**The Swimming Hole**

Well, I'm not really sure when I figured out that I enjoyed exhibitionism. Hell, I was pretty naïve until about the age of 15, even though I had a really strong libido. As a matter of fact, that's the first time I ever saw a boy naked. It was actually a pretty exciting experience, though.

Yeah, it was when I was 15; I was a sophomore in high school. I had these four girlfriends that I hung around with on a regular basis. We were like a little club, you might say. It was funny because everyone in the group had blond hair except me. We had regular sleep-overs at each other's houses and, of course, the major topic of conversation was boys. None of us knew much about them, but we sure had a lot of opinions. These little get-togethers only heightened my sexual urges, as I’m sure it did my friends.

We had heard that a number of the boys had a secret place where they went skinny-dipping, and we were dying to find out where it was. We fantasized about creeping up on them and watching them as they climbed out of the water with their little thingies all exposed and flopping around. I guess we were extremely naïve in those days, even for most girls our age. None of us had ever seen a naked boy, so all we could do was discuss what we thought they looked like based on books we had read in school. Marci, one of the girls in my group, had actually read some stuff about male sexuality, and so she was our expert.

As I said, all the times we talked of boys, it made us hornier than hell. At least I was, and the other girls claimed to feel the same. Even though we acted untouchable at school, if a guy made a move on me, I probably would have let him do anything he wanted. I think that with the right opportunity, I would have become the school slut. Of course the guys were pretty insecure in those days, and so I remained untouched and curious.

One of the things we wondered about was what else the boys did besides swim. We decided that they probably played with their penises in front of each other, since we girls would play with ourselves in front of each other. It seemed to make our orgasms that much better when we had an audience, and we figured the guys felt the same way. Why else would they want to skinny-dip? It never occurred to us that this might be considered homosexual. We later found out the boys didn’t play with themselves in front of each other, but it fed our imaginations just fine.

A number of times we tried to follow the boys, but they had bicycles and could outrun us. For some reason, none of the girls had a bicycle, so we were kinda stuck.

I can't believe how naïve we all were back then. Shit! I was so innocent, I'd never even seen a baby boy naked! Two of the other girls were as innocent as I was, but the other three girls had at least been to a museum and seen statues of naked men.

One time during one of our sleep-overs, Kimberly announced that she had seen her older brother naked the night before as he was coming out of the shower. He was about 17 at the time and considerably more mature than any of the boys we knew. From that night on, Kimberly became our new expert. We had her tell us over and over again what her brother looked like in as much detail as we could get from her.

We all tried to imagine his tall slender body with a little tuft of hair under each armpit, a cute little ass and a nice bush around that long tube we all wanted to see so badly. Kimberly hadn’t even noticed his balls when she saw him that time.

Kimberly did her best to describe the shape of her brother's penis for us, its length, its diameter, the head, etc. She couldn't give much detail since she only got a look from down the hall for a few seconds.

At the time, we didn't know anything about the penis except what we had learned in Sex Education class. There, we had learned about erections, ejaculations and making babies, but that was about it. I always pictured the penis as a half of a hotdog with a hole in the end that was always the same size. Hard, it was like a frozen hotdog, and soft, it was like a soggy hotdog. Well! That's how it was described to us! We couldn’t figure out what the “head” looked like, as Kimberly described it.

One evening, I was talking to the girls and asked them if they would go to the swimming hole with the boys if they invited us. Immediately they all said, "Sure!" until I pointed out that if the boys skinny-dipped, we'd probably be expected to, also. That quieted down Leslie, Wendy and Marci. I had already given the matter some thought and was more than ready and willing. Unlike most girls that age, I really liked the idea of having boys look at my body. I had no sense of modesty, I guess. The idea of having them see me naked and their little “hotdogs” getting stiff was the object of many a fantasy. As a matter of fact, my fantasy often had the entire school watching me dance around naked on stage or some other public area and every boy getting hard.

Oh, sure, all girls like to get attention from boys, but most don't like boys staring at them or undressing them with their eyes. I, on the other hand, ate it up. I loved the idea that boys wanted to see me naked. I wore clothes that showed as much as my mother would allow me to show (which wasn't much), but it sure drew some extra attention from the boys at school, since the other girls dressed even more conservatively than I did. The best Mom would allow me to wear was some really tight jeans and a tight fitting white blouse. Mom also made me wear a bra, even though I didn’t have really big tits. They were about average compared to the other girls my age, big enough that I didn’t need a padded bra. She let me wear some pretty lacy, slightly see-through bras, but with my blouse, all anyone could see was the pattern on the bra.

I would sometimes go to the girl's locker room before school and take off my bra. It felt so naught letting my tits bounce around freely under my blouse. You couldn't see much, except my nipples were pretty obvious, especially when they were hard, which they usually were without a bra. I'd wear this outfit as often as I could, walk straight and tall and push my chest out so the boys could see how well I was developing.

To give you an idea of what a little tease I was, let me digress a little.

One day, I wore this tube top with a short knit sweater. Mom wouldn't let me wear either the sweater or the tube top by themselves because the tube top left my entire midriff bare, and the sweater’s weave was just wide enough that anybody could see through it a little. Wearing the tube top, though, I didn't have to wear a bra because it didn't have shoulders, and my bra straps would show. For pants, I wore these old jeans that really didn't fit anymore as I'd outgrown them, but they were so tight, it took me a good ten minutes just to squeeze into them. Mom even commented that I should throw them away rather than put them into the laundry when I got home. It was too late to change them before I left.

As soon as I got to school, I made a point of ripping my jeans "by mistake" across one of my thighs. I got permission from my teacher to get some scissors from Home Economics class and go to the girl's locker room to cut the legs off. Although our school policy was against shorts, this was an extenuating circumstance. I had to get a note from the teacher for the rest of the day, though.

In the locker room, I cut them so short that only the seam in the crotch was left between the legs. Then I proceeded to make two horizontal tears in the middle of both ass cheeks, like I'd seen on some dancers on MTV. I had to remove my panties, since I didn't want them showing through the tears, and tried them on. Oooh, they felt sexy.

I took off my sweater and looked in the mirror. I blushed. Damn, I had never showed so much of my legs before except in my bathing suit. The remaining denim was so tight that it looked like it was painted on my slender hips. The top of the new cutoffs barely reached my hip bones, showing the slight concave of my upper abdomen between them.

I turned to look at the small swell of my ass. I had cut the legs off just a bit too much, as about two inches of my ass cheeks hung out below. The slits across my butt were slightly split, showing off about a quarter of an inch of my ass in each. The seam had pressed itself into the crack of my ass, exposing my cheeks quite clearly. Overall, it showed a bit more than I had planned, but it turned me on even more.

Without my panties, I could feel the seam in the crotch creep up my pussy in front. It wasn’t obvious to anyone that was looking at me, but it felt delicious. The shorts were so tight that the seam pressed against my little clit, now that it could squeeze between my lips a little. I walked around the locker room, and I thought I would reach an orgasm as the material massaged my pussy. I was sure there would be many orgasms that day, just walking around the school with this seam moving around on my clit. I was so turned on that I removed my tube top, too, and just wore the sweater.

Before I left the locker room, I looked at myself once more in the mirror. I have to admit that I had a few pangs of concern that I'd gone too far. In the mirror, I could clearly see that I wasn’t wearing anything underneath the sweater. My pink nipples were just the right color to not be too obvious, but the fact that I knew they could be seen made me crazy with lust.

I was so nervous by what I saw. I sat on the bench in front of the mirror and thought about it for a few minutes. God, I almost had an orgasm just sitting there. The seam of the shorts rubbed directly against my clit as I sat there, and it almost drove me crazy. Looking in the mirror, I realized I would have to keep my legs together when I was sitting or else I'd show too much. Of course if the right boy was looking, I might give him a peek. Shit, my pussy lips were completely wrapped around the seam, and my pubic hair even showed a little.

Well, it took me about a half an hour to get up the nerve to leave the girl’s locker room. Needless to say, when I finally walked back into class, I became the center of attention. The boys whistled at me, and even the girls shook their heads and stared. I loved it. Fortunately, the teacher didn't catch on at first, since I came in from the back of the classroom. She just thought the kids were making fun of my newly exposed bare legs.

I went through most of the morning dressed like that. The best part was between classes when I'd wander through the halls. The older boys flirted with me and did their best to get me to go out with them, but I just acted smug and disinterested. Little did they know that, if I didn't think they were showing off to their friends and they were serious, I'd have probably taken them up on everything they offered. A couple of kids even pinched my ass through the tears, but I just acted annoyed and aloof.

It was really fun until my English class when I was called to come to the front of the room and read some silly poem. Since we were to stand in front of the teacher's desk and face the class, she got a full view of my handy-work. She was flabbergasted and immediately ushered me out of the room. I was taken to the principal's office, and my mother was called to come and get me. I got into a lot of trouble for that little incident.

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Anyway, to go on with the story, the girls in my little group talked about whether we should try and get invited to the boys' swimming hole. Leslie, Wendy and Marci were more like your typical girls in that they were really modest and not at all comfortable with going skinny-dipping, especially with boys. Based on my history, all the girls were not at all surprised that I had no problem with it.

I tried to convince them that if the boys got naked for us, it was only reasonable that we should do the same for them. I even suggested that we could probably stay in the water, and no one would see. I tried to point out that it would be really fun, too. I wasn't convincing enough, though. Most of the girls were really modest of their bodies. They wanted to peek at the guys without having to reciprocate.

Kimberly suggested that we might be able to convince the boys into taking us to the swimming hole just to go swimming. Then, later, we could go back and spy on them when they were skinny-dipping. This was the ticket. All the girls agreed to get invited just for a swim.

Since I was the one with the idea and I had all the confidence, I was elected to go ask one of the guys. So, in school, I made a point of sitting next to Johnny during art class, and I came right out and asked him. He flatly refused. There's no way any of the guys would agree to a girl at their secret swimming hole.

I tried again at lunch time, but still no go. I even asked him what we could do to talk him into it. He said, "Nothing."

Finally, I tried again after school. This time, Johnny said he had talked it over with the other guys, and they would agree under one condition. "You know that we usually go skinny-dipping?" he reminded me. "If anyone knows where we go, they might spy on us or turn us in. We don't want that." He saw right through our plan. I guess it wasn’t all that obscure.

"So, if I promise that we won't spy on you or turn you in, you'll agree?"

"No," he said. "We know girls can't be trusted. What we want is for all the girls that come to go skinny-dipping with us. That way, they can't hold anything over us."

I told him of the attitude of some of the girls and that I knew they all would never agree. Would he agree if some of us skinny-dipped, knowing that at least I would be willing? He said it had to be all the girls or nothing.

I decided to take a risk which I never told the other girls. I suggested that we agree to pretend that we were going to go for just a swim, but I would make sure all the girls would be naked before the day was over. I knew they would all be wearing bikinis, and I figured I would rip off the bathing suits of the other girls if I had to. Besides, once we got him to agree, it really didn't matter one way or the other. He hesitantly agreed, and we decided to go the next weekend.

The girls all agreed to have a sleep-over on Friday so we could make plans for the next day. I told them that the boys agreed, but on the condition the girls all wear really sexy bikinis. I wanted to make sure it would be easy to rip them off of anyone that might be reluctant at the last minute.

"Here's a perfect chance for us," I told the others. "If we look sexy enough, maybe we can make them hard. Then they might tear their suits or something."

You see how naïve we were. We thought that their hard-ons would suddenly happen, and nothing could keep them from turning stiff and straightening out.

Believe it or not, the girls all agreed. We figured at least one of the guys would wear a brief-style swimming suit, and we might catch a glimpse of a hard penis.

Good, I had succeeded. All the girls would wear bikinis, and we would all try to tease the guys into getting hard. If nothing else, we would have one hell of a horny day.

Oh, another thing. My parents were really trying to protect me from sex while still allowing me to be fashionable (especially after that little incident at school). The bikini they bought me was so non-sexy, I almost hated to wear it. It was one of those bikinis that completely covers the butt and breasts, and it had just way too much material. I just had to wear something sexier. Since I knew Mom wouldn't let me buy another, much less a sexier one, I decided to make one. I'd had some Home Economics and learned how to knit and sew, and I thought I could make a really sexy bikini, much sexier than anything I’d seen in the stores. I had some ideas after looking through a Cosmopolitan magazine.

You wouldn't believe what I made (or maybe you would). After school each day over the few days before the weekend, I knitted a bikini from some soft string we had in the basement. Not yarn, mind you, string. I would have used yarn, but I just couldn't find any that would work for what I wanted, and, besides, I figured I was making a “string” bikini, right? I made a point of using a pretty wide knit because I figured it would shrink when it got wet, and I didn’t want it to hide too much. The triangles that covered my tits were about 2 inches per side, not big enough to cover my entire breasts. The triangle on my pussy was about 2 inches on the sides and about 1 inch across the top. As you can imagine, it didn't cover much. The suit basically covered my nipples and the slit of my pussy, but that’s it.

When I was finished, I had my first string bikini, and you have no idea how excited I was. I had used just a single strand of string to make the ties which made them almost invisible. Wow, what a turn on this would be.

When I finally tried it on, I made up my mind it was just too revealing and reconsidered wearing it. Shit, you could see everything! I might as well not wear anything at all. When I was making it, I didn't realize how much you could see through the wide weave. My hard nipples could actually poke right through the mesh, and anyone could see the contrast of the pink circles of my areolas. My dark pubic hair was mostly above the small triangle in my crotch. As thin as it was, the little bit of hair on my lips poked through the mesh so thick that it almost hid the fact that I was wearing a bikini bottom. The string didn’t hide my pink lips or the dark crease, either, as it could be seen right through the weave. Of course it was a thong bikini, so, from behind, I looked completely naked. I would have modeled it for the other girls to get their opinion, but it wasn't finished until Saturday morning. I just decided it was too risqué.

The day finally came, and I got ready to go. The anticipation got me so horny that at the last minute, I decided to wear my new bikini under the one Mom made me wear. I decided I had to trim my pubes a little because, if I decided to show anybody my new suit, the hair was just too overwhelming.

Although my pubic hair is dark, at the time it was pretty sparse. It just looked rather gangly and out of control, so I trimmed it into a nicely shaped little tuft, kind of like a triangle. I thinned it out so it wasn’t quite so out of control, and when I finished, I had a nice dark patch over my pink, swollen lips and none around the lips themselves. My clit was hard as a rock and just wouldn’t go down. I’d never seen it so hard; it was actually peeking out from between my lips, and I could feel the cool air blowing across it.

Again I had second thoughts when I saw how little my “suit” covered. Hell, like I said, in spite of how my pink areolas were almost the same color as my skin, they were completely visible and, when my nipples were hard (which they were all the time), they poked right through the mesh, rising slightly above the string.

Since the bottoms were the same weave, my pussy was just as visible. Not only was the dark patch of pubic hair I left completely visible, mostly above the suit, anyone could see my pink lips right through it. ‘Oh, well,’ I thought, ‘if I get the courage to show it to anybody, it won't matter anymore. After all, we might go completely naked anyway.’

We met the boys down the street. We all had shorts and shirts on over our bathing suits and were carrying our towels stuffed under our arms, in backpacks or in bags. The boys each took one of the girls on his bicycle and drove us to where they went swimming.

The "swimming hole" was actually a spot on a slow flowing river that stretched about a hundred yards across. The banks were lined thick with trees and bushes, providing almost no access to the water except for one small, sandy, beach-like clearing about the size of a small campsite. On one side, there was a large tree with a long thick branch that hung out over the river. Someone had tied a large rope from this branch under which hung an old tire, making a great swing for the boys. They could dangle from the tire and swing far enough that they could soar out to about the middle of the river.

Beside the tree was a large boulder from which the boys could start their swing. It allowed them to get a good running jump with the swing, or they could use it as a place to dive from. It was a dream spot for anybody to swim in the river.

As soon as we got there, the boys all stripped down to their bathing suits, heaped their clothes on a small flat rock, and jumped into the water. Some waited to swing out to the middle of the river for their first baptism of the day, others just ran straight into the water.

We were all really excited to find out that all of the boys wore a brief-style bathing suit. This improved the odds that we might see a hard-on. Remember, the girls didn't know that I was planning on getting us all naked by the end of the day anyway.

All the girls decided to go off into the bushes to take off their clothes. They wanted to give the guys a little fashion show with their bikinis, secretly hoping to see them pop a boner. The guys didn’t mind, and all came back out of the water to wait and watch.

Again, I thought about just wearing my new bikini, but I chickened out and stripped down to the crumby one that covered it. I really struggled with figuring out which bikini I should wear. The one on the outside really made me uncomfortable because it had so much material. Of course my other one was just a bit too revealing, but the thought of wearing it turned me on. The other girls all were wearing pretty standard bikinis, and that only made me more embarrassed. Kimberly had a thong bikini. I don’t know where she got that from, mail order maybe, but I knew her mother would never let her go out in public wearing it.

"Are you going to wear THAT?" Leslie asked pointing at my suit. "Shit, who would have known that we would be wearing sexier bikinis than you?"

Now, I was really embarrassed. I told the girls that this was the best my mom would allow me to buy, and they just laughed at me. I thought I was going to die.

“Well, I guess it’s up to me,” Kimberly said. “If we’re going to get the boys to get hard, maybe my bare butt will do it.”

"Well," I finally added after their laughter died down, "I do have another bikini. I made one which is a lot more sexy."

"So where is it?" Kimberly asked, almost as if she didn't believe me.

"Under this one."

"So, why don't you wear it?" Wendy asked.

"Well, I'm afraid I went a little overboard, and it is a bit too revealing, even for me," I warned them.

That brought another round of laughter, since the girls figured there was nothing too revealing for me. They were anxious to see it and offer their own opinions. Since they were my best friends, and I really did want their opinion, they finally convinced me to show it to them. I had no modesty in front of them. Hell, they’d watched me masturbate a number of times; being naked in front of them was nothing. They got me to agree that if they all thought my home-made bikini was not too overboard and it would be better than the one my mom made me wear, I would wear it instead. I trusted my girlfriends to tell me the truth.

I had the girls turn their backs for a second because I wanted them to get the full impact rather than see a little at a time.

When I was ready and had them turn back to look, Kimberly covered her mouth with one hand and almost shouted, “Jesus, Alison!” We all had to shush her because she was so loud. “You're right! That IS the sexiest bikini I've ever seen,” she continued in a whisper.

"Well, shit," Marci said, "if that doesn't make them rip out of their suits, nothing will."

Then all the girls came over to inspect my handy-work. I couldn't believe how much even that turned me on. Just having my girlfriends looking at my essentially naked body was getting me all wet. Sure, they’d seen me naked many times, but for some reason, it was even more exciting being outdoors with them while they were openly exploring my body in my new bikini.

In the process of their inspection, they made a bunch of minor adjustments (you know how girls are). Initially, each one pulled and lifted the edges of the top as if to make it fit better. In the process, though, they were also rubbing my breasts and feeling my hard nipples. Leslie, for some reason, had to move one of my breasts inside the triangular cup a bit so that my inflated nipple fit through the “right opening” in the mesh. It probably didn't need adjusting, but she thought it did, and she pinched and pulled my nipple a bunch while she figured out the best fit. I was getting so stimulated feeling their hands touch me and having them make such a close and detailed inspection of my body, I thought I was going to explode. My nipples got so hard, they stuck out a good quarter inch above the mesh.

All the girls were really impressed with my bare ass and how the string was almost transparent, giving the appearance that I was naked from behind. They also liked how much skin my suit revealed. They understood my hesitation, but were really encouraging me to wear it.

"God, Alison," Kimberly said while her eyes were glued to the pink nubs jutting out from my tits. "Look how hard your nipples are. I’ve seen your little nips hard before, but they look like they’re going to pop right off your tits!" Then she blew me away by taking my right nipple between her fingers and squeezing and rolling it around. "Wow! Leslie's right, they are really hard! I don't think my nipples have ever gotten that hard."

When she did that, my legs almost collapsed underneath me, but I managed to hold my cool and appear unshaken. I just stood there with my chest out while Kimberly continued to fondle my nipple as if demonstrating to the other girls.

“Hey, Marci, check this out!” Kimberly offered my sensitive little nipple to our friend.

Then I almost fainted as each of the girls took turns squeezing my protruding nipple to see what Kimberly was talking about. I just stood there pretending it wasn’t driving me crazy while the girls pulled and rolled my sensitive little nip between their fingers. I just couldn't let them know how much it was turning me on. Heck, they might think I preferred girls or something, but I was on the verge of an orgasm if they didn’t stop.

"Well, I think mine are just as hard," Wendy said, lifting her bikini top and offering us a chance to compare. I have to admit, that was the first time I'd ever touched another girl's tits before. It was so weird and such a turn-on. Sure, I’ve watched Wendy fondle herself, but I’ve never touched her or any of the girls for that matter. Again, each of the girls grabbed her exposed nipple and compared. Later, I found out that Wendy was super turned on, too, and wanted to see how it felt to have her nipple played with by us.

Then I noticed that all the girls' nipples were hard as rocks and showed through their bikini tops. I wondered if they were as turned on with all this touching or if they were just cold. All these sleep-overs we had been having, and I never thought the girls might be interested in touching each other.

"Jesus, look at that!" Marci said as she pointed to my bikini bottoms. "You can see right through it, too!”

The other girls all diverted their attention to the tiny triangle in my crotch and gasped. I pushed my hips forward to provide them a better look and said, "See what I mean? Don't you think this is too revealing?"

“My God!” Leslie squealed. “It doesn’t even cover her pubic hair!”

As horny as I was, I kind of hoped one of the girls would touch me down there, too. Kimberly actually dropped into a squat to get a better view. She had to be the bolder of the group (besides me), but I was still surprised when she pointed out how my inner pussy lips were wrapped around the string on the bottom and actually touched them with her index finger.

"God, she's wet, too!" Kimberly had to announce.

The other girls started to reach to check for themselves, but, before things went any further, the boys started to get impatient. It was just as well since I was ready for an orgasm, and I wanted to have it in front of the boys. Something about the thought of cumming with a bunch of boys around looking at me really excited me. At the time, I didn't know why.

The girls convinced me that I should wear my new bikini. They felt that my other suit was just too conservative (especially for me). They also decided that I should come out last. I think they figured it would be the only way the guys would even notice them in their relatively boring bikinis. They claimed, though, they all wanted to be in front of the boys when their erections popped.

I was really glad to get their support, yet still a little nervous. Hell, I was going to be essentially naked in front of all these boys, and these were boys I went to school with. I was the only one who was showing this much, not to mention they would all be seeing me in a highly aroused state. Of course this was also an opportunity to live out a fantasy.

I decided to sneak around behind some bushes near the guys so I could hear what they said as each of the girls presented themselves. The girls really liked that idea, too, and stalled the boys for a few minutes while I positioned myself. Shit, just creeping around in the woods this naked was a turn on, and I couldn't believe I was doing it. I felt so exposed as I got behind the big tree that was just a few feet from the boys, and it made me feel really hot inside.

The boys had gotten out of the water and were standing on the edge or sitting on rocks waiting for the girls to appear. Wow, was I ever impressed to see their wet bodies in those skimpy little brief swimming trunks. Being wet had made the suits cling to their bodies even more, giving a pretty good outline of what they contained. Oh, God! That only turned me on even more. Maybe they would all pop a hard-on through their suits.

As each of the girls filed out of the bushes, I could see they all still had super hard nipples. Leslie and Wendy folded their arms in front of themselves to hide this, but it showed anyway. I could tell they wanted to be more relaxed and let the guys see everything but were just a little uncomfortable. Unfortunately, I was behind the guys so I couldn't see the reaction in their tiny suits. Oh, how I wanted to.

I heard the boys comment on each of the girls as they came out. They all seemed equally aware of all the hard nipples and the great bodies my girlfriends had, although they didn’t let the girls hear them. A couple of the boys dropped their hands down and folded them in front of their groin, but I still couldn't see why. I just had to presume it was to hide what was growing down there. One began grinding the heel of his palm into himself, and I wondered if he had to pee.

Imagining that they were getting turned on and hiding hard-ons, I absentmindedly started twisting my nipples. It was really getting me anxious watching my girlfriends parade themselves in front of these horny young boys. It didn't occur to me that my manipulations were making my nipples even more prominent. I might have chickened out if I had a mirror and could see myself and how obvious my lust showed.

I really wanted to touch myself; my clit was just pulsing with desire, but I was afraid I'd cum. I still wanted to have the boys included in my orgasm somehow, but, I have to admit, there were some feelings of anxiety. It wasn’t that I wanted them to know I was cumming, I just wanted them to see me go through the throws of climax and wonder what was happening. I wondered if this was going too far or if I'd regret this someday. I had already committed myself to my friends that I’d wear this skimpy bikini, and I thought I couldn’t back out now, but to have an orgasm in front of all those boys - well, that might be a bit too much. I just kept telling myself, this was going to give me the chance to see not just one, but four boys naked. Also, I was going to see them hard.

Secretly, I was hoping that I might even get an opportunity to touch one of them and maybe even see an ejaculation. I pictured us in the water, and maybe, I could inadvertently touch one of their erections. I wondered if the boys would want to touch me like I wanted to touch them. Oooh, how the thought turned me on. Just imagining a boy tweaking my nipples or rubbing my clit and giving me an orgasm. Then I thought, ‘Would I mind if he did it in front of the others?’ At first, I felt my face got flush with the thought of having an orgasm in front of my classmates, then I decided that my answer was, ‘No, I would not mind.’ As a matter of fact, thinking about these guys watching me cum turned me on even more.

You see, even at 15, I was a little nympho exhibitionist.

I was suddenly jolted from my little daydream when I heard one of the boys say my name. He was wondering what happened to me. Then I heard him whisper to his friend, “As sexy as all the other girls look and knowing how big a show off Alison is....” He trailed off there.

"Maybe," Johnny said aloud to the other boys, "she won't wear anything at all. She's the one that was willing to skinny-dip, and maybe this is how she'll get things started."

Billy leaned over to Johnny and said, “I remember the day she wore that see-through sweater and ripped jeans. You remember that? God, she looked hot!”

The boys all started getting excited and chanting for me to come out. My courage was wavering again, but I quietly moved around to where I could make my entrance. I couldn't believe how swollen my pussy felt as I moved. God, how I wanted to be touched down there.

As soon as the guys could see my head over the bushes, they started hooting and clapping, encouraging me to come out. The girls were clapping and giving me encouragement, too. I continued to twist my nipples until I knew the bushes no longer concealed my chest. I definitely wanted them to be hard when I appeared in front of my friends. Then, I thought, I couldn't believe I was going to walk out in front of eight of my classmates with my nipples showing like this. It made me forget all about how exposed my pussy was.

As soon as I stepped from behind the last bush, a complete silence fell over everybody. All the boys dropped their hands down to cover their crotches, and I could almost feel their eyes roam up and down my body. I concentrated on pushing my chest out to let them get a good look at my tits. My nipples were as hard as ever and standing at full attention, poking through the wide mesh of the bikini knit. Then I did a little turn so they could see the thong bottoms and my bare ass.

When I faced them again, their eyes remained unblinking as they stared at my crotch. Then I remembered how exposed I was down there, too. A sudden twinge of modesty made me bend my leg up to cover my crotch, but I rotated it back and forth in a teasing motion.

I was a little angry that the boys were all covering themselves. After all, it was the part we girls wanted to see. I was especially frustrated since that was the biggest reason I was giving them such a really good show. I had to think of something to get them to move their hands.

"So, what do you think of my new bikini?" I asked them while I thought of a way to get them to show us what they were covering. I walked around to stand with the other girls and said, "I made it myself." Not a sound from any of them. Johnny and Billy were actively squeezing the contents of their suits. Trevor and Frank moved their mouths to speak, but nothing came out.

"Well, do you like it?" I tried again. Still no response. For a moment, I began to feel a little self conscious. Then I heard the other girls start to giggle, and I looked around to see why. It was Trevor running toward the water. I only caught a glimpse as he ran past, but he was sporting an obvious rounded bulge in the front of his suit. Even though his suit had dried pretty much from when he had been swimming, there was an obvious fresh wet spot covering his bulge. I gasped a little when I saw it. Trevor tried to hide his problem as he ran, but wasn't completely successful.

I strutted over to Billy, who looked like he was massaging a bag with some kind of live animal inside. I ran my fingers around behind and down the inside of his arm so my hand slid into his. He didn't move his hand away from his suit quickly enough to keep me from feeling what he was squeezing with the back of my hand. It felt like some kind of hard bone or something. What surprised me was the heat that this bone seemed to generate. He jerked my hand away before I could really tell what it was.

"Come on, let's get into the water," he said, pulling me behind him. I stood still and kept him from moving.

Now that his hand was pulled away, I could see a long tube running up toward his left hip. At the base was another bulge which held something else. This was the first moment that I realized that he could be hard but it didn't have to stick straight out. Apparently, he could bend it at the base so it stayed flat against his body.

The other girls took advantage of the opportunity I provided and moved around for a better look. I bent over and looked directly at his bulge and said, "Oh, what have we got here?" Before I could do or say anything else, Billy took off like a bolt for the water, dragging me behind him.

Soon, everybody was in the water, and we romped and played just like regular boys and girls do. The guys paid a little bit of extra attention to me because I think they hoped to get another look or cop a feel. I made no effort to hide myself if they dove underwater to peer at me, and I almost made a point of giving them lots of opportunities. Hell, they'd seen it all already when I modeled the suit, so there was nothing to be shy of now. I also didn’t stop them from touching me anywhere. I just didn’t let them touch me for long, making it more of a tease.

Kimberly was one of the better developed girls, and she really had the hots for Frank. She constantly found a way to swim up next to him or make fun of him. I noticed that whenever Frank got out of the water to swing on the rope, she would stare at the bulge in his bathing suit, but didn’t seem quite as interested in the other guys. I think he knew that she was interested, and he liked getting out of the water as often as possible. Her attention was clearly turning him on.

Kimberly was the kind of girl that was extremely good looking but seemed to always have a frown on her face. She had long, naturally blond and straight hair that looked frazzled and blonder at the end. It was obviously sun bleached and a little damaged from the wind. Her golden tan body was a little fuller than the other girls, but still very slender. She had light brown eyes under her golden blond eyebrows.

I noticed Kimberly and Frank were getting quite close and, after a while, they wandered off to a more secluded spot and started making out. They looked like they were getting pretty hot.

I personally had the hots for Johnny. He seemed to be the most physically mature, and his bulge appeared to be larger than the other boys’.

All the boys liked my suit (or lack thereof) so much that they did everything they could to keep me out of the water. I didn't mind because I loved flaunting it (and my body). I playfully bumped up against the boys whenever possible, either in the water or out. I loved the feeling of my nipples as they slid across their bodies. I became really glad that I was wearing this suit and that my nipples were exposed just for this reason.

A couple of times, Johnny would sneak up on me from under the water, poking his head up in front of my face and giving me a quick kiss before swimming away. I knew that he was taking the opportunity to check me out under the water each time, and I made sure my arms and legs were out of the way so he could see whatever he wanted.

We were all playing little games of keep-away and tag in various forms, splashing each other and just having fun. All the boys (except Frank, who was involved with Kimberly) took every chance they could get to cop a feel of the girls. Other than me, all the girls acted like they didn't like them doing it, but in reality, they didn't want them to stop. Of course the girls were doing their best to cop a feel, too, though we didn't seem quite as successful.

After we were a little tired, we all decided to take a rest on the bank. Johnny and I got up on the big rock and sat beside each other. I knew Johnny was staring at my essentially naked body, and I let him for a few minutes. It kept him from noticing that I was staring at his bulge.

Finally, I said, "So, do you like my bikini?"

"Uh - yeah!" he said enthusiastically as I woke him from his mesmerized state. "What's it made of?"

"Why don't you guess?"

"Well, I can't really tell."

"Look real close and see if you can't figure it out," I said as I pushed my tits toward him.

He leaned forward and got his face about an inch from my right nipple. I just held still while he stared, pretending as if I didn’t know he was actually staring at my bare nipple. His hot breath teased the daylights out of me, and I could feel my nipple getting harder and harder as I watched him inspect it. Then I slowly rocked my tit from side to side and watched as his head followed it. I knew he wasn't looking at the bikini, he was just staring at my stiff little nipple sticking out at him.

"Maybe you should feel it," I suggested.

"Huh?"

"The bikini," I added with a big shit-eating grin.

"Oh, yeah."

Johnny reached out to touch the bikini on the side of my breast. Just as he touched it, I turned my chest so my nipple slid into his open hand. He jerked his hand away and looked up at my face. When he saw me smile at him, he relaxed.

"What are you afraid of?" I asked him. "I don't bite."

I continued to push my chest out to him inviting him to feel it. This time, as his hand wrapped around my tit, I leaned forward, and we started to kiss. Oh, God, did it feel good as his tongue danced around inside my mouth, and the feeling of his warm palm gently squeezing my breast made me melt. I could feel electricity come from his touch through my nipple and right down to my clit. How I wanted him to touch me down there, but I wasn't sure this was the right time.

Just about then, I noticed the image of something bright float by on the river. We both saw it and turned to see what appeared to be a bikini top float by. About ten yards behind it, a Speedo suit floated by followed close by the other half of the bikini. Johnny and I looked at each other, smiled and shrugged.

"Looks like someone has made the big move," I said to Johnny.

"Yeah, I wonder who?"

After a moment, we guessed it must have been Kimberly and Frank. They were the only two that were still in the water, hidden in the reeds upstream a way.

Kimberly later told me how this happened. She had innocently asked Frank what the boys did when the girls weren't there. He told her that they went skinny-dipping. One thing led to another, and they started daring each other to remove their suits. As a prank, Frank threw Kimberly's top out into the river so she retaliated by throwing his trunks out. So, in no time, they were both naked.

"What are you two doing out there?" Johnny yelled out to them.

"Who? Us?" Kimberly peeked out from the tall reeds, looked around with surprise and acted a little nervous.

"Who else?" Wendy asked. Wendy was a girl that was also very pretty. She had long bright blond hair that fell straight down her shoulders to just below her breasts. It had a bright yellow color, and its texture was very fine. She had a nice little body and a very wicked smile when she wanted to. Her eyes were a very dark brown. She also had wide, almost red, lips and a small straight nose.

"Nothing," Frank replied to the original question. Kimberly started to giggle.

"Hey," Billy called out from the swing, "she doesn't have her bathing suit on! I think they're skinny-dipping!"

"No way!" Trevor called out as he dove into the water from the big boulder. He surfaced just inches away from Kimberly's face, brushed the water from his eyes and announced, "She's naked! I can't believe it! She's completely naked!"

"How dare you!" she snapped as she splashed water in his face and turned her back on him.

"Come and take a look," Trevor encouraged the others. "I saw everything! She's really naked! And what a bod!"

"NO!" Kimberly cried. "Don't you dare!" Then she swam out into the river trying to put a good distance between her and the others.

In a matter of seconds, all the girls were in the water, surrounding Frank. Heads were dipping underwater as they peeked at his nudity. He tried to hide himself by turning away from each of them, but I don't think he was very successful.

"All right, all right!" Frank finally said. "So what?"

The other guys were all laughing and making fun of the two of them, and the girls were making silly little remarks. Everybody tried to get them to get out of the water so we could check them out, but they weren't about to do it. Johnny and I reluctantly got off of our perch and headed back into the water to join the others.

"Come on!" Johnny called out. "We always skinny-dip. What's the big deal?"

"I don't know about you guys," Trevor added, "but I'd rather skinny-dip, too!" With this, he dipped his head under the water and proudly displayed his trunks in his hand. With a couple of whips around his head, he flung them up onto the shore.

Soon, all the guys had removed their trunks and tossed them on the shore. The girls were a little bit more reluctant. All, except for me.

I swam up to Johnny and grabbed his shoulders to steady myself. We were both treading water, but he was a stronger swimmer than I was. I was even more interested in playing with him now that I knew he was completely naked. I was ready to get naked, too, but I just had this feeling that there was a more exciting way to do it than to just remove my suit as the boys had done. Like I said before, I liked lots of attention. I was so horny at this point, that all sense of modesty was gone. Also, I wanted to get him out of the water and expose himself to us all.

"Hey, Johnny," I whispered in his ear as I hung from his neck. "I want to skinny-dip, too. I know the other girls are a bit modest, but I’m not. I was thinking, though, it would be a lot more fun if YOU removed my suit. Whadd'ya say?"

Johnny turned to face me and said, "Sure!" He immediately started to grope around my body to untie my top.

"No, no, no!" I said as I pushed myself away from him. "Not that way!"

Johnny looked at me with a confused look.

"I was thinking of something more dramatic," I said while I beckoned him toward the shore. "You know me. I’m a real show-off. In order to earn the right to remove my bikini, though, you’re going to have to show off a little, too. Do you think you’re man enough to do that?” He nodded, still a bit confused. “How about if we stand on the rock, and you remove my suit up there?"

"You mean you want me take your suit off in front of everybody?" he seemed amazed.

"Sure!" I confessed. "Besides, I figure somebody has to break the ice. Since Kimberly and Frank were the first to skinny-dip, I thought you and I could be the first to get out of the water naked."

"Uh - I don't know," Johnny hesitated, obviously not sure he was willing to completely expose himself to the other girls.

"What are you afraid of?" I asked him. “You’ve obviously been naked in front of the other guys before. What’s the big deal about letting the girls see you now.”

"Well - you see - I've got this problem."

"What problem?" I couldn't believe he wasn't jumping at this opportunity. Hell, I was willing to stand in front of all the kids and be stripped naked while they watched. I thought it would be such a turn on. Why didn’t he?

He continued to mumble and stutter but didn't seem to be willing to admit what his problem was. We went back and forth on it for a good ten minutes. He seemed to assume that I would know what was bothering him, but I truly didn’t.

Finally, I realized he was shy about getting out of the water with an erection. Again, I didn’t understand this concern, as I assumed he had sported a hard-on in front of his friends all the time. If only he knew that this was the very reason I wanted him to take off my bikini in front of everyone. I figured his doing it would make him hard, and I really wanted to get a good look at it. Also, I knew my girlfriends would like to see it, too.

He was too embarrassed to even tell me that this was the problem, and he kept turning his head away from me. I finally decided to pull his shoulders around and force him to look at me. In so doing, I pulled myself around so we were now face to face, still treading water.

"What is your problem?" I asked as my legs slowly sank in the water below me. He blushed and turned his face to the side. Just then, my body floated close to his, and I felt this hard knob press against my abdomen. Johnny jerked his hips away and blushed even more.

"What! Are you embarrassed of that?" I asked, cocking my head to indicate what I’d just bumped into.

"Well," he said sheepishly, "it's not something we parade around in front of other guys."

“Really? I thought you got them all the time, even when you skinny-dipped with your friends.”

“Oh, no!” he exclaimed. “It’s a real private thing. If we got hard in front of other guys, they’d think we were gay or something.”

"Hmmm, what can we do about it?" I thought out loud. Then I came up with a very delicious idea, one that I was sure all the other girls would be most jealous of. "How about if I help you hide it when we get out?" I suggested.

"How are you going to do that?" Johnny frowned at me.

With one hand, I held onto his shoulder for balance and let my other hand reach down and grasped the joy stick that he was so embarrassed of. Let me remind you, I still hadn't ever really seen a hard-on much less a soft penis. Grasping his was a giant risk, and I was really afraid it would scare him off.

"Well, I was thinking of something like this," I said, allowing my hand to feel his erection the best it could while maintaining a tight hold. I couldn't believe how hot it felt, especially in the cool river water, or how big and hard it was. It was definitely bigger around than a hot dog, and it felt a bit longer. It also had this extra knob of flesh on the end that I was real curious about.

Balancing myself in the water caused me to slide my hand back and forth a little along its shaft, and I wondered about the ridges I felt. It was amazing how it felt. I could swear there was a bone underneath a thin sheath of soft skin. Then I realized that Johnny hadn't pulled away and seemed to allow me to just hang on to him there. It was as if he was lost in some other world while I squeezed his hot erection.

"I could hold you there while we get onto the rock, and then you could stand behind me while undoing my bikini. No one would see you." I was having some doubts that I could hide his cock by holding it, since it was quite a bit longer than I had imagined. Originally, I figured I could palm a hot dog and no one would see, but this big thing was a different story.

His eyes seemed to be glazed over, and he continued to tread water in a daze. I continued to hold his cock in my hand, feeling it as best I could with my fingers, waiting for an answer until, after what seemed to be quite a few seconds, he finally responded and said okay. I don’t think he was completely aware of himself when he answered, but I didn’t care.

We maneuvered ourselves to where we could stand, and I had to switch hands so that I could walk beside him while maintaining a grip on his hard-on. He put his arm around my shoulders, and we continued as if we were just going for a walk.

I couldn't believe he was letting me hold his cock like this while we got out of the water. I realized we had our backs to the rest of the kids, and they probably had no idea what was going on. Johnny did get some attention when they noticed us, but the comments were all aimed at his gorgeous ass. I'm sure the girls assumed they'd see his front when he turned around. In any case, there was a lot of hooting and hollering as his body came into view.

The boys were making an equal amount of noise for my backside. The little string bikini should have made me looked like I was naked, much as Johnny really was.

When we got up on the rock, Johnny quickly stepped behind me as I turned to face the water. The other kids were paddling around below me, obviously aware something was going on. The boys crowded to the front apparently to get a closer look at my skimpy bathing suit. I had to let go of Johnny's cock, and I felt him press it against the small of my back to hide it from view.

As I stood there, I felt like I was on stage with an audience of all my friends at school. It felt so exciting, just like my fantasies! I can't explain it, but my whole body tingled with anticipation.

‘I’m about to be completely stripped naked in front of all my friends,’ I thought. ‘They are going to be staring at my bare breasts and my naked pussy!’ Oh, the feeling was unimaginable. I think this is why I became an aerobics instructor. Even though I'm not naked, I'm real close, and I've got a bunch of students who are scrutinizing my body. It is such a turn on.

"What are they doing?" I heard Wendy ask.

"I don't know," Billy answered her. "Knowing Alison, though, I bet it's going to be a turn on!"

Then Johnny whispered in my ear, "Where do you want me to start?"

I whispered back that he should start with my top. Then I told him that I wanted him to do it slowly. I felt his fingers start fumbling with the back of my bikini top while the head of his cock slid up and down my lower back. God! It was so erotic. He must have been all thumbs because he was really struggling, but I have to admit, I liked the feel of his hard-on rubbing on my spine, so I didn’t care.

"So, what's up?" Leslie asked me from the water.

"Yeah," Trevor called up, "what are you just standing there for?"

"Well," I told them, still tingling all over, "I thought it was about time we got over our shyness. I figured that if I broke the ice first, it would make it easier for the rest of you."

"Oh, shit!" Billy gasped. "You're gonna strip right there? Right now?"

"Well, if Johnny can get his act together," I replied, "I was going to let him strip me. I thought it would be more fun."

Just then, Johnny finally got the knot loose and untied the strings around my neck. He managed the ones on my back a lot easier. Finally, the strings fell to my side, but the bikini just hung there on my breasts. I looked down and discovered that my nipples were so hard that the mesh was hooked over them. I turned around to face Johnny, allowing his erection to slide along my skin as I did, and looked down at my breasts.

"Well?" I looked up into his eyes. God, how I wanted him to touch my nipples! His beautiful blue eyes just stared at me as I pushed my chest toward him. Using my eyes, I guided his toward my breasts and then looked back into his. He didn't move. I could hear the guys behind me encouraging him to take my top off, but he seemed to be frozen.

"So, are you going to take it off?" I pressured. I could feel his hard-on pressing against my abdomen, and I just had to reach down and hold it. With one hand, I cupped it from underneath and with the other, I stroked the head like it was a pet hamster. It amazed me how smooth and soft his cock was, and yet how hard and hot it felt.

Later, I learned that my stroking his cock was turning him on so much that he was afraid he was going to ejaculate and embarrass himself. He was already amazed that he had the confidence to stand there on the rock naked in front of his friends with an erection. To shoot his wad with them all watching was more than he was willing to handle.

Johnny carefully pulled the strings from either side of my bikini and lifted them away from my chest. My nipples held on until the last second, and I could feel it slide off, stimulating me even more. God, I don't think they had ever been that sensitive before. Then, as quickly as he could, he turned me away from him to face me toward our little audience. I had to let go of his raging tool, but, now I stood there with my bare breasts exposed to all of my friends.

It was such a turn on listening to all the guys. They were cheering and hooting at me, and I was loving it. I reached up and ran my hands over my breasts just because I couldn't stand it anymore. I just had to touch my nipples. My girlfriends made some remarks, too, but I couldn't hear them over the guys.

I dropped my hands back down to my sides and whispered to Johnny, "Okay, now take off the bottoms."

Immediately, he found the ties on either side of the bikini bottoms and loosened them. They were a lot easier to untie than my top was. The ends dropped, and I could feel them dangling on my ass cheeks. Without hesitation, Johnny pulled the thong out from the crack of my ass and let it drop down between my legs. He leaned around me to see what he had to do to remove it from the front.

When he saw that it was stuck between my pussy lips, he reached down to my crotch and just pulled it away. I could feel the strings slide through my lips as he exposed the last part of my body to everyone.

Since my bikini bottoms didn't really cover much anyway, I didn't get quite the response I had gotten when my tits were exposed, but knowing that I was now standing completely naked in front of my friends and four boys, I didn’t care. I think if anybody had have touched me, I would have had an orgasm right there.

I felt Johnny's hard-on push against the crack of my ass, and I remembered he was still hiding himself behind me. I couldn't let that continue because I knew my girlfriends were dying to see his erection.

"Okay, girls, this is for you," I announced as I jumped off the rock and dove into the water. This left Johnny standing there, fully erect, with nothing to hide behind.

This time, it was the girls that did the cheering and clapping as they all enjoyed the sight of Johnny. I had just enough time to turn around and see him standing there, blushing, before he followed me into the water. I was really impressed with his cock as it stood up at a slight angle for all my friends to see.

Kimberly and I were now the center of attention for the guys. They all were being a lot more playful with us and kept swimming in circles around us. I'm sure they were hoping they might get a look or cop a feel. She and I whispered to each other and confided that we wouldn’t push any of them away if they touched us anywhere. I think she was just a touch away from an orgasm, too.

Then Billy rolled onto his back and started doing the backstroke. Johnny saw him and called out, "Hey, everybody, look at Billy. He's a submarine!" Billy was doing this intentionally and, using his pelvic muscles, jerked his little hard-on so it bounced up and down just above the surface as he swam.

Everybody looked at him and laughed as they watched him swim by with his little pecker peeking out of the water like a periscope. Watching the girls' reaction and how they stared at Billy got Trevor to do the same thing. The two of them just loved showing off their cocks and having the girls look.

Marci finally decided that she liked the idea of skinny-dipping and took her bathing suit off, too. She tossed her suit into the swing, figuring she could get it back when she was ready to get out. Also, it meant she didn't have to expose herself by getting out of the water.

With Marci taking her suit off, Leslie decided she didn't want to be left out, so another suit joined Marci's on the swing. Wendy was a bit more hesitant, though, and needed a lot more encouragement from the other girls.

Finally, she was feeling left out and decided to follow along, throwing her suit into the ring of the tire with the other girls’.

Unfortunately for the girls, Trevor didn't like the idea that they could get their suits back that easily. He climbed on shore and, pulling the tire up to the boulder, took their suits and tossed them into the woods. The girls would have to get completely out of the water to find them. Then he hung from the tire and swung out to the middle of the river and cannonballed us all.

Through all the screaming and whining from the girls, they seemed to be more preoccupied checking his naked little body out. As he swung out into the river, their eyes seemed fixed on the hard stem that grew from between his spread legs. He knew what they were looking at. He made a point of pushing his hips forward to show his young dick off even more.

Kimberly started splashing the guys and getting them to chase after her. At one point, Frank got a hold of her, and they wrestled in the water, dunking each other and laughing. It was a real turn on watching the two of them because they were obviously feeling each other up and exposing each other to the rest of us during their little tussle. The guys really enjoyed the show they were putting on because Frank kept lifting her out of the water so they could see her tits.

When Frank finally pulled away, he kicked off and swam backwards away from her. She reached out to grab him, and, just as his hips broke the surface of the water, she caught him by his cock. At first he jerked his hips away, but she had a pretty strong grip on it. Frank started laughing so hard he could barely stand it, and he certainly didn't have the strength to fight her off. He finally decided to just relax and let her hang on to him to see what she would do next.

She took advantage of his weakness and started driving him around the river like her little motor boat, using his cock as a handle. She made sure to lift his hips high enough that all of us could see the head of his cock sticking above her fist as she gripped it. I could tell her manipulations made his cock even harder as it seemed to grow longer in her grip. Originally, you could hardly see the head, but after a few seconds, there was about an inch of the shaft visible over her tiny hand.

"Hey, everybody!" Kimberly called out as she waggled her fish, "look at what I caught!"

"Wait!" Wendy ordered. "Let me see that!" Then she swam over as quickly as she could so she could get a closer look. Looking closely at the crown of Frank's cock sticking a good inch above Kimberly's fist, Wendy reached over and gently flicked the tip with her index finger.

"Kitchy-kitchy-coo!" Wendy giggled.

I could tell it was driving Frank crazy to have Kimberly hanging on to him that way, and then to have this little cutie, Wendy, flicking the end of his cock was just too much. It was obvious that he really liked having everybody's attention on it, too.

The other guys wanted some of the attention and started acting like fools. To get the girls to pay attention to them, they started figuring out new ways to show off their penises. Since we were obviously intrigued with their cocks, the boys started climbing out of the water and swinging on the rope, waving their half firm little penises around as they did it.

Kimberly finally let go of Frank, and she and Wendy started swimming around to see what kind of trouble they could get into. I joined the boys and started doing cannonballs with them from the swing. I was the only girl who was willing to get out of the water, but, by this time, I didn't care.

The guys kept trying to get the girls to swing on the swing with them, but they were still too shy about letting them see their nubile little bodies. I had to figure out a way of getting them to lose their inhibitions. If I could make it fun or distract them from their shyness, I might be able to get things going. Maybe if I could get the girls to play a little game with me. We were having so much fun with the boys, and they were no longer shy about their bodies, so I secretly passed the word to the other girls that we should tease the boys to get them all hard. If we did whatever it took to keep them hard, then we could have more fun by watching them run around with their hard-ons bouncing when they got out of the water.

This seemed to work. Little by little, the girls were giving the guys little peeks at their bodies or promising them a feel of their breasts or whatever. The boys got hornier and hornier, and it showed magnificently as each one got out of the water to perform some trick to get their reward. Since the girls were showing more and more of themselves, they became less and less inhibited. One by one, the girls took a dare from the boys or gave a reward by getting out of the water and taking a swing or dive off the rock.

When Leslie first exited the water, and while she and Trevor were standing on the boulder waiting for their turn on the swing, she started kissing Trevor and rubbing her magnificent body over his.

Let me tell you that Leslie was a really cute girl with a really tiny waist. She had curly dirty blond hair that was combed to one side and hung down to her shoulders. Really thin eyebrows arched over her dark brown, almost black, eyes. Her nice full breasts had areolas that were so pink, you could hardly see them. Her pussy was covered by a full triangle of light brown hair that was just thick enough you couldn't see her pussy through it.

While they were kissing and Leslie was rubbing herself against Trevor, his half hard cock rose up and was standing firm for all to see. Leslie’s rubbing made her nipples as hard as little rocks, too, and surprisingly, she didn't seem to mind standing there with us all watching, anymore.

In no time, the girls had completely forgotten about their shyness, and we were all doing a lot of grabbing and pushing with each other. They were all doing a great job at keeping the guys hard, and the boys didn’t seem to care. Whenever one of the guys was showing some loss of erection, one of the girls would start kissing him or rubbing herself against him. Leslie even went so far as to grab and stroke the boys if they showed a little weakening up on the rock. The girls even became show-offs in that they always did their work out of the water. Most of the girls got to the point where they would even run a hand quickly over one of the boys’ cocks just to cop a feel right out in the open where everyone could see.

Trevor actually had to drag Wendy out of the water her first time. He announced to everyone that he wanted to look at her body, and he wasn't going to take "no" for an answer. Even though she went out kicking and screaming, I could tell she was enjoying every second of it. After all, with all the noise she made, it attracted all of our attention.

Wendy's little body was also really cute. (Actually, there wasn't an imperfect body in the group.) Her breasts were just a hair smaller than Leslie's, but close enough that they could have been twins. Wendy had a little bit more of a tan than Leslie, and her areolas were darker because she had suntanned topless. Other than her yellow blond hair, she was almost identical to Leslie. Even her pussy hair, which was trimmed to be shaped like a small rectangle, was the same color as Leslie's.

The last one to be coaxed out of the water was Marci. I don't think she was more shy than the other girls, she just wanted more attention when it happened than to just get out. Johnny and Frank took the lead and convinced Trevor and Billy to each grab a limb and carry her out. This was just what she wanted, and she barely put up any kind of fight.

Marci was quite a bit more slender than the rest of us with almost spindly arms and legs. Her breasts were so small they almost looked underdeveloped, but her areolas and nipples were pretty normal in size, having a brown color to them. To add to the underdeveloped appearance, her sparse pussy hair was so thin, it didn't hide anything. Of course it didn't help that she had trimmed it into a triangle that only came down to the top of her pussy slit.

Marci had long, straight, dirty blond hair than came down to her waist. Dry, it looked smooth and silky. Wet, it looked even nicer as it hung down and dragged in the sand. She had bright green eyes and dimples, which made her extremely attractive when she smiled or laughed.

As Trevor and Frank held on to her legs, they intentionally spread them wide to expose her bare pink pussy lips to the rest of us. Kimberly had them hold her in that position while she dashed out of the water and stood between her outstretched legs. With everyone watching, Kimberly ran her index finger up and down Marci's split lips and tickled her clit until it stuck up so far that everyone could see it.

“I just wanted everyone to see how big her clit gets when she's turned on,” Kimberly announced.

It was quite impressive. Of course I've always thought mine was bigger, but that wasn't important. What was important was that there was nothing sacred anymore.

The boys had a hard time keeping her still as she bucked and jerked to get away, and they finally had to let her go. Marci chased Kimberly around for a while and finally dunked her in the water. It was all fun.

After that, the girls had to do more and more risqué things to reward the guys. It was funny because they were once so shy, and now they were doing things, not only to exhibit their bodies, but often, to allow the boys unrestrained touching. Sometimes, the girls would actually swing with a guy on the tire. While they would rock back and forth the girl would do something, or let him do something, to tease him into maintaining his hard-on.

"So, what's going on?" Johnny asked me one time when he got the chance.

"What do you mean?" I acted innocent.

"You girls have something planned, and I know it. What is it?"

"Oh, nothing. We just think it is so much more fun to have you guys running around with your little thingies bouncing in front of you," I responded. "You don't mind, do you? We thought you would like it, too."

"I don't mind," he told me. "I guess the other guys don't either, or they wouldn't be doing whatever it took to continue."

One time, Frank and I got on the swing together. He sat on the tire with his legs through the hole, and I got on going the opposite direction so we were facing each other. I felt so sexy with my legs spread around his hips, and I knew he could see my pussy completely open and exposed.

While we just swung for a few minutes, I noticed that Frank’s cock was standing up rigid from his groin. It looked so sexy there, I decided to let go of the tire and hang onto him.

“Do you mind?” I asked, not really caring what his answer was. He didn’t say anything, so I took this as his okay. It felt so hot and hard. He was absolutely silent and seemed to be in another world while I held on to him and checked his cock out. We must have continued swinging like that for a good couple of minutes. I chatted; he just rode quietly. I didn’t know why he was so quiet.

I decided to come up with a way for all the girls to enjoy the guys’ cocks. I proposed to Frank that we play a game.

"Since you don't seem to be as shy as the other boys," I began, "I was thinking of a game we could play."

"Yeah - what?" he said hesitantly and a little suspiciously.

"Well," I continued, "I've already talked to the other girls, and they were hoping you would agree, too. As a matter of fact, Kimberly was pretty sure you would. She was so convinced, she got the other girls to help her in preparing the rings out of the branches from the willow tree over there."

"The rings? What are you planning? What is it you want me to do?" he pressed.

"Well..." I hesitated, "...what we want you to do is - uh - well - uh - hang from the tire - uh - backwards - so - uh - we can - uh..." my voice lowered way down to almost a whisper, "...play ring toss."

"You've gotta me kidding me!" he exclaimed. "You mean let you girls use my cock to throw rings at?"

I could feel his cock jump in my hands at the suggestion, and I knew he was just pretending to be put off.

"Oh, come on," I demanded, "you know you like the idea."

"What makes you think so?" Frank argued.

With one hand holding the base of his cock for support, I wrapped my other hand around his bright red glans and squeezed it. Remembering how much Johnny seemed to like the head being rubbed, I gently stroked just the crown by sliding my fingers up and down.

"Your little friend gave you away," I said, watching his face to see if I was having any affect. I was.

"Alison!" he said urgently, "stop that! Stop it right now!"

I pulled my hand away wondering if I'd hurt him or something. Then, I peeked through the tire to see if I'd scratched him or he'd gone soft but couldn't see any damage. His cock was really hard and looked almost purple.

"What's the matter?" I asked. Then I noticed it. There was a little bead of clear liquid covering the tiny hole on the end of his penis. Because his cock was standing straight up, it just balanced there and didn't drip off. "Oh, I'm sorry," I finally said, "did I make you ejaculate?" It wasn't until later that I learned that this was just pre-cum that I saw on his penis.

"No!" he said sternly. I couldn't believe the look on his face. He seemed angry and embarrassed at the same time, and his face was flushed. Then, as quietly as he could, he whispered, "What are you trying to do, embarrass me? I'm so turned on, you almost made me - uh - you know - shoot!"

"So what's wrong with that? I would think you would like to," I whispered back.

"Not here in front of everybody," he told me.

"Oh, I'm sorry," I apologized. Then I said, "So, how about it? Will you do it?"

He thought for a minute and finally agreed.

"I'm not sure I can. For one thing, I doubt I could stay hard for the whole time while you're playing," he admitted, "but the thought of having all you girls playing with my cock kinda turns me on."

"Don't worry," I said, "as a reward for being a good sport, I’m sure I can get the girls to help you take care of that," and I gave him the wickedest grin I could. “It will be our responsibility to keep you hard, and you just have to hold still.” Then I turned to the other girls and yelled out, “He says, ‘Okay!’”

This got all the girls excited, and they all climbed out of the water to join us on the rock. The girls held the tire while I positioned Frank the way we wanted him. I pushed his back up against the edge of the tire and helped him put his knees on the inside. His arms were wrapped behind him so they looped over the top of the tire to hang on. In this position, we had him so his back arched forward and his hips were pushed out.

"There," I said with glee, "that's got him." Seeing that our maneuvering him around had a detrimental effect on his manhood, I added, "Now, to make the target."

During all of this, the boys didn't know what was going on, but they had joined us on the rock. It was kind of neat with all those hard little penises around us. We got them to hold onto the tire while we girls were all in front of Frank admiring his situation. Just having us stare at his naked body started to turn him on, but we needed him nice and hard for the game. Kimberly and I started rubbing our hands and bodies against his. We rubbed our soft little tits against his skin and our hands roamed all over his front. We both wanted to feel his cock and balls and took turns rubbing the palms of our hands up and down his groin. I couldn't believe the feeling as his penis got harder and harder. I held the base of his hard-on, gripping it tightly while Kimberly started stroking the swollen glans.

As soon as we knew he wasn't going to get any stiffer, Kimberly and I backed away to inspect our handy-work. All the girls were standing there watching as we worked. Shit! His penis was so hard it bent upward at about a 45 degree angle.

Kimberly called out, "Okay, guys, he's ready! Let him go!"

With that, the guys let go of the tire, and off Frank went out over the water. Everybody dove into the river behind him carrying the rings the girls had made. Then, as Frank swung back and forth in front of us, we all took turns trying to throw our rings so they would loop over his hard-on. Toss after toss would bounce off the tire, off his stomach, off his chest, none found their mark.

After a little while, Frank's penis started to droop, and we had Johnny and Billy pull him up to the rock while Wendy played with him until he was hard again. I was really impressed with Wendy because she wasn't as subtle as Kimberly and I had been. As soon as Johnny and Billy had Frank stable, she just grabbed his rod and started stroking it slowly until it was at full staff again. Then the boys let him go, and the game continued.

Finally we started getting better and the rings started to loop over his tool. One bounced off of Frank's abdomen and just barely caught on the head of his cock. It dangled there for a few seconds before finally falling off. We all rooted for it to hang on and let out a boo when it finally fell.

Each time Frank's cock started to droop, two guys would get out and hold the tire while one of the girls got out to get him hard again. Each of the girls took turns so we all got a good feel and look at his hard-on.

Most of the girls just grabbed his cock and stroked it until it was hard. When it was Marci's turn, she stood next to Frank on his left and held the shaft of his cock in her right hand. She made sure we were all watching (and could see what she was doing) before she continued. Then, making an "O" with the thumb and index finger of her left hand, she encircled the head of his cock. We all watched as she slid the "O" back and forth over just the head of his cock with a very fast rhythm until his cock leaped to full erection. This must have turned him on more than anything the other girls had done because he had to tell Marci to stop after just a few seconds. I could swear I saw another drop of pre-cum come out of the end of his cock, but it flicked off right away because of her stroking.

The first ring to actually stay also bounced off of him and caught on the tip of his hard-on. This time, though, he flexed his muscles, and his cock gave a little jerk, flipping the ring back so it rested at the base. We went wild and hooted and cheered for Trevor as he was the one who had thrown it.

It was interesting that Frank didn't seem to lose his hard-on after a while. It just remained hard, and we had plenty of time to throw the rings. Soon, the rings were lining up on his cock. At one point, there were four of them hanging there, and we were getting all excited. Kimberly got up on Johnny's shoulders so she could grab the rings off of Frank's penis.

During all of this and when it wasn't their turn, the guys would warm up to us girls by hugging and kissing us. They would do whatever it took to feel our bodies, and we made no effort to pull away or stop them. We enjoyed it but acted like we were concentrating on the game, basically letting the guys feel whatever they wanted unhampered.

We played a little longer until we actually got seven rings to hang on Frank’s cock without falling. After that, Frank's arms were giving out, and he dropped from the tire into the water. Kimberly went over to sooth him for a while, and the rest of us started horsing around again. Of course, now the guys were feeling a bit freer about touching us, so the horse-play was a bit more erotic.

As the day wore on, we started getting pretty tired. One by one, we moved our way onto the beach and stretched out on our towels. Since we were all pretty comfortable with our bodies by that time, there wasn't any modesty among us. Both the girls and the boys would lie on their backs, unconcerned that the others were staring at their bodies. We all took advantage of the opportunity to fill our eyes with whatever we desired.

Marci was especially impressed with Johnny's penis because of how much larger than the rest of the boys’ it was. She made sure to lie down beside him and started talking to him. She lay on her side facing him with her head in her hand resting on her elbow while he lay on his back and looked at the sky. As time passed, she started running her fingers across his chest, feeling the trough of his sternum and his ribs as he breathed. Then she let her fingers slide down across his stomach and circled around his bellybutton.

I watched as she casually crossed his hips and started tracing around the tip of Johnny's penis, which was resting limp to one side. Seeing that he didn't stop her, she hesitantly let her fingers lightly touch the shaft and slide across its soft length. In a matter of seconds, life filled his penis, and it quickly grew hard and stretched across his abdomen. This was clearly what she wanted as she watched it stretch under her gentle caress until it pointed stiffly toward Johnny's bellybutton. Then she started lightly stroking the bottom of the hard shaft with her index finger. She was obviously feeling its cylindrical shape, tracing the veins and arteries, pressing against the edge of the crown and feeling how soft its velvety texture was.

I watched for a good twenty minutes as she continued to caress his manhood, enjoying its hard shape and length, tracing the ridge of the glans, feeling the long tube that ran the full length on the bottom. I could see that Johnny was really enjoying her touch, his eyes were closed, and he seemed to be in a coma. Marci ran her fingers up and down the sides of his cock and finally actually wrapped her slender hand around it. She squeezed it gently as she slowly slid her fist up and down its entire length.

By this time, we had all nudged each other to make sure we were all watching, even the boys were sitting up. Some of the boys had started caressing the girls a little, and I noticed that their penises were getting nice and hard themselves. Frank was behind me lying on his side and past my body to watch the show. His cock was sticking straight out, parallel with the ground, and almost begging to be touched. I decided to sit up and lean backwards against his stomach while I watched Marci.

Sitting with my legs crossed in front of me, I lightly caressed Frank's bare leg and enjoyed feeling his warm, naked body under me. Oh, how I wanted to touch his cock, but I didn't want him to yell at me again. Little by little, I let my caressing move closer and closer to his groin, wondering when he would stop me.

To my surprise, I felt Frank's hand start to caress my thigh. It ran up and down the top and inside of my leg, and I felt tingles running up and down my spine. This was all the encouragement I needed, and my hand slowly made its way down to his cock. I started by caressing it lightly and then slowly let my fingers wrap around it. Then, as gently as I could, I stroked up and down its length, feeling its soft texture and its hardness. I couldn’t believe how much it turned me on just by touching it.

Frank's touch seemed to get monotonous as it went back and forth over the same area on my leg, so I turned a little to give his hand better access to the area I wanted him to touch. I twisted around a little to lean more on his legs and spread my left leg up toward his head. My right leg remained crossed in front of me, but this position opened my pussy up so much I could feel the cool air against the moisture inside my lips. Frank took the hint and let his caresses wander further. I thought I was going to pop when I felt his hand run up my hip and then cross onto the bald area where I had shaved off my pussy hair. It was such a turn on because I'd never had anybody touch me there before.

By this time, Marci was also sitting up and had changed her playing to repeat what she had done to Frank earlier when he was on the swing. She was holding the shaft of Johnny's cock in one hand while using the other hand to rapidly stroke just the head with the loop made from her thumb and forefinger. Her back was toward Johnny's head, and she was not paying any attention to him at all, just completely focused on his cock.

Suddenly, to all of our surprise, Johnny clenched his fists and gave out a loud grunt. Marci, unaware of what was going on, continued her stroking as a big glob of a white creamy substance spat from the tip of his penis and shot about a foot into the air. It landed with a splat on his stomach just below his bellybutton. Marci was so shocked, she let go of his cock and let it slap down against his abdomen.

A second later, Johnny grunted again, and his cock jerked up a little from his belly while squirting another spurt of fluid up his muscular body. This left a line of gooey, white liquid from his bellybutton to the base of his neck. Not sure what was wrong, Marci used two fingers to lift Johnny's penis away from his stomach, pointed it up at about a forty-five degree angle and inspected its tip.

Just then, Johnny tensed up again and grunted out another shot of his cream. Because of the position that Marci was holding his penis, this one shot out about six inches and landed in her lap. She jerked her hand away like it was in a flame, letting his penis splat down again as she whined out her disgust and wiped the liquid off in the sand.

Johnny grunted out two more, leaving his spunk in long white streams across his stomach. Everybody was watching this intensely because none of us had seen anything like it before. Even Johnny was surprised and was now horribly embarrassed. He looked up and saw that we were all watching and turned bright red. Immediately, he got up from his prone position and ran off to the river to wash himself off, his pecker still half hard waving in front of him.

When he was done, he went straight to where his bathing suit had been thrown, picked it up, put his clothes back on and quietly told us he was cold and had to go home. Without waiting for a response from anybody, he headed off.

"What's his problem?" Wendy asked.

"Shit, I don't know," Trevor responded.

"I think he was embarrassed," Kimberly suggested.

"What happened, anyway?" Leslie wanted to know.

"I think that's what happens when guys have sex," Marci said. "They're supposed to have something called an ejaculation, remember? It's different from peeing."

"Well, it's nothing to be embarrassed about," I said. "As a matter of fact, I thought it was kind of sexy."

"Me, too," Leslie said. "I'd like to see it again."

I was still stroking Frank's tool, which hadn't gotten any softer, and a thought occurred to me.

"Frank," I said, without letting go, "since I know you were pretty close earlier, would you...."

Without letting me finish, he said, "Ooooh, nooo!"

"Awww, come on!" Kimberly begged as she cuddled up to him.

Soon all the girls were onto him. Leslie straddled his chest and sat on him, leaning over his face to demand he ejaculate for us. She made a point of rubbing her pussy hair against his chest as she made her plea. I continued my stroking and said, "Wouldn't you prefer to do it with us than by yourself?" Even the guys were cheering him on.

Soon we had him convinced, though he was very reluctant. We got him to get up on his knees while we made a little semi-circle around him. Even Billy and Trevor sat with us to watch.

"I want to do it," Kimberly said, gently pushing me out of the way. "You've had enough fun with his cock. Now it's my turn."

I agreed that I'd played with him quite a bit and didn't mind giving her some time. Besides, I kinda wanted to play with myself while I watched, so I positioned myself right in the firing line while Kimberly knelt beside him and started stroking his hard-on. Leslie and Wendy were kind enough to stroke Billy and Trevor while they watched, which seemed to be just fine with them. They took this to mean they had free reign to play with the girls.

I showed no modesty as I let one hand squeeze my breasts and twist my nipples while the other hand roamed my pussy. Frank noticed what I was doing and let his eyes focus on my manipulations, clearly fascinated with how I played with myself. I adjusted myself so my legs were crossed in front of me to open my pussy up better for him to watch. Then I narrowed my stroking to my pussy lips and clit while I watched Kimberly try and make him ejaculate.

In a matter of seconds, I saw that drop of liquid ooze out of the tip of Frank's cock, again. Soon afterwards, his hips started rocking back and forth with her pumping. Kimberly increased her pace and focused her stroking to just the head. Marci had taken up the position on the other side of Frank and was feeling his balls which had grown tight against his groin.

I was so wet and horny, I couldn't believe it. Tingles were running up and down my body as I felt my fingers sliding in and out of my pussy and then up and over my clit. I couldn't believe I was actually masturbating openly in front of Frank and the other boys. I had done this in front of my friends, but never dreamed I’d do it in front of a boy, much less three of them. Even worse, all the boys were focused on my spread pussy while I was doing it. Apparently, they weren't interested in watching Frank ejaculate.

With a sudden jerk, Frank pushed his hips forward and froze as Kimberly continued to rapidly slide her hand back and forth over his cock. His hips shuddered, then his first spurt ejaculated out of the tip of his cock. Since I was sitting just a few feet away right in front of him, it hit me right on my left breast, and I could feel the hot liquid drip down and into my lap. Kimberly seemed to get a kick out of this and, without slowing her stroking, aimed each one of his shots so that it would hit me somewhere. I encouraged her by inching closer to his exploding hard-on. In no time at all, I was covered in his cum and loving every second of it.

Watching his sperm shoot out and feeling its heat on my body brought me to my first orgasm. Even before Frank was finished, I felt this rush come over my body, and my insides clench up. Stroking my lips and clit only made it stronger, and I almost felt like I lost consciousness as I went through climax after climax. I only faintly heard one of the guys comment that I was having an orgasm, too, but I didn't really care. This feeling was so wonderful I wanted it to last forever.

The only reason I stopped was because my pussy lips and clit became really sensitive, and I couldn't touch them anymore. I sat there shivering from my orgasm and slowly became aware of my surroundings again. The other kids were all talking about how much sperm had come out of Frank's cock and about my orgasm. I guess Frank had shot more sperm than Johnny, and they were wondering why. Frank was pretty much out of the conversation because he was now dead to the world.

The girls were real curious and wondered if all boys shot different amounts of sperm. The boys didn't know because they had never compared, much less talked about it with each other.

"But I thought everybody shot the same amount," Marci said.

"Yeah," Leslie added, "according to a book that I read, it was supposed to be a couple of tablespoons or something."

"Well, Frank squirted a lot more than that!" Wendy said.

"Shit!" Billy added, "Alison shot more than that!"

I didn't really understand what he was talking about and presumed he was referring to how much Frank had shot onto me. Then Trevor added, "Yeah, and I thought girls didn't ejaculate like guys! I mean, I knew they had orgasms. I just didn't know anything came out!"

Now I was really confused. I looked down at myself, and that's when I realized there was a little puddle of liquid under my pussy lips. It was slowly soaking into the sand, but it was there. I thought maybe it was Frank's sperm, but it was clearly dripping out of my pussy. That was the first time that I realized that I squirted just like guys. God! What a turn on that was. It was too bad my pussy was too sore, or I would have tried to do it again.

Frank started to come around just as the girls decided to get Trevor and Billy to have an orgasm and see how much they spurted. I guess the boys were so horny that they weren't at all shy about it anymore. They must have felt that if the older boys were willing to masturbate in front of us all, they didn’t need to be embarrassed. Also, after seeing how the girls seemed to enjoy it, it didn't seem to be something to be shy about.

Billy took advantage of the situation and convinced the girls that, afterwards, the guys should be allowed to watch the girls have an orgasm, too, so that they could see if they all oozed liquid like I did. The girls were so horny they actually liked the idea. It was obvious that there were no further inhibitions in this group.

Wendy and Leslie went to work on Billy and Trevor and almost made it a contest to see who could get their boy to shoot first. Kimberly, Marci and I took positions between them and acted like a cheering section, encouraging the boys to ejaculate and giving instructions to the girls on how to speed up the process.

Billy was sitting on the ground leaning back on his hands with his legs spread in a "V" in front of him. Wendy squatted next to him and stroked his cock with fervor. She was totally focused on her task and staring at his cock to see it erupt.

Trevor had his legs folded under him so he was sitting on his heels. Leslie sat in a similar position behind him so that her knees straddled his feet, and she reached around him with both hands to stroke his cock. Marci had taken the point position with Trevor and sat on her knees so they were just inches from his. She clearly wanted his sperm to land on her. Apparently she wasn't grossed out by it anymore.

In a matter of seconds, both of the boys had their orgasms. Trevor shot first, splattering his boy-juice all over the place. His sperm didn't squirt out in solid streams like Johnny and Frank had done. It was hard to tell how much actually came out, but it seemed like a lot less than Frank. Marci squealed as his ejaculate splattered all over her.

Billy reached his climax while Trevor was still splattering Marci. His was far less spectacular and just seemed to ooze out of the tip of his cock and down Wendy's hand. After it started oozing, she made sure to stroke just his shaft so the creamy substance just leaked out and dripped to the ground. Again, he clearly didn't unload as much as either Johnny or Frank.

“What the hell was that?” Wendy asked, looking at the measly dribbling coming from Billy.

“Uh, sorry,” Billy said meekly. “I guess I'm empty.”

Then, after some pressure, Billy added, “I kinda came a couple times already.”

“When?” I asked, wondering if I'd missed it.

“Oh, when we were all playing in the water,” he admitted.

“When?” Kimberly asked more forcefully.

Billy looked over at Marci and said, “Remember when we were playing ring toss and you were teasing me?” Marci looked confused, but she nodded. “Well, I kinda touched myself and it shot off. It was a mistake, but I was so horny, I couldn't help it.”

“No wonder you were looking all flushed and everything,” Marci said with a laugh. “I thought you got hurt or something.”

“I wish you had have told us,” I said. “You could have been the first, and we might have had a lot more fun after that.”

“What do you mean?” Frank asked.

“Oh, I don't know,” I answered. “I guess we could have had more games that resulted in a climax or something. I've been so horny all day, I've just been dying to touch myself, but I didn't want to be the first.”

For the last few minutes, Trevor and Billy lay collapsed on the sand. Wendy and Leslie started chiding them for being such duds.

"God, I can't believe it," Leslie said. "Now it’s our turn, and they aren't going to have the energy to help."

Frank was now up and raring to go. He made a bee line for Kimberly and started kissing her. She wrapped her arms around his neck and squeezed him into her lips. We could all see Frank's erection had partially returned, and we watched as their tongues danced in each other's mouths.

After a few seconds, they separated, and Kimberly pushed Frank away.

"That's enough foreplay!" she exclaimed. "Get me off now!"

She took Frank's hand and pulled him over to the big rock. Finding a corner that she could spread her legs over, she lay back and propped her feet flat against the sides of the corner with her knees spread apart. In this position, her pussy was completely open for us all to see. It was clearly wet, and I noticed her clit standing out.

"All right, boys and girls," she announced. "Gather 'round and watch me burst! Frank, get your fingers busy! I feel like I'm about to explode!"

Frank needed no further instructions. We all moved over to stand between her spread knees while he immediately busied himself by reaching into her sparsely covered slit and opening it up. Trevor and Billy were especially curious and asked Frank for permission to inspect her more closely. While he held her pussy lips apart, each of them took turns lightly caressing her lips and digging their fingers deep into her vagina. With each touch, Kimberly moaned softly and writhed around.

Not knowing what to do, Frank fingered Kimberly's pussy and rubbed the lips. I could tell he was just doing what he thought she wanted, and, even though she didn't complain, I knew he was being too rough. I decided he needed some instruction.

"Here, Frank," I said, "be more gentle. Caress her here, and here...." I pointed to the areas, and he followed my directions. I explained how to slide his fingers up inside her and pump in and out. Then I showed him her love button.

"Now, you see that?" I pointed to the tiny red bead. "Very gently, rotate your thumb around it." Then, as I watched him, I added, "THAT will bring her to orgasm - but you have to be real gentle."

Kimberly jumped when his thumb touched her clit. As he rotated it, her hips rocked back and forth, and a moan escaped her lips. I had him use his other hand to repeat the other things I had shown him, and I knew it wouldn't be long before Kimberly reached a climax.

Seeing that he no longer needed instructions, I looked past Kimberly's pussy and noticed Frank had a full erection again. I was surprised to see it standing there since it hadn't been that hard since his orgasm. Reaching past Kimberly's pussy, I grabbed Frank's cock and started pulling on it, squeezing and gently twisting it in my hand.

"Gee, look what we have here," I commented to the others as I played with his cock. Then I looked at the other two boys to see that they were both hard, too.

Suddenly, Kimberly let out a low moan and grabbed the wrist of Frank's hand that was diddling her clit. She held his arm still as her orgasm reached an explosive climax. We watched as her stomach muscles clenched up and her fingers dug into Frank's arm. Then, she cramped so tight that she actually sat up. It was during this spasm that we all could see a clear liquid dripping from her pussy.

Frank increased the pumping of his other hand into her opening, and we could hear the slurping of her insides. Kimberly grunted a few times like Johnny had, and finally pulled Frank's hand away from her clit.

I directed Frank to stop pumping her vagina and suggested he just gently caress her outer lips and inner thighs. Kimberly jerked a few more times, but very little came out of her pussy after that one powerful spasm.

"Oh my God!" Kimberly finally sighed. "That had to be the best orgasm I've ever had!" Then she looked at the rest of us and asked, "Did you all watch?"

“Of course we did!” I responded.

“And look how much it turned the guys on,” Leslie added, pointing to all the hard-ons around us.

“Yeah, they should talk,” Trevor chimed in. “The girls were fingering themselves like crazy while they watched.”

Kimberly sat up and said, "Oh, great! It was so important to me that my best friends witness my first orgasm with a boy." Then, as she looked at the three hard-ons pointing at her, she added, "I'm also glad that it turned you three on so much."

Then, she quickly jumped off the rock, slapped the dirt off of her ass and said, "Okay, we've got three more orgasms we have to perform. Who's next?"

Billy grabbed Wendy by the waist and lifted her onto the rock where Kimberly had just been.

"I have been dying to play with your body!" he announced. "Since you got to jerk me off, it's my turn to do you!"

As with Frank, Billy needed some instruction, but this time, all the girls put in their two cents. We were all telling him different things to do because we all had our own little preferences. Even Wendy gave him some pointers even though we had almost forgotten that she belonged to the body Billy was playing with.

After Wendy had her orgasm, Trevor took his turn bringing Leslie to a climax. Again everybody had to tell him what to do and, in spite of us, he succeeded in getting her off.

When it was Marci's turn, we all got to arguing who was going to bring her to orgasm. Even the girls wanted to do her. Marci finally had to interrupt us and suggested we all work on her together before she took care of herself. She was so horny that she just didn't want to wait any longer and, looking at Frank’s, Trevor’s and Billy's hard-ons waiving in front of them while they argued, didn't make it any easier for her.

"Damn!" she said abruptly. "I've patiently waited all afternoon while each one of you got satisfied. Now all you can do is argue, and I'm wondering if I'm going to get mine."

We all agreed and decided to take turns on her pussy. Whoever was just standing around could play with any other part of her body they wanted.

We put her up on the rock as the other three girls had been and each found a position around her. I got first shot in the primary position, and so I stepped between her knees to focus my attention on her bright red pussy lips. It turned out that all the arguing was for nothing because I wasn't diddling with her lips and clit for ten seconds before she climaxed. Everybody was so busy caressing and playing with various parts of her body from her hair down to her toes that they didn't even notice.

I pulled away, figuring Marci was finished, and Kimberly jumped in to take over. She didn't even listen to me when I told her that Marci was done. To my surprise, a few seconds later, Marci went through another orgasm. I figured, "What the Hell!" and took advantage of the fact that no one paid attention to her orgasm except the person playing with her pussy. I moved around to where I could reach her breasts and started playing with them. It was my first opportunity to play with another girl's breasts, and it was such fun. I even tried sucking on them and flicking the nipples with my tongue.

I think Marci had four or five orgasms before we were done with her. She didn't seem to mind as she lay there convulsing from her last one when we all pulled away.

We all sat around and discussed this wild experience for quite a while after that. It was really great to talk about it so openly. We had actually learned a lot about what turns us on and how to turn each other on.

Then we remembered poor Johnny. He was such a good sport and then took off in such a hurry. He missed out on the best part of the day. We decided to find Johnny and tell him what happened after he left and hoped he would be more comfortable with what happened. We all agreed that “next time” would be even more fun because we could play games resulting in orgasms.

During all the fun, I had rubbed all the sperm into my skin, and it was all starting to dry out, so I headed off to the water to rinse off.

"I've got to go home," Leslie said as I headed off to the river. "My mom is going to be wondering where I've been all day."

"Yeah, me, too," Marci added.

We all found our clothes and bathing suits and put them on. Kimberly and Frank had lost their suits, so they had to dress without any underwear. No big deal, but it was something we joked about. The really odd thing was that the bikini Mom had given me was missing. We looked everywhere, but we couldn't find it. All of the boys swore they hadn't touched it; claiming they didn't even know where it was. It seemed odd to me that mine was the only one missing.

I ended up wearing my little home-made bikini with my shorts and tee-shirt over it. I was real nervous about how I was going to explain losing it to my mother.

Soon, everyone was dressed again, and we all headed out of the woods. We suddenly realized that the boys had given us rides on their bicycles, and we were now short one boy since Johnny had gone home. One of us had to walk home. It was probably five miles; a bit far for a young girl by herself.

Since Leslie and Marci really had to get home, Billy and Trevor gave them rides on their bicycles. Frank agreed to walk his bicycle, and Kimberly, he and I walked. It was a nice walk, and we were able to discuss concerns about jealousy and dating. We were committed to not be jealous of each other. Kimberly and I were equally attracted to all the boys, even though we had a leaning toward the older two, but we would never reject Billy or Trevor, so there was no reason for any of them to be jealous. We learned that Johnny had a crush on me and had one for a number of years. I never knew.

Frank told us that the biggest reason the boys finally agreed to take us swimming was because they all thought we were amazingly hot. I don't know about Kimberly, but I blushed. They agreed that if we decided to skinny-dip, that would be the perfect day, which he added it was. The concern was that we just wanted to find out where they skinny-dipped so we could spy on them. It was agreed that they really didn't mind the idea, and if that was how it turned out, it might make their swims more fun. Hopefully, they'd catch us peeking at them and make us strip.

“That would have been fun,” I said.

“Yeah, but we could get into trouble if one of you turned us in,” Frank said.

“Kimberly and I would have made sure no one turned you in,” I told him.

“Yeah, but we didn't know that.”

Anyway, we finally got to our respective homes. Frank walked us both to our individual home and kissed us on the cheek. Kimberly wanted more, but we were afraid our parents might be watching.

I don't know about Kimberly, but I had to masturbate again before I went to bed that night.

Such was my first group exhibitionist experience.