**The Exposure of Jen**

by[Lyks2BTeezd](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=470197&page=submissions)©

I used to have a lady friend-with-benefits, we'll call her Jen, in California's Silicon Valley who, at first, would have never considered flashing or posing nude in a public place. Jen was fond, though, of clothing optional beaches and had visited many when vacationing. She also enjoyed sun bathing nude in the backyard of her home.

As an encouragement for her to give exhibitionism a try, I provided her with a number of exhibitionist and voyeur stories from Penthouse Letters and Forum, and from the Literotica.com website. Jen grew increasingly intrigued by the idea and interested in giving something "low risk" a try. That was enough to put my devious and twisted mind to work on some things to try. Whenever we followed through on some of the ideas, Jen was fascinated by the reactions of the men who saw her. The fact that no none was ever belligerent or rude toward her, served to encourage her more. I don't recall any situation where the guys she teased ever did anything other than try to discretely take advantage of gazing upon whatever Jen was showing for as long as possible. The most overt thing Jen usually got from her admirers was a knowing smile of appreciation. If she thought they were cute and safe, Jen would wink at them, which served to let them know that what they had seen had been intentional. It always looked like their heart skipped a beat when she did that.

Anyway, here are a few of the exhibitionist scenarios I'd conjured up for Jen and she masterfully played out:

The Sexy Rag Top:

For our first outing, I took a small or medium sized men's white cotton v-neck t-shirt and modified it a bit. I left the sleeves alone, but I cut out the collar-like thing that made up the v-neck. I then also cut off a generous part of the bottom of the t-shirt - I cropped it to a little above halfway between Jen's navel and the base of her breasts. I think I trashed a few t-shirts before I got the size and fit just the way I wanted it. The goal was for it to be provocative enough to turn heads, but nothing would be fully exposed, unless Jen intended it to be. The key was that it wasn't so loose that normal motion could cause it to slip and expose a breast unintentionally, yet it couldn't be so tight that it hugged her breasts and abdomen. It was perfect when Jen leaned over at the waist and the top sagged away from her enough that a "lucky observer" from behind and to the side a bit got a fabulous view of both breasts; and a lucky person in the right position in front of her could see down the enlarged v-neck and likely see at least one well exposed breast.

To accent this provocative white cotton top, Jen wore a pair of skintight black jeans that she had. They were so tight, and with no pockets in the back, she usually wore these jeans with no underwear. Thinking about it, it would have also been super hot if Jen had worn a thong and showed a little whale-tail when she bent or squatted. So, with only these two pieces of clothing and a pair of sandals, I drove Jen to one of the local Fry's Electronics.

This experience was a lot of fun. Jen walked into Fry's separate from me and I just followed and observed. Jen looked for an isle with one or two nerdy guys and she'd sidle on up and start looking for something not too far from them until she was noticed. Of course once they saw her they seemed to forget just what it was they were looking for, their main concern now was finding a way to discretely look Jen over or casually stare at her. Usually, they'd take a couple steps back from the shelves and act like they were taking a broader view of all the merchandise. Once she knew she had their attention, Jen would turn to an angle to optimally show off and bend over from the waist to examine products on the bottom shelf.

Don't forget that I was just down the aisle a little way, acting like I was shopping, but watching every second of what was going on. Once Jen bent over and the top sagged away from her chest, her breasts were fully exposed from the bottom. The view was FANTASTIC! She'd act so focused on whatever she was looking at that her appreciative observers would forget any pretense of discretion and just stare at her tits. After showing off for a time, she'd shake her head, put the item down and walk away.

A couple times during our shopping-exhibitionist extravaganza, Jen dropped her car keys and bent way over to get them. The last time she did it, the loose bottom of the shirt fell toward her lowered shoulders and briefly, but fully, exposed Jen's breasts. When she straightened up, she nonchalantly adjusted the cotton fabric down to cover her breasts. She blushed deeply and her erect nipples looked like gumdrops under the thin cotton t-shirt. Having her breasts fully out in the open like that was a bit "over the top" for her so she tucked her keys in her pocket and headed off to find her next victim, audience, voyeur...whatever.

This outfit was great at Fry's, Lowes, Home Depot, auto parts stores, hardware stores, macho-man sporting goods stores (usually the kind that sell hunting rifles, bows and arrows, elitist fishing stuff), and tool warehouses. Sometimes it's important to have a reasonable answer to the question "Can I help you find something?" from an employee or helpful customer.

The Motorcycle Jacket:

The Motorcycle Jacket was something Jen did only once, but it was so totally hot I wish we had done it more often at different places. I was one of those pretty successful senior-management guys from Silicon Valley that laid out some bucks for a big honkin' cruiser motorcycle and then customized the bejeezus out of it. On one occasion Jen and I were going to go check out the latest in high end pro-sumer and professional digital cameras. On the day we decided to go, I swung by Jen's place to pick her up on the motorcycle. She was all set to go when I got there. Jen was wearing another pair of super tight jeans that left no space for panties or thong. On top she was wearing a tight white one-size-fits-all spandex top that hugged her breasts so tight you could see outline of Jen's areola both in pigment and texture, the protruding bud of her nipple and the clear outline of her nipple ring. Jen tossed her motorcycle jacket over her shoulder, grabbed her helmet and turned toward me to go. I gave her a kiss and said, "Sweetie, you look absolutely fantastic. It's your choice, but, how would you like to kick it up a notch and drive some guys crazy?"

Jen smiled and, with a twinkle in her eye, asked, "Just what do you have in that dirty over-active mind of yours?"

"Let me put that sexy top you're wearing in a saddle bag for later. You'll be comfortable wearing nothing at all under that satin-lined leather jacket. And, any man with eyes to see will appreciate the accidental or discrete exposure of what's behind the cowhide. What do you think?" I asked.

Jen raised an eyebrow and a mischievous grin crossed her face. She grabbed the top at her waist and lifted it over her head. Her pert breasts jiggled free and she handed me her top. She climbed into her leather jacket and zipped it to the base of her breasts. She kissed me, grabbed her helmet and said, "Come on you letch', let's go make it a memorable day for a few guys." I followed Jen out the door to my motorcycle.

We rode up the peninsula to probably the best photography store in Northern California. I pulled the bike into a parking space in the lot behind their high-end store for well-funded amateurs and professionals. After climbing off the bike and pulling off our helmets, I asked Jen, "You give any free shows on the way up?"

While I locked the helmets to the bike, she explained, "I didn't want to get anybody excited enough to follow us so I only had it zipped low enough to enjoy a nice airflow into the jacket. ... Well, at least until you got in the exit lane. At that point, I needed to cool down and stretch. I unzipped, stretched my arms out and then clasped my hands behind my helmet."

I chuckled, "Yeah, I bet that felt good."

Jen nodded, "It did, it felt real good ... and a car passed by on the left, I think it was a bunch o' guys from Stanford, they couldn't seem to take their eyes of my Illini breasts!"

I stood up and shook my head, "Come on, Hot Stuff, let's go check out the latest gear while you spread a little more cheer." We laughed, locked arms and headed for the door to the store.

As we walked into the store, Jen positioned the jacket's zipper about nipple high. Zipped to there, she was revealing enough to raise the question in a guy's mind, "Is she wearing anything under that jacket? I sure don't see anything."

Jen and I walked into the store and approached the display case of digital cameras. We peered through the glass case at the more expensive end of the fixed lens digital cameras. I'm a committed Canon guy for all types and Jen likes Canon for SLR but was open to consider any brand in a fixed lens camera. One of the sales guys, lets call him Bill, finally came over and asked if we needed help. Of course we said yes, we were there as much to tease the clerk into a frenzy as we were to learn about the latest cameras.

As I talked with Bill about a specific camera, asking questions and having him explain things, Jen would lean over the counter to either look at something else in the case or to get a closer look at whatever Bill was explaining. Sometimes just leaning over revealed enough of Jen to draw Bill's eyes down the jacket.

Sometimes she'd lean over the display case far enough to press her chest against the glass top, which would push Jen's cleavage up well into the opening above the zipper. Once when Jen did this, Bill squatted down to grab some accessory that he claimed I need to see, but was really glancing up through the glass to get a better view of Jen's cleavage.

At one point, while I was turning one of the cameras over in my hands to check it out, Jen turned facing me to observe me and look at the camera. Jen was to my left and stood sideways to Bill. She had her right hand in the side jacket pocket and was leaning on the counter with her left elbow. While Jen was "intensely focused" on everything I was doing with the camera, moving her head from time to time to see better, she gripped the jacket's zipper-pull with her left hand and "absentmindedly" slid the zipper down and back up about three inches. Bill's attention was split between what I was asking and watching that zipper go up and down. He about fell over when Jen jerked the zipper down about four inches and stopped (midway between her nipples and navel) and pulled her right hand out of the pocket to point at the camera.

"Is that where the USB cable plugs in?" she asked. But when she pulled her hand out of her pocket, Jen made sure to pull the right side of the jacket away from her chest. We were pretty certain that Bill got a full view of her right breast and nipple. Jen had to repeat the question for him, and, for the rest of the time we were there, Jen kept moving the zipper to different levels between the base of her breasts and her navel.

I looked at another Canon or two while Jen continued to provide Bill with glimpses, flashes, and prolonged views of her breasts. Through it all, she acted as if nothing were out of the ordinary. Jen wasn't overt about it at all; like, she never brazenly looked him in the eye and pulled the sides of the jacket open to show him her breasts. But, neither did she ever act modestly or like she had "noticed" that she was exposing herself and covered up. Nor did Jen react in any way when Bill's eyes would dart from her chest to her face and discover she was looking right into his eyes. By all standards, Bill had been "caught" checking out her tits, in some cases craning to see them, but even when he knew Jen had seen where he was looking, she responded as nonchalantly as if he were checking out her drivers' license for a charge card purchase.

I was totally amused and turned on by what Jen was doing and by Bill's reaction. I, too, was "catching" Bill staring at my girlfriend's exposed breasts, but never reacted like I knew what he was looking at or even that her breasts were often in plain view. Though he was totally awkward about it, Bill was encouraged by our non-reaction and became increasingly obvious about looking.

As I finishing with the cameras that I wanted to see and asking my questions, Jen feigned increased interest in some of the non-Canon cameras in the display case. Several times, at either side of me, she would place her hands about three feet apart on the top front edge of the display case and either push back and lean forward to look into the case, or squat down with her hands still at the top edge. Now even I was almost falling over at times. These positions pulled the jacket open to where it nearly strained the zipper down further. Positioned in the right place, Bill, or anybody else behind the counter, pretty much had an open and clear view of both of Jen's breasts and nipples. Had she been bigger than a 34B, they'd have been falling out of the jacket.

Jen was squatting down like that when I said, "Well, you've answered all my questions. There are some considerations before I can make a decision. Give me a night or two to think it over and I'll be back." Nodding my head toward Jen, "I know Jen wanted to look at a couple cameras too."

With hands at the counter's edge and spread wide apart, Jen looked up and smiled at Bill. "Hi. Can I see this Nikon?" she asked, pointing with her nose.

Bill immediately slid the case open from behind and squatted down directly across from her. Staring through the glass case, eyes darting from breast to breast, nipple to nipple, he choked out, "Which one?"

I almost died when she said, "The silver one."

Bill's eyes were fixed on Jen's body, never even looking at a camera, he picked up an electronic flash and asked, "This one?" I had to bite my cheek to keep from laughing.

"No!" Jen exclaimed, "The Nikon CoolPix S60 camera right there!" she said a little sternly. She nodded her head toward the camera a couple times. I still can't believe what Jen did next. She looked up at me and smiled, then twisted her shoulders and pointed at the camera with her left nipple. (Which, I haven't mentioned, by the way, is her pierced nipple and had a lovely blue 3/4 ring in it at the time.) Jen held the point for a couple seconds and then pulled herself into a standing position and placing her hands, one on top of the other on the counter in front of her.

Bill rose slowly from behind the counter, with the camera in hand, a very ruddy tone in his face, and an awkward tent in his pants. Jen took the camera from him and squeaked, "Oh!" looking above the camera at his pants.

Bill was really ill-at-ease and wasn't fully certain if she'd "Oh-ed!" at the camera or his tent. He stammered a couple times and finally got out, "Umm, I don't know the Nikons as well as the Canons. Let me find a Nikon guy." and he beat feet for the back of the store.

Bill left three Canons and the Nikon on the counter and the back of the case open. I picked up a Canon and turned to my totally sexy lady, "Whadya say, Hot Stuff, how about we take some pictures?"

Jen gave me a devilish smile and bounced her eyebrows. I began directing her and taking photos of her ensuring that her face wasn't in any of the pictures. I had her lean back against the counter with both elbows at her side on the counter top. This pulled the jacket open enough so that, standing next to her, the breast and nipple on her opposite side was exposed behind the jacket. I snapped a few shots from either side testing various zoom settings, with and without the flash. I tried to be nonchalant about it, to look like I was just taking pictures of the store to check the camera and not overtly crawling into Jen's jacket with the camera. In every picture, though, there was a lovely breast or both at one edge of the photo or another.

I did take a bit of a risk, though, when I put the first Canon down and grabbed another. I asked Jen to squat in front of the counter as she had when she asked to see the Nikon. I turned off the auto-flash and, as Jen squatted down with her arms spread wide and hands at the edge of the display case, I leaned over the counter and one-handed about half a dozen pictures from the back of and through the open display case of Jen as Bill had seen her earlier. I had to delete one that had too much of her face in it, and another that had stuff in the way, but the remaining four started to tent my pants. I turned the Canons off and set them back on the counter. Jen was standing at the counter looking the Nikon over when Bill and another, older, clerk came to the counter. The older guy, Ben, had a frustrated look on his face when he noticed the Canons sitting out on the counter top. I spoke quickly toward Bill, "You can put these away now. I really appreciate your letting me look 'em over." I rolled my eyes and added, "Other places would have locked 'em up rather than let a customer get a feel for 'em. Thanks."

Sassy Jen checked out a couple Nikons and a Sony. She certainly teased the guys but she was a bit more discrete about it with Ben there. He got a few good looks and blushed a lot. Ben must have been Irish or something because his skin was really light. When he blushed I think his face actually radiated heat. Again, Jen and I acted like nothing was out of the ordinary. Neither of the Nikons had memory cards in them but the Sony did. I asked to see it and held it up to my eye, scanning the store through the view-finder. I took the camera from my face and gave Jen a knowing look. She turned her back to the counter and placed her elbows behind and to her sides. I took several photos in different directions but made sure that two or three included what Jen had on display. We both turned toward the counter and discussed the pictures while reviewing them from the LCD panel on the back of the camera.

Afterward, I scanned through to the middle of the photos on the memory card and turned the camera off. Jen told Ben and Bill that she really liked the Sony but needed to think about some of the Nikon's features. We promised to come back and thanked them. I stood behind Jen, placed my chin on top of her head, grabbed one of her elbows in each of my hands, and, as she was facing the two camera store clerks, I pulled her elbows behind her until they touched and said affectionately, "Come on, gorgeous, let's go get something to eat. I'm starving!" I looked at Ben and Bill. Their eyes were about falling out of their heads staring at what I could only imagine they were seeing. "Is there somewhere around here you guys would recommend to eat?" I asked, releasing Jen's elbows. They were dumbstruck.

I thought she'd put her hands on the counter, or maybe cross her arms over her chest after that. Nope! Jen reached around behind both of us and grabbed my butt.

"I'm hungry too." she said, "What do you guys like around here?" After a very awkward moment and pregnant pause without response, I grabbed her hands and hugged them back around her front.

"How's that place by the book store? Or, is the burger place at El Camino Real any good?" I asked.

They both blinked a couple times, never taking their eyes off Jen's smiling face. Finally, Ben responded hoarsely, "El Camino for burgers, the other place for soup or sandwiches."

"Thanks, guys!" my sassy biker babe Jen blurted, "You've both been very sweet and a big help." We headed to the door for a big honkin' burger.

We noticed there seemed to be quite a few guys with the camera store's name tags that came in and sat nearby while we had lunch. We pretty much behaved ourselves and left quietly after lunch... except for maybe that stunt of Jen's when she squeezed a big glob of ketchup out of her burger. It ran down her chin, dripped to her chest and ran out of site into her jacket.

"OH!" she squeaked again. Then, as if nobody else were around, she set her burger down, unzipped the jacket to her navel and pulled the sides open wide to survey the path of the ketchup. Even I was shocked and agog at the "naive" yet brazen exposure of Jen's naked torso and breasts. There had to be eight guys in the place, all with their mouths hanging open and forgetting to breathe as Jen placed her finger on her belly under the dollup of ketchup and traced its path up between her breasts. She lifted her ketchup laden finger to her mouth and placed it between her lips.

Only then did Jen look up and scan the tables nearby. She paused for just a split second to look into each guy's eyes - a look that I'm certain they'll never forget. She pulled her finger from between her lips and coyly pulled the jacket closed. She looked at me and asked, "Can you get me some wet and dry napkins?"

Before I could slide out of the booth, three guys jumped up from nearby tables. One guy came straight over with a handful of dry napkins. The other two returned shortly. One handed her two saturated and dripping napkins. The other guy presented her with a cup of water and two packs of ketchup and pickle relish. Jen started giggling and the rest of us remembered to breathe.

After a bit of laughter from everyone nearby, Jen shook her head and said, "Ahh, what the hell, they've already had a good look." After wringing a wet napkin out into her tray, she fully unzipped the jacket and pulled it wide enough to drop from her shoulders. She meticulously wiped the remaining ketchup from between her breasts and down her belly. Jen wiped her chin and dropped the napkin to her tray. She took a dry napkin and dried the path of the ketchup.

With an impish smile, Jen laid a couple dry napkins in her lap. She then picked up the remaining saturated, dripping napkin and began sensuously wiping her neck and down her chest. Rivulets of water ran across her breasts and belly into the dry napkins at her waist. She ran the napkin over and around each breast, taking care to look down and examine each nipple as she rolled and tugged each of them in the napkin. She paid particular attention to the ring piercing her left nipple. She wiped the napkin under each breast, lifting each one. Finally, Jen wiped her belly and circled her navel several times with her napkin covered index finger. She dropped the wet napkin on her tray and reached to her lap. Taking a napkin from her lap in each hand and beginning at her waist, she patted herself dry up her torso, over her breasts and finally patting across her chest and up to her neck.

Jen dropped the napkins on the table top and looked down at her exposed front. She inhaled deeply, pursed her lips and blew slow and steadily down her front, turning her head from one breast to the other. Taking a deep breath, she exhaled almost as a sigh. She looked across the table at me, lifted the jacket back over her shoulders, took it between her fingers at the waist and reconnected the zipper.

"That was really refreshing!" she proclaimed as she pulled the zipper up to the base of her breasts.

She scanned the table, her tray and the remaining food for a moment. She then retrieved the napkins she'd used and laid them one by one individually at the edge of the table. Jen scanned her audience at the adjacent tables and advised, "You guys can have those if you like." It seemed like arms emerged from every direction and were gone as fast as they appeared. The napkins were gone.

I looked at my hottie and recommended, "I'm thinkin' maybe we ought'a get out'a here ... like now!" Jen giggled and slid out of the booth. I took her hand and we made fast tracks for the motorcycle. Minutes later we were roaring South on I-280.

[Okay, I'll be honest. It's all true except for the part in the hamburger joint - but wasn't that HOT!!?]

The Coffee Shop Tease:

The coffee shop tease went like this... As previously mentioned, I had a pretty nice motorcycle and, prior to that one, I had a smaller used bike that I rode for a number of years. When we lived in San Jose, we had a neighbor who was somewhat of a hybrid of the following cartoon characters; Ziggy, Mr Magoo, Charlie Brown, Bill the Cat, and Beatle Bailey. Despite that, he took himself pretty seriously. I was a middle to senior manager in the high-tech world and he was a middle manager with a monolithic player in the military industrial complex. He is an ultraconservative and I'm a centrist that leans slightly left. To an ultraconservative, anything left of an ultraconservative is a commie-fag-pinko-liberal-nutjob. My neighbor, Jack, and I were about as different as two guys could possibly be. Despite our differences, Jack and I had an odd respect for one another and an appreciation and empathy for the professional challenges we both faced. Jack also had a motorcycle, which he rode to work most everyday, rain or shine...mostly because he was cheap! I, on the other hand, was more a fair weather rider ... completely because I don't like getting wet, dealing with the extra danger of wet pavement and reduced visibility, and I especially don't like having to detail my shiny flashy motorcycle more than I have to. All that said, for ten of the twenty years we were neighbors, we hardly shared more than an occasional, "Hi. How are ya?" Until one day, out of the blue, he called me up - I didn't even know he had our number. Anyway, he explained that he'd recently lost a close friend and that he just needed to talk to somebody about it. He asked if I'd go get a beer with him and just listen. This was one of those times in life where you just don't say "no" no matter who it is. So he bought me a beer and I gave him an ear.

From that we came to realize that, despite our differences, we were a couple of old farts stumbling through life just trying to do the best we could with whatever talents and skills we had. We developed a mutual respect and did our best to avoid those topics where we knew we were strongly divided. It wasn't long before we had a regularly scheduled "You think that's bad? Listen to this..." coffee night.

After dinner, every Sunday, we'd haul the motorcycles out and ride to any one of a number of coffee spots. We'd sit there and sip at our coffee while complaining about the ignorance of our bosses, inequity, injustice, and the ineptitude with which, whatever the topic was, was being handled. We talked about the trials and tribulations our families were going through and the failing health of our fathers.

In the midst of those discussions, just like the pack of dogs in the movie "UP" whenever "Squirrel!" was mentioned, all conversation would stop and our attention was diverted whenever a lovely woman could be discerned or imagined roughly within the range of our failing, but mostly corrected, eyesight. Conversation would pause while we'd ogle and appreciate, comment on the most notable of assets or endowments, but at a deeper level lament the loss of, and long for the return of, the days when we were virile, fit, handsome, and had a full head of hair. To the extent to which we perceived beauty in the women who captured our attention and won, even so briefly in the passing of time, our longing and passionate interest, we yearned doubly that they might find an equal interest in us even were it for half the time.

Over a few years, this weekly night out stretched to twice a week and, for a time three times per week. There was some secret formula in it that made us feel more alive, more affirmed, as if we were more in control. And, lusting after unobtainable beauty somehow made us feel younger. It was into this formula that I chose to introduce Jen. I was honest with Jen and explained that I wanted her to join us as the third Musketeer to taunt and tease us with her physical charms and to tantalize our intellect with her wit, innuendo and double entendre.

Jack knew nothing of the depths of my relationship with Jen or the degree to which she'd respond to my perverse desires or the lengths to which she'd go to sexually tease a man. By this time in our relationship, Jen had bought a motorcycle of her own and would join us at least once a week on our coffee shop ride.

Early on, when she was with us, I'd urge Jen in advance to spend the evening teasing us with words. As one of the Musketeers, she was in no way an inhibitor in our appreciation of other members of the gentler gender. I urged her to use that as a source for her teasing. Through her taunting and teasing, Jen drew us out further in our lust and expressing what it was that attracted our attention to certain women. Why were they so desirable? We talked about eyes, lips, breasts, butts, legs, facial structure, hair, physical carriage and the total package. What she learned from our lust, she applied later to her tease.

In the next stage, I urged Jen to dress more provocatively and to do her best to shock Jack with her reveal, by taking off her leather jacket when we arrived at the coffee shop. This resulted in about eighteen months of at least one night per week of Jen making Jack and I crazy with her taught spandex top stretched across erect nipples revealing their texture, hue, elevation and the outline of the evening's nipple jewelry - ring, 3/4 ring, stud, spike, whatever. Other times it may have been a loose or tight fitting Harley Davidson tank top, always with out a bra. A thin light top revealed a lot. A dark top might not show much until she leaned down to retie her motorcycle boot. I loved watching Jack's reaction as he'd stare down into her sagging tank top at Jen's suspended breasts.

Jen also had a certain white knit top with about a hundred little clasps running about two thirds the way down the front. The clasps we sort of like the ones on the back of a bra. Depending upon how frisky Jen was feeling or how much she wanted to torture us, she'd decide how many or how few of the clasps to connect. Again, never was there a bra to obscure the view. So even if it was clasped top to bottom, the subtle curves and features of her breasts were well detailed by the knit fabric. The lower Jen would go with open clasps, the more skin she'd privilege us to see.

Sometimes she'd wear a button down Harley Davidson shirt or blouse that she could wear in a bunch of different ways. Jen would button it all the way up or hardly at all, tuck it in, or leave it out. Unbuttoned from the bottom and tie it at her midriff and decide on three, two, one or "God, yes, please!" no buttons done above the tie. Whenever and however she'd wear this top, I'd always urge her to sit to Jack's right so that, even if Jen had it buttoned, you could always see her breasts between the buttons. So she'd do it and drive him or both of us crazy - and often times other guys sitting nearby.

The absolute sexiest times were those few occasions when she wore this top in the summer time, tied high just under breasts with a single button done at the tie and all other buttons open above that. When she wore it that way we knew Jen intended to give us a major show. If she wanted to be certain we couldn't stand up without embarrassing ourselves, Jen'd cross her arms, one atop the other, at the edge of the table in front of her. Then she'd sort of set her breasts on top of her forearms and lean down. The more she'd press down, the more of her breasts that would rise out of the top of her shirt. If she rose up, her breasts would recede and the shirt would close up. Jen'd use this to tease us, and sometimes others, mercilessly. If somebody came by that might be a problem, might say something, or she just didn't want to allow a view of "the girls," she'd rise up and keep 'em out of sight. If Jen wanted to make us weak in the knees, or anyone else taking notice, she could almost roll those babies completely out over the top and show off every square inch of them, nipples, her piercing, the entire package.. Good God, she could drive us crazy.

Over the years, Jen became pretty comfortable with her exhibitionism. She'd never show off or expose herself if she was on her own, though. She'd only do so when I was with her because she felt both safe when I was there and she knew how much it turned me on to watch her and see the reaction of the guys she flashed or teased. As time passed, we both moved away from Silicon Valley to different parts of the country. We've stayed in touch and continue to tease each other with ideas of crazy things we could do the next time we get together. Not long ago she sent me a CD full of pictures, taken by her husband, of her posing nude in a multitude of National Parks around the country or on beaches around the world. I do miss her and her courage to expose her physical charms to the nerdly techie guys of Silicon Valley, the average guys at Home Depot or Lowes, and the outdoorsy types at REI and sporting goods stores. And, apparently now, the flora, fauna, hikers and sun worshipers of National Parks and the world's beaches.

Jen really taught me to appreciate the unfortunately few women who like to or are willing to tease and please us with vistas of their feminine charms. I've often wished there were some safe and subtle way of encouraging and thanking them, or encouraging other ladies to give it a try. For the few who may read this, thank you, from me and the other well mannered men who may have enjoyed the life affirming benefit and pleasure of your tease, flash and intentional exposure. We greatly appreciate you.