Fun with Dick and Jane

by magmaman Â©

My name is Jane, I am a pervert. I know I am, I searched online to find

out about people like me with a compulsion to show themselves naked, or

partly so.

That is what many sites called it, a perversion.

When I was growing up I was the flat chested girl with big glasses and

ugly clothes, my mother saw to that.

By the time I was 18 I had filled out but Mom insisted I wear those

terrible heavy tight bras, I hated them because they left red marks and

hurt.

I had a boyfriend named Dick. Really! We were Dick and Jane, we went

everywhere together from the 8th grade. Dick was a little heavy, and he

wore heavy glasses, too.

I guess we were meant for each other.

We did kiss a few times but then when Dick tried to touch me I would make

him stop, Mom told me all about boys and what they would try to do.

Then the Summer after we graduated we were sitting in his car up on

Council Butte, that was a place everyone went to neck. He reached out and

tried to rub my right tittie and I let him do it a little. It felt so

good, then when he unsnapped my bra and began to rub them I was in heaven!

Those straps seemed to almost cut into me, they hurt.

Well, one thing led to another and I was on my back and my knickers came

down. Dick got most of it in before I pushed real hard to make him stop.

But it was too late, he sprayed his stuff all over me.

I guess some got inside because it was just 2 months later and I knew.

Dick and I got married a week later, it was the way things had to be.

That first night I relaxed as Dick first rubbed my breasts, I started when

he put his hand right on me between my legs but I gritted my teeth and let

him. Then he was on top of me, he grunted in a minute or so and I was

suddenly all wet and gooey down there.

I thought that was all right, I could deal with it and besides, it did

feel good. But then I got big, and he lost interest. I was 5 months along

when the blood came, I went to the hospital and that was the end of that.

It was the end of any more children, too.

I cried but now I don't know for sure if I meant it.

Dick was a computer whiz, he got a good job and I was happy I guess. He

made very good money so we had a nice car and a nice house. I asked him if

I could get contact lenses and he said sure.

Dick always said sure, no matter what I wanted.

It was great to be able to see without those things on my nose, always

rubbing sore spots and getting dirty. I was so happy the day I got them

that I even went and got my hair done in a new style.

I looked at myself in the mirror and I realized I was actually pretty! So

I went to get some new clothes, too. All of my dresses went past my knees,

the blouses were thick and heavy. I had long since gotten bigger bras

though, as I had filled out to a full "B" cup and the old ones Mom made me

wear were all "A" cup.

I was trying on one skirt after another, the saleslady kept bringing me

more to try on. She was happy because I bought a lot of them, and some

nice blouses, too.

I didn't notice when she handed in 3 more blouses to try that when she

turned away she didn't get the curtain fully drawn.

I had pulled off my blouse and was standing there in nothing but a pair of

white knickers and lacy soft bra when I happened to look up.

A man was standing there not 10 feet from the curtain staring at me!

I gasped and reached for the curtain, yanking it shut, horrified. Then it

hit me, the idea of him seeing me like that filled my mind and my body

just let go, I had a huge crashing orgasm. It was so strong my knees went

weak, I had to sit down, gasping. Never in my life had I ever felt

anything even close to that.

Not even when I used my fingers and thought of someone seeing me doing it.

The saleslady came by and peeked in, she saw me sitting there.

"All you all right?" she asked, concern in her voice.

"Yes, fine, thanks." I quickly dressed, paid for my items and left. I know

I was looking around for the man but I never saw him.

Dick came home and when he walked in the door he took one look at me and

came to a complete stop.

"Wow!" was all he said, finally.

I beamed at that, we barely got through dinner and Dick was tugging at my

clothes. I tried to slow him down, I tried to feel the same thing I had

felt earlier, even letting the fantasy into my head. It worked, not as

well as before, but I did orgasm, the first time ever with Dick, I

realized.

Everything before had been warm and nice and felt good, this was great!

That was when I began to change, to become the pervert I am today.

A few days later I actually left the house with just a blouse and skirt

and knickers on, no bra. I had never done that before, I felt naked and I

was sure everyone knew instantly.

I went to the same store, and tried on some tops. I even let the curtain

gap a little but I saw no one, no men at all. Still, the idea that someone

might see me made my vagina pulse, all by itself the muscles twiched, and

I was full of this warm and fuzzy feeling. It was almost like I wasn't

there, like I was standing off watching.

I went to another store but they had doors on the changing room, so I went

up the escalator to the next floor to see what they had. I didn't even

think of anyone below me, I had it in my mind to perhaps let some man peek

at me through the curtains.

I was almost to the top when I glanced back and two young men were staring

up at me. I realized they could see right up my much shorter than normal

skirt at my thin white knickers. It hit me again, I had to grasp the

railing to keep from falling as my thighs clamped down and my knees failed

me.

"Fuck she is hot!" one of them said to the other as they walked away from

me.

"Yea, that ass looks tight!" the other one said and slapped his buddy on

the back, laughing.

That was the day I completely changed, I guess the correct word would be I

went a little bit nuts!

I rode up and down escalators, first with thin knickers, then with tiny

thongs, then finally with no knickers at all. I would even try and time it

so I would be several steps above someone when they got on. I especially

liked it coming down the escalators, I would swing my hips forward and

stand with one foot on one step and the other foot on the lower one.

This opened my lips, anyone looking got a clear view.

I was totally shaven by then, too.

I got very good at dropping my purse at exactly the right moment, then

leaning down with my blouse gapping open, both nipples completely on

display.

The young man at the gas station loved me, I almost couldn't get the car

shut off and he would be at my window, looking in at my right breast

completely exposed. I would tug the opening of my blouse forward to make

sure. He would then carefully wash the window as I sat there, my bottom

scooted forward and legs open wide.

I pretended not to notice.

I knew he could see everything, the moisture building and then sliding

down, my clitoral hood rolled back as my clit expanded from excitement.

I would turn my lower body to the right and pretend to fiddle with the

seat belt over my left shoulder as he went to the passenger side window to

wash it.

One day I simply dropped the pretense and put my right foot on the

passenger seat next to me, then lay my right knee over as far as it would

go. He came almost to a stop at that, just standing there staring. so I

reached under and pulled the cheek of my behind over, swinging my bottom

up so he could even see my asshole.

I looked directly at him, no more pretense. I orgasmed right then and

again on the way home, I almost ran off the road it was so strong.

It was about two weeks later when I stopped in to get some gas, he came to

the window, hesitated.

"Can I ask you a question?" He said, smiling as he looked at me sitting

there nearly naked like always. He had never said a word except thanks and

have a nice day before.

"Sure."

"Well...uhh...some of the guys and me are having a party? We need someone

to dance, and I notice you like to..uhh..like to....."

He turned beet red, I giggled at that.

"You mean I like to be looked at?" I smiled. I was getting pretty brave by

now.

"Yes, I thought..we thought....We can't pay a lot."

I thought about it, decided it sounded like fun.

"When?"

"Tomorrow night, about 8 PM?"

I would need to give Dick an excuse but I knew I could come up with

something.

"O.K...sure, I will. How naughty do you want me to be?"

"Everything? Can you...will you..like you do here?" This kid was still

blushing.

"OK. Everything it is!"

"Hey, what's your name?" I asked him.

"Benny."

"Ok, Bennie." I smiled at him.. "I'm Jane. Jane Reed."

He handed me a slip of paper with the address, it was just 8 blocks from

our house.

I told Dick I was going to go visit with a girlfriend and he nodded and

went back to his TV show. I knew he didn't suspect, I went out sometimes

in the evenings to flash, he never questioned it, thinking I was shopping.

I always came back with a few parcels to cover those times.

The next evening I showered and dressed, wearing clothes a bit more

conservative than I do in the daytime when Dick is at work.

I got inn the house quickly, and knocked on the door. I should have been

nervous but I was more excited than nervous. A young man opened the door,

looked me up and down like he wanted to eat me or something.

He just stepped aside to let me in.

I had expected maybe 3 or 4 guys but there was at least 15, maybe 20. I

didn't try to count, they were going into the other rooms, coming back

out, there were guys everywhere!

I finally found Benny, he grinned and came over to me.

"You made it!"

"Yes, I said I would. Where do you want me?"

I was beginning to get excited, all of those guys, my god!

Benny showed me to a back room, and told me he would start some music in a

few minutes and then I could come out and just do my thing.

Funny, I thought I would be insanely excited but suddenly I was nervous.

When the music started I forced myself to go out there, everyone was

sitting in chairs and on the couches, there was just a small circle in the

middle.

So I stripped and teased and by the end of the second tune I had my blouse

off, the guys all cheered at that.

By the middle of the third song I was naked, not even shoes on. I had

never been completely naked in front of men before, and every time I got

close to anyone hands came out to try and touch me.

I would move away but just a few steps and I would be too close to some of

the others. The room became a whirl of sounds and colors, finally I

gathered up my clothes and went back to the little room.

It wasn't like I expected. There wasn't any sudden exposure, no

"accident", no surprised or shocked look on anyone's faces.

I decided I didn't like it that way, I managed to get dressed and out the

door without any problems.

Dick was still up when I got home.

"Have a nice time, honey?" He asked.

"Yes, but the girls get boring so I came home." I lied.

That night in bed I listened to Dick's soft snores. I had hoped that he

would reach for me but he didn't. I lay there a long time thinking about

everything.

It was several weeks before the urges began to hit me again. I left the

house and went to a mall I knew, wandered around pretending to shop,

looking for a possible target.

I found one, and I had just gotten into position, leaning over a counter

letting my top gap open when I heard a voice.

"Jane?" I looked around in shock, it was Dick.

"What...what are you doing here?"

"The question might be what are YOU doing?" his expression wasn't angry,

it was...odd?

He just took my hand and led me out to our cars, we went home.

We had a long talk, he told me he had realized that something was going

on, so he followed me. I broke down and cried, managing to tell him

everything, about the urges, all of it. Even taking my clothes of at the

party.

He just sat and listened.

"Well, I guess the only thing to do is get you some help." He said. No

yelling, no repercussions, none of that. That night Dick made love to me.

He seemed bigger, stronger. He lasted longer, I orgasmed nicely with him

that time, something that was rare.

Dick got me an appointment with a therapist, we both went the first time

and spoke with him.

That wasn't easy to do, but the doctor explained that exhibitionism can be

fairly common with women, especially if their childhood is repressed, on

and on and on like that.

So I go to see him twice a week. His name is Doctor Hajarri. He is dark

skinned and in his 30's, with a nice smile.

He sits across from me and we talk.

I wear short skirts, no underwear. My legs are open, carelessly. He looks

at me, I let him. I can feel a bead of moisture form, slide down my lips

as I sit there, exposed. He doesn't react or say anything, just talks and

looks. Sometimes I wear a top that I can let slip, when it does I just sit

there and let him look.

Twice a week, regular as clockwork, for a full hour.

Last week and this week Dr. Hajjari is on vacation. His office partner,

Dr. Wilkins saw me.

He is a little older but nice. I let my legs open for him, too. He smiled

and just continued on talking, asking me questions.

It fills the urges.