

# *Having Faith*

by

**Donna M.**

We had it all planned down to the smallest detail. Our secret after-prom party was going to be like no other. Danielle and I had our joke: Senior year in high school was going to go out with a bang. Every time one of us would say it, we'd be laughing so hard we'd hurt afterwards.

I'm Faith, the one with the hot tub. Well, at least the lucky one whose family owned a vacation home by the lake with a big hot tub on its deck. Nobody would be there (until we showed up on prom night, that is) and I had ferreted away the key from its hiding place and had a duplicate made. This would be the party to end all parties! Josh's big brother bought several cases of beer, wine coolers and other libations for us (our money of course, not his). Everything would be transported to my folk's lake house on prom night. Everything was arranged—everything was cool.

My best friend Danielle and I were far from being virgins, but we knew a whole bunch of classmates who still had their cherries. Our after-prom

party was planned to take care of that shortcoming. I (humbly) admit I'm a nymphomaniac. By senior year I'd fucked most of the studs in my school, including half the football team (ok, maybe not half, but many of the hunkier ones) and a couple of teachers to boot.

I lost my virginity before I'd even entered high school. When I was in junior high I went on a religious retreat my mom and dad thought would be a "moral building block" for me. One of our chaperones was a dreamboat college student with the most beautiful blue eyes. He made a speech one day that "the best this world has to offer comes to those who have faith." Later that night I went to his room and told him I agreed. I offered myself to him and he busted my cherry good. It hurt that first time but I never looked back; letting guys "have" Faith ever since.

"Who you gonna do first? Josh, or Robby?" Danielle asked me the morning of the prom.

"I suppose it's only fair I let Josh fuck me first, I mean he's my date after all."

"Yeah, I guess so, but you know how much Robby wants you, and he does have that nice big dick. So what if he's taking me to the prom. Maybe we could swap when we get there. Doesn't that sound cool?"

“Cool indeed, girl.” Mmm, Robby did have a nice dick. I thought about Josh and Robby and Rick and Leroy and all the other guys who were going to be there. How many could I do and not get sore?

By the time I was getting into my prom gown I was dripping. The gown would be sure to get people talking, with its slit up the side that went almost to my crotch and showing plenty of cleavage. I only wore the skimpiest of thongs underneath. How many guys beside Josh would grab a feel while dancing with me? I’d have to take count.

During my first dance with Josh at the prom, he said in a near whisper, “You’re going to fuck everyone tonight, aren’t you?” His hand was inside my dress slit and massaging an ass cheek.

I whispered back, “Probably, but I’ll let you go first, okay?”

His erection pushed up against me as we danced. That was his answer. We danced past Danielle and Robby as they practically dry humped on the dance floor. Josh whispered again in my ear, “Robby will be second, won’t he?”

“So what? You don’t own me. You’ll have me first, like I told you.”

During another slow number, while Danielle danced with Josh, I

meandered over to Cheryl, one of the cheerleaders (and from what I understood, still a virgin) —what a fucking waste. The girl was all blond hair, legs, and dimples. Her boyfriend Steve had danced with me earlier, and I'd surreptitiously rubbed the front of his pants so he got an instant hard-on. He got to feel me up too, grabbing a handful of my firm ass.

“How's it going?” I asked. “How come you're not dancing with Steve? He's your date, right?”

She looked at me nervously, I guessed since we weren't exactly best friends or anything. “He doesn't want to dance with me, especially after he danced with you and your friend Danielle.”

“Oh, come on, it's the Senior Prom; we're having fun like we're supposed to.”

“But...but he *touched* you, and you *let* him!”

“You mean he doesn't touch you? My God, you're one of the prettiest girls in school. Damn, if I were a lez I'd play with those legs of yours, and that ass. Steve is nuts if he's not touching you, Cheryl.”

She blushed, and answered, “I...I don't let him touch me like that. It wouldn't...be...right.”

I got a little closer and whispered to her, “Baby, you want him to dance only with you, remember only you, then you gotta chill out, loosen up, keep him busy, you know what I mean? Men are like puppy dogs, only *WE* have the tails to wag instead, so they’ll follow *us* anywhere.”

“I don’t know, I don’t wanna be a slut.”

“Slut...Jesus, I’m not talking about sleeping around, I’m only talking about Steve. Make yourself more interesting than Dani or me and he’ll dance only with you the rest of the night. C’mon, Cheryl, you’re prettier than all the girls he’s dancing with, so go cut in on him and Heather and show him you’re the woman he wants.”

She took off onto the dance floor with determination. When she pulled Steve away and they danced, I smiled, wondering if her cherry would last the night.

By the last dance I’d counted eight guys who’d gotten under my dress to cop a feel, with one of them, Leroy, bold enough to get under my thong to briefly visit the promised land. I’d done Leroy in junior year. He had a thick cock, and I figured he’d be one of my partners later. After Josh and Robby, of course.

When the prom was over, we piled into various cars and SUVs and

took off for my parents' cabin. It didn't take long for the beverages to flow and the formal clothes to come off. Several of the girls brought t-shirts and jeans they now changed into. Some of the boys just stripped down to boxers. I was the only topless girl. All the guys were staring. I uncovered and turned on the hot tub. Danielle and Robby had already disappeared so I knew they were fucking in one of the spare bedrooms. Josh was the first to get into the hot tub, dropping his boxers unceremoniously onto the deck and climbing in. Beers in hand, several more boys joined him. They began taunting their girlfriends to strip and climb in with them. A few had hard-ons already. None of the girls had swimsuits so nobody wanted to go.

I walked over to Cheryl and whispered, "Steve's in there, why aren't you?"

"I can't...get naked...like that."

"Okay, suit yourself," I said as I slipped out of my thong and climbed into the hot tub, sitting between Steve and Josh. I winked at Josh, whispering in his ear, "Don't forget the jets." Turning to Steve, my hand went straight to his cock as his eyes stared at my tits. "Hi Steve, you having a good time?"

He stammered, "I...I...guess...so."

" 'I guess so'...is that it? Something's telling me you're having a *great*

time,” I said, feeling his solid erection fill my palm underwater. I leaned closer and whispered, “Why don’t you ask Cheryl again to get in here? I think she may be ready to change her mind.”

He called out for her to join him. Her jealousy at my ‘intrusion’ into her world was obvious. She slipped out of her clothes and got in. I relinquished my spot by moving to the other side of Josh. As if they were waiting for somebody (other than me) to break the ice, several more of the girls got undressed and entered the roiling water. I saw that Josh got my message. While I was teasing Steve, he had gotten the other boys to spread out so that every girl who now got in the hot tub had to sit on one of the spa’s jets. I knew what none of those girls knew: what those jets could do to an unsuspecting teenaged pussy. Beer and hot tub jets—let the fun begin!

By the time Josh and me got down to business, several other couples were also making out, including Steve and Cheryl. I figured it would be just like hours earlier at the prom—it would take one couple to start dancing and then everyone else would follow. I told Josh I was ready. He slid into me right there in the water. When other couples realized he was fucking me, the ‘dancing’ began. First one couple then another began to screw until so much water was splashing I thought the tub would go dry. You could practically hear the cherries popping.

I heard Cheryl protest, “No, Steve, it hurts, stop, Steve...” but soon her hymen was tattered and she was singing louder than the other girls. I snuck a glance over at the two of them. Cheryl’s blond hair was wild, her head back, her plump tits heaving as Steve did her hard. I was so horny seeing all this sex around me I knew it wouldn’t take me long.

“Yes, yes, yes, Josh, harder, yes, oh God yes, I’m...I’m... cummingggggggggggggggg!” My screams echoed across the lake.

The moans, groans, squeals and screams all followed mine. Cum was flying, some guys pulling out, some not giving a shit and cumming deep. Every girl within earshot was orgasmic, perhaps driven by hearing the others climax at the same time. When the dust settled (well, maybe not dust, but as the water settled) naked bodies lay everywhere in languid repose. Several milk-white streamers of semen floated on the surface of the water.

Danielle walked out onto the deck, wearing what looked like Robby’s undershirt, and said, “Holy shit!”

We must have been quite a sight to someone who didn’t know about the fuck-fest.

I waved to her and got out of the hot tub. Cheryl smiled up to me as I urged her from the water. As Cheryl stood next to Dani and I, she fidgeted,



looking around for something to cover up with.

“Don’t be silly. Look around,” I said, motioning around the deck at all our naked friends. “Now look at you. You’ve got the best body around. You’re a 10. Don’t be ashamed of showing it off, I mean, be proud of what you got, girl.”

“Really?”

“Really.” I leaned toward her and whispered, “How was the sex? Felt good, didn’t it?”

She smiled at me, and said, “Yes! Oh, Faith, you were soooooo right!”

I gave her a hug, which she wasn’t all that comfortable with, both of us naked like we were. “Let’s go into the house...want a drink?” She agreed so I fetched a couple of Smirnoff Ices from a cooler and gave her one as we headed off the deck.

Before we went into the cabin, she stopped and stared at a corner of the deck where Leroy was fucking his girlfriend. I admired the scene too, watching Leroy’s magnificent chocolate ass tense and relax as he pumped his thick cock, the slap of his balls against her easily heard above the sound of the bubbling hot tub.

“Looks good, doesn’t it?” I asked, but except for a small nod she didn’t answer. She was hypnotized. Whether she was conscious of it or not, one hand had moved up to cup a breast. Yes, Leroy’s ass could do that. Now that Cheryl had a taste of sex, I figured she might be hooked. I winked at Danielle as she sat in a deck chair, beer in hand. She obviously saw Cheryl’s horny fascination, for the first time watching another couple fucking. I whispered to Cheryl, “Let’s go, hon, you can have some of that later if you want.” The look on her face when she turned to me was priceless.

Walking into the house, we came upon Robby lighting a fire in the big fireplace. Cheryl froze again at the sight of him. Robby was hung like a horse, and his dick was wonderfully dangling there for us to see. I knew Robby was dumber than shit, but that didn’t stop any girl from enjoying his endowment.

He looked up at us entering the room and did a double take on seeing Cheryl in all her naked splendor. “Hi Faith, hi Cheryl, coming in here to warm up?” He said, not taking his eyes off her. “The fire will be roaring in a minute, why don’t you come over here and relax.”

He had a big quilt spread out on the floor. I presumed this is where Danielle and him had fucked earlier. I coaxed Cheryl to sit on the quilt while the fire began to blaze. I reclined next to Robby. He wasn’t interested in me

as much anymore with Cheryl's sudden, shall we say, availability. She'd gulped down most of her Smirnoff Ice. Liquid courage? She remained transfixed on Robby's dick.

I whispered to Robby, "How's that beautiful cock of yours? Dani didn't wear it out, did she?" I reached over and palmed his cock, feeling it begin to swell.

"Why? You want to try wearing it out yourself?" He smiled at me, his eyes though still on Cheryl.

"You know what I can do," I said, and went down on him.

He mumbled, "Nice."

Cheryl groaned.

I sucked him until he swelled so erect it barely fit in my mouth. I wanted that cock to stretch me so much, but Robby was so intent on Cheryl that I figured I could wait. I pulled my lips away and turned toward a breathlessly aroused Cheryl.

"Maybe you'd like to try this one?" I asked her, waving Robby's masterpiece like a flag.

She didn't say a word, just swooned, as Robby went to work on her within the glow of the fireplace. He sucked on her clit before moving his body up between her thighs. When she saw his immense erection hovering over her, she moaned loudly, her legs spreading ever so slightly more. Damn, for someone who just lost their virginity less than an hour ago she sure was ready for more. He eased into her slowly. Within a few thrusts he was slamming into her to the hilt. I'd stood up and moved to a chair away from the fire, masturbating while watching them go at it.

Cheryl's hips were writhing and her caterwauling was awe-inspiring. I'd wondered if her recently de-virgined vagina could take Robby's size, but her cries and bucking hips said she was enjoying him very well, thank you. For his part, Robby was maintaining a pace that would ensure he enjoyed fucking the prettiest cheerleader equally as well.

"Whoa, is that Cheryl? Jesus Christ!" I stopped fingering myself long enough to see Leroy standing near me, watching them fuck like rabbits in the flickering glow cast from the fireplace.

One look at his dark, sculpted form standing there and I had to have him. "Never mind Cheryl, come here and fuck me good!"

I sucked Leroy's cock to sufficient stiffness, then leaned over the chair

and offered my ass to him. He rammed into me from behind like the good doggie I was and fucked me hard. The slap-slap-slap of his balls against me competed with Cheryl's wails as all the sounds of sex echoed through the large room.

Then came the sounds of climax: Cheryl's "AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAhhhhhhh!" was punctuated by Robby's "Oh God!" which dueled with Leroy's loud grunts and my "YESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!"

Cheryl and Robby collapsed in each other's arms and promptly fell asleep. Leroy and I walked back out to the deck, each grabbing another beer on the way.

"Damn it girl, you are one hot piece of ass, you know that?" Leroy said, looking like he was hoping to get it up one more time.

"Like I always say, 'you gotta have Faith'," I said with a giggle.

He told me how he had to pull some of the "drunken fools" from the hot tub before they "cooked like lobsters." Steve was one of them. Leroy said that Steve had jumped Anita, probably thinking he was quite the stud after busting his girlfriend Cheryl's cherry, oblivious to Cheryl getting better 'seconds' with Robby inside. According to Leroy, Anita gave in, but "didn't

seem impressed,” which was his way of saying she didn’t scream a quarter as loud as Cheryl when she came.

It warmed my heart (and other body parts) to see people still screwing in and around the hot tub. Danielle, in fact, was getting double-teamed by a couple of the football players. I figured DP was next, and sure enough a cock made it into each hole. Boy, could my friend Dani be noisy, especially now getting ass-fucked!

Over on one of the lounge chairs two girls were making out, neither of which I would have ever thought was bi or lesbian. This was way cool! I looked around for Josh but he wasn’t there.

Leroy said, pointing to the hot tub, “Shit, look at that water. Must be all cum-suds in there. You gonna have a cleanin’ chore ahead of you, girl.”

“Don’t worry about the tub. Can you help me pick up some of these bottles and cans? Fuck, they’re everywhere!”

“Sure I’ll help you, Faith, but what does ol’ Leroy get in return?”

I smiled up at him and patted him on the ass. “Why, Leroy, you get some more Faith.”

He guffawed, and we started picking up all the trash. We left the deck

behind and did some picking up in the rest of the house. Ah, *there* was Josh, in one of the bedrooms, deep-brown Felicia hopping up and down on his glistening pole. Leroy and I stopped for a second and watched them.

“The sister likes ‘em white,” he whispered.

I elbowed him. “So what, you do too,” I whispered back.

He grabbed my ass, “You’re right about that.”

Watching Felicia riding Josh faster as she moaned and whimpered, Leroy leaned toward me and whispered in my ear, “This whole scene turns you on, doesn’t it?” I looked at him but didn’t answer. He added, “you know what I mean, this party, everybody fucking, little white cheerleaders’ cherries a-poppin’, the whole orgy thing—it’s your fuckin’ spigot—gets all that pussy juice flowing, don’t it?”

“Well...yeah,” I said matter-of-factly. I like fucking and I like to see everyone else fucking too. So what’s the big deal?”

“No big deal, excepting this,” he said, pulling me away from the bedroom door and showing me his erect cock.

He pulled me along back toward the living room, where the spot in front of the fireplace was now vacant. He laid me down in front of the still

smoldering fire and began tonguing me. He didn't need to do that to get me ready, I already was hot for him—or anyone for that matter.

He can be quite the pile driver when he gets going, and he was *going*. He slammed into me, exactly what I needed. I was soon crying out “HARDER! DEEPER! FASTER!” and like a good boy he did as he was told.

“YESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS, OH, YESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!” I screamed, the incredible orgasm, borne by my need, by the whole sex-filled atmosphere, overwhelming me, taking me down, down...

He groaned, “Damn you girl, you're draining me,” as he came deep within my convulsing vagina.

We showered together before walking around and surveying the damage. Although it was near dawn, a few couples were still drinking and fucking. I shut off the empty hot tub, trying not to think about its cleaning, cum stains everywhere. We found Cheryl passed out with her head resting on Steve's midsection, her hand on his flaccid cum-covered cock. Dani and Robby were asleep in one of the bedrooms. I pondered the consequences of not seeing a single condom used all night, figuring they could ding me for the booze maybe, but not *THAT*. In another bedroom a pile of bodies lay



entangled on the bed; I recognized Josh's ass, Rick's head and Felicia's tits, but the others—or even how many there were—remained a mystery I had no urge to solve just then. I'd get everyone out of here and on the way home in a while.

“Had a good time, Leroy?”

“What do you think?” He said with a big grin. “I got to have my favorite piece of ass twice.” He gave me a big kiss as his hands found my ass one more time.

No third time. After we talked for a while about college, Leroy got dressed and took off after he'd roused some of the 'body pile' folks in the back bedroom, including Josh, who followed Leroy out the door. So much for Josh being my prom date —laugh! —that was meant as a joke. I picked up a few more empties and took inventory of those who were still there. I finally located my thong and slipped it back on. I draped my dress over a chair and said what the hell and popped open another beer. Breakfast! I went back out to the deck, sat in a lounge chair, and admired the black-turning-to-navy dawn sky.

Sleepy-eyed Dani came out to the deck, still naked. “Well, Faith, I think your idea was a hit. Senior year is going out with a bang...or two,” she

said, her lust-swollen tits bouncing as she giggled.

When she flinched sitting in the chair next to me, I asked, “You sore?”

“Maybe a little bit.”

“First time?”

“You mean the two-for-one-sale? Yeah. Felt good, and I’m sure my asshole will be back to normal tomorrow,” she said with a laugh.

“I’m not sore,” I declared.

“How many?”

“Once with Josh and twice with Leroy.”

“Leroy! He’s so fucking good!”

“You got that right. But I never did get to have Robby...he got Cheryl instead. Can you believe how wild she got after her hymen was liberated? She’ll be a slut for sure when she gets to college!”

“Yeah, that was amazing wasn’t it? Don’t you worry about losing out on Robby, maybe next weekend we could do a foursome, do you think Josh would go along?”

“Does he have a cock?” We both laughed.

We heard a door close followed by car doors slamming. The rest of the participants were going home. I asked Dani, “We the last?”

“Looks like it, girl.”

“I was gonna clean up some more, but I’m beat. I think I’ll sneak back up here before next weekend and finish the job. My parents will know *something* happened, but as long as the place isn’t trashed I’ll be ok.”

“On that note, I think I’ll get going. You riding with me, or you calling somebody for a lift?”

We both rose from our chairs. I said, “I guess if you’re going, I’m going.”

Danielle came close to me, “You’re my best friend in the world, you know that? I love you, Faith.”

She hugged me, her warm tits pushing into mine. The kiss was nowhere near sisterly. She had one hand at the nape of my neck and the other at my back, pulling me ever closer. She was my best friend, but this was a first for us. I’d never planned for the moment, but now that it was happening, I was thrilled and incredibly horny. We stumbled into the house and fell to

the quilt that still occupied the space before the glowing embers of the dying fireplace. The quilt wasn't *too* wet and sticky to use one more time.

She tore my thong off and we began tonguing each other in a sixty-nine stranglehold. We were two insatiably hungry girls, in spite of the sex we'd had throughout the night. I wasn't very experienced in the flavors of pussy, but Danielle's was exquisite, even if I tasted more familiar cum remnants still inside her. We thrashed, licked, and crushed our tits fiercely into each other.

When I absently fingered her anus as I sucked on her clit, she uttered, "Don't...do...that...."

I imagined she said that because she was still sore from her earlier anal adventure, but with my fingertip still parting her sphincter, she came with an explosive spray of pussy juice and an ungodly scream of ecstasy. Having been satisfied, Dani lost all concentration in getting me off. That was all right with me. I wasn't easy to keep satisfied anyway, orgasm or not.

We showered, and I put my dress back on minus my shredded thong, which went into the trash. Danielle wore the t-shirt and shorts she'd thoughtfully brought along. We locked up and climbed into her car.

On the way back to the city we talked of the prom, the party, graduation, summer, and college in the fall. We were both glum. We'd been

friends for eons and soon would be going to different colleges in different states.

“I hope you don’t have second thoughts about what we just did,” she said, momentarily taking her eyes off the road to look at me.

“You mean the sex? Dani, I love you too much to think badly of you for that. I think we both needed to love each other that way just once. You’re my friend forever, no matter where life takes us.”

Her smile meant more to me than any of the orgasms I had all night.

I reached across the center console and placed my hand on her thigh.  
“Okay, let’s talk about that foursome.”

# The End

*I wanted to tell this story as a way to exorcise the demons of my teen years. My senior prom was a disaster. My date ignored me except in his car after the dance, where he tried desperately to get inside my panties. I wasn't going to let the idiot have the satisfaction. It's not like I was a virgin saving myself for my prince charming to come along. I wrote about my early sexual experiences in Summer Camp Memories, so you know I wasn't a teenaged prude when it came to sex, but my insecurities (a little overweight, acne, etc.) weren't going to allow me to simply give in to anyone.*

*I wish at that age I'd had thechutzpah, the self-assuredness of Faith to go after what I wanted sexually. I was a horny teenage girl too timid to go for it. So you see, Faith is the 'inner me'. I love her, and I hope you do too.*

*With Love,*

*Donna*

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