**Exposed**

by uhhuh81

Jean lay under the covers, the soft bed sheets caressing her naked body. She lay, and waited. Her breasts ached, her nipples begged for attention.Further down, she was as wet as she had ever been. And yet, she did not allow her hands to move from the bed. Only five more minutes. Tonight was a tuesday night, her favourite night. For three years now, Jean would wait until 3 in the morning, technically, Wednesday, then slip out the living room window, clad only in her birthday suit, and wonder around her village. Jean had had 3 years to come to terms with her exhibitionism; she no longer felt ashamed, nor did she feel particularly anxious of her parents discovering her. At 18 years old, Jean was mature in every sense of the word; her fumbling, clumsy teenage years were mostly behind and she had developed into an exceptional woman. Standing at 5 foot 8, Jean was pale in a smooth, greek statue kind of way, with perfectly formed C breasts and a satisfying, if modest, behind. Her stomach was toned and smooth; as Jean well knew, moonlight was her most flattering light.

At high school, which Jean had just finished, the boys wanted to go after her but the jocks didnt - they knew Jean was no slut and would not fall for the dumb football type - and the geeks felt themselves completely inadequate. Those in between, the modest, good looking guys, would occasionally ask her out and be treated to a nice, if distant, date. However, Jean never went further. Unknown to these fumbling boys, Jean had a voracious sexual appetite hidden beneath a smooth exterior. She was afraid that, if some guy got that far, that this side would be exposed and she would descend into the school slut.

So she kept her distance, and explored her sexuality alone. After years of development, Jean found that the ultimate thrill lay in exhibitionism, and would allow herself to indulge in this thrill once a week. Why Tuesday? Because tuesday was her parents' date night, which meant they would return at 11 pm, fairly drunk, have loud, erotic sex which Jean would listen enviously too, then fall asleep completely dead to the world. Jean waited until 3 am to be sure, and would then sneak downstairs, open the window ( no chance of a robbery in her sleepy village, it could be left open) and wonder around, allowing the cool breezes to caress her naked body. Once the sexual urge became too much, Jean would give in to her primal lust, fall to the ground and bring herself to a massive orgasm in the grasses, or in the park, or against the trees. That done, she would slip back inside and sleep.

Before this, she would not permit herself to masturbate for three days prior, to build the sexual urges. This could lead to some interesting situations. Tuesday school days were the hardest; she found it hard to concentrate as she looked forward to the moment when she spread her legs and plunged her fingers into her pussy in some field for all to see. One history class early on in her exhibitionist career, she had orgasmed just thinking about it, rubbing her pussy surreptitiously against the desk leg as her class dozed on, oblivious.

Lying in bed, Jean thought back to her first ever night out.

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she was fifteen. She had not yet established the polished exterior she would maintain to hide her nympho side. So when Tom, a cute guy from her english class, had asked if she would like to meet him behind the science block (everyone in school new that this was code for "getting it on") she said yes almost immediately. The rest of the day passed agonisingly slowly, and Jean still remembered that wonderful butterfly feeling you get only when you are about to make out with a new guy. She waited behind the science block at 4 after school as promised. Tom appeared 100 metres away from behind the language department, and Jean loved the tension as he slowly walked toward her. Her pussy dripped as she realised he was probarbly visualising her naked; perhaps being pounded from behing as her tits bounced up and down; perhaps she was on top, screaming as she rode his hard shaft. Jean shook her head from side to side. Things were not going to get that far, she told herself.

Tom reached her. "Hi" he said, and blushed.

Awkward small talk commenced, and jean realized that if things were going to happen she would have to initialize. As they talked, Jean sauntered closer, and before she knew he had planted his lips on hers.

His lips were soft, firm but gentle. she molded her body to his and they continued for a few minutes, just enjoying first contact. Jean felt herself getting hot; her breathing became heavy as she slipped her tongue into his mouth. Something similar happened to Tom, and with a shock Jean realized his hand was dangerously close to squeezing her breasts through her tank top. She gasped as she realized she was about to be groped for the first time. Her nipples hardening, Jean impatiently moved his hand up to caress her breast. Tom seemed shocked by her bravado, but took it in his stride.

Five minutes later, both tops were off and jean was loving the feel of her breasts mashing against his warm body.They fell to the floor, and Jean gasped as she felt his bulge on her thigh. 'I'm losing control', she realized, but couldn't stop herself from wrestling with his trousers till they were down his legs and pushing her own trousers and knickers down. Tom whispered "hell yes ", seeing that Jean couldn't pull her eyes away from his thick, warm pole. She grabbed his dick, loving the feel of it, and pumped up and down.

"I need you inside me" she gasped, and he obliged by placing his dick at her entrance. HE started to push it in, but as the head slipped in her warm hole, Jean gasped.

"NO!" she screamed and crawled away from him backwards. Scrambling to put her clothes on, she felt her mind reel at what she had almost allowed to happen.

Tom blushed deep red as he too, pulled his clothes on.

"What's wrong? you said you 'needed me-"

"Shut up!" Jean screamed, and she moved in close to put her face to his. "nothing happened, we made out for a bit then went home. OK? if you ever tell anyone what really happened I swear I will tell everyone you raped me, got it? GOT IT?"

Tom staggered back, intimidated by her ferocity. "OK, OK, i wont I swear. Fuck..."

With that, he beat a hasty retreat.

Jean allowed herself to collapse. That could not happen again, she told herself, she had almost just lost her virginity at 15 on school grounds!

That day, she began to build her inner walls. But that night, she realized just how frustrated she was at being that close but having no satisfaction.

She lay in bed , her parents snores rumbling through the walls, and desperately frigged her clit. Despite being turned on beyond belief, she could not bring herself to climax. She ran through anything she could think of that would turn her on, and as she thought back to her close encounter that afternoon, she realized that part of the reason she had been so turned on was that they were outside. Seizing the initiative, she slipped out of bed, put on her dressing gown and slipped out the downstairs window. Her mind in a daze, Jean landed in the garden and headed towards the road. Once there, she turned left, unconsciously heading towards the park. Her heart in her mouth, Jean wondered what the neighbors would say if they saw her out in her dressing gown at 3 in the morning. Breathing hard due to adrenaline, Jean eventually found herself sitting on the park bench, with the park itself surrounded by houses. Now or never, Jean thought, and before she could convince herself out of it, allowed her dressing gown to fall to the floor. Jean groaned as the night air whispered against her breasts. Pussy moisture was dripping down her leg at the thought that anyone could look out of their window and see her naked body in the park, her breasts heaving as she breathed, moisture dripping down her leg and her whole, sensual body covered in a sheen of sweat from the run and adrenaline. Before she could help herself, Jean let out a soft groan and flopped to the ground. Never in her whole life had she felt such a euphoric sense of eroticism. Her eyes almost rolling into her head, she gave into the feelings. Her creamy thighs opened, her hand leapt down to her open vagina and plunged three fingers in. Jean moaned, writhing in the grass. With her other hand she grasped her full breasts and squeezed; she pinched and pulled her swollen nipples and, in a fit of uncontrollable desire, rolled over so her ass was up in the air. She rubbed her tits against the grass as the wind tickled her asshole and her hand plunged into her vagina. Jean was no longer a woman, she was simply pussy, tits, mouth, ass, lost in a tidal wave of desire. In a primal passion she plunged three fingers into her mouth and sucked, imagining a thick shaft fucking her face.

Any passer by would have been flabbergasted by the sight that night: a 15 year old girl, moaning as she plunged her fingers into her dripping pussy and animalistically humped her breasts against the ground whilst sucking her own fingers. Jean didn't care, the whole village could have been lined up watching her and she couldn't have stopped, in fact, it would have simply turned her on more. These thoughts spun through her ravaged mind as she plunged through orgasm after orgasm. Minutes later, she opened her eyes as the sparks stopped. She looked down, and was shocked to see she had four fingers in her vagina. She shivered in post-orgasm, and suddenly felt ashamed. She quickly put on her dressing gown and glancing nervously around, quickly ran back home.

Back in bed that night, Jean realized she had begun a journey that would never stop; as ashamed as she was, Jean realized she was already looking forward to her next adventure. I must pace myself, she thought; whilst enjoyable, she would not let this sexual need take over her whole life. She limit herself to once a week. Her body aching with tiredness, Jean slipped into sleep.

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Good times, the 18 year old Jean thought to herself. She no longer bothered with the dressing gown, exiting her room completely naked. But that night, as she slipped out the window and felt her naked body be aroused once again by the night breeze, Jean had no idea that, after going out over 130 times, this night would be very different.

she sauntered leisurely up the road. Proud of her body, Jean enjoyed the thought that right now some guy with a wife and kids could be having the treat of his life as he looked out the window. This was in theory. In practice, Jean's reaction would be very different. As she stepped onto the village green, a light flicked on in a house directly facing Jean. IN her 3 years, Jean had never actually come into contact with anyone on these night outings, and so her reactions were sluggish. A man appeared behind the window, and stretched. He obviously had trouble sleeping, and found the night air cooling after the uncomfortable heat under the covers. He leaned out of the window. As he did so, he noticed a movement across from him. It took him a moment to work out the shape as his eyes adjusted, and he gasped as his mind comprehended what he was seeing. A gorgeous naked girl had just crumpled to the floor and curled up as small as possible. Please, Jean prayed, please don't see me. But see her he had. His mind racing, he realized he should call the police, but wouldn't. He understood the sexuality of what she was doing. And decided to use it.

Jean, curled up on the floor, heard a knock, and cautiously looked up. The man had seen her, she realized and felt a flush go both to her face and pussy. He wanted her attention. He picked up a phone by his bed (Jeans night vision was excellent, and the background light enabled her to see everything perfectly) and slowly, very obviously, pressed three numbers. Jean felt tears stinging her eyes and formed a begging signal. 'Ill do anything', she mouthed. Whether or not the man saw this message was unclear, but he smirked as he realized he had her exactly where he wanted her. His wife sleeping less than five feet away, he pointed to his crotch and wiggled his eyebrows. He had noticed just how beautiful this girl was, and planned to get his full.

Jean's mouth opened in disgust and tears formed fully as she realized she had no choice - she would have to expose herself to this man, if her future wasn't to be ruined by him calling the police. A station was not that far away, she would never reach her house in time, and the man knew it. Stifling a sob, She reluctantly lay down on the grass, and the man panted as her breasts swayed and her legs opened. Tentatively, never having had an audience before, Jean opened her legs and let her hand rub her clit.

Ten minutes later, jean was moaning and writhing, her body spread out completely on the grass. Her hand was wet with her juices, her nipples were being tweaked and as the man watched she licked her own juices from her fingers. After the initial disgust, Jean's nympho side had taken over and she had realized that there is nothing more pleasing to an exhibitionist than being outside, with an audience, masturbating. These dark thoughts had taken over and she had given herself up completely to the raging desires coursing through her body. The man saw the transition from force to consensual sex and had gotten carried away himself; tentatively at first, but realizing he was in control, he pulled his dick from his shorts and started to furiously beat one out to the sight of this naked girl pleasuring herself. Jean guessed he had a wife and this taboo thought sped her on even more. As she forced her whole fist into her vagina ( a trick it had taken years to accomplish fully) she kept her eyes fixed on his bulging member, and the two drove themselves to furious orgasms - Jean wished his thick ropes of cum would land on her. Her tits bounced up and down with the force of her fisting and, after one the biggest orgasms of her life, the man winked and, with a smirk, symbolically turned the phone over on the table. Jean, exhausted and feeling the old shame creep up on her again, crept back to her house. Were there no limits to her depravity?

Despite her misgivings, Jean eventually returned to the streets at night, after a mere three weeks of absence. Unbeknownst to her, however, her adventures would only get better.