**Learning to Tease**

by Buck\_Naked

**Learning to Tease (part one)**

*An 18 year old finds she has an exhibitionist side...*

Hi! My name is Emily. I’m 18 and I’ve been going through some weird stuff recently. It’s all a bit confusing and it might help to tell some people about it, even if I don’t know you at all.

I started soon after I finished school. I’m waiting to start university so I’ve had a lot of time to kill. The day it all started I was just hanging around the house and sunbathing. I decided to go for a swim and spent twenty minutes thrashing up and down my parents' pool. My brother and a friend of his were lying on sun loungers reading magazines. I didn’t take much notice of them until I got out of the pool. I thought I should chat to his friend as I barely knew him.

My brother ignored me as usual but his friend was nicer. His name was Nick and we chatted about college and nightclubs and stuff. He seemed distracted though, so I excused myself and went upstairs for a shower.

It was so hot outside I hadn’t bothered with a towel, which was a big mistake! When I walked into the bathroom and saw my reflection in the mirror I froze. I was wearing a brand new white swimming costume. It should have kept me nicely covered but the water had made it almost totally see-through. The thin wet material clung to my skin making the outline of my boobs very clear. My nipples were erect too and very obvious. Their dark red colour could clearly be seen through the thin fabric. I may as well have been topless! When I looked down it got even worse. Again the fabric was tight and see through, so my little mound of dark pubic hair could be seen by anyone.

I just stood there staring at myself. I was mortified. I’d never let any guy see my body before, yet through stupidity I’d just stood as good as naked in front of a total stranger. No wonder he seemed distracted when I tried to chat to him. I suddenly remembered him moving his towel onto his lap as we were talking. It had seemed like an odd thing to do. I guess he liked what he saw!

I was so embarrassed, but oddly I started to giggle to myself. I couldn’t turn back time, so I guess it was a better way to react. I also felt kind of sexy. I peeled the wet swimsuit off and just stared at my naked body. I shouldn’t say it myself, but I do have a pretty great body. I’m slim, toned, with bouncy B cup boobs. So I had nothing to be ashamed of - proud, if anything.

As I stared at my reflection I stroked my breasts a little and toyed with my nipples. They feel so great when they’re erect. I closed the bathroom door then hopped in the shower. I turned the water on full and the hard jet of water felt amazing against my boobs. Within seconds I was massaging one breast with my left hand and rubbing my clit with the other. In less than a minute I came hard against my fingers.

I know that’s a very tame story really, but to a young virgin like me it was a really big deal and I think it’s where my problems started. I’ve only had one boyfriend before. We kissed a bit and held hands but nothing else. I went to an all girls school, so I didn’t get the chance to meet many boys.

Until that day I hadn’t masturbated very much, and when I did I was rather restrained about it. I’d worry about getting caught, so even when I was alone in the house I’d lie under a duvet to play with myself, with my door tightly closed. Pillow humping was the most daring thing I did, as that was on top of the covers. But I’d wear a t-shirt and keep my panties on, as I didn’t want to leave a mark on the pillow.

But that night, as soon as I heard my parents go to bed, I stripped naked and climbed straight onto my pillow. I started humping, forwards and backwards, rubbing my pussy against the pillow as hard as I could. Within two minutes I came again, my second orgasm of the day. The next morning I was at it again. I lay naked on top of my covers. I spread my legs as far as they would go, and rubbed my clit furiously.

For the next few days whenever I was left alone in the house I’d have my clothes off straight away. I started experimenting with different positions, on my side, my front, in front of a mirror. I really liked sitting open legged in front of my mirror. I’d hold my pussy lips open with one hand so I could see inside myself, then I’d start to finger myself with the other hand. When I got near to an orgasm I’d slow down, let it pass then start again. When I finally let myself cum it gave me the biggest orgasms I’d ever had.

Different positions didn’t always feel better, but it was fun to try them. I liked trying different places too. When my parents were asleep I started wandering about the house naked and playing with myself in all the different rooms. I’m not sure why, but fingering myself on the lounge sofa gave me a real buzz. If anyone had come downstairs they’d have found me for sure and I'd have had no excuse at all.

One night I wanted to try something different, so I opened the lounge curtains so I could look out into the garden. Staying in a standing position, I stripped my pyjamas off and just stood there naked. It felt a bit like being outdoors. There’s a house right behind ours. All the lights were out, so I didn’t think anyone could see me, but I didn’t know for sure and it felt really sexy. I moved my feet apart and rubbed my boobs and clit until I came. It didn’t take long!

It had been an exciting and adventurous couple of weeks, and I often found myself thinking of that moment when Nick was looking at me in my wet swimming costume. I got turned on as soon as I thought about it. But slowly the excitement of that moment was fading. Lying in bed one night I realised I wanted to try something a bit more daring. I wasn’t sure what, but it was time for something new.

Within a few days I’d come up with a plan. I picked out the shop carefully. It was small, quiet, and not too near my home. It was a sports shop with a nice range of …bikinis! I wasn’t sure what I was going to do exactly, I’d need to improvise, but I was going to push my boundaries …a lot.

I chose my clothes just as carefully, a short denim skirt, white t-shirt (slightly see-through) and trainers. Underneath I wore a black lace bra and a very skimpy pair of black lace panties. It was a hot day so I didn’t need anything else.

I got quite excited just on the drive there - my nipples were hard and I was getting a little wet. I parked in a quiet area then walked to the shop, trying to look normal. Only two people were working in the shop, both of them guys. One was behind the till, the other was floating around helping people. I walked straight to the bikini section and picked one out, in white (of course).

“Do you need any help?” asked the salesman.

He was in his early twenties, with long hair. He had sort of a surfer look. I didn’t fancy him, but he was okay.

“Can I try this on please?” I asked with my cutest smile.

“Sure no problem,”

“Er, how does this work? Do I try it on over my underwear?” I asked.

I’d planned the question. I wanted to get things moving in a more intimate way than with most customers. He laughed and looked slightly awkward.

“However you want is fine.”

“Thank you. Where are the changing rooms please?” I replied.

He gestured me towards the corner of the shop. They only had one small cubicle as a changing room. I walked in and drew the curtain. I made small talk with him so he’d stay nearby.

I turned facing the curtain. I took off my shoes then quickly dropped my denim skirt to the floor. There was a gap between the bottom of the curtain and the floor of about a foot, so I was sure he’d see my skirt hit the floor. I then quickly dropped my t-shirt next to it. I hoped he’d see both fall to the floor and know I was in just my underwear, with only the curtain between us.

“How are you doing? Got everything you need?” he asked.

From his voice I could tell he was still right outside the changing room.

“I think so,” I replied.

I then dropped my bra on the floor next to my other clothes.

“Er, well just ask if you need anything,” he said.

“I will, thanks very much,”

Then I dropped my panties…

I couldn’t hear any noise outside, not a footstep or a breath. I knew he was just standing there, maybe three feet from my naked body.

My whole body was tingling and my nipples were as hard as bullets. I cupped my breasts, then caressed them a little. I felt so sexy! The temptation to pull open the curtain and flash my nude teenage body at him was huge. But I just stood there for a few moments enjoying my nakedness and wondering how he was reacting.

Eventually I thought I should try on the bikini. I quickly clipped on the bra piece, then rather theatrically I stepped into the bikini bottoms. I hoped he was watching what he could below the curtain line.

Then I drew back the curtain. The salesman was standing right in front of me and looked pretty surprised.

“How do I look?” I asked, and I gave him a twirl.

“Um, great. Stunning!”

“I really like it, but it’s white. Could it go see through when it’s wet?”

I’d planned that question too!

“Er, well no one has ever brought one back,” he replied, blushing a little.

“Hmm. It’s a risk, but I think I’ll take it. I look hot in the nude, so who cares really?”

The salesman chuckled nervously.

“Do you have it in pink too?”

“I think so yeah,” he said.

“Could you pass me a pink one to try on please?”

“Sure no problem,” he replied.

He scuttled across the shop to fetch it. I went back into the changing room and closed the curtain. I quickly took off the white bikini and slipped on just my lace panties.

The salesman returned.

“Er, hi, I’ve got the pink one for you.”

“Thank you.”

I pulled the curtain open a few inches with my left hand. I tried to cover my naked boobs with my right arm, but I knew he’d get a pretty great view of them.

“Could you pass it through please?”

“Sure,” he replied, with a noticeable crack in his voice.

He passed the bikini to me. With one hand on the curtain and the other on my boobs I looked confused how to accept it. Then I quickly grabbed the bikini with my right hand, letting my boobs swing freely right in front of him. His mouth dropped open in shock.

“Excuse me!” I said with a giggle, then pulled the curtain closed.

I nearly burst out laughing. For a couple of seconds I’d given him a perfect view of my young boobs with nipples as erect as they can be!

That tingle rushed through my body again and I could feel the wetness in my pussy. I wanted to tear my panties off, drop to my knees and finger fuck myself right there. I managed to control myself, just. But I knew I couldn’t last much longer.

Instead of trying on the pink bikini, I put my clothes back on. I was about to exit the changing room when I had a thought. I slipped my panties off and dropped them in the corner of the changing room. I hoped he would find them and they would be a little memento of my visit for him!

My whole body felt hot from excitement. I tried to act normally and walked to the till. The salesman pushed his friend out of the way to serve me. I paid for the two bikinis, but we didn’t say much. He made a big deal of giving me a receipt. As I left the shop I noticed he’d written his phone number on it!

I rushed back to my car and slumped into the driver seat. I knew I wouldn’t make it home without a release, but thankfully no one was around. I slid my short skirt upwards and slid two fingers straight into my pussy. It was incredibly wet. Immediately I started shoving my fingers in and out furiously and rubbing my clit with my other hand. I came very quickly. My back arched with muscle spasms that blasted through my whole body.

I breathed heavily as I started to recover. I looked at myself in the rear view mirror and quickly burst into a fit of giggles.

‘What is happening to me?’ I wondered. ‘Am I a slut now?’

I wasn’t sure what I was turning into, or why. But I was having so much fun I knew I wanted to do a lot more…

**Learning to Tease (Part Two)**

*Emily explores her new love for exposing herself.*

Lauren just stared at me, then burst into a fit of giggles.

“You’re joking right?” she asked.

“No! I think I’m becoming an exhibitionist,” I replied firmly. But that just caused her to laugh even harder.

Lauren is my best friend. We met at school and we spend loads of time together. She’s always the first person I tell about anything, but I was hoping for a better reaction to that news. I explained about the events of the last few weeks, only leaving out a few details like masturbating five times a day! Slowly she started to take me more seriously.

“I can’t help what turns me on,” I said. “Two months ago it was Brad Pitt with his shirt off. Now it seems to be walking around the house naked and trying to flash my boobs at people.”

Again Lauren burst into giggles.

“You’re crazy!”

“Maybe,” I replied. “But I need to work out how to handle this. It’s been fun so far, but I don’t want to turn into a total slut.”

I took a swig of wine. It didn’t taste great, but it was getting us drunk and making the sleepover we were having more fun.

“Hmm. I guess you need to find ways of enjoying this new side of you…” She burst into giggles again. “…but without fucking half the town.”

“Yes. Any ideas,” I asked.

Lauren paused, thinking. She twirled a finger through her long blond hair.

“Take your clothes off!” she said.

“Now? No way!”

“Why not? I thought you enjoyed taking your clothes off. I don’t even believe this whole exhibitionist thing yet. You could be winding me up.”

“But you’re a girl. I don’t think stripping in front of you will have the same effect on me,” I said.

“Well we won’t know that until you try will we? I think we need to do a few experiments to see what exactly does turn you on. Then I may start to believe you. So get your kit off!”

I didn’t want to do it, but I needed Lauren’s help.

“Um, okay I guess. But you can’t tell anyone, ever.”

“Of course not, I promise. Now get your tits out!”

We were sitting on bean bags on Lauren’s bedroom floor. I stood up and slowly started to take my top off. I felt pretty nervous. I have a good body, but showing it to a friend is weird, especially Lauren who has a body like Barbie. She’s blond and naturally skinny. She’s pretty too, guys always fancy her.

“Haven’t you seen me naked before? Before gym class or something?”

“Only in underwear. I want the full monty.”

I lifted my top off revealing a white lace bra, then moved quickly onto my jeans. I undid the zip and slid out of them. My panties matched my bra for a change, so I think I looked pretty sexy.

“Nice,” said Lauren. “Now get the rest off.”

I quickly unclipped my bra and took it off. My nipples were immediately erect, which felt embarrassing in front of a friend. I wanted to get the whole thing over with, so I immediately slid my fingers into the side of my panties and slid them to the floor. I then stood up straight and put my hands over my eyes, I didn’t want to see the expression on Lauren’s face.

“Ahh, you’re shy! Great rack though. So, how do you feel?”

“Er, awkward, embarrassed, a bit cold. But if I’m honest, kind of sexy.”

“Interesting,” she replied.

I took my hands away from my eyes, and we both giggled a bit.

“So do you believe me now? Can I get dressed again?”

“Well I’m starting to believe you, but you have to stay nude a bit longer. This is so nuts it’s hilarious.”

“So you want me to just stand here stark naked?”

“Er, I tell you what, get me a drink… from downstairs!” she said.

“No. What about your parents?”

“They’re in bed and probably fast asleep by now. If you get me a drink from downstairs you can get dressed again. Fair enough?”

There’s no point in arguing with Lauren. I love her but she’s a stubborn cow at times. Plus, I kind of liked the idea. So I agreed to the challenge and crept out of her bedroom. The lights were off, which made it easier. I made it to the kitchen then quietly filled a glass with water. As I headed back up the stairs I could see Lauren peeking out of her bedroom. I thought I was going to make it back safely, but as I passed her parent’s bedroom I stood on a squeaky floorboard.

“Is that you Lauren?” asked her mother through the bedroom door.

I stood motionless with my heart pounding in my chest. If her mother opened her bedroom door she’d find a nude teenage girl in front of her.

“It’s Emily, Mrs Bowles. I’m just getting a drink of water.”

“Oh okay. Good night Emily. Sleep well.”

“You too Mrs Bowles,” I replied.

Then I ran the last few steps into Lauren’s bedroom. I quickly closed the door behind me then dived under Lauren’s duvet in case her mother followed me in. Lauren burst out laughing.

“Wow that was close! I could have been so busted.”

“Yes, but isn’t that what turns you on? The risk of getting caught?” asked Lauren.

“Not by your mother! She would have told my parents, I’d have been grounded for months. Pass me my clothes, I’m getting dressed again.”

Lauren smiled and looked coy.

“Oh sorry, I can’t.”

“Why?” I said, starting to panic again.

“Well I really want to test this exhibitionist side of you. So I’ve locked your clothes in my wardrobe. You can have them back tomorrow if you’re good.”

She waved the key to her wardrobe at me, then theatrically tucked it into her bra.

“What? You bitch! Give my clothes back now.”

“It’s for your own good. We need to experiment. I promise we’ll learn a lot,” she said.

“Give them back!”

But Lauren just laughed at me. I spent the next few minutes arguing with her, but she wouldn’t budge. So that’s how I spent the whole night, completely naked.

It wasn’t until the next morning that Lauren gave me something to wear. It was just a bathrobe so we could have breakfast in the kitchen, but it was something. I tied the robe tightly, but I felt pretty odd being in the same room as her parents with just a bath robe on. I ate quickly and headed back upstairs.

I had no idea what Lauren had planned. As soon as her bedroom door was closed she started picking out clothes for me. She gave me a short flowery skirt, a white blouse that was too big for me and the smallest thong I’d ever seen. That was all! I tried the outfit on. It was cute but rather skimpy, and it was obvious I had no bra on. If I leaned forward the blouse gaped wide open leaving my boobs visible for anyone.

“I can’t go out like this! Anyone can see I’m not wearing a bra,” I said.

“That’s the point, dummy.”

“Sure, but does it have to be so obvious? We could bump into someone I know,”

“Fine. You can wear a cardigan too, but you have to take it off when I say. You’re only hope of getting your own clothes back is being a good girl and doing exactly what you’re told,” she said with a grin.

Normally I’d have argued with Lauren for being so bossy. But I wanted to push my boundaries and show myself off some more. So I didn’t need much persuasion.

Half an hour later we were on a bus heading into town. I was feeling nervous and wondering what I might have to do, when suddenly Lauren whispered to me that I should take my cardigan off. I hadn’t noticed but a guy was standing just behind me chatting on his phone. He was about thirty and quite hot in his way.

I didn’t feel ready, but I subtly slipped off my cardigan then leaned forwards a little. If he looked towards me he’d get a great view inside my blouse at my pert teenage rack.

We waited a couple of minutes but he was engrossed in a phone call. It was only when Lauren did the worst fake sneeze ever that he looked towards us. I leaned towards him, trying to give him the best view I could. I looked at Lauren and she grinned back at me, so I knew he was getting a good eyeful of my B Cup boobies. Immediately my nipples went erect and I felt a weird rush across my whole body. There was no denying it, I do seem to like showing off my body!

I enjoyed the sensation for a minute or so, but then I was struck by a feeling of What now? I was very horny but I could hardly get it on with a total stranger on a crowded bus. Thankfully our stop was next so Lauren and I got off the bus. As it pulled away I stared straight at the man through the window and grinned. He smiled right back at me. Did he realise I’d flashed at him on purpose?

We wandered around the shops for a while. The buzz of exposing my boobs wore off, but I was in the mood for more. Lauren suggested we stop for some lunch.

I was enjoying a burger and sex wasn’t on my mind at all, when I felt Lauren’s hand touch my leg under the table. She spread my legs apart then gestured with her eyes across the restaurant. A group of guys about our age had sat down opposite us. A couple of them were cute, so I left my legs spread open. If they looked over they’d get a great view up my skirt at my skimpy red thong.

“Are they looking?!” I asked, feeling excited.

“Not yet. Let’s try this,” said Lauren, and I felt my skirt slide further up my legs. I didn’t look down, but there couldn’t have been much material covering my most private area.

Lauren started to smile so I knew the guys had noticed. I casually looked around the restaurant and saw all four guys staring eagerly up my skirt. Then I felt it again, that surge of excitement across my whole body. I desperately wanted to touch myself, I could feel my pussy getting wet, but I could hardly play with myself in front of four guys in a restaurant!

“Okay, this feels great, but it’s really frustrating. I’m so horny but I can’t do anything about it,” I said.

“We’re experimenting Emily, and this is progress. Finish your burger and we’ll try something different next,” said Lauren.

“Can we stop in the toilet on the way out? My thong is so wet I think I need to take it off!”

I removed my thong in the toilet and Lauren put it in her handbag for me. On the way out we walked past the four guys. I didn’t look at them as I didn’t want them to follow us, but I wished they knew I had no panties on!

Lauren suggested some underwear shopping would be fun, so we headed for Victoria’s Secret. We picked out a couple of sets of lingerie for me to try and headed for the changing rooms. We didn’t have enough money to buy them, but the girls who worked in the shop didn’t know that.

I thought I’d start with a bright pink set that looked sexy on the hanger. I stripped off my cardigan and blouse then dropped my skirt to the floor, leaving me completely naked. By then I was used to Lauren seeing me naked and it didn’t bother me at all.

“You like changing rooms don’t you?!” said Lauren with a grin.

I laughed, knowing she was referring to the incident in the bikini shop the week before.

“Yes! They’re sexy. There’s just a curtain between strangers and my naked body,” I replied.

I picked up the pink bra to put it on, when suddenly Lauren pulled open the curtain to the changing room. My mouth dropped wide open as everyone in the shop could suddenly see my naked body. I froze on the spot. There was a young couple just a few feet away who were looking straight at me. The girl looked shocked, but the guy had a happy smirk on his face. I saw his eyes looking at my pert boobs, then they dropped down to have a good look at my naked pussy. I glared at Lauren, but she was fighting back laughter.

It felt like minutes but it was probably only twenty seconds or so that Lauren left the curtain open. She closed it firmly then burst into giggles. I had a different reaction, I felt incredibly horny! My nipples were hard as pebbles and I was tingling all over. After the events on the bus and in the restaurant it was all too much. With my left hand I started massaging my breasts and with my right I started rubbing my clit. I was masturbating in front of Lauren, but I didn’t care.

“Emily, you can’t! Not here!” she said, clearly sounding shocked.

But nothing could have stopped me. I leant against the wall and spread my legs. I dropped both my hands to my pussy. With my left I rubbed my horny swollen clit, and with my right hand I slid two fingers into my pussy. I was so wet they slipped in easily. Lauren stared at me open mouthed, but I was in a different world. I gritted my teeth to make as little noise as possible but frantically fucked myself with my fingers. It didn’t take long until a spasm swept right through my body. I bent in half as muscles tensed and spasmed all over me. Wave after wave hit me until I couldn’t take anymore. I slid down onto the floor, sweating and panting, but with a big grin on my face. Slowly my heart slowed down and I gradually came back to reality.

“Oh my god Emily!”

“Sorry, I was just so horny!” I replied.

“I’ve been planning that since you told me the bikini story, but I didn’t think you’d react so er, dramatically.”

“I couldn’t stop myself.”

“I totally accept you’re an exhibitionist now, and maybe a bit of a slut too! Now put some clothes on before you get us arrested!” said Lauren.

Feeling weak, I slowly stood up and started to get dressed. To my surprise Lauren lifted up the front of her dress.

“It’s very weird to say this, but today seems to have had quite an effect on me too!” she said.

We both looked at the front of her panties, which were clearly very wet.

“Ha! I knew you were enjoying all this as much as me.” I said. “You can’t walk around town in those,”

“I know. I guess we’re both going home with no panties on.”

Lauren slid down her underwear, which gave me a brief but clear view of her pussy. Her lips were red and swollen and surrounded by a fine layer of blond hairs. I swallowed hard. I was shocked to find I was starting to get turned on again, from looking at Lauren’s pussy!

Am I an exhibitionist and a lesbian? I wondered.

We tidied ourselves up and put the lingerie back. One of the shop assistants gave us a very strange look. Maybe I’d made more noise than I realised? We ignored her and headed for the bus stop. It had been an eye-opening day. Lauren had been surprised to find how wet her panties were, and I was surprised how I reacted to seeing her naked pussy. I guess we were both learning a lot.

I was tired but exhilarated too. I had one thought on my mind, What will we get up to next?!