Innocent Exposure

Part 1

By: Hooked6

Sometimes the most unexpected things happen that start out quite innocently.

A while back my sister Dana asked me to baby sit her son while she drove to

the airport to pick up her husband. My sister and I aren’t that close so I

welcomed the chance to be included in the care of my little nephew who was 3

at the time. At 17, I felt I was more than capable of handling the little guy.

I was outside in the front yard doing some yard work when she arrived. After

some pleasantries she left little Jason in my care and took off for the

airport. “Be careful with him,” she warned, “He’s quite clingy.”

I had a boyfriend like that once so I figured she meant that he was probably

going to require a lot of attention and be underfoot most of the time. “That’s

OK,” I replied. “I’m sure we’ll get along fine.”

Little did I know how true my sister’s remark was going to turn out to be! No

sooner had my sister left, I discovered his boundless energy. It was obvious

he wanted to play and had absolutely NO patience. I, however, wanted to finish

my yard work before going inside so I gave him a few things that he could play

with by himself and went back to raking my grass clippings.

I suddenly felt him wrap himself around my legs and he held on for dear life.

“PLAY!” was all he said over and over. “Play with me!”

I managed to separate him from my leg and I politely told him I would play

with him as soon as I finished my chores. “PLAY!” he screamed again and was

right back wrapping himself around my legs. I pushed him away a second time

and resorted to bribery. “If you sit here just for a minute I’ll give you some

ice cream when I’m done.” I said sweetly. He smiled and I was sure that THIS

time I had won out. Never underestimate the power of Ice Cream!

I picked up my rake again and intended on quickly finishing up when I got the

surprise of my life. Little Jason shocked me trying to climb up my legs by

grabbing the back of my sweatpants for leverage. Of course being loose-fitting

primarily designed for comfort rather than for support, they dropped right off

my waist and onto the ground – exposing my thong panties to the whole

neighborhood!

There I was standing with my pants around my ankles entangled with little

Jason. Despite my best efforts to quickly extract him from around my legs, I

discovered that he was a lot stronger than I imagined. Little Jason apparently

thought this was a game of tug-of-war or something because he did his best to

keep me from pulling them up.

Just then a car passed by and I realized what a show I was putting on and I

felt a sense of urgency to cover myself!

No such luck. Little Jason kept at it. “Let go you little Brat!” I cried. He

just laughed. I hopped around a bit hoping to break his grip but all I did was

make myself look stupid! Just then I heard somebody say, “Need some help?”

I turned around to see Mr. Jenkins, my next door neighbor standing there on

the sidewalk with a huge grin on his face!! I had no idea how long he had been

watching. I quickly bent down, giving him what I could only describe as a

perfect full-moon, and forcibly picked little Jason up off the ground as he

was kicking and screaming. I ended up stepping out of my sweat pants in all

the excitement and I didn’t dare bend over again to pick them up. Leaving them

lying on the ground, I started walking to the front door of my house in just

my small cut-off T-shirt and my thong.

“No thanks,” I replied not wanting be rude, “Just dealing with a little

behavior problem.” As I shut the door I saw him still standing there laughing.

It wasn’t until later that I started getting that funny feeling as I recalled

what had happened. I wondered if he saw the lips of my labia separated by only

the thin strap of material that ran between my legs. I was dying to know so I

went to my bedroom and checked out the view for myself in my own full-length

mirror. What I saw almost made my legs week! I replayed that image over and

over again in my mind. The more I thought about it, the more aroused I got.

Trust me guys, wearing a small thong is not the most effective thing to sop up

a girl’s wetness, if you get the picture. That only made matters worse.

Meanwhile, my little nephew was yelling, “ICE-CREAM!” in the next room. “YOU

promised!”

As my luck would have it as I checked my freezer, I was out of ice-cream! Try

as I might he wanted nothing else. “YOU PROMISED!” he repeated incessantly.

This meant I would have to go to the grocery store if I wanted to end his

whining.

Then I got a wild idea. My pants were still outside on the lawn. Wicked

thoughts ran through my mind, “Just go out and get them,” said a voice deep

inside of me. “Your neighbors have already seen what happened earlier. Just

take Jason with you!”

The more I thought about it, the more rational it sounded. I guess my hormones

won out because I found myself picking up the little guy and heading for the

front door in just my thong and cut-off T-shirt! My heart raced as I unlatched

the door and peeked outside. I couldn’t believe what I was about to do. I must

tell you that I had NEVER done anything so outrageous in all my life! I was

soooo wet I could hardly stand it.

I was almost ready to chicken out when Jason yelled, “ICE CREAM!” again right

in my ear. I guess that little push from him was all that I needed because I

walked right out the front door and headed toward the spot in the yard where I

left my sweatpants.

I bent down with my nephew still on my hip and picked them up. Then I got

another wicked thought. I decided just to walk to my car carrying them rather

than putting Jason down and trying to get dressed. This of course innocently

prolonged my exposure and I loved it! I opened the car door and realized that

I hadn’t brought my purse or my car keys!

I tossed my pants in the front seat and returned to the house still holding

Jason. As I stood outside facing the front door as I once again was about to

leave, I took out my keys and fiddled with them a while. I knew I was giving

anyone who was watching a good long look at my ass. After locking my front

door I started out toward my car and almost dropped my little nephew as I

heard the sound of a horn blowing as a car went by.

With Jason securely in his car seat, I drove to the grocery store still

wearing only my thong panties. What a rush! It was only after parking my car

that I carefully pulled on my sweatpants and retrieved my little tyke.

I was so proud of my little adventure but was glad that it was over. I felt a

bit guilty about the whole affair and tried to put it out of my mind.

I grabbed a little shopping basket and holding it in one hand took hold of

Jason with the other. I decided that since I was at the store I would get a

few things that I really needed. I should have known that he wouldn’t

cooperate. “ICE CREAM!” he began shouting after only a minute or two.

“I’ll get your ice cream in a minute. I need a few other things first!”

I reprimanded. He didn’t care. “ICE CREAM, NOW!” he bellowed again.

He began dragging his feet and then became limp – just a dead weight on my

arm. He wasn’t going to budge. “FINE! You just sit here by yourself! I’m going

to finish my shopping!” I said trying a little psychology as I left him on the

floor.

I looked over my shoulder as I walked away figuring that he would soon get up

and follow me. He didn’t. He just sat there. It was obvious he was testing me.

I wasn’t about to let him win so I walked on and rounded the corner of the

next aisle. I waited. Surely he would come any second now. “ICE CREAM!” I

heard him yell at the top of his lungs from the next aisle over. “ICE CREAM,

NOW!”

That did it. I figured I might as well just hurry along and get what I needed

from this aisle and go back and get the little pain-in-the-ass.

I walked down to the end of my aisle near the front of the store, grabbed a

few things and I was putting them in my basket when it happened.

Jason had run up from behind me and started climbing on my legs and as sure as

the sun comes up every morning, my pants ended up around my ankles! Just like

before I was left in my fairly sheer white thong only this time it was in a

crowded store! People were laughing as I tried to bend over to get my pants.

Then things got worse!

As I stooped down and tried to grab my pants with one hand while holding the

shopping basket with the other I felt Jason’s hand grab a hold of the

waistband of my thong . . . “ICE CREAM!” He yelled again, “I WANT ICE CREAM!”

Startled by all of this I stood up, thinking I had a hold of my pants. I guess

I didn’t have such a good hold as Jason was still standing on them and they

fell out of my grasp and right back toward the floor - but that wasn’t the

worst part. As I stood up, my panties went down! That little brat still had a

grip on them as he sat on the floor all jumbled up on my pants. The small

thong easily slid down my legs and was bunched up at my ankles still in the

grasp of my nephew!! My pussy was now completely exposed as what I believe

where at least a dozen people looking on and laughing!

No one offered to help mind you. They just stood there watching me as I

desperately tried to free my clothes from this whining little snot! I was so

aroused, however, I could actually smell myself and that only added to my own

humiliation.

I turned around to push him off my ankles and realized that a whole new group

of people got to see my exposure. I finally, like before, had to bend over and

pick the troublemaker up off the ground. The mental image of what I flashed to

those behind me blazed itself in my mind and my face got really flushed. I

recalled from my bedroom mirror how clearly my labia had been displayed as I

bent over. My heart was racing now!

Standing up, I handed him to a nice older lady as I once again had to bend

over another time and retrieve my clothing. I was so embarrassed at having to

dress myself in a supermarket!! I apologized to everyone there as Jason kept

yelling, “ICE CREAM!”

“That’s OK,” said one man. And other added, “What that child needs is a good

spanking!”

As I checked out I felt as though EVERYONE was watching me – leering at me was

more like it. I wondered how many people I had shown my pubes to that day and

debated whether I would ever shop in that store again.

The rest of the day was unremarkable. I live with mixed emotions now,

wondering if my sister will ever call again for me to watch my nephew! Part of

me hopes she calls soon!

Innocent Exposure – Part 2

By: Hooked6 (Hooked6@hotmail.com)

My sister, Dana, stopped by later in the week for a visit on her way to pick

up Jason from pre-K. She thanked me profusely once again for watching her son

so she could go to the airport. I told her I was glad to be of help.

“Did he give you any trouble?” she asked carefully.

“No . . . we got along fine,” I said being tactful and trying not to offend.

“Really?” she asked almost in disbelief. “He didn’t cause you any problems?”

Once again I lied trying to spare my sister’s feelings and hoping that she

didn’t think I couldn’t handle a simple babysitting job. “No, everything was

fine,” I reiterated.

“Hmmmm . . . that’s amazing.” She said almost to herself. “He wasn’t, um . . .

too clingy?” she asked.

“Well . . . he did require a lot of attention,” I said, “But nothing really out of the ordinary for a three year old.”

“But surely you found him clingy?” she asked again.

“What do you mean clingy?” I asked a bit unsure of where she was going with

this.

She finally opened up and began talking honestly about her concerns. Jason, it

seems like to literally cling – or hang on to my sister constantly resulting

in some very embarrassing situations. “Being an only child,” she elaborated,

“I guess I’ve already spoiled him. He just seems to grab at me all the time.

Sometimes I think I’m over-reacting, you know, and that this is what

three-year olds do. But then at other times I think he just likes doing . . .

these things . . . and on purpose too!” She explained.

“Things? What things?” I asked. Her face got that puzzled look as if she

couldn’t believe I didn’t understand. She then abruptly changed the subject.

“Well, maybe I’ve said too much already.” She said.

“No, go on,” I pleaded. “We’re sisters after all. You can confide in me. What

THINGS are you talking about?”

“Well, the first time this happened was about two months ago. I was at the

mall and I was walking along holding Jason as I shopped. All of a sudden I

noticed that he had the cutest little smile. As I was telling him how cute he

was he proceeded to pour, not spill but pour, his Coke all down the front of

my white T-shirt.”

“Dana, you know as well as I do that little children are clumsy. I’m sure it

was just an accident.” I stated.

“Yeah well, YOU weren’t there. I saw the look in his eyes. Besides, it was

such a pretty day that day I wasn’t even wearing a bra. There I was in the

middle of a crowded mall with a now see-through shirt. Even I could see my

nipples plain as day - I was so embarrassed!” she said. “I had to walk clear

to the other end of the mall to get to my car and all the while everyone was

staring at me!”

Looking at my sister I asked, “And you think he actually knew what he was

doing and did that on purpose? Come on admit he just spilled his drink.” Of

course down inside after what I had been through I had my doubts about what I

was telling her, but still, he was only three.

“Well then there was the time I took him to the beach. Jason was sitting next

to me playing in the sand with his shovel while I was trying to get some sun.

I was lying on my stomach and had unsnapped the top of my suit and was laying

on it, you know to keep from getting tan lines on my back? Anyway I had my

eyes closed and all of a sudden I was splashed by cold water. I was so

startled that I jumped up and saw my son laughing his head off holding his

pale. I wanted to throttle him right then and there I was so pissed, but then

I heard laughing. I looked up and saw four guys looking at me. I figured that

they had seen what my son had done and thought it was funny. I told them that

what my son did wasn’t funny at all. ‘How would YOU like it if somebody did

that to you?’ I asked them. I turned my attention back to my son when I

discovered that I was topless! When I had jumped up of course, I was unaware

that my top stayed on the blanket! There I was letting these guys get a good

look at my boobs! I quickly covered my chest with my arms and they watched all

the while I awkwardly tried to put it back on!”

I could actually picture that happening and felt bad for her. “It was an

accident,” I said, “he couldn’t possibly have known – you know – that you

would flash those guys!”

“Yeah, well, these ‘accidents’ seem to always happen to me,” she said

sarcastically. “Then there was the time that my husband, Stan, invited some

people from his work over to watch Monday Night Football. They were supposed

to arrive at 8:00pm, giving us enough time to eat supper and get ready. You

know me, I’m the neat freak of the family and keeping the house clean with a

young child is darn near impossible. Anyway, I cleaned up as best I could and

went to grab a quick shower.”

She then interrupted her train of thought, “Are you sure you want to know all

this?” she asked.

“Sure, go on and finish,” I said reassuringly.

“Well, I had just gotten out of the shower when I heard Stan yelling

something. He was asking where the big serving bowls where. Honestly, he’s so

helpless. Realizing that he’d never find them on his own even with me telling

him exactly where they were, I decided to wrap a towel around my body and go

and get them myself.

“I had no idea that many of our guests had already arrived until I

walked right out into the living room. Boy did I feel stupid being in front of

all those people with wet hair and wearing just a towel!”

I was aroused just imagining what that must have been like. I would have also

been so embarrassed. “What did you do?” I asked.

“Well, I thought it would look too stupid to dash back into the bathroom so I

decided to play it cool and just get the bowls and calmly return to getting

ready. But then Jason screwed that all up for me. He grabs onto my legs and

yells: ‘MOMMIE, PLAY WITH ME!’ Of course I tried to act like the perfect

parent and explain that I couldn’t right then but he would have none of that.

The little twerp grabs the bottom of my towel and starts to run away. Before I

knew what was happening the towel was off and I was standing naked in front of

Stan’s coworkers!!”

“OH MY! Dana, how embarrassing!!” I said excitedly.

“Let’s just say that was the day I learned that my son could really run! I

thought I could just immediately snatch the towel back, but he yanked it away

and took off laughing – almost as if he was taunting me as if he was daring me

to chase him. Of course the mother instinct took over my thoughts and all I

wanted to do was discipline my son – you know – make sure he didn’t get away

with it. All of the guests were laughing as I took a few steps toward my son

to get that towel but he ran off with it, ignoring my commands and screaming

his little head off. It was then I realized that I was naked – not just naked

mind you, but naked in front of strangers! I let out a shriek and ran to the

nearest place to hide – the garage!”

As I Listened to her story I knew EXACTLY what she was talking about. I wanted

to hear more so I prompted her, “So THEN what happened?”

“Needless to say I was so humiliated. I just stood there with my hands on the

door trying to hold it shut, as if somebody was going to follow me out there.

Of course no one did and I calmed down a bit. Then I heard the sound of a car

passing by and discovered to my horror that the garage door was wide open! My

first instinct was to run and close it. I had just reached up and had a hold

of the door when some more of our guests pulled into the driveway and stopped

right in front of the garage! I froze for what seemed at least a minute, like

in those dreams where you want to run but can’t? Anyway, I quickly pulled the

door closed but not before Tom and his wife got a good look at me!”

“Dana, how awful!” I exclaimed.

Needless to say it took me over an hour before I got up the courage to peek my

head out the door and call out to my husband. He brought me my towel and I had

to wrap around me as there was nothing else to use and come out to greet

everyone. Of course they all had to tease me about it and to make matters

worse, Jason was still running around the room laughing saying ‘mommy’s naked,

mommy’s naked.’ Stan later told me that our son did that the entire time I was

in the garage! Can you imagine? My son was reminding everyone of what had

happened by chanting that stupid rhyme. Of course as the other guests arrived

and heard him, everyone who had witnessed the actual event had to recount ALL

the details!! It was humiliating!”

”Dana, I’m so sorry. What a nightmare that must have been,” I said trying to

sound supportive.

“You honestly mean to tell me that you had no trouble with him at all?” she

asked. I finally had to confess what had happened to me in all the gory

details. I accompanied her to her son’s school as we both seemed to want to

talk about our experiences.

When we arrived at the school we saw a young lady bolt from the front door

wearing a bra and swinging her blouse furiously around her body as if she was

being attacked by a swarm of bees or something. My sister and I both laughed,

looked at each other and said simultaneously: “JASON!”

We didn’t need to know any details as we were both sure that her son had

something to do with the bizarre sight before us. I could only imagine what

Jason was going to be like when he was a teenager!

Innocent Exposure – Part 3

By: Hooked6 (Hooked6@hotmail.com)

Several weeks later I was invited by a classmate of mine, Traci, to a pool

party at her house on the upcoming weekend. I needed a new bikini so I headed

for the mall to basically kill a day and do some window shopping. Finding a

bikini in the middle of summer is not really as easy as it sounds. Most of the

good stuff was on the racks way back in early spring. By mid-summer most of

the trendy stuff is already gone leaving only the dregs and sizes that nobody

wears. It would take a little skill to find what I wanted so I was prepared to

spend the better part of the afternoon scouring the various stores until I was

satisfied.

I knew I would be changing into and out of things quite often as I’m pretty

picky about what I’m seen in by my peers. In an effort to make my life easier

I only wore a pair of sandals and a dark blue, free-flowing knee-length sun

dress which I could easily slip over my head in an instant. Changing into a

swimsuit several times is a drag especially when one has to go from store to

store. Wearing a pair of jeans and a shirt with all the delicate accessories

can make shopping a chore. This way would be much simpler. I must admit I felt

a bit naughty going without underwear but I rationalized this as purely a

matter of convenience given what I was shopping for.

After two hours of shopping I was no nearer my goal of finding the perfect

swimsuit. I was determined however not to give up and I decided to try some of

the lesser known stores in the mall in the hope of finding my prize. It was

then I spotted a small clothing store called Trendz and decided to check it

out. I had never heard of that particular store before but it was obviously

quite popular as it was full of people. It didn’t take long to figure out why

as I soon discovered they had loads of neat stuff for people my age. To my

delight I found a bikini that seemed to be what I was looking for though I

wasn’t sure about the size as it seemed rather small – too small in fact but I

was filled with optimism and decided to try it on anyway. If it fit I was sure

it would make me look “HOT.”

I had just entered one of the dressing rooms in the back of the store and had

stripped off my dress leaving it in a pile on the floor. Standing naked I was

in the process of trying to remove the bikini top from the hanger when I

became aware of someone messing with the curtain that covered my cubicle. “I’m

in here,” I said hoping whoever it was would get the message that this

dressing room was occupied.

There was no answer and the curtain stopped moving so I figured that whoever

it was had moved on. I went back to fiddling with that darned hanger when the

curtain began fluttering again only this time I saw a small hand grabbing hold

of it near the bottom.

I turned to face the curtain and before I could reach out to hold it closed,

it opened almost halfway completely exposing me to a store full of people!

There to my astonishment stood none other than my little nephew!

“JASON!” I cried out in a panic. “Let go of that!” The toddler just giggled

and began swinging the curtain back and forth playing with it as if it were

his personal plaything. I bent down to quickly try and grab the curtain away

trying not to create a scene. The last thing I wanted was to draw attention to

myself by yelling further.

My eyes then fixed on a young man holding several hangers of women’s clothes

staring at me just a few feet away. He was obviously waiting on his wife or

girlfriend as she tried on her selections. He just smiled politely but he

never did the gentlemanly thing by averting his eyes. “Kids,” I said nervously

and quickly covered my boobs with the hand still grasping the hanger and using

my free hand snatched the curtain away from my nephew and slid it closed. I

couldn’t believe what had just happened! My only thoughts were about that

young man seeing me naked!

In a nanosecond the curtain slid open again and Jason yelled, “Where’s mommy?”

Now two men were outside the room gawking as I desperately tried to gain

control over the situation.

I took a small step outside the room, took hold of my nephew’s arm and pulled

him inside the cubicle with me and snatched the curtain closed.

“Jason, that’s not nice,” I said in a half-whisper. “I was changing!”

“WHERE”S MOMMY?” he yelled loudly causing me to jump.

I tried to remain calm as I juggled the hanger in one hand all the while

firmly holding the curtain closed with my other hand. “I don’t know Jason. Is

she shopping in this store?”

He shrugged his shoulders and asked again. “Where’s mommy?”

“I don’t know, Jason,” I replied growing rather impatient. “Let me finish what

I’m doing and I’ll help you find her, Okay?”

“Okay,” he said innocently as he plopped on the floor seeming satisfied with

my answer. I was glad that was over. I should have just changed into my dress

and left but I had already invested several hours looking for the perfect

swimsuit and I wasn’t about to give up when I finally found something I

actually liked. I resumed my effort to get the top off the hanger. I finally

managed to do so and was preparing to unfasten the straps and put it on when I

just happened to look down and saw the last remnants of my dress sliding

across the floor under the curtain. Jason wasn’t in the room anymore either!

That little heathen must have crawled out under the curtain dragging my dress

with him.

I heard laughter outside in the store. Male and female voices chuckling as

they must have figured out that it was now obvious I was trapped inside as

that little brat displayed my personal clothing to them.

“Jason,” I called out sweetly as I cringed behind the curtain. “Give me back

my dress, okay?”

My comment made the shoppers laugh all the more.

“Jason, bring my dress back, okay honey . . . I really need my dress.”

Nothing happened as I desperately waited hiding behind the curtain, clinging

to it for all I was worth as it was my only means of preserving my modesty,

just in case Jason flung it open again bringing me back my dress. I really

wanted to be adult about this as people were obviously watching to see how I

was going to handle this. I had hoped someone was going to come to my rescue

but I think they were all wrapped up in watching the scene unfold to think

about helping me.

The erotic nature of my predicament wasn’t totally lost on me either. I was

trapped naked, not of my choosing, having been seen nude by several people my

age. I felt an odd sensation in the pit of my stomach – sort of a combination

of embarrassment and arousal. To a woman, feelings are everything and at the

moment I was having a hard time deciding just exactly ‘what’ I was feeling.

“Jason?” I cried out hopefully. Nothing but silence greeted me. I began to get

worried. My protective instincts began to dominate my thinking and I carefully

opened the curtain enough so that my head peered out into the store. There was

Jason on the floor with my dress playing with it dragging it one way then

another. “Jason, honey,” I said sweetly, “Bring me back my dress, okay?” Of

course the worried look on my face and the quivering in my voice only served

to confirm to the onlookers what up to now they only might have surmised –

that I was trapped naked inside the room.

I held out my arm towards my nephew and beckoned him to come to me. He just

laughed – that oh so infectious laughter that only a toddler can mutter

endearing everyone to him! His laughter caused the onlookers to join in

giggling as well. “Jason . . .” I pleaded again but this time he started

walking away dragging my dress with him.

My heart sank! “JASON!” I yelled forcefully hoping to get his attention. He

stopped, turned around and looked at me for a few seconds, laughed some more

and took several small steps away from me separating me from my clothing even

more. It was like a game with him and the crowd was eagerly lapping it up! I

wondered where the store workers were but then seeing all the shoppers milling

around everywhere inside the shop I figured they were busy and totally

oblivious to anything going on in the back of the store.

A small game of cat and mouse ensued resulting in my dress getting farther and

farther away. A few more steps and he would be out of sight my view being

blocked by racks of garments. “Jason, PLEASE, honey come back here, okay?” I

said with a bit of panic.

He then laughed hysterically and wandered off. I can only explain what I did

next by stating that fear overtook me – not fear for myself but for my little

nephew. I had no idea where my sister Dana was and in this day and age any

weirdo could have snatched him up and disappeared with him. Forgetting my

situation, I tossed the hanger on the floor, pulled open the curtain and went

out into the store! Yes, I was aware I was naked and I was nervous as could be

but I wanted – no NEEDED to find my nephew. Seeing the young men and women

looking at me with smiles on their faces caused me to instinctively use my

hands to cover myself as best I could in the classic Embarrassed Nude Female

pose. Still they looked anyway. Do you think ANYONE offered to help? No, they

just watched and laughed. I could see surprised looks on their faces as if

some of them couldn’t believe what I was doing, others were just ecstatic that

I was! I walked passed several people in the direction of the garment rack

Jason had disappeared behind only moments before – knowing full well that once

I passed the onlookers they would have a perfectly unobstructed view of my

ass! I could literally FEEL their eyes fixed on my backside!

I rounded the rack and there he was standing there dress in hand – as if he

was purposely waiting for me to follow him. I stopped and called out to him as

I held out my hand, “Here honey, give me my dress.”

He laughed and took several more steps stopping to see if I’d follow. Of

course a whole new set of onlookers now gawked at me having no clue as to what

had just transpired at the dressing room.

I took a few steps and he’d take a few – leading me ever closer to the front

on the store and the large display windows that looked out into the mall. I

was too far into the store to go back to the dressing room and too concerned

for his welfare to leave him. If I made a sudden leap towards him, he’d run

away. If I took baby-steps, he’d take baby-steps. He was testing my patience.

This was becoming personal with me and there was no way I wanted him to get

away with this. I was determined to teach him a lesson – albeit at the expense

of my modesty.

I finally managed to get close enough to him that if I made one last leap I’d

be able to grab my dress. By now I was in plain view of the front store

entrance and I could see people in the mall looking in at me and the strange

sight before them. It was as if time was standing still as I pondered what to

do next. I suddenly lurched forward and using both hands grabbed hold of my

dress and began to pull – hoping the little scamp would be dragged along to me

as well. He laughed hysterically and held onto the dress with all his might. I

didn’t want to pull too hard lest he’d fall and hurt himself so I measured my

strength so as not to let go. Of course while I did this everyone got a great

look at my naked body – my boobs, my pubes – everything as my arms were

outstretched holding onto the dress! My patience paid off however as I began

to win and held on until he crept closer and closer as I reeled the dress in.

He got so close that with my next pull I figured I could reach out and grab

hold of him.

That was a mistake. As I let go with one hand to make my move to grab him, he

must have sensed I was letting go so he let go too and backwards I tumbled

unceremoniously onto the floor. When I regained my senses I discovered that my

legs had spread wide apart giving everyone in front of me a great shot of my

Cooter! I was never so embarrassed in my whole life! Jason for his part took

off scampering out the front of the store. I sprang to my feet and gave chase.

This was no longer a game and I was going to get him before something bad

happened. Leaving my dress on the floor I bolted out into the mall, grabbed

the little guy by his collar and picked him up as he laughed in the most

adorable fashion! People actually applauded as I headed back into the store. I

wasn’t sure if they were applauding because they were glad I caught him or

because they were grateful for my exhibition. Either way this was over, or so

I thought.

As I made my way back to the spot where I had left my dress it was gone!

“Where is my dress?!” I asked in a panic and people seemed to be genuinely in

the dark about what had happened to it. Everyone began looking around in

earnest and people seemed sincere about helping me find it, but it was nowhere

to be seen! I looked around several racks and still no dress. Some pervert

must have absconded with it! I wasn’t about to stand there giving everyone a

free show – even though I will secretly admit was quite a turn on, so I headed

back to the dressing room, calling out for my sister Dana at the top of my

lungs as I went.

Once in the dressing room I realized that the bikini I wanted to try on was

still there so I picked it up and put it on. It was way too small and showed

much more than I thought was prudent to wear to Traci’s party - still it

offered some cover so I kept it on.

I left the dressing room to look for my sister who by bow had to be worried

sick about her son. I looked stupid in my bikini with my boobs spilling out of

the cups and butt cheeks hanging out of the bottoms but at least I WAS

covered.

“THERE you are!” Dana called out in a panic as she spotted us in the store.

After hugging her son she paused and looked me over. “What happened to you?”

she asked stifling a giggle. “No wait, don’t tell me: JASON right?”

I love my sister dearly but I could only imagine what catastrophe awaited me

the next time I encountered her son!