My first exposure

I grew up in Catholic Ireland where a girl was only allowed to explore her sexuality if she wanted to go to hell. My parents never discussed sex and I was never exposed to it. I was 15 in 1985, halfway through a decade when Ireland was for the first time allowing itself to be influenced by factors from abroad. Of course, I was a virgin. All Irish girls were virgins at 15 in 1985.

One sunny afternoon (I know, in Ireland, can you believe it?) I returned from playing camogie. Camogie is a game girls played in Ireland, with long sticks and a small solid ball like a baseball. The object of the game was to get the ball (called a sloithar, pronounced slitter) down a 100 yard field into a 20’x10’ net (goal, three points) or over the top of the crossbar and between the upright rugby-like posts (one point). The team of 15 players who had the most points at the end of two thirty minute halves won. It was a hot afternoon, so I decided to take a bath to cool off and clean off the sweat. I was going to a disco that night (yes, in Ireland disco was still popular in 1985!!!)

My brother Liam, 14 years old, was playing football in the back yard and I could hear him with three or four of his friends talking and arguing about whether Kenny Dagleish was better than Maradona. I heard a football being kicked against the fence, trees and occasionally, the wall.

I started the water for my bath and took off my camogie outfit. Naked, I felt cold and quickly covered myself in a bath-robe and sat on the toilet seat reading a magazine while my bath filled. I placed plenty of bubble bath in the water.

Before I tell you what happened next, I should briefly tell you the layout of the bathroom. It has four walls. When you entered the bathroom through its only door, on the left wall was the tub. On the right wall, the only window (with a bubbled window of course) which looked out into the yard. On the wall facing you, two sinks and mirrors. On the wall with the door, a toilet to the right. From the toilet seat, the bath was to your left and the window directly to your right.

Anyway, I filled the tub and got in, hanging my robe on the wall. The bubbles covered my and I lay back to relax. I heard the sound of football and the sound of arguing. I turned on my walkman radio and listened to “popular music” as my father called it.

Pretty soon, the sound of the football stopped.

I thought my brother was probably inside the house, and I was glad I locked the door. His friends would have gawked at me the first chance they got. Brian Carroll, a red-headed cultchie (Irish word for redneck) from connemara and Declan Burke, a tall, goog-looking kid from donnybrook, the right part of town. He later became a lawyer. Brian is a government artist (he draws the government unemployment checks..hehe..)

I listened and could not hear anything over the sound of Annie Lennox singing foreign music, so I turned it off. Still nothing.

I looked around the room and then I saw it. In the mirror, I could see that the window was open about an inch, and three quiet faces were looking in.

I froze. Goosebumps popped up all over my body. I was stuck. The bubbles were covering me, but I couldn’t stay here forever. I thought about it. Had they seen me naked? No, there was no chance. I have stayed under the water since getting into the tub and they were still playing when I got in. But I had no clothes within reach to get out in. My robe was on the wall at the other side of the room.

I heard them whispering.

“SSSHHH, she’ll hear you. Shut up.”

“She can’t hear us” my brother chimed in. “She’s got her walkman on. She keeps it real loud. “

Wanting to hear more of their conversation, I pretended to bob my head to a song. I heard more whisperings.

“Dya think she’ll get out anytime soon?”

“God, I hope so. I hope she doesn’t see us.”

My heart was pounding, but I was surprised at the feeling that came over me. I expected panic and shock and outrage, but I actually enjoyed the fact that these three guys were glued to watching me .. and I wasn’t even showing them anything. They were sitting there waiting on the PROSPECT of seeing something.

I sat in the water for about 15 minutes while I decided what to do. I could feign surprise at seeing them and tell them to sod off. I could sit and wait for them to get tired and leave.

Or I could do what I increasingly wanted to do. I could get out of the water.

I thought about it for a minute. My heart thumping, I made a decision that frightened me terribly. I sat up. My breasts popped out over the bubbles and came into clear view of the window.

I heard gasps! Brian actually said “Look at the size of those!”

Now at the time I had only a B cup, so I think I must have been his “first” if he thinks they were large. I wonder what he would think a couple of years later, when they reached a C J

I sat there, washing water over them for a minute, nonchalantly. I couldn’t believe that I was allowing a bunch of boys to see me with no top on. I should have been repulsed. But I wasn’t. I was turned on. It wasn’t sexual, it was empowering. I felt like I had a power over them.

I rinsed the soap off them, and off the rest of my chest, and my entire chest was now exposed, with no bubbles or soap to distort the view.

I took off my headset, pulled over the shower curtain (our bath has a built in shower) and turned the shower on. I washed away the bubbles from my entire body. I was hidden from their view behind the curtain, but I realized that there was no way I could avoid getting out without showing ALL of myself to them. I had washed away the bubbles. I was clean and I was naked.

I turned off the faucet and thought about what to do next. I couldn’t step out of there facing them, I just couldn’t. I mean showing breasts is one thing, but …. Everything? Besides, I only had a tiny amount of hair ‘down there’ and it didn’t cover anything.

I panicked. I was stuck. How would I escape this?

I got an idea. I had a shower bag full of ladies things that I carry from my room to the bathroom. I would take it out and cover my pubic area with it. I would still be giving them a perfect view of the rest of the front of my body, but the most secret part would be covered.

I grabbed the bag, pulled the shower curtain back, and got out. I ran to get my robe and quickly covered myself. I’m sure they got a good look at my breasts bouncing, but at least my lower quarters were exposed.

But as I was settling into my robe, I felt disappointed. It was a strange feeling; I wasn’t disappointed at myself. I was disappointed for them. Or maybe more appropriately, I was disappointed that I didn’t exercise power over them. They would leave now that I was covered up, and that would be that. I decided to keep the show going. I placed a towel around my waist, and removed the robe, baring my breasts again. I went over to the mirrors where I was facing away from them, but they could clearly see my breasts in the mirror, and my bare back directly. I used a second towel to dry the top half of my body, glancing at the window in the mirror every now and again to see that they were still there. I dried my chest, my back, my arms and my face. I then placed the towel in my hair to stop it from dripping over me.

My heart pounded, I was so excited. They were glued to me. I had never experienced a feeling like it before. I decided to examine my breasts (women do this all the time, looking at their size, checking for imperfections, and as you get older looking for lumps, etc) and shave my armpits. My armpits were shaved already, but it made the show last longer.

Gradually, as I gained confidence and my inhibitions dropped, I wondered what it would be like to drop the towel. As long as I kept facing the mirror, my back would be to the window so they would only be able to see my ass (my pubes would be covered by the sink since it came to about three inches above the top of them. Could I dry the lower part of my body with my back to them and have it look natural?

I tried it. I pulled the towel away and let me ass hang out. I was now totally naked, save the towel on my head. Facing the mirror, I began drying my legs. My ass was totally exposed to them, and no more than four feet away! I again heard whispered gasps, though I could not make out exactly what they were. I put my headset back on and pretended to be listening to music. The whispering came louder and clearer.

“Amazing” and “F\*ing awesome” were among the things I heard.

One of them even said he wanted to spank that. I’m not sure about that, but I was sure about one thing. I was dry.

“Turn around, come on turn around” I heard them say. “Face this way. Come on”

It was as if they were daring me.

Something very deep inside me controlled me at that point, and I remembered that I had left my magazine on the window sill. I turned around and walked directly to the window to pick the magazine up. I started reading, RIGHT in front of them. The crack in the window is right at pubic height, so they got a full view of my crotch no more than two feet away. I stood there for an eternity reading a non-existent article. I turned around and sat ON the window sill. My ass was inches from their faces. I sat there reading the article for a good three or four minutes

This whole thing turned me on so much that I didn’t want to end it. I lay on the floor and did some stretches, part of my normal exercise routine. After another ten minutes, I could tell that it was no longer interesting, so I put my clothes back on and left the room.

That evening, Liam treated me differently. As we sat down to watch TV that night, he whispered to me with an evil grin “Did you enjoy your bath?” The grin was a brother-sister thing. He was going to enjoy telling me that he saw the whole thing and that his lads saw the whole thing and he was going to enjoy making me upset.

“Did I enjoy my bath?” I replied. I grinned and said “I think I enjoyed it nearly as much as you did. “

Lights went off in his head and he didn’t talk any more to me for the next three days.