**Essex Girl**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 01**

Okay, so I’m an Essex girl. I may be blonde and reasonable looking but I like to think that I’m not your stereo-type Essex girl. I’m slim, and have small breasts and I have a degree in Forensic Accounting. My name is Millie and after I left university I was lucky enough to get a good job with a big bank.

It was in my home town, Loughton, as well; but after living in a hall of residence, then a shared house, I decided that I wasn’t going to move back in with my parents. My new job is well paid and I decided that I could just about afford to rent my own flat. Everything went great for the first 6 months. Okay I didn’t have much in my flat, but I was happy.

I’d had boyfriends at university, but when I moved back to Loughton I was on my own and happy to be that way. My best friend was my rabbit vibrator.

Then one day at work my manager told me that I was being transferred to the Acton branch. It was a promotion and more money. That weekend I went to Acton and had a look around the place and looked at the price of renting a flat. Now Acton is more central London and that is reflected in the crazy rents. Way out of my price range. I was left with 2 choices, share or commute.

Although I’d shared at university I’d got used to living on my own and didn’t want to give that up. Luckily, the pay rise easily covered the cost of commuting so that’s what I decided to do.

On the first day in my new job I got up 90 minutes early, having worked out that the commute would take just over an hour. What I hadn’t bargained on was the rush hour crowds. OMG, the Central Line is so over-crowded in the mornings, and, as I found out later, in the evenings as well. It was nearly as bad as those videos that you see of the Japanese underground. I had to stand all the way, both ways.

It was on the third day that it first happened, a hand rested on my butt and moved up and down a bit. I tried to see who the hand belonged to but it was impossible. After the initial shock I spend the day thinking about what had happened and decided that it wasn’t that bad, in a way I took it as a complement that someone thought that my butt was worth touching.

By the end of the next week I had realised that I was starting to look forward to my daily gropes and I started standing in the same place at the end of the same carriage on both ways of my commute. It was like the hand lived in Loughton as well but after the first day I stopped trying to see who the hand belonged to. I liked the annominity of it.

Over that weekend I decided that I was going to commute in casual clothes and get changed into my business suits once I’d got to work. Besides, it was still warm out and shorter skirts and tank tops were much more comfortable than my knee length business suits.

Another thing that helped the decision was that although knee-length pencil skirts look good as part of a business suit they are useless when it comes to running to catch a train.

On the Monday morning commute I stood in my usual place and again the hand appeared on my butt. This time though, the hand moved down and found the hem of my shorter skirt and discovered my bare thigh.

OMG, the touch was electric; a bolt of electricity, or whatever, went up my leg to my pussy then to my nipples. I closed my eyes and enjoyed the flesh to flesh contact. Just before the stop where the hand always disappears, a male voice whispered,

“That’s better, wear a short skirt every day.”

I looked around to see who had said that, but as usual it was impossible to work out who the hand, or now the voice, belonged to. During the last bit of my journey, and the short walk, I decided that I’d commute casual every day.

By the end of that week the hand had got braver and it discovered my knickers. By the end of the following week two things changed; firstly I started wearing thongs to work, and secondly, the hand’s fingers were rubbing my pussy over my thong.

Okay, the hand wasn’t there for the whole of the hour long journey, it kept disappearing and reappearing as the volume of commuters increased and decreased but those fingers rubbing my pussy over my thong made me cum; every time.

If the noise of the train hadn’t been so loud everyone around me would have heard me moaning and seen me shaking and jerking.

My rabbit wasn’t as popular as it had been and that weekend I went shopping for some new, lightweight, skater type miniskirts.

After about a couple of dozen orgasms over the next week or so I decided to up the game a bit and I went to work commando. The first time that I did that I forgot to put a thong in my purse to put on when I got to work. By the end of the day I had forgotten that I had nothing on under my business skirt.

The next morning I deliberately ‘forgot’ to take a thong in my purse.

Back to the hand, and my first time without a thong; the fingers worked so much harder, finger fucking me as well as rubbing my clit. I came 4 times on that journey and swore to myself that knickers were history as far as I was concerned. Apart from work, long skirts, trousers and shorts were history as well. I liked the ease of access.

The next few weeks were bliss, I’d never cum so many times each week as I was now doing, and I still didn’t know who was making me cum. What’s more, it was all in public. I began to realise that the public side of it was as important as the anonymity.

I became one of the few people who enjoys their daily commute and a couple of people at work commented on my cheerfulness. I didn’t tell them why I was so happy; instead I lied and told them that I just liked my job.

My neighbours noticed the change in me as well; well, 2 of them. There’s another single young woman living in another flat on my floor who keeps herself to herself, like me, but we do exchange pleasantries when we see each other. One evening when I saw her she said that I looked cheerful and that she liked my outfit.

The other neighbour is a young man. He’s okay, but he did try to hit on me just after I moved in. I brushed him off but we still exchange pleasantries when we see each other and a couple of times he’s commented on my looks and cheerfulness. I’m pretty sure that he got the message that I wasn’t interested in him when I first moved in but it was nice for a man to notice.

One Saturday I decided to go into the centre of London to do some shopping. The weather wasn’t bad so I decided that I’d wear one of my outfits that I wear to commute to work i.e. very short skirt and tank top and no knickers. But I added, or should I say ‘removed’ one item that I always wear for work – a bra. I’m only an ‘A’ cup so I can easily get away without one most of the time when I’m wearing something thick on top, but definitely not at work because I have these large, proud nipples that seem to be permanently hard and it wouldn’t be very professional to have them making little tents in my blouses.

Anyway, I left home wearing just a tank top, a skirt that hardly covered my butt and pussy, and was flared, light and bouncy, and a pair of 3 inch heels. I felt really sexy and quite exposed as I bounced along the street to the underground station.

The journey into the centre of London was boring, the train wasn’t busy and I had a seat behind another seat.

I wandered round the shops, not looking for anything special, just browsing, on the lookout for something that I liked, maybe another ultra-short skirt to please my daily groper.

In one shop I found a rack of skirts that would be great for my commute and other outings, and selected a couple to try on. They were a size too big for me but I figured that they’d have my size in the stock room if I liked them.

I’d forgotten that I didn’t have any knickers on until I dropped my own skirt to the floor in the changing cubicle. As I looked in the mirror I thought,

“You look good Mille. I wonder how many people I’ve accidentally flashed my butt and pussy to this morning. And look at those nipples; people must have noticed them.”

I slipped my hands up the front of my tank top and pulled and tweaked my nipples making them even bigger, and certainly a bit harder.

“Fuck it.” I thought, and pulled my tank top up and off.

Seconds later a girl pulled the curtain back, saw me, stared for a couple of seconds then said,

“Oops, sorry.”

And pulled the curtain half closed.

I turned and went to close the curtain properly and noticed a man looking my way. I froze, blushed and got wet, all in the space of a second.

My hand didn’t move from the top of the curtain. My brain was telling it to close the curtain but it wouldn’t move. My brain was also telling my other hand to cover my tits or pussy, but it wouldn’t move either.

After a few seconds of us staring at each other I did something really brave, I moved the curtain the wrong way, giving the man a great view of the rest of my body.

He smiled and gave me the thumbs-up. He liked what he was seeing and my pussy told me that it liked me showing it to him.

After a few seconds I heard a curtain from another cubicle open and the man turned away. I closed my curtain and let my heartbeat return to normal.

As I took stock of what had just happened I realised that I loved what had just happened. It made me horny and wanting more; but at the same time I was a little shocked and scared; but I just knew that I’d do it again.

I tried the two skirts on, liked one, put my tank top and my own skirt back on and went to see a sales assistant. After a few minutes checking she told me that they didn’t have one in my size but they could get one in a couple of days.

As I told her that I’d be back the following Saturday I realised that she’d been staring at my chest all the time that she’d been talking. I smiled and wondered if she was jealous of my tits and protruding nipples.

The train home only had a few people on it and there were plenty if spare seats. I sat in the middle of one of the long seats that goes down the side of the carriage and got my phone out to catch up with the world.

I was sat with my knees together, but not crossed, and was holding my phone on my lap and my bag over my shoulder.

At the next station a man got on and sat directly opposite me. Out of my peripheral vision I saw that he was probably a couple of years younger than me and not bad looking.

Just as I finished looking at one website I had an idea and lifted my phone higher up and tilted it so that it was almost at 90 degrees to the floor. Then I changed to the camera app so that I could be looking at my phone but seeing the man on the screen.

As I tilted the phone I decided that my initial opinion of his looks was right, he wasn’t bad looking. I zoomed-in on his face and realised that he was looking at my legs.

I got a tingle in my pussy and felt it get wet. I also decided that I could have a bit of fun. It would be dead easy to flash my pussy to him.

I looked around to see if anyone else was looking at me. We were the only ones in that section of the carriage and the people further down were in their own little world. I relaxed my legs and let my knees fall apart a bit; then a bit more.

Looking at my phone I saw the man smile, confirming that I was right, he was looking at my bare legs, and now my bald pubes.

I sat like that as the train stopped at the next station and then started moving again. Luckily, no one came and sat anywhere near us.

The man lifted his hands and placed them together as if he was praying. I looked up from my phone and the man parted his fingers but kept the heels of his hands together. It was obvious what he wanted.

“Excuse me young man;” I said, “but you shouldn’t be looking up a ladies skirt, it’s rude and an invasion of her privacy.”

“Lady, you put it on display and I’ll look. Now are you going to open your legs further or not?”

I was stunned. I’d expected him to just look away and ignore me; but at the same time my pussy told me that it liked him looking at it. I just sat there for about 30 seconds, with my knees still open, deciding what my next move would be.

I was about to shut my knees when my pussy told my butt to shuffle down in the seat a bit and spread my knees even more.

I felt more of my bare butt and lower back on the seat’s rough material as the rest of my pussy became visible to him.

He smiled and said,

“About time exhibitionist girl; now keep them like that.”

My brain was in turmoil. Half of it was telling me to sit up straight and close my knees but the other half was being driven by my pussy. I was scared and horny; and wet.

The train pulled into the next station and no one got on; or at the next 3 stations. It must have been the quiet part of the afternoon where most people weren’t ready to head for home yet, and too early for the evening crowd to go out.

Then at the next station a youth got on. He looked down the carriage, saw me and headed my way.

“Don’t close them.” I heard my voyeur say.

I wanted to close my knees, my brain was screaming for me to close my knees; but I didn’t.

The youth came and sat in the seat next but one to my voyeur and stared at me; well my pussy.

“Nice pussy and headlights lady.” He said.

“Yeah, and I’m gonna fuck that later.” The young man said.

I felt my eyes open a fraction wider and thought,

“Confident little shit aren’t you.”

But I still just sat there getting wetter and wetter. My nipples were starting to hurt as well.

The 3 of us just sat like that, in silence, until the train started slowing for the station before mine. The young man stood up and said,

“If you get off here and follow me I’ll give you the fucking of your life. If you don’t want it just stay there and entertain the kid.”

Before I knew it the doors were opening and I was following the young man along the platform; neither of us saying a word.

As I followed him up the escalator the breeze reminded me just how wet my pussy was, and how short my skirt was.

Still in silence, I followed him along 3 streets and into a street full of terraced houses. The young man stopped and turned to one of the front doors.

“Before you go inside exhibitionist girl, take your clothes off and post them through the letterbox.”

“What! You’ve got to be joking. I’m stood out in the street.”

“Do you want to be fucked or not girl? If you don’t strip naked in the next couple of minutes you can piss off.”

I stood there thinking for a few seconds then looked around. I could see some people further down the street but none close by. I put my bag down and grabbed the hem of my tank top.

I quickly got naked and posted my top and skirt through the letterbox.

Standing there, totally naked, I looked up and down the street and was pleased to see no one.

“Can we go inside now please? Can you open the door please.”

“Put your hands by your side girl. Let the world see what you showed me on the train.”

I complied and the man knocked on the door.

“What are you doing? Get your key out and open the door.”

The man laughed and said,

“I can’t, I don’t live here.”

“WHAT! You fucker. How am I supposed to get my clothes back?”

“You’d better hope that there’s someone in.”

Thankfully, a few seconds later, another young man opened the door. When he saw me he just stood and stared.

I broke the silence.

“Can I have my clothes back please?”

“I haven’t got your clothes.”

“Yes you have, I put them through your letterbox.”

“What the fuck did you do that for? Not that I’m complaining.”

He just kept staring until I said,

“Well, can I have them?”

The young man stepped back and looked behind the door.

“Fucking hell, you’re right.”

He said as he bent down and picked them up.

I held out my hand expecting my skirt and top to be put in it.

“What are they worth?”

“What?”

“What will you give me for them stupid girl?”

“How much do you want?”

“Not money, that’s for sure. How about a blowjob?”

“You’ve got to be joking.”

“Nope.”

“How about I let you touch me for a few seconds?”

“Where?”

“Anywhere.”

“How long?”

“5 seconds.”

“Make it 30 and you’ve got a deal.”

I thought for a second. This would be much like me getting groped on the train each day and I liked that.

“Okay, but I count it.”

My counting wasn’t very good as the young man stepped out of his house and put his hands all over my tits and pussy.

“Nice tits.” He said as he rolled and tweaked my rock hard nipples causing me to let out a moan.

As he moved his hands between my legs I automatically spread my feet to give him better access.

I moaned again as he flicked my clit then buried 2 fingers deep inside my wet hole. He started finger fucking me as the fingers of his other hand found, then rubbed my clit.

I mumbled the number 21 then orgasmed; right there, out in the street. At that moment I didn’t care if anyone was watching or not. I was under the control of my orgasm.

My legs were like jelly but I somehow managed to stay on my feet as the orgasm peaked then subsided.

When I was able, I said the number 30 then slowly lifted my hand up. My skirt and top were put in them but before I could start to put them on, man number 1 said,

“Don’t bother putting them on, I live next door. Come on.”

I looked at him and saw him putting a key into the door next door.

“Bastard.” I said.

“Cheers mate, I owe you one.” Man number 2 said as I followed number 1 into his house.

I was greeted by 2 other young men who stopped playing whatever electronic game and just stared at me.

“Fucking hell man, where did you find her?” One of them said.

“She’s mine, but I might let you have sloppy seconds later on. Not bad looking is she.”

“Most sluts are.” The new man number 2 replied.

“I’m not a sl ….” I started to say but stopped when I realised that I was acting like one.

“Yes you are exhibitionist girl. Any girl who flashed her pussy on the underground for as long as you did IS a slut.”

I nearly corrected him but decided against it.

“Come on girl. You’re coming to my room and I’m going to fuck your brains out. This is where I’d normally tell a girl to take her clothes off but …..”

Number 1 did fuck my brains out and about an hour later we just lay there, both of us totally knackered.

“So what’s you name stud?” I asked.

“No names. You’ll just have to think of me as the man from the train.”

“Okay then, I can live with that. It’s not like I’m ever likely to see you again.”

“You can go now exhibitionist girl. If you want to fuck those 2 on your way out you can.”

“Wow, a real condescending prat aren’t you?”

“But I’m a good fuck.”

“Can’t argue with that.”

“Don’t put your clothes on until you get outside exhibitionist girl.”

I picked up my bag and clothes and went downstairs. Both young men put down their games controllers and stared at me.

“Right, who wants a blowjob?” I asked, not really wanting them to fuck me, my pussy was sore.

Two BJs later, I stepped outside then put my skirt and top on.

“Bloody students. No shame these days.” I heard an old man say as he and an old woman walked passed as I did so.

I walked back the way that I’d come and found a landmark that I recognised. It turned out that I wasn’t that far from my flat and I walked home with ‘that man from the train’s’ cum slowly creeping down my inner thighs and feeling cold as the breeze lapped around my bare legs and pussy.

I showered then ate, thinking how good my day had been. I wanted to repeat it but realised that the chances of that were millions to one.

When I went back to the shop in the centre of London to get my new skirt I tried a few more clothes on and bought another skirt and a couple of one size too big silky cami tops, ones with spaghetti straps that fell off my shoulders when I shook them. One time when I bounced about in the changing room the straps came off and the top slid sown to my waist; just what I wanted for some ‘accidental’ wardrobe malfunctions.

Anyway, while I was trying them on I managed to flash my totally naked body to a couple of men who were waiting for their partners.

After a couple of blissful months I started to think of other ways that I could get anonymous sexual satisfaction as there was no way that I wanted to get involved in a relationship, I’m too young to think about that. I spent many hours in bed, and on my sofa, slowly masturbating whilst trying to think of a way, discarding lots of crazy ideas that would probably resulted in me getting locked up either in a police cell or in a the psyc ward of the local hospital.

Eventually, I decided to search online for ideas and found Craig’s List. Then I spent a few days working out what I could put in an advert.

In the end I setup an account using a new, anonymous email address, and put an ad in Personals > Women seeking men

Slightly exhibitionist girl seeks opportunities to flash, get groped and maybe anonymous sex.

Body – slim

Height – 5'2" (157cm)

Status - single

Age – 25

And I added a small photo of my naked body from neck to knees. There was no way that I could risk someone from work recognising my face.

I was amazed by how quickly I got some replies, and how many I got. Over the next few nights I waded my way through them, categorizing them into the ‘you’ve got to be joking’, ‘sick’, and ‘maybe’ folders. There weren’t many in the ‘maybe’ folder.

That Friday night I went to bed with my laptop and read through the ‘maybe’ ones while my right hand was busy between my legs. I’d already decided that I would only go to somewhere where there were lots of people, where I could shout for help if things went pear-shaped. That was why quite a few of the replies were rejected; there was no way that I was going to strip in someone’s house in front just one or two dirty old men.

Ha, listen to me, after what I did for that man on the train. But that was different. I sort of started it, and besides, he was cute.

Anyway, one of the potential ones was a bit exciting, and a bit tame. The man told me to go to a particular McDonalds in the centre of London. He told me that the seating was on 2 levels and that a few girls spend hours there flashing their pussies to all the foreign tourists that went in.

That sounded fun, but as I said, a bit tame. I couldn’t work out a way that I could get them to grope me and make me cum.

I logged that one in the back of my mind for the next time that I went into central London.

Another one sounded intriguing, much more fun, possibly, but a little odd. Why would a local, small time rugby club be advertising for cheerleaders in Craig’s List?

Out of curiosity I decided to phone the number to get more information.

The man who answered told me that the team had decided that their team needed some encouragement, some incentive to win games. He told me that they weren’t trying to get a full cheerleading squad that could win competitions, just a few girls to be a bit of eye candy for the team.

I thought that it was a bit sexist but what the hell. I wasn’t looking for anything that was politically correct, I was looking for some fun, and when the man asked me if I was still interested I said that I was. He gave me an address, a date and a time and told me that if I turned up and passed the interview, he could guarantee that I’d not regret it and have a lot of fun.

As I ended the call I was smiling and imagined myself dancing along the side of rugby pitch wearing not a lot. My pussy was tingling.

What’s more, the place was only a couple of stations down the central line so it would be easy to get there.

The interview was on a Sunday morning and on the Saturday I went into central London to do a bit of shopping. I went to the same clothes shop and flashed another man before buying a short summer dress. The summer had gone but it was a nice dress and it was so light that I felt naked when I put it on. I wanted something ready for the spring when it arrived.

I also found the McDonalds that the man from Craig’s List had told me about. He was right. It’s right in the centre of London with loads of tourists going in. I sat there for a good half hour eating and using my phone while sitting with my legs open facing different tourists.

It’s right what they say about the Japanese and their cameras. Two separate men took photos while holding their cameras on their laps and facing my way. I smiled at the thought of loads of men on the other side of the world looking at those photos.