Teasing by Rachael

The first time I knowingly teased a guy was when I was 14. My oldest

sister, Stacy, was 17 and she was dating a guy even older than that1 He was

20? I think, going to the junior college. Anyway, he would come over when

my parents were gone and usually Stacy would kick the rest of us out of the

den so she and her boyfriend could be alone.

This time I was laying on my tummy on the floor with my chin propped up

in my arms, hugging a pillow beneath me. I was wearing a tank top and

these really loose cut-off corduroy shorts. They were so ugly! But I wore

them forever! When Stacy and I forget his name, I'll call him Steve!

laugh...When Stacy and Steve came into the room my sister started telling

me to get out and leave them alone. But Steve told her it was ok, he

didn't mind if I finished watching my show. Besides, it was almost done

anyways. Stacy wasn't really happy but she didn't say anything, just sat

down next to her bf on the sofa behind me and I just watched my show.

A couple minutes later I realized Steve was watching me instead of the

TV. I don't know how I knew, but I'm sure you know what I'm talking about.

It just feels like someone is staring at me! I looked back over my

shoulder and Stacy kind of glared at me and frowned. But Steve was staring

right at my tight little ass. it felt kinda funny knowing that Stacy's

boyfriend was looking at me like that instead of her. So I turned back to

the TV set and shifted around a little, like I was trying to get

comfortable and I spread my legs a little bit wider.

These shorts were really short and really loose. If I stood up and

sucked in my stomach they'd fall right down to my ankles, that's how loose

they were anyway! And when I was spreading my legs I knew Steve would be

able to look right between my thighs and see the crotch of my knickers!

That made it even better! I didn't really expect anything, I mean I didn't

really know what I was doing. I just wanted to see if Steve really was

interested in me. It made me feel kind of grown up, like I was equal with

my sister for the first time in my life!

I lifted my legs, bent at the knee, and was kind of waving them around

in the air behind me. My pussy was pressed against the zipper and snap of

my shorts and it felt really good to rub myself like that against the hard,

bumpy material. I could feel my shorts riding even higher and the seam

between the legs was starting to rub against my little slit. I looked back

again and this time Stacy looked really mad!! But Steve was staring right

at my pussy. I smiled like I was so innocent and asked him if he could see

alright!! laugh!

It was so great!! That was the moment I was hooked! I know that now

because Steve started to say yes and then he looked up, like he forgot the

question. He was soooo red!! And all three of us knew what he was

thinking I was talking about. I acted like I meant the TV and started

spreading my legs even wider! That was it for Stacy. She got up and

kicked my leg and told me to get up. I didn't say anything, I just smiled

at Steve and told him goodbye and Stacy slammed the door behind me. I went

upstairs and masturbated thinking about what happened and that really was

my recurring fantasy for a long time after.

Later, Stacy let me have it totally. She told me I embarrassed her and

that I was a slut. but I didn't care. After that I was always looking for

new ways to tease my sisters' boyfriends. I did just about anything to

steal the attention! Even now, 5 years later Stacy still gets mad I think.

Laugh...But what are sisters for??

end Minneapolis, June 3, 1995