**Exposed at the Massage**

by[bluueboy](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1453695&page=submissions)©

It's not like I was abused as a child. Maybe I was ignored at times by my dad more than any thing else. In other words, I think I had a normal child hood. I was shy and craved more attention than I got and when it was time for dating, all my friends had boyfriends and experiences long before I did. But the kind of attention I crave now, I can only attribute to this and some other experiences I had then.

Let me explain some of things that happened that might have changed me and brought something out of me that I can't imagine I would done on purpose. At least at first. Our neighborhood pool was where everyone hung out, all my girl friends, the boys I had crushes on and the one's I didn't. This happened when I was 18 and in my last year of high school. Let me tell you about what I look like, I'm one of those dark chestnut hair girls, my hair is not quite black but a dark brown along with my eyes. My skin is somewhat pale most of the year and I was just larger than an B cup during my high school years from about this time. My legs were athletic from soccer. I was about 5'4" after I quit growing. I always thought I was average looking but many guys since have tried to convince me otherwise.

Well, anyway, there I was on the diving board right in the middle of a hot sunny afternoon. It seemed like everyone was there that day. I was wearing a white and red bikini. My best friend and I were kind of showing off trying to attract some attention of a boy she liked by diving off the board while he was at that end of the pool. So I did the best swan dive I thought I could do, swam over to the steps and climbed out of the pool and started to head back to the diving board. I usually check, I will never know why I did not that day, but I had lost my bikini bottoms in the dive and did not notice until I was up on the side in front of everyone. Well it felt like everyone. It was sooooo embarrassing.

Naturally, I jumped back into the pool and headed to the bottom and got my bikini bottoms back on. Then I got out and headed to the locker room. I was so humiliated. I headed to the first bathroom stall I came to. But in addition to being humiliated, I was excited like nothing ever before. I was visualizing all the faces of the boys whose jaws were dropped open. And I felt the warmth in between my legs building. It was like an outer body experience. My best friend was right behind me but outside the stall.

I was crying a little but I found my hand reaching in between my legs and find my pussy all gooey! I kept telling her to go away but she wouldn't. I was even more turned on and she thought all the sounds I was making was me crying. I had to hold my hand over my mouth as I came. I was not all that sure at the time since this only about the second time I had ever truly cum. Maybe it's that early experience with sex, I don't know but I craved this kind of experience in the future.

I eventually, came out and all my friends picked on me the rest of the day mercilessly. Even a few of the boys made comments about me "diving some more". One made comments about me "going down" but I had no clue what he was talking about until one day when that hit me a couple years later. I was actually kind of naive. My best friend kept on picking at me about the boy she liked who could not stop talking about me. Even though, I secretly enjoyed the attention, I thought I wanted a guy who liked me for who I was, not because he saw me naked. Anyway, my friend eventually dated this guy so it did not really have any effect on anyone...except me.

The next event that happened, was at track practice one day. I was pretty fast for a girl. We wore these nylon running shorts and occasionally some one would run up behind you and "pants" you - meaning, jerk your shorts down. I don't know what got into me this day - I was in a "mood" if you know what I mean. I had been touching myself and making myself cum a lot more lately. My body had filled out a bit more and even though I did not have a boy-friend, I had been on a friendly date or two. Anyway, I had already "pants" a couple of the girls on the team that day. Usually it was not a big deal because we all wear underwear under our uniform. So, there I was talking to about five of the guys on the boys track team when suddenly, my shorts were at my ankles and I was not wearing any underwear. With me being dark haired, the contrast of my pubic hair against my pale skin was just obvious. But it was worse, I lost my balance and fell over into the circle of guys as one of my legs came out of the shorts and my legs flew wide open with me on my back. All five of them had a wide open beaver shot.

I had started keeping my pussy hair cropped low, so I'm sure they saw everything. They just stared as I caught my balance and scrambled to pull my shorts back on. One guy tried to help me up but even he realized things were just awkward along with his buddies.

What really worked out nicely, is that after all this was said and done, everyone just assumed that when I was pants that my panties came down with the shorts not knowing that I had hoped this would happen. However, I did not plan on falling over. This and the other event kind of secretly allowed me to be a slut but happening in ways that was innocent.

I had to finish the meet that day but when I got home that night I had quite a session with myself. I was scared my fluids were running down my legs all day - but it was just sweat. My fantasies involved me exposing myself to those boys but all of them taking me right there in front of the track teams with everyone crowded around cheering me on. What makes a young girl think these things?

Well, I kind of slowed down things after that in high school because I was still embarrassed from some of the comments that were made. I did not want too much attention drawn to myself. And those events had fueled my fantasy life.

A lot of things had entered my head over the years. Most, just too unrealistic to ever come true. They would involve a teacher taking me in front of the class or worse being made to touch myself in front of the school at a pep rally.

I did find a few minor ways to do what I thought was daring. I remember going commando to the gynecologist the first time I insisted my mother not go in there with me. She kept saying, "I'll be out front if you need me."

Little did she know. But this was a big disappointment. The doctor acted like he did not even notice. His nurse looked surprised at first but never said anything either. Being played off like this, it really didn't have the affect on me I wanted. It just seemed so sterile or something. I thought finally, I had outgrown these games.

My freshman year in college I learned differently. I had had a boyfriend for about 6 months by then. But going to different schools made us break-up. I was still a virgin. He had spent time playing inside my shirt and even though, I let him watch me shower one time, we never did much more than that.

I was on scholarship in college and so the money my parents had saved was in a little bit of surplus. It seemed when there were things to do, I was able to participate in whatever I wanted which was nice and not everyone else's experience in school. I guess, I was lucky. Well, driving around town, I noticed a massage spa place at a beauty shop. I decided that would be great to have. I checked it out. To my surprise, when I got the massage, it was a guy who did it.

Nothing unusual happened, the guy was nice, did a good job and he was more than professional where it had that sterile feeling I mentioned before. He asked if I would like to schedule another. It was very enjoyable, so I scheduled another two weeks later after checking my calendar. That two weeks of time was the most impatient I had ever been because I had way too much time to think about what I could do. The guy had been very cute, while professional, he had a good sense of humor and had attracted my attention enough. But when I thought about teasing him, it consumed all my thoughts in my free time. My roommate would catch me "day-dreaming" and ask "what is wrong" over the two weeks several times.

My next massage was on Saturday, so on Friday, I went and bought the sheerest bikini and bra set. When I tried it on in my dorm room that night, it was like I was wearing nothing. And the bra gave no support and let my tits bounce freely when I checked myself out. I wanted to touch myself that night but I held out for some reason. See, I knew that he either had to keep me covered with a towel, or I had to be in my underwear. I was just soaking thinking about what I was going to do tomorrow.

It was do or die time. I walked into the spa for my appointment. I was wearing a short blue and white striped one-piece summer dress. With only my mint blue see-through bra and panties. I could not believe I had cut the liner out of them. I could feel they were already wet. They immediately sent me back even though I was a few minutes early. I went into the room and began getting ready by undressing to my underwear and lying down on the table and then covering myself up with the sheet provided.

I only had a few minutes for second thoughts before my masseuse walked in and said "hello again!"

We small-chatted for a bit as he set up. And finally he asked what I would like today? Little did he know!

I said "My thighs were sore from running and that they would need some attention but not too rough."

I was hoping he would spend a lot of time in that area. And even though my panties were bikini type, I specifically bought some that were low-cut in the front and had spent time cropping my bikini area to a small dark landing strip that was highly visible underneath.

He started by asking me "Roll over on my tummy." Which I did.

Then he rolled the drape down my back as he began working on my hands, arms, neck and shoulders. It was wonderful! I was eye level with his crotch as he worked behind my head, which looked promising.

He eased the drape down my back as he worked his way over it. I could feel it settle near my panty-line. I did not want this to end but yet I was in anticipation of his reaction to seeing me - I mean really seeing me. He had undone my bra after asking me if it was ok, but had left it in place. He really spent some time on my back. It was heavenly! He then walked to the end of the table and started with my feet and toes. He had left the drape just over my ass. He told me I had beautiful feet and I said thank you and gave him what I thought was a seductive look, and then he started back-treading, explaining he was not a foot fetish person.

I just laughed at him and asked him "What kind of a fetish person he was?"

I think this made him feel better but the tension in the room rose a bit after that. I was still looking back as he worked his way up my legs from the end of the table and I saw a good opportunity. I looked forward (some times I'm just brilliant) and laid my head down. And a moment later I stretched my foot out and felt it rub him and I heard him jump.

I asked "Did I hurt you?"

He said "No! You surprised me!"

I waited a while and did it again. He did not move this time and I could feel him and he was hard.

I looked back and said "Oops! I'm sorry! I did not know that was you."

He quietly just walked to the side of the table and kept working his way up my legs. He was starting to pull the drape way up high in preparation to continue to do the back of my thighs. He started working the outside of them higher and higher and when he reached my hips, he explained he usually assumes that if it's not covered then it's an invitation to work that area and asked me if that was alright? I replied "of course!" This sent me thinking on a whole new level... It was then that I felt him reach around my hips, really high up, pulling and stretching my thighs right up to my panty line.

He asked "Is this where it is sore?"

I said "some but you're getting there."

He did the outside of my thighs from both sides. This was having a mild effect on me and was feeling wonderful. But then he started inside my knees and started working up. This was really turning me on! I felt the drape start to slide a little to one side with him moving my legs around. I kind of helped it fall by moving just the right way. He tried to catch it as it went to the floor but missed.

I told him "Just leave it! It's a bit warm in here."

That's when he just stopped and looked at what I was wearing, I could just feel his eyes boring through me from behind.

Finally, he continued where he left off, it was not that long but it felt like forever. He pushed my legs apart as worked up the back of my thighs and in between them. I felt the cool air against my pussy, which made me know that the crotch of my panties was wet. I was embarrassed knowing that he had to have been staring right at this as he worked and this only made me wetter. I could feel myself building inside my gut.

Meanwhile his hands were teasing me as they worked their way up higher and he would gently push me open a little more at a time. I looked back and he had quite a tent in his shorts.

He asked "Does this feel good?"

I tried to say "Yes!" - but it came out rather dry and raspy. I think I kind of let out a small moan after that.

Gosh - I felt slutty! When his hands hit my thighs at my panty-line, I was opening them up myself - just a little. He would "accidently bump" my crotch area and the first time.

He said "Oops! - sorry" but then it happened several more times and I think he just mumbled or something.

Then he asked, "Would you like me to do your buttocks?"

I said "Yes!"

He said "You will have to make them 'uncovered' - remember my rule about things covered?"

I sat there a minute!

He said "I can drape you and you could remove them?"

Then it hit me, I just reached back and pulled them up into my crack. I asked "does that work for you?"

He just grabbed a hold my 'buttocks' and started working them. This was wonderful and when he done both sides, he asked me to turn over.

As I rolled over, I did not bother to pull my panties out of my ass. This made them really taut over my pussy. I took a look down and nothing was hidden and you could clearly see the shape of my mons. A short wave of embarrassment swept over me followed by heat. My massuese's jaw dropped! And I felt like my wetness was gushing out of me. I started needing to cum real bad. I starting wondering why I had done this to myself, not knowing if I would get any relief as he started working up my arms and then shoulders. He started to work on my head and forehead which felt wonderful but I wanted him to keep moving faster at this point to my legs.

Then he started working above my breasts, on the muscles around my neck and my collar bones. More than once I felt his cock press the top of my head as he was reaching down over me. I think he knew he was teasing me at this point. My nipples were rock hard pushing against my bra (which had been fastened by him before I rolled over). After massaging everywhere around my tits, including my sides. I was breathing heavier and was mentally begging him to touch them. Then he skipped over my tits and started working on my rib cage and belly. This seemed like it went over forever. His fingers would play down to my panty line and almost under it. I found myself having to keep myself from humping up to meet his hands.

I was about to lose it when he walked down to the end of the table and started on my feet again. After my feet, he started massaging his way up my legs working on my calves. I know he was enjoying the view and felt like he was spreading my legs just a little more than necessary. I did not fight this and it was only making me hotter. I kept watching him refill his hands with massage oil and knew that the time was now or never for me to fulfill the final step in what I had planned if I got the chance. The chance game when the music CD ended. He picked up a towel and walked over to start another. I grabbed the oil and poured it over my panty covered pussy. I knew that this would make them look non-existent. Without even thinking I did this while his back was turned. When he approached the table, he had a look that just made me know he knew exactly what I had done. I wanted to bury my head in embarrassment at that point.

He immediately grabbed the oil and put a lot in his hands and started working my thighs higher than where he had stopped. He pulled my legs apart and worked my inner thighs. It was not long and I could not hold back, I humped at his hand as he approached my pussy on a very high stroke. I just needed relief at this point. This happened a few more times as I had lost all my modesty on hiding my condition at this point.

It was then that he took me by surprise and stepped up to me at chest level and began rubbing my belly area again.

Then he spoke and asked "If I was shy about my breasts?"

Shy!?! I thought, it was almost ridiculous. I couldn't get the words out and just ended up nodding my head no as he reached around me and undid my bra. I had to lean up to help him remove it. This time he dripped the oil directly from the bottle on to my nipples causing me to jump. But when he covered them with his hands, I felt electrical power go right down to my cunt. I loved the way he was massaging them. Then he would run his hands down my rib-cage to my belly and right under the edge of my panties. I was going crazy.

He switched back to my upper thighs and pulled them apart and started rubbing them very high inside my legs. I'm sure it was no accident when he ran his knuckles across my pussy. After working me up to a frenzy, he looked at me and calmly said that there was only ten minutes left in my 2 hour massage and what would I like him to concentrate on? I reached out and grabbed his cock through his shorts and said "Fuck me!" He suddenly got a little nervous but did not stop me when I started undoing his shorts while rubbing his dick. He had a wet spot from his pre-cum that had leaked through his shorts. There was no doubt he was worked up too! I had not intended to go this far but I was out of control and I did not get relief, felt as if I would attack the first guy I saw after leaving this place. After getting his shorts down, I took him in my mouth. His pre-cum was leaking out everywhere, and it tasted so good. I don't know why but I love it's taste and the feel of it over my lips!

I shucked my panties down and pulled him over on top of me. He was inside of me in no time as he sank in all the way to the hilt. I pulled on him hard against me as I thrust my hips. The he pulled almost all the way out and pushed all the way into me as I started to cum! I started to let out a moan and he covered my mouth with his hand reminding me of where we were and that he could get fired. My head went light and my legs went stiff as I grinded my clit against him. He let me cum and as I caught my breath, he started pumping me. It did not take him long either as he pulled all the way out and then pumped back in he came inside of me as he was pushing in. Then he pulled out and forced his cock into my mouth

He told me "Clean it up slut!"

I love the taste of my pussy! And it was all over him, mixed in with his cum! I took him and really started working him and he got hard again. I worked him a little bit more.

I looked at him and said "I guess our time is up!"

He gave me a look but knew I was right! Maybe it was me but I think some of the other staff knew something had happened when I left. I was exhausted! And yes, I scheduled another visit for two weeks later!