The Flight of the Ugly Swan -- Chapter 2

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Charles ups the thrill after I return the favor.

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The day after my brother-in-law exposed himself to me, I put on "that" shirt. Every woman who has more than one shirt has a "that" shirt. It's the blouse or top that doesn't fit quite right and, for one reason or another, gaps open and exposes to view one of her normally hidden treasures. Mine was a red and white striped pullover that had a deep plunge.

I really wanted to expose my hairy pussy to Charles, but I just couldn't find a way to do it that wouldn't be too obvious. With the shirt, I could pretend that the exposure was accidental. I normally only used this shirt for gardening, because I knew by looking down that the neckline just wasn't right for my body. It was so loose that I even managed to get a little sunburn on one of my boobs once while gardening. It was my favorite shirt for that and I always got wet, knowing that as I bent over to dig in the ground, my boobs were exposed to the world. Not that anybody could see them without strong binoculars, because, as I said, I have very small boobs.

Technically, I guess you could say I have no boobs. I just have a flat smooth chest with a slight swell under each quarter-sized areola. This was a source of great humiliation back in high school. During my senior year, when a normal girl's chest was almost fully developed, there was an upcoming dance with a Hawaiian theme and some of the cheerleaders were planning to wear hula skirts and bras that used coconut shells for cups. One of the cruelest girls caught me listening to their plans and sneeringly said that my boobs would fit into walnut shells.

Somebody told a teacher about their plans and they had to substitute teacher-approved full-coverage bikini tops. I think they blamed me because, when I returned to my locker one day, there was something hanging from the handle. As I got close enough, I saw that it was a bra made with stretchy strings and two walnut half-shells. I was so embarrassed that I quickly took it down and started crying as a few of the girls who seemed to be waiting for this laughed at me. For some reason, I kept it and still have it and I've actually worn it, though not where anyone would see it. The cups are a little loose and knowing that I could probably wear it in public and not get busted for indecent exposure does nothing to help my self esteem. I've often thought about getting implants, but considering all of my other beauty issues, where would I stop? I don't have the kind of income earning power that it would

take to fix everything.

I wasn't sure that Charles would even be interested in seeing my tiny gifts, but I wanted to find out. I was sitting on the large couch in the family room watching TV when Charles walked in. I sat forward so the shirt would gap and as he walked past, I looked up and asked if he wanted to watch a certain movie later that night. He stopped to talk and I just knew he could see right down my shirt to my exposed left nipple. I made no effort to change my position and just kept talking with him, watching as his eyes made the slight moves from my eyes to my tit. I stole a brief glance at his crotch and noticed a pronounced swell that hadn't been there when he entered the room. That felt great.

As far as I knew, no man had ever looked at my naked adult chest. Not only was Charles seeing it, but he was liking it. He even moved around to the other side of me to see my right nipple. I enjoyed knowing that even though I'm an ugly little troll, there was something desirable about me; something that made this older but still fairly handsome guy check me out.

I enjoyed that feeling so much that a little later, when he was back in the small den watching TV, I went in and started "cleaning up". This meant a lot of bending over and exposing both of my boobs to him. I glanced up frequently to make sure he was checking me out and I glanced at his cock often to verify that it grew as I did. I kept telling him to keep watching the TV and not to let me distract him, but I kept showing off my mini-boobies to him and he kept looking. I even got down on all fours with my butt pointed towards him to dig magazines out of corners and this allowed me to wiggle my butt around. I know this had the desired effect, because his bulge got frighteningly huge.

When I got tired of cleaning and teasing, I turned to leave and decided to ask if he was ready for his cookies and milk. When I returned with them he was once again on his back with his legs spread. He was still wearing his shorts, but this time, his cock was hard and huge and I could even see small bumps on the exposed section of bare shaft. He wore boxer shorts that day and his "package" was almost completely exposed to me. It was so obvious now that his exposures were intentional, I was encouraged to be a little more daring. I stayed and talked with him for quite a while and I marveled at how his organ moved around while we talked. I didn't mention it, but I didn't try to hide the fact that I was looking at it. He didn't mention it either, even when it got rigid enough to flip over on its back. I so wanted to jump on it, but I was just too afraid of bad consequences.

But later that evening, we were watching a movie together on the long couch in the other room. Sis was with us, but she was sitting in a rocking chair. I was wearing a long cotton nightshirt, but for the first time ever in anybody else's presence, I wore no panties under it. Before the movie started and before Janice got there, I made a big deal of pointing my butt at Charles as I put the DVD into the player. I know the shirt was too long for him to see under it, but it was certainly obvious to him that there was only one layer of cloth there. I peeked back and saw him staring straight at my ass. I smiled

and wiggled a little as I got up. I stretched out on the couch next to him and put my feet on his outer thigh, being careful not to lift my legs up too high.

Charles began to massage my legs. It isn't terribly unusual for him to massage me, so Sis didn't seem to think there was a problem. She asked if we wanted popcorn, so when we said yes, she paused the DVD and went upstairs to make it. I flipped the TV input from DVD back to the cable box and started watching the show that came on and just enjoying the feelings of Charles' hands on me. I wasn't expecting it when he pulled one of my legs up so he could massage under the calf muscle, but I kept my attention on the TV, hoping he would also do the same to the other leg. When he finished the first leg, he just kind of laid it aside and pulled the other knee up. The cool air that caressed my pussy told me what I wanted to know. Both knees were up and spread slightly apart, which meant he could see my bare hairy pussy!

When I say hairy, I mean hairy. The dark fur starts thinly up at my navel and thickens and spreads wide until it gets well past my crotch. If I was wearing granny panties, he would still be seeing a lot of hair. I've just never had any reason to even trim it. I was certain from the feeling of wetness that my pussy was puffy and probably even that my clit was exposed to his gaze. I kept my attention on the TV so he could keep looking and we could pretend we weren't doing what we were doing.

As he massaged my legs, his hands crept further down my inner thighs and I let them continue until finally, his fingers contacted pubic hair. Then he did something truly paralyzing. He dipped a finger into my honeypot and brought it up to circle my clit. I couldn't help but moan softly. Just then, we heard the popcorn popper stop and I looked at him in panic, wanting him to keep rubbing but knowing we were about to get caught. He pulled his finger from me and I briefly let my knees gap wide open as I shifted my butt a little and then closed them and stretched my legs back out before Sis came back downstairs. As I looked at him to thank him, he raised his finger to his nose, sniffed it and then put it in his mouth. He then said, "Mmmmm. Maidenhead oil?"

It took me a minute to grasp what he meant. He was saying that he knew I was a virgin. It may have been just a wild-ass guess, but considering my lifestyle, I suppose it was an obvious conclusion. I'm sure that I turned beet red, confirming the accuracy of his statement. He just smiled and said, "Very sweet." Then we heard the popcorn popper start up again. Janice was making a double batch!

I looked at Charles and smiled and relaxed my legs a little. He didn't waste any time sliding his hand back up under my nightshirt to my overheated pussy. I spread my knees and he put his thumb on my clit and started to circle it. Before I knew it, I was having the first orgasm of my life that was being caused by another person. I dared to let out low moans as the waves of pleasure ran through me. I only barely got myself composed as Janice started down the steps.

Just before they left the next day, I talked with Sis and the subject of my lonely life came up. I normally would never have talked about it, but I said something about just being too shy and nobody seemed interested in me. She made a comment about how maybe they could help me get over that if I visited them. I didn't know for sure what she meant, but I knew what I hoped she meant and I promised I would try to visit soon.