I have always been an exhibitionist. At the youngest age, my mom said I walked out into groups of relatives with no clothes on. By the time I was 10, I had perfected the oops routine. I would make sure that I was taking a shower when my parents had friends or relatives over. I would walk out into the hall between the bathroom and my bedroom and just as I got to the part of the hall visible from the living room, I would shriek and drop the towel that was covering me. I would then pretend to be mortified and would stand up stark naked before I reached down for the towel so I could cover myself. I later added a part where I was so ashamed that I stood there for several seconds before reaching for the towel.

I started to notice which of my relatives were shocked and which were interested. Of course uncle Bob was interested. He was always having me sit on his lap, which, I noticed, had a bulge in it. The observation which took until I was 13 to realize was that my mother wasnt shocked. She looked and smiled, but didnt look like she disapproved. It was several oops incidents after that that I started to understand. My mother had performed the same scene when she was young. That she showed this to me as her daughter was hard to understand until I realized that she probably wasnt able to express her sexual desires openly to me.

Before I go on to explain what happened as I got older, let me describe the state of my body at 10. My tits were just nipples. My pussy was clean and hairless. Im not sure what I thought I was showing to the audience, but I enjoyed doing it.

The same routine went on when I was 11. When I turned 12, I noticed a change. My nipples had started to move slightly away from my chest. I then played with my nipples just before my walk down the hall. The erect, but small nipples were my first upgrade.

I didnt start standing up for more than a second in public until I had noticeable round mounds with nipples that stood out when I was cold. I started caressing my chest, giving special care to my nipples. If I pinched them and flipped at them with my fingers, they stiffened. I noticed that my areolae became smaller as their soft skin was squeezed up into my stiffened nipples. After I accidentally dripped ice water onto my thin T-shirt, I noticed two effects. My nipples got larger and stiffer quickly and they were easily seen through my shirt. I would need to remember this for picnic outings.

My pussy was baby soft and covered with short, silky blonde hair. I knew more hair would grow there, but I wasnt sure exactly when it would happen to me. It felt very good to wash it with slippery hands and I started to spend more time making sure it was very clean. I cleaned the slit by using a finger to slide in and rub back and forth. This felt amazing. My sister was always yelling at me to get out of the shower, but, as I know now, she must have known what I was doing.

We had a swimming pool, and as I got older this offered many opportunities for my exhibitionism and my test of who was really interested in me and for what reasons. I arranged for my bikini top to be loosely tied so it came off when I dived. As I came up, I was obviously shocked, but it took me awhile to find my top and put it back on. It was then easy to arrange for my bottoms to come off as well. As I climbed out of the pool and shockingly realized that I was naked, I then searched for my bikini. This took many seconds.

I expected shock and reprimands, but instead saw smiles. Uncle Bob wasnt the only one who appreciated my show. I noticed that my parents invited the same relatives over when I had an opportunity to put on my show. When relatives who shouldnt see the show were over, my mother made it clear to me that I wasnt to shower or use the pool. I was smart enough to understand the difference between the two sets of relatives and interested in how much my mother knew about what I was doing.

When I was 14, and my breasts were more obvious, I added to the act. I would drop the towel, shriek, and then put one hand over my pussy and the other over one tit. I then alternated which tit I was covering so any attention I got was going back and forth between my tits. I was surprised to see that none of my relatives were shocked. They all seemed to enjoy my act.

My tits by now had grown to a size where I needed to cover them with a cupped hand. My nipples were obvious in almost anything I was wearing that wasnt for winter. My areolae were visible if my top was thin enough. I began to imagine what it would feel like to have someone else touch them.

My pussy by this time was just as soft as before, but some of that softness came from the silky covering of light blonde hair which was growing thicker. I had fully discovered the pleasures of running my fingers around my slit and pussy lips in many different ways with different speeds and pressures. I also discovered that if I caressed and rubbed for long enough and in just the right way, a beautiful feeling came over my body and my thoughts. I also wasnt keeping my sister out of the shower, since I did this in my bed.

My oops act had changed and so had my swimming pool act. I needed to be sure everyone knew about my newly found and more obvious womanly features. I now had both pieces of my bikini come off for each dive as before, but then I walked around the pool leisurely as I was looking for the parts to my bikini. At one point my relatives even clapped for my performance. I then realized that I wasnt fooling anyone.

From 14 to 16 big changes were happening. My tits were no longer covered by my hands. I could, of course, cover the exciting parts of my tits with a cupped hand, but half squeezed out to the sides. The hair on my pussy got thicker and turned into a darker blonde.

Just to see how sexy my act could get and not elicit objections, I added wiggling to my acts. The bathroom to bedroom routine included me turning back and forth a few times so my tits would move side to side. They didnt flop around; they were too firm for that. (As they got bigger, I learned that this was the effect many women wanted - real tits that stayed up but moved seductively when their body moved.) The swimming pool routine now included getting on my knees so I could see into the pool better and bending over at the waist so I could look more closely.

When I turned 16, I was invited to a family meeting. It started with my mother explaining that they all knew that I was intentionally showing off to them. Then, each of my relatives told me how much they enjoyed my shows and which part was their favorite. My mother liked my tit shows the best. She was proud that I had beautiful, soft, erect tits. She told me she was sure I would very soon inherit her amazing tits that needed both hands to cover. She was frustrated that she couldnt touch them. My father was just fascinated by my hot youthful body. I had become so used to having him see my body, that this didnt seem creepy at all. I was pleased that he could finally be open about it. The rest of the uncles and aunts were happy with my act in other ways. My Uncle Bob especially liked it when I bent over to pick up my towel and flashed him a good view of my rose bud. I wasnt as shocked as I should have been because I think I saw this coming. My sister was away at college. I would need to wait to get her evaluation.

I then asked what this revelation meant. We all knew that I enjoyed showing them my body and that they enjoyed seeing it. They said that I was invited to a gathering at the family cabin on 4 acres of forest land. This was to happen in a few days. No new family member was invited until they were at least 16 and had shown that they werent going to be offended. My mother and father then prepped me for the gathering. I had already performed for all of them. The difference this time would be that all of us were aware that we were all in on the show. I understood that this would be different than showing myself and pretending that they didnt know. As nervous as I was, I realized that I didnt really need to do anything different than I had already done (or so I thought).

When we arrived at the cabin, we all took our clothes off and put them on shelves in a closet. This was a bit too fast for me, but as I looked around, I began to enjoy it. My parents were hotter and sexier than I thought they could be. I mean, who thinks of their parents as being sexy? My mother had beautiful large erect tits that I later found to be soft to the touch and a pussy that was beautiful and moist. My fathers dick was thick and long. I guess I had been accustomed to having them see me naked with other relatives looking on so it wasnt difficult for me to become comfortable. The big surprise was my aunt Mary. I couldnt believe she hid all that hotness under her clothes. Both my uncles and my father had 8" - 10" dicks which were erect as soon as they saw me naked. My other aunt took her time undressing, but the wait was worth it. She had breasts that even two hands couldnt cover and a beautifully shaved pussy.

Now that we were all there, what next?

Next seemed boring and routine. We discussed meals, cleaning, and other chores - all to be done naked, of course. The cabin area had a grass field the size of a tennis court, a sauna, outdoor showers, easy access to a pool in the river, and paths to forest hideaways. This routine could become interesting.

I didnt notice until later that the toilet facilities were also different. The outside toilets were open for all to see. The toilet facilities in the cabin had options. There were open toilets and showers in the family-living-recreational room. This room was the lower half of the cabin. There were also private toilets accessible from the upstairs bedrooms - some still wanted to have unnoticed times.

I immediately wondered about the sleeping arrangements. We each wrote our names and who we would like to be paired with (at least 3 choices each) on a piece of paper and put them in a box. The box was then taken by my father. He spent some time writing down the results and then announced to us the results. The sleeping arrangements werent entirely individual or personal since there were two queen-sized beds in each small room which 4 people shared. Since there were 8 of us, we would be in 2 rooms. (There were plans to remove the wall between the 2 bedrooms just to make it more communal, but that hadnt been done yet.)

 Maybe I should list the horny, incestuous, relatives that were there:

Four uncles and aunts:

Bob, my mothers brother and his wife Mary.

Mitzi (yeah, I know, but that was her name), my fathers sister, and her husband Hezekiah (opposites attract? Im sure now that he wasnt as orthodox as I thought he was.).

Parents:

Mom (sorry, but thats her real name to me)

Father ? (at least he convinced her he was - I didnt know why there was any doubt.)

Siblings:

Me

My sister, sis (again, thats her name to me) She was 18 and would return from college tomorrow.

Now, to another interesting part. After we had a snack, we all played volleyball on the lawn. (Watching the balls and dicks bounce up and down was, of course, most interesting to me, but the men enjoyed watching the tits bounce. Each of us had a different way to be distracted.) I have no idea who won, and, obviously, I dont really care.

After, we all took a shower. This was a communal outside shower. We were all looking longingly at each others naked attributes, but there was no embarrassment since we were all in on the same game. I found myself looking at my aunts and my mothers pussies and tits equally. How could that be? Wasnt I supposed to have a boyfriend?

I began wishing I could have more intimate time with each of them. (What would I do with intimate time with my mother? with my sister? with my aunts?) I found out in the next few days at the camp.

The sleeping lottery came out as follows: (I think the lottery was rigged by my father.) All pairings were as mixed as was possible with 5 females and 3 males.

In the bedrooms:

West bedroom:

Bed 1: Father and Mary

Bed 2: Sis and Hezekiah

East bedroom:

Bed 1: Bob and Mitzi

Bed 2: My mom and me (ok, I liked it)

The first night was getting used to the lotterys choices.

My mom cuddled with me and talked about how much she wanted to explore my body and get closer to me. I told her I felt the same. We began to snuggle and wrap our arms around each other. She said she always wondered if I had inherited her breasts and easily juiced cunt or my non-sexy aunts small nubbins and dry cunt. Since she already had the answer for my breasts, she asked me if she could touch me and judge for herself. At this point, after having my body up against hers, I was not going to say no. As her fingers explored my pussy, I used every bit of mental strength I had not to cum right away. It had always taken some time to cum when I stimulated myself, but this was very different. She caressed me lovingly and explored every part of my wet areas. (More than my pussy was wet. It was hot and I was sweaty.) She gently took my clit between her thumb and index finger and sucked on it passionately alternating with flipping her tongue back and forth. She then pulled back my luscious wet labia and revealed my piss hole and inner depths. She took each side of my labia and opened the hole as much as she could. Her tongue then tried to enter my piss hole and wiggled around in it until I was begging for mercy. She gave me none.

I saw her head disappear from my sight and felt her tongue on my asshole. It had never been touched before by anything other than my fingers when I was washing myself and the occasional exploratory finger which caressed and explored with a shallow insertion. This was too much. I oozed fountains of cum. She came up and sucked every bit of cum I had from my sweet, wet hole which was wetter than it had ever been and licked every drop I had spilled on my body and the bed. She then told me she wasnt done - she hadnt thoroughly explored every hole. I told her she needed to give me a little time to rest and mentally absorb what had just happened. She said we could sleep on it and see what happened the next day. (I think she knew she was lying.)

I didnt realize how predatory she was (I mean horny) until later that night. My sexual dreams (What other kind could I have at this point?) were very different from what they had been. I dreamed of my mother and sister and me having a hot 3-way lesbian lick-fest. Until now I had never thought of my sister this way. I even dreamed of connections I had never even thought of. I was in a circle on the floor with my mother and sister. Each of us had our heads and tongues embedded in the sweet moist area of the one in front of us. We explored every opening we had. I had never licked a girls asshole before, but in my dream, I was an expert. We would switch positions so we were licking and being licked by every combination there was.

Then - reality. I slowly, in a mental fog, came out of my sleep. I was in a 69 position with my mother. I looked up and saw my mothers pussy and asshole very close to my face. I was licking and sucking voraciously. I forgot, on purpose, I think, that this wasnt a dream. Why didnt I know that I had these desires and abilities? At this point my mother sensed a change in my awareness and said to me, Isnt the real thing better than any dream? This brought me even closer to having to accept consciously what I was doing. At this point I didnt care whether what I was doing was in a dream or in reality. I think I said something like, Slurp, slip, sploosh, suck me more., but maybe some of that was sound and not words.

 We switched to a face-to-face position and started the most amazing make-out session I have ever had. As our tongues explored each others mouths, we sucked and drank every bit of juice that was on the others lips. Her juice was sweet ambrosia. I had never tasted anything like it before. Some of my juice which was coming from her mouth ran down her cheeks. I licked up every drop. I then started to lick her neck and breasts. The sweat from our encounter was more amazing than I ever thought sweat could be.

 When I got to her pussy, I expected hair. What I got was smooth and very sensual. I didnt care if I had never done this before, because my dreams were my instructors. I licked around her pussy and then flicked my tongue between her lips. She was already moist and open. I stiffened my tongue and thrust it into her pussy. I withdrew my tongue and gently flicked it on her clit. She thrust her pussy into my mouth, which told me I should do it again. I didnt really care if she wanted it again, because I wanted to do it again. She then squirted me in the face as she was moaning and writhing around. She licked all the juices from my face and hugged me very tightly.

 She told me she had never cum that hard and fast before. I think being her daughter who had come out of her pussy made the difference.

I thought I was going to be able to sleep, but my mother had other plans. She roughly turned me over and lifted my ass up. She got behind me on her knees and started to lick my pussy. She reached under my body and cupped my tits in her hands. There was no way I wanted to sleep now. As she was licking my pussy, I noticed that her hands were becoming much more aggressive towards my tits. She squeezed them hard and pinched my nipples. I never thought I would like pain, but this wasnt painful, it was sensational. I had never known my nipples to be this erect before.

She was alternating between fast licking and gentle licking on my clit just as I had done with her. I then noticed that her tongue flicks were going more and more towards my asshole. Why the hell did I notice that? After a few minutes, I only noticed how good it felt. I never knew how sensitive my taint was until it was being licked. (More men should discover this area.) After I moaned and raised my ass up as far as I could, she realized I wouldnt care if she licked my asshole. (Her explorations of my asshole must be added to another story.) I came harder than I ever thought possible.

After we were exhausted, we embraced and immediately fell asleep.

The next morning we looked at each other in a fog, and then realized it really happened. I had never been this close to my mother before and wondered if I could get this close to others in my family. Other stories will tell.

Day 1 of our family adventure