Flashers Anonymous

by [Bakeboss](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1019670&page=submissions)

"I want to welcome you all to our Flashers Anonymous meeting. My name is George and I will be your sponsor this evening. I understand most of you are here due to court ordered counseling stemming from convictions of indecent exposure and other like violations. For those of you here for the first time just a few guidelines; we use only first names and we try to keep our language appropriate. I now would like each of you to stand up give us your name, remember first name only and if you feel like, a brief testimony of how you ended up here. Miss, right here in the front row would you like to start."

"Hello my name is April Ro, oh yeah first names only. My name is April and I'm a flasher."

The whole group says,

"Hi April."

"I've always gotten a thrill from flashing men. I think it started back when I use to ask my daddy if these panties went with this dress and..."

April I think we all understand what you are talking about, would you please put your skirt back down and ladies it might be better if you didn't giggle when someone makes a fax pas such as this. Now go on April."

OK, sorry, anyway it always seemed to make daddy happy when I showed him my panties, so I started to do it to all the boys. It was not until after I turned eighteen that I found out it made men's cock's get hard."

"April please appropriate language."

"Yes sir, anyway when I found what boys would do for me if I just showed them my panties it became a big turn on for me. When I was in college, I had all kinds of boys doing my homework for me; I even had them take exams for me. Now that I'm in the work force I find I can twist boys around my little finger with just a flash of my panties."

"Thank You April, and young lady are you ready to go next."

"OK, my name is Judy and I'm a flasher."

"Hi Judy"

"My story is not quite like April's, I mean I like to flash but I like to tease even more."

"OK Judy, do you feel like giving us an example?"

"Sure one of my favorites is to be sitting near some men, like a coffee shop such as Starbucks. Anyway I take out my cell and pretend I'm talking and don't notice my voice can be overheard, of course, I know it can. I might say something like 'Susan he took me so many times last night I didn't even go home. Now my panties are so dirty I couldn't wear them. I'm going to be all day without panties and I'm wearing that little short skirt, you know the blue one, yes that one. Oh I know if I'm not careful I'll be exposing myself all day.' Then I say goodbye and watch all the men trying to get a peek up my skirt.

Another game I like to play is to make sure all the men at work get to see my colorful panties, and then at lunch I take them off and put them in the top of my purse. To make sure they all see them I'll look for something in my purse, pull out my panties, and lay them on my desk. The only problem with that game is if I leave my desk when I come back someone has stolen my panties"

"Yeah and he's probably in the bathroom sniffing them."

"Please Miss we do not talk like that in here. All right, and you Miss? Oh, hi Miss Grace I didn't recognize you. Ladies Miss Grace is one of our long time members we are quite proud of her achievements."

"My name is Grace and I'm a flasher"

"Hi Grace"

"I'm here tonight to confess a backwards step. It all started out innocently enough, I had just got out of the bath, and heard the doorbell ring. I saw my husband's tee shirt hanging on the door, I new it would make a good cover up so I threw it on and ran to answer the door. It was the grocery boy with my delivery. As he put away my purchases, I leaned over the table to write him a check. I just happened to look at the window, I saw his reflection, and he was looking up my shirt as he was rubbing his cock..."

"Grace I wouldn't think I would need to remind you about language."

"Oh sure, I'm sorry, anyway he was rubbing himself right through his pants. I have been so good but this was too much and as I felt my juices start to trickle down my leg from my exposed slit, I began to put on a show for the boy. I kept bending over farther to make sure he could see everything. I mean it's not my fault, an eighteen year old boy should know better than peek up a woman's shirt..."

"Ladies we do not consider moaning appropriate language, please watch your decorum. Please go on Grace."

"Anyway I spread my legs and displayed myself for the boy; I swear he got so excited he refused a tip."

"I believe we have time for one more, go ahead Miss, tell us your name."

"My name is Joyce and I'm a flasher."

"Hi Joyce"

"Thank you, as you can see I'm not like most of you ladies, I'm a full figured woman. I grew up without boyfriends or even dates but I understood boys just don't like fat girls. Then one day I was in the library studying, when I just happened to look up and catch this man starring intensely between my legs and up my dress. He had a glazed look on his face and I could see he was holding himself while he peered at me. I guessed I was not exactly sitting like a lady, so I put my thighs together but said nothing to the man. I couldn't get my mind back on my book, I could tell by the look on the man's face I had turned him on by merely giving him a peek up my dress. The more I thought about it the more excited I became and in a bold move I spread my legs and let him look to his heart's content. That one afternoon changed my life and I started to accidentally on purpose, expose myself every chance I got. So, I may be still fat with not many men giving me their erections but I've sure had fun giving erections to a lot of men."

"Thank you Joyce, well I'm afraid that's all the time we have for tonight. We will meet next week same time and the same place. Just remember to keep your dresses down and your legs closed."

After everyone left, George went to his computer and pulled up his camera file.

"Ah good, all the cameras are working and placed perfectly. I have up skirt shots of everyone in the front row and down blouse shots of the entire back row. God I love this job.