**Exposing Carol: Way Back When**

by luv2bseen

*She reveals everything to her brother.*

Bobby Running Bear was my brother Jason’s best friend. He was cute, a great dancer, and a really nice guy. Bobby and Jason were both popular in high school and both were headed for college that fall.

By March of that year, they had both turned eighteen. It was a time of innocence and confusion. A time of horniness and inhibition. They were adults—and they were still kids.

I was two years older than Jason and finishing my sophomore year at the university. Unlike my brother, I was pretty shy. I dated guys occasionally, frat boys and townies. I even let them feel me up now and then. But I wouldn’t go all the way. I just couldn’t. Sometimes, I would stand naked at the window of my darkened dorm room, wondering if anyone was looking at me. Sometimes, I’d touch myself. Just a little. Or maybe a lot.

Spring break was the first week in April. Mom and Dad were going to Ireland on business and they asked me to take care of the house and keep an eye on Jason. So, instead of Fort Lauderdale or the Bahamas, I spent the break lazing around at home.

Jason was in school that week. He’d leave in the morning before I got up and return after baseball practice in the afternoon. I’d make some dinner and then read a book or watch TV. Jason spent the evenings doing his homework and talking on the telephone with friends. It was nice, though, being home for a bit.

On Friday, I cleaned up the house, washed my clothes, and did some preliminary packing for my return to campus the next day. Mom and Dad would be home on Saturday and then I’d leave after dinner with them and Jason. I remember it rained on Friday afternoon, that slow, soaking rain that always made me think of Heathcliff on the moor.

I was half asleep on the sofa when Jason walked through the front door. Trailing behind was Bobby, drenched just like my brother. They must have thought I was asleep when I didn’t move or greet them. They tried to keep quiet as they walked upstairs. To this day, I swear that I heard Bobby say, “Boy, Jason, your sister is hot!”

About twenty minutes later, I got up from the sofa. I could hear Jason and Bobby talking and laughing upstairs in Jason’s bedroom. Bobby’s comment still lingered in my mind. I grabbed my books from the coffee table and headed up to my room. As I passed Jason’s room, the door was ajar and I could see them hunched over a magazine. Backing up, I nudged the door open and said, “Hi.” Startled, they turned around toward me. Jason tried to hide the magazine but I could see it was one of those with nude women in it.

“Hey, Sis. Did you have a nice nap?” He tried to act nonchalantly. I smiled and told him it was okay to be looking at the magazine. I put my books down and sat on his bed. I could see that both of them were a little embarrassed so I changed the subject and we talked about baseball and school and a couple other things. I could see Bobby eyeing me when I was speaking to Jason. I liked him looking at me. Jason did the same when I was facing Bobby. I liked that too.

Then, as if some unknown force was guiding me, I brought the discussion back to nude women. “So, why is it that you guys like to look at pictures of naked women in magazines?” I stared at them, shifting my glance from one to the other. “C’mon, I’d really like to know. Jason? Bobby?” I don’t know what had come over me to act so bold.

Bobby looked at Jason who looked at me. “Most guys like to do it,” Jason said. “Must be the hormones or something.” We both looked at Bobby.

“I don’t know. We’re horny, I guess,” he said. Now they were both looking at me. My shyness came back and I lowered my eyes. No one spoke. Then I broke the silence.

“I want to ask you both something and I promise I won’t tell anyone what you have to say.” They were watching me intently and I felt self-conscious but I pressed on. “How many naked girls have you seen live, you know, in the flesh, so to speak.” I was ready for some big-time fibs.

“153,” Bobby said, and we all burst out laughing.

“Is that all?” Jason said. “I saw that many last month.” We laughed again.

“Come on,” I said. “I promise I won’t tell even if it is zero.” I could sense their hesitation in being candid with me and I could sense a little increase in the charged atmosphere in Jason’s bedroom. Again, they were looking at me and, again, I looked away. Bobby cleared his throat.

“Well, don’t tell anybody, but I’ve only seen my mother and that was by accident,” he said. “She was coming out of the shower and didn’t think anyone was home yet.” He seemed relieved by his admission. “Okay, your turn, Jason.”

Bobby and I watched him squirm a little and waited. “Well,” he drawled, “I want to say seven but the answer is one. And it was just her tits. Jenny and I were swimming at the creek and she took her shirt off when I dared her. But she only kept it off for about thirty seconds.”

“You saw Jenny’s boobs!?” Bobby said. “Wow, I wish I’d been there.” It was like he had forgotten I was there for a moment. “Sorry,” he said, red-faced.

“That’s okay,” I said. Our eyes held each other’s for a second.

“So there you have it, ladies and gentlemen,” Jason said. “Two cool guys telling a sister that they’re still virgins in more ways than one.” We chuckled at that remark and I felt the age gap between us was more than two years. I wanted to do something for them. And for me. I wanted to be bolder than I had ever been before.

I stood up from the bed. “Can I see that magazine a minute?” I said. Jason reached behind him and handed it to me. I flipped the pages, searching for the photos. By today’s standards, they were pretty tame. I looked at a lot of them while the guys quietly watched me. Then I held one up.

“See this,” I said, pointing to an airbrushed photo. “She looks nice, but she looks fake. I mean, you never will see a girl or a woman who has perfect skin in real life. And we’re all not built like this,” I said, raking my finger across the model’s breasts. The guys just stared at the photo, raising their eyes only when I spoke. “What do you think of her, Jason?” My brother looked at me.

“She’s pretty cool, I think.”

“Bobby?”

“Uh, I agree. But then, all I have to compare are other pictures,” he said.

“And your mother,” Jason said, laughing.

“Well,” I said, not quite believing my own voice, “do you want to see what a real woman looks like with no clothes on?”

“What do you mean?” Jason asked.

“What if I could get a real person to show you her body? Would you want me to arrange that for you?” Their faces lit up.

“Sure!” they both said, simultaneously.

“Well, here I am,” I said, with a little shudder in my voice as I opened my arms to them. I couldn’t believe I had just done that. They looked at me, mouths open.

“God, Sis! I don’t know about this. I mean, you’re my sister!” His voice quivered. Bobby just stood there, looking, his eyes capturing each part of me.

“Look,” I said. “There’s nothing wrong with this. We’re not going to have sex or anything. I’m just going to show you what a real naked woman looks like. So, do you want me to or not?” I was about to chicken out.

“Yes,” they said.

“Okay,” I said, trying to remain calm and sound like it too. Then I had another idea. “How I want this to work is”—I paused—“I want both of you to undress me. Can you do that?” they looked at each other and then at me. I could see “yes” in their smiling faces. They shook their heads.

“What should we do?” Jason asked.

“Okay, here are the rules,” I said, making it up as I went along. “Each of you can take turns removing one piece of my clothing at a time. That’s all you can do. No grabbing, no touching, nothing else. Understood?” They eagerly said yes.

“Who wants to go first?” They looked at each other again. Bobby told Jason to start. He looked at me and I smiled nervously. My own brother and his best friend were about to undress me in his bedroom.

“Okay, baby brother, you can begin.” He walked up to me and then hesitated as if he didn’t know what to take off first. “Do my blouse first,” I said, another shiver running through me. He reached out and fumbled with my top button. He was tantalizingly slow; not realizing the effect his prolonged effort to remove my shirt was having on me. Finally, the buttons were undone. Jason timidly eased the shirt off my shoulders.

“Could you turn around, please?” I did as he asked and felt his fingers curl around my shirt collar and pull it down. I kept my arms at my sides so that he could slide the shirt off me. When he did, I turned around and caught him looking at my bra and breasts.

“Okay, Bobby, you’re up,” I said, trying but failing to lessen the sexual tension in the room. He went straight for my jeans, undoing the button and pulling down the zipper. That was the easy part. My pants were tight and I saw that he wasn’t sure what I’d let him do to get them off me. He stuck his thumbs between my hips and the jeans and yanked but it was soon clear to him that his approach wouldn’t work. All he’d done was tug my white panties down a bit with the waistband of the jeans.

“Here,” I said. “I’ll hold up my panties and you try to inch the jeans down over my rear end. Then, I’ll sit on the bed so you can pull them off my legs.” He was a quick learner and, in about 45 seconds, I was standing in front of Bobby and Jason with only my white bra and cotton panties on. My brother moved in back of me. I knew he was a virgin at these things by the way he struggled with my bra clasp. I thought he was going to rip it off. But he finally unhooked it. This time, he didn’t hesitate in removing the item.

Self-consciously, I cupped my breasts in my hands and turned around to face them. Without a word, I dropped my arms and watched them see my naked tits for the first time. I knew they were turned on. So was I. This exposure was new to me too. But I tried to keep very cool and calm. My nipples, though, were growing hard and my areolas had crinkled up. I know they saw them. That’s all they were looking at! I broke the spell.

“Okay, Bobby. You’re next and last.” So far, neither of them had said much. Bobby came up to me and squatted down. He reached up and quickly pulled my panties to my ankles. Just as quickly, I stepped out of them. He stood up and gently placed my panties on Jason’s desk. I faced them, naked, open, embarrassed, and thrilled. My brother and Bobby kept looking, unashamed at what they were doing, enjoying it more with each passing second. I smiled at them, feeling more comfortable being nude in their presence.

“Well,” I said, “what do you think?” I love the fact I was naked and talking with two fully-clothed young men. “Come on,” I said, “tell me what you’re feeling. Is it what you expected?”

“Alright, Sis, I’ll say it. You look hot! Better than any of those pictures. Right, Bobby?”

“You’re right, man. I can’t believe it. I can’t believe I’m here. You’re the neatest sister I’ve ever known.” At that, we all laughed really hard. My breasts jiggled and, without thinking, I grabbed them. By their expressions, I realized what I had done. It gave me another idea.

“I wasn’t going to do this,” I said, “but, if you can handle it and not be immature, I’ll show you a few things about the female anatomy, my anatomy to be precise.” I watched their eyes move up and down my body. “Well,” I said, “are you ready for a lesson or should we call it a night?”

This time, Bobby spoke first. “We’d like the lesson, Carol. Right, Jason?”

“Absolutely. I still can’t believe you’re doing this, Sis.”

“Neither can I,” I said, growing more excited by the second. “Come a little closer. I want to show you something.” They stepped toward me, both of them with bulges in their crotches. I reveled in the effect I had on them and rejoiced in the effect they had on me.

“Look at my nipples. They’re sensitive to the touch. They get hard when they’re touched or squeezed or when I’m turned on. They are…

“Can I touch them?” Bobby blurted out. His eyes pleaded with me. Jason looked eager to handle them too.

“No,” I said. Disappointment crossed their faces. I was losing control of the situation. I wasn’t sure where this was going. Being naked was one thing. Having them touch me was another. I wanted to keep the situation going but I knew I had to stay in control. “Look,” I said. “I have an idea. This has been fun for all of us so far. But I don’t want this to turn sexual. I want you both to learn something. I confess that I love being naked in front of you. It turns me on and I know it turns you on too. I’ll let you touch me but you have to do it the way I tell you. And, if I say ‘stop,’ you stop. No arguments or anything. Just stop. Do you agree?”

“Yes,” they both said. I had regained some control but I was still nervous. And I was very excited.

“Okay.” I took a deep breath and turned toward Bobby. “Put your hands on top of my head. Now, close your eyes. Good. Now, very slowly, use your fingers to feel my hair and my face. Keep your eyes closed.”

Bobby did as he was told. Jason watched us both intently. “Okay, Bobby, feel my neck and my shoulders. Keep it slow.” He had a light touch and seemed to be exploring me like a sculptor might explore the contours of a model. My chest rose, lifting my tits with every breath I took. Looking at Jason observing this made me hotter. But I had to stay in control. I struggled to sound calm.

“Open your eyes, Bobby.” He did. “Do you want to keep touching me?” He nodded. “Okay, start with my shoulders and work your way down my body slowly. If you want me to turn around, just say so. But keep your eyes closed so that you can concentrate on feeling what a real woman is like. Understand?” Again, he nodded ‘yes.’

Bobby’s breathing had quickened but he kept trying to act cool. He circled my breasts and felt their weight. Then he lightly pinched my hard nipples and pulled on them. His hands roamed over my belly and found my hips.

“Turn around,” he said. As I did, his fingers stroked my pubic hair. He moved down to my labia and seemed surprised that they were moist.

“My pussy’s wet from your touching me and from being naked in front of you both,” I said. He did not linger there. Instead, he wrapped his hands around my left leg and slowly slid them down to my foot. Then he grasped my right foot and slowly felt his way up my leg to my crotch. I widened my stance just a bit so that he could go as far up as possible.

“Open your eyes. Remove your hands. That’s it. Now, smell your fingers. That is the true scent of a woman.” I took hold of his hands and helped him to stand up. His cock pushed against his pants. I smiled at him and looked directly at his hard-on. He blushed. Then, I looked at my brother.

“Do you want to touch me, Jason?” I had never been so open with him. Several years later, he told me that he almost said no. But, he said he was so horny and wanted so much to finally feel a naked woman that he tried to pretend that I was not his sister.

“Do you want to touch me like Bobby did?” I asked again.

“I do. Yes. Please.” He sounded so sweet and I felt good about letting him do it, about letting him see me naked, about letting him feel me up. I had never been more exposed.

Jason closed his eyes and put his hands on my head. His touch was heavier than Bobby’s, his fingers more rough. As he moved around my body, I thought of Lady Chatterley’s Lover. He was insistent, thorough, bold even. He savored the smell of my sex. While Jason touched me, Bobby watched. I wanted both of them feeling me at the same time.

And they did. Without asking me. Without me protesting. I was losing control again, so I stopped them.

“Wait. I have another idea,” I said, moving away from them toward Jason’s bed. I sat down and then reclined on the mattress, my head on the pillow. “I don’t want this to get sexual but I think you should learn one more thing about anatomy.”

I tried to sound like a school teacher so that I could ease the growing tension in them and in me. I told them to sit on the bed near my feet. Then I lifted my knees and spread my legs.

“My pussy is like every other woman’s and it responds a lot like others. But every woman is unique and you have to learn what they like, what turns them on.” They were staring at my cunt, listening carefully. I took my fingers and spread my lips so that they could look deeper. I showed them everything. My clit protruded from under its hood and I stroked it.

“This really turns me on. Some women can’t take it. But I love it!”

“Can we touch it?” Jason asked.

“Yes, but gently.” He reached forward and put his index finger on it, rubbing it slowly. Bobby followed and I raised my hips to meet his thumb. I took his hand and guided his middle finger into me. I reached out to Jason and pushed his finger inside me too. I held them there, not letting them move, as I squeezed my cunt around them. I closed my eyes, feeling other people inside me for the first time. Then, I slowly pulled them out.

“Someday,” I said, “your cocks will know what your fingers have felt. And I’ll squeeze a cock as it cums in my cunt. But, now, let’s have something to eat.”

I led them down to the kitchen and prepared some pasta and salad. I stayed naked the whole time, loving the looks and the appreciative smiles. Then Bobby had to leave. We said goodbye to him and went upstairs—to our separate rooms. I don’t know about my brother, but it didn’t take long for me to go over the edge.

Jason’s never seen me naked again. Bobby? Well, that’s another story.