**Teasing Uncle Carl**

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Carrie...

I've always liked wearing really short dresses and skirts. Especially dresses. I guess I really got started when I was a senior in high school. I grew a lot during the summer and fall before my senior year. I was about 5' 3" at the end of 11th grade and 5' 9" by Thanksgiving of my senior year. It was mostly my legs that got longer. I have to admit they are now my best physical asset. Anyway I'm wearing mostly the same dresses now that I'm 5 9 that I had been fairly short on me at 5 3. Which made them really short on me now.

I noticed the boys at school starting to pay more attention to me and once I caught a friend of my dad's staring at me when I was vacuuming the living room after school. I was wearing one of my school dresses and leaning over to move the coffee table. I turned around and my dad's friend was looking at me with a funny look on his face. He quickly looked away and pretended to be reading a magazine he had in his hand.

As the school year progressed, I started intentionally wearing the shortest dresses I could get away with and making the most out of my long legs. I enjoyed sitting on the school steps during lunch, crossing and uncrossing my legs while watching the group of boys who happened to be standing at the foot of the steps grow larger and larger. I was never obvious about it. I always made it look like I was unaware that I was having an effect on anyone and never blatantly showed anything.

While I was growing taller, my breasts also grew considerably. They were not huge but larger than most and protrude nicely from my slim frame. After gym in the locker room, Julie, my best friend, kidded me that they were the size of grapefruits. That's probably about right except they're more pointed than round and my nipples seem to always be erect. I was filling out my t-shirts in a way that was starting to draw attention from the boys at school.

My mom made we stop wearing t-shirts without a bra around the house because my nipples were too obvious. She said it was so I wouldn't look like a slob but it was really the nipple thing. I couldn't get away with wearing any form fitting tops at school without a bra so I mostly had to wear one. I did have one loose fitting button up blouse that I occasionally wore without a bra. The buttons were fairly far apart allowing it to gape open enough to give people a glimpse inside at part of my breasts.

I decided to go to Cosmetology school after high school. It was one among a number of careers I wanted to pursue. I'm embarrassed to say it but it was really seeing the play, Grease, and the "Beauty School Dropout" segment that put the cosmetology thing in first place. The school I wanted to go to was in New York. My Aunt Doris and Uncle Carl, who lived with their dog Barney near the school, agreed to let me stay with them. As a kid I always liked going to visit them, they were so nice. Uncle Carl is now semi-retired. He's a short, portly, balding man with a kind jovial fatherly disposition. Aunt Doris is a kind matronly woman who always treated me as a daughter especially since they never had any kids of their own. As a little girl I used to stay with them for a few weeks during the summer. Some of my fondest memories are of curling up on Uncle Carl's lap in my pyjamas and watching the late movies on Friday night.

The day I arrived, while I was unpacking, I realized that I had forgotten to bring my nightgown. Aunt Doris graciously offered me one of hers but it was a long grandmotherly gown that I couldn't bring myself to wear. Besides she is quite skinny and it would have been uncomfortably tight. As an alternative she found a pile of Uncle Carl's old shirts. I dug a well-worn undershirt, not a t-shirt but more like a big baggy oversized version of a tank top with big loopy arm holes. It was extremely loose fitting, light, soft and comfortable. Perfect to sleep in. It would easily fit at least two of me.

I put on the shirt and went down stairs to tell them goodnight. I was surprised to see a funny, almost shocked, look on uncle Carl's face and he kept nervously glancing at me. I started to panic, wondering what was wrong. I said my goodnights and hurried back up to my room. In front of my mirror, I looked at myself to determine what could have caused that reaction in uncle Carl. It was then that I realized the shirt didn't really do a lot to cover me up. A good deal of my breasts were on display, especially from the sides where the big loose arm holes allowed easy viewing. The front was cut a little low and the material was so worn thin that it was hard not to notice my nipples pressing through. The shirt was also pretty short, barely coming down past my butt. It was, after all, a shirt, not a dress or nightgown and Uncle Carl was shorter than me so his shirt was extra short for my taller body. There were small slits on each side that exposed the side of my panties. Which brings me to the fact that I did have on panties so the most that was going to happen was Uncle Carl would see my panties.

I found that as long as I was standing straight, I was basically covered. You could still see quite a bit of my breasts from the side but the nipples remained covered, although they were fairly obvious poking through the material but still not directly visible. My breasts held the front of the shirt out away from my body giving the effect that it was suspended from my nipples and causing it to shake when movement, like walking, made my breasts jiggle. Also if I was standing straight, the bottom of the shirt kept my panties out of sight except the sides. If I raised my arms, like I had downstairs to give Uncle Carl and Aunt Doris a goodnight hug, the bottom of the shirt would lift up exposing my panties. Also, if I leaned forward at all, the front of the shirt would swing away from the front of my body and all bets were off.

I don't remember leaning over at all downstairs but I did raise my arms so Uncle Carl would have gotten a peek at my panties. That combined with the partial views of my breasts may be what had cause the shocked look on his face.

I found the thought of my inadvertently displaying myself to him and his reaction to it, exciting.

I found myself trying different ways of standing and moving while watching in the mirror to see how it would look from Uncle Carl's perspective.

It was exciting pretending Uncle Carl was watching as I leaned over just enough so my breasts were almost completely visible, all except the nipples, and pretending to scrub the top of my dresser to make them jiggle. I found that from the front, I could bend over quite a bit, allowing a view quite a ways down the front of my body without my nipples being exposed. The more I looked in the mirror, the more I thought about what it would be like if Uncle Carl was actually watching me.

Monday through Thursday, I got up early and went to school. Aunt Doris also went to work everyday. Uncle Carl worked some of the days but never on Friday. I don't have classes on Friday so Friday morning it would just be Uncle Carl and me. I had a weird desire to tease Uncle Carl only because he is so fatherly and would never act on anything he might see. I felt safe.

Thursday night I slept in the undershirt like usual except I didn't wear panties. I had a hard time falling asleep thinking about the next morning parading around in front of Uncle Carl wearing nothing but his skimpy undershirt.

I woke up excited in the morning. I really wanted to go downstairs dressed just like I was without panties but I chickened out. There would be time for that later. I put on my favorite pair of panties, white cotton bikini style with string ties on each side, The little tied bows stuck through the little slits at the helm of the shirt.

I took one last look at myself in the mirror and tried to picture the view from Uncle Carl's perspective. No matter what angle, there was a lot of skin visible. I took a deep breath and headed down the stairs.

From the living room, I could see Uncle Carl in the kitchen. The kitchen was across the living room from the stairs. It's a small squarish room with a small round kitchen table in the middle. Uncle Carl was sitting at the table reading the paper. I shouted good morning and started walking towards him. I had practiced this walk in my room. It was just springy enough to make my tits bounce noticeably under the shirt. By the look on his face it was indeed noticeable. He kept looking at me, then looking away. I knew he was dying to look at me all over but couldn't while I was looking at him. I walked straight into the kitchen, past the table he was sitting at and turned my attention to the sink to give Uncle Carl a chance to take me all in. I glanced back at him once and he seemed to be staring at my hip where the bow of my panties poked through the little slit at the side. I reached up to the top shelf to get the pancake mix, knowing the bottom of the shirt would rise up exposing the back of my panties. I took a glance look to see if he was looking and he was. I walked past him to the refrigerator. I open the door and leaned in knowing the shirt would ride up again even higher this time and my panty covered bottom was just inches from him. Leaning over also caused the shirt to fall away from the front of my body. From his angle, in back of me, he would be able to tell that the whole front of me was exposed but he would only be able to see the side of one of my bare breasts.

I grabbed the eggs and milk, stood up and turned around. Uncle Carl had a strange, slightly shocked look on his face. As I moved around the kitchen preparing to make pancakes, we chatted small talk. I found him watching me more openly, stealing glances inside my shirt at my partially exposed breasts when I turned to the side, watching my bare legs, waiting for the periodic glimpse of panty when I leaned over or up. He also seemed to be fascinated by the little bows on the sides of my panties.

I put the bowl on the small table across from him and stirred the pancake batter. I leaned over just far enough to give him a partial view of my breasts down the front of my shirt and stirred just hard enough to make them jiggle. I looked up from the batter long enough to see that he was entranced with the site. If he would have been to the side instead of in front of me, he would have had an unobstructed view of my breasts.

I decided to go for it. I moved a little around the table closer to his side and make a big reach for the eggs across in front of him. I could feel the shirt swinging away from the front of my body exposing my breasts just inches in front of his face. I pretended to have trouble getting one of the eggs out of the carton allowing him a longer look and causing my bare breasts to jiggle in front of him. When the egg finally came loose, I "accidentally" leaned closer to him so that my naked breast brushed his face as I moved back. I finished making breakfast, moving around the kitchen, giving Uncle Carl all kinds of peeks as I did. I sat down opposite him and we talked and ate breakfast. He kept staring at my nipples.

After breakfast we moved to the living room where Uncle Carl sat on the couch. Barney the dog came out of Uncle Carl's room and went to the front of the couch to visit him. I went over to pet Barney leaning over him knowing I was giving Uncle Carl a complete view down the front of my shirt, probably all the way to my panties. I sat on the floor playing with Barney. I had my legs stretched out toward him knowing he could look up my skirt and see my panties. As Barney and I played I changed positions, curling one leg up in front of me. then both legs, then sitting cross legged. Each position giving him different and usually better view of my skimpy panties.

There was a little light fixture above the couch that held 4 light bulbs. One of them was burned out. I took the opportunity to get a small stool and try to replace it. I was standing on the stool right in front of him and reaching up which caused the shirt to rise up giving him a great view of the front of my panties only a few inches from him as well as a view up inside of the baggy shirt. I'm not sure how far up he could see but a quick glance at him told me he was definitely looking. I was getting more and more excited knowing he was watching. I hopped down and went into the kitchen to get a new light bulb. I decided to try something. I untied one side of my panties and left the strings just looped over each other. It was enough to keep my panties up for the time being. I went back to my position on the stool. Uncle Carl noticed the untied string right away and didn't seem to be able to take his eyes off it. As I screwed in the bulb, I could feel my panties start to loosen up and slip. I chickened out, got down off the stool and retied the string with Uncle Carl watching. A few minutes later I went back up to my room.

I couldn't stop thinking about the whole episode. I kept picturing Uncle Carl getting peeks at my breasts and panties. I wondered if he was thinking about it too.

Uncle Carl...

I was happy when I found out my brother's daughter Carrie would be staying with us. She had visited us a number of times both with and without her family. She was a good kid, always well behaved and pleasant to be around. I hadn't seen her in a couple years.

When she showed up a the door, I couldn't believe my eyes. She had grown into a gorgeous young woman. She was quite slim, taller than me, with shoulder lenght dark hair and a beautiful face. She had filled out in all the right places. I tried not to notice but it seemed like for such a thin girl her breasts were fairly large. It didn't take long talking to her before I realized she was still the same great person I had known when she was younger.

The first night, she realized she had neglected to pack a nightgown and Doris went up to help her find something to wear. An hour or so after Doris came back down stairs, Carrie came down dressed in one of my old undershirts. I couldn't believe my eyes. As a nightgown the shirt was extremely short. The first thing I noticed was what looked like miles of bare slim legs sticking out the bottom of the shirt. I could see the sides of her panties through the small slits at the sides of the shirt. Then she started walking towards us and I noticed her breasts bouncing under the loose cloth. As she got closer the obvious imprint of her nipples drew my attention. It was becoming obvious that she wasn't wearing a bra underneath. The shirt was so baggy that it only hung loosely on her. In particular it seemed to be suspended in front from her nipples. As she walked toward me, the material swung slightly to one side and then the other, exposing parts of the sides of her breasts. When she turned to the side to talk to Doris I realized how open the sides of the shirt were. The sides of the oversized shirt were open more than half way down to her waist exposing a lot of skin. From the side the way the baggy shirt draped itself over the tips of her breasts holding the cloth out away from the front of her body made much of the sides of her breasts visible. For such a slim girl she had large beautiful breasts that stood out proudly away from her chest. I was entranced with the curve of the bottoms of her breasts and tried unsuccessfully to keep from staring at them.

Suddenly she turned and went back upstairs. I watched her long bare legs disappear up the stairway.

That night and the rest of the week, I couldn't get the picture of her in that shirt out of my mind.

Friday morning, I was sitting at the kitchen table reading the paper after Doris had left for work. Reacting to a sound, I looked over and say Carrie standing at the bottom of the stairs dressed in the undershirt. As she walked toward me, I was stunned by the image of her bouncing breasts beneath the loose shirt. As he walked past me the view changed from that of a giggling shirt to glimpses of her bare tits bouncing seen though the open side of the shirt.

She stepped up to the sink. My eyes were drawn to the small slits at the bottom sides of the shirt where I could see little bows of the strings which held the front and back of the panties together. I couldn't believe she was comfortable wearing so little clothing in front of me however I found it exciting. I couldn't keep my eyes off her as she moved around the kitchen. It seemed like wherever she moved there were different parts of her body on display.

She reached up to the top shelf of the cupboard causing the bottom of the shirt to rise up exposing her cute panty covered bottom. She came over closer to me and leaned into the refrigerator almost pushing her delightful bottom into my face. I could tell the front of the shirt was hanging loose and leaving her breasts exposed. From my angle I could only see the side of one of her bare breasts.

Later, she was reaching from the right across the table in front of me trying to get eggs out of the carton on my left. The side of the shirt hung down exposing most of her left breast just inches from my face. As she struggled with the eggs the side of the shirt hung loose enough to maddeningly expose all but the nipple of her jiggling breast. Then as she reached even farther her whole beautifully bare breast came into view. Her breasts were very pointed with her tall erect nipples perched on the ends. No wonder her nipples were so obvious beneath her t-shirt. They had looked terrific through the thin shirt but the unobstructed view of them was truly fantastic. She worked in that position for what seemed like a blissful eternity and I could do nothing but stare at her exposed breast and darling nipple. As she got the eggs free of the carton she seemed to lose her balance falling slightly towards me causing her bare breast to press momentarily press into my face. The quick sensation of her bare breast touching my face sent an electrical shock through me.

During breakfast we made small talk and I tried unsuccessfully not to stare at her nipples pressing through the thin fabric and the exposed parts of her breasts.

After we ate I went into the living room and sat on the couch. Barney came in and sat in front of me. Carrie came up and started petting Barney leaning over towards me as she did. The loose shirt billowed away from her body giving me an incredible view down the front. I could see the whole front of her naked body, both lusciously full breasts all the way to the erect nipples as well as her flat stomach and skimpy white panties.

After that Carrie sat on the floor in front of me petting Barney. She didn't seem to make any effort to keep me from seeing her panties from nearly every angle possible including one point when she was sitting cross legged with the crotch of her skimpy panties in full view. Occasionally she would lean over towards me far enough for me to see her breasts down the front of her shirt.

Later she noticed that one of the bulbs in the lamp above the couch was burned out. Leaning over me and stretching up she worked to unscrew the bad bulb. The front of her shirt hung far away from her body almost above my head allowing a close up view of the front of her panties as well as a view up inside her shirt of her beautifully slim body and the undersides of her bare breasts. She got the bulb out and went to the kitchen to get a new one. As she was walking back I notice the strings on one side of her panties hanging loose. The knot had come untied and only the stings looped loosely over each other were holding her panties together on one side. I watched that side intently as she loomed above me screwing in the new bulb. As she moved slightly the string seemed to loosen more and one side of her now loosely fitting panties started to slide down. It slid down far enough to expose a hint of trimmed pubic hair peeking out of the top of her panties before she finished, stepped down and retied it. An action I found intriguing. She then went back upstairs. She was fully dressed when she came back down.

For the rest of the day and week, I could think of nothing else. Every time I closed my eyes I say Carrie's long legs or bare breasts or skimpy panties. During the next week, when I saw her fully dressed, part of me was picturing her in the skimpy undershirt or less.

I kept thinking about Friday, wondering if this Friday morning would be like last week with Carrie running around in that skimpy undershirt. Thursday night I couldn't sleep thinking about it. I spent the night with visions of Carrie's partially exposed breasts peeking out of that shirt.

**Teasing Uncle Carl Ch. 02**

Carrie...

I woke up. I had been sleeping in Uncle Carl's shirt and nothing else. My plan this time was to go down stairs wearing just the shirt, no panties. I started down the stairs, chickened out, Went back upstairs, put on panties, started down stairs again. In a moment of bravery and excitement, I changed my mind again. I slid my panties off and left them on the top step.

Descending the stairs, I became aware of air passing between my legs and over my bare bottom, making me ultra aware that I wasn't wearing panties.

When I reached the bottom of the stairs, I could see Uncle Carl sitting at the kitchen table just like he had been last week. I took a deep breath, called to him, and started the walk across the living room into the kitchen. It seemed like that walk occurred in slow motion. The shirt, was baggy and over sized and sort of billowed around me and was held out away from the front of my body by my breasts. The result was that from the waist on down, the cloth barely touched my body anywhere. As I walked I got the sensation that I was naked from my breasts on down since I could feel nothing covering me except an occasional wispy brush of cloth on skin. The feeling was both frightening and exciting.

Uncle Carl stood up as I entered the kitchen. I gave him a hug making me ultra conscious of my near nakedness. I stepped over to the counter getting ready to make breakfast. I could feel his eyes on me. I've heard people use that phrase but until now I had never really felt someone looking at me. I reached up for a package of cereal from the top shelf knowing I was exposing my bare bottom to him. I was rewarded by a quiet gasp from Uncle Carl. I knew now that he was positive I wasn't wearing anything under the skimpy shirt. The thought excited me.

I went over to the refrigerator next to Uncle Carl. I leaned in to get the milk intentionally allowing the back of my shirt to ride up letting him get a closer look at my bare bottom just a couple feet from him. I stayed that way much longer than I needed to. Part of me wanted to show him everything.

I continued working around the kitchen always conscious of the view I was providing for uncle Carl.

Suddenly I had an exciting idea. I hopped up on the end of the counter directly in front of him. I could feel the cold counter against my bare bottom and realized that the back of my shirt barely reached down far enough to meet the counter.

I sat with my side facing Uncle Carl and ate my cereal. Sitting as I was at eye level and feeling the cool counter top against my bare bottom, I felt especially exposed. When I leaned over to put my dish in the sink I was very aware of the front of the shirt falling away, exposing the whole front of my body to Uncle Carl. I glanced over and saw him apparently spellbound at the site. On a whim, I swung my legs around so that I was facing my Uncle. I'm pretty sure that during the move, the space between my legs must have been in view. Now with my legs together, I wasn't sure. The shirt, after all, made a very short dress and even with my legs together they're may not have been enough to it to keep me covered. One look at Carl and I knew at least my trimmed pubic triangle must be in view.

Uncle Carl...

Friday morning I was up early after not sleeping much. I was sitting at the kitchen table reading the paper like I do every morning except this morning I couldn't concentrate on the news. I couldn't keep my mind off Carrie in that shirt. I was hoping for a Friday morning like last Friday. Would she come down and hang around half undressed like she did last week? I was waiting impatiently. I kept thinking I heard noises from upstairs then nothing.

Finally I heard movement for sure and momentarily I heard her coming down the stairs. Would she already be dressed or would she still be wearing the shirt she slept in. I saw bare feet which became bare legs coming down the stairs. More and more long legs and still not a sign of clothing. She stopped momentarily. Still bare legs to her upper thigh. If she was dressed, she must be wearing something very short.

Then she quickly finished the last few steps coming fully in view. I wasn't disappointed. She was wearing the shirt. Even from across the room, I could see the imprint of her nipples and the side of her left breast. She smiled and walked towards me, her incredible breasts jiggling under the thin material. I stood up, she gave me a quick hug and walked past me to the sink. I couldn't resist peeking into the open side of her shirt as she walked by. What incredible breasts.

Then something happened that I'll never forget. She was standing with her side facing me. I was admiring her beautiful bare legs all the way from her bare feet up to where they disappeared up into the shirt. Then I noticed, the slit at the bottom where last week I could see the bows from the side of her panties. Today there was nothing there but bare skin. She was wearing nothing but the short undershirt. No panties, no bra. nothing. Last week I couldn't believe she would walk around in front of me dressed only in the shirt and panties inadvertently giving me peeks at her bare breasts and skimpy panties.

Now she wasn't even wearing panties. In my mind I replayed all the scenes from last week where I could see her panties from almost every angle and pictured what they would look like without the panties. I flashed on the image of her sitting cross legged on the floor with the thin strip of panty all that covered her privates. I had reviewed that image in my head many times this week. Now I was thinking how it would look without the panties.

I kept thinking to myself, "Oh my God she's not wearing panties!! oh my God she's not wearing panties!! oh my God she's not wearing panties!!"

Almost before I had time to let it all sink in, she reached for the cereal on the top shelf. The back of the shirt slid up exposing the most beautiful bare bottom I'd ever seen. I couldn't believe my eyes. There was her exposed bare bottom just a few feet away. no panties! nothing!

I stared at her beautiful bottom for what seemed like minutes as she wrestled the cereal box from the top shelf. She got it down and turned around. For a second I thought I had been caught staring. For the next few minutes I just watched her move around the kitchen gathering up bowl, spoon, napkin. It was a beautiful thing. The only problem I had was deciding where to look. Her always partially exposed breasts were tantalizing but now occasional peeks at her bare bottom and the excitement of what might be exposed next drew my attention.

She leaned into the refrigerator just like she had last week but this time it was her bare bottom that stared me in the face from a few inches away. From this close, I was amazed at how smooth the skin of her shapely bottom was.

Then she did something I didn't expect. With her bowl of cereal in hand, she hopped up on the end of the counter so that her left side was facing me. She was leaning forward just enough so that her breasts were almost completely in view. The bottom of the shirt came down just far enough to rest on the counter meaning she was sitting with her bare bottom on the counter top exposing a lot of bare hip and thigh and reminding me in an exciting way that she was really only wearing a shirt with no bottoms. I still couldn't get over the fact that she could be comfortable sitting there in front of me almost naked.

She would periodically lean farther forward to take a spoon full of cereal. When she did, her incredible breasts would come fully into view and the back of her shirt would rise up off the counter exposing a tantalizing strip of her bare bottom.

When she had finished her cereal she stretched over to put her bowl in the sink. This caused the front of her shirt to billow out exposing the whole front of her beautiful body. It also caused the back of the shirt to slide up nearly to her waist. She stayed in that position for a few heart stopping seconds, rinsing her bowl and allowing me to soak in the view of her beautiful exposed body. She was busy with her bowl which gave me time to openly follow the lines of her exposed front from her neck, down past her beautifully rounded breasts with their pointed nipples, down two her flat tanned stomach to where it disappeared into the shirt. I also had time to take in the incredibly smooth skin of her bare bottom at eye level. Then, still sitting on the end of the counter, unbelievably she turned to face me swinging first one leg and then the other around towards me giving me an unobstructed view between her thighs. I couldn't believe my eyes. There right in plain view was her darling little slit with a little patch of sparse light brown pubic hair above. She finished swinging both legs around and stopped with her legs facing me. Even with them tight together, I could still see a glimpse of fine public hair between her thighs below the bottom of the shirt which laid lightly across her lap.

As we talked, she fidgeted with her hands and at the same time clapped her knees together and then slightly apart giving me quick views of her cute little slit. I couldn't believe she could be so comfortable in such a state of undress around me. I felt both guilty and excited.

I was suddenly jolted back to reality when the doorbell rang. I decided to take my time answering the door to give my nearly naked niece time to leave the room. To my surprise, she just sat there with her long bare legs stretched out in front of her on the counter and asked me if I wanted her to get the door. I didn't feel it was my place to tell her to leave so I slowly walked to the door to answer. I could see through the small window that it was two friends from work, James and Arnie both about my age and semi retired.

The second they stepped through the door, their eyes were immediately drawn to Carrie still sitting on the counter. I must admit if I walked into a room containing a pretty young girl dressed only in a skimpy undershirt with a mile of bare legs and quite a bit of her breasts exposed, I'd stare too.

I introduced them and to my surprise, Carrie came walking over to meet them, her breasts jiggling with every step, her nipples poking obviously through the thin material. I found myself seeing her through their eyes and thinking how partially dressed and sexy she looked. I couldn't believe she could be comfortable walking around almost naked in front of her uncle and two strange men.

As I did the introductions, and she came closer, they tried unsuccessfully not to stare at Carrie's nipples poking through the thin material. She asked them if they'd like anything and they each agreed to a bowl of cereal and some coffee. When she turned to ask me they got their first close up look at her from the side. I glanced over at them and caught them staring at the open side of her shirt and the side of her almost completely exposed bare breast. Only the nipple of her jutting breast was hidden pressed into the thin material of the shirt.

With all three of our eyes glued to her, we watched her long bare legs as she walked back across the room. I'm sure the guys had been focused on her partially exposed breasts when she was walking toward us. Now that she was walking away they had a chance to look at her long slim bare legs exposed by the extremely short shirt that barely hung down far enough to cover her bottom. As she walked a hint of her bottom sometimes came into view until she reached up into the cupboard for the cereal causing the back of her shirt to ride up nearly to her waist. She stayed like that for a few seconds trying to get the cereal down and giving our house guests a long look at her incredible bare bottom dispelling any curiosity they might have had about whether she was wearing panties under the short shirt.

James and Arnie always came over on Friday to play ping pong in the basement. After they had eaten breakfast, they reluctantly left Carrie in the kitchen and went down to the basement to play.

We were just finishing the second game when we saw Carrie's long bare legs descending the stairs. She was still wearing the skimpy undershirt. David asked her if she wanted to play.

The next thing I knew she was in a game with David. Arnie and I sat on the bench behind her watching. She jumped a little with each shot causing her breasts to bounce around inside the shirt and the bottom of the shirt to ride up almost to her waist so that her beautiful bare bottom was almost constantly in view.

After a few minutes Arnie and I nonchalantly stepped over to where we could watch Carrie from the side. The view was incredible watching her bare breasts bouncing inside her shirt.

Arnie noticed it first. I was still mesmerized by her breasts. Arnie distracted elsewhere. When she would take a shot, the front of her shirt would flip up and there in plain view was her darling little patch of public hair.

Up until now she had allowed much of her sexy body to be seen by her uncle and two complete strangers. Peeks at her breasts and bottom were one thing but this seemed to take it to a whole new level. We watched for a while waiting for the next shot and another peek at her sexy pubic patch.

As the game progressed, I noticed the strap on her right side starting to slip off her shoulder. She pushed it back up once. Then with a rush it slid completely off her shoulder fully exposing her right breast. Peeking at her breasts inside her open shirt was one thing but seeing her with her breast fully exposed in front of a group of strange men was staggering. She left it that way throughout the volley before pulling the strap back up covering up her breast.

After the game was over she hopped up on the workbench to watch the next game. The workbench is about waist high. She sat so that the hem of the shirt lay across the top of her bare thighs not quite covering the patch of pubic hair between her legs. The next game was between David and Arnie although they seemed to be pretty distracted by the sight on the workbench.

After the game, we all went back up to the livinv room. Carrie led the way with David and Arnie following behind enjoying the view up the stairs.

Like they always do after ping pong, David and Arnie plopped down on the couch in a slouch position with their feet extened across the coffee table. To my surprise, Carrie plopped down right between them with the hem of her shirt about an inch above the top of her incredible pubic triangle. There she was on the couch nonchalantly sitting between two strange men with her pussy fully exposed.

They sat like that for a while talking. The right strap of the shirt again started sliding off her shoulder until it was down by her elbow. Her right breast was almost fully exposed except for a thin strip of the cloth draped precariously from her erect nipple. It was quite a site.

**Teasing Uncle Carl Ch. 03**

Uncle Carl:

It was Friday night. My wife was visiting her sister for a couple days and Carrie had gone to bed. Since I had to work, I had only seen Carrie for a few minutes this morning unlike the past couple Friday mornings when I had spent much time watching her in my old skimpy undershirt that she now wore as a nightgown. This morning as I left she had been vacuuming, her incredible breasts bobbing around, only marginally constrained by the skimpy shirt. I so didn't want to leave for work but did anyway.

I stepped out of the shower, put on my robe and went to the living room to watch some TV. I sat on the couch taking advantage of some alone time. The first thing I came across on TV was the movie, The Goonies. It reminded me of the summer when Carrie had spent almost a month with us. She was about nine or ten and had brought with her own copy of The Goonies. She couldn't get enough of that movie. We had a ritual. We'd open a bag of potato chips and she'd sit on my lap while we watched The Goonies. We could recite every line along with the characters and would have the best time talking along with the movie and laughing. I'll bet we watched it in that way more than twenty times. It was a good summer for both of us.

I heard a noise in back of me and turned around to see Carrie coming down the stairs wearing the shirt I loved so much on her. Her full breasts were bouncing with each step down the stairs. She said she was sorry to disturb me and didn't realize I was still up. She was getting a snack. My gaze went briefly to the little slits at the bottom of the shirt. I could tell she wasn't wearing panties. She looked so incredibly sexy and, like always I felt guilt,y wanting to watch her in this barely dressed state.

Then she noticed that Goonies was playing and begged to watch it with me just like we used to. She went directly to the kitchen to get potato chips. I watched the hem of the shirt rise up as she reached to the top shelf for the potato chips exposing a good share of her incredible rounded pear shaped bare bottom.

Chips in hand, I watched her walk toward me and the couch, her generous breasts jiggling slightly, barely constrained by the skimpy undershirt. Knowing she would be sitting on my lap dressed like that in a few seconds was making me feel both excited and guilty. The fact that I was fresh out of the shower and wearing only my bathrobe intensified both those feelings.

She leaned over, putting the bag of chips on the floor in front of the couch and at the same time giving me a quick peek at her beautifully erect nipples.

She plopped on my lap sideways in the standard position we had developed when she was ten. She pulled my right arm in back of her like always. My hand found its familiar resting place hooked around her side under her arm holding her in place. This time my hand was lying on warm bare skin and my finger tips could feel the beginning curvature of her breast. The sensation of my hand resting on her silky smooth bare skin was electric. She draped my left hand across her lap surprising me with the feel of her bare thighs.

We watched for a few minutes then realized the volume was too low and I had left the remote on the other end of the couch. To my surprise, she quickly flopped over on her stomach, stretching to reach the remote. The action caused the shirt to ride up to her waist. There she was stretched out across my lap with her beautiful bare bottom exposed. My left hand which had been lying across her lap was now laying across the back of her bare thighs just inches below her rounded bare bottom.

She grabbed the remote and resumed her lap position, this time cuddled up a little closer so that the fingers of my right hand were now lying along the side of her bare breast. But the most fantastic thing was when she moved back into our normal position, the bottom of her shirt remained at her waist. I tried to keep from looking down at the cute tuft of hair peeking up between her thighs. My left hand was now back in place lying across her lap on her bare thighs, just inches away from her darling exposed little pussy. The view between her thighs plus her wiggling on my lap was causing an unwanted erection. I unsuccessfully willed it to relax. If she was aware of it, she didn't let on.

And so we continued to watch the movie. Occasionally, she would twist to the right and lean down to get another handful of potato chips moving more of her bare breast under my fingertips. Often I could feel her erect nipple sliding beneath my fingers as she reached for chips.

One time, as she was grabbing chips, she began to slide off my lap. She caught herself by rotating partially around and putting one foot on the floor. I held her from falling essentially by cupping her breast and grasping her closest leg. There I was feeling her bare nipple pressed against my right palm and my left hand curled around her left bare thigh brushing lightly against the fine hair between her legs. I could feel my erection pressing against her inner thigh but again no reaction from her.

I pulled her back onto my lap and we continued to watch the movie. I continued to support her with my hand tucked cozilly between her thighs. She reached for no more chips and ultimately started falling asleep. At one point, the strap of her undershirt slid off her shoulder exposing her right breast completely. I tried not to but found myself staring openly at her bare breast and darling little exposed pussy.

After a bit, I picked her up, carried her up the stairs to her room, and tucked her into her bed. I gave her a kiss on the forehead and then went down the hall to bed.

**Teasing Uncle Carl Ch. 04**

Carrie:

I was looking forward to this Friday. Uncle Carl had asked if I could cut his hair. I would be using some of what I was learning in beauty school but what really excited me was another chance to tease Uncle Carl. It's been about four weeks since I moved in. On that first night with my Uncle's shocked look at seeing me wearing his revealing undershirt, I've had a hard time thinking of anything else. I often revisit in my mind the morning I built up the nerve to walk around in front of him innocently wearing only the skimpy shirt with nothing underneath and the night I sat squirming nearly naked on his lap watching The Goonies. Sometimes, especially after a shower, before getting dressed, I put the shirt on and look at myself in the mirror to see myself the way Uncle Carl sees me when wearing it. I imagine him looking at my nipples poking through the thin material, Looking at my breasts giggling as I walk, It's one of the fantastic things about having sizable pointed breasts and always erect nipples. I imagined him looking at my exposed bottom when I raise my arms or the full view of my breasts when I lean over. Thinking about it excites me in a guilty forbidden kind of way. Uncle Carl is a portly, fatherly man, semi retired, with balding hair. I've known him all my life and am completely comfortable with him which is why, I think, it's so much fun to tease him by wearing revealing clothing and pretending I'm not aware of what I'm exposing. He would never take advantage or even acknowledge what he was seeing.

I found a robe. In a pile of old clothes that must have belonged to Aunt Doris, It was an old silky white robe . Aunt Doris is a small woman, much shorter than me, so the robe is small. In a moment of excitement, I stripped down to just my panties and tried it on. The robe was short, barely covering my bottom, and generally small so that when I pulled it around me there was not much overlap. I tried the sash loosely in front so that a narrow strip of bare skin was visible from my neck to my waist making it obvious to anyone looking that I wasn't wearing a bra.

The material was thin enough, almost translucent, so that the imprint of my nipples was obvious. I found that by leaning over slightly and moving my shoulders back a bit, the narrow strip of bare skin could easily expand into amazing open cleavage exposing both my breasts almost to my nipples. The small amount of robe below the sash stayed mostly closed. I found if I moved a little, a hint of panty could be seem and it didn't take much movement for a bigger gap to open. In a moment of excitement, I slipped off my panties. As usual, I tried to picture the view as seen by Uncle Don. I imagined him looking at what I saw in the mirror with the partially open robe, my mostly exposed breasts and a strip of light brown pubic hair visible. Thinking about it made me tingly all over and I wanted to touch myself but decided not to.

I decided, this is what I will wear tomorrow as I cut Uncle Carl's hair.

I scheduled the haircut for early in the morning to give me an excuse to still be dressed in night clothes. I rehearsed in my mind how I would lean in close to him nonchalantly working on his hair, seemingly unaware that my robe was innocently hanging open with my bare breasts nearly in his face.

It was time I should be going to sleep. I put on my panties and Uncle Carl's undershirt, my normal sleeping attire, and hopped into bed. I tried to sleep but I was too excited. My body felt like it was tingling all over. After a bit, when I couldn't stand it any longer, I got up and stripped out of the undershirt leaving just my panties and got back into bed. The feel of the cool sheet on my bare nipples was arousing but somehow calmed me down a little although not enough to go to sleep. Presently, without getting out of bed, I peeled off my panties also. I had never slept in the nude before and the cool sheets felt luxurious caressing my naked body especially in my aroused state. Finally after fantasizing some more about tomorrow's teasing I fell asleep

I was awakened hearing voices from downstairs. I recognized Uncle Don's voice and I was sure the other voice wasn't Aunt Doris since she would be at work by now. I stood naked in my room listening and then timidly stepped into the hall. I creeped part way down the stairs, excited by the prospect of being caught naked but dying to know who we had as a guest. On my hands and knees on the stairway, I was able to peak into the kitchen far enough to see Uncle Don and Howard, the elderly man from next door. I met him once when he stopped by to return some of Uncle Carl's tools. It looked like he was wearing the same red flannel shirt today that he had on then. He is quite a bit older than Uncle Carl, gray haired and balding but was still pretty active.

Howard being here was unexpected. I trusted Uncle Don but had no idea about Howard. How would he react if I went downstairs nearly naked? Abandoning my plans, I started to get dressed.

Sliding my panties on, I touched myself briefly which renewed my desire to go for it. I decided as a compromise, I would wear the robe but just keep my panties on. Shortly I had on the robe looking at myself in the mirror. The tingling was coming back. I slipped off the panties, took a big breath, and headed down the stairs wearing just the robe.

Knowing what I had planned, I tried to hold back the panic as I walked barefoot across the living room toward the two men sitting in the kitchen. Both men stood up as I approached. I noticed Howard with his mouth hanging open staring openly at my chest. I could feel my breasts jiggling as I walked. If the free movement of my breasts and the imprint of my nipples wasn't enough to signal to him that I wasn't wearing a bra, the strip of bare skin should have clinched it. I could almost see in his face the moment he realized there were bare breasts under my skimpy robe.

I took a seat on one of the bar stools facing the two men. I could feel the cool plastic seat on my bare bottom. I realized I was sitting with my legs slightly apart. I looked down to make sure I wasn't accidentally exposing something. The tails of the robe were split across my left leg so one tail dipped between my thighs covering my pubic hair.

Preparing for the haircut, I pulled out one of the dining room chairs and asked Uncle Carl to have a seat which he did while placing a death grip with his fingers wrapping around the ends of the chair's arms. Looked like it was going to be a white knuckle experience for him being my first real haircut. It was a white knuckle experience for me also but for a different reason.

I stepped around in back and draped the cloth over him, pulling it up around his neck. As I moved around the kitchen, I could feel the front of the robe opening up a little. Howard's gaze seemed to intensify. I could see him alternately checking out my long bare legs and then the growing opening in the front of my robe.

I pulled Uncle Carl's head back toward me to tighten the cloth. As I did, I could feel the back of his head pressing against bare skin between my breasts where the robe gaped open.

As I moved around toward the front, I took a quick glance down to find the robe had opened slightly at the sash revealing a gap all the way down. I could see a strip of my bare skin and further down, a patch of light brown pubic hair exposed below the sash. This didn't seem to have gone unnoticed by Howard who was staring intently. Again I could almost read the realization on his face as he came to the conclusion that I was totally naked under the skimpy robe.

Moving around to the front, I leaned in close to start work on his hair, realizing that the front of my robe was hanging open even more, I glanced down to see my breasts exposed almost to my nipples.

As I leaned farther to tighten the cloth around his neck, two amazing things happened at once that sent a jolt of sexual electricity through my body. One, I realized the robe had opened even more exposing my nipples which were surprisingly close to Uncle Carl's face. I moved a bit closer until my swollen nipples made contact with his cheeks sending a shock through me and by the look on his face, Uncle Carl as well. Secondly, the arm of the chair with his death grip on it was pressing directly against my pubic hair. I stayed in that position for a long time, moving slightly, pretending to fiddle with the cloth while trying to come across as oblivious to my bare breasts rubbing on his face and the back of his fingers pressing against my bare pussy.

The feel of his fingers was electrifying as I pushed myself harder against them pushing his fingers and the arm of the chair farther between my thighs. I was determined to seem unaware that anything but the haircut was happening and kept my eyes on Uncle Carl who had a strange deer in the headlights look on his face.

I continued to work on his hair, ever so subtly thrusting myself against the arm of the chair while also inadvertently dragging my bare breasts across his face. At one point, my left nipple found its way between Uncle Carl's partially open lips. I let it lay there for a few seconds and could almost feel his lips close slightly around it but I couldn't be sure.

By the time the haircut was done, the continuing stimulation happening between my legs and on my nipples had me so aroused I was afraid I would have an orgasm right there in the kitchen in front of my Uncle and his elderly neighbor.

In my ecstasy I had almost forgotten about Howard. I'm not sure what he could have seen from his vantage in back of me. For sure, while I was leaning over, the back of my robe would have pulled up high enough to offer a long unobstructed view of my bare bottom. I realized he'd been talking to me the whole time, asking me questions about beauty school but I had been too involved to notice.

I straightened up and turned to face him, at the same time nonchalantly tugging my robe closed at the bottom. Taking quick stock of myself, I realized that the top of the robe was wide open. I quickly pulled it closed enough so at least my nipples were covered although in my current state of excitement I wanted to leave much of my breasts visible for Howard to look at while still pretending I was unaware of what I was showing.

While Uncle Carl went to check out his new haircut in the mirror, I stepped closer to Howard to continue our conversation. He spoke quietly as though, at his age, it was a little hard for him to speak. As we spoke, his eyes continued to be focused on my breasts. He seldom looked me in the eye. They say you can sometimes feel someone's eyes on you. I could almost feel my breasts getting warmer from his stare. I almost pulled my robe closed but didn't.

Uncle Carl came back and suggested we take our coffee's to the living room. Both men headed into the living room. I followed with a fresh cup of coffee for Howard along with cream and sugar although I didn't know how Howard took his coffee. Uncle Carl took his normal seat on the couch. Howard sat in the easy chair across the coffee table from the couch. I leaned over, placing Howard's coffee on the coffee table aware that the robe would hang open giving him a complete unobstructed view of my bare breasts. I could feel his eyes on my nipples as if in a trance until he became aware I was asking him if he wanted cream or sugar. With a catch in his throat, he finally got out the word "yes". Remaining bent over, I added cream and sugar and then stirred which caused my breasts to jiggle. For a second, from his facial expression, I thought he might be having a heart attack.

There was a knock on the door. To my surprise, Uncle Carl yelled for whoever was at the door to come in. Panic struck me all over again as I pulled the front of the robe partially closed. Uncle Carl's friend Arnie entered the room. He had been over the day I played ping pong wearing only Uncle Carl's skimpy undershirt. Having seen much of my body on that day didn't stop him from staring at me today. There was still the strip of bare skin visible between my breasts and nipples poking through the cloth to attract his attention, not to mention my long bare legs and by the look on his face, he had taken notice.

After saying hi to Howard, he plopped down on the couch next to Uncle Carl.

My Uncle turned on the TV and was surprised to see our favorite movie, Goonies, playing although it was near the end. He yelled to me to grab the potato chips and give it a watch. I was a little hesitant but also excited to be dressed in just the skimpy robe, now in front of three men who didn't seem to be able to keep their eyes off me. I reached up to the top shelf grabbing the chips knowing I was giving the men a nice view of my bare bottom and for Arnie, answering the question I know he was asking himself as to whether I was wearing panties under the short robe.

I knew Uncle Carl was expecting me to sit on his lap like we always did. I Even with my best intentions, because the robe was so short, t surprised me to feel Uncle Carl's jeans against my bare bottom. Sitting sideways on my Uncle's lap, I was a little uncomfortable with my bare legs stretched out across Arnie's lap so my feet landed directly on the growing bulge in his pants. I checked again to make sure I was covered. On top, I was showing a fair amount of cleavage while down below, the right tale of my robe was covering me while the left hung to the side exposing a wedge of bare thigh.

Arnie innocently tickled the bottom of my bare foot causing me to pull my leg away at which point he attacked the other foot. This led to a bout of me kicking my legs in the air to avoid the tickle, only partially aware that in the process, I was inadvertently offering spectacular close up views between my legs to Arnie and Howard. When the tickling stopped I was posed with my legs spread wide with one foot on the floor and the other on the back of the couch. I also became aware that my robe was almost fully open with my right breast and pubic triangle fully exposed. I stayed in that position a little longer than I needed to, enjoying the look on the men's faces as they took in the sight. It excited me to think about it. Here I was sitting on my Uncle's lap almost naked with two of his neighbor men looking on. It was like I could feel their eyes on my exposed pussy making it warm and tingly.

Then I quickly moved my legs back together while tugging the left side of my robe across my body as far as it would go barely covering my right nipple and my pubic hair. The right side of the robe continued to hang open down the front of the couch, the sash having come untied. As things settled down, I continued to watch the movie with almost the whole right side of my body exposed. The men seemed to have a hard time watching the movie and I caught them spending more time looking at me more than the TV screen.

About the time the movie ended, Arnie's phone rang. It was his wife wanting him to come home for lunch. Uncle Don flashed a look at Howard and both men decided it was time for them to leave and stood up even though I'm pretty sure they wanted to stay longer. I hopped up. straightening my robe and we all walked to the door. I gave Arnie a quick goodby hug allowing the front of my robe to open as I made contact so that bare skin pressed against him. The feel of my bare nipples pressed against his flannel shirt sent little chills down my spine. Closing my robe as I pulled away, I repeated the process with Howard.

When both men were gone I turned to Uncle Don, giving him a hug and wrapping my robe as far as I could around the both of us. He responded by wrapping his arms around me inside the robe, pulling me close and kissing me on the forehead. The sensation of his arms wrapped around my naked body and my bare nipples pressed into his chest was almost more than I could take. We stayed like that for a long time. Uncle Don told me he was glad I had come to stay with them. We both backed off, I took my time closing my robe then excused myself to go back upstairs.

At that point I was so excited I almost ran up the stairs. I had an intense need to touch my breasts. As soon as I was high enough to be out of site, I yanked off my robe. Standing naked near the top of the stairs, I began rubbing my breasts, feeling the firmness, fullness, and warm smooth skin. The effect was electric as I continued to massage while replaying the scene downstairs with the men looking at my exposed bare tits and wishing they could touch them like I was touching them now. Then I allowed my fingers to find my nipples which were almost painfully hard and screaming for attention. The intense sensation nearly buckled my knees.

The scene in my head continued. I could still feel their eyes like lasers trained on the space between my thighs as I spread my legs to avoid the tickling. With one hand still on my breasts, I slowly moved the other downward slipping my fingers between my legs.

I had barely touched myself down there when a shudder ran though my body and I had to sit down on the steps as wave after wave of pleasure washed over me. The orgasm seemed to go on forever.

As if waking up from a dream I heard Uncle Carl starting to follow me up the stairs so I hurriedly grabbed my robe and ran to my room. Momentarily he rapped lightly on my door asking me if I was alright. Still completely naked, I stepped into the hall, gave my very surprised uncle a big hug, kissed him on the cheek, told him I was fine and ducked back into my room.

**Teasing Uncle Carl Ch. 05**

Uncle Carl:

Carrie was laying on her stomach on the living room floor petting Barney with her legs slightly spread. She was wearing the loose fitting old undershirt that she liked to wear and I loved seeing her in. She had on no panties and the bottom of the shirt was pulled up to her waist leaving her glorious bare bottom on display. For a few minutes I just stood there taking in the beautiful sight then kneeled down beside her and tentatively placed my hand on her thigh feeling her warm smooth skin. Slowly I slid my hand up her thigh to her beautifully rounded bare bottom. My heart was pounding as I began moving my hand back and forth. Her skin was so smooth and her bottom so firm as I rubbed one gorgeous mound then the other. I could feel an erection growing as I added my other hand and began cupping the cheeks of her bottom and massaging them following the cleft of her bottom down to her thighs and back up. and then finally allowing my fingers to slowly trace the cleft of her bottom following it down between her thighs. As my fingers found the moist warmth between her legs, I thought I heard her gasp or moan. The sound somehow morphed into a weather report. It was my clock radio telling me it was time to get up. I shook the sleep out of my head to get my bearings. The encounter had been a dream but my pounding heart and throbbing erection were real. I felt an intense sense of guilt dreaming about my niece in that way. The excitement and erection took a while to wear off.

Doris and I were in the kitchen waiting for Carrie to get up so we could all go shopping.. I was still reeling from the dream when Carrie came down the steps in the skimpy undershirt she always wore. As many times as I'd seen her in it, the site of those long bare legs and incredible partly exposed breasts jiggling behind the thin cloth always had an effect on me. Still recovering from the dream this morning, the effect was a returning unwanted erection while standing in the kitchen next to my wife. Doris told Carrie to go get dressed for the shopping trip. We were going to a couple furniture stores to look for a couch for our living room and a new bed for Carrie's room.

In a few minutes Carrie came back down looking incredibly hot in a white sun dress with little blue flowers. The dress was very very short, displaying much of her long slim legs and swirling around her upper thighs as she walked. It was moderately low cut with spaghetti straps and small buttons up the front, the top three of which she had left undone exposing a tantalizing strip of skin between her breasts. By the jiggle of her breasts as she walked, it was apparent that she wasn't wearing a bra. The little blue flowers helped disguise the fact that her nipples were fairly visible through the light cloth.

I had a hard time taking my eyes off her. Somehow Doris didn't seem to notice anything unusual. As she swung her legs into the back seat, I got a glimpse of the strip of white panty between her thighs.

We entered the mall through a crowded food court. She made quite a site walking along showing all that bare leg and jiggling breasts. I know it's a cliche but It seemed like every guy In the food court was following her with their eyes. The first furniture store was on the second floor. I followed she and Doris up the escalator. From below and behind, I had a perfect view up her short dress to her adorable panty covered bottom. A quick glance around told me the two guys behind were also enjoying the view.

When we entered the store, we were immediately greeted by a gray haired salesman who seemed to have more interest in ogling Carrie than selling us furniture. He pointed out a couch. Carrie immediately sat down leaning forward just enough to offer the salesman an impressive view down the front of her dress. For a while the salesman gave his sales pitch directly to Carrie, ignoring the two adults, all the time keeping an eye on her cleavage. Finally, he led us to a bed he thought we might be interested in. Carrie immediately flopped down on the bed stretching out. The sight of those long bare legs stretching out of that short short dress had the salesman captivated. He was staring openly at Carrie as she rolled back and forth on the bed eventually causing the hem of her dress to rise up enough to expose a good bit of her white panties. She continued to roll around trying to get the feel of the bed apparently unaware of the show she was putting on. As expected, the salesman continued to talk to Carrie all the time eyeing her long bare legs and the now almost completely exposed panties.

When Carrie finally stood up allowing the hem of her dress to fall down covering her, the salesman seemed disappointed. We told him we were going to check a few other places then make a decision.

The other furniture store was also on the second floor of the mall but Doris and Carrie decided to first go down stairs to a clothing store.

I found myself sitting in a chair while the women tried on what seemed like hundreds of outfits. Carrie tried on at least a dozen pair of jeans and t-shirts, one blouse that was quite see-through which garnered some attention from shoppers passing by and one dress with a low cut v-neck which also turned a few heads.

When they were done and had on their original outfits, I noticed that the three unbuttoned buttons on the front of Carrie's dress had now become six unbuttoned buttons leaving a strip of bare skin extending about six inches below her breasts making it evident to a casual observer that she wasn't wearing a bra. With each step as she walked, the partially open dress front would gape open first on one side then the other offering partial glimpses inside at her bare breasts. At the checkout counter as she was paying for her clothes, the male clerk was having difficulty keeping his eyes on the register and stammered more than once before the transaction was complete.

As we walked back toward the escalator, her partially open front combined with the gentle jiggle of the breasts inside drew the attention of many of the people we passed. Maybe it was residual excitement from this morning's dream but seeing her partially exposed like that in public was thrilling. I imagined how she must be stirring the imagination of those that saw her and likening it to the affect she has had on me these past few weeks.

We started up the elevator. From behind, I was shocked, looking up under her extremely short dress, where earlier in the day I had admired her white panties, now instead I saw her beautiful bare bottom. Apparently when getting dressed after trying on clothes, she had decided to dispense with panties. I quickly looked around and in back of me. No one behind on the escalator seemed to be aware of the incredible view available to them except for one boy of about twelve who was staring openly with his mouth hanging open. The thought of it was extremely exciting. I had to hide a growing erection.

The other furniture store was at the other end of the mall. Walking behind the women, I couldn't take my eyes off the hem of Carries dress knowing she was wearing nothing underneath. Occasionally a flip of the material revealed a hint of beautiful bare bottom. We passed an area with an arcade down on the ground floor with lots of people, mostly teenage boys, playing video games. Carrie stepped over to the railing to get a better look. One boy looked away from his game long enough to notice Carrie looking down from above. He immediately abandoned his game in lieu of the view up the front of Carrie's dress. As Carrie leaned over to get a better look at the gamers, more of them stopped playing and began looking up. At the same time the sun glasses she was wearing on top of her head dropped off, bouncing through the railing and falling down to the the first floor. I volunteered to retrieve them and headed down a nearby stairway. Reaching the bottom, I didn't see the glasses and looked up to Carrie to point me to the right location. The view from below was amazing as my gaze followed her long legs up into the short dress with nothing to obscure the view past her darling little pubic triangle all the way up the front of her incredible body to a partial view of the underside of her bare breasts. By this time dozens of boys who were formerly playing games were enjoying the same vista.

She pointed to the glasses which I grabbed, hurried back upstairs where Carrie and Doris had already left for the furniture store much to the disappointment of the boys below.

As I neared the furniture store, up ahead, I saw Carrie and Doris standing outside the store talking. I stopped for a second to take in the scene. There was Carrie with her incredibly long bare legs, wearing her incredibly short dress without panties, in the middle of the corridor with a constant stream of people walking by. When she turned to look my direction I became keenly aware how much the the front of her dress was open when I saw that strip of bare skin and partial view of her breasts that swayed with the movement. During the past few weeks, I had seen her dressed in many revealing outfits but seeing her like this here in the busy mall was particularly arousing. Knowing we were heading into the furniture store and picturing Carrie trying out beds dressed that way was starting another unwanted erection.

Standing outside the store, I couldn't help replay the scene at the other furniture store, Carrie rolling around on the bed, her dress riding up to show her panties. Now we were preparing to repeat the process, except Carrie wasn't wearing panties. I took a deep breath, my heart was racing as we entered the store.

When we walked in the door a short gray-haired portly older gentleman in an ill-fitting suit accosted us and immediately latched on to Carrie. It seemed he couldn't take his eyes off the open front of her dress. He walked right up to her, grabbing her hand and introducing himself as Arthur. Once he knew we were looking at beds and couches, he immediately wrapped his arm around Carrie's bare shoulders and escorted her, with us in tow, to the bed section. As he talked with us it was obvious he was inconspicuously trying to look down Carrie's top. His prayers were soon answered.

Carrie walked around to the other side of the first bed and leaned over to test the softness rubbing her hands across the mattress and causing the front of her dress to hang open enough to bring most of her incredible breasts into view, jiggling with the movement. Arthur immediately moved to our side of the bed facing Carrie, to explain the finer points of the bed but more likely to view the finer points of Carrie's exposed bare breasts. As he talked, his eyes were focused down the front of Carrie's dress. He explained that one side of the bed could be adjusted independently of the other. He prompted her to lean over farther to check the softness on the other side. As she did, even from my angle, her beautiful bare breasts were completely in view, incredible erect nipples and all. Arthur's view must have been spectacular judging by the catch in his throat and his inability to speak for a few seconds.

To his disappointment, she came around to our side of the bed to test it out further. His disappointment was short lived when she leaned across the bed, the hem of her dress sliding up to expose much of her incredible bare bottom. When she leaned in even farther, the back of her dress rose nearly up to her waist making it obvious to anyone looking, including Arthur, that she wasn't wearing panties. It was arousing seeing her beautiful bare bottom on display here in the middle of a crowed store. Forcing myself to look away, I checked around to see if anyone else had noticed. There was a man a couple beds over staring openly at Carrie while his wife, oblivious to the scene, was checking the price on a bed.

Carrie slipped off her shoes and hopped up on the bed, laying on her back with her long bare legs stretched out looking sexy as hell. Then she began rolling back and forth, her dress riding up just enough to allow everyone alternate tantalizing glimpses of her beautiful bare bottom and her adorable little pubic triangle.

She eventually came to rest sitting cross-legged on the edge of the bed facing us, the hem of her dress draping precariously between her open thighs only partially obscuring the view. Arthur moved in closer, casually placing his hand on Carrie's bare leg as he talked his sales pitch, all the time his eyes darting back and forth between the space between her legs and the open front of her dress. She leaned back briefly causing the hem of her dress to rise in front fully exposing the open area between her thighs.

Then in a quick movement she folded both long legs up in front of her hugging them with her arms. Her dress was now up to her waist and she would have been completely exposed if not for her bare feet tucked between her thighs. She was seemingly unaware of the sight she was providing as a crowd was gathering to gawk at the attractive girl sitting on the edge of a bed naked from the waist down and showing some serious cleavage.

She seemed to become suddenly aware she was unintentionally putting on a show and slipped down from the bed, giving everyone a quick glimpse of her pubic triangle before smoothing her dress down. She appeared to be uneasy and asked for us to leave and continue shopping another day. At least a dozen pair of eyes watched her as we left the store.

Back at the car, I held the door for her. Remembering the flash of panty I had seen when leaving the house, here, as she swung her legs in, with some feeling of guilt I enjoyed a delightful view of her bare pussy.