**Showing more than I wanted to!**

by Sarah Ds Stories

**#1 Joining the boys in my undies**

This happened to me in the 90s so you’ve got to picture a time with no internet or cell phones. I was at the peak of my sexual awakening and like many youngsters found the blurred lines of cousin games my first real life lessons.

It was a blistering hot summer and we were dirt poor. We were a big family although not all directly related with cousins of cousins and fake cousins (where you call your mum's close friends Aunty but don’t realise until your older that they aren't really your blood) mixing the confusion to complex levels. Us teens mostly stayed at each other's houses all day and often over night depending on whose parents worked nights to loosely keep an eye on us should an emergency happen. I was one of the few girls in my age range and this was the first real year boys had hit my radar, oh and how they had like a swarm of bombers.

Sometimes when we lazed around the houses especially in this unbearable heat the boys would strip off to their boxers and vest sometimes even just their boxers! I remember my eyes slipping to them often, especially Derek and George who were slightly older than me and well tanned and muscled. I tried not to stare or make it too obvious but I was drawn to them, my heart racing with naughty thoughts of their exposure in private garments.

One day when the heat was as oppressive as a dictatorship, I had purposefully worn jeans and casually stripped them off along with the boys declaring it too hot as we sat around playing Sega. I was trying to stay casual as I did it but inside my heart thudded and sparks shot to my most sensitive regions. I was wearing super boring plain white knickers by design trying to keep my innocence and play along with their “Just family no one cares” attitude.

My greatest fears from both ends of the spectrum were as follows: Firstly they would make a big deal about it, after all I was a girl in a room of boys exposing my underwear, if they broke the unwritten spell it would be all over as with many such boundaries and explorations. My other fear however was that they wouldn't care! I needed with a perverted, unexplainable, lust for them to see me as a woman, to sneak peeks, to blush. I was somewhat underdeveloped for my age so dreaded them actually seeing me as a kid.

However to my pleasure they did see me. Try as they might to keep it casual as not to spook me in hopes of seeing more they tried to hide their sideways glances or outright staring when I was facing the other way, I caught many an open oggle in mirrors or other reflective surfaces. The way the boys sat most intrigued me however as I quickly realised they hid boners often when I first stripped off.

I went home that night and found my panties sodden and my private area sensitive to my nervous touch. Such extacy I found and knew I needed more.

From there my adventures grew, not everyday much to the boys disappointment, but I noticed they would strip off more often trying to get me to do the same. As my confidence grew we danced around our silly game boys and me oggleing each other, teasing without ever admitting it. I mostly kept myself covered with blankets or throws even while undressed giving them brief teasing flashes of my underwear but no more. I often had a blanket or similar covering loosely draped about myself as I pretended to lounge around with them.

When the day was going to be hot I would wake up shaking with excitement as I chose my underwear to show off that particular day. I would tease the boys not stripping off for a good while while they hinted at how hot it was and stripped off themselves. I would always pretend to look away as a slipped my shorts or jeans down letting the boy’s hungry eyes dart to see what I was wearing that day. The motion of undressing always brought about their stiffies as I pretended not to notice but secretly delighted in making them feel uncomfortable and trying to catch a peak at the tenting of the undies.

Slowly I moved onto stripping to a crop vest and even a few times into a sort of crop bra, although this I mostly kept covered as despite my actions that were driven by lust I was horribly shy about their lack of size. The moments of vulnerability took my breath away and every now and then I would purposefully expose myself to the boys by letting the blankets slip or pretending to bend to pick something up letting them see my knickers in their entirety for more than a second.

**#2 Pretending to sleep**

One day I stepped up my game, it was just me, Derek and George at Aunt Lucy’s house. She was asleep upstairs and most of the younger ones were off playing somewhere. The day was red hot and Derek hinted vigorously about the heat and soon stripped down to a blue pair of tight boxers. I had bottled this tease I had planned on numerous occasions chickening out of actually going through with it.

I pretended to ignore the hints however I casually commented that my bra was too tight and uncomfortable. Fiddling with the straps drawing both boy’s eyes to my small but very perky chest. Somehow just the mention of my bra brought both boys blushing and changing their seating positions. After building up the courage I complained again before doing the unthinkable. I unclipped and removed my bra underneath my shirt and pulled it free from my sleeve. It was a real bra for once once not a childish crop and both boys watched the garment as if mesmerized. I signed, feigning relief at the freedom. I had purposefully worn a thick dark Tshirt to hide my obviously excited nipples but this didn't stop the boys staring at my chest constantly for the next hour whenever they thought I wouldn't notice.

I paused my game there letting the hours drift past still fully dressed minus a bra. The boys kept glancing at me and I knew I had them hooked. George had to go home and he looked gutted leaving me and Derek alone. I asked if I could stay and watch a movie and Derek grinning nodded. I complained about the heat tugging on the neck of my Tshirt as he gulped lost for words. I could see him cursing his poor angle as if he had been standing over me he would be getting a look at my braless goodies right then.

We put on a film and I jumped into my usual place on the couch and covered myself with a blanket despite the heat. I set my plan in motion kicking off both my shorts and then did the unthinkable and removed my top under the covers. I let him see the garments fall to the floor as I pretended at being casual about this nudity being normal. I however slipped my bra back on while he wasn’t looking, but this was all part of my plan. The thought of actually been seen topless was mortifying but the flush of his cheeks as he thought I was naked apart from my panties under the covers was wonderful. I could almost see his mind whirled as he tried to think of a way to see what I barely hid.

His eyes were on me more than the film and I knew I had him. He had been sitting with a pillow over his boner for ages and I knew I just needed to see if he would take the ultimate bait. I pretended to fall asleep cover barely covering myself with the loose blanket. My hand slipped down and I could feel my excitement and even gave a few devilishly naughty rubs.

It was about half an hour later, as I pretended to sleep all the time my heart racing that he finally worked up the courage to act. He whispered my name a few times and then prodded me lightly seeing how deep I was asleep. I could hear his nervous breaths as he slowly pulled the blanket off me. He let gravity do most of the work obviously tying to make it look natural incase I woke up.

An intake of breath and a disappointed sigh was all the proof I needed that he had suddenly seen my brastap as the blanket slipped past my shoulder. Through tiny slitted eyes I watched him give up his quest to strip me, now the reward was diminished he probably thought the risk too high.

I rewarded him however by pretending to turn over letting my movement slip the covers off me exposing my whole underwear covered self from behind. I bottled it a bit though suddenly too shy to show him my bra covered chest so I let him see the back of my bra and my panties in their entirety. The bra was white and boring but my panties unmatching where multicolored with pastel stripes running horizontal across them. They fit me perfectly but the slightly curled up pose I was in meant that they clung tightly to my cheeks giving him a perfect view of my bottoms shape.

My breath caught in my throat and my heart hammered as I let him drink in the sight of me. This was the longest I had let the boys see me so far and I knew he openly was staring from just behind me. After what felt like an eternity I turned back over pulling the covers around myself and stirred myself back to awake. My eyes darted to his boxers but he still had a pillow over himself. “Oh did I fall asleep” I faked calmness but we where both shaken and buzzing with tension.

I redressed and went home trying desperately to hatch a plan to see one of the older boys in a more compromising situation.

**#3 Tie up games**

There were five of us at my own house when I started my next plan. The boys had been rough-housing most of the morning as I watched TV pretending to be uninterested and bored. Derek and George were there as well as two skinny boys a year younger than me. The boys had stripped to their underwear earlier but I wussed out a few times before taking the plunge.

“You boys have the right idea! It is way too hot” I protested loudly trying to act like I didn't care. I had purposely worn some Jeans and a long-sleeved top to help with this ruse. Being at my house I could have obviously gone and changed into something cooler but still we kept up the pretense of this being no big deal.

All eyes were on me, apart from Kevin who I don’t think had started to notice girls yet, his tight boxer-briefs wouldn't have hid anything substantial from me anyway. Ryan openly started but Derek and George watched me out of the corner of their eyes or kept glazing my way trying to play it cool.

I took my jeans off first, slowly revealing my pure white knickers with a little red bow and trim. They were the cutest pair I owned, I was not wanting to show off my more childish cartoon print ones to the boys. I was shaking with excitement as I turned my back to them showing off my cute knicker covered bottom briefly as I pulled my T-shirt up exposing to them the back of my matching bra too. I had slightly padded it witht tissue that morning but wasn’t quite ready to reveal that bit yet, I pulled a light throw around myself as I turned and jumped back on the sofa. This was it, I was finally wearing a proper bra in front of the boys, not that I planned to show it off much but I felt it was important to the next stage of my plan to get them extra excited.

My eyes slid across the assembled boys, Ryan was telling Kevin to quit it, the last thing he wanted to do was continue to wrestle in his current state of excitement. Derek and George were pretending to not have been staring anywhere but at me while sitting crossed leg.

The next hour flew by as I waited for my opportunity to strike. The boys lost interest in me as it was quickly obvious that I was going to stay covered and didn't even peak my knee out of my sanctuary. The boys started roughhousing again as I watched their toned forms jockey for masculine dominance. I didn't have any good video games so the boys were bored. If not for the forbidden entertainment I provided them they would have probably left by now. The small chance of seeing me in my bra and knickers kept them around.

Derek left the room to use the bathroom, this was my chance. “Hey! I know a fun game” I said drawing the yes of the other three boys. “Lets play kidnapper with Derek when he comes back.” I said grinning. I tried to play it off as a spur of the moment idea and not something I had planned.

“What?” said Geroge confused by my outburst. I explained that we should tie him to the office chair that was in the corner of the room using the zipties,that had been conveniently left out. We could even then gag him with some tape and then mess with him.We could even tickle him as a funny prank. The younger boys laughed their heads off at the idea and I watched George thinking on this. “I’ve even got some craft feathers in that box” I pointed out pointing to my supplies.

Finally he smirked. “Ok you be ready in the doorway to distract him as he comes in and we’ll grab him.” he finished. He whispered something to the other boys but I assumed it was just the plan and trying not to let Derek hear.

The chair was wheeled over near the entrance, the ties and tape were prepared. George disappeared off to grab Derek. I stood up still loosely wrapped in my makeshift shawl. My heart hammered at the thought. Derek tied to the chair, I would flash him briefly and while gagged he wouldn't be able to do anything but stay tied up, spread and totally exposed to me. All in the name of a silly game I would tickle and torure him until I could see his stiffy. It might even pop out of his fly! I was feeling light headed now as the seconds counted down.

Derek entered the room smiling with George following behind grinning like a maniac. “Now” he shouted, catching me off guard. I was pushed back into the chair that I hadn't even noticed had been put behind me. The younger boys before I could react had grabbed my arms and tied them to the arms. I screamed as the blanket fell away from me exposing every inch of my body a part from my cute matching bra and pantises.

“Wait sto…” I managed to get out before Geroge put the tape over my mouth. Oh no! This couldn't be happening. I squirmed but was stuck fast. The older boys had frozen staring at my exposed bra. The younger boys forced my legs from the curled up position and fastened them to the side spokes of the chair. My legs were forced open slightly revealing my panty covered crotch in it’s eternity.

**#4 Crossing a line**

Derek entered the room smiling with George following behind grinning like a maniac. “Now” he shouted, catching me off guard. I was pushed back into the chair that I hadn't even noticed had been pushed behind me. The younger boys before I could even react had grabbed my wrists and tied them to the chair arms.

“Wait sto…” I managed to get out before Geroge put the tape over my mouth. Oh no! This couldn't be happening. I squirmed but was stuck fast. I blushed deeply as the younger boys crouched down and forced my legs from the curled up position and fastened them to the side spokes of the chair. My legs were forced open slightly from their action revealing my panty covered crotch as the loose sheet opened letting the boys get a close eyefull.

“Wheel her over there” George grinned as he pointed towards the other side of the room where the front window and my craft supplies were. The laughing younger boys started to wheel me backwards away across the room. I watched in horror as Derek’s eyes flitted to my trailing covering as an idea popped into his head and he purposefully stood on it letting the momentum do the rest. I screamed into the tape and fought against my bonds as the blanket slowly slipped away from me exposing every inch of my pale naked body covered only by my cute matching bra and knickers. The feeling was unreal, light lightening flushing through my body as totally against my will I was stripped.

The older boys had frozen staring at my exposed bra, my cheeks were as red as the little decorative bow that adorned it. I couldn't believe how exposed I was as the boys started down at my exposed cleavage, something I hadn’t let them see before. I didn't know if the boys could see the tissue stuff down but it was already mortifying enough to be exposed like this. How had I let this silly little game go so far.

My hormonal little brain buzzed with confusion as I also flushed with excitement. My parted legs exposed my crotch and the white knickers practically glowed in the bright lights but still gave a slight outline of my most private petals. I was so sexually charged I longed to be in my private room to experiment some more, but instead I was stuck and displayed.

I was totally exposed and at the mercy of my cousins. I had goosebumps despite the heat of the room, I was hypersensitive to every touch, I could feel every bead of sweat running down my naked form, the slightly breese tickled my exposed flesh.

The game had gone too far but there was no way for me to stop it or protest as the boys surrounded me with giggles, laughter and lust filling the atmosphere. I could only shake my head in protest as they found the feathers and started to slowly tickle my exposed flesh. They started tame by pulling off my little white frilly socks to tickle my feet, but soon they got more daring running the feathers all over my body. The touch of it was unbearable making me scream into the gag and thrash around like mad.

Under my exposed arms and my bare feet was bad enough letting the boys oggle me up close as I squirmed around. My eyes darted to the boys, remembering my original plan but it seemed only Ryan remained exposed as Derek and George had put their baggy shorts back on in the madness. Ryan was fully lost in the crazy game, not even hiding his stiffy tending his boxers. Derek and George now more dressed still showed signs of excitement but it was hardly fair on me with what I was going through.

After what felt like an eternity but was probably only a few minutes, I was dripping in sweat and totally lost in shame as the feathers continued to tickle me. No words were spoken now apart from a few giggles and laughter as the boys got more and more brave with their tickling. I closed my eyes biting my lip as the conflicting emotions crashed through me.

Feathers then darted randomly all over me, sometimes even up the inside of my legs, tickling near my most private area. Others skittered across my chest sometimes even lightly brushing my cleavage. My squirming and thrashing actually allowed their actions to seem like accidents. For my own part I was lost to the world, my body’s movements almost purposefully letting the feather touch where it shouldn't. My knickers, once sweet and innocent, now clung to my sex which was now mortifyingly wet and swollen from sexual excitement. A couple of times the feathers rubbered over my petals causing small mones to slip out but were luckily absorbed by the gags.

I was so wound up, but there was no sense of relief possible, honestly I was so charged right in that moment, if my hand had been free I would have probably finished myself off within seconds right in front of the boys. This teasing and torture continued and my eyes barely opened for a few seconds at a time before shame flooded back in me as I saw the boys equally red and flushed faces.

Then it happened, two strokes of a feather barely brushed my panties and my body acted on impulse. Moving my hips I thrust forward, this could easily have been seen as another action of squirming to the boys. To my mortification however I made solid contact. The wet crotch of my panties and my blooming flower within touched a fist holding a feather. My eyes shot wide open from shock, but my body had already reacted, giving two more swift gyrations before I could stop myself. Derek stopped dead pulling his hand away, we looked at each other for a moment. I could see from his eyes and the way he rubbed his hand he could feel my wetness. I hoped he was still uneducated in the way of girls and thought it was just sweat.

Our game came to an end shortly afterwards with Derek wrapping up the game. I think we both knew it had gone too far but no dare speak. Looking over the boys Ryan had a clear wet spot in the front of his underwear and the older boys seemed to shift unfortably.

I was shaking as the boys started to release me. I ran upstairs after being cut free, tears streaming down my eyes. The boys were silent in my passing. Both terrified they had upset me and that they might get in trouble.

Flushed with mixed emotions I fell on my bed curled up and clutching myself. I sobbed and shook and soon found myself exploding after a few exploratory rubs. I stripped, redressed and went back down to join the boys. My legs still shaking, I felt more drained than after a day of cross country track.

The boys quickly apologised, the younger two almost crying but I brushed it off like it was nothing. I pretended that we hadn’t crossed a line, that it was a silly children's game and I was just the unfortunate victim.

My next few weeks of private time was filled with new fantasies and my craft box playing a key role in acting them out. However nothing ever came close to the real thing or the feeling of total helplessness and humiliation.