**When You're Hot, You're Hot**

by Peter Pan

**Chapter 1**

No one could fault her upbringing, Kindly and attentive father, supportive mother who if anything, erred on the side of conservatism. She got on well with her siblings - an elder sister and younger brother. Neither of whom had set a foot wrong in their journey through adolescence.

She dressed tastefully, mixed in acceptable social circles and was altogether a credit to her parents, not to mention Braidwood High that she attended in Boulder County. She was just weeks away from graduation now.

The only vague disquiet on the Western Front were those infuriating little hormones. Having turned eighteen now, Kirsty was “hot” 24/7 - it was a real curse. Waking up with her hands in her panties was now a regular event as was her newly-found propensity to trawl porn sites on her home computer - erotic story posts especially. Problem is, it just made her hotter. Reading about young girls making out with their brothers, their brothers’ friends, just made her want to experience such things first hand ... as it were. She knew boys at school found her attractive, it was just a matter of orchestrating her own little sex-ed class.

Her first foray into the realms of the erotic was not entirely fulfilling.

Eric Lander at nineteen was something less than Rhett Butler let’s say. As keen as her to encroach upon the hitherto unexplored playing fields, his modus operandi left a lot to be desired.

“Ouch ... take it easy,” Kirsty implored as the boy’s hand groped her right breast with raw enthusiasm rather than any sense of respectful gentility. Wedged beneath the moveable stairs in the main hall wasn’t without its discomfort either.

“Sorry Kirsty,” he muttered, almost perspiring in the confined space. Attempting then to balance his amateurish kissing technique with some less invasive breast therapy, he became aware of needful changes taking place in the area of his crotch as might any schoolboy handed such sexual latitude with so apparently willing a teenage girl.

The sensation of having her breasts touched for the first time almost made up from Kirsty’s perspective at least, for the indelicate treatment being meted out to them. She could feel her nipples hardening all the same and at the point the boy summoned up the courage to slip is hand down her top and actually inside her bra ... she gave a small yelp of semi-pleasured surprise.

“I didn’t say you can feel me up under my clothes,” she giggled, yet making no attempt to dislodge his fingers from their tour of duty. It was at the point both of them discovered the pleasures inherent in nipple manipulation that things took a turn for the better.

The kissing became more impassioned, the groping more daring, she even let him undo a couple of buttons of her school-dress which bringing the visuals into play additionally, decidedly upped the ante for young Eric.

Able to see what he was now molesting with what you might term ‘committed’ vigor, quite stirred the lad’s fantasies. Crotch-wise, things were on the up and up - Eric needed more!

Initially embarrassed as all hell, far from regretful at allowing her classmate to extricate her undeniably sexy breasts from their padded restraints, she rather liked the sensation of having them fully on show as they now were, and very obviously stimulating her young partner’s arousal. She had an overwhelming urge to slip her hand into her panties but retained the presence of mind to recognise that such might not be the most appropriate of actions. Besides - surely Eric himself would make that his own game plan, sooner rather than later?

Whether the boy lacked the necessary confidence to engage any up-skirt action or he was gripped suddenly by a fear of the unknown is anyone’s guess. All Kirsty knew is that despite wriggling her hips invitingly, even to the point of parting her legs just enough to ensure that the hem of her dress rose enticingly up her thighs - Eric’s hand remained a no-show. “This never happened to any of the girls in those stories,” she thought to herself, bitterly disappointed by the turn of events ... or rather lack of events.

Calling time-out from what amounted now to little more than Eric’s primitive lip suction, she pulled the boy’s hand out from her bra, manoeuvered her breasts back on-site and doing-up the buttons of her school-dress, told her disbelieving partner that she “had to go home.”

“Definitely time for Plan B,” she told herself.

As is the case with most eighteen-year old girls, dressed-up to the nines and with some professionally applied mascara, eye-liner and lipstick, no-one would doubt they had reached the age of legality (21 in the US, so far as drinking is concerned at least). Being in possession too of her older sister’s ID, put the issue firmly beyond question. Exactly what the doorman at the Regency Club on Dorchester was thinking as he handed Kirsty back her ID, was made clear as his eyes took in every rearward curve of the young girl, as she navigated the stairs to the reception area behind him. So sure was she that he was watching her, she swung those sexy little hips with exaggerated tease.

Walking with what might have appeared to be entrenched confidence to the nearby Victory bar, she ordered a diet Coke and seated herself at one of the small tables along the far wall. Inside, she was anything but ‘together’ almost trembling with the knowledge she was placing herself in a situation way beyond that which an eighteen-year old schoolgirl was realistically equipped to handle. Still, she reasoned - that was Plan B wasn’t it?

“Hello Miss,” interrupted her reverie. “Don’t suppose you’d like some company by any chance?”

Looking-up at the speaker, she rather liked what she saw. A clean cut young man in a business suit - most likely in his early twenties. She smiled at him, “Well actually I was just waiting for a friend.” She replied.

“Male or female?” he asked tentatively, his preference quite obvious.

“Just a girlfriend,” she giggled.

The young man looked relieved. “My name’s John,” he said holding out his hand.

“I’m Kirsty,” she replied, “Pleased to meet you.”

“Look, I’m just here with a few guys from work,” he indicated a table the other side of the lounge area, where four men of a similar age were sitting and chatting animatedly. “Would you like to come and sit with us for a while - just till your friend arrives anyway,” he added hopefully. “They’re all nice guys Kirsty - you’re really quite safe.” He reassured her.

She looked up at him. “Might this perhaps be pushing my luck?” she wondered, though with little intent of declining the invitation.

Four pairs of eyes appraised the well-defined attributes of the young girl as she drew nearer the table. The low-cut top, well fitting skirt (brief as it was) stockinged legs and subtle make-up, merely enhancing the overall appeal. There was at once, a mad scramble to find her a chair. Introductions completed, all present wanted to know where she lived, worked etc.

“Just in my second year at College actually,” she lied effortlessly. Knowing sufficient details of her sister’s syllabus, she was able to field questions about her courses and University life with ease. Inevitably, the question of her having a full-time boyfriend arose. She bypassed that one with a coy “No special person yet” admission. You could have heard the collective sighs reverberate around the table.

“Can we get you a drink Kirsty?” enquired the young man who had introduced himself as Mark a little earlier. Agreeing to a bourbon and Coke, she watched bemused as he tried unsuccessfully to carry an armful of drinks back to the table, before accepting an offer from the barman to take a tray.

Well behaved the group certainly was, though what thoughts they must have been harboring as Kirsty negotiated her third bourbon and Coke can only be guessed at. A couple of the men had dragged their seats either side of her and the rest were performing their very best puppy-dog imitations.

Though far from drunk, the alcohol had greatly lowered Kirsty’s inhibitions whilst heightening her flirtatiousness. Not a man there could wrench his eyes from her cleavage - nor would she have wanted them too if the truth be known.

Once the likelihood of any ‘girlfriend’ turning up became suitably remote, the group became even more attentive. Mark even seized the initiative at one stage, touching the girl on the arm one or twice for emphasis during the conversation. Her acceptance of such familiarity was doubtless noted by the other four.

Halfway through her fourth glass, Kirsty was, if not partially inebriated, then ‘happy’ by anyone’s standards, giggling at the slightest provocation and with a severe list to port.

“Think I’d better be on my way home,” she semi-slurred. “Had way more than I should,” at which point she generated a spontaneous little ‘hic.’

“Hey, we can drop you home Kirsty,” chorused three or four offers simultaneously. Mark’s the most poignant.

Wedged between John and Charles in the back of the Town car they helped her on with her seat belt. If the momentary contact with the underside of her breasts by the back of Charles’ hand was anything but ‘accidental,’ he carried it off well. She felt a blush rising but said nothing. Suddenly she felt the mere schoolgirl she really was, the imminency of so many young males, exciting her as much as the risky situation at hand.

They rode for maybe a mile without conversation, then feeling obliged to make some comment, she turned to John just as he inclined his head towards her. It was as it happened just a brief kiss - a teaser if you will, but given the confined space in that car, the alcoholic over-ride and the blueprint that Nature set down eons ago, it wasn’t to stay brief.

Not even bothering to resist, she let him kiss her again, a lot more passionately this time - his heart was really in it. She felt a hand grasp her arm and turning her head, had time for but a fleeting gasp of surprise before Charles’ lips closed over hers. His kiss was longer and deeper and she felt herself floating with the outgoing tide - maybe it was incoming!

“Nooo,” she mumbled, breaking off from Charles’ lips, not really wanting to but feeling the obligation to at least dislodge John’s hand from her breast.

“Let me Kirsty,” he muttered, “You really are so hot. I promise I won’t hurt you.”

With Charles guiding her wonderfully sexy little lips back to his own mouth and her own hormones running on super-high octane themselves, she managed but a fully non-committal sigh and sank back against the car’s upholstery. Re-establishing contact with her breast, John began fondling the softness beneath which caused Kirsty to murmur in between kisses.

“Hey, cut that out guys,” Mark yelled, having noticed the trio’s performance in the car’s rear-vision mirror. “That’s so totally unfair on us three here,” he bewailed.

“Keep your eyes on the road Mark,” John chided him. “We’re just making sure she doesn’t go to sleep,” he laughed.

Kirsty was feeling many things, not the least of which was total disorientation. Kissing both Charles and John alternately now, she felt both their hands on her breasts and the sensations afforded them was making her gasp with escalating pleasure. Her sense of self-preservation dulled by both the alcohol and the shared kissing, she allowed them the latitude they needed to maul her young breasts every which way.

Even when John seized the initiative and slipping his hand down her top began kneading her small nipples between his thumb and forefinger, she began to wriggle involuntarily on the seat, unaware of the fact this was causing her hem-line to inch higher. So far as being molested was concerned, Kirsty had no illusions now that two men’s hands down her breasts were a vastly more effective proposition than a nineteen-year old College boy’s clueless fumblings.

It was Julian’s imploring “Get them right out guys, lets see her nipples,” that re-aligned the playing field. Leaning over the front seat decidedly the worse for wear alcoholically, he nevertheless could still recognise a searingly hot opportunity when it presented itself - especially one supposes, in the back seat.

Still with sufficient awareness to gauge her predicament, Kirsty grasped at her top with a shrill “Noo, don’t undress me,” as John endeavored to free up the top few buttons of her blouse. Her resistance was half-hearted though and with Charles kissing her senseless, she just melted between them and permitted their hands free rein. Pulling aside the gaping material, Kirsty’s bra was fully exposed right at that moment and slipping a couple of fingers each, beneath the bra cups themselves they tugged the somewhat skimpy little protector sufficiently high that her breasts were fully exposed to all but Mark, who was finding it increasingly difficult to concentrate on his driving skills.

“God she looks like a young schoolgirl,” Julian almost wheezed. Had he known the truth he would have alighted from the car at the next stoplight. The fact is though, her breasts did look like those of a rather young girl - mind you, no-one was complaining.

Right that second, Charles lowered his head and began suckling her left nipple. She felt what might have been a sharp electrical discharge, yet was powerless to stop a small moan from escaping her lips, even as the shock-wave travelled the highway south, right to the buffers between her legs. She would have been no more able to back-out at this juncture than she could translate “Hey Jude” into Japanese.

Occasionally one sees things when out driving that make it all worth while. So it was for the occupant of the grey Camry as it pulled up for the stop light at Eastern and Rockwell. Cursing his luck in missing the light, the middle-aged driver let his gaze wander to the car on the right. Able to make out clearly the young girl wedged between her two male companions in the rear set, he had a momentarily perfect view of her exposed breasts and the fact that the man on her right was sucking her nipple with undisguised relish. Given additionally that her co-partner appeared to be pulling and fully mistreating her left nipple while two other men leaned across from the front seat intent on further mischief, it is no surprise that he had barely mouthed the words “What the F---?” when the Lincoln accelerated through the intersection leaving him doubting his sanity

Whether they had ever intended to take her home first is a moot point. When a young girl is riding in the back seat of a car willingly with five men, two of whom have her breasts out sucking her nipples silly, then you gotta be thinking at the very least a temporary stopover. Julian certainly was when he muttered, “C’mon guys lets take her back to my place, it’s just a fifteen to twenty minutes from here.”

Suckling a young student was certainly paying dividends for John’s libido but the real prize he knew lay but inches distant, up inside the hem of that sexy little skirt. Figuring to take the offensive, he kissed her with even greater passion, at the same time slipping his hand well up between the girl’s thighs.

The sensation of the young man’s hand against the inside of her leg as it worked its way further within the forbidden zone should have set alarm bells ringing. All it did though was make her hotter than hell and other than a brief “Noooo, please not there” which achieved nothing but an increase in each participants’ desire, she merely spread her legs wider.

Reaching her panties, John was one happy little Vegemite. (‘Aussieism’ for the benefit of North American and European readers. It pertains to the satisfaction a child derives from munching on a yummy vegemite sandwich)

Kirsty’s earlier embryonic moans now assumed a more permanent state of outbound pleasure as both men began rubbing her panties in earnest, taking turns to delineate the lips of her pussy the full depth between her legs. She knew she was wet - they most assuredly had discovered the fact too!

Moaning like a total slut, that for all intents and purposes she was right that moment, Kirsty had her legs spread to the maximum that tight little skirt would allow, her cream colored panties on full view as both men rubbed her pussy and felt her up from neck to knee. Still letting them kiss her passionately, all she cared about was prolonging this attention to her body just as long as she could. Whether she was on the way home or to the nearest Motel she really didn’t care.

“Oh Jesus,” Julian was muttering, his body contorted across that front seat along with Patrick’s beside him, as they took in the awesomely arousing sight of the young girl’s degradation just four feet away.

Exactly what psychological damage was done that day, at the point they drew up level with a packed school-bus on the freeway may never be known. Several sixth-grade girls on the right hand side however had their hands to their mouths in total shock as they caught a fleeting glimpse of John’s hand sliding its way inside the near naked girl’s panties, sufficient that a crop of the teenager’s dark pubic curls were visible to the girls. One presumes the driver was spared any such distraction since the bus remained wholly within its lane at all times.

Inside the Lincoln, everything to Kirsty was little more than hazy now. The cumulative effect of those four bourbons had conspired to blot out any and all resistance. The hands caressing her breasts, sliding inside her panties and beginning now to finger her, were driving her crazier by the minute. Both Charles and John were harboring erections that might have done John C Holmes proud, and even as Mark took exit 48 that ran directly into Pinewood Drive, they had Kirsty across their knees, unzipping her skirt with frenzied deliberation. Clad only in her panties and breathing heavily, having Julian reaching across and fondling her ass lewdly was just the icing on the cake. She wiggled her rear-end in appreciation of their collaborative efforts.

Moments later the car swung into 22 Pinewood and even before the automatic door had closed behind them, Charles and John had those sexy little panties down to her knees.

Plan B had been nothing short of inspirational she had to admit!