**ENF Stories**

These are stories that were emailed to me as part of a group I belong to on Yahoo. I enjoyed the stories and thought I would share them.

The first one is a baby sitting story:

Hello, I'm new here. Love the group. I thought maybe I'd share my story of being humiliated while babysitting young boys.

It's happened to me twice, the first one is more appropriate for the group so I'll tell that one, the second not so much...

this story goes back to how i got into having near constant fantasies about being stripped in front of boys I'm charge of to begin with. it started with a babysitting job i had my first summer out of college. my neighbor had a young son that needed to be watched a lot over the summer for weekends at a time. I didn't have a job that summer and was living with my parents so i was happy to help. little did i know it would change my sexual fantasies for ever.

The boy would always have his two friends over when i would be there, for the sole reason being to ogle me. i knew i was in these teenage boys sexual perverted thoughts all the time when they would jerk off imagining themselves doing things to their sexy babysitter, and i guess i didn't mind it, i did like to tease them a bit which i know was cruel. they had a pool and of course i would get in my bikini's that would show off my breasts to these boys who have probably never seen a more erotic scene in their lives than my body in a bikini...

anyway, one day, a fateful day, i took a swim and then decided to take a shower. there was only one boy, the boy i babysit, at the house then. and when i went upstairs i saw they were playing video games. what i didn't know is that the boy had one of his friends over that i did not see and they had decided to play a gag on me. when i came out of the shower i was changing in the guest room when i heard the boy yell out for me to come quick, i thought something was wrong so i grabbed my towel and wrapped it around me quickly and ran out, i saw the boy on the stairs and he was looking at my dripping wet towel clad body wide eyed.

anyway, i'm looking at him and i say "what?" when his friends creeps up behind me. but instead of just scaring me, like they had planned, he just rips my towel away from me leaving me completely naked in front them. i'm so shocked and i try desperately to cover myself and finally turn to run back in the bedroom. i stay there for a while and finally decide to come down stairs where its only tommy there. he apologizes and pleads with me to believe him that he had no idea his friend was going to do that. i'm ok with it then we move on from
there. but i ended up getting so turned on by the thougth of being stripped naked in front the boy i babysit.

so that started to get me thinking crazy thoughts, what if they took it further then just taking my towel? what if they blocked my escape? what if they tied me up? how humiliated would i be if were tied up with my hands above my head completely naked in front of the boys i was supposed to be in charge of. and what if they called the other boys from the neighborhood over who all have crushes on me and would kill to see me naked...

i felt humiliated, and i realized that humiliation turned me on. and the reason it was so humiliating was because of the age difference and me being in a position of authority. so the rest of the summer i would get off on thinking about being forcibly stripped in front of those boys and how humiliating it would be. i would even sometimes change in the bedroom and leave the door slightly ajar thinking they would be spying on me.

I'm 29 years old, that happened 2 years ago. The second time was over this past summer. But since then I'm always looking for babysitter related stories or anything related to my experience.

Unfortunatly she didn't post what happened the second time.

**Here's the second story I received:**
When I was about 12 I had a good friend with a 17 year old sister whom I always fantasized about. I would hang out at my buddy’s house mostly so I could ogle her every chance I got. They had a split level house. Upstairs was the main part of the house. His parents stayed upstairs and seldom ventured down into the basement where we always hung out.

My buddy’s sister’s bedroom was at one end of the basement. As you walk out her door on the left was a large open area where they had their pool table, couch, TV and a patio door out to the pool. In the corner opposite her bedroom was the downstairs bathroom.

So many times I would be at his house and his sister would walk through basement in a bikini, wrapped in a towel, wearing pajamas with very thin material or sometimes just a t-shirt. The t-shirt would drive me insane because her nipples would peak through the material. Her t-shirts were very short but her panties would never seem to show which made me wonder if she wore them at all. At the time I didn’t know what a tease was but that’s exactly what she was doing to me.

One summer afternoon were in their pool when she came in her tiny string bikini. She was tall with small breast that fit her slender body perfectly. Her best friend was with her. The both acted like they were annoyed that her little brother and his two buddies were there. The five of us started our typical banter which quickly escalated from us three boys splashing water on the two girls as they tried to layout in the sun to the girls chasing us around the pool trying to push us in. I really enjoyed getting them to chase me because they would be lying on their stomach with their top untied. When they jumped up to chase they would hold one hand across their chest to press their bikini top to their boobs. This always provided a provocative glimpse of the un-tanned portion of the side of their boobs. That was a big deal to 12 year old boys.

This is where things got really fun. My fantasy girl eventually caught me and was wrestling me using only one arm. The other was occupied with holding her top on. I grabbed her arm and pulled her into the pool with me. When she surfaced I was disappointed that she was still holding her top. She was telling me what a pain in the ass I was as she paddled to the ladder. When she grabbed the ladder with her free hand I grabbed her wrist and pulled it through the back of the ladder rail. That pinned her against the ladder. Since her other arm continued to be occupied by her bikini top, she couldn’t effectively struggle free.

She demanded that I let her loose and I told her I would only do so after she announced to everyone there that she was sorry about calling me a stupid little brat. She stubbornly refused until I threaten to yank down her bikini bottoms. Her friend thought her situation was funny and she didn’t even try to help. In fact, she cheered me on as did my other buddy. Her brother wasn’t sure what to do so he didn’t do anything.

When she refused to apologize, I still did not have the nerve to yank her bottoms down. My buddy swam over as I held her and tied the strings of her bikini top in very tight knots to the ladder railing. I let go of her free arm but she still couldn’t move because the knots we so tight she needed both hands to untie them. Since she wasn’t willing to release her bikini top, she was stuck. She started demanding that her friend come untie her but her friend thought her situation funny and suggested that she better apologize to me. Now you would think that a girl in such a situation would just apologize but she just refused to do so. That’s when her friend told me that I should just go ahead and yank down her bikini bottoms. She continued to pretend she had some authority over the rest of us when, in a matter of fact sort of way, she declared that we had better not or else.

That started a chorus of “do it!...do it!...do it!” So I dove under the water, carefully avoided her kicking legs and peeled her bikini bottom down her long, slender and well tanned legs. Because that was the first time I saw a live girl naked from the waist down, I remember it like it was yesterday. The contrast between her tanned and un-tanned region was dramatic. I surfaced holding my trophy above my head. She was screaming at me to give her tiny bikini bottoms back. Everyone else was laughing hysterically. I threw her bottoms out of the pool and across to the other side.

Her “friend” then suggested that we pull her out of the water. However, before we could get the nerve up to do so, the sister must have realized she didn’t want to be pulled naked out of the pool so she released her bikini top, quickly scrambled up the ladder and streaked around the pool through the patio door straight to the bathroom. Unfortunately for her she had taken the towels out of the bathroom to use by the pool. Although her situation had improved, she was trapped in the bathroom naked and still at our mercy. If she wanted someone to bring her a towel, she was going to have to get one of us to bring it.

The four of us hovered around the pool table just outside the bathroom door. Through the door she began negotiating with us trying to convince us to hand her a towel. We just told her that a towel was sitting across the back of the couch and all she had to do was come out and get it. I doubt anyone actually believed she would – I certainly never expected it. But eventually, out she popped, covering herself with her hands and racing to grab the towel. She wrapped it around her body then ran to her bedroom the entire time swearing revenge on us all – especially her friend.

The odd thing was, she could have easily waited probably 20 minutes or at least no more than an hour and her parents would have been home. We wouldn’t have dared let her parents hear her yelling at us to give her a towel. The other odd thing was that it would have been a direct sprint from the bathroom to her bedroom. Instead, she chose to run directly past us, around the pool table to the couch in the corner in order to grab the towel and then wrap it around her naked body.

Now you might think that is the end of the story….it isn’t!

The reason she reminded me of you is that after this incident, it seemed like she was always wrapped in that towel or taking a shower while we hung out downstairs. This would send my hormones into overdrive and I no longer had control over my actions. About a week after the pool incident, after seeing her parade around in her towel half a dozen times or more, I got up the nerve, with the encouragement of my other buddy, to sneak into the bathroom and steal her towel off the rack. The shower curtain was clear but the condensation made her image a little blurry. When she saw me in the bathroom she quickly covered up and yelled at me to get out. When she got out of the shower and noticed the towel missing, awkwardly moved to close the bathroom door while attempting to shield her body with her hands. Then she cracked the door enough so she could look at me leaning against the pool table holding her towel. I tried to bargain with her to come out and get it but the best I could do was to get her to show me a side view of her body with the best parts carefully concealed by the door or her hands. This type of teasing just drove me crazy! It always left me with a passion to make her show me more.

When I took her towel she never seemed overly angry but more playful. This surprised me. I also wondered why she did not simply lock the bathroom door.

One hot afternoon I had just finished a little league baseball game and went straight to her house to cool off in the pool. Her brother’s game was not over so he was not home yet. When I got there I went into the bathroom to change into my trunks. When I came out, there was his sister standing outside the door in her towel. Now you would think that if we were the only two there and I had already twice snuck in and took her towel that she would at least lock the door – she didn’t! So I waited until I was sure she was in the shower, opened the door, walked in and took her towel. This time, as I was sneaking back out something came over me and I turned, went back in and yanked the shower curtain open. She screamed and looked at be wide-eyed like she couldn’t believe I had done that.

I quickly back peddled out of the bathroom. She leaped out of the shower yelling at me that she was going to kick my ass. My heart was beating so hard and I just didn’t have enough maturity to realize that I actually wanted her to catch me. Thinking back, I would have loved to have gotten my ass kicked by a naked goddess. Damn that was so stupid of me not to let her catch me. Instead, she pursued me in her birthday suit around the pool table and couch a couple of times before I escaped out the patio door.

Over the years I've heard many stories like yours which may explain why she seemed to always be in a situation for me to see her naked. I think she enjoyed it almost as much as I did.

Where were girls like that when I was growing up???