**I discover that I like men seeing my body**

by Vanessa Evans

*All characters involved in any sexual activities in this story were over 18 when the events took place.*

I guess that I grew up as a normal girl. Well almost normal; I’ve always been quite tall and quite skinny. Even now my waist is only 20 inches. That may have been something to do with the fact that my parents never had much money.

My name is Abigail (Abby). I’m 18 with a 26B, 20, 24 inch figure. Apart from being tall and skinny I’m a pretty average girl, nothing special to look at. I left school at 16 and went to college for a couple of years. I was just getting to the end of those years when a tragedy changed my life forever. My parents were involved in a 21 vehicle pile-up on the motorway and I became orphaned. What’s more I’m an only child. An aunt took me in for a few weeks until something could be sorted out.

When I went back to college I heard of another girl (Piper) who had also become an orphan in the same crash. I looked for her and we had a hug and little cry together. We met-up each day and talked about our sadness and problems. We became friends in grief.

I had a big problem that was a big topic for a week or so. I couldn’t live on my aunt’s sofa permanently and my parent’s house was rented. I had no money and my parents didn’t have any life insurance. I would soon be homeless. As luck would have it, Piper was about to inherit her parent house as she also was an only child and she invited me to stay with her.

That was fantastic news but I still had a problem in that I had no money to pay rent and no job. I told Piper that I’d quit college and get a job but she wouldn’t hear of it. We compromised on me getting a weekend job to help pay my way. I became a weekend and evening check-out girl at the local supermarket. Times were hard and Piper was a tower of strength to me.

Fortunately the supermarket gave me a uniform as I didn’t have many clothes. Mom had been taking a lot of laundry to my aunt’s house to use her washing machine, because ours was broken, when the accident happened. I never got any of the car contents back. Piper said that I could borrow her clothes but it didn’t seem right, and besides, Piper is a couple of sizes bigger than my size 6. So, until I started having a few pounds spare at the end of the month I had a very limited wardrobe. I confess that I frequently had to go to college and work in the same clothes, and no underwear.

Going without underwear was nothing new for me. Because of our lack of money my father said that we could only buy essential clothes, and underwear, to him, wasn’t essential (for any of us). When I went to my aunt’s house that fateful night the only clothes that I had were the oversized T-shirt that I wore in bed, and a jacket. The rest of my clothes were destroyed along with the car and my parents. I didn’t have that much more when I moved-in with Piper because my Aunt doesn’t have much money either.

Because of my shape (I used to get called ‘bamboo’ at school) I’ve always had problems getting clothes that fitted. The worst was my skirts. If the length was right then the waist was way too big and they would fall down. If the waist was right then the length was too short. As a result I just about always wore skirts that were shorter than the regulation length. Just about every teacher hauled me before the head teacher because of my short skirts. Luckily the head teacher has a skinny daughter so she appreciated my problem.

As I said, I usually went without bras and knickers and that became a bit of a problem in PE classes. As you are probably aware, PE skirts are a lot shorter than most skirts and to get one that wouldn’t drop off me, my PE skirt was so short that I only had to bend a tiny little bit for my butt to be exposed. This wasn’t a problem when we were in the gym but when we played netball outside there was always a bunch of boys watching us.

It wasn’t just me that they were watching; quite a few of the girls rolled the top of their skirts so that the boys got a look at their knickers. We were supposed to wear the horrible industrial strength school sports knickers but none of the girls ever did. They just wore their normal knickers, or thongs. It was only when I fell over and landed on my back that the teacher (and some of the boys) realised that I had no knickers on.

I was used to being knickerless but the teacher wasn’t used to having knickerless girls playing netball in front of boys and I got banned from playing again.

The supermarket uniform was an orange blouse and a black skirt or trousers. I’d always preferred a skirt to trousers so I chose the skirt. The woman issuing uniforms gave me a couple of skirts that fitted my waist so they were quite short. Piper said that I looked cute in my uniform.

The job was quite boring. Having to listen to the older women droning on about the price of this and that, and spreading a bit of boring gossip, was tedious.

Things changed one day when I was serving a man a few years older than me. He kept looking at my chest. I was braless as usual and the baggy uniform blouse was gaping at the front. After a couple of minutes of him looking at me I realised that he was looking down my blouse. I blushed and wanted to put my arm across my chest but I needed my hands for my job. I tried sitting up straighter but that didn’t work.

It was that moment that I realised that I was enjoying him looking down my top. My nipples went hard and I felt myself get a little wet.

I found myself leaning forward so that he could get a better look; and later that Saturday with another young male customer I realised that I was leaning forward hoping that he’d try to look down my blouse too.

I told Piper when I got home that evening and she confessed that she too had done a bit of flashing and that she’d enjoyed it as well.

The flashing of my little breasts got to be a regular thing and sometimes I noticed that my till had a queue of men when some of the other tills were nearly empty.

One evening when I was serving a man I had to slide my chair back to get a bag of carrier bags. As I turned back I saw that the man’s eyes were glued to my legs sprouting out from my short skirt. I froze for a second as I realised that the man could probably see my bald pussy. I felt excited and I felt my pussy get wet.

I was enjoying him look at my pussy.

As I served the next couple of men I experimented with how far back I could sit and still scan everything. I quickly realised that if I sat back I had to bend forward, thus giving the men a view down my blouse. When I sat up straight the men could see my pussy. I decided that I’d never get into a position where they could see both at the same time so I settled for the next best thing.

I got to be good at leaning forwards to scan things then sit up straight to work the till. The job became less boring and quite a turn-on for about half the time that I was there. When I told Piper what I’d discovered she said that she was jealous.

Piper and I got to be really good friends and I started to feel less like I was taking advantage of her generosity.

About 3 months after that fateful night Piper had to start looking for somewhere smaller to live. Although she’d inherited the house the bank wanted the loan paid-off. Fortunately her parents had some insurance and Piper was left with enough to buy a small apartment and I was so pleased when she kept saying that we were looking for ‘our’ apartment.

We found a really nice apartment close to the centre of town. The only problem was that it had only one bedroom. I was over the moon when Piper told me that we could share the bedroom and the bed.

We quickly became lovers but at the same time we were both interested in men. We often talked about getting a man into our bed and sharing him. We also often talked about teasing men; after all, we’d frequently talked about how we’d flashed our goodies to men.

The supermarket job certainly helped moneywise and with what was rapidly becoming an obsession with me (teasing men); but I wanted more of both. Piper wanted to do more teasing as well and on one of the very few nights that we went clubbing we heard about a strip club that was looking for girls.

The next night we went there and were told that they were looking for experienced strippers. The man must have seen the disappointment on our faces because he offered us jobs as hostesses. He told us that we’d have to take drinks orders at tables, deliver the drinks and generally socialize with the clients to get them to buy us crazily priced drinks.

The good news was that the club provided very skimpy outfits for us to wear. Because of my slight, tall figure I had to have the shortest skirt that they had. Even then I had to pin the waist to stop it falling down.

The club said that we had to provide our own knickers but as I still hadn’t got round to buying any I decided not to bother with any. Piper said,

“Well if you’re not going to wear any then I’m not.”

Piper also shortened her skirt so that it was nearly as short as mine.

And so began our time of teasing men and rejecting their attempts to hit on us. What’s more we got paid quite well for it.

On our first night one of the other girls told us not to stand too close to the customers. If we did there would be a good chance that their hands would go up our skirts and try to get into our knickers. We thanked her for the advice then when she’d gone we looked at each other and laughed.

That girl was right; the very first time that I stood next to a man as he gave me his order I felt his hand slide up my inner thigh. Instinctively, my feet spread apart a bit and I was rewarded with his finger probing my pussy. By the time I’d got the order my pussy was wet and I had a finger inside me.

When we managed to have a chat Piper told me that she’d been rewarded in the same way. We both said that we were going to enjoy that job.

By the end of that first night I must have had 5 different men’s fingers inside me and I had very wet inner thighs.

Another trick that we soon learned was to drop the customer’s money and have to bend over to pick it up. Of course we always bent at the waist with our backs to the customers. I have no idea how many men saw my bare pussy that first night.

When we arrived for our second night the manager called us into his office after we’d got changed. His first question was,

“Are you two wearing any knickers?”

“No.”

“Err no, why?”

“I thought so. Look, going out there like that is an invite to get men to grope you. I have no problem with that, and judging by what I saw last time I’m guessing that you don’t mind either; but be careful. Don’t give the punters any reason to think that you want any more. I’ll tell the bouncers to keep an eye on you just in case. Okay?”

Both of us were blushing a bit and our heads were down. We were both a bit ashamed at being caught like that.

“Hey, don’t be upset, quite a few girls come to work here so that they can get safely groped. I guess that it’s some sort of female fantasy. Look, if you want to get naked out there I’ll get Jill to see if you’ve got what it takes to be a stripper. Do you want that?”

We both nodded.

“Okay then, get out there, get groped and earn me some money.”

Outside the manager’s office we both smiled and in stereo said,

“Yeah!”

That night my pussy got invaded quite a few times. One man even played with my clit for a few seconds. What was the worst, and best, moment of the night was when one man found the safety pin holding my skirt up. He unfastened it before I realised what he was doing and my skirt dropped to the floor. I was naked from just below my tits down to my ankles.

My first reaction was to scream. Fortunately the music drowned that. My second automatic reaction was to move a hand to cover my pussy. I’d had a second to think before my hand started to move and I turned to the man and said,

“You naughty man, you shouldn’t do things like that, you’ll get me into trouble. Please can you pick up my skirt and put it back on me.”

By that time I’d turned to face the man so he was getting an eyeful of my bald pussy.

The next day I phoned the supermarket and told them that I was leaving. I didn’t tell them that I was leaving to become a stripper.

Three days later Piper and I went to the club straight from college to meet Jill.

“So Abby, Piper; why do you want to become strippers? Is it for the money?” Jill asked.

“Well,” I replied as I looked down at the floor, “It’s ………. It’s because I get turned-on knowing that men can see my tits and pussy.”

“Good answer Abby. Are you the same Piper?”

“Yes, I get all horny when men are looking at my pussy.”

“Well girls, that’s good to hear, too many girls come here thinking that they can make mega-bucks by just taking their clothes off. None of those girls last more than a few weeks. A good stripper does it for the sexual pleasure. She gets off on flaunting her body in front of men. She often has an orgasm during her performance. That’s what makes her so good. Do you think that you’d cum just by being naked on that stage?”

“I don’t know, but what I do know is that I nearly came the other night when that man dropped my skirt.” I replied.

Piper looked a bit sheepish then said,

“I did cum the other night when one man touched my pussy.”

“There’s not supposed to be any physical contact between staff and customers so lesson number one is not to admit to, or get caught, doing anything like that.” Jill said.

“How much does it pay anyway?” Piper asked.

“If you’re any good you won’t be disappointed.” Jill said.

She looked us both up and down and then said,

“Piper, you’ve got a body that men will lust after, and you Abby, you look like one of those top London models, Come on, let’s get you 2 up on the stage while I put some music on.”

Piper and I walked over to the stage. As we climbed up I said,

“I don’t know if I can do this.”

“Just imaging that the room is full of men; all staring at your gorgeous tits and juicy pussy.” Piper replied.

The music started and Jill came over and said,

“Just relax, start dancing and slowly take your clothes off.”

I was quite nervous but I watched Piper and soon relaxed. Before long I was peeling my top up and over my head while my hips gyrated to the music. As I looked out towards Jill to see her reaction to what we were doing, I saw the manager stood beside her. I felt my pussy get wet.

I stared at the manager as I slowly unfastened my skirt. I turned away as I let it fall to the ground. I quickly picked it up and held in front of my pussy as I turned back to continue staring at the manager.

Sliding my skirt from side to side I smiled at the manager as I danced. I realised that I was getting very turned-on. My pussy was on fire and an orgasm was building.

My skirt went further out as it went from side to side. The manager was getting glimpses of my pussy. The more that he saw my pussy the closer I got until I couldn’t help myself. I dropped the skirt and dropped to my knees with them wide apart as the orgasm hit me.

When I started to come down from my high I looked round. All 3 people had big grins on their faces. I started to get embarrassed and slowly stood up and looked down at the floor.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw the manager walking up to me. Fearing that I was about to be sacked, even before I’d started. I said,

“I’m so sorry, I just couldn’t help myself.”

“No, no, you were amazing. A bit rough to start off with but the finale was just wonderful. Do you think that you could do that every time that you’re up there?” the manager said. Then he looked at Piper and continued,

“You too, Piper isn’t it. Rubbing yourself with your skirt is a good trick. You both look kind of young, especially without your clothes on; you are both 18 aren’t you?”

“Yes, of course.” I answered.

“Yes.” Piper said.

“Good, when can you both start?”

“Hang on a minute,” Jill said, “we’ve got a few things to sort out first and we’ve got to work on those ‘rough edges’ as you described them boss. How about you 2 girls come in on Saturday afternoon and we’ll work on your routines.”

Piper and I were standing there, naked as the day we were born and hugging each other with delight.

“Remember to put some clothes on before we open.” The manager said as he walked away.

“Don’t worry about getting any new clothes for the job girls,” Jill said, “we’ve got tons out the back, I’m sure that we’ll find something that you can wear to start your routines. Oh, and we’ll have to think of stage names for you, I wouldn’t recommend that you use your real names.”

“How about Peach?” Piper said.

I replied with ‘Bamboo’.

“Bamboo, where did that come from? Jill asked.

I explained the nickname and they both laughed. Piper said,

“Well you’ve certainly got the nobly bits in the right places.”

“Yeah, and those nobly bits are her best bits.” Piper added.

Jill looked at Piper, smiled and said to Piper,

“Yours don’t look too bad either hon.”

Jill walked away leaving Piper and I still chuffed that we’d landed jobs as strippers.

“We should get dressed and ready for opening.” Piper said.

“Not yet,” I replied, “let’s stay naked as long as we can. Let’s surprise some of the barmen as they arrive.”

“You naughty girl…… I like how you think.”

We wandered around the empty club, but not for long. It wasn’t long before the staff started to arrive.

Luckily for us 2 of the guys were first to arrive, within seconds of each other.

“Is that your outfit for the night girls?” One asked.

“Would you like to come down to the cellar and help me check the stock girls?” The other asked.

We giggled and walked away, towards the ladies changing room.

We both got felt-up multiple times that night and I was glad to get back home so that Piper and I could enjoy each other.

Saturday afternoon saw Piper and I arrive at the club nervous and excited, in more ways than one. Unfortunately there were no men there, only Jill, but we had a good time learning routines and moves. Jill also taught me to walk like a model on the runway; she said that I should walk out onto the stage like that.

Jill said that I didn’t look as sexy as I’d done the first time I’d stripped. I told her that it because there were no men there to watch me. Jill laughed and said that she understood and that there’d be lots of me watching me later. That thought made me wet and Jill said that I did better after that.

Anyway, Jill said that we both could do one session that night then asked us if we wanted to work as hostess’ before and after our session.

We both said that we did. I know that I wanted to get worked-up before I stripped and I sure as hell wanted those fingers inside me afterwards.

I was a little nervous as I stepped out onto that stage and model walked to the front. Then the music started and it wasn’t long before I forgot my nerves and threw myself into my routine. When my bra came off my nipples were so hard that they hurt. When the thong came off it was so wet that I’m sure I could have rung it out. As I went down on my knees and spread my legs I swear that my clit was twice its normal size. I had never seen my lips that swollen and shiny before. It was less than a minute before I started to cum, and I hadn’t even touched my pussy by then.

As the waves subsided I started to rub myself and finger fuck myself until I came again. I was still cumming when my music stopped. When I got control of myself I looked up. Everything was quiet and it looked like every eye in the room was staring at me. I almost came again.

As I got up all the men started cheering. I walked to the back of the stage and off with my butt going from side to side.

I felt really good.

Jill told me that I did good too.

Piper did good too. I watched her and I wanted to jump her right there on that stage. I could easily have had a great 69 with all those people watching.

I quit my job at the supermarket.

We both did well and earned a lot of money before college finished and we were supposed to start looking for a job. I was so tempted to tell the careers woman at college that I already had a well-paid job as a stripper; but I resisted.

With some of that money we bought some new clothes. The weather at that time of the year was reasonable enough for us to buy some summer dresses (no underwear of course) and we had lots of fun teasing the men waiting for their partners to try their clothes on.

Because I’m skinny, and to stop me looking like I was wearing a tent, all the dresses that I bought were very short. That together with the fact that all of them are very thin and light-weight when I’m wearing one I feel as if I’ve got nothing on, and it’s such a turn-on. Piper’s dresses aren’t quite as short as mine but she gets the same feeling. We feel like naughty little school-girls walking down the street passing all those men and felling quite naked.

I like watching Piper’s tits bounce up and down as she walks with her rock hard nipples trying to burst through the material. I’ve discovered that 2 of my new dresses are a little see-through in the sunlight. I forgot to mention earlier that I’m a bit bow-legged so there’s a gap at the top of my legs and the sunlight made it easier for anyone to see my pussy through the dress. My first reaction was that I should take them back and get something else but Piper said that she was jealous. It didn’t take me more than a couple of seconds to realise the potential of ‘unknowingly’ let men see my body through the thin material. I’ve just go to practice pretending that I don’t know.

The warmer weather and starting working late in the evening has brought other potential for ‘accidentally’ letting men see our pussies. On quite of a few nice days after we left college, we’ve got up late morning and gone into town. We’ve gone to all the parks and found the ones that get busy with workers going there to eat their lunches.

Wearing sunglasses we’ve watched quite a few men stare at us as we lay on our backs and sunbathe in our short skirts and ‘accidentally’ let our legs drift apart. What’s more our pussies are getting tanned as well.

Talking about tanning, ‘our’ apartment has a communal grassy area out the back. One sunny morning, when we thought that everyone else was at work, we decided to do some sunbathing. Piper put on a bikini and I, because I didn’t own one, decided to sunbathe naked. We went outside wrapped in towels and spread them out. After about 10 minutes Piper got jealous and stripped as well. About an hour later we got disturbed by a man who looked to be in his mid-twenties.

He introduced himself as Kyle and it turned out that he is our next door neighbour. What a surprise that was. We have a fit bloke next door, living on his own, and we didn’t even know it.

We talked for ages with him ogling at our bodies. The conversation got round to us being naked and Kyle asked us why we hadn’t covered-up when we realised that he was there. Piper surprised him, and me, by saying that we loved it when men saw us naked. Kyle’s response was to say that we could let him see us naked whenever we liked. Piper told him that he was welcome to come to our place anytime and that if he did catch us with clothes on then we’d happily take them off for him.

Kyle’s trousers told us that he liked what he was looking at.

Kyle said that he had to go but he’d be over to see us soon.

About a week later we heard a knock on the door and Piper opened it to see Kyle standing there with a box of beers. He said that he’d tried calling a couple of times before but we’d been out. I told him that we worked evenings and that it was one of our nights off.

Piper was naked when Kyle came over but I had just got back from the supermarket and was wearing a skirt and top.

“Come on Abby,” Piper said, “I told Kyle that we’d be naked when he came over so get ‘em off girl.”

We had a few beers while talking about all sorts. We got to know Kyle quite well, and he learnt a lot about us; and I don’t just mean about our bodies.

When the beer got us all quite happy the subject got round to our sex lives. Kyle told us that a girl had just finished with him and that she’d upset him quite a bit. He said that it would be a long time before he got together with a girl.

I think that Piper took that as a bit of a challenge because I saw that she started getting careless about keeping her legs together. Not wanting to get left out I started doing the same.

Poor Kyle didn’t stand a chance; and before long the 3 of us were fucking, all with each other. Why the hell any girl would want to cut-off her supply of that cock I will never know. Kyle took my cock virginity that night.

Anyway, we all woke up in Piper’s and my bed next morning, all of us with bad heads and no regrets. In fact, Piper and I both invited Kyle to come and fuck us anytime that he wanted. We decided that we wanted to be friends and fuck-buddies; an arrangement that Kyle seemed keen on; but I don’t know if he was as keen on the arrangement as I was.

Once our heads started clearing Piper and I both decided that we liked what we’d agreed with Kyle and agreed that if he didn’t come over within a couple of days then we’d have to have a naked trip next door.

And we did. Two days later, and with another box of beers, 2 naked girls knocked on the door of their neighbours. Kyle opened the door and looked pleasantly surprised. He said that he wasn’t sure that we were serious about our offer. When we went in it was our turn to be surprised; 2 of his mates were there.

Wow, I was in heaven. Three men staring at my naked body and the potential for it to go on for quite a while; and maybe even more.

I wasn’t disappointed. The beers soon loosened up the guys and I suppose we had what most people would call an orgy. Both Piper and I got fucked by all 3 of the guys, more than once. Kyle’s mates hadn’t intended to stay the night but it was dawn before Kyle was alone in his bed.

Since that night either Piper or I or both of us have been naked visitors to Kyle’s place and he has spent nights between us in our bed many times. Sometimes we’ve gone to his place when we’ve got home from the club and had to wake him up to fuck us. He’s never complained and never asked us where we work. We haven’t avoided the subject and we’ve assumed that he just thinks that we work behind the bar. If he asks we’ll happily tell him.