**Poor Little Heidi**

by[gasman69](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1104982&page=submissions)©

My story might not be as erotic as some others but sometimes life is just what it is!  
  
I was sitting around thinking the other day about things that have happened in my life and the fact that I have barely shared any of it with anyone up until now. My concern has always been that people that I know would feel that I was weird or something but by telling you I know that I would feel better getting it off my chest since you may never know who I am personally. You see I am an exhibitionist. I may not have been born this way but as you read you might understand how I came to be one.   
  
My name is Heidi. I'm a very small girl, I mean woman, at only 4'8" tall and a mere 92 pounds. I am an adult (honest!). I have long natural blond hair and blue eyes. My measurements are 34C-22-34 but they say that I have the face of a 15 year old girl. People have a hard time believing that I am as old as I am but when they see my body they can't deny that I must be.  
  
My parents died in a car accident when I was very young. I was forced to move from one foster home to another without ever getting comfortable with anyone or staying very long. I never had any close friends as I moved from town to town and from school to school. The kids at school used to tease me for being small and treated me like I was too young to play with them. Of course that led to my being very insecure and self conscious. I spent most of my time after school at my foster home alone.   
  
When I was 13 someone came to the foster home that I was staying in and asked to speak to me. They told me that I had an aunt and uncle that I didn't know about and that they wanted to adopt me. It took a few weeks for all of the formalities to go through but but the day finally arrived when a woman in a business suit came and brought me to meet, what would come be, my new parents. It wasn't quite what I expected as the car drove into a trailer park and pulled up in front my new home. It was a double wide with flowers in the window box and a nicely landscaped lawn. They would always get upset when anyone called it a trailer preferring to use the term mobile home.   
  
I grabbed my suitcase and lugged it up the front walk alongside my neatly dressed escort. She rang the bell and a woman opened the front door while she dried her hands on her apron. She appeared to be in her early forties, brown curly hair, and a tad over weight. She had a pleasant smile on her face and when she made eye contact with me I felt a connection like I never had with any of my foster parents.  
  
"Hello. You must be Heidi. I am your Auntie Marge. Your mother was my sister and spoke about you all of the time before she passed away. I remember visiting you when you were very young but you probably don't remember that. Please come in!" She backed away from the door to let us in and had us sit at the kitchen table.   
  
The two women talked about the terms of my adoption and stay there as I looked around the room. I found the inside of the house neat and well kept. I had often heard the term "trailer trash" but I saw nothing that would make me think that here. I noticed that the women had stopped talking for a moment and were looking at me.   
  
"Would you like to see your new room Heidi?" Auntie Marge asked as she got up from her seat.   
  
"Yes ma'am." I replied nearly jumping to my feet.   
  
We walked down the narrow hall and she opened the door to my room. It was all set up with a small canopy bed, cute pictures on the walls, and stuffed animals all around. It looked as though a child was already living there.  
  
"Like it?" She asked.  
  
"Is there someone else living here?"   
  
"No, I'm sorry to say. We had a daughter named Beth. Your cousin. She passed away one year ago this month. We wish that you could have met her. She was such a sweet little thing." Marge said as her eyes welled up.   
  
"How old was she?"   
  
"She was five. She was looking forward to going to school with the other kids but never made it. Leukemia. She went quickly. We never had the heart to throw out her things." She choked up and left the room to be consoled by the other woman.   
  
I remained and looked around. I could tell that everything was probably left as it was before Beth died. Now I would be replacing her. It made me feel a bit uneasy for a while. After the foster care lady left I talked to my aunt for a while. She seemed to be a genuinely nice person and we had a very good relationship for our time together.   
  
Later in the day my Uncle George came home from work. He was also in his mid forties, balding, and had a Santa like belly. When he walked into the house he saw me sitting at the table and quickly came to give me a big bear hug. We talked for a while to get comfortable with each other and I found that he was a hard working man and that he too was devastated when they lost their daughter.   
  
"How old are you Heidi?" he asked.  
  
"I'm thirteen."   
  
He had a puzzled look on his face.  
  
"Funny. You really don't much older than Beth did."  
  
"I know, Sir. I get that all of the time. I'm thirteen. Really!"  
  
They became the loving family that I never had before. I became very close with my Auntie Marge and we were inseparable when I was home. They were very protective of me as I was to come right home after school and spend most of my time inside of the house. This didn't bother me much because I never did have any friends per-say and loved the bond that I had with my aunt. The one thing that did bother me, however, was the way that they treated me as though I was still five years old and it made me feel that they wanted me to be their own daughter, Beth.   
  
They had me wear clothes that were designed for a younger girl. For bed they had me wear what amounted to only a t-shirt. I was not permitted to wear panties to bed so that from the time that I got ready for bed to the time that I dressed the following day I was naked below the waist. I'm sure that this may have been all well and good for a five year old but I was thirteen and felt very self conscious about strutting around the house with my privates showing. I didn't understand it but I excepted it none the less.   
  
Let me say this before it goes on much further, my aunt and uncle never molested or physically abused me. They never touched me in an inappropriate way so there was not anything incestuous in our relationship. That is not to say that things didn't get eerily close before I moved on.   
  
As I said, from the time that I moved in at age thirteen to the time that I headed off to college at eighteen it was just normal for me to walk around the house half naked. By the time that I turned sixteen I started puberty. My body was late in every way. I still looked like I was twelve but my breasts started blooming at a very slow rate. Still in denial about my growing older, my adopted parents would not allow me to wear a woman's bra.   
  
My auntie noticed that I was beginning to grow pubic hair as well as some fuzz under my arms.   
  
"Oh my. We can't have this. A young girl like you shouldn't have hair growing down there yet. We had better do something about this before your uncle sees it."  
  
I thought that I must be different from the other girls and I really didn't need the girls at school to ridicule me about this so when my aunt took me into the bathroom to shave it off I was thankful. She first had me soak in the tub for a while before she put shave cream all over the mound of my vagina. The hair was light and wispy but she was concerned that my uncle would see it and think that his little girl was growing up too fast. She ran the razor over the surface slowly and carefully. It didn't take a minute before she was done. After wiping the area free of the remaining shaving cream she ran her hand over it to check for stubble. I was relieved that she had noticed this before it could become an issue and after shaving under my arms as well as my legs I got dressed in time for my uncle to come home from work.   
  
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Part 2  
  
My Auntie Marge developed cervical cancer and the following year was a nightmare. She passed away on my eighteenth birthday making what could have been one of the happiest days of my life into my worst. My uncle and I had a very hard time dealing with the loss as she was everything to us. I did my best to fill her shoes and help my uncle. We became very close and although, as I said before, he had never molested me he began to look at me differently. My body was now becoming fully developed and even with the fact that I was small my boobs became very noticeable.   
  
The first time that anyone besides my family saw my privates was early on a Saturday morning. I was in the living room watching TV wearing only my bedtime t-shirt when there was a knock on the back door. It was the cable man coming to make some repairs as we were getting bad reception from time to time. My uncle let him in through the kitchen and explained the problem before pointing the way to the living room where I was.   
  
I was engrossed in some silly show as usual when he entered the room alone. He was a young man probably around twenty. I sat in my usual position with my feet up on the sofa and my knees pulled up against my chest. My arms were wrapped around my legs as my chin rested on top of my knees. He walked into the room and was standing between me and the TV before he stopped and turned toward me.   
  
"Hi there............ Oh my!" His eyes were as wide as saucers as a broad grin appeared on his face.   
  
I didn't think about it at the time but because of the way that I was sitting he had a perfect view of my vagina and butt. It was as if framed for his viewing. He started to look nervous as he tried to look away but couldn't. I didn't understand what the problem was.  
  
"I'm sorry. Should I move?" I asked.  
  
"Oh no. Please don't. You're fine just like that." He said quickly trying to keep me from spoiling his view. "How old are you?"  
  
"I just turned eighteen is that OK?"  
  
"Oh that's great! I was afraid that you were a lot younger than that. Eighteen is good."   
  
He smiled at me and I know that I must have been blushing. He was kind of cute.   
  
He turned to look at the TV and then back to me.   
  
"Would you like to help me?" He asked.  
  
"Sure, what can I do?" I asked. I went to shift my position and he motioned for me to stay still.  
  
"I'm going to be working behind the TV and I need someone to use the remote control while I make some adjustments. "  
  
He handed me the remote and went behind the set.   
  
"When I say to I need you to point the remote at the TV and push the input button. Can you do that?"   
  
"Sure I can."  
  
"OK now. Push it."  
  
Well, I just did what I usually do. I opened my legs and pointed the remote with my arm extended toward the TV. When he looked back from around the TV he looked like he was in total shock.  
  
"OH GOD!" He said very loudly.   
  
I had neglected to mention that I am very flexible and when I opened my legs to point the remote between them my legs spread to the point where my knees were touching the cushions on either side of me. My vagina was opened like a flower and I don't think that he was ready for that.  
  
"Is everything alright in there. Need any help?" My uncle asked from the kitchen and it sounded as though he was coming our way.  
  
"No no no! We're, I mean, I'm doing just fine here. Almost done really!" He said in an anxious tone.   
  
"OK then but if the girl is bothering you then feel free to send her away."  
  
"No bother sir. Really." He said as he tried to signal for me to cover up.   
  
I didn't understand what it was exactly that he wanted me to do so in my nervousness I pulled my knees up under my shirt and when he looked back again my stretched out shirt was just not long enough to cover my, by then, ample breasts. By that time I thought that I had to be at least a "C" cup and between my vagina as well as my huge titties looking straight at him he just couldn't contain himself any longer.   
  
He was sweating profusely as he picked up his tools and headed for the kitchen. He was in a rush as he shot by my uncle and out the door.   
  
"All set sir. Gotta go!"   
  
He was gone in a flash and I still had no idea what happened. I didn't understand at that time how a man would get excited by just looking at my body. I started to learn as the next year progressed.   
  
In school I was sent down to the guidance counselor to speak with her about the fact that I did not wear a bra. She told me that I was becoming a distraction to both the students and the faculty and to avoid this being a problem I would have to start to wear one before I would be allowed to return to class. I was given a note which explained this to my uncle when he got home from work that night. Even though he understood it saddened him that his "little girl" had grown up. He took me to a store that night to be measured and buy some.   
  
That is how I discovered that my chest size was a 34C. The clerk had me remove my top so that she could take my measurement. Her eyes seemed to light up when she saw how big they were for such a tiny girl.   
  
"You say that you have never worn a bra before?" She asked as she stood behind me and reached around the front for the other end of the tape.  
  
"No ma'am. This will be my first." I said as I felt the woman's fingers fumble around my nipples as she tried to grasp the other end.  
  
"You have beautiful breasts. I can't believe how they stand up on their own without support. I'm sure that your boyfriend must like them a lot." She chuckled.  
  
"Oh I don't have a boyfriend." I looked down embarrassed.   
  
"Girlfriend maybe?" She looked into my eyes and smiled.  
  
"No. Just my uncle George."  
  
The woman just looked at me puzzled.  
  
"Uncle huh?" She paused. "Well lets go see what we can find in your size."   
  
I tried a couple on and decided on something that didn't feel too stiff as my boobs had never been restrained before. When I walked out of the dressing room wearing one under my top my uncle noticed right away and a sad look came over his face. I think that he felt that I was grown up now and would be leaving him too. That didn't happen for almost another year.  
  
As I said before he started looking at me a little differently than before. On nights that he went out to play poker with the guys he would come home late. I could hear him come into my room very quietly as I pretended to be asleep. I could make out his silhouette standing above me with the light from the hallway behind him. There was a strong smell of liquor and cigars on him as he looked down upon me. Ever so slowly he would take my covers all the way down and bunch them at my feet. I still slept wearing just the t-shirt and with the covers off he could see my vagina perfectly. I still kept it shaved smooth as my auntie told me to. He would look down at my near naked body for a few minutes. I could see one of his hands at the front of his pants but I couldn't make out just what he was doing. After a few minutes he carefully place the cover back over me and tucked me in. Then he would bend and give me a kiss on the forehead and quietly leave. I knew that I could have just told him that I was awake but I didn't think that he wanted me to be.   
  
After years of going to other players homes for his poker games he decided that it was finally time that he had his friends come to our house. Auntie Marge would never allow that sort of thing in her house especially with the smoking. There is a small den at the end of our home that he set up for the game. We made sure that we had plenty of everything before the guests arrived. I stayed in the living room and as the guests came through my Uncle George introduced me to each of them. They all seemed very nice and asked if I would like to sit in but I said no and watched a movie. Uncle George checked on me from time to time on his way to the bathroom. He told me to be sure to stop in and say good night before I went to bed.  
  
Around midnight I was getting tired and got myself ready for bed and headed down the hall to say good night. As I entered the room all conversation stopped. One of the men that had been smoking a cigar had it fall out of his mouth onto the table. They were all looking at me with a shocked expression on their faces. Uncle George looked up from his cards and spoke.  
  
"Ready for bed already? Why don't you come here and give your uncle George a great big hug." He reached his arms out to me and I walked toward him and wrapped my arms around him.  
  
Now of course you realize that being dressed for bed that I was wearing just my t-shirt. This was just the way it had been for years but I don't think that the other men were prepared for what they saw. They began to speak up.  
  
"Hey, how about some of that for your new uncle Tony?" Said the burly man across the table.   
  
Uncle George just gave me a nod to go ahead so I walked around the table and hugged him also. He squeezed me tightly to himself with a hand on my back and the other on my bum.   
  
"Can Uncle Simon have a little sugar too?" Said the next man.  
  
Tony gave my butt a couple of light spanks before letting me go to Simon. The next was my new Uncle Dave who gave one of my butt cheeks a good squeeze before letting go. After that they all wanted me to stay and watch the games but I told them that I was tired and had to go. Later when everyone was gone my uncle quietly came into my room and pulled down my covers to look at me as usual. This time he had something in his hand that he was shaking back and forth but with the light behind him I couldn't make out what it was. Again, he covered me and quietly left.  
  
After that all of the poker games were played at our house. The men all wanted me to call them by Uncle and they I would be their waitress getting them drinks and snacks all night. They would give me a chip every time that I did something for them and by the end of the night they would cash them in and give me the money that I earned. With each order I got a hug and a kiss on the cheek. I truly loved the attention that I got and it was something that I thought that I really needed being home alone most of the time.   
  
Of course by the end of the night I would have to give each of my new uncles a big hug before going to bed. I did notice that as time went on that their fingers would be touching my private parts more often. I could even feel Uncle Tony's finger slip into my vagina a few times. I got a strange sensation when he did that but I knew that it was wrong and didn't tell Uncle George about it not wanting to cause trouble.   
  
That night when Uncle George came into my room to look at me I could see two silhouettes. One was much larger than the other so I deducted that it was Uncle Tony. Uncle George lowered my covers and I could hear them whispering to each other. I heard Uncle George whisper "no" when I saw Uncle Tony bending over. I thought that he was going to kiss me on my forehead so I clenched my eyes shut so that he wouldn't see them open when suddenly I felt something touching my vagina. He was kissing me right on my pussy! He stayed there for a moment and I felt something soft running up and down it's surface. It was his tongue. He was licking my pussy! Why would he lick my pussy? I heard Uncle George whisper something again and Uncle Tony stood up and left. Uncle George pulled my covers back up and kissed my forehead and left also. I could swear that he whispered "sorry" as he kissed me.   
  
After he had closed the door I put my hand down to my vagina. It felt wet but it seemed a bit more than what it should have been from just a few licks from his tongue. I slid my fingers around and found that it appeared to be coming from inside of me. It was very smooth and slippery and my fingers began to smear it around. I enjoyed the feeling that I was getting inside as I moved my hand around the smooth mound of my pussy. My middle finger slipped inside and that was it. I couldn't hold back after that. It felt too good! I began to rub harder and noticed that it felt best up near the top of my crack.

My mind began to think of strange things as I recalled Uncle Tony licking at my pussy with his tongue. I imagined that he was doing it then as my hand worked rapidly causing me to squirm around on the bed. I remembered how close the men were to my pussy earlier in the evening and how Uncle Tony actually put his finger into my hole while he held me against himself.   
  
Then it happened. For the first time in my life I had an orgasm. It was wonderful! Waves came over me as my body jerked and convulsed on the bed. They talked about this in school but they didn't say that I was going to enjoy it as much as I did. Once I finished I just laid there breathing heavy with my hand still on my pussy.   
  
I woke up the next morning in just the same position that I was in when I went to sleep. My hand was still on my pussy and I noticed immediately that I was wet again. I started to rub the area lightly and found that I just couldn't stop myself from masturbating again. I brought myself to another wonderful orgasm as my legs clamped my hand against my sex like a vise. After a moment I jumped out of bed and into the kitchen for breakfast. I was as happy as could be as I danced my way into the room. Uncle George was already seated at the kitchen table reading the paper as I came in. He lowered the paper to talk to me.  
  
"Did you sleep well dear?" he asked. His eyes went from my face to my crotch in an instant.   
  
"Yes sir. I had a very good sleep." I said almost giddy. I watched his eyes and they seemed to be fixed on my pussy. I looked down and saw that it was pink and puffy with a hint of wetness still showing. For the first time since I began to dress this way before him I became self conscious about what he saw. I figured that he must have figured out what I had done and would be disappointed in me for touching myself. I know that my face must have turned beet red further giving away my transgression. I put my hands down to cover myself from his view. I didn't want him to be angry with me. Instead a broad grin came upon his face.  
  
"Come and give your Uncle George a hug." He opened his arms for me. I walked up to him still covering myself as he pulled me into a tight bear hug. "You are becoming such a big girl. You have made quite an impression on my friends. They love having you around on Friday nights. They all hope that you will be able to join us from now on. Would you like that?"  
  
"Yes sir. They treat me nice and I even made a little money just for serving them. I will do it as long as you wish Uncle."  
  
"That's a good girl. Promise me that you will never change."   
  
"I promise Uncle. I will always be your little girl."   
  
Truth is that I really enjoyed being with those men that night. I loved the way that they smiled at me, the way that they held me, even the way that they touched me. I was beginning to have feelings that I never had before especially after what happened later in the week.   
  
Part 3  
  
On Tuesday, after school, I was finishing with the laundry. I removed the clothes from the dryer and after separating our underwear I went into Uncle George's room to put his into his drawer. I opened the bottom drawer of his bureau and placed them inside. While trying to straighten things out my hand bumped something at the bottom. Moving his underwear aside I found a stack of magazines under them. I took them out to see what they were.  
  
They all contained pictures of naked women and men and some showed them together in different sex acts. I knew that Uncle wouldn't be home from work for a couple of hours so I removed them and spread them out on his bed. I jumped up on the bed and propped a pillow behind me and picked one up to see what was inside. I couldn't believe my eyes the first time that I saw the pictures. There were beautiful women showing their privates to the camera. Some had their vagina opened to get a better look inside. They were even putting things into them!  
  
The next one had naked men with the women and they were performing various sex acts together. As I was going from page to page I found that I couldn't take my eyes away. I started feeling strange down in my pussy and when I put my hand into my shorts I felt wetness inside again. It felt good to rub my hand against it and the more that I looked at the pictures the more I wanted to rub myself. I found that the pictures that made me most excited were the ones where the woman showed off her privates and the man's penis would get really big. I thought about the way that I dress in only my t-shirt when I get ready for bed and wondered if Uncle George got that way when he saw me. When I thought about being dressed like that with my naked bottom showing to Uncle's poker friends something came over me. My body began to spasm and my pussy gushed with fluid. I was having an orgasm just by thinking about others seeing me naked.   
  
What I thought was just an act of innocence became something dirty. My Uncle's friends like me to be naked for them and that's why they wanted me around so much. My hand worked feverishly on my now soaked pussy as I again clamped my legs together and closed my eyes. I just laid there panting as my body calmed down. I wondered to myself if this is why the people depicted in the magazines were doing what they were.   
  
After that I just laid there and thought about it for the longest time when it dawned on me that Uncle George would be home any second and I didn't have dinner ready. I quickly scooped up the magazines and put them back in his drawer just in time for him to come through the door. I quickly made dinner and spent most of the rest of my day in a daze thinking about things.   
  
After that first day it became an every day ritual to pull out the magazines and masturbate on Uncle George's bed. Different ideas went through my mind and I started to imagine the next time my Uncle's poker friends would see me with my naked pussy showing for them. I started wearing just my t-shirt after school as I imagined the men watching me masturbate. I couldn't control it anymore as my mind was always on showing myself and masturbating. I was caught daydreaming in school by my teachers several times and nearly got myself in trouble for it.   
  
Finally Friday arrived. My school day seemed to be the longest ever as I thought about what was to come that evening. After school I paraded around the house in just my t-shirt and devised a plan to make the evening a bit more interesting. I remembered seeing in one of the magazines a woman wearing just a t-shirt as I did but it was cropped short to just below her breasts which peeked out underneath. Taking a pair of scissors I cut one of my shirts to look the same way. I put it on and looked at myself in the mirror.   
  
I checked myself out from every angle. It barely covered my large breasts and basically just hung over them like a tent. When I raised my arms the shirt would rise to just above my nipples. I began to have second thoughts thinking that Uncle George would get mad knowing that I am showing myself off for these men on purpose. I pulled out the magazines and propped myself up on his bed. Watching my reflection in the large mirror over his bureau at the other end of the bed I could see how I would look to the men dressed this way. I looked every bit as nice as the woman in the magazine and if she can have an effect on men than so can I. My fingers went down to my pussy and I spread my lips open as I faced the mirror. I was doing the same things as the women in the pictures and it made me feel very warm. I buried the fingers of one hand inside and I used my other to rub myself hard. I brought myself to a very strong orgasm and decided that I will follow through with my plan.   
  
After taking a long hot bath I carefully shaved my pussy mound smooth before I got myself ready for the evening in my room. I wanted to look extra sexy for the men so I fixed my hair and put on some makeup and eye liner for the first time since they have been coming over. I wore a pair of tight jeans that I had just outgrown. They were well worn and from the front it was easy to make out my "cameltoe". The finishing touch was a snug fitting pullover sweater. No bra.   
  
I was ready.  
  
Hearing a knock on the door Uncle George asked me to answer it as he was down the hall getting the table ready. I opened the door and all three men had arrived at the same time and were waiting at the doorstep. Their eyes lit up upon seeing me with my makeup and tight sweater.   
  
"Hello Heidi. You look great tonight!" Said Tony as I let them in.   
  
I blushed.   
  
They each quickly put down their bags and gave me a big hug. The soft material of the sweater felt good against my breasts as they pressed me up against themselves which caused my nipples to enlarge. As I backed away it was clear where their attention was as I had them follow me down the hall. Uncle George had little time to notice me as he greeted his friends.   
  
The men had me very busy getting them drinks and snacks. I made it a point to flirt a bit with them as they would always give me a chip along with a hug each time that I returned. I kept checking the time as I couldn't wait for my plan to go into effect as I got "dressed" for bed. Finally I couldn't wait any longer and decided that it was close enough.  
  
"I'm going to get ready for bed Uncle. I'll be back to say goodnight." I said.  
  
The other men at the table seemed to perk up as they gave each other a knowing smile. Little did they know that they would be in for something special this evening!   
  
I went back to my room and slipped my sweater up over my head. Next I worked my tight jeans and panties off. I looked at my naked refection in my full length mirror. I held up my firm breasts and pinched my nipples. I could feel my body becoming excited thinking about what would happen if the men in the other room could see me now. I reached down and felt liquid leaking from my pink pussy. Working my middle finger inside I brought it up to my face to inspect it. It was wet and smelled of my sex. It made me wonder if the men will be able to smell it too when I go back to them.  
  
I slipped the cropped shirt over my head and imagined the men thinking that I have become some kind of dirty girl for them. I was getting very nervous but had to get back out there soon before Uncle George came to get me and tell me that I couldn't dress like this. I finally took one deep breath and opened the door. I slowly walked down the hallway as I heard them all joking and laughing. I stood just to the side of the doorway out of sight visibly shaking as I tried to talk myself through it.   
  
"Is this what you really want?" I asked myself. "In school they call girls like this sluts. Is that what I'm becoming? Once they see me they will know what I am. They will know that I show myself to them on purpose. No more of acting innocent like I don't know that I excite them. This will change everything!"  
  
Minutes passed as I waited to get up the nerve to step around the corner. I thought about all of the time that I have been here and how much I love my Uncle George. I wondered how disappointed my Auntie Marge would be in me if she knew what I was about to do. That's when I decided to chicken out.   
  
"I'll just go back and dress the way that I always do and act the same as before. I'm not ready for this." I thought.  
  
I pushed myself away from the wall and turned to go back to my room.   
  
"Heidi? Is that you out there? What are you waiting for? Come on in girl." Uncle George spotted me!   
  
Oh god! He saw me. I have to go through with it. Maybe if I try to act as though nothing has changed it will work out alright.   
  
I eased my way around the corner. I had second thoughts. I was embarrassed. I was humiliated. My hands were covering my pussy for the first time in front of them. My eyes looked down at the floor. My Uncle and his friends see me now as some kind of slut I know it!. My breasts are barely covered. My pussy is pink and puffy and I'm sure oozing some kind of thick fluid. My face and hair are done up like they have never seen before. What have I done?   
  
"My my. Will you look at that? Come closer Honey. Let us get a good look at you." Said Uncle Tony as he pushed his chair away from the table.   
  
I walked slowly into the room and up to him. I stood before him with my eyes still looking toward the floor. He placed his hand under my chin and raised it up. I looked into his eyes and then over toward Uncle George who had a shocked look on his face.   
  
"You seem to have grown into a beautiful young woman. We are very lucky that you are sharing yourself with us. There is no reason for you to be shy about your body. It is beautiful. You are beautiful. Your Uncle George should be very proud. Here sit down and watch us play for a while." He turned me around, raised me up, and placed me on his lap.   
  
I was totally humiliated. I was sitting on a middle aged man's lap nearly naked and exposed knowing for the first time that they wanted me this way because it excited them.   
  
The rest of the men looked on with hungry eyes as Uncle Tony held me while they played. Uncle George looked upset about the situation but he had let things go on up until now and didn't know how to go about stopping it.   
  
"Heidi can I speak to you in the kitchen?" Uncle Gorge motioned for me to follow him.   
  
"Aw come on George. Let the poor girl stay. She did herself up real nice for us tonight. Besides, it's still early." Tony said as I hopped from his lap.  
  
I followed Uncle George into the kitchen. He stopped and turned toward me holding me by the shoulders. He bent down to look into my eyes. He saw that I was visibly upset to the point of tears.  
  
"What are you doing? Don't you know that by looking like that they might get bad ideas about you?"   
  
"Yes Uncle, I know." I couldn't look him in the eyes.  
  
"Then why?"   
  
"Because.....because I thought that you wanted me to. That you liked looking at me and that your friends like to look at me too. I thought that you might want to see me more grown up like in your magazines." I let it slip unintentionally.  
  
"What magazines?" He asked.  
  
"I'm sorry Uncle. I was putting things away for you and I found them in your drawer. I thought that if I was like the girls in the pictures that everybody would want to see me too. I hope you aren't mad at me."  
  
Uncle George thought about it for a moment.  
  
"OK you don't want me to be mad that you went through my private things is that right?"  
  
"I didn't mean to..........."  
  
"And you want to show yourself like the girls in the magazines right?"  
  
"I don't know Uncle. You make it sound dirty.........."  
  
"OK then from now on you will dress as I say. Is that clear?"  
  
"Yes but............"  
  
"You will do as I tell you right?"  
  
"I'm not sure what you mean?"  
  
"Right? You will do as I say without question?"  
  
He had a very stern look on his face. I really didn't know what I was agreeing to but I really didn't want him angry with me.   
  
"Yes Uncle, I will do as you say. Please don't be mad."  
  
"Oh, I'm not mad. In fact I think that the best thing to do is to start right away."   
  
He took me by the arm and rushed me back to the den. When we walked back into the room they all smiled. I don't think that they expected me back.   
  
"Heidi has discovered that she is now a grown woman. She now wants to do what other grown women do to make men happy. Go ahead Heidi, tell them what you want to do for us."  
  
I couldn't believe what he wanted me to say. I looked down and then up into each of their eyes as they anticipated what I was about to tell them. It seemed like an eternity and I know that Uncle George was starting to get upset. The other men motioned with their hands for me to come out with it. I don't think that any of them expected what I was about to say. Shaking like a leaf I began to speak.  
  
"I....I'm not sure how to tell you this." I looked down about to cry.  
  
"Come on. Out with it." Uncle George demanded.   
  
"I found out this week that..............that when you look at me after I get myself ready for bed and you can see my bare bottom that..............that it gives me a funny feeling inside. It makes me feel warm down there and I like to touch myself thinking about it." I just looked down as it became so quiet that you could hear a pin drop.  
  
Uncle Tony spoke up.  
  
"Do you mean that you enjoy it when we look at you?"  
  
"Yes sir."  
  
"And that you think about us looking at you and it makes you want to masturbate?"  
  
"Yes sir."  
  
"Wow. Jeez. You know that gives me an idea. We're looking at you right now aren't we?"  
  
"Yes sir."  
  
"And you have never been more naked in front of us right?"  
  
"Yes sir."  
  
"Do you have that warm feeling down there now?"   
  
I could feel the blood rushing to my face. I had to hesitate for a moment before I could answer.   
  
"Yes."  
  
"Do you need to masturbate?"   
  
Everyone leaned forward to hear my answer.  
  
"Yes." My voice was breaking up.   
  
"Well, what do you say George? She needs to masturbate like a grown woman." Tony leaned over and nudged Uncle George with his elbow.  
  
"She's all grown up. I think that she knows what she needs by now." Dave said trying to convince Uncle George.   
  
"OK Heidi. Bring that chair over here and get started." Uncle George pointed to a chair across the room.   
  
"What? You mean here? Now? Right in front of you?" I didn't know what to do. Surely they didn't expect me to masturbate with them watching me did they?  
  
"You promised to do as you were told so now I want you to bring that chair closer to the table and sit."   
  
"Yes sir."  
  
I turned to get the chair and could feel all of their eyes staring at my naked bottom. I had to regain my composure before bringing it back to the table. I sat facing them with my legs together and my hands in my lap.   
  
"I don't see a need for that top that your wearing do you?" Uncle George motioned for me to take it off.  
  
"No. I guess not." I slowly raised it over my head leaving me now completely naked. This was the first time that they saw my breasts uncovered.  
  
"Hey, you really are all grown up. Look at what you've been hiding from us." Tony gave me a smile and a wink.  
  
"You can begin now." Uncle George told me.  
  
Not knowing what to do next I just sat there with my knees together and my hands in my lap. This wasn't what I expected. I thought that I would be bold and show them how much I really wanted to do this for them. Instead I was embarrassed even though I could feel that warmth inside.   
  
"Heidi it is time for you to show us your pussy. Now spread your legs. Wider. That's a good girl. A little more." Uncle George coaxed me.  
  
That was exactly what I needed. I needed to be told what to do. Now it wasn't my idea I was just doing as ordered. It made things much easier for me and I found myself obeying his commands.   
  
"Now take your hands and open yourself up for us. A little more. Good girl. Just like that." He spoke in a quiet and comfortable tone.  
  
The rest was a little hazy. I remember that my pussy was getting very wet and I spread it all around with my open hand. I closed my eyes and heard them giving me instructions on what to do next. I brought my hand up and pinched one of my nipples. It seemed that the harder that I pinched the more that I felt my pussy getting hot. I buried two fingers inside and worked them as if they were a mans penis from the magazines. I rubbed harder and harder and I could hear a sloshing sound coming from my wet pussy as my hand worked from side to side rapidly.   
  
Finally I came. I know that I made loud panting sounds just before but when I reached my orgasm I squealed so loudly that I'm sure that the neighbors could hear me. When I came to my senses I found myself slouched in the chair with my fingers still inside of me. My legs were spread as wide as possible. They all gave me an appreciative smile and told me what a good girl I was for them. I was allowed to stay up late that evening and serve them once they resumed their card game. I was ordered to remain naked the rest of the night as I served them and to pose in lewd positions any time that they requested.

Uncle George made sure that it never went beyond that. I never had to have intercourse or even see their penis but they made sure that I was exposed to them at all times. After that night the card games got even more interesting. Sometimes we would have theme night where I had to dress as a French maid or young school girl or cheer leader. Each time I was not allowed underwear and the skirts were always too short to cover my bum. Other times I had to greet everyone at the door completely naked and remain that way all night. Of course I was nervous each time but I did whatever they ordered me to do. My reward was that by the end of the night I was to masturbate to orgasm in front of them.  
  
I didn't stay with Uncle George for too much longer after that as I was sent away to college. I missed my Uncle but we would get together on holidays and I would give him a special treat when I was home.   
  
I made some new friends in college where I learned a lot of new things. Once my new friends found out what I would do for them they continued where Uncle George left off. But that is a story for another day.