Making a Weakness a Strength

by Colin PearceÂ©

Weak 1

I had finished the first assignment the temp agency had given me; it was only

one day a week, 8.00 'til 2.00, filling in while someone was on a course for a

month, but I was going on to the next straight away. It was a start and I had

been assured that if I did ok, was punctual and efficient there would be more

jobs coming my way.

I was standing at the stop waiting for the bus that would take me to the next

appointment when my mobile rang. It was Heather, my flat mate, asking how I had

got on, which was real sweet of her. The traffic was noisy so I moved behind a

line of trees. I walked to shelter at the side of a building and had to get

across a large grill to get into a corner - although concentrating on the call I

had not realised it. The sound of my shoes on the metal roused some interest

from inside as a window opened and faces appeared below.

I saw them well enough, standing just to the side of the grill as I was but as I

was still speaking to my friend I thought it best to ignore them. It was all too

apparent that they were not ignoring me, though...

The faces belonged to two young men, hardly more than boys, and they were

clearly taking the opportunity to look up my skirt. I felt confused and

embarrassed; I didn't want to let my friend on the phone become aware of my

predicament but I could not get further away from the prying eyes. Still

pretending I had not seen them I pressed myself into the corner as far as I

could. I was pretty sure that the boys were getting quite a good show of leg but

little else, so I contented myself with the thought that I was keeping my

modesty intact!

Then of course the bus I needed came. My options seemed pretty limited... to

remonstrate with the boys and tell them to shut their window so I could get back

across the grill without embarrassment, miss the bus and wait where I was until

they got bored, or what I decided to do in the seconds I had. Somehow the

thought of not acknowledge the two leering faces was less uncomfortable than

trying to persuade them not to look up my skirt â€“ I would be quite ashamed as a

28 year old to put myself in a position where I had to plead with youngsters 10

years my junior. And I certainly could not hang around for at least another half

an hour given what had been said about punctuality. So I ended the call and

walked as briskly as I could back across the grill, keeping my legs together as

much as I could whilst holding my skirt close to me; all without making it

obvious I was trying to stop anyone seeing up it.

I guess it was only three or four steps but it seemed as though I had to do the

100 metres sprint over the grill. As I did so wolf whistles and jeers greeted

the sight below. Of course I had to pretend not to hear them as my face flushed

and I hurried on.

Once on the bus I pretended that my red face was as a result of running to catch

it, but try as I might to just forget the incident I could not erase it from my

mind for the rest of the day. I had been made to feel so vulnerable by two teens

all for seeing nothing more than my legs â€“ less than I would have been happy to

show off at the beach. But it was more private, more intrusive than that and I

was intrigued that the possibility of seeing my knickers had captivated my

voyeurers.

Once I got home I took a mirror from my bedroom wall and stood over it, trying

to find out what they had seen. My skirt was just above the knee and I had black

knickers on so even with my feet on either side of the mirror and my legs

further apart than I think they had been above the grill I was not able to make

out much of the shape of my bum or the top of my legs â€“ all that fretting for so

little I told myself. But part of me was disappointed, it was almost that the

embarrassment I had felt so acutely had not been worthwhile.

I told Heather about what had been happening during our phone conversation

earlier in the day. "It's just like when I was at school" she replied, "first

formers would stand at the side of the stairs looking up, hoping to see the

knickers of older girls. Most of my friends were horrified by the little jerks,

and that seemed to please them just as much. But I liked to tease them and

sometimes I deliberately let them see up my skirt and that meant they didn't

have any power: I decided what they saw and when."

This all seemed very confident for a girl who would have been no older than the

lads who had unnerved me this afternoon but it still made sense, away of gaining

control. I wondered if I could ever have the resolve to do the same.

"Bet you couldn't go back there and flash your panties at them."

"No, you're probably right â€“ I couldn't" I replied, but already trying to steel

myself.

Weak 2

I dressed in the same skirt as I had for the job last week, but this time with

white panties underneath. I stood over the mirror again, and yes they were more

visible and the curve of my buttocks quite discernable. As I headed for town I

told myself alternately that I was going to go through with it and then that I

was just playing with the idea. I certainly hadn't told Heather of my

plan/dilemma â€“ in fact last week's incident hadn't been mentioned again.

Intermittently I thought about standing right over the grill and eyes of 18 year

olds looking up at me; if I summoned up the conviction that I was in control I

felt quite sexy about it. If I could keep conjuring up that feeling I was sure I

could do it. So at 2.00 I said goodbye to the other office girls and first

headed for the ladies. There I fantasised about showing myself off, rubbed my

crotch and breasts through my clothes enough to feel aroused but not so as I

wanted to cum.

I then set off for the bus stop, except I was really heading for the grill. This

time I took more notice of the building it was next to; it was a college and the

side the bus stop was nearest to seemed to house the gym. I march right up to it

as I knew that if I allowed myself to doubt I would be scared away by the

humiliation of what I was doing, not empowered by being in control. Just for a

moment I hesitated right in front of the metal bars that I knew would alert the

people below. Fleetingly I thought it may not be the same lads inside, something

I had not considered until right then... it didn't matter, it was me who was

different.

My shoes rattled the grill, the window squeaked open and this time three pairs

of eyes peered up. I kept my legs as open as I dared, which may have not been

very much but felt like doing the splits. Looking down I recognised two of the

teens from before and I am sure they recognised me. I did think of running off

as quickly as I could but that would have meant I had no control. So I willed

myself to stay.

Suddenly I thought about not what I looked like to those below but those on the

street; I imagined I would appear rather abnormal. Last week I had been on the

phone and that somehow would have seemed more natural. So I did the natural

thing and got my mobile out. It didn't occur to me that I could just pretend to

talk to someone, instead I rang Heather.

"Hi, Heather. Guess where I am?"

"No, not yet. Remember I told you about having to walk over a grill last week

and you said 'Bet you couldn't go back'? Well that's where I am!"

"I sure am - in white knickers so they can see better."

"I'm not making it up! Listen..." I held the phone by my side, over the grill in

the hope that Heather would be able to hear the wolf whistles, and calls of

"Get'em off!"

"Did you get that?"

"See, I am here!"

We talked for a few more minutes until I could see the no 24 working its way

through the traffic.

"The bus is coming now; got to go"

With some elation I dropped the phone back in my bag, bent slightly down and

called out "Bye, boys!" before striding towards the stop. I felt proud, strong

and sexy.

Weak 3

Heather had laughed, half from disbelief, half from amusement when we had both

got home.

"You've got more bottle than I thought!" was her assessment. She thought that

was the end of it but the whole thing was still nagging at me and I often

thought about the nerves I had had, the sheer will power it had taken to stay

standing over the grill knowing I was deliberately allowing people to look

between my legs, the possibility that others would work out what I was doing,

the thrill the whole thing had given me...

When Heather was out I spent two or three hours stood over the mirror looking

for the best combination of skirt or dress and panties, just to see if I could

have made a better display â€“ not intending to actually to do it again. The best

combination was a light summary dress and a white thong with hold up stockings.

I tried it with suspenders but there were too obvious under the dress. I began

to regret that I had not done this "research" before and slowly I realised that

I was going to have to do it again if I was going to get the thing out of my

head...

I got quite excited dressing for work on the day. The dress and wearing

stockings, let alone a thong were quite different to what I had turned up in

before. The dress was slightly too summery for the weather and colleagues did

comment on my more feminine appearance but soon formed the impression that I

must be meeting someone after work, which I fostered. At 2.00 I headed for the

loos again; I pulled my dress around my waist this time and rubbed myself

through the thong thinking of the eyes that would soon be seeing what none of my

colleagues had. When I was sufficiently aroused off I headed again.

I almost marched to the grill and without hesitation I strode onto it;

immediately the window opened. The two young men who had seen me the first time were there but the third was different to last time and I became aware that

there were more behind them pressing closer to the window to get a look.

Cries of "she's here" and "get a look at that" greeted me.

As before I got my phone out but only pretended to have a conversation â€“ if I

rang Heather again I was sure she would have thought I was taking this too far

and there was no one else I could possibly have rung. So I ran a commentary on

what was happening to myself.

"There are three boys below looking up my dress and they are calling to others

behind them about what they can see. I can't make it all out but they are saying

things like, 'she's wearing stockings', 'you can see her arse', 'I'm telling you

it's a fucking g-string!' Oh, there's no need for that language!"

I giggled into the mouth piece after each phrase I recounted, somehow the fact

they were getting excited about me was quite amusing. I was truly in control; I

felt I had them round my little finger!

"I'm going to close my legs to tease them" I told my imaginary friend on the

other end. "Now they are groaning... and asking me to show them my bum again!

They are saying 'open your legs up', 'if you can hear us please let us see some

more'. Well, seeing as they asked so nicely..."

I shifted my foot one, two, three, and then four bars to the right, the widest I

had dared to spread my legs (I would have opened them wider than that for my

vouyerers, but I was more concerned about what I would have looked like to

passers by). My move was greeted by cheers and more wolf whistles!

"They are in the palm of my hand"

It was about then that I was aware of a flash of light; at first I thought it

was the sun reflecting off a moving car but then it happened again. There was no

mistaking the flash of a camera that illuminated my dress from the inside and

would have alerted to anyone who happened to glance my way as to what was going on. Immediately I got off the grill, wall side. The prospect of photos of my

arse being passed round the college, or even put up on the internet then came to

mind. Like the first time I had strayed over the grill though I was now trapped,

the only way to meet my bus, which would not be long now, was to walk back over

it.

Either I just walked back across risking further flashes (in more ways than one)

or I attempted to negotiate my way out of the situation.

Bending down and attempting to hide my face as much as possible for fear that a

photo of me could give my identity away I hissed "What the hell do you think you

are doing? Do you want everyone to know what we are doing?!"

"It was too good a chance" someone laughed.

"Well you are ruining everyone else's chances" I retorted, saying the first

thing that came into my head.

"Chances of what?" said the boy with the camera in his hand.

"Are you going to show us your pussy?" his friend asked.

"Put that camera away and I might" I said rather feebly, seeing my bus coming

and knowing I had to get out of there quickly.

"Ok, it's going away now" the first boy said, and I saw him slip it into his

pocket. "Let's see what you've got!"

"Not now, I've got to go. I'll be back next week."

"As if!"

"I will, and I promise I'll have no knickers on." I said standing ready to run

as the bus was at the stop. "But if there any cameras around I'll go straight

away and you will see nothing!"

There was some shouting as I made a dash across the grill but I could not make

it out. I got to the bus just as the doors were closing but the driver was good

enough to open them for me "anything for a pretty girl" he quipped. Ordinarily I

might have picked him up on that remark but how could I after what I had just

been doing? Besides my head was dizzy with what I had just promised to do; of

course I could just ignore it and never go back near the school again, couldn't

I?

That evening I stood over my digital camera taking pictures of up my skirt, with

and without panties.

Weak 4

From believing I was in complete command of the situation to pleading and

bargaining in, literally, a flash: I was flung back to the same feeling of

embarrassment I had felt the first time I had walked over the grill and the same

dilemma off how to win back control. It came down to this: how could I get back

my self respect? If I did not keep my promise I would feel that I was cheating

and dishonest, but how could showing my pussy to teenagers be a way of getting

self respect?! And if I did I would just feel I was being compliant, that they

were in control, not me.

I couldn't talk about all this to Heather, of course, but I did remember what

she said about her being the one decided what the kids in her school saw and

that gave her the upper hand. I decided that is what I had to do. I had said

they could not take photographs; maybe I should take pictures to give to them,

perhaps completely naked so that they could see my tits too. I took several,

making sure I didn't show my face. I thought about how I could give them to the

boys, on a disc or print them off. The possibility of them being found, passed

round or put up on the internet did not make feel I was in control though so I

decided against it.

Finally I hit upon the best thing I could do. They wanted to see my pussy? They

could â€“ and I would give them the best view possible, better than that I would

show them what an aroused and engorged pussy looked like. A couple of years ago

some girl friends of mine had bought a group of us embarrassing gifts from a sex

shop they had been dared to go into. They had a vibrator for one girl of course,

crocheless panties for another and ben-wah balls for me. I had tried them once

and quite enjoyed the feel of them inside me; pulling them out had been the most

exciting thing, though. I tried them again, standing over the mirror and taking

pictures of myself too.

It was clear that popping them out standing up with a skirt on was going to be

very difficult and, unless I thought of something, very obvious to anyone

watching. I decided that I would wear as short a skirt as possible and tie a

thread to the little chain that attached to the last ball to be inserted and

hung down. It would hardly be seen and if I measured it right could belong

enough for me to bend over and pull from around my knees, pretending to pick

something off my leg.

It all took quite a while to work out but on the morning of the final Tuesday I

would be going to this temp job I dressed in a mid thigh-length leather skirt

(not the shortest I have but the one I thought I could get away with) hold-up

stockings, boots and a tight woollen top over my bra. I frigged myself thinking

about what I was planning to do until I was wet enough to push the ben-wah

balls, with the thread already tied onto the chain, up my cunt. Finally I pulled

on a pair of knickers, partly because I wanted to feel sure that the balls were

not going to drop out at any point (I knew they wouldn't but I wanted to be safe

rather than sorry) and partly because I knew the balls would keep me aroused and

my panties would stop any leaks. I looked at myself in the mirror, now back on

the wall, and thought it all looked a sexy ensemble; a little provocative for an

office job, but it was my last day, so what the hell!

Off I went with the balls massaging my pussy as I walked.

My appearance drew quite a lot of attention, with everyone assuming I was

dressed to wow whoever my boyfriend was, so I strung them along a bit saying he

was someone at the next job I was going out with. Three of the girls took me off

an hour early for a drink as it was my last day. I was quite glad of the

alcoholic lubrication given what I had planned. We said goodbye at about quarter

to two, giving me some extra time to prepare. Again I made for the ladies and in

a cubicle I pulled down my knickers. Given all the stimulation from the balls I

wasn't surprised to find the crotch quite wet but I still wanted to get to a

higher state of arousal before attempting to pull them out or, indeed to have

the nerve to go ahead with the x-rated show I wanted to give. I sat on the loo

and began frigging, imagining the look on the lad's faces. When I masturbate I

most often play with my breasts so I pulled up my top and unclasped my bra to

pinch and pull my nipples.

I was close to coming and just had the will power to stop before going over the

edge. To keep that level of excitement up though I pulled the top right off and

removed the bra putting it with my knickers in my shoulder bag. My voyerers were

not going to benefit much from the top stretching across my braless tits to

outline my nipples, but I was enjoying the sensation. Once my clothes and hair

were all back in place I strode off to the college for the forth time.

The boys were clearly expecting me to keep my promise as the three I recognised

had already climbed out of the window and wedged themselves into the space

directly below the grill. Three others had taken their place inside. The first

thing I did was to drop the knickers I had taken off between the bars, which was

greeted by cheers and clapping. I warned them not to make so much noise that it

might attract attention and they were certainly not to take any pictures. The

first time either happened I would leave and never come back. There was mumbled

acceptance and I stepped on to the grill to the sound of muted excitement.

Slowly I parted my legs then felt for the thread at the end of the ben wah

balls; it had become slippery and sodden with my juices and as I pulled it just

came away from the chain I had tied it to. Momentarily I was flummoxed: this was

to be the culmination of my exhibitionism and now I might not be able to pull it

off; I certainly could not reach up my skirt to get the chain, that would have

been far to obvious. The only thing for it would be to crouch down and see if I

could get hold of it. I put my bag down in front of me and tried to squat behind

it. The leather skirt was too tight to allow me to open my legs like that, so

with as much grace as I could muster, I half stood and hitched it up as far as I

dared. I knew that my thighs above the stocking part of the tights would be

visible from the side but was fairly confident that I would be able to see

anyone coming in that direction before it became obvious. I was also aware that

those below were getting an unrestricted and close up view of my arse too.

With one knee resting uncomfortably on a bar and the foot of the other leg

planted firmly on another so that that knee was bent my thighs were as wide as

possible. The skirt complained about being stretched and I felt the seam go at

the back. Unable to do anything about that now I pretended to be looking for

something in my bag to disguise what I was doing. Once I was sure I could

balance and that I looked as natural as possible I reached between my legs and

found the little chain and began pulling the balls out of my cunt.

They were about 4cms across and I could feel the opening stretch to allow the

first though. The lips of my lobelia clung to the ball and were spread and

pulled down by it. Finally the ball popped out with what sounded like a fart as

my cunt sucked in air behind it and to a spray of my juices on to my thighs and

probably those below.

There were a series of noises from them, amazement, shock, excitement all at

once. I was gasping for air as I had hardly remembered to breathe and I felt

exhilarated! The end of the chain now dangled just between the bars of the grill

and I thought the lad closest to me could just about reach it.

"Pull it slowly like I did" I instructed him. He managed to grasp it and tugged.

The second ball squeezed though my cunt as I endeavoured to look to the rest of

the world as though I was diligently searching in my bag. The same feelings of

being stretched and pulled sent sexual shockwaves through my body, partly though

the physical sensations but also the fact that a 16 year old youth was causing

them while five of his friends were watching my pussy being opened up by him.

Rather sooner than I had hoped the ball squirted out accompanied by the same

filthy sound and spray of juices.

I felt really close to coming and knew that only a couple of strokes of my clit

would bring me to climax. As I wondered if I could possibly finger myself

without exposing my entire fanny I suddenly felt fingers on the ankle and thigh

of my right, kneeling leg. Emboldened by my instructions to the one boy the

others had shuffled themselves round below me so that they could touch me.

Another hand reached up and groped my arse. I could feel my buttocks being

spread. Slowly the others crept up my legs. Very soon clumsy, inexperienced

fingers were pawing at my pussy and bum; they prodded at my arsehole and pushed into my cunt. I desperately wanted them to frig me, and pleaded with them to rub my clit but either they didn't know where it was or couldn't quite reach. Being so close to orgasm yet not quite being able to cum was making me dizzy and I was frightened I would do something really silly, like strip off all my clothes â€“

which I felt like doing.

While I was in this predicament the bus I needed to catch came up the road. My

mind urged me to get to the bus stop but my body would just not react. Mentally

I went through standing up, gathering my things and walking to the stop but my

legs stayed rooted, unable to break the hold that eyes and hands had on me. Even

as in my head I was running for the bus my legs were splaying further apart,

with both knees on the grill now trying to get more in reach of the fingers. The

seam at the back of the skirt rent further as I did so. Vaguely I knew this was

going to put me in a predicament to say the least but it was more urgent to cum.

The fingers did press against my clit now but they were more interested in

parting the lips and poking inside my cunt. They spread the juice from it over

my thighs and arse. Hardly able to speak now I listened to what my molesters (I

could not call them mere vouyerers now) were saying.

"get your finger as far up as you can... look at her arse... you can smell her

cunt... spread the lips on her... does it feel sticky?..."

Suddenly there was a change in the atmosphere, the fingers and eyes left me and

a voice called "We've got to go or we'll get caught". The sound of scrambling

came from below and finally the window banging shut â€“ but not before another

voice hissed "thank you, Miss."

WEAKER

I found myself almost crying, I think it was out of frustration and desperation,

but from humiliation too. Here I was, a grown woman, allowing myself to be

reduced to a quivering sex object for teenagers, more than willing for them to

touch me in such private ways in such a public place. I had tried to be the one

in control, who dictated what would happen but the truth was that at that moment

I would have done whatever they wanted if only the would have given me release.

No more photographs I had said, but they could have put me put me under a

spotlight and video'd the whole thing, they could have stripped me naked right

there, they could have sprayed their cocks all over me as long as I could have

cum too.

Shakily I got to my feet; my knees hurt and I could hardly stand but I managed

to stumble away from the grill. I pulled my skirt down and feeling round the

back I found that it was indeed ripped half way up my backside. I couldn't see

but I was sure that it would be visible to all when I walked. Of course I didn't

even have a pair of knickers to put on.

I thought about what I should do; I certainly couldn't wait until nightfall for

the darkness to hide my embarrassment. The sexed up side of me (and I was still

feeling erotically charged, needing to cum) was saying "be brazen, go on flash

your arse!) The side of me that felt humbled by the whole experience was

screaming 'No! How could you even think of it?' It was the side that was winning

when I was aware I was being called to. A side window had opened up and a man

was looking down.

"Are you ok?"

"Sure, I'll be alright."

"You don't seem well. Is there anything I can do?"

I needed to think swiftly; this guy might be able to get me out of this mess,

but he could add to my trouble by realising how I got into it. What had he

already witnessed? If he had seen nothing how would I explain myself...?

"Err, I've just had a bit of a shock" I said. "Actually there is something, do

you know the number of a taxi I could call?"

"I'll find one and be right down"

Damn. If only he could have shouted it down, but he was gone and I couldn't stop

him. I didn't want him to see me like this but it would be worse if I walked

away and a lot more people did. So I stood with my back and torn skirt against

the wall trying to put a story together in my head.

The man soon came round the corner with a piece of paper in his hand. He is

quite old, 60's probably, dressed in a really old fashioned way in sports

jacket, tie and pressed trousers.

"Here's a number" he said. "Do you want me to phone it for you?"

"No, I will be fine, now, thanks."

"Look I will stay with you until a taxi arrives. You look very shaken."

"It's alright, honestly" I almost plead.

"Well at least I should make sure one is on its way."

"Ok" I say; it seemed a good compromise. I took the number from him and began to dial, but I still felt a bit dizzy and had problems pressing the right numbers."

"Here, let me" my would-be knight in shining armour said and I handed him the

mobile.

He started to ring it but stopped and said "Look, I don't want to seem pushy at

all but my car is not far away and I could drive you where you want to go,

rather than wait for a taxi to arrive. It could be ages."

Again I have to think fast. I could be out of the frying pan and into a fire

here â€“ but that might be better than taking my chances like this with a taxi

driver. If I were to catch one I'd have to stand out on the pavement to wave it

down...

"Would you? That would be very kind, but I don't want to put you to any trouble."

"It's no trouble at all. If you come with me..."

"I'm not sure I can walk very well" I say hastily, "if you could drive here I

could hobble to your car, if that's ok."

"Sure... I'll beep when I get to the bus stop over there" he replied waving his

had to the place I should have got on to get to my next job.

While he was gone I did just manage to ring the people there and concocted a

story about being told my sister had been in a car crash and having to go to a

hospital (I thought that was better to say than I was ill because the agency

would find out I had been ok) I considered telling the gentleman the same thing,

but realised he would want to take me to an accident and emergency somewhere.

Having got that sorted I felt more confident and started to think how I could

extend my adventure rather than be cowed by events â€“ I still hadn't cum and my

pussy was demanding some attention. First I twisted the skirt so the split was

at the side â€“ still revealing but at least not showing off my crack. I resolved

I would give my driver an eyeful as the split would be on his side, but not any

passerby.

I heard the horn and holding my skirt together as best I could until I reached

the car door. I manoeuvred my way in so as to ensure the man got as much a view

of thigh and buttock as I could. Once I was in I 'apologised' for the amount of

flesh on display "I don't think there is a ladylike way of getting in with a

torn skirt like this."

"Don't worry on my account! How did you come by doing that?

"I stumbled and it split as I fell â€“ after all it is pretty tight" I lied unconvincingly.

"So where do you want me to take you, then?"

I hadn't considered that at all up to that moment. "Er, I don't know whether

it's best to go to a shop for a skirt or home first", I stalled.

"There's a bus coming so I'll pull away, while you think".

The car moved off, then the man turned and said "You don't seem in a fit state

to go shopping, and not dressed for it either".

"No, I guess not, I'm hardly dressed at all, in fact!" I wanted more thinking

time about where to go and to have some fun by embarrassing the old guy â€“ see

him squirm. But he wasn't fazed.

"I'd already seen that! So how come you haven't got much on?"

"I like showing off and people seem to like a bit of leg."

"And more..."

"I guess they would if they got half a chance!"

"Well if you stand on that grill, they will."

"Do you think anyone would have been able to see me?" I said in mock surprise.

"I know so." He pulled a mobile phone out of his pocket and handed it to me. On

it was a picture â€“ up a woman's skirt from below the grill. It was my skirt -

and my bum - in the picture.

I felt myself redden. It must have been the photo taken last week. "Did you take

this?" I asked, attempting to show I knew nothing about it.

"Hardly, it was one of the students. Don't know which one, this may not be his

phone â€“ that picture will have gone round the whole college in days!" It was

left behind a few days ago and I picked it up, flicked through it and found that."

"So why did you have it ready to show me?" I enquired, beginning to realise that

somehow I had been rumbled.

"Look at the date and time the photo was taken."

I confessed I had no idea how to do that and he told me step by step. 05.06.07 -

14.13 it clearly read.

"So I just stood at the window I called to you from the same time a week later

and there you were."

"I see" I said rather weakly."

"Of course, that would be pretty damning if it was handed to particular people..."

"That sounds like blackmail."

"From what I've seen that won't be needed. You clearly like showing off."

'Take control' was the only thing I could think. How could I be the one who

decided what I was going to show and to who? My mind raced back to what Heather had said, "I liked to tease them and sometimes I deliberately let them see up my skirt and that meant they didn't have any power."

"Bet you would like to see my knickers, just like in the picture" I ventured,

knowing the answer.

"I could hardly refuse such a kind invitation."

I lifted my bum off the seat and pulled my skirt up at the back, then as we drew

up at some lights I slowly hitched the front up too, revealing the tops of the

stocking tights, then my thighs, then my bush. I didn't stop until the hem of my

skirt was up at breast height, but kept my legs together so he couldn't see my

cunt.

"How lovely... You showed them your pussy didn't you?"

"I did" I replied, pulling the skirt down quickly. "And I'll show you too, but

they're green again" I said, nodding at the lights, "and you've got to

concentrate on the road".

"Yes, yes, I'll try." He was clearly a little flustered, getting the wrong gear

as we drove off. "Well, the basketballers got a better show than most, that's

for sure!"

"What do you mean, 'most'?"

"There are often rumours of women exposing themselves over that grating but we

actually only get to know of one every year or so. Somehow there is something

about that spot above the changing room that draws people to flashing their

knickers. Of course with most you don't know if they realise people are looking

â€“ but if they come back and especially if they are not wearing any..."

Although I was happy for the gentleman to know I had exposed myself to the

students I hoped that he didn't realise that I had allowed them to touch me, had

had an urgent need for them to â€“ that would give him too much power.

I had forgotten that I was supposed to be saying where I wanted to go, but the

gentleman seemed to be driving somewhere purposefully.

"So where are you taking me?"

"I thought we might have a bit of fun, at this nature place round here" he

replied as we turned a corner and entered a car park.

I had seen the signs as I had passed before but never been in.

"Looks a bit public" I said as nonchalantly as I could.

"This area is but if you walk through there's more at the back most people don't

go." With that he got out and I had no choice but to follow.

I wondered what people looking at us thought as we walked through the gardens,

me looking every inch a tart and him a respectable gent. A prostitute and her

client? A father and daughter â€“ more likely a grandfather and granddaughter! I

decided I would play the part of a bimbo and he would be my sugar-daddy. So I

took his arm and cuddled up to his side.

And people did look at me; at breasts in a tight top, at legs in a short skirt

and glimpsed thigh as the rip parted and closed as I walked. Onlookers got fewer

as we walked further on until there was almost no one as we entered a woodland

walk area. Here my sugar daddy got more adventurous and talked of what we might do â€“ or rather what I might do. He wanted to take pictures with the camera phone of me baring my tits and then get it back to whoever it belonged to with them on. The idea really appealed to me â€“ having banned him from taking any photos I would be giving them to him because I wanted to.

I set one condition: "you're not to get my face in any of them â€“ I don't want to

be recognised!" It was a deal.

It was rather dark to get a good picture in amongst the trees so we set off to

find enough of a clearing. The whole idea was stimulating me more as I thought

about what I was going to do and my clit began throbbing again. I remembered the

ache to cum that had not been satisfied may be 30, 40mins ago and the desire

came back â€“ strongly.

Eager to expose my breasts now I began suggesting places; "How about here?"

"No the light still isn't good enough."

"Here then."

"No, it will better just over there"

Eventually we came to the edge of a field with me standing just between the

first trees and the gentleman in the field. Immediately I lifted my top to bare

my breasts; the nipples standing out because of my obvious excitement.

"You're keen" he said.

"You bet! Click away..."

He did. This was the first time I had exposed my tits in a public place â€“ I'd

not even been topless on a beach and I felt really sexy. Of course I had shown

my pussy at the college, but a first is always exiting. For some reason the

gentleman was not as taken with it all.

"I can't get a good shot of your breasts to show that you are in woods without

getting your face in" he complained. With that he walked over to me and lifted

my shirt up. I thought he was going to take it right off but he just pulled it

over my head like footballers do to celebrate scoring. He began taking the

pictures and I realised this was a way of concealing my identity but showing my

body.

"Fondle your breasts for me..." I did, squeezing and caressing them.

"Now turn round and show me your derriere..." Again I complied and stuck my bum

out towards the camera. I twisted the skirt around so the rip was at the back

then I took hold of the hem and with a tug on both sides tore the seam right to

the waistband. I knew it would make for a very awkward and revealing walk back

through the gardens but right now I wanted to show how dirty and horny I felt.

And I felt very, very dirty; ready to do anything I was asked.

"Part your buttocks..." I wasn't sure why anyone would want to see my arsehole

... but the lads back at the college had already got a good look and had

fingered it so I pulled my butt cheeks apart and bent over.

"Time to give yourself an orgasm..."

The matter of fact way the gentlemen told me to make myself cum just added to

the excitement and I immediately turned to face him, squatted with my legs wide

open and began rubbing my clit. My fanny was dribbling juices and mad lewd

squishing noises as I pushed fingers inside of me and spread the lips. Soon I

was writhing in the throws of a wonderful orgasm that rushed through me.

Guttural sounds and expletives ejaculated uncontrollably from my throat while

the camera captured it all.

Exhausted, I dropped forward on to my knees and rested, not even having the

energy to rearrange my clothing. The gentleman took hold of my hand, though and

got me to my feet, "Come this way" he urged.

I followed his lead, taking the top from my eyes so I could see where I was

going. A fallen tree blocked the path we were on but I was asked to climb up on

to it, then sit down. This brought my head to about shoulder height.

"Pull you top up again", the gentleman asked.

I did so, expecting more pictures to be taken, but I heard a zipper being undone

and could just about make out thought the fabric that he was getting his prick

out.

"This is where I get screwed" I thought, "I wonder how he is going to take me?"

From what movement I could see he was stiffening his cock with his hands. After

just a few stokes he asked me to hold my breasts up. I took them in my hands,

pushing them together and as I did warm gobs of spunk splashed on my tits and

fingers. He grunted as he wanked over me until letting out a deep, satisfied

sounding sigh.

I was disappointed that I hadn't the chance to at least give him a blow job and

felt a bit flummoxed. Not knowing what to say I just said "Thank you"

"Oh, the pleasure was all mine" he responded, as he pulled down my top and

cleaned his knob with the material.

"It is very remiss of me" he added, but I don't have anything to help clean you

up with" and I became aware of just how filthy I had become. In both senses.

There was dirt on my knees, what little clothes I had on were ripped and

dishevelled, and I reeked of sex. I tried getting the gentleman's seamen off

with my hands as best I could and whipping them on the grass but much of it just

got smeared over my body.

With my top pulled down and the tear in my skirt pulled round to the side we set

off back through the Park. Whereas I had felt brazen and sexy coming in I now

felt really self-conscious â€“ more than that, humiliated. I didn't just look as

though I had been 'dragged through a hedge backwards' as my mother would have

said but fucked through one, doggie style.

The gentleman was walking fast and I had to trot to keep up with him, trying to

hold my skirt together and save what modestly I could. Although that did seem a

forlorn attempt, with the spunk drying on my tits and belly, sticking the top to

me and a gapping whole exposing my thigh with every step. People stared at me

and I could see it in their eyes that they thought I was a slut.

At last we reached the car.

"Shall I take you home now?"

"Yes, please"

I gave the gentleman the address and as we drove I looked at the pictures he had

taken. There I was groping my tits and pulling my nipples, displaying my arse

and frigging. Except that last one wasn't a picture but a video. It captured my

fingers rubbing and being buried in my cunt as well as the animal like noises I

had made â€“ I didn't realise I was being so loud! Watching myself I thought I had

put on a good performance. I hope the guy who owned the phone thought so and got off watching me. Perhaps looking such a slut was worth it.

It wasn't long before we arrived and I was quite worried at the thought that

someone might see me here but also excited about it. There was nothing for it

but to take my keys in my hand and dash for the front door as quickly as I

could. Just before I got out of the car though, the gentleman gave me his card.

No one was in as I walked in the flat. My clothes went in the bin and I went in

the shower. Drying myself off in my room I saw the card and read it: Mr D. Cole,

Lecturer, St Giles College and a number. "Call me if you would enjoy further

lessons" was written on the back.

Naked on the bed I relived the experience of the day becoming aroused all over

again at the thought that I had changed so much in four weeks; exposing myself

so shamelessly to several young men, an old one and a camera; allowing myself to

be touched and even jizzed on by people I did not know; looking like a dirty

nympho in public.

But was it because I had succumbed in weakness or been strong in my sexuality?

I masturbated in front of the mirror with Mr Cole's card in my hand and wondered

if I would find out if I rang his number...