**The Sleepover**

by Kelly85

**Chapter 1: Growing Up**

Woohoo! Finally ... I was fourteen, finished with eighth grade meaning I was now officially a high school freshman. Needless to say, passing this milestone made feel me extremely mature and grown-up. I was already taking advantage of my new social status to look down at those little immature “grade-schoolers”. Well, I really didn’t treat them THAT badly but you know what I mean.

On this warm June day I’d just finished taking my morning shower after sleeping in a bit late. Back in my bedroom I stood naked in front of the body-length mirror and took stock of myself with the same analytical eye every teenage girl does and trust me, nobody is more critical than she is of herself!

On the one hand I was pleased with the more obvious changes that were finally taking place. My body was magically transforming from that of a skinny little flat-chested waif to one of a sexy teenage girl-next-door (with more than a little help from my somewhat fertile imagination). My boobs were just starting to make an appearance, my body curves showing the promise of the future, and my thin coltish legs were slowly taking shape. My pussy had an ever-thickening covering of fuzzy black pubic hair that was more like fur than hair but I still enjoyed running my fingers through it. It’s sort of funny when I look back at things. Now at the mature age of fourteen (or so I thought at the time) I considered my emerging pubic hair a sign of maturity thinking it made me look sexy. Little did I know at the time only a few years down the road I’d be shaving off that very same hair which I’d waited so many years to appear!

Overall I think I would’ve been happier with myself except that many of my friends already looked like they were sixteen or older with perky breasts, curves like a Alpine mountain road, and long lithe legs to die for. It was probably fortunate that I didn’t know then I’d be spending most of my teenage years in a perpetual state of angst as it seemed I was always at the trailing edge of the development curve. If I’d known how many times I’d be trying to hide myself feeling embarrassed in the locker room at school with my undersized boobs, well ... I don’t know what I might’ve done but it wasn’t good.

As I continued to gaze at myself in the mirror I subconsciously ran a single finger down from my neck, through my newly forming cleavage (what little there was of it), and then down my flat tight stomach until I reached my fuzzy little pussy. Playfully running my fingertip through the short coarse hair covering it, I started tracing circles and shivered just a little from the sensations that starting to emerge further down between my legs. True, I was still a virgin but that didn’t mean I didn’t dream of what I wanted a boy to do to me down there.

Speaking of “down there”, although I wasn’t sexually active yet I was practically addicted to masturbation. Fortunately for me, sex and nudity were nothing to be ashamed of or treated as taboo so far as my parents were concerned. One of the most important things my mom taught me was sex wasn’t something to be flaunted either. My parents and I were most definitely NOT nudists and I don’t like to describe us as being an “open family” or any of the other euphemisms that people use when they wink at something kinky going on in their homes. It seems when people say they have an “open family relationship” it’s a not-so-subtle thinly veiled reference for incest, nudism, and all sorts of things for which I have a hard time relating as I’d never describe my family life this way.

To illustrate my point, as I stood there stark naked in my bedroom the door was wide open - just as it always was. Even though my dad was away at work, even if he’d been home the door would’ve still been in the same position. While I didn’t hide myself from him, at the same time I certainly wasn’t about to put on a strip show for him either. The same concept applied when I was in the shower. My dad felt no embarrassment or discomfort in coming in to shave or whatever if I was in the shower and the same applied to me when my dad was in there first. There were no sexual overtones whatsoever, we simply didn’t have clothes on and nobody made a big deal over it. Well, OK ... maybe a little bit but certainly not like people seem to think when I tell them about it.

As I said, we were not a nudist family by any stretch of the imagination. My mom and I typically wore long T-shirts around the house although my mom usually added a bra and panties as well. A bikini top with short shorts were my outfit of the day depending on the weather. I’d say that about the only time we deliberately did anything together nude was when we were in our hot tub. My dad had always imposed a strict no-clothing rule, claiming the laundry detergents and chemicals embedded in our suits by the wash cycle contaminated the water. When I was younger I believed him hook, line and sinker but as I got older I started to question how the little amount of cloth in the tiny bikinis my mom would buy me could possibly cause a problem. It didn’t really matter I guess.

While there were no overt sexual activities in the tub (not even between my parents, at least not when I was around) one thing I DID discover about the hot tub was that the jets could feel mighty darn good when directed at the right places! Parents teach their kids about sex at different times for different reasons. In my case, “The Talk” was initiated after I saw my dad masturbating in their bedroom for the first time. To say I was fascinated would be a gross understatement. My mom caught me spying on him which led to our first “mother-daughter” talk.

Later that evening in the hot tub my mom clinically instructed me to properly hold my dad’s penis. For the first time in my life I touched a man’s cock, well at least deliberately, and experienced first-hand (pardon the pun) the amazing transformation that happens to a man’s penis when he gets sexually aroused. Of course with my hands on him my dad was soon sporting an enormous erection but who could blame him? Actually he was pretty average in size but my hands were pretty small so it seemed huge to me, especially since I’d never even seen another oreal ne other than his, let alone hold it.

As you might expect, I was extremely naive so I had no idea what it was that REALLY had my dad so excited. My mom acted as a sort of combined chaperone and mentor, watching my every move and explaining to me what was happening in rather clinical terms. She allowed me to stroke my dad’s hard cock until he erupted and for the first time I witnessed up close and personal as sperm erupting like Old Faithful from his penis. As thrilled as I was at my “accomplishment”, my mom was VERY adamant that this was the only time I was to do it. She told me years later that her intent was NOT to initiate a sexual relationship between me and my dad but rather for me to simply understand the mechanics of the male animal. To this day I can still remember like it was yesterday the sharp look she gave my dad when she warned him that the same restrictions applied to him too!

Now that the ice had been broken I soon learned my parents masturbated frequently as they no longer worried about me seeing them doing it. They treated it the same as being nude, something that didn’t need to be hidden but not to be flaunted either. Inspired by my parents, I began to masturbate in earnest. As always, my mom seemed to have this sixth sense about what I was doing and so she made it a point to be there to guide me as needed - not to mention seeing to it I didn’t do it at inappropriate times as well.

Nowadays masturbation was a daily activity for me, as routine as brushing my teeth. Actually, probably MORE routine considering I typically only brushed my teeth twice a day whereas I often masturbated multiple times. My parents always encouraged me to satisfy my needs whenever I felt the urge, even it was in the family room while we were all watching TV. Still, I never felt like I was doing it for THEM, it was only for ME. If they just happened to be around then what was the big deal? After all, it was only masturbation, not like I was having sex!

Speaking of needing to masturbate, I hadn’t done it yet that morning so I was feeling a little tense and edgy. It was sort of like when you need to go to the bathroom, something that won’t go away and just get worse until you take care of it. As my fingertip traced my little circles in my short fuzzy pussy hair my finger began to wander further down until I touched my hooded clit. Mmmmmmm, I drew in quick breath as it responded the way it always did. It was such an impatient little thing and I’d kept it waiting longer than usual this morning so it was letting me know it was feeling lonely!

My desk and chair were right next to the mirror so I sat down and leaned back in the chair, spreading my slender smooth legs apart as my hand reached between my tanned thighs. My other hand moved to one of my small boobs and held it with the nipple firmly between my fingers. My nipples hardened nicely at this age when I played with them and I felt a tingle as I squeezed them between my fingers. My lower finger ran up and down my pussy which was feeling warmer with each movement I made.

Deep inside my pussy I could feel myself responding with that rather odd sensation I knew from experience meant it was getting moist. My finger gently pushed its way between my swelling pussy lips and then pressed such that it was just inside my wet pussy hole. God it always felt incredible when I touched myself there! A zillion nerves must end there, every last one of them just begging for me to stimulate it. They rewarded my attention by sending a surge that felt almost like electricity, moving outward from my crotch to every inch of my body; from the tips of my toes to the ends of my long brunette hair.

I gasped for air as for the past few moments I seemed to have forgotten to breath as I concentrated on touching myself. My eyes were squeezed tightly shut and I felt these incredible sensations pulse non-stop from my horny teen pussy. Using my wet finger, I lubricated my pussy lips and then finally my sensitive clit. Rubbing my clit, my back arched upwards in the chair as I squeezed my little boob tightly. God it seemed like I was going to go right through the ceiling! Mmmmmmm, I just loved to touch myself this way.

As I continued to play with myself I started to think about what it would be like to be fucked. Yes ... FUCKED! Making love was something my parents did, the thing they did with their door shut but I’d seen enough of my dad’s porn movies to know all about being fucked. Nobody had ever touched my pussy in a sexual way except me and to date the only cock I’d ever actually touched was my dad’s, an event was now almost six years in the past ... a distant and faded memory at best. Besides, he was my dad so his dick didn’t count anyways. I wanted to see a dick that was hard for ME, that wanted to be inside of ME, that wanted to erupt deep with ME!

Did I mention I get horny sometimes?

As I continued to masturbate I kept my eyes closed as I wondered what would it be like to have a boy’s hard cock drive its way deep inside of me. My pussy felt so tight around my finger that I couldn’t imagine how anything so big could possibly fit! Some of my friends had already done it and they told me that although it hurt a bit the first time, after that it was OK and just got better each time they did it. Once again, Kelly was the last to do something.

As much as I loved to fantasize about having sex, at the moment I didn’t have anyone specifically in mind to be my first. Ewwwww, all the boys in middle school were SO immature! Some of my friends had older brothers who were pretty hot though. One in particular was Steve, the sixteen year-old brother of my good friend Sharon. Oh gawd, like how many times had I played with myself dreaming of him - and what I wanted so badly for him to do to me! Unfortunately, whenever I was at their house he just ignored me no matter how hard I tried to get his attention. Sharon, who was well aware of my crush on her older brother, had warned me that he dated a lot of older high school girls so I guess I must have been too immature for him to even notice. Worse yet, she said he loved girls with big boobs and that he had a thing for Beth, my BFF. Damn, her breasts were more than twice as big as mine were now! Nothing worse than a girl who wears a bra in 5th grade - and it fits her.

It would’ve been easy to spend the rest of the morning this way and in fact sometimes I did just that but for better or worse it wasn’t in the cards this morning. As I sat there rubbing myself furiously I felt a hand pressing lightly on my shoulder. Apparently my mom had quietly entered my room but I hadn’t noticed being so wrapped up in my masturbation fantasies. Smiling back at her, I couldn’t help but wonder how long she’d been watching me before letting me know she was there. She laughed softly and patted me on the head affectionately.

“Hmmmmmm ... looks like my little girl’s horny this morning ... as usual,” she teased me and I could see her knowing smile on her face as I looked back over my shoulder at her. “Well Kelly, as much as I’d love to let you play with yourself all morning, you DID promise to help me with the grocery shopping today before you went to Beth’s party.”

Damn! I’d forgotten all about the grocery store! And speaking of Beth of The Big Boobs, she was hosting a sleepover with me and a few of our closest friends so I’d promised my mom to help out around the house if she would let me go. In all fairness, I would’ve agreed to about anything to be allowed to go to Beth’s sleepover so I hadn’t even really heard her say what it was I had to do. I guess deep down I was hoping she would forget all about it.

Reluctantly I lifted my hand from my soaking wet pussy and instinctively sucked my pussy juice from each finger one by one. It’s hard to explain but there has always been something about the taste of my pussy that I just love. There were times I when I would watch my mother masturbating and I could smell her sex. Her scent seemed so much stronger than mine, more musky and heavy and when she came it was especially noticeable. Sometimes I wondered what another pussy would taste like but couldn’t imagine myself ever actually licking another girl to find out, let alone my own mother. Even so, I couldn’t help but wonder what I’d do if my mom would let me lick her finger just to satisfy my curiosity. It was moot though as so far she’d never offered.

When I sighed a bit melodramatically she just laughed a little bit louder, saying, “I know, I know. Remember that I was your age once myself so I understand a lot more than you think. C’mon, let’s get going little miss horny girl. You can finish yourself off in the car if necessary.” She saw the dismayed look on my face and just shook her head. “Believe it or not you really won’t die if you don’t cum right now ... so move that little bare butt and get yourself ready, ok?”

I sighed melodramatically but it was for naught as she was already heading out of the room. I quickly went to the bathroom to wash up as it wouldn’t do to walk around the grocery store smelling like I did. Not that I personally cared, it wasn’t like I was all stinky with foul body odor after exercising. Actually, I sort of liked smelling like sex, it made me feel more grown up. Still. my mom was pretty adamant about maintaining proper hygiene in public. If it was just around the house she never said anything but “proper” girls didn’t smell like sluts in public, at least according to her. My mom and I usually get along great but that doesn’t mean we agree about everything.

Looking through my dresser drawers, I picked out a pair of denim cutoff shorts and a tight plain white tank top. During the summer I loved wearing cutoffs, especially when they were cut short enough to show off my butt which at this age was probably my best asset (sorry, no pun intended). I don’t think I’ll ever forget the first time my dad saw me in my shortest cutoffs. He looked at me, and then at my mom and said something like, “You’re going to let her go out in THOSE?” Of course my mom just ignored him (after all, she was the one who bought them for me) and I got the idea he didn’t really mind anyway from the way he looked at me. I love boys to look at me but there’s just something extra naughty about having your own dad look at you that way that turned me on.

Even though I didn’t wear a bra under the tank top, with my small boobs it really wasn’t a big deal. In fact, at this point I still didn’t own one as my mom wasn’t a big fan of training bras. At least there was a definite outline of my boobs these days and I liked the way my dark nipples were clearly visible through the thin white cotton. A pair of white ankle socks and sneakers and I was dressed, or at least as much as I was going to be.

Pulling my shoulder-length blonde hair back into a ponytail, I grabbed a baseball cap, threading my ponytail through the back of it and adjusted it on my head as I looked at myself critically in the mirror. Taking a final deep breath, I bounded down the stairs to where my mom was waiting rather impatiently for me. I noticed she was wearing a rather cute short outfit herself which showed off her long tanned legs which looked even better with the black heels she’d chosen. A rather tight blouse emphasized her large breasts and from the way her nipples were poking through and the lack of outline under her blouse I knew there wasn’t anything underneath but her. Actually it was a little surprising as my mom almost never was without a bra, even at home.

“Mom!” I exclaimed with a mock sense of shock and horror, “No bra today?”

My mother just shook her head at me saying, “Well, look who’s talking! At least MY top fits me. You outgrew that poor thing a couple of years ago.”

We both laughed and hugged. She might tease me but I knew she liked it when I wore skimpy clothes out, especially seeing the effect it had on the boys and men. Sometimes I got the impression it was like she was reliving her teen years through me. Seeing the attention I was starting to get must have reminded her of how it felt when she first noticed men looking at her “that” way.

She whispered softly in my ear in a conspiratorial tone, “You know, grocery shopping doesn’t have to be completely boring.”

I looked up at her eyes and she just winked down at me. My mother might be more than twice my age but she still gets her share of looks from the guys. I knew it didn’t bother her one bit to be objectified that way but it wasn’t often that she was so blatant about wanting it. Suddenly I had a sneaky feeling that today might not be so bad as I thought it was going to be! My suspicions were confirmed when she looked around my behind.

“Hey girl ... are you really wearing panties?”

I was a little surprised as her tone seem to imply she wasn’t happy that I was. Normally it was just the opposite where we would argue because I was the one who didn’t want to wear them. Of course being in shorts is different than when I have on a short skirt.

“The new ones you bought me,” I answered rather defensively, hoping that by linking them to her it might buy me some points.

“OK girl, hand them over,” she said firmly, reaching out her hand palm up.

“Whatever,” I huffed as I dropped my shorts and panties together, stepping out of them and then dropping the panties into her outstretched hand. She held them up to her nose and sniffed!

“Mom!” I teased her.

She just grinned at me as I struggled to pull my shorts back up. Damn they were tight! It was much easier to pull them on laying on my bed than standing up.

“Just checking to be sure you at least put on a clean pair,” she nodded approvingly, then she held out her arms to me. “Now how about a kiss for your mom?”

I smiled and stepped up on my tip toes to reach up to her as she lowered her head to me. I closed my eyes tight as our lips met. Mmmmmmm, I loved to kiss my mom! It wasn’t anything sexual, just a mommy-daughter thing although I knew my dad got a kick out of watching us when we did it. Sometimes I think my mom did it more to tease him than anything else. Her tongue pushed into my mouth where mine met it and we played for a few minutes this way before pulling apart.

“I love you Kelly,” she said softly, licking her lips.

“I love you too, Mom,” I answered, my heart racing. This was going to be a special day indeed!

**Chapter 2: Grocery Shopping With Mom**

True to her word, my mom didn’t say a word when I pulled down my shorts as soon as I sat in the front seat next to her. I was still so incredibly horny and the tight crotch pressing into my clit hadn’t done anything to lessen my need.

“I’m not driving around the block umpteen time today so you better finish by the time we get there,” she warned me, an obvious reference to the last time when it seemed to the forever to get myself to cum and she ended ups driving around the block several times. Then again she could have just parked and let me do it but she said she wanted to get a close spot. Oh well, it was her gas. In any case, we hadn’t driven two blocks before I knew I was at the point of no-return.

“Oh fuck!” I gasped as my fingers on my right hand rubbed my clit while two from my left were plunged deep inside my pussy like the dick I’d yet to experience.

“Language!” my mom barked but I wasn’t listening, all I could think about was how wonderful my pussy felt at the moment. God I wanted to be fucked! A car pulled up next to us at the stoplight but I didn’t care. Even though I was low enough in the seat so they coolant see my bare bottom it wouldn’t have mattered anyways. All I wanted at that moment was to cum, and cum, and cum even more!

“Can we park now?” my mom teased as I gasped with the last remnants of my orgasm sweeping through me. I just nodded, unable to speak as I struggled to pull up my shorts. They were so tight it was s struggle when I had room in my bedroom to lay out and pull them up, in my mom’s car getting them over my hips was a chore.

“You do know that if you would wear shorts your size hey wold go on a lot easier,” mom teased me. I just gave her my patented, teenage “Really?” look and we both laughed.

When we finally got to the grocery store my mom handed me this HUGE grocery list and I felt dismayed as I was sure it was going to take forever to get it all. As I pushed our wobbly cart down the aisles I got a kick out of watching the poor husbands as they trailed their wives. They were obviously bored out of their skulls and it was just all too easy for a mother-daughter pair like us to catch their eye. Some of the guys would openly stare as we walked by and my mom would just smile at them and then wink at me. I wasn’t sure what she liked most - the looks she was getting as the hot MILF or the totally inappropriate attention these older, mostly married, guys were giving to her young virgin daughter. Probably both if I knew her!

After a while it got to be a game with us to see how much we could tease the poor fellows. My mom would loudly ask me to get her something on the bottom shelf and I would slowly bend over at the waist forcing my tight shorts to ride up even deeper into my crotch and into my pussy slit, almost like they didn’t even cover me at all down there. It was truly amazing how long it took me to grab one simple item! Of course I knew I was being watched so after taking my time I would slowly stand up and smile as if I hadn’t a clue what I’d been showing off. It was all we could do not to laugh seeing the way the guy would quickly look away and act as if he hadn’t been staring.

One guy’s wife must have caught her hubby staring at me because I saw her giving him this nasty look and then she literally pulled him to a different aisle. On their way she turned back at me and frowned. Then the bitch gave my mother a withering look as if to ask how could my mom let a girl my age do such a naughty thing. Obviously she didn’t know my mom who just smiled back at her and then winked once again at me. We both laughed and continued our grocery shopping.

It wasn’t just her daughter’s bottom that my mom was showing off. She also was doing her part in terms of teasing the guys except rather than bending over the way she had me do (which want’s exactly subtle), her favorite move was to reach up for something on the top shelf. Stretching up on her heels showed off her legs and ass to eerie best and she would practically pose for the guys so they could watch her. It also had added benefit of stretching her top even tighter and without a bra her large nipples were in full view through the semi-sheer material.

Seeing the men staring at my mom, I was so proud of her for keeping herself in such good shape - unlike so many of the wives who seemed to just let themselves go once they got the ring. I mean, how can these women complain about their husband gawking at women like my men when they let themselves go to pot just because they have a ring? I knew my parents loved each other enough that even if she didn’t look so hot my dad would still never cheat on her but it was that same love and respect for the other which led them to keep themselves in desirable shape. Really, what kind of message are you sending your husband by making yourself undesirable to him? I guess the same as from those who think they don’t need to give oral sex after the wedding night.

Wow, I never knew grocery shopping could be so much fun! The two of us had a great day and I was actually a bit sad when we’d crossed off the last item on our list. By the time we were done I was so horny again it was all I could do to kept my hand from slipping between my thighs in the checkout line. My mom of course knew me well enough to know why I was squirming - and it wasn’t because I had to go potty!

My mom leaned over as the clerk was scanning our things and whispered in my ear, “Now control yourself girl, you have plenty of time later to play with yourself.”

Evidently she hadn’t whispered as softly as she thought as the male clerk’s mouth all but dropped to the floor. Then again, maybe she hadn’t intended to be secretive in the first place. In any case we were both giggling about it all the way to the car.

Our grocery shopping completed, mom informed me she had to make another stop at a strip mall where there were some specialty shops where she usually bought her favorite breads and meats. My mom left me in the car and I wasn’t about to waste the opportunity. No sooner was her door shut than I was yanking my shorts down to my ankles and tilting the seat all the way back. Oh my god, I was so damn horny by now that there was no way I could possible wait to get home to take care of myself. As I started rubbing my pussy with one hand, the other massaged my tiny boobs through my top. It was so thin and smooth it was almost like it wasn’t there anyways but it was still in the way so I pulled it up to expose my bare tanned chest. I was already so wet that my finger easily slid into me and I rubbed myself slowly in tight little circles just inside my pussy.

As intent as I was on what my fingers were doing I didn’t pay any attention to what was going on outside the car. Fortunately nobody walked by, or at least I didn’t notice that anyone did. It would’ve been just my luck for some holier-than-thou mother to get her kids into the minivan next to us and notice me and call the cops! It seemed like only a few moments but it must have been quite a bit longer when I heard a tapping on the trunk and looked back to see my mom waiting impatiently for me to open it with the button inside. I reached over to open the trunk and then pulled my shorts back up again just as she finished and pulled opened the driver’s door to get in. Her nose wrinkled, she sniffed and then grinned at me, shaking her head with her patented, “what am I going to do with you?” expression I knew only too well. It was the same one she gave me anytime she caught me masturbating somewhere she felt was inappropriate. Yet wasn’t she the one that taught me that if needed to do it, then do it?

“Goodness sakes, smells like someone’s been a busy little girl while I was gone!” she teased me. “So ... I assume you’re feeling all better now?”

I just giggled as I started to suck my wetness off my pussy finger as I looked at her. Like I said before, I love the taste of my pussy and it felt just a little bit naughty somehow to tease my mom this way. This time it was her turn to squirm a bit and I had a feeling that I knew what she’d be doing soon after we got home! I don’t know what made me do it, but without even thinking about it I reached over and touched my wet finger to her lips. She seemed surprised but remained composed enough not to let me outdo her. She extended her tongue and then took my finger into her mouth, sucking on it like it was a tasty popsicle!

“Mmmmmmm, not bad,” she teased me, smacking her lips like she’d just finished off that popsicle. I wasn’t sure what shocked me more - me offering her my pussy cum-coated finger or her tasting it in the first place!

Nothing more was said and soon we were finally home again. By the time we’d put everything away the afternoon had mostly gone by and it was getting time to get ready for my sleepover. OMG, I couldn’t wait to tell all my friends what my mom and I had done today! Maybe I wouldn’t tell them about the parking lot thing with mom but definitely the grocery store teasing was fair game.

Let’s see Beth top that!

**Chapter 3: Skinny Dipping**

This was to be our first sleepover of the summer since school had let out. Over the past couple of years we’d held a number of them and I always had a great time so I’d been looking forward to a new season as they say. Tonight I would be spending the night at Beth’s house with several of our friends. Beth had been my very best friend since before I can remember and she was now practically a sister to me. My parents even referred to her as their “second daughter”. We shared everything - and I mean everything. Each of us knew the other’s most intimate secrets and fantasies and trust me, we both could concur up some pretty insane fantasies.

The only thing about Beth was that I couldn’t help but be insanely jealous of her boobs. Dang, she was light-years ahead of me in terms of body development, especially in the chest department! Beth had started wearing a bra when she was only eleven and these days was already a B cup and well on her way to a C whereas I was still having trouble justifying a training bra. She had also started her period a full year before me and had started masturbating first (I know because she couldn’t wait to tell me about it right after).

What was most galling was when Beth upstaged me yet again by losing her virginity a full six months before me to some high school boy. Even though the jerk promptly told everyone he knew that he’d done her, it didn’t seem to bother her. I guess that’s because it made her even more popular than ever with the boys. Nowadays it seemed she was always bragging to me about how good it felt to be fucked and how she couldn’t believe I hadn’t even at least sucked a boy’s cock yet - another thing she loved to lord over me.

If there was one thing though I was the most jealous of Beth was when she proudly announced that she’d finally been fucked by Steve, Sharon’s 16 year-old brother and my heart throb. OMG, how could she do that to me? She knew how I felt about him so why did she have to brag to me about it? If we hadn’t been “sisters” I would’ve walked away and never spoken to her again. As it was I had to endure a detailed recounting of their most recent coupling. No doubt it was usually a bit embellished - nobody could be doing it in the places she claimed without being arrested, but it still drove me nuts knowing she was getting what I’d been dying for.

If all went as planned, tonight we’d be joined by Nancy, Sharon and Marianne. Nancy was a thin blonde and the tallest of the bunch. She was a bit on the shy side though and tended to stay in the background.

Sharon was a good friend of mine and I always looked forward to going over to her house - mostly because of her older brother Steve. As I’ve mentioned, he was sixteen, a real hunk and to say I was infatuated with him would have been an understatement. Unfortunately, as I’d also mentioned earlier he hadn’t shown any interest in me but I was hoping that this summer, with my boobs finally starting to show more, that he might change his attitude regarding me. Still, I was nowhere in Beth’s league and he had quite the reputation for only dating girls with big boobs.

Sharon was also a camera fanatic and already had her entire career planned out as a professional photographer. Her father indulged her passion and had bought her several expensive cameras and even some fancy lighting equipment. It seemed she never went anywhere without at least one of her cameras around her neck!

Finally there was Marianne. Oh dear, what could I say about her except she was the kinky one of our group. Her hair was always in some weird style and she liked to dress in ... well let’s just say “peculiar” outfits. Nothing really sexy but rather just odd combinations and styles. Somehow she’d gotten hold of some porn videos and at our last sleepover she showed them to us. In addition to the usual sex scenes there were a few of girls doing various animals which I thought was totally disgusting but she seemed to be fascinated by them. I tried to be all mature and act as if i liked them too but frankly, a horse’s dick didn’t turn me on at all! Well, that was our Marianne! There were also several of girls having sex with other girls which drew some crazy comments and suggestions but we never actually did anything but giggle and tease each other about who should do who.

Together the five of us made a pretty good team and we were always hanging around together at the mall and in school. When it came to my friends you never knew what might happen so I was looking forward to tonight.

My mom dropped me off at Beth’s at about 6:00 PM, right on time yet I was the last to arrive. Beth had a this really cool in-ground swimming pool with a diving board so we all changed into our bikinis in her bedroom. As we undressed I felt a bit self-conscious once again because of my boobs which were definitely the smallest in the room. As usual, I couldn’t hardly believe Beth’s - damn her boobs looked great! My bikini top was so small and hardly needed a real cup to cover my puffy nipples while Beth was spilling out of hers, looking like she was past due to graduate to that C cup. The rest of the girls were generally in the A size range, some close to B, but all of them looking hotter than me. At least I could be thankful that my pussy wasn’t the only bare one anymore! Like my boobs, my pubic hair was the last to make it’s appearance, making me feel like a little girl when I undressed. Once again it was Beth who took first prize - her lush pubic hair was now long enough to where she had to trim it to keep it from poking out of her tiny micro bikini bottom.

having changed, we all headed out to the pool, passing Beth’s parents in the living room. Beth’s mom looked at our suits and shook her head in mock despair. Indeed, there was quite a difference from last summer when we wore more modest bikinis! Beth’s dad, on the other hand, feigned disinterest but I was sure it was more to keep his wife from getting mad at him for staring at his daughter’s young friends than anything else. It was the same as when I was at the other girls’ homes - dads staring at us when they thought we didn’t know. Yeah, like we didn’t notice!

It was still early summer so the water wasn’t as warm as it would be in a few weeks but it was still semi-comfortable and felt great once you got over the initial shock. We just goofed around in the pool like we were little girls again for the next hour or so. I love swimming and found that wearing a tiny bikini always made me feel good about myself, even if I wasn’t filling it out the way I wished. As the evening progressed though, wouldn’t you know that Marianne would be the one to instigate things. She was standing on the diving board about to jump in and the next thing I knew she had stripped off her bikini and was standing there stark naked right in front of everyone! We all looking at her incredulously but she just laughed at us and dove in. Popping up at the end of the pool, she cried out to us and said, “C’mon, let’s skinny dip!”

The rest of us looked at each other and sort of shared a group shrug. What the heck, why not? It was just us girls so did it really matter? After all, I spent lots of time in our hot tub nude with my parents so this wouldn’t be much different. Of course, Beth was the only one I’d told about that.

Determined not to be last in everything, I was the first to pull off my bottoms and then I untied my top and flung both pieces to the side of the pool. The others soon followed and the next thing I knew all of us were all swimming around totally nude. It wasn’t like I’d never seen my friends naked before but that was in the locker room or bathroom where being nude was a matter of necessity, not choice. This was different in that it was the first time we’d ever deliberately bared ourselves for each other and it seemed a bit awkward at first to me. It was one thing to be nude at home with my parents, that was just family. This felt a little bit naughty and I was a bit surprised to find that it even turned me on a bit. Even though there wasn’t much to my bikini to start with, there was just something erotic about feeling the cool water directly against me in places normally hidden from view with my friends all around.

Eventually we gathered in one corner of the of the pool and just started giggling like little girls. I think each of us was a little nervous at displaying ourselves naked in front of the others although it was evident that some were more than others. For instance, Nancy was standing there with her hands unconsciously covering her boobs whereas at the other end of the exhibitionist spectrum was Marianne who seemed to be totally oblivious to her lack of clothing and if anything, seemed to be taking quite an interest in my boobs which surprised me given what little was there to look at. In fact I could’ve sworn I felt her hands grab my bare butt but as much as we were all moving around it could have been anyone’s accidentally touching me. We were just yakking about the things teenage girls chat about when they’re together; nothing of real substance yet at the time it all seemed so very important to us. Suddenly we were surprised by the sound of Beth’s mom.

“Oh my god! ... Girls!!!, what in the devil do you think you’re all doing!,” she exclaimed with a look of absolute shock.

We all twisted around to look at her, hands covering our breasts in the standard hand-bra position instinctively as if to hide something from her - like she hadn’t seen it all before. The underwater pool lights were on and with the darkening sky it must have been obvious we were bottomless as well so I don’t know what we were trying to hide but it just seemed the right thing to do at the time. Beth’s mom just shook her head at us and then directed her next comment at her naked daughter.

“Now Beth, you and your friends get your bikinis back on this instant. Lord Almighty, the LAST thing I need is for your dad or brother to see a bunch of fourteen year-old girls swimming around naked!”

Beth started to protest but we all grabbed our suits and quickly put them back on. Although it didn’t really bother me to swim nude with my friends, for whatever reason I felt more than a bit embarrassed having Beth’s mom see me this way. I slipped my bikini back on while I was in the water and then climbed the ladder and joined the others on the deck. The brief skinny dipping episode seemed to be a fitting ending to our pool time so we grabbed our towels and wrapped them around us before running back into the house, giggling and laughing all the way. I noticed her mom and dad watching us as we passed through the kitchen. Had he seen us? Talk about a contrast in expressions!

**Chapter 4: Beth's Bedroom**

The five of us gathered in Beth’s bedroom which was barely big enough to hold us all. We each had a small bag containing our toiletries and change of clothes so I reached inside to pull out my nightie for the evening. I’d chosen a pink frilly sheer thing that was just barely long enough to cover my ass when I was standing but had no chance whatsoever when I was seated. Back home I’d debated for hours with myself as to whether or not to bring along the matching panties since they were so sheer I may as well be wearing nothing at all. As tempting as it was to leave them behind, in the end I’d packed them.

The reason I chose this particular nightie was that I was especially proud of it for reasons I wouldn’t be sharing with my friends. My dad had bought it just for me a few weeks before. Yes, my daddy is so cool! He liked to buy me outfits and then have me pose for him in them. Sometimes my mom didn’t seem so sure about a few of them, especially when they got as skimpy as this nightie, but he said I looked great in them and I liked nothing more than to please my dad so I always looked forward to his latest gift. The reason I was so proud of this one was that it was the sheerest and smallest he’d ever bought me so I knew he must have been thinking I was growing up and looking more mature.

Looking around I saw my friends had put on their own nighties as well. We’ve been getting together for sleepovers since we were little girls and as we have gotten older it has become sort of a game to see who can wear the skimpiest outfit. It was just us girls after all so no big deal. Usually Beth or Marianne won but tonight I felt that I had a good chance as ever of taking home the “trophy”, or at least the bragging rights. Nancy of course was much too shy and usually wore form of long nightshirt that would drop below her knobby knees. Tonight’s was a little shorter than usual but it still was long enough to keep her butt well covered even when she was squatting on the floor. Sharon was in her usual style nightie; nothing spectacular and straight off the Sears juniors rack and covered plenty so it could be worm in front of her dad or brother without setting off her mom’s alarms.

I knew going in that Beth and Marianne would be my only real competition and for once I felt the satisfaction of knowing I’d beaten them. Beth was wearing a tight nightshirt that unlike Nancy’s, barely covered her ample butt when she was standing and easily pulled up to expose a tiny thong when she sat down. It was pretty hot but not even in same league as my nightie. The big thing she had going for, as usual, were those spectacular boobs poking through the thin short material. Marianne had on an almost identical nightshirt but she’d gone one step further by not wearing anything else, not even a thong, so when she wasn’t pulling it down her shirt would lift up and expose her bare ass and pussy. Nancy looked at me and gave a wolf whistle.

“Wow Kelly, where did you ever find a nightie like THAT!” she exclaimed with her wide eyes looking me up and down as if she hadn’t seen me before.

I started to make up something but then my competitive juices started flowing so before I thought better of it I was explaining how my dad had bought it for me and they all broke out into a chatter. Nancy was astounded that I would pose for my dad in such an outfit whereas at the other end of the spectrum Marianne seemed a bit turned on. Yep, if I could get Marianne going it was a suer thing I was going to win tonight!

“You mean your DAD bought you THAT?” Sharon asked, a look of disbelief on her face, “Yeah right ... You’re making that up, no way, that’s cheating.”

Beth chimed in after her adding, “Holy crap, my mom would KILL me just for wearing something like that in front of my dad let alone allow him to take photos of me in it.” She paused as if in deep thought and then added, “So what does he do with them anyways?”

As usual, Marianne put her kinky two cents worth in. “And just what did Kelly’s daddy want his little girl to do for him in return for buying her such an outfit?” she asked with a sly grin and an obvious wink, “Did you pose for him when you got home? I bet he jerked off later, didn’t he?”

“Marianne!” Beth rose to my defense before I could react, “That’s just sick. Don’t ever say things like that about Kelly, or an of us for that matter. Sheesh, sometimes you can go too far.”

Meanwhile hopefully nobody noticed my involuntary gasp. How did she know what my dad did? Then I realized she was just teasing me and I relaxed. Marianne was standing next to me so I spanked her playfully on her bare bottom and wagged my finger at her. “Gee whiz Marianne, you always have such nasty thoughts! So what if he likes me to pose for him? It was nothing else. Good grief, he IS my dad after all you know.”

Marianne just smiled and winked at me again so I spanked her again, harder this time making a loud smacking sound on her bare skin. Everyone laughed. For just a second I wondered about what she had said but quickly put the thought out of my mind. I mean, so what if my dad liked to take naughty pictures of his daughter? Why would he bother buying me such outfits if he couldn’t see me in them? It didn’t make sense to me why they thought it was such a big deal. Marianne had confessed to me a while back that when she was younger her uncle used to put her on his lap and then touch her between her legs. She claimed that it felt good and she hadn’t minded it, in fact she sort liked it when he did it. But her aunt had caught them and there was a big fuss made over it. Well, I knew my dad wasn’t anything like her uncle so I didn’t give it another thought.

“So Kelly, if it’s no big deal, why not show us how you posed for your dad after he bought you that sexy number,” Marianne teased. She wasn’t about to let it drop despite Beth’s scowl and I knew it would only get worse if we tried to ignore her. Marianne always seemed to get her way so hearing her brag about being with her uncle wasn’t as much of a shock as if Nancy had confessed.

“Whatever,” I huffed but at the same time my mind was racing. It had only been a week since he’d given it to me is I remembered it clearly but did I really want to recreate it faithfully? Every already seemed to think it was abnormal at best, naughty at worst, so I wasn’t about to give them any more ammunition. Standing up in front of them, I put my hands on my hips with my weight on one foot.

“Well, I told him not to look and then i stood like this and said it was OK.”

Crickets. The four of them just sat quiet, waiting for me to continue. I twirled around with my arms stretched high. It had the effect of lifting the nightie up over my hips, providing an uninstructed view of my sheer panties.

“He wanted to see what the panties looked like is I did that next,” I explained. Still could hear a pin drop. The I put my hands on my chest. I immediately realized it wasn’t the same in front of my friends as it was with my dad. He was always telling m how sexy I looked even though I was practically flat whereas i could see the critical looks in my friends’ eyes as they mentally compared my boobs to theirs. Girls can be SOOOOO critical.

Feeling a little embarrassed, I shrugged and put my hands down without further commentary. I stood there like I was waiting for the judges to reveal their scores.

“Really? Like that was it?”

Had it been Marianne I’d of just shrugged it off and that would have been that. But to my complete surprise it was shy little Nancy that was the first to critique my so-called posing. My pride kicked in - no way was I going to seem like some shy prude to the one girl in our group that wouldn’t even wear a tight T-shirt in public.

“Well ... maybe a little more,” I said in response. Even as determined as I was, there was no way I was going to show them every pose but what could it hurt to do one of the less naughty ones...

“Whoa!” It was Beth this time who reacted as I turned my back to them, reached down to grab my ankles without bending my knees, and twisted to look back at them. I could feel the panties pull up tight into my crotch and with my legs spread apart I knew my pussy was barely covered although most of my butt was bared. Heck, I’d just been naked with them not too long before so they’d seen it before, but then I knew how much more dad liked this pose than just seeing me walk around bottomless.

Bending back up, I dropped back to the floor and sat with my legs tucked under me, signaling the end of my little show.

“Now THAT’s what I’m taking about,” Marianne giggled.

Sharon just sat there with a look like a deer in the headlights. Shaking he had as if to clear it, she let out a long breath. “Wow if I ever did that in front of my dad...”

From the looks and grins she didn’t need to finish. I just smiled, feeling quite proud of myself. Given their reactions to such an innocent pose, I couldn’t help but wonder what they would have said if I’d shown them the other poses my dad had asked for. They’d really think I was making things up if I described the way he took his photos laying on the floor so he could get just the right angle. Thankfully nobody challenged me this time.

With that, somehow or another we all managed to fit on Beth’s double-sized bed and started chatting about our favorite subject - boys. We were at that age where girls were in well into puberty but the boys our age were just starting to catch up. We had all at least kissed a boy but other than Beth and Marianne, a few groping attempts in the dark at the movie theater or back seat was about the extent of it, at least for me. Of course, we all tried to act as if we were all sexual experts and fully experienced.

Now that I’d established myself as the evening’s leader, I couldn’t wait for my turn to tell everyone about my afternoon shopping with my mom. Everyone’s listened intently as I described how we both had dressed sort of sexy and then deliberately teased the guys at the grocery store.

“You mean your MOM even did it?” Nancy asked, as if she didn’t really believe me.

“Sure, why not? She didn’t even wear a bra!” I bragged.

“Didn’t any of their wives notice?” Beth asked rather incredulously. This coming from the girl I’d shared even sexier secrets with so I wasn’t sure if she really was asking a question or just egging me on.

Whatever her motive, I explained to them about the one that had pulled her husband away from us and they all laughed when I mentioned how she had looked at the two of us afterwards.

“My mom would never let me dress like that in public, let alone go out herself that way,” Nancy said rather defiantly.

We were all good friends so none of us said what was running through our minds - that her mom was grossly overweight so who would WANT to see her in a skimpy pair of shorts, or ANY shorts for that matter! It was sometime shard for me to believe that skinny Nancy was ever related to her mom.

It wasn’t long before we were teasing each other about this boy or that who we had caught her showing interest in. Since it was hard to be comfortable speaking outright about our inner lustful feelings and thoughts, we turned to that traditional game of young teenager girls - Truth or Dare. The basic concept of T&D was that by making it a game it somehow made it OK to say and do those things we might never have left to our own devices. Some of the questions and dares were between just two of us while we expanded the game at times to include the whole group. Beth started out using the latter rule.

“Ok, I’ll get things started ... Who here is still a virgin?”

We all looked at each other and giggled. Slowly everyone raised their hands except Marianne and Beth. It was the worst kept secret at school that Marianne had been doing it since she just turned thirteen. I figured with all the talk at school about her, that everyone knew about Beth as well but wouldn’t you know it, Nancy let out a gasp before catching herself.

“Beth, you didn’t” she whispered. “Who? ... When?”

The rest of us laughed at our cute little naive friend. Beth eagerly told us about how she was asked out by this high school boy just before eighth grade graduation. He was old enough to drive and was so much more mature than the boys our age. They’d parked at the end of some dark street and one thing just seemed to lead to another.

“Cool!” Marianne exclaimed, “So how often does he do you? When was the last time?”

Beth shook her head, refusing to rise to the bait. “No, boys are such jerks. He just wanted to be the first to fuck me and that was the last I saw of him.” Then she grinned mischievously saying, “But you all know Steve. Now HE is a different story!”

Poor Nancy, obviously she wasn’t in on what Beth had been doing with Sharon’s brother. She looked at Sharon and gasped, “You mean your own brother had sex with Beth? Ewwwww!”

Sharon couldn’t help but smirk as she replied, “Well, you must know my brother’s rep ... she’s got the big boobs.”

We all laughed except Nancy who was still trying to accept in her mind that one of her friends was fucking another friend’s brothers. Then yet again Marianne had to throw in her two cents worth.

“Jealous Sharon?”

“OMG! Marianne!” Nancy gasped but then she just sat there with her mouth open like a fish out of water seeing how red Sharon’s face suddenly became.

“Bingo!” Marianne laughed.

I had to admit even I was a little flustered by Sharon’s instinctive response. Oh sure we all knew Sharon had a little crush on her older brother but then we all did. I just hadn’t realized how serious hers was. For a moment I felt a flash of jealousy. Dang it, wasn’t it bad enough my best friend was fucking the boy I wanted? Now his own sister was in the mix.

While i stewed everyone else started to giggle as it had certainly turned out to be quite a start to our little game! For the next hour or so things tended to be more on the tame side. It was if after that first question everyone was afraid to ask anything that might lead to some new revelation. We’d played this game so many times before we already knew most of the answers anyways but it was still fun just to be with friends. Just about the time it seemed the game was winding down, it was Marianne who brought some life back.

“OK Kelly, Truth of Dare?” she asked with a mischievous glint in her eyes. Uh-oh, nothing good every came of that.

Not to be intimidated though, I grinned and responded with a defiant, “Dare!”

Marianne looked over at Nancy and then back at me. “i DARE you to Kiss Nancy right on her lips.”

Nancy eyes suddenly became as wide as saucers. Glancing back at Marianne, I didn’t want to appear to be shocked (although inside I was scared to death) so I forced a smile and leaned over to Nancy who was sitting opposite me. I wasn’t really as brave as I may have appeared because I knew what Nancy’s reaction was going to be. It’s easy to be daring when you know nothing will happen. Sure enough, she pulled back and put out her hand to push me away.

“Ummmmm, I don’t think so!” she declared. “No way ... I mean there is NO way I’m kissing a girl. I’m NOT a lesbian!”

The way she spat out “lesbian” left no doubt what she felt about kissing a girl but then everyone started teasing her while encouraging us to kiss. Finally she let out a big sigh and closed her eyes. “OK, but just a quick one.”

She puckered her lips in an exaggerated way as I leaned over until our lips met. Everyone cheered as for the first time I felt another girl’s lips on mine (moms don’t count as girls). The first though in my head was they were so much softer than the boys in school that I’d kissed and for a moment I was tempted to linger but she pulled back and wiped her mouth with the back of her hands as if a dog had licked her.

“God Marianne, you are SO sick sometimes, I just don’t know about you,” she said.

Fortunately with all the fuss Nancy was making, nobody asked me how I felt about kissing a girl. In truth, I was a bit confused. I’d never really thought about kissing another girl before (although as i said already, moms don’t count) and I’d expected it to feel weird or somehow bad but that’s not how it felt at all. To be honest, I’d actually liked it!

Marianne just laughed at her and my thoughts were brought back to reality as it was my turn having met the challenge. I posed my question to Marianne who also chose to have a dare. Well, she asked for it and paybacks were always fair game.

“Alright Marianne, I want you to close your eyes and remember the first time a boy touched you. Then I want you to touch yourself like he did.”

My intent was this was supposed to be too outrageous for even our kinky friend to do but I had to hand it to the little slut, Marianne didn’t even flinch. Instead, this wicked grin appeared on her face as she leaned back against the pillows at the head of the bed. Without the slightest bit of hesitation she spread her legs wide to reveal her little pussy to us. Since she wasn’t wearing any panties, we all had a great view of her hairy little crotch, one we all now knew had already been violated by more than one cock.

Even though we’d all seen each other nude just a couple of hours before in the pool, as I’d just leaned not one before there’s a HUGE difference between skinny dipping and boldly exposing yourself. Now I elated it went a step further. Exposing yourself coyly as I had wasn’t anything like blatantly spearing your legs and displaying yourself totally bare! Yet even though it seemed weird at first to see another girl’s pussy this intimately, none of us - not even Nancy, could look away. Talk about your car wreck mentality! The room was deadly silent as Marianne started to masturbate right there in front of us!

Now I’d seen my parents masturbate many times and they’d seen me as well but then I never felt like they were putting on a show for me, or me for them. This was different in that Marianne wasn’t masturbating just to get herself off (although I was sure she wanted to do that as well), she was doing it for us to watch. This was definitely a first for me and for the others as well judging from the looks of shock and amazement on their faces.

Another thing about masturbating around my parents was that I’d never felt any sort of sexual connection between us; it just something we each did when we felt the urge. Tonight, though, I felt something different somehow as my pussy began to respond as if it had a ind of its own while I watched my kinky friend rubbing her pussy and then poking her finger deep inside as she closed her eyes to maybe recall that time a boy first explored her. God she looked so sexy and hot! A quick glance around was enough for me to see that I wasn’t the only one having this reaction. Everyone seemed flushed and breathing a little harder. Oh my god, Beth’s huge nipples were poking out even more than they had before! Sharon was licking her dry lips subconsciously and even Nancy wasn’t blinking as she stared unabashed at Marianne who was now masturbating even harder, seemingly totally oblivious to her audience - or maybe BECAUSE of her audience?

Finally I just couldn’t take watching her like this anymore and not do anything. I reached down between my legs, pulled my panties over to the side and started playing with myself as well. Nancy noticed my movements and when she saw my hand between my legs her mouth dropped open and I could see her whispering an “Oh my god!” although I couldn’t hear her over Mariannes moaning. Eventually the others noticed as well and it was if a dam had broken as soon everyone except Nancy was playing with herself. In the end Even she wasn’t totally immune as one hand started to gently rub her perky boobs. Masturbating in front of other people was still too much for her but at the same time that wasn’t stopping her from watching the four of us do ourselves.

Marianne must have heard us moving about and opened her eyes. When she saw the three of us masturbating she just smiled before closing her eyes again and returning to whatever fantasy world she’d created. God only knew what she was thinking of now but I was sure it was something hot and sexy. Somehow having us join in with her seemed to make Marianne even hornier than usual and she was rubbing her clit with one hand while pushing a finger up her pussy with the other. She started to buck her hips up and down like she was fucking one of her imaginary boyfriends.

The rest of us watched her intently although I noticed not one of our hands left our crotches (or boob in the case of Nancy - heaven forbid she should touch her pussy in front of us). Marianne moaned even louder and Beth shot a quick glance to be sure her door was shut tightly. God, if her mom had gotten upset at us for skinny dipping I could only imagine what her reaction would be if she caught us all masturbating together! Actually, in a way I found myself wishing she would, just to see the expression on her face which would have been worth whatever the consequences.

Marianne’s back arched and she thrust her bare hips up in the air as if she was imagining someone cumming in her, her finger deep inside as far as she could push it while the other hand was rubbing her clit madly. She let out a final groan and then collapsed back onto the bed, taking her finger out of her pussy and sucking it like a binky as her other hand slowly massaged her clit. I knew from having watched my mom masturbate that she’d just cum and once again found myself jealous of my kinky young friend. Since I’d started masturbating there had been times I didn’t think I could stand it another second but I still had yet to feel what I thought qualified as an orgasm. I noticed that Marianne’s pussy was dripping wet and there was a growing wet spot on poor Beth’s bedcover. I was wet myself but was nowhere near the point where I was going to soil her bed that way. Someday though...

It no longer mattered to me what the others were doing as I was so horny it was killing me. Rubbing my pussy to get my finger good and wet, I sucked my finger like Marianne was doing. She looked over at me and gave me a naughty smile before putting her finger back in herself again. She then looked me in the eyes and asked, “Truth or Dare Kelly?” she taunted me.

It wasn’t really my turn but nobody seemed to care. I licked my lips and was barely able to whisper my response, “Dare.”

Marianne reinserted her finger into her pussy and the pulled it out again. I could see her pussy cum glistening on on her finger in the low bedroom light. “OK, then suck my pussy finger,” she said ever so slow and soft, her voice hoarse with passion.

Again the room went deathly silent and I could even hear the TV in Beth’s living room next door where her mom and dad were watching some show, evidently totally oblivious to what was going on their “innocent” little girl’s room. I looked around at the other girls and all of them had their eyes fixed on me, not moving an inch as if afraid to break the spell that was hanging over us. How could I say no without appearing to be immature? Taking a deep breath, I leaned over towards Marianne and opened my mouth slightly. She put her finger in my mouth and I could taste her pussy on it. Mmmmmmm, it was similar to mine but had its own distinct flavor and odor. Marianne twisted her finger in my mouth and moved it in and out as if I was sucking a cock. I felt a tingle again between my legs as I tasted my first pussy other than my own - and I liked it! I leaned back again and her finger slipped from my mouth.

“Wow!” Nancy whispered hoarsely. “I mean like Kelly ... I really can’t believe you just did that.”

Looking over at Nancy I smiled as I licked my lips, “Mmmmmmm, not bad. You know, you should try it sometime Nancy.”

Nancy just folded her arms and shook her head. “No way. I told you all I’m NOT a lesbian.”

Everyone simultaneously rolled their eyes at that one and then laughed at our exchange. I certainly didn’t believe just licking pussy cum from a girl’s finger qualified me as a lesbian! Besides, it was just a game and now that it was my turn again and I wanted to raise the ante a little bit. Looking over at Beth, she smiled as she knew it was going to be her turn. She chose Truth though, probably worried about what I was going to ask her to do if she picked Dare, and for good reason. I did indeed have something wicked in mind but instead asked her my question.

I took a deep breath and then said, “OK Beth. Tell the truth now; did you get turned on watching Marianne masturbate?”

Beth let out a breath as if relieved. After seeing the change between Marianne and me not doubt she thought I was sure to ask something a lot naughtier. She took a deep breath and replied in a husky voice, “Alright, yeah, it did make me wet. I mean she’s hot and besides, I KNOW all the rest of you girls were turned on just as much as I was so there!”

Beth sat up straight and looked at us, staring at us as if she was daring us to contradict her. Well, not even Nancy spoke up to defend herself for that one! Beth took our silence as acknowledgement of her statement and turned to Sharon. Sharon chose to take a Dare but I doubt she would have had she known what Beth had in mind. As it turned out, it was the same thing I had planned for Beth had she chosen Dare instead.

“Hmmmmmm,” she murmured as she looked at Sharon with a naughty look, “Sharon, play with Marianne’s pussy for us.”

Well, talk about two totally different responses! Marianne’s face broke out into this huge smile as she laid back again with her long legs spread wide apart, obviously ready for Sharon. Sharon, on the other hand, had this horrified look on her face that I would’ve given anything to capture on her camera. The rest of us laughed nervously, not sure quite how to react but I got the impression we all agreed maybe the game had finally just gone too far. Beth also seemed to realize she’d crossed some unspoken threshold and quickly tried to ease the tension.

“Ohhhhh, you’re so silly ... I’m just teasing you!” she said ... but I don’t think any of us bought it.

Marianne sat up and actually looked a little disappointed as she glanced over at Sharon and pouted. Well, that was it for this game so we went back to our chatter. Everyone avoided the topic of the last question but I knew it was on all of our minds. We’d done a lot of crazy things together in the past but nothing like this!

**Chapter 5: Bathroom Surprise**

By now my bladder was about to burst so I stood up and made my way down the hallway to the closest bathroom. Even though I was wearing nothing but a flimsy nightie I felt safe from Beth’s parents’ watchful eyes as the TV set was blaring from the living room and I could see the flashing light from the screen reflecting off the walls into the darkened hallway. With a sigh of relief I squatted ... for a moment I wasn’t sure I was going to make it! OK, so the feeling wasn’t as good as masturbating but it was a close second. I quickly did my thing and washed my hands which was probably a good thing considering my fingers smelled like pussy. After hanging up the towel without really thinking I just automatically opened the bathroom door to start my back to Beth’s room. To our mutual shock, standing in the hallway about to reach for the bathroom door handle was Beth’s dad!

We both jumped as neither of us had known the other was there. Feeling a bit embarrassed at being practically naked in front of him, I excused myself. He didn’t say a word but his eyes did all the talking for him. Since I hadn’t yet turned off the bathroom light behind me he quickly looked me up and down in my sheer nightie. From his perspective it must have been all but transparent and for just a moment his surprise allowed his animal instincts take over and I could hear him draw in a deep breath. As I was starting to get more and more looks like this from the fathers at church and at the pool this past summer, my initial embarrassment passed and I couldn’t resist being just a little naughty. I mean, we were in the middle of the house, what could he do anyways?

“See anything you like Mr. Williams?” I asked in my best little girl tone of voice tilting my head to the side with a smile. The sound of my voice seemed to bring him back to earth and he looked a bit worried as he realized what he’d been caught doing. It wasn’t like this was the first time I’d flirted!

“Oh hi Kelly,” he said sheepishly. “Ummmmm, nice nightie. Excuse me, I need to use the bathroom.”

He moved aside to let me out and I walked slowly down the hall, deliberately allowing him to get a nice view of my barely concealed ass. I felt so naughty as I intentionally wiggled a little extra just for him. Although I didn’t look back I knew he must’ve been watching me because I didn’t hear the bathroom door shut until I was at Beth’s bedroom door.

With the Kelly Show concluded, I quickly slipped into Beth’s bedroom and just started giggling uncontrollably. Without it was a nervous release or simply feeling naughty, it didn’t matter but i certainly got their attention.

“Everything come out all right?” Marianne piped up. OMG she really needed a filter sometimes.

The rest of my friends rolled their eyes but they still curious what had come over me. When I described them all what had happened with Beth’s dad they all just looked at me like I was some sort of alien. All except Beth who seemed more embarrassed than anything. Naturally it was Marianne who wondered out loud if maybe she didn’t need to go to the bathroom herself. Beth’s face reddened eve deeper as she slapped Marianne’s bare butt a little harder than just being playful and gave her a look that made it clear what she thought about the idea. Needless to say Marianne wasn’t going to let that go unanswered.

“Mmmmmm, that was nice,” she teased, kneeling on all fours and wiggling her bare bottom. I was flabbergasted she would even think to flaunt her uncovered pussy to a bunch of girls! “C’mon Beth, spank me ... I’m been such a naughty girl!”

Beth had been just about to do that but her hand recoiled like a turtle into its shell at Marriane’s suggestion. Marianne just smiled her patented wicked grin and twisted back around to sit with her legs tucked under her. Even so she still didn’t bother even trying to cover herself. I feared she might say something that would really upset Beth and ruin the night but thankfully she dropped the subject. Regardless, looking at Sharon who smiled and winked, I was pretty sure I wasn’t’t the only one wondering what she wanted with Beth’s dad. I mean, like he had been fun to tease but I loved doing that with guys in general. Besides, he was so OLD! Gross!

Eventually it got late and the conversations died slowly as we began to nod off. Nancy was first to go - no big surprise. As usual we all crowded under the covers sideways across Beth’s bed and drifted off to sleep. It was a tight fit but nobody seemed to mind squeezing together. Like the others, I was on my side with Marianne behind me, our butts pressed tightly against one another’s. I had to admit to myself that hers felt pretty good until I remembered that the only thing separated us was MY panties and that wasn’t much. Then the irony struck. Sheesh, here I was worried about out butt’s rubbing against each others when just a matter of hours earlier I’d been licking her pussy off her fingers after she had fingering it!

As my mind mulled such things I found myself wondering what might have happened had Beth asked me to play with Marianne’s pussy instead. Defining moments like that don’t come around very often; in fact this was the first time we all had ever gotten this carried away with our games.

With Marianne behind me, Beth was in front of me laying on her side as well but also turned away from me. Her long brunette hair was in my face and I could still smell the shampoo in it along with her natural scent. My arm was cramping so I didn’t have much choice but to lay it over her and before I realized it my hand was on her boob! It’s not like I was intentionally playing with it but there was no mistaking wha I felt. I froze, unsure what to do. Beth didn’t move or make a sound so I slowly dropped my hand until I felt her bare smooth belly under my hand. Dang, it felt so soft and warm! So that’s how I finally fell asleep - laying all but naked between two of my best friends.

Yes indeed, this was our best sleepover yet. Something told me we wouldn’t be outgrowing this tradition any time soon!

The End