**How I Became an Exhibitionist**

My mother used to tell me, "Guys only want to go out with you for sex."

I'm starting this story with my mother because I've received tons of

emails about my Grand Prix stories, and several people - including 2 women

I'm happy to say! - have asked about how I became so daring in showing off.

Mum always was a sexy woman - still is, in fact. She has heaps of wise

things to say about men and women, some of it a bit tongue in cheek:

\* "Men usually fall in lust first, then love";

\* "Girls need to know just two things to get any guy they want - first,

how to be a good conversationalist and, second, how to walk in high heels";

\* "On a date, when men get tired of talking about themselves, they want

something to look at while you talk about yourself."

Knowing this, I've always made sure I showed off when I went on dates.

This generally involved wearing as little as I could get away with. One of

my first boyfriends, Jason, used to tell me off for the skirts I'd wear.

Once, we were going to a movie and, as a skirt, I wore this piece of

silver stretch material about 8 inches wide I'd bought in a fabric shop

sale for $2.

"Bloody hell, everyone can see your butt! Can't you cover it up a bit?"

I used to smile and think, "That's the whole idea, dummy!"

I loved the looks I'd get, especially from guys roughly my age, but even

from a few of the guys who must have been around mum's age, or even older!

One of my favourite outfits for years has been a thin, tight black t-shirt

and a really low slung pair of hipster pants. Walking down the street, my

tits would bounce around and, when I started to learn wearing high heels,

they'd stick out even more.

"You know I encourage you to look your best, but you don't have to show

that much midriff!" mum would sometimes say, when I'd unzip the pants an

inch or two and fold the bottom of the t-shirt up.

Most of the guys, Jason included, got really jealous of the looks I'd get.

"I feel like I'm going out with some kind of slut!" Jason would sometimes say.

"Don't you like it?" I'd ask him, "Some guys pay to go out with sluts Jase!"

I never understood guys. They were all really interested in you looking

sexy while they chased you but, when they thought they had you, they'd get

all possessive, like Jase.

"Show us your tits!" guys would sometimes yell at me if I walked past

sticking my chest out in one of my tight tops.

"Show me your dick, idiot!" I'd usually yell back.

I guess I've always loved teasing guys; I'd go out on group dates with a

bunch of girls and guys and I'd love upstaging everyone.

"Wow!" the boys would say, "Great skirt!"

Until I grew out of it, my favourite skirt used to be a striped pink one;

it was a 10-inch number and hugged my butt nicely. It was impossible to

sit modestly in it: I'd sit cross-legged on a bench in a park, or at

McDonalds, and it'd bunch up around my waist, showing my taut knickers.

Some of the girls would give me dirty looks and say sarcastic things like,

"So you think you're pretty hot stuff, don't you?"

Once or twice, this really jealous girl, Frances, would say something

like, "Go on, I dare you to walk around town without your briefs on!"

I wasn't brave enough to do this, but I had fun pretending I didn't even

know what was showing when I'd sit cross-legged just chat to the guys.

Their eyes couldn't be ripped away from my pussy, especially when I acted

like there was an itch on my thigh and had to rub it.

"Let's go to the movies!" I'd say, if one of the cute guys was part of our

group, knowing that I could casually sling a leg over the knee of the guy

sitting next to me. Predictably, within two seconds, his hand would all

over my legs, sometimes even probing my pussy!

I eventually started having sex because I figured it wasn't worth the

trouble to fight the guys off. Sometimes, I even enjoyed it, when they

took the trouble to give me some pleasure. Most of them just liked being

seen with a young chick who dressed sexily.

It meant, though, that I got to go to some cool places, especially when I

started to be a bit more daring with my outfits.

One guy, Bevan, a radio DJ, took me to an opening of a bar and said,

"Dress really sexy for this one 'cos you won't be the only one!"

So I borrowed mum's sewing machine and made myself this leopard skin fur

bikini, just a little one to hold my tits in place and hide my pussy.

"What do you think?" I asked Bevan, modelling it for him in the high heels

he'd given me as a gift.

He almost spluttered his drink right out at me and looked speechless.

"If I was to lean backward like this onto the bar," I went on, "and push

my hips out, can you see behind the fur?"

You see, I like clothes that I can squirm around in to reveal my hidden

charms: g-strings so brief they run inside my pussy lips and that you

could only see when I parted my legs under a tiny skirt; low-cut spaghetti

strap tops that gape when I lean over, occasionally spilling my tits out altogether.

When Bevan and I got there, it was a bit tricky to get through the crowd

to the door. Dressed the way I was, no door bitch ever got in my way, so

we got in quickly. They knew it was good for business to have sexy things

like me walking around.

And I did more than just walk around . . .

Once I'd shaken Bevan off I had fun going up to guys standing at the bar

and saying, in my cutest little girl voice, "Would you buy me a drink, please?"

They nearly always said yes and then I'd sit up on the bar, facing them,

with my tits just being held in by my furry top and my furry leopard pussy

right there in front of them. Some guys couldn't help themselves and would

start to stroke my legs, or even grab my tits.

I'd pretend to be offended, "What are you doing!?"

They'd look sheepish and mumble something but then I'd add, "Whatever it

is, it feels great!" and put their hand back where it was.

The third guy I did this with was pretty cute and he had his fingers

inside my bikini bottoms before I knew it.

"Hey, you gotta wait until a girl's turned on a little," I told him. "Just

'cos you are, doesn't mean I am - yet."

Just then, Bevan came up and saw that something was happening. He started

yelling stuff at me and grabbed this guy to take him outside for a fight.

Luckily, the bouncers came and saved them both.

Before I left Bevan for good that night, I told him, "It drives me crazy

that you guys get that jealous. It's my body, isn't it? I never said to

anyone I was theirs alone!"

Around that time, I went out with plenty of guys and, whenever they'd want

to buy me something, I'd always ask them for clothes.

I'd say, "That way, if you buy me something sexy, you get some of the

benefit too!"

One guy, Mark, was a real raver and he'd take me to these parties with

incredible techno music. A lot of the girls there were slim and athletic

(all those party drugs!) and they'd wear really tight, fluoro clothes for dancing.

For my birthday, Mark took me to a dance party. He told me to show off as

much as I dared, "I'll buy you whatever you need to do your best!"

So we went shopping and I tried on this silver bodysuit which fitted me

like a glove. You could just see the dark bits of my nipples through it

and, if I hadn't shaved my pussy hair, you could have seen that too.

"I like the way the seam parts my lips Mark!" I purred as I spread my legs

in the shop to show him.

The sales lady didn't quite know where to look as I paraded up and down

the mirrors and bent over to see how my pussy looked.

"Look, Mark, when I bend over, the fabric stretches so it's almost see through!"

Mark grinned and the sales lady just turned bright red, which I loved.

Anyway, we had a great time. I danced and danced in this outfit and got

groped all over. One guy I took behind some pot plants and let him lick me

to orgasm through my bodysuit!

When I met Mark fifteen minutes later he looked down and said, "Well,

what's been going on down there?"

I looked down and saw that the whole bodysuit had changed colour where it

was damp; my pussy lips could clearly be seen pressing against the fabric.

"Spilled my drink, Mark," I said, giggling.

"Sure, honey, sure," he said, without much of a smile.

Another jealous type, I could see that. Time to piss him off, I thought to myself.

Probably the most important event in me becoming a real exhibitionist

happened about a year ago, when I met this incredibly sexy girl at a

party. She was wearing strappy shoes so high she could hardly walk in them

and a yellow satin minidress which probably started life as a slip.

Whenever she took a step, her dress would ride up at the back, showing

that she wore no knickers.

I stared and stared at her and couldn't believe how open she was. She took

a liking to me straight away, because she introduced herself with a smile,

"Hi, I'm Jackie!"

"Hi Jackie. Hey, I love your dress; you must have the guys drooling all the time!"

She smiled as if to say yes, smoothed the front of it down across her

thighs and we started chatting. I learned that Jackie never wore knickers -

never! - and the only shoes she owned (besides running shoes) were four

and five inch heels.

"I've got a bit of a reputation as an exhibitionist with my friends but,

really, who gives a shit?" she said.

I loved her attitude and it made me feel much bolder about showing off. I

watched her lean over to get drinks from the fridge, her pussy fully

exposed to the crowded room. I was totally amazed when she sat in a lounge

chair and pulled both feet up on the seat of her chair, making sure all

the people opposite could see her pierced clit.

"I can hardly remember a time I went to a party or a club and didn't take

my dress off," Jackie laughed.

Jackie was the perfect person to ask about my biggest flirt problem. "How

do you get rid of the dickheads who hassle you, though?"

"Make sure you stay in a public place, go out with a friend or two, or

make a friend who'll protect you. Any of those should work."

"You and I should hit the town together some time, huh?" I suggested.

So Jackie and I started hanging out together at clubs, at parties, and

just wandering the streets in search of fun. We always got propositioned,

of course, but Jackie's tongue would shut up most of the guys we didn't

want anything to do with.

"You got a cock to match that little car of yours?" was one of her favourites.

She really taught me a lot about showing off in public. The fact that it

was legal to wear a g-string bikini on the street. Which clubs would let

you dance on top of the bar without knickers on. How to walk in the highest

heels imaginable. How to sit in the shortest skirts without knickers on.

How to pick the best guys to flirt with.

That whole summer, I never saw Jackie wear a skirt that completely covered

her butt.

"Why should I?" she'd say. "I work on it at the gym hard enough. People

should see it. You should show yours too."

I wasn't that brave, but Jackie really liked an outfit of mine she called

"little slut." I'd totter around in very high white strappy shoes, thigh

high white stockings, and a tiny skirt, showing several inches of bare

brown upper thigh. If I wore my hair up, I looked really young and I'd

experiment with different tops.

"Wear a boob tube, go on!" Jackie would often say. "I love seeing your

tits bounce around."

She especially liked this white one I had. Basically it was a strip of

fabric which just covered my nipples, although I had to adjust it every

five minutes because my boobs bounced around too much without a bra.

Despite her smaller tits, Jackie would wear a matching boob tube and we'd

hit the clubs together.

"Hey, look at this," Jackie said to me one day.

She was holding a leaflet to a club night called "Sexy Summer." They were

offering prizes to people who had the best outfits.

"Let's do it!" I said. "We'll be right at home, huh?"

"It's not often you get an excuse to go out in public almost totally

naked," Jackie giggled.

Getting ready on the night, I was amazed at Jackie's thong: it was simply

a V which met between her legs and then the arms of the V went over her

shoulders. Her tits were free to swing about and the little bit of fabric

at the bottom just covered her slit.

"Wow!" was all I could say when she twirled on her heels: the slightest

movement caused the fabric to ride up between her shaved pussy lips.

Jackie simply looked down, gently stroked herself with a finger, looked at

me, and giggled.

I was wearing a backless white dress, but Jackie persuaded me to wear one

of her bikinis: tiny triangles of white fabric joined up with silver chains.

"C'mon, it's 'sexy summer'! You're smooth and tanned all over; this is

perfect for a flawless girl like you!" she said.

I still wasn't sure. I put on Jackie's highest heels and looked at myself

in the mirror as I ran my hands up and down my body.

"This is outrageous!" I laughed. "Your tits are quite a bit smaller than

mine, I feel like I'm going to fall out without even trying! Can we get

away with this?"

"Of course we can; let's go!"

"Shall we wear anything over the top? I think I need at least a skirt." I

was thinking of the walk from the carpark to the club.

"Nope - we don't. It's a warm evening - let's get a few stares on the

way," said Jackie mischievously.

We found a car parking spot just 200 metres from the front of the club so

we didn't have far to walk, clinging on to each other as we hobbled in our

dangerously high heels.

"Jackie, it feels like the whole street is watching us," I whispered to her.

"It's great, isn't it?" she said, grinning with excitement.

Once the door staff saw us, we were let in straight away and were served

drinks. We danced together for a couple of songs, at the end of which

Jackie's outfit had slid fully between her pussy lips and I'd had to work

hard to keep my tits in.

"Could I take your photos girls? On that sofa over there?" a short dark

guy asked us.

"Sure!" Jackie said to him; she took my hand and wiggled her hips

provocatively as she led me to the sofa.

On the way, she whispered, "Let's show off to him for a bit."

I watched incredulously as Jackie turned up the heat for the photos. She

lay draped over my lap, her legs slightly apart and started caressing her

almost naked body, letting out the occasional moan.

"Look at everyone watching!" Jackie whispered to me between flashes.

Sure enough, about 30 people were standing around the sofa, several of

them girls like us in skimpy swimwear.

The photo guy kept clicking away as Jackie's hands started to wander to

me. She grabbed my tits and it didn't take much for them to fall free of

the bikini top. The only reason she didn't pull my g-string off was

because she was lying on top of me! Some guy even leaned down and started

squeezing my tits too, until I gave him a dirty look.

Finally the photo guy had finished.

"Jackie, are you done?" I asked her.

She didn't respond but just remained sprawled on top of me, one leg up on

the back of the couch, her hand resting over her pussy. She grinned at the

photo guy.

"Do you girls work?" he asked.

Jackie and I looked at each other as if to make sure of what he meant.

"Not in the way that you mean," said Jackie, smiling.

"We just like to enjoy ourselves," she added, removing her hand and

looking down at her pussy, which was visibly wet.

This guy went on to tell us he does hot photos for websites and hangs out

at clubs to find women who'll pose for him. As he talked on, Jackie just

lay there, gently sliding her finger in and out of her slit.

"Would you two dance for me on the floor and I'll put another roll of film in?"

Before I could even think of what to reply, Jackie sat up and said, "Sure!"

We adjusted our shoes and teetered over to the dancefloor. Our tits were

still out and Jackie hadn't bothered to hide her pussy from view. A couple

of the other girls were clearly getting a bit horny too, because they'd

taken their tops off and came to dance with us.

Plenty of guys groped us as we walked past - or as we danced on the floor.

Jackie didn't seem to mind at all and even let one guy finger her while he

danced with her.

"You know, Jackie, just letting my tits swing free while I dance is such a

cool feeling!" I laughed.

"It's great, huh, babe? Look at you! You've got more jewellery than

clothes on!"

I caught sight of myself in a mirror and Jackie was right. I saw my

reflection dancing: a slut in just a g-string, with my heavy jangling

necklace bouncing on my buoyant tits. My toe rings glinted in the light

between the straps of my high heels as I danced. Two topless girls danced

near me, shaking their tits too and a swarm of guys surrounded us.

One girl, dressed in a tight white dress which she'd rolled down to her

waist, said to me, "You girls are brave, I tell you. I've always wanted to

do what you two have done!"

Needless to say, we won the night's 'dress-up' competition and, by

midnight, I'd allowed several people to lick and finger me - one of them,

another girl!

That night was a real awakening for me as an exhibitionist and so, after

that, Jackie and I worked hard at planning plenty of other sexy

adventures.