**Helen - Pre History**

**A Helen the teenage exhibitionist Story**

by Moses Jones

**Pre History I : How I Became a Teen Exhibitionist**

Ben’s chalk snapped. The nearly silent year nine classroom let out a collective sigh of relief as Ben, Mr Watt, sat down behind his desk in a hurry. I knew why. My friend Kate punched my arm as I giggled.

At the start of today’s class he had told us that today was note taking day. Nobody likes note taking day. Normally Ben is cool and we have the most awesome discussions in his class. He lets us talk about politics and religion and all sorts of stuff about the world we are growing up in. But his job is to teach us about Ancient Greece and so some days we had to cram. Today was one of those days.

Today is also the day I first wore the nipple clamps he had given me. He didn’t know that at the start of the lesson. But he sure knew it now. And that’s why he sat down so quickly. You can’t be the hot young male history teacher and stand in front of a year nine classroom with a massive erection tenting your pants. Well at least not if you want to keep your job! My nips were beginning to feel a little sore, but it was worth it.

“Alright let’s take a break,” Mr Watt said. I smirked. He started talking about the time he had visited Greece and walked up to the acropolis. Boring. When I caught his eye I slouched a little and slowly opened my legs. Enough that he got a glimpse of my panties. I wonder if he could see how wet I was.

It had been about four weeks since he left the small box on my desk and quietly said “if you dare” before moving off to see what slutty Stacy wanted. I had peeked into the box right then and had no idea what I was looking at. I knew it was something sexy, but it was a gizmo with screws and springs. After all, I had been teasing him for a few months now. He knew I was deliberately teasing. And he knew I knew that he knew.

So how did we get to the point where to avoid note taking day I pulled my thin white t-shirt tight enough that my history teacher saw I was wearing his nipple clamps. How did we get to the point where he sprung an erection, snapped the chalk and had to sit down in a hurry?

Again: Kate. She’s Kate, a troublemaker. My best friend since the grade three at Tate Street Primary School when my mum remarried and we moved to her husband’s house. The adults think she’s an angel. I don’t know how she manages to always seem so sweet and innocent. My mum absolutely adores her. Even Mr Simons the principal likes her. But she’s the devil. And I love her.

I’m Helen. I’m fifteen. I’m just over 150cm or five foot if i was in America. I just looked that up for you to save you the maths. I should be wearing a C-cup bra but these days I take it off every morning as soon as I leave the house. Kate is just a little shorter than me but she is stacked. I mean like crazy big boobs for a fifteen year old. She’s a double-D now and is proud of them but if she didn’t wear her bra it would cause a riot. My Cs are firm enough that there’s not a lot of difference if I’m wearing the dumb thing or not.

Kate got her tits first of course. She was twelve when she needed a real bra. Not a training bra but an honest to goodness over the shoulder boulder holder. Our mums took us shopping together and it was really embarrassing. Kate got fitted for a real bra and my mum got me a “training” bra. Training what? They’re not runner beans!

Anyway by the time I’m fourteen I’m wearing a real bra too. The stupid uncomfortable thing comes off as soon a I get home.

And that’s where this story really starts. We will get back to my sexy history teacher later. Every time my English teacher reads something I wrote she screeches “structure!” at me in her German accent. So I’m sorry that this is out of order.

Some time late in year eight, probably October, Kate came home with me to do our homework. We go to each other’s houses most afternoons. Mum is still at work when I get home and Geoffrey, her husband, gets home even later.

Like normal we are gossiping about the day as we walk through the door. Most likely about the boys in year twelve or whoever we think slutty Stacey is banging behind the shelter sheds at lunchtime. I reach behind my back and unsnap my bra then remove it by slipping the straps down my arms without flashing Kate. Yes, boys, we are all taught that magic trick by our mothers, our sisters or our friends.

It’s a hot day so I turn on the air conditioner as I get Kate and me some drinks. We fall on to the couch and quietly let the cool breeze blow over us for a minute as we sip the icy cold water.

“Oh my god Helen!” Kate is pointing at me. “Are you horny?” I look down and my nipples are hard. Her boobs are bigger but my nipples like to stick out. Suddenly she lurches across the couch at me and pinches a nipple. “You are!” I’m not. I wasn’t.

“Ouch bitch!” I slap her hand away. “What the hell?” She’s laughing at me. The nipple she pinched is even harder now. They’re tenting my white shirt as I flick them gently with my thumbs. I have very sensitive nipples and I love to play with them when I’m alone. “It’s not my fault they’re sticking out”. It’s the air conditioner really. But Kate is enjoying herself too much.

“You’ll poke someone’s eye out with those”. She often says she’s envious of my tits. Hers give her back aches and she gets hit in my old creepy dudes all the time. But I think she secretly likes it.

After finishing our drinks and our gossiping we get serious and get into our maths homework. We both like to get good grades so it works well. She’s better at English than I am, but I’m better at maths so we help each other a lot. Last year she couldn’t understand algebra until I got out a pile of fruit. Now she rephrases her algebra into fruit much to the annoyance of Miss Brown.

As we are finishing our science assignment the phone rings. It’s mum. She and Geoffrey are going to get dinner in town and be back late. “There’s money on my dresser so get pizza for you and Kate”.

We ring Kate’s mum to make sure it’s ok for her to stay over. “No worries. Just stay out of trouble”. I think she thinks I’m the troublemaker. If only she knew. We have clothes at each other’s houses, not because we are super organized but really because we are either here or there that it kind of just happens. Her older brother is a pain though, so we prefer my place. I like being an only child.

While we wait for the pizza, Kate puts some show on the TV. That’s one thing we don’t have in common. Kate likes to keep up with whatever is happening in her soaps. I think they’re dumb but I’ll tolerate them for her. We are watching some teen thing where the rich girl has snuck out of her bedroom to meet the rebel boy. They’re kissing but because it’s family TV there’s just a lot of dramatic music. Yawn.

“You slut!” Kate is pointing at my tits again. Shit. My nipples are poking out and I have been unconsciously thumbing them. “You are so turned on right now. And they are just kissing”. She thinks I’m turned on by her show? As if!

I decide that the best defense is a good offense and start pulling on them through my shirt and start moaning theatrically. But my god I’m getting turned on. I wish I could shove my hand down my panties and jill off. I gently twist my nipples as they get longer. Kate is laughing at my “fake” acting now. Maybe I should go to the toilet and have some “me time”.

Just then the doorbell rings. It will be the pizza dude. As I go to grab my bra Kate beats me to it. “No way slut,” she laughs. “Answer the door like that”. She indicates my tits. “I dare you”.

We have been daring each other to do pretty innocent stuff for a few years now. “I dare you to ring Mr Smiths doorbell and run away”. Kid stuff. But she knows I can’t say no to her dares. I’m going to have to do this.

I grab the money and go to the door hoping it isn’t anyone I know. My nipples are aching now. If I wasn’t honey before, I am now. I can feel my pussy getting slick.

I open the door and it’s nobody I know. He is about 20 and a bit dorky. I wonder if he notices. I push out my chest as I discover I actually want him to notice. I just realized that deep down I wanted it to be someone I know and I’m slightly disappointed it wasn’t.

“Pepperoni with ch...”. Oh yeah he’s noticed. He swallows and tries again. “Pepperoni and cheese?” His voice has gone squeaky and it’s adorable. I give him the money as Kate comes to see if it’s anyone we know. He is staring. It’s not polite but I’m turned on something crazy as he gives me the pizza.

As he thanks me Kate-the-bitch-who-I-love-dearly reaches out and tweaks my damned nipple. The poor pizza dude blushes and stammers out a goodbye as he turns away. For the first time I get a rush as I realize he probably just got an erection. I feel so fucking invincible right then. He’s probably sitting in his car wanking while thinking about me.

“Bitch” I say to Kate.

“Slut” she replies.

We get into a fit of giggles before we eventually pull ourselves together and start eating.

“Do you think he’s ... you know?” asks Kate.

I sure hope so.

**Pre History II : A Walk in the Park**

I woke up this morning with my hand in my panties dreaming about the dorky pizza boy. I wonder if he has a big dick? I wonder what it looks like? At this stage I’ve only ever seen a picture of one in a book my mum got me. An educational book, duh! She’s not buying me porn.

Anyway the guy was a dork. I think the only reason I was dreaming about him was because he got all flustered when he saw my nipples poking out under my t-shirt. So. Much. Fun.

I was telling you about the next day. It’s a Saturday morning and I promised Kate I would come over. Her parents want to repaint her bedroom so she has to take down all the posters she has stuck up over the years. I think it’s pink under there somewhere.

She doesn’t live far away. Just around the corner from me there’s a big park that’s a shortcut to her street. It’s a nice park. Lots of grass, a bunch of trees, a small playground and a cricket oval up the far end. Somehow it’s not too skeezy and most of the graffiti is lover’s initials carved into a couple of picnic tables. When it’s really hot we like to lie in the shade and perv on the boys throwing frisbees or kicking a soccer ball.

Sorry I’m getting distracted again. This is starting to sound like a real-estate advert for a fucking park! I’ll try again: my place, the street, the park, Kate’s street.

It’s a warm day so I decided I’m going to wear a sundress. It’s weird how something I wore when I was a little kid, then wouldn’t be seen dead in once I turned 10 is now something I like wearing again. I have a collection of them. I like how they leave my shoulder’s bare, and the bottom half of my legs too. But they don’t have a plunging neckline so they’re good for goofing around. They’re perfect for warm days. The straps on them are pretty wide too, so they hide my bra straps. It occurs to me that I can’t work out why I don’t want people to see my bra straps. It’a not like it’s a secret bra!

As all this is going through my head I get an odd thought: If nobody can see my bra straps, nobody would know if I was wearing one. And if nobody knows I was wearing one, then nobody would know if I wasn’t wearing one. Remember when this was all happening I was still wearing a bra most of the time.

If you’re paying attention you’ll have guessed that that Saturday was the first day that I didn’t wear a bra.

I finish getting dressed. If you’re trying to picture me, I’m 150cm, C-cup boobs, wearing doc marten lace-up boots, a sundress, plain white panties, and no bra. I decide to put it in my backpack just in case I’m arrested or end up in hospital or something.

Having made the decision, I’m instantly horny. I’m not doing this because my bra is uncomfortable. It is, but I’m doing it because it turns me on. I get a tingle just thinking about someone seeing me even if they have no idea I’m not wearing anything under my dress. I like that tingle.

I head down stairs and call out goodbye to mum. I don’t want to see her. She has ESP or something and she’ll know I’m not wearing it and then we will have to talk about it and, yeah, let’s not do that. Mum is cool and all, but she’s still mum. And that means she has Serious Talks.

“Bye mum! Going to Kates!” I yell.

“See you sweetie, have fun and be safe”, she calls from up the passage somewhere. Aww yes! Mission accomplished.

Just as I’m thinking I dodged that one, I open the front door and there’s Geoffrey! Mum’s boyfriend is standing right there about to knock, I’m standing there freaking out staring at him. Can he tell? He gives me a smile and says, “You look nice today Helen”.

Nice? He thinks I look “nice”? Is he thinking about my tits? Can he tell there’s no bra under my dress? Is he being a creep? I mentally slap myself and mumble a quick thank you as I slip past him. Geoffrey is a cool guy. I’ve never got a vibe from him.

But now my nipples are hard. I can feel them rubbing on my dress as I walk. Luckily the pattern of my dress hides them fairly well. But I’m turned on something shocking. I wonder what he’d do if he could tell. Would he get turned on? Would he try to fuck me? He wouldn’t. As I said he’s not a creep. So I don’t think he would. Right?

I hurry to the park, enjoying having my nipples rubbed by my dress. They’re very sensitive and I’m loving this. I should have done it ages ago. There’s a cool breeze blowing around my legs and it’s far more free to not have a bra on. I wonder what it would be like if I wasn’t wearing panties. Would the breeze on my puss feel nice. Somehow I know it would.

As I get to the park I see there’s a group of boys up the other end kicking a football back and forth on the oval. I can’t help it, some naughty part of my brain decides that I’m going to take the long way and walk past them.

I’m sure you’ll hate hearing this, but nothing happens other than me getting turned on more and more. A few of them have taken of their shirts in the heat but they don’t pay me much attention. I recognize a couple from school, but they don’t pay me any attention.

I wonder what they’d do if I took off my top in the heat. They’d pay attention then, I’m sure! I laughed as I thought that was something I would never do. But as I laughed I couldn’t help but wonder what it would feel like. Imagine all those boys seeing me naked. I felt my pussy get wet as I thought about it. My crazy brain even thought about how easy it would be to stick a hand down my panties in this sun dress as I walked along.

By the time I got to Kate’s I was walking with my legs pressed together to stimulate my pussy. It didn’t work very well, but it worked enough that I couldn’t help doing it. Every step turned me on just a little bit more. What would happen if I orgasmed right here on the street? Not a regular jill-off orgasm, but a full on screaming orgasm like in mum’s romance books. I was going to be heading straight for the bathroom when I got inside. I had to hurry. I needed some “me” time.

I banged on the door, and then opened it. I sort of half live here so it’s normal.

“It’s just me,” I called out. I heard Kate say something so I yelled, “Going to the bathroom, give me a minute”. A minute might be an exaggeration. All my imagining had me so lit up I was probably going to cum the moment I touched my puss.

I almost ran down the passage to their bathroom. This was an emergency. Kate probably thinks I need a piss!

Slamming open the door to the bathroom I run in. Oh shit! Kate’s brother Keith is in there. He’s just washing his hands so nothing weird happens, but he needs to get out, like right now.

“I gotta go. You need to go” I pant. I just want him gone. He shuts off the tap, and says sorry or something. I don’t remember. I wasn’t paying much attention. Imagine if he’d seen me touch myself. I groaned. Would he stay and watch? I groaned again. I bet he would. Keith is two years older than Kate so he is probably horny all the time.

I reach up my dress and lightly run a finger over my pussy through my panties. My inner lips stick out a bit so I enjoy the sensation. But I want more. I pull my panties to one side, baring my puss to the air. I need this. There’s no time for finesse. I plunge my finger right in and let my thumb massage my clit. Oh god I need this. My mind is a whirl of the pizza guy, the boys in the park, Geoffrey and even Keith. I’m naked in front of them and they are all stiff. They’re touching their dicks through their pants. Oh shit I’m cumming. I keep rubbing to keep it rolling. I’m nearly incoherent and the waves of pleasure wash over me. Such relief.

There’s a bang on the bathroom door. It’s Kate, “Are you OK in there?”

I try to collect enough breath to answer in a normal voice. “Sorry, I just had to go”

“Right,” she says in a weird voice. Does she know? I quickly pull my panties back up. They’re soaked, but I’m not game to walk around without panties just yet.

I flush the toilet just to keep up the fiction.

As I open the door, Kate is standing there. “You make odd noises when you pee. Are you sure you’re OK? I’ve never heard anyone groan when they has a piss before”. Yeah, I think she knew.

But what got my nips stiff all over again was seeing Keith in the passage behind her. Smirking. Did he know? I feel like I should be embarrassed. But I’m not. I’m wondering why he hurried off to his room and quickly closed the door. Is he having a wank? I wonder what his cock looks like?

I decided right there, standing in the passage with my best friend that I was going to see her brother’s cock before the end of summer. Somehow or other. And somehow I knew he’d be seeing a lot more of me too. A lot more.

**Pre History IIi : All Through the House**

Have you ever had to pee at night but you were so comfortable you didn’t want to get up? But then you finally do you’re busting and have to run? Yeah me too.

Geoffrey was staying over with mum so when I woke up everyone was in bed. I lay there for a few minutes, remembering the crazy run to Kate’s place from the park today. And then getting almost busted by Kate and Kevin.

Finally I realized I was going to have to get up and go pee. I was wearing a shorty nightie. It was a few years old so it was crazy comfortable, but it was probably getting a little short. But it’s not like I was indecent. Even if it flipped up I was still wearing panties.

I got to the bathroom and relieved myself. I couldn’t get the thought of flashing the boys at the oval out of my head. They probably wouldn’t have noticed, but the thrill of the danger seemed to crackle through me like a live electric spark.

Standing at the sink washing my hands I can’t help but notice that my nipples are very visible underneath my nightie. It wasn’t actually see-through, but it has worn thin over the years and my nipples were hard. I unconsciously reached for them and hefted my boobs though my shirt, tweaking my nipples. I’ve never felt like I have in the past few days. I’m not sure what’s happening to me but I like it. A lot.

I stand there looking at my reflection. I’m not the hottest girl in my class. The boys would say Kate is. And not just because of the big boobs! Her hair is natural dark waves and her Mediterranean grandmas gave her naturally a naturally tanned look every day of year.

My hair is a natural dead-straight strawberry blond. I keep it cut just past shoulder length and mostly keep it up in a pony tail. I look in the mirror and realize I quite like my cheekbones and easy smile. My mum is hot and they say that if you want to know what a girl will look like in 20 years, look at her mum. I don’t mean to sound vain or anything. I’m just happy with how I look.

Meanwhile my hands are still lightly caressing my nipples. I like the sexy feeling that’s rippling lightly though me. Boy like boobs. I wonder what would happen if they saw mine? Would they all get hard? Would their cocks stand up like in the sex ed book?

I run my hand down my flat belly and caress my pussy through my panties under my short nightie. I’m really turned on right now. I can feel that my pussy has gotten slick. I know that as soon as I’m back in bed I’m going to rip my panties off. Either that or I’m going to do it right here in the bathroom.

I realize I could do just that. Everyone else is in bed. I let out a quiet sigh as my finger touches my clit through the thin material. It’s so quiet I could even walk around the house with no panties on and nobody would ever know.

Oh god that though make me so horny. Before I can think any more I’m pushing my panties down my hips. I scrunch them in my hand and turn out the light. I’m creeping back to my bedroom, more turned on than I’ve ever been.

It’s not like I’m naked. My nightie is short, but it covers me. But if I wanted I could just reach down and touch my naked pussy. I reach down and touch my naked pussy while standing there in the hallway. I feel like I’m going to cum just standing there. I’m so slick with pussy juice. I’m going to cum in the hallway and nobody will ever know. I could even be standing here naked, jilling off, and nobody would know.

I reach lower and gently push my middle finger into my pussy. It’s not only crazy wet, but it’s hot. I’m on fire. My other hand grabs my boob and squeezes my nipple. I can feel myself breathing heavily. What if someone heard me panting and came out? Why does that thought turn me on rather than scare the jesus out of me?

Suddenly I know this isn’t enough. I want more. I’m right near mum and Geoffrey’s door, halfway to my room when I make the decision. I rip off my nightie and I’m standing there, completely naked. Waves of heat are pouring over me and I feel like I’m going to have a screaming loud porn-movie cum. I head for the stairs and go down toward the loungeroom. I’m carrying my clothes in one hand, but the other is furiously stroking my wet pussy.

I make it to the couch and sit down. My naked bum is on the soft flower print. My clothes are next to me. Luckily the curtains are drawn so nobody can see me. The high backed couch means I have a small space, all to myself.

I pull my legs up, opening myself to the dark room. I reach down with one hand and push a finger up inside me. The heat, the moisture, the incredible feeling of being completely naked in the living room is nearly overwhelming me. My other hand is on my clit hood, rubbing for all it’s worth. I can feel a really big cum about to rush over me. I know I could get caught at any moment, and that turns me on even more.

A second finger joins the first. It’s a tight fit, but I need this so much. My clit is craving the attention as I rub. I can feel the first waves starting to crash over me. My pussy is completely exposed to anyone who came into the room. I’m fucking myself with two fingers while rubbing my sensitive clit.

Then suddenly it’s crashing over me. Overwhelming every sense. I can feel every atom of my body, lit up and on fire. Waves of pleasure are making every hair on my body tingle. From my head to my light pussy hair I can feel it. I’m silently heaving, desperate to keep quiet, but to enjoy riding this wave after wave.

Finally I’m starting to come back down. I gently diddle my clit, enjoying the quiet aftershocks. This has been the most amazing cum of my life. I have to do this again. My legs are still pulled up and I’m completely exposed. I love the feel of air on my hot pussy.

I’m finally thinking about getting back to my bedroom. I’m going to go back naked. I want to feel the air on my body forever.

Then suddenly without any warning the kitchen light comes on behind me. Whoever it is can’t see me from where they are because of the couch. But if they come in here, they’ll see me completely naked. And probably looking like I’ve just cum. I’m so dead if they catch me. But I’ve never felt more alive in my life.

I touch my exposed pussy again. I’m very much still on fire. I wonder if I can cum again silently? I rub my sensitive clit. Can I do this? But whoever it is turns out the light and goes back to bed. I decide to head back to bed too. The moment is gone. For now.