Tease in the shower

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After a day of shopping, Becky shows her Uncle how to get clean.

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NOTE: This is my first story ever, I hope you like it.....

Joe patiently sat in the food court of the mall, finishing his greasy pizza slice and soda, wondering just how much longer he would have to wait to be able to go home. Christmas time at the mall is always a mad house and he never enjoyed diving into the crowds that pushed and shoved solely to get that last ugly sweater for Aunt so-and-so. He wouldn't have come at all if it hadn't been for the fact that he needed to find something for his niece and his brother had called to invite him along on a gift shopping trip.

The shopping so far had been hectic but not as bad as he had expected. Perhaps that was due in part to the bubbly attitude of his niece Becky and her best friend Susan who had tagged along. Their banter about absolutely anything that came to mind or caught their attention was pretty humorous if you just didn't take anything they said seriously. Suddenly a pair of hands covered his eyes and a high pitched voice said "Guess who!"

"Ummm, Becky?"

The hands came off and Joe saw his niece Becky standing on the other side of the table with her hands over her mouth, holding back laughter. Susan came circled around from behind him to join her and the both broke out in giggles.

"Nope, it was me!" said Susan, proud of the deception.

"Ok, you got me."

Joe took in the sight of the two girls. Both so similar in shape. Petite but with full hips, blossoming chests and long hair. It struck him that they both reminded him a bit of those Bratz dolls that used to be so poplular. Small and shapely. In body style they could have been twins, but otherwise they were very different; Becky had long dark hair, large brown eyes and a light olive complexion. Susan was

the post card of a red-head. Freckles, red hair, light blue eyes and that milky white skin that just seemed to glow. The two had been best of friends since forever, and now as seniors were excited about graduation in the spring.

"So did you girls find what you were looking for?"

"If you mean cute guys, not so much, but if you mean presents we want, yes," answered Becky.

"Oh my god, we found the cutest footie pajamas at Victoria's Secret, you should totally buy them for us," Susan offered.

"Well I do have more gifts to buy, but I'm sure..."

"Come on we'll show you," they seemed to say in unison, taking his hands and darting off towards the store.

"Girls, I'm not sure that's where I should be shopping for your gift if, hey! Since when am I getting you a gift Susan?"

"Since you've known me forever and I'm like a niece to you and I want this footie pajama, ha ha."

Joe just gave in and allowed himself to be led a few store fronts down to the shop. He was directed straight to the shelf with the pajamas as the girls each grabbed one and helf it before herself to model it.

"See Uncle Joe?" said Becky. "Isn't it the cutest? Just feel how soft it is."

Becky took his hand and led it to the fabric covering her stomach. It was indeed soft, but he was more distracted by the two mounds pushing the fabric up, just above his hand.

"Uh, yeah, very soft." He pulled his hand back and glanced around the store, seeing if anyone has seen him, and wondering why he felt so guilty.

"And the designs are so funny. Look, bears, skulls, hearts. And they're on sale too!" Susan pointed out the sign, continuing her efforts to win a gift.

"Ok ok, they're on the list. If I buy them, I can't right now in front of you, that would ruin the suprise."

"Ok, we'll go on the other side of the store and browse, and if you buy something, we won't have a

clue what it is."

"Well wait I..." It was too late, they had turned and were off to the other side of the store where the underwear and lingerie were.

Crap, he thought to himself, guess I gotta buy the footies. Joe picked up the items and stood in line waiting to pay for them. Why did he feel so guilty touching the fabric on Becky's stomach? Why was he so distracted by her chest? She really only looked like she an A cup, and hadn't noticed before. As he waited, he glanced over to where the girls were looking at some thongs, holding them against themselves and giggling. They looked so cute, perhaps even sexy. Both were dressed in tight jeans, white tanks and black bras with a light hoodie. Not really winter weather clothes, but in Southern California anything goes in the mild weather. Then he noticed that the girls were getting some glances from other men in the store, including the one in front of him. He wondered what they were thinking.

"I see they got to you."

Joe snapped back to reality and noticed that his brother Sam had walked up beside him.

"Uh, yeah, yeah they did."

"Did they pull the whiney voices or puppy dog eyes on you?"

"Something like that." In fact it was nothing like that. He realized they had him eating out of his hand without any tricks.

"Well, at least they didn't drag you in to buy something embarrassing, those look cute. I figured they'd try this since they mentioned how much they liked them while we shopped. You know you don't have to buy them."

"No no, it's ok. It's Christmas. Anyway there's an open cashier so no more waiting. I'll just pay for them and we can go. Are you done?"

"Yeah, back home now. I'll grab the girls."

Joe stepped up to the counter, feeling like he had just gotten away with something, but not sure what. "Will this be all sir?" asked the cashier.

"Yes, thanks."

"Oh aren't these so cute. And look at the old fashioned flaps, how funny. Like there's really any use for those these days."

"I hand't noticed them, but you're right. Very funny."

Joe paid for the footies and turned to be ambushed by a kiss on each cheek from the girls, then they spun and headed out of the store.

"I think you just became a front runner for favorite uncle, he he," said Sam

Joe chuckled and the followed the girls out of the store and to the mall doors. Once at at the doors they all noticed that the clouds they noticed earlier when they had arrived had greatly increased and now they were dumping water.

"Crap, we'll have to make a run for it," cried Susan. And with that they threw up their hoods and dashed into the parking lot. All four of them sprinted to the SUV, splashing in puddles, getting soaked. Once at the car, Sam dug for his keys which caused them to get even more drenched. By the time he fished them out and got the doors open, they were all soaked to the bone.

"Hurry up Daddy, we're freezing!" cried Becky and the two girls huddled and played up the cold factor.

"Ok, we'll be home soon."

Joe looked back to offer his jacket to the girls and both reached out for it. He took it off and turned to hand it back and was struck by what he briefly saw. The white tanks both had on had become sheer and their bras were clearly visible thru them. He turned and continued to picture the image of them both drenched, wet hair clinging around their faces, bras visible through their tanks and, could it be, erect nipples? He tried to get his mind off it, but found he couldn't

At Sam's house Joe was invited inside for some coffee to warm up. They all did the rain dash to the front door and burst into laughter inside.

"Wow, we really didn't plan well for that!" said Susan.

"Come on Susan, let's go change in my room. I have a couple of nice thick robes."

"Wait a minute! You aren't going to get go through the house soaking like that. Go in the laundry room and change. I think your mom washed the robes with the towels and it's all in there."

"Fine, whatever!" They both walked to the laundry room, hugging themselves for warmth.

"Coffee, bro?"

"Hell ya. I need to warm up these bones." Joe and Sam headed for the kitchen.

"Dad!" came a voice from the laundry room.

"What?"

"They aren't in here!"

"Crap, oh yeah." Sam fiddled with the coffee maker. "Joe, they're in the living room. I dumped everything to fold but got caught up in the game. Can you grab the robes and some towels for them?"

"Sure." Joe retrieved the robes and towels and headed toward the laundry room. A thought crossed his mind about what condition he might find the girls in, then chastised himself for it. He turned from the hall in and stepped in to find 2 girls looking like drenched cats. Hugging themselves and shivering.

"Thanks Uncle Joe," said Becky. They took the robes and towels and layed them on the washing machine. Joe was able to take in the sight of the the two before him. They each peeled off their hoodie to reveal their wet slender shapes, bras still visible throught their tanks, and yes, erect nipples. Their bodies shook from the cold and had an almost hypnotic effect on him.

"I better let you change," Joe said, and thought he caught them each with a small grin.

Back in the kitchen Sam had managed to work the coffe maker and it was happily brewing.

"Wow, they are soaked," said Joe.

"I bet. That's what they get for never wearing enough clothes when we go out."

"Doesn't that bother you? I mean, don't you catch guys eyeing them?"

"Yes I do. Mostly older guys too. I talk to them but it does no good. They want to feel good about themselves and dressing sexy and getting looks gives them that."

"Wow. I don't know what I would do if I was in your shoes."

"I can tell you what you'd do, give in and look."

The words sunk in and Joe found himself shocked. Did his brother say that he looked at them the way other guys did in the mall?

"Let's face it Joe, they are coming of age, pretty, and a force beyond our control by now. I swear sometimes I think Susan dresses that way to get me to look."

"That's wild. And?"

"Do I? Hell yeah. Haven't you?

"Well..."

"Are you trying to deny I didn't see you in that line at Victoria's Secret doing a little scoping out yourself?"

"Oh, well, I, shit Sam, what are you trying to get me to say?"

"I'm just saying, that Susan has fueled more than her share of slippery floors in the shower."

"You've jerked off thinking about Susan?"

"Yup. Can you blame me? She's over here all the time. I swear she flirts with me and during summer when it's bikini weather, lord have mercy."

"Wow. I guess I understand, it's just something I suppose I haven't really thought deeply on."

"Don't feel bad. I've got buddies who've told me that they feel bad for checking out Becky and Susan and her friends. You just have to shrug it off."

Joe thought about this for a minute. His brother had friends who admitted to him that they checked out his daughter and friends. Thinking of them sexually! It surprised him to notice it made him feel a bit aroused.

"All better," said Becky as she and Susan walked into the kitchen, freshly wrapped in robes and with a towel on each head.

"Glad to hear it. You girls want some coffee to warm yourselves up?"

"Yes please," they both answered.

"Dad, Susan and I have our clothes in the dryer. She's going to have to stay until they get dry."

"That's fine, you know you're always welcome Susan." Sam gave Susan a sideways hug and she smiled.

"Thanks 'Dad', he he!" she replied.

The four of them sat around the kitchen table, sipping coffee and talking about gifts they still needed to buy, what they were doing with their vacation time and other things. Joe watched the girls and noticed they seemed to be acting a bit different, almost flirty. And to top it off, as they talked and occasionally reached up to adjust the towel on their heads, their robes would open a bit, almost revealing their breasts. But they would reach down in time to close it. Susan's did it again and as Joe's eyes darted to the opening, he finally caught a glimpse of her perky milky white breast and bright red nipple. She closed her robe but not before she caught Joes eye, and smiled.

"Do you mind if I use your shower for a moment? I just want to stand under some hot water and get warm?" asked Susan.

"Sure you know where it is," answered Sam and with a peck on his cheek, she walked down the hall.

"Becky, would you be so kind as to get my cell phone from my room for me?"

"Sure Dad."

As Becky left, Sam leaned in to Joe and lowered his voice.

"The shower has a solid wall dividing it from the bathroom, but a glass door that faces the wall, and there's a mirror on it. You can stand in the bathroom and look in the mirror and not get noticed." Sam sat back up at Becky entered the room with her dad's cell phone.

"Thanks honey. Why don't we see what's on tv while we wait for the clothes?" Sam stood up and he and Becky headed towards the living room.

"Uh, be right there, I have to make a quick call since plans have changed today," said Joe.

"Take your time," Sam answered back.

Was this happening? Did Sam just basically tell him to go watch Susan shower? What if he got caught? And how the hell did he know how to peek at someone in his shower? Suddenly he found himself walking down the hall to the bathroom door. He could hear the water running inside. This was it. He had to decide. She might not be in there for long. He reached for the door and gently began to turn the handle. It was unlocked! He gave it a full turn and pushed.

There was a slight sound from the frame as he opened it and he stopped, his heart in his throat. Nothing changed inside the room, so he pushed it open more and stepped inside. In front of him was the sink, toilet to the left, and the wall dividing the shower was to the right. He could see the front door and a vague shadow behind it. He softly closed the door, with another squeek, and backed up to the sink. From there he was on the opposite side of the wall, but could clearly see the full length mirror on the wall, and marvelled at what he saw. The glass was slightly frosted, so it gave a small blur to images, but he could tell what he was looking at; Susan, naked, facing the shower head, back to the door, water running down her porcelain skin, the shape of her round perfect ass clear near the door.

He couldn't believe it. His cock had been getting hard off and on all day with the thoughts that had been going through his mind, and now it became instantly erect. She was so beautiful. Susan turned and he saw her hands moving around her torso, soaping herself. She lathered her pert breasts, her ruby red nipples pushing through the suds. Her hands workded down across her flat stomach and down to her crotch. She reached between and washed her thighs, then worked back up to her v.

Joe suddenely realised this might not last long, so if he was going to do want his body was telling him to do, he'd better do it quick. He unzipped his pants and pulled his cock out from his briefs. He was stiff, the veins popping, a little pre-cum already at the tip from the day of erotic thoughts. His hand wrapped around it and began to stroke. A slight moan slipped out from his lips and he stopped. But nothing changed. She didn't show any signs of hearing him, so he started stroking again. Susan had a hand between her legs and now her other was rubbing her breasts. She seemed to be held there, barely moving, and then he heard a whimper come from the shower.

"Oh my god she's rubbing her pussy!" he thought. He imagined seeing it more clearly and his strokes got faster.

Suddenly she turned in the shower and she seemed to be reaching for the shower head. She turned back and Joe realised she had it in her hand now and was lowering it to her pussy. She parted her legs and held the shower head below, angled up at herself. She moaned again.

Joe gripped hid cock harder and took in the spectable before him. He felt he might cum soon when

suddenly he heard Susan.

"Well? I heard you. Are you going to come watch?"

"Shit!" thought Joe. "What do I do? She knows someone is here." Joe was terrified.

"I'm going to finish whether you watch or not, your choice."

Joe suddenly felt bold and walked around the wall to the glass door. The closer he got, the clearer the image became. And then Susan reached forward and pushed the door open. There was no hiding it now. He was standing before her, raging hard on in hand, staring at her. She was perfect. Petite, smooth skinned, legs parted to show her neatly trimmed pussy, small half orange breasts soaped up. He felt like he was in a dream.

"Mmmmm, that looks nice. Stroke if for me Uncle Joe. Is it ok if I call you that?"

Joe silently nodded.

"Show me how much you like watching me in the shower."

Joe began stroking again, long slow strokes. Susan aimed the stream at her clit and as it hit her Joe heard a sharp intake of breath and a small moan.

"Mmmm yes, stroke it for me. Show me how much you wanted to see me naked. I know you did. I saw how you looked at Becky and me at the mall. I saw how you liked seeing us wet. And yes, I say you see my tit at the table."

Susan lowered her hand to her pussy and spread her pink lips open, further exposing her erect clit to the pulsating stream of the shower head. She moaned and her hips began to sway.

"Oh god," slipped from Joe's lips. He was fisting his cock now, staring at her while she played with herself. His cock head was getting purple and all he could think about was exploding.

"Oh god yes Uncle Joe. I know you thought about me today. I saw you looking at me like those other dirtly old men in the mall. Probably thinking the that same things too weren't you? Thinking about your big old cock pushing into my sweet little pussy. Thinking about riding me til you filled me with your cum."

"Yes, oh yes Susan. I couldn't help it. You looked so hot wet."

"Oh," cried Susan, "I think I'm going to cum. Show me how bad you are. Shoot your load on me Uncle Joe. I want your cum on me!"

Joe couldn't believe it. He had just wondered how his cum would look on her soft white skin and now she was begging for it. He stepped to the edge of the shower and beat his cock frantically.

"Yes, show me, do it. Shoot it on me," said Susan, her chest rapidly rising and falling, her pussy on fire from the shower head.

"Susan, I'm going to cum!"

"Give it to me, shoot it!"

Joe let out a deep grunt and his cock exploded, white streams hit Susan on her stomach and pussy. She squeeled and began shivering as she came. Joe continued to pump and another pulse shot between her tits and then onto her thigh. Susan moaned and shuddered with her orgasm. The fresh warm cum on her skin taking her over the edge.

Joe was finished and almost collapsed back against the wall. Susan, still breathing deeply, took her free hand and with her fingers, wiped the cum from your pussy and brought it to her lips.

"Mmmmmm, I love that." She winked at Joe and turned to replace the shower head in it's cradle. Turning back she smiled. "I have some more cleaning up to do now. If you're a good Uncle Joe, maybe next time I'll invite you in to help you nasty old man." And with that she closed the door.

Joe went over to the toilet paper, cleaned up a bit and tucked away his still sensetive cock. Pulling up his pants he felt light headed from what had just happended. He left the bathroom and joined Sam and Becky who were sitting besides eachother on the couch, Sam with his arm around Becky.

"Everything go ok with the phone call?" asked Sam.

"Yeah, fine, just fine," said Joe as he sat down at the other end of the couch.

"Good, glad to hear it. We were just watching a special on tv," said Sam

Joe turned his eyes to the tv, but wondered if he had caught something was he walked in. Becky withdrawing her hand from her dad's lap? Was just his imagination after what he had just been through?

Susan bounced into the room and plopped down between Becky and Joe.

"Did I miss anything?" she asked.

"I don't think you missed anything at all," said Becky, and they giggled together.

Hope you liked my first story ever. I may write more with these characters