**Confessions of a Teenaged Girl Exhibitionist**

by Schulzie

My name is Donna. I'm 17 years old. I'm very pretty and I don't mind telling you that. I also have a great body, and I don't mind telling you that, either. I am 5 feet, 4 inches tall, have dark brown hair and dark brown eyes, and my measurements are 34-24-34. I'm still a virgin, but I have a lot of fun. I am an exhibitionist.

That's right, I am an exhibitionist. I love to show off my body. Every chance I get, I like to let other people see my body. Am I being clear? I'm not just talking about walking around the beach in a skimpy little bikini. Oh, I like doing that, too. But what I really enjoy is showing my totally nude body off. And not just to boys. I get really excited when older men look at my nakedness. I don't care how old they are: 20's, 30's 40's; hell, I've even let little old men see me without my clothes on. And I know they like looking at me. Like I said, I have a great body.

And to be perfectly honest with you, I even like to show off to other females, too. Girls my age and older; I don't care. Sometimes my reason for displaying my body to women is a bit different that it is for men. I love to turn men on. I love it when I can make them desire me, to lust for me, to want me. Mostly though, with women, I want them to envy me. I want them to see my perfect little teenaged body and wish it was theirs. I am so bitchy, aren't I? I don't care. I can afford to be.

Secretly though, there are times when I want girls to desire me, too. No, I haven't fooled around yet with any girls, but I've been thinking about it. I guess I'm what you would call "bi-curious" about girls.

In my short life time, I've discovered an age-old secret. Lots of girls know this secret. Some girls learn it early in life, others learn in later in life. Sadly, some girls never learn it; while some girls learn it, but never use it. The secret is very simple. We women have the power to change the world. We have the power to make men do our bidding. We can make men our slaves, to do with them as we please. We can make men start wars for us and we can bring about world peace, if we wanted to. I heard that there was even a king who gave up his throne because of the power a woman used on him. That's power! Or we can just use the power to to satisfy our own selfish needs. That power lies right between our legs. I call it pussy power.

You might think I'm talking about fucking around; letting men get their dicks inside our pussies, and unloading inside us. No, no, that's not the answer. Guys won't do anything after they've had some pussy except roll over and go to sleep. You've got to use the power before they get any of that precious commodity. You've got to let them know it's there. You've got to let them see it. You've got to let them know that they MIGHT get some. Guys will do practically anything if they think they'll get some. And they need to be reminded all the time. The best reminder is to let them see what you've got for them. That's why I love showing my pussy off.

You're probably wondering what led me to this young life of exhibitionism. Well, it wasn't just one thing; it was a whole series of events in my life. They say that we young people are very impressionable. I think that's true. I know there were some things that made a very strong impression on me. And that's why today I love flashing my beautiful body.

Maybe I should start somewhere near the beginning, when I was a real little girl, to explain how I became an exhibitionist.

My Pre-School Years:

I had a pretty good childhood. My parents, unlike a lot of my friends' parents, seemed to get along just fine. They had their fights from time to time, but they always made up. As a matter of fact, one time their making up was the basis of one of my earliest memories. Mommy and Daddy were arguing and hollering about something and...

"Damn it, Beth," my Daddy said, "we can't afford it right now."

"Where the hell does all the money go?" replied Mommy.

That was the way a lot of their arguments went. Always about money. But after awhile, they always got happy again, the yelling would stop, and for some reason, they always went to the bedroom. I never paid much attention to their trips to the bedroom. They'd usually put the cartoons on television and I'd be content to sit and watch Bugs Bunny or The Flintstones.

But one time after they had a fight, they headed for the bedroom, and I followed them. They left the door open a crack, just enough for me to peek in. Daddy was sitting on the bed, Mommy was standing in front of him...

"Strip for me, baby," Daddy would say to Mommy. "You know how I love to watch you take your clothes off."

And that's exactly what Mommy did. She stood there in front of Daddy and took her clothes off, one piece at a time, very slowly. She took off her blouse, and then her bra came off...

"Do you like these, Kenny?" Mommy said, holding her boobies up for Daddy to look at.

Daddy never said anything. He just started kissing Mommy's boobies, especially her nipples, and made a "Mmmmmmm" sound. I guess Daddy loved to kiss Mommy's naked breasts.

By the time Mommy had taken all of her clothes off, Daddy was really happy. He had a big smile on his face, and he was kissing Mommy all over, even on her hairy cunny.

"Mmmmmmm," was all Daddy ever seemed to say when he would kiss Mommy's naked body.

Mommy seemed to like it, too, when Daddy kissed her cunny.

"Oh, yes, Kenny. Kiss it. Kiss my pussy," Mommy said to Daddy.

I didn't get to see what happened after that. Daddy looked up and saw me peeping through the crack in the door, and whisked me away to the living room. All I knew was Daddy liked Mommy a whole lot when he looked at her naked body. I found out later that Mommy could always make Daddy happy when she got naked, but it would be years before I found out why.

Not only did Mommy make Daddy happy when she was naked, so did I. Oh, that sounds terrible. I don't mean it to sound nasty. It's just that Daddy always gave me my bath in the evening. Every night, before my bedtime, Daddy would carry me to the bathroom and run my bath water. As the tub was filling up, Daddy would take my clothes off. He always smiled at me when he undressed me. He'd put his lips up against my tummy and make that "raspberry" sound. I'd giggle and then he'd laugh. By the time I was naked, Daddy always seemed the happiest. I guess Daddy liked to see Mommy and I naked. That's when he was always smiling.

And when I was in the tub, Daddy would always clean me. He called me his "little naked bathing beauty" as he washed me all over, even my little cunny. I'd get a tingly feeling there when Daddy rubbed it with the warm, soapy wash cloth. I guess that's why today I like to show off my naked body so much. It never fails to make men smile, and it still gives my pussy a tingly feeling when men look at me.

When I got older, I found out I could still make Daddy happy with my nude body, but more on that later.

Playing Doctor:

I guess every child plays some sort of "I'll show you mine if you show me yours" game when they're little. I know I did. It was with little Bobby Clark next door. Bobby had gotten a "doctor's kit" for his 5th birthday, and he brought it with him one day when he and his Mom was visiting us. While our mothers were in the kitchen talking, Bobby and I played in the basement...

"Wanna play Doctor'?" Bobby asked me.

"Yeah," I said.

"Okay, you be the sick person and I'll be the doctor," he told me. "You lay down on the sofa and I'll check you."

Well, I guess I don't have to tell you all the details. You can probably guess how it went. Bobby used his play thermometer to take my temperature. Then he looked in my eyes and ears with another play instrument. Being a patient was pretty boring until Bobby said he had to give me a shot on my butt..

"Roll over and pull down your pants," Dr. Bobby instructed me.

I was more than happy to oblige. Showing Bobby my butt was like getting naked, and getting naked meant making people happy, like when Mommy made Daddy happy. So, I rolled over and yanked my pants and panties down as I did. I laid down on the sofa, and Bobby proceeded to use the play needle on my rear end. I liked the way Bobby's hand felt on my butt, and I really liked the fact that he could see it, naked, in front of him. He seemed to like it, too. He rubbed my little butt cheeks with his hands.

"Now lay on your back. I have to give you a shot in front, too, so both sides won't be sick," Bobby explained.

That made sense to me. Shots in your butt only kept your backside healthy. So I rolled over on my back, but my pants and undies were bunched up in front near my little cunny.

"Your pants are in the way, Donna," Bobby complained.

So, I pulled my pants and panties down below my knees to give Bobby access to the front of me. Bobby seemed very curious about my cunny. He looked at it, then he touched it with his finger. Ooooh, that felt good. I could feel that little tingly feeling there when he touched it. Bobby tried to open my little pussy lips up to get a better look, but he could only spread them a little bit. It felt so good with all of his fingers touching my cunny, and I liked the way he smiled when he looked up inside my little hole.

"Okay, I'm going to give you a shot now," Bobby said, as he put the make-believe needle against my tiny pussy. I shivered when he put the cold plastic toy against my young vulva. It felt good, but not quite as good as when he looked at it and touched it with his fingers.

Bobby gave me some candy medicine to take. Then we decided it was my turn to be the doctor while he was the patient. It started off the same way his "examination" of me did. I checked all his "vital signs" and his eyes and his ears. But I was in a hurry to see Bobby's cunny. I didn't even want to see his butt.

"I'm going to give you your front shot first," I told him, "so pull down your pants."

Well, that's exactly what Bobby did. He pulled down his pants and his underwear. But when he did, I got quite a surprise. Bobby didn't have a cunny like I did. He had...things! Funny looking things where his cunny should be. One of his things looked like a worm with a head. Underneath the worm-thing was a little bag. This was interesting. He was different from me. I touched the little worm-thing with my finger. It was soft and squishy. Bobby giggled when I did that, so I decided to squeeze it. He giggled again. This was fun. I kept squeezing it and he kept giggling. Then it wasn't so soft and squishy anymore. It felt stiff. It didn't get any longer, but it felt hard. Bobby stopped giggling, but he got this big smile on his face. I guess there's just something about being naked in front of someone else that makes people smile, I thought.

"Your wormy looks sore," I told Bobby, "I'll have to give it a shot."

So I took the play needle and put it in the hole at the end of his wormy. I knew that would make it all better. I was just about to check out that little bag underneath his wormy, when I heard his mother call down from the basement door, "Bobby, we have to go now."

Bobby pulled his pants up real fast, and ran upstairs. We never did play "Doctor" again, but I never forgot how much fun it was to show Bobby my cunny, and how much I liked looking at his wormy. Being naked was fun.

My Early School Years:

My parents sent me to a traditional Catholic school when I was little, but not because we were Catholic. We weren't. Mommy and Daddy felt I would get a superior education in a more strict environment. So, of course, I had to wear a dumb uniform. White blouse, navy blue jumper and patent leather shoes. I hated that uniform at first. I was so used to wearing jeans and a t-shirt, and I still did when I got home in the afternoons. But I discovered that the jumpers were good for a couple of things. First of all, they were really good on hot days. It felt so nice to have whatever breeze there might be go up my jumper and blow across my panty-clad cunny. I liked that a lot. But I also discovered as I progressed through the lower grades that some boys liked to look up my jumper.

At first, I didn't understand. That is, until one of the nuns explained it to us in a vague sort of way...

"Girls, it is very important," said Sister Mary Angelica, "that you be careful around the boys during recess. If you see any of them staring at your shoes, you be sure to tell me right away."

"Why, Sister?" I asked.

"Because I said so, that's why!" Sister replied sharply.

I thought that was rather strange. What was so wrong about boys looking at out shoes? When I got home, I told my mother what Sister Mary Angelica said.

"Mom, why shouldn't the boys look at our shoes?"

Mom explained. "Donna. I think Sister believes that if a boy looks down at your shiny shoes, he'll be able to look up your jumper."

"Oh," was all I said.

First of all, the boys were already trying to look up my jumper. They didn't need to look at my shoes to do that. Lots of times in class, boys that sat in front of me would drop their pencils. I began to notice that happening a lot. And everytime they did, it was obvious they were trying to peek up my jumper. Lots of times I would help them. I would pull my jumper up high and open my legs a little. And then they could look right up there.

What was wrong with that? After all, they were just trying to look at my body. Doesn't it make people happy to look at other people's bodies, I thought. But from the tone of Sister Mary Angelica and my mother's explanation about my shiny shoes, I began to realize that some people must think there's something wrong at looking at a person's body. There must be something naughty about it...at least in some people's minds. It was then that I realized that the world is sometimes all mixed up. How can something that feels so good and makes people happy, be so naughty? It just didn't make sense to me. It was then that I decided that I needed to be careful about where and when and how I showed my body to other people, and especially who I showed it to was very important. And now that I knew that showing off my body was somehow a forbidden thing, something I had to save for certain times when it was safe, it made it that much more exciting.

Fun Times with Uncle Dan:

There were lots of times Mom and Dad would go out in the evenings. Sometimes they hired a babysitter. But plenty of times, they let Uncle Dan watch me for the evening. Uncle Dan was my favorite uncle. He was lots of fun. He would play games and tell riddles and jokes. He knew how to make me laugh. But I really liked Uncle Dan best of all because he liked to look at my body.

I first noticed Uncle Dan look at my body one time when I was in the bath tub. I had been taking a bath, when Uncle Dan knocked on the door and peeked in...

"Hi, Pumpkin, everything going okay in here?" he asked me.

I didn't bother covering up. I didn't need to; it was Uncle Dan. "Great!" I told him. "I'm just playing with my rubber duckie." I was about 7 or 8 at the time and yes, I had a rubber duckie I played with in the tub.

"Oh, let me see your rubber duckie," he said.

I handed the duckie over to Uncle Dan. He began to make quacking noises while he held the duck in his hand. Uncle Dan made the funniest quacking sounds. "Quack-quack," he said, in that funny sounding voice of his. I laughed and laughed.

Then he decided to do something different with the duck. "Let's pretend that duckie is trying to hide from some mean hunters," he said.

Uncle Dan would make my rubber duckie hide all around my body. Behind my head, under my arm, behind my back. Every now and then, he'd make his "quack-quack" noise, and it would crack me up. Then, he'd start hiding it behind my butt. Of course, when he did that, his hand would brush against my little rear end. Somehow I knew it wasn't an accident, but I didn't care. I liked it when Uncle Dan would look at my butt and touch it.

So it was only a matter of time before Uncle Dan decided to make the "duck and hunters" game even more interesting. He had me stand up in the tub and let duckie go between and around my legs. Naturally, duckie started around my feet and ankles, then worked his way up my knees, and finally, duckie would go back and forth between my thighs. Uncle Dan would hold duckie in his left hand, put duckie between my legs, and pass it to his right hand waiting behind my butt. As you might guess, Uncle Dan's hand would always brush against my cunny everytime duckie made it through the pass. Oooh, how I loved it when I felt his hand brush against me. It made my cunny tingle. Uncle Dan would look at my little pussy and smile. See? Looking at someone naked makes them happy.

>From that point on, whenever Uncle Dan would babysit me, I always enjoyed our bath times together. It was also at that time that I stopped wearing panties under my nightie when Uncle Dan was taking care of me. After my bath, I would dry off and just put my nightie on. He and I would sit together on the sofa and watch television before I had to go to bed. We went from sitting next to each other to my sitting on his lap. Things progressed over time. I would pull my nightie up to uncover my bottom, and soon my naked cunny would be rubbing up against him. That's how I began to figure out that all boys and men had those wormy things in their pants. Only Uncle Dan's was much bigger than Bobby Clark's. Whenever I would rub my little pussy up against Uncle Dan, his thing would get long and hard. Sometimes we wouldn't even watch television. I would turn around and face Uncle Dan, my bare cunny rubbing against his thing, and I would just rub and rub as he would look at my pussy and smile. Seeing me naked down there made Uncle Dan very happy.

But Uncle Dan got a job in another town and moved away when I was 9 years old. Things between us never progressed much beyond the rubbing stage. Although once, I did get to see his thing outside of his pants. I was rubbing my cunny against him so hard, he suddenly tensed up beneath me and let out a loud groan...

"Are you alright, Uncle Dan?" I asked him. He seemed like he was out of breath.

"Uh-huh. I'm okay, honey," he told me. "I just need to go to the bathroom."

For some reason, I felt the need to follow him down the hall to the bathroom. He had left the door open just a little bit. I was curious. I looked in and saw Uncle Dan with his pants down. He had his thing in his hand and he was wiping it clean with a wet washcloth. I didn't know what had happened, but somehow my rubbing against him had made his thing all sticky.

I wouldn't see Uncle Dan again until several years later. He always managed a smile when he saw me, but we would never have those fun times together again.

The Boys in the Neighborhood:

I was a bit of a tomboy growing up in my neighborhood. I much preferred the company of boys than girls my own age. Boys just seemed to be a lot more fun than girls. Girls wanted to play with Barbie dolls and play dress up. Boys were more active. They liked to play sports and wrestle and things like that. Besides, I discovered that hanging out with the boys gave me an opportunity to show off my body every now and then.

The first time I remember showing the boys in the neighborhood my little pussy was when I was about 10 years old. We were in the woods nearby, me and six boys, and we all decided it would be fun to build a campfire. So we did. But the fire started to get a little bit out of control. Timmy, the oldest and biggest of the group - he was about 12 - figured the quickest way to put out the fire was to pee on it...

"Who has to take a piss?" Timmy asked. "Whoever has to take a piss, do it now! Put the fire out!"

I stood there and watched while all but one of the boys pulled down their zippers, took their things out, and started peeing on the fire. "Aim your dicks at the flames," Timmy yelled at the other boys.

I was looking at five boys peeing on the fire with their...what did Timmy call them..."dicks"...yeah, so that's what they're called. It didn't take long for the flames to die out. The "firefighters" had saved the day. There were still some embers burning though. I thought I might like to try to help extinguish the fire.

"I have to pee, too," I told the boys.

You would have thought I had just told them the world's funniest joke. They just laughed at me.

"You can't put the fire out," said Rusty, the chubby one. "You don't have a dick. You're a girl!"

I was not a girl to be reckoned with. "Oh, yeah? Watch me."

I dropped my jeans and panties and stepped out of them. The boys just stood there, mouths open, eyes wide, as I stepped over the red glowing chunks of wood, aimed my pussy the best that I could, and let my bladder rip. Streams of pee hit the wood, making a sizzling sound as it put the rest of the burning embers out.

"Look at that," the boys murmured among themselves.

I thought they were referring to my "firefighting" skills. But when I looked at their faces, I could see that they were staring at my cunny. They all had these goofy, but happy, smiles on their faces. "What's the matter," I asked them, "haven't you ever seen a girl's cunny before?"

They all just stood there, silent, shaking their heads. They couldn't take their eyes off my pussy. I loved the way they looked at it. It was as though they were looking at a precious jewel or gold. The looks on their faces gave my cunny that tingly feeling again. I always seemed to get that feeling when someone looked at my pussy.

"Do you want a closer look?" I asked the boys. Without waiting for an answer, I laid down on the ground, bent my legs, and spread them wide. With my fingers, I pulled my pussy lips apart and let them look up inside me.

God, it felt so good to have six boys all looking at my cunny at the same time, each boy with a grin on his face. Then I noticed that the boys still had their dicks out, and several boys were rubbing theirs. In a few minutes, all the boys were standing there, dicks in hand, rubbing and rubbing. Their dicks were getting hard, just like Bobby Clark's did when we played doctor. And just like Uncle Dan's did when I used to rub against him. They stood their, some in front of me, a few to both sides, rubbing their dicks, faster and faster.

"I'm going to shoot, guys," shouted Timmy. "Watch!"

The other boys watched. So did I. With a loud grunt, Timmy shot some white stuff out of his dick. "Yes. I'm shooting!" he told the others, though he didn't need to...whatever that white stuff was, he shot it right at my little pussy. Splat! I felt his creamy stuff hit my cunny. Splat! Another load hit. Splat! Another!

Then Ben, who was also 12, said, "Me, too. I feel it coming." Once again, my pussy became the target to aim for as Ben shot his cream on me, too.

All the boys moaned and groaned, but not all of them shot that stuff at me. It seemed like the younger and smaller guys didn't have any to shoot. But it was plain to see that they were very happy to stare at my pussy as they rubbed their dicks.

>From then on, I discovered the power of the pussy. I found out that boys - and later, men - will do anything for pussy. Wow! Such power! I could get them to do my bidding if they thought they had a chance of seeing my cunny again. I'd let them buy me candy or sodas or gum or toys. They never asked to see my cunny, it was an unspoken deal. They wanted to see it and I knew it. Lots of times I'd give them a peek, sometimes a long peek, sometimes long enough for them to rub their dicks and shoot off on me again. I enjoyed it as much as they did. But I didn't always give them a show. I didn't reward them all of the time, just enough to satisfy their needs occasionally. Of course, if one of them pissed me off, they weren't ever gonna see my pussy again. The word spread quickly: Don't piss Donna off!

Older Boys:

I was 12 years old when I reached puberty. My body started to go through some rapid changes. I began to notice my flat little titties began to get bumpy, and there was light colored hair growing on my pussy. Soon, my titties were growing bigger and the hair on my cunny got thicker and darker. It was around that time that Mom told me things about my body and boys' bodies and sex. Now things were beginning to make more sense. I understood more about that tingly feeling I would get in my pussy. I understood why boys' dicks got hard and what that white stuff was they would shoot out on me. And I noticed another big change: older boys were starting to notice me. Pussy power was beginning to make more and more sense.

Younger boys that I knew seemed content to just look at my pussy and jerk off on me. But I learned that older boys wanted to do more than that. Oh, they still wanted to look at my pussy, for sure. But they wanted to touch it, too. They wanted to put their fingers inside it. And they wanted to put their dicks inside it. They didn't want to just shoot their cum on me, they wanted to shoot it in me. And their need to do these things was even stronger than what the younger boys wanted to do.

Of course, after I had my first period, I knew I couldn't let boys - younger or older - get their dicks inside me. I didn't want to get pregnant. But the power of the pussy isn't based on whether they get inside a pussy, it's based on whether they think they have a CHANCE to get inside. And giving boys a look at my pussy was my way of reminding them that I had one - right between my legs. It was my way of saying, "Look at what I got. Isn't this what you want? Wouldn't you like to put your hard dick inside it? Who knows? Play your cards right and you just might!" I wasn't even 13 years old yet, and I was learning the theory of pussy power.

I sort of made my discovery the day Kevin Lawson came to the front door. I have to explain what happened before he showed up. I had gotten home from school. It had been a hot and sticky day. When I walked in the door, there was a note from Dad telling me that he and Mom were going to go out to dinner after work, they were leaving me some money to order a pizza, but that I shouldn't forget to wash Mitzi, our dog. That was one of my chores. I didn't really feel like washing Mitzi. I just wanted to stay inside where the air conditioner was keeping the house nice and cool. I put Mitzi outside in the back yard, and went back inside to change out of my school uniform and into some old clothes I didn't mind getting wet. After I took my uniform off, I stood in my room naked, enjoying the feeling of the cool air in the house passing over my body. I was thirsty and since nobody was in the house, I decided to go downstairs naked and get a Coke. When I got downstairs, the doorbell rang. I went to the window and peeked through the curtain. That's when I saw Kevin Lawson on our porch, waiting at the door.

Kevin was a 15 year old high school sophomore who lived across the street from us. Good looking guy, I want to tell you. I liked to watch him mow his lawn without a shirt on, with those muscle of his and that washboard stomach. I had noticed that in the past few months, Kevin seemed to have begun paying more attention to me than he had ever done when I was younger and not as developed as I had become. When we would run into each other in the neighborhood, I could see him checking me out as much as I checked him out. Even though I was only in middle school, that didn't seem to stop him from looking me over from head to toe. There were even a couple of times when he would have conversations with my boobs because it sure wasn't my eyes he was staring at.

So now, here I am, standing in my living room - naked - and this good looking guy is at my front door. He rang the bell again. Well, I'm not about to answer the door totally nude, but maybe if I showed him a little bit of flesh, I might give him a little thrill to make his day...and maybe it would be worth something to me later on. I went down the hall to the downstairs bathroom and grabbed a towel, wrapped it around myself, and headed for the front door.

When I opened the door, Kevin began to speak. "Oh hi, Donna. Is your Dad..." He stopped in mid-sentence. He could see as I opened the door wider that I was wearing nothing but the towel around me. And even that wasn't covering much of me. I had it tied up top, right in front of my tits. From there down, the towel covered everything until it got to the top of my legs. Oh, it felt so good giving him an eyeful. And he was checking me out. His eyes looked at the top of my boobies left uncovered by the towel. I could tell he was looking carefully to see if he could spot my nipples. Of course, I made sure they were covered up. Then I saw him peek at the bottom of the towel. He was looking to see if my pussy was showing. I was pretty sure it wasn't, but with the way the breeze was blowing up the front of my towel, I wasn't positive he couldn't see it. I didn't really care if he got a peek or not. The very idea that a 15 year old boy wanted to see my cunny was giving me that tingly feeling again.

Kevin tried again. "Uh...is your Dad home? I'm supposed to...um...wash his car for him this afternoon."

I could see that my towel-draped body was distracting Kevin. No matter how hard he tried to divert his eyes, they kept coming back to my body, looking for some display of just a little more. A nipple maybe, or a glimpse of my bush. Oh, how I would love to make him happy by showing him more. It would make me happy, too. I loved showing off those parts of me that are usually kept hidden. It was very tempting to let the towel drop "accidentally" to the floor, say "oops" in fake embarrassment, then take my sweet time picking the towel up off the floor and wrapping it back around me. The whole time, he would be looking at my naked body, staring at my young boobs, gazing at my pussy. It would be so easy to do, and I wouldn't be the least bit shy doing it if I chose to. But it suddenly occurred to me that I could put the barter system into effect if I wanted to...an exchange in the market system. I would give him a little show, a chance to look at my nude body in exchange for...washing Mitzi! That's it. Tit for tat, so to speak. And I knew just how to pull it off.

"Dad's not here right now, Kevin. Neither is Mom. But, come on in," I told him. I could tell by the look on his face that the idea of walking in the house, my parents out, and me in just a towel, was very appealing to him.

"Oh, okay. Thanks," he said, as he walked in. Operation Barter was about to begin. Pussy power was in effect.

"Gee, I don't know how Dad could've forgotten about you washing the car today, Kevin," I said. "That's so unlike him."

"Well, your Dad's a busy man. It must have slipped his mind." said Kevin, as he sat down in the easy chair.

"Well, I'd rather be washing the car than doing the job I have to do," I told him, as I sat on the arm of the sofa across from him. Sitting on the arm of the sofa caused my towel to rise a little bit at the bottom. Sneaking a quick peek down at myself, I could see a tiny bit of my pussy hair showing from beneath the towel. But at the angle I was sitting, with my knees pointed slightly away from Kevin, he could tell what I was showing, only he couldn't see it from where he was sitting. He would have to get up to get a peek.

"What job do you have?" Kevin asked, leaning slightly in the direction my knees were pointing as those his change in position would give him a clear view up my towel. It didn't.

"Oh, I have to give Mitzi a bath," I said, crossing my legs. Had I been sitting with my knees pointed at him, he would have seen my pussy when I crossed my legs. And he knew it.

"Mitzi?" Who's Mitzi?" Kevin wanted to know.

"Mitzi's my dog. Haven't you ever seen Mitzi before?" I asked him, uncrossing and recrossing my legs again, which I'm sure was driving him crazy.

"No. Where have you been hiding her?" He said, looking as frustrated as he probably felt.

"Come here," I said, rising. "I'll show you." I led him down the hallway to the bathroom, then I walked over to the bathroom window and stood on my tiptoes to look out the window. I could feel the towel rise behind me as I stood on my toes, and was sure as he approached me he was getting a little peek at the undercurve of my ass. "Look out there," I told him, as he stood by my side. Leaning on him, I pointed. "There she is, that's Mitzi." Now I leaned into him, letting my 12 year old breast press into his arm.

"Washing a dog isn't such a bad job," he said, looking down at my half covered boobies.

"I know," I told him, ignoring where his eyes were looking, "but it was such a hot day today, and I'm tired, and I was planning to hop in the shower here," pausing to indicate THIS shower, in the downstairs bathroom, "and now I have to go wash a dirty, smelly old dog."

Kevin looked thoughtful for a moment. I could hear the wheels turning in his head. "You know what I could do...that is, if you don't mind," he said.

"What?" I asked.

"Well, since your Dad's not here, and I can't wash the car, maybe I could wash Mitzi for you," he volunteered. "That way, you can take your shower. What do you think?"

Pussy power rules, was what I was thinking. "Oh, would you? Could you do that for me?" Of course, he could. He'd go out back and wash the dog for me. Especially when he'd be so close to the bathroom window. Why did I think his face would be up against the window screen looking in?

"It would be my pleasure, Donna," he said.

I just bet it will, I thought.

"That's so sweet of you, Kevin," I said, as I stepped toward him and gave him a great big hug. I squeezed him real hard and shoved my budding boobs right in his chest and pressed my cunny against his leg. When I stepped back, I could see a slight bulge in his pants.

"Then I'll go ahead and start my shower," I told him, " and you can go out back and begin washing Mitzi. She's a good dog and she loves to get a bath. Everything you need is right outside. There's a bucket, and the hose is attached to the spigot right outside the window here, and there should be a bottle of dog shampoo in the bucket."

"I'll find everything," Kevin told me, "and what I can't find, I'll just yell at you through the window and ask you where it is."

Oh, he knows I'll be in here, I thought to myself. He's picturing me in here right now, naked, standing in the shower stall, hoping to get a little glimpse of my nude body. But I didn't care. Because I knew that even if he did see me naked, I'd enjoy it, he'd enjoy it, and I'd have one clean dog without working up a sweat.

He left the bathroom and headed out to the back yard. I closed the bathroom door. He now knew the layout of the bathroom, and how he'd probably have all kinds of chances to get a peek at me. The ground level outside in back is just a bit higher than the floor level inside. That meant that looking out the window at the backyard meant I had to stand on my toes to look out. But if I were on the outside looking in, I might have to bend a little. It would be real easy for him to look in if I opened the curtains halfway, which is exactly what I did when he left the bathroom. As soon as I knew he was out back near the window, I decided to give him a reason to take his first peek. Since I had to use the toilet, I dropped the towel, and sat down on the toilet seat. The toilet was against the outside wall and anyone looking in could see my behind sitting on the seat.

I started to pee. The splashing of my pee hitting the water in the toilet bowl certainly was loud enough to get his attention. And it did, because I could see the shadow of his head on the bathroom door which was directly across from the window. He was watching me pee. >From where he stood, he was looking down at my butt and bare back. His shadow was still there when I reached over to pull some toilet paper off the holder, and he was still there as I wiped myself, taking my good old time rubbing the toilet paper over my pussy. I dropped the used paper in the toilet, then turned away from him to pull the flush handle. Well, if he enjoyed watching me pee, I knew he was going to love what was coming next.

I got up from the toilet and moved across the bathroom to the shower stall which was next to the bathroom door. For a moment, his shadow disappeared from the door. But as I reached in to turn the water on, his shadow reappeared. Now he could see me standing in front of the shower, my back still towards him. I took a lot of time standing there, adjusting the water temperature, letting him get a good look at my ass. His shadow was still there, not moving, so I knew he was watching me. Finally, I stepped into the shower stall, but I didn't close the curtain all the way. In fact, it was practically halfway open so he could watch as I stood under the shower.

I let the water from the showerhead stream down over my body, keeping my eyes partially closed, but looking sideways to see if he was looking. He had backed off a little bit, but I could see him at the edge of the window, still looking. He was getting a full-bodied profile shot of me now as the water soaked my body. He could see a sideview of my boobs as I stood under the water, splashing them with water and running my hands over them. I could feel my nipples getting hard, partially from the hot water, but also from the excitement I felt showing Kevin my body. I reached up with the forefinger and thumbs of both hands and tweaked my nipples, just a little bit; just enough to let him see me touch myself. Then I turned around and let the water spray on my back, giving him a chance to get a sideview of my other titty. He was going to see it all if I had my way.

I reached for the soap and began to lather up my body. First I washed my face, getting my face all soapy, which created the illusion that my eyelids were covered with soap, and with my eyes partially shut, it would be hard for him to tell if they were closed or not. But they were open enough for me to see his face as I turned around to face the window. Now he was getting a full frontal view of me. He could see not only my boobs, but my dark brown bush between my legs. His eyes got wide when he saw my pussy. This was what he wanted to see earlier in the living room, but couldn't. Now he was getting his reward.

I soaped my neck and shoulders next, but it was when I started rubbing the soap around my boobs, I knew I had his undivided attention. I spent a great deal of time washing my tits which I'm sure delighted Kevin as he watched my hands go around and around on my boobs. I tweaked my nipples one more time for good measure before my hands dropped lower and lower soaping my tummy and abdomen.

Then I turned around to let him see my ass again as I reached behind and washed my butt cheeks. For sure, he must have been watching when I spread my ass cheeks for him and ran my soapy hand down the crack of my ass to clean there, too. When I started to bring the soap back around the front of me - oops - I dropped the soap. How terribly clumsy of me. I had to bend over to pick it up which was very difficult since it was so slippery. In the meantime, my bending over, with my legs parted slightly, allowed him to see my asshole and my pussy, both at the same time. What more could the poor boy possibly want to see?

There was one more thing I intended for him to see; something I had never done in front of a boy or anyone else before. I was going to play with my pussy while he watched. After I picked the soap up, I began to get my hands all nice and soapy. Once they were lathered up, I reached down and started to wash my pussy, getting my bush all lathery as my fingers searched out my pussy lips. Slowly I turned around to face him with my hands rubbing all over my pussy. I swear I could almost hear him suck in air when he saw my fingers working my cunny. I took the fingers of my left hand and held my pussy lips wide open, as I let the fingers of my right hand rub up and down my wide open slit. Out of my half-closed eyes, I could see him with his nose against the window screen, looking in at me as I played with my pussy.

Then I let my fingers slide upward along my pussy lips until they found my clit. Oh, it felt so good to let my fingertips rub my clit, especially when I knew Kevin was watching me. I rubbed it in a slow, circular motion at first, letting the sensation build up slowly. As I rubbed my clit with the fingers of my right hand, I let my left hand reach down and find my pussy hole. I put my index and middle fingers in as far as I could and started finger-fucking myself, while my right hand kept rubbing around and around on my clit. Kevin was hypnotized as he stood outside the window watching me masturbate not more than eight feet away from him. It excited me to know that as I was giving myself such pleasure with my hands, he was watching every move my fingers were making.

I could tell I was getting close to orgasm. I had discovered that I could give myself orgasms just a few months ago, and now I masturbated every chance I could get. But I wanted this one to be a whopper. I wanted Kevin to watch me come in front of him. I started to rub my clit a little faster and a little harder. I was finger-fucking my pussy frantically now, in and out, in and out, as the fingers on my clit stroked up and down, up and down. My breaths were coming faster and somewhat irregularly - almost in a staccato fashion - as I got closer and closer to my reward. Faster, harder, in and out, up and down, my body struggled to reach orgasm.

Then it hit me. I was coming. "Oh, God!!!!" I moaned loudly, as the first wave of my orgasm made my whole body quake. "Oh, yes," I cried out, feeling the power of my climax shake me hard. I kept my fingers moving, on my clit and in my pussy. I started to get lightheaded and my legs got wobbly. I fell back against the shower wall and I sank slowly to the floor of the shower. In the end, as my orgasm subsided, I found myself almost prone on the shower floor, my knees bent, my legs spread apart, with my open pussy aimed right at Kevin. He must have known or thought I was looking at him because he quickly backed away from the bathroom window, as I laid there, completely drained and exhausted.

Well, I got a free dog wash out of that experience. I also had Kevin bending over backwards, at my beck and call, constantly for months after that. He had seen my body. He knew I was a hot little number. And I knew he wanted a chance to get that special prize that I would someday give away to some boy. He started volunteering to do all sorts of chores for me. Mowing the lawn, washing out the garbage cans, you name it, he did it. But he wasn't the only older boy who got a peek at my body. I started showing off every chance I got to other guys in the neighborhood.

When I was 13 years old, one of my favorite ways to drive boys in the neighborhood crazy was to sit out in my front yard on the lounge chair wearing my loose, short-shorts. If a really good looking boy walked by, I'd start talking to him. Then I would slowly bend my knees and ever so slightly open my legs. Standing right in front of me, boys would notice that my legs were opening a little and they would take a peek up my shorts. I'd give them just a quick peek, long enough for them to see that I wasn't wearing any panties underneath my shorts. Then, I'd close my legs. You wouldn't believe how long boys would stay there talking to me, hoping they would get another peek at my pussy. If I really liked the guy, he'd get another peek. I'd get so excited showing the boys my pussy like that, I'd get that tingly feeling and my cunny would get all wet. One boy in particular got a good show from me one day. Jack was his name. He was about 16 years old, very tall and good looking. He walked by and we started talking. I began my ritual and let him have a quick peek. He did a double take when he saw my pussy. For two hours, he stayed there talking to me. Every couple of minutes, I'd open my legs and let him see my pussy. As time went on, I'd flash my cunny a little longer, letting him take a good long look. I could see his dick was getting hard and making a bulge in his pants. From the looks of the bulge, I could tell Jack was very well-endowed, and I thought I might like to see that one day. But for now, I was the one doing the showing. And knowing that he had a huge erection from looking at my pussy was really turning me on. My pussy was getting soppy. Jack was standing in front of me, waiting for each time my legs would open so he could get a glimpse of my pussy. I invited him to sit down near the bottom of the lounge chair. When he sat down, he made sure he positioned himself sideways so he could still turn his head and look down at my crotch which was now only a few feet away from his face. I kept one foot on the chair, but now I had one foot resting on his leg, close to that bulge in his pants. Then I let him have a good, long look. I opened my legs slowly, letting them spread wide for him to get an excellent view. By now, I was so excited, my pussy was swollen. I was so wet that my cunny lips started to part, and I knew he could see my hole. He didn't say a word about what he was seeing. I guess he didn't want to take the chance of spoiling the little show I was putting on. Every now and then I would stretch my leg out, allowing it to rub against his hard dick. But I kept my pussy on display, certain that he could see the moistness making a damp spot on the crotch of my shorts. He would squirm, probably from the uncomfortable feeling of his hard dick, stuffed and cramped in his pants. I knew that as soon as he got home, he would have to jerk off and unload his cum. It was almost time for the show to end, so I gave him a quick finale. As we sat there talking, his eyes glued to my cunny, I casually reached down and gave my clit a little rub. It only lasted a second or two, but I thought his eyes were going to jump out of his head when he saw me touch myself.

Am I a cock teaser? You bet I am. And I can tease cocks better than anybody. But I found out that pussy power works. Jack had his license and a car. Anytime I needed to go anywhere, all I had to do was ask Jack. I never gave him another show, but it didn't matter. He probably was always hoping for another one, and that was enough incentive for him to keep giving me rides when I needed them.

Older Men:

I was 14 years old when I discovered that pussy power worked really well with older men, even if it was just a 14 year old pussy. Maybe I should rephrase that: ESPECIALLY if it's a 14 year old pussy. I heard that adult males say things like, "if I knew then what I know now..." I think all men secretly wish they could get inside a young girl's pants, but not many will admit it openly.

I discovered the kind of power I had with older men when I found out how well it worked with my father. That sounds incestuous, I know. But I wasn't interested in fucking my Daddy, just getting my way. One day, he and I had a terrible argument. I wanted to go to a concert with my friends and he didn't think I should go. I screamed, I yelled, I cried, but he still wouldn't let me go. I went to take a shower, just to get away from him. After my shower, I threw on my terrycloth robe and went to the living room to see if I could smooth things over. Daddy was sitting in his easy chair...

"Daddy. Can we talk?" I asked him.

"Not if it's about the concert," he said.

I sat down on his lap and snuggled against him. "I'm sorry, Daddy. I didn't mean to holler at you."

As I apologized to him, I played with the button on his shirt. I suddenly became aware that Daddy's dick was getting hard under my ass. I thought this was strange. I had sat on Daddy's lap without him getting hard before. Why now? I glanced at Daddy's face and saw where he was looking. My robe was loose at the top, and from his point of view, I could tell he was getting a real good look at my left boob. I felt a little funny at first, sitting on top of Daddy's hard dick, knowing his erection was because he was looking at my - his own daughter's - tit. But then I realized that he wasn't just my father, he was a man. He had a dick like any other man, and I guess he was just as likely to get a hard-on from seeing my tits as the boys in the neighborhood. I readjusted my position on his lap, pressing down harder on his dick. Doing so caused my robe to open a little more at the top, so I knew he could see my nipple. But it also made my robe open down below, too. I saw Daddy look down. He could see all the way to the top of my thighs. Daddy's dick began to throb against my ass.

"Daddy, I would really like to go to the concert." I told him sweetly, as I put my arms around him and hugged him.

"I said no', Donna!" Daddy told me, as his dick pulsed beneath me.

"Everything will be okay. Nothing will happen to me," I told him, pushing down on his big Daddy dick. I knew I was turning Daddy on, but I also knew I was making him very uncomfortable with my teasing. I knew I was wearing him down. I think he would do anything to get me off his lap.

"Please, Daddy?"

I opened my legs just a little bit, giving him a quick flash of my bush. That did it.

"Okay," he said, finally giving in. "But let's get the rules straight..."

I didn't even bother listening to the rules. I was so happy to win the battle over Daddy. Pussy power worked with him, too. There was something about the female body that made men do things. I seemed to have men falling all over themselves to please me when I gave them a little show. My father was no exception. Even if he didn't have an interest in me sexually - at least not on a conscious level - I was stirring something up deep down inside him. It excited him and scared him at the same time. I used this little trick on him again and again in the future, especially when I was old enough to drive and wanted to borrow the car. It was easy to turn a "no" into a "yes" with just a little effort.

I loved to tease older men whenever I could. One Saturday afternoon, I went over to the park wearing a very short skirt, with no panties on underneath, of course. I sat down on a park bench, reading a book. Whenever an older man walked by, I'd open my legs a little to flash my cunny at him. It was amazing how many of them stopped to talk, just like the boys in my neighborhood did. Or if they didn't stop, they seemed to make several trips back and forth pass the bench, trying to get another peek. There was this really old man who approached the bench as I sat there pretending to read. At first, I wasn't going to give him a show. He had to be about 70 years old, but I was curious to see if it would work with him, too. So as he was just about in front of me, I opened my legs. He turned his head very slowly and I saw his eyes get big when he spotted my naked pussy under my skirt. He was already walking very slow, but the sight of my exposed cunny made him walk even slower until he came to a stop. Then he turned and walked toward me...

"Lovely day, isn't it?" he said, dividing his attention between looking at my face and looking at my pussy.

"It sure is," I replied, smiling at the dear old man. It must have been years since he saw a young pussy like mine. I couldn't help but think that he might like one of my better shows. I also wanted to see if I could make the old guy get it up. I'd heard that old men have trouble getting erections, but I had faith in pussy power.

"I see you like to read," he said. "Me, too."

As he stood there making small talk, I opened my legs a little more so he could see everything clearly. My entire pussy was exposed to him. He could see my neatly trimmed bush, and my cunny lips below. As usual, that tingly feeling arrived and I could feel the blood rushing to my soft, delicate tissues between my legs. My pussy was getting moist, knowing that I was giving this old man a thrill he might not have had in a long time.

He didn't seem to care that I was paying more attention to my book than I was to him. With my eyes focused on the book, it made it easier for him to look at my pussy, out in the open for him to inspect. I quickly peeked down at the crotch of his pants, and I thought I detected the beginning of a bulge. Time to turn things up another notch. I sat the book down beside me and put one of my feet up on the bench to adjust the laces on my shoes. When I did that, my pussy lips opened wide, and he could look right up into my pussy. He got a look on his face that scared me for a moment. It was a look of shock and delight all rolled up into one. I was afraid he was going to have a heart attack. Instead, he was having a "hard" attack as I noticed his dick starting to grow in his pants. He continued to stare at my open pussy as my moisture was flowing freely and my clit stood erect and throbbing right in front of him.

I think he saw me staring at his stiff dick, so he excused himself and went walking down the sidewalk with a slightly quicker pace than before. I tried to picture him going home and jerking off his old shriveled dick, but the image wouldn't form in my mind. Better yet, I pictured him fucking his old wife that night in bed. Might be the first time in years, I chuckled to myself.

I found all kinds of ways to tease older men every chance I got. One time at the mall, I went shopping for clothing at one of those stores that sells clothes for men and women. The dressing rooms were out in the open; just those little stalls with the curtains you pull across the front. I grabbed a pair of jeans and went in one of the stalls to try them on. They didn't fit quite right, so I took the jeans off and peeked my head out from behind the curtain and saw a salesman standing nearby. He was in his late 20's or early 30's, I think. I called him over and asked him if he would get me a couple more pairs of jeans in a smaller size to try on. Looking through the curtain behind me, he could see my reflection in the mirror. Realizing that he could see my naked ass in the mirror, he knew immediately that I wasn't wearing any panties. As he went to get me more jeans to try on, I pulled the curtain open a little bit more so he could get a better view. He returned, and I took one pair of jeans from him and left him standing there holding the others. With each pair of jeans I tried on, I turned away from him and faced the mirror. I acted as though he wasn't even there. I knew that as he looked at the mirror from outside the stall, he could see my pussy everytime I stepped out of the jeans. I must have tried on nearly a dozen pairs of jeans before I found the "right" size. But the salesman dutifully went back and forth, fetching me more jeans to try on, just for the opportunity to sneak another peek at my naked pussy. Pussy power at work!

Another time, the refrigerator repairman showed up at our house when my parents weren't home to fix our refrigerator. I showed him to the kitchen, then went off to take a shower. He had to pull the refrigerator away from the wall and turn it around to work on it. >From where he knelt working at the back of the refrigerator to where the downstairs bathroom was located, all he had to do was turn his head to see inside the bathroom if the door was open. Do I need to tell you that I didn't bother closing the door? Slowly, I began to take all my clothes off, singing to myself loud enough to get his attention. I could feel his eyes on me as I removed my shirt, jeans and socks. I knew he was paying close attention as I removed my bra to show him my tits and then my panties so he could see my pussy. Then I did exactly what I did to Kevin; I sat down on the toilet and began to pee, only this time I was facing toward my "victim" since the toilet faced the open door. I didn't look directly at him as my pee streamed out of me, but fumbled with the toilet paper holder for a minute. I wiped my pussy real good for his benefit after I was finished, flushed the toilet, then hopped in the shower. He couldn't see me in the shower from where he was, so I didn't stay in there very long. I got out and stood in his line of vision as I dried myself off. As I towel-dried my hair, I took little peeks from under the towel to see if he was looking. He was looking alright. I don't think he had even started working on the refrigerator yet. I just took my time, standing in the bathroom naked, and started blowdrying my hair in front of the mirror, as the repairman continued to enjoy the show. Only after I was finished drying my hair did I bother to wrap a towel around me. I walked down the hall toward the kitchen and looked in on him.

"Everything going okay?" I asked him innocently.

"Couldn't be better," he said, with a grin on his face.

High School:

Mom and Dad decided to let me go to a public high school and it was my first time taking a gym class. Getting naked in the locker room with other girls was a brand new experience for me. You see, it was then and there I found out that I enjoyed showing my body off to other girls, too. I could see that I was more developed than a lot of the other girls in high school. So many of the other freshmen girls were very self-conscious about their bodies. They would wrap towels around themselves to and from the showers or they would crouch over a little to hide their budding little breasts. Not me. I walked proudly on the way to the shower, towel in hand, chest out, letting the other girls look at my tits with envy. My firm, pert boobs got a lot of attention from the other girls who were obviously jealous of the set of tits I had.

Even our gym teacher, Miss Barton, looked me over real good. We had heard rumors that Miss Barton was a lesbian, and I wondered if she was checking me out. I hope she liked what she saw. I'm sure she did. Everyday we had gym, Miss Barton would stand by the entrance to the showers and watch me as I walked from my locker to the shower. Her eyes would look me up and down, checking out my tits and pussy as I headed toward the shower room.

During high school, I showed my body off lots of times, especially when there was something to be gained. If there was a guy I wanted to go out with, I'd wear something low-cut without a bra and bend over a lot in front of him. If I needed to borrow homework from a guy so I could copy it during homeroom, a little panty flash worked wonders. And if I needed a better grade, well..."

Mr. Martin was the hardest teacher in the whole school. He taught geometry and I am just abyssmal at anything mathematical. My grade in his class was dropping quickly and I wish I could do something to bring my grade up. One day, I stayed after class to ask him if there was anything I could do to bring my grade up.

"Well, Donna," he told me, "sometimes getting a good grade in my class is just a matter of making a few minor adjustments."

"What kind of adjustments?" I asked.

"Well, for example, seating arrangements, Donna," he explained. "You see this desk right here?"

He pointed to the desk that was three feet directly in front of his desk. "You'd be surprised how close proximity to your teacher can make a big difference in your grade."

This was all well and good, I thought, but how is my being close to the front of the room near Mr. Martin really going to help my grade, I wondered.

"And another thing, Donna," Mr. Martin continued, "effort counts...a lot!."

I cocked my head to one side, quizzically. What did he mean? I always tried hard in his class.

"You see, Donna, a teacher like me always likes to SEE MORE of a student's HIDDEN talents," he said, stressing certain words for emphasis.

At first, the meaning of his words were lost on me. But as he kept talking, I began to catch on.

"Do you hear what I'm saying, Donna? SHOWING me WHAT YOU'VE GOT within you is something that will impress me."

I was beginning to understand.

"UNDERNEATH it all, Donna, is something I'm sure you can DISPLAY for me, even if no one else can see it," he said, his smile growing broadly.

Why that dirty, old man, I thought to myself. He wants me to flash him, right here, in this room, during class. If I were a different kind of girl, I'd probably be scared to death. But not me. The idea of showing him my pussy in a room full of students, with only him and I knowing what I was doing...the thought made me tingle. But I needed to be sure. What if I were reading this all wrong?

"So let me see if I understand you, Mr. Martin," I said to him. "If I SHOW YOU a different side of me, a side I've kept a SECRET, then I could get an A in your class. And if I SHOW YOU my HIDDEN side, it doesn't matter if ANYONE ELSE SEES IT, TOO. Is that right, Mr. Martin?"

"I think you've got it now, Donna," Mr. Martin said, grinning from ear to ear. "Tomorrow, be sure to sit in this front seat here and let's see how you do, okay?"

Well, tomorrow came, but I was still a little uncertain if Mr. Martin was really asking me to show him my pussy. What if I was wrong? Boy, could I get in trouble. So I decided to play it safe. I wore my shortest skirt with very skimpy panties on underneath. When I got to geometry, I sat in the front seat as Mr. Martin told me to do. I kept my legs together at the beginning of class, but gradually let them open up as the period went by. Mr. Martin would glance over occasionally, check out my panty-covered pussy, smile, and go on with the lesson. By the end of the class, my legs were open wide, and I'm sure Mr. Martin could see the drop of moisture on the crotch of my panties as I sat there in front of him, excited by what I was doing. I was showing off for Mr. Martin with a whole classroom full of students sitting right behind me, and nobody but he and I knew what I was doing. When the bell rang, I gathered up my books and spoke to Mr. Martin.

"How did I do today, Mr. Martin?" I asked.

"Donna, If you continue to do as well as you did today, I think you can count on getting a C by the end of the semester," he told me. "Remember, the more effort you SHOW ME, the better your grade."

I could do better than a C. I knew he wanted to see more, and I was determined to deliver it. The next day, I wore a pair of skimpy, loose shorts with no panties on underneath. After taking my seat in class, I wasted no time showing Mr. Martin what I had for him today. I opened my legs and allowed him to look right up my shorts. Mr. Martin was writing something on the board, but when he turned around, his eyes went right to my pussy. He gave me an even bigger smile today, as my legs stayed open during the entire class.

On my way out, Mr. Martin said to me, "Donna, I believe your grade has come up in the last few days. You earned a B today."

"Thank you, Mr. Martin. I'll try harder tomorrow," I told him, smiling as I left the classroom.

The following day, I took my seat quietly and waited for Mr. Martin to enter the classroom. I was wearing my short skirt again, but I had a major surprise for Mr. Martin today. I was waiting for just the right time to spring it on him. Mr. Martin came in and started lecturing right away. I had my legs closed good and tight when he first started talking. He looked over at me and frowned when he saw my legs closed. I waited. He paced back and forth across the front of the classroom lecturing, still glancing at my closed legs with a frown. Then he stopped directly in front of me, explaining some geometric principle, when he looked down at my legs. That's when I surprised him. I opened my legs to show him that I wasn't wearing any panties. But the real surprise was that I had shaved my pussy. Staring Mr. Martin in the face was a smooth, clean-shaven, teenaged pussy.

Mr. Martin was in the middle of a sentence when I flashed my hairless, naked cunny at him. The words got caught in his throat, his face turned crimson, and he started to cough. "Excuse me...(cough)..class...(cough)...I need a...(cough, cough)...drink of water...(cough, cough, cough)..." Mr. Martin ran out into the hall to find a water fountain.

The rest of the class period, I let him see my bald pussy. He seemed too shocked to smile, and his concentration was shot. At one point, I very slowly reached down with my hand and opened my pussy lips up for his inspection. I thought he was going to pass out. When the end of class came, Mr. Martin passed me a note that read: A+.

That's the way the rest of the semester went in Mr. Martin's class. Except for the days I had my period, Mr. Martin saw my smooth, bald pussy in front of him everyday. Needless to say, I got an A in his class for the year.

One of the other benefits of shaving my pussy was the reaction I got in the locker room from the other girls. When gym was over and we headed for our lockers, I stripped quickly. As I walked from my locker to the showers, every head turned and looked down at my smooth- skinned cunny. It felt so good having people look at it. I was the center of attention and I loved it. Even Miss Barton checked me out and I was sure I saw her lick her lips when she saw my hairless cunt.

As I stood under the shower and washed the sweat off of my body, other girls were taking quick glances down at my pussy. I was the only one in the gym class, maybe the only girl in the whole school, who had a shaved pussy.

When I got back to my locker, Gretchen Hall, who had the locker next to me, stared right at my pussy. Then she realized I saw her looking and quickly turned away.

"It's okay, Gretchen," I told her, "I'm not embarrassed."

She blushed, but went back to inspecting my bald cunny.

"Donna, I was wondering. Did it hurt when you shaved your...self...down there?" Gretchen asked me.

"Lots of hot water, plenty of Daddy's shaving creme, and a steady hand. No big deal," I told her.

"I've been thinking about shaving myself, too," Gretchen told me, almost whispering, "but I was afraid I'd hurt myself."

"Would you like to come over to my house this weekend? I could do it for you," I told her.

Gretchen blushed. "I don't know, Donna, that's...uh...well, you know...kinda personal."

"I understand," I said.

Gretchen was quiet for a minute. Then she spoke. "Okay. I trust you."

Word spread quickly around the school that I had shaved my pussy. Girls in my gym class told other girls in the school, and girls started to tell boys, and before long, everybody knew. I could hear the whispers as I walked down the hall.

"She shaved her pussy," someone would whisper.

Or some guy would say to his buddy when he didn't realize I was within earshot, "Did you hear Donna's got a bald pussy?"

"Really?"

"Yeah, she shaved it. Not a hair on it."

I loved it. The thought that everybody was discussing my pussy was a real turn-on. Hearing that I had a smooth-shaved cunny must have conjured up images in their minds. It made me so hot thinking that the boys were imagining what my pussy looked like. I know. Guys are always thinking about pussies. But I had the whole school thinking about my pussy.

That Saturday, Gretchen came over my house for her shave. I thought it would put her at ease if I did a touch-up job on my pussy first. My parents were downstairs, so I just locked the bathroom door upstairs to give Gretchen and I some privacy. I took off my clothes and got ready. I was intensely aware of Gretchen's eyes on me as I stripped. It occurred to me that maybe she was a lesbian. That thought didn't bother me in the least. As I said, I'm bi-curious and would love to have sex with a woman...at least once.

I took a washcloth and lathered it up with soap and water. After rinsing the soap off, I started to put some of Daady's shaving creme on my pussy. "Be sure to use the regular kind, Gretchen. You don't want to put the menthol kind down there."

Gretchen winced at the thought.

I reached for my razor - the one I use on my legs - and began shaving my cunny. Gretchen watch as I carefully ran the razor over the skin above my pussy. "This is the easy part," I told her.

Then came the harder part. Very carefully, I held my left labia firmly with my hand and shaved the stubble there. Then I did the same to my right one. "Phew!" I said. "That's over with," I said, smiling at Gretchen.

But now, the scary part. I needed to shave the stubble from around my clit. One nick there, and I'd be in real pain. "You've got to be real careful around your clit, Gretchen. You know how sensitive it is there."

Little by little, I scraped away the tiny pussy whiskers sprouting out from around my clit. I was a little nervous shaving it, but not the least bit disturbed at Gretchen looking at my pussy as I shaved it. Finally, I got the job over with. I rinsed my pussy off, and patted it down with a towel. "See? All done! Feel how smooth it is," I told Gretchen.

Gretchen hesitated.

"It's okay," I said. "You can touch it."

Gretchen reached out and ran her fingers over the shaven area above my pussy.

"Feel here," I said, pointing to my pussy lips.

Gretchen felt my labia, rubbing them a little bit. Her fingers brushed against my clit for a second, and I almost moaned from the pleasure. Then Gretchen pulled her hand away.

"So, are you ready?" I asked her.

"I guess, " she replied.

Gretchen shyly started to undress. I knew she was nervous, so I looked away while she took her clothes off. Gretchen had a pretty good body. Not as good as mine, of course. But she was attractive. Nice boobs. Cute little butt. When she was done, I reached for my Dad's electric razor. "We need to trim some of your hair back so it will be easier to shave off," I explained.

Gretchen stood there with her eyes closed as I turned the electric razor on and brought it up to her thick bush. Her pubic hair fell away easily as ran the razor across her pussy. Soon, her bush was almost entirely trimmed. To tease Gretchen a little, I touched her clit with the casing side of the razor. The vibration caused Gretchen to jump a little. "Ooops, sorry," I said.

Then I took the warm washcloth, rubbed some soap on it and began to wash all around Gretchen's pussy. I think she was enjoying the warmth of the damp washcloth and the lavish attention I was paying to her little pussy. After I got her cunny all soapy, I rinsed it off and began to apply the shaving creme all around.

"Gretchen, why don't you sit down on the toilet," I said, "it will make it easier for me to shave you down there." It's funny how we girls have a way of referring to our pussies as "down there" all the time. We never seem to just come out and say "pussy" or "cunt" when we talk about our private parts, do we?

Gretchen sat on the edge of the toilet seat while I knelt between her legs and started shaving. I thought I might be nervous shaving the sensitive area of another girl's pussy, but I rather enjoyed the opportunity of getting a close look, especially at a pussy other than my own. I love the way a pussy looks, with all those little folds of skins. Pussies are so soft and warm. As I was finishing up around Gretchen's clit, I noticed that Gretchen seemed to be enjoying all the stimulation to her pussy. Her pussy lips parted somewhat and I could see her hole. She was wet, partly from the cleaning I gave her with the washcloth, but also from having my fingers touching her in her most intimate place. I began to think that one day, I was going to do more than just shave Gretchen's pussy. Not today, but some day.

"Ooooh, Gretchen," I said, "it feels so smooth." I ran my fingers all around her soft, delicate skin. "Let me check to make sure I got it all." I leaned in closer to look for any stray pubic hairs I might have missed. I looked at the edges of her pussy lips, then gently separated them. I had done a good job. But being so close to Gretchen's pussy, I could smell her. I knew that scent because anytime I was turned on, my pussy juices had the same aroma. Yeah, I thought, one day...

My Senior Year:

It was during my senior year that I discovered the joys of oral sex. Now it may be surprising that it took me that long, but I was always too busy showing off my pussy than doing anything else sexually. I wasn't completely inactive, mind you; I went out with a few guys. We would make out, and I'd let them feel my boobs. I got a chance to play with their dicks and jerk them off. I let them pet my pussy outside of my pants. But I hadn't let a guy touch my pussy since...well, since Bobby Clark did when we played doctor.

It was at a party that my opportunity to try oral sex happened. Greg Morrow's parents were away for the weekend, his brother - who was in college - managed to get him several cases of beer, and it was party time. I wore my shorts, and - surprise, surprise - no panties. It was a great party. I had my first taste of beer. The first couple of sips tasted a little bitter to me, but after half a can, the bitterness seemed to disappear. After drinking the whole can, it was like drinking water. By the time I was halfway through the second beer, I began to feel the effects of the alcohol. I was getting my first buzz. Now I understood why some kids liked to drink. It was a nice pleasant, warm feeling. After I finished the second can, I felt real good. I felt rather loose, too. I caught one of the guys from school trying to peek up my shorts for a look at my hairless pussy. I let him have a little peek, but only for a second. It was at that moment I decided to set a goal for the evening. Before the night was over, I was going to flash every guy here. So I opened my legs and let my peeping friend have another look at me. He stared and stared at my pussy for a few minutes before I closed my legs back up again. I didn't have to wait long for my next opportunity. That boy had wandered over to a couple other guys and it was easy to figure out by the way they were all looking over at me what he was telling them. In less than a minute, all three boys were standing in front of me waiting for a show. I didn't give it to them right away, but in a few minutes I slowly parted my legs to let them see my naked cunny. Within 15 minutes, half of the guys at the party had made the trip over to see my pussy. Some would stand there and look. Others got bolder. They would sit down in front of the sofa where I was sitting and get a closer look. I was loving every minute of it. All of these boys were looking at my pussy. I could see the lust in their eyes and knew I was making them all horny.

As I drank another beer, I got more uninhibited and bolder. I got up and joined some guys who were sitting on the floor playing cards. I got in on the game and sat there, legs open, knees bent, the heels of my feet touching each other. I was wide open. In less than one minute, I caught the eye of one of the guys who spied my bald pussy. It didn't take long for word to spread. He leaned over to whisper to the gut next to him who looked over at my naked pussy. Then he told the next guy, and before long the whole card game had disintegrated into little more than five guys staring at my smooth, hairless cunny.

After I finished the third beer, I needed to pee real bad. The bathroom downstairs was being used, so I went to use the one upstairs. After I used the bathroom. I started to go back downstairs. On the way, I passed a bedroom where I heard some voices inside. The door was open just a crack, so I peeked in. There on the bed was Gretchen, passed out. And around her were three guys, taking her clothes off. This looked interesting. They had already managed to get her shirt off and were working on her jeans. The guys were talking as they stripped her...

"Dude, I've got to see if it's true," said one of the boys.

"See if what's true?" asked one of the others.

"I hear she shaves her pussy," he replied.

"You mean like that Donna chick downstairs?" said the third boy.

"What do you mean, dude?" asked the first boy.

"Didn't you see her down there? The girl in the shorts? Oh, man! She's not wearing any panties. You can look right up her shorts and see her pussy, man."

"Whoa, that's awesome, dude! I've got to check that out."

Listening to them talk about my pussy was really turning me on. And watching them take Gretchen's clothes off was exciting, too. But, Gretchen's jeans were tight and the boys could only pull them down so far, especially since she was so drunk and little more than dead weight. But they got them down far enough to expose her panties...

"Pull her panties down, too, dudes," said the one boy.

The other two guys yanked her panties down as far as they could until they were near her jeans. There it was, on display for the boys' inspection, Gretchen's bald pussy...

"Dude! Look at it!" said the first boy.

"Look at her pussy lips, man. That's awesome!" said the second.

"Not a single fucking hair on her cunt," said the third guy.

I felt extremely jealous. These guys were talking about Gretchen's pussy the way I wished they were talking about mine. And Gretchen wasn't even awake to enjoy the boys' lewd comments...

"Hey! I've got an idea, dudes. Let's jerk off all over her pussy!"

"Do you think we should?"

"Yeah, man. Let's go for it!"

I stood and watched in fascination as the three guys pulled out their dicks and started stroking themselves. I immediately recalled a similar scene when I was little and I let all the guys in the neighborhood stroke their dicks and shoot off all over me. But those were little boys with little dicks. What I was looking at were three guys with big cocks, jerking themselves off, preparing to come all over Gretchen's naked pussy.

The first guy had a normal, garden-variety, run-of-the-mill, 6 inch dick. The second guy's cock was longer than the first guy's dick, but it was skinnier. And the third guy had kind of a short, stubby dick, but it was real thick. I've heard girls say that all dicks are alike. Not true, if these three guys are a representative sample.

It was interesting to watch the different ways the boys jerked themselves off. They each had a different technique. The first boy held his dick with his thumb and two fingers and stroked it real fast near the head. The second boy had his whole hand wrapped around his cock, literally fist- fucking it. And the third guy sort of squeezed his dick as he pulled at it, twisting it with each stroke. Different strokes for different folks, I thought to myself.

I could tell the guys were getting close to coming. I watched carefully as the boys started jerking off more intensely now...

"Oh, dudes. I'm gonna come," cried the first boy, as he stroked his dick rapidly, aiming it at Gretchen's pussy. With a long groan, he came. Squirt, squirt, splat, splat, his cum landed on Gretchen's pussy.

The second guy followed quickly, fucking his cock with his fist hard now. He grunted and shot a big load right at Gretchen's slit. Then he took the head of his long cock and rubbed his creamy mess up and down the length of her pussy lips.

"C'mon, dude," said the first boy to the third, "your turn."

But the third guy had other plans. "Fuck you!" he said. "I'm going for her face, man!"

I stared as the third boy shifted himself around, and watched as he put his short, thick dick right up against Gretchen's lips. It looked like he was trying to pry her mouth open, but only managed to part her lips a tiny bit before he came. Ropes of his white jism shot out across Gretchen's face as the boy moaned when he came. Some of his cum streaked across her cheek, some landed on her eyes and nose, but most of it covered her mouth, seeping into where her lips were partly open. It made me shiver and tingle to think that the boy's cum was leaking into Gretchen's mouth.

When the third boy was finished, the first guy spoke...

"Dudes, let's leave her here like this. If anyone sees her, they'll think someone mistook her for a cake and tried to frost her!", he smirked, making the other two boys howl with laughter.

Quickly, I hurried back down the stairs before the boys came out of the room and caught me watching them. For the next half-hour, all I could think about was that lewd and obscene exhibition I had just witnessed upstairs. It excited me to think that the boys were turned on by the sight of Gretchen's hairless pussy. But the thought of how they jerked off all over her pussy and her face, especially her face, made my cunny hot and wet. I was determined to get the same treatment before the party was over. I got myself another beer and sat down on one of the comfortable chairs.

In a couple of minutes, two of the boys who had been upstairs came over to me and started talking to me. I knew why they were here. They came over to get a peek at my pussy. The third boy had told them I wasn't wearing any panties and they wanted to check it out for themselves. I wanted to give them a show, but I was in no hurry. I chose to tease them for awhile. As they stood there talking, I would let my legs open a little bit. But before they could see my pussy, I'd close them back up. I watched as their eyes would open wide, and then see the disappointment on their faces when they didn't get to see what they were looking for. I let this go on a bit longer while I drank my beer and gloried in the power I had over them; my pussy power.

I finished the beer. "I could use another beer," I said. The two boys practically knocked each other over trying to fetch me a beer. I knew they were trying so hard to keep me happy, just to see my pussy. And soon they would see it. I was so damned excited, my cunny was soaked. I could feel my pussy lips separating, opening wide as my juices flowed freely.

The first guy had beaten his friend to the cooler and brought me back a beer. "Thanks," I told him, taking the can from him. The boys sat down on the floor in front of me, positioning themselves in case I showed them what they wanted to see. And in a moment, I did just that. I raised the can to my lips and tilted my head back to take a gulp of beer. As I did, I slowly opened my legs wide and flashed my hot, bald pussy at them. I heard the first boy utter a very clear but quiet, "Dude!" when he saw my cunt, right there in front of him. I know he could see my pussy lips parted and watched as my pussy hole was exposed to his gaze. Both boys were gawking at my pussy. To them, I seemed to be paying more attention to my beer. But I had a plan. I was intoxicated, for sure. But what if they thought I was more drunk than I really was? What if I started acting tipsy? And what if I let them think they could get me upstairs and do with me what they did with Gretchen?

I kept my legs parted for the longest time, letting them both get a good look at my wet pussy. I started acting really silly and started slurring my words as I spoke. I may have been a little drunk, but I'm sure they thought I was totally drunk. Then I decided to go for it.

"I'm feeling so sleepy, like I want to take a nap," I told them, with my eyelids practically shut. The two boys turned and gave each other a knowing look.

"Dude, why don't you go upstairs and lie down on one of the beds before you pass out?" the first boy said.

"Could I?", I asked, groggily.

"Sure," said the second boy, "we'll help you up there."

"Thanks, guys," I said, letting them pull me up out of the chair, one on either side of me, and help me up the stairs. About halfway up, I let my body go limp, forcing them to drag me the rest of the way. When we got to the top of the stairs, they took me to the same room that Gretchen was in. I pretended not to see her or even know she was there. But she was still lying there in her bra, with her jeans and panties still pulled down, and the boys' dried cum all over her face and pussy. The two boys placed me on the bed and stood there watching as I pretended to be unconscious.

"Dude, you think she's passed out?" said the first guy.

"Yeah, look at her. She's not moving a muscle," said the other boy.

"What do you wanna do with her, dude?"

"Let's take her clothes off."

Getting my clothes off was an easier chore for them than when they tried to get Gretchen's clothes off. They unbuttoned my long sleeve shirt, and opened it up.

"Look. No bra!"

"Dude! Look at her tits! They're awesome!"

They started feeling my boobs and playing with my nipples as I laid there. I had to work hard trying to hide the fact that I was enjoying their touches. I didn't want them to know I was awake and aware of what they were doing.

"Let's get her shorts off. I want to see that pussy again."

They unsnapped the top of my shorts, pulled the zipper, and yanked my shorts down and off of me. There I was, shirt open, nothing on me down below, totally exposed to these two guys.

"Look at that pussy, dude. Did you see it when we were downstairs? Looks even better up here."

The other boy started feeling my pussy, rubbing my cunny lips, and touching my clit. Then he started to put his finger inside my pussy. This was the first time I had ever let a guy touch my cunt. I had shown it to a lot of guys before, but I never had anyone put his finger inside.

"God, her pussy is really wet," he said, as his finger felt just inside my little pussy.

"You gonna fuck her, dude?" asked the first boy.

"Better not," he replied. "She's still got a cherry. If I pop it, she might wake up and freak. Besides, Greg will kill us if we get blood on his parent's bed."

"Right, dude."

"But I do think I want a taste of her pussy."

A taste of my pussy? Was he going to do what I thought he was going to do. I didn't wait long to find out. The second boy spread my legs far apart and moved up between them. I could feel his hot breath on my pussy. Then I felt his tongue give my clit a lick. I couldn't help reacting.

"Mmmmmmmm," I moaned. Both boys stopped to look at me to see if I was regaining consciousness.

"Dude. She likes it!"

"You've got to try this man. Her pussy smells hot. Tastes good, too."

I couldn't believe what was happening. A guy had his mouth on my pussy and he was licking it. It felt so good. And he liked how it tasted. I tried as hard as I could to lay as still as possible, but the sensation of his tongue licking my clit and pussy lips was unbearable.

"Mmmmmmmm," I groaned again, as his tongue kept flicking my pussy.

"Dude, I'm going to do what Billy did to the other chick. I'm going to come on her face."

I liked that idea. I used to like it when I was little and the boys in the neighborhood used to shoot their cum on my tiny pussy. But the thought of a guy, blasting his load on my face seemed really nasty and fun. I could feel the first boy position himself over me so his crotch was in front of my face. I could hear him pull his zipper down and take his cock out of his pants. There was no mistaking the sound of his fingers stroking his dick, only inches away from my face.

"Dude, this chick's really pretty. I can't wait to jizz all over her face."

I couldn't wait either. The image in my mind of his hot, sticky cum on my face was turning me on. And on top of that, the other boy's tongue bath of my pussy was driving me crazy. He kept lapping at my pussy like a cat laps at a saucer of milk.

I could sense that the first boy was getting closer to coming. I could hear his fingers rubbing frantically on his cock and his breathing was getting hot and heavy.

"Dude, I'm gonna come."

I felt him put the head of his dick against my lips. I don't know why, but I suddenly got the urge to take him in my mouth and let him unload inside. I parted my lips and he just slid on in. Instinctively, I started moving my tongue and sucking on him.

"Dude, come here and look at this! She's sucking it. She's sucking my dick!"

Hearing that, the other boy jumped out from between my legs and rushed up to watch as I sucked hungrily on the first guy's cock. Just then, he let go.

"I'm coming, dude! I'm doing it. I'm coming in her mouth. Oh, dude!"

I could feel his hot cum shooting into my mouth, and I swallowed fast. Spurt after spurt of his jism poured into my mouth and headed for my throat. It was only the last few little squirts that landed on my tongue and gave me a chance to taste his creamy substance.

"Dude, did you see that? I've never had a chick swallow my cum before. Did you see the way she was sucking me?

"Get out of the fucking way, let me do that!" said the other guy.

Oh, God. He's going to come in my mouth, too. I didn't care. I liked it. The other boy yanked his cock out of his pants and put it right on my lips. He didn't even bother jerking his cock first. His dick wasn't even half-hard when he put it between my lips. As soon as I felt his dick in my mouth, I started rolling my tongue around the head. Instantly, I felt his cock grow harder and harder. But I had forgotten that this was the guy with the long, skinny dick. As his dick grew, the head of it went right for the back of my throat. I was afraid I was going to choke on his cock, but luckily he pulled back before it reached my tonsils. I sucked eagerly on his cock, as he rocked back and forth, fucking my mouth like it was a pussy. He must have been very horny because it didn't take him long to come. I could feel his dick grow very stiff. Then he pulled out, and he jerked his cock off, spewing his load into my open mouth, and all over my face.

"Mmmmmmmm," was all I could say as I felt the boy's warm cum all over my face.

"That is one fucking hot chick, dude!"

Graduation Day:

Four years of high school finally passed. We were all dressed up in our caps and gowns, waiting patiently for our names to be called so we could cross the stage and accept our hard-earned diplomas. When they called my name, I walked over to our principal, took the diploma with my left hand and shook his hand with my right. Before I left the stage, I turned to the auditorium full of people...and dropped my robe. Have you ever heard a thousand people gasp all at the same time? I did. I stood there naked, bald pussy and all, for everyone to see. Not only did I hear the crowd gasp, I heard a few catcalls and wolf whistles, too. The senior boys gave me a standing ovation, and Mr. Martin just sat in the front row and applauded. My parents were mortified, as I picked up my robe and left the stage.

I'm getting ready to go off to college now. I've already had a chance to scope out the college and the surrounding area. I think I may already have a lead about a possible part-time job while I'm there. Of course, I have to turn 18 first. There is a club that's hiring exotic dancers. I like the idea of having a job where I could do something I liked doing, something I am good at: showing my body to men. And to get paid for it, too!

So, if you're ever nearby, I hope to see you. And I really hope you see me, too.