**Nude Therapy – Phase 07 – Teenage Pussy Party**

by luv2custrip

*David is accidentally the only male at a nude teen party.*

To be clear: Derek had texted me, saying to drop by his house for a drink around six that night. He was my brand-new employee, but he had been hired into and thrown into the controlled chaos that was our West Coast expansion project. I hadn't had the slightest chance to really sit down with him and try to get to know him better.

The doorbell was taking a while to be answered. I was just about to try again when the door slowly swung partially open. A pretty face framed in just past shoulder-length brown hair peeked around the opening.

"Hello...?"

"Hi, I'm David, your... father's boss?"

"Oh shit."

The door closed partway as she unhooked the chain. It opened and one of the tallest, skinniest girls I had ever seen was shyly smiling at me, showing off her long skinny legs in the shortest of white robes.

"Sorry! Come on in!"

I followed those long skinny legs through a wide open hallway that led through the living room and all the way back to a kitchen on the right and a dining nook on the left. There were sliders that led to a warmly lit, stone-paved area that looked like an enclosed pool.

Derek's teenage daughter leaned her long body and her even longer legs against a center island countertop. I realized that she was barefoot and suddenly I could smell the scent of warm, chlorinated water emanating from her lean, creamy-white form.

"I'm Caylie," she told me, I took her proffered hand and smiled. She was posing with her right leg bent at the knee, the left leg extended. They were skinny legs, but they were teenager legs and I could not look away. She knew I was happily taking in her bare legs, her slender form, and her pretty, sculpted face and she didn't seem to mind.

She had a high-cheekboned, nearly British look; I instantly compared her to a young Kate Middleton.

"My father sort of forgot today was my birthday." She held up her hand at my concerned look. "Let me explain: my mom had to leave on a last-minute business trip this morning, so we celebrated my birthday a day early. Dad walked in half an hour ago... you should've seen the look on his face when he saw my girlfriends were here! We'd been planning a pool party, and he was supposed to pick up some Italian pastries we were all gonna enjoy-- along with some red wine, now that I'm eighteen."

Caylie glanced at her phone.

"He'll be back in about twenty, soooo... if you don't mind hanging out with four certifiable eighteen-year-old girls, you're welcome to join us while you wait."

I was trying to suppress my grin. Hang out with a giggly gaggle of barely-dressed, wet teenagers? I really had to think about it.

"Sure," I smiled. "If your friends don't mind hanging out with an old man."

She rolled her eyes and led me through the sliders into the unusually warm, late-Spring night.

Before I had a chance to look around...

"You've worked with naked women for a long time, right? So you're used to it."

And Caylie untied her coverup and draped it over the nearest chair. She bit her lip and stood up straight. Her breasts were flat but perfectly round with delicate rosebud nipples; her thin dark landing strip was like an arrow pointing to her otherwise shaved, girlishly innie vulva.

I was staring at my new employee's daughter on her eighteenth birthday-- and she was totally nude.

"Caylie!" A voice seemed to be floating over the pool. I looked and I saw a cute, round, fresh-faced, short-haired girl with jet-black hair treading water in the deep end. She seemed to be a compact little thing-- except there was nothing compact about her built-in floaters-- those flesh mounds were probably 32Ds. I wondered if they were helping her float or if their combined weight was actually pulling her down.

"Caylie," the buoyantly-breasted girl with the impish face repeated, "I thought this was a girls-only party-- and instead of sneaking in a boy, you bring in an old man?!"

I resembled that remark. I made my meanest, mean face possible. The sweet face above those pink-tipped water balloons made an even meaner face-- and she stuck her tongue out at me!

I do like girls who show me a lot of sass-- especially if they were also showing me a lot of their sassy little bodies.

"His name is David, and he works with my dad." Caylie was trying to sound exasperated. "He works with naked babes all day long, so this is all like nothing to him."

The nude, floating imp's eyes got wide and I was readying myself.

"His name is David? And he works at N. I. P. Company?? OMG it's Mandy's David; the guy who writes all of the Nude Therapy stories!"

Caylie shrugged. I heard yet another girl voice ask "Nude Therapy stories?"

I turned to my right.

There were two very different-looking blondes seated and sharing the same lounger at the other end of the pool; their bare asses and left leg / right leg were touching... their remaining legs and feet on the pavers.

The cutesy cuddly little golden blonde was turned so that her open legs were pointed away from me. She had just enough curves so that you wouldn't be surprised to find a poke-able little hole between her thighs.

Her dark blonde companion with her open legs pointed towards me was long, lean and muscular, with nearly a six-pack belly (a four-pack?). She had a sultry "fuck me" look that belonged to a much older girl with her straight hair down to her ass and with her deep red wet and parted upper lips that nicely matched her lower ones.

The nude teen blonde pair distracted me from seeing how my delightful little friend with the mouthwatering mounds somehow crossed the pool. I did get to watch her slowly climbing the pool steps which was an intensely sexual experience in itself.

Her towering titties quivered with each step. And also with each step, more glistening wet skin was revealed. As I figured, she was a compact little number. Her own numbers probably dwindled to maybe a 26 inch waist and hips/ass at only 29 or 30.

She walked straight to me, padding on bare feet and dripping water, especially dripping nicely between her legs. Her puss was prominent and lined with dark thick wet fur-- but with lips primly closed-- until they opened up into a deep dark vaginal slit with only a hint of dangly inners.

She stopped dead about two feet in front of me.

"Mandy's David," she repeated. She looked me up and down. "I'm Fiona, and if you weren't all dressed up for business, I would hug you and squeeze you until I could feel your hard cock straight up lined against my sopping wet cunt."

"Fiona!" It was one of the blondes who hissed.

"Go ahead," I said. "Beautiful naked teenage girls override any concern I have about getting my silly clothes wet."

Fresh-faced Fiona's face looked just like a wide-eyed innocent girl for just a moment. Then she grabbed me hard and hugged me tight.

"David," she whispered. "David; wish you were my David."

My dress shirt was now damp and I'm sure smelling of chlorine. I didn't care. I wondered how much I could get away with.

I slipped my right hand down from the small of Fiona's damp wet back to her even damper wet ass. As I figured, my one hand with its long fingers spread easily outward and cupped both of her tiny cheeks. I slipped my hand lower, my experienced middle finger nestling between her soft thighs...

"Oh no no," Fiona whispered as she pulled away. "I'm all in for our next nude teen party to be exactly like that. I'm just not sure about the other girls, and Daddy Dearest is on his way."

"What did you say about Daddy?" Caylie had gotten closer and had her arms crossed. She wasn't trying to hide her breasts; I sensed that she was annoyed at how Fiona had not only cornered me for herself but was now also the center of nude attention.

"Nothing. I just meant when your dad saw us all topless-- especially you-- he practically went into a walking coma. That can't be the first time he saw your bare tits; if it was, he's gonna hafta get used to it. It's a brave nude world out there!"

Caylie blushed and looked away. I felt that there was something going on between Caylie and Derek; some naughtily nude dark secret.

"Well it's only fifteen minutes and my dad will be home... no time to start an orgy!"

Fiona was staring at me, not listening to the nude teen hostess.

"He's such an erotic writer... the way he describes women's naked bodies..."

Fiona slapped her thigh. "Pussies! He is fantastic at describing pussies. Let's line up and have him do each one of us... starting with me."

"Fiona!" Caylie had her head in her hands. "This is my father's boss; he only came here to talk to him... he is not here to narrate some... teenage pussy party!"

"I'll do it." Four naked girls stared. "I mean, only for the girls who want me to do a description. It'll be fun: all you girls are gonna hafta get used to being stared at in the nude one day soon. Believe me-- guys are trying to get more than a glimpse between your legs. So I'm in... as long as we don't share this portion of the party with our Mr. Derek!"

The cozy blonde pair stood as a unit.

"We're in too!"

Caylie looked at each of us in turn, as if measuring us for straight jackets. Then, she seemed to both deflate a bit, but also stand up taller.

"You're right."

Now there was silence except for the pool pump and some very early crickets.

"We're only eighteen once, and how many times are we all going to be all naked in front of such a sweet, beautiful man?!"

Beautiful? I looked at my feet and I think I blushed.

"But I'm technically the hostess, and" she looked at her phone, "we now have about ten minutes or so until 'Daddy Dearest' gets home."

Now Fiona was looking at her feet and blushing.

"So... I'm the one watching the time, and I'm going first."

The girls were all staring at Caylie now-- even the two blondes. They must've been wondering if possession by naughty spirits was possible.

Fiona pulled up two loungers to face each other. She still took charge of the vaginal presentation logistics and no one objected.

Each pussy participant would sit on the lounger facing me. They would lean back on their elbows and spread out their pretty legs, feet on the floor. I would provide commentary as if I were writing up this party for the Nudity Blog... which I am right now!

"Caylie," Fiona made a grand gesture. "The chair is yours."

Caylie stood in front of me. She looked down and realized her hands were covering her pussy from view.

"Sorry," she said, quite seriously

"It's okay sweet girl." I patted the chair. "Lie back down and let me have a good look at you; I want to see you. I want to see everything you have."

She sat. She lay back, propping herself up on her elbows. She then very slowly spread out her legs, feet down.

"Oh my god!" Caylie exclaimed. "Yes; when you do talk to my father, please do leave some of our recent activities out!"

"You are a sweet, beautiful girl." I leaned forward to more closely take in what she was so reluctantly exposing.

"With those long long legs spread so wide for me, her outer lips seemed to totally surrender shielding her hidden treasures. And her clitoral hood WAS a treasure: a succulent bite-sized morsel, looking as though I could just reach out and take it into my waiting, watering mouth."

"He's doing it!" Fiona exclaimed. She was seated not far away, right down on the pavers, legs drawn up to her own succulence and everything else very visible in between.

"Below," I continued, "her inner lips almost shyly dangle out. They seem to be very reluctant to upstage her long, deep, and very inviting dark pink vaginal slit."

"Wow!" said a new, girlish voice. It was the cutesy blonde, already in line. "I mean... I'm already about ready to cum without even touching myself!"

Caylie got up slowly as if she was now reluctant to leave. I sensed that she very much enjoyed my intimate gaze and now she wanted more.

The golden girl plopped her sweet ass down. She announced herself as "Kelsey."

She spread herself out quickly but then covered her face, giggling. I sensed that Kelsey giggled about half of her waking life.

I gazed deeply into her open, lightly trimmed folds.

"Why wouldn't Kelsey's sweet pink pussy be any less open, any less warm and welcoming than this sweet, bubbly girl. You have to take her in your arms-- her sweet body was made to be held and cuddled-- and then you're drawn to her innermost warmth; a soft place that lets you slip so easily inside; so deep inside that warm, golden body that you're in before you know it, making love so naturally that it's always like the very first time."

"Wow," she sighed. "Wow." Kelsey got up and looked at her lanky muscular blonde friend (lover?), who was next in line.

"I hafta... I don't know." And she padded off.

The sultry dark blonde smiled as her little friend departed.

"She still likes guys," she sadly informed me. "We all make our choices in each life and I respect hers. Still..." she sighed.

"I'm Allison," and she actually reached out and shook my hand. She didn't just plop down onto the lounger, she slid her long body down in a series of smooth, sure moves. She conveyed a quiet strength and a powerful sexuality.

I was entranced.

Allison spread her long legs so slowly that I assumed she was shy. Then I looked at her face-- she was studying me intensely as if gauging and assessing my reaction.

She had a wild jungle of fur; a rarely if ever shaved-- or even trimmed puss. Her slit, however, seemed to be quite naturally hair-free, from the bottom of her hood to where that slit deepened into the open darkness that I assumed was her vaginal hole.

"Allison's pussy was as wild and untamed as she was controlled... or was she the controller? You got the feeling that she was the one who wrapped her body around you; she was the one who grabbed your cock so expertly without even looking; she was the one who pulled you deep deep and deeper into her tight wet darkness. Then you got the feeling that she might clasp onto you from deep inside-- and never let you go."

Allison stared for a while.

"You got me," she said quietly. "It was like you could see inside me." She sat up straight but didn't bother closing her legs.

"I've met you before," she said. I began to question that--

"Oh: it was in a past life... I'm doing past life regression therapy."

Caylie was sitting pretty on the nearest lounger, watching the proceedings intently.

"I warned you we were all certifiable... especially this one." She inclined her pretty head toward Allison.

Allison ignored her. "I have a recurring dream or vision of the Civil War: I'm a Confederate spy-- crazy about 'the Cause'-- and Alexandra, of all people is there. I think she's a Union spy, so I strip search her and poke around inside every opening she has."

She paused. "It's weird that I see Alexandra, looking the same as she does now. My therapist tells me I'm projecting because I so want to fuck her brains out."

I was frozen in place with my 'oh really?' wry smile on my face. Alexandra was a famous talk show host slash entertainer. Imagine Taylor Swift ten years from now deciding to get naked and doing her own version of Oprah.

I was frozen because I had just met Alexandra at a nude sales conference-- and I think I had sex with her.

I had concluded that I must have been drugged when I got to Alexandra's party-- maybe that's what those weird showbiz types were into. No way that Alexandra had told me that she was 222 years old-- and that she was cursed to drain men of every drop of their semen to continue to live.

I hadn't published that story yet. But now, this allegedly crazy naked lesbian teen was telling me of her vision of Alexandra being alive 160 years ago.

I had to find my voice.

"Where was I in this... story?"

Allison grinned.

"You were one of her lady lovers. You showed up with a tiny pistol to shoot me. I ended up seducing you-- and fucking your brains out."

"Okay, Allison. Enough B. S. Can't you see you're freaking him out?"

It was my number-one fan, Fiona. We all watched as she approached, her breasts softly quivering with each step. Then she leaned over Allison and kissed that beautiful nude so gently on her lips that I heard gasping all around.

Allison got up with one fluidly nude move and stood on one side of the lounger; Fiona stood on the other side. The two naked teens leaned forward in unison and sweetly kissed again, Fiona's big soft pink-tipped breasts briefly bouncing against Allison's smallish handfuls; hard-tipped in reddish-brown.

"You're crazy but we love you," Fiona informed her. Now both girls were smiling and as Allison slinked away and Fiona looked down at me smiling I realized that I genuinely loved each of these incredible bare beauties.

I had to pause to watch Alexandra's sculpted ass cheeks slink away along with the rest of her firm form. Someone did need to sculpt that butt to preserve it for future generations.

Fiona leaned forward, hands on her pretty knees and whispered "And the first shall be last."

She was making reference to a line from my second very real story about the first Phase Two Intimacy party-- and I loved her for that. (See "Nude Therapy: Phase 02.)

Fiona lay back, so pretty and so curvy and so soft and so sweet and so sexy. I looked deep into her eyes, I concentrated on her sweet, smiling face... but then I just had to take her all in. What a totally edible, sweetly fuckable, naked beauty!

"Most people... most men... can't resist making some comment about my tits."

I stared at those tits as prompted.

"Neither can I."

I got up from my own seat and I gingerly knelt down between her legs. I was grateful that applying my whole weight to Fiona's lounge chair didn't make my knees fall through the slats.

The rest of the nude group got even quieter as they saw that I was no longer content to merely look upon the body parts that I was commenting on.

"The male gaze is of course drawn to Miss Fiona's glorious glands. They are lovely examples of the perfection of female flesh... but then: so is her sweet round face. Her nose is an adorable button worth your kisses--"

I propped myself over her and kissed it.

"--but how can you neglect her always-smiling, yet mischievous little lips?"

I kissed those lips; softly at first, then hard.

Miss Fiona responded by throwing back her pretty head, closing her eyes, and then offering her darting little tongue for a taste.

Three naked teenage girls could not have been any quieter, although I heard some soft splashes as if one of them was lowering her warm body into the pool.

"Of course, don't neglect those beautiful breasts as your kisses make a path down her body; a path down to her secret treasures-- to the heart of what makes this sweet girl such a sexually desirable young woman."

I appropriately began kissing my way downward, in accord with my narrative. I squeezed her boobies together and then I greedily sucked each soft pink nipple. I was surprised that her nips didn't get harder, but she was responding: Fiona was moaning and her entire lower body was positively writhing.

I moved down to her belly. I stuck my tongue in her innie belly button and then I tickled her tummy with the razor stubble on my chin until Miss Fiona was giggling in near hysterics.

I was falling in love with this girl or I was falling in love with her body-- it didn't matter. I had simply had enough of merely gazing at four naked teenagers: at their twitchy little clits, at their open pink cunts.

It was way past time for action.

I gazed upon Miss Fiona's furry mound and her deep valley of wet pink. I dove in teeth first, biting and trying to pull out some of her longest hairs. I then concentrated on mostly tongue action, but in a very meticulous way. I gave her entire vulva one wet, wide-tongued welcome lick, from her vaginal slit to the bulge of her hood.

Then I concentrated on some more detailed work.

I pulled out her right inner lip first. I rolled it between my fingers. Then I sucked on it, even trying to get my teeth into the action. The left lip was next, and that seemed even more sloppily distended than the right.

I pulled back and admired my work. I love how fully aroused female folds tend to stay in place while you're playing with them, like you're playing with wet pink clay.

That bulge in her hood was sliding out and I marveled at a gelatinous, poky little thing that was nearly the size and shape of my thumb tip. It was pinkish-white, and it was already twitching and already drippy from its own juices.

My mouth, my lips, my tongue, my teeth: everything sprung into action to provide Miss Fiona's girl-cock the attention it was due. I didn't even need to get my fingers involved; it was quite the poky little devil without my manual manipulations.

I looked up at Miss Fiona as I suckled on the center lollipop of all of her feminine pleasures. She was mumbling and moaning "David" and "God": I didn't know what god she was worshipping, just as long as it was the god who created my talented tongue.

Suddenly her entire lower body went stiff. She stretched out her teenage legs, feet off the ground. I looked down and just caught her deep slit as it seemed to quickly pulse open and closed. It finally opened up impossibly wide, and then a spherical, teaspoon-sized dollop of clear, syrupy liquid suddenly squirted out. Most of it hit Fiona's inner thigh on the right; the rest dribbled down-- onto and over her brown lower hole and onto the slats of her lounger.

Fiona looked like she was in shock-- was I the first man to make her squirt? I started to say something then we all heard:

"Fuck... fuck! Oh sweet fuck!!"

It wasn't Fiona verbally cumming; she had shown remarkable restraint. Then we all saw the golden blonde head in the low end of the pool. Allison strode over.

"Kelsey: what did you do?!"

Even Caylie was momentarily distracted. I took sweet advantage of that. I bent back down and licked up all of Fiona's sweet honey that I could. I made sure that she could see that I was swallowing every gulp. And she did taste syrupy sweet, except for that background tang that told me that these juices were directly from a woman's warm, wet cunt; made from deep within her body to facilitate the entry of a hard cock.

I will never forget Miss Fiona's particular taste.

By now we all realized that Kelsey had positioned herself over one of the hot jets that were continually pushing chlorinated and filtered water into the pool. She had cum and cum hard by dancing her lower body over one of those pulsing jets.

Allison stood at the edge of the pool, looking down at her silly lover. Her hands were on her hips and her muscular legs were wide enough for me to see what looked like a matched pair of fully-engorged, dangling inner lips.

"I tried to be quiet," a girlish voice from the pool tried to explain.

"When are you ever quiet, my sweet little fuck?!"

Allison's voice was somewhere between a purr and a snarl. She seemed to sense my stare and she whirled around.

For a moment, I was lost in her fantasies. I saw the fanatical glare of that devilishly handsome Confederate sympathizer, and I felt helpless under his gaze.

Then the moment passed. Allison's eyes and her whole body softened as she slipped into the pool.

"Oh my poor baby; why didn't you ask me to make you cum? Let me hold my breath: I can go down on you underwater, and you'll love it when I let some bubbles hit your clit."

Fiona had moved into a sitting position, right next to me. She reached up and unzipped my fly without looking.

"Fiona!" Now that was the first non-nude non-female non-teen voice hissing that night.

She paid absolutely no attention. She reached inside my boxers and wrapped her fingers expertly around the head of my penis. I hope I am not bragging to say that I am naturally longer than most and that night I was unnaturally hard. Nonetheless Fiona managed to squeeze that head out. I looked down and it was uncomfortably close to the teeth of my zipper.

I looked back up and Caylie was staring. Damn. As the hostess, she had the absolute right to control whatever activities went on at her party.

My cock began to reluctantly deflate as I struggled to say something witty and clever.

Then we all saw it: a car's headlights lit up a metal storage shed just outside the pool. Derek was home.

"Daddy Dearest alert: bottoms on, people, and please try to dry off!" Caylie's announcement made everyone laugh and nicely broke the sexual tension. As I watched Fiona jump up, she grabbed the nearest towel and tried to dry herself off between her legs as she raced to relocate her bikini bottoms.

I patted my dress shirt as best as I could. I headed for the chair nearest the sliders where I had draped my jacket.

Caylie was suddenly in front of me. She looked down at me and pointed, apparently speechless. My bulbous cock-head was still out there like the head of a sly turtle. In my defense, it was jammed in so tight that I was starting to lose all feeling.

I tried to stammer an apology as I stuffed and zipped, but my topless hostess who had been our birthday-suited birthday girl was already off, helping the last bottomless girls back into their teeny thongs.

I slid open the sliders and closed them behind me. I tried to check how presentable I was in their reflection but I was constantly distracted by the four now topless teens bouncily cleaning up.

Derek walked in and took one look at me and his face crumbled.

I held up my hand.

"I heard... you've had a rough day."

He shook his head as he put the bakery box on the counter. Derek was probably an inch shorter than his daughter with much lighter hair. I knew then that her legginess must've been inherited from Mom.

Derek had a mother/daughter pic on his desk. They're both dressed in just above the knee party dresses; perhaps for a wedding. Mom is a very hot and more mature and curvaceous version of Caylie. Maybe we could all go out to a Certified Nude restaurant and convince the ladies to leave their clothes at home. Would love to see that mother/daughter combo going to and from the ladies room. I would get to do a nude comparison from all angles.

I am bad; and ever since women started going naked everywhere, I've gotten worse.

Derek was about to say something then the slider slid open and four topless teens bounced in.

"Cannolis! Where's the wine?"

Derek shook his head at all of the bare breasts.

"They didn't at least put their tops on for you?"

Shit. I was trying to look so innocent: a narrated pussy parade? visiting Miss Fiona's downtown area? oh no: we were mostly discussing art and literature!

I didn't know if he was pissed at me or at the girls-- or both. Time for a clever remark.

"Derek," I sighed. "In today's world, I am so unused to asking women to put their clothes on."

He sighed. He was okay until his daughter had to squeeze past us to get to the wine rack. They avoided looking at each other; the discomfort was palpable.

At some point, all four thong-bikinied sets of asses were leaning over the countertop, wiggling with each giggle. Even I was getting uncomfortable.

Derek nudged me. I followed him into the living room, both of us carrying our wine glasses. The room was bigger than I could see from the hallway: it rounded a corner and opened into a cozy nook with a fireplace, two recliners and a bookcase.

"My semi-sanctuary," Derek announced as we sat. We placed our drinks on an antique coffee table.

The high-pitched giggling and girlish voices were less noticeable in here.

"Teenage girls," I said, giving Derek an opening.

"Sometimes Caylie can be... the biggest pain ever in womankind. But I always love her so much... maybe too much."

Whoa. I didn't want to go there right away. I started with the safe questions, and we shared our experiences back and forth: where did you grow up, where did you go to school, what about earlier jobs? Then the man stuff: sports first, then women.

Derek was so cautious, lowering his voice and peeking around the corner. The topless teen party was obviously still on from all the noise; he was uncomfortable at first, then he warmed up.

We talked about our favorite nude female co-workers; who had the best breasts, best ass-- who had the best shaved and unshaven pubes? Derek seemed to be in awe that he was being encouraged to talk like this by his new boss, but he warmed up to the subject with bigger and bigger smiles.

When we got to the subject of most beautiful overall, Derek leaned back with a long sigh.

"Tami is... warm, wonderful... so special! She handles her constant nudity with a combination of shyness and acceptance."

I was grinning. Derek of course didn't know that Tami, along with my wife and I, was seriously trying to make our three-way relationship work.

"She's one of the reasons I just can't do Intimate Fridays."

I was puzzled. Intimate Fridays were forty-five minutes of all of the nude female employees lining up and taking turns lowering themselves on participating male penises. No one was supposed to cum; everyone was supposed to stay wet and hard. Lately, I was liking the idea more and more of two naked people just lying down together, holding, hugging, touching and kissing each other. I was making that recommendation to the Nudity Project; the requirement that all women be penetrated each Friday was the number one reason so many women fled Full Female Nude organizations.

"What do you mean: you can't participate?"

He gave me a wan smile. "I'm a simple man and I would simply fall in love with girls like Tami. I don't think I can handle it... I don't think I can do that to my wife."

Nothing to say to that: it was his choice, his right.

I was getting antsy and I had to bring it up.

"Caylie seems so... uncomfortable around you. Did something happen? You can talk to me... I won't play boss for a while... I'll just try to be a friend."

Derek was quiet.

"It's that obvious? Shit. It's not what you're thinking but... let me tell it my way:

"Caylie and I were up way too late last night. Her mom had already gone to bed-- she was getting up 5:30A to catch an early flight.

Caylie at some point said that there should be some ritual at the exact moment a girl turned eighteen:

'I should be outside, naked in the moonlight. I should do-- I don't know-- something to announce to myself and to the universe that I was now a woman.'

I just shook my head and told her she needed to get some sleep. She was so tired. I would have carried her to bed, if she let me.

The next morning I woke up like-- deep sleep to wide awake. The clock said 3:59; the hospital said that Caylie was born at 4:00; my wife insisted it was 4:04.

Whatever. I just knew that my daughter was outside, naked.

I put a robe over my boxers and I opened the sliders and.... there she was, just coming in to the pool area from the outside screen door. The quarter moon was out, and there was light from street lamps... I swear she was glowing like the goddess of the dawn.

She sat on a little outdoor love seat way in the corner. She was staring at me. I walked to her like I was dreaming. I sat down. I did not touch her. I didn't even look at her.

Her hand reached out and her finger touched her phone: 4:04. She was legal according to her birth certificate but she was honoring her mother's recollection.

She took my hand and she gripped it so tight I gasped. Then, from her movements and all of the little noises she was making, I knew she was masturbating.

I just sat there, gripping my girl's soft little hand like I was in a daze, a dream state. Then suddenly, she gripped me so tight, she was hurting me. She was cumming, and she was cumming hard. She was trying to stay still; she was trying not to cry out, but her body was stiffening and bucking.

Then, I knew she was done. Her breathing was calming, my hand was only being held with a light touch.

And she said:

"I love you Dad: you gave me life.

I love you Mom; you gave me life."

We both started crying, like I'm crying now. It wasn't sobbing; it was more like letting it all go. We just let all our feelings of love bubble up and out through our eyes.

I remembered so much: when she was so happy because a boy asked her out on her first date; when she came in from playing and she was cut so bad we rushed her to the hospital.

It was all of the awesomeness of being responsible for this sweet, beautiful creature for eighteen years.

Well; I thought it all came out then... there's more coming out now. Sorry David; I'm not a crybaby and this is not like me. But... when it comes to my daughter...

Let me tell you that It wasn't sexual. I know:

my daughter was naked and masturbating but it wasn't sexual! She wanted to experience a strong emotion: should she have hurt herself or tickled herself?

I don't know. I don't know."

I looked away for a while. When he seemed calmer, I actually put my hand on his hand-- but it was a man-squeeze, a man-pat, so it was okay.

"You're a father," I said. "I have absolutely no idea what that's like."

"You'd make a great father," he informed me.

I had a sudden flash-forward-- Tami with an unbelievably huge belly-- "We're having twins David! Twins!"

I sat back and took a nice swig of wine.

When we got back to the topless teens, all of the cannolis were gone-- as was about one and one half bottles of red wine.

"I only had a half a glass sir; I'm driving them home." Fiona gave Derek her sweetest smile and the slightest titty-shake.

Derek had to blink his eyes: I know-- at some point all of the female flesh is much too much.

Then the party started breaking up. The girls were off to change (apparently they did wear clothing on occasion.) Caylie surprisingly cozied up to her dad and cooed: "Can I walk David out?" He patted her shoulder distractedly. I was worried he was going to start crying again.

We walked out to what passed for their front porch: just a six by six feet raised slab, reached by three steps, with similar pavers to the pool.

There was a bright porch light. Caylie grinned at me. She pulled her bikini bottoms off and threw them on the sidewalk. Then, with me still in shock, she unbelted and unzipped me and tugged my slacks down to my ankles.

"Holy...! What the hell?!"

"I need you to listen to me."

I reached down for my pants.

"Help! Help: he pulled off my bikini and now he has his cock out," Caylie said in a very normal voice.

"You wouldn't."

"I would; louder."

I looked out toward the street. They had high hedges for privacy, but if someone was walking or driving by, and they turned their head...

I sighed.

"Tell me what you need to tell me. But please make it fast!"

"I want you to be first."

I groaned. "You're first what?"

"First lover; first sex partner... what do

you want me to say? I'm a virgin and I can't stand the suspense anymore. I've been watching you tonight and you were wonderful. You made each and every one of us feel like a little sex goddess. I want that big boy inside me, and I want to see your face when you pump out your hot liquid heat deep into me and fill me up."

I held up my hands. "I am not a Virginity Relief facilitator; there are plenty of trained guys out there--"

Caylie knelt in front of me and flicked my penis with her thumb and forefinger.

"Ow! What was that for??"

"Negative responses are discouraged; positive responses are rewarded."

"You're evil!"

Caylie shrugged. "I'm a teenage girl."

She had me there.

"Well..." I was thinking fast. Anyone walking by, or stopping their car, would have had quite a sight.

"I'll have to ask your father, and your mother--"

She pulled hard on some of the hair on my scrotum like she wanted to pull it off.

"Wrong! My father freaks out when he sees... my breasts. My mother is even more protective."

I had to think quickly to avoid more genital torment.

"I will bring it up with my two loves. It will be a tough sell-- we're supposed to all be limiting uhhh... outside penis in vagina events. If they both agree, they'll be your sponsors. They'll present you naked to me, then we'll all be naked together and touching each other as we all cum."

Caylie looked ecstatic. She took my penis in her hand, then she lowered her mouth onto my head. She looked up at me constantly with her soft brown eyes as she suckled and licked my head with a very talented tongue. Finally, she let me pop out.

She stood up.

"I'll give you my contact info; I've been on Dad's phone so I know where all of your info is."

Caylie kissed me so sweetly.

"You're not exactly a hunk--"

Gee, thanks.

"--but you are adorable. And there's a lot more to adore when your pants are down!"

She blew me a kiss as she opened and closed the front door as she went inside. I pulled up those pants-- rezipped and rebelted. Then I noticed something on the sidewalk.

I re-opened her door just in time; she was almost in the kitchen.

"Caylie."

She turned, startled.

"I think you forgot something."

I waved her bikini bottoms at her.

"Oh my god."

She rushed up and grabbed them.

"I was just gonna tell my dad that we really needed to talk about... something. If I had walked in naked, he would've run and locked himself in his room until Mom came home tomorrow."

I felt kind of responsible for her, so I stood and watched.

It took a long long time for those teeny bikini bottoms to make it all the way up those long long legs.