting for exposure.  
  
Next, Emily sat down on the floor facing the mirror. I could see her front in the reflection, but adjusted in my seat so I could see even better. She leaned down and stretched her arms straight forward, reaching toward her toes, allowing me a view of her ample cleavage in the reflection of the mirror.  
  
She held this pose for an extremely long time. Her eyes caught mine in the mirror, and I didn't immediately look away. She just smiled and continued her stretch. This was new -- was she going to acknowledge what she was doing? Was she going to let it go further? I certainly hoped so.  
  
I was lost in the view when I was startled by a high pitched voice from behind. "What the hell are you doing?" Both Emily and I jumped, our eyes shooting toward the garage door where the sound had emanated.  
  
Emily's sister, Melissa, had apparently just walked in the garage door. She must have parked in the driveway, and entered through the side door to the garage. Neither of us knew she had arrived, and the shock clearly registered on both of our faces as we were caught in our little exhibitionist-voyeur game.  
  
Emily finally caught her breath and stammered, a little red faced. "Nothing. I was just stretching before I put in a little exercise. Why?"   
  
"Oh sure," Melissa answered sarcastically. "That's what it looks like. Those sure look like "exercise" clothes to me, you little tease. You like the view Dan?"  
  
Wow. I wasn't sure where this was coming from, but it didn't sound good. Even after last night, I thought Emily and Melissa got along pretty well, even if there was a little sibling rivalry. I was surprised by the vitriol in her voice. I responded, a little half-heartedly, "I'm just watching this movie."  
  
"Sure you are." She walked in and stood behind the couch, alternately looking at me and then at Emily. We were both frozen. I finally turned my gaze to the movie, attempting to act as though nothing was going on. Melissa scoffed, and turned towards the stairs.   
  
As Melissa walked toward the stairs, I saw Emily's countenance change. She got a look of resolve on her face, and maybe a little anger, like she had decided she wasn't going to let Melissa bully her. She stood up emphatically, and turned toward the mirror. Melissa paused. With a look of determination, Emily raised her arms straight in the air and reached them back behind her, her back arched, and her cropped top raising high on her stomach. She really seemed to be stretching as far as she could, she even closed her eyes in concentration at the effort. The bottom of her breasts and the lower half of her areola were clearly showing as her shirt rose higher and higher from this stretch.  
  
Melissa turned and walked towards Emily. I sat stone faced, staring at the movie, but watching the mirror out of the corner of my eye. Emily was oblivious to the world around her as she partially exposed herself in defiance of her older sister.   
  
Melissa was only feet from Emily, and still Emily held her pose. In one quick movement, Melissa reached out with both hands and grabbed the bottom of Emily's shirt on both sides, jerking it up her torso, and exposing Emily's breasts. Shocked by this action, Emily jerked away, in the process helping Melissa take the shirt the rest of the way over her head and up her arms, and thus off her body. Emily cowered from her sister, topless.  
  
Needless to say, I stopped watching the movie.  
  
"Hey, what the hell?" Emily shouted, attempting to cover her ample bosom with her hands.  
  
Melissa responded with a more controlled fury, her voice dripping sarcasm, "If you're going to show 'em off, you might as well do it right, you little slut. Let those jugs hang free. I see you haven't changed any since when you used to tease the boys I used to bring over."  
  
Emily looked up at her sister, shock and hurt on her face. "What are you talking about. I never..."  
  
"Shut up Em. Don't even deny it. Remember Michael? Remember Randy? You used to love getting those guys hot and bothered when they came over to take me out. Wearing shirts that let your nipples show through. Short shorts. Claiming to need to exercise while we cuddled on the sectional. Do you know how often I had to beat those horn dogs off me, knowing that they were thinking about you while they made their moves on me?"  
  
Wow. This was legit. Melissa really was mad at Emily, and apparently I was not the first guy Emily had teased for her own enjoyment.  
  
Emily's face softened. "Melissa, I'm really sorry. I was just teasing those guys. I didn't think it was hurting anyone."  
  
"Well, I wish you would have thought of that at the time. It's about time you learned your lesson." Melissa retorted, with an icy stare.   
  
"What do you mean? Can I have my shirt back now," Emily asked  
  
"No. You need to finish your stretches first. That should teach you. What were you doing anyway, some kind of fake yoga?"  
  
"I can't." Emily responded, her hands still covering her breasts.  
  
"You can and you will. That, or I tell Mom and Dad what's been going on. I don't know what they'll do, but at the very least I'm fairly sure it will involve Dan finding another place to live."   
  
I looked up at Melissa's face in shock, with no words.  
  
Emily looked at me, worry in her eyes. She dropped her hands to her side, resigned to her fate. "So, how long do I have to do this?" She asked.  
  
"I'll tell you when you're done. I'm in charge now. First, let's move to the other room so Dan here gets a better view." Melissa took Emily's hand, and led her to a spot about five feet in front of me. I paused the movie, and leaned back, trying to decide how exactly I should respond. I decided not to act too excited, but also not to butt in. I didn't want Melissa jumping down my neck next.   
  
Melissa took Emily's arms and started to move them around. "First, we're going to continue that pose you were working on earlier. Arms straight up, now reach back." Emily's gorgeous globes were pointed straight at me, mere feet from my eyes. This was the clearest I had gotten to see them -- no dim lights, no shadows or doors partially blocking my view. As I had surmised before, they were quite large, probably D cup or so. Still youthful, they stood proudly on her chest, round and perky, with milky white skin leading to a half dollar sized, light pink areola. Her nipples were jutting out like little erasers already.  
  
Emily's eyes were closed, but her breath was quickening and her face flush. I had seen this look before. She was getting over her embarrassment and once again getting excited at what was happening.   
  
"Alright, now we're going to try some real yoga poses I've learned. Not this pretend showy stuff you've been doing," interjected Melissa, breaking me from my reverie. "First, is what I like to the call the cow pose." Melissa took Emily's hand and led her to the ground. "That's right, get down on your knees, and put your hands in front of you, also on the ground. That's right. Now, lift your head high in the air. There you go. Now hold it."   
  
Facing me in the pose, Emily's bountiful breasts hung low on her chest, showing me how truly ample they were.   
  
"That's right, hold it while I count down from twenty..." Melissa slowly started to count. "Twenty.... nineteen... eighteen... Ever so slowly she counted down.... Three... two... one... Moving on now, let's try what I call the up dog. Lie flat on your stomach, legs stretched out behind." Emily lay flat, her breasts smashed against the rug. "Exactly. Now, move your hands to about waist level, flat on the ground, and push up so as to lift your head and chest. Good, good. Lift your head high." Emily did as she was told. It was not lost on me that each of the poses Emily had been placed in so far seemed to have been chosen for the very fact that her breasts were prominently pointed at me for the duration.  
  
Emily seemed to be getting more and more relaxed. The initial shock of her argument with her sister and of being exposed had worn off, and the excitement that I knew overtook her when she was exhibiting her fantastic body had taken over. In fact, Emily was now staring straight into my eyes, reading in them what was sure to register as desire. Melissa was walking in circles around her, repositioning her whenever she felt the pose was not being held in quite the right way.  
  
We broke eye contact as Melissa spoke again. "Now, sit on the floor. Yes, on your rear, facing Dan. We're going to move to the bound angle. Put your feet together in front of you, the sole of one foot to the sole of the other. You should feel some stretching in your thighs." I don't know if she was doing it right, but this yoga pose reminded me of the thigh stretches we used to do before gym class. Other than, you know, the fact that I was staring at the slender legs and topless chest of a gorgeous blonde. Ha!  
  
Melissa again circled Emily, checking her pose. Emily again locked eyes with me. I alternated looking between the two of them, trying to read the situation and to gauge what my reaction should be.  
  
Melissa sat next to me. "So Dan what do you think? Emily has some nice big melons huh? All white and heavy with thick little nipples sticking out. Have you ever seen such big breasts on such a small little thing?" Emily's eyes closed as her sister mocked her, embarrassment again rising to Emily's face in the shade of a very dark red. Melissa went on. "Oh come on Emily, you know you like it. Showing off your stuff to a hot young guy like Dan. And Dan, you surely appreciate the view, right?" Melissa looked at me, obviously expecting an answer.  
  
"Umm, well, it's kind of hard not to. I am a young, heterosexual man and all." I responded, trying not to sound too eager and to add a little levity to the situation.   
  
Melissa laughed, then looked back at Emily. As she looked over her sister, I saw her eyebrows raise. In this position, you could see down the inside of Emily's shorts to the top of her leg. I wondered if Melissa had realized what I had been guessing was true from the time Emily came downstairs earlier - that Emily again wasn't wearing anything under those short running shorts.   
  
Melissa stood again, and walked around her sister. "Okay, let's get up off the floor. Time for another easy one. I'm sure you know the mountain pose. That's right, stand straight up, feet together. Now, reach toward the sky, and with your hands open put your palms together." Melissa approached Emily, and moved her hands high in the air. "Great, stretch real high. Reach for the sky," she encouraged her.  
  
Emily was totally over her embarrassment and enjoying this pose (as was I). Her breasts jutted out perfectly as she stood, and a little smile was on her face. Melissa's voice had softened some, allowing Emily to again enjoy her exhibitionism. She held the pose, and I was treated to the sight of her breasts again sitting perky atop her chest, her nipples hard and jutting out, and just the smallest three or four inches of shorts covering her skin.  
  
Melissa was now right behind Emily. She flashed me a wicked grin, grabbed hold of Emily's shorts at the waste, and ripped them down before Emily or I could process what was happening. Emily toppled to the ground as Melissa pulled her shorts completely from her body.  
  
"MEL!" Emily screamed.   
  
It was too late. The shorts were off. Emily was totally naked.  
  
"WHAT THE HELL! GIVE ME MY SHORTS BACK!" Emily's hands came down as she tried to shield her pussy from view.  
  
"Oh come off it, you little baby. You know the only reason you weren't wearing underwear is because you want him to see your pussy. I'm assuming this isn't even the first time he's seen it, is it?" Melissa looked at me and my face apparently gave it away.

"Nope, not the first time." Melissa grabbed Emily's hands and pulled them apart. "It looks like you even shaved it for him so he could get a full on view!! I don't see a trace of hair, you little slut!" She let go of Emily's hands, which immediately moved back to cover her pussy. "How long have you been flaunting your little cunnie to my friend? Probably driving him crazy, making him think he has a chance but then cutting him off, you little tease!"  
  
She knew her sister well.  
  
"Well, if you're going to show off your smooth little cunt, you might as well do it right... Stand up... Or, should I tell our parents?"  
  
Abashed, Emily looked at Melissa for reprieve, and saw she wasn't going to get any. She slowly started to stand, still covering her tight little box.  
  
"That's what I thought. Now move that hand. Back to the mountain pose!"  
  
With that, Melissa again grabbed Emily's hands and pushed them back high above her head. Surprisingly, Emily stopped her protests, although her face was quite red. She again positioned herself in the mountain pose, standing directly in front of me, eyes closed. Now, in addition to the view of Emily's spectacular tits, I took in the sight of her flared hips, her legs as they came together, her smooth light skinned mound, and the slightest peek of the cleft of Emily's pussy. Melissa was right, it was now completely bare -- not a hair in sight. Emily had either decided to shave it or wax it in the last week. It looked so smooth. The view was amazing. I was staring at a five-foot-tall, nubile goddess, completely nude. My cock was now straining against my shorts, dying to break free.  
  
After maybe a minute, with tension permeating the room, Melissa spoke. If I wasn't fooled, the tension had caused a little catch in her throat as she began to speak. "That's better. Now, let's move to another pose -- a forward bend. Reach down to the floor." Emily was still facing me, so I didn't exactly love this view. Nothing really new in this view, other than her breasts dangling down in front of her. I think Melissa could sense my disappointment as she spoke again. "Good. Now stand up again. And, turn around."  
  
Emily turned around, and I got a fantastic view of her gorgeous round ass. Emily had what some would describe as a bubble butt.  
  
"Okay now, downward facing dog." Melissa commanded.  
  
"Really?" Emily questioned, her face again growing red.  
  
"Now." Melissa said firmly. Emily resignedly gave in, and got on her hands and knees. Melissa positioned her so that she was angled with her backside directly towards me on the mat. Melissa ran her hand up Emily's back and pushed her head lower. "Good, make sure that head is all the way down."  
  
Wow. This was, umm, much better. With her backside toward me, in the downward facing dog, I could see every inch of her intimate areas -- the entire slit of her smooth, pink (and, dare I say, glistening) pussy. I involuntarily licked my lips. There was no denying the hunger in my eyes, and Melissa seemed to get a kick out of it.  
  
Emily held this pose for what seemed like minutes. Melissa came and sat next to me. "He really likes this one Em. I saw him lick his lips." My face grew red, and Melissa chuckled.  
  
"Hold it there Emily. Mmmm, yeah, I can see what he likes. You can see it all back here. Your tight little pussy, your tight little rosebud. If I'm not mistaken, it even looks like your smooth little cunt lips are swollen and wet, and I can see just a hint of your clit poking out between those lips. You little minx. It's turning you on to show Dan all your fuck parts." Emily's whole body turned red. Melissa laughed.  
  
"Okay, relax. Stand up again. Let's move to the standing bow pose. This is a little harder, but I think you can get it. I'll help you balance." Melissa stood and moved her hands to Emily's waist. "Okay, now reach and grab your ankle with one hand, and stretch one leg in the air above you while you stand on your other leg. Point your other arm straight ahead." Emily struggled for a second, but was obviously pretty flexible -- perhaps from the cheerleading in her past. She eventually formed the desired "standing bow." Her beautiful smooth legs were stretched wide apart as my eyes again bore in on her pussy, now stretched and glistening. Melissa looked down at Emily's stretched pussy and back at me and smirked.  
  
"Alright. Relax Emily." Melissa ordered. "Now, sit down on your naked little ass again, facing Dan." Emily did so. Melissa crouched behind her, reached out and pulled back on Emily's shoulders, making her lie on her back, with her feet toward me. Moving to a place next to Emily's waist, Melissa reached toward Emily's ankles. Slowly, she lifted Emily's legs in the air by the ankles, spreading them apart as she lifted. Her hands slid up to Emily's knees, and then to her inner thighs, as she pushed her legs apart ever farther. As Emily's legs spread apart, the slit of Emily's pussy opened wide to display the pink within. It was clear that there was a sheen of moisture dripping from it.  
  
Emily closed her eyes, her face flush. "Mel, I don't think this is a yoga pose," She half protested, but her heart wasn't in it.  
  
"It is if I say it is, Em. Anyway, from the look of things, you're enjoying this, you little cock tease. At least that's what the wetness dripping from your smooth little cunnie seems to be saying." Melissa chided.  
  
Emily's face again went red, but she didn't object. Melissa again spoke. "Hey Dan, get down here."  
  
I hesitated.  
  
"Now."  
  
Emily opened her eyes and looked up at me, nodding her ascent. I stood from the couch and crouched down next to Melissa, unsure of what was going on. "Run your finger the slit of her pussy. I want you to feel how wet my little slut sister's cunt is."  
  
"I can't." I protested.  
  
"Yes you can, or did you forget who holds all the cards here?"  
  
"It's okay," Emily sighed, her eyes closed. "I want you to." This was a change -- a very confusing one given the situation, but I was certainly not going to decline this offer. I did as I was told, slowly running my finger the length of her slit. It was incredibly warm and wet, almost dripping. As I touched Emily, she trembled. It was apparent she was on the verge of orgasm. Melissa must have noticed.  
  
"That's enough Dan. Now stand up." Melissa ordered.  
  
Melissa slowly lowered Emily's legs, looked up at me, and back down to Emily.  
  
"You know what. This isn't quite fair. He's seeing every bit of you, and you're not getting his full reaction." I looked at Melissa questioningly. Melissa looked back to me. "Hey Dan, take off your clothes." She directed.  
  
"Umm, I'd rather not."  
  
"You will, or my mom and dad will find out that you were letting all this go on this summer. Taking advantage of their little baby girl like that. You want somewhere to live the rest of the summer?"  
  
My mind was racing a hundred miles a minute. What could I do? Melissa seemed to have all the control here. I had never seen her like this, but based on Emily's reaction, I was sure that this was not an empty threat. So, I gave in. I quickly peeled off my shirt. I stood and paused. The moment of truth. Grasping my shorts and boxers at the waist, I quickly pulled them down, my cock springing free and erect in front of me.  
  
As I went to sit down, Melissa ordered, "Keep standing." Her eyes widened as a big smile crossed her face. "Wow, very nice." She was staring straight at my fully erect cock, jutting out in front of me. She involuntarily licked her lips. My face was crimson.  
  
"Alright, now this is better, isn't it Em? Not only do you get to expose yourself to this nice young man, but you can fully gauge his reactions. He appears to have liked our last pose. Let's try another. Stand up and face Dan. Good. Now, spread your legs about three feet apart, and put your arms straight to the side." Emily obeyed her commands. Again, I wasn't sure this was any official yoga pose. Instead, it almost looked like the pose from the cover of the human anatomy books. You know, except that it was not a generic human, and instead was a five-foot tall blonde beauty with gorgeous breasts and a glistening silky smooth pussy. Pre-cum dripped from the tip of my cock. Melissa noticed. "Well look here, I think he likes this view too," she said, her eyes bearing down on the tip of my cock and a smirk on her face.  
  
"Good job girl. Now, sit back down. We're going to do the bridge pose. Lay back with your legs pointing toward Dan, with your arms straight down your sides. That's right, now, move your legs about a foot apart from one another. Good, now I'm going to help you get into the bridge. Put your feet flat on the floor, bend your knees, and lift your ass off the floor." Melissa reached and pushed Emily's mid-section up off the floor to form the bridge. From my vantage point I could see straight down between her legs, my eyes focused on her gorgeous mound and the slit of her pussy. My cocked throbbed.  
  
"Another positive review," chuckled Melissa. She reached out and grabbed hold of my hard cock. "Yep, quite a positive review." She released my cock and again faced Emily.  
  
"Now, let's move on to the camel pose," remarked Melissa. "Not the camel toe -- we're already seeing plenty of that - the camel pose." Melissa emphasized the word pose and laughed at her little joke. "Get on your knees, my little cock tease." Emily got to her knees. She was now staring at my cock -- it was directly at eye level. I felt a little self-conscious, with these two females basically devouring my naked body with their eyes. A little ironic, I know, since I had been doing that for weeks with Emily. Melissa noticed my face redden again and chuckled. "Okay, now that you're on your knees, reach one arm behind you to the floor Em. It should stretch your side. At the same time, reach the other arm to the sky."  
  
I let my eyes wash over her body, from her blonde hair, to her beautiful round face, to her gorgeous blue eyes (which were still staring straight at my penis), to her round breasts and her jutting nipples, down to her moist, smooth pussy. My cock again jerked.  
  
"Excellent!" clapped Melissa. "Another positive review."  
  
"Alright, let's finish with a cycling pose Em. This is a little more advanced, but I think you can get it. I need you to lay on your back, and then roll back so that you're mainly on your upper back and shoulders. Great, now, lift your legs in the air, and put them in position as if riding a bike, one knee bent up and near your chest, and the other barely bent." Emily did as she was told. "Fantastic, now hold that. When I say switch, reverse which leg you have in each position"  
  
My eyes were again drawn to her groin area, as I stared straight into the pink between her legs. I barely heard Melissa tell her to switch, although I certainly noticed the movement when it happened. I moaned and my cock throbbed. "Another A+ it seems." Melissa interjected. "I certainly never doubted your cock teasing abilities."  
  
Emily finally spoke. Her voice barely above a whisper. "You said that was the last one. Is that it? Can I go now."  
  
"If you want." Melissa responded, with a somewhat quizzical look that seemed oddly out of place.  
  
"I think I do. Can I have my clothes?" Emily asked. I was disappointed. I could tell Emily was extremely turned on and had enjoyed herself immensely, even if she was also very embarrassed. Now she was asking for her clothes.  
  
Melissa seemed confused as well, as she didn't answer right away. Finally, she responded. "No, you may not. But, you are released and I won't tell Mom and Dad about what I walked in on."  
  
That was all Emily needed to hear. She quickly stood and shot up the stairs. I watched her run up the stairs with immense disappointment. After a minute, I realized I was still naked, and Melissa was looking at me questioningly. "So, I guess I don't get my clothes either?" I asked, not really thinking.  
  
"Nope."  
  
"Well, then I think I'll head up to bed as well." I responded. I slowly turned and started to walk up the stairs, my cock throbbing in front of me. I left Melissa to the view of my backside as I meandered up the stairs. I was pretty sure I heard a catcall and a quiet giggle behind.  
  
I couldn't believe what had just transpired. The image and feel of Emily's soaking wet pussy was burned into my mind as I walked straight upstairs toward my bedroom. Once I reached our adjoining rooms, I was thinking a little more clearly. I decided to check in on Emily and make sure she wasn't scarred for life. (Or to see if she was interested in anything else outside Melissa's view) However, Emily's door was closed, and when I jiggled the handle it was locked. I thought about calling out, but decided that the locked door was a definite signal to leave her alone.  
  
Resigned to another night alone, I walked into my bedroom and closed the door behind me. I climbed straight into bed, and pulled the covers over me. It was only 10:00 -- really too early to go to sleep. I laid in bed, my cock still throbbing. My hand slowly started to stroke as a smile came across my face and I began to imagine the sights of the evening. What a night!  
  
I was startled out of my reverie by a quiet knock on the door. I quickly rolled to the side, facing away from the door and the adjacent dresser, so as to hide the bulge under the covers. The door opened slowly. "Hey, it's me." Melissa whispered. "I know this is your room and all for the summer, but I need to grab some pajamas." Apparently, Melissa's voice and attitude had softened in the last few minutes.  
  
"Oh yeah," I responded, trying to sound more relaxed than I really was. "Go ahead. I told Emily before -- if you want your room back while you're here I'm willing to move. Do you want me out? I can sleep somewhere else if you'd like."  
  
"No, you're fine. I just need to grab some pj's." I heard footsteps as she walked in the room.  
  
She began opening and shutting drawers. I didn't dare turn over, one for fear of making eye contact after the last hour, and two, because I didn't want Melissa to be aware of my still painfully erect state. One drawer opened, then another. I heard the sound of clothes shifting around, of pulling one thing out, of fabric rustling, and drawers again shutting. Although I couldn't see, it seemed like Melissa must have taken a number of articles of clothing out, decided against them, and refolded them. It was taking forever. My hard on started to recede from the lack of attention.  
  
After what must have been five minutes, it was silent. Had she left? I hadn't heard the door close, nor had I heard footsteps out of the room. Odd. After a few more moments of silence, I felt slight pressure on the bed behind me. The sheets behind me lifted, and Melissa started to climb into the bed.  
  
"Um.... What?" I stuttered, confused.  
  
"Shhh." Melissa climbed into the bed and stretched out behind me. She slowly slid her body up against my naked backside. She reached her arm over me and pulled me to her. She did the same with one of her legs. As she did, I could feel the clear sensation of skin on skin. She pressed against me. I felt her breasts press against the skin of my back, and the distinct sensation of her bush press against my ass. Her hand slowly slid down my chest, down to my groin.  
  
"Um, what's going on?" I questioned.  
  
She gripped my cock. Her soft breath at my ear, she whispered, "You've been holding out with this thing. My pussy has been on fire since I caught sight of it. I can't wait to ride it long and hard. I was afraid I gave you too much time to take care of this yourself before I came up." She reached to the base of my cock, and slowly slid her hand up and down my cock. She rubbed the head, gathering the slightest bit of pre-cum for lubrication, and began stroking again.  
  
I protested. "I'm not so sure about this Melissa. Especially after how you acted for the last hour."  
  
Melissa cackled. "Oh Dan, don't be a spoil sport. You know you want it. I can feel your cock big boy. It's aching to cum."  
  
I tried to roll away, but she held firm to my cock. I again objected, "Look, obviously I enjoyed seeing Emily naked for the last hour, but I don't like how it happened. Sure, she can be a tease, but she didn't deserve that."  
  
"Oh Dan, you really are a sweetheart. So sensitive. Did you really think I would do that to my sister if she wasn't in on it? Sure, I might have escalated things a notch or two beyond what was planned, but Emily planned that initial strip of her shirt last night before you got home. She told me all about how she's been teasing you this summer and wanted a way to again kick things up a notch. Of course, all we talked about was the shirt, but she could have rejected my demands at any point tonight. Actually, you could have too, although I'm glad you didn't."  
  
This was quite the turn of events. Thoughts began to swirl in my head -- so Emily was in on it? She wanted me to see, and to know I saw her body? She didn't have to expose her pussy like she had? Then why had she locked her door again? My mind ran a mile a minute, that is, until Melissa realized that I was no longer objecting and began stroking my cock once again. At that point my brain stopped as I gave in to the sensations overwhelming me. I could smell Melissa's perfume behind me, her hot breath on my neck, and her warm groin pressing hard against me. My body had been burning the last hour for attention, and there was no stopping me now.  
  
Melissa rolled away from me and as she did, she rolled me at the hips and onto my back. She rolled still further and began fumbling through a drawer on the nightstand. As she did, I pushed down the covers and took in a long view of her smooth back, her shoulders, down to her round ass. She exuded sexiness.  
  
Melissa found what she was looking for and shut the drawer. Rolling back toward me, she crawled to my cock, condom in hand. Her black hair fell down her cheeks. Her breasts hung heavily down, her large nipples, a slightly darker shade of pink from Emily's, jutting proudly. She slowly rolled the condom down my cock, then looked up at me with hunger in her eyes. She must have realized I was gazing intently at her tits. "You like these, big boy?" Slowly she leaned down so that her nipples were just touching the skin of my chest. She moved in small circles, rubbing them against my skin. "I bet you would like to suck on these babies, wouldn't you?" She purred. "Real double D, all natural boobs. Sometimes I think they're too big -- they sure get heavy sometimes -- but right now I think I'm going to enjoy what they do to you."  
  
With that, Melissa brought her chest to my face. I am certainly never one to look a gift boob in the face, er... whatever the saying is. I quickly grabbed her flesh, a breast in each hand, squeezing each, then taking my thumb and rubbing all over, letting my eyes wash over them. They were exquisite. I pulled her nipple to my mouth and began to suck, alternately sucking and flicking her nipple with my tongue. If it were possible, it grew even larger and harder in my mouth. I let go with a pop, and pulled her other nipple to my mouth, doing more of the same. I alternated one nipple, then the other, and back again. As I did so, my hand wandered down her side, over her hips. As I slowly pushed past her hips my hand reached the trail of pubic hair leading to her warm groin. My hand trailed down, centimeter by centimeter through her trimmed bush. As I came closer to her pussy Melissa lifted her body, begging me to push still further. Finally, I reached the precipice, and felt the soft indentation of the front of her vagina. I moved my hand lower still and cupped her sex. I was amazed by the warmth and moisture emanating from within.  
  
Deliberately, I traced the lips of her pussy, down one side and up the other with my fingers. I took my index finger and laid it flat against her slit, while my mouth continued its machinations on her tits. Finally, I began to trace my index finger in circles, ever so slowly, against her waiting clit. Melissa tore her nipple free of my mouth and sat up with a start. "Fuck me now. I can't wait any longer!" She slid back on my stomach and raised her body above my waiting cock. I could finally see her entire naked front, her dark bush, pink pussy, flared hips, and gigantic breasts, as she lined my engorged cock at her waiting snatch and slowly sat down. I couldn't believe what was about to happen. I felt the tight walls of her pussy press against my cock as she pushed all the way down to the hilt, taking in my entire length. She sat for a second and adjusted to the feeling -- a good idea, with the added benefit of also allowing me to adjust to the sensations and to somehow keep from cumming immediately.

Melissa began to ride me, slowly at first, gliding her pussy up and down my cock. I watched in ecstasy as her sexy body enveloped my waiting cock. One of my hands trailed back to her clit while the other again traced circles around her nipples. As we fucked, I kept my eyes wide open, watching this sexy thing ride me, committing the image to memory, hopefully forever.  
  
My assault on Melissa's clit had the effect of speeding her movements. She increased her pace and built a steady, quick rhythm. As she rode harder, I alternately circled and flicked her clit faster as well, holding on, trying not to cum before her. She began to shiver, and slammed down hard on my cock as an orgasm overtook her, her vagina constricting tightly on my cock. Her body slumped down as the orgasm drove her wild, and she buried her face in the pillow next to me.  
  
Coming back out of the haze, Melissa lifted off my cock. She leaned her head to my ear: "That was amazing. I've been wanting that from the moment you took your pants off downstairs. Now what I want is for you to enter my pussy from behind. Fuck me with all your might, big man. Show me what you got."  
  
I didn't need to be told twice. I scrambled to my knees. As I did, Melissa got up on her hands and knees and presented her backside to me. Her sopping wet pussy was stretched, her pubic hair moist and mashed from our foray. I crawled behind her and took a moment to admire the view of her round ass, her hips, and her sweet little pussy. Melissa looked at me with a look that said, "let's go."  
  
I didn't wait another second. I lined up my cock to her waiting hole. Grabbing her hips in my hands, I propelled my cock deep within her, not letting up until to the hilt. I didn't let her adjust again. Instead, I quickly drew my cock out, and pressed it in again quickly. We built a quick and steady rhythm, sliding my cock in and out of her pussy, gripping her hips and using them to keep the pace steady. As I continued to pound, I admired the view of Melissa's ass, her back and her shoulders; she had a perfect slightly tan color and soft, smooth skin. I looked around her to the side and to view her gigantic breasts swaying and sagging low under the forces of gravity. I was pretty sure that her nipples were rubbing the bed sheets as they swung to and from with our rhythm.  
  
I could feel the cum building within me. Melissa began to tremble again beneath me, as another orgasm overtook her. That was all it took. I shot spurt after spurt of cum, filling the condom and driven wild as her pussy continued to massage my exploding cock. Finally, I pulled out and rolled off Melissa and onto my back. Melissa collapsed to the sheets.  
  
I would have laid there forever, but my cock was starting to recede. I climbed from the bed and looked for somewhere to dispose of the now very used condom. I walked to the Jack and Jill bathroom between mine and Emily's rooms where I noticed that both the door from my room and the door to Emily's room were ajar. I still wasn't thinking clearly, but did find this a little odd. Oh well. I wrapped the condom in some toilet paper and threw it in the bathroom trash.  
  
I reentered the room to find Melissa now cuddled up under the covers of the bed. "Do you want me to find somewhere else to sleep?" I asked.  
  
"No, if you don't mind, we can both sleep here. I feel weird in my parents' bed and I assume you would too."  
  
"Sounds good." With that, I turned off the light and climbed back into bed. I lifted up the covers and curled up against Melissa's backside, spooning her, letting my now flaccid cock tuck into the cheeks of her round ass. Melissa cooed and pressed her body into me. I wrapped my arm over her, letting my hand and arm rest on her still erect nipples. I closed my eyes and was asleep within minutes, apparently drained from the excitement of this unforgettable evening.

**The Escalation of Emily Ch. 03**

I awoke the next morning around 9:00 with a raging hard on, but no one in bed with me. Melissa had got up before me and left without waking me. I guess I HAD exerted myself quite a bit the night before, sleeping in so late (for me). I laid in bed, thinking about the prior evening and the amazing luck I had this summer. After a moment, I began to feel uncomfortably hot and sweaty under the covers, even in my still nude state. I hoped Melissa hadn't noticed before she left, or at least wasn't bothered by a little "man sweat."   
  
I kicked off my sheets. Apparently, the A/C was off this morning, because even with my sheets off it still felt fairly warm.   
  
I stretched, got up, and put on some boxers. I walked to the restroom, where I brushed my teeth and started my normal morning routine. It didn't sound like there was any activity in Emily's room, so she was either still asleep or already out. Her door to the bathroom was again closed tight. Returning to my room, I heard what sounded like pots and pans being used downstairs in the kitchen. I dressed in a pair of athletic shorts and a t shirt, and headed downstairs.   
  
I could hear a bustle of activity in the kitchen, so headed that way. As I did, I called out, "Hey, it's pretty warm in here. Something wrong with the A/C?" As I got to the bottom of the stairs, I stopped short.  
  
With her ass to me, Emily was standing over the stove, scrambling some eggs. Naked as the day she was born, her beautiful round ass pointed in my direction. The white of her skin and the form of her hips was outlined in stark contrast to the dark stainless steel stove.   
  
Emily turned at the waist so that she could see me and smiled, her round, magnificent breasts jutting in front of her. "Hey there, big man." (I had apparently received a new nickname overnight) "Sorry about the temperature. I like to keep the house nice and warm on days like today. You don't mind do you?"  
  
I was speechless. She smiled even bigger. "Anyway, I made breakfast. Want some?"  
  
You bet I do, I thought, as my morning wood sprung back to life. However, I was not nearly so smooth out loud. In fact, I basically stood there, silent, still at a loss for words.  
  
Emily laughed. "Cat's got your tongue? Or is something about my outfit distracting you? Ha!" She laughed again, finding her joke hilarious. Her laugh was infectious. She went on, "interestingly enough, after the initial embarrassment last night of being paraded in front of you naked like that, I kind of found I enjoyed it. Like, a lot! So, I decided to stay au natural this morning, since it's just us here. I just love the feel of my naked skin in the open air, and often do this when I'm alone. I hope I'm not being too forward, but figured there was no need for silly things like clothes today. When you got it, flaunt it. Isn't that the saying?"  
  
I was still at a loss for words. Apparently, all the blood had rushed away from my brain to a more southward location.  
  
"Sit down and I'll bring you some breakfast. Maybe that will help." Emily ordered with a smile. I moved to the table and sat down, never turning my head away from the picturesque beauty standing naked in front of me.   
  
Emily turned her whole body toward me. My eyes went from her gorgeous blue eyes, down to her prominent breasts, jutting in front of her, her nipples pointing straight in front of her. Slowly, my eyes trailed down her toned white stomach, to the outline of her hips, trailing down her mound to the cleft of her pussy pultruding out slightly and totally smooth. "You're really not going to say anything? What's wrong?" Emily feigned a pout.  
  
"Nothing. Sorry. I am just really in shock..." I stuttered. "I never imagined that any day could start quite like this... Maybe in my dreams, but certainly not in reality. You are gorgeous. Your body is gorgeous...." I paused. "I just struggle to even find something to say, I just want to take it all in."  
  
She beamed at me. "Well, Romeo, I don't want it to be awkward, just a normal morning except, you know, I'm not wearing clothes. It's freeing really. Plus, it's pretty hot to see the hunger in your eyes." She winked at me. "I was just telling Melissa this morning she should try it, but she wasn't sure about all that."   
  
I had completely forgotten about Melissa. "Where is Melissa anyway?"  
  
"Oh, she had to leave about twenty minutes ago. Can't recall why. Anyway, she said she'd be gone until after lunch sometime."  
  
"Did she see you like this again this morning?" I blurted out, not really thinking and not sure why I was worried.  
  
"Ha, yes, she did. She was pretty upset for a minute but after I reminded her that I'm an adult and reminded her of what she made me do last night, she couldn't really object. I'm not sure why she was upset anyway. I mean, she forced me to be this way last night -- actually, if I remember correctly, it was probably even more revealing than this from your vantage point."   
  
I certainly remembered and she was right. I also remembered that Melissa had told me Emily was sort of in on it, which Emily was not acknowledging. Oh well. I quickly put that from my mind, as my attention was drawn to the sight of Emily walking toward me with a plate of food in her hand.  
  
"Breakfast is served."  
  
Emily's breasts brushed against my cheeks as she leaned forward and placed the plate in front of me. She quickly stood back up, and walked around the small, circular table with her own plate of food, where she sat down, facing me.   
  
I could only see Emily's chest and up now, but that was still plenty for my eyes to feast on. The ham and eggs she had prepared was delicious. And, of course, the old saying is that you eat with your eyes, and my eyes were certainly enjoying themselves.  
  
We started to eat. I was having a hard time concentrating on eating and viewing this delicious female form in front of me, so there wasn't much conversation. Emily didn't seem to mind, as she ate, her face glowing.  
  
As I took another bite of my eggs, I finally realized I might should say something. Anything really. "This really is delicious. Pretty sure this is the best breakfast I've ever had," I complimented.  
  
She smiled. "That wouldn't have anything to do with the view during breakfast, would it?" Emily teased.   
  
"I certainly can't deny that." We both laughed. During the silence, tension had definitely developed in the room, and it was nice to break the tension with laughter.   
  
"I bet I could make you dry cereal for breakfast and you'd say it was the best breakfast ever if I were naked, isn't that right?" Emily joked. She certainly wasn't avoiding the subject of her state of undress, a definite change from prior "accidental" exposures.  
  
I feigned offense. "Well sure I'd say it. But I'm being serious. This is delicious." We both laughed again.   
  
"I was going to make bacon, but well, I thought that might not be the best to make with no protection from the grease." Emily added.   
  
"Well, I do love bacon, but I think you made the right choice," I winked.  
  
The tension finally broken, we loosened up a little, sitting and chatting across the table, with my eyes alternating between her eyes and her breasts. (What is the appropriate ratio for staring at a women's naked breasts while in conversation anyway? The world may never know.) We chatted about favorite television shows, about movies we'd recently seen, and about work and school. If you'd only heard us and hadn't seen us talking, you'd have never known there was anything different about the conversation. It was almost like a normal Saturday, other than the set of melons staring me in the eye, of course.  
  
Our conversation lasted for a few minutes after we were both done eating. As the conversation slowed, it was clear Emily was thinking about something.   
  
"Can you clean up? I need to run upstairs for a minute." Emily asked.   
  
Before I could say "sure" she was jumping out of her chair, breasts bouncing with her step as she bounded up the stairs. I was sad to see the vision of her smooth round ass and tight young legs leave view. I stood up, adjusted my manhood beneath my shorts, and began to gather up the dishes.  
  
I did a most thorough job cleaning, not wanting anything to upset Emily today. I rinsed the dishes before placing them in the dishwasher, scrubbed the pans clean, and even scrubbed the counter top and stove. I probably spent a good ten to fifteen minutes, and Emily still had not come back down. Contemplating what to do next, I decided to read for a little while I waited to see if Emily had anything else planned for the day. I headed upstairs to grab a book from my room.  
  
As I approached our doors, I noticed that Emily's door was shut tight. I was a little disappointed that she had again shut herself in her room. Based on our conversation, I was looking forward to a long day of memorizing every square inch of her body. I walked to my door, and turned the handle. Opening the door, I was astonished at the sight before me.  
  
On the bed was Emily, facing the door, with a smile across her face. She had arranged about six pillows underneath and behind her, so that her chest and head were sitting up slightly. She was still naked, all five feet of her, from head to toe, her legs in front of her and only slightly spread. Because of my immediate focus on her legs, pussy and breasts, it took me a minute to realize that she had her arms raised. Tied around each of them was some kind of pink fabric, which then trailed up each side of the headboard where it disappeared. It must have been tied behind the headboard.   
  
I did a double take, and then a triple take. Finally, Emily spoke. "So, I have a confession to make. I wanted to fuck you so bad last night. I was so wet, displaying my goods to you all night and then getting to see your hard cock. I was just imagining you driving your rod into me... I actually pleasured myself to the memory for a bit in my room but it just wasn't working. I kept imagining my wet pussy wrapped around your cock. You know, you're pretty hot yourself. In fact, I actually started to come into your room last night but was surprised to find you fucking my sister from behind. I wanted you so bad but didn't want to interrupt.   
  
I was shocked and a little embarrassed at this news. "Well, actually..." I began to explain. Emily interrupted.  
  
"Don't worry about. It's not like I made myself available, even if I have teased you all summer. Melissa and I talked this morning. She said it was just a fuck -- one she really enjoyed. That's good enough for me. You're available, and I want you." She said emphatically.  
  
"Yes, I am available. And, I've been wanting this for a long time." I responded as I walked toward the bed."  
  
"Good, I was hoping you saved room for a little desert." She said with a wry smile.  
  
"I definitely did, and I definitely see some things I'd like to sample." The double entandre was thick today.  
  
With that, I moved toward the bed. Rather than climbing right on, I walked to the head of the bed. Emily gave me a questioning look.  
  
"I want to make sure these are secure." I said, as I pulled on one of the ties, and then the other, tightening it around her wrist and securing it tightly behind the headboard. She attempted to move her arms, and couldn't. "That's better."   
  
Emily smiled and then sighed.  
  
I was going to take my time for this. I rolled onto the bed. I kissed her forehead, then her cheeks, then her beautiful lips. Our tongues entangled passionately in an amazing dance. This girl could kiss. My hands slid down her arms, to her shoulders, and then her breasts. As we continued in our passionate kiss, I set to work on her breasts, alternately tracing circles around her nipples, grabbing a handful of flesh, flicking her nipples, and occasionally pulling and twisting. She moaned as I continued to fondle her nubile body. Finally, I broke my lips free. I continued to caress her breasts as I kissed down her body, starting at her neck. I slowly moved to her collarbone, then kissed all over her breasts, eventually sucking on one nipple, then the other. They hardened under my manipulations, as I kissed one and fondled the other, giving me more to suck and even to nibble on. Emily writhed beneath me.   
  
After a few minutes of this, I began my downward trajectory again, this time moving to her navel, then working sideways to each of her ample hips, before I moved back center-word with my lips kissing down the mound of her pussy. Her breath quickened and then caught as I reached the tip of her mound. She spread her legs wide, inviting me in. I breathed in the amazing scent of her hot pussy. But, I decided to tease her some more. She moaned in frustration as I started kissing down the inside of her thigh. I kissed down to her knee, and then to her ankle, slowly moving down her body. While I kissed her, my hands continued caressing her inner thigh back out to her hips and back in to her milky white thighs again.   
  
All the while, I kept my eyes firmly planted on her waiting pussy. I moved to the other leg, slowly kissing back up, first her ankle, then her shin, then her knee. I moved to the inside of her thigh. Her legs were magnificent. Tight and the perfect level of muscle.  
  
"Please, please, please. Keep going." Emily begged. She was writhing beneath me as I slowed on the inside of her thigh.  
  
"What is it you would like, Miss?" I asked, feigning ignorance.  
  
"I want you to eat me!" She almost screamed. "Take that tongue, and lick my pussy. Suck my clit. I need to cum sooooo bad!" I was driving her wild, as planned.   
  
"Well, I certainly wouldn't want to disappoint." I lifted my head, put my hands between her thighs, and spread her legs wide. I looked down at the most beautiful pink pussy I had ever seen. So smooth, probably waxed. I started to lick, first around the outer limits of her sex, on the puffy lips of her pussy, slowly circling in and then licking up and down the slit of her love canal. She tasted wonderful, clean with just a slight musky flavor. Finally, I used my thumbs to spread the lips of her pussy, displaying her little love button to my waiting mouth. I moved in, alternately circling it with my tongue and sucking it softly.   
  
Emily began to tremble. Her voice raised an octave. "Oh yes, yes, yes. Oh, lick right there. Oh yes, that's it! Right there. Mmmmm! Ayyy!" A stream of unintelligible sounds came from her lips as I finally drove her to climax, cumming with the working manipulations of my tongue, wetness pouring over her pussy.  
  
I slowed, and again began to lick up and down the slit of her now dripping cunt. I moved to her inner thigh, and began kissing there. As I slowly lifted my head up and began to move from the bed, Emily gave me a worried look. "Where are you going. Please don't stop."  
  
"Don't worry, you'll like this." I got up from the bed, and walked to the dresser. Emily's eyes followed my every move, begging for more. As I slowly bent down and rifled through the bottom drawer of the dresser, Emily's eyes widened.  
  
"What are you looking for?"  
  
"Don't worry, I found it." I lifted up the pink sex toy that I had seen Emily use just last week while I "slept."  
  
"How did you know about that?" she said with a slight worry to her voice.  
  
"Ha!" I Iaughed. "You know as well as I that I've seen you use it in this very room." Her face reddened momentarily, but then she chuckled.  
  
"Ha, I was pretty sure, but you did such a good job pretending to be asleep I decided you earned it."  
  
"Well, beautiful, you've earned this." With that, I took the vibrator and turned it on. Emily's body shuddered as I ran the now vibrating dildo up and down the slit of her pussy, moistening it with the mixture of her cum and the remnants of my saliva. After a few moments, I slowly inserted the tool into her vagina, and again bent to work on her clit with my mouth, licking it, flicking it up and down with my tongue. She writhed at the sudden sensations.  
  
"Holy shit you are good." Emily cried out. Her breath quickened, and her huge bosom heaved up and down. I continued to alternately lick and suck, while moving the sex toy in and out. After a minute or two of this, she screamed out, her body shook, and wetness poured into my mouth. "Don't stop Dan! I am cumming!" I sucked her clit and she writhed beneath me, unable to handle the sensation, as another stream of unintelligible exclamations issued from her mouth.   
  
As she came down from her second orgasm of the morning, I slowly lifted off her body and looked at her face. She looked back at me beaming. "Will you please take me now. I want that cock I saw last night to stretch me wide!"  
  
I didn't need any more encouragement. I shifted the ground, and took off my shirt. Emily watched me with hunger in her eyes. I proceeded to remove my pants, my fully erect penis popping free and waving in the air. "Mmm" issued from Emily's lips, "that's what I need."  
  
I reached onto the bed and grabbed both of Emily's feet. I pulled them towards me, shifting her body on the bed. Her arms still tied in the air above her head, I reached underneath her ass and shifted her further, so that her body was now parallel with the headboard, her legs hanging off the bed, and her ass just on the edge of the bed. I wanted to see the moment my cock first penetrated this waiting pussy.   
  
I took each of her legs by the hand, supporting each leg at the thigh as I spread them apart and lifted them in the air, opening her up to my manhood. I slowly directed the tip of my cock to her waiting hole. I paused, letting my cock just touch her slit. "I should get a condom."  
  
"No, you're fine. I've been on birth control forever." Emily responded. "I want it now."  
  
That was all I needed to hear. Slowly, I pushed forward. I watched in excitement as the head of my cock disappeared in her tiny love canal. The sensations were amazing. Her waiting pussy was soaking wet, allowing easy insertion and adding to the pleasure. It was also incredibly tight. Emily's eyes closed and she moaned again. I continued to push forward, watching her pussy stretch around me, the skin taught. I could feel the velvety walls of her vagina tight around me as I pushed in to the hilt, all eight inches of my cock disappeared inside the wonders of this beautiful blonde.   
  
I held it there for a moment, allowing Emily to adjust to the size of this addition to her pussy. I then slowly drew it out, letting my cock come all the way out with a pop. I reinserted it, slowly, again stopping when she was squeezing its entire length. Slowly, I drew it back, but this time not all the way out. I began to work up a rhythm, watching the whole time, committing this memory to view forever.  
  
As I quickened my pace, Emily let forth low guttural noises, her eyes still closed. Her pussy was so tight and wet around me, I could feel every inch of the walls of her vagina gripping me. After the morning I had already had, I was not going to last long. I decided I needed to change positions and let this last a little longer.   
  
I pulled out. Emily's eyes popped open with a questioning look. "Just repositioning," I explained. I pushed Emily's legs back onto the bed, and lifted them at the knees. I set myself between them, again positioning my cock at her waiting canal. Slowly, I inserted my cock, and began to build up another rhythm. I lifted one of Emily's ankles to my shoulder, allowing for deeper penetration. She was alternately grunting and calling out my name, lost in the feelings. She began to tremble, and I felt the walls of her already tight pussy constricting along my cock, as she had her third orgasm of the morning. That was all it took. My own orgasm overtook me as I shot stream after stream of hot cum deep into her waiting vagina. I had never felt such a feeling, my head was dizzy and my eyes unfocused as the walls of her vagina continued to constrict, milking every last ounce of semen from my jerking cock.

My whole body relaxed and I essentially went limp. I laid on top of her for a minute or two. It was like I was floating in air, my body had no feeling. Finally, I was brought back to earth by the sound of Emily's voice. "Dan, umm, you're crushing me. Could you maybe roll of?"  
  
I quickly rolled to the side. "I'm sorry, I completely forgot you were still tied up. That was probably a little uncomfortable." I said.  
  
"Just a little. But it was worth it. I've never felt anything close to what you gave me this morning." Emily smiled up at me. "I guess you could untie me now."  
  
I got up. I moved to the head of the bed, but then had an evil thought. I paused, and walked to my dresser where my phone sat.  
  
"What are you doing?" Emily questioned.  
  
"Umm, you wouldn't mind if I took a picture or two, would you? This is the greatest morning I've ever had, and I would kind of like a tangible memory of it."  
  
A shadow crossed Emily's face. She thought for a moment, and I kicked myself for the comment. I began to put my phone back down, when she whispered, "You promise you would never show it to anyone?"  
  
My heart jumped. "I promise. Just for me."  
  
She smiled. "It's not like you haven't examined every inch of me already in the past 24 hours. Go for it."  
  
That was all I needed to hear. I pulled up my camera app, and stood away from the bed far enough so that I could get a good picture of her whole body: her arms tied above her head, her beautiful blonde hair, now messy from our recent exertions, her taught stomach and bare pussy, down to her slender, sexy legs, which she had laid flat and back together again on the bed. She smiled for the camera as I snapped a couple pics, and even seemed to be jutting her breasts out proudly for effect.  
  
"You are quite the gorgeous specimen." I encouraged. "I'm going to reposition my model now, hold on a minute." At that, I moved in, and laid her flat on her back, head and chest still slightly raised due to the pillows behind her. I moved my hands down to her knees and bent them in the air, pushing her feet back toward her waist. I then spread her knees wide so that I could get a full view of the entire slit of her pussy. A white trail of my cum dripped out of her pussy. I took another photo of her whole body in this position, before zooming in and taking just a head and chest shot, and then a close up shot of her snatch, white cum oozing out.  
  
"Got it. Gorgeous. Want to see?" I asked. I held the pictures up to Emily and flipped through them. As I got to the close up of her pussy, her face turned crimson. "Pretty hot, huh?" I asked.  
  
She looked at me and smiled, but still showed worry across her face. "I guess. You're not just going to keep those saved on your phone, are you? I don't want anyone else coming across those, even accidentally."  
  
I laughed. "I'll be sure to move them to a safe place. I was already thinking that I would save them to a folder under my recipes file on my computer, and delete them from my phone."  
  
"Your recipes file?" Emily asked.  
  
"Well, it does make sense, Em." I joked. "How to make a fantastic cream pie."  
  
Emily's eyes widened, "Gross Dan," and then she laughed, relaxing at the joke. "Alright funny man, I trust you."  
  
I put the phone down and reached to untie her from the bed. Slowly, she stood to the ground, stretching her arms behind and in front of her. "I guess you're a little sore, huh?" I asked.  
  
"A little, but it was worth it." Emily responded. She moved in close to me, the top of her head barely reaching my shoulders. "You promise you'll never show those pictures to anyone?" She asked for a third time.  
  
I reached down and lifted her head by the chin. I kissed her on her forehead. "Emily, I promise. If you want me to delete them now, I will. But I would never do anything to hurt you. I really like you. You're so fun loving and great to talk to. I enjoy every minute I spend with you, regardless of what we're doing. I would never do anything to ruin that."  
  
"And, you like the way I keep exposing myself, right?" Emily asked.  
  
I chuckled. "Look, I can't deny that I've enjoyed that. But I'm being honest when I say I really like you, even without all that."  
  
Emily smiled and looked up at me. She lifted her hands to the back of my head, and pulled me down towards her. Our lips met in a sweet kiss that was nothing like the passionate kiss we had earlier on the bed. "I'm so glad to hear that because I really like you too Dan." She kissed me again "To be honest, I've wanted to move things up a notch for weeks. You're just so handsome and so kind. Most other guys would have tried to jump my bones weeks ago..." She paused, and went on. "You don't know this, but I kind of set up last night with Melissa..."  
  
I looked down in mock shock, although I knew this already from my conversation with Melissa. Emily went on.  
  
"It wasn't all planned, just parts of it. Melissa and I have been chatting, and I told her some of the ways I've been teasing you this summer. Not all of them, just some. I also told her what a perfect gentleman you've been. She was impressed. It's true that I used to tease her boyfriends when they came by, but the truth is that she never minded. She said it just got them good and wound up. Anyway, when we found out my parents were going to be out of town, we got together and decided it might be fun to acknowledge some of what I've been doing, and see how you reacted. So, we planned for Melissa to come home, "catch" me teasing you, and then rip my shirt off..."  
  
"Wow," I muttered.  
  
She went on. "That was supposed to be it though. Our plan was for me to stand in shock, exposing my chest to you, before running upstairs. When I just stood there, Melissa must have called an audible and decided to parade me around a little. I was enjoying it, so I went along with it, and did her little yoga poses. However, when she ripped off my shorts, exposing me... down there... I really was in shock. That was never planned, and I really didn't know what to do. I couldn't even think, so I just went along with it. I think she was as shocked as me that I kept playing along and exposing myself like that even after my shorts were gone. After a few minutes though, the shock wore off, and something else came over me: exhilaration. It was amazing. I've never felt so sexy, so desired. I could see the hunger in your eyes, and it made me so wet. Apparently, it had a similar effect on the two of you."  
  
"Yeah, I have to admit, I'm not sure I've ever been so turned on," I responded. "I headed upstairs and tried your door, but it was locked. I was about to, err, take care of myself when Melissa came in the room and, well...."  
  
Emily interrupted me. "Yeah, I saw that, of course. After I ran upstairs I shut myself in my room so I could get ahold of myself, but I couldn't get the image of your stiff cock out of my mind. I thought you might want company, but when I saw you and Melissa going at it, I decided to leave you be.  
  
"So, it wasn't weird? Seeing me and your sister like that?"  
  
"Well, I was certainly surprised, and yeah, a little jealous and upset, since she had told me you guys were totally platonic. But, I guess the moment got the best of her. She and I talked this morning and we're all good. She just explained that she's kind of a horn dog and that she needed to get laid last night." Emily answered. "She said she didn't really give you much choice in the matter."  
  
"Wow. Well, I don't even know what to say. I'm glad you two are cool, and I certainly can't say I regret even a moment of the last 24 hours." I responded.  
  
"To be totally honest," Emily continued, "last night finally got me across a line I've wanted to cross for weeks. I wanted you to see me. I wanted to display my body to you, and this time to know you were watching and reacting. When she spread my legs wide so that my pussy was totally exposed and spread, I was embarrassed at first, until I saw the desire in your eyes. I loved that. I wanted you thinking about what you could do to my little cunnie. And then when she made you take you pants off..." Her voice trailed.  
  
"What?" I prodded.  
  
"When I saw this large cock reacting to my body," she reached down and grabbed my now limp cock, "I knew then and there that I had to have it inside me."  
  
We kissed again, and held each other close.  
  
Emily finally broke our embrace. "Well, I think I'm going to go take a shower now. I can feel your cum dripping down my leg and I should probably clean that up."  
  
I laughed. "Just a warning, there's a lot in there."  
  
"I could tell. I loved the feeling of it shooting deep inside me. But now, I'm feeling quite the mess. I'll probably be a little while cleaning up."  
  
"That's alright, this guy needs a little time to recover too. I'll probably read here for a bit." At that, Emily walked into the bathroom. I laid back in my bed, arms over head, lost in the glow of the last hour. My mind was a jumbled mess, as I tried to process last night's exposure, this morning's breakfast, and now this. Not to mention the little foray Melissa and I had last night.  
  
I don't know how long I laid there, just gazing into the distance, lost in thought. Eventually though, lying there on the bed, in the nude, I started to feel a little cold, distracting me from my thoughts. I grabbed a blanket, threw it over my legs and mid-section, and grabbed the book on my nightstand.  
  
I was about two chapters in, lost in the plot of my book when I noticed movement in the doorway. I looked up to see Emily re-entering the room, still naked, with just a slight touch of makeup on and her hair softly curled. Our eyes met and she smiled. "That looks relaxing. I think I'll join you. Be right back." Emily turned and walked out of the room, only to return maybe thirty seconds later with her own book.  
  
As she walked in a second time, I looked up so that I can watch her beautiful body in all its glory as she came closer. I scooted to the side so that she would have more room. She got into the bed, her breasts swaying heavy as she climbed in. She laid with her head on my chest, with her body angled off of me. She didn't pull any covers over her. Instead, as she laid her head down, she moved the covers down off of me so that my penis was once again uncovered. She smiled up at me, "that's better," she said with a giggle. She then opened her book and began to read.  
  
I did very little reading for the next little bit. My gaze was again on her soft features, on the view of her breasts heaving as she breathed, visible just past her white, round shoulders. Of her crossed feet, and her slender legs. I laid one hand down over her breasts, pulling her close, while I held my book in the other hand.  
  
We read together for the next half hour or so. It was so peaceful, so comfortable. Our body heat (and the lack of a/c) made blankets unnecessary. As I got to the end of another chapter, I put my book down and moved my other hand to Emily's chest.  
  
"Done reading?" Emily asked.  
  
"For now. You don't have to stop though. I was just going to rest here."  
  
"I'm good." Emily responded. "Let's do something else. Do you like games?"  
  
"Sure. What were you thinking?" I responded. I actually am a fan of card games and board games, although don't think there are a ton of great two player games. But, I decided to ask Emily what she had in mind rather than mentioning some of the more unfamiliar games I might play.  
  
"I don't know. I just thought it might be fine. There's actually some games in the closet, so I'll go take a look." With that, Emily jumped up and bounced to the closet. A minute later she called out, "I haven't played this in forever. Let's play Uno. It's a good two player game."  
  
"Sounds good to me." I responded. Emily bounced back into the room and climbed onto the foot of the bed, of course still naked. She pulled her legs underneath her, sitting "crisscross-applesauce" as I've heard it called, her thighs spread wide and her feet underneath her. I again was caught speechless, with my eyes wide, as I stared at her lovely bare pussy spread just so. Emily ignored my reaction (I think she was hoping for it) and began to deal. I turned my body so that I was laying on my side, parallel to the headboard, my cock again springing to life at the sight.  
  
We had fun, alternatively playing our red, green, yellow, and blue cards. Emily feigned anger as I played another draw four. In the end, I won game one and grabbed the deck. "I'll shuffle and deal."  
  
"Actually, I was thinking that we could make this a little more competitive." Emily interjected. "How about winner gets to give the loser a direction that they have to follow.  
  
You won, so tell me what to do."  
  
"Sounds good to me." I thought for a second. "I got it. I want you to stand for me and spin very slowly. Then, while you're facing away from me, I want you to bend at the waist and touch your toes."  
  
Emily rolled her eyes. "As if you haven't seen all this already." However, she also smiled. She climbed to her feet, did a very exaggerated spin and bend, exposing a beautiful rear view of her most intimate parts to me. She sat back down. "That work horn dog?"  
  
"It sure does. I'll deal now."  
  
We played another game, this one a little more serious.  
  
I won again. "Are you stacking the deck?" Emily asked with a smirk.  
  
"Just good luck I guess," I responded as I climbed off the bed and walked to the dresser.  
  
"What are you doing? Showing off that fine ass for me?" joked Emily.  
  
"Ha. You know it." I responded. "Actually, I'm grabbing this toy again," I said, as I reached down to the bottom drawer and again retrieved the vibrating dildo toy I had used on Emily earlier. "Your next task is to play the entire next game with this vibrating against your pussy." I winked.  
  
"Wow. Umm. This should be fun. How should I sit?" Emily responded.  
  
"Sit just like that, cross-legged. You don't have to penetrate, but I do want it in constant contact." I turned it on and placed it lengthwise along the slit of her pussy, so that it was certain to brush her clitoris or at least close to it. "If you need to use one hand to hold it in place, you should."  
  
Emily sighed as it came into contact with her skin, and she picked up her cards. "Alright, let's play again.  
  
This game went a little slower. As we played, Emily's breath quickened. A moan escaped her lips, and her hand traveled to her groin to adjust the vibrating implement. On her next turn, she drew a card, even though I could tell that she had cards to play in her hand. I played again, watching her every move. Her chest heaved as she leaned back on one hand and used the other to manipulate the vibrating dildo against her pussy, slightly inserting it into the folds of her pussy and also rubbing it harder against her clit. Her eyes closed and she threw her head back as her body began to shake, an orgasm rolling over her. I sat there, hard as a rock again taking it all in.  
  
As she came down from her orgasm, Emily's eyes snapped back open. Her face reddened slightly as she adjusted the toy so that it was leaning against her. She picked up her cards and drew another, even though again she should have noticed that she had a playable card. I guess she was having a hard time concentrating on the game at hand. Ha!  
  
We finished out the game, me winning again. "Well that's not exactly fair," Emily fake pouted. "I was having a kind of hard time concentrating."  
  
"Yeah, that's probably right. But, rules are rules. And, to be honest, I was kind of distracted by what was in front of me too. Anyway, it seems like you had fun, even if you did lose," I joked.  
  
She giggled. "Yeah, pretty obvious, huh? Well, what's my next task?"  
  
"Well, as you can see, your little show got me a little turned on myself. I'd really like it if you came over here and sucked my cock. Do you think that would be okay?"  
  
Emily gave me a dark look. I quickly spoke up, "If you don't want to that's totally fine. I..."  
  
She interrupted, "I'm kidding Dan. I've been wanting to do this all morning. Actually, I figured it would be my task after game 1. Surprised it took you this long."  
  
And with that, she crawled toward me. "Stand up, big man." I did as I was told. Emily got on her knees and began kissing all around my cock. She fondled my balls and kissed those too. Finally, she took her tongue and licked the sensitive underside of my raging hard-on. She looked up at me with big doe eyes, and let her lips slip down over my cockhead.  
  
I couldn't take my eyes off her. Not only did this feel amazing, but looking down at this sexy thing giving me a blow job was exhilarating. Her large breasts were swaying and bouncing as she picked up speed, fucking my cock with her mouth.  
  
My hand involuntarily moved to the back of Emily's head. As it did, she opened her eyes to again look up to capture my reaction. My cock popped free from her lips. She smiled, and then slowly worked her mouth back over me. This time though, she kept pushing her mouth forward, deep throating the entirety of my cock. I almost came then and there. With almost the entirety of my cock her in mouth, she moaned. It felt amazing.  
  
Emily again built up a rhythm, eyes closed. I could no longer watch, as my eyes involuntarily closed and I enjoyed the sensations. My hand continued to press on her head, speeding her movements. Slowly, I felt the cum building within me. "I'm going to cum any second now."  
  
"Mmm" was the only response I got as Emily continued her efforts. Suddenly, I shot spurt after spurt of warm cum deep into her mouth. Emily clamped down with her lips and pushed forward with her mouth, taking in every last drop. I could barely stand, so overwhelmed with the feeling of ecstasy.  
  
Finally, Emily let go of my cock. A single line of white dripped from her lips. Ever so sexily, she took her finger and wiped that stray stream, sucking her finger clean.  
  
Slowly, I sat down.  
  
"That was amazing," I remarked.  
  
"It did seem like you enjoyed it," she laughed. "I did too. Shall we play some more?" she asked, moving back to the bed.  
  
We sat again on the bed, me laying sideways parallel to the headboard and Emily again cross-legged at the foot of the bed. This time, it was me who couldn't quite concentrate. Emily won quickly -- I still had five cards left as she played her last. "Excellent," she remarked. "What to do, what to do... I know... You must answer this question truthfully: Who did you enjoy sex with more, my sister or me?"  
  
I looked at her with surprise. "That's all? No crazy tasks? Just a question? Well, I would have to say, definitely you, not even a question."  
  
Her eyes lit up. "Why?"  
  
"Well, for one, you've been driving me crazy all summer. Sex with you was the culmination of one of the best months I've ever had. Also, I feel like I've gotten close to you this summer, so it felt more intimate. Plus, well, I got to really enjoy your body the whole time as I kissed and licked all over. Finally, I'm not going to lie, feeling your wet pussy tight around my cock with nothing in between was one of the best feelings in the world."  
  
She gazed at me deeply, smiling, and we sat in silence. Finally, she spoke. "I'm glad. I really enjoyed it too."  
  
"Same here... Shall we play again?"  
  
"Sure, let's go." We played another game. I was dying to win, as a question was eating away at me. It got about as serious as an Uno game can get, with both of us doing our best to keep the other from victory. I am guessing Emily also had something in mind for me. Maybe something more than just a question this time. In the end though, I was victorious.

Emily's eyes lit up. "Yes."   
  
"That's awesome! I know it might be weird with your parents since I've been living here all summer, so if you think it would be best, I'd definitely be willing talk to them first and let them know I was planning to ask you out, but I just really want this to continue. I think we really have something."  
  
"I do too. I'd like that." Emily leaned in and kissed me. As our lips separated she looked deeply into my eyes, a new affection growing between us.   
  
I broke the silence. "Let's play one more game." As Emily crawled back to her spot, I dealt once more.   
  
The game went fairly quickly. Things seemed to be lined right up for me, and I won without drawing even a single card. I decided to push things up a notch. I looked at Emily with a smile, and paused for dramatic effect. "Since you're such an exhibitionist, go downstairs, get in the car in the garage, and drive around the block. All while naked."  
  
"No sweat."  
  
Without hesitation, Emily got up, and walked out the door. I followed her downstairs, taking in the lovely sight of her bare backside swaying as she walked. She reached the garage door, turned the handle, and turned back towards me. "See you soon." A moment later, the car was revving, and the garage door opening.   
  
I watched as Emily slowly backed the car out of the garage. As she drove down the driveway, I closed the garage door and walked back inside. Even though this would be quick, I decided to sit down and turn on the television while I waited, so I grabbed a spot in the middle of the sectional and grabbed the remote.   
  
Time seemed to be creeping by. As I watched another commercial for a pill for erectile dysfunction, I began to calculate how long Emily had been gone. It had been at least fifteen minutes, maybe longer. I was growing concerned. Has she been stopped by the police and gotten in trouble? Had she been seen by the wrong person? What was taking her so long?  
  
Finally, I heard the garage door opener activate. Moments later, Emily walked in, her face slightly flush but a big smile on her face. "I'm back. Did you miss me?"  
  
I laughed. "Well of course I did. I could spend days just taking in your lovely sight. What happened anyway? It doesn't take that long to drive around the neighborhood. Did you get lost?"  
  
Emily took a step into the room and smiled mischievously, her beautiful breasts jutting proudly and her entire sexy front side on display to my hungry eyes. "Well, kind of."  
  
"Ha, what does that mean?"   
  
"Well, I decided just driving around the neighborhood was a little tame. Who hasn't already done that, right?"   
  
I chuckled, wondering what lengths this minx had previously gone to with her exhibitionism.   
  
"Anyway, I drove out of the neighborhood and down to the Pinnacle." (The Pinnacle was another subdivision about a mile down the road, with some pretty expensive houses.) "I drove up and down a couple streets there, and came across a nice old man planting some flowers in his front yard. He was so cute, with his gray hair and shovel. I could tell he'd been working hard; he was definitely sweating. Anyway, I got distracted while watching him garden for a minute, and couldn't remember which road I had just come from. So, I pulled my car over to where he was working, rolled down my window a couple inches, and called out to ask him how I could get back to the Grove." (The Grove was our subdivision) "Apparently, he couldn't hear me clearly as he asked me to repeat my question. I asked again, but he still couldn't hear. I guess I have a quiet voice... But, ever the gentlemen, he put down his shovel and came to my driver side window so he could hear better."  
  
I looked at her in shock. The obvious pretense for getting this old man to come to her window was pretty amazing. "So, what did he do when he got to the window?"   
  
She went on, without missing a beat, "He was so kind. He looked in my window, smiled at me and asked me if I was okay. Of course I was, I just needed directions. I explained that I couldn't remember which way I had just turned, but that if I could just find my way back to the Grove I would be good. He ever so patiently explained how I could get back to the Grove. He was so helpful that I asked him if he knew the Grove well. Of course, he laughed at that, telling me he'd lived in these parts for fifty years and could probably get me anywhere I needed to go."  
  
I interjected, "and I'm sure he offered to drive you there."   
  
She rolled her eyes. "He did, but I didn't need a driver, just a little reorientation. Silly me, to get lost so close to home, even though my Mom and Dad have lived here for four years now. I explained that I had my phone somewhere in the car, but couldn't find it, so couldn't use that for directions. I also told him I knew I had recently turned off of some tree named road like Pine or Maple or Oak Street, but couldn't remember which direction it was. You know, he said the funniest thing in response to that, that it sounded like there was a lot of wood where I came from. Weird."  
  
"Yeah, weird," I laughed.  
  
"Anyway," Emily said, ignoring me, "I told him that I was sure my phone was somewhere in my car, and that I was just such a ditz that I had lost it somewhere. At that, he mentioned that he often lost his phone under his seats, so he totally understood. I agreed with him, but told him I had already checked under my seat. He asked if I had checked under my passenger seat. Stupid me, of course I hadn't. I immediately set to work looking there. I am so short though, it's just really hard to reach under there. I had to climb onto my seat, turn toward the passenger side seat, get on my knees, and stretch down as far as I could to feel around under the passenger side seat. Man did I dig around there for a while. I just couldn't find anything...  
  
"Hold on," I said, incredulous. "I just need to get this right, and I'm having a hard time picturing it. Why don't you get on the couch and show me?"  
  
"Sure thing." With that, Emily walked to the sectional, and pointed me to the armrest at the end. "You stand at the end there." I walked to the end of the sectional. "If you're standing at the drivers' door, then I was kind of looking for the paper like this." With that, Emily got on her hands and knees on the couch, with her backside facing me, maybe a foot away. She stuck her ass high in the air, and reached down to the bottom of the couch, reaching around on the floor. As she reached around, she kept shaking her ass back and forth. Her legs were slightly spread, and I could clearly see the gaping slit of her sexy bare pussy, pointed straight at me.   
  
"Wow. I'm sure this guy was quite grateful for the view of your sexy pussy waving in the air at him."  
  
Emily gave me a look of mock confusion and then mock embarrassment. "Huh. Never thought of that." She smiled. "Anyway, after about three or four minutes I found my phone. I quickly sat back up, still on my knees, and turned back toward the door to thank him for his help. It was funny though, he couldn't seem to make eye contact with me for the short remainder of our conversation. He did seem a little disappointed when I had to go though."  
  
"Wow. You truly are a tease."  
  
"I don't know about that. He didn't seem upset with me," Emily responded with a smirk.  
  
"I'm sure he didn't. So, did you enjoy yourself?" I reached out and let my hand trail down her body and between her legs. She was sopping wet. "I guess you did" I said with a smile.  
  
"I sure did. Actually..." Emily rolled over, took my hand and guided me between her legs. She took my face in her hands, and pushed me down slowly as she sat back on the sectional, spreading her legs. "If you wouldn't mind, I was thinking you could use that amazing tongue for a little bit. I am basically on the verge already..."  
  
"Your wish is my command." This time, I didn't take time to drive her wild. My tongue immediately went to her slit, running up and down. I took my fingers and peeled her lips apart, exposing her pink goodness. I attacked her clit, circling it with my tongue, flicking it, sucking it, and circling it some more. Emily moaned and pushed my face tighter into her. I took two fingers, and inserted them in her vagina while I continued to lick her clit. I bent my fingers, rubbing the velvety insides of her vagina, reaching for her G spot. Emily squealed, then moaned, then ground her pussy against me. Suddenly, she tightened around my fingers, took in a deep breath, and began to shake, another orgasm overtaking her. I could feel a rush of wetness around my fingers.   
  
"Yes, yes, yes, oh yes!" Emily screamed. I lapped up her juices as she slowly came down from yet another high. She sighed and leaned back against the couch, drawing my face up to hers. "Wow, you are amazing. Breakfast and lunch. I wonder what you'll have for dinner!"   
  
"Ha, I'm sure I'll be game, whatever it is."  
  
Emily pulled my face to hers and kissed me gently. We lay together quietly on the sectional, basking in the feeling of our skin to skin contact. After maybe ten minutes, Emily broke the silence. "You're probably hungry for real food, aren't you? I've kept you quite busy this morning."  
  
"I could certainly do lunch." I answered.   
  
"Let me get you something. Come on upstairs." With that, we went upstairs to the kitchen. I again trailed Emily up the stairs, another of my favorite positions, as I got to take in the sight of her swaying hips and lovely backside on display for my viewing pleasure.  
  
Emily walked into the kitchen and began to rummage through the pantry. I harkened back to my view just a few nights before in that pantry and chuckled quietly. Apparently hearing me, Emily turned toward me. "What?" she asked.  
  
I smiled at her. "I was just reminiscing about your little tease in the pantry, that's all."  
  
"Ha." She smiled. "That was one night when I was sure you'd caught on. You were so funny, basically staring straight up my dress and drooling. If I would have wanted, I could have embarrassed you so bad by calling you out -- do you have any idea how long I let you do that before I spoke up? Sometimes you're a little obvious there horn dog."  
  
"Give me some credit." I responded. "By that point, I was sure you were doing all of this on purpose, so I decided I didn't have to be quite so secretive when no one was around. I was a little better during the movie, wasn't I?"  
  
"Yeah, I guess you didn't give it away in there. I hope you still enjoyed the show."   
  
"You know I did."  
  
Emily laughed and turned back into the pantry. "It's so late I was just thinking something simple like PB&J for lunch. That work for you Dan?"  
  
"Sure, that sounds good. No need to make anything crazy, especially after you made me breakfast."  
  
"Great," Emily responded, I'll just reach down here and grab the peanut butter." With that, Emily made an exaggerated play of bending at the waist and shaking her tight little ass in my direction, again displaying her goods from behind.  
  
"If you're going make it like that, I'll order peanut butter and jelly every day!" I joked. Emily, still bent over, craned her head and smiled, "I thought you'd enjoy that." She grabbed the peanut butter and jelly, stood up, turned, and walked to the counter, where she pulled out a loaf of bread. "You sit down, I'll make sandwiches for both of us." I did as directed, never losing sight of Emily's beautiful curves -- her rounded ass and hips, her shoulder blades and the small of her back, her amazing legs. Amazingly, even after my multiple forays today, I felt my cock start to rise once again.   
  
Emily grabbed a knife and set herself to making two simple PB&J sandwiches. Very shortly, they were done. "I like to have mine loaded with jelly. I hope you don't mind." She called out.   
  
"That works for me." I responded.  
  
Emily turned, holding a sandwich in each hand. She brought one to her mouth, as she walked toward me holding out the other. As she bit down, jelly squirted from the back side of the sandwich, landing squarely on the top of her breast. "Oh shoot. What I mess I made." Emily said with an exaggerated grimace. She then took the other sandwich and rubbed it on her other breast, leaving a trail of jelly there as well. "I do hope you can help me clean up." Emily smiled.   
  
"I thought you'd never ask." I stood up, and immediately went to her breast, licking up and down, cleaning the remnants of peanut butter and jelly and spending extra time sucking and licking her nipples.   
  
Emily moaned, "Mmmm, this is the best breakfast and lunch date I've ever had. Your tongue is amazing. I love to feel it lick my tits."  
  
"Well, they are delicious," I responded.   
  
Emily eventually motioned me away, and we sat down to actually eat our small lunches. Her breasts were glistening from my recent efforts, and her face was once again aglow. We sat in silence, me staring at Emily's body as I ate, and Emily watching my eyes closely, loving the feeling of desire she saw in them.   
  
Emily finally broke the silence as she finished her last bite. "You want to watch a movie? I was thinking we could cuddle up downstairs on the sectional and relax for a little bit. I see that my little PB&J on the breast trick woke your cock up a little, but I'm guessing you could use a little downtime before some more fun. And believe me, I'm counting on some more fun."  
  
"That sounds great! I'm definitely looking forward to some more 'fun' too, but a little movie time sounds like a good intermission. Although don't go slapping my hands away if I get a little handsie during the movie!" I joked.  
  
"I'd never dream of it." Emily smiled. "And you better not go pulling away when I back this ass up into your mid-section." We both laughed, and headed downstairs to continue our afternoon of adventures…