**Showing Off For My Brother and His Friend, Part 1**

**by Corn53**

My big brother was in high school and I was in the seventh grade when I found a magazine under his mattress. I have always like snooping around and this was one of the treasures that further developed my sleuthing tendencies.

There were lots of pictures of naked girls in this magazine and for some reason, I could not put it down. Being a good detective though, I remembered the location, and which page it was on before I started reading - well, more like staring - from cover to cover. Some of the girls were very well endowed, which always made me jealous, and surprisingly some were hairless. I figured they probably shaved themselves since they were obviously older than me. Even though I was in the seventh grade, I still hardly had any 'boobies' which Jack sometimes teased me about, and I was just getting my first pubic hairs. You couldn't even see them without a real close look. I was starting to get some fuzz on my lower legs.

Also, I knew he liked to spy on me sometimes, because I would catch him walking past the bathroom again and again for no apparent reason whenever I took a bath. We always had to leave the bathroom door open a little bit in case anyone ever fell down in the tub like mom's aunt did years ago. We must have heard that story a hundred times - about how they had to take the hinges off the bathroom door so they could take her to the hospital to X-ray her hip. Anyway, I used to pose with my back to the door, standing in the tub, washing my chest or fanny, and looking at his reflection in the black, plastic hair brush handle. I watched him walk back and forth, looking at me.

That was when I began leaving the door open even wider. For some reason it gave me a sense of power and excitement when I knew he was spying on me. It made me feel so attractive. He was 17 and I was 12, almost 13.

Last week I was getting ready for a school dance. We were the only ones home. I figured out a way to face the door so he could see my front, but not know I was posing for him. I was pretending to dry my hair with a big towel over my head and covering my face. The music was playing on the radio in my bedroom, and I kept both doors wide open - just so I could hear the music, of course. I was singing along with the music, but really listening for his footsteps on the carpet in the dark hallway. (I had turned off the hall light on my way to the bathroom.) When I heard him come up the steps, I stood and faced the door, putting the big towel on my head, covering my face.

I was toweling my hair when his soft footsteps went past the door . . . and then back again. I think he stopped on the far side of the hall looking at me as I continued to towel off my hair.

He was watching. I knew it. What should I do now? Before I could come up with an idea, the music changed to a faster rock song, so I continued to fluff the towel and dry off my hair, singing, turning, and dancing as I let him watch me. Holding the towel over my head with my left hand, I pretended I was strumming a guitar with my right, like I did sometimes when we watched MTV together, while we were both supposed to be doing our homework.

Then and idea hit me while I was "strumming" my bellybutton. I began strumming lower and lower and began to strum my pussy lips as I danced my way out of the tub - towel still over my head, just acting silly. Besides enjoying the teasing I was doing, it also felt good, as my fingers pulled my bald lips way over to the side, pressing hard on my button hidden inside the stiffening lips. Twang, twang, twang with the sharp sound of the music. My lips snapped back in place.

Then I turned away and took off the towel, shaking my hair. The shiny brush handle was too foggy for me to tell if he was still watching or not.

Mom wouldn't be home for another half hour, so I thought of showing off in another way. What had come over me? I couldn't figure it out, but it was both exciting and naughty. ...

My room was directly across the hall from my brother's room, so when I went in with the towel around me I kept singing to the music like I usually did, but this time I forgot to close the door. My brother had gone into his room while I finished in the bathroom, but his door was also open - just a few inches - and his light was off.

I turned up the music as I continued to get ready for the party, but decided to get dressed in a different order tonight.

First I would do my hair and then get dressed. It didn't take too long to fix my hair since it was dry already. The light brown hair just barely covered my ears, so I sat backwards on the chair and just brushed it out. Jack always teased me in the summer when I sat backwards on one of the kitchen chairs to watch TV, resting my arms on the back. My hair was still too short to put my colored bands in, since school just started. I kept it short for the swim team. My tan was beginning to fade, but my fanny and chest still looked much paler than than my arms, legs, and shoulders. I was sitting sideways to the door and couldn't tell if he was watching or not, but I suspected he was.

The excitement of showing off was still getting to me, knowing my older brother was watching. The urge to touch myself between the legs got the best of me as I stood to put on my underwear. Instead of my panties, I decided to put on my new training bra first, dancing around trying to fasten it in the back. I was wearing only the tiny, white bra, with the little pink bow in front when another song came on with a strong bass guitar rhythm. Acting silly again, I began strumming the imaginary guitar but pretty soon I was fingering frets on my new bra and strumming my pussy again. It felt so good I almost forgot that my brother was only about six feet away.

A quick glance at the clock told me I had another fifteen minutes before Mom would be home. I was looking through my underwear drawer and thought I'd better try on several pairs while deciding - to prolong my teasing. My dirty panties were laying under the edge of my bed. I got on my hands and knees, keeping my knees apart, and with an exaggerated stretch, reached under to pull them out. This would give him a great view of my spread open fanny. Then, holding the dirty panties in front of me, facing the mirror on the inside of my closet door, I noticed that his door had opened a little wider. I sniffed my panties, made a face and tossed them onto the edge of my bed with a laugh, memorizing their exact location. I could check later to see if he picked them up after I left. I knew Mom wouldn't touch anything in my room, because she said she refused to pick up after me anymore. I tried on several pairs, touching myself through each pair, trying to dry off my still wet pussy. Each time I tossed a pair on the bed I made a mental note where they landed.

"Mom's drawer!" I said aloud, and skipped down the hall towards her room, wearing only my bra. I came back in with a pair of her flimsy "dress-up" panties and held them in front of me - turning around, then tried them on. Baggy, but the silkiness felt so sexy. I took them off again and put a safety pin through the band in the back to tighten them up about two inches. I put them back on - perfect! Just very baggy.

The time! I had to hurry and dress for the dance. Mom would be home any minute.

It was after eleven when I got home from the school dance. The dance was fun, but I kept thinking about teasing Jack some more. He was watching TV and asked me some questions about the dance. He surprised me with his interest. Jack usually just ignored me or treated me like I was bothering him.

Mom went on up to bed because she had to go in to work early on Saturday. "What would you like to watch tonight, Sue?"

I almost fell over from shock. Why was he treating me nice? The power was going to my head.

"Anything is OK." and I laid on the floor on my stomach in front of the TV. The short dress would certainly expose my panties, especially with my knees apart and my feet up in the air - weaving back and forth in my customary pose.

Jack was quiet, not changing channels nearly as fast as usual. I knew he was enjoying sitting right behind me in the middle of the couch.

I sat up and turned around sitting cross-legged, facing him. "Want to play Checkers, Jack? I bet I could beat you tonight. I'm too excited to go to bed right now, even though I'm really sleepy."

My short skirt had ridden up to my hips sitting that way, so my panties were almost completely exposed - Mom's panties, that is - the ones you could see through - or around, depending how they were bunched up. As I looked at him and then towards the cupboard where we keep the games, I caught him looking right at my panties. He looked away as I looked up towards him.

He smiled and said, "You haven't got a chance." and got up to get the game.

As he walked over I quickly checked out the view he would be getting if he sat on the floor in front of me. Perfect. A clear shot of my panties. I twisted towards the right just a few inches, as if to make room for the game box, thus twisting the panties on me to the side, exposing my left lip. I seemed to be glistening for some reason, as if I had just taken off my swim suit.

Jack came back and sat down across from me, right where I thought he would. I kept looking at the game box and began setting up the pieces, pretending nothing was wrong, and I knew he was looking at me.

"What should we bet, Sue?" he asked. We usually bet something silly -like a five minute back rub or doing one of the other's chores.

"I feel lucky tonight. Let's say a ten minute back rub, Jack."

"OK. Two out of three. You can go first this time." giving me the advantage. I beat him easily, making me wonder if he was trying to lose. Then it hit me - HE WANTS TO RUB MY BACK!

"You'd better go take that dress off before it gets all dirty on the floor. Why don't you just get ready for bed? You beat me, so I guess I'll have to rub your back."

I usually just wear a big T-shirt to bed over my panties, but maybe tonight . . .

As I got up to go get ready, he stood up, too, and said, "I'll go get ready myself. Meet you back down here in about ten minutes. Do you want one of my T-shirts? Be quiet so we don't wake Mom."

"OK, just bring one of your shirts over and I'll wear it tonight. Thanks, Jack. I'd been hoping you would let me wear one of your soccer shirts or something."

As I was trying to unfasten the dress in back, he just walked right into my room with one of his old athletic shirts in his hand. It looked like some kind of a basketball shirt, the kind without sleeves.

I thanked him as I took it and threw it on the bed. "Can you help me unfasten this?" almost whispering.

I didn't really need any help, but he seemed glad to help me. Then I even asked him to unsnap my bra. Instead of leaving, he just stood there as if he hoped I would get completely undressed right in front of him. I wasn't ready to give up my modesty just yet, but I did take off the dress and bra and let them fall to the floor. I turned to face him with my hands over my half-an-egg size titties. "You'd better let me finish getting ready for bed so I can come down and bet my back massage. And I'm going to look at the clock in the kitchen tonight. No cheating. I want the full ten minutes, Jack, because I beat you twice."

He was looking at my hands and chided me. "You don't have anything to hide, Sue." and he laughed quietly.

I put my hands down, like I was brushing them off, and said, "I guess you're right, but still I want you to leave while I get the rest of the way ready for bed. Go get ready yourself." and I kind of pushed him out the door playfully.

After he left I looked at my tiny breasts. The pink nipples were stiff with the little bump in the middle sticking out, like they did on cold days at the pool.

After closing the door all the way this time, I took off Mom's panties, noticing the wetness, and put on the basketball shirt. It barely covered my pussy and fanny if I held my ams up, so I put the panties back on. The narrow shoulder straps were baggy enough to expose my titties, depending how I was sitting. I fiddled around in my room for awhile, not sure where my game was heading. I checked out the panties laying on my bed. They had all been moved! Now I knew he had been watching me get ready for the dance. It excited me all over again.

After a firm decision to "act innocent" I felt like I was still in control and that he wouldn't know I was trying to show off my growing, changing body on purpose.

I came back down a few minutes later to find Jack sitting in the middle of the couch with the controller in his right hand. He was wearing short sweat pants and a T-shirt.

"Since I have to rub your back, I get to decide what to watch. Lay down across my lap, Sue."

If I lay down across his lap he will see that I'm wearing Mom's panties. They are so baggy that my fanny will probably peek out from under them. What should I do? He seemed to sense my hesitation and said, "Well, make up your mind. Do you want a back rub or not?"

So, without further thinking I laid down across his lap and he put his right hand on my back, outside the shirt. I knew as I laid down that he could probably see most of my bare fanny since my knees and shoulders had sunk so far into the couch. I forgot about bending over his legs, but I couldn't change my mind now, or he would know I was conscious of my near nakedness. I nonchalantly pulled down the shirt to cover my raised buns and then crossed my hands under my head which completely exposed them again. But, at least I had tried to cover myself so I could pretend that I didn't even know he could see my pale fanny, which was just a foot from his face.

To preserve my innocence even farther, I said, "I'm so sleepy, Jack. If I fall asleep wake me up before you go to bed. OK?"

"You'll wake up when I dump you on the floor, Sis." and he laughed. I was glad he called me 'Sis.' He never called me that if he was mad at me.

I made one final wiggle to get "more comfortable" across his lap, scooting down, which hiked up my shirt. I also parted my legs a few inches. "OK." I said, " Start rubbing my back." and I just looked towards the TV.

He didn't say anything and kept both hands on my back, rubbing upwards most of the time, pulling my shirt a little higher. I closed my eyes and yawned. "It feels good, Jack." and yawned again.

He rubbed for about ten minutes and I was getting really sleepy. Jack usually wasn't so gentle. Occasionally he stroked one of his hands down the backs of my knees, but not touching my fanny.

My eyes had been closed for at least ten minutes and I was breathing deeply. His right hand began stroking from the the middle of my back down past my knees in long, gentle caresses. I turned my head sleepily towards the couch, opened my knees a little bit farther and pretended to be asleep.

His left hand rubbed my shoulders, neck and upper arms, sometimes even rubbing my armpits. He absently pulled the invisible light hairs which were beginning to form - not so it hurt - but almost sensuously. Someday I'll have to shave my armpits like Mom does.

As he continued to stroke and massage my back and sides, his right hand also massaged my fanny and thighs. When he brought his hand up my leg from the inside of my left knee he came closer and closer to my pussy. The first touch was so soft I wasn't even sure he touched it, but on the third stroke his index finger played across my closed lips from right to left. He began gently tugging my left leg towards the couch on his downstrokes so that pretty soon my legs were spread much wider, opening my pussy lips for his upward return caresses.

He used both hands to take the safety pin out of the back of the panties so they were really loose. His hands easily slid completely under them as he pulled my buns apart and bent down for a closer look at my fanny.

Later, while his right hand was massaging my legs, fanny, and the outside of my pussy, his left hand began massaging farther around on my armpit, eventually reaching my stretched flat breasts. It felt great.

His forefinger began to slide up through the wet slit. For some reason this scared me, so I rolled back towards the TV and yawned again, like I was waking up.

Then I lifted my head and propped up my shoulders with my arms. Looking at the TV, I asked, "What time is it? I must have fallen asleep. I'd better go on up to bed."

I sat back on the couch with my right leg on the floor and my left foot tucked tightly against my bottom, with both arms wrapped around my bent knee, looking at the TV. This gave him a great view before I went on up to bed. "Thanks for rubbing my back so long, Jack. That felt great. Good night." and I got up to head for bed.

When I stood up Mom's panties fell down my legs and I started laughing. I just stepped out of them and said, "I'd better hide these until I have a chance to wash them and put them back in Mom's drawer."

"Why did you wear them, Sue. She would be upset if she caught you."

"They made me feel so sexy at the dance. Can you hide them for me? I'll get them tomorrow and wash them while she's at work." I stretched with hands over my head. This lifted the basketball shirt high enough to give him view of my totally bare pussy.

"OK, Sis, I'll hide them. Good night. I'll tuck you later." and he patted my fanny as I headed up to bed.

**Showing Off For My Brother And His Friend, Part 2**

During the next week I was filled with remorse and embarrassment about the way I had been showing off, but Jack treated me much nicer. That Friday his friend Ben was going to sleep over at our house, and I didn't think anything of it at first. He stayed at our house some weekends and sometimes Jack went to his house.

Anyway, at dinner Friday, Mom blurted out in front of Jack and Ben that she finally got me a razor set so I could shave my legs that night, since I would be home all night, I could sit in the tub for an hour if I needed to. Sometimes she liked to embarrass me or tease me about my 'budding little figure' in front of one of Jack's friends. I knew better than to question her or talk back, or she might start talking about my new training bra. All I said was "OK."

"It's pink, Susie. You have such pretty legs. They'll look even sexier when they are all shaved. Try not to cut yourself. Don't do your armpits yet."

"Oh, Mom."

I was grounded that weekend because of my grades and Mom said I had to clean up the kitchen after dinner. But, since we ordered pizza every Friday it wouldn't take long to clean up things. Mom would be gone and Jack and Ben were planning to go out to a football game or somewhere so I could watch whatever I wanted and talk on the phone after my bath. It should have been a good evening.

But something came over me again while we were finishing the pizza. A little devil inside me seemed to take control when I noticed Ben watching me climb up on the counter to get the cookies off the top of the refrigerator.

Mom had just left and Jack had gone out to his old car to get something -probably a can of beer. My school skirt was just an ordinary, plaid jumper and not very sexy, but when I stood all the way up while on top of the counter, I knew Ben would be able to see my panties if I reached far enough over the refrigerator. I could see him in the reflection on the ceramic cookie jar. Mom was on another diet and started putting the cookie jar on top of the refrigerator. I was curious as to whether he would try to see my panties. Even though his image was not crystal clear, I could tell he was looking up my skirt! As plain as day, he was staring right at my panties.

I only got one cookie and climbed down slowly, not looking directly at him.

"Can I have one, Sue?" he asked, more polite than usual. He could have probably reached it without climbing onto the counter, but asked me instead, like he was hoping I would get one for him.

"Sure, Ben. Just make sure I don't fall 'cause of all this stuff on the counter."

He obligingly came over and stood by my legs while I climbed up and reached over. I took my time retrieving a cookie. As I handed him one without getting down, I said, "There's some old chocolate chips ones in here, too, I think. Want me to try to find you one?"

"That would be great. Thanks, Sue?" I started rummaging around in the cookie jar, hoping to find any other varieties to ask him about. I couldn't see his reflection because he was right beside me now.

While I was taking my time looking in the jar he put his hand on my leg just below the knee. "Your foot is right on the edge, Sue. I don't want you to fall off."

I continued to search for a chocolate chip cookie, enjoying the touch of his hand on my leg. Then he said, "You are getting some peach fuzz below your knees, Sue. I started shaving a few years ago and could probably have a thick beard if I let it grow."

"Well, I'm kind of scared about it since I never shaved them before."

Then Jack came back in. Sure enough he had two cans of beer with him. Mom had only been gone ten minutes. "Time to get going, Ben. Sue will clean this up." pointing towards the kitchen table.

"Maybe we should make sure Sue doesn't cut herself before we go, Jack. It won't take long for her to shave her legs. I told her I've been shaving for years." It almost sounded like he was bragging since my brother only shaved about once a month.

"We don't want to be late." reminded Jack, finally noticing Ben's hand on my knee. He came over and set down his beer and felt the peach fuzz on my lower legs.

This felt great. Two guys touching my legs. My little devil was taking complete control of me now. "Should I take off my shoes and we can shave them here in the kitchen?" I asked innocently.

"Mom said you should do it in the bathtub, Sue." reminded Jack, as his hand stroked down my 'hairy' leg from above my knee to my ankle sock.

"Well, I'd better go get my suit on then."

"No. You don't need to put on your swimming suit. Besides, I think Mom put most of our summer stuff away already. Hey. You still need to wash out those fancy panties you wore to the dance and now would be a good time. You could wear those in the tub."

The two boys sat me down on the counter and straightened out my legs, as if studying a project they were going to work on.

"What 'fancy' panties?" asked Ben.

"Oh, just something Sue wore last weekend which she wasn't supposed to. She could get in big trouble if Mom finds out."

"OK, I guess." and then continued in my 'shy' role, "But what about my titties. I don't want you to see them. Remember I'm a girl."

Jack laughed. They were both still rubbing my legs from my ankles to just above my knees. "I couldn't tell you were a girl by looking at those titties." joked Jack. You could probably pass for a boy if somebody just saw your chest."

I knew this wasn't true, or why did he want to feel them so much last weekend. They did stick out enough to tell they were titties, even if they were smaller than golf balls. "Well OK then. But don't look at them. I guess I could wear those panties in the bathtub and that would wash them out at the same time. But teach me how to do the shaving for next time. And don't ever tell anybody. OK?"

We all laughed and shook hands on our "deal." The boys took off my shoes and ankles socks while I was still sitting on the edge of the counter, holding my legs straight out. They started pulling my feet apart and joked about making a wish.

"We're in kind of a hurry to get going, so it might be faster if we help you undress, Sue. And, let me hold up this orange next to your titties so we can see how much more you have to grow before you get to wear a real bra instead of those training things." chuckled Jack.

I was enjoying the attention but wanted to protect my 'innocence,' so I compromised, "We can take off my skirt and blouse, but I want to keep my bra on while you compare or I won't let you."

"We won't tell anybody, Sue." promised Ben. "Here. I'll unbutton those buttons for you. We can pretend you're a store mannequin." and he reached around me from behind and began unbuttoning my blouse while Jack unbuttoned the side of my jumper. They seemed almost as excited as me, but we were all pretending they were just helping me get ready to shave - for my safety.

Jack held a cold orange from the refrigerator up against my chest. The blouse was open but still on my arms, and the straps of my jumper were still over my shoulders. As they began 'comparing' the orange to my titties, they both massaged them and squeezed as if trying to make them as big as possible. "These aren't even detectable. Are they, Jack?" While Ben Squeezed my right breast.

"Nope. Too little to see, that's for sure." And they helped me take off the blouse as the jumper fell to the floor.

"That tickles!" I said as they continued comparing. I wiggled around, giggling, and kept bumping Ben's stiff thing through his trousers. He was still holding me from behind.

I was standing there in my bra and panties - both light blue cotton. There were bunnies on the panties which they both though was funny. They felt the panties while looking at the bunny designs. "These bunnies are hopping all over, Sis." as their fingers touched my panties all over.

"Oh, cut it out, you guys. Are you going to let me go start the bath or what? I could probably shave my legs myself you know. So don't get too fresh." I laughed, "Besides, that tickles!" Ben's hand was pressing on my mound, but not between the legs.

"Go get those panties, Jack and hand them to me through the door when I say the bath is ready." and I headed up the stairs while they finished their beers.

I took off the bra while heading out of the kitchen, but didn't turn around to let them see me. They would get to see me soon enough.

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**The Bath**

Jack and Ben were waiting outside the closed door while I got the water ready. I said OK and reached my hand through the door and Jack handed me the panties which I had worn to the dance. They felt stiff between the legs, probably because I got real wet when I wore them. That was something I still didn't understand. Why would wearing something like that make me feel so slippery between the legs?

So I took the panties and let the door open all the way as I walked towards the tub. I was completely naked but they couldn't see my front. I put the panties on, still facing the tub, and then stepped in and sat down. They were kneeling beside the tub almost before I was seated. They were both staring at my tiny breasts, but I pretended not to notice since I was fiddling around trying to get the cellophane off the razor box. I kept looking at the razor box as if trying to read the directions, but really I was just letting them look at me and pretending I didn't know they were looking at me. "You might as well wash me, too, if you want to help while I try to read this."

They both started washing my breasts. Their hands began washing my tummy and legs. As they were washing me, I stood up to get Mom's shaving gel can off the rack which hung under the shower head. I knew they could see right through the sheer wet panties, but I pretended to act like I didn't know that. They were washing my legs, tummy and breasts while I stood facing them and read the directions on the shaving gel can.

"Our hands are soapy, Sis. Maybe we should wash these panties while you're standing there. We can't see your private parts, we just want to get the panties all clean."

"Good idea. I'm trying to figure out how much of this to use." still absorbed in my shaving experience. They began to wash my panties for me. I parted my legs as I turned to face the wall so they could "wash" the back of the panties for me. Standing - and with my legs farther apart, the sheer, lacy, white, and very baggy panties began to fall down. They washed my fanny and the panties.

"Really wash them good, you guys, or else Mom might get mad if she finds out I borrowed them without asking." and I parted my legs a little more. With the can of gel in my hand I leaned over towards the wall. The panties were almost complete below my buns, but the boys were keeping them up with their hands as they washed my fanny and the panties at the same time. Jack's fingers washed right over the hole, pressing with his finger. It felt great, but startled me. I stood up straight again and turned around, trying to read the can again, not noticing that the panties were below my mound and twisted around so that they could see my pussy.

Of course they started washing that, too, being careful not to put their fingers inside.

"Oh, Jeez. These are starting to fall down." I said, still preserving my complete innocence. After pulling them up (and to the side so my pussy was exposed through the leg hole) I said, "Thanks for helping me wash these, but we'd better do the shaving." and I handed the can to Ben. I reached over and got the razor from the front edge of the tub and handed it to Jack.

"I don't want to watch yet. Go ahead and shave one of them and I'll practice on the other leg." I stood up and pulled the panties up so high, that my pussy was completely exposed through the leg hole. With my eyes closed, as if I didn't want to watch the shaving, so they could look at me as closely as they wanted.

"Put one leg on the edge of the tub, Sis, so we can get this over with." Said Jack, feigning an urgency to leave.

I put my right foot on the edge, outwards towards Jack and turned towards Ben. This opened my legs farther, so that my pussy lips parted to reveal the inner ridge - just inches from Ben's face - while I still pretended that I didn't want to watch the shaving. I pulled up tighter on the panties so they pressed between my thigh and left lip.

Between the slits of my almost closed eyes I saw Ben staring at my partially open pussy.

Jack was rubbing the shaving gel on my right leg. From my ankle to the edge of my pussy, even though we would only shave to the knee. Then, as I had hoped, Ben started putting gel on my other leg, getting closer and closer to my pussy. His finger glanced across it, waiting for my reaction. I just said, "Be careful Jack. Don't cut my leg."

Ben's fingers continued to slip lightly over my pussy lips and he began to wash me there with plain water. He dipped his hand in the water and started rinsing off my leg above the knee, rinsing all the soap off my pussy and pressing a little harder.

"Let me try it now," I said, knowing I couldn't continue to play innocent if I let him keep touching me there. I let go of my panties and took the razor from Jack and put my other foot up on the edge of the tub and started shaving like they did on TV and like when I watched Mom. I had almost finished when I reached my non-shaving hand up to rub my face. Then I dropped the razor and stood up straight, both feet in the tub, holding my face. "I got soap in my eye. Give me a washcloth." When I stood up the loose panties fell down to my knees, but I pretended not to notice -only thinking about the soap in my eye. "Owww. This burns. Can you give me another wet washcloth? Put some cool water on it from the sink." Ben got up right away to do this.

While he was getting it, I kept wiggling around in the tub complaining about my eye. I took the washcloth he put in my hand and dropped the other one. "Can you guys finish this leg for me?" And I 'accidently' lifted my foot out of my panties and put in on the edge of the tub for Ben. My panties were in the water around my left ankle.

He began putting more lather on my leg - all the way up - and then started to finish the shaving below the knee. Jack stood up and asked if he should shave my armpits, too. I reminded him that Mom said she would help me another time, but he could see if it needed it or not.

My helpful brother put some lather in my armpits, trying not to tickle me. He was mostly lathering up my breasts, but it felt so good I let it go. "Do you think I will need to shave them soon?" I asked, trying not to be ticklish.

"I guess not yet, Sis, but pretty soon. I can feel a few fine hairs starting to get longer. I can't really see them yet, though."

"All done." said Ben. When he said that, Jack started tickling me. I giggled and turned around.

"Just rinse me off now you guys. Thanks for your help." Then I 'noticed' that my panties were missing. "Hey! What happened to the panties?" "They must have fallen off." observed Ben. "I didn't even notice."

"I bet! This is really embarrassing. You guys better never tell anybody." And I turned around to face them, holding the wash cloth in front of my pussy. "Don't try to look at me when you rinse me off either!" I laughed good naturedly. "I'm embarrassed. OK? Don't look?"

"We won't look. There's nothing to see anyway, Sue." Ben started joking, too, teasing me like Jack. "We can rinse your back, Sue. Your fanny looks exactly like a boy's"

After a moment of thinking, I turned around, "OK." I said softly, and put my feet about a foot apart. "You can rise off my back."

The took both wash cloths and rinsed me off all over especially between the legs. I didn't object even though I should have. It made me feel tingly inside each time a wash cloth or some fingers rubbed across it. The knew better that to try to put a finger in me.

"OK." I said and turned around with my hands crossed in front of my pussy, but above the slit. I knew they could see it, but I tried to keep at least one hand modestly in front of my tummy below my belly button while they rinsed me.

"We better dry you off now, Sis."

"I can do that myself, but thanks anyway." then, changing my mind as I stepped out. "OK. Dry me off. Let me hold a wash cloth over my eyes a minute. They are still stinging." and I held it in front of my eyes while they dried me off. I still tried to hold one hand in front of my pussy so they couldn't see it, but whenever they moved it to dry me, they placed it higher on my tummy, until I was holding my hand over my belly button.

"Are you going to put lotion on my legs, like Mom puts on hers?" It's over on top of the toilet. Ben retrieved in and put some on my right leg. "Mom actually puts it all over her, but just a little bit, then she rubs it in."

The began to massage me all over with the lotion. I was still holding one hand at a time in front of my belly button, to maintain my innocence, while they looked and rubbed me all over.

"Aren't you guys going to be late for the game?" I asked.

"We never go straight to the games anyway, Sis. Usually we party a little bit first. So we have a few minutes to help you. Your legs look so smooth and sexy now. Don't they, Ben?"

"They sure do! Your legs are as pretty as a model or a movie star now, Sue." then he thought and added, "like the girls in some of my Uncle's videos I watch when I go over to walk his dog while they're on vacation. We should take a video of your legs. It would be cool if you had some high heels."

"We have a video camera, Ben. We could make our own tape and nobody else would ever see it."

"NO! You guys! I shouldn't have even let you see my titties, and I tried to keep the panties on till I got the soap in my eye. So, no way can you take my picture." I said firmly.

"But, Sis, we wouldn't see your face. You could watch the video and we'll prove it. We won't shoot above your knees. Honest."

I don't know what possessed me to even consider this new game, but I surprised my self and asked, "I would have my dress on, and some high heels. Right?"

"Of course, Sue. All I want to see is your legs on the video. Then we'll erase it and tape over it."

"Well. Let me get my dress back on, and see if any of Mom's high heels are laying around. You have to promise not to keep the tape. You'll erase it tonight. OK? Or, maybe I should erase it."

"Why not try on a nightie instead of your dress?"

"No, I don't think so. Well, maybe we could try both. And I get to watch the video and then watch you erase it. You have to promise."

As I was negotiating with them, my hand was still over my belly button. I looked down to see my legs and then suddenly noticed my hand was up too high and put it back over my mound.

"Then you guys go set up the camera in Jack's room while I go find some shoes and an outfit in Mom's room. I'll come in when I'm ready."

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**Camera Fun**

I put on one of Mom's highest pairs of high heels and practiced walking around. It was like being on tip toes. The heel dragged when I stepped forward because my feet were too small. "Now to find a nightie." I said aloud to myself. As I was trying one on, the boys walked into Mom's room with the camera. I knew it was turned on because the red light was on. I let the sheer nightie fall down on me. It came almost to my knees. Good. This would be more modest.

I put the shoes back on and practiced walking while they took some close up shots of my legs. They had me try on lots of different outfits while we were all in there, including several pairs of panties from Mom's messy drawer. I told them to turn off the camera while I tried on some different things, but I think they left it on the whole time. I tried to keep facing away from them whenever I was changing panties. And whenever I turned to face them I held a piece of clothing or one of my hands in front of my pussy so they wouldn't get that on tape at least, just in case they forgot to erase it. The next thing I tried on was a camisole which just went down to my waist and would expose my pussy if I walked too fast or held my arms up, since I couldn't find the matching panties. "Maybe I'd better put some other panties on, Jack. This is a little too short. Don't you think?"

"No." they both said. "I can't see anything."

Jack sat on the floor with the camera, and said, "Ben, maybe you'd better help hold her up while she walks towards me this time." I stepped into the shoes and felt the camisole ride up a little. Then Ben stood beside me and put his arm around me as we walked towards the camera. I felt him 'accidently' pulling it up as we walked.

"Let me try on a couple more pairs of panties and then we have to stop. I stood just a foot in front of Jack and Ben who were on the floor while I changed. I was facing away from them but whenever I bent down to put one foot in the panties I know they could see up between my legs - and so could the videocamera. I was enjoying their attention, though, and didn't mind. I was keeping up the front of modesty to some extent.

"I get to see the video, you guys. And I'm going to make sure you erase it." I warned them, on the edge of laughing.

"OK, Miss Modesty. Try walking over here with your hands in front of you. Then you can be sure we won't see any of your virgin territory." laughed Jack.

"One last walk so you can video my legs, Jack. And then we have to stop. I still have to clean up the kitchen and put this other stuff back. Then I walked back and forth a few times, naked now except for the high-heeled, black shoes and tried unsuccessfully to keep my hands in front of my pussy. Jack was still sitting on the floor and all the lights were turned on as I walked towards him and away from him several times. My hands were almost back up to my belly button while they videotaped my legs.

"My sister does have sexy legs, doesn't she, Ben?"

"She sure does."

"I'll get dressed now, you guys. Then I'll come downstairs to watch it with you."

I got downstairs about ten minutes later, wearing my cotton underwear and a T-shirt. There were several tapes on the floor, and one was playing which showed a close up of my legs as I wobbled along in those high heels, and began changing panties. The ground view shot of my pussy from behind was shockingly graphic.

"Hey! I thought you weren't going to take pictures of me there. You know - between the legs. And it looks like you didn't dry me off very good." We could see the insides of my lips glistening as I bent over again with one foot forward.

"Let me back this up, Sue. We'll erase all this. Don't worry. We didn't mean to take a picture of your pussy." He rewound the tape and pushed buttons faster than a magician. Jack was always copying videos for his friends, and had two VCRs stacked in the cabinet by the TV. He was the only one in the house who knew how to work all the audio visual equipment.

The tape started rolling and I was wearing my first outfit of the evening's style show. It struck me funny, the way I was walking, but my legs really did look sexy. Then, as I turned, I could see the front of my pussy. "Stop." I said. "Back it up and let me see that part again." A few seconds later it was back to that spot again, and I told them to pause it.

"See? See why we have to erase this. You can see it, can't you?" And then I added, "It looks like there are a few light hairs growing on my mound, doesn't it?"

I watched as Jack pushed some buttons and the tape started rewinding so I could tape over it while they were gone. Jack told me he had it all set up for me. I thanked them for their help and then hinted with a laugh that maybe they could help me get my armpits and so forth shaved some other weekend. The boys shuffled the tapes around and left, taking a few movies with them, which they said were war movies they might watch at Ben's house later before coming back home. Jack promised to look in on me before they went to bed, but it might be one or two in the morning. Both of them said they didn't mind helping me out and asked if I was glad I let them help shave my legs since I didn't have any cuts.

After they left I decided to watch the tape again before recording over it. My legs did look cute, even though I couldn't walk too good in those shoes. I wanted to see the part where I tried to keep my hands in front of me as I walked towards Jack at the end of our recording session.

The tape stopped long before it got to that part - and turned into some old movie which he must have taped over. What happened to the rest of the video? Was this just a copy of the first few minutes? There was only about 3 minutes on this tape and I know that the modeling session lasted lots longer than that! There was the scene of me bending over changing panties. What had that sneaky brother of mine done? I just hoped he had already erased it.