**Michelle**

by [Msia Exhibitionist](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=237117&page=submissions)©

**Michelle Ch. 01**

I dream again, the same dream since I was five years ago. I was again washing my body in my bathtub half filled with soapy water. But this time, the horny feeling was extremely intensive. I tried to rub and squeeze my slippery body but I only got hornier. A familiar yet unknown man was leaning at the door, staring at my body half exposed above the water. I did not felt a single piece of shame in me. In fact, I was aroused by his stare, wanted to show him more and craving for his touch. My heart pounding slow but forceful....  
  
I woke up in this warm Saturday morning. The perspirations made my skins felt sticky and agitated. It was 8 am. I knew the day has come. After years of struggle and suppression, after many times of last minute retreat, retreat back to my imaginary world, back to my untrue self, covered with an ordinary, polite and well manner mask.   
  
I became an exhibitionist at heart 5 years ago after an unexpected exposure. But I never gathered enough courage to show off my body to anyone. The most I can do was totally naked at home or whenever I knew that I won't be seen. I always day dream about showing off my body and spent a lot of time reading exhibitionist stories found in the Internet. But recently the inner desire has become unbearable. I started to thinking about actually showing off my body.  
  
My pussy was radiating heat like freshly baked muffin. Still feeling horny from the dream I decided to put my plan into action without holding back, to live up the life of my fantasy. I took out my swimsuit from my closet. My white one piece high-hip, low-cut sides swimsuit. A present from father 5 years ago, when I was 19, 45 kg and 1.70 meter height, an above average tall but skinny frame. Off cause, after 5 years, my body has out-grown my swimsuit.  
  
Two weeks ago, I have removed all the cushions and double layers of this old swimsuit of mine. I wore it on my naked body and rinsed under the shower to test the transparent effect of this white swimsuit. That was perfect, the wet swimsuit was like my second skin, the shadows of my ember tits was obvious with my two areolas and nipples clearly outlined. At the bottom, my pussy folds were showing from the front. At the back, my ass cheeks were half uncovered and half transparent. But I was too scared to walk out of my apartment wearing that swimsuit. A week ago, I attempted again. Still, I was unsuccessful; I still confined myself inside my apartment, wearing my swimsuit.  
  
After 5 years and few times of washings and stretching within the past few weeks, the old faded suit had lost it elasticity. The swimsuit was helplessly stretched to contain my 53 kg body. At the bottom, the suit obscenely cupped my hairless pussy, the lips outlined clearly. On top, fabric stressed to its maximum to embrace my C-sized gorgeous tits. Two proud nipples sticking out almost poke through the tine material. From the side, almost two-third of my tits were showing, bouncing up and down every step I took. I was both excited and anxious. Excited by the thoughts of showing off my body to anyone who come by, anxious about not knowing what world I would enter into. Stood in front of the door, I was breathing heavily, my chest rose and fall. A thrilling sensation rushed through my body, my feet weaken and I almost fall. I closed my eyes, took a few deep breath. Then I opened the door and took my first step into the real world; a whole new world of me being an exhibitionist.   
  
A group of youngsters were relaxing at the poolside. Most likely they have just completed their Form Five examination and enjoying their holiday. There were two kids playing with their father in the pools, the morning was peaceful and warm. Received instant attentions while walking slowly toward the shower, my nipples stiffen and pushed out dangerously from the two creamy brown areolas on top of my proud tits. I switched on the shower slowly; warm water wetted my hair, then my lean shoulder and chest. I leaned forward to massage my hair, thighs spread slightly with my ass sticking out in the air pointing to the pools. Six pairs of hungry eyes enjoying the great side view of my right tits while the drenched suit turned semi transparent starting from my back followed by my chest, tits, belly, and finally my bottom. I wandered the man in the pool could see the shadow my horny ass and wet pussy entrapped under the sheer fabric. Thinking that every one behind me can see the delicious curve of my smooth pussy lips, a sudden rush of warmness from my pussy swept through my crotch to the rest of my body. I was showing my body; finally.  
  
I went down to the pool. Later, the six youngsters came down to play as well. I planed to swim breaststroke wearing this suit. Because I expected that the 'whip-kick' would cause the tight fabric around my bottom to creep in between my ass cheeks and pussy lips like a G-string. The arms actions would give my skimpy suit a hard time to contain my tits. The swimsuit behaved exactly like I wanted. I purposely slowed down when passing them, they submerged their head into the water tried to catch glimpse of my exposed tits and ass. The friction of the fabric and the attentions made me hornier. I had a weird hope that the miserable suit would rupture in the middle of my swimming leaving me completely naked in the pool. I got even hornier by the thought.  
  
I swam for about 30 minutes. I decided to go home, partly because I was exhausted physically and partly because I was too horny to continue swimming. I walked towards the steel staircase, where the youngsters were playing around. The water level was just around my chest making my ample tits drifting lightly behind the sheer suit. All of them were frozen, only Looking at my mouth-watering tits.  
  
"Would you teach us to swim? Miss," Suddenly one of them asked nervously. I can hear from his voice that his mouth was dried. The rest of them were surprised by the sudden question.  
  
"You guys like to learn swimming? Or just want to watch me swimming?" I stopped and asked back mischievously. Realizing that I was talking to them, they raised their heads a bit to meet my eye, but quickly looked down again at my watery tits.  
  
"Yes, Miss. Can you teach us swimming?" He asked again, while looking at my tits.  
  
Teaching a group of young boys like this could be fun; I could have plenty of opportunity to show my body, and plenty of touching if I would allow them. Furthermore, they like to watch. I told myself.  
  
"I'll be happy to, but I need to go now. May be some other day. OK," I replied.   
  
"Good, tell us whenever you are ready, we will around the pool every weekends in this few months," He replied happily.  
  
"OK! See you guys then... By the way, I hope yon guys delighted with the beautiful view this morning," I said with a playful grin, and then walked towards the steel stairs.  
  
I knew they were expecting this moment all this morning; seeing my almost naked body climbing ups the stairs. I told myself that I have gathered enough courage to do this, and I definitely not letting them down. I begun slowly climbed the steps. At the same time my heart begun to race faster and faster. I felt every nerve endings in my body were at the threshold of explosion. Finally, I am showing off my body to someone at arm length distance, so close that every details of my body would be clearly seen! First my tits contained by the see through suit came entirely out of water. Followed by my waist after another step, then my two ass cheeks separated by the bunched up strap. Finally my partly exposed pussy lips came into plain view with the bottom panel partly swallowed by my cunt. I stopped and looked back. Some of them jaw dropped and eyes wide opened.  
  
"Oops! My back is showing," I said while looking at them, everyone frozen in silent.  
  
"Excuse me... let me cover them back," I gracefully reached my right hand towards my right ass, half turned my body to the right, balancing myself with left hand holding the steel handle. My right tits dropped out from the suit even further, my pink nipples harden like a grape, sticking out and struggling to escape from the control of the suit. But the fabric strained to its maximum to hug my pink grape managed to hold my tits from completely falling out. My creamy pink areolas and the curvy right tits already under the plain view of the youngsters. Their eyes traveled up and down, can't decide whether to look at my tits or my wet glittering pussy lips.  
  
My index finger reached my right ass cheek, slid under the bunched up bottom edge and started pulling it upward and sideward to cover as much flesh as possible. When the finger reached the bottom near my wet pussy, I pulled the strap two inches down. My swollen lips and bulging clit immediately broke free from the strain of the swimsuit but quickly fallen completely under the views of four pairs flickering eyes two feet away. I then slowly released and adjusted the strap to cover my right pussy folds. Some of them moaned while others were forcing saliva through their dried throats.  
  
I switched my body balance to the right. Holding the right steel handle with my right hand and moved my left hand down to the left ass to give the reward to two of them on my left who willing to wait for their turn. Repeated the same action, I pulled the left bottom edge to cover my left ass cheek. When my finger reached near my ass hole, I let go of the edge. The bottom panel slapped back onto my ass and produced a 'pops' sound. As the result, the panel did covered my right lip but leaving the left lip naked.  
  
Then the goggles dropped from my finger and fell to the water.  
  
I did that intentionally, cause I was addicted; I wanted to show them one more time.  
  
The goggles sunk slowly into the bottom.  
  
"Can you pick it up for me please?" I asked the boy on my left. He immediately wore his goggles and dove in to catch my sinking goggles. Meantime I stepped down to the water and pulled my bottom panel to one side to expose my pussy completely. He head almost bumped into my ass when he emerged from the water. I took the goggles and climbed the steps again. I was about to give them the grant finale. Continued to climb the steps slowly and swinging my ass deliberately, water kept dripping down from my soaked suit via my naked pussy lips. What a magnificent view! I finally reached the floor. I had a sudden surge of satisfaction when I saw two men sitting on their chairs right in front just 5 feet away from me with their eyes nailing on my tits. My proud peaky tits and the pink grapes molded under the sheer fabric must have silently given them a show of their life time while I was giving those in the pool a show of their lifetime.  
  
My heart continued to pound faster and my tits bouncing up and down threatened to fall out of the suit every steps I walk. I went into the changing room and quickly changed into an old white T-shirt; another outfit specially prepared, which the hemline stopped 2 inches below my pussy. I was without a single string, even a single hair under the shirt. Never bordered to dry my body and damp hair, because I like the feelings of damp shirt sticking and pulling on my skin. I ran back to my apartment on 4th floor. I felt my juice wetted my whole pussy and started to spread down to my inner thigh. My running thighs kept caressing my pussy lips. I felt so slippery and extremely hot. My shirt caressed my swollen nipple as my tits bounced up and down. Felt like my body was going to explode, I just have to run faster because I did not know how long I could restrain from touching myself before reaching my apartment.  
  
Suddenly my hand phone fell out from my little handbag when I was running up at the 3rd floor staircase. The hand phone dropped and further broken into pieces.  
  
"Shit!" I shouted.  
  
I bent over at the waist to pick up the broken pieces, but could not find the battery. I kept searching the floor. Looking at my bending exposed ass, the wind blowing up along the staircase took advantage to kiss and lick my inner greasy thighs and my juicy swollen pussy lips. Passing my flat stomach again caressing my tits and swollen pink nipple. My hands stopped searching, eyes closed, lips slight opened, decided to enjoy the temporary gratification and released of my sexual tension.  
  
"Hmm..." A sudden voice from behind shocked me. I turned my head and saw a young man standing behind and few steps below me. I remembered he was one of them I met earlier in the pool. His eyes wide opened looking at my exposed ass. Shocked by the sudden fantastic view two feet in front of him, he just mumbled in his month unable to speak. I pushed up my ass further to give him a better view. His eyes drifted between my ass and my face, tried to be polite but could not resist the temptation. His face flushed.  
  
I smiled and said, "Hi,"  
  
I was still bent down, legs straight. Wind still caressing my ass undisputed by this sudden embarrassing moment of the young man.  
  
Eventually, he shifted his eyes to establish eye contact with me.  
  
I stood up and turned to face him. Leaving my hand phone pieces and my handbag on the floor.  
  
"You seem to be very interested in my... pussy. Why? Not having enough just now, or you have missed the school lesson on female anatomy? I don't mind giving you another lesson," I was shocked by my own brave words. My face turned red and skin started to burn like wild fire, spreading to my chest, tits, nipple, every fingertips, passing my crotch to pussy and down to my legs. My whole body was on fire. He could not resist looking at me, I could not resist to show him more either.  
  
He raised his head and switched views between my eyes behind the hem and my tits' shadow behind the semi sheer damped shirt. Like looking up to the amazing 88-storeys Petronas Twin Towers in KLCC.  
  
I quietly pulled my hem of the T-shirt slowly up to reveal my crotch, then my tits. Like a slave presenting her body to her master. I kept looking into his eyes. He was breathing heavily.  
  
My T-shirt finally joined with the rest of my belongings on the floor not making any noise in the process. It was complete silent, except the soft wind blow. I sat my naked ass on the cold floor one step above where my legs landed. With my knees bending, I slowly spread my thighs to the sides to form the most beautiful 'M' shape the boy has ever seen. The inner thighs' skin pulled my pussy lips along to each side. My pussy opened and my swollen clit came into glory. My ass hole tightly closed but proudly on display. I leaned to my back, with my elbows landed on the floor, and supported my body from falling. My thin small hands cupped my tits lightly squeezing and rolling my hard erect nipples in my palms. My heart was pounding fast and breathing heavily while displaying the best of me to the young man in front of me.  
  
No one spoke a word for about a minute. I decided to be his teacher. Moving my hands away from my tits, I started to teach.  
  
"These are the breasts of a grown up girls, as you can see, it is much bigger than your breasts. In fact they consider big for Asian girl like us, don't you think? On top of the breasts, are two little dots called nipple. It is bigger than your nipples as well. You can feel my breasts, a mature woman breasts, so full, smooth and soft," I sounded like a teacher. Without warning, he reached his hands to feel my flushed hot tits. One on my left, one on my right, they pressed, squeezed and sometime pinched my hard nipples with his cold fingers.   
  
"Ahh..." Moans escaped from my mouth involuntary.  
  
"Ahhh..." I moaned again. More juice flowed out from my pussy, continued to fertilize my crotch.  
  
"Look at my bottom. No little bird like you do, but have two swollen labia forming the part called vulva." I pulled my pussy lips further to the side with my two fingers displaying my inner view. My swollen clit pointed further out asking for his attention.  
  
"This is clitoris. Something like the penis of yours, but it is much smaller," I caressed my clit with my fingertip, like showing the where my clit is. I just couldn't stop from touching myself.  
  
"Ahh..." Continued to moan. The young man pulled his pant up to release his hard on from the strain of the tent that was built soon after he saw my rear view earlier.  
  
"Here, can you see a small opening above my clitoris?" I pulled my pussy lips opened even further. Still caressing my clit.  
  
"I can't see it," He leaned forward and started to search with his fingers.  
  
"It is very wet and slippery down here. Can you feel it?" I asked in shaking voice.  
  
The young man did not answer.  
  
"Want to know where you came out from your mother's body?" I continued my lesson.  
  
I changed my posture to show where he came from. I kneeled on my knees, supporting my body by my left elbow on the step higher, my tits dangling free like Hawaiian papaya. Naked ass pointed at him. I turned my head and gazed at him. My right hand reached between my thighs and pulled opened my pussy lips with my index and ring fingers and inserted my middle finger into my watery love hole. I was slowly fingerfucked my hole.  
  
"This is where you came out. You can feel it. Come feel the hole with you fingers," I gave a rare invitation that a man may never get in his lifetime.  
  
Suddenly, I felt fingers attacked my pussy again. The fingers kept going around the opening of my slippery holes. A strong nerve surge exploded in my hole, traveled through my spine, spread to my nipple, fingers, lips and ears.  
  
Then a strong, fat finger attacked my hole. Penetrated all the way in until the palm touched and covered almost my entire pussy.  
  
Finally, he came into full action.  
  
"Ohh... Yes! Emm..." I shivering and moaned like a shameless slut. Moved my ass to-and-for to match his rhythm. The sounds of his wet palm lightly slapping on my sticky swollen wet pussy mixed with my moans produced a heavenly music.   
  
"OK! That's all. Thanks for you lesson, I have to go. Bye-bye," Suddenly he retreated his hand and spoke in his breathless voice.  
  
Unable to response, I looked back. I saw an embarrassed and panicked face. A wet spot clearly stained on his pants in front of his crotch. He had cum in his pants.  
  
He was gone and leaving my wet swollen love hole unsatisfied. My body felt like tearing apart. Strong cries of desire coming from my whole body, especially my nipples and pussy. I have to cum or I die.  
  
I stood up and grabbed my belongings. I rushed up the stairs naked to 4th floor, passing the corridor and entered my apartment. I rushed to the kitchen, took the cucumber that supposed to be my breakfast. I ran to the Kettler weight machine facing the balcony and laid the cucumber along the seat. I then jumped up to it, pressing my burning pussy onto the fat cucumber. My hands raised to the top got hold of the weight stacks handle, eyes closed, leaving my tits and nipples in plain view to those happened to peek into my uncovered balcony.  
  
Very soon, the poor cucumber was coated with my hot juice and turn shiny and warm. I moved my body up and down pressing my pussy on the cucumber. The cucumber pushed opened my pussy lips folds and gained access to my love hole and my clit, sending numerous waves of erotic sensations to my whole body.  
  
"Ahh... Haa..." I moaned loudly, rocking my body.  
  
Sliding my ass back-and-for along the cucumber sent my body sensations to a new height. My tits bouncing left and right, up and down forcefully, as if they were struggling to escape from my chest. My eyes closed, mouth opened, indulged myself in my world of endless unsatisfied desire.  
  
"Haa... Haa... Ahh..." Continued to seek gratification from my cucumber.  
  
"Michelle, are you OK?" A familiar but yet unidentified voice came from my back.  
  
I shocked and jumped up from the seat, the poor shiny cucumber dropped to the floor.  
  
"Michelle, are you Michelle, are you OK?" He asked again.

"I'm your brother, Max," He continued.  
  
Suddenly, tears came out and I cried. My brother missing for 5 years suddenly came right in front of me.   
  
I ran to him, hugged him real hard until my firm tits flattened and squeezed out to the sides, leaving my hard nipples poking at his chest. Mixtures of emotions were fighting in my body. The excitement of seeing beloved brother, the horny desire since this morning, mixed with my sudden sorrow recalling the painful memory in the pass made me speechless. Tears kept falling. I kissed him hard, my burning body still pressed hard on his chest. He cradled me hard, touching every burning skin of my back with his huge hands. Slowly moved his hands down my ass to lift my weight.  
  
I was still horny and unsatisfied. Coupled with the old sleazy memory of my brother, I lost control of myself. I started squeezing my body up and down while hugging hard. My tits and nipples slid on my brother's hard body searching for satisfaction. I wrapped around him with my legs, pussy pressed on his crotch masturbating myself. I was not able to restrain my desire.  
  
"I missed you, brother, and thought so much about you," I whispered in his ear.  
  
"Can you touch me please? I can't hold anymore. Please...'' I begged my brother while kissing his neck.  
  
I felt his hands started to touch my ass cheeks in circular motions, faster and harder and nearer to my holes.  
  
I moaned and he breathes heavily.  
  
His hands occasionally pulled my ass cheeks to the sides, strained my ass hole muscles to give way. His pulling and squeezing also made my pussy hole opened wide and closed over and over again.  
  
We picked up pace quickly.  
  
I struggled to keep my ass hole tightly closed without surrender to his forceful hands. Such combat was painful yet stimulating.   
  
The pull on my ass was tremendous. My two holes felt like tearing apart but yet the sensations was toxicating. I felt my most inner, most private parts were forced totally exposed. Eventually I gave up fighting. Surrendered to his forceful hand, I went into another world of ecstasy. The pull and squeeze on my holes became magic. I started to enjoy his harassment. Pushing my ass down when he was pulling me up. Relaxing my holes when he squeezed my ass cheeks. My holes kept forced opened and closed, and my nipples kept pinning into his chest in a harmony rhythms. Juice kept dripping from my pussy. I was in heaven.  
  
"Haa... Harder... Harder... Ahh..." I begged him to tear my ass apart. Suddenly, his finger invaded love hole, reaching deep into, searching and penetrating the smoothness of my inner body.  
  
"Ahhhh...hahhh..." I could not hold it any longer, letting out a powerful, noisy moan of climax. My body shook uncontrollably. I finally cum on his fingers. The sexual tension built up since this morning was released at this intense orgasm. My whole body reached the heights of sexual pleasure.  
  
I lay on his strong body, exhausted; shivering and tears started rolling down.  
  
The scene from last night dream reappeared. I had a strange thought about what is going to happen...

**Michelle Ch. 02**

I continued rested on his body and hugged him for some time after my orgasm.  
  
"I'm sorry, brother, I'm sorry. I've mess you up," Felt embarrassed for cumming on him. I apologized. My ordinary senses came back.  
  
"It's all right, Michelle. Are you OK now?" Max asked. Warm breath blew on my cheek.  
  
My face turned red embarrassed by the question.  
  
"I'm OK now. Thanks," I answered him then released my legs and stood on my weak feet. My feet tumbled and I helplessly fell back into his chest for support.  
  
I found my wet T-shirt laid on the floor. Walking quickly to pick up my shirt, my hands oddly covering my ass, wanted to cover my still wet pussy. I suddenly felt self-conscious. Totally naked in front of my brother so far was too much for me. I wanted to cover my naked body from the stare of my brother.  
  
With my back facing him, I squatted down to pick up my wet T-shirt and wore them. The shirt covered my body and the fabric clung to my skin again. I managed to maintain some modesty in front of his gaze.  
  
I walked to him and hugged him again; in the way a sister should hug his brother.  
  
We sat on the sofa. I took the first detail look at him. He was tall as before, more than 1.8 meters. Strongly built with wide shoulders. His chest muscles were lightly outlined beneath his shirt. His skin was fair with dark hair. Looked much like his father.  
  
Our parents were both orphans. Married at young age, they did not have good marriage life, simply because both of them were not faithful to each other. I was very closed to my brother, may be because of our parents were spending most of their time quarrelling. He was the 'man' who always looks after me and protects me. So, before our parents divorced at my age of 19, I was still very much a little sister to my brother. The event that triggered their divorce was happened between my brother and me. My father saw my brother harassed me in my bathroom. They fought, mother intervened and then the whole family was ruined. When they divorced, my brother followed my mother and moved to somewhere I did not know. And I lost contact with my brother since then. I followed my father and moved to Kuala Lumpur. My father was a lawyer and used to earn big money. Since their divorce, he has been changing girl friend on monthly basis. May be he was changing sex partner, rather then girl friend.  
  
"How do you find me, how can you came in here?" I asked.  
  
"Well, mother gave me your address and a set of keys," He explained.  
  
"Mother?" A word sounded so strange came out from my mouth.  
  
"Is she here? Where is she?" Suddenly I was anxious, didn't expect to see her.  
  
"Mother's not here. She went to New York. She asked me to find you. Said you need help,"  
  
"I need help? Why?" I asked.  
  
"I don't know. Anyhow, she won't come back anymore. She wanted me to take care of you,"  
  
"Take care of me. When did she start to care about me?"  
  
"Where is dad? It's been 5 years I didn't see him," My brother asked while looking around the house.  
  
"Father passed away 2 months ago,"  
  
"Passed away! How?" His eyes suddenly turned red, seemed totally unexpected.  
  
"Car accident. He died two days after that," I felt tears came out my eyes.  
  
"Oh Michelle!" He leaned toward me as if to hug me. But stopped half way. He held my hands instead. May be he thought that would be too intimate for him to hug his sister who was wearing just a T-shirt and nothing else.  
  
My heavy chest was rising and falling slowly and tears filled my eyes. I can't manage my sorrow anymore; the sadness that I've been keeping with myself. I needed to cry badly. I leaned forward to hug him. He opened his arms to receive me. My body was again totally laying on his. I hugged him hard, buried my face on his shoulder. I was in tears, cried out loudly.  
  
"Oh Michelle...!"  
  
"I missed you brother. Please don't leave me anymore. You are the only one I have now,"  
  
...  
  
I did not know how long I cried. How long I have been laying on top of my brother. When I recovered from my sorrow, I began to feel the heat and sweat trapped between our bodies. And I felt the lower part of my buttock was half exposed as the hemline was pulled up when I leaned forward. His hands lay on my back. Occasionally stroked my back under the T-shirt.  
  
"Michelle. You still have me. I take care of you," He cradled me harder and the hemline was pulled higher. I felt my buttock was totally exposed and his fingers landed on my skin. A strange sensation was smoldering around my crotch, slowly traveled up my spine. My desire came back to me.  
  
"You will stay? With me?" I asked.  
  
"Yes, I'll stay in KL an take care of you as long as you needed," I heard him spoke in a low and assertive voice.   
  
"Thanks brother. I love you," I raised my head to kiss his blushed face. I caught sight of his eye looking down at my exposed buttock. My pussy turned hot. How long has he been looking?  
  
I recalled the dream last night. Did I actually dream about my brother staring at me in the bathroom? Did the man all the while I dream about seducing was my brother? No matter how, I was sure that I was aroused right now by exposing myself to my brother; like what happened 5 years ago.  
  
"It's very hot, why not turned on the air-cond?" He suddenly pushed me away and sat straight. His hard on was so obvious underneath his pant.  
  
"Yes, it is hot. But the air-cond was out. Let me opened the sliding door," I stood up. The hemline was still stuck around my crotch exposing my pussy. I pulled them down, but deliberately pulled harder and lower. The moist T-shirt outlined my tits and the shadow of my hard nipples appeared in that splits of second. I believed my brother did not miss it. He pulled his waistband to free space for his hard on when I walk passed him on my way to open the sliding door at the balcony. I started to recall what he did to me, 5 years ago in the swimming pool then in the bathroom. How he pretended drunk and stripped me in front of his friends. How he forced me against the wall and caressed my bulging tits. How he pressed his crotch to my butt. My juice began slowly wet my pussy.  
  
But when I returned to him, he did not look at my body. I knew he was attracted to my sexy body, but restrained himself from doing anything that a brother should not be doing. We continued to talk until noon. He told me his life with mother in Singapore. I told him my life with father in Malaysia.  
  
The warmth of my body dried my T-shirt. But the sweat collected in between the leather and my bottom made my restless.  
  
Feeling hungry I suggested having lunch.  
  
"Let me take a shower first. I have to wash my hair. I think you should take a shower too," I stood up in front of him, caressing my hairs.  
  
"Yes, I need a shower and change into something simpler," He replied while looking at my monstrous curves behind the white T-shirt.  
  
"OK! See you then," I turned and walked to my room. The scene of my dream suddenly reappeared in my mind. I felt sexy and horny.  
  
Did I really dream of showing off to my brother? Is he really the man who kept looking at me in my own dream? Is he looking at me back right now?  
  
I went straight into the bathroom and turned on the shower.  
  
My father renovated the bathroom when we moved in; he changed the two brick walls into clear glass. With one side looking into the bedroom and the other side looking at the room entrance. The square bathtub located at the end was big enough to fit in two persons. I think that was his favorite playground with his countless partners. I moved into his room after he passed away.  
  
Cool water sprinkled on my warm body and soaked my T-shirt. I stood under the shower to enjoy the refreshing moment. The flows of water awakened every nerves of my skin. I still can't switch away my mind from the dream.  
  
I removed my T-shirt and washed my body with bath gel. Started from my neck, I slowly lathered my whole body. The slippery tits and pussy aroused me further.   
  
Suddenly, I heard a knock on my door. I briefly washed away the bubble on my skin, then I realized I don't have bath towel to wrap myself cause I don't like to use thick towel. Drying my body and get dressed would be time consuming and silly as I was not done yet. And my inner voice was calling me to do something sexy.  
  
He again knocked the door.  
  
It was my brother that stood outside, and I was pondering the idea of showing off my naked body to my brother again at the first day we met after 5 years. I was surprised by my own desire. But the warmth at my pussy drove my instinct. I decided to re-open the door for my brother to my world of desire and to catch back the long lost intimate relationships.  
  
I took a face towel and walked to the door. I pressed the towel on my chest to cover my tits, but the width of the tower only managed to cover until my two nipples, leaving generous amount of tits showing at the sides. The towel hung down freely and stopped around my crotch. The rest of my body was only coated by thousands droplets of water that helplessly slid down my curves every steps I walk. Some greasy foam still trapped in between my ass cleft made the area around my perineum felt extremely wet and slippery. I opened the door fully while my hairs still dripping wet and I was extremely horny.  
  
Max was surprised by my sudden display. He looked up and down. Scanned my tits few times. His short raised up in front as his dick awakened.  
  
"You've grown up, Michelle. Not like the little girl that I used to remember. You just ... bigger," Looking at my tits while answering, he lost his word probably caused by his lower body response.  
  
"Yes, they are much bigger now," My hand slightly cupped my left tits behind the towel. I assumed he was referred to my tits.  
  
"Brother, I am 24 now, no more your little sister like you used to see," I replied and took a deep breath, my chest pushed further up. I remembered he like to peek into my shirt and short. I was scared then but did not confront him because I knew he really love me. After all, that was the only bad thing he did to me.  
  
"Oh yes, I need a towel. Do you have a spare?" He recovered from his little shock and asked.  
  
"Of course I have. But they are face towel like this one. Would it be OK to you?" I indicated to him by pressing on my towel with my hand. The towel clung nearer to my body outlined my tits and the cleavage in between them.  
  
"OK to me, can I have one please?'' He was looking at my towel or tits rather.  
  
"Be right back." I turned to my left and walked toward the cabinet. My back was completely bare inviting my brother to look. My juice continued to slowly wet my pussy. I turned to my right and faced the closet, reached my left hand to slide open the cabinet. I bent down at my waist; leg straight to search the towel.  
  
Now my whole right side was completely exposed to my brother and the vertically hanging towel not covering my body anymore. But my right arm blocked my tits view. Decided to give him the best view. Still bending down, I switched to use my left hand to hold the towel against my chest and extended my right hand pretending to search for towel. Now, my whole right side was completely bare to my brother including the dangling tits. I moved forward and backward, flipped the cloth pretending to search. My free hanging tits swayed back and forth in the process. Water flow down from my hairs gathered in my hanging nipples and fell to the floor drop after drop.  
  
Finally, after about two minutes long, I 'found' it. Holding the new towel on my right hand I walked toward my brother. My towel covered my chest to my crotch again, but only managed to cover my left tits leaving my right tits bouncing freely, inviting him to watch.  
  
"This one for you," I gave him the towel. Never attempted to cover my exposed tit.  
  
"Thanks," He took it and stepped back with his tent pointing at me.   
  
I got extremely horny by my brother's stare. I did not close my door completely, leaving few inches gap; I went back to the bathroom. I wanted him to stay to watch me, like 5 years ago; like what the man did in my dream.  
  
I started my show, imagining he was peeping. I filled my bathtub with water, poured generous amount of bath foam into it. The water slowly filled up the tub. The bathtub started to cover with bubble. I stepped into the tub and sat against the side. Slowly, I started touching myself. Resting my head on the edge of the bathtub, my firm tits emerged from the water like to twin islands, covered with white bubble. I ground and squeezed them with my thin fingers. But my firm tits refused to surrender, still pointing upward although they've turned red under my caressment.  
  
Continued to show my assets. I rested my arms on the edge of the tub and knelt with my ass pointing at the direction of the door and my head facing the wall. I wanted my brother to enjoy the view of my magnificent ass without worrying too much of me catching him peeping. I assumed he is watching.  
  
I repeatedly submerged my lower body into the water and pushed it up again. Every time my lower body emerged from the water, my ass was coated with millions of bubbles and the bare flesh became invisible. Then the bubbles flowed down from the top. In the valley between my two globes, the bubbles separated into two whitish streams on both sides of my bubble-coated pussy before rejoining into the bubble ocean and the ass view reappeared.  
  
Suddenly, I heard a low moan from behind. Yes, my brother stayed to watch me!  
  
I continued to make waves in the bathtub. I knew he was watching through the gap. My heart pounced faster and nipples stiffen.  
  
I have just showed off my body to him much more than a sister should. And I let him openly looked at my almost naked body. He must by now aware that I wanted him to watch me naked. But would he still treat me like his sister, satisfied by just watching or would he desire to exploit my body for his own sexual pleasure like before? How should I tell him I like what he did to me 5 years ago? How should I tell him I like how he striped me in front of his friends, how he forced me against the wall and caressed me from behind? How should I tell him that I wanted him to do it again right now?  
  
Finally, the strong desire gave me the courage. Without warning, I stood up and looked into his eyes behind the gap. My brother was caught, locked by our eyes contact, not able to escape from his mischievous act. While bubbles slowly sliding down my wet body, I walked out of the bathroom and opened the door that stood between my brother and me. I felt like my body was suddenly frozen, all my nerves were numb. Only the pounding of my heart was heard.  
  
My brother was frozen in action with his hands holding his dick, short was down round his ankles.  
  
"Brother, would you do me like before?" Words escaped from my mouth, I felt alive again.  
  
He looked at me and did not answered.  
  
I pulled his hand and lead him to my bathtub leaving his short outside. I stepped into the bathtub and bent down to pull open the water outlet to release the water. Then I squeezed some bath gel on my palm. I turned to my brother, kneeled down and lathered the bath gel onto his entire dick length, lightly squeezed and massaged his swollen crown. His dick glowed bigger and harder. His eyes closed enjoying my service.  
  
All the water was gone. I lathered my body with bath gel until they became slippery again. I leaned on my back in the bathtub, spread my thighs and massaged my pussy with my slippery hands. He stood outside the bathtub looking at me. I lifted up my slender thighs high into the air and pulled them close to my chest. My thighs pressed hard on my tits and my head rested in between my knees. My pussy lips trapped in between my thighs, squeezed on each other and formed two thick smooth pink folds facing my brother asking for his action.  
  
"Brother, you like it this way? Am I doing it right this time?" I looked into his eyes and asked.  
  
"Brother, please... last time you wanted to do me this way, right," I begged him.  
  
"Michelle...!" He hesitated.  
  
Then he stepped into the bathtub, briefly wet his body under the shower then knelt in front of my proudly displayed pussy. Pressing his upper body on my thighs, he laid his dick along my pussy. He long dick covered from my anus until the entire length of my pussy. After he balanced up his body, he moved his dick back and for along my pussy without entering me. My pussy lips were pressed opened and his dick squeezed on my swollen clit. He movement gathered momentum. We both breathe heavily.   
  
"Hmm..." He moaned in a low tone.  
  
His dick head slide along my pussy, caressing my hole and clit. I can fell his balls pressed on my anus over and over again.  
  
With his hands landed on my sides and my thighs pointing up above my head, I was not able to move. I kept pushing up my pussy to match his thrusting dick.  
  
"Haa... You like it brother?" I don't want him to stop. Moans escaped from my half opened mouth.  
  
Suddenly, I felt his strong hands pushed me to one side. My whole body helplessly followed to fall to the side. Then he caught my crotch with his hands and flipped my body over. My face, tits and knees were pressing on the floor and my ass was pointing up at him. His hands went under my crotch and lifted my lower body up. Then he pressed my entire ass to his crotch. With a strong push from his crotch, his standing dick once again pressed hard on my pussy without entering my hole too. He kept thrusting his crotch to hit on my ass in rhythm. His dick head pressed hard on my anus every time he pushed his crotch.   
  
"Uhh..." I moaned and surrendered my whole body to my brother for his pleasure. He was practically masturbating himself by using my willing ass. He kept on thrusting his crotch on me.  
  
"Brother, you said my breasts were bigger now, want to check how big they are?" I asked when catching up with my breath.  
  
"They glowed real big now, brother," I continued to seduce him.  
  
"OK, time for your little breasts, stand up and face the wall, hands up." He finally spoke his words and took his command.  
  
My nipples hardened knowing that their turn was up.  
  
I stood up and faced the glass wall, slender arms obediently raised far up into the moist air. The straighten arms pulled my chest up bringing together my swollen tits and nipples; they thrust outward shakingly, further rebelled against the pull of gravity. My reflection from the glass aroused me further. I spread my thighs and pushed my ass backward. I felt my brother's warm breath blowing onto my ass; I pushed my pelvic bone further to my back hoping to show him the best rear view of mine. From the reflection, I saw the rise and fall of my abdomen, synchronized with the up down moments of my two glittering firm tits.  
  
"Show me your pussy," He ordered and gave a sharp smack on my ass cheek.  
  
"Ahh..." A moan escaped from my mouth. I pushed my ass further up to show my willing foam-coated swollen lips.  
  
"More." He smacked again at the same spot, my ass cheeks and my hanging tits jiggled. The burning sensations on turned my erected nipples into two pieces of bullets. I pushed my ass to the maximum hoping to satisfy him. I stood knees straight, arms raised high into the moist air, ass pushed up to my back, tits went up and down following my heavy chest movements. His warm breath blew softly on my inner thighs. I felt the closeness with my brother that I never felt before.   
  
"Don't spread your legs, Michelle," He ordered then held firm at my ankles and pushed them together. Without loosen up his grips, his palms slowly moved up along my shape legs, touching my skin and squeezed my muscles on their ways up. They passed my thighs then proceeded to my ass. His huge palms passed each of my ass cheeks smoothly, caressing the still burning smack spot giving temporary comfort to the poor redden skin. Slowly, his palms reached my hips; hot flush swept my face and my chest anticipating his palms arrival.

His palms softly touched the sides of my hips, slowly traced the curves up along the sides of my slim abdomen, slid over my ribcage, caressed the sides of my tits, squeezed my slender arms then stopped holding my hands. I felt his warm breath blowing on the back of my ear. He pushed my hands to touch the glass wall. His hard on pressed into the crack between my ass cheeks. We were back to the unfinished act 5 years ago.  
  
"Lean on the wall, Michelle,'' He gave another command.  
  
My hands pressed on the glass wall facing the bedroom to support my slanting body. My tits hung free and swaying gently.  
  
His hands traced down my slippery arm lengths. Slowly passed my armpits and reached my tits from behind. His softly struck my tits for a while, then gently lifted up my two hanging tits with his palms twice as if to gauge their weights under the gravity. Satisfied with his assessment on my tits, he started to squeeze and roll on my free hanging tits. His huge palms almost covered my entire tits, only my erect nipples occasionally escaped into the gap between his fingers. The strength of his palms suffocating my chest, I breathe hard to catch fresh air into my lung. My breathe condensed on the glass and formed a thin film of moisture. I was shamelessly enjoying my brother's caressment.  
  
I was not able to do anything as my hands were locked at the glass wall to support my body. My legs still faithfully stressed straight to push up my ass while maintaining the balance. Suddenly, he shoved his hard dick into the tiny slippery gap between my pussy lips and my pressing thighs. The dick head pushed opened my pussy lips and my inner thighs from my back and gained access to reappear on my front. I saw his purple dick head came out below my crotch then quickly retreated back. His crown caressed on my clit on his way backward. He continued to move back and forth squeezing his swollen dick in and out of my slippery 'hole'. I felt like being rape by my brother in this helpless posture... and I was so turn on by the thought. I was without a piece of shame or guilt. The forbidden fruit, though no fully tasted, was the best of all, no doubt.  
  
We both moaned like no tomorrow.   
  
I pushed my ass backward to receive his invading dick. His crotch hit hard on my ass cheeks. My whole body shook in the rhythm of the impacts. My helpless tits continued to fall under the spell of his huge forceful and rough palms. The swollen nipples though struggled to escape the painful harassment of the palms, actually never wanted the pleasurable sensations to end.  
  
"Brother, I been missing this moment for long... long time... Uhh..." I was breathless.  
  
"Hmm... Are you still my obedient little sister? Hah..." He voiced like in ecstasy.  
  
"Yessss.... yes, I still... you little sister, promise to do whatever you say... what ever you want... just don't stop... please..."   
  
The sounds of his crotch humming on my ass synchronized our breathing and moans. I felt like a slutty fallen angel of heaven, seducing a huge demon from hell, shamelessly enjoying the demon fucking my heavenly body. Breaking all rules of mankind and heaven, I indulged in the forbidden pleasure.  
  
The air was filled with the scent of my love juice and my brother's pre-cum, mixed with the exhilarating fragrance of the bath gel. The sound of the whole world was disappeared, only the groans were heard. His attacks on my ass occasionally gave out wet, slurpy sounds as if to set the tempo of our moans.  
  
"Brotherrrr... Uhh................" I finally cum. I pressed my thigh firmly as the wave of orgasm began to role in. My brother refused to release my tits and kept fondling them. My whole body tensed up to withstand the surge of deep satisfaction.  
  
"Michelle..." He cradled me from the back, crotch pressed hard on my firm ass. I felt his dick throbbed under my pussy, shooting load after load of cum onto the glass and slowly slid down...  
  
"Michelle, I love you... Oh! I love you so much..." He leaned on my back catching his breath...  
  
"I didn't expect to see you... so sexy...and so inviting..." He whispered softly in an apologizing tone. He still cradled me from behind.  
  
"Michelle... This is not what I intended... You know, to treat you like this... I just can't resist..." He continued breathlessly. He seemed to regain his mind and realized what he just done to his sister.  
  
"It's OK! Brother," I answered with a satisfying smile. I was happy to hear his confession, happy to know seeing me turned him on.  
  
"No. I'm your brother. I can't be doing this to you,"   
  
"Just like what I did last time, it's not right. I shouldn't be doing this," He said in an apologetic voice.  
  
"No, It's OK Brother. Though I resisted that time, but I know you like it very much and I want to make you happy... And... I was kind of..." I was not able to complete the last sentence by saying '...like it'. I breathe heavily.  
  
"Sorry, Michelle. I shouldn't do that to my sister. I'm sorry. Mother wanted me to take good care of you... like a good brother taking care of his sister. She said exactly this... like a good brother takes care of his sister, you understand? And now, what have I done!" He was still apologizing and sorry.  
  
"No, brother. Don't feel sorry. I am OK. You can do whatever to me as long as you are happy. And forget about mother. I love you, bro, and I know you love me too," I caressed his face comforted him. I was in tears.  
  
"You are the only one I have now. Please don't leave me. Please stop feeling sorry," I said.  
  
He was silent. Released me and walked out, leaving me alone in the bathroom.

**Michelle Ch. 03**

Since after the event in the bathroom happened in the first day of our reunion, my brother became quiet and very polite to me. He kept a distance from me. Different from 5 years ago where we were like very close friends, very intimate friends. In the past, he would often hug me, touch me, and hold my hand and even sleep in my bed.   
  
I knew he wanted to obey the mother's last order - to take care of me truly as his sister.  
  
Myself on the other hand, was excited by my first exhibitionistic adventure. I started craving for sexy outfits. Although in Malaysia, you can't really find truly revealing outfits. Even you have one, you won't be able to wear it in the public without getting into trouble. Showing off is not a Malaysian culture, exhibitionism is something alien and public nudity is definitely a crime. Nevertheless, the outfits I bought became skimpier and sexier. My mind was practically all the time day dreaming of putting another show somewhere. At home, when my brother was not around, I would stay totally naked and did not border to close my curtains. And I started sleeping naked. I became more daring.  
  
One week after our reunion, my brother, Max bought his double storeyed linked house in a new housing estate near my apartment. And he started doing the interior decoration works.  
  
It was a Sunday, I left Max alone doing his new house decoration works and went to meet my friends for tennis in the morning. After the tennis match, I changed into a small tube top. The fabric of the top was kind of hard cotton and loosely circled my chest, the hem hung free above my belly exposing my midriff. When I stand, anyone sitting low would be able to look up the bottom of my two melons; if lucky, my two pink nipples too. I still wore the same short tennis skirt and a pair of white G-string panties. I started to like the feeling of a string trapped between my butt crack, or my panties trapped between my pussy lips while I was wondering around in the public, especially when a lot of people around me.  
  
When I came back to join my brother, it was almost noon. The housing estate was still quit deserted. Only a few households moved in, the rest of the units were either unoccupied or under renovation. As I entered the house, I saw 2 Pakistani workers were busy painting the guestroom walls. They were foreign construction workers hired by my brother to help him repaint the guestroom walls. These foreign workers like to do extra part time job to earn extra income.  
  
"Max mana?" I asked them where is my brother in Malay language, which was the standard language to use to any foreign workers regardless of their origin.  
  
"Suda keluar... beli nasi," One of them told me that Max went out to buy lunch.  
  
"OK. Saya tunggu dia balik," I told them I would wait for him to come back.  
  
There was no furniture yet in the house. I just wondered around the house to look at the renovation works. After few minutes, I sat on a box of left over wall tiles near the glass sliding door to take a rest. I figured that was the best alternative I got rather than to sit on the floor. It was one-foot by one-foot tiles, so when I sat on this box of tiles, my knees were higher than my waist. The hemline dropped down exposing more of my whitish pink thighs. I had to keep my legs tight to cover my white cotton panties from showing. I gently crossed my hands in front to cradle my legs. They continued their work, occasionally glanced back to look at me, tried to peep into my crotch.  
  
Air-conditioner was not installed yet. After 10 minutes of waiting, I started feeling warm. Sweat started to collect on my skins. The skirt started to cling to my sweaty thighs and my small triangle panties began to moist. The sweat also fell down from my chest to my belly, adding dampness to my crotch. I figured that if I continue to sit any longer, I would be all wet. I decided to get some fresh air.  
  
I stood up and found that my body was really wet. The worst thing was that my nipples were in the state of erect (probably caused by their stares), which I was unaware of when I was sitting down. I was braless. The hard fabric was lightly caressing my sensitive erect nipples. At my lower body, the hem clung to my skin and failed to drop down when I stood up. I felt a few drops of sweat slid down my bareback and wet my dress. My body was wetter than I thought!  
  
Almost immediately, two of them detected my movement and looked toward me. I was pulling my skirt that stuck on my skin when we got eye contacts.  
  
"Panaslah," I told them it was hot and then waved the hem of the tube top few times to catch air into my chest. Suddenly, I thought that their must be mentally stripping my top, probably my skirt too. I was turned on immediately. May be staying around them would be a better idea than going out for fresh air, I told myself. I looked down at my chest and deliberately pulled the hem. The top slid down my chest and some cleavage was showing, indicating the two melons behind the top.   
  
Why not give them a show? I have decided.  
  
"Boleh saya tolong cat?" I walked to them and ask whether I could help them to do the painting.  
  
"Tak, tak. Nanti touke marah," One of the said no need or my brother would not allow.  
  
"Tak apa, saya adik dia," I told them it was OK and I am Max's sister.  
  
I walked near the wall and poured the paint into a small pail, picked up the brush and started to paint the edge of the wall. All the edges were not painted yet because their roller cannot reach the corner areas properly.  
  
I half squatted to start the painting. Very soon, I completed the lower portion and the upper portion was beyond my reach. I turned back to look for the ladder. Two of them have stopped their job and just looking at me.  
  
"Tolong ambil tangga mari," I pointed to the ladder asked them to bring it to me.  
  
"Tangga?" One of them asked.  
  
"Ya, tolong ambil ke sini," Again, I asked him to bring it over to me.  
  
Two of them quickly put down their roller and carried the ladder to me.  
  
"Tolong buka di sini," I told them to open the ladder near the corner so that I can paint the upper portion.  
  
They opened the ladder and then one of them held the ladder with two hands to stabilize the ladder. The other one stood behind me looking at my back. Both of them were excited with anticipation. Their hard on was clearly outlined too.  
  
I was excited too. Before I could do anything to attract their attentions, they already knew what to watch out for. My pussy immediately wet. In the pass, I was always imagining a 'look at my ass" scenario. This time was different. I was in an 'I am going to watch your ass' scenario.  
  
But at the same time, I started to worry. I realized I was alone in a house with two foreign workers; two sexually aroused males. I started to worry about my safety. Do I play along with them by just climbing the ladder and let them see what they wanted? If not what can I do? They ladder was ready; brush and pail were in my hands. Running away seems silly, as they were so far friendly. My excitement was mixed with fear. At the same time, the heat at my pussy became unbearable.  
  
Their conversations brought my back to reality. I decided to play alone.   
  
With brush at my hand and the pail at another, I started to take my first step up the ladder. Then I realized that I must free my hands to climb. I turned back and handed over the stuff to the one at my back. With two free hands holding the ladder, I started climbing. One step after another, I went higher and higher to the ceiling. My tits and ass at the same time revealed more and more to the hungry eyes below me.  
  
They talked to each other again in their own language in happy tone. I felt so naked although still wearing my dress and panty, probably because of the fact that I lost my sense of security. After 5 steps, I stopped. The ceiling was just a foot above my head. With my two hands holding the top of the ladder, I breathe heavily to catch some air. Then I turned to look at the two men below me. They smiled. One of them showed the brush and pail to me. I realized that I went up too high. I stepped down and careful turned to my left, bend my knees and extended my hand for the brush and then the pail. The hem of the tube top pulled away and I felt my dangling tits came out below the hem and pink nipples brushed the cold hard ladder. At the same time, my butt pushed out and my hanging skirt revealed the wet white panty to them.   
  
With my two hands occupied, I struggled to balance myself on the ladder. I climbed up further and left my pail on top of the ladder; with one hand holding the ladder I began to paint the corner between 2 walls, slowly from the bottom to the top. Then I painted the corner between the ceiling and the vertical wall.  
  
I believed my wet sheer panties and butt cheeks were always on display behind the dangling hem. And my bottom of my tits and the nipples were showing from times to times.  
  
The room was hot. My sweat flowed like water. They came out from my skin all over my body. My navy blue skirt slowly turned to dark blue starting from the soaked waistband. The sweat on my body kept sliding down my bare skin. Adding wetness to my soaked dress and awakening every nerves in my body.   
  
Slowly, I completed the corner above me. Now I have to paint the remaining of the unpainted corner that stretched 12 feet across the guest area. This job required me to get down and move the ladder few feet and get up again to paint every 3-4 feet across.   
  
I began to descend. With one hand holding the pail and one hand holding the brush, I made my first step...  
  
"Ahh!!" I yelled as I almost missed my step.  
  
The man behind my quickly came under and held me at my buttocks to support me. I can felt his fingers spread out evenly almost covering my whole butt genuinely supporting my weight.  
  
"Terima kasih," I thanked him.  
  
"Jaga sikit," He asked me to be careful. His hands were still holding firm at my butt and didn't seemed like moving away. I figured that he wanted to support me all the way down. Although it was to intimate for him to do that, but I was excited and did not object.  
  
I resumed my action. Step after step. I believed his fingers must be able to feel the contractions of my butt muscles underneath the moist skirt.   
  
When I stood on the floor. They quickly moved the ladder few feet along the wall and looked at me. It was my turn to move. I walked to the ladder. With two hand occupied, I began to climb again. After two steps, I looked back to the man stood behind me and said, "Tolong."  
  
He quickly moved forward and held my butt like before. But this time, I felt his fingers were lightly feeling up my butt cheeks. After painted few feet across and deliberately raising my arm higher than necessary. I moved down and again he offered his hands. This time he was more daring. He slipped his hand inside my skirt and directly touching my wet butt. I had an immediate thrill.  
  
"Ah!" I was a bit shocked by his boldness.  
  
"Terima kasih," I thanked him again as if nothing was wrong. He was encouraged by my acceptance and stuck his thumbs under the string and caressed my perineum and my ass hole. I frozen in action for a while, trying to register what his was doing in my over excited mind. He was too bold and too quick in exploiting my body, I told myself. But I like it, I told myself too.   
  
"Uhh!!!" The unexpected attack made me moaned. I moved my legs as slow as possible to enjoy his thumbs actions. When I reached the floor, my pussy was all wet and slippery and my nipples were rock hard. I was extremely aroused but same time I was worried of losing control and get raped.  
  
I decided to cool down. I told them I need to pee and quickly went to the toilet. I started touched myself hoping to make myself cum and then leave. But the more I touched, the more aroused I became and the more I wanted them to see my swollen pussy and tits. Eventually I hooked my thumbs inside of the waistband of my panties. Slid my hands down the sides of my legs, working the skimpy wet panties over my butt all the way to my ankles and gone. And I pulled my skirt so high until I almost see my pussy from the mirror. This was what I like, I told myself. I picked up my skimpy wet panties and throw it out of the window. Well, this is the point of no return.   
  
I came out from the toilet and walked to them. They were curiously scanning up and down my body. Thinking what was up for them. And I was pondering ways to get myself totally naked. Everyone was turned on.  
  
"Tolong," I asked for their help even before I climb the ladder.  
  
I took the brush and pail. This time, both of them stood behind me. When I was at the second step, I felt my skirt was lifted up and hands attacked my delicious globes simultaneously. Two hands held my thighs, and two hands squeezed my butt. Immediately, I heard them talking to each other happily, probably delighted with the disappearance of my panties. I felt my juices immediately flew down my inner thigh and stained on their fingers near my pussy, adding wetness to the slippery valley of mine. I climbed the steps slowly, partly because of the sensational activities around my ass that I indulged into, partly because of my legs have became weaker every time a finger slid across the opening of my holes.   
  
The few steps toward the top had taken like a minute. I finally reached the height for the painting job.  
  
The sensations were still vivid round my hot pussy although their fingers were no more sticking around. I tried to squeeze my inner thighs to caress my itchy pussy. But the hungry mouth of mine was crying for the real treatment. I simply scribbled and climbed down for the next gratification.   
  
I moved down. They offered their faithful hands again. But this time I felt their fingers caressing my slippery pussy lips. I went down two steps. Suddenly, I felt a finger poked into my wet hole.  
  
"Uhhhh..." I stopped and a heavy moan escaped loudly. This was taken as a green light for them. The finger poked in further exploring my wet interior. Then another finger squeezed in. I stopped my step and lowered my ass to give better access to the two fingers.  
  
"uhhhh... tolonggg..." I moaned. Moved my ass up and down to catch the wondering fingers inside me, guiding them further into my smooth channel. Their hands kept squeezing and caressing my wet cheeks and thigh. I was too indulged being fingerfucked, helplessly leaned on the ladder. I have resigned myself from the painting job. My new job was to serve my ass to the two men below me.   
  
They were not satisfied with just fingerfucking my hole, probably because the glittering juicy lips of mine was just too tempting. The view of mine pink interior smoothness was just too magnificent. I felt their fingers retreated from my wet tunnel. Immediately, my pussy was pulled opened by two forceful thumbs griping firmly at each side of my butt crack, the pink flesh of my inner lips was exposed, waiting to be tasted. I immediately knew what they wanted. I further bent at my waist and thrust my ass wide opened and much lower for their easy access.  
  
Not long after that, a warm tongue swept my puffy wet pussy, sending a thrilling sensation to my whole body. He first sucked the swollen outer lips of mine into his mouth one at a time. His nose occasionally poked right at my anus and I heard his heavy breathing. He must be sucking in the strong odor of my ass, which was not showered since I woke up until now, not even after my tennis match. I was self-conscious about my odor and wanted to pull away from him. But his grip was so firm until I cannot break my ass away from his kiss. But knowing someone was heavily breathing the natural thick odor of my most private organ though embarrassed but same time arousing. I slowly stopped pulling away and started sitting on his face. He then used his fingers to separate my lips and licked the wide-opened inner lips. He stuck his tongue slowly drove in and out, fucking me with his stiffened tongue. I was moaning and gasping.  
  
"Hahhh... Tolongggg..." I screamed for the terrific tongue treatment.  
  
"Stop!" A scream was heard. Not from anyone of us. It was Max, my brother!  
  
Suddenly, I was losing balance and falling. No more tongue on my pussy, no more hands round my ass. I tried to grab the ladder and catch my steps on my way down. I missed and fell straight to the floor. My legs hit the floor and I fell to my back. The men tried to catch me when I was falling, but only to pull my skirt off me and torn my tube top. The worst thing was that the pail of paint was poured all over my chest. A thick layer of paint was spilled all over my body.  
  
I heard my brother scolding two of them. He was very fierce. Two of them were trying to calm my brother. They probably told him that they didn't force me into it.  
  
"Max! Help me, please. It's hurt," I cried out for help, hoping to stop my angry brother.  
  
They stopped and my brother came to me.  
  
"Are you OK?" He asked.  
  
"My legs..." Suddenly, I came to an idea so that I can still play my game despite of the situation.  
  
"OK! Let me see," He went over to examine my ankles. He lifted my right foot to check.  
  
"This one?"  
  
"No, both of them. I think I twisted both of them," I pretended like my ankles were in pain. But it was my butt that really in pain.  
  
"OK! I bring you to doctor. Don't worry,"  
  
"No, Max. The paint. They are drying on my skin. Wash them away please,"  
  
"Jesus, what have you done to yourself?" He can't believe what he saw.  
  
"Please, quick. They are drying."  
  
"Mari, tolong bawa dia pergi tandas," Max shouted to them and asked them to help carrying me to the toilet.  
  
They both came. My brother carried me at my armpits. Two of them carried my legs. They carried me to the toilet. My brother switched on the shower. Only to find that there was no water.  
  
"Outside. Max. Outside got water," I remembered that the renovator have connected the water from the public main.  
  
"Outside. You crazy, you are naked, Michelle!" My brother disbelieved what I suggested.  
  
"Yes. Outside, quick,"  
  
"Bawa dia keluar,'' Finally he agreed.  
  
Three of them then carried me out of the house to the car porch, where the hose located. My brother put me on the floor and went to turn the tap and reached the hose. But two of them were still holding my legs and stood almost two feet apart. My legs were spread and my paint-stained pussy was plainly on display. I was still horny. I further spread my legs that were still in their hands. They sensed my move and happily spread my legs further apart. My pussy was widely spread, until the small pink valley between the lips was opened to their hungry eyes. They smiled to me.  
  
My brother was back with a hose, shooting water onto my body.  
  
"Max, you got to do it quick, it's sticking on my skin, you got to use your hand," I asked Max for action.  
  
"Ya, think so," He rubbed his hand all over my chest to wash away the paint. The paint and water made my body extremely slippery. I was laying on the floor with my nipples hard and my brother's hand was fondling my tits. Then two of them joined in to wash my crotch.  
  
"Stop! Stop it!" My angry brother shouted to them.  
  
But they did not stop. One was rubbing around my crotch. The other one was concentrating around my pussy.  
  
"Max, let them. It's OK!"  
  
"Ahh..." I suppressed my moan softly to hide my obvious excitement.  
  
My thighs were spread wide with my feet pointed at the car porch ceiling. Then my pussy lips were spread and my wet hole was exploited. I was at the heights of my excitement. I was laying totally naked in the middle of the car porch, with 3 pairs of hand all over my slippery body and I was approaching my orgasm.  
  
"Michelle, it not OK!" Max saw what they were doing.  
  
"Yes, please let them finished it, I like it and I need it. Oh yesss..." I was so close to cumming.

And they kept playing at my wet hole and my brother continued to wash my bare chest...  
  
...  
  
I was in my brother's car, wearing my torn tube top and my tennis skirt. The wet G-string panties was forgotten.  
  
We were quiet. He was still in shock and anger. Perhaps seeing his beloved sister fingerfucked by two foreign workers and yet cum right in front of him was too much for him to accept.  
  
My mind was confused too. Am I too slutty? Have I gone to far? Have I spoiled myself right in front of my brother? What would he think of me now?  
  
The short journey back to my apartment was like taken for hours.  
  
Eventually, we were home.  
  
"Michelle, I was... shocked by what I've seen. I don't know what to say..." he finally opened his mouth.  
  
"Michelle...''   
  
"Anything that you wanna say?" He asked me.  
  
"Why you do that?" He sat at the sofa and looked at me. He kept staring at me, obviously waiting for an answer.  
  
I did not know what to say. He turned his head, did not knew what to say too.  
  
I gathered that the issue that kept untouched since our reunion eventually opened for discussion.  
  
"Brother, remember last time, the weekend you invited your friends to our house?" I decided to confess to him.  
  
"You was drunk and..."  
  
"When I was about to jump into the pool, you suddenly grabbed my swim suit from behind and striped the suit off me from my shoulder right down to my feet... and said you like to see me swim naked... you remember that?"  
  
"You shocked me, I did not know what to do. I stood there naked for minutes, my mind was totally blank,"  
  
"But at the same time, I had that very strange feelings. Very strange feelings that I never experienced before, from all over my body, last for hours even after I put my swim suit back on."  
  
"Brother. I never tell anyone about that, no body. I wanted to tell you, but I don't know how."  
  
"But today I think I can do that. Brother, I wanted to tell you that I like it, I like those feelings very much... Since that day you striped me off in front of your friends, I like to be naked in front of people!"  
  
"That evening, you peeped into my room and saw me took off my shirts, my bra, my skirt and my panties one by one before I walked into the shower. I knew you were watching. I did it purposely cause I like it, I like you to watch me naked. I was so turn on by you peeping me. It was different, I knew you've been peeping me for years, but it felt so much different that time,"  
  
"Since then, I have been imagining myself naked in front of you; spreading my thighs for you, bending my ass for you. I crave for your attentions, to look at my body. Just like few weeks ago when you peep me, just like today, all these just made me so hot and I..."  
  
I slowly took off my tube top, then my tennis skirt. I again stood complete naked in front of him.  
  
"Brother, I know you like to watch me too. Don't you, brother? I like you to watch me, touch me. And you like to watch me, touch me. We are perfect match," I told him.  
  
"You just have to turn you head, move your hands and I would be totally yours. I do whatever you wish, whatever,"  
  
He kept silence.  
  
Then, he suddenly stood up and walked to his room. For a very brief moment, I saw his eyes stole glimpse at my body before turning to his direction to his room.  
  
That evening, I left a note under a glass on the dinning table.  
  
The next morning, the note was gone and the glass was overturned.  
  
The note read:  
  
"Brother, I really need to know, please be honors. If you turned on by what you saw today, If you like what you saw today, flip the glass over. Otherwise, just put it back to the tray."

**Michelle Ch. 04**

After the event involving 2 foreign workers (Michelle Ch 03). I believed my brother was clear about my sexuality; that I am an exhibitionist. And his attention propels me to stripe off totally. And he also indicated to me that looking at my body turned him on.   
  
However, we went into another long 'silence' period after that. He was still struggling with himself (I thought so), still strived to maintain his best manner as my brother, keeping his visions and actions well guarded. Despite of my brother's non-responsiveness, my interest in exhibitionism continued to drive my every aspects of daily life. The most obvious effect was my clothing. I started to wear sexy and skimpy outfit. That were few incidents I went to the grocery shop braless. After that, I tried once wearing hot pant without my panties on. When the shopkeeper squatted in front of me to take the can food for me, his face was just a foot away from my crotch. I had an orgasm at the moment, knowing the chances of him seeing my pussy under the hemline.  
  
On the other hand, the renovation of my brother's new house had finished. He has brought some furniture but there were few items still pending. That day, he wanted to shop for his bedroom furniture. We decided to visit the furniture mall that located along the LDP.   
  
That day I wore a floral print yellowish tube dress made of silk. The dress has an adjustable ribbon round my upper chest to hang the dress on my body. It was quite short and only covered the most 3 inches down my thighs. Even then, that was generous amount of my chest and cleavage showing. I had retied the ribbon a few times to get the dress well position so that the hemline was low enough and yet the chest was not too exposed. The silk fabric although was extensively printed with small floral patterns, it was quit thin and transparent. And I had the under layer removed. If you stood just few feet away, you'll be able to see some details of my skin.  
  
Underneath the dress, I wore a matching milky yellow silk bra and G-string. From a certain distance, you would think that I am naked underneath the dress.  
  
It was a weekday, not much of customers around the furniture mall. Most of the shop we entered was without customer. So we received full attention from sales persons. Most of them followed us and tried to make a deal, some of them was attracted by my little shows of sitting down, bending my waist or crossing, uncrossing my legs. However, after walking from one shop to another, none of the item actually interests us. My brother was bored.  
  
However, my mind started to run wild after received some attention and stares. My mind was pondering something to stir the boring day and my bored brother; and telling him what is available to him.  
  
It was the last shop that I entered. A young man greeted us as we entered the shop. A woman at the around fifties was reading newspaper on the office desk uninterested to our presence. Another young man and a young lady probably younger than twenties were sitting lazily on the sofa. Soon they were attracted, probably to me, and my handsome brother.  
  
"Anything in particular you are looking for?" The young man asked after following us a while.  
  
"We were looking for bedroom furniture," I answered.  
  
"Great, they are all up stairs. Please follow me," The young man led us to the stair and we went up. The two youngsters followed.  
  
It was true; they were all up stair. All was bedroom furniture and nothing else. The whole floor was partitioned into many open sided 'rooms', each exhibiting bedroom furniture of difference design in various styles and tones. Max was interested. But I was not as I was still not figured out what to do.  
  
But I played along. Followed my brother from one room to another.  
  
Then I saw my image in the mirror and I was alive instantly. The game was on.  
  
I stood straight in front of the full-length mirror of a wardrobe with my hands at my waist.  
  
"Max, can you see that.'' I spoke to my brother behind me, deliberately raising my voice.  
  
He turned back and looked at my face in the mirror.  
  
"Can you see that? This mirror is not even, my image is a bit out of shape! See!" My voice immediately caught everybody's attention.   
  
Everyone stopped and looked at me.  
  
"Look at my chest. Can you see that my right side looks bigger than my left?" I swayed side to side as if to examine the reflection.  
  
"Really!" My brother was curious.  
  
"No, they are equal, both are as big," He lowered his head to compare and gave his genuine opinion.  
  
"No, the right side is bigger. Is this grade C mirror?" I raised my voice again.  
  
"No, they are all grade B mirrors," The young lady answered.  
  
"How come my right breast looks bigger?" I changed the word 'chest' to a more explicit word 'breast'.  
  
"Come over and see for yourself," I waved to the young lady. I turned to face them, untied the knot and pulled my dress down to reveal my chest. My tits half covered under the silk bra came right in front of the young lady. She was surprised by my sudden exposure and probably fascinated to see a pair of fully developed breast half exposed to her eyes.  
  
She was blushed but still wearing her sweet smile.  
  
"I want you to look at them carefully. Are they equal in size and shape," I looked at her and hands lightly contoured the sides of my tits.  
  
"Emm... Ahh... I think... Yes, they are equal, perfectly equal," She was embarrassed having to deliberately look at my tits in front of three men.  
  
"Now, come behind me and look at them again in the mirror, see if they are equal," I turned to face the mirror.  
  
From the reflection, I saw my brother. Blushed and rubbing his face with his hand. I thought he knew I was playing my game.  
  
The lady came behind me and taken a serious look.  
  
"Emm... Actually... they are equal. Well... the right side could have been bigger... I can't tell. Sorry," She was confused and embarrassed.  
  
The two young boys came closer not wanting to miss the show.  
  
"Yesss, its bigger on the right side. OK! May be lady is not that sensitive to body shape. How about you two, can help me to check?" I turned to look at the two young boys. Did not attempt to cover my bare chest.  
  
They came up few feet in front of me. The young lady moved to the side and sat on the bed. My brother pulled a chair from under the make-up desk and sat closer behind me, where he can see the whole reflection of my body in the mirror. He adjusted his pant near his crotch to free space for his hard on. He deliberately leaned his back lazily at the chair to pretend a relax, not bordered look. But from his face, I knew he was excited.  
  
The two youngsters stood in front of me were anxious. Kept rubbing their shaky hands on around their hips and crotch. Occasionally pushed their hards on to release the pressure that was slowly building up.  
  
"Can you two look carefully at my breasts, both of them, see whether they are perfectly identical," I pressed my two melons to the center and released them to generate the bouncing effect. The nipples immediate harden under the soft bikini bra and formed two shape tents that lightly outlined by the yellowish fabric.  
  
They mechanically moved back and for, up and down to take real look at my assets. They look at each other few times as if to ask the other to speak first.  
  
"Oh ya! You guys nowadays can see totally nude lady easily in the net right. May be this would help you to judge better," I let go of my hands, my dress just slid down my slander body smoothly. The dress dropped to my ankles. I slowly pulled the transparent strings down my shoulders and then untied the knot at my back. The two patches of triangle fall and revealed my creamy amber tits and hard nipples.  
  
Everyone was shocked. The lady on the bed covered her mouth with two hand and her eyes wide opened staring at my display few feet from her. Both young boys swallowed saliva involuntary with their hungry eyes fixed at my tits that proudly pointing at them. I glanced to my brother at my side. He sat straight, could not pretend relax any more.  
  
My tits were lightly jingling every time my chest raise and fall. The cool air made the nipples even harder. I rested my hands around my waist and pushed my chest to give emphasis to my two blossoms.  
  
"I am sure you guy have seen much bigger than this in the Internet. Come on, don't pretend innocent anymore. Take a good look, see if they are equal," I looked at them and they looked at my tits.  
  
"God, a real one! B, may be C!" One of them mumbered at his mouth.  
  
"How's it? Equal?" I walked closer to them.  
  
"Come on, just examine them carefully. Or you can measure them by your hands," I caught the chill sweaty hands of one of the youngster and brought them to my tits.  
  
"Come, cup it to check if they are equal,"  
  
He spread his fingers slowly tried to cup my tits while I still holding his wrist. But he stopped when his palm touched my hard nipples. The contact sent a thrill to my spine and my pussy wet instantly. And it was my hands that turned shaky now. My breath grew heavier and my nipples lightly pressing on his palm in the rhythms of my breath.  
  
The light touchings of his palms against my nipples sent me to next level of excitement. I could not hold anymore. I pulled his hand to me and the two palms just cupped my hot inviting tits. He was still a gentleman, only lightly squeezed my tits twice then retreated his palms, leaving a thin film of moist sweat on my tits and the hard nipples. A strong feeling of unsatisfactoryness stroke my chest. I craved for more actions on my tits.  
  
"How, are they equal?" I asked.  
  
"Ya, ya, equal," He answered. I wondered if he could really feel the any difference.  
  
"OK! Now, look at the mirror and tell me," I continued holding his hand and retreated 2 steps, walked out of my dress on the floor and stopped in front of the mirror. I turned to face the mirror and looked at the young boy. He was awakened and went to my back and looked at my reflection.  
  
"Well?" I raised my arms to above my head, lightly turned my body left and right, my tits swayed left and right followed my body. Then I lowered my arms, stood straight and leaned my hands on the back of my hips. I looked at the youngster at the mirror.  
  
"How?" I turned to look at my brother in the mirror. Pushed up my chest forwand and my buttock backward. My hands slowly massaged my smooth ass cheek in circular motions. He was looking at my directior, but can't tell whether he was looking at my full front view of my body in the mirror or my buttock. He realized that I caught him looking at me, he switched to look at my face. He was embarrassed.  
  
"Miss, I think they look the same," The the boy commented.  
  
"What! It is so obvious, can't you see it?" I raised my voice.  
  
"Oh no! Look at my leg, the right leg is bigger than the left!" I continued my show.  
  
"This time, you should check. I think you friend got poor eye sight," I waved to another youngster.  
  
He came over to my back without hesitation.   
  
''Not too fast, you have not check my actual breasts yet," I turned to my back, and my nipples briefly touched his shirt.  
  
"Backward a little bit and look at them carefully," I pushed his shoulder.  
  
He stepped back and looked at my breasts.  
  
"Better you use your hand too, just to make sure," I pushed my chest and rest my hands at my waist. The amber tits hung proud in front of the boy.  
  
He raised his two hands and lightly squeezed my tits. My hard nipples pocked at the center of his palms.  
  
"Your nipples are very hard, Miss. You sure you want to continue?" He gave me his mischievous smile.  
  
"What about the lower part. You said they are not balance too," He looked down at my crotch.  
  
"Oh yes! You better check them out too," I turned my back to him. I bent my body and my ass stick out pointing at the boy.  
  
"How, are the both sides equal?" I asked him.  
  
"Can't really tell. You see, your panties only cover part of your... You know... Can I adjusted you panties so that it's balance at both sides?" He said openly, everybody heard.   
  
My pussy suddenly wet. I felt my juice came out and stained on my panties that stuck in between my pussy lips.  
  
"OK! Suit yourself," I was excited.  
  
He tucked his finger under the string that ran down my ass crack. Slid his finger downward, he repositioned the string to the center of my valley. Then he spread the bottom panel neatly cover my pussy, not forgotten to feel my lips lightly with his fingers.  
  
"Now you panties is balance. Let's see," He held the sides of my butt with his hands and looked directly into my ass.  
  
It was the first time a man looked so carefully at my ass in the public. I felt my juice came out again and stained my panties.  
  
"Well, I really can't tell whether it's perfectly balance. You know... I would say it's roughly balanced," He commented.  
  
"No! You must be sure, can't just saying roughly balanced... May be this could help you, I think I better remove my panties, see if you can make up your mind," I was unable to restrain my impulsive action, I pulled my waistband and worked the panties all the way down my knees. The panties hung between my knees, the bottom panel hung flat in between with a wet spot clearly stained.  
  
"Whooo!" He was obviously fascinated by my boldness and perhaps my curvy display.  
  
I glanced back at my brother and saw him pulling his pants around his crotch, trying to park his hard on to a more comfortable position.  
  
"OK! Now check again, carefully," I bent down holding my ankles, knees straight like performing a leg muscles stressing. From the gap between my legs, I had my first ever view of my own exposed swollen pussy in the public. The inner lips were slightly sticking out from the crack between the two fat glittering lips.  
  
"Perfect! Perfect!" He held me at the sides of my butt, half squatted behind me with his eyes leveled with my sticking ass.  
  
"You buttock is perfectly symmetrical. Even your pussy lips are perfect, equally fat and pink," He did his detail observations which caused another flow of my juice sipping out from the moist crack.  
  
"Now, let's check the mirror," I turned my ass towards the mirror.  
  
"Umm... You are right… the mirror is not even… you are right," He said.  
  
"See! I've told you," I stood up straight and I was totally naked only wearing my heels. My face blushed with excitement, so did my naked body. The panties dropped to my ankles.  
  
"I think I better check the rest of them before I buy," I said. I knew it was weird to check the rest of them in this state of nudity. But I continued since no one spoke a word.  
  
I went to another display room in a half walking and half jumping manner leaving my panties on the floor. My tits and ass were bouncing up and down while I walked pass each and everyone of them. After a while, they followed me mechanically with their eyes glued to my exposed body.  
  
I continued to check other mirrors with everybody watching my naked body bending down and occasionally squeezing my tits in the process. My brother was holding my dress, panties and bra in front of his crotch. Probably tried to hide his hard on.  
  
My show eventually came to the end cause I can't do all the mirrors or it would seem like nuisance. After two 'mirrors checking', I said no point of me to check the rest of them because they are all uneven. I continued to walk in the nude with a pair of obviously erect nipples lead the way. My brother followed behind.  
  
Nothing was interesting until I saw a beautiful bed on display in front of the glass wall facing the main road. The bed was fitted with white and glossy fabrics. The bed attracted my immediate attention. All of the sudden, I wondered how the feeling is like when my skin touch against the seemingly soft and smooth bed sheets and the comforter.  
  
I stopped in front of the bed, reaching my hands to touch the bed. Just as I imagined, they felt so soft and smooth. I climbed my knees up onto the bed and knelt at all four. While still feeling my hands on the bed, I slowly lowered my face to feel the smoothness, and then my chest touched the bed as I slowly ground my body againt the length of the bed. My ass was sticking high into the air with few pairs of eyes looking. The sensations of touching coupled with the excitement of being watched from behind sent a surge of satisfaction all over my body. I almost cum on the bed.  
  
While I was still laying at my stomach on the bed enjoying my new found sensations. The woman came up and saw me.  
  
"Ai yoo... What are you doing miss, how can you do that on my bed,"  
  
"You shameless bitch, don't you dirty my bed sheets. Get out of my shop. Out! Out!" The red-faced woman shouted out from her lung.  
  
I was shocked, so as the rest of us. I quickly jumped out of the bed and turned to my brother. He quickly threw my dress to me, but not my bra and panties.  
  
"Max, my panties and bra!" I shouted to him. I was panic.  
  
"Get out now!" The angry lady shouted again at us.  
  
"No time for your underwear! You'll be fine with just that," He was wearing his funny smile in his face as he threw my underwears to the top of a wardrobe nearbu. My panties and bra were gone.  
  
"You think so?" I blushed.  
  
I quickly put on my dress and heels then went out of the shop.  
  
Max drove the car and we were on the road.  
  
"Oh! My god! I can't go without my underwear," I realized how transparent the dress was when I look down my chest. The worst thing was that I tied the knot too much making the tube dress hung higher on my chest and the hemline rose higher completely exposed my thighs.  
  
"Brother, please turn back to take them," I begged my brother.  
  
"No need. You are fine with just your dress," He was smiling to me.  
  
"You mean, I look OK now… without… now?" I tried to find out what he really meant. At the same time, I was excited by what came to my mind.  
  
"Yes. Without your underwear, you look fine," He replied.  
  
"But I can see the shadow of my... nipples, can't you see them,"  
  
"Not really... OK. Only if I really look at them carefully," He glanced at my chest.  
  
"So, where are we going now," I asked. Anxious about what come next.  
  
"Well, we still have one whole day to go. What about Suria KLCC? I haven't got a chance to go there," He suggested.  
  
"KLCC! You want to go to KLCC? Now?" I was surprised by his suggestion. Suria KLCC is a very busy shopping mall in the center of Kuala Lumpur.  
  
Though I sounded like surprise and reluctance, but my pussy was responded favorable to the idea. I was really turned on by the idea; wearing just my mini tube dress to Suria KLCC! I read a lot of exhibitionist stories that happened in shopping mall. I was about to experience some of those instances! The anticipation caused my nipples constantly erect on our way to KLCC.  
  
It was noon when we arrived. We parked at P3 (basement level 3) of the basement car park. We went up from the basement car park to the shopping mall using the escalators. I anxiously looked up as we were approaching the escalator. I had a thrill all over my body; the escalator was so steep. I told my self may be it was my nervousness that scared me, the escalator was just fine. Nevertheless, I involuntary pulled my hem as I stepped on the escalator.  
  
I saw many people going up or coming down the escalator. It was a busy time because it was lunch hour. I was still nervous because the dress was just felt too light on my body as if I was not wearing anything at all. The light waving hem was constantly touching on my upper thighs reminding me of how close I am into exposing my pussy. Probably by now, everyone behind me could definitely look up my naked pussy, including my brother that followed behind me. Although I did not really turn back to confirm, I was certain that I was being watched, especially my brother. A sense of shame stroked me and I instantly closed my thighs together and found out the increasing wetness of my sex.

Mentally, I thought I was not ready for public nudity. But my body definitely liking it, especially my pussy.  
  
The short travel up was taken like minutes to me. I reached P1 (basement level 1) and I had another thrill as I looked up the escalator that linked to the lower ground floor of the shopping mall. The escalator was much longer than before, reaching higher than the two before. My two nipples instantly harden like two grapes on top of my tits. And the strong wind blew down from the shopping mall pressed my dress onto my body, clearly outlined my state of arousal. I naturally crossed my arms in front of my chest, tried to keep warm and hide my erect nipples.   
  
"Cold?" My brother asked from behind me.  
  
"Ya. The cold wind," I replied.  
  
I felt really cold as I entered into the shopping mall. May be I was just too excited and anxious. I walked into a watch shop near the escalator to check myself in the mirror behind the display racks. I saw my nipples so clearly until the little numps on my areolas were faintly visible. I again felt a sense of shame in me and I just wanted to hide away. But as I took my steps, I knew my pussy was already dripping wet. The exhibitionistic devil inside me has grown bigger.  
  
"May be we go to the KLCC Park first, it's warmer there," I suggested after walk through a few shop lots with my hands crossed in front of my chest.  
  
"OK, which way to go?" He asked.  
  
"Just follow the escalator at the center of the mall, where we first came out from the carpark," I pointed toward the center of the mall. He held my hand and we walked to the direction of the escalator leading to the ground floor. I realized I was started to attract attentions as my tits were bouncing up and down freely. Max seemed to realize that too. He held my hand firmly and walked faster, making my unconstraint tits bouncing vigorously every step I took. Few shoppers turned their heads to check on me when I walked passed them. We were almost half running when we reached the escalator. And I was in full flash after the short 'running' and the attentions I received.  
  
He turned back to look at me with a brief glance at my chest.  
  
Did my brother purposely lead me running through the mall?  
  
We stepped up the escalator and my brother reached his hand behind me and landed on the side of my ass check like a couple. Then his hand slowly traveled up my hip, pulling my hem higher up. He did it so naturally as if he was my boy friend. No one would suspect he actually wanted to expose my pussy to shoppers behind.  
  
My heart was pounding faster and faster. I did not expect my brother to purposely expose me in the public. Although I have fantasized myself flashing in the shopping mall, but I was not prepared to acting it out at that moment of time. But, did he really showing me off right now?  
  
"Warmer?" He asked me while his hand lightly stroking my hip under the flimsy fabric. I felt my dress traveled up and down following his hand.  
  
"Yes, better now," I answered. In fact, it was really getting warmer, especially my pussy.  
  
I was exposing both my tits and ass to the shoppers on my way up to group floor. Almost every one on the opposite escalator took a look at my chest and the erect nipples that obviously outlined. Off cause, the shoppers stood behind me would definitely had a clear view up my ass and my moist pussy.  
  
"Woo… So beautiful!"  
  
We finally reached the ground floor and walk out of the building into the park. The water fountain show was on; many people especially foreign tourists were enjoying the water-dancing show at the center of the pool.  
  
"Is this the KLCC Park?" My brother asked me.  
  
"Ya. It is very big. Got children swimming pool and playgroup over the other side of the pool," I pointed into the far end of the pool.  
  
"Great! Let go," He held my hand again and walked toward the direction I just showed.  
  
"Now! Under the hot sun?" I was reluctance, because it was noon, and the sun was shining right at the top of the sky.  
  
"Why not. Come, let's go," He pulled me at my hand and we walked toward the park.  
  
But this time he walk at normal pace, did not seem to be interested in forcing me running.  
  
"You know Michelle, I'm happy to be with you again," He talked to me as we walk. He was wearing the most beautiful smile, a smile of relief and freedom that's been missing since the day of our reunion.  
  
"Me too, brother. I'm grad that you are here, with me now," I answered. I sensed that my brother had just come to term with something that kept bordering him for some time.  
  
Although the sun was burning my skin, I was still very much enjoyed the walk with my brother.  
  
We did not go to the children pool. Instead, we just walked through the paths aimlessly round the park as we continue our conversations.  
  
As we were still walking the path, suddenly I heard sharp sounds of water shooting out through small opening. Then I saw not too far from us sprays of water shooting up from the group into the air like a big eager opened up her wings. Immediately, almost the whole area in front of us was raining with water that spray out from the watering valve that fitted on the group. We were so fascinated by the beautiful scenery in front of us.  
  
However, few seconds after that, I heard the same but louder sound of water around us. It came to our area now. In the split of second, we were in the rain. Water kept spraying onto our body from all directions.   
  
"Run! Michelle, Run!" My brother shouted. He quickly turned back and pulled my hand and we both ran at full strength. We ran until we reached the children playground, but it was too late. My dress was totally soaked and the sheer silk clung to my body like second layer of skin. And I was breathing heavily to catch back more oxygen into my lung, which caused my tits to rising up and down under the sheer dress. Few people stopped to look at my wet body, including Max. Some just glanced at me while still walking their direction. I was totally helpless with no place to hide my body. I hide myself behind Max tried to block most of the people view. When I stood behind Max, my nipples occasionally brushed at my brother's back. Then I realized how erect my nipples were, how turn on I was in the mist of this embarrassment.  
  
I held my brother's hand and pulling him away from the children playground. Then I found that my high heels were both broken. But I continued to walk pulling my brother from behind. Few men in their office attire kept following us. I kept walking hoping to escape them, but they just followed. And everyway we went, there were people around. And the number of people following behind us was getting more and more. My nipples were getting harder and harder every step I walked and I felt my juice continued dripping from my soaked pussy.  
  
Finally we reached a deserted path with no one around, but few people still followed behind us.  
  
"Michelle. May be you should stop walking. Otherwise they will keep on following you," My brother pulled my hand and we stopped. We sat on a chair under a tree.  
  
Those people slowed down but they did not stop walking. They were all looking at my still exposed tits when walked pass us and reluctantly turned back their head after the last scan on my body.  
  
I was finally escaped from that rather embarrassing situation.   
  
"You OK?" My brother asked after brief glance at my tits.  
  
"OK! Thanks. But I got to wait for my dress to dry before going anywhere," I replied.  
  
"It's my fault. I shouldn't throw away your underwear,"   
  
"Well. It's fine. It was… kind of exciting… You know I love it… don't you?" I forced out a smile to conceal my embarrassment. But I really mean it, I did love it.   
  
"You really did? You love what happened to you just now?"  
  
I felt even more embarrassed by his question. I just noted my head without answering him. I turned my head to hide my flushed face.  
  
"Just now when we came out to the ground floor, do you …umm... Never mine… Uhh… Let go to buy my new shoes. Shall we?" I wanted to ask him whether he did purposely pulled me to walk faster. But I did not ask the question, thought it might be better to let thing unspoken.  
  
"OK. Let's go back shopping,"  
  
We walked slowly back to the shopping mall and the same time getting much attention along the way. My dress almost dried up when we reached the shopping mall.  
  
The shopping mall was still as busy as before. We walked into a shop that specialized in fashion lady shoes. Many ladies looked up my body when I was looking through the selections. A few male shoppers accompanying their partners kept checking me out too. I was distracted by their attentions and could not make up my mind which pair to try. My brother was quietly following me. He was checking me out too.  
  
"Why not buy a sport shoes, you said you wanted a new pair, right?" My brother asked when we came out from that shop.  
  
"Ya. Thanks for reminding me. I wanted a new pair of sport shoes,"  
  
"Sport shoes then," He held my hand and we walked to the sportswear shop nearby.  
  
The shop was crowded with shoppers. No one pay attention to us as we entered. But very soon, a salesman came to me.  
  
"Welcome. How can I help you?" He greeted us with a smile.  
  
"I'm looking for a pair of sport shoes," I replied.  
  
"Any sport in particular?" He asked as he started scanning me head to toes.  
  
"No. But I play tennis sometime,"  
  
"I can see that. You got a pair of sexy legs," He glanced at my legs again before leading us to the sports shoes section.  
  
"Here. All these will be your choices,"   
  
"Thanks,"  
  
"No problem! Take your time," He walked back few steps and stood there.  
  
I went near the display racks and casually glanced through the selection. He still stood there just looking at me although other salesmen were busy serving customers and a few customers were holding shoes in their hands waiting to be served.  
  
After a while, two shoppers were attracted and walked closer to me and pretended like looking for shoes in the same section.  
  
My nipples harden again knowing that few pairs of eyes were looking into my naked body behind the flimsy dress. I started losing my focus again and not able to make up my mind.  
  
"This one is nice. Michelle. This one looks good on you too," My brother made his suggestions.  
  
"OK! I think I like to try them," I looked over to the salesman.  
  
"Can I have size 5 please," I told him.  
  
He quickly came over and checked the product codes then disappeared into the storeroom.  
  
After a while, he came out of the storeroom with two shoeboxes in his hands.  
  
"This way please," He pointed at the chair in front of him and asked me to go over there to try my shoes.  
  
I walked over and my brother and the two shoppers followed.  
  
The salesman took out a pair of the shoes and handed to me.  
  
I took the shoes and sat on the chair. My hem rose dangerously high up my thigh almost revealing my uncovered pussy. I distinctly closed my knees tight. My heart raced again. I was just a step away from showing off my pussy. Should I just give them a show? But the reflection in the mirror scared me. There were just too many people around. I could not overcome my fear. I kept my knees closed.  
  
But slowly I realized it was difficult for me to put on sport shoes with my two knees tightly closed to each other. And I realized my nipples were rock hard again, pushing out under the sheer dress. The light friction between my erect nipples and the silky fabric was like a spell, slowly took control over my mind. My desire slowly engulfed my body. I gave up. I spread my thighs a bit and let one of my hand went in between them so that I can pull the shoe up my heel. But the shoe was just too tight; I didn't managed to put it on.  
  
The salesman was very alert. After I spread my thighs, he quickly half knelt beside me as if I needed his assistance.  
  
"Any problem? You need any help?" He asked while trying to peek under my hem.  
  
"I'm alright. Just that I need to loosen up the shoelace; it's just too tight. May be you can help me," I realized the situation was getting interesting. He could either take the shoe from me to loosen up the shoelace, or he could just do it while the shoe is still half fitted onto my foot.  
  
He did the later way. He went in front of me, half knelt and started to work on the shoe that still half fitted on my foot. My heart started to pounce faster, a man was working on my shoelace in front of me and I did not wear my panties. He was taking his time for his job and occasionally peeked into the deep end between my thighs. My pussy became wetter every time he peeked.  
  
When he finished loosen the shoelace, he pulled open the shoe and asked me to insert my leg further into the shoe. I pushed my foot in while he pulled the shoe up. He was pulling very hard. By time my foot went in, the shoe was already a foot up above the floor and my wet pussy revealed before him. With the lips slightly parted and the glittering swollen clit briefly showed.  
  
"Opps! Sorry, I pulled too hard," He apologized after my foot dropped back on the ground and my pussy disappeared behind the hem.  
  
"Don't worry about it. I guess it always got to do it the hard way, right?" I smiled to him. We were both flushed.  
  
"Opps! Excuse me," I pull my hem down and secretly squeezed my itchy pussy with my thighs.  
  
"Can you help me to do the other one, please?" I asked him.  
  
"My pleasure," He happily accepted my request.  
  
The rest of those around us did not want to miss the next upcoming action. They stood nearer to us and one of them just stood beside the salesman and looked on.  
  
The salesman was getting very excited. His face was red and his tip of his tongue kept licking his lips. I thought his mouth and lips were drying up.  
  
He loosen the shoelace of the other shoe and placed the shoe on the floor near my bare foot. I slowly rose my foot and did the same thing again. I pushed and he pulled. And my leg went up and down few times as he his hands tried to fit my foot into the shoe. And my pussy was fully on display, giving everyone unobstructed view. I was so turned on by the attentions that were all focused on my swollen lips. Finally my other foot fitted in. He tied up the shoelaces and stood up looking at me.  
  
"Thank you very much, you are the most caring salesman I've ever meet!" I gave him a smile and stood up.  
  
"How is it, Max?" I turned to my brother and asked his opinion.  
  
"Looks nice. Comfortable?"   
  
"Let's see," I walked a few step back and for to feel the shoes.  
  
"The best way is you run and jump a bit to really see if it is comfortable on you," My brother suggested.  
  
"Do I really have to do that?" I asked.  
  
"Yes, you should. Many people do that," The salesman supported my brother.  
  
"OK! I think I should,"  
  
Our conversations have captured the rest of the shoppers' attentions and they started looking at me. My nipples erect again, pocking out on top of my tits like two bullets.  
  
I slowly walked to the center of the shop to where the main walkway was. Then I started to run the entrance and returned to the back end of the shop while almost everyone was looking, my tits bounced up and down behind the semi sheer fabric. I ran back and for twice and then stopped at the middle of the walkway. I felt my whole body was on fire.  
  
"Try jumping," My brother said.  
  
"OK!"  
  
I jumped with my two legs slightly apart. My hem flew up revealing my crotch when I landed my feet on the floor. A few people laughed. I quickly covered them back with my hands and I felt so embarrassed. But no one knew that my pussy was actually extremely wet, perhaps except my brother.  
  
"Would you like to try this pair as well?" The salesman took the other pair and walked towards me.  
  
"One more to go!" I was a bit terrified knowing that I got another pair to try on, while everyone in the shop was already watching me. I was not sure whether I could handle it.  
  
"Let me help you," My brother joined the salesman and walked toward me too.  
  
"Sit down. Michelle," They stopped in front of me.   
  
I did not know how to response. I sat on the bench somewhere at the center of the shop obediently like being hypnotized. My thighs were closed and my hands landed beside me.  
  
"We'll help you to put on your new pair. OK,"  
  
I noted in silence, like a patient to be examined by her doctor.  
  
"You do the right, I do the left," My brother told the salesman.  
  
Then both of them knelt in front of me and started untied the shoelaces. After that, they started taking my shoes off and my legs were spread and pulled. And my naked wet pussy just helplessly exposed to everyone again. The worst thing was that they pulled so hard until my ass slid few inches to the front and my whole naked crotch came out from the hem and revealed to everyone in the shop.   
  
"Ahh… Don't pull..." I was getting extremely excited and there was only half way through.  
  
Finally, both shoes were taken off. And it turns for the new pair.  
  
They did not wait for me to react. They just held a shoe at their hands and started putting them onto my feet.  
  
"Michelle, push you feet," My brother reminded me.  
  
"Uhh..." And the action began.  
  
This time my legs were spread even further apart and my knees rose higher up the air. My soaked pussy lips just kept wide opened until my inner labia and swollen clit were totally on display. My tits at the same time were genteelly swaying side to side under the sheer fabric.  
  
The crowd at the entrance was getting bigger.  
  
Finally, they managed to put on my new shoes. I was highly turned on having exposed myself in front of so many strangers.  
  
I stood up and looked at the crown.  
  
"Run and jump!" Someone shouted.  
  
"OK!" I was just can't control my instinct anymore. I was breathing heavily and my whole body turned red.  
  
I ran back and for few rounds. My tits bounced vigorously like never before. Then I jumped few times without covering my crotch when my hem flew up. Everyone was enjoying my show.  
  
"Michelle, why not you try this tennis skirt too, see whether it matches your new shoes," I heard my brother voice from behind.  
  
I turned back and frozen in action.  
  
My brother was holding a pink colored tennis skirt and walked to me.   
  
I was wondering what he meant by 'try' the tennis skirt!  
  
"I think this skirt just match your shoes perfectly," He was wearing his mischievous smile.  
  
"You think so? You want me to try it now? Here?" I asked softly.  
  
He did not answer.  
  
He put the skirt down and then untied the knot of my tube dress. Everyone was silent. He released the string and my tube dress just flew down to my feet and I was completed naked in the middle of the shop with only a pair of sport shoes.  
  
I mechanically step out of the dress and my brother helped me to put on the tennis skirt. It was a wrap skirt and pretty short. My brother went behind me and wrapped the skirt round my waist. It was too high up my waist almost touching my belly button. He pulled the hem and the skirt slid down my skin. I was at the edge of cumming.  
  
"Ask them whether they match," My brother held and shoulders and turned me to face the biggest crowd at around the entrance. A thrill ran through my spine.  
  
"My brother wanted to know whether the skirt matches the shoes," I asked nervously.  
  
"Perfect,"   
  
"You are most beautiful without the skirt,"  
  
"Bend down and ask them whether it is to short," My brother commanded me from behind.  
  
"Is it too short, can you see my buttock if I bend down?" I turned my back to the crowd, bent down and asked. I felt my pussy was exposed. The skirt only managed to cover part of my ass.  
  
"Take it off!" Someone shouted and then everybody followed "Take it off! Take it off…"  
  
I was like hypnotized by them and just released the clasp. The skirt unwrapped my crotch and I was completely naked again.  
  
Everybody clapped.  
  
Suddenly, my brother pulled my arm and led me into the changing room and put my tube dress into my hand.

I heard the jeering noise from outside.   
  
"Put it back on, we got to go. OK?"   
  
"Why?"  
  
"I think the security guard is coming, we may get caught. Hurry up!"  
  
Then he closed the door and walked away.  
  
I leaned on the wall and tried to regain control from the height of my sexual height. My nipples were still hard as steel and my pussy were still on fire. The moment my fingers touched my pussy, my thighs involuntary closed and pressed hard on my hand that trapped below my pussy. The surge of orgasm came through my body.  
  
"Hahhhh…"  
  
"Michelle! Are you ready?" My brother called from outside the door and I was back to reality.  
  
"Michelle!" He called again.  
  
"Just a minute!" I put on my dress and opened the door. My brother was holding a beg standing outside.  
  
"Let's go," He held my hand firmly and we walked out of the shop. We went straight toward the car park to retrieve our car.  
  
On the way back, I gathered enough courage and asked my brother a question,   
  
"You enjoy yourself just now?"  
  
"Yes. I do,"  
  
"What about you, you enjoy?" He asked without looking at me.  
  
I didn't answered.   
  
But I really enjoyed myself.  
  
We reached home at around 1.30 afternoon.  
  
Max entered the house first; he sat on the sofa and staring at me while I was walking into the guest area holding the beg containing my new sport shoes and my tennis skirt.  
  
I stopped and looked back at him.  
  
"You still owe me an answer," He voice was load and assertive, sounded like I have to answer him.  
  
"Umm... Yes, I enjoyed it very much. Especially the part you help me put on my shoe…"  
  
"Why?" He asked.  
  
"Why… Cause I knew you wanted to spread my pussy for others to see… And I knew you were looking at my pussy too… That's turned me so horny… I can't resist,"  
  
He looked deep into my eyes, slowly swallowed his saliva through his throat. His Adam's apple moved up then descended slowly to its original position. He took a slow deep breath and said,  
  
"Michelle, I like how you look just now and I want to see you like that again,"  
  
I was stunned, we both silent for a while. His eyes stared strait into mine.  
  
"You mean just now, in the park… or in the sports shop? Which look?" My heart started to pound heavily, felt like my blood is going to shot out of my throat. My brother has for the first time told me directly that he like to look at my body and requested me to show him my body again. But, which look he is was taking about. How he wanted me to show him again. All the images of myself just flashed over my mind. Which one he is talking about? When I was in the park, with my dress soaked wet and all transparent? In the sports shop wearing my mini tube dress and a pair of sports shoes? With only tennis skirt and my sport shoes, or just my sports shoe and nothing else? Which one he meant? Which look he want to see me like that again?  
  
"The one you had your new shoes and the skirt round your waist," He replied with his eyes sparkled with lust.  
  
"Oh ya, that look," A hot flush stroke my face and my nipples harden. Not knowing how to respond, I just continued the conversation as 'formal' and 'usual' as if we are talking about something ordinary.  
  
A short silence came between us.  
  
I started to realize what is up for me.  
  
"You mean you want to see me like that again… now?" I asked anxiously.  
  
"Yes... Now... Here," Three simple and strict words came out from his mouth, sounded more like a command than a request. He was still staring into my eyes. His face was red.  
  
My heart pounded even faster. My brother just requested me to change into a pair of shoes, a skirt cover and nothing else. There was no curtain yet to cover the sliding door. Although no one was staying opposite yet, the thought of anyone outside can get a clear view into our house was enough to turn my pussy into a hot muffin.  
  
"You want me to change now, here?" I asked again 'formally' cause I really don't know how should I continue with this strange situation and what is that best tone or mood to use.   
  
"No, here will be better, more space for you," He pointed to the space between him and the TV.  
  
"OK,"  
  
I walked over to the place few feet in front of my brother. I dropped the beg containing the cloth that I shall be wearing soon.   
  
He was sitting on the sofa with his fingers wondering on his thigh. His vision started to fleeting around my body, up and down, left and right. He was getting anxious and same time excited.  
  
"My shoes are out side, can I?" I realized my shoes were outside.  
  
"Go. Go get them," His briefly waved his right hand to the door behind him.  
  
I retrieved the shoes and returned to the same spot I stood just now.  
  
"Which one first? How?" I asked a silly question as if I did not know how to change. But it was not silly after all for I have never face such situation before. Not silly because I was trying to comply with his fantasy.  
  
"Up to you… Umm, may be take off your dress first… up to you," Obviously my brother did not know either.  
  
"OK, take off my dress first," I put down my shoes beside my foot then I raised my fingers to untie the knot up on my chest that provide that single support for my dress to stay on my otherwise naked body. Images of a girl performing strip show came to my mind. Should I be doing a stripe show or what? Should I move my body like a striptease? Should I squeeze my tits before removing my dress? Should I pull my hem to flash my pussy? Should I sway my body and finger my wet pussy first before striping off?  
  
With all the questions hanging in my mind, I just untie the knot, without any single movement of my other part of my body, much contrary to what was in my mind. I was breathing heavily and started to fell the stiffness of my body. I was simply too tensed to act. All my fantasies of flashing my brother were useless. None of my dreams of showing off my body to my brother could come to action at this moment of time.   
  
I was taking off my dress in a way much like letting a doctor to examine my body.  
  
But my nipples were rock hard under the thin fabric. I never felt my nipples like this before, so hard until it felt like ripping off on top of my tits.  
  
I untied the knot and the dress started to fall. I held the dress and let it slowly slid down my naked body. My tits now fully exposed and my painfully erect nipples were pointing at the air above my brother head.  
  
The dress fell on my feet. I continued standing there naked giving my brother an unobstructed view of my beautiful body.  
  
"Which one first, brother?" I asked again.  
  
"Up to you… Shoes first, if you like…" He replied with a brief glance on my face before looking back at my chest.  
  
The vivid memory of how he put my shoe on in the shop came back suddenly. How my pussy spread out for everyone to see. How he looked strict into my wide opened pussy and swollen clit. May be a spread pussy is his favorite. My pussy instantly wet.  
  
I sat down on the floor facing my brother with my half bent knees spread a foot away. I felt my pussy lips parted and my inner lips poke out into the air. I can feel that he was looking at my pussy now. I did not look at my brother; partly because I thought that would give him all the freedom to look at whatever he wished, partly also because I was embarrassed as my pussy continued to swell and wet under his visual treatment.  
  
I picked up the right side shoe and brought my right foot near to the base where my thigh joined to my ass. The thigh now was pressing on my right tit giving my hard nipple some rough massage. At the same time, my left knee simultaneously fell to the side. Then I started to put on the shoe to my right feet. It was not a graceful posture especially for a lady to be in front of a man, but it was a great posture for me. My thigh was stroking and squeezing my tit and the hard nipple on top. And my pussy was spread opened to my brother. I felt my juice was slowly seeping out from my pussy crack. After the right foot, I took another shoe and do the same thing again. By the time I finished, my pussy crack was glittering and swollen, highly aroused by their own shameful display.  
  
I stood up again. Now I was wearing only my sports shoes and naked all the way up to my face.  
  
I leaned down to retrieve the skirt. Do up the buttons and the clasp, the skirt now covering my crotch but leaving my thighs exposed all the way down to my feet.  
  
I looked at my brother and asked, "This look?" "Yes, this look. Michelle, you are so sexy," He greedy eyes never let go of my body, still looking up and down and a tent was built right at his crotch.  
  
"Thanks, brother. You want to see me running and jumping again?" My offered myself to give him the same show again exclusively for him. My tits jingled slightly.  
  
"No, no. I just like to see you like this," He replied.  
  
"You mean wearing this around the house?" I asked.  
  
"Yes. Like this. Keep it this way, Michelle," He looked at me and forced out a smile on his still excited face.  
  
"OK," I noted.  
  
"Got to wash this dress, few times lying on the floor since this morning, poor thing," I took a step forward, turned to my back and bent down at my waist to pick up the dress on the floor. I knew my ass would be showing to my brother. I thought that would be the game; I wear the outfit he like me to wear, I flash my body for him to watch.  
  
"Got to send them to dobi Brother. Your washing machine not arrived yet," I carried the dress and walked to the toilet.  
  
When I came out from the toilet, my brother was gone.  
  
I looked at my reflection in the sliding door; my chest was completely bare, so as my long slender legs, with a pair of sports shoes on, standing in the middle of the house. It's kind of funny, but it was really sexy. Seeing myself in just sports shoes and a tennis skirt turned me on. And I started to register the complete implication: I was expected stay half naked for the rest of the day around the house.  
  
Then I saw my brother coming down the stairs carrying a paper box with his two hands. He sat on the sofa and placed the paper box on the floor.  
  
"Come here, Michelle," He waved to me and then pointed his finger to the same spot I put on my shoes.  
  
I walked to the spot and stood there.  
  
"You said you like to show me your naked body, right?" He asked me.  
  
"Yes," I answered.  
  
"And you did say you like to be watched... Let others seeing you naked, right?"  
  
"Yes, I am," I answered. What's up next, I wondered.  
  
"And you did say you would do anything to make me happy," He leaned forward, getting very serious with his question.  
  
"Yes,"   
  
"OK! Michelle, listen carefully. From today onward, I want you to follow what I say completely. Can you do that?"  
  
"Completely?"  
  
"Yes, completely. No question asked, no condition, no bargain. Can you?"  
  
I was expected to answer without knowing what I would be getting into. But my inner voice compelled me to say yes.   
  
"Yes. I will,"  
  
"Good, from now on you shall follow my rules. First rules, whenever you are at home, you only allowed to wear maximum 2 pieces of clothing, including you underwear" He looked at me for my acknowledgement.  
  
"Yes," I answered.  
  
"Second, during weekend and Sunday, whatever you do, wherever you are, at home or outside, you only allowed to wear maximum 2 pieces of clothing, including your underwear,"  
  
What kind of rule!  
  
"Yes,"   
  
"Third, on top of the first and second rule, you shall wear whatever I asked, do whatever I asked, anytime, anywhere. Can you do that?"  
  
I took a deep breath and tried to understand this opened ended rule.  
  
"You mean just do whatever you asked."  
  
"Correct. Whatever I say. Don't worry, I am not turning you my slave,"  
  
"Yes," I answered bravely.  
  
''Very good! Now, I want you to keep this box of clothing, it's yours. I may want you to wear them later," He pushed the box to me.  
  
I squatted down to open the box.  
  
"Take off you skirt, Michelle,"  
  
I raised my head and looked at my brother.  
  
At the same time, I heard the sounds of motorcycles from outside. The neighboring college students were coming back. I realized my brother's intention. They can see me from their car porch area cause our door was opened.  
  
I undone the buttons and threw the skirt on the floor. Two of the guys passed by and saw me through the opened door. I looked at them. They quickly turned they head and glanced at each other with that 'you see it?' look.  
  
"I bought you some new panties and bras. Why don't you try it out now," He pointed at the paper box.  
  
I opened it and found five or six pairs of lingerie on top. I picked up a pair of yellow colored panties and put it on. It was a low-rise thong, a bit tight and small, however it did manage to cover my sex. Then I tried the bra. It was a full cup bra almost covered my two melons. But it was made of very thin and soft fabric, just like the thong. The bra did cover my assets completely, but the thin and soft fabric did nothing to hide the shape of my erect nipples and the curvy tits. Below, it hugged tightly on my pussy like a second layer of skin, revealing every details of my pussy.  
  
"I like it. It fits you so nicely, Michelle,"  
  
"Thanks,"  
  
"Put on the apron, I always like to imagine you in apron." He pulled back the box and dig out a piece of apron. It was a very simple white apron. Much like those apron commonly used by the food stalls in hawker center. It was just one piece of white cotton cloth with a string to hang round the neck and 2 strings round the waist.   
  
I put it on and I realized why my brother chooses this apron. It did not cover the chest properly, leaving a big hole on each side. And it was soft and thin, briefly outlined my nipple eventhough I was wearing my bra.  
  
"OK, now I want you to rinse all these new bras and panties and bring them over to our neighbor. Tell them you just moved in and got no cloth hanger. Then ask them if you can borrow their hanger and hang them at their place. When you come back, I want you to have only 2 pieces on,"  
  
"You clear with what your task is?"  
  
"Very clear,"  
  
I picked up all the lingerie and walked into the washroom. While the tap water slowly filling up the basin, I started to throw the delicate pieces of my new lingerie into the water one by one. I was astonished; those were the kinkiest underwear I ever had. Furthermore, I am going to my neighbor and hang all of these little flirty and slutty pieces on the laundry line just outside their sliding door. And I was supposed to lose some more pieces before I can come back. I was getting excited.  
  
What reason can I give to take off the apron that I am wearing?  
  
I briefly rinsed and squeezed the lingerie to drain the excess water. With all the wet lingerie in my two hands, I walked over to my neighbor. They did not close the main gate, so I walked strait into the car porch area and stop out side the main door.   
  
"Umm..." I cleared my throat.  
  
One of the boys was watching the TV show, two other laying on the floor reading the newspapers. They all turned to me.  
  
"Hai, I'm your new neighbor, Michelle. I just moved in few day ago," I pushed my chest, hoping to refresh their memory about what they have seen minutes ago.  
  
The two guys on the floor sat up but did not say a word.  
  
"I need a flavor from you guys. I got some clothes to dry, but there is not place for me to hang... you know, everything is just here and there... can I just hang them here... temporarily?" I give my best smile and showed my hands. My tits jingled a little and the two buttons on top awaken.  
  
"Hi, Michelle right? I am Steve. You wanna hang you cloth here?" One of the guys on the floor stood up and walked to the door.  
  
"I think that's OK to me," He looked back to check with his mates.  
  
"No problem," Another guy said. He walked toward the door too, and so did the last guy.  
  
"But I don't know whether it's enough for you, we go only 1 line," The first guy opened the door and came out.  
  
"Enough. I got only these," I showed my hands to him again.  
  
He looked at them, then at my chest.  
  
"Thanks, so I just hang them here,'' I walked to the laundry line and my back was on display.  
  
By the time I reached near the laundry line, the other two had came out and looked at me.  
  
Suddenly the idea on how to lose my extra piece came to me.  
  
There were a few cloth hangers on the laundry line. I have to release those clothes in my hands before I can put them on the cloth hanger one by one. So I just simple placed all the lingerie on the laundry line. The lingerie was dangling on the laundry line however none of it fell down as I intended.  
  
I took one of the wet panties and hooked it on the cloth hanger. In order to make sure the other lingerie hanging on the line fall down, I purposely pulled the laundry line when I hung the cloth hanger. Then all the underwear just fall down onto the sandy floor.  
  
"Aiya! Stupid me," I pretended like disappointed to my reckless mistake.  
  
"Oh...! Think you got to wash them all over again, Michelle," Steve said.  
  
"Ya, see how careless I am. Now I have to wash them again,''  
  
"Come in here, you can use our washroom," Steve offered.  
  
"Thanks. But I think I just have to rinse away the sand, that's all. I can do it here," I pointed at the tap coming out from the pillar and squatted down to pick up my underwear on the floor.  
  
Steve and another guy came near started to pick up my underwear too.  
  
I suddenly felt embarrassed, because they will get to see my underwear in front of me. What would they think of me?  
  
"You underwear are so sexy, Michelle," Steve examined one of the panties.  
  
"Oh, so embarrassing, you guys don't have to do that. I'll do it myself," I stood up and took back my underwear from their hands without answering Steve.  
  
I knelt down near the tap to rinse my underwear. This time I put all my underwear on my bare shoulder to free my hands. Then I turned on the tap to the maximum, the water shoot out strongly from the tap. The water hit the floor and splash out all around, including my apron round my thighs. Very soon, the lower portion of my apron was soaked wet, revealing my thigh below it.  
  
Then I rinsed my underwear piece by piece under the strong tap water. When the tap water hit my hands, the water splashed again. This time, the water even splashed on my chest and soaked my apron and later my bra under it. Half way through the process, my curves and skin were all revealed under the transparent apron. I did not raise my head to check out the 3 guys that just stood few feet in front of me. But I was totally sure that they were all looking at my tits and the erect nipples that could not hide themselves as the apron and bra were drenched.  
  
I did not really squeeze the underwear before put them back on my shoulder, so the excess water flowed down from my shoulder, passed my bare back and wet my panties too. I felt the wet panties hugged onto my pussy even harder than before. The panties were made of similar fabric like the bra, so I suspected my pussy would have been visible. But these guys were not at the right position to find out for themselves.  
  
I continued to rinse my underwear as if I did not realize my assets were all in display. After that, I stood up and proceed to put them piece-by-piece on the cloth hanger. Three of them were still staring at me without saying a word.  
  
"Oh, no! My apron are all wet," I pretended like I had just realized my state of wetness.  
  
"Might as well I hang it here to dry it, hope you don't mind Steve," I turned to face them while reaching my hands to my back to untie the apron. After that, I pulled the wet apron over my head to take it off.  
  
"No problem, we are not doing our laundry today, are we?" Steve asked his housemates.  
  
"No, no. Michelle you go ahead," One of them replied.  
  
"You do, OK. Thanks guys," I then hung my apron on the laundry line.  
  
"Oh! My God!" I acted like very surprised to find that my tits were visible too. I cupped my tits with my hands.

"How embarrassing. My bra is wet and so transparent. Please excuse me, this is the first time I wear this bra, I don't know it can turn transparent," I said.  
  
"Don't worry, Michelle. It's not too bad. It not really transparent, not very much," Steve replied.  
  
"Really, you can't really see my... Umm... Really?" I removed my palms and let him to see carefully.  
  
"No, not much, don't worry Michelle, they are safe," Steve looked again, so were the two others. From the time the eyes stayed on my chest, obviously Steve was bluffing.  
  
"OK, may be you guys are far away, cause I can see my nipp... Umm... Nevermind," I said.  
  
"Since it already wet, why not dry your bra here as well," Steve suggested with a mischievous smile.  
  
"Clever boy, look like you really interested to see my breasts now, Steve," I cupped my tits again.  
  
"No, I swear, I am sincere about this. Furthermore, you can still cover your breasts like this. Really, we can't see you breasts, really," Steve still pursued his suggestion.  
  
I was happy that Steve played along with me.  
  
"I think you are right, I can cover them with my hands. After all just a few seconds of walk to go back,"  
  
"OK! But Steve you have to help me," I turned my back to Steve.  
  
"Steve, you know how to do it?" I asked Steve whether he could release the knots.  
  
"Well, I try my best," Steve sounded really excited.  
  
"Here you go,"  
  
The knots were released. The strings were dangling.  
  
I pulled my bra away with one hand and crossed the other hand in front of my chest to cover my braless tits. But still generous amount of my tits were actually uncovered. My hand merely blocked my nipple and the areolas the rest was mostly exposed.  
  
I hung my bra on the laundry line.  
  
"Michelle, I think your panties are wet too," Steve pointed at my crotch.  
  
"No way!" His words surprised me. I never expected him to say this. I retreated two steps away from Steve. My free tits bounced up and down.  
  
Suddenly, a stream of juice leaked out from my pussy. Steve's mischievous pursue rendered my body and mind helplessly submissive to his evil aim.  
  
"No way... haha... No, Steve. No way. You just want to see me naked," I shouted with excitement that I can't hide anymore.  
  
"No, Michelle. You can still cover it with you hand. Your left hand is still free, right," Steve walked nearer to me.  
  
"No, Steve. How can I take it off with just one hand...? And have to cover my breasts some more, unless..." My inner desire propelled me to do whatever it takes to get my panties down my ankles. The word 'unless' escaped from my mouth has given Steve a trail to pursue.  
  
"Unless what? Unless you got more than two hands?" Steve came even nearer.  
  
"Silly, I got only two hands,"   
  
"No problem, I got another two," Steve briefly raised his two hands.  
  
"You?"  
  
"Turn around," Steve turned me around by pushing my shoulder without answering me.  
  
Now my back was facing Steve. A surge of thrill ran through my whole body. He was going to remove my panties.  
  
Then I felt Steve fingers hooked on my waistband.  
  
"Ready?" Steve asked.  
  
I felt my juice flowing out like water.  
  
"Wait! Wait! Let me cover it first," I reached my left hand to my back and slipped it under my panties to cover my anus and pussy. But I found it really difficult. The tiny panties were very tight. My fingers only managed to reach part of my slippery pussy and my back muscles were aching. Worst still, I found the tip of my middle finger already buried between my slippery inner lips.  
  
"Ready Michelle?" Steve asked. From his voice, I knew he has squatted down and his head was leveled with my buttocks.  
  
I was really excited and could not control my fingers from poking further into my slippery hole.  
  
"OK, Steve. I am ready... Umm..." I answered and moaned at the same time.  
  
Then he started to pull the waistband down my hip. At first the waistband rolled down my hip a little, but then stopped when it began to climb up my wrist.  
  
"Why stop?" I asked Steve.  
  
"To tight, your hand," Steve answered.  
  
"How, you expect me to remove my hand?"   
  
"No, no. Course not... Think I just have to pull harder. You ready, Michelle?" Steve voiced from behind my ass.  
  
"OK. Go ahead,"  
  
"Ahh..."   
  
Steve pulled real hard this time. I lost balance and fall forward. With my two hands quickly supported on the floor, I did not fell down. However my ass was sticking up into the air just a foot away from Steve face, given him unobstructed view of my anus and the glittering fat pussy. The other two got even better view, my full rear view and perhaps my free hanging tits.  
  
Steve was holding my hip, at the same time examining my rear in detail.   
  
The tiny wet panties were still hung between my knees.  
  
I decided to let them the pleasure of watching my ass because I enjoyed even more in showing of my pussy and anus completely.  
  
"Steve, you can take off my panties now,"  
  
"Yes. But you got to balance yourself," His voice blew right at my pussy.  
  
That was still some struggling before Steve finally managed to take off my panties caused I was wearing my sport shoes. But I thought Steve taken longer time than it should and his nose touched my ass from time to time. My dangling tits swung back and for and off course, my pussy was well on display throughout the struggling.  
  
"Your panties, Michelle," Steve handed the panties to me.  
  
"Ohh! Look at me," I covered my chest and crotch again. Only to find my hands were full of sands and dust and nipples were rock hard.  
  
"Can you help me, Steve?" I indicated Steve to hang the panties for me.  
  
"OK!" Steve answered. His eyes kept looking up and down trying to catch glimpse of my exposed assets.  
  
"Thanks Steve. I really appreciate your help. Think I got to go back. Bye,"   
  
I said good-bye and ran back to my house. My tits and ass cheeks bounced all the way.  
  
My brother was standing outside the main door. Most likely he has observed the whole show too.  
  
We went back into the house.  
  
"I thought I said 2 pieces?" My brother looked at me and asked.  
  
"Yes. I know, but all of them got wet," I answered.  
  
"You want me to put on something?"  
  
"No need. I said maximum is two, didn't say what's the minimum. So, you are just fine," He was looking at my tits.  
  
"Michelle, I want you to clean the guest area now, specially the floor,"  
  
....  
  
That day, I spent almost an hour just to clean the sofa, the TV, the TV board, sweeping and mopping the floor. My brother was reading the newspapers throughout that one-hour. And I realized he only turned a few pages!

**Michelle Ch. 05**

My brother had imposed 3 rules for me to follow,  
  
1. Whenever at home, I am only allowed to wear maximum 2 pieces of clothing, including underwear,  
  
2. During weekend and Sunday, whatever I do, wherever I go, at home or outside, I am only allowed to wear maximum 2 pieces of clothing, including underwear,  
  
3. On top of the first and second rule, I shall wear whatever he asks; do whatever he asks, anytime, anywhere.  
  
These rules served both of us well. The first two rules restricting me to wear only two pieces of clothing, I have plenty of chances to show off my body. My brother has plenty of chances watching my body. But nothing compare to the third rule. My brother has exercised his ‘power' conferred by the third rule to the fullest. He would demand me to lay on all four on the dining table with my naked ass pointing at him while he is taking his meal. He would demand me to clean his body without using my hands during his shower. He would come over to my bedroom in the middle of the night and press his hard on in between my ass cheeks, and most of the time his semen ended up on my bare back. But his most favorite was when I do the laundry in the morning, he would come behind me, stripe off whatever clothing that I may be wearing, push me down against the washing machine with my chest pressing on the top of the machine, my pussy vulnerably exposed to my back, then he would eat my pussy until it's all wet and slippery, grind his hard on against my swollen pussy until he cum all over my back. But one thing remains; he never actually fucks me though he could do it anytime he wishes.  
  
I enjoying the new level of satisfaction that I never had before. I begin to enjoy the fun of wearing the revealing outfit that modified by my brother. And also enjoy being 'taken' by my brother for his gratification anytime, anywhere at home.  
  
He also started to contact his old friends around Kuala Lumpur, expending his life circle. One weekend morning, he invited his friend to our house without my prior knowledge.  
  
We always plan nothing on weekend morning, other than to have simple breakfast and reading (cause he like to ‘play' with me in the weekend morning). That morning he asked me to wear tight cotton short, which was modified into something more like a hot pant. At the back, an inch of my ass cheeks were exposed from bellow. The bottom panel was trimmed to just enough to cover my pussy, but most of the time, my lips were showing from the sides. The whole lengths of my long slim legs were beautifully bare in both front and back. The worn off knit tank top had two spaghetti straps holding them in place. The loose top covering two inches above my nipples down until just an inch above my belly button.   
  
I was in the kitchen when the doorbell rang. I was curious, as I am not expecting anyone. But I heard Max got up almost immediately from the sofa and walked to the door. Then I heard the main gain opened. I walked to check on our visitor. He opened the door and I stood at his back. A man and a lady were waiting outside of the door.  
  
"Hi! Max, how are you?"  
  
"Very well, Mike. Good to see you,"  
  
They casually patched each other's shoulders. Mike half turned to the lady behind him and introduced her to Max.  
  
"Max, meet my girlfriend, Amy. Amy, this Max, my buddy in NUS,"  
  
They shook hands then Mike looked at me and asked Max.  
  
"I thought you were alone in KL?''  
  
"Oh yes, let me introduce, this is Michelle," He stepped behind me, held my arms and introduced me.  
  
"Hi, nice to meet you two,"  
  
"Actually, Michelle is my girl friend for many years," My brother said while he kissed my cheek.  
  
"You never tell me Max! Why so secretive?" Mike was surprised.  
  
"Come inside, please," I invited them.  
  
Amy came in first, followed by Mike. His eyes traveled up and down my body, before turning toward the sofa.  
  
"From now on you are my girlfriend," My brother whispered to me.  
  
"Yes, I'm your girlfriend from now on," I replied softly.  
  
Max and Mike started chitchatting and I talked casually with Amy.  
  
Amy was a Chinese girl. Her dark curly hair stops above her shoulders, framing her angel face. She was shorter then me but with tits likely to be bigger than mine. She wore almost like me; a tight short and a lycra tank top with her small bikini bra lightly outlined.  
  
We like each other so much that we were like old friends after short conversation. Max and Mike also having goodtime sharing their stories. Occasionally, I found Mike steal glance at my tits but almost immediately moved his eyes away. A few times I caught him, but he just looked away pretend like nothing. Max later also discovered this special interest of his old friend.  
  
"Michelle, I remember we still have some cheese cake. Why don't you give our friends some treat?" He asked with his mischievous smile.  
  
"Oh yes! You two should try them," I happily stood up and walked to the refrigerator, my tits jiggled behind the loose top caused by my sudden fast actions.  
  
I took the cheesecake at one hand, plates and spoons at the other hand walking towards the coffee table. I purposely stopped opposite to Mike with the coffee table separating us. I leaned forward with my knees straight to put thing in my hands onto the coffee table. Leaving the cheesecake at the center, I then distributed the plates and spoons around the cake. I saw my loose top just opened up and my two tits were showing. Dangling left and right when my arms squeezed them from time to time. Mike leaned forward as if to give me a hand. I looked up at him with a smile and caught him once again looking at my tits.  
  
"Opps! Excuse me," I pretended to realize my exposure. Still leaning forward, I move both hand to my back to pull my top. The top opened further before I managed to pull the top.  
  
"Ah! I forgot the knife," I went back to take the knife.  
  
I knelt down in front of Mike to cut the cake. Now three pairs of eyes were looking down at my tits. The short strained to my ass. I felt the bottom panel pulled hard on the center of my pussy, squeezed my lips to their sides. Juice started to moist my short and erected nipples clearly visible although covered by the rather thick knit top.  
  
Carefully I cut on piece of cakes and put it on the plates. I held the plate with two hands and handed it to Amy. Then I cut another for Mike. I held the plates with two hands, kept my arms pressed on my chest. My two tits were forced the center and pushed up like two melons.  
  
"Looks nice," He again leaned forward and accepted the cake while looking at the cake, or my tits.  
  
I cut another for Max and handed to Max. He didn't come forward to receive but stayed leaning on his sofa. I knew his intention. I stood up, used my left hand to support my slanting body and used my right hand to deliver the cake to Max. My tits once again threatened to fall out from my top. I look at Mike and found that he didn't look at my tits but looking at something further behind my back. I thought he was looking at my reflection on the TV screen. He was looking at my ass!  
  
Lastly, I cut one for myself. I remained sitting on the floor to taste my cake, so they can enjoy my tit view and the cake at the same time. I look at Max with the "how's my show?" look, he replied with a satisfactory smile.  
  
After finished the cake, I collected the plates and spoons to kitchen, of course flashed my tits from time to time. When I came back from kitchen, Max had taken out the Jengga from under the coffee table and suggested to play.  
  
Amy was excited by the suggestion; she quickly reached beside the coffee table to clear a space for the game. Mike then agreed. I knelt beside Amy and helped Max to stack the woods.  
  
"OK! What's the punishment?" Max asked.  
  
"No need, just play for fun," Amy replied.  
  
"Why not we play stripe game. The loser have to strip on piece of clothing," I suggested boldly.  
  
"What! Strip game!" Amy was shocked by my suggestion.  
  
Mike eyes opened wide but wearing a smile. He was happy with my suggestion. Max said 'Good suggestion', seemed happy with my suggestion too.  
  
"No Mike, I can't do that," Amy anxiously looked at Mike. Her face was flushed.  
  
"Don't worry, you are wearing the most number of clothing among us. Look at Michelle, I think she is definitely wearing lesser that you," He pointed at my tits while persuading Amy. I wandered why he was that sure that I am not wearing panty.   
  
"No, I can't. I'm not playing and I don't want you to show you ass to Michelle," Amy was still defending. Mike was disappointed.  
  
"OK! Why don't we play like this? Mike doesn't have to show his ass. I don't have to show either," Max gave his suggestion.  
  
"Then how?" I asked.  
  
"Well, let see…" Max looked up to the ceiling to think.  
  
Few second later, he smiled and said "Yes" while looked at me with his mischievous smile.  
  
"Let say we don't have to do what we don't like. We do what we like to do for punishment, for fun rather," He continued.  
  
"How?" I was curious about what he is going to suggest.  
  
"Come here Michelle. Come here and stand up straight," He raise his hand indicating me to come to the space in between him and the coffee table.  
  
My face was immediately flushed anticipating what my brother would do. I stood up and walked to him. I stood straight with my half exposed tits facing Max.  
  
"Turn a round and face the TV," He turned my hip to show my back.  
  
I followed what he ordered. My pussy was immediately wet and nipples erected knowing they might be looking at my back.  
  
"Well, Michelle has a interesting hobby,"  
  
"She likes to cut short her cloth, especially her short, like this one... Bend down Michelle," He ordered and pushed my back to bend my body.  
  
I bent down, knees straight, and supported my body with my hands leaning on the table. I automatically spread my leg and pushed up my ass. Such ass showing action had become my instinct.  
  
"Look at her short. She cut them until they can't cover her buttock properly. And look at this," He pulled at the waistband until the bottom panel stretched on my pussy.  
  
"Look at this, she even cut here until not enough material to cover her sex. Can you see her vagina lips showing from both sides," His finger softly traced my exposed lips up and down to draw their attentions to my pussy. The sudden contact by my brother's finger sent a thrill to my spine. I felt a stream of hot juices slowly came out from my love hole and stained my short. I believed a wet spot was visible on the short. He finger continued to caress my lip by softly tracing the exposed flesh.  
  
"Michelle, do you aware that Mike can see your little pussy under your short when you sit or bend?" He asked but did not expect me to answer, he continued his talk.  
  
"Look at the top, they never properly cover her breasts too," He continued to guide their attentions.  
  
"You see, Michelle. Wearing this kind of cloth is as good as not wearing anything at all," He stopped playing with my exposed pussy lips, but shifted his hand up to play with my waistband.   
  
My heart pounded faster not knowing what my brother would do to me in front of our guests.  
  
"Her private part is already half exposed, and this material is soft, can you see the exact shape of Michelle's pussy, Mike? What is the purpose of Michelle wearing her short? Mike, do you see any different between wearing this short and not wearing anything at all?" His fingers gripped on my waistband.  
  
Oh! My brother is going to stripe off my short right in front of our guests. I was so turn on. My hot pussy and ass hole were anticipating his next action: pull down my short!  
  
"Ammm..," Mike didn't know what to say.  
  
"But we can't expect Michelle to go around the house without her short. Actually I kind of like what she did to her short. I enjoy seeing her exposed body. And I think Mike like it too. True, Mike?"   
  
I was disappointed knowing that my short would stay on.  
  
"Hmm…" Mike didn't know how to answer my brother.  
  
"Mike, what if her short is cut even shorter until her whole buttocks is showing, you gonna like it! Or this centerline is cut even thinner than a string, not able to cover her pussy at all. Mike, do you like it?" My brother kept poking his finger on my wet pussy. I began to smell the scent of my juice. The sticky felling around my pussy under the drenched material made me restless.  
  
"Michelle, I know you would be happy if we cut you cloth," My brother asked, again didn't expect me to answer.  
  
"Ahh…" I moaned softly, restraining my urge under the smoldering desire.  
  
"Well, this game is between two of us against two of you. If Michelle or myself lose, you can cut one piece of material from what Michelle is wearing now since Michelle like to cut short her cloth. But the remaining cloth must be able to stay on her body no matter how you cut them. This is what we would do if we lose. You think of what you would do, all up to you, but must be fair to Michelle. How's that Mike?" Max asked Mike, as if Amy opinion was not important.  
  
"Remember. Mike, Michelle is not wearing her underwear… at all," His finger again traced into my pussy under the moist material.  
  
The warm blood collected around my face and my ears, the heat was almost unbearable. My throat was dried. I still bending down as Max kept silent.  
  
"Wow! That's interesting. Deal. Let do it," Mike was excited by Max's suggestion.  
  
"No Mike! What do you want to do if we lose?" Amy still tried to stop Mike. Max's idea had frightened her.  
  
I turned to face them, face still flushed. I was excited by Max's suggestion, but had to pretend like I was not really willing.  
  
"If you lose, Max, I'll kill you," I pretended to show my disagreement.  
  
"Don't worry, Michelle, I'll take care of you," He smiled at me.  
  
Now, everyone was around the coffee table. I knelt to stack up the Jengga. Amy was still anxious, breathing heavily and biting her lips.  
  
"Who start first?" I asked.  
  
"Mike first, then Amy, follow by me, Michelle will be the last. Agree?" Max suggested.  
  
No one objected, then Mike started enthusiastically. He pulled out one piece from third level from bottom then stacked it on top. Amy was nervous, she tried few pieces but none of them seemed to move.  
  
''Relax Amy, it's very simple," Mike encouraged Amy.  
  
She decided to kneel like me. Her tits bounced slightly. Finally, she managed to move one piece.   
  
"Hahh…" She was relief and breathes heavily to catch more oxygen into her lung. Her chest moved up and down, manifested the two giant bosoms underneath the shirt. Her flushed cheeks started to cover with perspiration.  
  
Max smoothly pulled out another one from where Mike had removed one earlier, leaving the whole stack supported by only one piece at the center.  
  
"Stupid, you are killing me, Max," I started to feel nervous although I didn't really mind if we lost.  
  
Thought that Amy need some warm up, I decided to lose this time. I recklessly pulled and the whole stack trembled down.  
  
"Wow…" Mike was excited and intensely scanned over my body.  
  
My nipples hardened and my hearts raced fast not knowing which part of my cloth would be his first target, or which part of my body his would like to uncover first.  
  
"Hah Michelle, you blow it yourself. Good luck," Max was happy with the outcome. He rushed to the kitchen and came back with a pair of scissors.  
  
"Congratulations. Come, claim your prize," Max gave the scissors to Mike.  
  
Mike held the scissors in his shaking hand no knowing what to do. He was nervous, not quite ready to handle the situation. Perhaps this was the first time for him: to cut a piece of cloth from his friend's girlfriend whom wore neither bra nor panty.  
  
"Well Mike, where you want to start?" I walked toward Mike with both hands raised up to caress my hair, my tits thrust forward. I showed my body to him so that he could choose.  
  
"Come on Mike, wherever you like, just do it," Max encouraged him.  
  
"You don't mind if I spoil you cloth?" He was still undecided.  
  
"Yes, cut wherever you like. I think not much options you got, just front, back, top and bottom" I smiled at him and half turned to show him my back.  
  
"OK! Show me your buttocks," He finally decided and raised his request.  
  
Knowing Mike would attack my bottom, my pussy immediately turned hot. I turned my back to him half kneeled with my hands resting on my kneecaps. I felt the short tightened again around my moist pussy.  
  
Mike came closer then half squatted before my ass. With his face one foot away from my ass, I thought he could smell the scent of my wet cunt. Slowly, he lifted up the end of my short that hugging my left ass cheek, and then poke his cold scissor under the stretched material. The cold metal blade continued to slide in slowly on my hot ass cheek near to the centerline of my short. The sudden cold contact sent me an instant thrill and I almost lost my balance. My breath was heavy anticipating Mike first cut.  
  
  
'sheerk...' My tight short immediately loosen up by the cut, I felt my short slightly pulled to my right.  
  
"Ehh... Sorry..., can I change my mind? I want to cut somewhere else," I heard him request coming out from his dried mouth.  
  
"What? You want to change after you cut my short?" I turned to face him.  
  
"No problem since you have not cut out a piece of cloth yet," Max gave him a green light.  
  
"Now where you want to cut?" I asked him, crossed my arms above my abdomen, supporting amber tits.  
  
"I just want to cut something very tiny," Mike smiled with confident. He started to enjoy the game.  
  
He reached to my right spaghetti strap and cut at where it joins the top. I turned around to let him cut the other end.  
  
"Thank you Michelle. I will keep this as a souvenir," He proudly held the dangling strap to show off his prize.  
  
I uncrossed my arms to check the effect of the cut. My top fell down a bit and loosely lay on my right tits. The intact left spaghetti strap managed to held my top from dropping down.  
  
"Let continue," I knelt down to stack the scattered pieces. My top slid down further from my right tits, hanging dangerously on my erect nipple.  
  
Amy was more relaxed in the next game. Everyone was concentrating in the game except myself, as I have to pull up my loose top from time to time to cover my nipple.  
  
After many rounds, Max intentionally lost. Mike was in triumph. Amy was jumping up and down to celebrate their victory.  
  
"Michelle, I want the other strap. May I," Mike was very happy. He really interested to drop my tops.   
  
I let him cut the strap joining the back of my top first. Then I turned to face him, held my hands together at my back, thrust my chest toward Mike to let him claim his prize. The top just managed to hang on my nipples. He held up the loose strap laid on my bare shoulder then slowly cut where the strap joined my tops. The tops dropped immediately followed the cut. My nipples were exposed.  
  
"You broke the rule, my top can't stay on my body. See..," I swayed my body to the left and right as if to show everyone that the top really can't stay. The firm tits swayed left and right following my body movements.  
  
"No, I can see it still staying on your body," Max defended Mike.  
  
"No, my nipples are showing!" I stamped and my shaking tits continued to swayed left and right. Amy face was flushed. Mike's eyes looked at my shaking tits.  
  
"As long as it stay on, doesn't matter if your body is exposed. OK?" Max clarified the rule.  
  
"OK! You get away this time," I pulled the top to cover my nipples.  
  
But the top slid down a little every time I move. I had to pull it from time to time. Mike openly stared at my tits during the game. Max enjoyed my little flash game.  
  
Amy lost in the next game.  
  
"Oh shit!" Amy shouted.  
  
"Yeah! It's revenge time," Max stood up with joy.  
  
Amy was panic. Her pale face looked at Mike asking for help.  
  
"You just have to let Max do what he want, Amy," Mike was not rescuing Amy.

"No Mike, do something!" Amy was in fear, but was some how excited at the same time. Her face turned from pale into red.  
  
"Don't worry Amy, I promise to be gentle," Max got hold of the scissors then walk toward Amy.  
  
"OK! OK! Where you want to…" Amy surrendered.  
  
Max pinched up Amy's top around her left nipple and make a small cut. He then made a big hole exposing her flesh from the left side of her tits to below her left armpit. Her beautiful left tit curve was showing. Her small bikini bra did nothing to conceal her tit's side view.   
  
"Wow! You got a delicious breast, Amy... and a lovely little bra!" Max was amazed with Amy's firm tit.  
  
Amy was embarrassed by Max's complement, pressing her armpit to cover the exposed tit.  
  
The game continued. At the end of the game, Amy got two holes on both side of her huge tits, which she always covered them with her arms. At her bottom, both of her ass cheeks were on display, leaving the center panel covering the cleft between two cheeks. Two strings of her string panty came out from centerline reaching to the front. The tiny triangle of her panty was too small to be seen. My situation was worse, with Max purposely losing the game; my top was further shortened to just enough to loosely cover my tits showing my whole flat abdomen. My bottom was completely gone, leaving only the waistband holding the two inches wide center panel covering my crotch from front to my back. The rest was all exposed. I was happy with the results.  
  
We cooked pasta for lunch. After the lunch, we did the washing while Max and Mike watched TV.  
  
"You always go without your underwear?" Amy asked in her sweet curious voice.  
  
"Well, Max only allow me to wear maximum two pieces of clothing in the weekend, so I got to chose," I replied.  
  
"Two pieces max! What if you want to go out to public places, you still wear maximum two pieces?" Amy was still in doubt.  
  
"Yes, two pieces are more than enough to cover my body. In fact, one is enough sometimes. Don't you think so?" I stopped washing and looked at Amy.  
  
"How's fell like. I mean wearing that little in the public?" Amy asked.  
  
"Great! Feels like having sex with everybody around you, constantly turn on kind of feeling. You should try some day," I encouraged Amy.  
  
"No way Michelle. I can stay naked in front of Mike. But I don't think I can do without my panty and bra in public," Amy was putting herself down but was turn on by the idea. Her face turned red again.  
  
"Frankly, Mike always encourage me to go braless, but I always refused. This morning, he insisted me wearing this bikini bra and string panty. I was so self-conscious the whole morning," She continued.  
  
"Well, you look great, especially your breasts, they are so full and yet peaky. Mike must be very proud of them, I think Max like them too," I encouraged Amy. Her face flushed again.  
  
"You think so, I think they are too... out of proportion. Like a monster, you know what I mean? I hate them, it make me difficult to buy cloth... when they approach me, I know they only interested on two of them, not me," She looked at me with a trace of disappointment in her face.  
  
"No Amy. They are great. You got a fit body, you should be proud of yourself. And talk about wearing only 2 pieces, it feels nice. You can start slowly, like start from your house, or here. You'll hate to wear your underwear once you get used to it. What do you think?" I asked Amy.  
  
"You must be joking. Mike may no allow, especially Max is around," Amy face flushed with excitement.  
  
I knew Amy was turn on and just need another little push.  
  
"Don't worry, I don't think Mike would mind. Just like Max has no problem with me showing off to his friends," I encouraged her.  
  
"Let me think about it," Amy closed her eyes and breathes in heavily to calm herself down.  
  
I turned and walked away slowly, as if wanted to go to collect the remaining cups on the coffee table. After a few steps, I quietly turned back to behind Amy. Without warning, I stuck my thumbs into her waistband and pulled her you shall wear whatever I asked, do whatever I asked, anytime, anywhere short and her panty all the way down to her ankles.  
  
"Guys, Amy want to wear only two pieces today," I shouted to attract Max and Mike attentions.  
  
Amy was shocked by my sudden attack. She quickly knelt down to catch her short and panty. Her naked hot ass landed on my face when she squatted down and I lost balance and fell to my back. Amy lost balance too and landed beside me. I quickly got up and pulled her short and panty from her legs and threw them towards Max and Mike.   
  
Amy was panic; she tried to catch her flying shorts but failed. Then she turned to me, with an embarrassed yet excited smile on her face.  
  
"You gonna pay for what you did Michelle,"  
  
She charged toward me tried to pull my broken short down. I pushed her hands away and we both fell to the ground again. Her body landed on top of me. When Amy tried to get up, I reached my hand to pull her bikini bra under her top. I managed to feel her hot firm tits. The bikini bra loosened and I again threw it toward Max and Mike. I did not tried to defense my flimsy short, she pulled them out of my legs then threw it up into the air, her huge tits bounced under her tops. She seemed to have forgotten her bottom was exposed.  
  
"Mike, you think Amy is sexy with only her tops?" I stood up and asked Mike, not trying to cover my hairless pussy.  
  
Suddenly, Amy pulled down my top right to my ankles. I was completely naked.  
  
"Max, can I stay naked today?" I asked my brother, two palms cupped my tits as if I need his approval to show my tits.  
  
"Well, what can I say, you already lost all your cloth," Max was happy that I was totally naked.  
  
"Mike, would you mind if I stay naked today?" I removed my palms from my tits and asked Mike.  
  
"Woo! No problem since Max has no problem," Mike was excited seeing my naked body.  
  
Now, two men were looking at Amy stood behind me.  
  
"What?!" Amy shouted to defense herself.  
  
"Amy, be fair to Michelle, take off your tops," Mike walked to Amy.  
  
"No Mike, I can't," Amy refused to follow Mike request.  
  
"Come honey, take off your tops,"   
  
"You got beautiful breasts to show, don't be shy,"  
  
"Your breasts are bigger than Michelle. Come on, show them how big they are, honey," Mike continued to persuade Amy.  
  
Amy was breathing heavily, suppressing her sexual excitement. Her inhibition was fighting with her sexual excitement. She was at her last step to complete nudity. She has all the reasons to take off her tops caused I already totally naked, Mike wanted her to take off her last cloth on her body plus she was already extremely turn on. But her conscious was restraining her from taking off her own cloth. Her nipples hardened under the torn lycra tops. She was frozen in her dilemma.  
  
Mike then lifted Amy tops up. Amy closed her eyes, reluctantly raised her hands to allow Mike to remove her tops. Her huge tits came into view; erect nipples almost stood an inch on top of her areola. Her tits were shaking under her heavy breathing. Now, I was sure Amy tits were bigger than mine.  
  
We were naked in the rest of the day. Max and Mike had constant hard on too.  
  
When they left, Amy just wore my T-shirt and mini skirt without underwear.

**Michelle Ch. 06**

The relationship between my brother, Max and me had changed. We became very closed, so close until in the eyes of an outsider, we are just a couple in loves. And both of us intended to keep it that way, although we never actually spoken about it. But I knew he liked it this way and so did I.   
  
Recently, my brother bought a hotel package to visit Langkawi Island from Matta fair. On the day of departure, Max asked me to wear a white mini dress. The mini dress was quit modestly tailored with the hemline covering almost half of my thighs length and only a bit of my cleavage was exposed. The armholes were a bit too big, which exposed part of my breasts occasionally. The exposure was not too much, but enough to indicate the amber globes underneath the dress were unconstrained.   
  
That morning after my shower and walked out from the bathroom with only small towel wrapped on my wet body. He was already waiting at my bedroom with this mini dress neatly laid on my bed. I was expecting him to say no bra and panties, just the dress. Unexpectedly, he searched into my drawer and threw a pair of white cotton panties on the top of the dress. Then he asked me to remove my towel and lay on the bed with my knees stood on the bed. I did not say a word, knowing that he already had his plan all set for the day. I laid on the bed with my chest pressing on the bed and my ass pointing to my brother who stood behind me. I arched my back to the maximum, which would completely expose my fat puffy pussy and my tight anus. I knew he like it this way, and so did I.   
  
I knew he wanted to 'taste' me before the trip, because we would be away from home and he would have less chance to enjoy my body as freely as at home. He knelt down and slowly massaged my buttock and my back, carefully leaving my pussy and anus untouched. As his massage actions intensified, the repetitive stretch and relax slowly heat me up. My juice slowly soaked my interior and eventually seeped out from the crack. I knew he like to watch my pussy getting all hot and wet for him. By the time he placed his tongue on it, my pussy was already turned all swollen, slippery and delicious. However, he has taken his time too long. Before he can proceed further, the airport limo arrived and we have to stop.   
  
And that morning, my wet pussy was still horny for attention when we leave for the trip.  
  
On our way to the airport the limo had a tyre punctured and caused us almost an hour waiting for another limo to fetch us. We managed to catch the flight in time but were give separate seats. When we entered the boarding room, passengers were already started queuing to board the plane and we were the last two in the queue. Later, I was given a privilege to jump queue by a group of men in front of me. I took the offer and moved forward. But that moment, my brother was busy searching his beg and was left behind.   
  
The plane was full that day. We were waited at the boarding bridge in the queue that moved so slowly.  
  
In front of me was a man carrying his kid about 2 years old. The kid was very cheerful and I was playing little games with him while waiting. Suddenly, the kids threw the cup of yogurt in his hand right onto my chest. The cup landed right at my cleavage and immediately emptied the cupful of cool yogurt into the crack between my breasts before falling down to the floor. The sudden attack of the cool sensations on my chest gave my body a surge of thrill.  
  
"Uhh...." I left out a gaps mixed with surprise and excitement. My horny body was awakening.  
  
I instantly pulled my dress away from my chest to avoid the yogurt. Quickly the yogurt flew down toward my tummy and kept flowing down.  
  
I was panic and wanted to rush to the toilet. But toilet was either available in side the plane where passengers were still jammed up along the aisle, or located way back in side the main terminal building. I was unable to decide which way to go. Meanwhile the yogurt was slowly passing my tummy and fast approaching my crotch.  
  
The man in front of me realized something had happened and turned back to check. Quickly he understood what happened and he put his kid down and offered his handkerchief to me.  
  
"I am very sorry... Please use my handkerchief," He apologized at the same time checking out my chest.  
  
"Thanks," I accepted the handkerchief and quickly wiped away the yogurt on my chest. But I was still panic did not know how to clear the yogurt that went under my dress.  
  
Mean time, the situation has attracted attentions from group of men behind me. They started looking at us.   
  
"What's the problem?" The man asked. He did not know my real problem.  
  
"No... just that ... some yogurt went inside," I replied softly and pulled the neck of the dress to indicate where the yogurt has gone into.  
  
"Ohhh no. So sorry. Can you reach them...I mean can you wipe it...?" He did not know what to do either.  
  
"I think you might need to take off your dress?" He gave a suggestion.  
  
"No! I can't,"  
  
"Why not? Just for while, I think you'll be excused," He encouraged me sincerely.  
  
"No! I can't."  
  
"I know it may be difficult for you, but you definitely be excused. Don't worry."  
  
"No, I can't. I'm... Cause I'm not wearing my bra," I replied with the softest voice. Meantime, I felt my panties turned a bit damp. The yogurt had gained its way to my crotch.  
  
"You're not wearing your bra!" He raised his voice as he was a bit excited by my answer.  
  
"Shhhhh... Not so loud!" I shouted at him.  
  
It was too late. Everyone around us heard it and turned to focus on me with sheer anticipations.  
  
I was totally frozen in action, only my heart was racing faster and faster. Never expected myself to end up in this situation.  
  
"OK. Let's do it quick," I took a deep breath.  
  
I put down my backpack and unzip my dress from behind. Carefully without revealing my assets, I released both arms from the armholes with the dress still covering my chest. Then I covered my chest with one hand and pulled away my dress with the other hand. The dress slowly slid down my chest, the frictions awaken my nipples.  
  
Then I realized my hand was too small to cover my breasts. I could only cupped one of my breast with my palm and blocked the semi-erect nipple of the other breast with my slender forearm, leaving generous amount of my two melons exposed from all direction.  
  
I took another deep breath and pulled my dress toward the man so that he can hold it for me. My hem rose as I pulled my dress forward and my buttock was showing. Fortunately I was wearing my panties; otherwise I would have another problem to handle.  
  
"Quick!" I urged him.  
  
However, we were both mistaken. As I was expecting him to hold my dress for me, he was actually thinking of doing the cleaning job for me. So, my dress dropped freely the moment I released it from my hand.  
  
"Ohh... Nooo..."   
  
It was too late, the dress dropped straight to the floor. I panic and tried to catch it with my hands. My breasts immediately broke free and everyone was treated with a brief but complete view of my breasts with my nipples in the state of erection.  
  
"Woww..." Some of them cheered in excitement.  
  
I realized what I did and quickly cupped my bouncing melons with my palms. Now, I was standing in the middle of a boarding bridge, naked from top down, wearing only my panties with many passengers staring at me, or my body to be more accurate.   
  
I was aroused by the attentions the focused upon me.  
  
The man was staring at me too wearing a 'what's now' face.  
  
"Never mind, just rub the yogurt off, quick," I commanded.  
  
He quickly leaned down and started doing his job. He first rubbed the upper part of the valley between my breasts, carefully avoided touching my fresh. When he came lower down my valley, I had to maneuver my two melons to the side to allow him a better space for his job. Then I have to lift them up so that he can clean the yogurt that went into the cracks of their bases. My nipples grew harder each time I move. My palms faithfully covering them so that no one will notice how erect they became.  
  
Then he went down my tummy and reached the waistband of my panties. He raised his head and looked at me for approval.  
  
"Quick,"  
  
He lowered his head and focused at my crotch and began his final task. He rubbed my dumped and sticky panties in aimless directions, while his eyes glued to my sex. Then he suddenly pulled my waistband and directly rubbed on my skin. The sudden contact rendered my lower body weak and numb. Almost at the same time, a finger from behind me searched into the crack between my ass cheeks almost reaching my anus, which gave me a thrill.  
  
"Uhh..." I involuntary moaned softly and twisted my hip a little bit.  
  
The man quickly released my waistband and stood up with his face blushed in red.  
  
"I am sorry. I just thought that you skin must by very uncomfortable, that's why I..." He did not know that it was the finger not him.  
  
"That's OK! All done. Thank you,"  
  
The finger quickly retreated after few strokes.  
  
I quickly leaned down and picked up my dress and get myself dressed. Everyone was given another glimpse of my bare chest decorated with two harden nipples in the process.  
  
Eventually, I was back to modesty and the show was ended. I turned my head to check on the owner of the finger. A fat man stood right behind me looking at me wearing a mischievous smile.  
  
I pretended a hostile stare before turning back. But, deep inside me, something much contrary to my hostility has just began to emerge. The sensations of the man rubbing at my crotch were still vivid round my crotch. And the worse thing was that the touch of the finger did not seemed to fade away, but slowly traveled down my moist crack to my wet pussy that was left horny since the morning.  
  
I can't believe it, how could I be aroused by such a disrespectful sexual harassment.  
  
But I really did!  
  
The jam began to clear and I started walking toward the door of the plane. The walking made my pussy crying for treatment even more.  
  
After walking few steps, the man behind me quickly closed up his distance and stayed real close to my back. My heart started to race, my mind turned blank not knowing what to do. I have a strong feeling that he would do something to me.   
  
I kept walking.   
  
After a few more steps, his hand landed on my left ass cheek and started squeezing my butt. I involuntary jumped forward a little and avoided his invasion. But very soon, he came again. This time, his hand landed at the middle of my bottom and his fingertips were touching my pussy, only separated by my dress and my moist panties. I caught his hand and trying to push it away. But he resisted. His palm was still firmly laid on my buttock. I took a deep breathe with my eyes closed, trying hard to evaluate what have been forced upon me.   
  
Time was passing fast; his fingers found their ways behind my hem and pocking directly onto my moist panties. Almost immediately, he found the softest spot of my pussy and began to force his fingertip into it. Protected by my panties, his fingertip was not able to travel deep into my wet tunnel. However, after a few force entries, waves of pleasure rolled in and my juice flowed like water. Instantly, my panties were soaked.  
  
He probably had felt my extreme wetness too.  
  
I was fighting with my inner self. Part of me was crying for retaliation but another part of me was holding myself up, willing to let him do as he wishes.  
  
I wanted to scream, but my throat was deadlocked.  
  
Later, I knew it was too late for me to retaliate. Above all, a subtle change in my body had betrayed me. My thighs had spread apart slightly and my crotch strained backward presented a 'welcome' posture to my uninvited guest.  
  
I was mortified by my own shameful behavior. Never thought that I would tolerate and yet aroused by such sexual harassment in the middle of a plane. And now I invited him to exploit my sex further.  
  
He was encouraged. His kept pocking his fingertip deeper and deeper into my wet opening, forcing my panties along into the wet crack of mine. His rough actions sent me to new height of excitement.  
  
I kept walking absence-mindedly toward the end of the plane to where my seat located. His hand never lost contact with my sex all the way.   
  
Apparently, he was sitting next to me and his friends were sitting at the neighboring row.  
  
Eventually, I stopped and stood at the last row of seat waited for him to let go. He reluctantly stopped after a final deep poking into my wet hole.  
  
"Ummm..." I almost came.   
  
I put my backpack into the overhead compartment and slipped into my middle seat. Then he forced his huge body into his seat. There was another man sitting on my left, his was handsome and his nicely built body could not concealed by his shirt.  
  
I fasten my seat belt and trying very hard to recompose myself. Refrained myself from looking at him although he has been trying to establish eye contact with me. With all the effort to pretend, my nipples were still rock hard and my bottom was still in total mess.  
  
From the corner of my eyes, I can't help but noticed his glittering middle finger that dangling in the air few inches away from my knee. It was the stains of my wetness! Slowly, I noticed a thin smell of my sex, not sure coming from his finger or my own bottom. I involuntary pressed my thighs firmly to each other, hoping to conceal everything within my bottom.  
  
I continued to pretend like nothing ever happened.  
  
Very soon, the plane took off and we were in the air.  
  
My bottom was restless. But I could do nothing other than sitting gracefully.  
  
In order to divert my attention, I took the in-flight magazine and started reading. The fat man started reading his newspaper too. In the beginning, he held up his newspaper to read. Later he opened the dining table and laid his newspaper on it. The unfolded newspaper was stretched from his dining table all the way to the above my thighs.  
  
"Excuse me. If you don't mind," He excused himself for the occupying my space.  
  
"No problem," This time, I was off guarded and given him a respond.  
  
"Thanks," He looking at me with a big smile obviously delighted.  
  
I quickly turned away and looking back at my magazine.  
  
After a while, he slipped his left hand under the newspaper and back on the handle. Then he fingertip lightly touched me near my knee and gave me a shock. I moved my thigh away. But very soon, his touched me again, around my mid thigh. I did not moved but pressed my thighs hard against each other. He started caressing my smooth skin and slowly gained his way to my inner thigh.  
  
My heart raced again, and my whole body turned powerless as waves of thrilling sensation flushing through my body.  
  
He pushed my right thigh few times, signaling me to open my thighs for him.  
  
I told myself I could never let him do it again otherwise that would be no ending. I kept pressing my thighs.  
  
He fingers came closer and closer to my pussy. Eventually, his fingertips went under my hem and poked into the gap between my inner thighs and sex; and found my wetness.  
  
"Honey. You're still wet, come on, open up," He whispered while slid his fingertip up and down my slippery lips.  
  
I suppressed myself but still unable to keep my moans from escaping my mouth softly.  
  
The man on my left noticed what happening and he kept checking out my crotch from the corner of his eyes. Strangely, the more he peeped at my crotch, the more turn on I became, the more I wanted to expose myself.  
  
His fingers squeezed deeper into the gap and gained more access to my wetland. My thighs gave way every time he slid his fingertip along my soft crack. Then I found him trying to feel my pussy by pulling my panties to one side.  
  
"Take off your panties. Honey," He whispered again.  
  
"Nooo...."  
  
"Yes, you'll take it off, honey. You like it, don't you. Look at you, you are so hot and wet down there,"  
  
"Noo... Please, just continue what you're doing,"  
  
"Come on, let me... I know you want it deep inside you... You so wet..."  
  
His fingers crippled their ways under my panties wandered around my wet opening.  
  
The man on my left pulled his pant and parked his erection to a more comfortable position.  
  
I can't resist anymore. I stood up and struggled to get to the toilet. I removed my panties without a second thought. But I hesitated when holding my wet and messy panties in my hand. If I throw it away, my brother might find out later. If I keep it, I would have to hold them in my bare hand, which everyone would notice.  
  
At the end I threw it away and walked out from the toilet. I saw the head of my brother who were sitting calmly at his seat, not knowing what's happening to me few rows behind him. Suddenly, I felt like I am cheating him.  
  
I went back to my seat just few steps away. I stood at the aisle and waited for the fat man to get up and give way to me.  
  
"Excuse me,"  
  
He looked at me with a mischievous smile and refused to move. He looked at my hem few times too.  
  
"Excuse me, please," I raised my voice.  
  
This time, he forced his body to the back of the seat and spread his thighs indicated to me to step over his legs to get back to my seat.  
  
His friends were staring at me too.  
  
I figured that I could still get in quickly. So I raised my left leg and stepped in between his thighs. I kept my knee as low as possible but my hem still rose and I think my pussy was exposed in the process. Because I saw my neighbor's eyes wide opened.  
  
Now my back was facing the fat man, thighs half spread with one leg stood in between his knees and the other leg remained at the aisle.  
  
Just before I could bring my right leg in, the fat man attacked my buttock that stood vulnerably in front of him. He first pushed me against the seat in front of me then he put his hand right onto my uncovered pussy.  
  
"Huhh... Not now, please" I begged him to stop.  
  
But he did not. He roughly slid his plump fingers in between my lips and soon he poke his finger into my wet hole.  
  
"Uhhh..." The lower part of my body tensed up. I tried to close my thighs to stop him. But his thigh was in between mine, so my pussy remained dangerously opened before him.  
  
"Huhh...." Another finger poked in and went deep inside me. I lost my strength and leaning onto the seat in front of me.  
  
He slid his fingers in and out my slippery channel. At the same time, he unzipped my dress. Very quickly, my back was exposed. He stripped my dress from my shoulders down to my ankles. My back was completely revealed.   
  
Waves of satisfactions rolled in when he aimlessly touching my backs while fingering my pussy. I lost my inhibition totally.  
  
"Umm..." I shamelessly enjoyed the apparently sexual exploitation onto me.  
  
The activities had attracted everyone's attentions. One of his friends at the other row took out the cameras and started taking photos.  
  
"Lovely."  
  
"She's a star, man!"  
  
I was powerless to re-act.  
  
Later, another friend of him that sat at the aisle seat took his viewcam to film me. He begun from my leg and slowly filming up my thigh. My juice flowed like water knowing that my most private part would be filmed.  
  
The fat me increased his activities as his friend begun to film him playing with my pussy. One of his hands was playing with my wet and slippery pussy while the other was squeezing my rounded ass cheeks. He even repeatedly pulled my ass cheeks apart to completely reveal my inner lips and anus to the viewcam to do close up. The pains were enormous but I just can't resist the thrill of being forced to exhibit my aroused sex.  
  
The aircrews were walking up and down the aisle and were shocked by what was happening. However, none of them interfere.  
  
Now, everyone nearby was watching.  
  
I was extremely excited by what been forced upon me and shamelessly indulged into it. I let everyone watching me; watch how my most private part being harassed. I let a stranger film me; filming my most private part being harassed and turned so wet.

After satisfied filming my bottom. His friend shifted his attention to my chest. He pulled down my right hand away from the seat and slipped my dress off my right arm to completely expose my breasts. He started filming my dangling melon.  
  
The fat man joined in by pulling my right arm to my back and attacked my breast. He squeezed me hard and rough and my breast was no way to escape from him. My nipple grew rock-hard and full erect under his harsh treatment. The whole peak of my melon turned red and painful. But the pains were nothing compared to the erotic sensations that kept rolling in.  
  
Every detail was captured by the viewcam.  
  
More hands joined in. I closed my eyes as I surrendered my horny body to whoever whom claimed his rights. I did not know how many hands were on my body eventually. All I knew was my orgasm rolled like volcano eruptions soon after the man on my left cupped my breast with his huge palm. I could not suppress any more and released my deep moans of satisfaction right before every body.  
  
Soon after that pilot announced the landing and the game ended.  
  
...  
  
The plane landed. I walked toward to the main building; the sun was hot and warm wind blowing down my hem. My heart raced again; how am I supposed to keep the secret of my missing panties. More challengingly, how am I supposed to tell my brother my newfound desire; that if man force upon me, I might just give in completely.  
  
...  
  
"Hey. Are you Max?" Some one shouted from behind us.  
  
We turned back and I found that it was the man that sat beside me earlier. He was really tall and handsome.  
  
"Hey. Danny! What's a surprise? You come to Langkawi too!" My brother walked forward to receive his friend.  
  
"Danny, let me introduce. This is Michelle, my girl friend. Michelle, this is my old friend, Danny." My brother pulled me toward him and introduced me to his friend; the man that saw things I did on the plane and the man who landed his hand on my naked body!  
  
That was the beginning of my trip to Langkawi Island.