Jennifer's Secret

by applevalyan ©

I grew up in a fair size town in southern Georgia until I moved and went

to college. My father was and still is a Baptist preacher. He would

probably die of a heart attack if he knew half the things I did while I

grew up and am still doing. I listened and behaved as a young kid but I

became more stubborn and independent when I became a teenager. I wanted to

wear clothes like the rest of the kids in town but when I started getting

breast and a figure, my father became way over protective. He refused to

let me wear shorts anymore and would not allow me to wear skirts or

dresses above my knees.

One warm summer Sunday morning he made me change to a longer skirt. He

made me so mad that when I yanked my skirt down I tore my underwear a

little. I was putting on another skirt when I noticed the tear so after

putting on the skirt I removed my underwear. I threw them across the room

at the hamper. I thought to myself that I ought to not wear any underwear

just to spite my father. I had never gone without knickers before but I was

so mad I decided to do it. All during church services I kept thinking

about my lack of underwear and I found that it was kind of wild and wicked

and I liked it. I was still afraid that he would some how find out, so the

first thing I did was put on a clean pair when we returned home.

The very next Sunday he again made me change. As I changed I remember

going pantyless the previous Sunday and decided to again to go without.

That day I remained pantyless until I went to bed. For the next couple of

years, this became a regular habit with me. I rarely wore any underwear to

church anymore. And since one of my chores around the house was the

laundry, I could get away with not having any dirty knickers to wash. I

didn’t wear knickers anymore, except when I really needed to. My father

still watched me closely so I still had to wear a bra out of the house.

But many a days around the house, I wore just t-shirt and sweat pants.

I had a close friend, Helen, which lived about a half-mile from my house.

I had told her how mean I thought my father was acting and how I wish I

could wear some shorter dresses like everyone else wore. She told me that

since we were the same size, I could wear some of her clothes if I wanted.

I could wear some of her short skirts and dresses until I could buy some

of my own. She also said I could leave the clothes I bought at her house

as long as she could wear them if she wanted. We made a deal! We would

spend almost every Saturday together; I would go to her house and change

into whatever I wanted to wear. Whether it was a short skirt or dress, or

short-shorts and a t-shirt or tank top. I even started to go braless a

lot. I loved it when the boys noticed my hard nipples. And the more the

boy’s noticed, the harder they seemed to get. And they seemed to stay hard

almost all the time. At first I wore underwear under my shorter skirt or

dresses, but after a few weeks. I started to go without knickers. For

months I would remove them and put them in my purse when Helen wasn’t

looking. It was very exciting. My nipples remained hard almost all the

time from the thrill of knowing that if I wasn’t careful, somebody might

see my bare bottom.

The first time I knew that someone had actually seen up my skirt it was

because I tripped on a shirt someone had left on the floor at ‘Wal-mart’.

As I picked myself off the floor, I noticed my skirt was up almost to my

waist. I looked up and there was a man about 30 looking at my bare bottom.

As I stood up, I took a deep breath and smoothed down my skirt. I looked

at the man again and he asked if I was all right, I said I was and thanked

him for his concern. I smiled at him as I walked past him. My heart was

beating fast and I had stomach had butterflies in it from knowing that a

complete stranger had just seen my pussy. I reached under my skirt and my

pussy was dripping wet. I headed straight for the restrooms where I

masturbated to climax for the first time out of my bedroom. Helen didn’t

see me fall but she seen me rushing for the restroom. She asked if I was

all right and I told her I had to pee real bad. I ended up buying a real

thin short white tank top that day. I knew I wanted to wear it next

Saturday. I figured my nipples could be seen without much of a problem

when I wore it.

I got home I time for supper after changing into my jeans at Helens’. As I

walked home I thought back on the guy looking at my pussy and then I

noticed how my jeans were rubbing my pantyless pussy in a different way

than normal. I started to walk slower and squeezing my legs together while

walking. I actually had an orgasm as I walked down the road. That night I

had a problem getting to sleep. My mind kept going back to my flashing, my

masturbating and my exciting walk home. Then I noticed my hand was on my

pussy, I just kept slowing rubbing myself until I came. Then I slept like

a baby.

Next Saturday Helen couldn’t believe I was going to wear that thin white

tank top and a pair of tight short-shorts I had bought a couple weeks

earlier. She said that she could make out my nipples through the top and

that the shorts were so tight it looked like I didn’t have any underwear

on. I looked straight into her eyes and said, “I don’t.” Her mouth dropped

open and asked me if I was kidding, I said no. She said she still didn’t

believe me so I unzipped the shorts and showed her. Since she was also

wearing shorts and a loose t-shirt, I dared her to remove her

undergarments and to try it. After a few minutes of daring her and calling

her a chicken, she gave in and took off her bra and knickers. She admitted

to going braless a few times but never pantyless. By early afternoon, she

said that it wasn’t bad at all and that she would probably do it again.

She doesn’t know it yet but in a couple of weeks, she will be wearing a

dress without any thing underneath.

That afternoon we had made plans to our schools baseball game. I was

looking forward to showing off in my new top. Little did I know that

halfway though the game a rainstorm hit and I got drenched. Helen remarked

that my top was completely see-thru. At first I placed my arms over my

breast to hide them. There were about fifty of us under a big tent waiting

for it to slack off. There were only 6 to 7 girls there. I noticed a lot

of guys were watching me to see if they could see anything showing. I

started to shake as I slowly lowered my arms. I then hear someone say to

somebody else to check out the girl in the wet shirt. I just took a deep

breath and push my tits out further. All the guys near me started to talk

to me and look right at my tits. I found myself enjoying all the attention

and stares. After about 30 min., one of the boys said my shirt was drying

out. I said I was sorry and would they like it if I got it wet again.

Helen was shocked when I said it but all the guys said sure. So I turned

around and walked back into the rain, I stood still a second and then

stated to rub the rain into my shirt. I made sure to give everyone a good

look as I rubbed my tits and the crotch of my wet shorts. I walked back

under the tent and shook my hair out, wetting everyone around me.

On the way home, Helen said she couldn’t believe I did such a thing. I

said I didn’t believe it either but that it was so much fun, I couldn’t

stop. She asked me if I would ever do something like that again. I told

her I honestly didn’t know. It was a lot of fun being looked at but that I

didn’t get wet on purpose to begin with. She said that when I was rubbing

my wet shirt, she thought for a moment that I was going to raise my shirt

up and show my bare tits. I said that for a moment, I almost did. He mouth

opened wide and we started to laugh. I asked Helen to go without underwear

a couple more days that week. She said she would and that she would she me

next Saturday.

It rained hard that next Saturday. I talked to Helen on the phone and she

told me she only wore knickers twice last week and that was when she wore a

dress to work. She asked if I had ever gone without knickers under a dress

and I told her many times. I dared her to not wear any knickers under her

longer dresses that week. She said she would think about it. When I talked

to Helen a few days later she told me that she wore only her dress and

shoes to her part-time job that day. She works as a cashier at a small

grocery store nearby. She told me that all she does is stand so she knew

she would be safe. It was also a very warm day that day and the A/C wasn’t

working to good in the store and she thought it might be a bit cooler with

less clothes on. She said actually enjoyed being naked under her dress and

nobody else knowing about it. But she said the best part was that there

was a little 6-inch fan under the counter to help keep her cool and it

felt good every time it blew up her dress. She said that as long as she

had that part-time job there, she would only wear dresses to work without

anything on underneath.

Saturday came and it was a warm sunny day. I told Helen I wanted to wear

one of her short sundresses and I wanted her to wear one too. She let me

pick first, I picked out a light yellow, mid-thigh length halter dress

that tied behind the neck using thin white strings. Helen chose a

mid-thigh length blue and white flowery tank dress. I removed all my

clothes and put on the yellow dress only! Helen asked if that was all I

was going to wear and I told her it was and I hoped she would do the same.

She said that she was getting use to wearing knee length dresses without

knickers and didn’t know if she was ready to wear short dresses yet. I

finally coaxed her into it. I told her I wanted to go to a mall in

Valdosta and shop. She said that sounded like fun so off we went.

As we were going down the highway I got a wild idea and pulled my dress

from under my behind and left just enough skirt up front to just cover my

bush. Helen asked what in the world I was doing. I started giggling and I

told her I wanted to give the truckers a little leg to look at. She

surprised me when she said that maybe she should do the same. I told her

to go ahead if she dared, she did. I could see a little hair showing just

past the hem. I didn’t dare tell her that dress was higher than she

thought because I didn’t want to scare her out of showing off. I told her

when we parked the car. She said that it was too late to do anything about

it now and got out of the car. I started to get out and just as I was just

starting to swing my legs around when I saw a guy walking behind the cars

coming our way. I thought about my skirt and started to pull it down but

decided to purposely give the guy a look at my legs. Just as he got to the

next car, I swung my legs around. He turned to walk between our car and

one we parked next to. He stopped in his tracks as he looked at my bare

legs and hip, I looked down as I slid out the seat and my entire bush came

into view. I stood up almost in shock at what I had just done. I was

trembling as I closed the door, brushing down my dress as I walked away

from him. Helen couldn’t see what happen because of the open door. She

said the guy was still standing there with his mouth open and asked what

had happen. I told her as we walked away, she broke out laughing and said

she couldn’t believe I had done such a thing and asked me why I did it. I

said I didn’t know but it felt like a fun thing to do at the time.

Well, we entered the mall and walked around window-shopping for about an

hour. It felt strange walking around almost naked in public but I was

enjoying it too much to stop. We came upon a shoe store that was having a

half price sale and decided to go inside a found a cute pair of heeled

sandals I liked and the price was good too, so I decided to buy them. A

cute young guy asked if he could help and I showed him what shoe I wanted,

he said he’d get it and be right back. He returned a couple minutes later

and asked if he could help me put it on. I said sure and sat down. The

cold seat on my bare behind reminded me of my lack of underwear. I started

to stand up and tell him never mind but then I got a tingle in my pussy;

it wanted to have some fun. I made sure my knees were together when the

guy knelt in front of me. He picked up one of my feet and removed the shoe

and put on the new one. As he picked up the other foot I let my legs

separate a few inches. I looked at Helen and she had her hand across her

mouth hiding a giggle. That gave me more confidence and as he put on the

other shoe, I spread my legs a couple more inches. As he was just

finishing hooking the strap around my ankle, he looked up and seen between

my legs. He stopped and then looked at my face; I smiled at him and spread

my legs further apart, giving him a good look at my pussy. I lowed my foot

and said I liked them and could I wear them out the store. He swallowed

and said sure. I lifted my skirt to give him a full look before I stood up

and paid for them.

I was still trembling as I left the store, giving the guy a little wave as

I left. Helen was about to bust a gut. She said that was the funniest

thing she had seen in a long time. She said she bet the guy was probably

in the bathroom jerking-off already. She said that she would never have

the guts to do what I just did and that she didn’t know I was going to do

it. I said that I hadn’t planned to do it either, that it just sort of

happened and that it was a lot of fun. I told her that was the first time

I had actually allowed someone to get a good look up my dress at my pussy.

And that if it felt that good all the time, that it probably would not be

my last.

We left the mall and started our hour ride back home. Helen said that

since I like showing off so much, she dared me to bare my tits and ride

back topless. I smiled and said good idea and untied the straps and pulled

down the top of my dress. I thought about removing it altogether but

decided to wait for another day to do that. About a dozen truckers saw my

tits before we got to Helen’s house. I was so worked up from my exposure

at the shoe store and on the highway that I wanted to play with myself but

couldn’t because of being next to Helen. I would just have to wait I got

back to the privacy of my bedroom.

During my senior year of high school, my father finally let me have a part

time job. I got on as a secretary/girl Friday with an attorney in town. My

grades were good in school and it was a field I was interested in, so I

enjoyed the job. I enjoyed it so much that I’m going to college now to be

an attorney. My father is so proud of me. He still doesn’t know how much

of an exhibitionist I’ve become.

I also became pretty good at sewing that I even made a few outfits of my

own design. The one I wore the most was a skirt with 6-inch bands around

the skirt that could be added or removed by buttons. I could make from

just below the crotch or to the ground. My father even approved of it. I

made it in three colors. One day I decided to leave it about 6-inchs above

my knees and go home like that. My father had seen me come in the house

and asked why I was wearing it so short. I told him I spilled some coffee

on the bottom piece and decided to remove it. He didn’t say anything else.

I also made a little bikini that tied on the sides. It was out of white

cotton and had no lining so I knew it would show through when wet. It also

rode so low that I had to shave my bush a little up front and a little ass

crack could be seen in the back. I still have it but have only had the

opportunity to wear it a couple of times. I wanted to try it out one hot

afternoon, so I put on my old one piece and an old big t-shirt and told my

mother I was going down to the creek to cool off. I rolled my little

bikini in my towel and left. There is a creek about a ½ mile through the

woods behind our house I’d been to many times in my life. When I got

there, there was nobody around so I stripped off the old one piece and put

on my little white bikini. The water felt great and the bikini was as

transparent as I hoped it would be.

I was so absorbed in my fantasies that I didn’t hear two boys arrive. I

was lying in the water at the edge of the creek when I seen them on the

other side looking at me. I didn’t know them but I did recognize one of

them from around school. I had my first chance to show-off in my new

bikini and was wanted to make the best of it. I waved at them and told

them the water felt great and to come on in. Both boys were wearing tight

cutoff jeans. I sat up as they entered the water. Both of them were

looking at my wet top. I stood up and walked over to them, giving them a

chance to see my string bottom, and introduced myself. Their names were

Jim and Carl.

We swam and floated a while and every time one of the boys stood up I

noticed both of them had erections. I started splashing them and we ended

up dunking each other. Jim accidentally grabbed on of my breast and

immediately started to apologize. I told him it was all right and not to

worry even if it happen again. Well it did, both Carl and Jim kept getting

handfuls and each time lasted a little bit long. I was enjoying having my

tits felt up. Then I wanted to be seen naked and to see them naked. I

asked the guys if they had ever gone skinny-dipping before. One said he

had and the other hadn’t, I told them that I had come down here alone a

done it a few times but never with boys and wondered if they would like to

join me. I don’t think they believed me so I took of my top and asked them

again. They quickly unzipped and dropped their shorts and stood there in

their wet briefs. I looked at their bulges as I untied my bottoms letting

them drop into the water. I told them to take off their underwear too,

they did. Since this was my first time being completely naked in front of

male eyes, I slowly bent over and picked up my bottoms and walked out of

the creek giving those boys a good look at my ass.

I put my suit on some branches to dry. I walked back to them looking at

their hard-ons, those were they first hard-ons I had ever seen. I walked

up to them and turned around asking them what the though of my body. I

told them that now there was no swimsuit in the way if they wanted to grab

my tits. They both reached out at the same time to grab a tit and I took

hold off both their dicks. Jim immediately shot off in my hand. He was

embarrassed about doing it, but I told him now to worry I though it was

cool. After a couple minutes of squeezing and stroking, Carl shot off

also. I loved the power I had over these guys. They did whatever I wanted

to do that afternoon. I didn’t let them screw me but I did let them bring

me off with their fingers. I even jerked them both off again. I even

tasted cum for the first time. I had heard other girls talking about

giving head, so I want to give it a try, wasn’t bad. We must have been

down at the creek 3 hrs or so before we left. I just put my t-shirt back

on and walked home like that. That was the first time a male had ever

looked on my naked body or touched breast and pussy. I really liked it and

knew I was hooked and I wanted to do it again soon.

The first time I had sex, it was with a guy I worked with, his name was

Charles. I had just turned 18, graduated high school, and started working

full time at my job until college started. This guy was real cute. He and

I had been flirting the last couple months. I guess I started it all when

I let him see up my skirt one afternoon. I was sorting some papers in a

back office alone when he walked in to get a file. I was wearing one of my

little stretch skirts and since I was sitting at a big table alone, I

wasn’t caring about how I sat. The skirt was almost to my crotch. He went

to the other side of the table to get a file from the cabinet and it

happened to be in the bottom drawer. I saw him as he turned to look at me

under the table and he dropped the file when he saw me sitting there

pantyless and with my legs spread. I didn’t want to stop the show so I

asked if I could help him pick up the papers. I got up and walked around

the table to in front of him and squatted down with my knees apart. His

eyes shot to my crotch and my bare pussy. He thanked me and I went back to

my work as if nothing happened. But after he left in touched myself and

discovered my pussy was wet one again. I flashed him a few more times and

flirted with him regularly.

A couple months after we met he asked if I would like to meet him after

work. I said that sounded like fun and we set it for Friday night. My

father had met the guy one afternoon at work and liked him so when I told

my dad that he had asked me out on a date, my father didn’t object. I had

a couple nice dresses to wear and decided on one. I put it on and it still

fit well but came to my knees. I wanted to shorten it and decided to put a

grease stain near the hem. I stained it and asked dad if the dress would

be all right to wear. He said it looked lovely on me and as I turned he

told me to stop. He spotted the stain on the dress. I acted upset and said

there was no way I could get that stain out. My mother said that since it

was so close to the hem I could cut off about 4 inches and redo the hem.

My father told me to go ahead and do that but not to make it too short. I

cut off 6 inches. My father said it was a bit too short but mom said it

would be all right if I sat ladylike. (If she only knew!) I wore a slip

under the dress when I showed my mom and father. When I got back to my

room I removed the dress and slip and put the dress back on again. I

looked at myself in the mirror and I could easily make out my nipples

though the dress. I smiled knowing that Friday night was going to be fun.

My father was away Friday night when I left to meet Charles. I carried the

slip with me incase I had to put it on when I got back. All I was wearing

besides the dress was my heeled sandals I bought at the mall. It was a

little breezy that evening and it felt good blowing around my bare butt.

He was waiting in front of the restaurant when I arrived. As I walked down

the sidewalk towards him, a gust of wind lifted my skirt. I put my hand on

it but not before Charles got a flash. He gave me a kiss on the cheek and

asked me if I ever wore underwear. I told him hardly ever. He just gave me

a big smile and another kiss on the cheek. After we got our table and

ordered, I noticed he kept looking at my breast. I smiled and told him

that no, I wasn’t wear a bra either. I said what you see is all I’m

wearing. Charles asked me questions about my lack of underwear and I told

him about some of the flashing experiences I’d had. I noticed he kept

adjusting himself during dinner. I teased him by asking if I was the

reason of his discomfort and that if I was I could always go to the

bathroom and put some knickers on. He said that I didn’t have to do that;

he liked me just the way I was dressed. And I said to him, “You mean that

your not even going to get me out of this dress later on?” He actually

choked a little his drink he was swallowing when I asked him that. He said

he had planned to go dancing but now he wasn’t sure if it was such a good

idea since my dress was short and I had no knickers on. I told him I would

still love to go dancing, knickers or no knickers. It made no difference to

me. In fact, I told him, I had never been dancing pantyless on a dance

floor before. And the thought of showing my ass on the dance floor excited

me. When we got to Charles’ car I put my arms around his neck and gave him

a big kiss. He made me moan when he reached around and put both his hands

under my dress onto my bare ass. I think he was happy when I didn’t stop

him.

We got to the dance club and only danced about an hour. I was getting

pretty worked up from all the attention I was getting. Everybody there

knew not too long after we arrived that I had no knickers on. I think it

was the second dance where Charles and I were dancing to a slow song and I

put my arms around his neck and he put his hands around my waist and

raised them to mid back, slowly pulled up the back of my dress, I glad he

did. I was trying to figure out some way to tactfully show-off my ass and

he purposely or accidentally did it for me.

After about an hour I told Charles I was tired and wanted to go someplace

quite. He asked if I would like to go to his place. I smiled and said I

would love to but that I had better get home. On the way to my car I

removed my dress so Charles could get a good look at me. I spread my legs

and let him finger fuck me. aaaah! After he got me off. I leaned over and

gave him a kiss as I unzipped his pants and took out his dick. I put my

mouth around his cock and started to suck like a cum hungry slut. He shot

his load in less than a minute. He said that I was a natural born

cocksucker. Some reason I felt proud at that remark. I told him I wanted

his home phone number because I wanted to come to his place tomorrow and

spend all day in bed with him. I got it and told him I would definitely

call him in the morning. I knew I wanted to have sex with him and I wanted

to do it everyway we could tomorrow. I was technically a virgin, I had

never had a man, but I did own an 8-inch dildo, which I used once or twice

a week. When we got to my car, even though it was only 11pm, I climbed out

of his car naked and walked over to mine. I tossed the dress on the seat,

climbed in and drove off naked. I stopped a half-mile down the road from

my house got out of the car and got dressed. I did call Charles the next

morning and got to his house about 9am and stayed till about 9 pm. I let

him use every hole in my body. I was a bit sore the next day and told mom

and dad I didn’t feel good so I stayed home and soaked in a warm bath when

they went to church.

I’m now going to ‘University of Florida’ and still see Charles whenever I

go home for some good old fashion sex. We are getting to be an item and I

like him. I am not interested in having sex with anyone else right now.

But I still love to show-off when I get a chance and being in warm

Florida, I get quite a few chances. At college I now own a nice collection

on short skirts and dresses, a few even sheer. I went to a party the other

night with a couple of girlfriends and all I wore was a sheer halter dress

with only a little pair of black g-string knickers beneath. My tits and ass

were on display all night. Halfway thought the night, some guy asked if I

would give him my knickers. I did! I loved the looks I got that night. I

hear I’ve gotten a reputation as a girl who would wear anything or

nothing, almost anytime and anywhere. I hear guys like looking at a smooth

hairless pussy. I’m going to find out! I have recently started to complete

shave my pussy and now I keep it completely bald.

Also a few weeks ago I was talked into a wet t-shirt contest. I ended up

naked but for a pair of wet, thin, white g-string knickers the club gave me

to wear. That was fun and I plan to do a few more of them.

I still need to find a job around here. I hear that there is a nude dance

club down the interstate a few miles. I’m thinking about going down there

and ask about a part time job. I think it would be a lot of fun dancing

nude and getting paid for it. I enjoy being naked and getting paid for it

would be a dream job. Charles has even suggested that I pose for

‘Playboy’. The idea does sound intriguing. He told me yesterday he found

some nude resorts down near Tampa. We’ve decided to go check one out in a

couple of weeks. I do believe I have become an exhibitionist and I love

it. Maybe you’ll see me soon. Naked? Maybe! Bye!