**Teenie Shares Her Exhibitionist Masturbation Fantasy**

*Showing off my new bikini – in my Uncle's back yard pool*

I give my Mexican Uncle a lot of credit for helping me develop my exhibitionist side. And he is the reason I like latino men so much. We had an interesting relationship to say the least. We kept it private which worked for both of us. I felt no one would have understood and it would have caused trouble for him and embarrassment for both of us.

After spending time with him on his farm, I got pretty close to him. My Mom had divorced my Dad and my uncle filled a void I felt when my Mom and I moved out. But now that we had moved into an apartment, I felt confined to say the least. On our Hill Country Texas ranch, I rarely wore clothes, something my parents, and my older boy sibling eventually accepted. I was a good girl, they would say, but a little strange.

Uncle Jorge was good to me and complimented me on many things. He was good for my self confidence and we did a lot of things together, talked a lot and got pretty close. One day, I opened up to him and told him that I rarely wore clothes when we lived on our Texas ranch, in the house or in the yard. But now that my Mom and I lived in an apartment, I felt caged in a way, certainly not free like I was at the ranch.

The next day at breakfast, he told me he’d thought about what I said, about being frustrated living in an apartment. He said I didn’t need to wear clothes at his place but if I decided not to, that I should always were something on my feet. The farm, he said, can be a dangerous place.

He got up from the table saying he needed to get out to his shop and asked if I’d clean up the kitchen for us. Before he left he gave me a big hug and a forehead kiss.

‘You’re a very sweet and special girl.’ he said. I like that you can talk to me about apparently anything. The divorce is tough for you, I know. You seem to like it here and I want you to feel happy. From the way it sounds, no clothes might even be good therapy for you.’

I didn’t think of it that way or, I guess, I hadn’t thought it through. I asked him if he needed help in his shop.

He said, ‘There’s always something to do. But I’ll find something we can do together. But let’s have fun too. I heard you are a pretty good with a bow and arrow. I have some target hay bales I’ll set up and you can show me. Take your time and come out when you can.

I finished the dishes, went into my room, took off my clothes and hung them on a post and put my tennis shoes on. I stopped by a hallway mirror and stood in front of it. It made me smile. I got an exhibitionist chill. It was my first time feeling this free in well over two months. I said to myself that I wasn’t wearing another stitch for the remainder of my visit. I couldn’t wait to go outside!

I walked to the shop feeling the fresh cool air and morning sun on my body. It felt so freeing. My Uncle came out as I approached. The look on his face made me laugh.

He said, ‘Wow!’ and then paused, ‘I guess I wasn’t prepared for this side of you. You were serious! It’ll take some getting used to but all in a good way. You look different, more grown up. Does it feel good?’

‘Oh yes’, I said, ‘I’m so glad we talked and that you understand.’

He said, ‘I like your tennis shoes. Wanna give me a hand with these targets?’

He let me shoot first. I hit the hay bale with my first five shots. He applauded me saying my form was very good. I could see him studying my body and I was fine with it. I liked his attention actually.

After my first freeing day, everything seemed more fun being naked – from helping with the farm chores to playing yard games or pitching washers in the barn to grilling out for dinner and then watching TV together in the evenings.

I had my own comfy couch that I laid on. That first evening, he was looking at me more than the TV sometimes and he’d look away and he’d look away when I looked at him but I told him that it was OK. I asked what he thought of the new naked me. He told me that I was very pretty and that he was not only getting used to it but he admitted it made his day better, more enjoyable.

I said, ‘That’s what I was hoping. It makes it more fun for me too.’

He asked me if I’d get him a beer for him and to help myself to something if I liked. I asked if Tequila would be OK. He told me I was a true Mexican!

When I came back with his beer and the Tequila, I sipped from the bottle and felt my head flush. I melted back onto the couch. While we were watching TV I could see him looking at me. I stared at the TV and let my legs relax open. I liked that I could see him out of the corner of my eyes. Looking down my body, I liked the way it looked and hoped he did too. My breasts were growing and I had a nice patch of pubic hair. My tan lines were gone from tanning naked and my nipples had grown dark from the sun. He said, referring to my thin strip of hairs, that I was definitely Latina. I thanked him and pulled some out saying that I was surprised at how long they were.

‘Yes they are – longer than I would have guessed. Looks very sexy to me,’ he said.

I said, ‘That’s nice of you but sometimes I want to shave them off.’

He said, ‘I have a trimmer I rarely use to get you started if you want to try it while your here.’

I asked if he would mind if I tried it that evening. He got right up and when came back and handed it to me and suggested we sit outside on the back porch. I was excited. I knew once I started there would be no turning back. He adjusted the trimmer so it would be close but not so much that it might nick me. I switched it on and paused.

He said, ‘You’re nervous. Remember it will grow back if you don’t like it.’

I said, ‘You’re right as usual but I think I need another sip of Tequila.’

He laughed and brought out the bottle and handed it to me.

I said, ‘I love you Uncle Jorge!’

He said, ‘Thank you Sweetheart. Let’s see how that thing works.’

I was done in less than a minute, my dark shiny hairs falling on to the porch deck.

He said, ‘That’s a nice look for you. But I can say I like you both ways.’

I said, ‘I will make it better.

I went into the bathtub, made a good lather of soap and shaved so smooth you wouldn’t even know I had hair there. I was excited to see what my Uncle would say. I dried off quickly and rushed back outside. He got the biggest smile and I returned it with a giggle, saying I can’t believe how smooth it feels.

I spontaneously said, ‘You should feel.’

He said, ‘I’d like to but I’d better not. Can you grab me another beer while your up?’

When I came back and sat down in the chair next to him, I couldn’t keep my hands off my cleanly shaven mound.

He said, ‘It does look smooth. I can see why you like doing that.’

I don’t know if it was my comfort level with my Uncle or if it was the Tequila or both, but I continued to feel the smoothness of my now hairless pussy area and in a more sexual way letting my fingers rub along the sides of my lips. The newness of the feel of no hair was extremely stimulating. I didn’t want to stop and looked over at him with a more serious expression. I didn’t say a word but he understood.

He smiled at me saying, ‘You’re beautiful for one and I can see why you like touching yourself. I don’t see any reason why you shouldn’t stop. But that hard chair looks uncomfortable. Let me grab a pillow from the couch.’

When he returned, setting a freshly opened beer on the porch, he tucked a pillow behind my back and handed me the Tequila bottle. I got the most wonderful uninhibited feeling and started a sensual interaction between my fingers and body. The sun was very low in the sky now and cast a nice glow across my breasts and abdomen. I looked at him one more time, I guess looking for the go ahead, maybe an encouraging sign that he wanted me to keep going. He gave me an encouraging nod. I started slowly rubbing myself but, in no time, seemed to lose all inhibition. Soon I was fingering back and forth across my clit in a light rapid motion, my favorite way to masturbate. I rested my other hand on my smooth mound and pulled up to expose more of my clit. It felt so good, in fact it felt perfect. I masturbated openly and I liked that my Uncle was watching me! I was doing it for him.

He got up and walked to a porch post in front of me and lit a cigarette while I continued. I met his eyes and felt myself trying to smile but all I could do was purse my lips and roll my eyes as I felt myself building toward a climax. Knowing that he was standing in front of me, calmly watching me give pleasure to myself, was most erotic. I closed my eyes and enjoyed the feeling of my approaching orgasm. I masturbated openly and soon started shuddering. My chair was squeaking under me as I arched up off the pillow. I raised and tensed my legs and pointed my toes straight out as I fingered to a rush of pleasure.

When I finally opened my eyes, I found it now very easy to give a big smile.

My Uncle, taking a big gulp of beer and extinguishing his cigarette said, ‘You are full of surprises. That is about the most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen. But answer me this. Did you like me watching you? Do you think it helps satisfy your need to be free, having no clothes on and then opening up like this?’

I said, ‘Yes, I feel very free and satisfied right now. It’s good therapy like you said. Could you tell that I liked doing it while you watched?’

He said, ‘Maybe. I don’t know. You’re just very open sexually I think. But just so we are clear, you can do that anytime you like.’

He offered his hand to me and said, ‘Let’s get you to bed. Tomorrow we’ll drive into town to get some supplies. After that, we’ll visit a park by the river. We’ll have lunch there. Sound good? You’ll have to wear clothes though.’ We both laughed.

For the rest of my stay, when I got the desire to pleasure myself which was usually in the evenings when we watched TV, I would bring in the Tequila bottle. Of course that included a beer for my uncle. I would light candles that he let me pick out in town. He muted the TV sound, and sipped his beer as I indulged myself. Some nights, we’d bring the candles onto the porch just to be outside. I relaxed onto a new comfortable outdoor couch while he would light up his usual once a day cigarette. We would talk about anything and everything while I masturbated. When I got close to climax, I would say, ‘I’m cumming Uncle Jorge’. I liked saying it and he told me he liked hearing it. It made me masturbate harder and he, in turn, gave me his complete attention. After I orgasmed, sometimes he’d open a fresh beer and we would talk and plan for the next day.