**Story of B**

by DG

**Story of B - Ch 1**

My name is Amy and I am a 19 years old college student and on the path of self-destruction. My nick name is ‘B’ although my name starts with an A. The nickname was given by my brothers when I was a teenager after they saw my hairless pussy. Either that, of because they know that my boob size is B. My brothers and I were very close when we still live together with my dad. Jake is one year younger than me and Mike is two years younger than me. My mom left my dad when I was 11 years old so I was the only female in the house that pretty much took care of everything ever since she left.   
  
Let me tell you about myself before we go any further. Right now my body is just like most 19 years old girls. I have fully developed as a woman with measurement of 34-26-32. I guess I am more on the skinny side as I only weight 102 lbs. and my height is 5’4”. I have a full grown pubic hair now, which is soon to be permanently gone, but I was a late bloomer. My pubic hair didn’t start to grow until I was starting college, which was around two years ago.   
  
My family is on the borderline of poverty but we managed to stay together in a very small house. My dad works at two different jobs, which requires him to be away from home most of the time. One time he told his us to be supportive of each other and always in our best behavior so that the social service didn’t take us away from him. As the eldest sister, I promise him to always take care of my brothers whenever he was away from home.   
  
Our house is very small but has two floors; the first floor consists of kitchen, dining room, living room, my dad’s room and his bathroom. The upper floor has two rooms with a connecting bathroom and a small living area. So the second floor was where my brothers and I spent most of our time in the house. The only TV we have was in the living room on the second floors since my dad never have time to watch the TV anyway. The only computer we have was in my room because I wanted it to be there so I can do my homework and because there’s not enough space in either the living room or in my brothers’ bedroom. Since my brothers also need to use the computer from time to time, they demanded that I never locked my bedroom door. Since there’s no other way, I agreed to never lock my bedroom door. That’s when I started to lose my privacy.   
  
Both Jake and Mike seem to be always in my room playing with the computer. They told me that they like to chat with their friends or to play computer games. First, I felt bothered with their presence in my room, especially at night when I am about to sleep. I lost the argument with them about the computer usage so I let them to come to my room anytime they want. Eventually I no longer care about it until one day.   
One day I accidentally saw the browser history on the computer and found out that a lot of porn sites have been visited. I clicked a few of those links and see a bunch of naked woman with big boobs and clean shaven pussy. Some of them have a patch of trimmed pubic hair with different shapes and colors. I was 14 years old at that time and surprised that either one of my brothers or both of them find the nerve to see a porn site. I asked Jake and Mike to come over and confronted them about this.  
  
“What the hell are you doing with all this porn sites?” I asked them.   
  
“What porn sites are you talking about Amy?” Jake asked me back.   
  
“Look at this browser history; it’s full of porn sites. Either you or Mike must be looking at porn. Come ‘on guys I let you use the computer all the time, even for chatting or playing games. But please, not for porn!” I yelled at them.   
  
Mike stayed silent and I saw guilt all over his face. “I will tell dad about this and both of you will lose your privileges of using this computer”  
  
Mike stayed silent but Jake replied, “O come ‘on Amy, this is not a big deal, It’s just porn sites and I admit that I’ve browse some porn sites but only the free ones. Be realistic Amy, that’s what every teenage boys do, right Mike?”  
  
“Well, yea … I also only look at the free ones” Mike said.   
  
“It doesn’t matter that it’s free. I use this computer as well, yuck! I don’t want to see those disgusting images” I said.   
  
“Well, we need this as part of growing up Amy, don’t be too naïve” Jake said. “Besides, when do you think we got a chance to see beautiful women, see their boobs and everything for free? We can’t go to a strip club you know.”  
  
In my mind I was thinking, “Oh God, I am living with two boys with raging hormones”. I finally said to them, “Alright, go ahead see those titties and pussy online. But please don’t’ jerk off in my room”  
  
Seeing that Jake is on his side, Mike is getting brave and said, “Well, it’s kinda hard to do you know”  
  
“What!, You also masturbate in my room? Dammit Mike!” I yelled at him  
Now they ganged up on me to make excuses.   
  
“Look Amy, what do you want us to do? See those beauties and ran to our room? That’s impossible you know” Jake replied.   
  
“What I want is to keep this computer clean from those filthy images but I can’t win this battle, can I?” I said, and added,” I am not even sure if my chair and table is clean, euww”   
  
“Don’t worry Sis, we’re gonna make sure that there’s plenty of tissue on your desk” Jake said.  
  
“OK, stop that’s enough, I don’t want to hear any more from both of you. Get out!” I said  
  
Mike said, “So, should we bring tissue next time or not?”  
  
“No, I will put some on my desk but you guys must throw them away at the trash bin in the bathroom, not here. That’s all I can ask.” I said to them.   
  
“So we’re cool right? You’re not gonna tell dad about this?” Jake wanted to make sure.   
  
“Just get out!” I pointed my bedroom door to them. This was another example of how I easily lost in an argument.  
  
That’s how I found out that my bedroom, the place where I spent most of my time at home was also a place where Jake and Mike used to masturbate to photos of naked women. I wonder if Jake or Mike jacking off when I was asleep since most of the time I was already asleep and they still use the computer until late at night. Ever since our mom left us, I was the one who prepare the meal for the family while Jake and Mike took turn in cleaning the house and doing laundry. The chores for my brothers can be done once a week, while I have to do it twice a day for breakfast and dinner. That’s why I always sleep earlier than them because I felt tired after dinner and had to wake up early to prepare breakfast.   
  
Knowing that both Jake and Mike have raging hormones made me uneasy. Since our family was poor, Jake, Mike and I shared wardrobe. Until the age of 13 I always had the privilege to get the newest clothes because my body size was the biggest among us. However, all the clothes that my parent bought were for boys since eventually Jake or Mike would wear them when they no longer fit to my body. When I was 14 years old, Jake was bigger than me and Mike was as big as me. So suddenly I was the third in line in wardrobe priority. Jake always gets the new clothing, then his old clothes would be worn by Mike, I would wear Mike old clothes. Being teenagers, our wardrobe mostly consists of t-shirts and jeans. I never own any bras until I went to college even though my boobs start to develop at the age of 15. I didn’t want to waste my dad’s money because bras can only be worn by me. But I have 7 pair of panties. My dad bought me the panties when I start having my period at the age of 12. He mentioned that it’s about time that my brother s and I did not share underwear. Basically those 7 pairs of panties were the only possession of clothing that I own. The rest of my outfit was heavily depended on Jake and Mike.   
  
So at the age 14 onward, I wore Mike’s clothes which were Jake’s clothes. Jake likes music and he bought a bunch of t-shirts with different group bands. Since we don’t have a lot of money, he usually bought them at Walmart or the secondhand stores. The problem was most of those cheap t-shirts were not of good qualities and they got thinner pretty quick especially if we wash them too often. When those t-shirts were on Mike hands, they usually start to fade. When I start to wore them, they already semi-transparent, especially the light colored ones. To make matter worse, Mike likes to show his muscles to mimic his favorite TV shows: ultimate fighting and wrestling. So he cut the sleeves of most of the t-shirts. I tried to protest to him one day but I lost the arguments as I often did. Oh by the way, I only have two pair of jeans as the bottom garments because Jake and Mike like theirs and never gave their jeans to me. I always borrow their basketball shorts to wear at home. So my entire outfit consisted of two pair of jeans, seven pairs of panties, and a bunch of sleeveless t-shirts. The ones with small arm holes and dark colors I wore to school but the ones with big arm holes or the transparent ones I wore to sleep or at home. When I knew that my brothers thought were filled with sexual thought, proven by their online porn site activities, I became self-conscious about my body and what they thought of me.   
  
Wearing those old t-shirts that I have leave nothing to the imagination. Accidental boob show happened from time to time. My nipples and areolas can be seen through the transparent t-shirts. Although my boobs have not fully developed yet, I felt embarrassed whenever I was at home in the company of my brothers. But there were nothing to remedy my embarrassment feeling because I did not have proper clothing at home and my room was considered to be a public domain, as my brothers and I agreed upon. Somehow my nipples started getting hard whenever I see them at home.  
  
The thought of my brothers watched porn sites in my room and jacking off while I was sleeping made me aroused. “What if they tried to compare my body with one of those women on the internet? What have they see of me when I was asleep?” All of these questions were never come up to my mind before. Then I felt my fingers reaching my pussy and I started to masturbate.

**Story of B – Ch 2**

That was the first time in my life I masturbated. My hands seemed to be on auto pilot moving toward my pussy and start caressing it. I felt itch on my clit that I wanted to scratch it with my fingers. The more I thought about my body being observed by my brothers the more I want to play with my clit. I felt wetness on my hand and tingle all over my body. Suddenly, my body jerked in several pulses. Then it stopped. I pulled my hand away from my genital area and felt tired and confused. What have I done?  
  
While still catching my breath, I thought about my first orgasm, which happened a few minutes earlier. It was such great rush but at the same time I felt guilty. Does orgasm always feel this good? I overhead people talking about it at school but never pay enough attention. The guilty feeling came from realizing that I started to masturbate when I was thinking about my brothers. This didn't seem right. People should masturbate for the right reason such as thinking about their dream boyfriend or girlfriend. This could not be possible and I never think of my brothers in a sexual way  
  
So I was lying down on my bed under my blanket. My panties were soaked. My heart still beating fast and I still felt exhausted from the orgasm. I tried to figure out why I masturbated. More exactly, what started the process? What kind of things that gets me off or push my button? The more I thought the more I believed that it’s not about my brothers. They don’t care about my body. I had nothing to show. I was still a flat chested with puffy nipples. My butt was also flat. If I went naked to their room right now, I bet they just don’t care, or even gross out because my body is just like them. So I didn't care about them and I believed they didn't care about me either, then what happened?   
  
Then I remembered one event when I was a small girl. I had the similar sensation that triggered the tingles all over my body but at that time I did not understand what it was.   
  
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Before I took you down the memory lane, I should mention a few more things about me. Growing up with my brothers made me feel that I was one of the boys. I dressed up like a boys, I played with them all the time even with their friends. My hair was even cut short just like them. A girl haircut was more expensive than a boy simple cut and I wanted my dad’s money went to something more useful. I did not have any friends from my school because of the way I looked. The girls thought that I was a lesbo and the guys thought that I was unattractive. So nobody even tried to talk to me. I was fine with it. Jake and Mike went to a different school, which were closer to our house compared to my school. It’s a male only school. Maybe that’s why their hormones were out of control. Since our house was only a few blocks away from their school, their friends regularly visit our house. Jeff and Scott were the ones who hung out in our house almost every day after school. Occasionally, Bill, our next door neighbor, who is the same age as Mike, came over to our house to play with us. Bill has an older sister named Diane who went to the same school as I did. But I never talked to her at all, and I doubt she even know I existed.   
  
Ever since I was little, I played with five of them a lot. We played hide and seek, truth or dare, tag, cowboys and Indians, and many other different games. Being the oldest of the bunch, I was told by my parents to stay alert and keep them safe. There was a small wooded area with a walking trail near our house. The trail leads to a flat opening that is secluded. That’s where we mostly play our games.  
One time when I was 9 years old the whole gang went to our favorite spot in the wood and set up a tent. We camped overnight but we did not have bonfire because we were still too small to be allowed to lit fire. So during the night we just stayed inside the tent and played truth or dare. The kids version of truth or dare were very lame. The truth questions were along the lines of “Have you ever watch PG-13 movies?” “Who is your favorite girl?”. The dare were also very lame: Throwing a stone at a neighbor‘s window, knocking the door at the angry old man house next door and leave, among other things. Since that time we played inside the tent and in the secluded area in the wood, being the oldest person I set the rules:   
  
1. No dare should be performed outside the tent.   
2. No cheating. Always tell the truth and performed the given dare.  
  
Everybody was unhappy because they couldn’t come up with any interesting dares and all the dares got vetoed by me if it involved going outside according to my rule#1. They were running out of ideas of truth questions as well. I was about to stop the game but Jeff asked me, “One last question for you Amy before we finish the game, Truth or Dare, Amy?  
  
I said. “Whatever, you are running out of ideas anyway, Dare.”  
  
“I dare you to lie down in the middle of the tent …. Naked” He said  
  
“No way!” I refused. “I am not gonna do it.”  
  
Then everybody started shouting at me, ”Chicken, chicken, chicken!”   
  
“No I am not chicken. As I said before, the game’s over. I am the oldest one here, so I set the rule. When I said the game is over. It’s over. OK you guys, go to bed!” I told them.   
  
Jake replied.”First of all Amy, I remembered that you choose “Dare” right after Jeff gave you the question. So that means you’re still willing to continue the game. And according to your rule#2, you have to performed the dare, no cheating. On to of that the dare’s not violating your first rule anyway.”  
  
I explained to them once again, “Guys, we can continue the game tomorrow but now it’s time to bed. That’s my rule now and you have to follow it.”  
  
“Your rules suck.” Bill replied me.  
  
Scott added, “Well, this country based on the democracy. How about if take a vote?”  
  
I believed in democracy as well but I didn’t want to be naked in front of them. Suddenly Jeff shouted, “Who wants to continue the game, please raise your hands?” and everybody but me raised their hands.   
  
“Come on guys.” I begged to them.   
  
Scott said, “Well based on the vote counts, you should perform your dare Amy. If not then we’re gonna enforce it. Right guys?” They shouted together, “Yes!”  
  
I did not move and did not say anything for a full minute, then Jeff spoke up, “Grab her guys!”  
  
Next thing I knew, I was laying spread eagle on the floor of the tent while my arms and legs was being held by four of them. Jeff started to unzip my jeans and undo the button. Scott grabbed the bottom of my t-shirt and yanked them toward my face. After a little struggle Scott finally able to pull down my jeans and my boys underpants down to my knees. I shook my body violently trying to get loose from their hold. Then we heard a loud ripping noise. “RIPPP!!!”   
  
Everybody stopped. They let me go so I can sit and re-dress myself. Then I looked at my t-shirt. I saw a big tear from the navel area to the breast area. I looked at my brothers’ face and they also looked at my face and toward each other. Those were our precious t-shirt. Jake supposedly would wear it soon and Mike would wear it after Jake’s turn. Then I scanned everyone’s face. They looked so scared and wondered what’s gonna happen next. What would happen tomorrow morning when we got back to our house and explained to my parents about the torn t-shirt? My parents especially my dad was a strict person. The way he talked made him looks scary. Bill broke one of our plates one time when we played hide and seek in our home. When dad found out, he grounded all of us for two weeks and our friends were not allowed to stay in our house until the next month.   
  
I tried to calm everyone down, “Listen up guys! Don’t worry about anything. Pretend that this never happened. I will talk to my dad about this and put the blame on me. You guys just be ready to go to sleep.” I added, “Jeff and Mike, I am sorry that I ruined your t-shirt. This is all my fault. If only that I was being fair, this t-shirt would still intact.”  
  
They stay silent for a while and pondering my statements. A second later Bill said, “Yes Amy it’s actually your fault. You set the rules and then you broke them.”  
  
“I am sorry OK. I promise to you all that this won’t ever happen again.” I replied to him.   
  
And then he said, “You are also act like a dictator. Setting the rule for all of us and when the rule is not right for you, you change it.”  
“OK, I said I am sorry, I won’t do that again” I said.   
Bill spoke again, “That’s not enough. You should say out loud your promise, like a swear to god you know, that you will do whatever it takes to prevent any of this from ever happen again.”  
  
I was confused with his demand but I ran along with it, “OK, what do you want me to say?”  
  
Bill produced a paper and a pencil and asked everybody but me to form a circle and discussed on what promise should I said. After a while he gave the paper to me and asked me to read it out loud with one of my hand up and palm open.   
  
I read the paper, “My name is Amy Johnson, I promise to myself, as Jake, Mike, Jeff, Scott, and Bill present as my witnesses that from this day onward I will never set a rule like a dictator. Whenever I want to set a rule, even if the rule was only for me, I have to consult to at least two people or more. This condition is to ensure that I did not change the rule anytime I want like a dictator. I believe in the democracy, not a dictatorship, so others can set a rule in democratic way, even if the rule is only for me. Once a rule was set, I will always obey it.” I said to them, ”OK, does everybody happy?”  
  
Bill replied. “Signed the paper at the bottom and then all of us will sign as well as your witnesses, please.”  
  
“Yeah, whatever.” I signed the paper and gave it to Bill. He signed it and gave to Scott, Jeff, Mike, and Jake to sign the paper as well.   
  
After everybody signed the paper, Jake gave it back to me and I said, “Anything else?”  
  
Mike, my youngest brother, said to me, “Could you read that over and over. L kinda need a bedtime story so I can go to sleep?”   
“It’s dark here. I need to keep the flashlight on to read. You cannot fall asleep with the light on, Mike. You know that.” I tried to reject his request.  
But Jake, my other brother, replied, “Well, Amy after a while you will remember all of your promise so you don’t have to read it from the paper. Once you can remember every words, then you can turn of the light. Keep telling the bedtime story for Mike a little longer though. That’s what we want you to do, or should we take a vote for it?”  
  
“Alright, Alright, I give up.” I began to read my promises again. After reading it 5 times, I started to remember every words. I turned off the flashlight and continue to say my promises a few more times. Then I fell asleep.   
  
The next morning, after tearing down the tent, everybody went straight to their houses. My brothers and I met our parents in the dining room, they were eating their breakfast. We joined them at the dining table. My dad noticed the torn t-shirt that I wore and asked, “What happened with your t-shirt Amy?”  
  
“Oh, I am sorry Dad. I was being clumsy yesterday. It was a long story but I promised you and Jake and Mike that this never happened again.”  
My mom asked me, “But Amy, did you get hurt?”  
  
“No Mom, I’m fine.” I said. We continued eating our breakfast while my parents lecturing me that my clumsiness has its cost. They decided that my punishment would be to do my brothers chores for two weeks. I complied.   
  
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That’s it, now I remembered. When I was camping with Jake, Mike, Bill, Jeff and Scott, there were a couple times when I felt the tingle in my body. It’s like I wanted to pee, but the sensation was different. One was when I was held down by them when they tried to strip me. Well, they managed to see my body for a few seconds but I didn’t think they liked what they saw. They just wanted to teach me a lesson, embarrassed me in the process. However, when they held me down, I was helpless. I was no longer in control of the situation. The physical restraints and embarrassment feeling made feel tingly. I was shaking my body violently, which ripped my t-shirt, not because I was angry at them. In fact, it’s the very first time that I felt it. That time I wanted to be released because I thought I want to go to pee. When they released me, the feeling was gone.   
  
The second time I got tingle all over my body was when I read the promises that they wanted me to comply. This time it was not physical helplessness, rather it was more emotional. The first time I read the promises, I felt nothing. But when Mike wanted me to read over and over until I remembered them by heart, right before I fell asleep I felt the tingle again. While talking out loud about the promises I kept thinking “What if this was true? What if I had to follow the promises?” and I felt helpless just thinking about it. Back then all of the guys thought that it was a joke to keep me at their level, not their senior. The next day, and until now, they forgot about it. They were more worried about the damn torn t-shirt and how to face my dad afterward  
Going forward to my first orgasm again, I knew that it started with the feeling of being helpless. “So why do I feel helpless? “ I churned my head. Then I realized that I don’t have any control of my room and also my clothing. All of sudden my second orgasm was coming.

**Story of B – Ch 3**

At the age of 14, I had my sexual awakening, but it only short-lived. I found out how to get me excited sexually. The feeling of being helpless, ashamed, embarrassed, not in control of the situation always got me excited. The first few weeks after my first orgasm, I could build another orgasm easily. All I need was just thinking about the fact that I did not have any privacy in my bedroom, which meant that anybody at any time can enter my room and possibly caught me masturbating. That thought alone could light up the firework inside me. I could also think about the fact that I mostly wear only a pair of panties and a sleeveless t-shirt that Mike gave me when I am at home. It was so revealing that whenever I sat on my study desk, and if I put both my elbow on the desk, I could clearly see my puffy nipples through the armhole from the reflection of the mirror on my side. With the wardrobe that I have, it was impossible for me to stay decent in my house. I said earlier that it was short-lived because after a while I realized that I was just playing with my mind. Achieving my climax was getting harder and harder to do.   
  
Nobody caught me masturbating in my bed even though I did it hundreds of time. My brothers went in and out of my bedroom but they don’t care about me at all. All they care was the computer. One time I pretended to sleep and caught Jake jerking-off on my desk while he was browsing tons of nude photos. I heard faint groans from him when he’s coming but not even one time that he looked over his shoulder to make sure that I was still asleep. The imaginations that I had that used to be so good for me in building up my orgasm were over played. I needed something real, or something new.   
  
I knew that giving up control could lead to some desirable effects for my sexual craving. So I sorted my thought of things that I controlled. The first thing that came to my mind is the money that my dad gave me for taking care of the house. He gave me enough money to do a grocery shopping every week, he also gave my brothers and I allowances once every month for school related stuff. We could keep the extra cash for ourselves if there’s any. I saved the extra money that my dad gave me and I had only spent it one time, which was to buy a printer for the computer. I really need the printer to for my classwork. So, minus the cost of the printer, I had collected about $57.00. The amount of money that I had may look insignificant. But I did some calculation that I could replace almost my entire wardrobe using that amount of money. One time when I did my grocery shopping I went to Walmart, I saw that 6-pack of panties was only $8, tanktop was only $3 each, and two-pairs of jeans were only $18. If I went to a second hand shop, I might found better deals. One item that I really wanted to buy was a pair of bra. Actually I could buy pack of three sports-bras that only cost me $10.   
That time I thought, “What if I don’t have any money?” I would no longer have any options. I wouldn’t even be able to buy anything, including any decent clothes. I could only wear whatever I had. Then I listed my entire wardrobe:  
Shoes: 1 pair  
Socks: 5 pairs  
Jeans: 2 pairs  
Panties: 7 pairs  
Decent t-shirts: 5 pairs  
Home t-shirt: 10 pairs  
Shorts: I could borrow from my brothers  
Jacket: I could borrow from my brothers but they hardly ever let me use it unless it’s necessary.  
  
My definition of a decent t-shirt was the one that was still thick enough to wear and have a dark color. The ones that happily show my boobs I called the home t-shirt.   
  
So one day when my family had a dinner together I spoke to my dad, “Dad, I know you’re very busy but the division of labor in this house must be changed. Lately I have been busy with school work so I need more time for me.”  
  
My brothers seemed to be caught off guard with my statement. They did not want to do anymore chores, but I continued, “Don’t worry Jake and Mike. I will keep doing most of the chores which is preparing meals EVERYDAY. Both of you will still doing the house cleaning and laundry, which is only ONCE A WEEK. That’s OK I don’t mind at all doing the cooking. I kinda like it.” I continued, “What I ask is for either one of you to do the grocery shopping. It’s a once week thingy so it should take too much of your time. What do you think?”  
  
My dad answered, “Well, you guys can decide between yourselves. I don’t care who’s doing what as long as somebody is doing it.”  
Jake chimed in, “I know we do grocery shop only once a week, but the thing is, you know more about what’s needed for the kitchen, which is mostly what we buy every week”  
  
I replied, “That’s right, so here’s the deal, I will prepare the shopping list for the food stuff and give it to you every week. But I want you to prepare the shopping list for the bathroom, and everything else. You should be more familiar with that anyway.”  
  
Jake said, “Let say I would do it, maybe Mike will help me as well. Being the OLDEST one, you are the one who get the money from dad every week for the house upkeep.” He emphasized the word ‘oldest’ and I knew the reason why. Every time my dad was away from home, I acted as their chaperone. Both of my brothers didn’t like it at all.   
  
“That’s the thing. I don’t want to deal with the money and the shopping. So, Dad, from now on can you just give the house money to Jake? Without going to the grocery store I can add valuable time for me” I explained.  
  
And then Mike chimed in, “Hey Jake, why are you volunteering me also. What’s in it for me?”  
  
I replied to Mike, “Listen Mike, if you agree to do the grocery shopping with Jake, both of you can have the portion of my allowance that Dad gave us.”  
  
Jake asked me. “You mean the school money?” He continued, “What about if you need to buy some textbook?”  
  
“The bottom line is I don’t want to deal with the money. And Mike, to sweeten the deal I have some saving that I accumulated over the year and both of you can have it. Honestly I may never ask you guys for school money since the library at my school has all the text books that I need. As a matter of fact, I promise both of you that I will never ask for any money for my personal use, so go ahead use all my allowance for whatever stuff you need.” I spoke to them. I thought, “Bunch of lazy asses! What’s so hard about doing a grocery shop?” I stared at them with ‘take-it-or-leave-it expression.   
  
Mike said, “OK we had a deal. Go upstairs and give us all of your saving before we shake on it. Then you’re free from grocery shopping task” I went to my room right away and came back with pile of cash in my hands. Then I gave it all to Mike.  
  
I asked Mike. “So, out of curiosity, what you’re going to do with my money?”  
  
He told me, “That’s Jake’s and my money right now just so you know. I am thinking of buying a HD webcam for the computer. Most of my friends have webcam so I want to have one too.” I was a little bit disappointed with him. It took me years to save that money and all he wanted to do was to spend it for a webcam so he could chat with his friends face to face.   
  
Throughout the conversation my Dad was yawning frequently. He looked so tired and did not seem to be interested in our conversation. Once we had a deal, my dad just said, “That settles then. I’m going to bed now. See you guys in the morning.”   
  
Later that night I talked to myself, “Amy, have you realized what have you done? You gave all of your money to your brothers. Not only that, you will never get any money for as long as you live in this house. You own nothing, not even a penny. You can’t even ride a bus to school.” Well, my school is only a little bit over a mile away from home. That’s not a problem and I don’t ride the bus at all except one time when I overslept and late for school. “Not a Problem!” I said to myself. My desires to replace my clothing and to someday own bras would never come to fruition.  
  
I felt the rush. Mission accomplished. I no longer had control of my money. Wait a minute; I didn’t even own any money. The thought of it was very liberating in some ways. Cuddled up under my blanket, after doing my routines of self-pleasuring, I drifted to sleep.   
  
Early in the morning that day suddenly I woke because I remembered something. I actually still needed some money to buy some pads for when I had my period. Shit! Shit! Shit! I was running out of pads. I had already made a promise to Jake and Mike that I would never asked for any money for my personal use. I had my last period two weeks ago, so I would still have about a week before I needed some pads. I was hoping they would forget about my promise just like before when we were kids.   
  
A week later I found both my brothers relaxing in the living room on the second floor of our house. They were watching some wrestling show on TV together. I don’t know what so special about wrestling. I don’t think that those wrestlers were really fighting. The way they attacked their opponent looked silly. Their reaction when they got hit also seemed to be over the top. I didn’t like it and I constantly mocked and ridiculed Mike for being a fan of the fake wrestling show. I sat down on the sofa in between my brothers then I asked Mike, “So, which one is your guy? The green spandex man, or the one with a mask?”  
  
“What do you care, Amy? Just shut up! Don’t bother me” Mike said, He knew that I was going to tease him, as usual.   
  
“I root for the Destroyer, that’s the guy with the mask.” Jake told me. Jake always choses the opponent of Mike’s favorite wrestler. Every time they watched any kind of sports, or any competitive shows, they always pick different sides. The reason of that to me was not clear, but I could generalized that it’s common among guys to pick different side when watching sports together so that they could talk smack to each other. I have never seen them talked to one another enthusiastically for a long period of time unless when they watched a sport games.   
  
I told Mike, “Mike, So you want to be like him, huh? “While pointing at the Spandex Man.”It’s hopeless you know . You’re too skinny and you can never be as toned as that guy. Or maybe you like watching a FAKE wrestling show because you like to see guys in a skimpy spandex?”  
  
“Amy, Shh-hh! Stop bothering me! Why are you here anyway?” He started to get mad at me.   
  
“Alright, I won’t talk to you. I’m here to see Jake anyway.” I turned my head to Jake. “Here’s the shopping list for the kitchen’s need. When are you going to the store, anyway?” I asked Jake.   
  
“Maybe tomorrow, I haven’t made the shopping list for everything else.” He answered me.   
  
“Well, how about if I do the grocery for tomorrow instead? It looks like that you don’t have time, and I am actually has nothing to do for tomorrow.” I tried to persuade Jake. If I was the one who did the shopping, sometimes I added a pack of pads, and a pack of pantiliners. They cost only about five dollars for the pads and three dollars for the pantiliners. Usually I bought a box of pads once every 4 month. Recently, I needed to buy pantiliners because almost every day my pussy was leaking with sex juice. I had to use the pantiliners because I did not want my brothers to know about the pussy juice that I kept producing every day since they were the one who did the laundry. If only I could do the shopping tomorrow, I could re-stock my personal needs.   
  
“No Amy, I am not busy. As I said, I will do the shopping tomorrow. I can write down the shopping list just before I go, it’s no big deal. It was YOU one week ago that said you didn’t wanna deal with the shopping. Why the sudden change of heart?”  
  
Mike overheard our conversation and responded Jake question in high-pitch mocking me, “Well, I am Amy, I am a flip-flopper.”  
  
“Shh, shut up Mike. Listen, it’s nothing, I just want to do the shopping for tomorrow because I don’t have anything to do for tomorrow. You guys can do the shopping starting next week.” I told them.   
  
“Tell me the truth Amy, I can tell that you want to buy something. What is it?” Jake asked me.   
  
I did not want to go into a back-and-forth conversation with them so I told them the truth. After I told them that I need to buy packs of pads and pantiliners Mike said, “Dad always said that the house money is for everyone needs, not for personal use. He said if we need something, we can only use our allowance money.”  
  
“OK. Then use my allowance money that Dad gave to you to buy those things for me. Can you do that, please?” I aksed nicely.  
  
“You said you will never need any money for personal use anymore. So your allowance money is actually mine.” Mike responded. “And Jake too.” He quickly corrected himself.   
  
Damn Mike, he always has good arguments. I lost for words now. I told them, “I have to have those things. I will do anything. What do you want me to do so you can buy me those things?”  
  
They whispered to one another and after they reached an agreement Jake said, “Since you don’t have anything to do for tomorrow, why don’t you do our homeworks. I’ll buy you the cheaper one, pantiliners? Is that what it’s called?”  
  
“If I promise to do your homeworks for the whole week, could get me both? I asked Jake.   
  
“Nope” Jake replied.   
  
After hearing Jake's answer, I stood up and went to my room. I checked my drawer and found 10 pantiliners left. I could use the pantiliners as subtitute for the pads for when I had my periods, with the extra pack that Jake would buy, I would be okey for at least a year. What about my other problem? I did not want to leave my soggy panties in the laundry basket. So I decided, from that moment on, right after I climbed my bed and tucked myself under the blanket, I would removed my panties.

**Story of B – Ch 4**

At the age of 15 I was transforming myself. I found out another piece of the puzzle on how to get me aroused. I need to be a desirable object. A desirable object means: an object that you see and have a desire to do something about it. Imagine a blooming wild flower. That wild flower wanted all the bees in the world to suck on its juice. On the other hand, it tries to avoid getting the wrong attention. It needs to stay hidden so that other species didn’t notice it, and in turn perhaps destroy its life. So that wild flower must bloom in such way that only the bees notice it. Life would be better if the bees notice its presence. It wants the bees to suck its juice and nothing else. That wild flower is an example of a desirable object. I always think of myself as a wild flower. I want people to notice me, but not all kind of people. Only people who has desire to make me feel helpless and embarrassed. Just like a wild flower attracting the bees, I could not ask people to make me feel helpless. All I can do is giving off persona that makes people treat me the way I want it to.   
  
A wild flower needs it’s petals to open up so the bees notice its presence. I wanted to be attractive so people would notice my presence. The only thing I could do was to let the hair on my head grow. There was nothing else that I could’ve done beside that. Before there was any chance of a connection between the bees and the wild flower, there has to be at least one bee in the vicinity of the wild flower. My brothers were the only people in my life at that time. So I was experimenting with them. I want them to treat me in such a way that I feel helpless, but I did not want to tell them what they should do to me. The idea must come from them. What I could do was playing trick with their minds so they can spark ideas on how to treat me properly.   
  
This is the story on how I managed to manipulate my brothers’ minds.   
I had masturbated hundreds of time after the fact that I gave all my money to my brothers. To them, all they knew was the fact that I needed their help with the shopping chores, and they gladly helped me because they got richer from the money that I gave them. But they knew nothing about the consequences that I had to endure from that simple deal. I had no money at all. I couldn’t buy any clothing; I couldn’t even buy pads for my periods. My sense of helplessness increased and I wanted more.   
  
One tool that I have to manipulate my brothers was that I knew what they didn’t like about me. Since my dad was barely at home, I was the one keeping the house together. I keep telling them to do their homework, to start doing their chores, to wake them up early in the morning - -even on a weekend. No teenage boys wanted to be told what to do by someone who was only a year older than them. And I kept doing it because I knew the more they hate me, the bigger the consequences that I have to take once they chose to retaliate. So my mission was to make my brothers hated me by being hard on them. I would push them so hard until they cracked.   
  
One day my dad gave us a great news. He was going to leave his two jobs for another job that paid more than the two combined. A caveat for this new job was that it required him to be away from home for more than two weeks. He asked us if we were fine with it. We told him that we were all happy for him so we encouraged him to take the job if that’s what he wanted. He said he would miss us whenever he was away from us and promised us that he would send bigger allowance money. Of course the money went only to Jake and Mike and I didn’t get even a penny from them. The good thing for me was that I could increase my authority toward my brothers, for a longer period of time.  
  
Several months later my brothers had enough of my act. They started to avoid me whenever we were at our house. But I kept persistent in showing that I was in charge in the house. I caught them off guard sitting in the living room watching TV. I stand in front of the TV blocking their view and I told them to turn it off and to start doing their homework. Both of them refused to comply. Jake said. “Amy, Listen. Mike and I are grown up. Stop telling us what to do!”   
  
“Well guys, news to you: When Dad’s not here, I’m in charge. So you better do as I say” I said to them.  
  
“Here we go again, the bossy Amy” Jake said. I was surprised with their reactions. Usually they just walked away from me and went to their room. But this time they stayed.   
  
Mike added, “Didn’t we teach you a lesson about what happened when you bosses us around?”   
  
My heart started to beat faster, I thought to myself, “Does my big plan come to fruition today? Is the day of their retaliation is today?”   
  
I asked them, “What are you talking about?”  
  
Jake corrected Mike, “Mike, it looks like you are mistaken. We didn’t teach her a lesson. We made her promise us that she would be nice to us.”   
  
“O yeah, you’re right. But I bet she didn’t care about what we think back then, just like she doesn’t care of what we think right now. It’s always her way or the highway. Typical Amy” Mike said. I looked over their faces; I could tell that they were really pissed off at me. But I wanted to know what direction they were going, so I tried to keep my cool.   
  
“What is this promises bullshit that you guys are talking about?” I responded them acting confused.   
  
“See Jake, I told you she’ll do whatever it takes to annoy us. I can’t, I just can’t deal with you anymore Amy. GOD! I HATE you Amy!!” Mike stood up and he was about to leave the room. His anger could no longer be controlled. Jake also stood up trying to calm Mike down. So I decided to stop my act.   
  
“Amy! What the heck is going on with you? I never thought that you’d be like this. Do you know that for weeks Mike was trying to avoid you because he’s afraid of you? I tried to calm him down, and reminded him the old-version of Amy that we knew. I told him to remember that one time Amy had promised that she’ll’ always be nice to us we would teach he a lesson if she’s not nice. Please stop bullying us”   
  
Wow, I didn’t realize the severity of the psychological pain that I inflicted toward my brothers, especially Mike. What have I done?   
  
“I remembered, Mike” I said with a soft voice. “I even remembered every word of my promises to you guys”  
“If you said you remember everything, would you recite your promise to us?” Mike said, and added, “Now is a good time, Amy” I could still hear his angered voice  
  
So I did recite my childhood promised in front of them. Hearing the words that were coming out of my mouth made me feel so embarrassed, mostly because the wording sounded childish. When I think about it in my head, not out loud, they seemed pretty normal. I really took my time. I paused in almost every word. Tears started to build on the corner of my eyes because I was glad that everything was over. I concluded the experiment with my brothers. To be honest, I didn’t want to hurt my brothers feeling any longer.   
  
Jake and Mike noticed my teary eyes but they said nothing.  
I tried to explain. “Look, I am sorry guys. I didn’t know what has happened between us. I remembered those good old days when we used to hang out together, I really enjoy those time. Do you believe me now Mike? I still remember those days. Looking back to that time, I feel sad that we are not as tight anymore.”   
  
After that I asked them to sit down on the sofa while I keep standing in front of the TV facing them. My outfit was never meant to be worn for a serious discussion. I was only wearing a pair of white panties and a light blue colored sleeveless t-shirt. The panties were getting too small for me so it pressed my pussy really hard. I was showing my cameltoe. But I didn’t know such a word that time. The t-shirt hemline went only about 3 inches above my pussy so both of them could see my cameltoe from where they sat. It’s a plain t-shirt without any logo or drawing. My nipples and areolas were the ones that made the t-shirt not as plain as faint light brown color can be seen. But, having worn a similar outfit like this in front of my brothers many times before made my skin thick.  
  
I grabbed the TV’s remote and turned off the TV to get their full attention.   
  
I started to speak, “I am truly deeply sorry about how I treated you guys for all these years. It’s just that ever since we were kids I took care of you both. I feel that I have to protect you, set a good example for you, and guide you through life. That goes on ‘till now, especially when Dad’s not home. It never occurred to me that we have all grown up and we are only separated by a few years in age. But old habit is hard to die you know. I still think of you guys as small brats, I can’t began to imagine what you guys went thorough because of my act. I wanted to change my attitude toward you. I wanted to follow what you guys expected of me, to be at the same level as you guys. We’re not only siblings, but we are friends. But my old habit of acting as a big sister to you never dies out you knows. So again I am sorry Jake and I am sorry Mike.”  
  
“No Amy, just say sorry will not be enough.” Mike said. He continued, “You said it yourself that you can’t even begin to imagine what It felt like being oppressed”   
  
“You have it easy since you are the oldest one so nobody told you what to do. Mom and Dad don’t count because that’s what they supposed to do. But, you? You’re just one year older than me!” Jake said to me. “Don’t you ever notice that Mike and I grew apart from you? We used to be the best trio out there. But me and Jake can’t stand it any longer “  
I made a proposition to both of them, “Yes, I know that saying sorry by itself means nothing. So from now on I promise to myself that I won’t treat you guys as my little brothers. It will help me a lot if you do the same.”  
  
Mike confused and asked me, “What do you mean?”  
  
“Well, I don’t want you to treat me as your big sister. I want us to be the best trio again, like you said Jake. And I will do whatever it takes to keep our friendship strong. I am not the biggest fish in the house anymore. Look at me, both of you are bigger than me. As a matter of fact, I am the third in line in terms of our clothing. The house money runs through you guys but not me. So what kind of control that I have to you anyway? That being said, I don’t deserve to be your big sister. So, Mike, I promise you that there will be no more Amy way or the highway.”  
  
Mike said, “You have a great point Amy. We shouldn’t be afraid of you because you have nothing on us. I was stupid to follow your order. Gosh, all these years of waking up early in the morning on the weekend because of you were for nothing. If only that you followed your promise back in the day, my life would be much better, and Jake and I would’ve vetoed your rule of waking up early”  
  
“I am so sorry about that Mike. If it makes things better for you guys, what if I promise you that I will never told you to do anything anymore? And I also promise you to never set a rule for you two?” I said to them.   
  
“Well, that’s a fact Amy, not promise. We know now that we don’t have to listen to you let alone following any rule you gave us. Let’s do the other way around. Why don’t you try to come up with a promise that you are gonna follow our rules and orders. See if you can taste your own medicine.” Jake replied.  
  
“OK, I can do it, if that’s what it takes to maintain the friendship that we have. So, Jake and Mike, I promise to follow your rules and I am going to do whatever you want me to do. This promise is to repay what I have done to you guys over the years.” I put my right hand up with an open palm just like when you swear to tell the truth and nothing but the truth.  
  
In general, I was giving my brothers limitless opportunities to do whatever they wanted to do to me. But I knew my brothers too well that they would never do any harm to me. However, thinking about how far my brothers would push me outside my boundary me made my pussy wet hard. I wished I wore a pantiliner that day. But my pantiliner supplies were limited and I used them only when I had my period.   
  
“But Jake, how do we know if she’s gonna remember her promises. What if she forgets?” Mike asked Jake.   
  
I said, “How about if I write my promise down on the computer and then I print it out. I will post the print out on my bedroom wall. That way I will always have a reminder so I will never forget. I will do the same for the list of rules that I have to obey . That clears thing up, right?” While I said those things, the hardness of my nipples and the wetness of my pussy intensified. I didn’t dare to look down at my body to check so I keep staring at both Jake and Mike. And frome their look, I knew that they catched a glance at my lower body from time to time.   
  
Jake asked me, “What if you disobey the rules? “  
  
I said, “Just like anybody who disobeys the rules, you guys can punish me. I will do my best to follow the rules in the first place. If in fact I violate the rules, I will accept any form of punishment as you see fit. I am sure you guys can come up with one.” I started to tremble. The more they asked the more I trapped myself.   
  
“Alright then, we can wait to see a new decorations in your room Amy. Could you step out of the way, I want to watch the TV?” Jake asked.   
“Sure Jake, I need to go the bathroom, I have been holding it up for quite sometimes.” I wanted to excuse myself so I could be alone and finished myself off. So I started walking out of the living room.   
While I walked, Mike shouted, “You’re not holding it well, Amy. I saw a wet spot in your panties. So run fast, don’t pee yourself.”  
  
When he said ‘wet spot’ I was exactly looking at the wet spot in my panties. “Oh my god they saw it!” Right then and there my whole body started to pulsate and I felt small squirt coming out of my pussy. My legs became weak so I knelt down right in front of my bedroom door. That was the first only few moments in my life that I had an orgasm without anything touching my genital area.

**Story of B – Ch 5**

Later that night my brothers knocked my bedroom’s door and I told them to come in. I showed them two pieces of paper that were taped on the wall above my bed. The first one contained my promise to them and the second one had the list of rules for me. They were printed in big bold letters so they could be read from any spot in my room. Here’s what it says:  
  
AMANDA JOHNSON promises to be NICE to EVERYBODY in this house and to follow all rules that have been created for her.   
  
On the second piece of paper it said:  
  
RULES for me:  
1.I am not allowed to change any rules listed here  
2.I am not Jake’s and Mike’s big sister so I do not have any right to tell them what to do  
3.I am not allowed to locked my door  
  
They saw the piece of papers that I pointed out to them; However, they notice something else. Jake said, “I have never visited your room lately Amy. What’s this smell?” He inhaled a couple deep breaths with his nose in quick succession. Actually ever since I started to bully them, both Jake and Mike stopped coming to my room. I guess they were afraid of me. Since I have more time in my room by myself, I often spent them by masturbating. The smell that Jake’s noticed was none other than the smell of my pussy juice. And I did not want them to know about my illicit activities.   
  
So I told him, “Well, I guess I have to open the window more often. To let the air circulate you know.” I decided to change the subject of the conversation quickly, “So here it is: my promise to you guys. What do you think?”  
  
Jake asked, ”Why to everybody? Why not just me and Mike?”  
  
I answered, “Pretty much only you and Mike that live here beside me so I want to make it short and simple. And by saying to everybody instead of just you and Mike, by default Dad would be included. I want to be nice to him as well you know.”  
  
Mike asked me, “Can we use the computer for something other than school work?” Hmm, I knew what he wanted. He wanted access to the porn stuff that he used to be able to get before he became afraid of me. I guessed he also wanted to use the webcam, that he installed but never been able to use, for chatting.   
  
I told him, “Yes Mike, the computer belongs to all of us. So anybody can use it as often as they like. That’s why I put the rule #3 there. I only use the computer right after school until before it’s time for me to make dinner. Other than those 2 hours of time frame, whenever you need to use the computer, just come here – don’t bother knocking on the door. Heck, before you leave, you can remove the lock on my bedroom door. That way I won’t forget to unlock it.”  
  
Mike replied, “Good Amy, thank you. I hope we bonds again like we used to.”  
  
Jake added, “By the way, Amy, did you even realized that we stopped going to your room, we even try to stay away from you.” I said sorry again for the gazzilion times to both of them.   
  
Mike told me, “You know Amy; we even stopped giving you my old clothes lately. See, you think about yourself too much, and how to bully us, you don’t even notice it! We use our old clothes for cleaning towels right away without going through you.”  
  
Oh my god, my plan was actually worked! And I did not even notice it. They try to sabotage me by stop giving me their old wardrobe. The way it should be was Jake getting the new clothes and then after the clothes did not fit him Mike would wear it. Once Mike outgrew the clothes, he would give them to me. I would wear them until I got the ‘new’ clothes from Mike and I would give both of them my old clothes as cleaning towels for mopping the floor, wiping the furniture, etc. So that’s the cycle of our wardrobe.   
  
I told them, “Please guys, forget about the old 'mean' Amy. She no longer exists. The new Amy is right here.” I pointed to the papers on the wall and said, “And the new Amy will uphold everything that is stated here.”   
  
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Several weeks after that, everything was normal again. We became the best trio of friends. I hung out with them and they came to my room almost every night. Every other night Jake and Mike would come to my room and used the computer to watch porn. I never bothered them; I turned the light off and just went to sleep.   
They even gave me a couple of their old boxers to me so I could wear them while I was home. One of the reasons they gave me the boxers was because my dad displeased with me prancing around in my panties. In return, I gave them a couple of my t-shirts, the ones that already falling apart, so they could use them as mops.   
  
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Midway through my 16 years of age, my body changed. I was no longer a girl but I gradually became a woman. I had a long light brown hair that fell slightly below my shoulder; I have never cut my hair ever since I was 15 years old. My breasts grew from a flat-chest with puffy nipples into a full size B-cup. I didn’t know my cup size at that time. Faint hairs grew in my armpits but none at all on my pubic area or my legs. I was happy with my boobs but not with my armpits. I wanted to get rid of my armpit hair so bad but I did not own any razor to shave them off. Dammit! If only I kept at least a few bucks of my money, not giving it all to my brothers instead, I could have buy woman’s need including a razorr to shave my pits. That’s what happened when arousal win over rationale thinking. And it happened to me a lot. It was so embarrassing for a woman spotted to have armpit hair and it was especially bad for me because all of my clothes were sleeveless. Fortunately, the hair was not much and light colored so from a distance my armpits looked smooth. From time to time I tried to pluck the longer ones using my finger and I tried my best to keep my arms to my side. Until one day, when I was also running out of pantiliners, I braved myself to ask my brothers if they were willing to buy me a razor and a pack of pantiliners. So right before they went to do a grocery shopping, I stopped them.   
  
I said, “Hey guys, wait a sec. Before you leave can I ask you a favor?”  
  
Jake answered, “Yo, what’s up, Amy?”  
  
I replied him, “Well, I wonder if … if you guys can buy an extra razor. I need one.”  
  
Mike said to me, “Why you need one? You grow a moustache or something?”  
  
I answered him, “Noo!. I need that for … for …” I hesitated for a while because I was so embarrassed to say, but then I said, “For my armpits.”  
  
They seemed shocked about it. It was amazing that most guys never knew that women also can grow pit hairs. Since almost every woman out there shave or wax their underarms, armpit hair on women became only a myth in guys’ perspective.   
  
Mike said, “Are you kidding? Let’s see. Show us Amy”  
  
“NO! No way!” I replied him.   
  
Without warning both of them grab my arms and tried to lift them up above my head. I put all of my strength to keep my arms down and suddenly I fell on my back out to the floor. Jake jumped on me and sat on my stomach. They both were grabbing my arms still. I did my best but both of them were too strong so slowly my arms gave in revealing the faint hairs under my arm. I didn’t want them to see my pits because they were so gross and I was embarrassed. Naturally I kept fighting. I shook my body all over trying to escape. In the process, not only that I failed to escape their grab, my left boob decided to peek out from the left armhole of my t-shirt. For a few seconds, which felt like forever to me, my left boob was out in the open and both of them could blatantly see it. My orgasms started to build up.  
  
When they saw my boob, both of them just said, “WHOA!!” They looked stunned with what they were seeing and I felt that their hands that were holding my hands up over my head were not as strong as before. So I managed to free my hands and pushed Jake away. I stood up and I went to my room right away. Meanwhile Jake and Mike looked at each other for a few second before they stood up and went out shopping.   
In my room I cursed myself for failing to ask my brothers to buy me a razor. Worse, did not even have the chance to ask them to buy more pantiliners. I think to myself. “Dammit! Now I have to figure out what to do when I had my period which should be any days from now.” I could only hope that they remembered what I asked them to buy for me. It turned out they forgot and did not bring me anything. But I knew they remembered the shape of my left boob because it’s all they talked about toward each other ever since and I overheard their conversation from our bathroom.   
  
Our bathroom has two doors: one leads to my brothers’ room and the other leads to my room. Both of the bathroom’s doors have lock. So if anybody wanted to use the bathroom, they can enter through one of the door but must always locked both boors so nobody else could accidentally enter from the other door. Our bathroom only has a shower stall with clear glass surrounding the shower area, a toilet and a sink. That bathroom was my sanctuary if I wanted to masturbate without anybody bothering me. Sometimes I really wanted to masturbate in my bed but since my brothers could come in anytime it became a challenge for me to get a climax unnoticed. And I definitely did not want them to know about this hobby of mine.   
  
The night after the left boob exposure incident I quietly went into our bathroom to masturbate. I kept the bathroom light off but I slightly open the bathroom door that leads to my room so I get enough light inside the bathroom. I had done this many times and the setup worked perfectly for me. I could hear my brothers from their room and if they wanted to go to my room I just shut the door and turn on the light of the bathroom. That way I could continue masturbating without any disturbance. However on that night, I overheard them talking about me. I heard my name being spoken. So I decided to listen carefully to their conversation. It turned out that my left boob was the first boob hat both of them ever see in real life and they could not get enough of it. So there I was, masturbating and knowing for the first time that both of my brothers had a voyeuristic view toward me. Over the course of their conversation I managed to reach orgasms three times before I fell too exhausted.   
  
After the third orgasms I went back to my room. I opened my closet and scan all the clothes that I have. I put on all of my t-shirts one by one while I looked in the mirror. Oh God! My entire home t-shirts left nothing to the imagination and I could not afford to wear my decent t-shirts at home. I had no other choice other than let them stare at my boobs -- the first real boobs that they ever saw. I reached my fourth orgasms that night right before I went to bed.

**Story of B – Ch 6**

I frequently visit my bathroom after the 'left boob exposure' incident partly because I wanted to masturbate and partly because I wanted to hear my brothers' conversation about me, or my boobs in particular. It seemed that right after I got back from school and changed my clothes, my nipples were out of control. They got hard constantly and from what I heard Jake and Mike noticed them too.   
  
Day after day I heard they discussing how my boobs looked. They even argued on what size my boobs are. They rated the all the t-shirts that I wore at home based on my boobs exposure or chance of boobs showing. They agreed that all three of my white t-shirts were the best because of their transparency and because the side of my breasts could be seen even when my arms were on my side. Another favorite t-shirt were the light blue colored one. It was too large for me and the neck hole was too big. Mike told Jake that one time he could see both of my breast including some part of my areolae when he stood next to me and I was sitting on my desk doing my homework. What a sneaky boy! And gosh! Listening to all of their talk made me feel embarrassed and all I could do was fingering my clit some more.   
  
This was a hard situation for me to fathom. Sometimes I felt constricted, small, degraded and wanted to burst out. But, deep inside my heart I knew that this was what I was looking for. The embarrassment feeling, the humiliation, the helplessness, the sense of not being in control of the situation; I wanted them all – so the tingle that run through my body could happen. Without experiencing those feeling it's getting harder and harder for me to achieve an orgasm. I wished there were other way to get aroused without having to go through that process. But this was the only way to go whether I liked it or not.   
  
Both of my brothers actually did not see me in a sexual way. From what I overheard through their conversations, they mostly wanted to explore their curiosity toward an opposite gender. Well, that's what they got when they enrolled to an all boys school – no chance whatsoever for a close encounter with real girls. So, they would do their best not to miss any opportunities when they realize that I was a girl. And I heard from time to time that they warned each other to be very careful and not to get caught by me when they stole a glance at my body. I also did not see us having an incestuous relationship, I just need their attentions and their treatments in such way that my helplessness feeling arose thus I could achieve an orgasm.   
  
One day I heard them planning about doing something that could increase the chance of them exploring me. While at the same time I was also busy touching myself so I could not concentrate on what they were saying. By the time I reached my climax, their conversation ended. I was mad at myself that time because I could not even controlled myself. I actually wanted to know what their plan was so at least I could anticipate what they were about to do. Suddenly the knob of the bathroom' door that leads to my brothers' room turned. I panicked and tip-toed myself out of the room forgetting to unlock that door. From my room I heard Jake knocking on that door loudly while shouting my name, “AMY!! Are you there?”  
  
Shit! I did not want them to know that I was there listening to their conversation. Most importantly I did not want them to know that I was masturbating in the dark in the bathroom. So pretended to be asleep.   
  
Jake came over to my room and went straight to the bathroom through the other door. While he walked I heard him saying, “Not again, Amy!” Then he took a leak and went back to his room through his door. I was confused on what he were saying. Not again? What did I do now? After pondering for a while I realized that he was mad because I locked the bathroom door on their side and forgot to unlock it back when I finished jilling off. How could I be so careless? Did he said 'again'?  
  
While we were having breakfast the next morning, Jake mentioned to me that I forgot to unlock the bathroom door AGAIN. He emphasized the word 'again'.   
  
I felt so stupid and I blamed myself for that. So I told them, “I am sorry that I keep forgetting to unlock the door after I finished using the bathroom, guys”  
  
Mike remembered something and he chimed in, “I know the solution! It was actually your idea, Amy, but it worked perfectly for all of us. We can just remove the lock on our side of the bathroom. That way you would not forget to unlock it when you were done using the bathroom. See, I'm a problem solver!” He proud of himself.   
  
I said to them, “But … but …”  
  
Mike said, “As a matter of fact do you remember your set of rules, especially number 3?”  
  
Crap! I knew what rule #3 was: I am not allowed to lock my door. But that's supposed to be only for my bedroom door, NOT the bathroom door as well. In the end, I could only blame myself for forgetting myself to unlock the bathroom door after I finished masturbating so I told them, “Of course I know what rule number 3 is Mike. That sounds like a great idea. So, remove the lock and we're good right, Jake?”   
  
“Yeah, I guess” Jake replied me.   
  
I was not worried if either of them 'accidentally' open the bathroom door while I was in there showering or using the toilet because the shower and flush noise could be heard from both my room and their room. They would know if I was in there because of those noises. However, I was more worried when they caught me doing something that did not involve any noise such as when I spied on them or when I needed to masturbate. Damn! It's getting harder to find a privacy in this house. Would I went to the kitchen and fingering myself there? I might if I had to.   
  
A couple week went by without any incidents. I was getting tired of plucking my pit hairs using my fingers. Sometimes I used the mirrors, either in my room or in the bathroom. Other times I just felt my underarm with my thumb and my forefinger and yanked any hair that I could feel. Everything was embarrassing: the fact that I have armpit hair, and the process of eliminating them. Every time I was in the bathroom I saw either Jake's or Mike's razor sitting next to the sink. Just a couple quick glides and my problem's solved, I thought to my self. My pits would be smooth and it only took few seconds. On the other hand I knew that that razor was for facial use. And, I was not comfortable using somebody else's razor. Hmm, dilemma. What should I do?  
  
After finishing my morning shower I stayed naked and stood in front of the bathroom mirror. I just stood there for a few minutes. Slowly I raised my left hand high up and I grab that razor with my left hand. I encouraged myself, “Just DO it, Amy! Quick!” but in reality I did it slowly and very carefully. Once all the hairs on my left armpit were gone, I smiled. Yes! I can proudly raise my arm now. The right armpit would be next.   
  
Just after I was done shaving my right armpit Mike went into the bathroom. My right hand was still up while my left hand was still holding the razor. Worse, I was naked and he saw ALL of me.   
  
His eyes looked to be about to fall off and it took me a few seconds to change my body position because I was in shock. Eventually I managed to cover my naughty bits with my hands but I kept holding the razor. He just said to me, “What are you doing with Jake's razor?” then he quickly added, “Maybe I should come back later”  
  
I put the razor down back to its place and told him, “No, It's OK I'm done” I grabbed my towel quickly, covered myself and left the bathroom. That's the first time Mike saw all of me including my hairless pussy for the first time after the camping incident back in the days. The juice started to flow but I did not enough time to satisfy myself because I needed to go to school.  
  
On the way to school, while at school, and on the way back from school I kept flaunting my underarms whenever possible. Oh, I felt so free! I loved the feel of my smooth pits, so women like. I wanted to pull up my arms high in the air creating a V sign. Victory! I wanted everybody to look at me because here I was complete with a long hair, full grown boobs and no armpit hair, just like every women out there. But the dark side of me also could not wait for what was going to happen at home.   
  
Immediately after I entered my house Jake came over and talked to me. He said, “I heard from Mike of what you did in the morning. I didn't like it at all”  
  
“Wait a minute Jake. Let me explain.” I told him  
  
“Look, Amy. First of all, you can't borrow stuff from other people without asking first. And that razor was for my face, for crying out loud! I can't use it anymore knowing that you've used it to shave your ... and armpits. Eww, that just gross!” Jake yelled at me.   
  
That stupid Mike! I thought. He just assumed I was hairless down there because I shaved it all off. So I tried to explain to Jake, “But Jake, I didn't use your razor to ...” before I could finish my sentence he interrupted me.  
  
“Shh, shut the hell up Amy! I don't know if I'm mad at you because you use my stuff without my knowledge or because you are such a perv! What kinda girl who shave her ... bald?” Jake said to me.   
  
I knew that it was my fault to use his razor, but I definitely did not want to be called a perv because I did not shave my pussy. So I blurted, “I bald because I'm bald OK.I didn't shave it!”  
  
“What?” Jake asked me.   
  
“Look Jake. I used your razor to shave my underarms, but that's it. Maybe Mike saw that I am hairless down there and assumed that I shaved it off. But it's not, OK. I am not a perv like you said. It's just that I don't have any hair down there”  
  
“Look. Don't try to fool me, Amy.” Jake said  
  
I might have a perverted mind. But I did not want to be accused of being a pervert because of something that I was not. So I told him,”Jake, if you don't believe me. I can proof it to you. Here, take a good look.” I showed him one of my armpit.”Heck, touch it, get the feel of the skin.”  
  
He looked and then rubbed his thumb on my pits.  
  
I continued,”Now do the same here” I unbuttoned and unzip my jeans and slipped my right thumb on my panties lowering them down until just above my pussy. I let Jake to take a good look at the area where pubic hair supposed to grow. With a hesitation he moved his thumb closer to my body. I urged him,”Go on touch it.” he touched it. I continued talking to him while I re-buttoned my jeans, “Now I want you to remember what you see and feel today. Next week I'm gonna proof it to you that I don't even need to shave down there because I just don't have it. It will look and feel different compared to a week old of hair growth”  
  
“OK, Baldy. See if you are saying the truth.” Jake said to me. That's the first time any of my brothers called me 'Baldy'.   
  
He added,”Once you go to your room, here's what I want you to do: Add the following to the list of rules for you – I am not allowed to use any stuff that doesn't belong to me. You got it?”  
  
“Got it.” I replied him. Bloody hell! one more rule for me.   
  
Later that night I could help but tried to overheard the conversation between Jake and Mike. It turned out that Mike loves the sight of bare pussy. He said that pubic hair only hid the true beauty of a pussy. Meanwhile Jake preferred to see some hair down there because somehow the sight pubic hair gets him hard faster. Next they talked about my pussy. Mike got jealous because he didn't get a chance to feel my pubic area. Jake told mike that he would make sure that next week Mike would be included.   
  
The next morning nonchalantly Jake reminded me, “So Baldy, 6 days to go before the big show, huh?”  
  
Mike added, “Yeah B, can't wait to see the proof.”  
  
I just shrugged and stayed silent. Every day prior to the 'big show', as they said it, they kept reminding me and they started to call me either B or Baldy. The nickname that stuck with me up to this day.

**Story of B - Ch 7**

Every time Jake and Mike called me 'B' or 'Baldy' I reacted differently. Often, I felt like an invisible finger brushed my clit whenever I heard my nickname being called. It was so embarrassing to me to be called 'B' because all of us knew that it referred to my intimate organ, the one that nobody should know. And knowing that in a few days I would have to show it to my brothers as a proof that I was actually bald down there was like adding a fuel to a fire. It got me even hotter. Every night both Jake and Mike would start coming down to the dining area once they knew that I was in the kitchen preparing the meal. Once they were in the dining room they constantly teased me and all I could think of was making sure that I didn't touch myself in front of them. So I kept myself occupied and kept both of my hands on the dining table while we had a conversation over dinner time.   
  
“So B, before the big show can we get a preview?” Mike said to me.   
  
Jake added, “Yea B, a few seconds of a sneak preview doesn't hurt you know”  
  
I said to them” Come on guys. What's the fuzz?; Both of you have seen it. And I promise you it'll look the same”  
  
“Have you decided when and how long will the show last, B?” Jake teased me. “I wanna make sure to put a mark on my calendar because I don't want to miss it.”  
  
“Shit! Now I have to tell them how long I'm gonna let them stare and touch me there” I thought to myself. Since I was horny I could not think straight, so I just go along with the conversation. I said, “It's gonna be at dinner time for 5 seconds”  
  
Mike replied, “5 seconds? That's what you called a big show? A big show should last at least a few minutes.”  
  
The thought of letting them see my private region for a few minutes made my pussy wet. Thankfully I wore a boxer with dark color and I was sitting so at least I can disguise my wetness. I thought to my self, “They're the one who call it the big show, NOT me!”  
  
“Look guys, my pubic area is not that big, OK. You can pretty much see everything within a few seconds, 15 seconds top” I pleaded.   
  
Jake responded, “Alright, 15 seconds for each of us, so the show will last for 30 seconds. That's the deal.”   
  
I was thinking 15 seconds for both was more than enough, but they thought differently. But, I knew I would never win the argument battle with both of them ganged up on me. So I said, “OK”  
  
Under the comfort of my blanket before I went to sleep I tried counting how long 30 seconds was. So, while laying down on I pulled down my boxer with my hands until my pubic region was exposed and I counted One Mississippi, two Mississippi, three Mississippi … an so on until 30. Oh Boy, 30 seconds felt like forever! I repeated the counting process a few times before I decided to remove my boxer altogether and to start masturbating.   
  
Only a few times, usually in the morning, when my brothers called me 'Baldy' or 'B' that I reacted differently. On those occasions, whenever the word 'B' or 'Baldy' were spoken, I felt like a knife went through my heart. I wanted to close my ears because I could not bear to hear those words but all I did was stay silent and gave no response to them.   
  
When I walked to school, I tried to understand why sometimes I hated when my brothers called me 'B'. while on most other times I don't mind at all with the nickname that they gave me. Then I realized that in the morning I did not get aroused. My mind set was for school. But in the afternoon and until night before I went to sleep, I was horny constantly. The way I dressed made me feel horny. Listening to my brothers' conversation from the bathroom could get me aroused. The feeling of not having any privacy at my room or even my bathroom also boost my arousal level. So when they called me 'B' in the afternoon, it got me even more excited. I concluded that when I was aroused all bets are off, my mind was out of control.  
  
The walk to and fro school really cleared up my mind. I could think for a long period of time without any interruptions. I asked myself for some explanations on why I got this nickname and why I should expose my pubic region to proof to my brothers that I deserved the name. I didn't make any sense at all, I thought. I was caught shaving using Jake's razor! That's the reason for all of this.   
  
But a few minutes later I thought differently. That shaving incident was merely an event. If I responded Jake's accusation using my brain while I was not aroused, the outcome would not have been as it was. Moreover, the reason Mike came into the bathroom while I was still in there was also because of my fault. If I were being more careful when I masturbated and listened to my brothers' conversation in the bathroom, I would've had the privilege to lock the bathroom door. Speaking about privileges, it was all my idea to be stripped off any privileges, few years ago, so I could get horny. I even sabotaged my brothers' life for a long period of time to accomplish my mission. At the end of my thought process, I summed up that everything that happened was because of me. I had wanted this to happen and I had planned this since years ago. I should not fight any longer because the younger me had setup a situation that left me helpless, exposed, embarrassed and humiliated for life without any escape. And I could not even control the source of my embarrassments; the younger me never thought that I would still be bald down there when my brothers saw it for the first time since the camping incident; The younger me never thought how important money was.   
  
After I cleared up my mind, I decided to read my promise, that was hanging on the wall above my bed, every morning before I got out of bed. I have to be NICE to everybody, I have to be NICE to everybody, I have to be NICE to everybody. That way I would remember to act nicely toward my brothers and by looking at those papers on the wall, I could start the day somewhat aroused. As a result, the painful feeling whenever my brothers calling me 'B' or 'Baldy' in the morning would be replaced with a tingling sensation. There's a saying,”If you can't fight them, join them” I started to believe that I should join my brothers in humiliating myself.  
  
On the day of the 'big show' the teased intensified. Right after I got back from school Mike asked me, “Yo B, why don't you show me now?, I can't wait” But I ignored him and I just went straight to my room.   
  
Later when I was in the kitchen they kept calling me and told me to hurry up. I threatened them, “Don't bother me or I will change my mind!”   
  
Jake replied, “Come on B, promise is a promise” But no other words came out of their mouth afterward. I guessed they were afraid if I would really change my mind. So we ate our dinner without a conversation. But soon after I finished with my meal I saw them sitting on their chair waiting for me anxiously.   
  
Then I broke the silence, “OK guys I guess now it's time for the proof that I don't have any hair down there. First I want you to see the different.” I raised my right hand up. “You see, this is what a week stubble looks like” I was embarrassed to show my pit but I have to.  
  
Mike said, “I don't see anything. Why don't you show both?”  
  
Reluctantly I raised my left hand and put both hands on the back of my head. I said, “Well, I don't have much hair there to start with and they're light colored.”   
  
“Come on stand up and get closer to me.” I added.   
  
They stood up with Jake on my left and Mike on my right side. I really forced myself to resist the urge to put my arms down. “OK, satisfied?” they both nodded.  
  
Then I slid my chair away from the dining table using my feet while I was still sitting. I put both of my thumbs on the front waistband of the boxer and quickly yanked it down to above my pussy lip. “OK here's what you want to see right? See, there's nothing there. Not a single hair!”   
  
Mike said,”Can we touch it?”   
  
“Go ahead. But be quick! The show's almost over.” I responded. They felt my pubic region, touched it with their forefingers. I was ecstatic but did not dare to look where their finger were going. Since they stand next to me, however, I caught a glance of their crotch area. I saw some movement! They're crotch we're bulging. Oh God! They're having a hard on!. Suddenly I closed my boxer up and leaving their hands inside. But then I moved their hands away from my crotch area. Once I felt my composure back, I told them to sit down again.   
  
Again I broke the silence, “So everybody happy now?”  
  
Mike said, “Wow Amy you really are bald!”  
  
“Yes, Mike I am”  
  
Jake asked me, “Will … you know ... will you ever grow hair there?”  
  
Ahh, Jake. Jake's the one who likes to see pubic hair on a woman. I told him, “I don't know Jake, Maybe someday I hope”  
  
Mike asked, “Can it be hairless forever?” All of these personal questions made me sat uneasy but I tried to answer all of their questions.   
  
I responded, “Maybe. Who knows? But we all know now that it's hairless.”  
  
He said, “How come you have hair on your pits? You're not like other girls I knew. Could you show your pits again?” I bet what he meant by the other girls he knew were only pictures from the net.   
  
Reluctantly I put my hands on my head again while I answered his question, “Look Mike. 99% of all grown woman have underarm hair. It's just that they removed it all off either by shaving, waxing, laser or whatever else. I used the razor to clean my armpits a week ago because it's just normal for a girl to have smooth pits. And it's pretty embarrassing for me especially with all the sleeveless t-shirts that I have.”  
  
Finally he understood, “Yeah Amy, it looks gross to see a woman with pit hair.”  
  
I responded, “Well, you better get used to it. Because I don't have any razor, and both of you won't let me to use your razor or to buy me one.” I lowered my arms and added, “So guys, would you please buy me a razor?”   
  
Jake replied, “Mmm, No. The rule for you stay the same: You're not allowed to borrow our stuff and since you don't have any money you can only get a razor or everything else from us. If we kind enough maybe someday We'll give you one.”  
  
“OK, then don't blame me if I gross you out.” I said  
  
“Don't worry, If we got bored we could just shave it off for you. Just like a sheep shearing process we saw on the TV the other day. Right, Mike?” Jake said with a winking smile.   
  
Damn! He's comparing me with a sheep now? Sheep shearing is a process to collect wool out of a sheep isn't it? I didn't like the conversation so I tried to change the subject.   
  
“You wouldn't dare! … Anyway let's change the subject guys.”  
  
Mike brought the subject, “Well, Amy since you're bald and it's proven. Can we officially call you Baldy?”  
  
“Why? What's wrong with Amy. I like Amy” I said back to him.   
  
“But nickname's so cool. We are tight right? Let's give each other nicknames. It'll keep us tight” He added.  
  
Jake asked Mike, “So what nickname for me do you have in mind Mike?”   
  
“How about 'Big J.'. Since you have the biggest body compared to me or Amy” Mike said.  
  
I added, “Yeah, Big J. is perfect for you Jake. How about Mike?”  
  
“Well, Big J. is cool I guess. I'm cool with it” Jake said. “Mike can be 'Muscle Mike' since he has toned muscles.”  
  
“Ooh, I like that. Thanks Jake.” Mike said.  
  
It's true that Mike has a sinewy figures although he was a bit shorter than Jake, but 'Muscle Mike' was such a lame nickname. Whatever.  
  
I said,”So you're Big J. and you're Muscle Mike. What about me?”  
  
Mike said, “Well, we have given you a nickname already.”  
  
“Come on that's not fair! Just 'B' How come my nickname only have one letter.” I responded.  
  
Jake said, “Either that or 'Baldy ...'. Which one sounded better?”  
  
“Come on Jake. '...' is not a good word. Don't use it to call me, please? Can we think other nicknames for me?” I begged.   
  
Mike replied me,”Look. Jake got 'Big J.' because we all know he's the biggest among us. I'm OK with 'Muscle Mike' and I think it fits me. And we all know that you have a baldy ..., so the nickname suits you perfectly” He grinned.   
  
“But … but … Can I use just 'B'? Please?” I begged to them again.   
  
Jake said, “Well, let's vote” Once he said that I knew that I was in vain.   
  
I said, “OK, OK. No need to vote.”  
  
“That's settles then. So Amy remember what you're gonna do next?” He asked me.   
  
I replied, “Yea, I will put another rule to the list after this.”  
  
Mike asked me, “What's it gonna say?”  
  
I said, “I will refer and introduce myself as 'B'.”  
  
“That's not what we agreed on.” Jake replied me.   
  
“But Jake, What if Dad came to my room?” I concerned.   
  
“Get real B. How many times has dad went to your room in the past 5 years?” Jake asked me  
  
I said defeated, “None”  
  
“So, what makes you think he will come to your room? So, what's the rule that you're gonna write B?” He asked me again.  
  
“I will refer and introduce myself as 'B' for short or 'Baldy ...' because my ... is actually bald.”  
  
They liked the new rule. As for me, with the new rule meant that I blatantly advertise myself that I don't have any hair down there. Whoever visit my room would know about my intimate region without actually saw it.  
  
After I posted my new rule on the wall, my hand could not stop caressing my bald ... that night. I witnessed the highest compliments guys can do to a girl that night. A hard on. The bulging on my brothers pants confirmed that I wasn't the only one who enjoy this game. Several orgasms went by before I got to sleep.   
  
I felt somewhat relieved that only the nickname 'B' that stick with me later on in my life. Because several months after that, my pubic hair started to grow.

**Story of B - Ch 8**

After I 'officially' became 'B', my brothers seemed to be closer with me. One day Jake visited my room and tried to chit chat with me while I was still working on my homework. I told him to wait for a few minutes because I was still busy. Next he asked me to slide over so he can use the computer for quick email checking. So I slid a little bit to let him stand next to me; that way he can use the computer. I had only one chair and I was using it, so Jake had to stand and bowed his back a little bit to see the monitor screen.  
  
I kept writing down the answers of my homework problems on my book. But, after a while, from the corner of my eye I notice a bulging on his pants. I was curious so moved my eyes to see the monitor screen without moving my head. The computer screen only had one window open and it's only a list of emails in his mailbox. The mouse wandered aimlessly. Then I changed the direction of my eyes toward my body. Wow! I could see both of my breasts from the neck hole of my t-shirt. He was peeking down my t-shirt and he saw everything! That's the reason he had a hard-on.  
  
If I moved my head slightly, suddenly he clicked on something and pretended to read something on the screen. I just kept on doing my homework for a while. But abruptly I stopped. I pushed him away with one hand and grabbed my t-shit closer to me. I said, “Are you peeking on me?”  
  
Jake stood dumbfounded. So I continued, “See, all of t-shirts you gave me are all too big for me.”  
  
He replied, “No, I wasn't. I was going through my email, like I said.”  
  
“Sure, whatever. Don't make me catch you peeking at me, again” I said to him but not with an angry tone. I added, “You're the perv, not me.” I tried to remind him that a little more than a week before, he accused me of being a pervert.  
  
That's the first time any of my brother caught red handed for peeking at me. He just stood in silence. I said to him, “Jake, just give me 5 minutes and I'll be done. You can use the computer all you want after that OK. Now please ...” I motioned my arm toward the door. He followed the direction of my arm. My other hand was still grabbing my t-shirt.   
  
I could not concentrate to do my homework after that. So I just sat there and thought. What a rush! My nipples were getting harder when Jake was still in my room. I hope he didn't see the transition from soft to hard .   
  
After that episode, I felt that both of my brothers keep accompanying me whenever I went. Every time I caught them peeking at me I just said to them to stop it and asked them to go away. I never got really angry at them and they knew it. But, I kept complaining about the oversize t-shirts that I had to wear. My size for men's t-shirt was supposedly extra small but Mike had medium size body and Jake has a large figure.   
  
One time while I was preparing dinner in the kitchen both Jake and Mike tried to strike a conversation with me, that was their modus operandi to catch a glimpse at my body. I told them that I could not be productive with them bothering me all the time. I asked them to help me out with the kitchen chores rather than just stood there. They agreed with me. So, from that moment, they did not need any reasons whatsoever to be able to see me when I was in the kitchen. The good thing was, I could prepare dinner faster with their help.   
  
One day it was raining hard and I found water was dripping right into my bed. I tried to fix it myself but the ceiling was too high for me. So I asked my brothers to help me out. I was wearing one of the white t-shirt that was getting more and more transparent and a pair of boxer. Both of them came to my room right away.   
  
I said, “Could one of you fix that for me?” Jake, the tallest one, tried to stood on my bed but his reach still fell short by a mere inches. But, I thought he didn't try hard enough.   
  
He said to me, “I can't reach it B, It's still too high even for me. What if we sit here on your bed and you climb on our shoulder? I'm sure you can reach it.”  
  
I didn't like his idea because I was pretty sure that they could see my pussy lip, which they hadn't see yet, from the gap between my leg and the boxer opening. I tried to argue but I lost the argument as always.   
  
It took me more than five minutes trying to fix the leak to no avail. My t-shirt got wet from the water drip. All the while, both Jake and Mike were looking up at my crotch. I almost gave up but Mike gave me an alternative solution. Rather than sealing the leak, I should re-direct the water flow. Thus, my bed would stay dry and I could put a pail next to my bed to catch the water drop. I forgot how Mike's solution was but it actually worked. All I remembered was that it took me another five minutes or so to finish the fix. Throughout the process my t-shirt was drenched with the leaking water. By the time I was done, I looked like one of the contestant in a wet t-shirt contest. They were mesmerized by the way I looked.   
  
I said to them, “OK guys I'm done. The show's over. You can let go of my legs now.” An then I excused myself to go into the bathroom to change my clothes.   
  
Using the mirror inside the bathroom I saw the reflection of myself. The t-shirt was completely transparent. I practically topless! Those guys saw my boobs the entire time and I could only imagine what they saw from the leg opening of my boxer.   
  
I used every episodes of my 'accidental' exposures to bring me to orgasms, night after night. My dream came true. I was a wildflower and my brothers were my bees.

**Story of B - Ch 9**

At the age of 14 I had my sexual awakening. I masturbated for the first time and I got addicted. I worked my way to figure out what caused the tingling sensation that I felt before I reached orgasm. It turned out that I like when people look at my body and I like having no control whatsoever to stop it. So I devised a plan that could get me the tingling sensation over and over again. The plan worked in more way that I could have ever imagined but it took more than two years to put everything together.   
  
Here I was, three months before my 17th birthday. I did not have any money because I gave all my saving and allowance to my brothers; I had no privacy even in my bedroom and bathroom because I had a rule had been created for me that forbid me to lock any doors; and all my clothes that I wore at home left nothing to the imagination. When I was 14, my wardrobe collection were:  
  
Shoes: 1 pair  
Socks: 5 pairs  
Jeans: 2 pairs  
Panties: 7 pairs  
Decent t-shirts: 5   
Home t-shirt: 10   
  
I still wore most of them, but several items were unfortunately gone. The updated list:  
  
Shoes: 1 pair  
Socks: 5 pairs  
Jeans: 2 pairs  
Panties: 5 pairs  
Decent t-shirts: 5 pairs  
Home t-shirt: 7 pairs  
Boxer: 2 pairs   
  
I wore my shoes, socks, decent t-shirts, and jeans only when necessary. In other words, only when I go to school. All of them were still in good condition except for a t-shirt and the jeans. That t-shirt was ready to be demoted as 'home t-shirt' because there was a small hole the size of a nickel at the hip. I kept wearing the t-shirt to school because I was concerned that if I took it out the rotation, the rest of my decent t-shirt would deteriorate faster due to increase of their usage. All my jeans became flimsy especially in the upper leg back near my buttock area and from the knee to the upper thigh area. I was sure that I could tear my jeans apart to convert them as tiny shorts using only my hand.   
  
I got two pair of boxers from my brother, which in exchange I had to gave up two of my home t-shirts to be used as mops. I also gave up another home t-shirt because the armholes were getting bigger and bigger up to the point where both side of my torso were exposed. I still wore it from time to time mostly for the amusement of my brothers until one time the thread at the hemline broke making the t-shirt none other than just a piece of cloth with a hole for my neck. So I decided to give that cloth to my brothers as cleaning wipe to clean the furniture at home.  
  
The number of panties that I own reduced from 7 to 5 pairs because of my menstrual accidents, which I will explain below.  
  
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Around three months earlier I run out of pantiliners, that I used as a pads during my period. Without pantiliners I need to find a creative way in managing my cleanliness. On my first period accident, I was at school. Right away I run to the health center and ask if they had any pads because I said to them that I forgot to bring one. It turned out that they had supply of tampons just for emergency and they gave me several of those for free. I tried to clean my panties to no avail so I threw them away in the trash bin inside the restroom because I did not want to ruin my jeans. So I spent most of the day at school without underwear. The next day, I asked for a few more tampons to the health center but they were not willing to give even one to me. They said they could give out woman's product to student only for emergency and since they still remembered me for the day before, I was out of luck. I still have a couple, but by tomorrow they all be used and I need to find a solution.   
  
I told myself that I had to be creative or else all of my panties and my jeans would be ruined. While I walked in the hallway of my school I caught a glance of a cotton ball on a desk in a chemistry lab. I got an idea. So I went to the chemistry lab, thank god it was empty, and search every drawers for cotton ball. Fortunately I found boxes of cotton balls and I took a couple of boxes and put them in my bag.   
  
When I got home I tried out my idea. I took a few cotton balls and a roll of duct tape with me to the bathroom. The idea was to stuff a few cotton balls inside me and seal my pussy lips with the duct tape. The idea worked flawlessly. I put on my boxer and walked around the house for a few minutes to test my design and it turned out that the boxer remained clean. Although, it kind of hurt to remove the duct tape. Good thing I was still hairless down there so it's not as bad as I thought when I removed the duct tape. Thus I used this creative method to manage my period even though I felt so low that I had to seal my pussy with a duct tape, and keep replacing it when I had to pee or when I needed to replace the cotton balls. It's like I was torturing myself and degrading myself. The idea of torturing, degrading, humiliating myself got me hot and I kept thinking about it, but not when I got my period. During my period I don't feel sexual, my body aches, and my mood is all over the place. Getting horny was the last thing I had in mind. Sometimes I cursed the old me, the young Amy, for never think about the consequences when she created her masterpiece plan. Now I, the Baldy ..., had to experience the side effect of that so called masterpiece plan.   
  
I lost another panties during the first day of my period. Most people, I read on the internet, said that they experience a cramp on their stomach right before their menstrual cycle begin. Not for me. My body aches and I got cramp after the flow start. I hated myself for loosing another panties. If this kept happening to me, I will lost all my panties in no time. Man, even my body worked hard in reducing the number of my clothes. So I browsed the internet again and found a calendar program that monitored the women cycle. I downloaded the program and installed it on the computer. The date would turn red during my menstrual cycle and turn green during my ovulation. I was happy because by looking at the calendar, I knew when to start wearing the duct tape and my panties would be save.   
  
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One night I felt so miserable and just laid down in my bed because my period had started again. I did not loose any panties this time because I came prepared: I have seen my calendar and one day before it started my pussy had been filled with cotton balls and sealed with duct tape. But I got aches all over my body, I got cramp on my stomach, and I felt headache that it seemed my head was ready to explode. To make matter worse, I have noticed that few fine hairs has sprouting on my vagina. I knew that when I ripped the duct tape away from my pussy, the hair would follow and it would be in agony. I also knew that I had to do this over and over again for at least four or five days. My mood was gloomy and I felt angry for no reason.   
  
While I was dealing with my misery, I heard a faint sound of guitar string being strummed. I closed my eyes and listened carefully to try to figure out where the sound came from. Usually, in this house, the sound always come from either my computer, the TV next to my room, or the radio downstairs. But the source of the guitar sound were not from there. I listened closely and I was sure that it came from my brothers' room. I tried to be calm for awhile. “Be nice to your brothers B. Be nice. You've made a promise” I looked at the papers above me. But the incoherent strumming made my headache worsened and I could not take it anymore so I decided to go to Jake's and Mike's room.   
  
I opened their door, both of them seemed surprised that I went to their room because I hardly ever visit their room. In panic mode they tried to hide every items that were on their tables. Jake also tried to hide the electric guitar under his bed. Now I got confused on top of the aches feeling that I had all over my body.  
  
I said, “What's all this?” I was more curious with all the stuff they hurriedly hide.  
  
Mike answered, “B, why don't you knocked the door first?”  
  
I thought to myself, “You guys go to my room all the time without knocking and now I have to knock the door whenever I want to go to their room?” But I was not in the mood for arguing with them. What I actually said to them was, “Wait a minute, what are you guys trying to hide from me?”  
  
I went to their tables and open the drawer. I found two cell phones and a digital camera. Of course I knew that they also have an electric guitar.   
  
Jake said, “Look B, I can explain. I am sorry that we didn't tell you before but as you can see we have all of this” He was pointing at all the electronic gadgets that they have.   
  
He continued, “I know we have to be modest and never live beyond our means and all that, but all of our friends have cell phones nowadays and it's important for emergency you know. We got a really good deal from Scott's uncle who works at Best Buy. You remember Scott, right?”  
  
“And this guitar I got it used from Craiglist very cheap. You know I want to be in a band right? Please don't tell Dad that we have all of this, OK? We use our own money to pay for all these.”  
  
I responded, “What makes you think that I would tell dad?”  
  
Jake replied, “OK, thanks a lot B. Well, why do you come here anyway?”  
  
I almost forgot the reason I came over to their room, “Look, I know you probably want to practice your guitar skill or whatnot. But please can you do it downstairs or somewhere else where I couldn't hear it. I got a headache right now and the way you play your guitar makes it worse.”  
  
Jake said,”Got it. Don't worry B, I don't want to disturb you. Go ahead have some rest.”  
  
“OK, thank you.” Then I went back to my room.   
  
A couple days later I realized that I missed a golden opportunity. I should have used the fact that my brothers own expensive gadgets without my Dad's knowledge as a leverage to my advantage. If they could buy those stuff, they should be able to buy stuff that I needed like pads, pantiliners, razor, maybe even bra and other clothing. I could blackmail them then with the information that I have. It's too bad that I had a terrible headache that day and I just could not speak let alone arguing. I took my chance and meet my brothers hoping that I still could blackmail them. For some reason I knocked their door this time. Knock Knock.   
  
Mike shouted, “Yes? Is that you, B? Come in.” Of course he knew it was me, who else would I be. I was the only other person in the house beside them and Jake didn't have to knock his own door.   
  
So I came into their room. I only saw Mike, he was busy with his cellphone. I asked him, “Where's Jake?”  
  
“He's in the bathroom.”  
  
Not a minute later Jake walked out from the bathroom and he greeted me,”Hey B”  
  
“Well guys, a couple days ago I came here remember?” I asked.   
  
Jake replied, “Of course I remembered. What's the matter? I did not play my guitar anymore in this room. I played in the back yard, when you are not back from school.” He got defensive.  
  
“It's not that. Thanks for not playing the guitar anyway. But, you guys have guitar, cell phones, digital camera and I don't know what else you got ...”  
  
Mike interrupted my sentence, “Wait a minute, You said you were fine with them and won't tell dad about them.” Then he went back playing with his cell phone.   
  
“Yes, I said you guys can buy anything you want but on one condition ...” I said  
  
Now Jake interrupted me, “Ow Come on B. Last time you said it's OK now you add a condition” He walked toward his bed.   
  
Mike added,”Yeah B, are you flip-flopping on us? You know you can't do that to us.”  
  
Oh no, I knew it. I missed my chance. But still, I thought it was worth a try, so I explained to them,”OK, OK, I'm fine with your gadgets. The thing is, guys, I know you have extra money. All the electronic stuff here proof that. I was wondering if you would be so kind to lend me some? I really need to buy some stuff that's important to me.”  
  
Jake picked up his guitar and tried to position his fingers with different chords position while Mike still frequently busy with his cellphones. Nobody was paying attention to me.   
  
“Could you both please pay attention!” I raised my voice and almost yelled at them.   
  
Jake responded,”Well, it seemed like you want a favor from us. Is that right? I'm not sure 'cause I didn't pay attention. You know what, you will get my attention, and I'm sure Mike's attention if you stand straight with both of your feet shoulder with apart and clasp your hands behind your head.” He said to me nonchalantly.  
  
I dropped my jaw but Mike seemed to like Jake's idea and be attentive in the conversation.   
  
“Hey Jake, that's a wonderful idea. Whenever she wants a favor from us, especially a big favor, she has to pose like that so we can pay attention of what she wants.” Mike said to Jake.   
  
Oh my God. All I need was only a few dollars from them so I could buy some necessities. Was that considered as a 'big' favor? Come on. But I already came to their room, so I thought it would be a failure if I gave up and went back to my room empty handed.  
  
The way they treated me made me hot. How they could request me to pose for them as a challenge if I really need their favor showed how much lower my position compared to them. It was so degrading and the tingle feeling all over my body started.  
  
I slowly move my hands and put them on the back of my head. My nipples was getting hard and I could feel them push against my t-shirt. I felt like I was presenting my tits to them and I was sure that they could see the outline of my breast, the size of my protruding nipples, even the size of my aureolae because the t-shirt that I wore was very thin and transparent. I kept my eyes on them and I noticed that in fact I got all of their attention.   
  
Forcing my hands up and displaying my breasts by standing straight was hard enough. But moving my legs apart was a harder thing for me to do. Damn, I should have wore a boxer instead of a pair of panties. That day was the last day of my period, so I still put the duct tape on me just in case. The width of the tape was wider than the width of the crotch part of my panties. If I put my legs a shoulder apart, they would notice that there's a duct tape that stuck on my pussy. Especially when the tape color was dark gray and my panties was white and semi transparent. I widened my stance slowly and just as I was expected, I saw their eyes staring at my crotch.   
  
I decided to break the silence because I knew that I had to send my message to them very fast before my arousal getting high and clouded my thinking. “OK guys, please can I borrow some money from you?”  
  
Mike replied, “When you said borrow, are you be able to return it?”   
  
He was right, I could never pay them back because I had no money and no income. “Well, not really” I said to him.   
  
Jake said to me, “So you actually want us to give you some money.”  
  
This was so humiliating. I am older than both of them but here I was, standing in submissive pose while both of them were sitting down, asking for money to them. I knew that they could give a counter argument of everything that I said. No time to think because I need to move fast, I was getting hornier by the minute. So I just said straight to the point, “Please guys, buy me pads or pantiliners or whatever else. I really need those. I felt miserable without them when I have my period” I forgot to mention the rest of the stuff that I need.   
  
I noticed that they also started to get excited. I could not see the bulge on their pants but I saw that they were sitting uneasily. They kept moving their posture trying to make room in their pants. Since all I ask was stuff for my period, Mike asked me about my period and I knew he just wanted to prolong the conversation. I had no choice but to keep my pose and answered all of his questions. Meanwhile, Jake went to bathroom. Again?? He just came out from the bathroom right when I came to this room. But this time he brought along his guitar. Weird. A few minutes later he was back.   
  
Not long after that, Mike wanted to be excused. He went to the bathroom while I spoke continuously with Jake. I was confused for a little while wondering why suddenly everybody needed to go to pee. But then I realized that they were jerking off in the bathroom. Those brats! I saw their faces after they exited the bathroom, they didn't look tense anymore. They seemed relaxed while I was still very much aroused. I was like a robot answering all of their questions, but my mind concentrated on managing my arousal. This was not fair, I was the only one who could not think clearly because I was super horny while they have release themselves in the bathroom. But I kept on standing with my legs apart and proudly show my boobs, and I kept answering their questions. Until Jake gave a closing statement.  
  
“OK B, after hearing your excuses, I think we really need to do something about your period.” Jake said to me.   
  
Wait, what? What happened? I did not even remember the conversation leading up to this but I think I needed to know. So I started to listen carefully while I fought so hard to reduce my arousal level. Being 'on display' for so long mad me horny as hell.   
  
Jake continued. “We are willing to provide you the tampon you need but we got to see the cycle calendar you mentioned. That way we knew when to give you the tampon.”  
  
Mike added, “And we also know when to stay away from you, B. You, not as the Baldy ... but as the Bleeding ..., the one who got angry easily... he he”  
  
I simply said, “Thank you, thank you so much guys for understanding. I really appreciate it,” I keep wondering to this day how much information that I gave to my brothers that day. I guess I never know.   
  
I needed to release myself so bad so I asked them, “Guys, can I lower my hands now? They're getting heavy and I needed to go the bathroom.”  
Mike said, “Before you do that can I ask you a favor?”  
  
“What favor?” I asked him  
  
Mike explained, “Well, I have this digital camera here and I was wondering if I can take a picture of you?”  
  
I asked, “Like this right now??”  
  
“Well, we can start with that but I was wondering also for next time, you know. We grew up and we never own a camera to capture the ...” He explained but I cut him off.  
  
“OK, OK, take pictures all you want, but hurry up! My hands are so tired and I need to pee really bad.” I just need an excuse to be away from them so I could masturbate.  
  
Then, with my permission, Mike snapped two pictures of me using his digital camera. It felt awkward with me posing with my hands behind my back presenting my body but I did my best to put a smile on my face.  
  
After the second picture was snapped, I closed my legs and lowered my arms. I was ready to go the bathroom to finger my self off. I started walking toward the bathroom door and Jake said to me, “You promise that you won't tell Dad about my guitar, right B?”  
  
“I promised” I said to him then I closed the bathroom door.   
  
I turned on the faucet on the sink to camouflage the sound that I was about to make. I took off my panties and in one quick motion I removed the duct tape. RIPP!!  
  
MMMPH! I shrieked silently  
  
And then I brushed my clit with my finger. With only 5 quick strokes I came.   
  
AHH! .. AHhh … ahhh …. I was in ecstasy. Pheww.   
  
I flushed the toilet so that my brother thought I just finished taking a piss. I fished out all the cotton balls that were inside me. I bundled the cotton balls with the duct tape and covered them up with toilet paper before throwing it to the trash bin. I washed my hand and put my panties back. After that I went to my room.  
  
I found both of my brothers were already in my room. I asked what they were doing and they said they were downloading the calendar to their cellphones. I told them that whenever they're done, they could go downstairs and helped me out preparing dinner as usual.   
  
I still needed a few more minutes to recuperate from the orgasm that I just had. So I sat on the dining room and took a couple of deep breath. I thought, “Wow, I finally made it! I convinced my brothers to buy me tampons, they're not pads but they work the same. Ha ha ha, no more duct tape on my pussy ever; it's perfect timing. With my pussy hair starting to grow I don't think I can bear another duct tape on me. No more worries about loosing another panties too.”   
  
As a bonus, from that point on both of them never bothered me when my calendar on their cellphones was red. It is embarrassing to know that other people have your calendar cycle. In my case, my brothers know my cycle even better than me. Because they have downloaded the program to their cellphones and copy my calendar, and for some reason they have deleted the calendar that I have installed on the computer. So the only way to know if I was about to have my period was when I saw a tampon on my desk. One of my brother would put a tampon on my desk one in the morning and one in the afternoon during my period cycle. I was truly ashamed of this but it's the kind of ashamed that did not lead to arousal because for some reason when I am on my period I just can't get horny. But it's better this way because during that time nobody bother me so I have the time for myself and somewhat my privacy back, even if it's only 4 – 5 days in every month. All in all, I felt a small victory was on my hand.   
  
What I did not realized was that from the moment I solved my period problem, other things escalating quite rapidly. I had to deal with the fact that Mike constantly took pictures of me, my brothers' friends started to come over and hung out in this house, and my wardrobe collection dwindling down at faster rate. I had less than a year before I move out of the house and start to go to college. That's my exit strategy but it seemed so far and far away into the future.

**Story of B - Ch 10**

While I was cooking for dinner, my brothers went down to the kitchen area. They said they had finished installed the calendar, my cycle calendar, to their cellphones. Jake told me that I should be good for another month before the date turned red. I said to myself, “Well, thank you Mr. Genius, I knew that too. I just finished today.” But what I actually said to him was simply, “OK, good to know.”  
  
Then I tried to segue the conversation, “Why don't you start putting all the plates and the silverware to the table. And you ...” I was pointing at Mike, “Start preheat the oven to 375 degree and slice the bread.” With them around the kitchen helping me out, preparing dinner were getting easier. I liked it because I could add another dish or tried out my skill by cooking different menu without wasting a lot of time. My brothers also liked it because they could eat more food. However, the underlining reason essentially was that I love the attention that my brothers gave to me while I cook and they did enjoy checking me out. It's win, win, and win situation.  
  
Flash. I looked around and saw Mike took a picture of me from behind. Well, his done with his task that I asked him to do so I guess he got bored. Meanwhile, Jake was busy looking at some papers on the dining table.   
  
I said to Mike, “Mike, what are you doing? I'm still cooking, could you wait?”  
  
“It's alright B, I'm just testing my camera.” Mike answered me. Shit, I was wearing only t-shirt and panties. Now a picture of my butt is on his camera.   
  
He took another picture of me again while I was tossing the salad. This time he took it from the side. Great, a frontal shot – checked; a backside shot – checked; now a side shot – checked.   
  
“Will you stop it?” I said to him. I got no answer from him.  
  
And then while I was sitting down ready to start eating, Mike took another picture of me. This time I put my tongue out and pose my face close to the camera. Once he's done taking the picture I said to him, “Put down the camera and start eating.”  
  
During dinner, Mike did not take anymore pictures. I was curious with all the papers that Jake brought to the dinner table.  
  
“Jake, what's all that papers? Are you working on a homework or something?” I asked Jake.   
  
Jake answered,”No, this is just printout of guitar chords. I'm trying to remember all the chords, at least starting with the basic ones.”  
  
“I see. How long have you had the guitar?” I asked him again.   
  
“I bought it three weeks ago. But I just bring it here about a week ago. I was practicing at Jeff's house so I left the guitar there. Jeff and I is planning to form a group band. He bought a base, I play the rhythm, I'm still not sure who else is gonna be in the band.” Jake explained it to me.   
  
Mike added, “Well, I told Jake that you wouldn't mind with him practicing here so he brought the guitar here. Sorry Jake, I guess I was wrong. Maybe if you strum the guitar with more rhytmm it would be better for all of us. ”  
  
“No, no, no. I don't mind at all. It's just that several days ago I got a headache. Play your guitar anywhere, anytime all you want, I don't mind, even if you're horrible at it. Except ...” I needed to add, “Except when the date is red. I really need a peaceful time during those time.”  
  
“Well I'm sorry B. It won't happen again. I got the calendar so I know your schedule. ” Jake said to me.   
  
“Hey, B. You wanna know when I got this digital camera?” Mike asked me.   
  
“Sure, when you did you buy it?” I asked.   
  
Mike explained, “Well, I've got this for more than two months actually. I always like photography. This one is only a pocket camera, but it's pretty good actually. It has 10 megapixels and the lens is pretty fast. Maybe someday I can buy a DSLR, but that thing is freaking expensive.”   
  
He continued, “Look, you probably surprised with all the gadgets that we have, but the only reason why I didn't tell you about them was because I was afraid that you're gonna tell Dad. Honestly, I think we're not that poor anymore. Being poor suck and I no longer share a similar vision with Dad.”  
  
It was true that our family was kind of poor, at least as far as I knew. My dad was so strict about money; he scrutinized everything that we bought and he would get mad if he could find a cheaper alternative. He always reminded us that he worked so hard for so many hours and even that was barely sufficient to feed us and accommodate us. When Mike said that we're not that poor anymore, I was kind of confused. Well, It made sense because it has been two years that I did not follow our family financial condition.   
  
I tried to extract more information from Mike, “What do you mean when you say we're not that poor anymore?”  
  
“Well, ever since Dad took his current job, I think he makes at least triple times amount of money compared to the combined salary from his old jobs. That's just my guess because our allowances per month is $1000.00 nowadays” Mike said.   
  
WHAT!!!! That's a lot of money I thought.  
  
Jake corrected, “No Mike it's more like $330.00 for each of us”  
  
“Well yeah, in theory. Basically Dad gave us one thousand every month to us, that's aside from the house expenses. So essentially if we split it two ways, I get 500 and Jake gets 500.”  
  
SHIT!! That's still a lot of money. I remembered when I still received allowance from Dad, it was around $100 a month. And most of the money would be all used up for buying school stuff like textbook, books, papers, etc. For so many years I have only been able to save less than $60 and all of it was gone because I had given it to my brothers. I felt betrayed, being left out and stayed poor, but this was not the time to start an argument because I have no ground.   
  
“So both of you kind of rich man now, huh?” I told them   
  
Mike responded, “I didn't say that we're rich. I said we're not that poor. I know I should save money just as Dad always says and I did have a saving account. But, as we grow up, there are things that I felt it is necessary to have ... “  
  
I thought to myself, “You are damn right we need more stuff as we grow up, like bra, lipstick, make-up ...”  
  
Mike continued, “So that's why we're kinda hesitant to let you know about all the stuff we bought because we're afraid that you're gonna tell Dad and I'm sure he would be mad at us”   
  
“What about me??” That words suddenly came out of my mouth.   
  
I continued, “I want my share of allowances. It's not fair that you guys have all the money and I don't.”  
  
Jake said to me, “Mike and I have talked about this and we decided that …. Guess what? Help me Mike”  
  
Mike helped Jake, “I hate Amy”  
  
Jake added, “Yeah me too. I hate Amy.”  
  
What? Why do you hate me, I thought.   
  
Mike said, “But I like baldy .... He he he. It's true, I like a bald ... and I like the 'new' you, my Baldy ... sister.”  
  
Jake added, “Well, I, myself, prefer a trimmed ..., but I like this version of you, Baldy .... Let's not go back.”  
  
I said to them, “Will you guys stop saying ...! ... is a bad word, you ...s. Anyway, I have a bald ..., so I guess I must love me, Baldy .... He he he.”  
  
“Sorry Jake it's not trimmed.” I added and then I offered a high five to Mike. He gave a high back to me. Then we were all laughing.   
  
After the laughter died down, Jake asked me,”By the way B, before we get down here, we decided to add another rule. Here have a look.”  
  
He gave me the paper, it read:   
  
RULES for me:

1.I am not allowed to change any rules listed here  
2.I am not Jake’s and Mike’s big sister so I do not have any right to tell them what to do  
3.I am not allowed to locked my door  
4.I will refer and introduce myself as 'B' for short or 'Baldy ...' because my ... is actually bald  
5.I will support my brothers hobbies and activities  
  
I was familiar with the first four rules and the new one seemed so 'harmless' so I asked about the rules in more detail, “What is the new rule means?”   
  
Jake explained, “Well, now you know that I have interest in music, especially playing guitar and trying to be in a band. I hope you support me, B, and I just want to make sure that you don't tell to Dad about my guitar purchase or maybe purchasing something else later on”  
  
Mike added, “Yeah, the same thing about my photography hobby. Please don't tell Dad that I bought a digital camera.”  
  
“Oh, of course you guys. Of course I will support your hobbies and activities 100%. Maybe someday you can even teach me how to play the guitar, huh Jake. And Mike, there's nothing wrong with having a hobby, of course I will support your photography hobby,” I said to them.   
  
Jake, “Great, thanks B. I wanna show the updated rule to you first before it get posted on the wall.”  
  
I replied, “You don't need my approval for creating the rules, you know that right? By default anything that you guys wrote I have to and will comply. I can't change it, see rule number 1, and I can't even ask you to change it, see rule number 2. So next time when any of you want to add another one or two rules, simply write those down below the existing rules or print a new one like this and post them on my wall. Don't worry, I will always notice if there is any addition or change of the rule list because it's right there, near my bed. I pretty much look at it everyday. There may be a time when I ask some explanation for the new rule, like this new one now; It's not because I question your rule, but I just need more information so I know what you mean and I know exactly what to do.”   
  
Jake tested me, “If I wrote 'I will remain naked” as a new rule for you, are you really gonna be naked?”  
  
“Why do you want me to be naked Jake? You know I don't have a trimmed bush, just the way you like. But, hey, if the rule says I have to be naked, then I will be naked. So do you want me to be naked, Jake?”  
  
Jake replied, “Well, I just want to know if we are all on the same page.”  
  
“Are we on the same page now?” I asked  
  
“Mm-hmm. Yeah, I think I got it.” Jake responded me.   
  
“Good.   
By the way, Mike, Can I see all the pictures you took? Let's see this new hobby of yours” I asked Mike.  
  
He handed me his camera. I played around with it for a while until Mike showed me how to load the pictures on the camera's LCD screen.   
  
The first picture I saw on the screen was the last shot he took. It showed my face, with my tongue out. I made a comment, “Wow, my face looks so big here. I look ugly here, maybe if I put on some make up, this picture will look so much better.”  
  
I scrolled to the next picture. This time it showed the upper half of my body from the side. I was tossing salad that was on the table, so my body was a bit leaned forward. I saw the side of my left boob through the armhole of my t-shirt and if I looked closely, I could even see part of my aureola and nipple. I made comment of this picture, “What are you doing Mike? Would you let me know next time if you want to take a picture of me. I can't even see my face in this picture. And look, my left nipple is shown here. Mike, this is inappropriate” I showed the picture to Mike and Jake wanted to see too, so he came over to take a look. I grabbed my left boob and looked down on my t-shirt while saying, “Wow, this t-shirt armholes are too big, isn't it? They don't provide cover for my boobies”   
  
Mike said, “Well, I wanted to shot a candid moment.”  
  
I took the camera back and loaded up the next image. This time it was a picture of my back. I was standing in front of the kitchen stove. I commented this one, “Again, I'm not ready in this picture. Gosh, my hair looks messy and the t-shirt makes my body looks bad, don't you think? In the previous shot I can see my nipple, now my butt is on display in this one. I wish I wore a better pair panties, or maybe a thong. Thong will frame my butt better, right guys?”  
  
I scrolled to the next image. It was a picture of me when I was standing with my hand clasped behind my head. I didn't want to comment for this picture. I load the next one, it was still the same image, I remembered he snapped two pictures of me in this position. I saw my face, I was smiling. I saw my aureolae through the t-shirt, and I thought I saw the duct tape. I did not make any comment this time.   
  
Then I load the next one, it was a picture of our house. I wasn't interested so I kept scrolling picture after picture for awhile without making any comments. Then I decided I had seen enough so I gave the camera back to Mike.   
  
“Well, Mike, I don't know much about photography but when I see pictures of me that you took, I think they're gonna look much much better with me not in this t-shirt. Can you imagine me wearing a dress instead of just t-shirt? Or a halter top? Or a tube top? I probably look much better. Or what if I wore a skirt? I think I look more beautiful compared to this. It will help a lot if I brushed my hair first before you took the picture, and probably apply a light make-up.” I said.  
  
Mike added, “Or like you said before, wearing a thong instead of that panties.”  
  
“Yes, that's what I'm saying. You can take a picture of me but dress me up, make me look good. You won't be disappointed.” I said to Mike.   
  
“That's a great idea, B. We need to dress you up for photo session.” Mike responded.  
  
I said,”Yes, right now I can't dress up because my wardrobe are limited. If you plan to took tons of picture of me, my wardrobe collection just won't do, you know. It will be the same clothing over and over again.”  
  
“What about bikini? Can I take a picture of you in a bikini?” Mike asked me.   
  
I replied, “Sure, why not?”  
  
“You just give me an idea. You can be my model and I will provide the dress, then we can have a photo shoot session. That would be cool right, B?” Mike asked me.  
  
“Yeah, of course. By the way, what you're gonna do with all the pictures afterward?” I asked him back.  
  
He replied, “Well, I don't know. My plan is just to transfer all the pictures into the computer. It's for our collection.”  
  
I said to Mike, “Mike, I want to make sure that the inappropriate ones, like that one with my nipples exposed, don't get around.”  
  
“Of course I will, B. Trust me, you can see all the pictures that I took, and if you see any photos that make you feel uncomfortable, I'll delete them.” He promised me.   
  
Pheww, that's very comforting. My only concern with having my picture taken was I did not want the picture fall into the wrong hands.   
  
Mike added, “Well, I'm gonna go to your room right now to transfer all the photos from my camera to the computer. The SD card is getting full.”  
  
Jake said that he was going to go upstairs to place the updated list of rules, to pick up his guitar and then coming back.  
  
Boy, I rolled the dice that night. I was flabbergasted with the fact that my family were quite well-off while I remained living in a poor lifestyle. Deep in my heart I knew that it was actually my own fault for being left out. If I didn't have a dirty mind, none of that would have happened. So I kind of punished my self by really opening up my brothers horizon in terms of what they could do to me.It's like I'm begging them to punish their dirty minded sister. Normally, that kind of situation and conversation made me horny. But because I was in an angry mode, I did not get aroused. On the other hand, I noticed that both of my brothers got horny from our conversation. I could see their arousal through their face, their gestures, their voice, pretty much everything. And I kept adding fuel to their fire because I remembered based on my experience that a horny creature cannot think straight. I knew I always lost the argument battle with my brothers if their minds were not distracted. So I tried a new way to win the battle, winning by planting idea to my brothers' mind while they're horny. Yes, I took my chances, I rolled the dice, but it seemed to be working. At least what I take from our conversation was that Mike would provide me with dresses, maybe even a bikini. As a matter of fact I didn't care what he's going to give me but one thing for sure, I was getting tired of wearing the crappy t-shirts that I have.

**Story of B - Ch 11**

After I was done cleaning the dishes from dinner I went up to my room. I saw Mike was still in front of the computer. I took my time to brush my teeth and to wash my face in the bathroom quickly, those were my routines before I went to bed. Another one of my routines was to turn off my bedroom light before I headed toward my bed.   
  
Since Mike was still in my room, I asked him, “Are you still transferring the photos?”  
  
“Yeah, this piece of crap doesn't have the SD card reader. So I have to install the driver for connecting the camera using USB cable before I can transfer the files. This computer is getting old and slow but don't worry, I'm halfway done” He answered.   
  
“Oh, OK. I'm going to sleep now. Good night, Mike.” I said  
  
“Well, It said that I'll be done transferring in 4 minutes. Hey, B, before you sleep. I wanna tell you something.”  
  
I was removing my panties under the blanket, a new routine that I have developed. I asked him, “Wanna tell me what?”  
  
“You know what? This weekend we're gonna have a PS3! Well, it's Bill's PS3 but he's gonna put it in our house because his grandpa moves into his house and that old fart constantly used the TV. So we pratically can't play at his house. But, if we have it here it's gonna be cool, right? We can invite the old gang to our house and play. Just like old times but now we're gonna be playing PS3 games, not some stupid board games we used to play.”  
  
In my mind I shrieked, “NOOOO!! It's not gonna be cool! My plan of getting decent clothing from you hasn't come to fruition yet. I'm practically naked at home nowadays and how will I face them?”  
  
But I simply said to Jake, “This weekend?” sounded uninterested. I yawned.  
  
“Yeah, This Friday Bill will come over right after school. If he got permission from their parents, he probably will stay overnight with us. I'm so excited! I was thinking, since Dad only here like what? Once a month? Maybe we can make this house as the base camp for our old buddies, you know. Just like when we were kids.”  
  
SHIT! SHIT! SHIT! What do I do? What do I do? Friday is only four days away. Crap! It's not only Bill that's coming, but Jeff and Scott as well??? Those guys were the definition of 'old buddies' as far as I knew. Whom else do my brothers plan to invite? Are there more?   
  
“That sounds great Mike but I'm so tired and sleepy now. Can talk more about it tomorrow? It's that alright?” I said to Mike and yawned.   
  
“Alright B, good nite”  
  
A couple minutes later I heard the door was being open and then the computer's screen was turned off. A second later I heard the door was being closed and my room became a pitch black. I like to sleep in total darkness, it helps me go the sleep fast. When my brothers started using the computer until late at night, I had trouble sleeping because they preferred to keep the light on so they could navigate themselves in and out of my room. I told them that I don't mind the noise, either from the keyboard and mouse, or even the noise that they made from walking, opening, and closing the door. But I just can't sleep with the light on. So we agreed to turn my bedroom light off but keep the night light on the hallway on and my door open so they can navigate around the room. In that scenario, my room would not be pitch black but still really dark. Eventually, I've managed to adapt. The trick for me to go to sleep was to make my body felt tired and masturbating right before I sleep was the way to go. I always felt so spent right after my climax. Of course I learned how to masturbate silently so my brothers wouldn't notice. Sometimes I couldn't help but to let out a few faint moans, but I could disguise those as heavy breathing.   
  
And here I was, masturbating again although I didn't really need one this time to help me go to sleep. My room was already dark and I was already tired. I guess new habit die hard, too. What got me started to masturbate was knowing that another player was about to enter the game in four days. Maybe even more than just one person. Thinking about how my life would be like in four days really got me hot and bothered.   
  
So far even with with only my brothers around, the doze of embarrassments were already more than enough to get the tingle feeling all over my body. I still got embarrassed when I knew my brothers peeked on me from time to time and I couldn't help myself out because all my wardrobe were very encouraging for others to peek on. I still felt degraded every time I looked at my promise and my rules that were posted on my wall.   
  
A few hours earlier I just planted ideas into my brothers' mind on how to treat me, on how they could take advantage of my situation, on how they could take pictures of me anytime they want. I was hoping if my plan was going my way, I would be more attractive and I could part ways with my hideous clothing. But, with the new information that Mike gave me, I realized that I didn't have enough time to path this plan into the way I wanted to be. I was doomed.   
  
Soon I reached my orgasm, then I felt tired. It's perfect time for me to sleep.   
  
Zzzzzzz …  
  
-------------------------------------------  
  
I woke up in the morning because the morning sunshine that came through my bedroom's window blinding my still sleepy eyes. I thought, “Oh, God. Not again. I forgot to close the blind completely.”   
  
I had a large window but I didn't have those fancy horizontal or vertical blinds. What I had was an old mattress sheet that I use as a blind. I cut the sheet into two pieces and hung them on hooks that were located on a railing on top of the window. The sheets were separated right in the middle of my window. I would slide both sheets to either side of my window to open the 'blind' during the day and during the night I would close them. Since my window's blinds were actually just a yellow colored mattress sheet, they didn't block the sunshine totally and when the sun was up, my room became bright, that's why I got a habit to wake up early in the morning. Sometimes, like this time, I forgot to make sure that both sheets was completely closed, so a direct sunlight, from the sliver opening between the sheets was hitting my eyes.   
  
As I was about to wake up, suddenly something was blocking the sunshine. I immediately opened my eyes. To my horror, I saw Bill was standing next to my bed. I also saw Jake, Mike, Scott and Jeff. The 'old buddies' were surrounding my bed. Automatically I became very awake and immediately my hands grabbed my blanket tightly around my neck to cover me up.  
  
“What are you guys doing here?” I asked in panic  
  
Bill said, “Hi Amy, long time no see.”  
  
I yelled,“GET OUT of my room all of you!”  
  
“Hey, is that how you treat your friend who hasn't see you in a long time?” Someone said to me. I just could remember who was that because I was in shock.   
  
“I thought you guys will come on the weekend, NOT now.” I said to them.  
  
“Well, we can't wait till weekend, so we decided to just show up right now.”  
  
I begged, “Please guys, get out of my room. It's Tuesday and I need to get out of the bed. I'm getting late for school.”  
  
“Why don't we all skip class today. Does everybody like the idea?” Everyone agreed but me.   
  
I said, “Please I can't skip class.”  
  
“Do you have any exams, quizzes, or homework due today?”  
  
“No. But I just don't want to miss school today. Please guys, at least go downstairs. I made you breakfast and we can chat.” I reasoned.  
  
“Mmm, I think here's fine, right guys? We all here already anyway, so we can chat here.”  
  
Shit! What do they want? Why are they surround me?  
  
“Amy, I couldn't help but notice your wall decoration, especially right there above you. That is really interesting.”  
  
Ohh God!, right away they're asking about my promise and my rules. Here we go, my nightmare came faster than I expected.   
  
I still tried to persuade them to get out of my room so I could at least put my panties on. “OK, OK, we can talk right here. But can you wait outside just a sec. Let me get out of this bed first.”  
  
“Why do you want us to be out while you getting out of bed? What's your hiding under the blanket, Amy? You're not naked, are you?”  
  
No, I'm not naked. I'm just bottomless. I tried to find my panties, but I couldn't move without raising suspicion. I thought to myself.   
  
“Is that true that you made a promise to be nice to everybody in this house?”  
  
I replied, “Yes, I've made a promise. Come on guys, What's this all about? This isn't funny. Give me a minute to get up OK?”  
  
“Hey Amy, following your promise, would you be so NICE to let go of the blanket and keep your arms outstretched to the side?”  
  
Shit! I looked at my promise. Damn, why did I write the word 'nice' and 'everybody' in one sentence? I thought. Dreadfully, I let go of my grip and stretched my arms out to follow their order. When of them was starting to pull my blanket, I panicked.  
  
“Come on guys. Don't!!” I grabbed the blanket again, I tried to hold the blanket so it covered me.   
  
“Oh Amy you're not being NICE to us. Please move your arms back.”  
  
I asked my brothers, “Jake, Mike, do something! Help me out, please!”  
  
“Well, Amy, they're here to test if you really follow your promise. Who do you think get us all into this house, or even your room? They let us know how NICE you are to them lately”  
  
I defeated. So I stretched my arms out to the side again. Scott who was standing on the foot side of my bed started to pull my blanket again in a really slow motion. I braced myself by gripping my mattress sheet tightly. I didn't want to look at them, so I looked to my side. I thought, “Oh my God! This is so embarrassing. They will soon know that I am bottomless.” And then I noticed that all my underarm hair was gone. I double checked both my left and right pits. It's all gone!  
  
Crap!!! Did they shaved me while I was asleep? OH NOO!!! What else have they done to my body? Did they see my bottomless body while I'm sleeping? Why I didn't feel anything? Am I really that heavy sleeper?  
  
Questions after questions came into my thought. I couldn't help but closed my eyes through most of my ordeal.   
  
Once the top part of my blanket was below my breasts, I felt the blanket stop being lowered.  
  
A voice asked me, “Wow Amy, NICE tits.”   
  
Of course I was wearing one of my 'home' t-shirt, the comment proved that the t-shirt did not cover my body properly.   
  
Another voice said, “It's kinda flat but it looks like she had a perky nipples. Maybe when she stands up we can tell for sure how her boobs looks like”  
  
Another one responded, “No, Idiots. When she stands up AND take off her t-shirt, THEN we can tell for sure. You'll show us your boobs, right Amy? You promise you'll be NICE to us.”  
  
I remained silent. I still closed my eyes because I couldn’t bear the embarrassment.  
  
“Scott, please continue.” A voice said. Then I felt the blanket being pulled further down really slow. Meanwhile, everybody kept asking me questions in turn.  
  
“So let's continue our chat. Are you always following the rules listed there as well”  
  
I answered, “Yes, I tried to follow the rules.”  
  
“Well, 'try' is not good enough don't you think?”  
  
“OK, OK. I always follow the rules.” I felt cornered.  
  
“So, it's that true that you never locked your door?”  
  
“Yes, the locks have been removed, so I've never locked my doors” I answered again.   
  
“Doors?”  
  
I replied, “I mean the bedroom and the bathroom's doors”  
  
“Hmm, if there aren't any locks, maybe we should modify the rules. How about 'I will keep my doors open'? Do you think it's better?”  
  
“Oohh, Please guys, don't do that to me.” I begged.  
  
“Jake here told us that we can add or modify the rules as we please. You said so yourself, wasn't it?”  
  
“Pleeeease.” Now the top of my blanket was level with my navel.   
  
“But if we change the rules you don't have a choice but to obey, right Amy?”  
  
My pussy was getting moist so bad it started dripping. I answered, “Y … Yes”  
  
“Now, let's move on with the next one on the list. Baldy ...? What's this all about?”  
  
Dammit!! Now I have to explain about my horrendous nickname to them. To make matter worse, in a few seconds all of them can see why I got the nickname.   
  
“Mmmm … mmm … I'm hairless down there. That's why you c … can call me B- .. B … Baldy ...”  
  
At that time the blanket was an inch away from exposing my pubic mound. I started to twist my lower body trying to hide my nether regions as much as possible.  
  
“Ohh sweet Baldy, be NICE. Keep your legs straight, come on.”  
  
“STOPP!! STOP!!!. Please guys. I'm begging you … don't.” I was desperate. It took me a while but in the end I straightened my legs.   
  
A millimeter by a millimeter my pubic area was being exposed.   
  
A voice said, “WHOA, here comes the baldy ...! What a sight huh, guys?”  
  
I still closed my eyes and I heard all of them clapping. Once my crotch was on display, the blanket was pulled away from my body altogether in one swift motion. I was embarrassed beyond belief. Here I was totally naked on my bed inside my own bedroom surrounded by guys, who all of them were younger than me, and I couldn't do anything to remedy my situation.  
  
Yet another voice said, “Hey, maybe we should change the definition of doors”  
  
Another one asked, “What do you mean?”  
  
“Well we can define door with literal meaning and also figuratively speaking. That way when her rule says 'my doors', it can be referred not only as regular doors such as her bedroom and bathroom's doors but also the doors into her body.”  
  
GOSH! Does he mean what I think he meant?  
  
“Do you get it guys? You get it don't you, Baldy ...? You should, because one of the door is actually part of your nickname. Hahaha.” The voice said.   
  
Shit! Now the rule for me also says that I have to keep my pussy open for them?  
  
“You heard me. Obey the rule B. Go on, spread them open.” The voice continued commanding me.  
  
I said, “Please I can't. I just can't. I'm to ashamed.”  
  
“Of course you can. You want to be NICE to us, don't you?”  
  
A minute went by.   
  
“Come on Baldy .... We are waiting, impatiently I might add. Keep your promise.”  
  
Slowly I spread my legs.  
  
“Now bend your knees and open wide B. Let us see through your door.” A voice commanded me followed by murmurs from everybody else.   
  
I felt like I was about to cry but I followed their demand anyway. My pussy was blatantly on display and my wetness was trickling down from my sex to the mattress. They started catcalling. A voice said “Whoa, I like to knock at that door.” Followed by laughter by the rest of them.   
  
“I see that you're wet B. So please help yourself. Do what you need to do.”  
  
Right away I fingered my clit to orgasm. Since my orgasm happened to quick for their amusement, they asked me to continue playing with my clit until I reached climax, again and again until I passed out.  
  
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I woke up in the morning because the morning sunshine that came through my bedroom's window blinding my still sleepy eyes. This time, I really woke up.

**Story of B - Ch 12**

When I woke up that day, it felt like I didn't get any sleep at all. I was still feeling very exhausted. I tried to remember the last thing I did before I went to sleep. Suddenly I felt alert.   
  
Where are they? Where's Bill, Scott, Jeff, Jake, and Mike? Did they left? What day is it?   
  
A lot of questions ran through my mind before I realized that I just had a really bad dream. And then I checked my bed. Wow must have been busy fingering myself all night. There was a pool of my sex juice on the mattress sheet. Crap! Now I have to change the sheet. What am I gonna say to my brothers? They just clean this sheet a week ago and I wasn't suppose to put this sheet in the laundry bin for at least a couple weeks from now. Damn, I don't have enough time to think about it right now because I am running late for school. So I dragged myself out of the bed.   
  
During my regular morning walk to school, all I could think about was the dream that I just had. Gosh! That was most vivid dream I've ever had. Maybe my anxiety created a scenario in my dream. Oh please God give me strength because I don't think I could live through those kind of embarrassment in real life.   
  
I asked myself, “Is it possible that the scenario played out in my dream actually happens in real life?”  
  
I tried to think that it was impossible but all the parts had been put in place. I didn't have any decent clothes to wear, I couldn't lock my doors, and those darn promise and rules that I have to obey was there for all to see. If this was a game, the environment and the rules of the game had been set such that I could never win the game. Damn young Amy, I blame you for everything!  
  
There was only three more days before I had to face the reality. I was scared because I wasn't ready for the extra doze of embarrassments, humiliations, and degradations. I needed to come out with something.   
  
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Back at home in the afternoon I went straight to my computer. This time I used the computer not to do my schoolwork but to train myself for the upcoming event.   
  
I searched the folder where Mike put all the photos fro his camera. It was easy to find the folder as it was stored under /My Document/Pictures. I copied all of the pictures of me and put them in a hidden folder that I just created.   
  
From that hidden folder I opened one photo, the one with me posing spread eagle, in a photo editing software. I stared at that image without blinking for quite sometimes.   
  
The first thing I did was looking at my face in the photo. My facial expression showed that I looked uncomfortable. However, the smile on my face blurred the sense of awkwardness. Next, I looked at my hair. My hair was long, just he way I like it. And then I looked at my boobs on the screen. It seemed like the image of my nipples were staring back at me. They looked so hard and prominent. Any normal people could tell where my nipples were located in this photo even though I wore a t-shirt over them.   
  
And then I looked at my legs. I thought they were OK. I guessed walking to school everyday keep my body in shape. I cringed when I looked at my crotch. There it was, the duct tape. I could see it came out a little bit over my panties. I thought, “Mike must have seen it as well, but why didn't he make any comments?” I even asked myself, “If I see the girl in that photo, what would I say or do to her?”  
  
And then I decided to open the web browser. I looked through the browser history. There wasn't anything interesting. I bet my brothers cleaned up the browser history regularly ever since I caught them checking at porn sites. Next I looked through the favorite or bookmarks. Bingo! I found a couple porn sites. In the favorite list, titles of those porn sites have been disguised with some news channel sites. I though to myself, “You can't outwit me brotha. Hah!” I skimmed through the sites and concluded that all of the pictures were professionally taken and the women in the pictures were professional. There were some pictures claimed that the girls were amateur, but I knew that they're not. I compared those 'amateur' pictures with pictures of me that Mike took. They looked different.   
  
After almost an hour surfing the web, checking link after link I found a site. It was not a website actually, but it was a forum. The forum was dedicated for photos and videos of women. There was a sub-forum that was intended for amateur posting. I had to create an account for that forum to see the posts so I created one using a new email address that I also just created a few moment earlier.   
  
Once I had access to see what was inside that forum, I was mesmerized. Wow! There were tons of threads in this sub-forum showing what they call 'their ex-girlfriends', 'their sexy wife', etc. There were many user comments for almost every thread. Some thread even had ongoing multiple-pages discussion. In this place, I saw resemblance of the photos that were posted and my pictures. Some are blurry, some have bad lighting, some have weird angle. Basically they were taken by true amateurs, like Mike. That got me an idea!  
  
Using the image editing software, I blurred the top portion of my face in the picture that has me standing up with my arms on the back of my head. I uploaded that doctored image to an image hosting site, in which I have to create yet another new account. There was an option to upload the image unanimously but I didn't feel comfortable using that option because there was no way to delete the image if I changed my mind.   
  
Just one image B, just one, it's OK. You have take all the precautions so it will be alright. You need this. Let me say it once again, you REALLY need this. You want to know the reactions of other people when they look at you right? This is it. This is the way to prepare yourself. As a matter of fact this is the only way. Remember, you only have three days to prepare what's coming.   
  
I had a mixed feeling about whether or not I should post my own photos in that forum. I weight my options, but there were no better solution than to create a thread about me in that forum.   
  
Hesitantly, I started a new thread. My message on the thread said:  
  
Hey guys,   
  
This is my first post here. I took a picture of this girl I knew. I called her Baldy .... Click the thumbnail to see the full scale image.   
  
If there is an interest of her, I will try to post more of her pictures. Please let me know what you think of her.   
  
Thanks,   
  
DG  
  
I paused for a couple a minute before I hit the post button. CLICK   
  
Good! All I need after that was just to wait the response from strangers who saw the photo. Hopefully by reading all the responses, I could prepare and train myself of what's going to happen to me in three days. Because I knew that if I only use my brain to foresee what's coming, the scenario looked so horrendous. I realized that one photo didn't do justice for the situation that I was about to face, but I was desperate and I need information, any kinds of information could be useful in helping me facing my nightmare that I vividly dreamed the night before.   
  
I signed out of the forum, cleaned the browser history, and closed the browser.

**Story of B - Ch 13**

“B! … where are you?” I heard Mike shouted from downstairs.  
  
I shouted back, “I'm in my room! What's up!”  
  
He shouted again, “I'm getting hungryyy ..!”  
  
“Be right there in a minute !” I replied while walking toward the stairs as I was getting hungry as well   
  
I saw Mike in the dining area. I asked him where Jake was and he said Jake would be home late because he was practicing with his guitar at one of the band members' house. Hence, that night only Mike and I who had dinner together. We agreed to cook dinner together and then ate in the living room upstairs afterward so we could watch the TV.  
  
I was staring at the TV blankly while eating my soup and Mike kept switching the channel using the remote. Usually I got bothered with his switching channel habit but not this time. My mind was occupied with a lot of things.   
  
Crap! I need to find and excuse to have my mattress sheet washed … Three more days! What should I do? … How is the reactions of the picture that I posted in the forum? No, not tonight, I will check that tomorrow. … Damn I hate my clothes! …. Hmm, photo shoot.  
  
“I'm bored” I said to Mike out of nowhere.  
  
“Well, there's nothing good on TV” He replied while keep changing the channel.   
  
I said to him, “Will you stop that? Put the remote down. … Hey, Mike, how's our plan with the photo shoot session? Have you bought me an out fit for the photo shoot?”  
  
“No, not yet.” He answered.  
  
“Too bad, I'm in the mood for a photo shoot.” I said while still eating my chicken noodle soup.  
  
Mike said, “Let's do a photo shoot right now. Why not?”   
  
I told him that I looked horrible in my old clothes and we already had pictures of me in those kind of clothes. So I said to him that I wasn't interested. Mike looked disappointed with a missed opportunity. But a minuter later he shouted, “Hey B. I might have a tank top that I could give you.”  
  
“Is this tank top you said was just an oversized t-shirt and you cut the sleeves just like the rest of my home t-shirts? No thanks.” I responded him.   
  
“No, no, no. It's a stretch fit Y-back string tank top. I bought two of them a month ago and I just wore them once each because those tanks shrunk so bad after I washed them. I can't wear them anymore but maybe those tank tops still fit for you.”  
  
My heart was smiling knowing that there is a hope to get 'new' clothes. I said to Mike, “Well, let's try it.”  
  
“Great! I have to search where it is, though. I know it's somewhere in my room. Give me a few minutes, alright B?” Mike run toward his room.   
  
I shouted, “I'll be in my room and don't forget the camera!”  
  
“OK” He shouted back from his room.  
  
Suddenly a bright light went on in my brain. Idea! … I almost finished with my soup; only the broth and water remained in the bowl. If I somehow I could 'accidentally' spilled the soup on my mattress, I could have an excuse to get my mattress sheet washed.   
  
In my room, I was standing next to my bed thinking how should I do it. I was thinking, “Should I use the spoon so I can control how much the spill I make? Should I wait until Mike comes so he can witness my 'clumsiness'? Hmm, what should I do?”  
  
I heard him run toward my room and I was running out of time thinking. As he appeared in my room, I just dropped my bowl of soup altogether. The bowl dropped on its side on the edge of my bed. Fortunately I managed to catch the bowl before it dropped to the floor, so it didn't break. The watery content, however, spilled on my bed and on the floor.   
  
While Mike was entering the room, He said, “Found it!” He showed one of the tank top using both of his hands. He said,“Whoa!” When he saw me dropping the bowl and then he continued, “Good save!” right after I caught the bowl.  
  
“What happens, B?” He asked.   
  
“You surprised me! and that tank top, it's so small! You're not stealing it from a kid, do you?” I had to make an excuse and I was actually surprised with how small the tank top was.   
  
“No! I told you it was way bigger than it is now. This piece of shit shrunk!.” He defended.  
  
I laughed. He looked at the tank top and he also laugh. At the same time, I removed my mattress sheet quickly before the soup spill seeped through my bed. “I don't think that tank top will fit me. But I'm gonna try it on after I clean this mess, OK?”  
  
I went to the bathroom rinsing the soup and the dried sex juice away from my mattress sheet. Yes! One problem solved. I hung the sheet overnight to air dry before I put it to the laundry hamper.   
  
When I got back to my room, I saw Mike kneeling next to my bed. I yelled, “MIKE!!”  
  
“Hold on, I'm almost finished.” He answered.   
  
“Why are you using my t-shirt for cleaning that up?!” I was shocked because I saw one of my home t-shirt was being used to clean the spill on the floor. The t-shirt was one of the 'decent' one.  
  
“I saw you panicked and get rid of the mattress sheet quickly, so I followed your step. I quickly tried to contain the spill on the floor as fast as I could. Your t-shirt is the nearest one I could get.” He reasoned.   
  
“I tried to keep my mattress clean, that's why I remove the sheet fast. But, the floor …. it's a hard floor Mike, not carpet. There's no need to clean it immediately.” I sighed because I could not believe how stupid he was.   
  
“Ups, sorry.” He said.   
  
“You said you have two of this tank top. Get the other one for me to replace my t-shirt that you wasted to clean the floor. Meanwhile I will try this on.” I held the tiny tank top and went to the bathroom to change.   
  
The tank top was meant to be worn by a body builder to show his muscles. It was a blue colored Y-back tank top with a stretchy material. When I put it on, all of my upper back was on display except the middle 2-inch, because it was covered by the Y-back section. The shoulder straps were merely an inch width and since it was meant to show off the muscles of guy who wore it, the side of my boobs were exposed. The size was too small even for my lean figure but since it was made of a stretchy material I managed to put it on. I felt like my body being constricted by this tank top especially my boobs. With this tank top pressing hard on me, my boobs spilled out to the side even more. Fortunately the material was not transparent and my cleavage was covered.   
  
I tried to twist and turn my body to see if I could safely wore this tank top. Since my side boobs would always be exposed, I was concentrating more on my areolae. The test concluded that the tank top stayed, hugging me like a swimsuit, and my areolae were covered, although barely, no matter how I positioned my body. But seeing my breasts bulging out to the side made me feel sexy and made my nipples hard. Of course there's no padding on this tank top so I could see the shape of my hard nipples.  
  
“OK, Mike. Are you ready? Ta-daaa!” I exited the bathroom. I needed to show my confidence. I believed that doing photo shoots with Mike were my ticket to get rid of my old t-shirts and I needed to convince Mike to get me different outfits for the photo shoots.   
  
“Whoa!! You look … you look … different.” He glued his eyes to my upper body.   
  
“Where's your camera? Come on let's do this. How do you want me to pose?” I asked him.   
  
He grabbed his camera, but he was speechless. From my adventure surfing the porn sites, I learned several poses that those models used sexily. So I posed my self and Mike kept taking pictures.   
  
“Mm-hmm … mm-hmm … that's good … really good, B” He kept saying that. I noticed the bulge started to grow in his pants. Meanwhile, the headlights, I meant my nipples, kept going strong and hard. My pussy started to moist and I was glad I wore boxer this time, not panties. There were about 30 pictures taken by Mike that night.   
  
“I need to go the bathroom” Mike said suddenly.   
  
“Can I see ...” I asked him but it was too late, he already shut the bathroom door.”See the pictures?” I continued my sentence. He brought his camera with him.   
  
Minutes went by then I thought that he was probably finishing himself off. That's why he took off with the camera, so he could see pictures of my body by himself. I should've done the same, I should masturbate while he was away so I could think clearly.   
  
When he came back I asked him why he suddenly stop the photo session and what took him so long. He answered, “Sorry B. I got to do number two. I can't hold it any longer, maybe it was the food I had for dinner.” I almost mad at him because I knew he lied and how dare he blamed the food that I cooked. But I glanced at the wall in my room, I reminded my self to be NICE.   
  
“I see .. Now, can we take a look at the pictures?” I asked him nicely.   
  
We browsed the pictures together from the camera LCD. I thought all my poses were very sexy but what bothered me was that I could see the lighter skin color of my body. I've never noticed that before. I thought to myself, “I was exposing more area of my body in this set of pictures and the nipples! Damn you nipples, why can't you cooperate with me.” In all the pictures that showed the front side of my body, I clearly saw that my nipples were hard.   
  
“Damn B, you look so hot in the pictures … but ...” Mike said to me.  
  
“But what?” I asked.  
  
“You got a farmer's tan. Here .. look” He said while showing me a few pictures.  
  
I saw the pictures he showed me and in fact, I just realized that I had, what he called, a farmer's tan. I got it because I walk to school everyday for a total of 45 minutes wearing a sleeveless t-shirt. The skin tone of my arms was not really dark compared to the rest of my body, it's just a couple shades darker.   
  
“We need to do something about it for the next photo shoot” He commented.   
  
I asked, “But you will give me a new outfit for the next photo shoot, right?”  
  
“Hey Guys! I'm home!” Out of nowhere Jake shouted.   
  
“We're here!” Mike shouted back.   
  
Not a minute later Jake showed up in my room. “Hey, new shirt! I like it B.” Jake said to me while he scanned my body.   
  
He added, “You got a farmer's tan”   
  
“See, I just said the same thing to her” Mike said to Jake.   
  
I asked, “Is it that bad? Is it very noticeable?”   
  
Mike said, “Well, like I said, we need to do something about it. I was thinking we need to get you a bikini, B. Right, Jake? To even out the tan.”   
  
I didn't know whether that was a good idea or bad at that time so I didn't say anything. But Jake said, “Hey, that's a great idea!”  
  
“What's your size for a bikini, B?” Jake asked me.  
  
“I don't know. I never have one. Maybe small.” I replied.   
  
Jake said to Mike, “Mike go find one that you like, we can split the cost. By the way, is there any leftover for dinner, I'm kinda hungry.”  
  
“There's some soup on the stove, heat it if you want before you eat. Hey! Can I choose my own bikini?” I asked them.   
  
Mike responded, “Well, the bikini is gonna be our gift to you, so it's a surprise, OK B? Think of it as your early birthday present.”  
  
I shrugged, “OK”.   
  
I don't get it. How a bikini will cure my farmer's tan problem? If I wore it at home, there's not enough sunlight. I can't go outside to our backyard because we don't have a pool. Wearing bikini but not near a body of water – ocean, lake, swimming pool, etc – seemed awkward. At least I've never seen people prancing around in a bikini if they are not near a body of water.   
  
I held my train of thought, though. I forced myself to see the bigger picture – that my plan was working. Once I get through this, I would have completely new wardrobe. This time I got a couple of tight fit tank tops, soon I would get a bikini. Hopefully next time something better came along.   
  
I slept that night rather uncomfortably because there was not a mattress sheet underneath my body. However, I felt victorious since my plan was working fine so far and I also managed to solve my mattress sheet problem. I just hope I didn't have another wet dream.

**Story of B - Ch 14**

The next day I woke up earlier than usual. I immediately checked my bed and felt grateful that I didn't have another wet dream. Since I have enough time, I checked the forum that I submitted my picture to. The first thing I noticed was the number of users who visited the thread that I created. As of that morning there were 189 unique visitors who opened the thread. I started to get the tingling sensation all over my body. Almost 200 people saw me! Well, all they could see was my faceless body actually and I wasn't naked. But still, a lot of people saw me in a skimpy clothing.  
  
After I opened the thread, I saw the number of clicks for the thumbnail image. Hmm, there were 34 users who actually saw the full scale of the photo. I got 12 thank you note right below my message and there were only six users who replied or gave comments.   
  
Comment1: Welcome to the forum DG, thanks for the contribution. Please post more.  
Comment2: Wow, she looks young. One picture is not enough I NEED MOOAR!!! Btw, did you guys notice that she had a duct tape stuck at her pussy? Or is it just my imagination?   
Comment3: You call her baldy cvnt huh? Well, let's see the bald cvnt then. Post the naked pictures dude. To comment2, yeah I can see the duct tape too. Maybe her cvnt juice is overflowed so her pussy needs to be sealed, lol. DG, tell us about the duct tape.   
Comment4: Great legs!!! Like the pic but I'm an ass man, show me her butt, man.   
Comment5: Love the cute tits. Is she cold or is she horny? Post more.   
Comment6: Her nipples were about to punch through her tees, AWESOME!! Can't wait to see the full set.   
  
The way they commented the picture really got me going. I came right on the spot after reading all the comments a few times over. Thank god my brothers had not awake yet. Good things there was a tissue box on my desk so I could clean up my wet fingers. I went to the shower afterward.  
  
As usual, I tried to analyze everything. Almost 200 people saw the thread that I created but why only six people made comments? Was it because I wasn't their type? Was it because I wasn't fully naked? Or maybe because that's what guys are, not much of a talker – just like my brothers.   
  
I was kind of glad that there were only six comments. After I came, I was about to reply and explained to them that it was my body that they were talking about. I was about to tell them how embarrassed I was with their comments. Fortunately I remembered that I was posting as a guy, as one of them – not as the girl who was in the photo. How different I could be when I was aroused and when I was normal.   
  
When I got back home from school, I checked my computer again. This time there were two additional comments and both pretty much said the same thing – they want more. That made me believe that most man only said something when they are complaining or not happy with the situation.   
  
I decided to end my training. I learned enough. The scenario in my dream, two days before, that I vividly remembered was only the imagination of the naughty side of me. Not everybody is going to see me as an attractive girl. Not everybody knows what I actually craved for. Even if they do see me as who I am, it would be hard to extract words from guys. The internet proved that. Up to this afternoon I got 20 thank you notes and only eight comments. I guess even anonymity can't help guys to speak their mind out loud. Bummer!  
  
Then I deleted my picture from the image hosting server and I asked the moderator of the forum to delete my thread as I couldn't delete the thread myself. I was pissed off with male creatures because I wanted them to be more vocal. I thought, “Come on guys, say something! Clicking the thank you button doesn't count.” So I browsed other people's thread in the amateur sub-section of the forum and I wrote a lot of comments. Basically I wanted to set examples for guys that this is what you guys should do. I also wrote a bunch of raunchy suggestions to all the girls who the pictures were posted as a way to vent out. My comments were a long the lines of ,”I wanna see more boobs! Take the picture with her leg spread wide! Etc.”   
  
After I posted tons of rude comments I felt happy. I signed out of the forum. Before I closed the web browser I checked my email. There was one email from the moderator of the forum. Even though I used different email account to sign up for the forum access, I set an automatic forward so every mail that was sent to my new account was forwarded to my regular account.   
  
Basically I got a warning from the moderator of the forum because I was asking for a deletion of my thread and I was not suppose to do it. A thread cannot be deleted because it would affect the user statistics such as number of posts, number of 'thanks', number of being 'thanks' for, etc. This time the moderator was willing to delete my thread only because I was a new member and the thread has minimal responses or activities. The moderator asked me to read the rules of the forum because if I got another warning, I would be banned.   
  
I could not believe how strict the rules of the forum usage were. It took me more than half an hour to read through all the rules and all the FAQ. I found out that I actually violated two major rules: The forum is only for adult and only adult materials can be posted. I was a couple months away from being considered as an 'adult' by the law of the state where I reside. But I thought, “Hey, everybody is an adult in the internet”. Even my brothers who are younger than me are adult in the internet world.   
  
What worried me the most was my violation with regard of posting adult material only. Because the moderators would not tolerate any violation regarding that and they would report any incidents to the police. Thank God my thread had been deleted and I have delete my image from the image hosting server. I was save but my worried continue toward my brothers. I didn't want them to make the same mistake as I did. If they posted my pictures online, they could be in trouble. Somehow I felt like I had to tell them and I wanted to protect them.  
  
That night Mike went into my room to transfer another batch of photos that he took to the computer. I asked him, “Hey Mike, I see that your photo collection is growing. What you gonna do with all of that? Are you gonna just keep it in the computer?”  
  
“That's the plan so far. I haven't really think about what I'm gonna do with all of these photos. Putting them on an online photo album came up through my mind. It's like a backup in case this old PC died on us. But, I'm still to lazy for the hassle of transferring the files.” He answered me.   
  
I said to him, “Here's the thing … Like I mentioned a few nights ago that on some of the pictures, I could see … mm .. m .. a hint of my nipple and there was one shot with my b.. butt showed ... ”  
  
“But, you said it was OK?” he interrupted me.  
  
“Yes, that's fine. I've already said that you can take pictures of me and no, I will not change my decision. You can take a picture of me anytime and anywhere. I support your hobby remember?” I need to explain this clearly so he got it the first time. Because I didn't want to repeat myself.   
  
Mike asked, “So what's the problem?”  
  
I said to him, “Look. I just learn from school about legal system and by law all of the pictures you took belong to you and you only. You have to be responsible for them because they are your property.”  
  
“What is that even mean?” He was confused.   
  
“Going back to what I said earlier, there are a few photos of me that I think they are not appropriate. Since those pictures belong to you I couldn't do anything about it. But I warn you to be responsible with them.” I was having hard time explaining.  
  
“What do you mean you couldn't do anything about the pictures? Look B, I'm still confused.” He said.   
  
“OK, I give you an example. Last night we had a photo shoot, right?” I asked  
  
He answered, “Yes”  
  
“Whose pictures were those?” I asked him again.  
  
“It's yours of course.” He replied  
  
I said, “NO. I was in the photos but the photos are yours. Here's another example: I cannot delete those photos even if I was in those photos and I wanted to delete them. Unless I got your permission. Got it?”  
  
“Yeah, kind of.” He responded.  
  
“Good. I want to make it easy for you. There are two things that you must always remember: (1) Be responsible of all the photos that you take and (2) my 17 birthday is in a couple months. That's when I am considered as an adult by law.” I wanted to explain everything in detail but I couldn't.   
  
“Enough with talking about law and stuff, B. You make my head aches. I'm still trying to understand this conversation. So basically the photo shoot is fine, right?” He asked me  
  
“Yes. Of course” I answered.  
  
He added, “And I can take pictures of you whenever I wanted to, right?”  
  
I answered again, “Yes.”  
  
Lastly he said, “And you won't delete the pictures without my permission because they belong to me, not you, right?”  
  
“Well ...y- yes” When he explained it back to me, everything looks wrong.   
  
“See? Had you explained it to me without the big words and stuff, I can understand you mean just like that.” He was snapping his finger.   
  
I shrugged, “Just remember two things that I mentioned before, alright Mike? I'm going to bed now.”  
  
I really hoped that he got my message because I didn't want any of my brothers got into trouble because of me.   
  
My activity in the forum became non-existent after that night. However, things got interesting as I got an email from the moderator of that forum just a few days after my 17 birthday. But, I will not get ahead of myself, so I will told the story when the time has come.

**Story of B - Ch 15**

I stepped into my house on Friday, the day when Bill came, full of anxiety. I said to myself, “This is it, B. ready or not I have to face Bill. Tomorrow is gonna get worse as Scott and Jeff will join the party.”  
  
I took my time wandering around the first floor of my house. I thought about the dream that I had and I also thought about my experience with the internet. I reminded myself, “The dream is the way you want it to be, B. But the truth is not everybody has a dirty mind as dirty as you. So you're going to be fine. Even if some guys has dirty minds, only a small percentage of those are brave enough so speak their minds. Look at your brothers, you caught them peeking at you hundreds of time. You know they like to see your body. You notice their hard-on, right? But did they humiliate you further? NO, they just keep silent enjoy the show. As long as they're happy, they're gonna be silent. Even if there's a chance that you got embarrassed or humiliated, you've trained yourself, right? You prepared yourself. You've seen how they could embarrassed you by studying all the comments posted about your picture. Just be brave and you'll be fine.”   
  
“Hey B! Are you there?” I heard Jake was shouting from the second floor  
  
I replied, “Yeah, I'm here.”  
  
“I thought I heard you coming. Well, Billy is here. We're setting up the PS3, right now. Come on up and join us.” He shouted again.  
  
“Yeah, I'll be there.” I replied to Jake. Billy? As I remembered, we used to call him 'Bill'. He wanted to be called Bill by us. Hmm. I hoped this Billy person was the same as Bill that I knew.   
  
Throughout the day at school I was thinking which clothes should I wear for this afternoon when I met Bill for the first time since we were kids. I could only wished that Bill was my date for the prom and I was choosing what dress I would wear to impress him. In reality, I was choosing my clothes to find out which one that could lessen my embarrassment.   
  
Should I even change my clothes or keep wearing this jeans and this normal t-shirt? If I want to change my clothes, which one would I wear? I am definitely going to wear a boxer. What about the top? I have three options: the 'decent' t-shirt which can minimize the accidental boob show, the 'hideous' ones which my brothers like because it's gonna be hard to cover my boobs, or the 'new' tank tops I got from Mike that prevent accidental exposure of my nipples, but the tank tops guaranteed that more parts of my body, especially the side of my boobs, will be exposed.   
  
I went to my room and decided to change my clothes. I also decided to wear one of the my hideous t-shirts and a boxer. The t-shirt was way oversize for me and all the holes, the armholes and neckhole were too big. It's also very thin and semi-transparent because it's and old t-shirt. The reasoned why I picked this shirt was to make myself ready for tomorrow and the week after, and the week after that when many other guys would visit our house.   
  
I met everybody in the living room upstairs. Jake and Mike were playing a game in the PS3 and Bill was sitting on the couch watching my brothers played the game. “Hey Bill. Long time no see. How are you?” I went up to him and tried to hug him, a friendly hug.   
  
He stood up, awkwardly hug me back and then we sat down together on the couch. While he was standing up, I caught his eyes roaming all over my body. My nipples apparently noticed that too. They were poking out and get hard quickly. “H Hi, Amy. H .. how ...are you doing?”   
  
We sat on the couch while we watched my brothers played the game. Neither Bill or I started a conversation until he waved his hand to me asking me to get closer because he was about to whisper something to me.   
  
I leaned my ear closer to his mouth. He whispered, “I'm sorry Amy. I dunno if I should tell you this but I saw your b bb ...boops and y your n .. n ..ni … nipples. I'm sorry.”  
  
Automatically I grabbed my boobs with both of my hands. He looked away shyly. Not too long after that he picked up a small pillow that was on the couch and placed it on his lap. I realized that grabbing my boobs might not be the best idea. So I folded my arms while trying to cover my boobs.   
  
Shit!!! what should I do? This is totally unexpected.   
  
With folded arms covering my boobs, I whispered to him, “How about now. If I fold my arms like this, will it make you feel more comfortable?”  
  
He glanced at me for a short period of time and then he looked away again. He shook his head signaling me that he was still uncomfortable.   
  
“Are you two OK back there! Why you guys so quiet?” Mike asked us without turning his head because he was still busy with the game.   
  
I replied Mike, “Yeah we're fine. You're doing good Mike. I really enjoy watching you guys play, right Bill? Come on! ...We're pulling for you. Beat the crap out of them!”   
  
I tapped his shoulder and mouthed the words to Bill, “I'll be right Back”   
  
He nodded.   
  
I went back to my room and spent a few minutes there. I thought, “Shit!! Bill hasn't grow up. He's still an innocent kid and here I am prancing around scantily clad near him. No wonder I made him very uncomfortable. He probably about to burst up right now. Poor Billy.”   
  
Suddenly Jake poked his head through my bedroom door, “Hey B. What happened with Billy? I left you too talking to each other and now he doesn't look like his usual self. Come on B, we need him here. Well, we need his PS3 and him. Believe me once you try to play these games, I guaranteed you that you're gonna love PS3”  
  
Gosh! Now Jake is blaming me for what happened to Billy?  
  
I said to Jake, “What are you talking about? I don't what happen to Billy. Maybe he's hungry? I don't know. But one thing for sure, I don't do anything to Billy … I'm gonna ask him if he's hungry or whatnot, OK? Now, go back there Jake. I'll be out in a minute.”   
  
I changed into a more 'decent' t-shirt. It's still a sleeveless and semi-transparent old t-shirt, but it didn't expose my boobs that much. I thought to myself, “If only I have a bra – problem solved.”  
  
After I change my t-shirt, I went back to the living room. Bill was still sitting with a pillow on his lap. I sat next to him and said jokingly, “Yo, Bill. Do you play this game also? I bet you're good in this game.You must be better than Jake and Mike combined.”  
  
Mike responded, “Of course he is. He owns this game, what a stupid question, B.”   
  
Meanwhile Bill stayed silent.   
  
I said to Jake and Mike, “Hey guys, I'm gonna steal Billy for a while, alright? I haven't seen him for years and there's a lot to talk bout.”  
  
Both Jake and Mike didn't seemed to care because all of their attentions were for the game. Then I whispered to Bill, “Hey Bill. come with me.” I grabbed his hand and pulled him up. He followed me into my bedroom while still holding the pillow tightly covering his crotch.   
  
While Bill and I were in my bedroom we talked. I asked him,”Is what I'm wearing right now OK with you? You have to tell me honestly.”  
  
He responded, “I am so sorry Amy I can't control it. I am embarrassed.”  
  
Oh, Boy! What should I do now?

**Story of B - Ch 16**

I pushed Bill into the bathroom and told him to finished himself there. Once he got out from the bathroom I screamed at him in a low voice, “What the hell is wrong with you!”  
  
He bowed his head, “I am sooo sorry Amy. I've never had something like this before”  
  
“What do you mean? You've never had a hard on or you've never cum before?”  
  
“Of course I've c … cum before ...” He replied defensively. “But I've never get so hard that I have to … to … to let it out like this before. Every time I … ehm … mmm … you know, I only did it in my bedroom. Please, Amy, don't tell Mike or Jake, they'd kill me if they know that I checked you out and get rr .. r ..aroused.”  
  
I said to Bill, “Billy. First of all, BE A MAN, will you! When you are facing a problem, do something! Don't just sit around not knowing what to do. So when your dick gets hard, excuse yourself, dammit!”  
  
I added, “And what's with the clothes? You're wearing short and you tuck in your t-shirt? That's just lame, Billy. You look like a dork. Change your act or you'll be an easy target for bullies.”  
  
Bill reluctantly pulled hist t-shirt out. I said, “See, you look much better like that, and you know what? You can hide the bulging in your short better when you need it.”  
  
“Amy, I am sorry, but when I saw you … oh my God! You look totally different. You are so pretty … your b- body is beautiful. You have slender arms and your b bb boobs! Oh my God! … and those legs … I've never seen such beautiful feet.” Mike said to me while his breath was getting deeper and quicker.   
  
What I thought was true, he was checking me out before, when we were in the living room, and he was checking me out AGAIN in my room. “Will you stop it! Look up here, to my face! Oh, no Billy. I can tell that you're getting hard again and that's not good for both of us”  
  
I added, “Go back to the bathroom and don't comeback after you're completely spent. Let it all out, every drop of it!”  
  
Bill immediately went to the bathroom but after only a couple minutes he was back. He said, “I can't. I can't do it, Amy. I've told you, I've never played with myself outside of my bed.” He looked ashamed.  
  
“But you just did it in that bathroom a few minutes ago! Why can't you do it now?” I asked.  
  
“I don't know. I've never get this hard so quickly right after I had one e .. ejac ….e .. ejaculation. And that first one that I had, I didn't even do anything, I just hold my you-know-what and I came. This time, nothing happen. Even if I s ..stroke it many times. Please Amy, I am sorry but what should I do? Maybe I just go home to my bed and come back here once I'm done.” He explained.  
  
I asked, “So you're saying that you can only masturbate in your bed?” He nodded. I continued, “But that's impossible to do right now, Billy. My brothers are going to notice that you are leaving and coming back and you have to give them reasons. From what I see, I bet you need to go to your house multiple times and I don't think you can come up with that many good reasons to cover why you're going home, over and over again.”   
  
Gosh! This is way more complicated than I thought it's gonna be.  
  
I asked him, “How about my bed? Do you think you can do it there? OK, here's some Kleenex, go try wanking yourself under the blanket, BUT don't mess my blanket.”  
  
He replied, “I'll … I'll try. Could you wait outside, Amy? I don't want you to see me while I ...”  
  
“I can't go outside, my brothers will see me and they will ask where you are. Besides, I have to watch my bedroom door as it doesn't have a lock, they could come here unannounced. So I HAVE to be here. I'll look away, OK? And hurry up, will you? Grab a lot of tissues, I don't want you to stain my bed.” I warned him.   
  
I turned around and stood near my bedroom door. While Bill was Jerking off, I heard him said that I had a beautiful butt. Dammit! If I face him, he would check out my boobs and my legs; and if I turn around he would check my booty and my legs. I just cringed while he did his business.   
  
That moment was a new level of humiliation for me. Having a young kid, two years younger than me, masturbating on my bed while I stood, guarding the room so that he can masturbate safely makes me feel so degraded. Moreover, he was jacking off with me as the object of his arousal.   
  
After bill came for the second time, he went to the bathroom to freshen up. I decided to put my jeans, even my socks, on so Bill and I could talk properly.   
  
“Phewww …, I think I've emptied everything that I got.” Bill voiced his happiness with a tired look.  
  
I pushed my desk chair to him and said, “Sit down. I want you to listen to me carefully,”  
  
After he sat, I continued, “You need to control your dick, asshole. And if you can't hold it, you have to learn to jack off in other places, not just in your bed. At least you need to practice jerking off in the bathroom, do you get it Billy?”  
  
He replied, “Y ..yea, OK I'll try. Gosh, you must think that I'm a creep, Amy. I'm sorry, it's just that I've never seen a woman's body so beautiful, so exposed and so real. Please don't be mad at me, but if you do I'll understand. I will go home.”  
  
“No, I'm not mad at you. I was a little bit pissed off at you, but don't worry, you are fine. If your dick starts to get hard again, just go the bathroom, OK? If you can't finish it at least pour a cold water on it. I heard it can be helpful.” I said.   
  
“Thanks for understanding, Amy. You're not gonna tell your brothers, right?” Bill asked.   
  
I responded, “No, I won't tell my brothers about this as long as you clean up your act. Why are you worried so much anyway?”   
  
“Well, Mike and Jake are the only friends I have, beside Jeff, Scott, and you of course. If any of those guys know that I was such a creep, they would tell to one another and I'm pretty sure that I would be kicked out of the group and I would be left all alone without any friends.”   
  
I said to him, “Here's the thing. I heard that you're gonna put your PS3 here, right?” He nodded. I asked him, “So you're going to be here from time to time, right?” He nodded again. I continued, “There are few things that you need to know. First is that I like to be very casual when I'm home, so the clothes that I wore the first time you saw me were clothes that I like to wear comfortably at home. You better get used to it, OK? I put these jeans and socks on right now so I can talk to you without any distractions.”  
  
He asked me, “So you only wear sleeveless t-shirt and boxer every time you are home? Not even a bra?”  
  
“Yes, Bill. Like I said, I like to be casual. I hope you don't mind.” I answered.  
  
“No, no, no. It's completely fine by me. This is your house and to tell you the truth, with firm breasts like yours, I don't think you need to wear one.” Bill said.  
  
“Well, thank you for your compliment and please, look up. Look at my face, you creep...Another thing that I want you to know is that I have some rules that I have to follow. You see those papers on the wall over there?” I showed him the wall where my promise and my rules were.   
  
Bill read them carefully and then he asked, “Why do you have to have rules? Do Mike and Jake also have rules posted on their bedroom wall, too?”  
  
I explained, “Well, it's a long story, I'll tell you some other times on why I have those rules. Don't worry, the rules are just for me. I wanted to show you right now just because it's right there and you'll notice them sooner or later. My brothers don't post any rules for them.”  
  
“Hmmm …” That's all Bill said.   
  
I continued, “ As you can see there in the list of rules, I am not allowed to use my name. So please don't call me Amy, OK?”  
  
He asked while looking over the rules, “So what should I call you? just 'B'? Or Baldy C … Cu … shoot! I'm sorry, I just can't say the word, it's too vu .. vulgar.”  
  
I responded with a little smile, “You can call me either one, use the one that you're comfortable with.” I thought, “Boy! If you are not comfortable with even just saying the word cvnt, you should imagine how I feel having a nickname with that word in it.”  
  
“So, are you really bald down there?” He asked.   
  
Of course this kind of question always came up whenever I was introducing myself as B. I simply answered, “Yes.”  
  
“Do you shave it?” Bill predictably asked the next question.   
  
I replied, “No, my hair hasn't grow yet.” The routine of explaining my pubic mound situation always makes me feel embarrassed. I tried to explain it in short sentences only.   
  
“Really?? May I see it?” He asked the next logical question.   
  
I thought, “Why is everybody want a proof about my hairless condition?” The truth was, at that time, sparse fine hairs have started to sprout in an area above my clit hood and around my pussy lips. I didn't want him to see that. I said to him, “I'm sorry, but no. I can't let you see my pubic. You just have to trust me. You know why? Because I know that if I let you see my pubic region, you'll be uncomfortable again.”  
  
“It's too late Amy ..em ...B. It already grew hard again.”  
  
“Huh! … Again?!! You said you've emptied you jizz stock altogether. I've covered my legs and my feet. What the hell, Billy?” I was shocked.   
  
“That's what I thought, too. I guess the conversation that we have arouses me. I'm sorry Am ...B, I'm new to this, alright. I've never talk with a girl before, except my sister, Diane, and you.” He said.  
  
“Dammit! … OK, go ahead and use my bed. But hurry up! We don't have much time, I need to prepare dinner and if we stayed here too long, you'll be in trouble.” I tried to scare him.  
  
Bill sat down on my bed with his body lean against the headboard. He covered the lower part of his body with my blanket and bent his knees up to cover the activity on his crotch area that was about to happen. He asked me if I would remove my jeans to speed up the process, because he liked to see my beautiful legs, and I hesitantly agreed. Removing my jeans proved to be a mistake for me. At first I thought, “What the heck! I bared my legs all the time and he already saw my legs before. However, the process of taking off my pants in front of him made me feel tingly. Bad idea! I already got used to bare my legs and feet and I didn't feel exposed or embarrassed. But, it turned out the feeling was different when piece of clothing has just been taken off. It's like the sensory system on my skin became very receptive right after that skin area just been exposed.   
  
After awhile he said that he had tried his best but he still couldn't get climaxed.   
  
“This isn't working. What else could I do to speed up the process?” I asked him.   
  
“May I see your ...your … nickname?” He asked me back.   
  
Shit! I hate my nickname!  
  
“No, I don't want you to see it. But, if it helps you to cum faster, I let you touch it for a few sec so you can feel that I'm really bald.” I said to him. I moved closer to him and guided his hand into my boxer. His hand roamed my pubic mound for a few seconds and then I pulled his hand away quickly. It turned out that he still need more time to build up the explosion.  
  
The true reason why I need him to cum quickly was because I need to masturbate myself. My arousal level was sky high and I was desperate. I want time for myself so I asked him, “Please tell me, honestly, what gets you off, Billy?”  
  
He said he wanted to massage my feet because he has a thing for ladies feet. So I hoped up to my bed next to him. He removed my socks and started massaging my feet using his left hand while his other hand stroking his dick. I looked away from him to honor his privacy. As time went by, his left hand started to go north on my leg and I was starting to panic but I didn't want to stop him since I wanted him to cum as fast as he could.   
  
All of a sudden I groaned, “Uggghhhhhhh …..” I grabbed his left wrist tightly with my right hand. Bill moaned as he came, “Mmmmmmphhh mmph”   
  
Once he finished I slapped his left hand, “Why are you squeezing my tit! It hurts, dammit! You said just want to massage my feet.”  
  
“I'm sorry B. I can't help it, your boob is right there in front of me.” Bill said while he removed his left hand that just squeezed my right boob slowly. His hand sneaked into my t-shirt via the right armhole and I didn't want to pull his hand out of the t-shirt quickly because I didn't want to ruin my fragile t-shirt.   
  
That was the first time a hand, other than my own hands, touched one of my boobs. I reached orgasm in the bathroom after I told Bill to go back to the living room, not when Bill touch my boob.   
  
The four of us had a dinner together. I kept my promise to Bill by not bringing up the the incidents that he had for 3 times and thank God he also didn't say anything about what happened in my room.   
  
After we had dinner, everybody moved back to the living room upstairs. Apparently Bill just bought PS3 Move, an add-on to the PS3 gaming system so that players can use their hands and body movements to play the game as opposed to use their fingers to push various buttons on the game controller. The game that Bill had was called Sports Champion where people could play table tennis, volleyball, disc golf, gladiator and archery. We played together more than an hour and it was a lot of fun.   
  
Since I was the last person who got introduced with the game, I hadn't learn the move thus I failed rather easily compared to the others. Everybody told me that I had to practice by myself so I could fare better. So I played the game alone with Jake, Mike, and Bill as my coaches. I really did enjoy the game and I didn't realize that I had practicing for almost two hours. My t-shirt drenched with sweat and I felt exhausted. I told the boys that I was tired and I would continue playing with them again tomorrow.   
  
When I looked myself form the mirror in my room I understood why they let me play the game alone while they simply watched me play. My t-shirt was soaked! And, my body was glistening with perspiration. I looked like one of those wet t-shirt contestants. I took a shower to clean my self out before I went to sleep. To my horror, I realized after I'm done with my shower that I've used all of my t-shirts for the week! There were only one super-small bodybuilder tank top that my brothers gave me in my closet.   
  
Shit! Shit! Shit! I have to wear this tank tops for Saturday and Sunday unless I do something.   
  
I picked this white colored tank top. It was similar with blue colored one, that I wore for the photo shoot a few days before. I set my alarm clock one hour earlier than usual so I could have enough time to do the laundry in the morning before everybody else woke up. I though, “This tank top is too revealing, I'm not ready to wear it around other people other than my brothers. Because, I just don't know how their reactions would be and I am afraid I don't know how to handle my reaction as well.”   
  
The next morning I was awake with sore all over my body. Playing the PS3 game the whole night really punished my body, which never done any exercises for that long period of time. I felt my boobs were also sore. I thought, “This is why I hate PE class. Thank god I don't have to go to any PE class anymore” Then I remembered why I opt out from PE class. It happened when my boobs started to grow – I didn't have any bras and I always felt sore the next day after going to the PE class. Cleverly I worked myself out of this problem.   
  
I would explained why I could opt out from the PE class in the little section below.   
  
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The public high school that I went didn't have many resources and didn't receive a lot of funding. It was because the academic performance of the students were way below average. Moreover, the school had to deal with a lot of negative publicity such as drug dealing and student thefts problems. One day there was a robbery attempt conducted by one of the student, who unfortunately wore the school's gym uniform. It gave a bad rep to the school. As a solution, the school no longer carried a uniform that bear the school logo. This solution would reduce the school expenses and prevented any bad publicity.   
  
The impact for the student was that they could wear whatever outfit they might use for PE classes as long as it's a sportswear. Jeans were permitted to be worn, because everybody own at least one. But skirts and leather shoes were not permitted in the gym floor. Any kind of tops such as t-shirts were permitted as long as they could wick the perspiration and did not strict the body movements.   
  
I didn't say that my boobs were big, but they do jiggle when I run. If I ran for only a short period of time such as 5 – 10 minutes, I would be fine. But the PE class was a lot longer than that and I was bothered with the next day pain on my breasts. So I went to the vice principal office to work out a deal. I told him that I didn't want to go the PE class because I want to use the time to study something else. I could reasoned with him because I was one of the brightest students in that school and my grade was very important for the school. If I could go to one of the prominent universities with a full scholarship, I could help the school restoring its image. As a conclusion, my vice principle agreed with me and decided that I could opt-out from the PE class as long as I was willing to spent more time in the library to study and to help the librarian shelving books.   
  
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Going back to the main story:  
  
I did the laundry, a chore that I didn't have to do but this time I had to do it because I was running out of clothes. The laundromat was only a few hundred yards away. I managed to steal get some money in my brothers' room because the room was empty. Everybody was still sleeping soundly in the living room.   
  
Since my body still sore, I could not carry the full load of dirty clothes. So I decided to pick a few of my clothes and my mattress sheet that I could carry to the laundromat. I left the rest of the dirty clothes in the laundry hamper. Going out with only wearing a jeans and this revealing tank top made me feel uncomfortable. I could feel the wind blew on my skin that have never been exposed to the outside world. The morning breeze harden my nipples but thank got I did not see anybody throughout my trip to the laundromat. When I went back home, I knew that I was in a big trouble because Jake has awoken.   
  
He was getting something from the fridge when I saw him. He was the only one who was already up, the rest of the guys were still sleeping.   
  
Crap! I got caught and I could not lie because I had a stack of my clean clothes and my mattress sheet with me.   
  
With his sleepy eyes he asked me, “Hey B. Where have you been?”  
  
nervously I replied, “I … uh, I just did a laundry.”  
  
“You did what? Did Mike tell you to do it?” He was surprised  
  
“No, I need to do the laundry for my own clothes and my mattress sheet.” I answered  
  
Jake asked, “But, where did you get the money?”  
  
“Oh, Jake, please I'm sorry. I took some cash from your room.” I apologized.   
  
“You stole my money? And you only washed your own stuff? That's messed up B!” He was pissed off.   
  
“I am running out of clothes! I need to do the laundry this morning or else I'll …. I'll stuck with this tank top that I am wearing now until Sunday. Please Jake, I'm sorry. If you want I can bring the rest of the dirty clothes to the laundromat right now so everybody clothes are clean.” I was still tired and sore so I didn't think I had the energy to bring everybody laundry to the laundromat but I hoped I could fix my situation by offering that idea.  
  
“I don't care about that. But the fact that you stole my money really irritates me.” He said.  
  
“I never intended to steal your money. This is just one time, Jake, that I really need it. To tell you the truth, I'm not comfortable wearing this tank top around Bill, Jeff and Scott, when they're coming here. It's too revealing.” I explained.   
  
He said, “So this is about the tank top, huh? You know what, I said you have to wear the tank top all day today. That's your rule for today.”  
  
I begged him, “Please Jake, don't let me wear this tank top. My side boobs are exposed and the guys would see my boobs. It's gonna be embarrassing for me.... please ...”  
  
“No, no, no. You cannot argue with me.” Jake said to me.   
  
“\*Sigh\* …. Alright, I guess I'm gonna wear this tank top all day today.” I sighed.  
  
“Well, B. That's not it. I'm gonna ask you: What do thieves have to do when they got caught stealing?” He asked me.   
  
Oh shit! There's more?   
  
I answered, “They went to jail?”  
  
“Yes, they went to prison. But, basically they get punished for their crime, right?”  
  
I replied, “But Jake, it's only like $2.50. You gotta be kidding me if you call the cops on me.”  
  
“Stealing is a stealing, B. But, no, I'm not gonna report this to the police, that's silly. But you still need to be punished for your crime right?” He asked me.  
  
“I guessed so.” I sighed again. I didn't like where this going.   
  
He asked me, “What do criminals have to do the first time they are brought to the police station?”  
  
“Come on Jake ...what's with all the questions?” I asked him back nervously.   
  
“Answer me!” He yelled.   
  
“They got their picture taken and their fingerprints recorded.” I answered.   
  
“Good answer. What else? What do criminals got, especially thieves.”  
  
I reluctantly said, “They are getting ss .. stripped ss ..searched? Please Jake … enough with the questions.”  
  
“Bing, bing, bing, bing.... Bingo! You got the right answer again. I know you're smart B. Don't worry I won't punished you but I need a record of you being a thief. So go get Mike's Camera, a marker and a a piece of paper.” He told me.   
  
I found it hard to move my body but I managed to get all the things he asked and I went to him again. I asked, “What's all these for?”  
  
He explained, “Write the word 'I am a THIEF' using that marker. Make sure it's big enough that the letters fill the whole paper. Hold the paper right in front of your chest while I took a picture from the front and from the side.”  
  
“Like this?” I asked him while I stood straight and I held the paper in front of my boobs.  
  
“Yes. But since you said it yourself that a thief has to be strip-searched, I want you to strip. Hold the thief sign in front of you while you are naked so I can take the pictures as evidence.” Jake said.   
  
“WHAT!!! …. Please, Jake. Don't make me strip.” I begged him.   
  
“Do it now, B! Or do you want a worse punishment?” He yelled.   
  
I reluctantly took my clothes out one by one. That was the day that, for the first time, I was completely exposed and Jake was the first person who saw me totally naked. My hands were shaking, I found it hard to force my hands in exposing myself by removing my article of clothing one by one. The experience was totally different compared with some accidental exposures that I frequently had. This was not some sort of an 'accident' that I could hope I can avoid. The exposure was unavoidable because I was forcing my hands to shamed myself by getting naked. And, I knew I could not stop until I was totally naked.   
  
I tried my best to cover my crotch with one hand and hold the 'I am a THIEF' sign in front of my boobs with the other hand. He took pictures just like the photos in the criminal records database, one frontal shot and one side shot. The only different was that he took the pictures of my entire body, not just the head and upper torso.  
  
Please God, don't make me cum in front of my brother … and please don't let him know that I was super duper aroused.   
  
Once he finished with taking the pictures of my naked body, he commanded me, “OK, B. Go to your room and print these photos out. I want you to post these pictures on your bedroom wall next to your promise statement and the list of rules.” I started to put my clothes back on quickly.  
  
“But Jake! …. I am naked in this picture. If I put these photos on my bedroom, everybody will see me naked. Please don't. I will be forever embarrassed.” I really begged him.  
  
“That's your punishment, B! The photos will keep reminding you not to steal. Besides, your private parts are covered anyway. There's nothing to worry about. Go on, print it now. If you delay this, maybe I should consult with Mike and Bill, or even Jeff and Scott when they get here, on how to punish you better. They might have different ideas. Do you want Bill, Jeff, and Scott punish you?”   
  
I said, “Alright, alright, I'll do it. And I promise to never steal your money, ever again. Please don't be mad at me Jake. Once I put these pictures on my wall, you'll forgive me right Jake?”  
  
He only said one word, “Yes.”  
  
Soon, everybody who's ever been into my house knew that I am a thief who has a bald cvnt. The information was right there, posted on my bedroom wall. Fortunately, I managed to properly cover my breast and pubic mound when the pictures were taken, but everybody could tell that I was completely naked. Sometimes I wondered,”Had I know that I ended up have to wear the stretchy super small tank top anyway, I wouldn't bother doing the laundry in the first place.”   
  
After I put two pictures of my naked body with a sign “I am a THIEF” on the wall of my bedroom. I masturbated many times before I went to sleep again. I hoped that I got so tired that I could not wake up anymore. I didn't want to face the reality that I was about to face.

**Story of B - Ch 17**

\*Flash\* … I saw a bright light being flashed right into my closed - still sleeping – eyes. \*Flash\*Flash\*  
  
I started to wake up and to open my eyes. I saw a camera flash pointed right at my eyes. Mike said, “Wakey, wakey, B. Come on wake up! Scott is here.”  
  
“Ughh … Come on Mike, Don't use the flash. You know I hate bright light when I'm asleep. Put that thing away from me!” I said to Mike, while I closed my eyes again.   
  
“Hey Amy! Hellooo .. it's ME, Scott. Don't you miss me? Come on wake up.” Scott said while he was waving his hand. I saw him with half closed eyes. I was still sleepy.  
  
He sat down on my bed. He tapped my cheek wanting me to open my eyes. He said, “Amy … Amy … I missed you, Amy. Don't you miss me?”  
  
I opened my eyes again. I saw his face was really close to my face. With a heavy voice I said to him, “Hi, Scott … Yeah, I missed you, too. Give me another 10 minutes, will you?”  
  
“Euww, your breath stink!” Scott said to me.  
  
“Then get away from me!” I yelled after I covered my face with my blanket. I pushed him out of my bed using one of my leg. “Ten more minutes then I'm gonna wake up and take a shower.”  
  
While I was curling under the blanket, I heard footsteps roaming on my room. I said to myself, “From now on, put your panties back on after you finished masturbate, B. It's not safe to be naked under the blanket. They can just yanked the blanket to see you”   
  
“Hey, this is a sexy picture! Is that taken by your camera, Mike?” I heard Scott asked Mike.   
  
I still curled up under the blanket, I didn't dare to move a bit and I thought, “O shit! Now Scott and Mike have seen the naked picture of me holding the 'thief' sign. What should I do?”   
  
Mike responded Scott, “Hmm, I don't know. I didn't take those pictures. Maybe it's Jake.”  
  
Mike added, “What did you steal, B?” I didn't answer. I pretended to be asleep.   
  
Scott asked mike, “Hey, what are these Mike?”  
  
Mike answered Scott, “Well, B did something bad to us a while ago. To make amends, she has to live by these rules.”  
  
Scott responded, “Hmm, interesting” Then he whispered to Mike, “Is she really bald?”  
  
Mike whispered back, “Yes, I've seen it with my own eyes. I've even touch it, you know. It's very smooth. Come on, let's go downstairs … I'll talk to you about it while we are waiting for Jake and Jeff to arrive.”   
  
I cringed under the blanket. I said to myself, “This has gone too far. To hell with the rules! I'm gonna tear it down and I'm gonna tear down the picture as well.”   
  
But then I thought, “Maybe not today. I need to think this through. I have to develop a good argument to defend my act. Maybe I'm gonna do it on Monday. Yeah, Monday is good. I only have to deal with my brothers on Monday. If I do it now, everybody is gonna ask including Scott, Mike and Jeff. I am definitely going to lose the argument if I am being confronted by 5 people. I will have a better chance on Monday.”  
  
I took a peek to make sure they were gone before I put on my panties and then went to the bathroom to take a shower.   
  
Crap! Crap! Crap! Why did I do the laundry? Why did I steal Jake's money? Ughhh …. Why did I be so careless? If I counted my t-shirts properly, that humiliating pictures would not even be existed … No! It wasn't my fault, it was Bill's fault for ...”  
  
“SCOTT!!!!!!! What the hell are you doing! Get out!!” I was still under the shower and daydreaming and I saw Scott opening up the bathroom door. I didn't know how long he's been there. So I did my best to face away from him and to cover my butt crack.   
  
Scott said,“Oh, Hi Amy. I just want to see if you really never lock your bathroom door … and I also want to let you know ..”   
  
“Just get OUT! Goddammit!” I yelled. He closed the door and left me alone.   
  
Shit! … I hope he didn't see me fingering myself. Crap! My brothers never disturbed me while I was in the bathroom. Well, except for one time when Mike caught me shaving. But usually when there was a sound of water either from the shower, faucet, or the flush, it's like a code that there's somebody in the bathroom, we always knocked the door first just to make sure. Scott's really take advantage of my situation, Gosh! I really need to remove all the rules!  
  
\*Deep breath\*. I needed to take a deep breath, I reminded myself, “Don't be panic, B. Be calm. Nothing good ever happen when you are panic. Stick to the plan … end all of this on Monday.”  
  
After I was done with the shower, I wore the super small tank top again. Part of the reason was because Jake told me to and the other reason was the tank top kind of support my still sore breasts better than the rest of my other t-shirts. Next I put on a fresh panties and I wore jeans over it. I even wore socks just because I wanted to avoid Bill's glance over my legs and feet. Also, I was not ready to face Scott and Jeff with just wearing panties or boxer and tank top. I didn't notice it until it was too late, but the combination of wardrobe that I was wearing actually accentuated the exposure of my boobs.  
  
When I went downstairs, I saw everybody had gathered on the dining table. As I walked toward them I was greeted by Scott, “AMY!! … my dearest friend, who is a thief apparently…. nice picture by the way, and works in a farm, by the look of her tan …. and supposedly has a baldy ..., that I can't wait to see and to feel … you look gorgeous, girl” Everybody giggled with Scott's statement.  
  
Be calm, B … Will you stop calling me 'B', brain! It's Amy … Be calm, Amy. \*Sigh\* even my brain doesn't cooperate with me,   
  
I responded Scott, “Scotty, what a blabbermouth! Is that to compensate something else? A tiny dicks perhaps? You look small, you know. Small guy usually have small … everything else … poor boy.” Everybody giggled again at my comeback.   
  
I walked toward him and then we hugged and we kissed at the cheeks. We both exchanged a big smile. He asked me, “So, when can I … you know … see it?”  
  
I replied, “O what the heck …” I unbuttoned my jeans and unzipped it halfway, “Come here, give me your hand. I let you just feel it … but not see it, alright?”  
  
“That's, cool!” Scott rubbed his fingers all over my pubic mounds for a few seconds until I forced his hand out. He added, “Too bad I lost Amy, hicks, hicks. But I got me a new friend, Baldy Cvnt! Nice to meet you, B.”  
  
“Aw Shut up, Scott.” I tapped his cheek gently.   
  
Scott said, “Now it's Jeff's turn. Jeff! Jeff! Jeff! …” everybody followed him calling Jeff's name.   
  
“Hi Jeff. Long time no see. You look great!” I said to Jeff. We also hugged and kissed.   
  
He replied, “Hi, Amy. You look fabulous yourself.”  
  
“OK, here we go ...” I said while started to unbutton my jeans again.  
  
“Mmm … no thanks. We are going to eat shortly and I just washed my hand ...”  
  
What the hell is wrong with Jeff? Now I'm just embarrassing myself.  
  
Jeff continued, “I trust everyone … if everybody says you're bald … then you're bald. I don't need a proof. I'll just call you 'B' from now on if that's what you wanted.” He winked.   
  
“BOO! ...” Everybody booing Jeff.   
  
I said to him, “Hey! I just got out of shower! My body is clean, dammit. But, alright, whatever … let's eat.”  
  
We talked and talked for over an hour while we ate our lunch. Jake and Jeff went out to bring some Chinese food dishes for us. The conversation went great because we actually missed being together in our house. During the conversation I noticed Jake, Mike, Scott and Bill kept stealing glance at my body. Jeff was the only one who could talk to my face without getting distracted with my boobs.   
  
What the hell is wrong with Jeff? Is there something wrong with my boobs? Maybe my boobs are too small for him?   
  
At one point in the conversation, Scott got an ephipany, “Hey, B. If you dress up like this, your nickname might not be just for your baldy cvnt, but also for you boobs … got it? B … Boobs. I feel like I'm talking to your boobs right now.”  
  
My face went red after hearing what Scott said. He is the type of person who I was very concerned about. The one who made me believe that I should trained myself before I met him. He is the kind of guy who can verbally humiliate me, just like people who commented my picture that I posted in the internet.   
  
I calmly said to him, “Stop staring at them, will you? At least look up once in a while.” I put both of my   
middle fingers right over my nipples and point the fingers up.   
  
Everybody laughed and Scott said, “Oh Fvck, B! I feel like I've been hypnotized by your boobs.” He shook his head and wiped his eyes. He looked to my face and grinned, “I'm good now.”  
  
Out of nowhere Bill asked me, “Why are you wearing jeans, B? I thought you said that you like to be comfortable around the house? Are you going somewhere?”  
  
Ahh Shit! Bill wants to see my legs again ... Just calm down, find a good excuse, B.   
  
“I thought we are going out after this. It's gonna be boring to just stay at home all day and all night. Besides, I need to catch some sun so all of you won't complain about my tan.”  
  
Mike said, “That's a good idea. Where do you think we should go?”  
  
Jeff spoke, “Hey, how about that ice cream kiosk that we used to go? Is it still exist? I missed that place.”  
  
We decided to go to that ice cream store. Since it was only a half mile away from our home, we just went on foot. It turned out that this was a bad idea for me because I have never went outside in a skimpy tank top that exposed most of my boobs. Once I stepped outside of my house, I could feel the breeze caressing the exposed skin of my body even the slightest breeze. It made my crotch damped.  
  
I felt a similar sensation that I experienced earlier in the morning when I went to the laundromat. However, during the day, there were more people outside. I became more aware of the skimpiness of my clothing.   
  
To make matter worse, the guys talked so loudly among each other and they attracted attention from the passerby. As I said earlier, the tank top really covered only my nipples and areolae, leaving the rest of my boobs exposed. Everybody that we came across would look at us and did a double take on my boobs. I was so nervous that all I could do was curling my arm on Jake's arm and kept my other hand to my jeans front pocket. Jake had the biggest body among us and I felt secured walking by his side. However, my knees started to feel weaken and I was horny as hell.   
  
I learned that getting aroused in public is very rewarding and punishing at the same time. I felt that my arousal level is significantly higher if I am in a public setting maybe because the more people look at me, the more embarrassed I am. In my high school, I was nobody and everybody else didn't care enough to look at me – I was invisible. Thus, I could really sense if somebody stare at me.   
  
The punishing part for getting horny in public is that there is no way to finger myself without being caught. So, when I got aroused in public, I will stay aroused until I find a secluded place to masturbate. And when I am aroused, all I can think of is either how can I reach orgasm or how can I pushed my arousal further.

**Story of B - Ch 18**

“Jake … Stop it!” I told my brother as we walked toward the ice cream store.   
  
I curled my arm on Jake's arm because I felt more safe. I had a feeling that I exposed too much of my upper body part because I was wearing the skimpy tank top Jake gave me. As I walked next to Jake, his elbow nudged the side of my boob every time he took a step. The first few nudges, I was OK. But Jake elbowed my boob more and more frequently and I couldn't stand it anymore. I said to him, “Jake, your elbow!”  
  
He asked, “Why? What's wrong with my elbow?”  
  
“My boobs still sore … so keep your elbow steady, OK? Don't puch your elbow toward me.” I said in a low voice because I don't want anybody else heard I was talking about my boobs.   
  
He responded, “Hey, don't blame me. This is how I walk. You're the one that touch my elbow. You presses your boob against me elbow.”  
  
“Fine” I answered while I let go of his arm. Then I folded my arms trying to cover my boobs as best as I could. Sarcastically I said to Jake, “What a gentleman you are, Jake.”   
  
“OK … OK … I'm sorry... Come here” Jake offered his arm to me. I curled my arm to his again. He shouted, “Hey, Mike. Do you bring your camera?” Mike nodded. Jake continued, “Good. Can you take a picture of us?”  
  
Mike said, “Ready? … 1 ….2 …”  
  
“Ouch!” I yelled as Mike took the picture. Jake elbowed me again! I yelled at him, “You jerk!”  
  
Mike showed the picture to us with a giggle on his face. The picture showed Jake put on an evil smile while my mouth was wide open looking shocked because my boob has been nudged. The photo showed that Jake elbow was planted on my breast and that breast shifted toward my other breast. Actually, he didn't elbow me that hard, but since my boobs still sore I could really feel the pressure directed toward the the muscle on my boob.   
  
Jake commented on the picture with a big grin, “What a candid moment, right?” I pushed him away and I stayed away from him afterward until we reached our destination. While I walked I kept folding my arms.  
  
Damn! How come Jake behaves like this. I've never seen him like this before. Usually all he did was only steal a glance at my boobs. But now, he even dares to tease me by nudging my boob with his elbow.   
  
As we closing in to the ice cream store, I saw there were quite a long line of people ordering ice cream. I definitely didn't want to be in that store while most of my boobs were exposed. I stopped walking and said, “Aww, look at the line. I hate to be waiting in line just to buy an ice cream. Maybe we should wait until the line is clear.”  
  
“Don't worry we can all wait over there.” Jeff spoke while pointing at a small city park across the street from the ice cream store. He added, “What flavor do you want? It's my treat for everyone.”  
  
Wow, Jeff is a generous person. If he didn't pay for the ice cream, I didn't know how I could buy an ice cream for myself as I didn't have any money.   
  
Everybody told Jeff what kind of ice cream they wanted and then Jeff opened his wallet and took out 20 dollar bill. “Billy, here's 20. You got what everyone wants, right? Go on … meet us at the park. Oh … and keep the change … Thanks, Billy.”  
  
Bill simply said OK and he run toward the store. I thought, “This kid, Billy, he got it all wrong. The way he dresses, the way he brings himself up, even the way he talks are giving too obvious sign that he is a soft target for bullies. No, wonder Jeff can easily giving command to Bill.”   
  
“Jeff, What the hell is wrong with you! Bill is not your servant.” I said to Jeff.  
  
“Ahh, it's OK. He doesn't mind. Besides, none of us want to stay in line, right?” Jeff responded me.  
  
The rest of the guys seemed to agree with Jeff. I said to them, “Look, Bill is a good kid ...”  
  
Mike cut me me off, “Well, yeah … he is a good kid. He let us use his PS3 anytime we want … he practically gave us the game console.” He grinned and then fist bumped Jake.  
  
“Let me finished, Mike. Look, all of you … Billy is a good kid, he's your friend. Don't bully him, OK. If I ever catch you bullying him, you'll be in trouble.” I said to everybody and added, “And that includes asking him to wait in line to get the ice cream for all of us. You got it, Jeff?”  
  
Jeff said, “Well, first of all I don't think it's a big deal … It's Billy. He doesn't mind at all. I was being nice to even let him keep the change.”  
  
I reasoned, “No! It IS a big deal. Actually you are oppressing him. If you keep doing that, little by little his confidence is gone. Come on guys, he's the youngest of all of us … just by that fact, he's probably do everything he can to respect us, maybe he's even afraid to us. So, stop asking him a favor, OK? It's not good for him”  
  
Mike said to me, “How about you? Can we ask you a favor? You're not the youngest ...”  
  
“No! This is not about who's the youngest or the oldest. Come on, he's always nice to all of you, right? Forget about who's the youngest … just don't bully Billy.” I said.   
  
Scott added, “But it's FUN. Like Jeff said, he doesn't mind at all.”  
  
“Does Bill ever tell you that he's OK with that?” I asked. Scott said no.   
  
Jake said to me, “You're a downer, B. Everybody is in a good mod and you start lecturing us.”  
  
“I just want to protect Billy! Alright, I'm sorry, let's change the subject … we got a nice weather, might as well enjoy it, while Billy, stood miserably in line, is getting us the ice cream.”  
  
Mike said, “Hey, Jeff. Can I ask you a favor? Can you take a family picture of me, B and Jake? Here's the camera … See, B. I'm asking favor to Jeff NOT Billy.”  
  
Boy! It's very hard to send a message to teenagers. Teenagers don't have the capability to listen apparently. Thank god I'm not one of them teenagers, although my age is still in the teen.   
  
I didn't like to get photographed wearing this kind of outfit. But I played along just to keep everybody in a good mood. So I stood in the middle of my brothers. They threw their arms around my back and I put my arms around the back of their shoulders. As we posed, both of their hands starting to go up my sides and they were getting closer to my boobs. I tried to retract my hands from their shoulder to protect my breasts but my hands were being held by their other hands. I said, “Guys ...guys … don't you dare!”  
  
Jeff, our cameramen, was ready to take the picture. He said, “Be still … ready? 1 … 2 ...”  
  
“Hmmph!” I groaned. Last time, my right boob was elbowed by Jake. This time, both of my boobs were grabbed by both of my brothers from the back. Their arms were quite long apparently, as part of their fingers could reach my nipples.  
  
Gosh! Now Mike, too? Did they take a bottle of perv juice this morning? I am already feeling embarrassed wearing this tiny tank top outside in public and their extra attention toward my boobs is making my embarrassment multiplied by several folds.   
  
“I told you my boobs still sore. Stop grabbing them!” I said to both of my brothers after the picture was taken. I grabbed my own boobs to sooth the pain.   
  
Scott wasn't paying attention when our picture was taken because he was looking at the ice cream store. However, hearing the word 'boob', Scott immediately got interested and he looked over to us, “Boobs? Did anybody said boobs? Where? Where?”  
  
Jeff showed Scott the picture and shouted, “Hey! I want a picture like that, too. Come on, B. Come here. My turn now. I wanna cop a feel to that cute boobs of yours”  
  
“NO!” I shouted at him.  
  
He kept looking at the picture in the digital camera and my actual boobs back-and-forth. All the while he sang, “Boob-ck-a-wow-wow … Boob-ck-a-wow-wow … Boob-ck-a-wow-wow”  
  
“SCOTT! Stop staring at my boobs and stop singing!” I yelled at him.   
  
He replied, “I'm gonna keep doing this until I got a feel of your … Boob … -ck-a-wow-wow”  
  
I said, “That is a sexual harassment, you know. You can't do that … I'm gonna scream and I'm gonna have you arrested!”  
  
Scott kept staring at my boobs and kept singing while everybody else but me laughing at what's Scott doing.   
  
I started to shout loudly, “HEY! … There is a perv...”  
  
Scott shout even louder than me, “HEY! …. WANNA SEE BOOBS? … BOOBS EVERYBODY!”   
  
“Psst! … shut it Scott!” I hushed him. I didn't want him to attract people's attention toward my boobs.   
  
“BOOOOBS!” Scott shouted with both of his hands surrounding his mouth to make his shout even louder.   
  
“Shut the hell up, Scott! … OK, OK. You can take a picture.” I sighed.   
  
He grinned, “Yippee! … why don't you put your hands at your hips and I stood behind you and I'm gonna pretend to reach your boobs from behind. Pretend you don't see it, don't look at the camera nor my hands.”  
  
I said, “Whatever, BUT … it's gonna be only ONE picture and don't you dare touch my boobs! They are kind of sore right now. If I feel even a slight touch, I'm gonna kick you in the groin.”  
  
I posed as he asked for me to – looking at the distance with my hands on my hip. However, I had to looked down at my body since everybody started to grin. I knew something was wrong. Scott's hands were less than an inch away from my boobs and he framed my nipples using his thumbs and pointing fingers. As long as Scott didn't touch my boobs or my nipples, I decided to let him do whatever he wanted. So I turned my eyes toward the distance again.  
  
Jeff, the cameraman, said, “1 … 2 ...”  
  
“SCOTT!!!” I screamed because Scott pinched my nipples while Jeff took a picture. I moved my right elbow to the back tried to hit him but I missed. I tried to kick him but I missed. Scott had run away from me. I chased after him but after only less than a minute I couldn't go any farther. If my body didn't sore like that day, I was sure that I could catch him.  
  
I waved my hands at Scott signaling that I was done chasing him. I went back to the group and saw that Bill had arrived with ice cream for all of us. Jeff explained to Bill what he had missed by showing the pictures he took. I joined them to look at the pictures together while we ate the ice cream. It turned out Jeff also took a small clip of me chasing Scott. He played the clip in slow motion and everybody commented on my boobs and how they jiggled when I ran.   
  
Out of nowhere Bill asked, “Hey when is my turn?” Bill didn't want to miss the action. He also wanted to have a picture with my boobs.   
  
Scott said to Bill, “you're too young, mister. Wait a couple years.”  
  
Jake Added, “Don't you dare messing with my sister!”  
  
Mike also added, “Yeah Billy, lay a finger on B and feel the consequences.” He showed his fists and flexing his muscle.  
  
Dammit, now what do I do? If I say no to Bill, that mean I become one of the bullies. Otherwise, I have to sacrifice myself to proof my point that I am always against bullying.   
  
“Guys, stop it! Don't tease Bill … Come here Bill, stay close to me. Jeff, would you please take another picture for Bill, whenever he's ready.” I said.   
  
Bill asked, “Really? I can touch … mm … those?” He seemed hesitant and he constantly looked at the rest of us one by one. Occasionally he steal a look at my boobs.  
  
“What the heck, these guys have touch my boobs one way or another … just to be fair, you should, too. So yes, come here.” I guided one of his arm toward my boob. “But be gentle, OK?  
  
This time I was ready and not surprised when Bill hand gently touch my boob. I forced a smile to the camera while Bill looked very nervous.  
  
The rest of the guys put on a very serious face that made Billy nervous. However, as soon as Jeff took the shot, everybody cheers. Jake was the first one to congratulate Bill, “Billy, my man. Way to go!” He brushed Bill's head.   
  
Scott added, “Don't ever wash your hand … legend says that touching Boob brings plenty of luck.”  
  
The rest of the guys were giving high-five to Bill afterward   
  
I said to Bill, “You see Bill, you have to stand up and be brave. Don't get scared easily to these guys.”  
  
Bill asked me, “Does that mean I can touch your boobs anytime I want?”  
  
“NO! And that goes to ALL of you. This is just a one-timer. You got it?” I said to everyone.   
  
Scott responded, “Boo … Come on, B. It's FUN to touch them. That's why they call it fun bags.” He grinned.   
  
“Na-ah! … Just shut up Scott. If you wanna have fun, go on do it on somebody else's fun bags. NOT mine.” I said.   
  
He replied, “But yours is right here within my reach. Why do I have to keep looking if there's a pair nearby?” Everybody laughed at his comment.   
  
“Grrr … NO, you pervert! It's a one time only and you already claimed yours.” I said to him while I bang the table using my hand. I added, “Can we please talk about something else other than my boobs?”   
  
Scott grabbed Mike's camera and said, “Let's continue the photo session … Don't worry, I'm not gonna take a picture of your boobs. Just your face.” \*Click\* Scott take a shot.   
  
Pheww … finally. I'd do anything just to stir the conversation away from my boobs as the main topic.   
  
Out of curiosity I asked Scott, “Why just me? Take a picture of the others too.”  
  
“Well, after this you can take a picture of me and every body else” \*Click\* He added, “Now can you hold the ice cream cone horizontally and lick the ice cream? Lick it often, don't let the ice cream drips… Tilt your head a little bit … and could you brush your hair to one side”  
  
I followed his suggestion and said, “Like this?” \*Click\* The rest of the guys started to giggle and I was confused on what is the reason of their giggle. I said to Scott, “Give me the camera … now it's your turn.”   
  
Scott posed in a similar fashion as I did but instead of licking the ice cream he bit a big chunk of the ice cream with exaggeration. He looked so mean with his ice cream.\*Click\* I took a picture of Scott's face. I asked the others, “Alright, next?” However, nobody wanted their picture taken.   
  
And then Scott asked me to give the camera back to him. He showed the picture to all of us while saying, “This is what I'm gonna do if any dicks come near my face … heheh. A warning to everyone to keep their dicks away from me … heheheh” He scrolled the screen to show the picture of me licking the ice cream, “This is what B is going to do … she's gonna lick it good … slurp slurp … hahaha.”  
  
Dammit! Scott had successfully humiliate me again. That's why everybody laughed when He took a picture of me.   
  
I said, “Why, Scott? Why? Why do you have such a dirty mind? … Come on gimme that, I'm gonna delete my pictures.”  
  
Mike said, “Hey! No way … you said that all the pictures taken with this camera belong to me, the owner of the camera. I'm gonna keep them all.”  
  
“FINE … keep it I don't care.” I said to Mike.   
  
Scott showed the picture to me once again and said, “Hey, B. How does it taste? You look so sexy doing it.”   
  
I replied, “It tastes good, Scott. White … milky … creamy … vanilla ice cream. My favorite! Too bad it's too big, otherwise I'll try putting it in my mouth all at once.” The rest of the boys was giggling at my comeback.  
  
Since I was still kind of mad at Scott, I made a surprise attack on him by pinching his nipple. “Aawwww!!” Scott screamed and all of us laughed including me.   
  
I said to Scott, “Now, we're even … heh!”  
  
“Na-ah, you owe me one, B. You said all of us had one time access to your boobs. Since you pinched my nipple, my quota has gone up to one.” Scott said to me while moving his hands toward my boobs and gesturing a pinching motion with his fingers.  
  
“Scott! Stop it, stop it … truce, OK … truce.” I kept slapping his hands away.   
  
After a while he retracted his hands and said, “OK, truce … for now. But, I'm still gonna get you when you least expect it. Beware of these devil fingers, B. They will haunt your boobs …. Mwuahaha.”  
  
I shook my head and said, “Why do I befriend with you? I don't know … guys can we leave Scott here?”  
  
Jake said, “How can we leave him? We walked here, remember? And our house just a few blocks away.”  
  
I said, “Whatever … let's go home.”