**Teasing My Stepfather**

by[CanadianTease](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=511037&page=submissions)©

I'm a cocktease, I admit it. I don't know why. I've always been like that, ever since I was a little girl and I noticed men looking at me when my breasts started to develop. It gave me a thrill to realize that I excited them, and I did everything I could to get them worked up. I especially like to tease older men, guys who know they'll never get a young girl like me again, and think about it all the time. I like to make them think about what they're missing, and make them want it more and more.

When I was a kid I lived with my Mom and stepfather. He was a real perv, always trying to get a peek at me while I was undressing or in the shower. Sometimes I would torment him by running around the house in my underwear, just to punish him for being such a pig. I never let him see a lot, just enough to get him hot and bothered. But I bet he jacked off later when he thought about it. No, I knew he did.

What he really liked was to see up my skirt, or try to anyway. I used to have to wear this school skirt. It was supposed to be just one inch above the knees but my friends and I had this trick where we would roll up the waistband so that instead of an inch it was more like 5 or 6. After school sometimes I wouldn't change out of it. When he got home from work he couldn't take his eyes off me. I have to admit I was pretty cute in that skirt, especially with the little ankle socks I wore sometimes.

Well, usually after dinner we'd watch TV. My mother would lie on the couch, and I'd be on the floor with a book or some homework. He'd sit in his chair right behind me where it was easy for him to pretend he was watching the TV. Actually, my Mom usually fell asleep pretty fast so he didn't have to pretend much. I swear I could feel his eyes moving up and down the back of my legs, trying to see as high up as he could. I'd just pretend to read or watch the TV, sometimes moving around a little so my skirt would travel up a little higher. I would bend my knees and lift my feet, just sort of swaying my ankles from side to side. My skirt would be pretty high by then, I'm pretty sure my panties and ass were showing a little. Once I got this idea: I stretched my legs out straight behind me, and after a minute or so I started to slowly move them apart so he could see more and more between them. Just as the view was starting to get really good I reached behind me and pulled the skirt back down, like the modest little girl I am (lol). I'm not sure, but I think I heard him moan.

I had all sorts of tricks to get him hot. Once when my Mom was out shopping I came out of the bathroom after a shower with just a towel wrapped around me. I had carefully arranged it in the mirror so that the top just barely covered my tits, which are pretty big. The top of the towel was about a quarter inch above my nipples, and it reached down to only two inches below my pussy. I walked into the living room where he was and chattered away about nothing in particular. I could see his lips trembling as he looked at me, so I knew I was teasing the hell out of him. When the towel started to fall I held it up by cupping and squeezing my breasts with my hands, and kept on talking as if nothing had happened. Then I walked down the hall into my bedroom, and just as I went in I whipped off the towel, so he got a very brief view of me from the rear.

I knew he was dying to see me totally naked, but I never let him. I'd let him get close to seeing my tits and pussy, like with the bath towel tease, but it always ended with him frustrated. It really did get to him, so much that he actually tried to peek at me through my bedroom window. I figured it out right away because sometimes the shade was up a little when I was sure I had put it down earlier. When I'd go to bed at night if I noticed it was up I'd just pull it down again - but not before stripping down to my underwear first, just in case he was outside the window, to make him suffer.

He wanted so badly to see me naked, and I was trying to think of a way I could use that to do a real number on him. One Friday night, when I was 18, I went out dancing with my boyfriend, and got back later than I was supposed to (12:00 was my curfew, I got in at 1:00). My Mom had gone to bed, but he was sitting up reading, waiting for me. When I walked in he said some sharp words about being grounded if it happened again. I had been sitting with my boyfriend in his car in front of my house for a while, and I figured that one reason he was mad at me was that he was jealous, since my boyfriend could get his hands under my clothes but he couldn't. He was also probably imagining that I was giving my boyfriend a nice blowjob before I came in, something I'm sure he masturbated over a lot, wishing he could feel my mouth on him. (Actually, he was right – for the whole time I was sitting in my boyfriend's car I had kept him on the edge with just my tongue.)

Anyway, his attitude really pissed me off, and I said to myself, "OK jerk, be that way! I've been planning something for you for a long time, you little perv, and tonight might as well be the night."

I went into the kitchen and got a glass of milk, then came back and sat down in an easy chair across from him. He hadn't gone to bed yet, and was reading again. I had sort of dressed up to go out that night, and I was wearing "fancy stuff" under my dress - you know, sexy stockings, a garter belt, things like that. I had once seen some girly magazines that he had hidden in the garage, so I knew that slutty lingerie was one of his weaknesses, his fetish. So, as I sat there drinking my milk, I idly crossed my legs and hummed a little tune to myself. Then I put my legs up on the ottoman, and raised one knee, so that he could get a good look up under my dress. I put my head back and idly looked up at the ceiling, so that he could stare without being afraid that I'd see where he was looking. I made sure he got a good look - I wanted him to get very, very excited. After a while I stood up and stretched, and said I was going to bed. I walked over to him and turned around and said, "Would you please?" I indicated that I needed help with the zipper at the back of my dress. He jumped up and pulled it down to my waist, exposing the back of my lacy bra. I said goodnight, and walked slowly down the hall to my bedroom, leaving him there staring at my back.

When I got into my bedroom and closed the door, I saw that the shade had been pulled up a little. Well, well, I thought, it looks like someone has been making plans for a good time. Let's see just how good we can make it!

Outside my door I heard him say (a little too loudly) that he was going to bed, and then heard his steps on the staircase. But a minute later I heard the front door being opened very carefully, and I knew he had gone outside. I smiled to myself at the thought of him hurrying around the house to get to his peeping spot at my window, before he missed anything. I imagined him whispering to himself something like, "Ohhhh yesss, at last, at last!"

I was wearing the dress I usually wore to clubs - red, low-cut, form-fitting. I had spike heels on, and under my dress were the garter belt and stockings, and sexy bra and panties, all black and sheer. I walked around my room for a while, slowly removing the dress - first letting it drop to my waist, then pushing it down and stepping out of it. I reached down and picked it up and carried it over to my dresser, leaving everything else on - my half-bra, the garter belt, panties, stockings and heels. At this point, as I slowly walked across the room in that sexy, tantalizing outfit, I figured he was outside my window, eagerly unzipping his pants and getting his cock out, all ready to play with it and get it worked up while he watched me undress. This was just too good!

After I folded my dress, I walked over to my door, which had a full-length mirror on it. I stood in front of it and pretended to admire myself in it, turning this way and that, posing sexily, standing sideways and lifting my breasts, bending over and spreading my legs, doing everything I could think of that would bring back the memory of his girly mags and drive him nuts. The window was across the room from the door with the mirror, so he got a good view of everything I did.

After a while, I walked back to the dresser, where I picked up my photo album and brought it over to my bed, right next to the window. I kicked off my shoes and lay down on my stomach to look through the album, positioning myself on the bed so that my legs and my rear were facing the window. I stayed there for about fifteen minutes, with my ass and the backs of my legs fully exposed to his view. I smiled to myself, thinking of how my tight, transparent panties and stockings must have been making him drool and jerk. Occasionally I would turn over on my side, lifting a knee and opening my legs. Between turning pages, I idly caressed the inside of my thighs, sometimes pausing between my legs on my crotch and making little circles with a fingertip. Then I'd turn back onto my stomach, spreading wide to give him a maddening view up between my legs from the rear. And all the time I was humming a little tune, a young girl all by herself in her private bedroom.

Finally, I sat up and put the album aside. I yawned and looked down at my legs and stockings. Lying back on the bed, I raised my legs in the air and stroked the sheer stockings up and down, enjoying their smoothness (as, no doubt, he was enjoying the smoothness of his enflamed cock as he stroked it, helping me tease it). I sat up again, and proceeded to remove my stockings, slowly pushing them down my legs, one at a time. I stood up and unfastened the garter belt, then took it with the stockings back to the dresser. I returned to the bed and stood directly in front of the window, about a foot from it. The shade was only open about six inches, so I couldn't look down and see him, but he had a perfect up-close view of me from my waist to my knees, a foot away. My black panties, which were sheer and tight, revealed more than I usually let him see, but tonight I figured letting him see just a little bit more would be worth it, to increase his hunger, make it worse. He probably thought that I was going to pull the shade down now, as I usually did. But I didn't, and he must have been delirious with excitement and anticipation, congratulating himself on his good luck.

As I stood there I hooked my thumbs in the waistband of my panties and started to pull them down ... one inch, two inches, three - and then I stopped. I turned around and walked away from the window toward the center of the room, where he could see me from head to toe. I turned around to face the window again, and reached around behind me to unhook my bra. I pretended to have some difficulty with it, frowning in concentration as I struggled with my hands behind my back, my tits jiggling and straining, and almost spilling out of the bra. Finally I got it unhooked, but I left the straps on my shoulders, so the bra dangled in front of me, loosely covering my tits. I lowered the straps and slid the bra down my arms, but I turned around as I did it, so he wasn't able to see my naked breasts. Then, standing with my back to him, I tossed the bra aside and continued lowering my panties. I pushed them slowly down over my hips, swaying my ass from side to side as I did it. I bent over to take them from my feet, giving him a brief peek between my legs from behind. Then I straightened up and headed back to the mirror. I stood in front of it and gyrated like a little striptease whore, caressing my hips, squeezing and massaging my breasts and my ass, and rubbing my hands between my legs. He could tell what I was doing, but he couldn't actually see it because my back was turned to him; and if he tried to see my reflection in the mirror, he couldn't, since the view was blocked by my body! He was so close to seeing everything he had lusted for, so close! Of course he must have loved seeing me naked from the rear, being able to see my cute ass as I wiggled it, but it wasn't enough, ohhhhh it wasn't enough! I'll bet he was praying at that point, Please let her turn around, please, please! Ohhhh, she has to turn around soon, she has to turn around to come back to her bed, ooooooooo I'll get her then, I'll be able to see her naked tits and pussy then!

After teasing him like this for a while, driving him crazy with what he couldn't see, I spread my arms and stretched, turning my head to yawn. Then, holding my right arm up behind my head, promising a great view of my raised tits, I slowly turned around. Just as he was able to see my large breasts come into view in profile, my left hand reached out for the wall, found the light switch, and flipped it – the lights went out and the room was plunged in darkness. I got into bed, naked, and lay there with my heart pounding, so excited by what I had just done to him. I laughed to myself thinking of him out there, so happy that he was finally going to get to see what he always wanted and drooled for, and then when his cock was big and hard and sooooo excited, his hopes were smashed and he had to leave frustrated! I love thinking about how crazy that must have driven him.

Just imagine what that would be like, if you were that pervert desperately trying to catch your hot eighteen-year-old stepdaughter naked, jerking off while you watched, hoping so much that this time you were going to get to see what you needed, holding your breath, your heart pounding, and then - nothing! I'm so proud of what I did to him; I don't think he ever got over it. Of course, he never gave up trying to see me undress. But that's part of a of a voyeur's addiction, isn't it? He always hopes that next time will be better, next time he'll be lucky - it made it so easy for me to keep his cock teased!

I actually did see him stroking that teased cock a few times, after I had been making him suffer - but that's another story!