**Discovering the Thrill**

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It was mid July and my alarm went off at 5am, if it didn't happen to be my phone I'm sure it would have been thrown across the room long ago.  
  
I slowly got up and opened the windows to the sun rising over the fields of England, it was Saturday, and that meant I was going to help out on the farm. Oh I was paid, sure but there's nothing like hard manual labour to motivate you towards Uni and that was where I was off come September.  
  
I lived with my Father, Mum, and Brother, as it was a small family run place you did your bit to help out. That's just the way it was, fine by me as there were no shops around for miles; it was the only way I could earn a bit of cash.  
  
I put on a matching set of white lace bra and panties, a little bit of luxury that made me feel like me, and I stopped for a while to look at myself in the mirror.   
  
All the physical labour meant my body was in great shape, a bit too muscular for me at times but more toned than anything else. At 5ft 3', short and curvy probably described me best. Blessed with my mother's 32G boobs, (awful to find bras for, yet smaller than you think) and a 25 waist with 34 hips (impossible to find jeans for), It just meant I had a curvy shape and yes, I did think I looked good. I'd never thought of myself as a sexual person, but that, unknown to me was going to change today.  
  
I threw on my work clothes, old combats and a loose red vest top, quickly tied my hair back in a ponytail and headed downstairs.  
  
"Morning" greeted my brother Scott in a much too enthusiastic tone than the hour deserved.  
  
Scott was nearly a year older than I was at 19, 5'10 blond hair, broad shouldered and totally dedicated to the farm. He worked it full time with my dad and was the one who would take it over, which suited us both fine.  
  
"The coffee's in the pot. Looks like you need it," he said dryly.  
  
I stopped, gave him one of those looks, and carried on getting some cereal.  
  
"You know how much I hate mornings, anyway, where are mum and dad?" I said pouring some Cheerio's, hoping in a vague way for more cheer.   
  
"Left already, market day, London."  
  
"Ah ok. They say what they wanted us to do?" I poured some coffee and sat down opposite.  
  
"Well, I've been working in the far field and I'm not finished, looks like an all day job. The raspberry and strawberry's need picking, thought you could do that, I'll pick up what you manage at the end of the day."  
  
He said it so nicely but I knew he gave me that job as he hated doing it, he lacked the delicate touch and there were no big machines. It would be inside the poly tunnels, out of the rain we had last week so I quickly agreed.  
  
"Cool easy, what's the weather going to be like?" I managed before another mouthful.   
  
"Picking up, they give it getting hot later, so if you can't manage it just pop home."  
  
I have no idea how for so early in the morning I remained cool at this jibe. Oh how he loved to think he was the only one who could do a job and then he'd take great pride in saying he had to finish a job up, "I'll get them done" was what I said. Not what I was thinking, but I remained the bigger person.  
  
"I'll right catch you later" and with that he got up and left.   
  
I finished off my breakfast, did myself some lunch, grabbed my bag, locked the house and walked out the back door. It was nice, the sun was calmly rising and the air was still. I audibly sighed, "Looks like it's going to be a nice day after all."  
  
All the land was to the back of the house, a row of trees on one side blocked the road and either orchard or more fields separated the rest, it was peaceful.  
  
I dropped off my bag at the kitchen in the outbuildings and walked down to the tunnels, grabbed a trolley and punnets from the few old knackered and holey tin sheds in front of them. How they were still standing I don't know, probably the weeds holding them together.  
  
"Right let's get this done quick and show him" I opened the door and walked in. "shit" was the only thing I could manage.  
  
Spanning two tunnels were rows and rows of strawberry's and raspberry's ready for picking, some had been done but not a lot.  
  
"Fuck, this is going to take ages" I muttered  
  
Its fine once you disengage your brain: pick, put in punnet, put in crates, trolley full, load onto pallet outside, repeat.  
  
By the time I was on the second row the sun had started to rise and it was getting hot.  
  
"For fucks sake this is why he didn't want to do it" I managed, slightly out of breath.  
  
I had to slow down.   
  
I looked at the clock, '9am!' I said to myself, it felt much later.  
  
I managed to open he windows in the end of the tunnels, large 3 metre things, but there was no wind.  
  
Continuing for a few more hours, I was sweating and my top clung to me. My combats felt like lead and my wellies where all I could do to lift them.  
  
"I can't manage this," I gasped.I decided to take a break and took a walk around the old sheds in front of the tunnels to cool myself. After a few minutes, I could hear a tractor noise, and then I saw it pulling outside the out buildings.  
  
Lunch I thought it must be lunch.   
  
I took a slow plod across to the buildings enjoying being out of the stuffy heat of the tunnels.   
  
"Hey you up for lunch" cried Scott as I got closer.  
  
"Sounds good!" I shouted, making me more out of breath and immediately regretted it.  
  
I grabbed a drink of water from the sink and downed it very ungracefully in about 2 seconds. Some of it spilling down my mouth and onto my chest, but my god was I grateful for that cooling water. I gulped another glass and tipped the last little bit so it ran across my chest cooling me.  
  
I grabbed my bag and lunch and sat down across the table. I was still sweaty, out of breath and my red vest top was dripping with water and sweat, my chest glistened in the light from the window and my deep breaths made my chest rise and fall more dramatically than ever.  
  
"So..." he started, for some reason uncomfortably. "All going ok?"  
  
He didn't look at my eyes and was looking anywhere apart from at me. I could tell he was uncomfortable. What was going on? Could I really be having that much of an effect on him? "  
  
It's hot, look," I said spreading my arms and waiting for him to look at me. "I'm absolutely coated in sweat and I need more water, thanks."  
  
I pinched the front of my vest top and fanned it in and out, the air felt good. He couldn't really see anything but his eyes went wide and... yep he was absolutely staring at my chest.  
  
Damn, I just hoped to make him uncomfortable, it wasn't often I got the upper hand but this was something else. I remember thinking it was like a rabbit in the headlights.   
  
He tried to tear his eyes away but they kept coming back.   
  
It felt such a thrill, such a power rush like I hadn't had before, to have that effect. I wanted to smile a dastardly smile!  
  
But instead we finished our lunch in an odd silence.  
  
"Anyway I've got to get back" I stood up bent down to pick up my bag from the floor, giving him a perfectly unobstructed view down my top. Another wave of power and excitement rushed though me just with the thought of someone looking.  
  
After filling a large bottle of water, I slung it in my bag and walked out. "Later" I managed casually, my mind wanted to smile so much, what a thrill!  
  
He was helpless! I never experienced that kind of tantalising power before. It didn't matter who he was, it just made me free incredibly sexy.  
  
I wanted to skip but I walked back to the tunnels with the biggest grin on my face. I looked back and his tractor hadn't moved. I slung my bag down in the shade of the sheds, opened the door to the tunnels and I was immediately hit by a wall of heat that quickly took the spring out of my step.   
  
Damn it, midday, 'back to work' I said to myself.  
  
I must have worked an hour in the midday sun, I was dripping, my skin was shiny with sweat and then I made the mistake of standing up to fast and went dizzy.   
  
'Stop,   
  
drink,   
  
I need a drink,' I mumbled.  
  
Trudging outside I was immediately grateful for a bit of air, it was still hot but not stuffy, I grabbed my bottle and gulped.  
  
Oh why did I have to be here, it was the perfect beach weather. Bikini, sunbathe, and a cool drink, ooohh if only.   
  
Then my mind grasped this thought and just ran.  
  
...a bikini is no different to underwear. I could just strip off a little, just for this break. Someone will see. There is no one around. Scott might, but the tractors are gone. I can't., I'm outside, but there's no one here. Its too hot!!......ok ok quickly!  
  
And with that I quickly pulled my top over my head and threw it on a nearby pallet. I stepped out of my wellies and pulled off my combats throwing them next to my top. Dusting off my feet I slipped my wellies back on and just stood there, a bit shocked.  
  
Oh my god, that felt amazing!  
  
Being out of clingy sticky clothes was freeing, the air and sun on my skin felt intoxicating and the fact I was outside standing half-naked in just a set of white lace bra and panties felt the most thrilling liberating thing I had ever done.   
  
The excitement that ran over me in those first few minutes was overwhelming. I wanted to quickly throw stuff back on, but forced myself to stop.   
  
There was no one around, so I took a little walk around the sheds. Open to the world anyone could see! Ok, there was no one here but that wasn't the point. Showing my body off like that felt amazing.  
  
I stood in the air and sun for probably 10 minutes just looking around before I felt I needed to get back.   
  
Come on; better put those clothes back on. But why? There's no one here, I thought. The excitement of working in just my underwear quickly won but quickly wore off as the heat continued. I wasn't as bad as before, I was grateful for less clothes but it was still too hot.  
  
it was probably after an hour when I was deeply involved in my work that I caught a movement from the corner of my eye, I thought I saw someone move by edge of the window opening.  
  
My mind raced, my parents couldn't be back. No one was due on the farm, plus the gates where locked. Scott was in the far field, wasn't he?  
  
I carried on 5 meters from the window opening, reaching up for raspberry's when I caught it again, there was someone there! Shit, my clothes where still outside...  
  
Instead of turning away from the window to put the fruit in the punnets, I turned towards it, with my head down to grab the handles of the trolley.  
  
Yes! There! There he was, he just ducked back behind the pallets. I swear my heart stopped, it was Scott I recognised his green shirt.   
  
What was he doing? My mind raced but I didn't freeze. I pulled the trolley further toward the window and near the next plants and carried on.  
  
Well, if he wants to look, lets give him something to look at. I exaggerated my gestures reaching a bit further for the ones up top and for the ones below I fully bent over, sticking my arse out displaying my thinly covered body for him to see.  
  
I carried on towards the window, until the end of the row.  
  
Knowing my bag with my water in was by where he was standing, I said out loud; to myself of course.  
  
"God it still hot. Water. I need water" and started towards he door.   
  
My back to where he was, I knew he'd have to move or when I came out he would see me. Wait. Would he want that? What would happen? My heart pounded.  
  
I could hear a faint shuffle and when I opened the door, there was nothing. I took a moment to enjoy the air and relaxed.  
  
I wandered over to my bag and the water.   
  
I was trying to see where he went, I guessed around the front of the old tin shed but I couldn't be sure. I bent over, grabbed my bottle and that was when I saw a movement in the dark though one of the holes in the shed. It was opposite the tunnels door.  
  
I sipped some more and walked back to the front of the tunnels. Damn it! Why did this get me so horny? Knowing someone was watching? It was so exciting. I did stop for a second to wonder why I was doing this. Then quickly decided to just go with it and don't think or it'll stop.  
  
I walked back and forth sipping my drink looking out of the corner of my eye. Yep, he was definitely there, hidden but I could just make out his shirt against one of the holes he probably hadn't noticed.   
  
I drank some more right next to where he was, tipped my head back and slowly started to pour the water over my face.  
  
The water felt so refreshing but this was a show and I was loving the excitement of it all.  
  
I poured it over my face and slowly on my chest. Water seeped through my underwear turning the already opaque lacy material completely see though. My pussy lips became very prominent and my nipples pushed against the wet clinging fabric.  
  
"God that cools you down" I muttered.  
  
I wondered how far I should go, just a bit more.  
  
I walked back to the pallet with my clothes and with my back to the shed, I reached round and unclasped my bra. I let it slide onto my other clothes and turned around, looking at and gently squeezing my free tits with my hands.  
  
"Oh much more comfortable" I said to no one. Still groping myself around the underside of my boobs kneading them so they raised up and down, gently pinching my nipples before giving them a shake.  
  
My mind strangely felt calm, excited and commanding at the same time but my heart was pumping fast. I walked back inside the door leaving it open, looked at the strawberry's directly in front of me and bent over. Giving him a full view of my pussy lips as I got to work.   
  
To be honest I didn't care what he was doing in the shed and I must have been working constantly for a couple of hours until that final row was done.  
  
I loaded up the trolley and with new found confidence and walked straight out into the open, topless and smiling.   
  
I put the crates on top of the others for Scott later and walked to my clothes.   
  
Shame really, it feels so nice to be out in the open. I could see his blue tractor far in the distance moving along. I wondered when he left?  
  
I took off my wellies to get dressed. Looked at my now dry clothes and instead of getting dressed I removed my panties.  
  
There I stood in the warm sun and light breeze, legs apart, hand on hips, completely naked. As the wind gently ticked my pussy I felt the now familiar thrill of exposing myself, but nothing like what I felt when I knew someone was watching  
  
I reluctantly got dressed grabbed my bag and started walking back to the house.   
  
I guess I was curious, as when I saw the sheds, I walked into the old one Scott had been hiding in.   
  
It was dark and full of old logs, bits of trees. There was a small gap towards the edge where he must have been hiding.   
  
I couldn't resist but to squeeze in and sure as anything, through the holes, I could see everything. Straight into the tunnels and to the pallet my clothes where on. I smiled and felt sexier than ever.   
  
I walked back to the house with the firm intention of a shower and a change of clothes, maybe something a bit more summery and possibly skimpy.   
  
The thought of people looking again drove me crazy and I knew I'd have to arrange a shopping trip for new clothes. But that and everything else that happened that summer and in my life since are a different story.