**Flasher Girl**

by [kissingfrogs](https://www.sexstories.com/profile1262638/kissingfrogs)

**Introduction:**

*If you like looking up girls skirts, then you will probably like this.*

*I’m Pepper and please dont judge me too much for grammar and all that because Im not a professional writer and I don’t wana get all bogged down seeing if I did everything right. I mean jeeeeze, if you wana have great writing and sex then how about just going to your local library and blowing yourself some Shakespeare? Anyway, this is about when I got into flashing and its my first story here.*  
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I’m 22 and almost 5ft4 and 118 with brown eyes and almost black hair. I have mischief in my eyes a lot because I got mischief in my head a lot.   
  
Anyway, I got into flashing back before I was in high school. Not like blatant flashing or pulling my panties down in public, but like spreading my legs and making it seem I didn’t know I was doing it. Like whooooopseees, sorry about that. Some girls like doing it but what I can say about me is that I realllly liked doing it. Like in the right situation, it gets me going.   
  
It started by accident when I was in middle school. Totally by accident. I flashed a teacher. I didnt know I was even doing it.   
  
How it started was in geography class and it was BORRRRing. So I was turned around to say something to my friend Paige who sat behind me. When I turned back to look the right direction again, I saw Mr. Ballentine TOTALLY checking me out. I mean, between my legs! No doubt either. He was looking.  
  
Was I mad? Nooooo. I mean, yeah my brain at first was saying “perve!” but my body wasnt agreeing because I definitely had a major case of the tingles. I didn’t know why. But also I couldnt be mad because I was the one not paying attention to my legs and I should of known better because I had on a loose fitting skirt.   
  
Then, he looked disturbed---like he would glance again but like with a bit of a frown. Maybe it bothered him that he had looked. I don’t know. But when I did it “accidentally” again, he looked again and I liked it even though I didnt know why exactly. I liked that he liked it, like maybe he was turned on. By me! A grown man. A teacher too.   
  
After that when I wore a skirt or dress to school I sometimes spread my legs in his class on purpose but not obvious cuz I figured that would get me taken to the principal.   
  
I told my bestie Cherry (was Cheri but she wanted to be Cherry) who was 14 but she didn’t seem like she was all that into it. She was bi so maybe that had something to do with it. Or maybe it wasnt fucking so it wasn’t enough for her.   
  
Okay so I should say, I pretty much always been a bit of a rebel. Not a bratty one. More of a silent rebel. Like my parents would tell me what to do and I would sometimes just ignore them. If they grounded me, I would go out anyway. I always hated anything that feels like its against my own freedom. I mean, it makes me feel like Im being crowded of squished.  
  
I know that’s why I was into weed--- like WAY into weed even back that young. Cherry was 14 so she was older and she usually got it. I could smoke that for hours because it made me feel free free free, not just from the weed but because I knew my parents would shit if they knew and besides, when I was smoking it up, I was rebeling against all society and its fucking rules.   
  
Anyway school was out for the summer not long after that and I told Cherry I wanted to do a flash thing someplace, like at the mall but I wanted her to go with me. She asked what I needed her for and I told her I just didn’t want to go alone. She was my bestie so she said she would go.  
  
I didn’t get all dressed up and look obvious or anything. I wanted to look like a normal school girl just out and about. So I wore a pullover top and Converse and a skirt that was short. And I could pull it even higher and it looked normal because it was a bubble skirt. It was sort of brown but a nice shade of brown and it had two pockets on the front. Having a skirt that short, I got attention before we even made it to the food court at the mall.   
  
It was summer and early afternoon. Not many people in the food court and no one like Ballentine but there was a guy sitting by himself. It was like some kind of power thing if I could be my age and get an older guy to notice me and like me like that. I wasn’t sure though because he was older-older and not all that good of shape.  
  
Then Cherry said, “Yeah but Pepper it’s not like you’re not going to fuck him. Besides, think about if he tries to chase us. No way he could catch us.”  
  
Hmmmmm. Good point. Not to be mean or anything but Cherry was a wee bit of a plumper so even if he could run fast, which I know he couldn’t, he would catch her before me.   
  
I said okay but we needed to order something that was quick so the guy didn’t leave before I could do it. So we ordered fries and soft drinks and I remember just feeling my insides like firebugs skipping around. There was a table two tables in front of him and no one in between so I put our tray down there.  
  
He had rough skin and thick-like hair that was dark gray hair with a little dark blond. He had a big nose and thick fingers that held up something he was reading. His fingers were holding it, not his nose ha.  
  
Just as I set the tray on the table he glanced up and sort of looked at us and then went back to reading. He looked a little serious or maybe not all that friendly so I wasn’t sure again, but I was feeling tingles so I didn’t back out.   
  
Cherry sat off to my left and I was facing the guy. My skirt was pretty high on my thighs when I sat down. I had my knees together all prim and proper and I talked to Cherry about nothing and laughed. But, I was verrrrry antsy! I was soooo ready and nervous.   
  
I hung my small purse on the left side of my chair, sorta behind me. After awhile, I turned like I needed to get something out of it and then I did it. I leaned more to my left like I couldn’t find what I was looking for and then I let my knees spread but not too obvious. Then just a little more. I was too afraid to look at the guy the first few seconds but then I did. He wasnt looking. Dammmmit. So, I did it a little more and then out of the corner of my eye, I was sure his head lifted.   
  
I thought I would be wet right there and then. He was totally looking up between my legs! I kept my knees spread a little then straightened back up and locked them back together. After maybe a half a minute, I reached for my purse again and spread my knees---on accident, of course--- and yup, his eyes were right between my legs again and this time I looked at him and he caught my eyes and he looked away. After awhile, he put his paper under his arm and left.   
  
I was sad. Didn’t he like pink panties? I mean they were boy shorts for fucks sakes. Whats not to like? I would have showed him more. Anyway, that became one of my best ever memories from back then.   
  
I was pretty hot from it when I got back home so I called this high school boy who I did some stuff with but not fucking because I wasnt fucking yet. But he was good with his tongue and then I blew him and I lived happily ever after.   
  
I did similar stuff that summer. I mean, I didnt take big chances but I didn’t pass up opportunities either. So if you were at the mall or Foster Freeze or the park and you saw a almost-b-cup, black haired girl who didnt seem to know she was giving a good long look up her skirt, then, well, might have been me.  
  
Cherry said I was just a tease doing that but I figured most of those men werent thinking of fucking me anyway and they obviously liked looking and I liked showing so why not?   
  
I especially liked the ones who reallllly looked. Those kind almost always got me a lil wet. There were some who stared almost like they didn’t care if anyone noticed.   
  
Like this one time, I was sitting on some bleachers at a softball game and this guy was probably in his 30’s. But omg he got me going because he just plain stared and I just plain let him. I kept my legs spread and he kept his eyes up there and then he looked me right in my eyes and smiled. I mean he totally smiled as he left. Like he was thanking me. Talk about a case of the tingle.  
  
Another time there was a guy at the library downtown. I never expected anything there but then I saw this guy sitting alone at a round table back in sort of a corner. I thought hmmm. I’m in a cute little skirt. There’s a table a little ways in front of him and he looked like a friendly older guy who might like a little fun.  
  
He glanced at me while I was thinking about it and I got nervous. He seemed to like whatever he was reading but I figured maybe I could give him something he would like a little more. I walked slowly to a row of books and acted like I was looking for something. Ummmmmm, sorta fucked that up because they were like complex science kinds of books that I knew nothing about. I didn’t look like a nerd so I probably looked a little out of place. Me and science didn’t know each other very well.   
  
What I did know though was that he was def checking out my butt. Well check it out baby. I bent over just a lil but I was too afraid to look at him to know if he noticed. I hoped he got an eyeful. I took out a random book and then went and sat at that table I had in mind and I opened the book and got ready.   
  
I acted like I was all up in that book and hoped I didn’t have it upside down. I didn’t do anything for awhile. Then, I just let my knees drift a little. Oh no mister. That was an accident. I was too absorbed in my Nuclear Science book that I couldnt even understand the title of to keep track of my knees. Honest!   
  
If I glanced away from my book, he would look back at whatever he was reading. So then, I spread just a lil more and he checked me out a few time. Then this one time when he looked, I looked at him and I put on a smile to let him know that I knew he was looking up my skirt. He didn’t leave so I figured on giving him a real show. I spread my legs really wide like a full-on beaver shot and omg that got me hot. Just like, “in your face!” I’m feeling some flutters right now from remembering it.   
  
I had fantasies about that. Like in one, I smile and I go put my book away and I brush by him on my way out and he follows me like a puppy dog which makes me feel like I have all of the power. And we go to a motel or something and I sit in a chair and he gets down and I do it in private. Just spread my legs wide and he sees it all and doesn’t have to worry about being noticed. Sometimes my fantasies are that he licks me to insane orgasms and sometimes I blow him just to make things even. I wouldn’t of fucked him because back then, I wasn’t fucking yet. When I got older, I sometimes imagined fucking.   
  
Getting checked out in general turns me on, like just walking in a mall or the street or where ever. Some are like tingling-checkouts and some are a little more. I don’t get why some girls get all up in hate and tell guys off. That sucks limes. I like a guy looking and staring and I realllllly like it if they nod or show they liked it. Not to actually fuck me so much but just they are all hot from what they see.  
  
Way back then, I flashed men on the internet too. My parents did stuff to my laptop to keep me from adult websites and to keep the cam from working. Duh. Im not an idiot. I knew how to undo all of that and I did. They all thought they had my internet under control. They never had ME under control. So yeah, I chatted a lot. I went into teen chat rooms and said I was 13 or 14 because they kicked me out if I didn’t say that.   
  
If you chatted in teen rooms then you KNOW that teen chat rooms aren’t just teens. There’s a lot of college guys and a lot of older guys and older-older guys and married guys. All kinds. I chatted in that room for a lonnnnnng time and I suspect that more then half of the guys there were older than teens. Some chat like theyre teenage boys but if you chat with them a while they admit theyre older.   
  
I cammed a lot of them too. I mean they didnt know me or where I was at so if I couldn’t go out, then why not play online? My only problem was when I cammed my face and some would be all, “You’re not 14!” and would click me off. But more of them stayed.   
  
I liked that I could play my flashing game a lot more openly. Sometimes I did stripteases or showed my pussy and if I really liked a guy, I masturbated. I dont get why guys like watching that but there’s a lot-lot that do. And sooooo many of them wanted to jerk off up close to the camera so it was like right in my face. I saw more grown men get off before I was in high school then my mama saw in her whole life time.   
  
Some were booby men and I always have been a bit small on top but still, booby men like looking at boobs even if they arent gihugic. I wasnt flat so a few liked my boobs enough to jack off to them but there were a lot more were liked looking up my skirt when I told them I liked that. And I loved that I could just do it without other people around who could cause trouble.   
  
Some were ass freaks and I think I have a nice ass. I could probably get into some of that but not really anal sex. I’ve had my ass kissed a few times and I feel a sense of sexiness or power but I can’t really explain it. I thought back then it might have been even more sexy or a power thing if an older guy kissed my ass.   
  
I didn’t have Ballentine as a teacher again, but the next school year I had another one who looked like a prospect. He was late 30’s or so and he didn’t seem very sure of himself or maybe he was shy, but I figured he wouldnt be the type to cause problems if I did an “accidental” flash.  
  
Anyway, I watched him for quite a while. I noticed he checked out us girls even tho he was sneaky and it was hard to tell he was doing it. He did it really fast but I finally picked up on it that he was doing it. That’s when I figured he was the one I should flash. Besides, he probably wasnt getting any at home.  
  
Then, I started thinking how I would do it and what I would wear etc. I didn’t sit in the center row like I did at Ballentine’s. I was off to the left a couple of rows so that wasn’t ideal. But I was in the second row back so that would work.  
  
I figured on doing it on a friday---end of the week. Maybe he would wank all weekend thinking about me. I would LOVE to have known that he did.   
  
Cherry didn’t get why I was into it so much but she talked with me about it anyway. Since I was going to wear a black flare skirt then it was her idea I should wear white panties because of the contrast and she said guys like white panties.   
  
I think the teacher’s name was Floman but I might have his name mixed up with someone else. I mean its been a long time. Anyway, he was sitting at his desk and we were suppose to be reading some social studies stuff he handed out. I waited til class was about 20 minutes from being over. Then, I acted like I was tired of sitting straight up, like I needed to change my position because my back was stiff.   
  
So, I turned to my right a little so that my legs were more pointed at him and after a while I let my right leg go out a little. I had my head down like I was reading but I could still see him with my peripheral vision.  
  
Bingo.   
  
It was like five seconds after I let my knee move that he glanced and his eyes were right there. Right up my skirt. I had to keep from giggling because he looked flustered right off. So funny because he looked right up between my legs and then away and then he squirmed.   
  
I stayed right where I was like I was oblivious to everything. I kept my head down but I let my right leg go a little more out of position and then a little more and it all worked like a charm because before class ended, he must of looked right up between my legs a dozen times. I was feeling a little moist by the time class was over.   
  
After that, I didn’t do it every time I wore a skirt in his class because that would be too obvious but I did it quite a few times. Some times I waited until he was starting to look my way and then I would quick peak like just crossing my legs but not really flashing. One time I did it but I looked right at him so he couldn’t look up my skirt. That felt so devilish. But that was just one time.   
  
There are other flasher times I could write about but this is a start. Anyway, I’m not just a flasher girl. I’ve done lots of other things and I’m thinking about writing about some of them.   
  
Like some of the blow4blow meaning sucking to get weed or maybe two college guys I fucked with a lot when I was in high school. Or maybe about this counterculture festival that me and Cherry went to when we were in high school. We fucked to get tickets and rides and we there was a lot of sex at the festival. It was fun because the festival was felt like freeeeedom. Loose & easy. Naked people and fucking and sucking and weed. Good place for blow4blow and come back with a couple of nice bags.   
  
So I mean, my whole life isn’t flashing. That’s just what I wanted to tell about this time. I’m not a writer but I hope I did this one turned out good enough.