**The Dishwasher**

*Part 3 in a series documenting my sexual development and experiences.*

I'd like to tell you about another experience I had, when I was 16.

If you have already read "The Paper Round" and "The Oak Tree" you will know that by now I had become familiar with male masturbation, through watching Pete, and had become comfortable with masturbating outdoors, during my walks through the woods and fields around my parents home. I had also begun shaving my pussy.  
  
Pete was by now no longer around, and in fact I had stopped delivering papers soon after he left - I was so distraught at his sudden departure that I couldn't face being there anymore. I missed our secret liaisons desperately. I missed his cock, and the way it would twitch and jump in his hand before spurting its load at me.  
  
By 16 my sex drive had reached new levels of intensity, and I was always on the edge of the next orgasm, as my pussy begged me for some attention. I seemed to be constantly wet, as my juices would trickle all day, making my knickers rather damp. It was quite normal for me to change 3 or 4 times a day, to prevent my odour from becoming embarrassing.   
  
However, despite this, it may surprise you to learn that I was, and still am, actually a shy girl, and, apart from my "relationship" with Pete, I had little to do with guys. In fact I didn't have my first "proper" boyfriend until I was 17, when I lost my virginity.  
  
Until then all my sexual hungers had to be satisfied by myself - which was great fun! I seemed to be in a continual state of "horniness", and was forever finding new ways in which to enjoy myself.  
  
Somehow, though, when I find myself in a really erotic or exciting situation, my natural shyness seems to be overcome ,and dominated, by my almost animal instinct hunger for sexual arousal and stimulation. It takes me over, and I almost become another person, as my pussy rules my head.  
  
The incident I am now going to recount to you is, I suppose, an ideal example of what I talking about. What began as a normal day was to turned out to be one of the best days of my life, when, for the first time, I masturbated in front of a guy. And not only that - I also had a squirting orgasm!   
  
The experience I was about to have that day was to have a profound impact upon my sexual behaviour in the following years since.  
  
It was a warm day in July 2000, a Thursday I seem to remember, when I accidentally found myself in a rather interesting situation. It was during the school summer holidays, and as usual, I had been left "home alone" - my parents had both left early for work in London.  
  
Jenny, our housekeeper / ex -nanny, came in for a couple of hours in the morning, but after that I was alone.  
  
I had, the previous year, begun the habit of sunbathing naked in our garden. I would only ever do this when my parents were out - they would have been horrified if they knew what I had been up to - it was definitely not the thing nice girls did, especially the daughter of a lawyer!  
  
I loved the freedom of nakedness, the excitement of the breeze playing over my nipples, the warm sun on my skin - it was all so intoxicating.  
  
Well, after Jenny had left, I went upstairs to my room, undressed, leaving my clothes on my bed, picked up the sun tan lotion and a towel, and my personal CD player (I didn't have an iPod back then).  
  
Once outside, I wandered, naked, across the lawn and down to the patio, by the pool my parents have, which is some distance from the house. Leaving my things by the sun lounger, I walked around the pool and down the steps into the gloriously cool, clear water.  
  
After a few lengths, I came out and stood drying off my naked body, feeling the sun quickly warming my cool, glistening skin. Then I carefully rubbed the sun tan lotion all over my body, before putting on my earphones, and laying down on the lounger to soak up the suns rays.   
  
I guess I was there for at least 30 minutes, eyes closed, listening to my music, oblivious to the outside world, when I remember becoming vaguely aware of a sound somewhere close by, above the volume of the CD.  
  
I lazily opened my eyes slightly, still so relaxed that I was almost asleep, I remember seeing the outline of someone stood a few feet away. With the bright sun in my eyes I was initially unable to see properly, but I was instantly aware that I was no longer alone.  
  
In a panic I sat up, pulling my earphones off at the same time. As my eyes adjusted, I realised that there, only a few feet away, stood a tall guy, dressed in what appeared to be blue overalls. I guessed he was aged in his mid to late 30's, with short blonde hair.  
  
I was completely shaken and embarrassed, and I could feel my hands shaking in panic, as I sat there, looking up at him. I had no idea how long he had been there, or who he was, and I felt extremely vulnerable, as I am sure you can imagine.  
  
What the hell could I do? - there was no where to hide, and it was a bit late to be covering myself up - he must a have already had a chance to see everything as I had lain there.  
  
After a stunned silence that seemed to go on forever, he spoke, his voice quiet, with a slight tremble which gave away his emotions.  
  
"Er, sorry, er, I did call at the, er, house, but didn't get an answer, so just thought I would check if anyone was around the back in the garden" he stuttered. He gazed down at me, his eyes taking in my every detail.  
  
I eventually found my voice, which was also trembling.  
  
"Can I help you?" I asked, nervously, as I fumbled to switch off the music.  
  
"Er, it's the dishwasher", he replied, " you booked it for a repair".   
  
In an instant, it all came flooding back to me - the conversation with Jenny 2 days ago about the dishwasher not working properly; my mothers hastily scribbled note on the fridge door, reminding me to be in when they came to fix it. I had forgotten all about it.  
  
And I now found myself in this extremely revealing situation.  
  
As for him, well I don't think he could believe his eyes, as he now found himself gazing down at this naked, slender, 16 year old girl, with her long blonde hair, 32D breasts and her smooth, shaven pussy, her skin glistening with sun lotion.  
  
"Oh, my God", I exclaimed, "I'm so sorry - I'd totally forgotten". I felt stupid as well as embarrassed.  
  
What on earth was I going to do? My mind was still spinning, and I was shaking like a leaf.  
  
"Shall I come back another time?" ,he asked suddenly, " if its not convenient now".  
  
I couldn't believe that he was behaving so politely and normally, as if nothing was amiss - as if he came across naked girls in their gardens all the time.  
  
I quickly assessed the situation - if I turned him away now, there would surely be awkward questions to answer when my Mother returned home - she wouldn't leave it alone, I knew her too well. She would want to know why he hadn't done the job, and if I lied and made up something, she would be on the telephone to them straight away to complain - and they would then tell her what had actually happened. I couldn't risk it.  
  
"No, its ok", I replied, "I'll take you up to the house and show you where it is".  
  
With my heart thumping in my chest, I remember getting up off the sun lounger, and standing there before him, as he tried to pretend he wasn't looking at my private bits. I remember feeling a buzz of excitement in my tummy, as the panic I had experienced began to subside, and give way to a tingle of sexual arousal. Perhaps, I thought to myself, this could be interesting!  
  
This guy appeared to be trying to behave as if everything was perfectly normal. So, I would too! I would play a little game. I would play the role of the innocent, naïve young girl, who is totally unaware of the effect her nubile nakedness has on her visitor, and is completely uninhibited in her behaviour.

An odd feeling of power seemed to come over me.   
  
I walked towards him, and gave him a sweet smile as he watched, his eyes failing dismally to avoid glancing down at my naked, shaven pussy.  
  
I passed him, and he began to follow, as we strolled together across the lawn back towards the house. As we went I began to chat casually to him, giving him the full explanation about how and why I had forgotten about the dishwasher.  
  
I was aware that, every few moments, he would steal a glance at my pert, firm breasts as they gently bounced up and down with my walk - but I pretended not to notice, determined to keep up role as the sweet, innocent , but very horny young girl.  
  
We arrived at the house, and I led him in through the French doors, into the breakfast room, and then through to the kitchen.  
  
"Well, this is it", I said, pointing unnecessarily at the dishwasher. He nodded.  
  
"I'll just get my tools from the van and I'll get started", he said.  
  
"I'll show you through to the front door", I offered, and led him through the house. I opened the front door, and stood there as he passed me.  
  
"Can I make you a drink?" I offered. He seemed totally bemused by my casual attitude, as if I had no inhibitions about standing there completely naked at the front door.  
  
"Er, oh, yes...........something cold would be nice" he replied. It was bizarre - the conversation between us bore no relation to the reality of the situation.   
  
I returned to the kitchen. As I am sure you can imagine, by now I was feeling extremely horny - my heart was racing, my breathing rapid and shallow, and my hungry pussy was already wet with juices. As I heard the front door slam shut, I couldn't resist quickly fingering myself as I stood there.  
  
Sure enough, I was dripping. I removed my fingers seconds before he returned, and proceeded to reach for a couple of glasses in one of he cupboards.  
  
"Er, listen, erm," he stumbled, " if you want to go and get some clothes on, I can wait for my drink, you know."   
  
He appeared to be quite embarrassed at having to say something about my state of undress - perhaps he had been considering the precarious situation he now found himself in.   
  
"After all, you obviously weren't expecting me. And I don't want to cause you any more embarrassment", he added.  
  
I remember feeling disappointed at hearing this - didn't he like seeing my naked charms?  
  
As casually as I could, I replied.  
  
"Oh, don't worry about it, I don't mind - I often sunbathe with nothing on - I enjoy it".  
  
I walked over to the fridge, opened the door and bent over to look inside. From behind, I heard an intake of breath, as, with my legs apart, I knew that he was now looking at my smooth, swollen, deep red lips from behind. My lips are clearly visible between my legs, especially at times of arousal, and protrude teasingly, especially when I bend over.  
  
"Now," I said, bending over further, "We have orange juice or apple juice".  
  
I could almost feel his eye balls on my pussy, and there was a pause, before I heard a trembling voice reply.  
  
"Er.......er..... Orange will be fine, thanks."  
  
I took out the juice, closed the door, and turned, giving him a sweet, innocent smile.  
  
"I'll have the same", I said.  
  
His face was a picture of stunned amazement and disbelief. Here he was with this naked, sexy girl, who apparently had no idea of the effect she was having upon him, and seemed quite happy to display her most intimate parts for him to see. I'm sure you can imagine how this was making him feel.  
  
I poured us the drinks and handed him his glass.  
  
His face was glowing and flushed red, as he took several large gulps.  
  
"You must be thirsty", I said, "it is a warm day today". I went over to the breakfast bar, and sat on one of the stools, facing him, with my glass in my hand and my legs parted, wide enough to ensure that he had a perfect view of my aching, wet puss.  
  
He gave a nervous cough. "Don't let me stop you enjoying the sun," he said, as he tried unsuccessfully not to look between my legs. I felt a tingle of excitement as his gaze lingered for several seconds.  
  
"Oh, I don't mind," I replied, "its nice to have someone to chat to. My parents are at work all day, and don't get home 'til gone 7. So I'm alone all day."  
  
I closed my legs, and broke the spell. He looked up.  
  
"Oh I see", he managed to utter, his voice sounding rough, as if his mouth had gone dry.  
  
He began work on the dishwasher, firstly sliding it out from its space. He asked me if I knew what the problem was - and I told him what Jenny had said to me about it.  
  
As he worked, I remained on the stool, making polite, innocent conversation. Now and then I would part my legs and give him a tantalising glimpse of my hot cunny.  
  
I knew that I was on the very edge of having and orgasm - the familiar twitches and contractions between my legs were now becoming difficult to ignore, as I tried to keep myself from giving anything away.  
  
During our chat, I discovered his name was Alan, he was 38 and married. He had been a dishwasher engineer for 15 years, for the same company. He didn't have children, but had a dog. He asked me how old I was -I lied, and told him I was 18. He asked me if I had a boyfriend - no, I said, I'd never had a boyfriend.  
  
"What? A pretty girl like you, never had a boyfriend?" he exclaimed.  
  
The conversation drifted on.  
  
But it was no good - I couldn't keep myself together any more. The pent up sexual urges I was feeling had reached a level that I could no longer contain. I could feel that my hot cunny was now dripping wet, and my juices were trickling out between my legs, down my thighs and onto the wooden seat of the stool on which I was sitting .  
  
Unable to resist the urges any longer, I parted my legs and using the fingers of my left hand, parted the red, glistening lips of my puss to reveal my swollen, hard erect clitoris, which was now stood to attention like a little soldier. Alan hadn't yet noticed what was happening only a few feet away from him, as he was kneeling down behind the dishwasher, fiddling.  
  
Now, completely overtaken by my hunger, I reached down with my right hand and began to rub, squeeze and tease my aching clit. Instantly, my hips began to buck and twitch, and I inadvertently let out a little moan of pleasure.  
  
"Pardon", called Alan, from behind the dishwasher, not looking up.  
  
I was unable to give him an answer - now totally immersed in my own world of ecstasy, I just continued to finger myself, my whole body now being taken over, as I lay back against the breakfast bar, spreading my legs as far apart as I could, not caring anymore. With my eyes closed ,I was now vigorously working away at my buzzing clit, and then alternately slipping 2 or 3 fingers between my well lubricated lips, into the hot, wet tightness of my virgin pussy.   
  
A few seconds later, just as I was on the verge of cumming, I remember hearing Alan's voice filtering through to me, through the haze of orgasmic bliss.  
  
"Oh, God, what are you doing?". Looking back now its seems such a silly question - surely it was obvious! But I guess he must have had a shock - after all, how many times does a dishwasher engineer not only find himself in a house with a naked girl, but then discover her masturbating in front of him in her parents kitchen!  
  
On hearing his voice, I remember opening my eyes, and I smiled at him, before suddenly reaching an almighty climax, which ripped through my whole body like a bolt of lightening, causing me to arch my back, and let out a loud scream. At the same instant, I felt the muscles of my vagina contract and tremble around my fingers, as a gush of clear, hot, aromatic fluid squirted out from my pussy, spraying out several feet across the kitchen, covering the stone floor, and the front of the dishwasher.  
  
Now furiously rubbing my clit again, I continued cumming, as another, less powerful gush of my girly cum squirted out, soaking the stool and dripping down over the floor. I was now in a spin unable to stop, as wave after wave washed over me. To have this stranger stood there watching me as I gave him a display of my squirting talents seemed to make the orgasms even more intense than usual.  
  
I remember looking over at him, as he simply stood, open mouthed, watching the events unfold. It was almost as if he was under a spell, and couldn't move, as I continued to moan, writhe and twist my body to the rhythm of my orgasm, playing my fingers over my naughty clit, juices now dribbling from between the lips of my cunny onto the stool seat.  
  
I have no idea how long all this took. Perhaps 15 minutes, perhaps 20. As my orgasms gently retreated, I was able to sit up, and give Alan a naughty smile. Licking my fingers, I finally spoke.  
  
"I'm sorry, I just couldn't stop myself. I know it was terribly rude of me." I jumped down off the stool, my legs still weak. My bum was soaked in my girl cum, which now began to trickle down my inner thighs.  
  
"What a mess I've made," I continued, almost as if I had simply spilt some milk.  
  
Alan watched me in silence, as I walked across the kitchen and picked up the roll of kitchen towel, tore some off, and began to wipe between my legs, before returning to the stool to clean it, too.  
  
"I do hope I haven't offended you - it's just that I ....well, I was feeling really horny, you see?".   
  
I was now wiping the floor, which was drenched with my juices.   
  
Finally he spoke.  
  
"I've never seen anything like it", he said, in a hoarse voice, almost a whisper, " I cant believe it."  
  
I stood up, and looked a him, rather shyly now.   
  
"I'm sorry, really, I am. I know I shouldn't have behaved like this." I remember actually feeling at bit embarrassed at this point. Now that my sexual hunger had been satisfied, I was beginning to feel rather nervous again, as my naturally shy disposition began to re-emerge.   
  
"You won't tell anyone about this, will you? Not my parents."   
  
There was a pause as he gazed at me, almost in wonder, I thought.  
  
"That was the most fantastic, erotic, sexy thing I've ever seen in my life", he eventually said, " You are a gorgeous, horny young lady, you know. I've never seen a girl cum like you just did then - it was fantastic to watch you".  
  
I remember feeing a sense of relief. "So you weren't offended then?".  
  
He smiled at me. " Don't worry, your secret is safe with me - I'll remember this for the rest of my days".  
  
Then, he took the kitchen roll from me, tore some off and began to wipe my cum juices off the front of the dishwasher. Then, putting the soaking towel to his nose, he breathed in, inhaling the intoxicating aroma of my hot pussy.  
  
"God, that smells beautiful" he said, smiling. "I'll keep this to remind me", he added, and put the wet towel into his overall pocket.  
  
I told him was going for a swim, and after throwing away the wet towels in the bin, I went back outside into he garden, and down to the pool.  
  
I needed to cool down after my erotic performance. Despite my concerns about the way I had behaved, Alan's comments had been reassuring and I actually felt a warm pleasure inside.  
  
To know that I had made such an impression on a complete stranger gave me a real buzz. I had really thrown myself 100% into it, totally uninhibited. And, on top of that, I had even had a squirting orgasm. Alan was the first man to ever see me squirt!   
  
  
After a short swim, I got dried and returned to the house. Alan was just finishing.  
  
"There we are - all fixed." he announced.  
  
He packed his tools away, and I led him to the front door once more. Still completely naked, I stood there as he stopped and put his tools down.  
  
"I don't suppose I get a kiss goodbye do I?" he asked suddenly.  
  
I have to admit I was rather taken aback, but smiled.  
  
He leaned forward, and first kissed my cheek. Then, I felt his warm hands touch me, one clasping my bottom, he other gently squeezing my breast, his fingers tweaking my hard, erect nipple, as his kiss reached my lips.  
  
Our mouths opened and tongues explored. Then his hand was between my legs, which I parted for him, allowing his fingers to find their way between my smooth, wet pussy lips, and inside.  
  
There, on my parents front doorstep, I stood naked, as this stranger fingered my tight, tingling cunny, delving deeper inside with every thrust of his naughty hand.  
  
For several minutes we caressed and explored, as his fingering brought me back to a state of climax. Working expertly, he felt me cum over his fingers, once more hearing me let out a moan of pleasure, as more hot juices flowed from within me.  
  
Removing his fingers, he licked them clean, tasting my hot, sticky cum.  
  
" Your gorgeous" he said.  
  
Without another word, he went to is van, started the engine, and was gone. He didn't even wave goodbye, but simply left me standing at the door, with a wet but very satisfied pussy.  
  
  
And so, at the age of 16, I had masturbated in front of man I didn't even know, and ejaculated my girly cum too. It had been a fabulous experience.  
  
Within the space of a couple of hours, my sexual horizons had been hugely expanded. Any remaining inhibitions I may have had were gone. Being naked outdoors, having a man see my naked body, masturbating in front of a stranger, having a man finger my pussy.......all these milestones had been passed during one summers morning.  
  
The events of that day were to have a dramatic effect upon my subsequent sexual behaviour. Boundaries had been broken down. My hunger for more excitement grew insatiable. I found myself looking for any opportunity to reveal my teenage charms.  
  
The hours days and weeks following my encounter with Alan left my head in a sex crazed spin.  
  
I couldn't wait to do it again. Somehow, somewhere, I was desperate to repeat it, get that thrill once again .  
  
And then, my chance came, 3 weeks later.........  
  
  
Katie