**Accidental Exposure**

by[**Poorwriter**](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1230527&page=submissions)©

Honey,

I was thinking back to some things that happened when I was young and naïve and just figuring out how my body affect men. I thought you would like to hear about them.

When I was twenty-two and twenty-three years old and we just began dating, I lived at the double wide trailer with my brother and our friend John who owned it. That was the time I discovered how powerful my body was. These two guys were ten years older than me and so were most of their friends.

As you know, I was frankly a super hot chick. I was blessed to be very beautiful and I have awesome, thick hair and a great body. I work out, exercise and run a lot and I had such perky, firm breasts, flat tummy, muscular legs and such a bubble butt of muscle that it curved just right and had that "upside-down heart" shape.

Anyway I never really thought anything about it and I was used to living mainly with my sisters so I was quite casual about my attire around the house. After all, one of my roommates was my brother Dan and so I never gave him a second thought. And the other one was a family friend. He was Dan's friend growing up so I knew him when I was a little girl.

Now I don't really like pajamas. I preferred to sleep in just shorty robe with no panties or a tee shirt and no panties. The sleep shirts weren't really short usually, but sometimes I guess they were. I had a couple of favorites that were thin and silky and they felt so nice, but one was white and I discovered quite a bit see-though if I was standing where there was light behind me. Even the darker one was see-through in the light.

I began to catch on that I was having an effect on the guys one Saturday. John had a friend visiting from Colorado and he was staying with us for two weeks. He slept on the couch in the living room. He was a nice guy, named Stanley; a little nerdy, but respectful and nice.

My routine was quite the same every day. I would get up and eat before I would exercise and then shower and go to work. I would walk into the kitchen and get some cereal and maybe juice and sit at the table and eat it.

When it was sunny and nice I liked to just stand and eat looking out the deck doors and letting the sun warm me up. Other mornings I would exercise and then shower and sometimes get my cereal in my towel. I did that as a kid and thought nothing of it.

Well my room was close enough to hear voices from the living room and one morning I overheard Stanley talking on the phone to a friend of his.

He was telling him how much fun he was having and then I heard him say, "This little chick that lives here is so hot I can't even believe it. And she gets up every morning and stands in front of the window to eat her breakfast and we can see right through her night shirt!"

He went on, "When she is sideways or reaches for anything we can see her tits and boy are they fine and firm looking too. And you can always see her nipples through her shirt. But the best part is when she is facing the doors we can see the light between her legs and you can make out the shape of her pussy. It's obvious she doesn't have a clue and even more obvious that she doesn't wear any undies! Man is she fine!"

"And a few times when she gets into her chair at the table and then when she out of it, her night shirt rides up and as she slides her leg to the side I have gotten four beaver shots in four days. And let me tell you that is one fine looking, smooth little pussy too! She even was in a towel one morning and it didn't close completely at the bottom when she walked and I saw that little snapper again. She bent over to get something from the cupboard and I saw her butt cheeks too. This drives John and me crazy, but still this is paradise man, I am loving it! "

"It gets even better when she exercises..." Then he must have thought he heard me and he changed the subject and eventually ended the call.

Well that got me thinking. At first I was so pissed thinking they were taking advantage of me. But as I thought it over I realized it wasn't really their fault. After all, they weren't peeping Toms. They were just appreciating what I choose to wear. And to be honest, I was loving the realization that I was having this powerful effect on two grown men and I was not even trying to. So I decided to let them enjoy some more visions of me and I would be the one in control this time.

I found a night shirt that I had shrunk in the wash and it was pretty short and quite worn. It had rips in it and looked like an old comfy shirt any girl would wear. I almost threw it away because it had a hole and some rips in the front and a couple of times my nipple would get stuck in the hole and poke out. I made the hole and the rips slightly bigger and tried on the shirt. It was so easy to move a little and get my nipple to show. Plus the rips showed a little boob skin too. Nothing obvious or nasty, but still risqué.

I looked closer and I noticed that my nipples definitely showed as little bumps. but who would have thought a guy would notice that? Well now I realized they did. And my areola and nipple showed through the fabric too, just barely, but if you looked you could see it. And I knew these two guys would be looking. I

I had a light on the desk behind me and I could clearly, and I mean clearly, see my shape though the shirt. Without the light, you would not really notice it so it looked natural to wear. But with the light, you could see even where my pussy lips were.

Then I did the "stretch". I raised my arms over my head causing the shirt to rise up and just the bottom half of my pussy would show. And when I looked in my other mirror I could see the bottoms of my super fine butt cheeks showed too.

Next morning I went out as usual and there were the guys. Dan didn't join us for breakfast often so he was not there. I walked out into the kitchen and stretched and yawned, first with my arms bent and back and then raised them up way over my head. I held the yawn for about ten seconds and noticed both of their eyes go straight to my pussy, which I knew was showing. It gave me such a thrill. I pretended not to notice.

I said good morning and they answered in a very distracted fashion.

Then I got some cereal and held the bowl and stood in front of the deck doors and said, "Isn't this sun wonderful! So warm and nice."

"Oh we love the sun! And it is wonderful!"

I stood there for a few minutes eating and letting them look though my legs of my shirt. I made sure to turn sideways a bit and reach for things. I got some more milk and poured it on the cereal and some strawberries and I could feel my boobs hanging and swaying and it got me excited to know they could see them in silhouette through my sleep shirt.

It was so strange, because I never did anything like this, on purpose anyway, and I was feeling so daring and naughty. But I wasn't really being bad because after all, they weren't actually seeing me, just my shadow.

Then I turned around and went to sit at the table. They were in positions where they could see me get into my chair. As I think about it, John was usually in that position and now I know why. I sat in the chair and slid my right leg over, spreading my legs apart and revealing my fine pussy for a few seconds. I took my time bringing my other leg over and did they ever enjoy that view. I again made like I didn't notice them looking.

I could not believe the rush of excitement I felt, just showing my pussy for a few seconds! It was amazing, like a newly discovered super-power or something.

Once I was seated, I continued eating my food and drinking my juice. We were all chatting a bit and they were so flustered that it was almost comical. I had just now realized my nipples were this major attraction. I guess I have been doing this to men for the last couple of years, but until I overheard Stanley on the phone, I would never have guessed that just seeing the shape of a body though a shirt was so arousing to you men.

I began just laughing a bit like I always do. Only now I was aware of how my boobs would jiggle and bounce. I laughed at myself thinking of the hundreds of times John and his friends enjoyed seeing my boobs bounce under my shirt each morning and often in the evening around the house in my casual clothes too. And I for the first time noticed how my nipples showed under my shirt. They clearly pressed their shape out on the fabric.

I would also lean over the table to reach for something and let my boobs "mash" onto the table. I could not believe how that got their attention. I must have done that a million times and never realized it was a turn on.

I was now having fun and I made a slight adjustment and felt my nipple "pop" though the hole in my tee shirt. I felt like the most daring woman on earth! I could see their eyes drawn to it like a magnet. Now this I could not ignore for too long as it was too obvious. My nipple was hard and still pink and full looking.

Finally I stopped eating and said, "What are you staring at boys? Did I spill on my shirt?" I looked down and saw my nipple poking out and acted all embarrassed and said, "Oh my goodness, why didn't you tell me my nipple was showing?" I struggled with it a while like it was stuck and hard to release so they got some extra bonus nipple viewing time. It was so exciting!

Just saying "my nipple" in front of these guys brought the sexual tension up about 1,000 points. They seemed worried at first. I think they thought that I might get mad and leave. But I laughed and said as I adjusted my shirt to bring my nipple back out of sight, "I know there isn't a man on earth who doesn't like seeing a woman's nipple, so I know you weren't offended - am I right?"

"Oh you are 100% right Catherine - one hundred percent right!"

"Well I am done eating so I'd better get my day started." That meant change to do my exercises and little morning workout I did each day.

I got up, reversing my display of my shaved pussy to the guys for another six seconds. I put my leg out first and then took a few seconds finishing drinking the last of my juice and then reaching for my bowl, then got out of the chair.

For them it was like an eternity of pleasure and that made me feel so powerful and made me laugh inside too. We women see our pussies all the time and think nothing of them, but you men will do anything just to get a glimpse for one second. We will never figure that one out.

I went into my room and that was the end of the kitchen show for the morning. I did NOT want them to think I was doing anything like that on purpose. I want them to think they were so clever and I am so naïve.

But that made me think of the exercises I did each morning too, I would watch Jonnie Gregens and do the exercises on the living room floor while watching her on TV. I never noticed it before, but John would sit and read the paper at the kitchen table every single day while I exercised. From where he sat he could see right up my legs. But I had always been careful to not wear sexy leotards. I just wore cut off baggy shorts and my tee shirt.

He pretended not to pay attention, but all this new information from over hearing our guest's conversation got me to thinking. I was in my room with my door shut. I changed into the baggy shorts and tee shirt I exercise in. I set up a mirror on the floor and laid down and began to do the leg lifts I do each day.

I do not know if I was more shocked, more mad, or more excited! When I laid on my side and I raised my leg, the baggy shorts went with the top of my leg and just simply opened up revealing my entire bare, and now gaping open, pussy! That dirty rat!! He had been getting about a year's worth of extreme pussy shows from me every single morning. I could not believe it!

And when I got on my elbows and knees and did these kick backs, he could see one half of my pussy on each leg. And right up to my slit too, and a lot of my bare butt cheeks. The worst was when I did the side leg raises that I hold in place. The dog at the fire hydrant ones; that showed my entire pussy! The whole beautiful thing!

To top that off, I noticed my tee shirt dropped down and I could see my nipples and my under-boobs too. So that is why he was up early every morning. And I thought he just loved to read the paper.

I realized that Stanley had been next to him the last four days too. So instead of being angry, I laughed and decided if they loved it and they were so polite, that no harm had been done. Heck, I hadn't even realized it. And now I would be able to enjoy it too.

I chose a cropped top that would really let my boobs hang out and I took a scissors and cut off another inch from the baggy shorts. They would really show my pussy now!

I went out and turned on the TV and they were already in their chairs ready for their show acting all innocent. They were reading the paper and chatting a bit. I could feel the excitement when they saw me turn on the TV, spread out a towel on the floor, and get ready to start.

We always started with stretching and I now realize that is so sexy for men to watch. When I was young, I didn't give it a second thought, but I realize it now for sure.

All the exercises were now exciting for me to do. now that I knew I had an audience who strained their eyes to see my every movement. One of the stretches is where you sit cross legged and press your knees down. Even I could see my pussy now if I looked down.

I could not believe what I had been letting my roommates see every morning. Shaved smooth, stubbly or hairy, he has most likely seen my pussy in every state it has been in. I wondered what was his favorite.

We got to the kick backs and I began to get turned on just knowing what they were seeing!

When we got to the side leg raises, I know I was just showing my spread open pussy for two men to enjoy and I got wet thinking about it. They were directly behind me too so they were seeing it all. With my head facing away from them and often having my head on the floor or my elbows on the floor, it never even occurred to me that he was looking at my butt every morning and seeing so much more.

I could feel my breasts hanging and swaying hard with each back kick and when she had us raise our leg and hold it out to the side for a count of ten, I knew they were having to choose between seeing my bare breasts and nipples and my wonderful amazing butt and pussy.

I am not even sure why, but I loved it so much. Maybe because I knew I was giving these guys the greatest pleasure of their lives and it wasn't really hurting me at all. In fact, I was totally innocent. At least up until today I was and even now as far as they knew I was totally innocent too.

The exercise show was soon over and the guys began to talk to me and tell me how they were impressed at what great shape I was in. They asked me if I could stand on my hands. I said I didn't think so. So they said, they would help me and each hold a leg.

I knew what they were up to, but I played dumb and said I'd try if they wanted to help. So I leaned over and put my hands on the floor and kicked my legs in the air and they each grabbed one of my ankles.

Well you guessed it, they each moved my legs out so they could see my bare pussy and my tee shirt went over my boobs and covered my face giving them a great view of my bare breasts and nipples.

I yelled right away to let me down, but they took their time and finally did. I pretended to fall on my chest and I stood up and began to rub my boobs like they were injured. I said, "Ouch, I smashed my boobs."

I turned and I was inspecting and really caressing my bare breasts and gently rubbing them in front of the two guys like I was so distracted by the pain. I turned so they couldn't see me, but they moved right into position to get a good look. I really looked hurt and they were standing there with their mouths open and eyes not blinking.

I acted like I just realized they were seeing my breasts and I pulled my shirt back down over my boobs and stood there mad at them. I said, "Gosh you guys! You were staring at my boobs when I was on my hands and then again just now and that was rotten of you to do! Why didn't you let me down right away anyway?"

They stammered some excuse of not realizing it and not noticing but they both had bulge in their pants that told me otherwise. I just said, "Oh you boys! You would do anything just to see boobs wouldn't you?"

"Yes we would Catherine, especially boobs as fine as yours!" Then they began to apologize and tell me how sorry they were and went on and on.

I said I forgave them and went into my room and shut the door. I was so excited by all the exposing of my pussy and breasts that I got very horny. I went into the shower and had some alone time.

Just so you know, I continued my exercise regime and let John watch every morning. There were many Saturdays when he'd have a friend over. The word must have gotten around and they wanted to see the show.

They were never rude and always respectful and polite so I didn't mind at all. In fact I loved doing my little pussy and boob shows for the guys. I played the naïve little gal and never let on that I knew they were actually seeing my pussy or boobs. I guess it just kept my ego boosted and it was so exciting to do it.

I hope that doesn't make you mad. Anyway, like I said, I never did let him know I knew what he was doing.

There is more that I can tell you another time Honey.

**Accidental Exposure Pt. 02**

Honey,

Here are a few more things I remember doing in the 'show-off' department when I was living on my own with roommates.

I learned to show myself off so discretely that it never looked like I was aware of what I was doing.

In the morning I would sometimes sit on the couch or on the floor leaning against the couch to watch the news while I ate some cereal and I would pull my knees up and then pull my night shirt over my knees. I practiced this in front of the mirror in my room many times first.

I found out it did two amazing things. It made me look like I was covered from neck to my ankles, but the tee shirt didn't QUITE cover all of me and although it came down to my shins, my pussy showed from the front. I always kept my knees together so it just sort of peeked out at the bottom. It looked so cool too, if I do say so myself.

It also stretched the neck of my tee shirt out so much that anyone looking down could see my bare breasts but it looked like I was covered. Try it and you will see what I mean.

John and his friends would always come in the room and sit across from me to talk. They'd offer me things to drink and bring them just to stand and look down my shirt or to see my pussy on the couch. When they would sit across from me I could see their eyes straining to get a peek of my sweet pussy. I loved that.

It was so fun to see how hard they would try to look like they weren't looking at all. With my feet flat and my knees just slightly apart, I knew I was giving them a little of the gyno view.

If I sat on the couch I would squirm around a bit to get comfortable and my night shirt would ride up and show nearly all of my legs and if they were across from me they could get a nice look at my fine pussy. I didn't always let them see either. It had to look like an accident.

Some evenings after work I would sit crossed legged in my satin lounging shorts; sometimes wearing very tiny and sheer, see-through panties or usually no panties at all.

I would watch TV a bit and every time John and his friends would come in and find an excuse to sit across from me or come talk to me or bring me anything just to get a glimpse up the legs of my shorts.

A few times we played cards on the floor. John and Stanley and I played several times. They sat across from me and I sat cross legged in my satin shorts and I knew they could see at least the edges of my pussy and maybe up to half of it at a time. I didn't care, but I never let on that I knew they could see me either.

When I would lean in and reach for a card I could feel my breasts showing if they were looking from the side and they usually were. I think they saw about 80% of my breasts and occasionally my nipples too.

Sometimes I would lean way back and reach for something off the couch behind me. I could feel the little shorts stretch and I knew I was displaying a lot of skin for a second or two. That's when I could feel my Mons exposed and even some cool air on my clitty.

I also loved lounging on the couch in my robe. Sometimes I wore a shorty robe. I looked very nice and not trampy at all, but it afforded me many opportunities to show off because it would open easily. You know how they open at the bottom even when the sash is tied? And they open at the neck even when it is tied too. Especially if you lean over, which I did a lot.

But my favorite thing was to lay on my side and read. By reading I was preoccupied and not able to notice anyone else really looking at me. And try it once in a robe. It will always expose part of you.

The top of my hips would be covered and look modest, but the bottom of the robe just lays flat and that can leave most all of my legs and some, if not all, of my pussy showing too.

I would sometimes pull my knees up when I was on my side and that would bare all of my legs and most of my bare bottom and I know it gave a little peek of my pussy too. Two times I caught John staring at me and I just sort of tugged at the robe pretending that it now covered me.

Once when I was home alone I was out on the couch in my little robe reading and I actually fell asleep. I heard the key in the door and realized I was not all covered.

I had rolled over on my tummy and had one leg bent way up and the robe had slid up my thighs and somehow even over my bare bottom. My bare legs and my entire perfect little butt was showing and my pussy between my legs.

I panicked for a second, but then I decided to pretend to be asleep. My legs were not facing the door so it would not be noticeable right away. So I just laid there like that.

In walked John and his friend Riley. This is a guy who is so nerdy and harmless that I almost chuckled when I heard his voice. As they were walking past me to the kitchen I heard them stop in their tracks when they must have seen me. Riley whispered, "I can see her bare butt and her whole pussy - ALL OF IT!"

"Shhhuss, don't wake her up!"

They came in and literally stood staring up my legs at my butt and my pussy for about three minutes before I decided to begin to stir a bit like I was waking up.

They scrambled back to the door and made like they were just coming in. I acted as if I was startled and stood up giving them a quick bottomless view of me facing them as I pulled my robe down.

"Oh hi guys! I fell asleep and you startled me!"

"Sorry Catherine, we didn't mean too.

"That's O.K. It's a good thing I heard you because I don't think I was completely covered. You almost got a little show."

We all laughed.

Then I went to bed and got all excited thinking about it.

That gave me another idea. On the hot summer nights I would sleep with my door open and a fan blowing on me. The air conditioning never worked in that place. Before I just did it and I had never even thought about anyone looking at me, but now I realized the guys did.

So when Stanley was staying with us again, on a night when it was very hot I laid in bed naked and I laid on my back. I had a sheet over me but I left it only half over me, mainly across my stomach, so one of my boobs and all of my pussy would show. I had one leg out to the side and I bent my knee of my other leg so it was way open and my pussy was completely exposed all the way up my bare legs.

I was really just teasing myself seeing if I would be daring enough to even do it. Just laying on my bed naked with the door open and the possibility that I could be seen was exciting enough. I chickened out a few times and covered up just as I heard some footsteps.

I pretended to be asleep and I know either John or Stanley was looking in at me. I know it wasn't real light, but there was enough light form the hall and the bedroom window to clearly see me. At least I was covered those times.

Then one night when I was laying there completely naked and daring myself to do it, I heard someone walking down the hall to the bathroom and I just went for it. I laid there all exposed, boobs, nipples, tummy, legs, pussy and all. I and closed my eyes like I was sound asleep.

A few more footsteps and they stopped. I could hear someone breathing and then breathing faster and faster. I squinted my eyes and I could see someone standing there, but I could not tell if it was John or Stanley. Then I saw that he had taken his penis out and he was stroking himself faster and faster. After a minute or two I sort of yawned and stirred and scratched my pussy a bit and I heard him get off. Then in a minute he was gone and in the bathroom.

After about five minutes I heard the bathroom door open and whoever it was wiped up the floor with some tissue paper. This time I was laying on my side with my whole bare bottom showing with my leg up and my pussy all stretched out too.

Nothing was ever said about it and to this day I am not sure which one it was.

Another thing I would do is flash the mailman. Every Wednesday he delivered something for John's work that had to be signed for. He was about thirty-five and kind of cute. One Wednesday morning I was just getting out of the shower and I heard the door bell. No one else was home so I looked and when I saw the mailman there,I wrapped a small towel around me so it only covered my boobs and down to half my pussy.

I knew a lot of my pussy was showing, but I did it anyway. When I opened the door, he smiled and said Good Morning and I laughed and said I was sorry to not be dressed. He said he would not mind if I was not dressed at all. We laughed and I signed for a box. Then I dropped the towel as I was closing the door so he got to see all of me naked for a few seconds."

The next Wednesday he was there again and once again I was the only one home. This time I looked out the curtain to make sure no one was around and I went to the door naked. I cracked it open and said, "Sorry, I'm naked so I can't open it all the way."

He was freaking out and handed me a box again and a clip board for me to sign. I had to take the box so he got to see a lot of me naked for a few seconds again and I quickly moved behind the door.

Then I signed the paper and handed it back to him knowing that he could see one breast and half my pussy. But I was pretending I was being very modest. I did that a few times with him and it was fun. I would kid him that he timed his deliveries to my showering.

The week before I moved out I just answered the door totally naked and said, "This is the last time I will see you since I am moving."

"Oh I will miss seeing you so much!" he said.

"You have been so good you deserve a nice long look." I did a full, slow, turn around and even poked my bare bottom out at him and gave it three spanks, then I bent all the way over, stepping my feet way apart and slowly slid my had from my bare ankles all the way up my long muscular legs and up my pussy too. Then I stood up and when I turned to face him I even spanked my pussy three times and jiggled my boobs and pulled on my nipples. I shut the door and smiled as I was rubbing my pussy very fast.

Oh I just remembered one more thing that happened entirely by accident. I was tanning in the yard at the double wide and I had a very tiny suit so I would not have a lot of tan lines. I am not sure why, I think it was while I was getting out of the lawn chair, but the bikini bottoms slid way over and the seam went into my slit. I didn't even notice it. I was walking around and talking to John and two of his friends. I did notice they were staring at me and at my suit, but I figured it was because they were guys and it was so small.

Finally I was standing there and three of them were looking at me and I just said, "What in the world are you all staring at? Haven't you seen a bikini before?"

Then I looked down and I was so embarrassed. Three guys staring at my pussy with half of it out. I didn't want to look powerless or weak so I said, "Oh my! Half my pussy is showing, isn't it boys. I see what you were staring at. That looks weird. Here, so you don't have the impression I have a weird looking pussy, you can see it properly."

Then I pulled my suit down and stepped out of it and stood there for them to look at it. "Much better now, don't you agree?"

They all cheered which made me laugh and I just walked to my room and let them see my bare butt as I walked. I put on some nice shorts and went back out to join them.

They never did stop looking at me like my pussy was showing.

Well that is enough for now.

Love,

Your faithful little wife,

Catherine