**Katie Deals With A Flood Of A Different Sort**

by JW  
  
Katie looked soddenly out her bedroom window. It was around 8pm and any plans she had for later were surely going down the storm drain right along with the rain that had started a couple of hours earlier. According to the weatherman it was supposed to be raining all night. With every set of headlights that passed by her window, Katie watched a shot of adrenaline go by. Every car represented a chance of being seen naked; a dodge to the left or right looking for cover before being seen; but, because of the stupid rain, that was not to be.  
  
Katie watched tv absentmindedly for the next couple of hours until her mom knocked on her door and proclaimed that it was bedtime. Katie tried to sleep but she did nothing but tossed and turned; her mind recalling memories of previous days and nights. She thought about dancing naked in the living room while Billy sat across the street completely clueless to her naked form in the window. And about the 2nd night she went for a walk and almost being caught by a late night driver. She even thought about the creepy crawly thing that helped itself to the folds between her legs before crawling up her ass. The last memory caused Katie to sit straight up, she could swear she felt things crawling on her again.   
  
She pulled the covers off of her body, looking to see if the things were real or not. All she saw was her hand between her legs pressed tightly against her crotch. She felt warm down there, and very wet; even through her panties and shorts she could feel the wetness. Just to be sure she slid her hand inside her panties and confirmed the warm, sticky juices that flowed from her pussy. Yes, she finally decided to refer to them for what they were, a pussy and tits. Her hands acted as if they had minds of their own; they started by pulling her shorts and panties down around her ankles and dropped them on the floor, then her shirt. She was completely naked now and her hands went on with the business at hand. Her right hand wasted no time in finding the sweet spot between her legs. Two fingers expertly slipped in to her waiting hole and began massaging inside slowly retreating and reentering her. Her left hand was busy kneading her tits and pinching her nipples which seemed to send an electric charge to her clit.  
  
The slow caressing only lasted a few minutes as her hand sped up in between her legs. Her fingers moved feverishly in and out of her slick hole until they were jack hammering her with all they were worth. Eventually two fingers felt like one big fat finger and her pussy expanded and contracted around it constantly producing more of her natural lube. She could hear the swishing as she ...ed herself. And not to be outdone, her palm beat against her clit with every bang sending a constant charge throughout her body. She couldn't help herself anymore; she thought of Billy, she thought of the driver, she thought of dancing in front of the window. Wimpers started coming from her and she tried biting her lip to keep quiet. As the sensation of her finger ...ing grew more intense, the noises became louder. She turned over to stuff her head in her pillow as the jackhammering continued from behind. Her ass was in the air feverishly meeting every pump of her hand; she was like a wild child possessed by the feeling of pure ecstasy going through her body. She turned back over on her back and bit down on the pillow as she looked up to the ceiling, wondering, wishing that she would go over the edge soon. She switched hands and didn’t miss a beat in the banging, spreading her legs as wide as they would go and then closing them around her hand. She needed the release, she needed to cum and she needed it now. Her mind replayed the last few days over and over again and then…  
  
The headlights filled her room though she couldn't see the car attached to them as her bed was below the window. This was the catalyst and she let go as her body tensed and she covered her entire face with her pillow. She screamed as the feelings and emotions washed over her. Her pussy felt like it came alive and was unloading every bit of sex juice she had. It was pouring over her hand and down the crack of her ass and onto the sheets. Her eyes rolled in the back of her head and she was trying to catch her breath. The orgasm seemed like it lasted for ever and when she finally came down she just laid there, taking in what had just happened and trying to make sense of the emotions she experienced.  
  
Katie lied on her bed spent both physically and emotionally. She still was not fully comprehending what just happened but she did know this; that the headlights from the car that passed was what put her over the top, plain and simple. Her last thought was cumming as an anonymous driver was passing by only yards from her window and then she blacked out into sexual bliss. One thing was for certain, Katie knew that her life would change from this point on. No longer would it be enough to take midnight strolls, although those would continue; she knew she had to satisfy this new whatever it was in different ways. Katie had become an exhibitionist junkie and much like the druggie always looking for their next fix, so would Katie. She needed to take risks to get off and that was her intention. Oh it wouldn't be the obvious way, she was too young for that so it will be more of the “accidental” variety; making it seem like she was unaware that she was exposing a part of her body. Katie finally regained enough strength to clean herself and her sheets up and then drifted off to sleep with a smile on her face and her pillow between her nude body.