**Truth or Dare**

by Cheryl

Andrea laid in her bed, letting the warm night air caress her naked body. She absolutely loved the feel of it. She also loved the feeling of people’s eyes caressing her bare flesh. More specifically, boys’ eyes. She knew that it was wrong, that she wasn’t supposed to feel like that, but she couldn’t help it. She had just discovered this part of herself, and allowed her fingers to lightly and gently trace over her stomach as she recalled the circumstances.

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It really started last summer. Andrea and her best friend Amy had been hanging out with the guys; there were five boys in the neighborhood, and together the seven of them made up a close group of friends. Andrea, the oldest of their group, had just turned sixteen. Amy was still fifteen, but would turn sixteen in September, just after school started. Tony and Chuck would turn sixteen later in the summer, both in August, although different days, while Brian, Eric and Kyle had just turned fifteen in the few months before school had ended. They were a year behind the others in school, but they all hung out together in the summers. They had grown up together, and didn’t really care if three of them were a year younger. For most of the summer Andrea was the only one who was actually a different age, anyway.

Eric and Kyle were fraternal twin brothers; they looked similar, but not even close to identical. Eric was almost two inches taller than Kyle, and had lighter hair. But their features were similar enough that there was never a mistake that they were brothers. Brian had a younger sister, who was only nine years old. She would try to join the older kids sometimes, but Brian’s mom was pretty good about understanding that she didn’t fit in with the group. Tony and Chuck both had older brothers. Tony’s brother was a senior in high school, and eighteen years old. He had a car, a job and a girlfriend, and was rarely around in the summer. Chuck’s brother was already in college, and although home for the summer, he didn’t want to hang out with the “little kids”. Andrea had a half brother named John who was only two. Her mom had remarried three years ago after her dad left them. She was eight when he left, and she barely remembered him. She liked her new step dad, and even had started calling him “dad”. Happily, her mom kept little Johnny in daycare year round, so Andrea wasn’t saddled with the burden of watching him all summer. Amy was an only child.

The group was playing in the basement of a house under construction. The farmers’ field down the road from their school had been sold, and the builder was starting construction on new custom homes to expand the neighborhood. There was no traffic because the roads weren’t much more than mud at this point, and on Sunday the workers were enjoying their day off. They had gone exploring, and found a broken emergency escape window on one of the few homes already under roof.

Amy dared Kyle to go upstairs, to look around the ground floor of the house. It was almost finished, and they shouldn’t be in there. Kyle took the dare, and climbed the stairs. His adventure in the nearly finished home was uneventful, but when he returned, he dared Amy to go all the way up to the second floor.

This started a game of truth or dare. Everyone knew how to play, and it started silly, as most games do with a group of friends. After the first couple of rounds, the “Truth” questions turned to questions of attraction, and of experience. “Do you think Eric is cute?” “Have you ever French-kissed anyone?”

And then the dares started. Once again they were fairly tame at first. Then Amy took it up a notch.

“Truth or Dare Tony.”

“Dare”

“I dare you to show Andrea your dick.”

He tried to chicken out, but the other guys wouldn’t let him. Andrea was torn. How embarrassing for her, and him, would this be? Everyone would know! And they’d expect her to show her boobs, wouldn’t they?

Andrea had an okay body. She was a little overweight, but not a lot. Her boobs were big for girls her age, a C cup, and she had been stared at and teased by the boys about them since she was eleven. But she had never let anyone see them; only her mom.

Tony took Andrea around the other side of the basement.

“You don’t have to show me.” She whispered to him.

He blushed, but suddenly there it was. He had unzipped and pulled his shorts and his tighty-whitey’s down to mid thigh. He was a little more than half hard, and as it was the first Andrea had seen other than the toddlers she had babysat, it looked really big to her. She stared for a moment in disbelief, then screamed out loud with laughter.

“Oh my God!” she squealed, laughing, still staring. “I can’t believe you’re standing there with your pants down!”

He blushed deep red and quickly pulled his shorts and underwear back up. They had been down no longer than five or six seconds, but it was long enough; Andrea had gotten a good look. She ran back to the group, still laughing. A moment later Tony followed, a smug smile on his face, but still blushing.

“Did he actually do it?” asked Amy.

Andrea couldn’t answer. She laughed harder, and nodded. Amy squealed, and the two girls fell towards each other hugging in a fit of laughter.

Amy forced out a one-word question through the laughter. “Well?”

Andrea continued laughing, and held her hands about a foot apart, and fell back laughing even harder still. This caused Amy to squeal again, and the boys all looked at Tony, a mixture of jealous, impressed and amused.

When they had finally calmed down, Tony, still slightly pink in the cheeks, looked around the group. “Truth or dare Andrea.”

Giggling, feeling adventurous and bold with her giddiness, replied confidently. “Dare!”

“I dare you to show Chuck your boobs.”

Amy laughed hysterically. Andrea laughed, too, but was scared. She blushed furiously at the thought. Chuck stood and offered his hand. She allowed him to pull her to her feet, and to lead her around the corner. Her face was crimson and she was giggling nervously. Chuck stood silently watching her. She closed her eyes and did it quickly, before she could change her mind. She quickly lifted her shirt and bra, for only a second, and pulled them back down.

Chuck didn’t complain. He had seen them, they were his first, and he didn’t want to push his luck. Truth be told, he was embarrassed, too.

More laughter as they returned to the group, walking together. The boys whispered. Chuck blushed. The boys laughed. Amy looked astonished at her friend, and neither girl could stop giggling.

“Truth or dare Brian.” Giggled Andrea.

“Dare.” He replied, knowing he’d catch hell from the other guys if he took the easy way out and picked truth.

“I dare you to show Amy your dick.”

More giggling. Amy finally was pulled up by Chuck and tony and pushed toward the private area of the basement. Brian was more shy than Tony had been, but pulled his pants and underwear down, just far enough that everything he had was out in the daylight. Amy just stared. Brian didn’t know how long to stay that way, so he stood, waiting for Amy to respond; to say something.

The seconds ticked by, and as Amy watched, Brian’s penis erected. Completely. Her gasp told him that enough time had passed, and he quickly pulled his pants back up, breaking Amy’s reverie, and sending her screaming with giddy laughter back to the rest of the group.

More whispering and more laughter followed.

Finally, Brian took his turn. “Truth or dare Andrea.”

“Dare.” The giddy excitement of the group was intoxicating, and she felt emboldened.

“I dare you to stand up and flash everyone your boobs for ten seconds.”

More laughter. “No way! I can’t do that!” Peer pressure from the boys. Amy couldn’t speak. She just rolled on the floor giggling, holding her sides.

Finally Andrea stood. She pulled up her shirt and bra and quickly shouted “onetwotreeforfiesiseveneininten” and pulled them back down. The reality was that her boobs were exposed for no longer than three seconds. An argument ensued. The boys insisted that it should be for ten seconds, not three.

Andrea, still standing, still feeling the giddy excitement of the day, once again lifted her shirt and bra. She counted, slower this time, so that six real-time seconds had passed by the time she finished with ten and pulled her shirt down. The boys were satisfied.

Next Chuck had to show Amy his penis.

Then it was Chuck’s turn. “Truth or dare Amy.”

“Dare.”

“I dare you to flash your boobs for ten seconds.”

Amy was about five inches shorter than Andrea, standing only four foot eleven, with jet black hair and dark brown eyes. She was very thin, weighing 85 pounds, and had no breasts to speak of. Puffy nipples on an otherwise flat chest, not very different from a boy. Although Amy was a very pretty girl, she was very self conscious of her body and of her flat chest, and refused. The peer pressure started, and although everyone tried to keep the mood light, Amy became angry and left in a huff, leaving the rest of the group upset, stunned, and leaving Andrea feeling a little used and cheated. She had been willing to play fair, and the game was Amy’s idea! Andrea had flashed everyone, and she didn’t even want to play in the first place!

The group was too strongly knit, though, to let something like this break them up. By the next day the argument was forgotten and they were all friends again. Not that there wasn’t some teasing. Amy was teased for being a chicken. Andrea was teased because the guys had all seen her boobs. Tony and Brian were teased for having boners. It was all good fun.

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A year later the whole group, minus Amy, found themselves in the basement of that very same house. It was now completed and their new friend Andrew, who hated to be called “Andy”, lived there. He was an only child, and was about the same age as the others. He had turned sixteen just after Christmas, and was in the same class as Brian, Eric and Kyle. Amy was not feeling well, and had stayed home. It was a hot, boring summer day, and no one wanted to be outside in the sweltering heat and humidity. Andrew’s parents were at work, and the finished basement was cool and refreshing.

The main area where the group had sat, in a makeshift circle on the floor, was now a large rec room with a sofa grouping and TV. The private area behind the stairs was a storage room. A large closet, lined with shelves holding boxes of old family heirlooms, keepsakes, documents, sports gear, and other miscellanea.

“Remember when we broke in here and played truth or dare?” asked Chuck.

This started a whole conversation. Andrew didn’t realize, at first, that Chuck was talking about a time when the house was still under construction. He originally assumed that the group had broken in a few weeks ago. Kyle hadn’t realized it was this exact house. It had looked so different then, with only some of the drywall nailed up, and no furniture or paint. There was plenty of laughter and joking around.

And then Andrew wanted to know all about the game. What had they done? What kinds of things were people dared to do? They all told the story, Andrea giggling the entire time. The guys made it seem wilder than it really had been, she thought.

Andrea had changed a bit in the past year. She had grown an inch, so she stood right about five foot five. She had also lost a little weight, so she was thinner too. She ran track in high school, and wasn’t in bad shape. She was less self-conscious about her body now, but was still aware that all the guys she knew were always checking out her boobs. They were still just as big as they had been, but looked even bigger in contrast with her thinner stomach. They were too big for a girl her size, and while she knew she was supposed to like them, she didn’t. She secretly wished they were smaller.

Of course, she could never discuss this with Amy, who would get upset at the first mention of them, and insist she’d be willing to take the excess. “You don’t know how lucky you are. I’d rather have gigantic triple E’s that everyone gawks at than my little boy-breasts.” She’d complain. Andrea just couldn’t discuss it with her.

“Let’s play!” Prodded Andrew, when the explanation of the prior game had drawn to its conclusion.

“I don’t know…” started Andrea. “Last time we all got in a fight about it, plus it’s not fair, since I’m the only girl…”

The guys were insistent, and she felt herself starting to cave to peer pressure. “We have to set a time limit, though.” She gave in to the inevitable and conceded that they would play, but she wanted a safety valve in a predefined ending to the game. Andrew’s parents would be home in just under five hours, and she could never let it last that long.

“Four hours!” shouted one of the guys.

“Too long. How about half an hour and we’ll see if we want to play more?” She countered.

“Half an hour is nothing! Three hours!”

“Okay, forty-five minutes?” She countered.

They finally agreed on an hour and a half. Ninety minutes, with a majority vote required to extend the game for another thirty minutes beyond that. A unanimous vote would be required to extend the game at all beyond that.

Andrea was getting nervous. All of the guys would make her flash the group, she was sure of it. She needed to protect herself a little. “You guys can’t make me flash every turn.” She said nervously.

She wanted to set firm rules. They started a new discussion about boundaries. The guys were, first and foremost, her friends, and they did care about her. They wanted to see her boobs, sure, but they cared about her feelings. And the guys wanted some rules, too. Everyone finally and nervously agreed to:

You can only pick truth once every four times you’re asked, and you can save them up (so if you pick 8 dares in a row, you can pick truth twice)
No ask-backs. If you take a truth or dare from a person, you have to pick a different person to ask when it’s your turn
You can’t pick on the same person every time; you have to ask at least three other people before you can ask that person again
A minimum of three rounds is required before the same person can get another truth or dare
If challenged, the whole group has to agree that the dare is reasonable with the understanding that any accepted dare can be repeated and asked of any other person
The majority has to agree to any new rules
No chickening out

The third and fourth ones were Andrea’s request. If she was dared to flash, she’d give someone else a dare, and then there would be at least two more dares given before they could come back to her. And she didn’t want one guy picking on her all game. The last one was dubbed “The Amy Rule”. They each went around the circle and recited their vow not to chicken out.

“I promise my closest friends that I’m willing to play this game and not chicken out. If I refuse to perform a dare I give my permission, here and now, that my friends can hold me down, strip me naked, and throw me outside for ten minutes. I promise that the game isn’t over until the time limit is up.”

“What about nudity?” A nervous Andrea asked, finally.

More discussion. The guys insisted that she had the better end of the deal; there were six guys that she would potentially get to see. She insisted that she had the worst end of the deal; there were six guys who would potentially see her! She wanted to limit the dares to flashing; no removing of clothing. Some of the guys were okay with that limitation; others wanted no limits at all.

More debate and more compromise. “You can dare someone to take something off, but you can’t make them leave it off. They can put it back on three turns later.”

“One turn!”

“End of the same turn!”

“Two turns!”

Finally they all agreed. Since the end of the same turn would entail taking something off and putting it immediately back on, they made the rule for the next turn. If someone made you take something off, you would give your next dare, and as soon as it was complete you could put that something back on.

“How many things can you make someone take off in one turn, though?” asked Andrew, just as nervous as the rest of the group.

“Only one!”

“Everything!”

They all eventually agreed on two. What fun was it to make the guys take off their shorts? They’d sit in their boxers for the next turn and then put them back on. Andrea would get to see nothing. And what of the guys? Andrea would take off her shirt, leaving her sitting in her bra. Next turn she’d put it back on. They all agreed, though reservedly.

And so the game started. Andrea made them set a timer for ninety minutes. Like most games it started pretty slowly. Everyone picked “Truth” the first time they were called on. They let Andrea start the game. Nothing too exciting happened, but the guys called on Andrea when they could.

Andrea picked on Tony.
Tony picked on Brian.
Brian picked on Andrew.
Andrew picked on Andrea. She had now called truth, and couldn’t call it again for four more turns.
Andrea picked on Kyle.
Kyle picked on Brian.
Brian picked on Chuck.
Chuck picked on Andrea. She had to take “Dare”, and she was the first.

He started off as everyone knew he would. “I dare you to take off your shirt and bra.”

She complied with only a little fuss, but kept herself covered with her arms. There was some arguing. She shouldn’t be allowed to do that!

She tried briefly flashing them. They enjoyed it, but insisted that she should have to sit exposed for the full time. All the guys agreed to this rule; if clothing is off, you can’t cover up. Reluctantly she agreed to it, too; after all, it would be no fun if the guys just had their hands cupped over themselves.

She dropped her hands to her sides and blushed. The guys smiled and stared openly. Her nipples erected as the cooler air of the basement hit them, and this did not go unnoticed by anyone in the room.

“Truth or dare Brian?”

“Dare.” He had to.

“I dare you to flash me your dick.”

Blushing, he did it. He was hard, but none of the other guys made fun of him for it. One or two seconds and it was over. It was the first she’d seen since the previous summer, and the first ever that she’d seen hard. It might be worth it to be topless a few more times, after all! As soon as he pulled his shorts back up, Andrea grabbed for her shirt and pulled it on. She was too eager to cover herself to deal with her bra. It would take too long.

“Truth or dare Kyle?”

“Dare.”

“I dare you to kiss Andrea on the lips.”

Laughing and giggling. Andrea realized that she’d probably be kissing all of the guys. They were truly going to add a new level to their relationship today! She’d probably see all of the guys’ dicks, and they’d already seen her boobs and almost definitely would again.

They kissed.

“Truth or dare Eric?”

“Dare.”

“I dare you to kiss Andrea.”

Blushing, Andrea kissed him, too. Then a thought occurred to her. “Can you really make a dare involve other people?” She asked.

After a brief discussion there was agreement. “Yes.” A new rule was adopted. “A person can be dared to do something to or with another person, and the other person has to allow it and play by all of the other rules of the game.” It was unanimous.

“Truth or dare Chuck?”

“Dare.”

“I dare you to kiss Andrea.”

The guys sent it around the circle. Each guy dared another to kiss Andrea on the lips. They started adding time. “I dare you to kiss her for ten seconds.” Then twenty. Then with tongue. Andrew ran to his room and came back with a canister of breath spray for Andrea so it wouldn’t be like the guys were kissing each other.

Then Andrea was dared to take her shirt off again.

Then Andrea made Chuck flash her. He was hard, too.

Then another round of guys kissing Andrea.

Andrea had no desire to see the guys kiss each other, but knew that it would get a reaction and be funny. They finally picked on her. She was dared to take her shirt off again. No big surprise, although she still wasn’t too comfortable sitting there topless.

“Truth or dare Eric?”

“Dare.”

“I dare you to kiss your brother on the lips for ten seconds!”

“Gross!” But the rules were clear. They did it, and it was probably easier because they were brothers. It was funny for Andrea. Some of the other guys refused to watch. She pulled her shirt back on.

Another round. The guys making the other guys kiss Andrea again, some guys more than once. They liked that one a lot. Finally it came back to Andrea. This was her third dare. One more and she’d be able to pick “truth” again.

“Truth or dare Andrea?” asked Tony.

“Dare.”

“I dare you to take off your pants and your underwear.”

She tried to argue. She hadn’t thought of this. This was worse than boobs. Way worse. But it was no different than if she made the guys take off their shorts, really. It was just worse for her.

Andrea had dark brown pubic hair that she kept shaved in a small triangle in the summer. She wore a bikini often to the pool or tanning in the back yard, and never wanted the embarrassment of her dark hair poking out the edges. Thankfully she had shaved this morning, the original plan being that she would meet Amy at the pool. Amy had gotten sick, and the plan had changed.

They made her stand in her place in the circle. Closing her eyes with embarrassment, she pulled her shorts down and kicked them off, on top of her bra. She stood in silent indecision while the guys waited in hushed anticipation. Only the sound of the radio in the background could be heard.

“Come on!” prodded Tony.

Quickly she pushed her panties down and sat back on the floor, her feet tucked under her, and pulled her panties off her feet. There was a slight argument before she agreed to play by the rules. She stood, blushing furiously, and turned slowly in a circle. They had agreed that there was no covering up, no hiding. Her butt and bush were now uncovered, so they should get to see them.

And they made a new rule. Andrea agreed to it, planning to get even with the guys. If any of your clothes are off, you have to stand until you’re allowed to put them back on. And, Andrea added, if you’re bottomless you have to keep your shirt out of the way.

The guys’ shirts were mostly a bit longer and would likely cover them, at least in part. Andrea’s was fashionable, which meant that a bit of her tanned, flat belly was bared between the top of her low-rise shorts and the bottom hem of her Abercrombie t-shirt. She had added that rule to make it fair. When she stood there was close to six inches of bare skin between the bottom of her t-shirt and her pubic hair. She wanted to be sure that the guys suffered at least as much exposure.

“Truth or dare Chuck?”

“Truth.”

“You can’t pick truth!” she argued.

“Last one was my 4th dare!” he countered. “I kissed you three times and I flashed you.”

Darn it! She asked him some lame question that he pondered over for way too long, leaving her standing bottomless for another minute before the turn ended and she could pull her shorts back on and sit back down.

Chuck dared Tony to kiss her again. Tony dared Eric to kiss her with tongue. Eric dared Kyle to kiss her feet. This made everyone laugh.

Kyle then asked “Truth or dare Andrea?”

“Truth.” Finally a break.

Another lame question.

“Truth or dare Tony?” She was going to get him now!

“Truth.”

“DANG!”

And now a new idea had been introduced to the guys. Another full round, each guy kissing Andrea’s feet, knees, thighs, butt (over the shorts, of course), arms, belly-button, neck, jaw. It was actually starting to turn her on a little bit. Not that she’d admit it.

“Truth or dare Andrea?”

“Dare.” She had to again.

“I dare you to take off your shorts and your t-shirt.”

“No fair! You can only make me take off two things!”

“That IS only two things!”

“I only left my bra and panties off to save time! You should have to treat them like they’re on!”

“But we didn’t make you leave them off! You did that on your own! You knew all the rules! We can’t make you leave them off!”

She looked around the circle for help, but no teenaged boy in his right mind would have sided with her in this argument.

Defeated and thoroughly embarrassed, she complied. They reminded her to stand, and she didn’t put up a fight. She was going to get even, though. She was standing completely naked in front of them for the first time. They even made her complete her compulsory slow turn in place.

“Truth or dare Chuck.”

“You can’t ask me. You have to ask three others before you can ask me again.”

“Truth or dare Kyle?”

“Truth.”

This sucked. Another lame question, another stall before answering.

Allowed to dress now, Andrea quickly pulled on her panties. Then she fumbled with her bra, got it in place and then pulled her t-shirt on. Finally she stepped into her shorts and pulled them up. She wasn’t going to get stripped that easily again.

Kyle started another round of guys kissing Andrea on different parts of her body. Nothing raunchy; the same as before.

Then another round of kissing on the lips.

Then Andrea wanted more. She wanted to really embarrass the guys.

Standing topless after accepting her dare from Brian, she picked on Andrew. He said “Dare.” He didn’t have to, but he did! She dared him to take off Tony’s shorts and underwear.

This caused another argument.

“Can she really do that?”

“If you can dare him to kiss me!”

“But it’s different!”

“It’s pretty much the same!”

Finally the guys agreed. It wasn’t against the rules, so they had to do it. Andrew took off Tony’s shorts and underwear. It was comical, watching him try hard not to look and keeping his arms fully extended, to stay as far away as possible. Tony had to stand, in accordance with the rules, with his shirt pulled up to his belly button until the next turn was over. He, too, was hard. Andrea was starting to think that maybe all of the embarrassment was going to be worth it. She had now seen Tony, Brian and Chuck totally hard, and was getting a really good, long look at Tony. And she was sure that she would soon see Eric, Kyle and Andrew.

“Truth or dare Eric?” Asked Andrew.

“Dare.”

“I dare you to take off Andrea’s shorts and underwear.”

Crap. She hadn’t thought of that.

She stood and Eric did his part, baring his female friend from the waist down.

“Truth or dare Brian.”

“Dare.”

“I dare you to take Andrea’s shirt and bra off!”

More arguing, but there was nothing in the rules against this. Andrea herself had argued for giving people the ability to strip others. She had to let him do it. Once he finished, she quickly pulled her panties and shorts back on.

But the lid to Pandora’s Box had been opened, and the guys all pounced on it. A full round now started with each guy daring the next to remove whatever Andrea had just put back on. Brian dared Chuck to pull her shorts and panties back off, and she replaced her bra and t-shirt, which Chuck promptly dared Tony to remove. And so it went. There was no rule against it, and the guys would not agree to make one.

Finally she got a bit of a break, if you could call it that. As she stood topless, Eric dared his brother to kiss her rather than pull her shorts off. Kyle got to kiss a topless girl on the lips, and Andrea was fully dressed once again.

But not for long. Kyle started it over again this time a little different. Kyle dared Brian to remove her shirt and shorts. Brian dared Andrew to remove her bra and panties, and she could then pull her shirt and shorts back on, and once again they made the rounds, stripping her as fast as she could cover herself. Finally she proposed a new rule.

“If I agree to keep clothes off for two full turns, can we make a rule that says that you can’t repeat the same dare over and over?”

“Four turns!” Countered Brian.

“Five turns!” Corrected Tony

“What’s in it for us?” Asked Chuck reasonably.

“You get to see me naked!” countered Andrea, a little astonished at the question.

“We get to see you anyway!”

Andrea reluctantly saw their point. Finally, after some compromise on all parts, they came to agreement. Andrea would allow any clothes removed to remain off for three full turns, and to save time and effort she would agree to put only her bra and panties back on for the remainder of the game (there was now twenty minutes remaining in the original 90). For their part, the guys had to allow her to remain dressed for two turns before anyone could strip her again, and couldn’t resort to constantly stripping her with every dare. Although everyone had conceded something, Andrea still felt like she had given too much.

At least it was something.

They allowed her to dress, and Kyle dared Eric to kiss her again. Eric dared Chuck to kiss her, and Chuck dared her to take her bra and panties off.

She hadn’t thought of that, either. When she agreed to wearing only one thing on top and one on bottom, she had been thinking that it would just save time in her dressing and give them a little thrill. Now she realized that they could strip her fully in a single turn! The rules were really starting to work against her instead of for her!

“Truth or dare Tony?”

“Truth.”

This was getting really lame. She asked a silly question that she didn’t really care about.

Tony dared Brian to kiss her.

Brian dared Andrew to kiss her toes again. More laughter from the group.

Andrew dared Eric to kiss her butt. She refused to allow it. It was too personal without anything on. They didn’t argue, and Eric was instructed to kiss her mouth with tongue instead.

That was three turns. She pulled her bra and panties on. She had two turns now to remain covered.

“Truth or dare Andrea?” asked Eric.

“Truth.” She was finally allowed to say it.

“Are you having fun?”

It was a horrible question to ask. She wanted to scream out “No!”, but the truth was, she was kind of having a good time. She meekly admitted it. Everyone laughed, but not at her. It was good natured, good spirited laughter, and made her blush, but feel a bit better.

“Truth or dare Brian?” she asked.

“Truth.”

This was so incredibly unfair, but everyone was playing by the rules. She’d just done a bad job of letting the rules get set. The guys wouldn’t listen to her protests. She asked him the same question. Of course he was having a good time!

Brian then dared Kyle to kiss her. Kyle dared Chuck to strip her.

Chuck then had another idea.

“Truth or dare Andrea?”

“Dare.” She had to again.

“I dare you to dance for us.”

“What? You can’t make me do that!”

But they could. She wouldn’t even be arguing if she was dressed, so why not?

Blushing, she agreed and they waited for the next song to start. There was a commercial. “Can I cover up until the darned song starts?”

“No.”

More commercials. Then a song. “I Kissed a Girl” by Katy Perry. She danced, somewhat awkwardly and completely naked, until it was over. And she still had two more turns until she could dress.

“Truth or dare Andrew?”

“Truth.”

This was so unfair! She asked another lame question. Andrew dared Chuck to kiss her. She pulled her bra and panties back on. Chuck dared Tony to kiss her neck.

The timer rang just as Tony was daring Eric to kiss her belly-button. A quick show of hands around the room showed that the majority of the group wanted to continue for the next half hour. Andrea was the only one who didn’t raise her hand, so it was decided six to one. She hadn’t thought of that, either, when she agreed to let the majority vote extend the game. But she had agreed to play, and agreed to play fairly by the rules. She wouldn’t chicken out now.

They reset the timer for another half hour, Eric kissed a blushing Andrea’s belly button, and then he dared Brian to strip her once again. Brian then dared Andrew to kiss both of her arm pits. More laughter from everyone about this.

Andrea stopped the game again. She was starting to get really horny, and didn’t want the guys to know. She had to get them to stop kissing her so much. “Can you guys stop daring each other to do stuff to me?”

They discussed it, and they counter-offered. “If you agree to stay naked, we won’t pick on you as much. We’ll dare each other to do other stuff, but we still want to be able to kiss you.”

“How much kissing?”

More negotiating ensued. The final agreement was that Andrea would now stay naked for the rest of the game. She grudgingly admitted that she spent more time naked than dressed anyway, and conceded this to get the guys to agree to what she had asked for. The boys, in turn, agreed that only once every three turns could someone be made to kiss her on any part of her body. She made it clear that was any part of her body that would be covered if she was wearing a bra and panties. She tried to say a t-shirt and shorts, but they insisted they should be allowed to kiss her shoulders, arm-pits again (“Eeww!” She giggled), and stomach.

The game resumed. Andrew dared Chuck to dance with Andrea.

“We said no kissing. Kissing isn’t dancing!” The guys all laughed in response to her protests.

They danced together for a full song, and then Chuck dared her to go upstairs naked and bring them all back fresh drinks.

“No way am I going upstairs! People can see in the windows!”

They thought about how to compromise. The guys all pretty much thought it was an okay dare, safe enough, but Chuck finally offered, “You can put your shorts and t-shirt back on and go get the drinks, but then you have to agree to play for another half hour. Otherwise you have to go naked.” The rest of the guys agreed to this compromise.

She looked at the timer. There was only ten minutes left. She was too mortified to go upstairs naked, but didn’t want to extend her ordeal. “Ten more minutes!” she countered.

“Twenty-five, but we don’t start the clock again until you’re back down here and you’re naked again.” He countered.

“Fifteen.”

“Twenty, but when you come back down you have to take your clothes off really sexy.”

“What do you mean ‘sexy’?” she asked nervously.

“Like, I don’t know. All slow and stuff. Really show off. Get into it.” He was blushing.

They agreed finally on seventeen minutes. The clock would not start again until she was back downstairs, everyone had his drink, and she was naked. After passing out the drinks she would have to undress as sexy as she could, then go around the circle and kiss each guy on the mouth. She would then take her place in the circle again and resume the game. How did they keep talking her into this stuff?

Somewhat relieved to put her shorts and t-shirt back on, she made two trips up the stairs carrying all the guys’ and her empty glasses. In the kitchen she filled all of the glasses with ice and their choices; root beer, Sprite, Coke and Diet Coke. Then she brought them back down, making three more trips to complete the task.

Then it was time. She wasn’t sure how to strip sexy. She walked slowly around the circle of guys, who were all standing now. She touched each of them on his chest, then walked away. She stopped, cocked her hip, and slapped her butt lightly. Then she turned to the guys and slowly lifted her shirt. Her face was flushed and she felt so stupid. The guys were staring in stunned silence. It was better than they had thought.

Her shirt kept rising, and she pulled it clear of her breasts and over her head, tossing it playfully in the air. She ran her hands slowly down her body, and unbuttoned her shorts. Then she turned around again, her back to the group, and pulled the zipper down. She let go, and the shorts dropped to the floor. She stepped out of them and kicked them into the air, letting them fall halfway across the room.

Then she turned back around to face the group, swaying her hips slightly, her hands hanging loosely at her sides. Then she walked back into the circle and kissed each boy. She was really turned on now, and scared that they would be able to tell; petrified that they would find out. Andrew restarted the timer. They had added seventeen minutes to the ten that were left. She now had twenty seven minutes left to play.

“Truth or dare Brian?”

“Truth.” The guys were all laughing at this. It was so funny that she couldn’t dare them to do anything, and she’d been naked for the last 45 minutes!

“Do you have a boner?”

He blushed, but answered quickly. “Yes.”

“I think we all do!” Said Chuck loudly, eliciting more laughter.

Brian dared Tony to sit on the floor right in front of her and stare at her boobs for the whole next turn. He laughed and rushed to his place, and she blushed furiously.

Tony dared Kyle to take his place and stare at her bush.

Kyle dared Eric to kiss her on the small of her back.

Once he was done, he and Kyle each took their places back in the circle. Kyle whispered something to his brother, and they both smiled.

“Truth or dare Andrea?” asked Eric.

She had to pick dare. Not that it mattered at this point.

“I dare you to stand with your legs a little wider apart.”

She was mortified. She knew exactly what they were getting at. She tried to argue. Finally, reluctantly, she agreed that they could pose her. She had set the rule that they had to stand when any of their clothes were off. She had set the rule that the guys shirts couldn’t cover them. It was the same thing, kind of. They wanted an unobstructed view. She couldn’t think of any further arguments against it. She pushed instead for a thirty second time limit.

“You keep making rules about everything.” Complained Tony. “You won’t let us kiss you except every three turns. You made a rule that you could get dressed every few turns, but we all figured out how stupid that rule was. No more new rules.”

The guys all chimed in their agreement.

“So what, you guys can just pose me however you want and I have to hold it until someone else poses me differently?” She argued.

They had a lengthy discussion. Andrew stopped the timer after five minutes, so Andrea pulled her shorts and t-shirt back on. If the game was officially on hold, she wasn’t going to stand there naked. After a while they came to agreement as a group. They could pose each other any way they wanted to for up to thirty seconds. She reluctantly agreed to do away with the rule about how frequently they could kiss her; they could do it every turn if they wanted to from now on, anywhere but her boobs, pussy or butt. Lastly, she agreed to stand in the circle with her feet shoulder width apart at all times, but no wider. Tony had likened her standing with her feet together to a guy tucking his dick between his legs so she couldn’t see it. That was the argument that finally made her cave in.

“Why am I conceding all of these things to the boys?” She wondered to herself.

Tony pointed out that this new rule meant that Eric still got to give her a dare, since now she was supposed to stand like he had dared her to. She reluctantly conceded this point as well.

She blushed furiously as she took her clothes back off and resumed her place in the circle again, and each guy was leaning forward in anticipation as she finally widened her stance.

“I dare you to dance to another song.” Said Eric.

She blushed furiously at hearing this dare. She glanced at the timer. Nineteen minutes remained. Nineteen minutes seemed like an eternity to her just then. She stalled for a few seconds, then started as a new song came on the radio. Her larger but firm breasts bounced as she danced a bit more fluidly than she had before. She danced a little wilder, putting her pussy on display, too. By the time the song was over, she was a little winded with a small glistening of perspiration on her forehead. They guys had all very much enjoyed her show.

“Truth or dare Kyle?”

“Truth.” This wasn’t even funny any more.

“What do you like best about my body?” She was kind of aroused, standing here naked, and figured she might as well fish for a compliment. Plus it might embarrass him.

He blushed. Score! He looked her up and down for a moment, then asked her to turn around. She hadn’t thought of that! “I guess I like your bush.” He blushed.

“My bush? You like my pubic hair?”

He blushed more. “I like your pussy. You can’t see it all that well because of your bush, but it’s still hot.” His face was apple-red now, and his voice was squeaking. She blushed, too.

The other guys laughed and compared notes. “I like her tits!” “Are you kidding? Look at that ass!” “She does have a nice pussy.” “Like you’ve ever seen a pussy before!”

Once they had calmed down, Kyle dared Eric to kiss her thighs, on the innermost part, halfway between the knee and her crotch. This forced her to spread her legs wide for him, which caused them both to blush, but gave the others an excellent show.

The guys made another full round having each guy kiss her, with tongue, most for thirty seconds, with her totally naked.

Then Eric dared Tony to kiss her belly. Tony dared her to lie on her back on the floor with her legs spread wide for thirty seconds. About twenty seconds in, the timer went off. She agreed to finish out the last ten seconds, then stood and made for her clothes, quickly.

“Not yet!” Said Tony, stopping her. “Now we have to vote if we want to continue the game!”

“It has to be a unanimous vote, and I vote no.” she said, trying to push past him for her clothes.

“Let’s discuss it first!” he insisted.

“Let me get dressed first!” she countered, a little desperate now.

“I’ll tell you what. You can put your shorts and your t-shirt on and we’ll vote. If we all decide not to play any more, you take them back off, we go once around the circle, and the game is over.”

“How is that fair?” She asked.

“Well, you wasted at least five minutes when you were arguing about if you could stand with your feet plastered together and all of your other rules.” He said teasingly. “And you agreed that you were wrong, and we got rid of all those rules, so you should have to play for at least five more minutes.”

“Fine, I’ll play for another five minutes. We’ll just go once around the circle. But you guys can’t all pick on me!”

“Okay, deal.”

Everyone agreed.

Tony, who was immediately to Andrea’s left, started. He dared Chuck, who was immediately on his left, to kiss her. And so it went. Chuck dared Brian, Brian dared Eric, Eric dared Kyle, Kyle dared Andrew…

“Truth or Dare Andrea.” Said Andrew, intending to have her kiss Tony and complete the circle.

“Truth.”

That’s right! She’d taken four dares in a row, and could say it now.

“Are you turned on?”

“What!? Why?!” She asked, near panic.

“Your pussy looked wet when you had to spread your legs.” He answered simply. The other guys laughed nervously.

She could just lie. Say no. The guys didn’t know enough about female anatomy. They wouldn’t know. That was what she’d do. She’d just lie and say that she was not turned on.

“Yes. A little bit.” She blushed furiously.

The guys all looked a little stunned.

“Well, I’ve been naked for the last hour, you guys all staring at me, and then kissing everyone!” she tried to defend herself. Why hadn’t she just lied to them?

“So it turns you on to stand here naked in front of us?”

“A little bit. I don’t know. It’s kind of cool. You guys all checking me out and wanting to look at me.” She replied sheepishly.

They laughed, but not at her. It was an impressed sort of laugh.

“Okay. Your turn.” Said tony, bringing the room back to order.

“Truth or dare Andrew.”

“Truth.”

“Do you want me to keep playing? We still have about two hours until your parents get home...”

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Thinking back on the events of the day as she laid on top of her covers, allowing her fingers and the air to lightly and slowly caress her naked body, she reached to the nightstand and grabbed her cell phone. She texted her Best Friends group, removing Amy’s name from the list before she hit send.

“U wnt 2 ply T/D 2moro?”

Truth or Dare – The Next Day

Andrea woke the next morning after some wonderful, erotic dreams. She had never had dreams like that before, and had never thought of the boys she was friends with in that way. But she felt wonderful, alive.

It took her a moment to realize that she had slept naked on top of the covers all night. “God,” she thought to herself, grinning at her new found bravado. “I hope my parents didn’t come in to check on me last night or this morning!” This was the first time she’d ever tried sleeping naked. She decided then and there that she would probably not wear pajamas any more.

Her cell phone had already received messages from all the guys. They wanted to play, and Andrew had offered up his basement again. She smiled, and felt a slight tingle of excitement as she thought about how much the boys seemed to enjoy her body.

There was another text waiting for her. Amy was feeling better and wanted to go to the pool. The message was only five minutes old. Maybe that’s what woke her up.

It was 9:15, and the house would be empty. Andrea peeked out of her bedroom door, and the house sounded still and quiet. She threw her door open wide and walked, stark naked for the first time in her life, down the hallway to the bathroom. She left the door open as she peed. She decided to brush her teeth then, instead of after breakfast like normal. She really enjoyed the feeling of being naked. Her skin felt alive, like every nerve was reaching out to the air around it.

Back in her room she made a decision. Amy was going to find out about yesterday, it was inevitable, so she had to be the one to tell her. It would be worse if the boys told her. But she was scared of Amy’s reaction, and scared of her own feelings about it. She sat down on the bed, still naked, pulling her feet up under her, and called Amy.

“Hey! You in for the pool today?” Amy said by way of a greeting.

“I guess so.” replied Andrea. “Can you come over here first?”

Amy would be there in a few minutes, and they would have breakfast together. Since they were going straight to the pool, neither girl bothered with a morning shower.

Andrea reluctantly pulled on her bikini and then a pair of cover-up shorts and a t-shirt from American Eagle, and opened the front door. Amy was already walking up the driveway; perfect timing.

“So what’d you guys do yesterday, spending a long, boring day without ME?” Asked Amy, full of energy.

“Why are you so wired this morning?” Replied Andrea, dodging the question momentarily to stall her reply.

“I slept, like, all day yesterday!” Replied Amy. I think I woke up for lunch and dinner. I watched a little ‘Family Guy’, but didn’t even make the end of the show before I crashed again!”

The two friends headed to the kitchen to make breakfast. They split a grapefruit and toasted a couple of cinnamon raisin bagels.

“So what did you guys do yesterday? No one even called me to see how I was doing.” Amy pouted jokingly.

Andrea felt her face blush, and Amy saw it.

“What?! What aren’t you telling me?!”

Finally, Andrea broke down. She told her everything. She had intended to just tell a little bit, to gage Amy’s reaction before spilling it all, but the whole story came tumbling out of her mouth unchecked and uncensored.

She told about how the game started, about the rules, about how they had decided that if you had any clothes off you had to stand, and couldn’t hide anything with your hands. She told her about how she got to see Tony, Brian and Chuck, all with boners! She told about how she made Andrew take off Tony’s shorts and underwear, but then how the guys made each other strip her of her clothes. She told how she had kissed them all, and how they had all kissed her, while she was naked, on her belly and her legs and her neck.

She just kept talking. Her mouth was working independently of her brain. She explained how she had asked for the rule change so they wouldn’t kiss her so much, because she was getting turned on, and how the boys had talked her in to staying naked for three turns in a row. She then told how she tried to make another rule, that the boys couldn’t pose her, and how they had ganged up on her and told her that the other rules were unfair, and how she had let them get rid of all the rules. She told Amy that, at this point in the game, she had agreed to be naked for the whole rest of the game, that they could kiss her anywhere but her boobs, butt and pussy, and how she would stand with her legs spread. She even told her how she had asked Kyle what he liked best about her body; and how he replied that he liked her bush.

Amy wanted details about this part.

Andrea Explained, speaking fast. So I’m like “What do you like best about my body?”

And he’s like “I guess I like your bush.”

So I’m like, “My bush? You like my pubic hair?”

And he goes “I like your pussy. You can’t see it all that well because of your bush, but it’s still hot.”

Amy, for her part, was shocked; dumbstruck. She mostly nodded and grunted monosyllabic responses, but allowed her friend to continue with the whole story, saving the rest of her questions for the end.

“And then, last night, I was so horny I texted the guys and asked them if they wanted to play again today.” Andrea finished, blushing and looking down at her plate as the words came out.

Amy was silent for a minute, maybe longer. Andrea picked at her bagel, but didn’t take a bite.

Finally Amy spoke. “So are you going to do it?”

“Do what?”

“Play again? Today?”

Andrea looked up. She looked shocked. “AMY!” she said loudly, laughing with surprise.

“Don’t you ‘Amy’ me!” she replied. “I’m not the one who was naked with all of our friends yesterday!”

“Are you mad at me?” Asked Andrea, a little nervously.

“Hell no, girl!” she replied, now laughing too. “I think it’s hilarious! I tried to get you to do this last summer, but then everyone wanted me to get naked, too. You know how much I hate my body.”

“Wait, you tried to get me naked in front of the boys last summer?”

Now it was Amy’s turn to blush. “Well, yeah.”

“Why?!”

Amy thought for a moment, now picking at her own bagel. “I don’t know. I saw this movie when I was babysitting for the Rogers, and it was on late night cable, and it was pretty raunchy.” She started.

“You were watching porn?” whispered Andrea, shocked at her friend.

“It wasn’t porn!” Amy shot back, laughing. “It was just one of those cable movies with boobs all over the place.”

“Oh, my God, Amy! What if they’d come home?”

“I had another show on the previous channel button. I was ready to flip it.” She replied sheepishly, grinning mischievously up at her.

Andrea laughed at her friend, who continued “So, anyway, I was watching this movie and this girl got hypnotized so she wouldn’t be scared to be a stripper for whatever reason, but it went wrong and every time she heard this one song, she’d strip, no matter where she was. Like, if the song came on in the grocery store, she’d do this strip show right there in the grocery store.”

The two girls laughed about that, and Amy continued. “So then I started thinking how cool it would be, and how the guys all liked watching her strip, and I wished I was hot like she was.”

“Amy, you keep saying that. You’re really cute!” Andrea scolded.

“I know I’m not ugly, but I wish I had boobs.”

“Oh, not that again.” Said Andrea dismissively.

“Seriously.” Replied Amy firmly, gripping her shirt and bikini top and pulling them up. Her chest looked just like Chuck’s, but her nipples were bigger and puffier.

“Trust me, the guys wouldn’t care.” Said Andrea, a little shocked that her friend was flashing her.

Amy pulled her shirt back down. Blushing a little bit. Did she really just flash her best friend at the breakfast table?

“So you watched this dirty movie that wasn’t porn about the stripper who dances naked at the grocery store…” Said Andrea, intentionally butchering the story line while bringing her friend back on track. “So what does that have to do with trying to get me naked last summer?”

Amy explained. “Okay, yeah. So I saw this movie and I thought it was really sexy. And I was like ‘what would the guys’… you know, our guys? ‘What would the guys do if we did that?’ But I knew that I wouldn’t have the guts to do it, but you’re wilder like that, and I totally knew you’d do it. I wanted to see their reactions.”

She felt a bit ashamed of herself after she finished. It sounded worse when she said it out loud. She had tried to trick her friend into stripping in front of a bunch of guys for her amusement.

Andrea was silent for a minute, then replied. “Their reaction was priceless.”

“You’re not mad at me?”

“Mad at you? They had boners for, like, three hours!”

The two girls squealed and giggled and talked for almost an hour after that. And they devised a plan.

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At noon Amy and Andrea arrived at Andrew’s house. Andrea was freshly showered and wearing a cute pair of shorts and t-shirt from Hot Topic. They kicked their flip flops off at the door and followed Andrew to the basement where the boys were already there and waiting. They all looked a little disappointed that Amy was there, but said nothing.

“So what do you guys want to do?” Asked Andrew, a little hopefully, but resigned to the change of plans.

Amy took charge. “Andrea told me about your little game yesterday, and I’m jealous that I didn’t get to play.”

“But you chickened out last time!” Interrupted Eric, before he could think to stop himself.

“Yes.” Said Amy coldly, looking directly at him. “I did chicken out. So Andrea has agreed to play a different game today.”

The guys were all looking a little puzzled.

“The rules are simpler than the rules you guys made up yesterday. What were there, like ten rules or something? That must’ve been irritating!” Continued Amy teasingly.

The guys all looked nervously at Amy, unsure of where this was going. Andrea sat to the side, saying nothing, and watching the reactions of the guys. As much as she wanted to do this, it certainly wasn’t easy!

“Andrea owes me, and I’m making her pay, big time. Today we’re going to play a game called ‘Truth or Dare Andrea’, and the rules are simple.” Amy said authoritatively. “We’re going to sit in a circle, and Andrea is going to be at the front of the room, where I’m sitting now. We’ll each take turns and go around the room, and everybody can make her take a dare or answer a truth question. No touching her pussy is allowed.”

Amy now sat silently, waiting for a reaction. Andrea blushed furiously. Hearing it spoken out loud made it hard to believe that she’d actually agreed to this. Amy was going to make it seem like it was all her doing, all her idea, but still…

“So, wait… What?” Said Andrew finally.

Amy laughed. “What don’t you understand?”

“Well, I mean, we’re just going to dare her to do stuff, and she has to do it?”

“We can make her answer questions, too.” Replied Amy, giggling.

“And you guys can’t dare us to do anything?” Chimed in Brian, unbelieving.

“Nope. It’s called ‘Truth or Dare Andrea’. If we could make you do stuff it would be ‘Truth or Dare Brian’.” She responded giddily.

“I don’t get it.” Said Kyle. “What’s the joke?”

“No joke.” Said Amy, faking a look of confusion. She did know that the guys would be slow to believe that this was for real, and wanted to mess with them. “Here. We’ll start and I’ll show you how we play.” She offered.

Amy pushed Chuck out of his chair and he moved to the couch, shoving everyone over one space. She pushed the chair out of the way and had Andrea take its place at the top of the circle (which was really more an oval), and cheerfully announced from Chuck’s vacated seat “I’ll go a couple of times and show you guys how the game works. Andrea, I dare you to take off your shirt, fold it up neatly, and put it on the floor behind you.”

Blushing slightly, Andrea complied. She was wearing a very sexy red lace bra with tiny black bows where the shoulder straps met the cups, and another between her breasts. She folded the shirt neatly, placed it on the floor a few paces behind her, and returned to her spot, standing in front of the guys with her hands loose at her sides.

“Now I dare you to take your bra off and put it neatly with your shirt.” Said Amy, smiling brightly.

Once again Andrea felt her face flush slightly as she reached behind her and pulled her bra off. She folded it neatly, placed it on the floor with her shirt, and returned to her place, again keeping her hands loosely at her sides, her breasts now bared once again in front of the boys.

“Now I dare you to take your shorts off and put them neatly with your other clothes.” Said Amy, stifling a small giggle.

Andrea’s low-rise cotton shorts had an elastic waistband, so there was nothing to do but pull them unceremoniously down, which she did, lifting both feet to step out of them. She blushed furiously as she stood straight, her legs shoulder width apart, to fold them.

The boys were shocked to see that, not only was she not wearing panties, but that where yesterday had been a dark patch of pubic hair that partially blocked their view of her pussy, today she was shaved completely bald. They immediately broke into questions and comments about her new look, but Amy quickly shushed them and held up her hands to stem their questions.

“Now I want to ask a truth question, Andrea. Explain to us why you’ve shaved your pussy.” She said, unable to disguise the giddiness in her voice.

Blushing furiously, Andrea explained. “I explained to Amy how I had asked Kyle what he liked best about my body, and how Kyle said he liked my bush, but that he meant that he liked my… pussy… but couldn’t really see it through all the hair. And how most of you guys agreed. So Amy said it would be good to shave all of the hair off so you guys could all see my pussy better.” She had to force herself to maintain eye contact as she spoke. Her natural instinct was to stare at the floor, but Amy had cautioned her on the way over to look directly at them.

What she had told them was half of the truth. Amy had come up with the joking suggestion to shave, but Andrea had loved it. She wanted to do it, and while she sat in the tub shaving with Amy sitting on the toilet keeping her company, they had devised the game that they were now starting to play. Andrea had decided to forgo panties, and Amy had decided on the introductory rounds to get the game started. Andrea was both nervous and excited, but both girls were dying to see the reaction of the guys.

And their reaction was better than they could have hoped. They were all staring, leaning forward in their seats, and all speechless.

“So do you guys get it now? Let’s play!” Said Amy.

The guys were all for it, although a bit reserved at first. They kept asking Amy what they could do.

“Look, you guys can make her do anything you can think of. She shouldn’t leave the room unless you let her get dressed, but anything at all. You just can’t touch her pussy.” She said, explaining it for the third time.

Around the circle it went, slowly. Chuck and Tony both dared her to kiss them. Then Brian dared her to let him kiss her belly button. He just wanted a closer look at her pussy, but was afraid to ask for that.

Then Eric dared her to kiss him. Kyle dared her to kiss Amy. They both laughed, but did it without question. “Nothing more than that with me, though!” Amy scolded after they were done. “I’ll kiss her, but nothing more. This isn’t Truth or Dare Amy.”

The guys laughed. Andrew was last up and dared her to kiss him.

Then it was Amy’s turn. She wanted to start off slowly, so she dared Amy to dance to the next song on the radio. Ur So Gay, by Katy Perry. She danced the whole song, a bit more fluidly than she had done the day before.

When she had finished, everyone just looked to Amy for instructions.

“What are you waiting for?” She asked. “Chuck, your turn! Go!”

“So we just keep going?” He asked.

“At 1:00 we take a break, and we’ll decide if we want to keep playing.” She said, laughing as Andrea blushed. That gave them another fifteen minutes to play, give or take. The setup and explanation had taken quite a while.

And so they went another two rounds. The guys stuck to kissing her, although she did dance to two more songs, and was getting pretty good at it. Amy made her play with her own boobs, and do a cartwheel as her two turns.

“Okay, we’re taking a short break.” Announced Amy. “Go ahead and get dressed, Andrea.”

Andrea pulled on her shorts and her t-shirt, leaving her bra off, as she and Amy had discussed earlier.

“So are you guys having fun?” Asked Amy when they were all upstairs in the kitchen refilling their glasses and making sandwiches.

“Hell yeah!” Was the general consensus among the guys.

“So we should keep playing then?” She grinned, already knowing the answer.

Lunch was done and the group was back downstairs in their seats by 1:20. “We’ll play until 2:00 and take another break.” Said Amy. “And I think that at the end of each break we should have Andrea do a little strip dance to get us all back in the mood, so I’ll start us off again.” Then looking at Andrea she said “I dare you to do a strip dance to the next song on the radio.”

It was “Rehab”, by Amy Winehouse. Andrea danced slowly around the room, removing her shirt and then her shorts, finishing the song naked once more. She retrieved her clothes, folded them neatly, and then took her place once again, awaiting the next dare.

Another full round of kissing the guys.

“This is getting boring!” Complained Amy. “I want you to answer a truth question. I want you to tell them one thing that the can do that they haven’t thought of.” She said.

Andrea swallowed hard, and turned red. The blush spread down her chest, eliciting a snicker from the guys. “You could pose me.” She offered meekly.

Chuck was next. He had her lay on the floor with her legs spread wide for thirty seconds.

Tony had her turn around and bend over, showing her pussy and her butt hole.

Brian had her push her chest out and pull her arms back, really accentuating her breasts.

Eric had her repeat the bent over pose that Tony had suggested.

Kyle had her sit on the edge of a chair, her upper body leaning back, and her legs spread, toes pointed.

Andrew had her try to do the spits. She could do a left-front split, with her left leg all the way forward, but not a side split with her legs out to the sides.

“That was fun.” Said Amy. “I’m going to give you the same truth question again. Tell the guys another thing that they can do that they haven’t yet.”

She blushed again, but offered “You can touch me anywhere but my pussy, so you can touch my boobs if you want.”

That opened up a whole new world to the guys! They each spent over a full minute caressing, fondling, feeling and groping her bare breasts.

After Andrew, it was back to Amy. “I want to ask a truth question and give a dare.” She announced. She made the rules, so she had this kind of leeway. “Did they do okay?”

Andrea was non-committal at first. “Fine.”

“Come on. Some of them were pretty rough on you!”

“I guess some of them were kinda rough.” She admitted sheepishly.

“Then my dare is for you to teach them all how to do it right. Show them first, then go around the circle.” Amy said, laughing.

Andrea blushed deeply, but finally looked up at the group, who were all watching her with anticipation. She slowly lifted both hands to her breasts, and explained. “I like gentle kneading, and light caressing. My breasts are pretty sensitive, and usually I don’t like my nipples rubbed unless I’m already turned on.”

“Are you already turned on?” asked Amy, grinning.

Andrea nodded, almost imperceptibly.

“Answer me out loud, Andrea.” Said Amy, really enjoying herself.

Blushing, Andrea spoke in a croaky voice. “Yes.”

The guys all exhaled as one, as though they had been holding their breath awaiting her answer.

“Show them how to play with your nipples.” Commanded Amy.

Andrea blushed, if this was possible, deeper, but kept her eyes on the group. “Um, I like to pinch them a little bit, and really gently rub them. In a circle.” She said quietly, her hands doing the actions as she explained them.

“Now go around and make sure everyone understands.” Amy commanded.

Andrea walked to Amy, who was first in the circle. “Not me, silly!” Said Amy condescendingly. “The boys!”

Andrea took a step over to Chuck, who stood in front of her. She took his hands and placed them on her breasts, repeating the kneading motions, and allowing him to gently pinch and play with her nipples for a moment. She corrected him once, at Amy’s direction, and then moved on, repeating this with all six guys.

Andrea returned to her place at the head of the circle. No longer having pubic hair, her juices were free to flow from her, and had dampened the skin on her thighs and all around her pussy. Everyone had noticed, but no one had said anything about it.

“Chuck, it’s your turn, but can I go again?” Asked Amy giddily.

Chuck had no problem, knowing that whatever Amy had in mind he would likely enjoy, and said as much out loud, which caused everyone to laugh and Andrea to blush a bit deeper.

“Andrea, I want to ask you another truth question.” Amy said, looking straight at her. “I want you to tell the boys another thing that they can do that they haven’t thought of yet.”

Amy looked at the floor for a moment, then brought her head back to face the group. This was so humiliating, but so much fun. She could never have done this without Amy’s help, and as gut wrenchingly embarrassing as this all was, she was enjoying every minute of it.

“They can ask for a close up inspection of any part of me. My boobs, my butt, my pussy… anything.” She said meekly, flushing once again.

“Thank you, Andrea! Now it’s your turn, Chuck!” said Amy brightly.

None of the guys could believe their ears. They were allowed to inspect her body close up? They didn’t just have to admire it from a distance?

They all, of course, wanted to see her pussy, now that it was so obviously so wet and she was so turned on. Most of the guys remained seated and had her pose in ways that would let them see her close up. Kyle wanted her to open up, so to speak, and had her pull herself apart with her fingers. Now the others wanted this, too.

Andrew finally had her stand with her back to him and bend over, her legs about three feet apart, pulling her pussy open with her fingers. Before he could stop himself, the words tumbled out of his mouth. “Oh, my God! Even her asshole is wet!”

Amy didn’t know if Andrew or Andrea blushed more as everyone jumped up and ran over by Andrew to have a look. Amy was laughing so hard she was in danger of wetting herself.

“Okay, guys. It’s about ten after two, so let’s take another break.” Amy said after letting them look at her for another minute or so.

Andrea stood and headed towards her clothes. “I’m not sure that you should put shorts on. You’d get them all wet!” said Amy, laughing. Then she addressed the boys. “Would anyone be offended if Andrea left her shorts off?”

The guys were, unsurprisingly, thrilled with their good fortune. Would they mind if their hot friend with the freshly shaved pussy stood around bottomless for a while longer? “Hell no!”

Not for the first time, Andrea was a bit surprised at the direction her friend was taking this, but it seemed to excite her even more. She pulled her midriff baring t-shirt on, blushing at the thought that now all eyes would be on her pussy. This, while embarrassing, was turning her on even more. She was feeling sensations in her clit and pussy with every step, now, and her juices were still slickening her entire lower body. Amy whispered an instruction not to wipe off or clean up in any fashion, which only served to heighten both her embarrassment and her arousal.

Amy whispered something to Andrew, who took off running up the stairs. In less than thirty seconds he was back, carrying a bath towel. It was slightly damp.

“Here, Andrea.” Said Amy, taking the towel from Andrew and laying it across the seat of a chair. “You’ve been standing all day, so we’ll let you sit down. Now don’t put your legs too close together, you’ll make a mess! It’s the one he used for his shower this morning, so you wouldn’t dirty a clean towel.”

Andrea was subjected to further humiliation as she sat and allowed herself to be positioned by Amy. The end result saw her laying back in the chair, her butt on the front few inches of the chair, her legs spread so that there was a good few inches between her thighs just below her pussy, and her upper body leaned to the back of the chair, so that she was somewhere between seated and laying down.

Amy then left her alone with the guys while she went upstairs to refill their sodas and bring down more chips. The guys all milled around her, stealing glances between her legs and finding lame excuses to talk to her.

“It’s okay, guys.” Amy said when she came back down on her first trip. “You don’t have to be shy. Andrea’s certainly not!” She laughed at her own joke. “If you want to look, go ahead and look!”

She watched as Kyle took a furtive glance, then realized he was the only one and quickly looked away.

“Kyle’s got the right idea!” She said in the tone of voice a teacher might use to encourage further conversation from her class. “But here… like this.”

She guided Kyle physically into position directly between Andrea’s legs, and then lowered him until he was seated on the floor, staring directly at her wet, open sex.

“Isn’t that better? Now you can see much easier.” She said simply, then bounded back up the stairs to retrieve more glasses of soda.

When she returned it was to find all six guys sitting on the floor in a tight group, all with their eyes directed toward Andrea’s pussy. Amy laughed out loud, and the guys all chuckled at their joke. Andrea laughed hoarsely along with the rest of the group, her arousal now hitting a level she had never before experienced.

Amy checked her watch as the guys maintained their positions on the floor. “I think it’s about time break was over.” She said. “Andrea, you know how to end every break, right?”

The guys all stood and Andrea rose from her chair. She pushed the chair back out of the way, and started her strip dance, this time starting already bottomless. She pulled her top off quickly, and danced the remainder of the song naked. Every time her legs came together, she felt it in her pussy and clit, and it was driving her crazy. She had never been this turned on in her life. Never even close.

When she finally finished dancing, even though it had been a slower, less energetic dance than last time, she was sweating slightly, and her breathing was heavier and deeper.

She took her place back in the circle and Amy started once again. “I want you to answer a truth question again.” She said. “Are you really turned on?”

“I’ve never been this turned on in my life.” Replied Andrea truthfully. She didn’t care any more. Didn’t care what the guys thought. She was so turned on, she wanted more.

“Can you think of anything else the guys haven’t done, but could make you do?” Asked Amy, grinning.

“They can make out with me and play with my boobs. They can make out with me and fondle my ass. The can kiss my boobs. They can suck them. They can kiss my neck and run their hands on my belly and do anything they want to me!” She said breathlessly, her eyes closed tightly as her arousal did away with any inhibitions she might have had.

Even Amy was shocked. They all stared at her as she stood there, naked, her newly denuded sex glistening with moisture, her clit now visible through the folds of her lips, her nipples hard as rocks, the skin around them pulled tight, breathing raggedly as she fought to stay standing.

Chuck stood silently and walked toward her. He reached out and touched her, on her left side, his thumb wrapping by her oblique, his fingers stretching over her side toward her back.

He planned to kiss her. He planned to let his other hand roam up to her breast while his tongue explored her mouth. But he didn’t get a chance. As his grip tightened on her side, as he was about to pull her toward him, she came. She literally exploded in orgasm. He had to quickly grab her other hip to prevent her from falling on the floor. Her body shook and convulsed and she squealed, then moaned, as the spasms shook her body. It lasted thirty, maybe fourth seconds, and then she realized where she was, and what had just happened. The room was stunned, silent, and all eyes were on hers. Chuck was blushing, sweating himself. She couldn’t look him in the eyes.

He didn’t let her go; kept holding her, until she spoke. “I can stand.” She said croakily, meekly.

As though he had touched something hot, he suddenly released his grip, throwing his hands in the air and stepping back, looking scared, unsure.

Amy laughed. Andrea looked at her, then laughed herself. She was still turned on, still aroused, but this was funny. Slowly the guys all laughed, too.

When the group had calmed down, Amy finally allowed Andrea to use the towel to clean herself up a bit. Andrea let all the guys take a final look at her, and then she dressed, pulling her shorts on first, then her bra and finally her t-shirt.

“It’s only 3:00, who wants to go to the pool?” Asked Amy.

As a group they walked back to Andrea’s house. Amy still had her bikini on under her clothes, but Andrea needed hers. For the first time ever she had all six guys in her house when her parent’s weren’t home. They followed her to her room and sat on her bed, and she removed her clothes and put them in her laundry basket without prompting. She tried on all three of her bikini’s and her two one-pieces, changing right there in front of them while they decided which she should wear. They decided on the brown bikini. She stood naked, holding it up, just to be sure. Finally she pulled on a pair of shorts and a cute top, over her suit, grabbed a towel, and they left, heading for the community pool.

“I think that’s a fun game. What time do you guys want to play tomorrow?” Asked Andrea as they all walked down the street together.

The next morning was a Saturday, and Andrea was a bit disappointed that all of the parents would be home for the day. That meant that their chances of being alone and playing another round of “Truth of Dare Andrea” was slim.

She had slept naked again, and stood admiring herself in the bedroom mirror when her mom knocked on her door.

“Andrea, honey? Are you up yet?”

Scrambling into her closet for a night shirt, Andrea called back “Just a second, mom!”

She exited the closet in a long t-shirt that came just above midway between her butt and her knees. She timidly opened her bedroom door.

“I’m going to the store. Is there anything you need?” Her mom asked.

“No, I’m fine.” Andrea replied.

“Why don’t you come down to breakfast and eat with the family for a change?”

“Yeah, okay.” She replied. She was about to turn back into her room to put on a pair of shorts when she got a wicked thought. She loved the feeling of her nudity. The night shirt covered her completely, but she still felt like she was naked below. She hesitated at the threshold of her room for a moment, then bounced out and followed her mom. She stopped off in the bathroom, and smiled at her newly discovered sexuality when she lifted her shirt to discover that she was starting to get wet. Just the thought of going to breakfast with no panties had her juices flowing.

Breakfast itself was uneventful, except that she was acutely aware that if anyone had looked under the table they could have easily seen that she was not wearing panties, and that she no longer had any pubic hair. She was very turned on when she got back to her bedroom, leaving her step dad downstairs with her baby brother.

She stripped off her long nightshirt and looked at her body in the mirror once again, admiring her curves and the arousal that was visible in her denuded sex. She got a wicked thought, and hearing her step dad still cleaning dishes in the kitchen, she boldly walked out of her bedroom naked, and strolled casually to the bathroom, where she closed the door and actually laughed out loud at her new reckless boldness.

For the first time in her life she masturbated in the shower. She had shaved her legs and her armpits, and was just applying conditioner to her pubic area to shave the stubble that had grown in overnight when her fingers found her excited clit. It wasn’t an intense orgasm, but it made her wonder at her new-found sexuality. Prior to this week, she had masturbated only a handful of times in her life. This now made three days in a row even if she didn’t count the spontaneous orgasm she’d had the day before in front of the guys.

She smiled as she remembered that. The guys had been so amazed; their reactions so endearing. It had been worth the embarrassment of it happening to see that. She quickly finished shaving before she needed to touch herself again. Her step dad always seemed to yell at her for taking too long in the shower, and she didn’t want to spoil her good mood by arguing with him.

She walked casually down the hallway, her towel wrapped around her, barely hiding her body. She was a little disappointed that her step father was in the family room, watching TV with her little brother. She wanted to wander the whole house naked, but not with him at home. She wanted a bunch of guys there; all her guy friends from the neighborhood. She pondered it for a moment, then dismissed it from her mind as quickly as the thought had entered.

She thought of how people have strange thoughts all the time. How people sometimes have strange, intrusive thoughts that they never act on. Their brains know that they’re not healthy, not good, and they dismiss them. This was just one of those thoughts, and it was out of her head as quickly as it had come.

But it did tell her something about herself. She was an exhibitionist. She had heard the term before, and kind of knew what it meant. In her mind, it was a person who liked showing off her body to people; who liked being naked. That definitely described her new feelings.

She wasn’t sure how to feel about this. She knew that her friends didn’t think badly of her for it. Her best friend, Amy, was completely on board, and thought it was great fun. The guys were fans of her new found clothing-negative attitude, for sure. And they were not judgmental about it, as far as she could tell. Her biggest concern, if she was honest with herself, was if they would tell others who would not be so understanding. The last thing she wanted was a reputation.

She decided to call Kyle. Kyle was the one who was most integrated in the group. Some of the guys were friends on their own, and others were more involved only when it was the whole group, but Kyle was the main person, the one who tied everyone together. He’d been the first one to meet Andrew, and to bring him into the group. He’s the one that most of the guys were actually friends with outside of the group dynamic. He would hang out, one on one, with almost all of the guys. Only Chuck and Tony didn’t hang out with him too much, but they did play little league with his brother, Eric.

So Kyle would know what they were thinking. She called him from her bedroom, grinning slightly at the thought of talking on the phone while she was naked. She wouldn’t have done that a week ago.

“Hey, Andrea! What’s up?” He said, answering the phone.

“Hey! What are you up to today?”

“Eric’s got a game in an hour or so, but I got nothing going on, really. I was planning to go watch. Why?” He replied.

“I wanted to talk to you alone. Can you meet me somewhere?”

“Sure.” He sounded a little concerned. “Where do you want to meet?”

“How about the park by the school?”

About half a mile from their houses near the border of their subdivision is a grade school, grades one through five. They had gone there together with about half the group that now made up their circle of friends. Across the street from the school was a park. There was a running track around the park and swings, a see-saw, and some little-kid bouncy animals on springs. The rest of the park was made up of a large picnic area, and a walking trail wandered off and through the surrounding neighborhood.

About an hour later Andrea saw him, sitting at a picnic table waiting for her. She motioned for him to come with her, and they took off walking on the path, and Andrea wasted almost no time before getting to the subject she had called him out for.

“I want you to be honest with me. What do you think about what I’m doing? Do you think I’m weird?” She couldn’t bring herself to use the word “slut”, but it was in her mind.

He thought for a moment. “I don’t know. It’s definitely weird, but I don’t think it’s weird in the bad way. I mean, we’ve all been friends forever. Even Andrew. He’s only been around for, like, a year, but I kind of feel like he’s been my friend just as long as the other guys.”

She pondered this for a moment, and then indicated that he should continue.

“So, it’s like we’re all your friends, and we’ve known each other forever, and so it’s not like we don’t know you, you know?”

“What does that even mean?” She asked, nervously giggling.

“Well, I guess I’m trying to say that if we didn’t know you, it would be weird in a bad way. But we know you. We know you really well. We know how you are, and what you’re like, and we know that you’re not running around with a different guy every week. You’ve only been on one date, and that was pretty lame. Just a movie. So there’s no… guessing… at what you’re really like. It’s just something you’re doing; letting us do. I don’t know…” he trailed off.

She thought for a while as they walked in comfortable silence. “Have you talked to the other guys about it?” She asked finally.

“Well, we all kind of talked about it the first day, and it was just like ‘Dude! That was so cool!’” he said.

She laughed at that, and he continued. “And then yesterday I talked to Eric and Andrew after the pool, and we kind of got into it, you know? And we feel like it’s really cool. We like that you’re so cool about it, and that it’s you.” He blushed as he said that last part.

“What does that mean?” She asked, genuinely confused.

“Well, we’ve all thought you’re hot for a long time. Even though you’re our friend, we still think you’re hot. Not like we’re going to jump you or anything.” He added. “And, like, we talk sometimes about which girls at school are hot and stuff, and you’re always on the list, and then you’re the one that gets … you’re the one who… who plays these games with us, and it’s just really cool.”

“You mean I’m the one who gets naked.” She said, laughing at his inability to say it out loud. “If I can show you my tits and let you look at my pussy, you can say the word naked.” She teased.

He blushed but didn’t answer.

“Come on!” She teased. “Say it!” She reached out and tickled him.

He ran a few steps ahead of her, laughing now, but still blushing. “Fine. It’s really awesome that you get naked and let us look at you pussy and your tits and your ass!” He said a little too loudly, blushing furiously.

“Shhhh!!!!” She admonished, giggling madly and slapping playfully at his chest. “Someone’s going to hear you!”

They laughed together as they resumed their walk. “I can’t believe you’d have the guts to stand here and talk about my pussy like that!” she said, mock scolding, and she slapped him lightly on the arm, then ran away giggling.

He chased her, not really intending to catch her. It felt good to laugh like this, to giggle and enjoy each other. She felt immensely better that the guys didn’t think badly of her.

After a while talking about other things, she brought the subject back around to her new attitude about clothing. “Can I tell you a secret?”

“Sure. Anything.” He replied.

“Do you promise to tell me your real reaction to it?” She asked imploringly.

“Of course! You’ve bared yourself to me, the least I can do is tell you the truth.” He replied, still in a jokey mood.

She steeled her resolve. “I really like being naked.” She replied. “And I like it when people see me. Guys, especially.”

He laughed at first. She thought he was laughing at her. He explained. “No! I’m just laughing because I thought it was going to be a big secret. You were so turned on yesterday, and you never would have done all those things. Of course you like it! It was so obvious that it was mostly your idea. Amy was just playing along. I won’t say that she didn’t get a thrill out of bossing you around, but, I just thought it was going to be a real secret. That’s like me telling you that my secret is that I liked looking at your naked body!”

“Is it really that obvious?” She asked, nervous again that her friends would think her weird.

“Well, kind of.” He answered honestly. “But that doesn’t change anything. We knew you were into it, and it’s still really cool! It’s no big deal, you know? It’s better this way. If I thought you, you know, hated it or something… that we were forcing you into it, it wouldn’t be as much fun for me.” He said thoughtfully.

She thought about this in silence for a while. It made sense, really. These guys were her friends, and if they thought they were forcing her, it wouldn’t be as much fun, really. They’d figure she’d hate them for it. This way was really better.

“So no one cares that I’m making out with all of you, and letting you all touch my boobs and look at me naked?” She asked, looking for more reassurance.

“Put it this way.” He replied. “If there was you and five other girls, and you all wanted to see me naked and check out my body and feel me up and make out with me and stuff, how cool would that be for me?”

She laughed. “Dream on, stud!” she joked. But it made sense. A guy would be in paradise to be in her situation. And most of her guy friends were pretty cute, too. So she had six cute guys who were drooling over her naked body and dying to kiss her. And for their part, they got to check out her naked body and make out with a naked girl. It didn’t suck for anyone!

“I just need to know that you guys won’t tell anyone.” She said imploringly, bringing up the last thing that was bothering her about all of this.

“Well, I can promise that I won’t, and I’m like ninety-nine point nine nine percent sure that Eric won’t.” he said. “I don’t think any of the guys would tell, but I’ll tell them all just to be sure if you want.”

She nodded and they walked in silence a bit more. “I do trust these guys. They can keep a secret.” She thought to herself. “I’m safe with them.”

“Can I tell you one more secret?” She asked as they turned off the path and onto the end of her street.

“Sure.” He said, smiling.

“I’m not wearing any panties.” She whispered.

He laughed out loud. “You know that you’re a dream girl? You’re the perfect woman. You’re smart, funny, cute as all hell, with an incredible body, and you don’t wear panties. What more could a guy want?”

Without thinking, without hesitation, she kissed him. She giggled when they broke apart.

He looked a little embarrassed. “I’m sorry.” He said.

“I’m not.” She replied. “And I wish you weren’t. Is it because I’m a bad kisser?” She was messing with him. She pouted and kicked her foot lightly against the ground in a playful way.

“No! I just… I didn’t mean to… I’m not sure…” He stammered, now completely flustered.

She laughed at him. “You kiss a lot better than you talk, you know that?” She said, and she leaned up and kissed him again, forcing her tongue into his mouth for a moment.

He stood stunned for a moment, unsure of what to do next.

“Well, see ya!” she said, and she turned and walked up the street to her house, leaving him confused and bewildered.

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By the time Monday came she had resolved to go through with the idea that had been nagging her since Saturday. The guys all knew, and so did Amy. No one really cared. Everyone still liked her and didn’t think she was weird. She’d make them all promise not to talk about it outside the group of them. Why shouldn’t she do it?

Then there were the changes that she seemed to be going through. In her whole life leading up to now she had masturbated a total of 3 times. Each time it had felt, what was the word? Not exactly dirty, but weird. She had been embarrassed that she was doing such a thing. She had made out with one boyfriend, and it felt awkward. But in the past few days she had made out with six of her guy friends, and even done it while she was naked! And she’d had that incredible orgasm in front of them all… how embarrassing was that? But at the same time, it was so amazingly erotic. She’d masturbated every night since then, and then this morning she woke up naked, to an empty house, and had to do it again. It didn’t feel dirty, or wrong; it was wonderful! And she learned that she was multi-orgasmic. She had been able to keep herself right there, teasing herself to three distinct and separate orgasms. It had been incredible. Talk about a butt and ab workout!

And all the while, she had thought about her plan. She had to go through with it; had to try, anyway. Whenever she thought about it she got wet; she was wet even now.

She sent a text message to her best friends list, and then hopped out of bed and ran to the shower without waiting for a response. She shaved, resisting the urge to masturbate again in the shower. She laughed at her new found sexuality; she was like a completely different girl than the one who had woken up last Thursday morning, expecting to go to the pool with Amy.

Finished with her shower, she toweled off and ran a brush through her hair, then applied the little makeup that she normally wore; A little mascara and eye shadow, a touch of blush, and lip gloss; strawberry today. She took an inordinate amount of time drying and styling her shoulder length hair.

Back in her bedroom she checked her cell phone. Almost everyone had replied. Only Eric, Chuck and Tony hadn’t sent a response. They were likely at baseball practice until 11:00, like most week days. It was only 10:00 now.

Still clutching her phone she ventured downstairs, closing blinds, shades and curtains as she went. It felt weirdly wonderful to wander the whole house naked. She had been bare footed in every room of this house countless times before, but somehow not wearing clothes on the rest of her body made her feet more sensitive to the feel of the carpet in the hallway, the hardness of the wood of the stairs and the foyer, and the coolness of the smooth tiles in the kitchen. She could feel the bumps and ridges of the grout lines under her bare toes, and felt her flesh come alive with goose pimples as she shuddered, the adrenaline fueling her giddy mood.

She was too full of nervous energy to sit. She ate an English muffin standing at the counter, and grabbed a handful of grapes out of the refrigerator. She filled her water bottle from the door of the refrigerator, and giggled as she looked down, noticing that her nipples were still straining outward, fully erect. Almost automatically she pressed the now-full plastic water bottle against her left nipple, and squealed out loud as the shock of the coldness hit her sensitive skin. She laughed at her reaction as she screwed the lid back on her water bottle and pranced out of the kitchen.

She checked her hair again in the powder room mirror, teasing it with her fingers to ensure that it looked just right. She marveled at how concerned she was about her hair. With no clothing, only her body to present to the world, her hair was all she could affect. She could do nothing about her breasts, butt, legs, or any of that. She couldn’t change her face, her nose, or her teeth. But she could make sure her hair looked as good as it could.

Her phone beeped; a new text message was waiting. Amy was coming up the driveway. The message she had sent earlier invited everyone over and requested that they text her rather than ring the doorbell.

Amy was dumbstruck when Andrea opened the front door to invite her friend inside, partially obscured by the door, but quite obviously naked.

“What are you doing?!” Amy squealed, laughing and covering her mouth in shock.

Andrea felt her body blush, but also felt that surge of adrenaline. “I’m going to spend the whole day, until my parent’s come home, completely naked.” Andrea answered, trying to sound confident. Could she really do this? It sounded amazing. Her arousal had never faded, even after her multi-orgasmic experience this morning. She knew that she wanted to do this, but would she have the guts?

“Once it’s out there, you can’t take it back.” She reminded herself.

That had been part of her plan. Her friends hadn’t judged her for anything she’d done so far, and according to Amy and Kyle they didn’t think badly of her, either. If she just said it, told them what she wanted to do, then it would be out there. “And once it’s out there, you can’t take it back” she said again to herself. Once she said it, they would know, and it would be easier to do.

Amy squealed again at the news as she stepped inside, allowing Andrea to close the door.

“You’re just going to hang out here naked all day?” Amy asked by way of clarification.

“That’s the plan.” Andrea answered. Now that it was out there, it was a lot easier to talk about. Hopefully this same logic would work on the guys.

“And you’re not allowed to answer the door for the guys. If the doorbell rings and it’s not one of our friends, you have to get it, though.” Andrea told her friend. It was out there, now she couldn’t chicken out. She couldn’t take it back.

By noon, everyone had arrived. The reactions of the boys had been priceless. None had known what to expect, really. They may have guessed there would be more nudity, but none could have guessed this. The text message had said only “Let’s hang out at my house today. Parents are gone ‘till 6. Text me when you’re at the driveway. Don’t ring the doorbell.”

Only Eric and Tony had arrived together, so she’d explained herself to each guy separately. Amy had sat in the kitchen sipping a glass of ice water and laughing at the different reactions of the guys. Now they were all here.

“So I’m going to spend the whole day naked.” Andrea started, repeating what they already knew. “And we’re just going to hang out like a normal day. We can play ping pong downstairs, watch TV, or do whatever. Just no going outside.” She said.

Everyone shouted questions at her. “Why are you doing this?” “So, we’re just going to hang out?” “Can we still kiss you?” “Can I touch your boob?”

Andrea chose to answer Amy’s question first. “Amy asked why I’m doing this.” She said, quieting the guys. “I talked to Kyle on Saturday and he says that you all pretty much knew that I liked it when we played ‘Truth or Dare Andrea’ on Friday.”

They all murmured their agreement.

“So I kept thinking about it all weekend, and I started sleeping naked, and then I was walking to the bathroom upstairs from by bedroom naked, and I just liked being naked.” She continued, blushing slightly.

“Once it’s out there, you can’t take it back.” She repeated to herself.

“And then I decided I wanted to spend the whole day naked, but it would be lame if I was home alone all day, so I invited you all over to hang out with me.”

She paused for a moment, then spoke again. “That’s not totally true. I promised myself that I’d tell the truth. This is really hard. I told myself that you guys were cool with me and wouldn’t think badly of me, and I keep telling myself that once I say it, I can’t take it back. You’ll know, and you’ll be cool with it because you’re cool with me.” She said quickly, blushing again. Her voice was shaking a little bit.

She held up her hand to keep them from interrupting her. They were trying to speak, but she cut them off. “Let me finish. If I have to answer questions right now I’ll lose my nerve.”

They obeyed, and sat in silent anticipation of what she would say next. “I said that it would be lame if I was home alone all day. It’s true, but I need other people here; I want you guys here. I want you guys to see me. All day…” She trailed off, blushing.

They all sat in silence, unsure if they should speak yet. Finally Amy spoke. “Is there anything you want us to do to help you today?”

It was the perfect question. It helped Andrea get back on track, to tell the rest of her plan. “I want you all to help me enforce the one rule.” She said, looking at the floor. “I don’t want to have any privacy today. I don’t want to cover up anything at all unless I’m standing behind a counter or something.”

“Like, no privacy at all?” Asked Kyle.

“Yeah. Why?” she replied nervously.

“Like, if you’re in the bathroom?”

The rest of the group was watching them silently, like watching a tennis match. Their heads were swinging back and forth from one to the other as they spoke. All eyes were now on Andrea. What was she going to say?

“Once it’s out there, you can’t take it back.” She told herself. But what did she want to put out there? Did she want to let the guys watch her pee? The thought of it; it was dirty, a little kinky. Her arousal told her the answer.

“No privacy today at all.” She said. She couldn’t say out loud that she wanted them to watch her pee. “No modesty, at all. I can’t close a door, grab a towel, put on clothes, or anything.”

A sudden outbreak of discussion among the guys caused her to blush even deeper.

Finally, one of the guys asked “Can we kiss you and stuff, like on Friday?”

She thought about it for a moment. She did like that part. She wouldn’t mind a kiss from any of them right now. Most of them, anyway. There were a couple of guys she liked “in that way” less than others, but she couldn’t tell them that. She couldn’t hurt their feelings. Besides, it wasn’t horrible, kissing any of them.

“Sure.” She replied. “You guys can kiss me.”

“What about the other stuff?”

She blushed but steeled her resolve. Thinking about the other stuff was really erotic. “The other stuff is fine, too.”

Once it’s out there, you can’t take it back.

The guys kept asking questions. Finally, she said “You can do anything you want. If I have a problem with it, I’ll stop you. The only rule right now is that I’m the only one who can touch my pussy.”

“When are you going to touch your pussy?” “What do you mean, touch your pussy?”

Once it’s out there, you can’t take it back. “Well, this stuff kind of turns me on. I’ve been, um, touching myself a lot lately. And I’m not allowed any privacy at all today.” She flushed furiously as she said it. She had thought about it. She masturbated last night, imagining that the guys were all there, watching her. It had been incredible. She tried to tease herself, to draw it out, but the image was too powerful, and it had been impossible to stop. She had come hard. Almost cried out from the pleasure. Only fear of discovery by her parents had kept her from shouting out loud. Instead, only whimpers and small moans had escaped her lips. It was embarrassing, but she had to say it, had to put it out there. Maybe she’d try it. She didn’t commit, after all.

The guys, however, took it as a promise. They were going to get to watch a live girl masturbate right in front of them! Amy squealed once again, looking from face to face around the room, seeing the shock and amazement on the faces of the guys, and the incredible blush and embarrassment on Andrea’s. It was amazing. Amy was almost getting turned on herself!

“Who wants lunch?” Asked Amy brightly after a moment’s silence. For some reason this made Andrea blush. It seemed like such a normal thing to do, and was weird considering that she was naked.

A couple of the guys had eaten already, but Andrea, Amy and the rest were hungry. Teenage guys can always eat again, so less than ten minutes later sandwiches were made, drinks poured, and everyone was finding a place to eat.

The kitchen table had six chairs, one of which normally contained the booster seat for Andrea’s little brother. Amy had volunteered to sit on the higher bar-style chairs by the breakfast bar, which left the six guys to sit at the six kitchen chairs. Andrea was left to sit, on full display, on the other bar-style chair next to Amy.

“No modesty, no covering up, right?” giggled Amy, seeing the indecision on Andrea’s face. Amy then turned her chair to face the table, placing her paper plate on her lap. Blushing, Andrea turned her chair, sat, and ate her lunch while her insides churned with conflicting emotions.

She was embarrassed, and felt like a zoo animal to be gawked at, but at the same time her body was responding. Her nipples were still very erect, and her overall arousal was growing, too.

Very quickly, lunch was devoured and the paper plates thrown in the garbage. Andrea wiped the table clean, aware of the guys watching her swaying breasts and her butt as she bent over the table, but making no move to cover herself. Again, she felt the conflicting emotions, and she knew that the arousal was the stronger of the two. She smiled at this.

“What do you guys want to do?” She asked, standing a little nervously and feeling awkward once again. When they were doing something it wasn’t as bad. They were still looking, but her mind was partially occupied.

“Let’s play Wii!” Suggested Chuck.

Andrea had gotten a Nintendo Wii for Christmas, and had the sports pack, the Wii Fit, and a couple of other games for it. They moved into the family room, and decided to play Wii bowling. There were eight of them, and only four could play at a time, so they decided that Andrea, Brian, Kyle and Tony would go first, and Amy, Chuck, Eric and Andrew would go next.

A game of Wii Bowling with four players takes a while, and by the end of it, with all of her bending over as she threw the “ball”, Andrea found herself a lot more aroused than she had been at the start. After the game, she surreptitiously turned away from the room and checked herself for wetness before sitting on the couch, but a few of the guys, who still couldn’t keep their eyes off of her, caught her. Kyle spoke up.

“What are you doing?” He asked.

She had been bent over slightly, the better to look at her vagina, and had been feeling the area with a finger to test for external wetness. She blushed furiously and stood stock still.

“What were you doing?” Asked Amy, repeating Kyle’s question.

“Nothing.”

“No modesty, no covering up. You were faced away from us doing something.” She scolded.

“I wanted to see if I was wet before I sat down.” She blushed.

“Well, go ahead then.” Said Amy. “But you asked us to help you obey the rules, and the rules say you’re not allowed any modesty, so you should do it facing us so we can all see.”

Andrea said nothing in reply, but her body reacted. As the heat spread to her face, she felt a different kind of heat spreading into her pussy. She bent slightly, brushing a finger against her pussy. There was the faintest trickle of moisture forming there, where it had been dry skin only moments ago.

“Well?” Asked Amy, smiling brightly.

“I need to wipe off before I can sit down.” She said quietly, blushing furiously once again.

The guys all smirked and exchanged looks and raised eyebrows. When no one spoke for almost ten seconds, she turned and walked to the bathroom. She got there to find that Amy had followed. The guys had hung back, unsure.

Andrea grabbed some toilet paper, wiped herself dry, and flushed the tissue. Amy whispered to her, and she nodded. More whispering. “No. I should say it.” Said Andrea out loud.

Back in the family room, Andrea addressed the guys, who had started the next game of bowling, and were waiting for Amy to take her turn.

“Amy was the only one who followed me into the bathroom to watch me wipe my pussy off.” Andrea said, her face hot with embarrassment once more. “I want you guys to know that you’re here, and I set the rules because I want to be seen. I’m blushing because it’s embarrassing, but my pussy is getting wet, and my nipples have been hard all day.” She said, fighting herself to get the words out. “Seriously, I’ll stop you if you’re doing something wrong, but just don’t touch my pussy, and anything you can think of is fine until I say different.” Her face was burning now, but so was the arousal, which had built to a new high. She couldn’t believe she was sharing these secret desires with her friends like this, but with every revelation she made to them, the more intense the sexual energy she felt.

The guys all looked a little shocked. Kyle finally broke ranks and walked nervously toward her. She stood perfectly still, watching him, wondering what he was going to do. Tentatively he put a hand on her hip, the touch electrifying her, causing her to jump as though shocked. He waited a second, then touched her again, his hand again resting on her hip, and this time she stayed still.

He leaned in and kissed her. She opened her mouth, inviting his tongue inside, and snaked her arms around his waist, pulling him closer. The kiss lasted a long time. Every time he tried to pull away, she would thrust her tongue deeper into his mouth; she would tighten her grip on him, her pelvis involuntarily thrusting against him, but finding insufficient friction, insufficient contact.

“You guys going to have sex now?” Asked Amy, laughing.

Her voice broke Andrea’s trance, bringing her back to reality. She was naked in the family room with all of her guy friends, and had just seriously made out with one of them. She looked down at him. His shorts were wet where she had been rubbing against him. Not soaked through, but there was a spot. She blushed as several eyes followed hers.

“Oh, my God, Andrea!” squealed Amy, looking at the wet spot on his shorts. Then her eyes snapped back to her friend, moisture from her pussy extending as far up as her naval from the rubbing.

Her arousal was so strong, she suddenly didn’t care any more. She didn’t blush. She wanted to touch herself, and she didn’t care who knew, or who saw. She wanted them to watch; NEEDED them to watch. “I want to come!” She said, a slight pleading tone to her voice.

No one responded. She laid on the floor, pushing Kyle out of the way. He stumbled backward, a little shocked. She spread her legs wide. “Watch me!” she breathed. “Watch me!”

She spread her legs and lightly touched her clit. The feeling was intense; insanely so. Her back arched up off the floor, and a long, low note escaped her lips, her eyes shut tightly. She teased herself, running her finger around her pussy lightly, and then allowing it to graze gently, with only the pressure of a feather, over her aching clit once again.

“Gnnnnnnn” came the groan once again in a monotone, lasting thirty, forty seconds this time. She was panting, her breath coming in short bursts between moans. She wanted it to last. She wanted them to watch, she wanted them to see her doing this. She wanted to give them a good show.

The thought of it, of them standing around her, watching her, was too much. She cried out as the first wave hit her. She felt her pussy spasm. She pushed a finger inside, felt herself close up around it, pinching her finger and holding it tightly as the heel of her hand kept pressure on her hypersensitive clit.

The next wave, her pussy spasmed again, released the pressure on her finger, only to tighten around it again a second later. Her back was arched, her cries were louder than before, but still not words. Her left had was kneading her breast, but she had no recollection of putting it there.

Wave after wave rocked her body, a finger pushed hard inside her dripping sex, her hand unconsciously kneading her breast, and her back arched with only her butt and shoulders on the floor. Her moans and groans continued, and as she became able to speak again, as thought on auto pilot, “watch me” escaped her lips.

Her friends, meanwhile, did not need to be asked or told. An explosion that ripped the wall behind them off of the house would likely not have pulled their attention away from the sight before them. Her hair was spread on the floor above her head, and her eyes were closed, her face contracted in ecstasy. Her lips, still shimmering with strawberry flavored lip gloss parted slightly, the sounds of her rapture filling their ears. Andrea’s body was glistening with a light bead of sweat, the sunlight coming through the windows making her skin almost sparkle. Her nipples were hard, straining outward from her breasts, which were heaving with each shallow breath she took. Her normally flat stomach was pulled even tighter from the arch in her back, and the smooth, hairless skin surrounding her vagina was very wet, coated thickly with her juices, partially obscured only by her hand, a single manicured finger disappearing into the moist pink folds of skin.

They had all slowly moved forward, each angling for a better view, until they were almost on top of her, their heads nearly touching as they peered down on the naked, masturbating teenager as wave after wave of multiple orgasms rocked her body.

Finally, almost mercifully, her orgasms subsided. Her back flattened to the floor, and she became aware of the moisture that had leaked down under her legs. She released her breast, and allowed her finger to slip out of her, leaving her hole open to her friends’ unblinking eyes. Her breathing was returning to normal as the realization hit her. She was still turned on, and thinking about what they’d seen, what she had done, and the looks on their faces was helping to keep her there. But she couldn’t do it again. Not yet, anyway.

She moved her hands off of her body, her friends stepping back slightly to allow her to put them on the floor. She sat up slowly, still breathing a little heavily, and started to laugh.

The silence in the room had been oppressive and thick, but the musical, melodic tinkling of her laughter shattered the spell, and as though all present were suddenly given permission to breathe, the room came alive again. Amy was the next to laugh, and soon all of the friends were sharing in the moment, enjoying their bond of friendship and reveling in the special weirdness that their relationship now enjoyed. For the next twenty minutes or so they talked, laughed, made fun, reassured, and explored the events that had transpired. Andrea felt free; finally able to drop her embarrassment with no need to shield herself behind the societal view of what was “proper”, what was expected, or what was “normal”. She confessed all of her feelings, thoughts, and fears about her new found lifestyle, and her friends, much to their credit, listened, reacted, and reassured.

“I think you’re an exhibitionist.” Ventured Brian. “I heard about them, I read something in a Penthouse or something once. They’re, like, people who get off on showing off.”

“Sounds like me!” laughed Andrea. “I thought the same thing. It’s weird, you know?”

“Why’s it weird?” Asked Kyle. “It’s who you are.”

“I don’t know why it’s weird. None of you are like this, so I’m, like, different.” She said.

“We’re all different.” He replied.

“Yeah. Everybody’s different. That’s what makes us all the same!” Joked Eric.

“No, seriously.” Said Kyle. “Maybe there are a lot of people into ‘normal’ sex stuff, but everybody’s different in some ways. It’s only because everyone’s all hung up on sex and nudity that it seems like such a big deal.”

“Yeah, like I absolutely HATE reality shows, but they’re like the biggest thing on TV.” Offered Amy.

“And I don’t like sweet food.” Offered Chuck. “It always used to hurt my teeth when I was little, and now I can’t eat it. It just tastes wrong.”

“Yeah, but I like getting naked in front of guys and playing with myself.” Said Andrea.

“Yeah? Well I happen to really like it when you get naked in front of guys and play with yourself.” Replied Kyle obstinately. “Does that make me a freak?”

Everyone laughed.

“You’re a freak for other reasons, you don’t need that one.” Andrea said, finally pulling herself to her feet. “So, do you like it when I clean drying pussy juice off of my crotch and hands?”

No one followed her to the bathroom, where she moistened a wash cloth with warm water and cleaned herself off before washing her hands. She returned to the group, smiling, still naked and not covering herself, and took a seat on the couch.

“I’m still pretty horny, so I hope I don’t leak onto the cushion!” She said, boldly ignoring her reservations at admitting such a thing. It felt good to say it, to admit it, and even better when no one’s expression changed, other than to see six guys and her best girl friend direct their eyes immediately at her crotch. She laughed at them, and they all laughed at themselves, too.

“Look,” said Tony, as though the conversation hadn’t paused at all, “you have a specific little kink that you’re into. We all might have one, who knows. I like to look at pictures of S&M stuff on the internet sometimes.” He blushed when he said that, but determinedly kept his eyes locked on Andreas. “Maybe I’ll grow up to be into that whole thing. Maybe all of us will develop some sort of fetish or something.”

“Yeah!” Said Kyle, picking up the thread of conversation. “I’ve always had a thing for your feet.” He admitted, blushing and looking at the floor after he said it. “I mean, you have really cute feet, and so does Amy, and I always, you know, catch myself staring at them when you guys are barefoot in the summer.”

Andrea and Amy both laughed at this, and at the same moment both kicked their bare feet into the air, landing them on his lap. Everyone in the room laughed at this.

“I like little boobs.” Said Andrew quietly.

Everyone turned to stare at him. “What do you mean?” asked Andrea, smiling broadly.

“It’s not that yours aren’t cute!” He said, a little too loudly, blushing furiously.

“Thank you.” She said, cupping them in her hands and pushing them forward. This elicited another round of laughter from the group.

“I mean, I don’t know. All of the girls at school that I really, you know, think about a lot, well they have small boobs.” He said sheepishly. He was so embarrassed.

Andrea put a hand on his shoulder. “Look at me, Andrew. I just masturbated to, like, four orgasms in front of you guys, and I’ve been naked all day. You don’t have to be embarrassed talking about boobs in front of me.”

It was so comfortable to hear the laughter of her friends, and it buoyed Andrew, as well.

“Who are you all hot for, then?” Joked Andrea.

Andrew looked at Amy, then quickly looked away.

“Little old Amy? You’re hot for her?”

The other guys were looking at him, smiling, but no one laughing. He said nothing.

“Come on, dude. We all know about it. Just tell her.” Said Tony finally.

Andrew blushed again, then looked at Amy. “Yeah. I’ve had a crush on you since we moved in.”

Now it was Amy’s turn to blush. She was always so confident, so outspoken, but now found herself speechless. Andrew averted his eyes, and the silence in the room grew thick again, everyone holding their breath.

Amy stood, and said softly “You mean you like these?” As soon as Andrew raised his head, she lifted her shirt and padded bra, holding them near her throat, exposing herself to the whole room. Andrews eyes were wide, and his mouth fell open slightly in shock.

“It’s customary to compliment a woman on her boobs when she is standing there showing them to you.” Andrea whispered loudly, causing Andrew and Amy to blush, and the others to snicker appreciatively.

Amy still stood, holding her shirt, until Andrew replied “They’re wonderful.”

Amy released her shirt, the bra still high on her chest with one cup inside out, and dove onto Andrew, surprising him completely as she kissed him. After a few moments he kissed her back.

Everyone laughed and applauded. Andrea was so proud of her friend, but decided not to say anything just now.

Each guy admitted his individual kink. Chuck really liked watching blow job movies on the internet – even more than watching sex videos. Brian had a thing for stomachs. He loved looking at girls stomachs. The stronger and more toned, the better. He almost preferred them to breasts. Eric shared his brother’s infatuation with feet, which prompted Andrea to laughingly spread her legs wide, putting one foot in each brother’s lap. She was beyond being embarrassed by the fact that this spread her pussy. She was still horny, and it was quite visible in this new position.

She truly did feel so accepted.

“You guys have to promise me,” She said, looking around seriously, “that you won’t tell anyone about all of this. I love all of you guys, and I’m not really embarrassed about it any more, but I’m not ready to ‘go public’ with it, if you know what I mean.”

They all immediately voiced their agreement. They were, frankly, shocked that she even felt that she had to tell them that.

They abandoned the Wii bowling game, and Andrea instead played Wii Ski Slalom Racing and did the hula-hoop challenge several times each on the Wii Fit. She wanted to show off for them. Then they played Wii Tennis in groups.

When she had to pee, she went to the bathroom and peed. Several of the guys came with her. The others came with her the second time, and Kyle tagged along for both. When she got really horny, which seemed to happen about every ninety minutes, she sat on the couch and masturbated. Each time she would utter the same two words.

“Watch me.”

Amy and Andrew spent a good amount of time making out on the couch. Andrea didn’t mind that she’d lost an audience member; he seemed much more interested in Amy now, and that was just fine.

At 5:00 Andrea invited everyone to follow her upstairs. She was sweaty all over, and smelled strongly of sex. They had lit candles down in the family room, and opened a couple of windows. They all sat in the bathroom while she showered behind the glass shower doors.

At 5:30 she hugged them each goodbye, then ran up to her room to dress, for the first time since going to bed on Sunday night. She didn’t want to wear panties, but her pussy wouldn’t stay dry. She reluctantly pulled on a pair of cotton panties, shorts, a bra and a t-shirt. She wouldn’t wear shoes, though. Kyle liked her bare feet.

All through dinner with her parents, Andrea couldn’t help thinking about Kyle, and she couldn’t figure out why. He was younger than the other guys by almost a year; only Tony and Chuck were her same age. And then he had a twin brother. They looked a lot alike, even though they weren’t identical, so why not Eric? Why, for that matter, not any of the other guys? They were all cute, they were all nice, they all liked her and complimented her.

Why was she so fixated on Kyle? And why, whenever she thought about her bare feet, did she smile, remembering that he said he liked them? Hadn’t his brother said the same thing? And what was the big deal about some guy thinking feet were cute, anyway?

“What’s wrong with you tonight?” her mother asked for the third time since arriving home from work. “You seem so distracted. Is anything wrong?”

Andrea’s mind was definitely not focused on the here and now. “Sorry, mom. Just… stuff. No big deal.” She trailed off.

“Just stuff. You’ve hardly eaten anything, and you haven’t said more than 2 words since your father and I got home. What’s bothering you?”

Andrea spitefully took a big forkful of baked potato; too big, really, and she nearly choked as she tried to chew and swallow. After a big sip of water, she harshly replied “Nothing!”

Her parents looked darkly at each other, but didn’t press the issue.

“Can I be excused?” asked Andrea in a surly voice after another awkward minute or two of silence. She had raked her food around her plate some more, but had not lifted the fork to her mouth again.

Her father nodded, and Andrea rose from the table, taking her plate and water glass to the sink. A few minutes later she was in her room, her door locked, lying naked on the bed and thinking about Kyle. She was really more comfortable being naked, and she lay there, almost as though in a trance. The tips of her finger were lazily brushing across the tanned skin of her flat stomach as she stared at the ceiling, unable to come to any conclusions; unable to find any rhyme or reason to her sudden fascination with Kyle.

Amy texted. Did she want to hang out?

“No I want 2 b alone 2nite.”

“U Nkd?”

“:-)”

Ten minutes later the doorbell rang. Andrea heard Amy’s voice in the downstairs hallway, talking to her mom. The voices were muffled, and she couldn’t make out what was being said. She didn’t seem to have the energy to get up and dress. Amy had seen her naked all day, anyway. Thirty seconds later there was a soft knock on the door.

“Amy?”

“Yeah?”

“Is my mom with you?”

“No. Open the door!”

Andrea opened the door tentatively, hiding behind it just in case. Amy strode quickly into the room, followed more bashfully by Andrew and Kyle. Andrea blushed scarlet; she hadn’t been expecting the boys to be there! The boys looked only a little surprised, but blushed as well and averted their eyes after only a furtive glance. As her surprise faded, she found that she had the feeling of butterflies in her stomach, which was not at all connected to her nudity, but had everything to do with seeing Kyle there.

“Your mom said we could come up and get you, but I don’t think she’ll let us stay up here. You should put something on!” whispered Amy, giggling. “I told the boys you’d be naked. Glad you didn’t disappoint!” she added, poking her friend in the bare stomach. The boys chuckled and, though still blushing, stole another glance at their naked friend.

“You guys suck, you know that?” Andrea whispered at them, unable to suppress a small giggle herself.

This seemed to give the boys permission to look and they watched as Andrea picked up her shorts, bra and t-shirt from the floor by the bed, throwing her panties into her closet laundry basket, and dressed quickly.

“I said it on Saturday…” said Kyle, smiling broadly. “You’re the perfect woman. You’re hot as hell and you don’t wear panties.”

“You forgot smart, funny and incredible body.” whispered Andrea, parroting the rest of his statement from that conversation while playfully nudging him shoulder to shoulder. She felt a rush of excitement from the touch, which only further added to her confusion.

“Why did I remember exactly what he said about me on Saturday?” she thought to herself. “Does that mean that I liked him then?” She tried to push those thoughts out of her mind.

“What do you guys want to do?” she asked. She still wasn’t sure that she wanted to go out, but now that they were here she was finding herself with more energy.

Andrew answered her first. “Kyle and I set up my tent in the woods near Dawson’s Lake. We can walk to it.”

Andrea looked around at the others, who were all smiling and nodding. She laughed “You guys had this all planned, didn’t you?”

Andrea pulled on a pair of white ankle socks and her running shoes, mimicking the footwear of the others. She wondered to herself if Kyle was disappointed, and then wondered why she couldn’t stop thinking of that.

“I’m going out with the guys!” she called to her parents as they walked out the front door. “I’ll be home later!” They didn’t wait for a reply before closing the front door and walking to the driveway. Amy’s curfew was the same as Andrea’s, so she knew that they’d either both be home in time or both be in trouble together.

Fifteen minutes later they were walking down the rough dirt path with only the sparse moonlight filtering through the trees above to help them avoid low branches and roots sticking up, threatening to trip them as they closed in on the lake.

The night seemed to get a lot brighter as they came to the clearing surrounding the lake and the moonlight was now shining directly down, no longer partially obscured by the trees. The lake was small, a pond, really, and even in the dim light of the night the opposite shore and Mr. Dawson’s home could easily be seen. The forest surrounded the lake for quite a distance on all sides, full of mostly oak and pine trees, with undergrowth of grasses, weeds and smaller saplings, all fighting for the little sunlight that the larger trees allowed to find the forest floor.

Mr. Dawson had inherited the property from his parents, who had inherited it from theirs. Sixty acres, with a pond in the middle; the driveway, the small yard around the house and the pond were the only areas on the property not covered in trees. Mr. Dawson, the first owner of the estate, had been the owner of the Dawson plastic factory, which had put their small town on the map. He had purchased all of the property surrounding the only pond in town, which was spawned by the same underground spring that fed the river on which the factory still stands, eight miles away. Everyone in town knew that the river actually started at this pond, but ran underground for almost a mile before breaking through the rocks at the top of the small waterfall in River Park.

The home was torn down and rebuilt when the current Mr. Dawson inherited it fifteen years ago. He still runs the factory that employs half the town, and seems to turn a blind eye to the teenagers who camp and fish by the opposite bank of his pond. Though they’d never met, it’s rumored that he’s actually quite a nice man, considering his wealth and status in the town. Movies always portray the wealthy land owner as a surly, overbearing man, but Mr. Dawson didn’t seem to be that way at all.

Kyle’s tent was large. Supposedly large enough to sleep ten, with two doors and four windows, each with zip-up flaps, and a large rain fly that extended outward beyond the exterior of the tent, so that at least some of the windows could be kept open during a storm to keep airflow inside. The boys had set up several sleeping bags on the floor of the tent near the middle, and had brought a battery-powered lantern, several bags of snacks, and some games.

Amy and Kyle started to kiss as soon as the four of them were in the tent, even as Kyle was still zipping the door closed against the mosquitoes.

“Oh, my God you guys!” laughed Andrea, staring at her friends.

“What?” giggled Amy, mock confusion in her voice and a broad smile on her face.

Kyle sat on a corner of the sleeping bag as far from the still-cuddling couple as he could get. While the tent was large as tents go, it was still cramped quarters for four fully-grown teenagers used to spreading out over several couches and chairs.

“Come with me, Andrea! I have to pee!” announced Amy, pulling Andrea’s hand and crawling to the door. Even though the tent was more than tall enough to stand in the center, the door zipped to the floor, and it was just easier to crawl out.

Amy dragged Andrea into the shade and relative seclusion of the trees near the path, and both girls confessed that they did not have to actually pee. They just whispered back and forth in the makeshift privacy.

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As Amy pulled Andrea out of the tent, Andrew crawled to Kyle and they resumed an earlier conversation as though there had been no break.

“So we got them here. Are you going to tell her?” whispered Andrew.

“What if she doesn’t like me that way, though?” answered Kyle.

“She SO likes you!” hissed Andrew. “She was totally staring at you and stuff!”

“I don’t know. It’s cool that you’re with Amy, but I just don’t know.”

“Shut up, you loser!” whispered Andrew, a little too loudly.

“Shhhh!” admonished Kyle, laughing.

“You’ve had a crush on her longer than I’ve even known her. Take a freakin’ chance, man!”

“Shhh! They’re coming!”

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Andrea couldn’t get over her friends sudden change in attitude. Not that she would complain, but it was just not like Amy. Sure, Amy and Andrea sometimes talked about which boy was cuter, and who they might like to make out with, but Andrea never expected Amy to actually start being Andrew’s girlfriend. And now she was pushing Andrea to be Kyle’s girlfriend!

And this plan. Only Andrea’s new found bravado made it seem like too much fun to pass up. It was just too wild not to do, although a small part of the back of Andrea’s brain feared rejection, but it was too late now. Amy was starting to unzip the door.

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Andrew and Kyle couldn’t believe their eyes. The tent flap zipped open all the way to the top, and into the tent walked Amy and Andrea, both topless! Amy was still wearing her cargo shorts, and Andrea was wearing her small cotton shorts. Both girls were carrying their bras and t-shirts in one hand, and their shoes and socks in the other.

Once inside the tent, the two girls stood side-by-side, looking down at the boys. Andrew finally broke the silence. “Hey, Kyle, remember when you said Andrea was the perfect woman? Well I think they’re both perfect!” and he grabbed a giggling Amy around the waist, pulling her to the sleeping bag and kissing her deeply.

Kyle blushed and looked away from them, finding himself staring at Andrea’s bare chest. He flushed further when he realized he was staring, and busied himself closing the tent flap that the girls had left open upon their dramatic entrance.

Andrea was a little confused. Amy had assured her that Kyle liked her. He was so sweet to her, and always had been. Why was he avoiding her?

“Do you want me to put my top back on?” she asked quietly, looking dejectedly at the floor.

“What? No!” he replied. “I mean, if you want. I don’t know. I… um…” He had no idea where to look, so he stared at his hands, clasped now on his lap in front of him.

Andrea felt better now. He was flustered, embarrassed, not sure where to look. He was not sure how to act, and was trying to be the gentleman. Amy said that he liked her, and she knew now that she liked him. She dropped her shoes and shirt on the floor of the tent and waited for him to look up at her.

“These shorts are so uncomfortable.” She complained, trying to sound sexy. Andrew and Amy stopped kissing to watch as she pushed the shorts down, letting gravity take them from her thighs to the floor, and then stepped out of them. She kicked them toward her other clothes, and came to rest with her feet shoulder width apart, standing in front of her friends who were sitting slightly lower than eye level with her crotch.

“That’s SO much more comfortable!” she said, arching her back and thrusting her pelvis lewdly at them, pretending to be doing nothing more than stretching.

Andrew and Amy laughed as she dropped to her knees and shuffled over to Kyle. She kissed him gently, and when she pulled away, Kyle pulled her back, thrusting his tongue into her mouth, kissing her passionately; deeply. She threw her arms around him and returned the kiss with equal enthusiasm.

Finally, they broke. Andrea turned to look at the others.

Andrew had his arm around Amy, who was still topless, unashamedly exposing her small breasts that only a few days prior she had hated; had sworn she could never let anyone see. They were cute, now that Andrea was seeing them completely unencumbered. Both of her friends looked content and happy. Kyle was sitting next to her, gently caressing her calf with his fingertips, smiling serenely and watching her face.

She smiled. She was happy, she was comfortable with who she was, and her friends loved her for it. This was going to be a great summer.

“You guys wanna play Truth or Dare?”

More Truth or Dare

A light summer breeze ruffled the leaves of the birch tree outside the bedroom window, randomly diffusing the morning sun that was streaming in over the small desk. The flickering light was playing off the chrome accents on the pens and the shiny logo on the cover of the laptop computer, creating a kaleidoscope of light and shadow that seemed to dance on the ceiling. It was still very early, and Andrea’s parents were to be heard bustling about the house, readying themselves for another day at work.

Andrea’s step father was in the kitchen, and she could tell that her baby step brother was uncooperative in taking his morning meal. The sounds of frustration and the light tinkling of a spoon on the floor allowed her minds eye to see the scene as though it were happening in front of her.

Roger, her step father, would be dressed for work. Likely khaki dress pants and a button-down, oxford style shirt, likely in some shad of blue; he had five different blue shirts. He stayed in good shape; both of her parents were active and vibrant. He wasn’t a bad looking man, with just a hint of gray forming at the temples, but a head full of thick, otherwise black hair. He always said he had hazel eyes. Hazel is supposed to be a golden brown, but his eyes were less golden than just plain brown. He had handsome features, with laugh lines around his eyes that appeared only when he smiled, The signs of age were otherwise nonexistent on his face, so that most people thought him at least a decade younger than his chronological age. He had turned fifty the previous February.

Her baby brother was just over two. Her parents still measured his age in months, which made no sense to Andrea. Once you hit a year, you can stop measuring months. Did that make seventeen year old Andrea 204½ months old? But they would insist on telling everyone that Nicholas was 27 months. He would be wearing a little pair of blue-jean overalls, and likely covered in bananas, oatmeal, or whatever was the breakfast of the day. Andrea always found it safer to give him Cheerio’s. He didn’t need a bowl with milk, just a baggie full of cheerios. When he tossed them on the floor, as he always did, they were so much easier to pick up than a slice of banana, or a piece of peach that had been in his mouth prior to it’s launch halfway across the kitchen.

“They never learn.” She told herself, smiling and shaking her head lightly as she continued to watch the ballet of reflected light on her ceiling.

Her mom, Nancy, was still upstairs. The hairdryer had stopped, which meant that she was dressing by now. She would likely be wearing capris and a short-sleeved blouse of some sort. Nancy worked as a Customer Service Manager, and the dress code had moved to casual about four years ago. Andrea was proud of the good looking woman that was her mother. The two looked a lot alike, and had, a few times, been mistaken for sisters. Her mom had been twenty two when Andrea was born, so she was a little younger than Andrea’s friends’ moms, at thirty-nine now. Andrea hoped that she would look as good as she aged.

Andrea was lying in bed, as was her new custom, naked. She had thrown the covers off shortly after she woke, and was enjoying the feeling of the cool morning air on her skin. Her left hand was raised, behind her head on the pillow, and her right hand was absently stroking the tanned skin of her flat belly, letting her fingertips graze gently up and down her stomach.

It was Tuesday morning, meaning that only five days had passed since her life had changed. Since all of her closest friends’ lives had changed. The previous Thursday Andrea had been talked into playing Truth or Dare with six of her guy friends. She had been nervous, but something in her brain had made her accept the situation, and she had agreed to play. Through either sneakiness on the part of the guys or just dumb luck, she had agreed to and insisted upon a whole host of rules to the game that ended up working against her. She found herself at the complete mercy of the guys, and had spent half the day naked, kissing them all, and most unexpected of all, extremely turned on.

When the game was supposed to end and she would finally be off the hook, she had volunteered to let the game continue. The internal struggle in her brain had been surprising. The conscious part of her was screaming for the game to end, and was begging to put her clothes back on. But some animalistic part of her brain had reveled in the nudity, and enjoyed the lustful stares she was getting from the guys. This part of her brain had offered to extend the game while the conscious part; the shy, sensible, reasonable part that ached for her clothing, simply stood aside, aghast at how her body and the animal part of her brain was responding to everything.

She had masturbated that night. She’d tried it before, but it had never been anything wondrous. She had been sexually excited a year prior, playing another game of Truth or Dare that had been cut extremely short when her best friend, Amy, chickened out and left the game. She had masturbated that night, too. It felt okay, but she was nervous, scared, and felt dirty. But last Thursday, she felt none of that. She felt alive, and she felt amazing feelings that she didn’t know she’d had. She recalled the stares of the guys, the hunger in their eyes as they had drank in her naked body. She recalled the softness of their kisses, the moist, rough feelings of their tongues in her mouth. She touched herself as never before, and almost cried out in ecstasy.

She invited the guys to play again, before she could talk herself out of it. She wanted that feeling again. She wouldn’t yet admit why. It was just a game. Push herself and see how far she could go. Just a game. She fell asleep naked.

She awoke the next morning, and the fact that she was naked didn’t scare her. She had laughed. She was enjoying the feeling, and she let herself enjoy it. Then she told Amy about the day before, and about her new feelings. Not about all of it, though. She hadn’t admitted all of it to herself, yet. But Amy’s not stupid, and being farther removed, Amy figured a lot of it out on her own. Amy helped her the next day, and it was even better. There was no doubt any more, and the game was much more one sided. She wanted it that way, but wouldn’t fully admit it. Amy knew, though, and made it happen for her.

Andrea’s body had reacted. The Animal had taken over, and the conscious, embarrassed, meek part of her brain was pushed aside and virtually silenced. It was just static, and by the end of the day it was little more than background noise. She had another orgasm in front of everyone. Just from a touch on her hip – no sexual contact at all. She had been that aroused.

She masturbated again that night. The Animal was purring, loving the new release, the control, the emotions and the feelings. She slept naked again. She loved being naked.

She had called Kyle the next morning; she wanted to talk. The conscious part of her brain was scared, but the Animal didn’t care about fear; the Animal couldn’t feel fear. In the morning, when she was alone, the conscious part was stronger. Kyle was a good friend, and she trusted him the most of all the guys.

Kyle put her fears to rest, and as she walked with him, the Animal awoke, sniffed the air, and gazed out at Kyle through here eyes. The Animal liked Kyle; hungered for his touch. The Animal told him that she wasn’t wearing panties. He reacted favorably. The Animal kissed him.

Andrea liked the Animal a lot. She had started calling the new person that she had become “the Animal”, but only to herself, in her own head. It was so base, so instinctive. When she allowed the Animal to guide her actions, it was as though she moved purely on instinct. There was no logic, there was no worry about what others would think, and there was no embarrassment. The Animal allowed her to spend the whole day yesterday naked with her friends. The Animal had masturbated in front of them. If just being naked had been a turn on, the intimacy of masturbation was beyond imagination. It had been amazing. The Animal wanted to be seen, and wanted to be lusted after. The Animal needed to be watched.

The animal was reluctant to go back to sleep after her friends left and her parents got home. Andrea had grown sullen and moody that evening. She wasn’t in the mood to eat. She was short with her parents. The Animal had been thinking about Kyle. Andrea couldn’t shut it off, but the conscious part of her was scared of that. Scared of Kyle. They were close friends, and she loved that friendship. What if the Animal ruined it?

Kyle and Andrew set up a tent by the lake, and they brought Amy and Andrea there. Amy knew her friends well, and Amy knew that now, finally, Andrea liked Kyle back. It seems that everyone had known, the whole group was painfully aware of the secret crush that Kyle had harbored for Andrea. Only Andrea was oblivious to this fact; oblivious for the years that this crush existed.

Andrea wondered if she had known. The conscious part of her may have ignored it, but did the Animal know? The Animal knew that she liked him before the conscious part of her would admit it. Maybe the Animal had always known. Maybe she just needed to allow the Animal to awaken for love to happen.

Amy suggested walking in to the tent topless. The Animal roared with pleasure at the idea. Kyle’s reaction was confusing at first, but the Animal knew what Andrea did not. She dropped her shorts, and she kissed him. Then he kissed her back. That was the best part; when he kissed her back.

Andrea listened to the sounds of her parents leaving. Her step dad put the baby in the car to take him to daycare; it was closer to his office, so that duty was his. Five minutes later her mom left, and the garage door rattled and clunked as it closed on its chains and track. The silence meant she was alone.

As her right hand continued vaguely touching the skin of her stomach, her mind drifted back to the tent the night before, and her smile stretched a little bit wider.

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She smiled. She was happy, she was comfortable with who she was, and her friends loved her for it. This was going to be a great summer.

“You guys wanna play Truth or Dare?”

Kyle laughed. “Could be fun!”

Andrew and Kyle looked at each other with smiles on their faces.

“Any rules we should know about?” asked Kyle, gently tickling Andrea’s side.

She slapped playfully at his hand. “Only I can touch my pussy.” She offered, giggling.

“No one can touch me. I don’t think I’m ready for that.” offered Amy, blushing.

“I’m not kissing Kyle!” stated Andrew.

Everyone laughed, and the Animal spoke through Andrea, “How about we just give dares to me and Amy?”

Everyone stared at her. She wanted to get Kyle naked one day, but she wanted it to be just her; she wanted them to be alone.

“I don’t think I can do that!” said Amy quietly.

The Animal answered, “You can sit this one out. We can play Truth or Dare Andrea again, if you want.”

An almost palpable relief flooded over Amy, Andrew and Kyle. “Okay. Then the only rule is that only you can touch your pussy.”

Amy kissed Andrew one last time, then pulled her t-shirt on over her bare chest, leaving her bra on the tent floor.

“Hmm…” laughed Andrea. “Should I bother getting dressed, or will that just slow the game down?”

Kyle tickled her side again, then kissed her. “I don’t think you should put anything on until you guys have to leave.”

Amy pulled her cell phone out of her pocket, and set the alarm. “It’s set for half an hour before we have to be home.” she offered, putting the phone on the floor behind her. “I dare you to kiss Kyle while he grabs your boobs!”

Andrea laughed out loud. “So you’re starting the game, then?”

“Kiss him, and make it good!” Amy giggled in reply.

Andrea turned around, laying across Kyle’s lap, and pulled his head down to meet her lips. She opened her mouth slightly as he kissed her, allowing his tongue to snake softly into her mouth, where her own tongue was waiting to entwine with his. Amy and Andrew silently watched their friends for a while, until they finally broke apart. Andrea looked flustered, and her lips were red. Kyle was obviously aroused, and also looked a bit disheveled.

“That looked really nice,” Amy said, a smile evident in her voice, “but you were supposed to kiss him, and he was supposed to grab your boobs.”

Andrea laughed at her friend, but eagerly repositioned herself. “I guess for me to kiss you, I have to be in charge.” She announced, and she threw a leg over his lap, so that she was straddling him, kneeling on either side of his hips. She pulled herself up and toward him, so that he was looking up at her face. She bent her neck forward and kissed him. After a moment, and without breaking the kiss, she took his hands and placed one on each breast.

The Animal was enjoying herself, and she purred into his mouth.

The dares continued. The guys wanted to see, feel and touch her. Amy had her kissing, licking and touching Kyle.

“I want a turn!” she said, finally.

They all laughed, shrugged, and waited for her to voice her dare.

“I dare me to make Kyle and Andrew each suck on one of my nipples!” she said giddily. It was the Animal speaking up again.

Amy laughed and pushed a reluctant Andrew forward. Andrea leaned back, her legs straight out in front of her on the sleeping bag. Andrew on her right, Kyle on her left, each boy faced her and slowly lowered their faces to her breasts. Kyle took her nipple into his mouth first, coaxing a gasp from Andrea. Amy giggled as Andrew jumped backward a few inches upon hearing her. Andrea nodded for him to continue, and moments later she had a teenage boy hanging off of each breast.

She burst out in laughter, which caused Andrew and Kyle both to blush and pull away. It was a few moments before she could speak.

“It’s nothing you did!” she gasped, still laughing. “I just had this thought in my head… that I have these two pieces of nipple jewelry! You guys are my nipple rings!” and she fall flat on her back, redoubling her laughter.

The others quickly caught the humor, and they all laughed at the comedy of the situation.

When they had calmed down a bit, Amy took her turn. “I dare you to put your nipple jewelry back on!” and they all started to laugh once more, just as hard as before.

Andrea finally got up on her knees and walked forward, pulling each boy roughly to her breasts. They were laughing into her chest now, which seemed even funnier to the group of them, and they fell over laughing even harder.

It took quite a while to calm everyone down. Andrea kept giggling and pulling one boy or the other to her chest, asking which nipple ring looked better. Amy could hardly control her laughter.

Finally the joke had played itself out. It elicited giggles, but no longer the breath-stealing laughter that it had, and they were able to continue.

“I dare you to make me and Amy make out.” said Andrew, smiling at Amy.

Amy blushed as Andrea jumped up behind her friend. At Andrew and Kyle’s instruction thee two made themselves into rag dolls. Andrea pushed Amy up into a kneeling position, then moved behind Andrew and positioned him likewise. She pushed their faces gently together so that their lips were touching, then pulled Amy’s arms around Andrew; her left over his shoulder, her right around his waist.

She then moved behind Andrew once more, to position his hands. She pulled his left arm to her hip, placing his hand on the small of her back, then wickedly pushed his right hand onto her chest, touching her breast.

Amy screamed, laughing and falling away from Andrew, who blushed but laughed as well.

“I’m supposed to be in charge!” Andrea said mockingly. “You have to let me finish my dare!”

Amy was blushing furiously and fighting back giggles as she allowed Andrea to position her once again. Andrew resumed his previous position, his arms slack at his side again. Andrea squeezed his mouth, forcing it to fall open, and reaching in with two fingers pulled his tongue partway out. This caused another gale of laughter from everyone, but eventually she was able to repeat the process with Amy, and she pushed their lips together, allowing their tongues to meet to stifled giggles into one another’s mouths.

She once again pulled Ryan’s left had to Amy’s hip, placing his open palm this time on her butt. More giggles, but no one moved. Andrea could feel Amy’s tension as she placed his right hand on her belly, just below the bottom hem of the shirt, and slowly snaked it up until his hand was resting on her bare breast. The shirt was pulled up by the bend of his wrist, exposing her flat stomach and most of the other breast. No more giggles, but Andrea saw her friend blushing, her eyes closed tightly and her tongue still entwined with Andrews.

Andrea then placed Amy’s hand on Andrew’s butt, and she giggled slightly, still blushing. Andrew’s hand remained on her breast, but he was not moving it at all. Andrea then took Amy’s other arm, and sudden comedic inspiration struck. She quickly put the limp arm between her two friends, and placed the hand squarely on Andrew’s crotch.

This was too much, and the two fell apart to renewed howls of laughter from the whole group. It was a few moments before Amy noticed that her shirt was still pulled up, an erect nipple bared to the night air in the tent.

As they laughed, literally rolling on the floor, Amy’s cell phone alarm chimed, indicating that it was time to start getting ready to go.

Andrea dove onto Kyle, pinning him to the floor and kissing him deeply for a few moments. Amy snuck over to them and took his hand from her back and placed it squarely on her friend’s bare butt.

It felt so good to laugh with her friends. The Animal smugly purred “I told you so” to Andrea’s conscious, conservative mind.

In too little time the girls were fully dressed once more, and their new boyfriends walked them out of the woods to the road, where they kissed once more, and parted company.

Amy and Andrea walked toward their houses, giddily discussing the events of the evening. The focus was more on the physical than the emotional right now. The emotional discussion would come later, but the Animal was too engrossed in the physical to allow it now.

She texted with Amy and Kyle while Amy texted with her and Andrew. Andrea confessed after a ten minute lull in her part of the conversation that she’d had to take a break to masturbate. Kyle reiterated that she was truly the perfect woman.

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Andrea slowly rose from the bed, her knees weak from the orgasms that had so recently rocked her body, brought on with the memory of the night before. The Animal smiled as it looked through her eyes at the reflection in the mirror, admiring the nude girl from every angle before walking to the bathroom. She masturbated in the shower. The Animal was insatiable this morning.

She called Kyle.

“You want to get together and play Truth or Dare?” she asked as soon as he picked up his cell phone.

“Just the two of us?” he answered back, his smile evident in his voice.

“Remember the rules?” she asked.

“Only you can touch your pussy.” he replied quickly, still smiling.

“No rules today. Get here quick.” she replied, and pressed End, dropping the phone on her bed.

“No rules today.” shouted the Animal through her mouth to an empty house. “No rules!”