**Tina's Modeling Adventures**

by OddR

**Chapter 1**

"Hi. I'm Rickie Roberts. May I talk to you for a moment?"

I looked into the deep blue eyes of a beautiful woman smiling down at me. Before I could answer she had already sat down.

"Uhh... , yea. I guess," I stammered. I'd come to the mall to hang around with some friends, but no one else showed up. The last thing I wanted right now was some pushy sales lady trying to sell me something. As if I had any money to spend. "I'm not really gonna be here very long."

"I understand," she replied, smiling and handing me her card. "I'm a photographer and own a modeling company. You have a look that I've been searching for and I just wanted to ask if you would be interested in modeling for me sometime."

I looked down at her card. R&R Modeling Agency; Rickie Roberts, Owner.

"I don't know," I stammered. "I'm not really pretty enough to be a model."

"Of course you are," she replied. "Besides, I'm not looking for movie stars. I'm looking more for the girl next door. Some people just have a look about them. And that's you. I think you'd be perfect for what I'm working on. 'Course I won't really know until I take a few shots of you."

I was quiet for a few moments. I'm good at that. It really throws some people off balance. When I'm considering something I just sit there quietly thinking it through. No chattering and small talk for me.

I had never considered modeling before. I knew I wasn't ugly. But I also wasn't a perfect 10. My breasts were small - course Mom said they'd grow some more but I'm not sure I believed her. I was very thin and barely looked my 14 years. My brown hair was long, down to my hips. Mom kept wanting me to do something with it, but I preferred to just let hang - or sometimes put it in one tight braid down my back. Models always wore glamorous clothes. Me? I wore old jeans and ragged tee shirts. I'm not sure what this lady saw in me that made her think I could be a model.

I looked at the woman who was sitting serenely waiting on me. That was really odd. Most people were uncomfortable with my silence. Seems most people don't like to be quiet for to long. I was beginning to like her.

"I don't really think this'll work," I finally said. "I'm just not model material."

"You let me be the judge of that," she retorted with a broad grin. "I think you're beautiful. Comb that long hair back and put you in the right outfit and you'll be amazed. What do you have to lose? Beside, I'll pay you $100 for the first shoot."

"$100!" I exclaimed. "Deal! When do we start?"

"Well, I really need to meet with one of your parents first. There's a contract that we have to fill out in order for me to sell your pictures."

My face dropped. I really didn't think either of my parents would agree to this. My mom's a bitch. Won't let me do anything. My dad's pretty cool but very busy. Most of the time he just sends me to Mom for things like this.

"I don't think my mom'll go for that," I said. "She doesn't let me do anything!"

"What about your dad."

"He'd probably say it's OK, but usually he asks Mom first,"

Rickie fished a brochure out of her purse.

"Well, actually I don't have to see him or even talk to him. I just need his approval. If you can fill out the form on the back of this brochure and have him sign it we can begin."

I looked at the brochure. It was filled with gorgeous pictures of teenage girls, many that looked a lot like me.

"He has to sign it?" I asked.

With a sly grin on her face she replied, "Well, I have to have a signature on that form before we can schedule a session."

"OK," I replied seriously.

"By the way, what's your name?" she asked.

"I'm Tina," I replied.

"Tina, it's good to meet you," she said, shaking my hand.

I grinned.

"Will you call me even if you decide not to do this?"

"OK. Sure," I replied.

She got up to leave, then stopped and turned back.

"Tina, one more thing. Please don't tell any of your friends about this. You see, I search for people with particular characteristics. I don't take photos for people to keep. I take photos to sell to magazines and catalogs. If you tell your friends I'll be inundated with requests to photograph people that I just can't sell. So will you keep this just between us?"

"Sure," I replied.

"Great! Give me a call!"

Then she was off, her short skirt swaying, boots clicking on the linoleum

After she left I read through the brochure. It was pretty straight forward really. Among the pictures of gorgeous teen models she had written a basic description of her business. She stated that she enjoyed finding new talent and sending them on the way to success. She never intended on taking a model all the way to the top. According to her brochure, one of three things happened with her models. Occasionally one would just take off. Some large agency would see her, like her, and sign her to a high dollar contract. Rickie would receive a significant finders fee if that happened.

Occasionally the pictures just didn't make it. The model, though beautiful, just didn't have that magic something that is sellable. In that case the model still ended up making a couple of hundred dollars for the sessions and was allowed to keep a copy of the pictures.

Most of the time her models never became big stars but neither did they bomb out. Most of her models continued modeling for her throughout their teen years and appeared in various catalogs and magazines. They were paid good money and were introduced to the fashion industry and went on their way when they graduated from high school.

This honesty impressed me. I thought she would have claimed that all her models became superstars. That's what the TV ads always said.

The back of the form was simple. It asked for my name, address, age, etc. Then had a paragraph giving R&R Modeling Agency ownership of any photographs taken during paid modeling sessions. At the bottom it asked for the signature of my parent or guardian.

I don't often go behind my parents' backs but I knew my mom would say no. And I knew my dad would send me to my mom.

Sitting at my desk in my room I scrawled my dad's illegible signature.

I called Rickie the next day and set an appointment for my first session. She explained that she worked out of her home, just a few blocks from where I lived. I told her Saturday morning worked well for me. I somehow neglected to mention that my parents would not question me too much about my whereabouts on a Saturday morning. She asked me what size I wore so that she could arrange the outfits for me and we agreed to meet at 9:30.

On Saturday, I rode my bike to Rickie's house. It was a fairly large one story ranch house with a huge enclosed back yard. I wore old jeans and a tee shirt, just like always.

Rickie greeted me at the door in short cut offs and a sports bra.

"Come on in, Tina," she said enthusiastically. As she saw me looking at her she added, "I prefer to be comfortable during my shoots."

She led me into her house, which was open and comfortable with lots of windows and plants. The first room on the right was her office and we stepped in there first.

"OK. I need your permission form," she said.

I handed it to her, a little worried about what she might ask.

She looked it over and put in an open file on her desk. "Parents didn't have any questions?" she asked without looking up.

"No," I answered as matter-of-factly as I could.

"Great!" She looked up at me. "Shall we get started?"

"Sure," I replied hesitantly.

She led me out of her office to a closed door, opened it, turned on the light and asked me to go on down into her basement. Closing the door behind her she followed me down.

The basement had been converted into one large studio room. There were various backdrops around with lights already set up. Along one wall was a rack of clothes of various shapes and sizes. All the windows were covered to keep out the light. Along one wall was a table with various cameras and other equipment neatly arranged. A light table and computer were next to it. One corner of the studio had a darkroom built into it. Beanbag chairs were scattered around the room.

"Now, a couple of ground rules, Tina," said Rickie in a businesslike manner. "A modeling studio is no place for modesty. I live alone here so no one will interrupt us and at least for the time being you will not be working with any other models. It is extremely important that clothing be worn in very specific ways, depending on the outfits. In many cases you will never have worn anything like the gowns and other fashions that I'll be shooting you in. As a result, I insist on helping all my models into their outfits. Do you have a problem with that?"

I wasn't too sure about that. I mean, I hated PE because I had to undress in front of all the girls. Why did I need her to dress me anyway? Nevertheless I shook my head no.

"OK. Great! Now let me show you your first outfit."

She turned and headed toward the rack of clothes along the wall.

"We'll start you off in something close to what you're used to wearing," she said as she pulled a pair a jeans and black tee shirt off the rack. "Come on, get undressed."

A little self-consciously I pulled my tee shirt off then dropped my jeans and pulled them off. Standing in front of her in my white bra and panties I reached out for the jeans.

She seemed to have gotten all the sizes correct. I pulled on the jeans and, although they were tighter than I was used to, they fit perfectly. Next I pulled on the tee shirt. It, too, was tighter than I was used to, but it seemed to fit OK. It stopped right at the top of my jeans and looked really cool.

Rickie spun me around and looked at me from all directions.

"Just what I was afraid of," she commented. "I can see your bra strap. You'll have to take it off."

"What?" I asked, shocked.

"I told you, Tina, modesty has no place in a modeling studio. Almost all fashion shoots are done with no underwear of any kind. It shows up under the clothes and looks really bad in the picture. You can keep your panties on, but the bra has to go."

I reached up under the shirt and unsnapped, planning to pull it out of the armhole of my tee shirt.

"Oh no," she said, stopping me. "Don't go stretching these clothes all out. I only get them on loan. Take it off to remove your bra."

I almost quit. I wanted to. Who was she to make me bare my tits to her? But I'd come this far. I pulled the tee shirt off, pulled off my bra, and put the tee shirt back on.

Rickie ignored me completely. She was already at her camera table picking out two or three different cameras to use on me.

The photography shoot was incredible. She kept me barefoot, said it looked really good with the jeans. Somehow, once the camera started clicking I seemed to be transported to a whole different world. Rickie had me standing, sitting, lying down, twirling around, bending over, flipping cartwheels. I'd never worked so hard in my life. We must have kept it up for half an hour and when it was over I was panting and giggling like a little girl.

"How're you doing?" she asked as we stopped.

"This is great!" I panted, collapsing into a beanbag chair.

"Cool," she said. "These shots will look great. Take a few minutes to rest and we'll do one more set today."

The next outfit she pulled out was a long satin prom gown - absolutely gorgeous.

"Give me your clothes," she commanded.

Eyeing the gown with the lust of a teenager planning her first prom, I peeled off my tee shirt and jeans.

"This dress will be too tight for those panties, they'll show up too," she said.

I hesitated a moment. "What the Hell," I thought. "It's just the two of us." I pealed them off and tossed them over to my clothes.

I stood totally nude in front of her and this time she eyed me from head to toe. My breasts are pretty small, about the size of your average peach and right now my nipples were standing straight out. I had narrow hips and a tight curly bush between my legs, not real heavy, but definitely there.

She held the dress open and had me step into it, then pulled it up for me. It was absolutely fabulous. Almost the entire back was open. Low cut in front, but not to low. It was tight around my hips. Rickie was right, my panty line would have been visible. The gown hung all the way down to my ankles.

She sat me down in front of the mirror and combed out my long brown hair, then laid it across my shoulders.

Next she pulled out some light blue high heeled shoes. Really high heeled. I mean, the heels were three inches as least. They didn't fit very well, but they looked OK and it wasn't like I was going to be dancing all night.

Once we started shooting she directed me into all kinds of different poses. I started off sitting demurely in front of corsages and other flowers. Then I was standing for a formal portrait. Then twirling with a fan blowing my hair. Then collapsing into a beanbag with my feet in the air. Bending over and looking backwards. Laying on my back and dangling my shoe off my foot. Rolling onto my stomach with my feet bare.

It was a blast!

Once the shoot was over she helped me out of my gown and I was nude once again.

"You're a natural," she said, grinning.

"Thanks," I replied.

"When can you come again?"

"When do you want me?"

"Let's go up to my office and I'll check my appointment book," she said as she started towards the stairs.

"Uh, Rickie. I need to get dressed first."

"What?" she asked, looking back at me. "Oh yea. Of course. Go ahead and get dressed."

She stood and waited as I pulled my panties on, then my jeans, bra, tee shirt and shoes.

"You're gorgeous, Tina, but your going to need to shave your vaginal hair," she commented as I buttoned my jeans. Cameras can pick up shadows where the human eye can't."

I wasn't sure what to say so I just didn't say anything.

Upstairs she looked at her appointment book and we scheduled for later in the week after school.

Wednesday afternoon I headed over to Rickie's studio. Once again, I wore my traditional jeans and tee shirt outfit (rarely ever varied).

Rickie greeted me at the door and directed me down to her basement. She started off by showing me prints of the previous session. I know I'm bragging, but I looked incredible. There was one shot in my gown when I'd collapsed into the beanbag chair. The dress and fallen back and revealed my bare leg up to my thigh. The top and slipped some and showed a hint of my breast. Nothing bad. It was just a great shot. I looked like fun! Rickie said that's what modeling should look like.

"OK," she said after I'd spent time goggling at all the pictures. "Time to get to work. Get out of those clothes."

Still a little embarrassed, I pulled my tee shirt off, stepped out of my jeans, and stood before her in my panties and bra.

Looking up at me from her camera table she said, "Those too, sweetheart."

Bashfully, I removed my bra and panties. She glanced over and smiled when she saw that I'd shaved my pussy bald this morning.

My outfit included a white satin thong, tight low-rise jeans, and a small halter-top that hugged my chest and outlined my breasts. The jeans hung so low below my hips that if I hadn't shaved, my hair would have been sticking up. The waist of the thong was about two inches above my jeans. She then handed me a pair of black high-heeled shows, even higher than my last shoot.

I looked in the mirror and was amazed! I no longer looked like grunge kid from up the street. I looked sexy. I mean really sexy!

Rickie laughed when she saw my expression. "Told you you were beautiful."

We finished that shoot and she had me strip again.

"Have you ever done gymnastics or cheerleading?"

"Cheerleading - never. But I was in gymnastics until I was twelve."

"Really? I want to do a cheerleader set. Are you game?" Rickie asked.

"Cheerleaders?" I grimaced. I hated cheerleaders. "Do I have to?" Realizing I sounded like a three year old I changed my tune. "OK. Whatever you say."

"Great. Come over here and let me do your hair."

"Uh. Shouldn't I get dressed first?" I asked.

"What?" she replied absentmindedly looking back at me. "No. Don't want to get hair on the uniform.

I followed her to the make up table bare-assed naked and sat down. The plastic seat felt cold on my nude rear. Without comment she combed out my hair and put it in two tight pony tails. In five minutes I lost two years. A twelve year old girl stared back at me from the mirror.

I stood up and she led me to the clothes rack and pulled off the outfit. I pulled on the panties she handed me - a red satin thong!

"Aren't these a little small for a cheerleader outfit?" I asked. My entire ass was uncovered except for inch of satin hiding my crack.

"Well, a cheerleader at school couldn't wear them," Rickie laughed. "But it'll look great on camera.

The skirt was a classic short red and blue cheerleader skirt that stopped about an inch below my crotch. The top was a tight red and blue spangled satin halter. Very tight. My breasts were clearly outlined through the material. Knee high white socks and snow white sneakers completed the ensemble.

"I'm not to sure about this, Rickie," I said tentatively. "This is a bit much."

Smiling at me, Rickie replied, "I understand. Let's just take a few shots and see how it looks. You'd be amazed at often I end up trashing and entire shoot because it just doesn't work."

With that, she headed over to the set.

Once again, she started off really slow. Sitting, legs together, hands in lap. Standing, legs together, hands clasped in front of me.

"OK. Now spread your legs and put your hands on your hips," she barked.

"Stretch your arms straight out in front of you!"

"Now over your head. Beautiful!"

"One arm straight up, one arm straight out!"

"Put one leg back and lean on your front leg. Wonderful!"

"Now, both arms up again."

"Now jump straight up, legs together, arms pointing to the roof."

"Twirl around on one foot. All the way around. Beautiful!"

"Face the wall and look back at me. Hands on hips."

"Twirl back and face me."

"Now jump straight up and spread your arms and legs like an X"

"Beautiful!"

"Scissor kick."

"Again."

"Now jump and land in a split."

"Wonderful!"

"Hold that split. Arms straight up."

"Great! Now keep that split and lay on your back. Raise your legs up and look at me through your legs. Wonderful!"

"Can you carry it all the way over in a summersault and stand up? Wonderful!"

"Can you do a standing back flip? Terrific!"

"Can you do a standing split? That's right. Bottom leg straight. Hold that top leg by your face. Beautiful!"

I couldn't believe it. Once the camera started clicking it's like I became a whole new person. I was a performer and Rickie was the director. Everything she said I did, and my gymnastics helped tremendously. I was spinning, flipping, splitting, and twirling until I could barely breath!

"OK. Relax," she said.

I collapsed, spread eagle on the mat. Rickie continued to shoot.

"I thought we were done," I gasped.

"You are," she said. "I'm not."

She continued walking around me, shooting from all directions and heights while I panted, covered in a thin sheen of sweat.

Finally she stopped and sat down cross-legged in front of me.

"You are amazing," she laughed. "A true natural."

"Thanks," I replied, still out of breath. "Were these really good?"

"These were incredible! You'll love them when I get the developed."

We stood up and I automatically undressed, handing her the outfit.

"Time's up," said Rickie. "Can you come back on Saturday?"

"Sure," I replied as I dressed, no longer embarrassed at my nudity in front of her.

"Great. I want to do a slumber party sequence. I may have several other girls. Will that be a problem?"

I hesitated. Other girls meant they'd see me nude. But since I'd already done this much I may as well.

"No. No problem," I replied.

"Terrific. Can you stay all day? Since I'm trying to have 4 of you, I need as much time as possible."

"Yea," I said, still not to sure of this whole group thing. "I can arrange to be here all day."

"Cool. See you Saturday at 9:00."

As I left, she handed me 10 twenty dollars bills. Two hundred dollars in one week!

When I wheeled into her driveway that Saturday two other bikes were already leaning against her garage door. I put mine next to them and walked up to the front door. It was a warm day and I wore gym shorts and a tank top (no bra, what was the point?).

Rickie met me at the door wearing a bikini top and short white jogging shorts that hung low on her hips.

"Tina, this is Laura and Maria," she said, introducing the two girls in her living room.

The first thing that struck me was how similar the three of us were. All three of us were small, petite is the best word I guess - short and thin. None of us topped more than 5' or weighed more than 90 lbs. I'd seen both of them in school, but didn't know either of them. Laura was 13 I think, one grade below me. She had shoulder length blond hair, deep blue eyes and snow white skin. Maria was in my grade so I guess she was 14, though like both Laura and me most people would assume she was only 13. She was Hispanic, with long black hair and dark brown eyes. Her skin was a lovely deep tan.

Just after we had greeted each other the doorbell rang again and the fourth member of our "slumber party" arrived. Michelle was a red head with short straight hair and freckles all over her face and shoulders. She, too, was petite and looked younger than her 14 years. She was actually in the same home room I was, though I didn't know her very well.

"OK, gather around everyone," announce Rickie as she came into the living room.

We all sat down and looked at her.

"Now, all of you have modeled a couple of times for me so you know how I work. But none of you has modeled with others before. As I've told each of you, there's no room for modesty in modeling. We're going to be doing several sets with a slumber party motif. That means changing in front of each other and wearing various styles of pajamas and underwear. I've been talking to a major teen magazine regarding this series and they are very interested. Before we begin I need to know if any of you have a problem with this? I don't want to get half way through a shoot and have one of you bale on me."

We all looked a little nervous, but we all shook our heads.

"OK. The key to this whole series is that it must look like you're really having a slumber party. As a result we're going to be shooting up here instead of down in the studio. Too much furniture is necessary for us to do it downstairs. Now go ahead and get undressed and I'll get your first set of outfits for you."

She turned and walked out of the room.

Embarrassed, no one moved for a few moments. Then Laura stood and quickly pulled off her tee shirt, shorts, panties and shoes. In less than five seconds she was standing nude in front us.

The rest of us laughed good naturedly, glad that someone else had gone first, stood up and stripped.

Each of us looked at the others and realized that Rickie had made all of us shave our pussies. There wasn't a bush in the room. Not knowing what to do, we sat back down, hands in our laps, legs closed.

Rickie walked back in carrying four hangers.

"Maria, please take all your clothes downstairs so they don't show up in my pictures," she asked.

"Now?" responded Maria.

"Yes now. Remember, modesty has no place here," she admonished, smiling sweetly.

Maria stood up, gathered our clothes, and trotted downstairs, her bare ass swaying.

We dutifully put on the outfits that Rickie handed to us.

I had a man's white dress shirt and a sheer white lace thong. Once I got it on, Rickie came to "fix" it for me. She rolled up the sleeves to my elbows and unbuttoned the shirt to just above my belly button. Standing, I looked down. The sides of the shirt stopped at crotch level and the front and back hung to mid thigh. The front covered my breasts but was so loose that they'd be easy to see from certain directions.

Laura wore a light blue Tweety Bird nightshirt that stopped about an inch below her crotch. I'd seen her put on a matching blue thong.

Michelle wore a white tank top that stopped just above her belly button and a pair of men's boxers. The arm holes were pretty big, so if she moved a certain way I could see her nipples. The crotch on the boxers opened when she moved. I don't think she realized that, though. Rickie came and pulled them down so low on her hips that the top of her crack showed in the back.

Maria came in and was handed a long white cotton gown that she pulled over her head. It was very light and almost sheer. Her brown nipples cast a dark shadow against the material. Rickie pulled the sleeves down off Maria's shoulders. This meant the whole thing tended to slide down.

"We'll start by playing a game of Twister here in the living room," Rickie announced. "The game is in the top of the coat closet. I want you to get the game, move the coffee table, spread it out, and all four play it at once. Remember, this is a real slumber party. You are best friends spending the night together. Pretend you've known each other your whole life. Have fun. Be animated. Regardless of what happens, do not be embarrassed. You need to look like this is the greatest night of your whole life! Don't worry about the pictures, I can make whatever touch-ups are necessary."

"I'll be rolling around, shooting you from various directions. Everyone ready?"

I looked around at the other three. They each had a look in their eyes similar to what I felt. Anticipation and excitement. Somehow, whenever the camera started clicking I became a different person, and I could tell that the others felt the same way.

"Laura, go get the game. The rest of you, make space."

Rickie started shooting. She followed Laura to the closet and rolled on to her back, shooting straight up as Laura climbed onto a stool and reached up for the game. Then she rolled up to a sitting position and photographed me and Michelle on our hands and knees, asses in the air, pushing the coffee table towards the couch. Maria had hiked her gown up past her knees and was pushing the recliner out of the way.

Michelle brought the box and sat down cross-legged on the floor to open it. The nightshirt bunched up around her waist giving Rickie a clear shot of her blue thong. On my knees, I leaned over and pulled out the mat realizing as I did so that my shirt hung open and revealed my naked tits. Ignoring it, I unfolded the mat and started smoothing it out.

Looking up, Laura was sitting across from me, legs wide open as she pulled on her end of the mat. The crotch of her boxers had opened and I had a clear view of her bald pussy glistening with moisture. I heard the camera click behind me.

For the one person reading this who grew up in a swamp on the back side of no where and has never heard of Twister, it consists of a large mat (like a tablecloth) with four rows of brightly colored circles. A wheel divided into four sections - right foot, left foot, right hand, left hand - and shows the colors on the mat. Each player spins the wheel and places the appropriate body part on the appropriate color. The object is to contort your body without falling over. The first person who falls over earns a T. Whoever spells Twister first, loses. The more people who play at a time the harder it is, since there are more bodies in the way.

I spun first and put my right foot on a yellow circle.

Maria bent over and put her right hand on a red circle.

Laura, left foot, blue circle.

Michelle, right foot, blue circle. I spun and had to put my left hand on a yellow circle. Feeling mischievous (and horny, I kept my legs straight, bent at the waist and placed my left hand on the circle next to the one my foot was on. I felt my shirt ride up over my ass. The sheer lace thong hid very little. I glanced down and saw my shirt falling open.

Maria had to put her left foot on a green circle. That was on the far side of the mat. As she started to move she realized that the gown didn't give her enough range of movement, so with her free hand she hiked it up to her hips, squatted, and slid her foot onto the green circle. The material fell in front of her and covered her nude pussy - barely.

Laura spun and put her right foot on a yellow circle. I was in the way, so she had to stretch forward to reach the right circle. I looked up and realized the blue thong I thought I'd seen her put on was more of a blue g string. It barely covered her pussy and the string was entirely lost in her ass. She was so close to my nose that I could smell her.

Michelle got the easy one, left foot, green circle. She simply stepped on to the mat.

Rickie, for a change, wasn't saying a word. She was just firing her camera like a crazy woman. She'd run to one side and take a picture, then lay down and shoot up at us, then jump onto a nearby chair and click away.

I spun and had to put my right hand on a red circle. Now I was sort of in trouble Somehow I had to reach a red circle, Laura was in my way, and I didn't have much room to maneuver. Squatting, I slid between Laura's legs and placed my hand on the red circle. The tails of my shirt had separated, giving Rickie a clear shot of my pussy. And Laura's pussy was right above my face.

Maria now had to put her right foot on a red circle - which was on the far side of the mat from her left foot. She shifted and placed her foot on the circle. Now for a tall man, this would not have been much of a reach. Maria almost had to do the splits. Her gown was now bunched up above her outstretched hips completely uncovering her pussy. Rickie's camera continued to click away in the background.

Laura now had to put her right foot on a green circle. She was in the same predicament that Maria was in, almost doing the splits. Except my head was right between her legs! She stretched across, lowering her pussy into my face at the same time. Her widening pussy lips swallowed the narrow strip of material as Rickie's camera continued clicking.

Michelle had to reach across to a red circle with her right hand. She squatted down and slid her hand between my legs to reach it. I glanced back at her and saw the crotch of her boxers completely open.

I now had to put my left foot on a red circle. There was no way. I simply could not reach around the bodies in front of me. I lost my balance and fell on my back, legs splayed open. Laura collapsed on top of me, her pussy landing right on my face. She was laughing so hard she didn't even realize it until I started struggling.

Getting up, I noticed that both the buttons on my shirt had come undone. I ignored it and we began another round.

Truthfully, no one ever truly finishes a game of Twister. Depending on who loses each round, it can take forever to spell out the word. But we played half a dozen rounds. And with each round we became less and less modest - more and more revealing. My shirt had come completely undone. Maria's gown stayed pushed up above her hips. Laura's g string was virtually invisible between her pussy lips and ass cheeks, and Michelle's boxers hung so low they were almost falling off.

But we didn't care. We really were having a blast. And the sight, smell, and touch of all the bare flesh was beginning to get to all of us.

Finally Rickie called out, "OK! Terrific. Let's take a breather!"

We all collapsed where we were. My shirt was completely open as I lay on my back. I heard Rickie take a couple of more shots of us, but my nudity just didn't seem to matter anymore.

After a few minutes of rest Rickie sat up and said, "OK girls. Give me your clothes."

We didn't even hesitate this time. I slipped my shirt off and pulled down my panties and tossed them towards her.

"Now we're going to have a good old fashioned underwear pillow fight!"

We all laughed. As if there had ever been a real underwear pillow fight at any slumber party in the history of the world!

Rickie grinned. "I know," she defended herself. "But it's what the editors wanted."

We followed her down the hall, still nude.

She led us into a large bedroom with a huge king size bed and a couple of sleeping bags already laid out on the floor. Laid out on the bed were four small piles. Rickie directed each of us to a pile and started preparing the lights and cameras.

I slid on a small light blue cotton thong that stopped well below my hips. If I hadn't shaved, my hair would have been poking above it! I swear almost half my crack was visible in the rear. My bra was the same shade of light blue and was strapless. It snapped tightly in the back, but there was really nothing keeping it up. And it was such light cotton that everyone could clearly see my nipples sticking out.

Maria wore a tank top undershirt with spaghetti straps. It hung so low in front that her nipples were only a quarter of an inch below the neckline. The shirt stopped a good two inches above her belly button. And this time, she was the one in boxers. I could tell by the way she kept reaching for them that they were to big and barely stayed on. I didn't think they had much chance when the pillow fight started.

Laura was the youngest of all of us and for this set she looked it. She wore pink Minnie Mouse panties and a matching training bra - but they were about two sizes too small, even for her. The panties were stretched tight around her pussy and were already working themselves into her ass in an effort to keep from splitting. Even though Laura's tits were smaller than mine, the training bra latch was straining to keep from popping.

Michelle wore delicate lace panties and a lace bra. I could easily see her nipples and her shaved slit through the thin material.

I couldn't help but wonder how Rickie would have to doctor these photos in order to publish them in a teen magazine. At the same time, I really was having a blast. That camera seemed to work magic on me.

"OK," directed Rickie. "Each of you has two real feather pillows. They are designed to rip during the fight so that feathers will begin flying around. This is a no holds barred pillow fight. Everything is allowed and we go until there aren't any more pillows to fight with. Understood?"

We all nodded.

"OK. Go!"

Laura swung her pillow and hit Maria right across the face. I did the same thing to Michelle but she ducked and swung hers up into my chest. I decided I needed height, so I climbed up on the bed and stood up, only to be clobbered as Maria beat me to it and swung her pillow into me.

I spotted Laura standing beside the bed on my right swinging with both pillows at Michelle. I whomped her right across the center of her back and saw her bra strap pop right off.

Out of the corner of my eye I spied Maria's pillow flying down at my head. Instinctively I stepped back. The pillow grazed my face and hit me flat in the chest, catching my bra and sliding it right down to my waist. Oh well. It lasted almost thirty seconds.

As I flailed away at Maria I noticed that her tits had bounced out of her shirt and now her shirt was caught up underneath them.

Laura, still on the floor, swung her pillow into Maria's ass, knocking her forward - and the boxers down to her ankles. Trying to keep from falling she pulled her feet out of them and continued pummeling me, bottomless.

By now, feathers were flying everywhere.

Laughing hysterically I pointed to Laura. "She still has her bra on," I yelled.

"Get Laura!" Maria responded.

Before she could react, all three of us pounded her with pillows. One of us (and I'll never tell who) somehow managed to unsnap her bra so that it, too, ended up around her arms instead of around her tits.

Feathers were flying everywhere as we all collapsed on the bed, arms, legs, and tits flailing wildly and our pitiful little pillows deflated into empty sacks.

We lay on our backs giggling like little children. Laura, Michelle, and I were topless. Maria was bottomless and the thin straps of her tank top had broke and it was bunched up around her waist.

Rickie was still snapping away, first on one side and then on another. As my giggling started to subside I noticed her standing on the bedside table shooting straight down at our bare bodies.

I can't explain the transformation that had come over all of us. I'd always been an extremely modest girl. Never wore revealing clothes. Never walked around my house without being properly covered up. Didn't even like undressing in the locker room at school. Yet here I was, lying on my back, practically nude! And not only did I not care, I was having the best time of my life!

I knew all of the other girls were feeling just like I was. I'd never seen any of then wearing anything the least bit provocative at school. Yet here they were as nude as I was and were laughing their heads off.

My whole outlook on life seemed to have changed. I loved the way I felt. I loved looking at these girls and I loved being seen by them. And I never wanted it to end.

"OK, girls," said Rickie after the laughing had subsided, "hand me whatever's left of your outfits."

We each tossed her our panties and followed her back to the living room.

"A slumber party's not a slumber party without pizza," she said as she picked up the phone and dialed Pizza Hut. We all agreed enthusiastically. I was starved.

"Pizza will be here in about half an hour," Rickie said, looking at the four of us as we stood before her totally nude. "Why don't we look at each of your last sessions? There were some great photos"

We all agreed enthusiastically and she led us downstairs, still nude.

We crowded around her table while she handed us 8 x 10's one at a time. All of them looked great, and incredibly sexy! Laura had a series in a micro miniskirt and high heels. Maria was dressed in a Catholic school girl uniform complete with white stockings. Michelle posed in a series as a track and field runner, in jogging shorts and a light tee shirt.

My jeans and halter looked incredibly sexy. I hadn't realized how tight they really were. They almost looked painted on. I could see the points of my nipples in most of the shots.

To me, the sexiest though, was my cheerleading set. Since I had been wearing a thong, some of the shots showing my rear looked like I didn't even have any panties on. Evidently at the end of the set my thong had worked its way to the side and there were a couple of shots showing my exposed pussy. Rickie explained that those obviously wouldn't be published but thought I'd like to see them anyway.

Looking at her watch, Rickie announced that it was time to get ready for the pizza man. I'd begun to wonder if we were going to eat in the nude. Secretly, I wished we were.

Rickie pulled out another pile of clothes and handed them out to everyone.

I pulled on a tight white tee shirt that stopped at belly button level. It was so tight that it hugged my bare breasts. The only other item I had was a pair of white cotton French-cut bikini panties. They fit perfectly. The waistband was above my hipbone and was about half an inch wide. I had full coverage of my ass and pussy, but looking in the mirror I saw that the combined effect with the tight tee shirt looked incredibly sexy.

Laura wore short purple silk pajamas. The shorts were extremely short and the legs very wide. Whenever she sat or opened her legs her pussy was revealed. The shirt stopped at her waist and only had a couple of buttons, leaving a significant amount of cleavage.

Michelle had a black silky baby doll outfit. The top was open on the sides up to her breasts. The bottoms were like Laura's, extremely short and loose.

Maria wore a frilly pink nightgown that stopped just above her crotch and a pair of matching frilly pink panties. Both were just barely sheer, just giving a hint of what lay underneath.

We went upstairs and Rickie gave us our instructions. Maria was to sit cross-legged in the big recliner. I was to open the door and lead the deliveryman inside. Laura was to pay him exact change from a bowl on the coffee table. Turning on the TV, she told Michelle to lie down on the floor to watch. A video entitled The Girls of Spring Break came on. Just as we got settled, the doorbell rang.

As I went to answer it, Rickie pulled me to the side. "When Laura's handing him the money I want you to sneak up behind her and pants her, OK?"

I grinned and nodded.

Rickie positioned herself beside the door and I swung it open. And gasped! I knew him!

The delivery driver was Brad Mason, one of my brother's friends! He'd just turned sixteen and had been bragging about being the first one in my brother's group to get his driver's license. He came to my house all the time. And I was standing in front of him wearing a tight tee shirt and panties!

"Brad!" I yelped, almost swinging the door shut in his face. I heard Rickie clicking away with her camera.

"Uh... C. Come in." I stammered.

Brad looked like he'd forgotten how to speak. In a daze he stepped into the house, then looked at Rickie.

"Don't mind her," I said, absentmindedly. "She's a photographing our slumber party. Sort of like reality TV." I grinned, beginning to get back into my character as he continued to stare at me.

I walked, no, swayed, into the living room. Brad followed like a little puppy as Rickie slid around us to get into a better position.

Everyone in the room froze for a moment when they saw Brad, but the silent encouragement of Rickie's camera kept them from completely losing it.

Standing beside Brad, I followed his eyes around the room.

First he saw Maria. Her tits were poking at the front of the thin material and the slit of her pussy was visible through the sheer pink material as she watched TV, pretending not to even see him.

Michelle had been lying on her stomach watching the video. When Brad walked in she rolled over onto her side and looked back at us, opening her legs as she did so. The front of her baby doll outfit had fallen open and I could see her entire breast. With her legs open like they were I had a clear view of her pussy as well.

On TV, girls were flashing tits, asses, and even pussies at the camera for a few beads and necklaces.

"Put the pizza on the coffee table, OK?" I directed.

"Brad!" I barked as he stood rooted in place.

"Huh. What?" he muttered.

"Put the pizza on the coffee table please."

Without saying a word he pulled two pizzas out of his warmer and placed them on the coffee table.

"How much?" Laura asked.

"Uhhh... Fourteen ninety-six," he mumbled.

Laura was standing in front of him and I was behind her. She bent over at the waist, keeping her legs straight, and began counting out the money. I knew that her shirt had fallen open and from the look in Brad's eyes he had a clear view of her tits. She slowly counted out fourteen one's, then 95 cents in nickels, then one penny.

Straightening up she reached toward his outstretched hand.

Just as their hands were about to touch I stepped up behind Laura, grabbed each side of her shorts and jerked them all the way down to her ankles.

Laura let out and shriek and threw the money straight up in the air. Brad just stared. Laura's pussy was completely bare.

I'd expected Laura to grab her shorts and pull them back up. Instead she whirled around quick as a snake, grabbed my panties, and pulled. Hard.

Both sides popped apart at the same time and she pulled her hand away with my bottoms. I was completely bare from my belly button down!

I don't think Laura meant for that to happen. She looked almost as surprised as I was. I looked into her eyes as she looked into mine. Literally in the twinkle of our eyes we formed our plan.

She turned her back on me and held up my torn panties as a prize. I reached up and grabbed the collar of her silk shirt and pulled back and down as hard as I could. I felt the buttons pop. Our silent communication had told her what I was going to do so she was already braced for it and didn't fall backwards. Instead, the shirt flew backwards off her arms leaving her nude.

Spinning back again, my God that girl can move fast, she grabbed the collar of my tee shirt and jerked down. The tee shirt was very thin, but the collar was elastic. She had to really pull to snap it, but once that happened the shirt split all the way down.

We were nude. Totally nude. In front of Brad Mason who came to my house and played video games with my brother! And I, at least, had absolutely nothing to cover up with.

Laura and I looked at Brad, Michelle, and Maria. They were all shocked out of their minds. I think all three of them expected us to start scratching each other's eyes out.

We looked at each other and started laughing. Hysterically. We couldn't stop. We put our arms around each other and just giggled for two or three minutes. I couldn't breath I was laughing so hard. We ended up collapsing on the floor in each other's arms, gasping for breath, tears running down our cheeks.

Rickie's camera kept clicking.

Brad was actually drooling.

Maria and Michelle looked jealous.

Finally we sat up.

"Guess you need your money, huh Brad?" I gasped, looking up at him.

He just stared.

Laura and I began crawling around the floor picking up dollar bills and nickels. I don't know what came over me. Every time I had a chance I stuck my ass up or opened my legs wide.

Finally we had all the money gathered together. Standing, we handed it to him.

He was still speechless.

Each of us took an arm and led him to the door. I swung it open and we ushered him outside. He was still in a daze when we shut the door and leaned back against it.

"O My God!" we both said simultaneously. "I can't believe what we just did!"

Rickie shot us sinking down to the floor, leaning against the door, legs open.

The other two girls came in laughing. They couldn't believe we'd done it either.

"OK, girls," interrupted Rickie. "Go eat some pizza. I'm gonna snap some shots and then join you."

We sat around the coffee table, Laura and me still nude, and ate pizza while watching the video. At one point Michelle and Maria, sitting side by side, called to Rickie and flashed their tits just like the girls in the video. Of course, with Laura and me sitting there completely nude throughout all her shots it sort of lost it's impact.

I'm still amazed at myself. I was nude. I was horny. I was loving it. I felt absolutely incredible!

"Well, girls," announced Rickie. "I've got one more set for this afternoon and then I think we'll call it a day. Y'all ready?"

We all nodded enthusiastically.

"Great. Maria, Michelle, give me your clothes."

Like a shot, they were both nude.

Rickie took their stuff and trotted downstairs for a moment while the four of us sat on the floor, nude.

"What'd you think it'll be?" whispered Michelle.

"I don't know," replied Laura. "But, my God, I am so horny."

"Yea. Me too," I said quietly.

About that time we heard Rickie coming back in.

She handed each of us a white towel and had us stand up and wrap it around us as though we'd just gotten out of the shower.

We started to tuck it in under our arms so the slit was down the side. She stopped us and had us tuck it in the front, right between our breasts, so that whenever we moved our pussies peeked through.

The towels were white, thick, soft, and stopped right at our crotches. Virtually any movement at all was revealing but by this time we were all beyond caring. I could tell from the flush on everyone's cheeks that they were as horny as I was.

"No slumber party is complete with make-overs," said Rickie. "So you guys are going to wash each other's hair in the kitchen sink and give each other pedicures and manicures. OK?"

We nodded absentmindedly as she led us into the kitchen.

"Maria, you start off by washing Tina's hair." Maria and I went to the sink and turned it on while Rickie started taking pictures. The sink was stainless steel and sparkled as the sunlight shown in the windows. After the water heated up I bent over at the waist and dumped my long brown hair into the sink while Maria picked up the sprayer and began wetting it down.

I could feel the towel rise up over my ass and knew that my whole rear end was exposed. In order to keep my balance while my head was upside down, I shifted and spread my legs wider.

After my hair was thoroughly soaked, Maria straightened me up. Rickie had placed a chair nearby for me to sit in while Maria shampooed me. Sitting down, I noticed that the towel had opened completely in front. I made no effort to close it.

Water was streaming down my face to my shoulders and breasts. The top part of my towel was already getting pretty wet.

Maria shampooed my hair into a lather. I noticed that the knot around her towel was beginning to come loose. Rickie was squatting in front of me, taking pictures, her legs spread wide. The legs of her shorts were open and I realized that she didn't wear panties either. I had a clear view of her shaved pussy.

Maria led me back to the sink and I bent over once again, taking a deep breath as I did so and closing my eyes tight as soapy water ran over my face. I felt the knot on my towel come completely loose and my towel slid slowly off my back to the wet floor. Maria just kept rinsing and I just kept holding my breath.

With the water rushing past my ears I couldn't hear anything. All I could feel was Maria's soft fingers massaging my head. My breasts were pressed against the sink. Water was running down my back into my ass and down my thighs. My pussy was tingling with pent up teenage excitement.

I kept thinking about the only kinds of pictures that Rickie could be taking with me in this position. I should have been upset that she was photographing me, nude, bent over at the waist, with my legs spread. But I wasn't. I'd never felt so excited before in my entire fourteen years. Never felt so exposed. So naughty. So alive.

Maria lifted me up. Water poured off my hair and down my body.

"I can't get all the soap out," she complained. "Can you lean over backwards into the sink?"

Laura pushed a chair towards me. "Here, sit in this and lean back."

"No thanks," I replied. "I used to do this sort of thing in gymnastics."

Stepping a couple of feet away from the sink, I spread my legs, reached back and grabbed the counter and arched my back. Bending backwards, I lowered myself into the sink, sliding my arms along the counter to hold me up.

Maria grinned and began rinsing my hair again. I could only imagine what I must look like. Nude. My body arched backwards. My small tits hard and pointed to the ceiling. My legs spread wide to keep my balance. My shaved pussy glistening with my juices and the soapy water that had run down my body spread wide for all to see!

And Rickie photographing it from every angle possible!

I wanted to touch myself. To run my fingers between my lips. To feel the lightening bolts shoot up my body as I pinched my clitoris. To push my fingers inside me.

But I couldn't. At that point I don't think the fact that four people would see me kept me from doing it. Fact is, if I moved my arms I'd slip and fall flat on my ass! But my God I was horny.

Maria turned off the water and squeezed what she could out of my hair. Holding my head, she lifted it up while I struggled to stand.

Rickie hadn't provided extra towels, so water poured down my body again. I was soaked.

"Michele, why don't you help Tina dry off," Rickie directed.

My towel was bunched up on the floor and completely drenched. Without hesitation, Michele undid her towel and began drying me off. Standing in front of me, our breasts almost touching, she reached behind me and began rubbing it up and down my back. She pulled me against her as the towel ran along my spine. Our nipples kissed. I felt her shaved pussy pressing against mine and pushed back gently.

She squatted in front of me, spreading her legs wide as she dried my ass, gently spreading my cheeks. Reaching between my legs, she grasped the towel and slid it through my dripping pussy. I shivered as the terry cloth ran over my engorged clitoris.

Standing again, she massaged my breasts, pinching each nipple and sending another shiver through my body.

No one was saying a word. No one was moving. Except Rickie. She was moving from one place to another, clicking away like a mad woman. Laura and Maria just stared at the two of us, eyes feverish with lust.

Once again, Michele was standing right in front of me. Our nipples touched. She licked her lips. I placed my hands on her hips.

The doorbell rang!

Both of us jumped apart as if we'd been jolted with electricity.

"Shit!" Rickie whispered half under her breath.

Rickie strode out of the kitchen to peak out the window.

Returning with frown on her face she said, "Well, ladies. Looks like we'll have to call it a day. Michele, your father's here."

"Omigod!" she shrieked. "He wasn't supposed to be here until 4!"

"Well, he's early," Rickie replied coldly. "Ladies, trot on down to the basement and get dressed. I'll let your father in Michele."

The four of us ran downstairs, Michele and I still nude, as Rickie headed to the front door.

The spell was broken. None of us said a word as we dressed. Truth is, we were all a little embarrassed.

Rickie thanked us all as she led us out the door and promised to call us when the pictures were developed. That's what we were afraid of. None of us really wanted to see what we had done.

Yet...

My God! I was so horny!

Three days later Rickie called and asked me to come by the next day after school and see the layout.

I agreed.

It's difficult to explain how I'd been feeling the last few days.

In some ways I felt ashamed. I mean, I'd blatantly exposed myself for the camera. My God, I'd almost climaxed in the kitchen! With a girl! And Brad! He seemed so embarrassed he wouldn't look at any of us! I'd expected him to spread the story all over the place, but not even my brother seemed to know.

On the other hand, I couldn't get over how great it all felt. I'd masturbated over and over again to the memory of that day. And the knowledge that Rickie had photographed us made my orgasms that much more earth shattering.

The next day all four of us met after school and rode our bikes to Rickie's house.

Rickie met us at the door wearing skin tight jeans and a tube top. She immediately led us downstairs to the studio where a series of oversized magazine pages were carefully laid out on the floor.

Rickie had designed a six page layout with pictures, captions, and copy.

And it was beautiful!

She'd created copy about the various activities that teenage girls do during a sleepover. But it was the pictures that made the story. And the pictures were truly great. I don't know how she did it, but there was no nudity! Well, one. She had a great shot of my pulling Laura's shorts down in front of Brad. But even that had blurred out the embarrassing part.

I mean, of course there was a lot of skin. Lot's of pictures of us in panties and bras and nightshirts. But nothing was showing.

It was incredibly sexy. But not pornographic. Even the pictures of Maria washing my hair only showed us wrapped in towels. One picture showed my towel slipping. But that's all.

I couldn't get over it. The pictures were amazing. All four of us looked incredible!

Rickie explained that the layout was going to be in a new national teen girl magazine called Thirteen!

"What about all the other pictures?" Laura asked.

"Well," smiled Rickie. "A lot of pictures had to be discarded."

"Can we see them?" asked Michele.

"Sorry. I didn't print the ones I couldn't use," she replied.

She handed each us envelopes with our pay in it. "You guys did a great job!" she exclaimed. "So I doubled your pay. Thank you for working so hard."

Wow! The envelope had $200 dollars in it. I'd never had that much money before.

"Now, I've got another job for you if you're interested," she said. "It's a different from what we've been doing."

We all urged her to go on.

"Well. This Friday evening there is a special fashion show downtown. I've been asked to provide some models. I thought y'all might be interested."

"A fashion show!" I exclaimed.

"Cool!" shouted Laura.

"Now, hang on," cautioned Rickie. "You don't know the whole thing yet. It's a special fashion show for teen lingerie and underwear."

We got real quiet real quick.

"Here's the deal," she said. "And I'm going to give it to you straight. A bunch of catalog editors and some of their special guests are getting together to view teen lingerie and underwear. There's no guarantees, but some of the pictures will appear in national catalogs."

"Like, what kind of underwear and lingerie?" asked Maria.

"All different kinds," replied Rickie. "Some of it will be pretty tame. Panties, bras, tee shirts, pajamas, nightshirts, that sort of thing. Others will be pretty revealing. You'll be asked to wear shear nighties, g-strings, baby dolls, teddies, garters - maybe even crotchless panties."

"Crotchless panties!" whispered Michele.

"Why would they need that for a kid fashion show?" asked Laura.

"These editors are from a bunch of different types of catalogs, some from Europe and Asia where that is more common," explained Rickie.

We were quiet for a few moments, thinking it over.

"Will there be a bunch of people there?" I asked.

"There will be a couple of hundred people in the audience, mostly men. There will be about twenty girls ranging in age from 8 or 9 to 17 or 18. And a couple of dozen backstage helpers to handle the lighting and help you get dressed."

"Where do we dress?" asked Laura.

"There's a large room backstage that everyone will change in. Like I keep telling you girls, there's no room for modesty in modeling."

"Will there be a big long stage to walk down?" asked Michele.

"Yes. A catwalk will go right down the middle. People will be seated on either side of you with some photographers in strategic spots. You'll walk all the way down, sometimes alone, sometimes with an escort or as a group."

"Oh. And I almost forgot. It pays $500."

"Wow!" we all said in unison.

"When is it, again?" asked Maria.

"The actual fashion show starts at 9 PM, but we'll need there about 7. It'll last about 2 hours."

Our faces fell.

"There's no way my parents would let me go out that late," whined Laura.

"Me either," I agreed.

The others nodded.

"That's what I thought," said Rickie. "So I've come up with a plan... If you're interested."

We nodded enthusiastically.

She handed us each a birthday slumber party invitation. "You just talk you're parents into letting you go to a real slumber party. The RSVP is my number, so if your parents call I can talk to them. Then you come here after school on Friday and we all go together. You don't have to worry about how late we stay and no one else needs to know."

We talked it over and finally agreed to do it. So many things sounded cool about it. I mean, none of us had ever earned that much money before. And we would be real models, walking down a catwalk and everything. One of us might even be "discovered."

Plus, and I think we all thought this though none of us would admit it, we all loved the idea of being seen nude by a bunch of strangers! That sounds really wicked, I know, but I couldn't get that incredible feeling I had when Brad saw me out of my mind. Not to mention my near love scene with Michele.

"Now, girls," cautioned Rickie. "You can't tell anyone what we're going to go do or you'll never be allowed to come. And I need to know by tomorrow afternoon if you're parents will let you spend the night."

We all agreed and left, chattering and giggling about the coming weekend.

None of us ate much Friday evening before we left. Rickie had fixed us a salad, but we were all way to nervous to eat.

Rickie looked stunning. She was wearing a metallic gold micro-mini dress cut all the way down to her belly button in front with a bare back. The top was loose enough that if she leaned forward we could see her breasts. And I was pretty sure that she didn't have any panties on either.

"Will you be photographing us tonight?" Laura asked.

"No. Not tonight," she replied. "Tonight I'm just a spectator. I'll be in the front row towards the end of the catwalk."

Noticing the uneasiness on our faces, she said, "Don't worry. I'll get you all set up backstage before I go in front."

We still weren't too sure as we climbed into her BMW.

We drove about an hour and a half, all the way through the city and beyond, into the country. By the time we pulled into the long winding driveway I wasn't sure where we were.

In front of us was a giant mansion, sparkling with lights. We pulled around to the side and parked next to several other cars.

"All right girls," Rickie announced. "Showtime!"

We grinned uncertainly and piled out of the car.

Standing by the side door was a huge black man in a black suit with black sunglasses. Just like in the movies! I wasn't sure if he was just for show or if they had him there for a reason. He stood as still as a statue and didn't say a word.

We stepped into a brightly lit and gorgeously decorated foyer of marble tile and sparkling chandeliers.

"Rickieeeeee!" screamed a man off to one side as he came smiling towards us.

"Andre!" responded Rickie warmly as she took his hands and kissed him. On the lips.

Separating, he turned to us. "And these must be your new angels!"

Andre was tall and thin, about 40, I guess. He had pitch black hair (probably dyed) pulled back into a tight pony tail and a pencil thin mustache. His teeth sparkled whenever he smiled. He, too, wore a black suit. Looked really expensive.

"Andre, let me introduce you. This is Laura, Tina, Michele, and Maria. Ladies, this is Andre. He's the backstage manager. He'll be the one telling you when to go on and what to do."

With each introduction he took our hands and kissed each of us on the cheek. We didn't know what to do so we just sort of stood there.

"Where's Simon?" Rickie asked.

"Oh, he's already backstage getting things ready. Ladies," he said, smiling at us, "would you like something to eat or drink before we head backstage?"

We each shook our heads silently.

"OK then. Follow me," he announced.

We trailed along behind him and Rickie as he led us down a hall and through two large double doors.

We entered a large open room filled with bright lights. Plush navy blue carpet covered the floor. Scattered around the room were various tables, chairs, mirrors, and racks of clothes (I guess they were clothes).

About 10 or 15 people were bustling around, carrying piles of clothes, moving chairs or tables, setting out bottles of make up, and I don't know what else. And photographers! A couple of photographers with cameras and even video cameras were floating around the room.

But what made me stare were the kids. Two girls, about my age, were standing nervously on one side of the room, totally nude! Swallowing, I followed Rickie and Andre as they weaved their way through the crowd towards the side of the room.

"Simon!" Rickie announced warmly as we approached a large round man adjusting things on a table.

He turned towards us with a huge grin on his face. "Rickie!" he proclaimed. "It's so good to see you again. Ravishing as always!"

Simon reminded me a little of my grandfather. He was about 50 or 55, balding with gray hair along the sides. Jovially overweight with a constantly warm smile and twinkling eyes, he wore blue jeans, cowboy boots, and a long sleeve cowboy shirt rolled up to his elbows. I liked him immediately!

"Simon, let me introduce you to my models. Laura, Tina, Michele, and Maria. This is Simon. He's your personal backstage magician. He'll take care of each of you - dress you, apply your make up, get you whatever you need and have you where you need to be when you need to be there. He's the only one I let handle my girls!"

"Rickie, you flatter me," he grinned as he knelt down in front of us and looked us each in the eyes. "Beautiful!" he exclaimed. "Beautiful as always!"

"Now ladies," he said. Still kneeling in front of us he took Laura's hand in one hand and Maria's in the other so that we formed a circle, "this night's going to be different from anything you've ever experienced before. I'm here to help you through it and hopefully let you have a lot of fun."

He looked at each of us in turn. "I know from talking to Rickie that you've gotten used to nudity in her studio. But this'll be a lot different. It's more public. There's more people around. A lot of them will see you. A lot of men will see you. There's even a lot of photographers around. See those two over there?" he pointed to a couple with a video camera talking to one of the nude girls. "They're part of a film crew working on a documentary about teen modeling. One of their teams will want to interview you this evening."

Getting serious, he said, "Like Rickie has told you, modesty has no place here this evening. You will be nude or partially clothed whenever you are back here. Some of the outfits you'll be wearing are extremely revealing. You'll be asked to do things you've never done before."

"Plus, we have one unexpected problem. The other modeling team is unable to come tonight. That means it's just you four and the two across the room. You'll have to double up on the walks. Everything will be moving very fast indeed. I need to know now if you're willing to do this. Laura?"

She nodded quietly.

"Tina?" He looked me in the eye.

Nervously, I nodded as well.

"Michele?"

She also nodded.

"Maria?"

Silently, her head shook up and down.

"Wonderful," he grinned. Clapping his hands once together as he stood up he said, "Let's get started. Please get undressed and hand me your clothes."

Without saying a word we each pulled off our tee shirts and dropped our jeans. In moments we were all totally nude, clothes carefully folded and piled on top of our shoes. A young man and woman came from nowhere, gathered them up and walked away. I stared silently as my clothes left the room.

"OK, girls," whispered Rickie, giving each of us a quick hug. "I'm going upstairs to the cocktail party. You'll do great! And remember, have fun."

Kissing Simon on the lips, she swayed through the crowd and out of the room.

Until last week, no man had ever seen me nude, at least not since I was a baby. Now I was standing completely nude in a room full of men! A whole tornado of feelings whirled through me. Fear. Sheer terror. Shame. Excitement. Daring. A sense of freedom. But mostly fear.

"First things first," announced Simon. "Before I start getting you ready I want to show you the catwalk. Follow me please."

We wove our through the crowd towards the back of the room where a large curtain hung. I was aware of various video cameras following our trail.

We walked up some stairs and stepped through the curtain and out onto the stage.

The auditorium was empty, the lights up.

It wasn't huge. I guess it probably held a hundred people. But it was so elegant. So rich, maybe, more than elegant. Gorgeous chandeliers dangled delicately from an ornate ceiling. Plush chairs surrounded what I guess was the catwalk, though it was the strangest catwalk I'd ever seen. It simply felt intimate.

But the catwalk.

"Girls," called Simon as he walked to the edge, "There has always been a problem with rookie models," he lectured. "They tend to walk to slow or to fast. They take tiny steps or don't go to the end of the stage. They forget what they're supposed to do. They don't show the fashions as directed. Well, Mr. Harthsford, our host, created the perfect solution."

He pointed to the catwalk. I admit, I hadn't seen a lot of fashion shows, but I know I've never seen anything like this. The shows I've seen had models walking down a sidewalk like stage into the middle of the crowd, then turning around and walking back.

This wasn't a stage at all. It was a series of glass tubes sticking out of the ground, about 18 inches tall and about 12 inches around. There were basically two rows, spaced evenly going into the middle of the audience.

"You will step from one tube to the next until you reach the platform at the end. This forces you to take appropriate sized steps and to go where your need to go and do what you are directed to do. Each tube will light up as you walk to tell you where to step. As you can see," said Simon, stepping from tube to tube, "the steps are not too large. It's not like you're going to have to leap from tube to tube."

"Now each of you is going to do this a couple of times until you're comfortable. Tina, why don't you go first?"

Taking a deep breath, I put my right foot on the first tube. It was comfortably warm. Left foot went to the next tube. Right. Left. Right. Left. Simon was right. The tubes were perfectly spaced. I had to take real steps, but I didn't have to stretch. They weaved in a way that forced my legs to cross like real professional models walked.

Towards the end I put my right foot on the next tube and couldn't see where to put my left foot.

"To your left," coached Simon.

About three feet away, directly opposite the tube my right foot was on was another tube. This time I did have to stretch. Putting my left foot on it meant my legs were spread about as far as they could spread without danger of doing the splits. I could imagine what I must look like, wide open like that.

"OK. The catwalk has a few specific tasks you must complete. This is the first one. When you perform this straddle, you must reach up with both hands and push the buttons above you. Only when you do that will the platform in front of you light up."

I looked up and saw an almost invisible glass plate above my head with a small clear button embedded in it. I had to stand on my tip toes to reach it, stretching as high as I could. A platform in front of me lit up and I stepped on to it.

"Wonderful, Tina!" Applauded Simon. "Now remember, the whole point of this show is to model the fashions. A model must show the clothes in every way possible. You'll be modeling underwear, sleepwear, and lingerie. The viewers want to see every side of it. On this platform you will form a bridge. Do you know what that is?"

"Where I bend backwards onto my hands?" I asked incredulously.

"Exactly!" he proclaimed. "And you must spread your legs and arch your backs as much as you possibly can. A poor bridge can ruin the walk. Show me yours"

I sat down on the platform. It, like the glass tubes, was comfortably warm. I lay on my back and pulled my feet up against my bare ass. Putting my hands beside my head, elbows pointed to the ceiling, I arched my back and pushed my body up onto my hands and feet as high as I could. Until a couple of years ago I'd been in gymnastics. I knew how to do a bridge and I knew what a bridge looked like. I knew that my breasts were stretched tight and pointing back towards the stage. I knew that my legs were wide open and my pussy lips were spread apart for all to see. Nothing was hidden.

"Excellent! Excellent! Hold for a ten count then lower."

I counted to ten and lowered my body.

"Tina," said Simon, walking up to me as I lay on my back. "You used to be in gymnastics, right?"

"Yes sir," I replied.

"From this position can you do the splits with a controlled backwards summersault to a standing position?"

My gymnastics coach used to call that the Cornic Maneuver. We had all learned it for both the floor exercise and the balance beam.

"Yes sir," I said, hesitantly.

"Wonderful! Show me."

I was on my back with the heels of my feet still pressed against my bare ass. I straightened my legs and spread them into a perfect split, legs ruler straight, toes pointed. Spreading my arms out for balance I raised my hips and then began bending my back, forcing myself over, slowly. Doing a backwards summersault is easy. Doing a slow backwards summersault from a horizontal position, is tough. At one point, my body was bent literally in half. My bare pussy, pulled wide apart because of my splits, was only an inch from my face. I completed the flip, sliding my head out and up, pushing up with my hands for leverage and pulling my legs together until I was standing in the classic gymnastics "sticking" position: feet together, back arched, hands pointing to the ceiling.

"Wonderful! Wonderful!" applauded Simon. "Can you do that every time?"

"Yes sir," I replied. Simon had an incredible way of ignoring the fact that I was completely nude. It almost made me forget.

"Terrific!" he gushed. "Oh - and quit calling me sir!" he barked with a pretend frown.

"Now step back onto the straddle. Girls listen up," he said to the others on the stage. "At this point, keeping your legs straight you have to bend at the waist and touch the button between your legs."

Shocked, I looked at him.

"On the floor. On the floor," he grinned. "My goodness you have an active imagination."

In the straddle position I looked down and saw a red button raised slightly above the floor. Bending at the waist, I leaned down and pressed it.

"OK. Now hold it for a five count. Release. Now simply walk back from tube to tube to the stage."

Stepping back to the stage I gave a tremendous sigh. My legs were trembling.

Each of the girls walked the catwalk, performing each task as requested. On the platform at the end, each girl was given a different signature move to complete after she had done her bridge. Laura did a forward roll in a split position. Maria stood, then slid down into a split and back up again. And Michelle stood on one foot and lifted the other foot straight up to her ear - a standing split!

We each practiced our catwalk a couple of times until we were comfortable.

By now we were almost over our nervousness and had almost forgotten we were nude. Until we stepped back through the curtain into the room full of dressed men and women!

Simon immediately led us across the room to four chairs next to the table he had been working at. Two video camera crews and one photographer followed us and took up positions around his station.

This was weird! I was nude. My friends were nude. And people were all around us. I wanted to hide and couldn't. There was nowhere to go. Nothing to cover up with. Nothing to do but follow Simon's directions. I pretended that everything was normal. I imagined that I was wearing my swimsuit.

It didn't work. I was nude. I couldn't forget it. Yet part of me... Deep down inside... I liked it.

"OK ladies," Simon said, getting our attention back. "Pick a chair."

In front of us were four hairstyling stations, complete with sinks for washing your hair. The chair was a little odd. Instead of the single metal plate where you put your feet when you're getting your hair done, this had two, one for each foot, set a couple of feet apart and designed to be raised and lowered as needed. Looking closer, I realized the seat portion was different too. It was contoured to fit snuggly around my rear.

I sat down. The foot rests forced me to sit with my legs apart. The seat itself molded around my ass and thighs. There was even a small rise down the middle that separated my ass cheeks slightly and continued around until it was barely pushing my pussy lips apart. Felt a little strange.

"This is the part where we turn you from beautiful teenagers to gorgeous angels," Simon explained. "And since some of the models couldn't make it, we have some extra make up artists to help out. We have a hairstylist that will do your hair, nothin' fancy but it'll look gorgeous. You'll each get manicures and pedicures as well. A make up artist will put your make up on and then I'll take care of your body glitter. Sit back, relax, and enjoy it while we pamper you."

I smiled uncertainly. Rickie hadn't mentioned any of this. During my sessions with her we'd used very little make-up.

"Hello Tina, I'm Rochelle and I'll be doing your hair," introduced a woman as she came smiling around the chair and looked at me. She was a short, fat, black woman with a wonderful smile and twinkling eyes. "This is Rhonda, she's one of our manicurists. And this is Tim. He'll do your pedicure."

They each smiled sweetly at me. Rhonda was young, probably just 17 or 18. She wore a sheer blouse (I could see her nipples) and an extremely short skirt. Tim looked to be about 20 and wore jeans and a tight tee shirt.

With that, they got to work.

Rochelle turned the chair around so that I was facing the room. She then raised it up and tilted the back until I was staring at the ceiling with my hair in the sink. Next she pushed a button that raised and separated my feet so that they were about three feet high. I raised my head a little and looked down my nude body. I was spread eagled, facing the entire room. Tim sat in front of my right foot with a clear view of my spread pussy. Right behind him I saw a video camera recording the whole thing! I wanted to cover up, but Rhonda already had one of my hands and Rochelle was pushing my head back to wash my hair.

"This will relax you, sweetness," she said as she pushed a button I jumped a little as, with a low hum, the chair began to massage my body. Soft waves rolled up and down my back and even up and down the leg rests. That felt good. But it was the seat that surprised me. The rise in the middle seemed to take on a life of its own. It wiggled and writhed gently down my crack and seemed to press even more into my pussy. It wasn't hard or powerful, just gentle vibrations right against my asshole and pussy. Wow! It felt incredible.

I think this must be what heaven will be like. I had a woman washing my hair, gently massaging my scalp. Someone else massaging my hands while doing my nails. A gorgeous guy massaging my feet. And something exquisite massaging my pussy! It no longer seemed to matter that I was nude in a room full of people.

Rochelle turned the water off, wrapped my hair with a towel, and raised the back of the seat into a sitting position. This changed my position and forced the rise in the seat right up against my pussy and my clit. My feet were still up at chest level. I gasped as my little button began vibrating against the seat. I swear, it felt like the massaging was getting stronger.

Now I could look around some. Tim, sitting right in front of me, was applying clear polish to one foot, delicately painting my pinkie toe, his face just inches away. Rhonda, grinning broadly, was putting the same clear polish on my now closely trimmed fingernails. Right behind Tim, a cameraman was filming me. I smiled uncertainly. To my left and right, Maria and Laura were in the same position I was. Maria had her head back and her eyes closed. Laura was looking a little flushed. Across the room the other two girls were sitting in similar chairs having their hair done. I knew that I was just as exposed as they were! And in between were about 20 people, mostly men, simply watching. And occasionally taking pictures!

My pussy was tingling and warm waves were flowing gently throughout my body as Rochelle, Rhonda, and Tim did their magic. When they were done they spun me around to look in the mirror. My long brown hair was pulled back in a pony tail on the right side of the back of my head with a thick braid hanging over my shoulder. Sounds simple, I know, but I was amazed at how good I looked in it. My make up was almost invisible, just enough to bring out my eyes and lips. My toes, still up in the air, were shiny as were my fingers. They didn't really look painted at all. Simple and elegant was the over all look.

I grinned.

I couldn't help but notice that my nipples were also hard and pointing straight out and my pussy looked really wet behind the vibrating seat!

"So, Angel, are you ready for me?" asked Simon as he walked up behind me and caught my eyes in the mirror.

I nodded.

He spun me around and stood between my spread legs, looking me in the eyes.

"Angel, I need to explain what's going to happen next." Simon looked very serious. "You're going to be wearing all kinds of revealing clothing tonight. We must make sure that your vaginal and anal areas are remarkably clean. Cleaner than you have probably ever been. I'm going to shave you even closer than you already are. Then I will thoroughly clean those two areas. Afterwards we will put on your body glitter. Are you ready?"

I just stared at him, unsure of what to do or think. What was he going to do?

He pushed a few buttons on the chair's controls. The chair rose until my ass was about chest high on him. The legs spread even more until I was almost doing the splits, completely open in front of his smiling face. Then the seat slid backwards and I thought for a second it was going to dump be out, but it stopped after only a couple of inches. I realized, however, that there was now nothing under my pussy or my asshole.

Whistling to himself, Simon spread a thin layer of warm shaving lotion over my pussy and ass. He picked up a two inch long barber's shaving razor and carefully scraped it over my skin.

Since I'd been modeling I'd shaved every three or four days. The last time was this morning, so I knew I was pretty bare down there. Shaving had never been any kind of a turn on to me. It was a chore that I had to do for Rickie. I admit, I liked the look and feel of the finished product and I sometimes masturbated when done, but the actual act was more of a frightening chore than a sexual experience.

Simon, on the other hand, made me shiver as he shaved me smoother than I have been since I was six months old! He carefully cleared every conceivable stubble, right up to my pussy and even my asshole. He washed his hands and squirted some green lotion on them as he stepped back in front of me again.

"Just relax, Angel," he whispered as he gently began massaging my asshole.

I still didn't know exactly what he was trying to do. He gently ran his bare finger around my ass, pressing against it again and again. Pushing and releasing. Pushing and releasing. I'd never felt anything like it before. It felt good. Really good.

I didn't even feel it when it happened. I simply realized that his finger was no longer pressing and releasing along the outside. It was now inside my ass, gently rubbing and circling.

Without removing that finger, he began sliding the fingers of his other hand between my vaginal lips. I sighed. His fingers slid up one side, touched my clit, then slid down the other. He pressed and released over and over again around my pussy, just like on my ass.

And then he was there. Actually inside me. With two fingers! I could feel them wiggling inside. He didn't pop my cherry or anything. He was just rubbing inside me.

Twisting his hand somewhat, he began pressing down in my pussy and up in my ass. I could feel both fingers inside me. My God it was exquisite!

His thumb then began rolling my clit around and around. He'd wiggle one finger. Stop and wiggle another. Then wiggle both together. All the while rolling my clit around and around.

People had gathered around to watch. I knew Laura and Maria, on either side of me, were watching. I knew cameras were whirling away.

But those fingers kept moving. In. Out. Up. Down. Pressing here. Pressing there. And always rolling my clit around.

I knew it was going to happen. I couldn't stop it. Didn't want to stop it. Didn't care that people were watching. Sort of thought it was cool that they were watching. And that incessant rolling, rolling, rolling, of my clit.

It hit me like a freight train. I sat straight up, gasping, grunting. Slid right off the chair. Literally impaled on his fingers, two in my pussy and one in my ass. I arched my back and fell onto the chair again, gasping for breath and actually screaming. I don't even know what I said. Wave after wave of incredible sensations rocketed through my body.

As I finally returned to earth, Simon slid me further up into the seat and removed his hands with a slight smile.

"Well, I think you're all clean now," he said.

I just lay there, almost unconscious. Sweat shown on my body. I was gasping for breath. Whimpering as the powerful sensations ebbed from my body. I had never in my entire fourteen years experienced anything that powerful before. 'Course I had only been masturbating for about two years. But anyway, I felt absolutely incredible.

I watched as he slid over to Laura and began shaving her just has he had me. Her breaths were already much too short and much too fast. I wasn't sure how long she would last.

Tim and Rhonda lowered the chair and had me stand up.

"Time for your body glitter," Rhonda whispered.

My legs shook as I stood up. Tim squirted some glittering lotion on my breasts and then began massaging it in, tweaking my nipples as he did so.

The quiet was shattered by Laura's screaming orgasm. We all turned and watched as her young body arched and writhed to Simon's wiggling fingers. I couldn't help but wonder if I was as loud as she was.

Tim rubbed the lotion all over my breasts, arms, stomach, and back. Then he began around my ankles and worked his way up my calves, thighs, ass and incredibly bald pussy. Gently he rubbed between the velvet folds and pinched my clitoris. I shivered, right on the verge of another orgasm.

Picking up a small green capsule he slipped it into my vagina.

"This will slowly dissolve over the next four hours and continue to keep you moist and stimulated," he said as he slid another one inside my ass.

I shivered once again. How could I be doing this? How could I be allowing complete strangers to touch me in the most intimate way? I didn't know. And I didn't care. I loved it. I loved the touch. The feelings. The fact that others were watching. Somehow that made it even better. I knew the men around the room must have incredible hard-ons because of what I had done!

Now Maria was screaming in ecstasy. Simultaneously, one of the girls on the other side did as well. I looked over and another man was masturbating (oh yea, cleaning) her as well.

When everyone was done they lined all six of us up, still nude but now glittering.

Virtually everyone had left except the people that were there to help and the camera crews still recording everything we did.

Just as we lined up, Andre came prancing in.

"Ladies, ladies, ladies," he sang. "You look ravishing! The show will start in about five minutes. It's designed to last three hours and there was supposed to be two other teams of models. Since they couldn't make it, you ladies will have to work twice as hard and twice as fast. I'm sorry about that, but the show must go on. I'm sure you'll all be marvelous!

"Simon, William, please get your models dressed for the first walk."

Simon hustled the four of us to his side of the room while William took the other two to his.

Each of us had two helpers (Tim and Rhonda were mine) while Simon oversaw the whole thing.

"Angels," barked Simon (nicely but with authority). "You must do nothing. Let your helpers dress you and undress you. They know exactly how each outfit should look and how to get it on you without messing up your makeup. Understand?"

We all nodded.

Tim knelt in front of me with a pair of light pink cotton panties. Holding on to his head I stepped into them. He pulled them up to my waist while Rhonda slid a matching pink cotton sports bra over my head.

Before snapping the bra over my tits, she ran a small piece of ice over each nipple, making me jump.

"Just relax," she whispered, smiling as she slid the material over my now erect breasts.

Tim, meanwhile, slid his hand down my crack and through my pussy, causing the thin cotton to slide into them and show a deep crease.

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Simon as he led me to the curtain. "You'll be first. Remember. Step only on the tubes as they light up. Reach for the button on the first straddle. Do a bridge on the platform and then your backward roll. Then push the button between your feet on the return straddle. Understand?"

I nodded.

"And listen to the announcer. Sometimes they will ask you to do other things. Make sure and respond accordingly. And under no circumstances are you to touch the clothes. Understand?"

I nodded again.

I can't even begin to describe how terrifying it was to step out onto that stage. For two hours I had been nude in a room full of strangers. Strange men. I'd even had a massive orgasm in front of them. But somehow I'd already become accustomed to that.

This was different. Like being in a play at school, it didn't matter what I'd done previously, I was terrified now.

The curtain was pulled to one side and Andre ushered me through. I stepped into the bright lights wearing nothing but a pair of pink cotton panties and a bra.

I couldn't see anything. Beyond the lights were shadowy shapes.

I froze for a moment at the sound of applause then focused on the tubes in front of me. I stepped forward to the first tube then put my left foot on the next one. Right. Left. Right. Left. On the catwalk I could see the people on the first couple of rows staring up at me. Right. Left. Right. Left.

I reached the straddle tubes. They seemed further apart somehow. I was stretched almost as far as I could go. I stopped and reached up for the button. It was just out of reach. I stretched higher, as high as I could possibly reach, and just managed to push the button.

The platform lit up and I stepped on to it.

Lying on my back, I raised myself up to form my bridge. I knew my panties had wedged themselves even further into my pussy and that everyone in front of me could see. I held it for ten seconds and relaxed.

Returning to my back, I opened my legs out straight as a ruler and performed a perfect backwards roll to a standing position. My gymnastics coach would be proud. The crowd erupted in applause as, smiling, I turned to the straddle tubes again. With legs straight, I bent and pushed the button, holding it until the light came on, my barely covered ass pushed out to the crowd.

Just as I stepped off the last tube, Laura came out in a white outfit similar to mine. With a sigh of relief I stepped behind the curtain.

Tim and Rhonda were there to greet me, beaming encouragement as they led me to the changing station.

Carefully Rhonda pulled off my sports bra and Tim pulled down my panties. As I stepped out of them, Tim ran his fingers through my pussy, sliding one inside me. I shivered. Rhonda, meanwhile, rubbed ice over my nipples once again.

This time they slid on a pair of black silk pajamas. Tim pulled the bottoms up to my hips then tugged them down about an inch below my hipbones. The bottoms were very, very short and the legs very wide. It was almost like wearing a micro-mini skirt. The top was sleeveless, with equally wide armholes. From the side my bare breasts were easily seen. The bottom of the shirt stopped about two inches below my nipples, giving me a wide bare midriff.

I looked in the mirror. My God but I looked sexy. I also looked incredibly exposed.

"Marvelous," beamed Simon as he strode up to us and led me back to the queue.

As the person in front of my came off, I was ushered back on stage. Trying desperately to ignore my near nakedness, I stepped from tube to tube. My shirt rose above my nipples as I stretched for the button at the straddle. Stepping on to the platform, I noticed that my shirt had not fallen down correctly and one nipple was exposed.

Of course, that didn't really matter, since as I formed my bridge, the shirt fell up against my chin and exposed both my breasts to the entire audience. Lying back down, the shirt stayed up against my neck. As I did the splits, I realized that my shaved pussy was completely exposed through the wide leg holes. I flipped over and stood, once again to a raucous applause.

I honestly can't describe all of the outfits Tim and Rhonda dressed me in. It sort of became a blur. I'd come off. They'd strip me. Redress me. Send me back out. Tim always fingered my pussy while I was nude, and sometimes my asshole as well. Rhonda always ran ice over my nipples or sometimes tweaked and pinched them to liven them up.

Although I can't describe all the outfits, they became progressively more revealing. Underpants became thongs, then g-strings. Bras became smaller and smaller. Shirts tighter or looser, depending on the case, and always more and more sheer.

Slowly but surely the fashion became more and more sexual. At one point they dressed me in thigh high white stockings complete with a garter belt, sheer white g-string, a tight white lace bustier that pushed my breasts up but didn't cover my nipples at all.

I spotted Maria in a black rubber outfit that covered her from neck to ankle but fit so tight it looked like skin. I could see every crease and bump on her body.

Laura came onstage as I was exiting wearing nothing but a sheer white gown tied at the throat and completely open the rest of the way down!

By this time we were all on a sexual high. I think I'd had half a dozen mini orgasms to Tim's groping. I don't know what the capsules were that Tim had inserted into me, but the inside of my pussy and ass was tingling more and more.

After almost three hours of this, Tim whispered to me, "This next one's a little bit different," as he pulled off my outfit. "Just relax and enjoy it."

I stepped into a black thong, but as he pulled it up he told me to spread my legs more. Feeling between my legs, he lifted up a small dildo embedded in the thong and pushed it into my pussy.

"Bend over," he commanded.

I did so and he did the same thing to my asshole. When I stood I could feel both dildos wiggling. Rhonda then tied a black satin cape around my neck and sent me off.

Every step I took made the dildos move inside me. And the bridge was incredible! It pushed them even further into me.

I was gasping as I came out.

Next was a leather thong with three long thin rubber straps in the crotch. Tim inserted these into my pussy and pushed a small switch. The three straps came alive, wiggling like snakes inside me. I immediately collapsed to my knees as my orgasm washed through me.

Rhonda put on a matching leather bra on me that squeezed my breasts and pinched my nipples.

I barely made it down the catwalk and back again. The world seemed to be invisible. My only reality was the sensation in my pussy.

"This is your last outfit. You're almost done," said Tim.

Rhonda put on the top first. It was some type of chain mesh bra, silver metal and cold. There was a tiny hole in the middle of each cup that Rhonda worked my nipple through. She then twisted each nipple about half way around and clamped it. This caused an immediate and constant pain. Not bad. Not even uncomfortable, but a constant tugging sensation to my nipples. Next, she attached a short chain between them. Any movement would pull on the chain and tug on my nipples.

Tim moved in next.

He pulled up a matching silver chain mesh thong. Around my waist was nothing more than a silver wire that virtually disappeared unless the light hit it just right. The wire disappeared down my crack until it reached my asshole. A five inch long silver dildo stuck up. Tim bent me over and drove it into me. I was incredibly wet so it slid in OK, but I'd never been invaded that deep before. It was so far up my ass I could feel it in my throat! It had looked hard and metalic, but in reality it was some sort of gel that molded itself to me.

Another dildo fit into my pussy. It wasn't as long, because I was still a virgin with hymen intact. But it was wide, forcing my pussy open and filling me completely.

Once he got both of these pulled into me, he pinched my clitoris and worked the little head through a tiny hole in the silver mesh. Once through he twisted and clamped it. For about thirty seconds I was in agony. I felt like some hand just ripped my entire pussy out of my body. Slowly the agony ebbed away and was replaced with sensation. Incredible sensation. Tim took a silver chain that hung down from the chain between my tits and connected it to the clamp around my clit.

Almost late, Tim scooted me to the stage and through the curtain.

I stopped for a moment and took a deep breath. My whole body was tingling.

Stepping onto the first tube I knew I was in trouble. Every move I made was amplified a thousand times to my nipples, ass, pussy, and clitoris. With each step my nipples were pinched, twisted, and pulled. Somehow, the gel in the dildo in my ass sent a rolling wave up and down whenever I moved. The one in my pussy did too, somehow expanding and contracting as I walked. But the clamp around my clitoris! My God! Every movement. Every step. Every damn breath, twisted it, pulled it, tickled it, caressed it.

My legs were shaking as I moved from tube to tube. Half way through I stopped and stood stock still, waiting for the sensations to cool down.

The announcer demanded that I move forward.

I spread my legs for the straddle and felt like every nerve in my crotch was alive. The dildo in my ass wiggled like a boa constrictor. My clit was being pulled up and away from my body. I knew I had only one shot for the button over my head. Biting my lip I reached up and hit it, exhaling loudly as my arms came down.

The platform lit up and I stepped across.

Lying down seemed to wake up the gel in my ass even more.

Taking a deep breath I pushed myself up into my bridge. Everything seemed to happen simultaneously. As my body extended into my bridge my nipples were tugged and twisted more than ever. Arching my back sent the dildo in my ass into convulsions. The one in my pussy seem to grow into a football, pressing hard against my pussy walls. My clit simply exploded!

The orgasm flooded over me! Wave upon wave upon wave upon wave of incredible pleasure crashed into my body. I collapsed, legs spread, sitting up with my hands rubbing my exposed clit, rocking to and fro on the dildos in my ass and pussy. Sweat was pouring down my back and stomach. I was groaning, moaning, and yelling I don't know what. I mean, this thing was so big it made the one Simon had given me earlier seem like a gnat compared to a whale!

It simply wouldn't stop. As my body moved to the orgasm it pulled my clit, nipples, ass and pussy in new directions sending a new wave of pleasure over me. I could barely breath I was gasping so much, and still it went on and on and on.

Finally my body stilled. I think I may have passed out for a moment. I was on my back, legs spread out wide, hands resting on my crotch. I lay perfectly still, trying to breath slowly. Trying to catch my breath. Oblivious to the hundred or so people staring at my quivering body.

"Miss Tina, you need to finish your bridge, please." The voice over the loudspeaker was cold and devoid of all feeling, as if I'd simply fallen off of the balance beam during a gymnastics competition.

I bent my legs and pushed up into my bridge. My nipples were tugged, the dildo in my ass woke up, the one in my pussy expanded, the clamp around my clit twisted and orgasm number two hit me like a ton of bricks.

Once again I collapsed, rolling forward, pressing my hands into my clit, rubbing it wildly and moaning like I was demon possessed.

It didn't last quite as long, but it was almost as powerful.

"Miss Tina, please continue with your backward roll."

I knew what was going to happen.

Biting my lower lip, I spread my legs into a straight split. I couldn't believe how sensitive my ass had gotten to the gel in that dildo. I felt every vibration down to my toenails. My clit was sticking straight out. Whatever was in my pussy seemed even bigger.

I felt myself cumming and bit my lip to stop it. Slowly I rolled over. My pussy was so wet that cum dripped off and fell into my face and mouth as I bent myself in half.

Using my arms for leverage, I rolled all the way over and started to stand like I had previously. My legs just couldn't do it. My feet simply slid outwards and I collapsed hard into a split.

Pain and ecstasy erupted. Both dildos were pushed into my wide open ass and pussy further than they were intended. I felt my hymen tear away as the one in my pussy invaded my womb even further. Blood mixed with cum leaked out of me.

But my clit had also hit and, sensitive as it was, it insisted on overriding all pain and replacing it with one more mind shattering orgasm.

I rolled forward onto my tits as I humped my hand, rubbing my clit vigorously and gasping for breath. Finally I came down off of the mountain. I knew I was finished for the time being.

Carefully I stood up.

Turning around, I stepped across to the straddle tubes and bent over to push the button. Trickles of blood ran down my thighs from my torn hymen.

I walked, right, left, right, left, right, left back down the catwalk.

The audience was completely silent.

As I stepped off of the last tube I collapsed into Simon's arms. I vaguely heard the audience explode in applause as he carried me behind the curtain.

**Chapter 2**

For an entire week after the fashion show I wasn't really sure how I felt. Part of me was mortified. I'd been nude in front of complete strangers and had climaxed before more than a hundred people! On camera! How could I have ever done such a thing?

At the same time, I was thrilled. Somehow that night was the greatest night I had ever lived through. It was incredible! And thinking about it made me indescribably horny! I had paraded in front of complete strangers wearing virtually nothing while dildos wiggled inside both my pussy and my ass.

I was embarrassed and never wanted to even think about it again.

But the thought never left my mind and I masturbated several times each day as I relived those moments.

In history class on Monday I fantasized of walking through school in a sheer negligee. In the middle of Ms. Johnson's math class on Tuesday I imagined what it would feel like to have a dildo inside my pussy. I wanted nothing more than to take my shower in the boys' locker room on Wednesday after PE. Thursday I almost stuffed the banana Mom put in my lunch bag up my dripping pussy. By Friday I was a lost cause. I couldn't wait to go see Rickie the next morning.

I pedaled into Rickie's driveway at 9:30 Saturday morning. Laura's bike was already there. I didn't realize she was scheduled for this morning as well.

Rickie met me at the door and invited me in. She seemed to wear less and less every time I saw her. This morning she wore a white tank top with stretched out armholes that gave a clear view of her tanned breasts whenever she moved her arms. The neck was stretched out as well, hanging down between her breasts. And the shirt itself was cut off well above her belly button. She may as well have been topless considering how easy it was to see her breasts. Down below she wore a white satin thong that disappeared between her tanned cheeks as I followed her into the living room.

Rickie motioned for me to sit down on the couch next to Laura. She sat down in the chair across from us. As she leaned forward her shirt fell forward revealing both her breasts. As her legs opened slightly I realized that her thong was so tight that it clung like a second skin over her pussy. I could see every fold and wrinkle.

"Girls," she said, "before we begin today I need to know how you felt about the fashion show last weekend."

We were silent. And so was she.

Laura and I looked at each other. It was sort of strange, the communication that flowed through our eyes, uncertainty, not about our own feelings but about each other's. Then a sense of acceptance as we realized we both felt the same way. Followed by joy at the realization that each of us was just as horny as the other.

Grinning sheepishly I turned to Rickie and whispered, "I loved it!"

"Me too," responded Laura.

"Really?" asked Rickie.

"Yea," I replied more confidently. "It was incredible! I couldn't stop thinking about it."

"Yea," chimed in Laura. "God, I couldn't wait for today to get here. I kept wishing I could do it again!"

"I almost came right in middle of lunch the other day," I gushed.

"You too?" Laura asked, relieved. "I couldn't quit masturbating. My God I was so horny all week!"

"God, me too," I responded.

"Alright. Great!" Rickie replied.

"What about Michelle and Maria?" Laura asked.

"They were here yesterday afternoon. The reacted the same way you did," Rickie said. "Now, let's go downstairs."

As soon as we got downstairs we both stripped and plopped down in a couple of beanbag chairs. Rickie grinned.

"I think it's high time I joined the party," Rickie proclaimed as she pulled her tank top over her head and dropped her thong to her ankles.

Rickie had an absolutely gorgeous body. She was perfectly tanned, perfectly smooth, perfectly beautiful. Her breasts were small and firm with pink nipples that stuck straight out. Her pussy was completely bald. She didn't have a tattoo. Didn't have a piercing. Didn't have anything to blemish her perfect skin.

And she was totally relaxed as she sat cross-legged in front of us on the floor.

"To tell you the truth, I hate wearing clothes and I normally always work nude around my experienced models. I figure if I get to see them nude they may as well see me!"

"Now," she continued, "I want to tell you about a little known modeling secret. Do you know what many of the top fashion models do to keep that special flair they have when they're being shot or walking down the catwalk?"

We both shook our heads.

"Do you remember what Simon had your helpers put inside you?"

"Some kind of capsule," I said.

"Exactly. It was a special time released capsule that slowly releases a cream that keeps you sexually excited for up to eight hours. Do you know why Simon brought each of you to a climax?"

We shook our heads again.

"Because women develop a special glow immediately after a climax that cannot be duplicated with any type of make up. And the capsule keeps that glow shimmering for eight hours, especially when a vibrator of some sort is inserted."

"Now, we're going to be shooting some sport sequences this morning, but I really need to have that same glow on you guys, so I want you to work each other to a climax before the first sequence, OK?"

"You want us to masturbate each other?" Laura asked incredulously.

"Yes," Rickie replied. "Is that a problem?"

"Well... I... I've... you know. I've never done it with another girl before," she stammered.

"Me either," I croaked.

It felt cool to be naked down here together. And I loved the experiences I had at the fashion show. But somehow the thought of someone else I knew, a friend, touching me down there and bringing me to a climax seemed like more than I could bear.

"Relax," Rickie replied. "It's a piece of cake. Just do to each other what you do to yourselves. Trust me, you'll love it."

"Now come over here and get started."

She led us to a gymnastic mat covered with thick quilts and pillows. To one side of the mat were a variety of all kinds of different dildos and I don't know what alls. Her photography lights were set up all around it.

"You're going to photograph us?" I asked.

"That's one of the curses of being a photographer," she replied. "I have to shoot everything. Now, I'm not going to direct at all. I just want you to lay down and do whatever feels good."

Both of us just stood there, looking at the quilts, pillows, and lights. This was decision time, really. Up until now I'd simply been reliving that fashion show in my mind. Fantasizing about it. Now was the real thing. Now I had to choose. I could leave. Go home and never get to repeat anything close to that experience ever again. Or I could stay and make Laura, my friend, climax. I guess that means I'd have to make love to her, a girl. I'd never really thought about having sex with a girl before. I remembered how I felt when she was drying me off after Maria washed my hair. She almost made me cum then. And it felt great.

I reached over, took Laura's hand and stepped onto the mat. She followed with a weird mixture of meekness and eagerness.

We sat down side by side and then reclined back onto the pillows. Rickie's camera started clicking in the background.

I ran by fingers lightly up her white thighs. As I reached her crotch she opened her legs, giving me access to her shaved pussy.

I'd never really looked at another girl's pussy before, never up close anyway. It was a brilliant pink against her pale skin. I swear, Laura had the palest skin I'd ever seen. I slid my finger down her slit and was surprised that it was already moist.

She moaned gently and lay all the way back, spreading her legs.

I scooted down where I could see better. It's hard to believe how little I knew about a girl's anatomy.

Laura was fascinating. Her silky white skin puffed up between her legs, divided by a thin pink line. She was shaved completely bald just like I was. When I slid by finger down this pink line her labia opened up like a rose, revealing brilliant pink folds glistening with moisture.

Holding her labia open with my fingers I examined her inner beauty. At the top of her slit was a small button, her clitoris. I touched it softly with my fingertip. Laura moaned and wiggled at the sensation. A little lower down was the darker pink of her vagina. I guess that's what it's called. It was her hole, anyway. I slid my finger around the outside and was again rewarded with a deep moan that rolled out of Laura's half opened mouth. I ran my finger lower down and came to her pink puckered asshole. I pressed it with my finger and she raised herself for me to press harder.

I looked up between Laura's legs at her face. Her eyes were closed, her mouth half open, her hands gently pulling at her hardened nipples.

With my thumb I pressed and wiggled her clit while simultaneously slipping my middle finger into her pussy. Her hips pressed up into my hand. I rubbed her clit harder while inserting two fingers into her and rolling them around.

Laura was in heaven. She arched her back, moaning softly. I continued stroking her button and pumping my fingers into her pussy gradually increasing my speed. The faster I went the more her hips moved until she suddenly tensed and arched her back as high as she could. She reached down and grabbed my hand and pressed it into her even further as her climax erupted out of her in one long deep-throated moan.

She held that position for about 30 seconds while her entire body trembled before collapsing back onto the mat, covered in a sheen of glistening sweat.

Without hesitation, Laura rolled forward, spread my legs and began caressing my dripping snatch. We were now side by side, with her head by my pussy and her pussy by my head.

She was doing something I had never done before. Her fingers were wiggling all over my wide open pussy, caressing and touching every part of me. It felt incredible.

Laura was stretched out beside me, her breasts pressing into my side. My arm was underneath her and around her waist. With one hard pull I rolled her on top of my stomach. Her knees landed on either side of my head, her pussy right in front of my face.

Instinctively I leaned forward and sucked her clit as deep into my mouth as I could. At virtually the same time I felt her tongue twirling into my pussy.

My God! I'd never felt anything like that before, so soft, so firm, so... so... so... As my climax blew through me I actually wrapped my legs around Laura's head and pulled her tongue deep into my pussy. She later said it felt like my pussy was going to suck her tongue clear out of her mouth. My hands were gripping her ass cheeks as I pulled her into my mouth, running my tongue up and down her entire pussy. Just as my climax began to subside I felt hers rolling through her body which immediately restarted my own.

I'm not sure how long we lay there as orgasms (multiple or one long one) rolled through us. It seemed to cycle from her pussy up her body to her mouth, into my pussy, up my body and out my mouth back into her pussy. Our bodies were molded into one.

Slowly we relaxed.

Laura rolled off of me and onto her back.

The world began to come back into focus.

In the distance I heard Rickie's camera clicking away.

After a few minutes we both sat up. I now understood what Rickie had meant. Laura's face positively glowed. I figured mine was the same.

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Rickie as she squatted in front of us. I couldn't help but notice that her bare pussy looked a little on the wet side as well.

"That took a little longer than I had planned so we only have time for one real set. A sports magazine in Japan wants to run a series on gymnastics in America. Since you've both been involved in gymnastics I thought you two would be perfect. They want some pretty hot pictures, so before you girls get dressed I want you to do a couple of things to keep yourself excited. OK?"

We both nodded. I was still pretty horny. I don't think I would have had any problems staying excited.

"First, these are the same kind of capsules you had last weekend. Slip one inside each other."

We each silently took a capsule from her and slipped it into each other's pussy.

"What's this do, again?" Laura asked.

"It sticks to your vaginal wall so that it won't slide out. Then it slowly, over about 8 hours, dissolves, releasing a chemical that tickles your pussy, keeping you in an almost constant state of arousal."

She reached over and picked up two small silver eggs, a little larger than a man's thumb. She pressed a switch on they side of each and they began to silently vibrate in her palm.

"These are called magic eggs," she explained. "When turned on they vibrate at random speeds for 4 to 6 hours. They feel incredible and no one will ever know you have them in you. Put these in each other as well."

I picked one up. It was totally smooth and vibrated softly in my hand. Laura giggled a little as I pushed it deep into her pussy. She then slipped one into me.

It was the weirdest sensation! I could feel it inside me. But more than that, I felt my entire pussy vibrating. My God, it felt incredible!

"I have one last thing for you two to do before you get dressed." She handed Laura a tube about the size of toothpaste. "Spread this cream on each other's nipples and pussy. It works a little like the capsule inside you, only not as long. For about two hours it'll keep you tingling like you won't believe."

Laura squirted some onto her fingertips and massaged my breasts. Immediately my nipples pointed straight out, turning as hard as little pebbles. She then squirted some liberally into her palm and massaged it into my pussy, rubbing into ever fold and crevice, even pushing some into my asshole. I shivered as a tiny orgasm rolled through me.

When she was done I did the same to her.

Meanwhile, Rickie had gotten our leotards. I guess that's what they were. I know I couldn't have worn them to my gymnastics class. They were shiny, white, and very, very small.

As I pulled mine on I noticed that the crotch was lined with tiny little rubber fingers. I pulled it up over onto my shoulders and looked in the mirror on the wall across from me. Wow! The material was thin white lycra. Not only was it almost transparent, it clung to every part of my body. I could even see the tiny bumps around my nipples! The straps over my shoulders were so thin they were almost invisible. And the neck line! Well, it went down almost to my belly button! The only reason my breasts were covered at all was that it was so tight. As for the back, there was none. The back was open all the way down to my waist which was encircled by a thin strip of material. The bottom was essentially a thong. From my waist a triangle dropped to my crotch, about three inches as the top and about one inch at my pussy. Once it passed my pussy it narrowed to nothing more than a string as it passed up my crack back to the strip around my waist. It was pulled so tight that everything was visible. Meanwhile, every time I moved those little rubber fingers writhed against my pussy and clit.

A few weeks ago I would never have even put something like this on. Now I was so horny all I wanted to do was pose.

"OK," announced Rickie. "We'll begin with the two of you doing some stretching exercises. Just do some of the things you would normally do to get limber."

I began by standing straight up with my feet about shoulder length apart. I stuck my arms straight out from my body and moved them in little circles. Pretty boring stuff, I guess. Laura was doing about the same.

I put my feet together and bent at the waist, pulling myself down until my nose touched my knees. Rickie was squatting behind me, clicking away.

I rose, spread my legs wide, and leaned over to touch my nose to my right knee. Those rubber fingers began tickling my open pussy. I switched legs. Then grabbing each calf I pulled forward until I was bending down, looking between my legs. I saw an upside down Rickie, squatting with her legs wide up, moisture dripping from her pussy as she shot picture after picture. Looking up at me I realized that my pussy lips had completely swallowed the thong of my leotard. I thought about pulling it out and decided not to.

I rose, keeping my legs spread wide as I stretched my arms above my head. Then, lowering my arms, I slowly slid my legs out to a full split. Just as my pussy touched the mat the slowly vibrating egg inside me increased its speed. Meanwhile, the rubber fingers in my crotch were tickling me like a Chinese feather torture. I ground myself into the mat as my orgasm washed through me.

Taking a breath, I leaned forward until my chest was flat on the ground, keeping my legs split straight out to my sides. From there I lifted up and lay on my back. Rickie was now in front of me. I knew she had a clear shot of my wide open pussy since that thong had evidently decided it wanted to me inside me rather than outside.

"Wonderful," Rickie exclaimed. "I want a shot of the two of you doing that facing each other!"

I sat up and looked at Laura as she stood and came over to face me. She slid into a split about a foot away.

"No, no, no," said Rickie as she pulled a rolling ladder over to us. "I want you touching."

I sort of scooted forward until we were against each other. Rickie came over, squatted over our legs, grabbed each of our bare asses, and pushed us together until our pussies were actually touching!

"There," she announced as she stood and climbed up the ladder.

"Now, lean back onto your backs"

I stretched my arms above my head and leaned all the way back. Doing that always scoots your pelvis forward slightly. Both of us were now pushing against each other's pussies. I swear I could feel her egg vibrating!

Laura let out a moan and ground herself into me. Those rubber fingers pushed right against my sensitive clit and sent fireworks flowing through me as well. As we ground our orgasms against each other I saw Rickie above us, shooting away like a mad woman!

As we continued through the photo shoot I seemed to move through a mist of constant arousal. Miniature orgasms shivered through me as I moved.

On the balance beam I ground my now throbbing clit into against the four inch board as I performed split somersaults on it.

Rickie had me do a floor routine as well. Jumping and twirling with the egg vibrating within me and those little rubber fingers tickling me set me off yet again.

Eventually Laura and I both lay gasping on the mat, completely exhausted. I felt absolutely incredible! Looking over at Laura I realized that as these leotards got wet with our sweat they became virtually transparent. For all intents and purposes we had been performing completely nude! Truth was, I really didn't care. I felt great! I was still so sexually aroused that all my inhibitions were completely gone.

"OK, girls," announced Rickie. "I think that'll do for one morning. Let's get you out of those things."

I stood up as Rickie, still nude, came and slid the leotard off my shoulders and down my body. I shivered at her touch as she gently pulled them down to my feet. The thong made a squishy sound as it popped out of my soaking pussy.

"Spread your legs a little so I can get your egg out," she said, matter of factly.

I opened my legs as she slipped two fingers inside me and gently withdrew the still vibrating egg. She switched it off and handed it to me.

"Take that home with you, I dare say you've earned it," she said, grinning.

I smiled back as I held it in my hand.

I dressed while she did the same with Laura.

"Can we have some of those capsules and cream as well?" Laura asked, panting slightly.

"Sure, help yourself," said Rickie as turned and headed upstairs.

Laura and I both grabbed a tube of cream and a dozen capsules and stuffed them in our pockets as we followed Rickie upstairs.

That night I went to bed nude. I was incredibly horny, despite my activities earlier that day. The capsule Laura put in me during our photo session had worn off about mid afternoon. It was strange because I could actually tell that it had stopped.

I carefully shut my door and stripped, then stuck another capsule inside me followed by my little vibrating egg. Next I rubbed Rickie's cream all over my pussy and ass. God it felt great.

I quietly (sort of) masturbated to an incredible climax - actually a double climax because I came twice before sliding into sleep. I knew I should remove the vibrating egg, but it just felt too good as I slid into unconsciousness.

"Tina! Tina! Are you OK? You're having a nightmare!"

Through the haze of sleep I heard my father as he swung open my door and rushed in. The light from the hall shown in my face through the doorway. I couldn't figure out why my father was standing in my room.

"Tina, you were screaming. Are you alright?" he asked as he walked towards me.

Still half asleep, I rolled over and squinted up at him. He had frozen about halfway to my bed and just stood there staring at me.

That's when I realized what had happened. I had kicked my covers completely off. The only thing covering my body was a thin sheen of sweat. And my hand... My entire hand up to my wrist was shoved into my soaking pussy.

I felt like my entire body was on fire. I knew I'd had an earth-shattering climax in my sleep and been screaming out loud. And I wasn't through, yet. Somehow having my dad staring at me sent me right over the edge. I was more embarrassed than I'd ever been in my entire life, but that didn't seem to matter. I simply couldn't stop.

As the orgasm flooded me yet again I pumped my hand in and out of my wide open pussy and pushed my hips high into the air, arching my back. I closed my eyes, gritted my teeth. I was grunting like a pig in an effort to keep from screaming again.

By the time I settled down, the door was closed and my father was gone.

I removed the egg and went back to sleep.

I woke up slowly Sunday morning. I felt positively incredible. I simply slid casually from a deep sleep into awareness.

Slowly the memory of my father's accidental voyeurism swam out of my dreams and into my memory. My father, my own father had seen me completely naked and masturbating my brains out!

I wasn't sure what he would do. Did he tell my mother or keep it to himself? Would he or Mom talk to me about it or would he pretend it never happened?

Knowing my dad I figured he was probably too embarrassed to mention to my mom and probably wouldn't discuss it with me either. He would probably just pretend it never happened.

I felt really strange. I knew how I should have felt. I should have been mortified! I should have been totally ashamed! I should have been embarrassed out of my everlovin' mind! Instead I felt exactly the opposite. I couldn't help thinking it was the coolest thing in the world. I loved it! I loved that my own father had seen me naked in the throes of passion.

I dawned on me that I loved exposing my body to others. I loved it when Rickie took pictures of me nude. I loved walking that catwalk in virtually nothing and climaxing in front of 100 complete strangers. I loved stripping completely nude in front of my brother's best friend when he delivered pizza. And I loved masturbating in front of my daddy!

God! Was I perverted or what?!

Realizing that I was an exhibitionist opened a new world for me. I knew I couldn't simply begin walking around naked, not even in my own house. Instead, I had to work my way up, get my family used to my new openness, convince them over time that it was OK for me to be naked and then to somehow introduce sex into the whole picture. I was still technically a virgin - I'd never had sex with a man before. But the last few weeks had turned me from a naive little 14 year old girl to a horny little 14 year old girl.

**Chapter 3**

How does a 14 year old girl seduce her family?

Maybe it was because of the dreams I had the night before. Maybe it was because my dad saw me masturbating. Maybe it was because I'd had sex with Laura the day before.

I don't know.

I just know that thought kept running through my mind as I woke up Sunday morning.

My family is pretty conservative. Dad's 38. He's an accountant. Pretty good looking. He goes running every morning. He's pretty cool. That means I can get away with almost anything around him. Dad let's me and my brothers do pretty much whatever we want - unless we're trying to kill each other. Within reason.

Mom's 37. She's a nurse. And sometimes a bitch. For the last couple of years we've sort of gone round and round together. Hormones I guess. Anyway, she's the one I don't ask when I want to do something fun. This sounds like I hate my mom. That's not true. We get along fine most of the time. It's just that sometimes she can be so unreasonable.

Russell's my older brother. He's 15, about to turn 16. Pretty much full of himself. When Brad told him about his pizza delivery adventure Russell threatened to tell Mom. But he didn't. Not sure why. Russell's a hunk. He plays wide receiver on the football team and guard in basketball. He's tall, thin, and athletic. All my girlfriends swoon over him!

Timmy's 12. I don't know why I'm closer to him than to Russell. It just seems like he and I have always done a lot together. We both like the same sort of things. He's also going to be tall like his brother, I think. Right now he's skinny with sandy blond hair.

That's my family and I guess we're pretty normal. We fight. We laugh. We play. It's not like we have strict rules about nudity around the house. It's just that we've never had the need to. Timmy ran around in his underwear until he was 9, but never since then. I think Mom told him he couldn't do that anymore. I think he likes to run around the house naked when he's alone. I came home one afternoon and saw him running up the stairs as fast as he could go. He didn't have his shirt on, but I couldn't see if he had any pants on. I don't think he did. Anyway, I've never seen any of the others in their underwear. My brothers spend the weekends and summer wearing shorts, often without shirts. Dad sometimes goes shirtless, when he's been swimming in the pool or working in the yard. Mom wears a robe over her nightgowns but it never reveals anything. On weekends and holidays I often wear nightshirts and panties. Sometimes my panties may show, but not often. I have a bikini for swimming but it's pretty modest.

But things were different now. I was different. I'd tasted sex like I'd never imagined. I'd tasted exhibitionism - like I'd never imagined. Even though I'd never fucked a guy and was therefore technically a virgin, I was hooked on sex.

I couldn't get over how excited I was when my father burst in on me while I was deep in a wet dream. God! The realization that he'd seen my nude body with my entire hand stuffed in my cunt! I wanted to fuck him. I wanted to feel his cock stuffed inside me instead of my hand.

I wanted sex! I wanted nudity! I wanted to be seen - by everyone!

Yes. I'd changed. And my god I was horny!

I lay in bed gently rubbing my shaved pussy and trying to figure out where to go from here. I knew my dad. I knew he would have been incredibly embarrassed about last night and that he would pretend it had never happened. He hadn't told Mom or else she would have come in and given me a "talking to." Dad would attempt to block the entire episode out of his mind. And he would never, never, ever barge into my room again!

The last thing I could get away with was wondering into my living room naked, throwing myself on the floor, spreading my legs, and saying, "Come get me, Big Guy!" It may be true in stories that every dad will fuck his daughter if given half a chance and every mom will let him, but not in this family. They'd pack me up and send me to the nut house if I did that.

No. I'd have to be much more subtle than that. Much more devious. I'd have to seduce all four of them at the same time over a period of several weeks to get what I wanted. Sounded like fun!

I slipped one of Rickie's magic capsules inside my pussy and pulled a nightshirt on before leaving my room. No panties. My nightshirt hung down to my knees and was dark so it was impossible to tell, but I knew and it felt great!

As horny as I was, Sunday was really pretty uneventful. Nobody realized that I was bare under my nightshirt. Around noon I put on shorts and a tee shirt. No underwear. But no one could really tell.

That night, though, I managed my first flash. I took my shower a little earlier than usual, knowing Timmy was in his room right down the hall. I "accidentally" left the bathroom door slightly open. Our shower has a glass door so you can see whoever's inside, sort of. It tends to get foggy. I couldn't tell if anyone looked in or not. Our towel closet is in the hallway and somehow I'd forgotten to get a towel.

I turned off the shower and yelled, "Timmy!"

No answer.

"Timmy!"

"What?" he called back.

"Come here," I replied.

"What do you want?" he asked as he poked his head in.

I was still in the shower with the door closed and fogged up. I knew all he could see was my shadow.

"I forgot my towel. Will you get one for me?"

"Uh. OK," he replied, a little uncertainly.

As soon as I saw his head disappear I stepped out of the shower and stood facing the door, dripping water all over the bathmat.

Timmy stepped in with my towel, expecting me to still be behind the shower door. He just froze and stared at my naked body.

"Uh... Timmy? My towel?" I said, trying not to laugh.

"Towel? Oh. Yea." He handed it to me, eyes glued to my body.

I expected him to run out, but he seemed paralyzed. Just stood there with his mouth hanging open.

I pretended everything was normal and just began drying off in front of him. I dried my arms, then my breasts, wiped off my back and moved down to my legs, working my way back up to my hips. Finally I spread my legs and dried off my pussy. For some strange reason it seemed a little wetter than it normally was after a shower.

I then dropped the towel in the hamper, picked up my nightshirt and slipped it over my head as I walked past him. He still seemed to have a serious problem with his motor functions. As I walked downstairs to the living room I knew that he, at least, would know that I wasn't wearing any panties.

This may not seem like much, but it was the first time since I was a small child that someone in my family had seen me nude. My God it felt great!

It was two more days before I managed another exposure. This one was pretty tame too, but I figured I had to start slow and work my way up.

I'd never realized how cool it was to have the linen closet in the hallway instead of in the bathroom itself. That's were we kept all the towels, sheets, and even the toilet paper.

I had to work this one out very carefully.

I was wearing jeans and a leotard style shirt. That's a shirt that actually has leg openings in it just like a leotard. It allows a girl to wear a tight fitting shirt without worrying about it coming untucked. It also means that it must be pulled completely down in order to go to the bathroom.

First I checked and made sure Russell was in his bedroom with the door open. I went in the bathroom and left the door ajar as I had been doing. There was a small amount of toilet paper on the roll that I pulled off and stuffed in the trashcan. I dropped my jeans to my ankles, pulled my arms out of my leotard and pushed it down to my ankles as well. I was now essentially nude.

I sat on the toilet and peed.

"Russell," I called out.

"What?"

"Come here a minute."

"I'm busy," he yelled back. "You come here."

"God damn it, Russell! I'm on the pot and need some TP. Will you please get me some?" I responded.

I heard the closet door open and the plastic rattle as he pulled out a fresh roll.

He pushed the door open and stepped in. "Jeez, you should pay more atten..."

He sort of stopped talking when he looked up at me and realized that I was topless. My tits were poking straight out (partly because I'd been pinching them just before he came in).

Moving fast so as to complete this before he backed out I grabbed the roll, whipped off a portion, and stood up. Russell now had a perfect view of my shaved pussy. I squatted slightly and slid the paper between my pussy lips before dropping it in the toilet.

Facing him, I squatted down, opening my legs wide to pick up my leotard. I stood up and looked him in the face as I slid my arms into my top. He was grinning like the Cheshire Cat. I pulled my jeans up and buttoned them.

"God, Russell, you'd think you'd never seen your sister's bald pussy before," I whispered in his ear. Then I did something I honestly hadn't planned. I reached up and squeezed the outline of his hard cock through his shorts and walked out of the room.

Friday night was the big night for me. The climax of the entire week, if you will (pardon the pun). As I said before, Mom's a nurse. She works Friday and Saturday nights. This lets her stay home during the days so that we were never left alone.

Friday night she went to work leaving me alone with my dad and two brothers. As usual, my plan started in the shower.

I went upstairs, stripped in my bedroom and walked down the hall to the bathroom nude. This was just for the thrill of it. I knew everyone was downstairs and that no one would see me.

Leaving the door open about half way I turned on the shower, let it warm up, and stepped in. I lathered up, getting soap all over my bare body and shampooing my hair.

This is what I called the set up. Now I had to put my plan into action. I had to make it look good if it was going to work. I was horny and nervous at the same time.

The shower was right over the living room, so people could hear if someone was stomping around up there.

I picked up the shampoo bottle and dropped it, letting if fall with a loud clunk (didn't break, plastic). Then I let out a scream, stamped my feet a couple of times and slipped flat on my ass on the floor. Like I said, I had to make it look good, so I figured I had to have some kind of bruise, or at least a red spot. I think I may have overdone it. My ass hurt like hell.

"Daddy!" I cried, tears rolling down my cheeks (largely from the soap that had gotten in my eyes). "Daddy! Help me!"

With the shower running I couldn't hear anything until the door swung open and he came running in.

Since I was still screaming he swung the shower door open. I think he expected me to be covered in blood holding my severed leg in my hands by the way I was carrying on. Instead he looked down on his 14 year old daughter, nude, covered in soap, sitting on the floor with her legs splayed open, crying.

"Tina, what happened? Are you OK?" he asked, worry pouring through his voice.

Through choking sobs I said, "I... I... I slipped and fell. God, it hurts!"

"What hurts, baby?" he asked, holding my hand. "What did you fall on?"

"My butt. I think it's broken," I wailed.

"OK. OK. Can you stand up?"

"I don't know," I sobbed.

He reached up and turned off the shower. He was almost as wet as I was at this point. Soap was still in my eyes so I could barely see.

He grasped my hands and said, "come on, baby, try to stand up. Let's see how bad it is."

He stood, pulling me up by my hands as he did so. Truth is, my ass did hurt, though not as much as I was pretending.

I stood up, groaning loudly.

"Turn around, baby, let me take a look."

I turned around slowly and bent slightly at the waist.

My daddy knelt down behind me and examined my naked ass. My legs were spread slightly and I knew he had a clear view of my shaved pussy as well.

"I think it's just a little red. You might have a bruise but I think it'll be alright."

"It hurts, Daddy!" I sobbed. "I think my tailbone's broken."

That did it. He reached up and pressed his hand against my crack, feeling my tailbone. I groaned in dire pain as he pressed his hand against me.

"It doesn't feel broken," he muttered. "But I don't really know how to tell. Maybe we should go to the emergency room."

I hadn't really thought about that. I mean, I wanted him to see me nude but I hadn't even thought about going to the hospital. Somehow that sounded incredibly exciting.

"It hurts," I whined, knowing exactly what that would do.

"It's OK, baby. I'll take you to the emergency room and they can take care of it for you."

"OK. If you say so, Daddy," I whimpered. "But I gotta get this shampoo out of my hair."

Dad was at a loss, poor man. He didn't know what to do.

"Can you turn on the water and rinse my hair out for me?" I asked.

Without a word he reached up and turned on the shower again. I held on to him for dear life, as though I was scared to death I'd fall again. Every time I moved or he bumped against me I groaned.

He gently rinsed all the soap from my hair then turned the water off and helped me step onto the bathmat. Picking up a towel he dried me off, gently caressing my arms, back, legs and even my breasts. I played the helpless invalid. As he touched my ass again to dry me off I screamed in pain. He was afraid he'd killed me.

I looked up and Timmy and Russell were both standing in the doorway watching, a mixture of concern and lust painted on their faces.

"Come on, babe, let's get you dressed," he said.

I wrapped my arms around him, pressing my bare breasts against his chest. He half carried me as I limped to my room.

My mind was spinning. This was a chance of a lifetime - if I played it right.

"Russell, get her some clothes," he said. At this point he'd obviously decided that he needed help more than he needed to protect my modesty from my brothers' eyes.

"No," I whimpered. "Just my robe."

"But, babe, you may have to wait at the emergency room for a while," Dad whispered.

I didn't say a word, just started crying again, huge tears rolling down my cheeks. I guess I should feel bad about what I was doing, but at the time I was totally nude, leaning against my father, with both my brothers staring at me, and the prospect of being seen by a multitude of others. I was horny as hell!

Russell picked up my robe and brought it to me. I rarely ever wore my robe anymore. It was almost two years old and was one of the first "feminine" things I'd ever gotten. It was a pink, cotton wrap around robe that tied around the waist. When I'd bought it it came to about mid-thigh. Now it barely fell below the curve of my ass.

I smiled bravely through my tears and slipped it on, groaning slightly as I tied the belt.

Dad pulled on a dry shirt as Russell and Timmy helped me down the stairs. Both their arms were around my waist.

"Timmy, go get the ice pack out of the freezer," Dad directed as he trotted down the stairs. Mom always kept a couple of ice packs in the freezer. Don't ask me why.

Together the four of us hobbled out to Dad's truck. He drove a four door pick up. Tim climbed in first, carrying the ice pack. Russell and Dad sort of picked me up and laid me down across the backseat (and over Timmy's lap). I groaned loudly.

Dad flipped my robe up above my waist, grabbed the ice pack from Timmy's hand and gently placed in on my bare bottom, right between my legs. Then he took Timmy's hand and put it on top.

"Hold that there," Dad commanded as he stepped into his seat. Russell climbed into the front passenger seat.

I was lying on my stomach, half out of my robe, by ass completely exposed. My bare pussy was pressed into Timmy's crotch (and obviously hard cock) while he held a freezing cold bag of ice against my asshole! Actually, that ice was a lifesaver. By this point I was incredibly excited. The ice pack cooled me down somewhat.

Mom worked at one of the big hospitals downtown, however, there was a minor crisis center just a few miles from our house. It wasn't really an emergency room. I mean, it's not where you'd go if you were having a heart attack or had just been shot. However, when Russell broke his leg falling out of a tree a couple of years ago this is where Mom brought him. We tended to come here a lot. Mom really liked the treatment the doctor used, alternative medicine and stuff. They handled all kinds of minor emergencies. They closed at 9:00 on Fridays but it was just 8:30 so Dad headed there.

We pulled into the parking lot and parked a couple of spaces down from the door. Getting me out was going to be a trick. Dad didn't really want to pull on my legs, but he couldn't think of any other way to do it. He opened the door and I sort of scooted out, flashing the entire parking lot in the process. I stood up very slowly, letting my robe fall down to cover (barely) by ass. I tied it loosely around my waist.

Leaning on my father we limped into the waiting room.

I'd never been there on a Friday night before. Evidently this was the place everyone brought their sick kids to when it was past their normal doctor's hours. It wasn't packed, but there were quite a few people there.

Dad walked me to the counter. Poor guy. He was so worried about his little girl that he didn't even realize that he'd pulled my robe up around my waist when he put his arm around me to hold me up. My pussy was completely exposed to the entire room!

Once we got to the counter Dad explained to the receptionist what had happened. She looked genuinely concerned - then handed him a stack of paperwork to fill out and said I'd be called in a few minutes.

I surveyed the room. There were about 20 people sitting in the various chairs and couches. For some strange reason, every one of them was staring right at me! My tears had dried up but I managed to keep a look of intense pain painted on my face. About half the people were parents and the others were kids with the sniffles. Right in the middle was an empty couch. While Dad filled out the forms I put my arm around Russell and let me lead me to the couch. Then I crawled onto it, flashing the entire room as I did so. I grabbed Timmy's ice pack hand and shoved it between my legs again.

In less than five minutes my name was called. As I got up my robe came completely undone. Since I was obviously in incredible pain I didn't even bother to close it up again. Holding on to Dad on one side and Russell on the other I hobbled towards the door, my robe stuck between their two bodies exposing me completely to anyone in front of me. Timmy followed dutifully behind.

As we stepped into the examination room the nurse reached up and pulled my robe all the way off.

"This seems to just be getting in the way," she commented, "and nothing is covered anyway."

She hung it on the hook sticking out of the wall.

"Now, Tina, tell me what happened."

Leaning against the examination table I explained that I'd slipped and fallen in the shower and hurt my rear.

"Alright. Well lie down on the table and let's take a look."

I lay down on my stomach, throwing plenty of moans and groans in along the way. The examination table was like virtually every examination table in the world, long and relatively narrow. As I got settled the nurse gently pushed my knees off each side so that my legs fell off causing me to straddle the table and stretching my pussy open. Dad, Russell and Timmy were standing behind the nurse and had a perfect view.

The nurse then began to feel around my ass, gently at first and then with more and more pressure. She began rubbing up and down my crack, pressing against my tailbone, even sliding a finger inside my pussy! I groaned periodically, but only halfheartedly. The truth is, it felt great and I simply wasn't able to continue the charade.

After almost five minutes of constant caressing and pressure the nurse stopped and said, "I need to get the doctor. Please remain as you are."

She turned and left, leaving the door wide open.

I was now lying on my stomach completely nude with my legs spread apart and facing the open door so that anyone who happened to walk by would get a perfect view of my pussy. Plus, Dad and my brothers were staring right at me.

Several minutes passed before the nurse and a male orderly came back in the room.

"Dr. Richards said you needed an x-ray. Gentlemen, if you'll wait here we'll be right back," the nurse announced.

With that, the two of them disconnected some cables attached to the bed and wheeled me out the door, still completely uncovered and exposed.

I don't know how many people are usually in a minor crisis center hallway just before closing, but I swear it felt like the entire building had turned out to see me wheeled down the hallway. I know I should have felt embarrassed, but I didn't. Just the opposite. This was the coolest thing I'd ever experienced. Somehow it was different from the fashion show I had been in. That was cool too. But it was expected - well, sort of. This wasn't. This was spontaneous - well, sort of - and it felt incredible. Men, women, and children were all getting a perfect view of my soaking wet pussy and I was getting more turned on by the second.

The X-Ray tech seemed a little surprised that I was completely nude and exposed, but other than that she was all business. She took my x-rays and told the nurse I could go back to my room as she walked out the back to develop the film.

Just then Dr. Richards stepped in. I'd seen Dr. Richards several times over the last few years. He was young, like most doctors at this type of place, and incredibly good looking, short dark hair, penetrating brown eyes, sparkling white smile.

"Tina, we need to talk for a moment," he said.

I looked up and groaned, rather pitifully.

"Cut the crap," he stated flatly. "And sit up. I know you're not hurt. There's nothing wrong with your tailbone. From what Nurse Janet said, you reacted far to positively to have anything more wrong than a minor bruise from sitting down a little too hard on the shower floor. Now, sit up."

I turned around and sat up, suddenly very conscious and embarrassed of my total nudity.

"You're fourteen, right?"

I nodded.

"A virgin?"

I nodded again.

"But Nurse Janet said you'd lost your hymen."

I nodded. "An accident a few weeks ago," I muttered.

"Alright, I'll accept that. Now my guess is you wanted your dad to see you nude and things sort of got out of hand. Is that right?"

I nodded, meekly.

"Well you got your wish - and more. You will do exactly what I say or I'll tell your father exactly what you've done. Is that clear?"

Startled, I nodded. I thought the game was up. I just knew he would tell Dad. He'd be furious. And Mom would go ballistic!

"Fine. Nurse Janet, please return her to the examination room.

With that he turned and walked out of the room.

"Alright, my little slut. Lie down like you were," she said, grinning wickedly.

I lay back down on my stomach and dropped my legs over each side of the bed, opening my shaved pussy again. She opened the door and wheeled me back down the hallway, past all the spectators, and into the examination room again. I remained on my stomach with my legs spread wide while my brothers and father pretended not to stare.

Dr. Richards came breezing in moments later, carrying the x-rays.

"Good evening, Tina," he cheerfully announced. "Looks like you've taken quite a fall there. How did it happen?"

"I fell in the shower," I muttered.

My father stepped in and explained in detail what happened, even including why I was nude.

"I see," responded the doctor. "Well, we're going to get you taken care of, Tina. Now let's see what we got."

With that he stepped up to the table and began caressing my bare ass. I shivered as his hands lightly touched my rear. He traced my spine down my back and through my crack. When he reach my asshole he pressed slightly, spreading my cheeks even more.

"Does that hurt?"

"Some," I muttered.

"Just as I suspected," he replied. He slid his index and middle finger all the way into my pussy. I flinched.

"Well, sir," he said, looking at my father as he put the x-ray on the view screen. "The good news is that she doesn't have a broken tailbone. The bad news is that she has serious internal bruising. The fall actually broke her hymen. This bruising can have serious consequences if we don't treat it aggressively right away."

"Like what, doctor?" Dad asked, concerned.

"Well, bruising is essentially internal bleeding. If the internal bleeding continues it could result in renal failure or damage to her vagina and ovaries resulting in sterility. Fortunately we can treat this fairly easily although it may produce a bit of discomfort and embarrassment."

"What do we need to do?"

"We have a cream that needs to be applied internally to her anal and vaginal walls that will clear the bruising and relieve the pain."

I looked back and realized that the tube he was holding up was the same tube that Rickie had used on us during our fashion show and modeling shots. It was designed to create a constant state of sexual arousal.

"Internally?" Dad asked, worried.

"Yes sir, I'm afraid so. And because of the pain she won't be able to apply it herself. Let me show you what you need to do."

Holding his hands out, the nurse squirted a large dollop on the index and middle fingers of both hands.

"Tina, this may hurt somewhat," he said gently. In one motion he pushed the two fingers of his right hand into my asshole and two fingers of his left hand into my pussy.

I gasped as his hands invaded me. His fingers were wiggling, pressing, twisting, and pushing inside me.

"Now you need to massage this cream as far into her as possible, completely covering the vaginal and anal walls. That means really working your hands around. And you need to do it for at least 10 minutes every 4 hours."

I glanced back at my dad. He was as pale as a sheet.

"I've got to rub this stuff inside her for 10 minutes every four hours?" he asked incredulously.

"Yes sir, you do," replied Dr. Richards. His fingers were still pumping in and out of my ass and pussy. I moaned and moved my hips.

"Unfortunately," Dr. Richards responded, "this much vaginal stimulation is naturally going to create some sexual responses from your daughter. Simply remember that it is essential that you complete this regimen regardless of her responses. Failure to do so could end in serious consequences, do you understand?"

Dad nodded, watching with widening eyes as my hips began to writhe to the wiggling of the doctor's fingers. I could feel my orgasm building.

"Now, Mr. Johnson, I want you to try it. I need to make sure you can do this or I'll have to send her to the hospital and admit her."

Dad swallowed and stepped forward. The nurse squirted another liberal dollop of cream onto his fingers. The doctor pulled his hands away and was immediately replaced with my father's tentative fingers. He gently pressed himself inside me. I moaned and pushed myself up to them.

"You need to be a little more aggressive than that," the doctor stated. "Really press and massage. It is essential that you rub the cream deep into her tissue."

With that, Dad began really massaging both my pussy and my asshole. I bit my lip as an orgasm rolled through me.

"Wonderful," praised the doctor. "Now you have to do this every 4 hours for 7 consecutive days. I want to teach your sons to administer this treatment as well."

Dad didn't say anything, which surprised me. He just stepped back with a flushed look on his face as Russell stepped forward and got yet another dose of cream applied to his fingers.

I could tell from the way he pushed his fingers into my sopping wet pussy and ass that he was about to cum himself. His fingers pushed in and out quickly causing me to gasp with each insertion.

"Slow down, son," advised Dr. Richards. "Just rub it around inside."

Russell stopped and began moving in circles around me. I could feel his fingers in my ass pressing down against the fingers in my pussy. So much cream was in me that my entire cunt felt like it was on fire. Biting my lip again I pushed back against him and shuddered through my second orgasm.

"Your turn, young man," said the doctor, directing Timmy to step up.

Without a word he stepped up and put his hands out for the cream.

"Your hands are small enough you need to put them entirely inside her up to your wrist, OK?"

Timmy didn't say a word as the nurse supplied a large squirt of cream onto his palm and fingers.

"Wait just a second," suggested Nurse Janet. She picked up a bottle of baby lotion from the counter and squirted it directly over my asshole and pussy. I shivered as the cold liquid slid into me. "You can use this if she's too tight to fit in."

Timmy stepped up and placed his fingers against my asshole and pussy and pushed. With a squish both his hands slid right into me. I looked behind me. Dad, Russell, the nurse and Dr. Richards were all standing there looking at my brother masturbate me with both his hands inside me up to his wrists. His fingers were rolling around inside me.

He pulled out and looked up.

"You've got to do it a little longer," prodded the doctor.

He pushed his hands in again and it was just too much. I pushed back hard against him, driving his hands into me, and screamed as my orgasm washed through me.

When I finally came back to earth Timmy was standing behind me with both his hands sticking up in the air dripping my cum with a look of terror on his face. Even my dad looked like I was about to die.

"It's OK, Timmy," assured the doctor. "The bruises are extra sensitive and if you push against them just right she may respond like that. But you did just right."

Timmy grinned uncertainly when he was sure I was OK.

My father and brothers stepped back away from me and the doctor moved forward again.

"Wonderful," exclaimed Dr. Richards. "Now, how often do you do this?"

"Every four hours," replied my dad.

"For how many days?"

"Seven."

"Unfortunately, that's just part of the regimen. This ointment needs oxygen in order to work properly. Her anus and vagina naturally close and seal out most oxygen. Therefore we have to insert a speculum thong to keep both her vagina and her anus open for the entire seven days."

The nurse had stepped out of the room while the doctor was talking and returned carrying the weirdest thing I'd ever seen - and maybe the scariest. Essentially it was two plastic speculums wired together with a belt attached.

A speculum is basically two or more plastic tongs that are inserted into the vagina or anus and then separated by twisting a knob. They're used sometimes during examinations.

"Now, I need to show you how to put this on. Tina, raise your hips a little more."

I complied with a whimper of fear.

"First, coat the tongs liberally with the cream. Then slide this one into her vagina first. This curved part faces forward."

He gently slid it about three inches into me. It felt really weird. I'm not sure what it was made of, but it wasn't the hard plastic I thought it was. It was some type of firm rubber or silicone. It held it's form, but it was flexible as well. The tongs were covered with small little bumps that rubbed against me when I moved.

"Now, you have to open the lips so that they don't close over the vagina. That's what these bars are for."

There were two flexible rubbery bars on either side of the speculum about two inches wide with small clamps on either end. These he attached to my pussy lips, forcing them open and apart.

"Now do the same in her anus."

I gasped as he pushed another speculum three inches into my ass as well.

"Next," he instructed them, "twist this knob to the one and a half inch mark."

My asshole felt like it was about to split as he forced it open. Like the one in my pussy, this was soft, rubbery, and flexible.

"This tag sticking in front of her is to hold her clitoris in place. Fortunately by this time her clitoris will normally be engorged so it is easy to find. Simply grip it with your forefinger and thumb and attach the clamp to it."

I felt like he was pulling my clit out by the roots. It hurt like hell - and felt great.

"Now latch the belt around her waist and she is all set."

I couldn't see myself, but I could imagine what Dad, Russell and Timmy were seeing. I was on my stomach with my legs spread wide and my ass sticking up in the air. My ass and pussy were both spread wide open in front of them. A black leather strip about half an inch wide connected my pussy to my ass. Another black strip went up my crack to the belt that encircled my waist. Two black strips traveled up to the belt in a V pattern from the clit clamp, leaving my entire pussy exposed.

"These speculums are made of a special rubber that is flexible. It's designed to expand and contract as needed for tool insertion. However, you must take this off each time you treat her, then replace it. Understand?"

"Yes sir," Dad replied quietly. I think he was a little shell-shocked.

"Janet, while I finish giving them the rest of the instructions, why don't you go print them out a written copy so that they can take it home. I'm not sure how much they will remember."

"Of course, Dr.," Janet said.

"Since Tina's anus and vagina will be open for seven days it is essential that she receive both an enema and a douche twice daily. This will keep her clean and infection free. While at home she should remain nude, since the cream can sometimes cause extreme nipple sensitivity. It is essential that oxygen be readily available to her anus and vagina, therefore she must not wear pants of any type and nothing that hangs lower than the robe she came in with. I recommend that she simply wear a man's dress shirt when out in public. Generally that is long enough to cover her and loose enough to provide oxygen. Janet will provide you with an inner tube for her to sit on whenever she has to sit upright. Exercise and activity are important to the healing process. Tina should continue with her normal routine rather than spending all week alone at home in her room. I'll provide a special note for Mr. Franklin at her school. Do you have any questions?"

I was in shock. Really. I loved exposing myself to my brothers. Pretending to fall in the shower was a great way to expose myself to my father. Being brought here to be examined had simply continued the excitement, but somehow it had all gotten out of hand. This guy expected me to walk around with my ass and pussy spread wide open, to be nude all day when at home, to go to school wearing nothing but a shirt! He said I had to have a damn enema twice a day for God's sake!!! I was utterly speechless.

Evidently so was Dad. He just sort of stared at me and nodded quietly.

The nurse walked in and handed Dad a two page sheet of instructions along with a plastic bag filled with tubes and stuff.

"Alright, Tina, time to go home," announced Dr. Richards.

I swung my leg off the table and almost collapsed as I stood up. This thing he'd put in me was diabolical. First, it kept my legs apart. The thing in my ass felt stiff and hard. The one in my pussy was curved slightly and rough on the end, pushing and rubbing right against my G spot whenever I moved. My clitoris was pinched into that clit clamp and sent jolts of electricity through me every time I took a step. Russell slid his arm around me and I slid into him as we walked out of the room. I didn't even think about my robe hanging on the wall.

Clinching my teeth to hold back the orgasm I felt rising in me I walked through the now empty waiting room. Half way through it hit. I collapsed to my knees, gasping and rubbing my crotch as waves of ecstasy rolled through me.

Everyone stood and stared at me.

"That's to be expected until she gets used to it," said Dr. Richards as he raised me up again. "Y'all have a good night."

He walked us to the door and locked it behind us.

I rode home the same way I came, laying on my stomach on top of Timmy. Only now I was completely naked and he was staring down into my wide open asshole. I could feel his hard little cock pressing right against me exposed clit. This was wild. I couldn't come down. In the past whenever I masturbated or did something for Rickie, I relaxed shortly after my climax. But now I couldn't. The stimulation was constant. In the last hour I'd cum half a dozen times but the stimulation never stopped.

Lying there pressing my clit against my little brothers cock I tried to think of a way out of this. Surely I wouldn't have to go to school like this! Surely Mom and Dad would realize this was insane, probably even charge the doctor with sexual assault.

But no. I knew better.

Mom was a nurse on the cancer ward. Every weekend she worked with people dying from horrible diseases. Over the last several years she had become more and more interested in unorthodox methods of treatment. She'd seen patients die using traditional medicine and patients miraculously survive for years using alternative medicine. Over time she'd become a true believer in unorthodox medical treatment. Against hospital policy she even counseled some of her patients to go to various doctors for different alternatives.

And Mom was the disciplinarian. She set rules and followed them, rarely changing. That's why she and I fought so much. She set the rules and I broke them. Well, now she had two pages of rules from a doctor for an unorthodox treatment. Even though it meant tossing out her views on modesty I was sure she would follow them to the letter.

I was doomed. She would make me do everything Dr. Richards had suggested.

It was bad enough that I would have to be nude at home, but how was I going to go to school in nothing but one of my dad's dress shirts?

Timmy placed his hand on my ass and slowly slid it towards my open hole. His finger slipped inside and began stroking gently. I trembled and pushed down against his cock. He tensed under me and then I felt him shoot into his pants. His cock pulsed underneath me for what seemed like hours before it stopped. I felt the warm moisture of his cum-soaked crotch. I glanced back and smiled up at him. His eyes were closed, his finger still stroking my asshole.

It was almost 10:00 when we got home. I whimpered that I wanted to go to bed and Russell and Dad helped me get up the stairs. I lay down in bed and silently cried myself to sleep.

"Angel? Angel? You've gotta wake up, baby."

I shifted in my sleep. A jolt of electricity flowed out of my clamped clit. That'd been happening all night. Every time I moved my pussy would wake me up.

"Sweetheart, I've got to give you your treatment."

I rolled over onto my side and looked up at my father. He'd turned the lamp next to my bed on.

Dad had his robe on, tied tightly around his waist, and long pajama bottoms. He looked really worried.

"It's OK, Dad," I assured him as I unclipped the belt around my waist. I reached down and undid the clit clamp then rolled onto my stomach and lifted my ass for him to do the rest.

Without a word he released the speculums and slipped them out of my pussy and ass. I felt empty without them.

He was still. Uncomfortable. Unwilling to proceed.

"Give me the tube," I directed.

Rolling onto my side I took both his hands and squirted the ointment on them.

"It's OK," I said. "Go ahead." I lay back on my stomach and raised my ass again.

Gently, tentatively, he pushed his fingers into my pussy and ass. I sighed and relaxed. He softly massaged the inner walls. God it felt great. The ointment made me tingle all over.

"I'm sorry I have to do this, baby," he said. "It feels so wrong."

"Dad. Please. You have to. The doctor said so."

"I called your mom. She's pretty worried. Said it sounded serious for Dr. Richards to prescribe such an unusual therapy. But she agreed. Dr. Richards is very good and really knows about all this alternative medicine stuff. Mom thought we should do what he said."

I just moaned silently as he fingers continued masturbating me.

"I know this has to be really uncomfortable for you. I'm sorry that I have to see you like this. That I have to do this to you. I want you to know that I love you."

I reached back and patted his leg. "I know," I whispered. My hips began moving to his massaging fingers. I bit my lip as a small orgasm washed over me. My whole body trembled.

"Are you cold, baby," Dad whispered.

"No, Dad, I'm fine. Really. Don't worry."

Dad pulled his fingers out. "Time's up," he announced, looking for a place to wipe his fingers finally lifting the edge of his robe and using it. Dad's hard cock had popped out of the hole in his pajamas and from my position I got a momentary view of it. I almost reached out to touch it, then realized that it was too soon.

I handed him the speculums to put in again. He was sort of clumsy about it and it hurt some when he did it, but eventually I was all set up. Once again my ass and pussy were forced open and my clit was pinched in the clamp.

As Dad stood to leave I stood up with him. He turned towards me with a questioning look in his eyes and I gave him a tight huge, wrapping my arms around his waist. Dad's pretty tall, I only come up to his shoulders. My bare breasts pressed against his flat stomach. I felt the hardness of his cock through his robe.

"I love you, Dad. Thank you for taking such good care of me."

Hugging me back he said, "I love you to, baby. Now go back to sleep."

Dad watched as I climbed back into bed then turned to walk out.

"See you in four hours, Dad," I called.

At 5:00 Dad came in to wake me up again. No need. I was already awake. I'd been dreaming about him and woke up to another orgasm.

This time he was wearing just his pajama bottoms, no robe, no shirt. His chest seemed more muscular than I had noticed before.

Something had changed about him. He seemed to have come to some type of decision, like he wasn't going to allow this to embarrass him any longer.

"Good morning, Angel," he said, smiling as he walked toward me. "Ready for your next treatment?"

I smiled up at him and replied, "Yep," while unclasping the belt and undoing the clit clamp.

Dad slipped the contraption off and handed me the tube. I squirted it on both his hands and laid back down on my stomach.

Dad was in control this time. He gently and firmly pushed his fingers into both my ass and pussy and immediately began massaging me, pressing firmly against my inner walls. The ointment immediately set my entire pussy and ass tingling. Without hesitation Dad slipped his thumb down to my clit and began rolling it around.

It wasn't long before I was writhing to his actions, holding back my orgasm so that it would continue to build. I watched the clock and after about 8 minutes I released, allowing my orgasm to flood through me. Moaning loudly I pushed back against his hands, bucking to push him further in.

As I calmed down Dad leaned back and slipped his fingers out.

"Feel better?" he whispered.

I just nodded as I looked back at him. I took both his hands and licked my juices off of them. "Thank you," I whispered.

I looked at his pajamas. His cock hadn't come out, but only because it had missed the hole. A huge tent was sticking up.

He grinned. "Guess you sort of heated me up, too."

"Can I help?" I whispered.

Dad hesitated. "I don't think so," he replied. He didn't seem the least bit embarrassed. He just wasn't willing for me to do anything. At least not yet, I told myself as he walked out.

After Dad walked out I dozed off and on.

I didn't know what to think. A week ago I'd decided I wanted to seduce my family. I wanted to be nude. I wanted to be seen. I wanted sex. With everyone. I created a wonderful little plan. I let Timmy see me in the bathroom. Then Russell. I felt daring. Naughty. A little wild.

Everything changed last night. I was no longer in control. Last week I'd have given anything to walk downstairs totally nude and have my father masturbate me into an orgasm. Now I couldn't make myself do it. I don't know why. Embarrassment? Fear? I don't know. I just know I stayed in my bedroom, sleeping, waking, and sleeping again.

At 8:00 I heard Mom come home. I knew she and Dad were discussing me and the treatment Dr. Richards prescribed. Twenty minutes later she came into my room.

"Tina?"

I rolled over, very conscious of my nudity under my sheets.

"Hi Mom."

"How do you feel?"

"Much better. It doesn't hurt too much." I was afraid to admit that it didn't hurt at all. Afraid that she would realize that it was a setup.

"Dr. Richards seemed to think it was pretty serious."

"Yea. I guess."

"Let me take a look."

I pulled my sheets back and rolled onto my stomach.

"Spread your legs so I can see better."

I spread my legs wide. Mom gently felt my rear, slipping her fingers into my open ass and pussy. I shivered at her touch. She massaged my clamped clit lightly. I moaned.

"This may hurt just a little."

She slid her fingers into my ass and pressed against my tailbone. I winced.

"Well. I agree with Dr. Richards. Your tailbone isn't broken and you do seem unusually sensitive indicative of bruising. I gave him a call last night after your dad called me. He explained the treatment he prescribed and why it was so important. I think it's essential that we follow it to the letter. Are you OK with that?"

"I guess," I whined. "What about school, though?"

"Dr. Richards said you can go to school."

"Yea. But I'll be practically naked."

"You'll be wearing one of Dad's shirts. You'll be covered."

"Mom. Everyone will see me!"

"Tina, I know this is embarrassing. And I know this will not be easy. But, baby, it's important that you follow Dr. Richards' treatment. If we don't, this may cause serious problems. What's more, Dr. Richards said it was very important that you maintain your normal active lifestyle. You can't do that hiding in your room."

"I know," I whimpered. "I'm just... I'm just... scared. I know Timmy and Russell and Dad all saw me naked last night, but I'm scared to go downstairs now. I'm scared of... I don't know. I just don't know how... what..."

I put my head in Mom's lap and started crying. I wasn't playing anymore. This was real. Even if I confessed, Dr. Richards would say that the fall I did have caused the problem. I was trapped. They say to be careful what you wish for because you may get it. Well I did. And I didn't know how to handle it.

Mom silently stroked my hair.

"Darlin', you have nothing to be ashamed or embarrassed about. Especially here. We all love you and want to take care of you."

"It's just not fair," I cried.

"I know, I know," Mom comforted.

"Why... Why..." I stuttered.

"Why what?" Mom encouraged.

"Why am I the only one that has to be naked?" I rushed out.

"What?" laughed Mom. "You're the only one that's hurt, baby."

"Yea. But why does everyone get to see me naked and I don't get to see them?"

"Well... I don't know, baby. It's not like we can all run around naked," she replied.

I looked up with a spark of hope. "Why not? I have to!"

"Tina! We can't do that. It just isn't proper!" Mom exclaimed. "Yea, I know," I sobbed, putting my head in her lap again. "It's just not fair. I have to be nude all week. All by myself!"

"You really think it would be easier if we were naked too?"

"Yes," I whispered.

"Well, I won't make any promises. But I'll think about it and talk to Dad."

For the first time in a couple of years, I really felt close to my mother. I really was afraid. I really was embarrassed. And I'd somehow been able to talk to her about it and she had really listened.

"Now, it's time for your enema and douche."

I winced. "Will it hurt?" I asked tentatively.

"No, Dear," Mom replied. "The enema will feel uncomfortable until you get used to it, but the douche will actually feel quite nice. Now, go into my bathroom and I'll go get all the stuff."

"OK," I whimpered.

Mom headed downstairs and I walked down the hall to their bedroom. I'd forgotten how incredible it felt to stand and walk with my speculum belt on. Both speculums pushed into me with each stride, the one in my pussy rubbing my G spot. My clit was pinched and pulled with each step.

Mom and Dad both walked into the bathroom shortly after I got there. Dad looked a little embarrassed.

"I'm not going to be home for your treatment this evening, so I have to show Dad how to give it to you," Mom explained. "Roger, why don't you take Tina's speculums out while I set up?"

Somehow this was incredibly embarrassing. Dad had treated me twice during the night. He'd take this thing off of me and put it back on both times. Yet now, in front of Mom, I felt incredibly conscious of my nudity.

Dad knelt down in front of me and gently removed my clit from the clamp. I shuddered at his touch. I spread my legs and squatted a little while he released the speculum in my pussy and slid it out. Staying in front of me, he reached one hand around my waist to release that speculum. Sliding the other hand over my pussy he gently removed the device from my asshole.

"The first thing you need to do is pee," instructed Mom.

I backed up a couple of paces and sat down on the toilet. Dad was still kneeling in front of me. He was only about three feet from my pussy. He'd put on shorts and a tee shirt, but they didn't hide the hard outline of his cock.

I hadn't peed since last night or I doubt that I'd have been able to do so now. I released and a hard stream of urine shot out of me. Dad remained squatting in front of me, transfixed.

When I was done, Mom instructed me to come kneel down over the tub with my ass in the air.

"In the future, when you're more used to it, you can do this on the bed where it's more comfortable. This time we better do it in here in case we have an accident. This may hurt a little."

She rubbed some Vaseline into my ass and then slid the hose into me. A long way into me by the feel of it.

"This is going to feel a little strange, but just try to relax."

She released the clamp from the bag that was hanging from the towel rack. The warm water (and whatever else she'd put in it) gushed into me.

I gasped. I can't describe what it felt like. Good. Bad. Great. Awful. All those conflicting things. It filled me up. Two full quarts of warm water bathing my insides. Finally I was full and Mom pulled the hose out.

"Now, you need to hold that for 20 minutes," she announced as she set the timer she'd brought up.

Twenty minutes! I felt like I was going to explode right now. How was I ever going to hold this for that long?

"Lay down on your back," she said. "I'm going to give you a stomach massage."

I lay back on the towels Mom had spread out, bending my knees and squeezing my ass to keep from losing anything. Mom knelt on one side of me, still in her nursing uniform, while Dad knelt on the other side.

"Roger, you need to do this each time you give her an enema in order to help her relax," Mom instructed.

She reached out and began rubbing my stomach just below my belly button. I'd never realized how soft her hands were. Her hands slid all around my belly, slowly making their way down towards my crotch. Before long she was actively massaging my mound, just to the top of my slit. It felt exquisite.

"Massaging her breasts can be quite relaxing as well," she commented, as she placed one of her hands on my ripe nipple.

I shivered. I'd never felt like this before. My insides were full to the point of bursting, yet warm like an oven. Mom's hands continued caressing my breasts and my mound. I was so close to an orgasm, but not quite there. And the anticipation, the delay, was magnificent.

I was oblivious to everything except her touch and the incredible sensations of the water inside me. The sharp ding of the timer brought me back.

"Now, squat over this bucket and release. Don't use the toilet because the force will splash the water all out and make a mess."

I hadn't even noticed the five gallon bucket Mom had brought up. I struggled to my feet, almost losing control, and squatted over the bucket before releasing.

Wow!

Water and... well, shit, shot out of me like a super soaker water gun! It would have knocked the bucket over if Dad hadn't been holding it! I wasn't sure it was ever going to stop. And I can't even describe how it felt. It hurt, some. But it felt good, too. Cleansing. Emptying.

As the force came to a stop Mom told me to move to the toilet and let the rest come out. I sat down and released another stream, not quite so hard this time.

I sat there. Relaxed. Naked. With Dad standing in front of me.

Mom turned on the shower.

"Now for your douche," she announced. "Step into the shower."

I stood up and stepped under the hot streams of water. Dad was leaning against the counter, watching me. And Mom was undressing!

I didn't expect that. I'd seen Mom naked a few times, but not often; usually just when we were on vacation and shared a motel room. Even then, it was just for a couple of minutes - changing into swimsuits or something.

Now she was standing in front of me stark naked! Mom was a beautiful woman, really. She was petite, only 5'1" and thin. Her breasts were small and still quite firm, even though she was 38. I knew she worked out every day but had never noticed how toned her body was. Looking between her legs I was surprised to notice that her bush was closely trimmed.

She stepped into the shower with me, leaving the door open - and Dad still leaning against the counter, watching. "It's much easier to douche in the shower than in the bathroom," she explained.

Our shower isn't tiny, but it wasn't meant for two. We were pressed pretty close together. As Mom reached for the shampoo she pressed her breasts against mine.

"Squat down so I can wash your hair," she directed.

Facing the door, I squatted, looking straight at my father. I knew he had a clear view of my shaved pussy. Mom shielded me from the water with her body while she shampooed my hair, then moved aside to rinse it off. Lifting me up she began rubbing the bar of soap over my body, first my arms and back, then my breasts, legs, rear, and finally, my pussy. I'd never been pampered like this before. I'm not real sure why I was now. My back was to my mom as she pressed herself against me, reaching around to wash my nipples. I moaned quietly.

Finally she picked up the douche and inserted the nipple into me. With one powerful squeeze she forced the liquid deep into my vagina. I didn't have anything to compare it to, but it felt like how I imagined a man cumming inside me would feel. It pulsed into me in one long steady stream.

Mom squatted behind me and slid her fingers into me, rinsing me out. A small orgasm shivered through me. Meanwhile, Dad was standing there watching his wife sticking her fingers into his daughter's pussy!

Mom stood and turned the water off.

"Roger, why don't you dry her off while I dry myself," Mom said.

I stepped out of the shower into his open towel. He wrapped it around me, pressing his body against me in the process. His cock pressed against my belly button. He softly dried my whole body, paying particular attention to my breasts and pussy.

"Now for your medication," Mom said as she led the way into their bedroom. "Lay down on your back."

"Dad's been doing it on my stomach," I replied.

"Yea, but I'm not Dad," (standard Mom answer #4).

I lay down on my back on their bed and looked up at Mom.

"Scoot over," she said as she lay down next to me only with her head towards my feet.

I scooted towards the middle of the bed and she slid up against me. Half her nude body was on mine and her crotch was right at face level. She slid one hand under my ass and placed the other over my pussy.

"Roger, squirt the ointment on me, please," she asked Dad, who had followed us into the bedroom like some silent shadow.

I watched as Dad squirted large dollops onto both of Mom's hands. Instead of pushing right into me, Mom began by rubbing the lotion around the outside of each hole and then slowly slid inside.

The lotion made me tingle immediately. Moaning, I raised my hips up for my mother as she massaged me. It's hard to describe the situation I was in. I'd been being sexually stimulated through the speculums, the nipple clamps, the massages, the enema, shower, and douche - sexually stimulated nonstop for almost 12 hours!

As my first orgasm ran through me Mom lifted her leg and placed it on the other side of my head, then slid her entire body onto mine. Without saying a word she pushed her naked pussy against my 14 year old mouth. I slid my tongue through her soaking slit, surprised out how aroused she evidently was.

She ground herself more and more against me as I sucked her. Her fingers continued pushing, caressing, massaging my pussy and asshole. One thumb was rolling my clit, pressing it against me.

I felt my mother tense and then explode as she pushed her pussy against my open mouth and tongue, moments later my own orgasm ripped through my body.

Then we both lay still for a few minutes. Spent.

Finally she rolled off of me and picked up my speculum belt. She looked at me and smiled. An unspoken thank you. She slid the speculum's into me again and clamped my clit before buckling the belt.

"I don't think your request is going to be a problem," she whispered. "Now go downstairs and torment your brothers."

I got up and walked out of the bedroom.

Dad shut the door behind me, staying inside.

Walking down the stairs I began to realize just how difficult this week was going to be, aside from the obvious problems of exposing myself to the world. My clit, pussy, and ass were constantly being stimulated, and the cream multiplied the sensations tenfold. Every move I made sent sparks of electricity shooting through my body.

Both my brothers were in the living room watching TV when I walked in. They were both wearing jeans and tee shirts, which was a little unusual for them. Usually they wore shorts or their swimming suits and no shirts. I figured it was because they were afraid I'd see them get hard.

"Hi, Tina. You OK?" asked Timmy, doing his best to ignore my state of undress.

"Yea, Timmy. I'm a lot better now."

"I blew up the inner tube you have to sit on," said Russell, looking pointedly at the TV and not at me.

On the couch where I always sat was the inner tube. Wow! I knew a guy who had broken his tailbone once. He had a little inner tube about two inches thick, really nothing more than a small donut of air to keep some of his weight off his tailbone. My donut was four inches thick, clear, and had a row of rubber bumps about the size of a pencil eraser around the inside.

I turned around a sat down in the middle of it and immediately realized how devious this design was.

First of all, it was so thick that my ass sank into the hole forcing my thighs up in the air. My feet couldn't touch the ground and with the speculum pushing my legs apart I couldn't even close them. In addition, the rubber knobs pressed right against my clit clamp. Every time I moved or shifted in any way my clit rubbed provocatively against them. Anyone looking at me had a clear view of my stretched pussy. And I knew that Dad's shirt would never keep me covered. What's more, getting up was virtually a porn show in itself. I had to lift my ass straight up, spreading my legs and sliding to the edge of the donut in order to touch the ground. That meant absolutely no cover whatsoever. And, as I soon found out when I tried to stand up, that movement wiggled the speculum in both my ass and pussy as well as stretching my clit against the clamp.

Even sitting, I was in a state of constant stimulation. I had to clinch my teeth to keep from cumming right there on the couch. How was I ever going to do this in school?

"Are you OK?" Timmy asked, looking at me in concern. "You look like you really hurt."

"No, Timmy. I'm fine," I gasped.

"Do those hurt," he whispered, looking at my open crotch.

"Not really," I said. "Just takes getting used to."

"Oh."

Everyone was silent for a while, pretending to watch TV and not me.

I found, as I sat in the donut, that it was impossible to be still. Whenever I shifted, my clit tingled. I'd try to sit still and then end up caving into temptation. After about twenty minutes I was almost humping the donut, grinding myself into, pushing down so that the speculums fucked me more and more. My breaths started getting shorter. I was panting. My brothers were staring. I lifted my ass up and slid my fingers into my gaping pussy and came in one powerful grunting orgasm!

I looked up and saw both my brothers staring at me with open mouths. Still panting slightly I pulled my fingers out and collapsed back into the donut. Doing so force the speculums deeper into me and, as my clit hit the rubber knobs, another orgasm shuddered through me. Involuntarily I leaned forward, pushing my clit into the knobs even more, sucking in my breath and grunting yet again as the orgasm rippled through my body.

I leaned back, eyes closed, a thin sheen of sweat covering my body.

I heard Russell stand up.

"Be right back," he muttered.

"Hold on just a second."

It was Dad. I opened my eyes. He was standing in the front of the living room wearing shorts and a tee shirt, blocking Russell's exit.

"Sit back down, Russell. We're having a family meeting."

Russell sat down (a little awkwardly). Dad sat down in the chair across from us.

"Turn the TV off, Timmy."

He did.

"OK. Your Mom and I have discussed this situation and come up with a few new family rules. I want to go over them with you now so that there is no misunderstanding.

"First, because of Tina's accident she has to be nude whenever she's at home and virtually nude whenever she's in public. Furthermore, as you've just witnessed, her treatment leads to heightened sexual arousal."

Dad can really sound pompous when he presents commands from on high.

"Your mom and I" (that means Mom) "don't think that's fair so we're setting some new rules.

"First of all, beginning immediately and for at least the next week, we will not be shutting any doors in this house. That means whenever you go to the bathroom, take a shower, or get ready for bed you must leave the doors open.

"Next, beginning tonight everyone in this household will sleep nude. You both sleep in your underwear anyway so that shouldn't be a big deal.

"As far as clothing during the day goes, it's up to you. At least for the next week we are a clothing optional household. You may wear as much or as little as you want.

"There are two exceptions to this, however. First revolves around Tina's treatment. Both of you have been taught how to give it to her and both of you will do so at various times. From now on, whoever is giving her her treatment will do so in the nude. And yes, that includes your mom and me. It doesn't seem right that Tina is forced to be nude while we remain covered, so at least during her medication the person doing it will be completely nude."

We were all pretty speechless at this point, but not nearly as surprised as we were about to be.

"Finally, about masturbation. We've all seen how easily this treatment causes Tina to climax. And we've all been sexually aroused ourselves. Once again, it doesn't seem fair that Tina should endure the embarrassment of public orgasms while we hide in our bathrooms or bedrooms for ours.

"Now, every one of us masturbates. Even you mother. She masturbates two or three times a week, usually alone, sometimes with me. I masturbate three or four times a week, usually in the bathroom. Russell, I'm guessing you jack off at least once every day and sometimes three or four times. Am I right?"

Russell was almost in shock. Embarrassed, he nodded, sort of.

"Timmy, you're probably just starting but I bet you do it several times a week as well, right?"

Timmy looked fascinated, like this was the coolest conversation he had ever heard. He nodded, a sheepish grin covering his face.

"Well, from now on no one may masturbate unless he, or she in the case of your mother, is completely nude and in Tina's presence. Let me repeat myself, in order to masturbate you must strip completely in front of Tina. Tina, you may help the other person if you choose or merely watch. That's totally up to you.

"Are there any questions?"

Dad just sat there and stared at us as we took in everything he had just said. Like I said earlier, this was completely unlike my parents. We, as a family, just didn't parade around in front of each other. We weren't prudes, it just didn't happen. At least it didn't use to happen. Now, evidently, I was going to see all of them naked and probably see all of the jacking off in front of me. Hell, I might even get to help.

Russell looked like he was about to faint. I could practically read his mind. Even though he was incredibly good looking, he was scared to death of stripping in front of us. I don't know why. I could see his mind searching for some loophole, some way to get out of this.

Timmy, on the other hand, was grinning from ear to ear.

"You mean I can strip and walk around completely naked," Timmy said excitedly.

"Well... yes. If you want to you may be nude whenever you are home. But you don't have to," Dad cautioned, a little uncertain at his youngest son's question.

"Alright!" Timmy exclaimed.

Without a moment's hesitation he pulled his shirt over his head, stood up and dropped his jeans and underwear and was standing in his birthday suit, proud as the day he was born!

All three of us were surprised. I knew Timmy had always been less modest than the rest of us. Mom had to tell him he couldn't run around in his underwear when he was younger and, like I said earlier, I think I almost caught him running around the house naked one day when he was alone. But none of us expected him to strip right down at the first invitation.

He suddenly got self conscious as we all stared at his naked body. His balls were almost hairless, just a few small curls. His hard cock was three inches long and pointed right at the ceiling.

"What?!" he said. "I like being nude!" And he plopped back on the couch, covering himself slightly with his hands.

Dad chuckled. "Well, OK. I didn't really expect that, but if your sister can be naked in front of us I don't see why you can't as well."

Russell wasn't taking this nearly as well as his little brother. Just as I'd never realized how exhibitionistic my little brother was, I'd also never realized how modest Russell was. Looking back on it I realized that I'd never seen him undressed at all. He always had at least shorts on - long shorts.

"Russell, are you OK with this?" Dad asked.

"No!" Russell pouted. "Why should I have to strip just because Tina can't stand on her own two feet? It's not fair!"

"I'm sorry you feel that way, Russell," Dad replied, evenly. "But your mom and I have determined that this is the only way that is fair. Therefore, you will do as we say. You will not close the door when you go to the bathroom. You will sleep in the nude. You will strip when it is your turn to medicate your sister. And, if you ever want to relieve yourself, you will do so in front of your sister. Do you understand?"

Silence.

"Russell?"

"Yes! I understand!"

"OK. Understand this. If you disobey you will be punished in a way appropriate to what you do."

"Yes sir," he mumbled. "May I be excused?"

"Yes."

Without a word Russell stalked out of the room.

"Russell! Wait!" I cried as I struggled out of my donut. I was vaguely aware of my fathers widening eyes as he watched me lift my ass and open pussy over the edge of the tube.

Running up the stairs after my brother almost pushed me into another orgasm. When I got to his room I was panting, my cunt tingling on the verge. How was I ever going to make it through school when every movement threatened to send me over the edge?

Russell lay on his bed, staring at the wall.

I walked in and sat on the edge of his bed.

"Russell, what's wrong?" I asked.

Silence.

"Russell," I whispered. "Talk to me. What's wrong?" I touched his shoulder and he jumped slightly.

"Nothing! OK?" he barked. "I just like my privacy, OK?"

"Russell, look at me."

"No."

I grabbed his shoulder and rolled him onto his back. He didn't resist. He just stared at the ceiling.

Impulsively I swung one leg over him and sat down, right on his crotch. My God that felt good! I ground myself into him slightly.

"Tina! No!" Russell shouted.

"Why not, big brother? Don't you like looking at me?"

He lay still making an effort to look into my eyes and not at my bare tits. Lust and uncertainty burned out of them.

I could feel his hard cock through his jeans right against my open pussy.

Smiling, I rocked back and forth along his rigid pole, grinding myself against him.

"Tina. Tina. No," he groaned.

Suddenly he tensed and pushed his hips straight up, lifting me up with him. I pushed down and we ground against each other as his climax rolled into my.

"OH GOD! Tina! Yes!" he yelled.

I wasn't sure he would quit. His back was arched and I could feel his cock pumping against me.

Finally he collapsed back onto the bed.

Without a word I slid down and unbuckled his belt, unbuttoned and unzipped his jeans. His jeans were wet and his underwear was soaked. Grabbing the waist, I started pulling them down. Meekly, he raised his hips to help. Standing, I grabbed them and pulled them all the way off his feet, then stood there looking at him.

My brother's cock was at half mast, unwilling to go down completely as he lay there looking at me. I was standing at the foot of his bed with my legs spread and my hands on my hips like Wonder Woman. I knew, with the speculum in my pussy, that he could see right in me.

At half mast his cock was about three inches long and really big around. His balls were pulled up against him and covered in thick brown curls. Right now, those beautiful curls were matted down with drying sperm.

"Feel better?" I asked.

He nodded.

"Well I don't!" I announced, and jumped back on top of him.

I'd never felt a guy's cock before, especially between my legs. This speculum was designed in a really unobtrusive way. It fit inside me and kept me open, but didn't hang outside hardly at all. The bars holding me open actually increased the pressure as I ground my cunt against his cock.

I felt it grow hard right up my soaking lips.

Without a moment's hesitation I lifted up and slipped him into my open pussy. I dropped down, forcing him all the way inside me.

Wow!

I'd never fucked a guy before, but this was incredible. The speculum had already opened my pussy wide so there was no pain whatsoever from this first invasion. What's more, the speculum expanded to allow him entrance and then tightened around the base of his cock. The bumps on the outside of the speculum pushed against my vaginal walls. Since his cock was about 5 inches long it poked past the edge of the speculum. I could actually feel him pressing into me! It worked like a cock ring, tightening around his base and keeping his climax at bay for a while.

The only thing I can say is that we both went wild. I started bouncing up and down on top of him. The speculum and cock both would withdraw a couple of inches, but the belt and thong kept us tied together so that he couldn't slip out. Each thrust wiggled the one in my ass as well. And the clit clamp? It tugged and pulled in a dozen different directions.

I know I was screaming. I don't even remember what. It seemed to be one continuous long orgasm. I bounced on top of him for a while then he rolled me over onto my back and pounded me himself.

The speculum kept his climax at bay for a full 10 minutes of incredibly intense fucking before he gasped and exploded. My God but he exploded! I felt like gallons of his seed was pumping into my clinching cunt.

Finally he came to a shuddering stop. He was laying on top of me, my legs splayed open. I felt his cock shrink inside me and then slip out. I realized that once a man entered me while I wore this speculum he was locked to me until his cock shrank again.

I rolled Russell over and straddled him again.

"Did you like that, big brother?" I grinned.

He just nodded, then started to sit up, startled. "My God, what if I got you pregnant?"

"Relax," I replied. "I read the instructions on my ointment. It works as an intense spermicide. Your little dudes are all dead," I laughed.

His juices were flowing out of my open cunt like a little waterfall as I sat on my brother's crotch.

I grabbed his tee shirt and pulled it over his head. He lifted up slightly so I could get it off.

Grinding my pelvis into his I announced, "If you ever want to fuck my little pussy again you'll stay like this whenever you're at home!"

"What?" he replied. "No way! I can't run around naked!"

"Why not? Timmy and I are!"

"Well, I'm not!"

"Fine," I said, standing up. "Don't come running to me when your pecker needs pecking!"

I turned and sashayed out.

"Wait!"

I just ignored him and walked down the hall and into my bedroom. Exhausted, I fell asleep almost as soon as my head hit the pillow, only vaguely aware of my brothers cum still dribbling out of my pussy.

I woke up at 12:45 to the sound of Timmy on his Play Station in his room. From the sound of it his "gang of misfits" were in there too. That wasn't too unusual. Timmy had three really close friends: Jeff, Mark, and Jennifer. Yea - a girl. But she acted just like one of the guys. They tended to spend a lot of time over here playing video games and stuff.

Of course, in the past his big sister wasn't lying in bed completely naked with her pussy and ass spread open for all to see. For that matter, I couldn't help but wonder if Timmy was still nude.

My pussy was still tingling. I had been sexually aroused for more than 15 hours! Every move, almost every breath, caused my clit clamp to tug and pull. The two speculums inside me wiggled with every movement.

Even though I'd fucked my brother just two hours earlier I was incredibly horny!

I lay on my bed, absently stroking my open pussy lips. Saturday lunches were pretty much do-it-yourself. No set time. We ate what we wanted when we wanted. I figured Timmy and his gang of misfits had probably already eaten.

I heard an alarm go off down the hall and looked at my clock. 1:00 PM.

Timmy came running into my room.

"Wake up Tina," he announced. "Dad and Russell went shopping. He told me to give you your treatment."

"What's up with the shorts? I thought you liked to be naked," I replied, still absently stroking my pussy.

"The guys are here playing video games," he replied.

"So?"

He was just quiet for a few moments.

"Anyway, it's time for your medicine."

"OK. Let's do it in your room," I grinned mischievously.

"Uhhh. You know Jeff, Mark, and Jennie are in there?"

"Yea. You know you have to be naked when you treat me?"

Uncertainty was written all over his face.

"You guys peeked in on me while I was asleep, didn't you?"

He nodded.

"And you told them what you have to do, didn't you?"

He nodded again.

"Did you tell them you had to be nude?"

He shook his head no.

His hard cock tented his shorts nicely. God my fingers felt nice caressing my pussy lips!

"Come on," I said as I stood and strode out of the room. The suddenness of my movement almost made me cum as my clit was tugged again.

As I turned into the hallway I saw Timmy's three friends duck back into his room. They'd been eavesdropping. I was greeted with three staring faces as I walked into Timmy's room.

"Hi guys," I said, pretending that it was the most normal thing in the world for a big sister to walk into her little brother's room completely naked.

"Timmy's gotta give me my medicine, so you guys have to quit playing for a little while," I announced.

"Timmy, drop your shorts," I commanded as I unbuckled my belt.

"But..." Timmy stuttered.

"Yea, Timmy, drop the shorts!" chimed in Jennie with a wicked grin on her face.

"Do it or Jennie will do it for you!" I warned.

Without a word, Timmy dropped his shorts to his ankles. His cock sprung straight out, hard as a rock, longer and thicker than it was this morning. A string of precum was hanging off of it.

"Wooohoooo!" screamed Jennie. "Big man on campus!"

The two guys were trying to watch everything and melt into the walls at the same time.

"Mark, come unclip this," I directed, fumbling with my clit clamp. "I can't get it undone."

Mark was a gorgeous blond boy with sparkling blue eyes. Today he was wearing a tee shirt and shorts, just like the other two.

He was so scared he looked like he was about to pee in his britches. He tried to decide what to do then came towards me and kneeled down.

His face was literally two inches from my dripping pussy as he tried to unclasp the clip holding my pussy. I gasped as he pinched a little too hard before popping off the clamp.

"Perfect!" I encouraged. "Now slide this out."

Slipping his fingers inside my pussy, he gripped the edge of the speculum and slid it out. I sighed as my pussy reclaimed the now empty space. I rolled onto my knees on the bed, ass in the air.

"Now the last one," I said.

His fingers slipped into my ass, gripped the edge of the speculum and slid it out.

I lay down on my stomach with my ass in the air and sighed.

"OK, Timmy. Come on over. Get on your knees on the bed right between my legs."

He did.

"Jennie, squirt this stuff all over his hands."

She did.

With eyes as big as half dollars the three of them stared at Timmy.

"Go on," I encouraged.

With a deep breath Timmy began working both his hands into me at the same time, one in each hole. First his fingers. Then his knuckles. With a final push his thumbs slid into me and he sank into my ass and pussy up to his wrists!

I bit my lip, holding my climax back. His hands were moving inside me, twisting, rubbing. I could feel both of them pressing against me. I was being invaded by ten wiggling fingers!

I couldn't help it. My whole body began to rock back and forth to the rhythm of his hands. The lotion was tingling, burning. I felt me climax building but did everything I could to hold it in.

Five minutes.

Seven minutes.

Ten minutes.

I released, pushing back hard into Timmy's hands and let my climax roll through me. I was laughing and grunting like a pig at the same time. As my body stopped shaking Timmy slowly pulled his hands out of me with a loud squishing sound.

Mark, Jeff, and Jennie were staring at us, totally silent, eyes huge. All three of them were trying rub their crotches without anyone noticing.

I rolled over and looked at Timmy. His cock was bright red and actually pulsing even though he hadn't been able to touch it.

"Thank you," I whispered, and leaned forward to take it in my mouth.

I'd never given anyone a blow job before. Never even seen a cock until this weekend. My friends had talked about it though. A couple said they had done it. One really liked it, the other thought it was gross. I hadn't planned on doing it. Truth was, it just looked so damn kissable. And Timmy looked so damn miserable.

I slid it all the way into my mouth and back out again. The precum was salty, but not bad. He gasped. Running my tongue up his shaft I squeezed his butt. As his whole body tensed I sucked him into me again.

I'd never felt or tasted anything like this before in my life. His cock pretty much filled up my mouth. It swelled slightly then began pumping cum into me. Feeling it jump and bounce against my tongues and cheeks was incredible. And surprisingly to me, his cum actually tasted good. Salty, creamy and slightly sweet, in moments it had filled my mouth completely. I swallowed, feeling it slide all the way down my throat. I don't know how a twelve year old could hold that much cum. It just kept pumping out, eventually overflowing my mouth and running down my chin.

Finally the pumping slowed and stopped. After one final thrust I opened my mouth and he pulled out. A long string of cum glistened from my lips to his cock as he backed away.

That was more than the guys could handle. I looked over at them and both of them had dropped that pants and were actively pumping their cocks.

"Slow down, guys. Mark, come over here."

Astonished, he silently stepped to me. His cock was a little longer than Timmy's. I quickly sucked him into my mouth and began massaging his shaft with my tongue. One thing can be said for twelve year olds: they're fast. In less than ten seconds he was pumping his cum down my throat.

As he withdrew I licked my lips and turned to Jeff. Jeff was no fool. He was already beside me, waiting his turn. In a matter of seconds my third serving of hot cum was swirling around in my stomach.

All this time Jennie had just been staring at us. She was unconsciously rubbing her crotch through her shorts. I could actually see a small spot of moisture soaking through.

"Come here, Jennie," I commanded.

Almost in a trance she walked to me. I pulled her tee shirt up and off with no resistance. No bra, although she could probably have used one. Her tits were about the size of small plumbs, nipples hard and pointed. Slipping my thumbs into the waistband of her shorts and panties I pulled them both down in one motion. Her slit was lightly covered with downy brown hair.

Holding on to her waist I laid her on the bed, slid to the floor on my knees and began licking her moist pussy. She gasped. Shuddered. I stuck my tongue into her then pulled out and flicked her clit. As she tensed I stuck my whole mouth against her and sucked her clit as far into me as I could. Her back arched and she screamed as the most powerful orgasm she'd ever had rocketed through her.

I sat back on the floor and looked around. Jennie was in front of me, nude, spent, legs wide open. Timmy was next to me, completely naked, already hard again. Jeff and Mark still had on their tee shirts, but their cocks were in plain view, also hard again. I was naked, on the floor, my face shining with Jennie's juices.

"Time to put my belt back on," I announced, breaking the silence. "Jeff, would you like to help?"

He nodded and walked over to me.

"Take your shirt off, first."

Without hesitation his shirt went flying into the corner.

I handed him the speculum thong. "First, cover these with the lotion."

After he'd spread lotion all over them I got on my hands and knees and stuck my ass in the air.

"Now slowly work this one into my asshole."

He wasn't very gentle, but eventually he got it all the way in. The lotion was still tingling. I'd lost count of the number of times I'd climaxed since the night before. This lotion and attention kept me in a constant state of arousal.

"Now the next one into my pussy," I instructed, spreading my legs further.

That one was easier to get in.

"Attach the bars to the lips."

He pulled my pussy lips and clamped them apart. I was now completely open to them. I rolled onto my back, keeping my legs open.

"Now attach the clamp to my clit."

He fumbled around, obviously unsure what to attach it too. Jennie pushed him aside, "Here, let me do it."

Gripping the clamp she gently massaged my clit to engorgement and clamped it. My whole body shuddered through a minor orgasm.

"Boys!" she said, looking at me and grinning.

I stood, enjoying the feel of being filled up and open that the speculum thong gave me.

"Thank you, gentlemen, lady," I said. "Now I need to get something a little more nutritious in my belly."

Stopping at the door I turned back, "Oh. If any of you want a repeat of today's performance I had better not see any clothes on those bodies when you are in this house! Understand?"

Without waiting for a response I headed downstairs, my clit tugging and twisting with each step.

Dad wasn't sure what to think when he and Russell came in a couple of hours later. He walked in to find me squirming naked on my donut, the nubs rubbing my clit with every movement, and four naked twelve year olds playing Twister on the floor. We hadn't played Twister in ages but they figured out pretty quickly that it was an easy way to examine each other's bodies while pretending to do something else.

As Dad walked in, Jennie was facing away from him, legs spread wide apart and bending at the waist to reach the right color. Mark's cock was practically bumping her face.

They'd previously decided to ignore Dad's arrival and continue playing the game, so with an effort none of the three kids moved. This round Timmy was spinning the wheel, sitting cross-legged at the edge of the mat, his hard cock pointing to the ceiling.

Dad and Russell both froze, staring at the naked preteens in front of them.

"Hi Dad," greeted Timmy. "Jeff, right hand to green."

Jeff squatted and placed his right hand on the green circle between Jennie's legs, putting his face right underneath Jennie's open cunt.

"Uhhh, hi," Dad replied. "What's going on here?"

"We're playing Twister," Timmy replied innocently, stating the obvious.

"But, you're all naked." Again with the obvious.

"Yea. You said we were a clothing optional house now. You didn't expect me to be naked without them joining us, did ya' Dad? Jennie, left foot to red."

Jennie had to twist her body around to place her foot on the right color. She was almost forming a bridge, her open pussy pointing at Dad and actually touching Jeff's face. Twisting that way had raised her head until Mark's cock was pressed against her face.

"Well, uhh, I'm not sure I meant that all your friends should be nude too," he replied uncomfortably.

"Why not, Dad?" I responded. "I have to be nude. Timmy wants to be. Why shouldn't they be nude to?"

"Mark, right foot to yellow."

Mark spread his legs wider to reach the yellow circle. His cock was touching Jennie's lips.

"This just, uhh, doesn't seem very appropriate," Dad stammered.

"Mom just thought it was funny when she came down for a Coke a little while ago," Timmy stated. Jennie screamed and collapsed, Mark and Jeff falling on top of her.

"No fair! Jeff cheated," she yelled.

"No I didn't!"

"Did to. You licked my clit!"

"I'm pretty sure the rules don't say you can't lick a girl's clit, Jennie," I chimed in.

"Your mom saw this?" Dad asked, staring at Jennie lying on her back, legs splayed open.

"Yea," I answered. "She thought it was hilarious."

"She was naked too," chimed in Jennie.

"Mom was naked!" Dad exclaimed.

"Yea," Timmy replied.

"Your wife is hot!" Mark piped up, his cock leaking precum onto Jennie's forehead.

"Hey, Mr. J. The boys got to see your wife naked. When am I going to get to see you naked?" asked Jennie with a mischievous grin.

"Yea Dad!" I spoke up. "Take'em off!"

"No. I don't think so."

"Russell will. Won't you Russell?" I asked, knowing his response.

Poor Russell was so horny he didn't even hesitate. "You bet!" he exclaimed and dropped his shorts releasing his raging hard-on to Jennie's wide-eyed view. "Come on, Dad. Your turn."

Dad just laughed. "No. Not gonna happen," he stated.

"Ah Dad," Timmy whined. "All the rest of us are naked. Why not you, too?"

"You guys keep playing. I'm just gonna go watch some TV," he announced as he turned to walk out of the room.

"Wait," I cried as I struggled out of my donut, a charge of electricity flooding through me as my clit pressed against the edge.

He hesitated and looked back at me.

"If you won't strip on your own we'll have to do it ourselves. Grab him, Russell," I yelled.

"Yea!" yelled Jennie and the three younger guys, all charging Dad.

Every dad in the world has a "No!" that will stop running water in its tracks. They also have a "No!" that means "I don't really want you to but I won't stop you if you do." With a combination of anticipation and anguish, Dad yelled, "No. Get off me!" and turned to get away.

Russell blocked his escape and Timmy grabbed his shorts and pulled. The shorts had an elastic waist and slid right down, pulling his underwear about halfway down his ass at the same time. Mark grabbed the waistband of his underwear and pulled that down to his Dad's ankles.

Desperately Dad bent over and grabbed at his shorts. Russell immediately pushed him over onto his side. Mark and Timmy then jerked his shorts and underwear right off his feet. Russell grabbed Dad's arms and held them above his head.

"Quick, pull his shirt up," he ordered.

I jumped on Dad's stomach, straddling his waist to hold him down and pushing his tee shirt towards his shoulders. Sliding back I felt his hard cock beat against my bare ass.

Instantly, my plan changed.

I really had intended to simply help pull Dad's tee shirt over his head. Now, with his cock rubbing my ass I knew what I had to do. Without hesitation I raised myself up onto my knees, slid backwards a few inches feeling the head of his cock slide along my crotch and then, as it touched my wide open pussy I collapsed, forcing him all the way inside me.

The game suddenly stopped.

The speculums kept my pussy wide open so there was virtually no pain as his penis invaded me, yet I'd never had anything remotely this large inside me before. My dad doesn't have a MASSIVE 12" COCK, but it was a hell of a lot bigger than Russell's and it felt like it was splitting me in half. After impaling myself on his pole I simply froze, unable to move, unable to breath.

Dad did just the opposite. With a loud "No!" he sat up, throwing all the kids off of him and rolled me onto my back in an effort to withdraw from my pussy. No way. The speculum had locked us together. As he pulled back my waist was jerked up with him causing me to cry out as the clit clamp and both speculums pulled me up.

He froze. He was on his hands and knees, his cock buried a good five inches into me. My legs were wrapped lightly around his waist, my ass dangling several inches above the ground.

I reached my a hands up under his arms, gripped his shoulders and pulled myself off the ground and up against him, pushing his cock another two inches into me and grinding my nipples against his chest.

"It's no use," I whispered devilishly. "This speculum has locked your cock inside me and it won't let go until you shrink back to normal. You have to fuck me, Daddy!"

"Oh God, No!" he whimpered.

I locked my ankles around his waist and began grinding myself against the base of his cock.

"Oh God!" he whispered again.

"Fuck me, Daddy. Fuck my soaking pussy," I replied.

He had no choice. Seriously. Nature overruled. His pelvis started moving, pumping back and forth. He laid me back down, pressing me into the carpet with his strong chest.

Last summer we took a vacation to the beach. One night our whole family took a walk under the full moon along the beach. It was high tide and the surf was crashing in, roll after roll of waves. That's what my orgasm was like. I didn't explode like a rocket. Instead it just built and built, rolling through me like the surf at high tide, deeper and fuller than I'd ever experienced, filling my whole being.

Dad could only pull out a couple of inches to thrust, so he moved in circles instead. His cock gently slid out some then swirled around as he pushed back in. I'd never felt such fullness, such ecstasy, such gentleness. He was giving his whole self to me in gentle lovemaking, not the wild fuck session Russell and I had had earlier. God, it felt incredible!

I swear this lasted for twenty minutes. The speculum kept Dad's climax at bay as it built inside his balls. I felt his cock widen (I didn't think that was possible) and then he shot into me with such force that I was afraid it would shoot right through me and come out my mouth! I felt like someone had stuck a hose in me and turned it on full blast. He just kept pumping and pumping and pumping.

And then relaxed, laying on top of me, his elbows supporting some of his weight so that he didn't squash me. I relaxed my legs from around his waist and kissed him full on the mouth.

"Thank you, Daddy," I whispered.

I turned and looked at the others. Jennie was curled up between all three guys. I learned later that she'd given all three of them blow jobs and each of them hand sucked her to orgasm.

Gently Dad removed his shrinking cock from my pussy. With a gush I felt his cum slipping out of me. Jennie jumped up and dove between my legs, sucking his sperm right out of me. Her soft lips pressing against mine brought me to yet another soft, shuddering orgasm.

After sucking me clean she slid up my body, Dad and slid off to the side, and kissed me. Pushing her tongue into me she deposited a whole mouthful of my daddy's cum into my mouth, then pulled away giggling. A thick white rope followed her as she rolled off me.

I lay cuddled against my dad's naked body, totally at peace. So much had changed. So much was yet to happen. But I knew life would never be the same again.