Jenny Shows Off

by jen123jenÂ©

Many people lately have IM'd me or emailed me wondering when I was going to

write more of my adventures. It's true -- I haven't written in a while, but not

because I haven't had my adventures! I moved away from Arizona to the east coast

a while back, and for some time tried to "be good." (That didn't last too long!)

I now live in a smaller city and have to be a little less brazen than I could in

a big city. The colder climate much of the year doesn't help much either. Also,

I tried (for a while) to be good around my house, but that has definitely gone

out the window lately! So here is a small sampling of just a few of my

adventures in the last year or so. I won't go into the complete details like I

have in my past writings; in order to start to catch everyone up, I'll keep them

short and sweet!

I have been chatting with a wonderful man online (D.) who, I think, is truly

starting to understand what I crave. He asked me the other day (IM): "Do you

like the submission, or the thrill?" I at first thought it was the submission --

this was right after I had a huge orgasm, sitting at the computer, because he

had shown me off (somewhat discretely) to my neighborhood, and had been working

me up to possibly walking the perimeter of my yard -- naked -- at 4:30 on a

weekday afternoon. I had been nervous and reluctant, but as I got more and more

turned on, I was ready, willing and able to do it -- all he had to do was say

the word. Instead, he had me cum, and I'm (mostly) glad I didn't have to go on

the walk. But as I thought about it later, laying in bed fantasizing and

masturbating, I realized that while I do like both -- and I really can't make

myself do the kinds of really kinky things I want to do deep in my heart -- it's

actually the thrill that turns me on... the risk of possibly being seen, the

risk of getting caught, doing something submissive, or deviant, outrageous:

that's what does it for me. I've tried the blatant flashing -- just lifting my

shirt for someone. While that's fun (and definitely a turn-on), I need some

nastiness to it for it to really be fun...

D. and I had been chatting, and yada yada yada, I ended up a few days later

completely naked in a crumby mall department store's changing room, with the

door unlocked (but closed), face down on the dirty floor, ass up facing the

door, legs spread, (with slats -- wondering if anyone could see in if they

walked into the dressing rooms area), masturbating like the slut I am.

Late winter/early spring, wearing high heels, stockings and garter belt, a

knee-length black winter coat (like a rain coat/trench coat only warmer),

sitting off to the side in a regular movie theater (not a porno theater), with

only a few other people in it, unbuttoning the buttons on the coat slowly,

wondering what the hell I was doing, spreading my legs as I exposed myself,

sitting there with the coat completely open, nearly naked in a public theater...

getting so turned on by this that I masturbated, then wanting -- needing --

something even dirtier, I sank down onto first my knees, then actually laid

down, face down on the sticky floor, my bare body touching who knows what kind

of old spilled soda and gum and whatever, sliding my hand under my body, rubbing

my clit, and -- I don't know what got into me -- right before cumming, turning

my head and taking a long, slow, wet lick of the floor right as I orgasmed. I

felt like such a dirty slut -- and loved it so much I watched the rest of the

movie mostly uncovered, sitting in my seat, masturbating and cumming more.

Using that same coat all winter, I'd strip in my car, keeping my heels on, then

go into stores and shop, naked except for the coat. At first I stuck with little

stores -- gift shops around the holidays, etc. Then as winter wore on, doing my

grocery shopping wearing the coat, and then starting to unbutton the top button,

giving anyone who cared to notice a glimpse into the fact that maybe there was

nothing on under the coat... thankfully spring arrived or I would have probably

gotten arrested.

I've been getting bolder and bolder in my neighborhood and around my house. This

house doesn't have a fence around it, though it has a mostly private back yard.

Still, parts of it can be easily seen by anyone walking by in front of the house

on the street (lots of dog walkers, joggers, etc. in my neighborhood).

Sunbathing naked, or at least in a very skimpy suit, is a normal activity on the

weekends, and sometimes during the week if I get home early enough. For my

boyfriend early this summer, I slipped out back naked, in a part of the yard

that could be seen by both neighbors (if they really tried to see it) and

possibly a little from the street at just the right angle. Of course I was

naked, and then blindfolded, and then my hands were cuffed behind my back --

around a tree. This was right before the BF came home (he was 5-10 minutes away

when I called him on his cell). He started out plain vanilla, but over the years

he's become a nicely kinky guy -- though he prefers the romance and "making

love" a lot (don't get me wrong -- I do too, but sometimes (ok, a lot of the

time!) I crave wilder stuff). I told him to come out back right away when he got

home as I'd have a surprise for him... he came out, liked what he saw, and

fucked me right there. I came quickly (I tend to when I'm exposed and tied up!),

he did too -- then he left me there! I really hadn't expected that, given his

nature, and he's always much more worried about getting seen/caught than I am.

He left me standing there, not able to see if anyone could see, with his cum

oozing out of me, for what seemed like forever -- probably five minutes, really.

Long enough for me to get turned on again, and when he came out to unlock me, we

had more fun (I masturbated for him).

D. has slowly but surely been pushing me to show off more and more around my

house. From the start, I frequently have had to stand in my living room, in

front of the windows (which show me off to just below my waist). Sometimes at

night. With the lights on. Sometimes standing on a chair, topless, sometimes

completely naked, "fixing" the drapes (pretending to try to close them, like

they got stuck). God I'm such a showoff slut for him!

I have realized that the trash haulers are a safe audience. The other day, I

confided in him a few of the things I had done to possibly show off to them

(one: standing naked on a chair in front of the window, blindfolded -- not

knowing if someone can see/does see me is a huge turn on -- hands behind my

back, while I hear the truck drive up my street, wondering also if anyone is out

walking their dog and looking up my driveway and seeing me there, getting all

tingly, then hearing the truck stop in front of my house, hear them (there are

three men) empty my trash bin, trying to hear any indication of whether they see

me or not, then hearing them drive up the street, staying there to reach around

and finger my clit as I cum so hard I almost fall off the chair...)

D. and I (mostly D.) came up with an idea of what I had to do the following

week. First: my front inside door all the way opened (stays open easily). The

outer door, also completely opened and latched so it won't close. Me:

blindfolded, in high heels, garter and stockings, demi cup bra that lifts up my

boobs and shows them off nicely, and leaves the nipples free. Nipple clamps on

my nipples. A small size vibrator in my asshole, and a bullet type vibe on my

clit, both on low (to start), held in place by a rope tied around my waist,

running between my legs and tied at my waist again. I had found and bought a

bunch of zip ties from a hardware store -- pretty colored ones that go one

around each wrist, and one through those, effectively cuffing my hands behind my

back (I think it's safer than using the handcuffs, which are sometimes hard for

me to get the key into when they are behind my back). Scissors to undo them on

the kitchen table. It's a good look that says "Look at that kinky fucking slut!"

I was to stand in the doorway for at least 15 minutes before I expected the

trash men to come by, which I did -- I think it ended up being around 10 minutes

or so, not sure. I was super turned on right away, thank goodness the vibes were

on low! I stood a little back from the door -- cheating a little I guess --

until I heard the trash truck coming up my street. I have a long driveway --

about 60 feet or so, slightly sloping downwards, so they are never so close that

I couldn't safely close my door if I needed to (safety is always on my mind. As

thrilling as it is to fantasize about being gang banged and used like a pig

whore, I don't really want it to happen!).

Anyway, as I heard the truck, probably seven or eight houses away, stepped into

the doorway, still slightly inside, but right at the edge of the step down onto

my small front porch. Standing there, completely exposed to my neighborhood as

the kinky showoff that I am had me going crazy with fear and lust. My nipples

were rock hard and pinched, and I turned both vibes onto medium (egg one has a

little corded remote that I had attached to the waist rope). That nearly sent me

over the edge right there, but I wanted -- needed -- to wait.

The trash guys approached, I heard them empty my bin, and I was half freaking

out, not believing what lengths I go to for myself and to please D., then, as

planned, as I heard the truck start to drive past my house, I stepped forward

one step, then another, standing on my front porch, completely exposed, legs

spread, and had probably the biggest orgasm I've ever had in my life.

Also per D.'s instructions, Friday is now "masturbate in the parking lot at the

office" day. I have started parking slightly in the back of the building, where

no windows look down on me (though there is another, smaller office building a

ways away that might be able to see my head and shoulders), sticking my hand

under my skirt and cumming right there standing next to my car. Since this is

following a drive to the office with my skirt pulled up exposing my pussy (sorry

D. -- Master's pussy) to anyone on the freeway and city streets that can look

down and see, I cum quickly!

Recently, before I went away on vacation with BF (not too much wild stuff,

though there was a fun day I may tell you about later), D. had me completely

wrapped around his finger. It was a Thursday morning, though either the trash

men didn't come by or I was too busy to notice. I was dressed for work when I

was checking my emails online and chatted with D. briefly. Before I knew it, I

was stripped of my skirt, and panties, heels still on, bra and camisole off,

nearly sheer off-white blouse the only thing covering me, as I took a crumpled

sheet of paper to the trash bin (and had one car go by as I did it, no one

noticing I don't think, but the second small SUV got a good look at my ass

barely covered by the back curve of my shirt). Then -- pulling the car out of

the garage, into the driveway, and leaning over each side, "checking the wipers"

to make sure they were okay. I can easily imagine what people could have seen,

especially at the end when I had to unbutton the last two buttons on the blouse

and walk back into the house, with the light shirt blowing open and completely

showing off my boobs. I have somewhat elderly neighbors on either side of me,

and younger ones all around. I can only wonder if I'm becoming known as the

neighborhood slut!

Most recently, I had an assignment: to go to a grocery store on my way home from

the office and expose myself to at least four people, one of whom had to be

another woman. I was to show them my breasts. And had to rub something cold from

the freezers on a nipple. Mission accomplished! The first (and best) was a early

20-something boy who worked at the store. He was sweeping the rugs/mats in the

produce department. I had several buttons of my blouse undone, and carried a

little basket. I set it down near him, picked two cucumbers (used later that

afternoon in me -- in my front yard!), and then bent over and placed them in the

basket. My breasts nearly fell out of my top, and I heard his broom start to

sweep as I bent over, then completely miss he floor and slam into the side of

the produce bin!

Being forced to blatantly expose myself is a little new and different for me. I

prefer the risk and rush of possibly being seen. But I found out that I also

like the submission of really having to show off for someone, in the way they

describe, to the people they choose. It wasn't a "I wonder if I can be seen!"

rush -- it was a "God, I'm such a slut that I'll do what I'm told" rush.

Later that afternoon, I was forced to wear just a short t-shirt in my front yard

with the cucumber in my pussy and one in my mouth, giving a sloppy blowjob, on

my knees, cumming like the slut I am!

I've been working lots of overtime lately, so I've been getting home late and

have been just too tired to "play." I got home the other night and fell asleep

right after a late dinner. I ended up waking up around midnight, very horny. I

didn't bother to sign online and see if I could get any good ideas (or

"orders"). I knew what I wanted to do. I ran out and put my spare key on the

other side of my street, directly across from my driveway, then ran back in and

changed. I stripped, then put on high heels, nipple clamps, a tight white thong,

with my purple vibe in my pussy and the little egg on my clit. I made sure all

the doors were locked, and that the front door would lock when I closed it

behind me. I cuffed my hands behind my back after turning the vibes on high,

then walked out of the house, closing the front door, locked, behind me. Now I

had both vibes pushing me closer and closer to the edge, while I walked (trying

to time it just right) down my long driveway, then started to walk across the

street (I've never done that before), half crazy with lust and fear. I stopped

in the middle of the road, spread my legs, and had a huge orgasm, out in public,

exposed and in bondage.

When I calmed down a little, I resisted the strong desire to reach around and

turn down the vibes. Instead, I left them running and set about finding the key.

I found it pretty easily, even though my neighborhood is relatively dark. (Maybe

next time I'll just throw it somewhere across the street -- or into a neighbor's

yard!) I had to squat down and grab it with my hands still behind my back -- and

in doing so I lost my balance (the heels are very high!) and plopped down on my

butt! (It may not be sexy or whatever, but it's what happened!) But I got the

key, and sitting there, spread my legs on the side of the road and had another

orgasm after thirty seconds or so. I had to turn the vibes off at that point,

because I couldn't handle the intensity of the feelings.

Weak-legged, I then walked across the street, up the driveway, and fiddled with

the door until I got back inside and unlocked the handcuffs. Then I was able to

remove the vibes and head to bed!

Incidentally, I know some people would love to hear that a car drove by and saw

me, and how I got in and all kinds of other things, but those didn't happen. I

only write what happens, though I have thought about writing some of my

fantasies. If I do, I'll make it clear that they are fantasies and not real!

I'm finding that my boundaries and limits are shrinking all the time lately,

which if frightening and exhilarating at the same time. All I want is to

continue exploring this wild side, to push my boundaries, and not get arrested

or raped in the process. There are several other adventures to write about, but

I'm out of time for today. Hope you enjoyed the update!