# Teri’s a Showin’

My name is Teri and I’m twenty years old. Let me first say that I was a typical girl. I did almost everything I wanted to.

I don’t smoke or do drugs, I’ve even tried alcohol but I really don’t care for it. But I’m not the perfect dad’s girl, I am not a virgin. I’ve had sex a few times and really enjoy it, but now to my story. Last spring I landed a part time job delivering automobile and truck parts to most of the repair shops around town. And let me tell you, I was surprised how many there were here in and around Orlando. The girl that had the job became pregnant and decided to quit. She stayed around a couple more weeks till my classes ended and I took over the job until fall classes began. My boss is a great guy; he told me that the only thing I had to wear was a t-shirt with the company logo. I could wear anything else I wanted, as long as it wasn’t indecent or was a safety hazard. In other words, no super baggy pants or overalls. I had t-shirts in almost ever color they made. In warm weather I usually wore a t-shirt (no bra under colored shirts) and a pair of snug fitting shorts. I’ve always joked around and flirted with the guys at the shop and delivery locations. One Monday early in July, it was suppose to be the warmest day yet this summer. I decided to wear a light blue t-shirt and a pair of old jean short-shorts, and no underwear. I usually wear a pair of cotton thong knickers every day (thong knickers are about the only knickers I wear anymore), but for some reason I decided not to that day. I regularly go without knickers on weekends, but have never gone to work without them before. Anyhow, right after lunch, we were loading a few things in back of the pickup, and a five-gallon can of hydraulic fluid spilled and covered me with red fluid. I went to the bathroom to cleanup some but my clothes were a mess. I had some clothes in back of my car, so I decided to got them and change. When I pulled them out of the car, I noticed that all I had was a white company t-shirt and a jean skirt. I decided they would do for the rest of the day. When I took off my shorts, I suddenly remembered I had no knickers on. I said to myself, “Well, there got to be a first time for everything”. I had never gone without knickers in a short skirt before, so I took a deep breath and walked up front. There was a large mirror just outside the bathroom, so I looked to check myself out. I wasn’t sure how the boss would react with the way I looked. The skirt was only about three inches below my crotch and you just see my nipples through my t-shirt. Just then I heard a whistle, turning around I saw my boss looking at me smiling. I said to him, “ I hope you don’t mind, this is all I had in the car.” He said that I looked real good and that my outfit was just fine with him.

He gave me the delivery tickets and off I went. As I was driving, I looked down and was amazed to see the hairs of my pussy sticking out past the hem of my skirt. I reached down and pussy was right there, flush with the hem.

As I touched it, I swear I felt a spark, I was getting turned on. I looked around to see if was watching me. The more I thought about someone driving by and looking in my window and maybe seeing my pussy hair, the more turned on I became. About that time I got to my first delivery. I tugged down on my skirt as I got out, looking around to see if anyone seen. I made my delivery with no problems of comments. This gave me some confidence that all would be all right. The next stop went smooth also. At the third stop there were a couple of guys that always flirted with me, today was no different. The first thing out of one their mouths was a whistle followed by, “Hey Teri! Lookin’ good. I like the clothes.”

I shouted right back, “ I wore them just for you baby!”

As I pulled back on the road, I just had to touch myself, I was wet! I had just jumped back in the truck not bothering to pull the skirt down and the skirt was halfway up my ass. I was on display to whoever drove by and looked in. I felt a twinge go through my pussy, I was enjoying being on display, and it surprised me. Just then I remembered I had a towel on the seat, (I use this dry me off incase I sweat a lot or get rained on) I pulled the towel beneath me and pull my skirt up until my complete ass was bare. I started to lightly touch my pussy as I drove. I was just getting to feel good as I got to my last stop. There is this good-looking hunk of a guy there that I would just love to screw, his name is Mike and has a nice tight butt. His part was all the way up in the bed so I had to climb in the back to get it. Just as I slid the part to the tailgate, I didn’t see him as he walked from around the front my truck, I was squatting down as I pushed the part and this guy (who is now my boyfriend) turn the corner and his eyes locked on my pussy. I quickly stood up and he immediately said he was sorry. He helped me off the tailgate and I started telling him about my messy accident and how come I had no underwear on. He said he was still sorry for looking up my skirt, I told him to not worry about it and that for some reason I wasn’t upset about it.

Then he surprised me by asking me out to a quick bite after work. I told him I would love to but that I needed to change clothes. He said that I didn’t have to, that he like what I had on. I told him that I would think about it, but I had already decided that I would be happy to wear them.

Mike walked me to my truck and as I sat down, I saw his eye look down between my legs. I’m not sure what he saw because I didn’t look and I didn’t care. I told him I would wait at the shop for him and said bye. As I pulled out, I pulled my skirt up put a finger in my pussy. I was so horny, that if he had asked to fuck me, I would have bent over the hood of the truck then and there. At the first traffic light I came to, I pulled right next to a semi-truck, not even thinking or caring about anyone else, I was going to make myself cum as soon as I could. Then I hear his horn blow, I then noticed he was looking down at me fingering myself. I stopped for a second, then said to myself, “Who cares, let him watch”. I started fingering myself again and watched him as he watched me, and that sent me over the edge. Then a lot of horns started blowing, the light had turned green.

I’ve started wearing skirts to work at least one a week now, but I usually wear knickers. But I rarely wear knickers under my shorts anymore. I started dating my guy that afternoon and I didn’t wear any knickers under the skirt. We went to Burger King, ate a couple burgers and just talked. I know that one guy sitting a couple tables away got a look up my skirt as I got up to leave. I looked at him and winked. Once we got his Jeep, I just had to take his hand and put it on my very wet pussy. We got to my car and went to his apartment that night, I went home about 2 a.m., and he dared me to drive home wearing only the t-shirt, which I did.

Now I frequently go to the convenient store wearing just a t-shirt that just barely covers my ass, I love the thrill of giving someone a quick flash. Mike knows my love of going knickerless and loves it. I have all but quit wearing underwear anymore. I never wear them when I’m out with Mike.

I don’t care what I’m wearing short dresses, thin dresses, or thin tank tops. Mike has just bought me a white g-string bikini; we are planning on going to the ocean next weekend so I can show myself off. He also bought me a very sheer blouse last week; I wore it and a short flair skirt out dancing Saturday night. Mike loved the way they showed off my assets.