**The Girl**

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**The Girl Ch. 01**

The Girl sat on the Museum steps waiting for her friend, she was early, but in no rush. She played with her smart phone, not being one for social networking sites, she read blog after blog of nonsense, and spent hours watching music video.  
  
Tonight, herself and the friend were going for a few drinks, and maybe tease some boys in the rock bars in town. She loved teasing boys, but always made sure the boys knew they were being teased, all just fun, and the boys loved it too.  
  
She checked the time, still 15 minutes till the friend was due, she uncoiled her earphones and started to search on her phone for some music to listen to that she hadn't heard before. She noticed some teenage lads in the distance skateboarding, and searched for something fast and noisy. A text alert buzzed her to let her know the friend was 10 minutes away, cool.  
  
As she listened to the fast music, she was reading a blog about some sad looser that collected tea towels, and took them all over the country to enter them in competitions, some people eh.  
  
She noticed that the skateboarders were closer now and gathered around a bench 20 yards away, chatting and laughing, they looked to be about 18 years old, 7 years her junior. She vaguely recognized some of them from the bars in town, or maybe all youngsters had started to look the same. She thought she'd still pass for a teenager. Some of the boys were standing with their backs to her, and some were sitting on the backrest of the bench facing her.  
  
Another text from the friend, 5 minutes away, if the friend stopped texting, she'd be here by now. The girl glanced in the direction of the skateboarders, one of the boys that faced her had noticed her, he was trying to look at her without her or the others noticing, he looked nice for a youngster and wore a Ramones t-shirt, the music playing on her earphones was the Ramones. She smiled at the boy, but he didn't seem to notice.  
  
She suddenly realized that from her height up the steps, he must be looking up her skirt. She felt her face flush, but it wasn't with embarrassment or anger. She tensed for a moment, and looked back to her smartphone, she was smiling widely and couldn't help it. She looked back to the boy. He was oblivious to his friends, and just stared with lust. She thought about what clothes she'd put on for tonight, the old denim skirt wasn't particularly short, but her knickers were very brief, almost G-string, she was wandering how much of her body the boy could see. Certainly the underside of the top of her thighs, and the gusset of her knickers stretched tight over her mound.  
  
The boy was in a trance, she moved her leg a fraction of an inch, he got an even better look at her crotch and thighs, his eyes seemed to bulge, and she was sure his crotch did too. She wandered if she could make him come from 20 yards and with no hands, and giggled a little, she thought of what she could do next, maybe open her legs a fraction or wriggle to make her skirt ride up a bit.  
  
This line of thinking was turning her on, and she felt the moist warmth between her thighs tremble. Why hadn't she thought like this before? Surely she'd noticed that men had ogled her. The feeling was immense, the power she could have! The fun she could have! The sex she could have.  
  
She parted her knees and gave the skateboarder a long glorious flash of her knickers and thighs, and the thought of him furiously jerking himself for a month over her, gave a tingle through her belly to her quim.  
  
Her friend arrived at that very second, "here I am" cooed the friend, the girl sprang to her feet and embraced her, she looked over the friends' shoulder, to see the boy red in the face and holding his skateboard in front of his crotch, she was convinced she'd made him come. "It's great to see you, let's get that drink, I've got so much to tell you"  
  
The girl and her friend had a fantastic night out, they told each other all about their lives in the last few weeks, the girl slowly built up with the power of booze, to tell all about the flashing at the young boy on the museum steps. The friend was horrified and chastised the girl for being foolish and sluttish. "Anything could've happened, there was a gang of men, and you show them your wears, just like that"  
  
"It wasn't like that" the girl explained, but the friend just didn't understand.  
  
The girl gave up and put the incident out of her head, and concentrated on getting drunk with her friend and having a great night out.

**The Girl Ch. 02**

The next day, the girl got up late and sat in her pajamas reading the newspapers with her flat mate, she wanted to tell the flat mate about the previous night, showing her body to strangers on the museum steps, but knew that she wouldn't be understood, and wasn't quite sure that she understood herself.  
  
Lunchtime came and went. Flat mate went for her usual long bike ride, the girl was alone, she kept on thinking about the museum steps, replaying it over and over, the feeling of control, empowerment, the filthiness, and the sexiness. The girl went to her room, and with her rabbit, came quickly and totally.  
  
She had some chores to do this afternoon, before an evening watching DVDs and a bottle of wine with her flat mate. The weekly trip to the supermarket and an hour and a half in the launderette.  
  
The girl had always thought of herself as being good looking, fit and sexy, she didn't go in for blouses, high heels, miniskirts and layers of makeup. She was comfortable in her old denim skirt, stripy socks, baseball boots and a fairly tight top to show of her boobs, she loved her tits, and she thought her tits loved her. The girl thought again about flashing her knickers on the museum steps the night before, ooo and the tingle down under.  
  
At the launderette, the girl sat with her back to the wall, she wasn't in the mood for reading pointless blogs, so uncoiled her earphones and chose some old relaxing music, she sat with her eyes closed listening to Pink Floyds' wish you were here album, which reminded her of her uncle smoking dope at her parents' house when she was little.  
  
She sat with her sun glasses on and eyes closed for 40 minutes, soaking up the hippy vibes of the music, the album ended, she exhaled heavily but kept her eyes closed, and listened to the sound of the launderette.  
  
She cracked open her eyes the smallest amount she could, and let the tinted light flood in, it took a while to adjust. Still with her eyes just open, looking through her lashes at a fuzzy view of the world. She made out the tall figure of a man sitting on the other side of the launderette, he seemed to be looking at her, watching her. She stayed still and watched back, his eyes moved up and down her body, studying her legs and lingering on her tits, she felt a slight tingle between her thighs, the man was now staring at her boobs, she was loving having her tits scrutinized this way, and being just able to see the man lusting for her body. As if to reward the man, her nipples started to harden, drawing the man's eyes out on stalks.  
  
The girl's heart had quickened, her nipples were at full attention and the liquid between her thighs was moving, the man carried on staring and lusting for her. She noticed the newspaper on the man's lap was moving gently, he was rubbing his cock through his jeans! The girl's breathing quickened and her breasts moved with her, she could not believe what was happening. Was she going to bring off another strange man without touching him? Was she going to orgasm by watching a stranger masturbate while watching her?  
  
Another launderette customer entered and the man quickly rearranged himself. The girl gathered her whit's and gathered her clothes from the machine. As she left, she looked at the man, he looked friendly and nice, but not her type, she smiled to him and he smiled back. When outside the girl burst out laughing, bringing the odd look from passersby.  
  
"whoo hoo, what's happening" she called to no one.  
  
When she got home the girl went to her room, and with her rabbit came quickly and completely.  
  
"Do you notice men ogling you" the girl asked her flat mate  
  
"Yeah, creeps the hell out of me"  
  
"I like it"  
  
"Freak"  
  
They watched the DVDs, drank their wine, ate some supermarket pizza and talked a little about sex and their boyfriends. Flat mate was going out with a boy from work, so seeing him every day meant they had the weekend apart, so as not doing the over kill thing.  
  
The girl's boyfriend lived 60 miles away, by the seaside, he had a few jobs, 3 days a week working in a record shop, 2 afternoons at the architectural salvage yard, 1 all-nighter as a D.J. She hadn't seen him for weeks, but it felt like months. She was sure he'd like to be flashed at and teased, and began to think of ways to drive him crazy.

**The Girl Ch. 03**

When Sunday raised its head, the girl was excited and full of ideas for exhibiting herself, for she thought that she had become an exhibitionist. But should she plan such things? Friday evening on the museum steps and Saturday afternoon at the launderette had just randomly happened. Would planning these events make them work? No! She couldn't plan it, but she could prepare herself for it. Clothes, props maybe, be in the right place to be viewed?  
  
The girl usually went to the park for an hour before her favorite Sunday lunch pub opened. It was a warm summer day, the park would be quite busy. She wondered if her favorite spot under the big oak tree would be free, then she thought about what to wear, maybe shorts, maybe leggings, no! She'd just wear her old denim skirt, socks and boots, and her tight white top, she rarely wore a bra, and believed her tits to be perky and shapely enough without one. All the men in her life had enthusiastically agreed.  
  
She briefly thought of going commando, but no, not today, today was going to be an experiment. She put some things into a shoulder bag and walked to the park. She wore her sunglasses and a floppy hat, and felt cool and breezy. At the park there were lots of the usual park people, she made her way to the tree lined edge to find it quite deserted, it was still early and the sun hadn't peaked yet. The girl sat under her big oak and rummaged in the bag, out came a thin light throw that she spread out on the grass, her smart phone and bottle of water. She looked around, there was nobody near her, the closest was somebody throwing a ball for a dog 200 yards away.  
  
For a while the girl sat with her legs neatly folded to one side, while searching for some music on her phone. Still with an eye on her surroundings, she shifted to sit cross legged, which felt so wrong and dirty, but there was nobody near to see, and the light breezes tickled between her legs, and felt wonderful against the thin cotton of her knickers.  
  
The dog walker had moved off so there wasn't anybody within 300 yards, she wriggled slightly and let her skirt ride up a little, exposing more of her slender legs, the slightly naked feeling was great, but she yearned for more, she wished for someone to see her, to look at and to desire her. She quickly reached down between her legs and pulled her panties to one side, fully exposing her quim to the fresh air, oohh the feeling, she covered up and smiled broadly to herself, o what a naughty girl she was. She stretched out on the throw and rolled onto her belly, she took a gulp of water and uncoiled the earphones, and put on some Sunday soul music.  
  
She lay there, under her tree, reading some blogs of nonsense, train spotting, bird spotting, they were all crazy, as far as she was concerned, but she loved to read about their lives, maybe she should write a blog of her own, about discovering exhibitionism.  
  
The girl became aware of people closer now, her bag had some metallic decorations on that reflected movement from behind her, also the shiny screen of her smartphone gave her a kind of black mirror to spy at what was going on behind her. A game of keep-y up-y between 3 lads was happening a couple of hundred yards away and the occasional dog walker / ball thrower walked by, all seeming to keep a polite distance.  
  
10 minutes later, the keep-y up-y was swelling in numbers and turning into a kick-about, another 5 minutes and teams were being picked, and a full on game of football started. The girl was tempted to sit up facing the game to watch for a while, but it reminded her of school, the girls all watching the boys showing off in the playground. She much preferred that the boys watched the girls showing off.  
  
After a while of trying to see what was going on behind her through the reflecting screen, she drifted off thinking about her boyfriend who she was due to visit in a few weeks, she hadn't seen him for 3 weeks because of his stupid jobs and her stupid job. One day when they had loads of money and time, they could spend days in bed and....  
  
The football came rolling past her and stopped at the base of her tree. Had the football lads kicked it her way on purpose? She wondered. A tall athletic figure appeared "nearly got you, ha ha" said a girl in t-shirt, shorts and trainers, "do you fancy a game" she asked while retrieving the ball. The girl smiled and said that she wasn't really dressed for it, "the boys playing wouldn't mind at all, ha ha, see you later" said the footballer and sprang off to resume playing. She smiled, then laughed.  
  
She had her music on random play, and she thought about the beach near her boyfriend's flat, they had joked about skinny dipping one night but never had done it, now she was thinking of doing it again and more!  
  
She remembered a time in the cinema, they'd sat in the dark, almost empty picture house and stroked each other between the legs, teasing through their jeans, until they'd got home and fucked for the rest of the night. Oh she ached for him. Would she go home now, to her rabbit?, or carry on to Sunday lunch and some friends company. As if to answer, her stomach rumbled and the football came flying like a shot into her tree and bounced violently past her nose, spoiling her reverie. The girl quickly gathered her things together into her bag, jumped to her feet and headed up the hill to the pub.

**The Girl Ch. 04**

She entered the pub, and walked to the far end of the bar to where the manager stood. She was breathing hard and felt her chest rising tightly making her boobs bounce a little more than usual. The barman and barmaid's eyes followed her across the room, she knew they were both looking at her tits, and she loved it.  
  
She smiled as she reached the manager. The manager was the only other female that the girl had kissed, one drunken night in a dark club corner, snogging and feeling each other's tits. Oh! Those were days, thought the girl. The two embraced, and brushed each other's cheeks, she felt their tits rub together, and a spark flickered in her belly. No!, it would never happen again, as much as the girl loved the manager, it wasn't meant to be sexual, and she knew the other woman would fall madly for her, and she would never return the feelings. Great friends they were, and that's how the girl wanted their relationship to remain.  
  
They stood at the bar with a pint of beer each, like a couple of guys, chatting about ...guys. The manager had been dating (if that's the word for it) another pub landlord, you know , working unsociable hours in the pub, limited time off, it was meant to be a match made in heaven. But no, it wasn't to be. They ended up just having a handful of rushed dates because of staff shortages/deliveries/unforeseen problems at work, a hand full of quick unsatisfying shags etc. etc... Same old story, thought the girl, and told told her about seeing her boyfriend in a few weeks, and her newfound love of being ogled in public, and her thoughts of flashing her body. The manager thought this hilarious and nearly choked on her beer, the girl quickly made her swear that she wouldn't tell a soul, but had to agree to flash at her at some point in the future in exchange.  
  
The pub was quiet today, but after a little while the manager was called away to attend to some pub business, changing a barrel and then to help in the kitchen because someone had called in sick, the girl didn't envy her in the least, being on constant call would drive her mad.  
  
She took a seat at a table big enough for four, in the hope someone she knew would have had the same thoughts about Sunday lunch as herself. She sat facing the bar, and observed the bar staff and the few other customers dotted around the place. The barman and maid were roughly her age and both looked quite fit, they were talking quietly, and quite closely, she thought about the sex they were probably having, rutting after a night serving beer to pissed punters, a quickie in the cellar, maybe doggie style over the pool table. She smiled at the thoughts, and looked around the pub for more spots she'd like to have sex. There was a quiet private snug, all sofa and cushions, probably seen a lot of action. She was about to take out her smartphone, when a couple she knew came through the doors and joined her.  
  
It was great to see them after the 3 or 4 weeks, when they hadn't bumped into each other. The couple said they had been sooo broke, and just trying to do as much overtime at work as they could, but had finally got back to just treading water, financially that is.  
  
They finished their food amongst chat about what was meant to be cool on facebook and the like, but the girl had to blag it a bit, because she couldn't be bothered much with social networking, and instead talked of the music she had discovered on youtube.  
  
The girl had already decided she wouldn't try to show her body off to anyone in the pub, because she knew too many people that went in there. After lunch with the couple, they stayed for another drink or two, drawing the afternoon out, so the evening and inevitable Monday morning would take longer to come round.  
  
The couple told her about their habit of buying a lottery ticket on Saturday but not checking it till midnight on Sunday, so like Schrödinger's cat, it could be counted as either/neither a winning or losing lottery ticket, they also said that it was a little depressing going to bed on Sunday having just lost on the lottery, but from this week, they were going to fuck for an hour after checking their numbers, so the weekend finished on a high note. The girl thought for a minute of her boyfriend and sighed, a little too loudly.  
  
The coupled giggled and teased her about not getting enough sex, and that she was always welcome to join them in their bed, to which they all laughed as ever, it was a running joke, what with her boyfriend living down by the seaside. The girl retaliated and tried to embarrass them by describing some new imaginary sex toys she had taken delivery of, and went on to invent a new job for herself, writing reviews of the toys. They all agreed that would be a fantastic job and vowed to look into it next week when they were back at work.  
  
After another drink, time was getting on. The couple were debating whether to have another drink on the way home, and yes it was decided they would pop into their local pub. The girl kissed them both goodnight and went in search of the manager to say goodbye. She enquired at the bar as to where she might be, the barmaid told her that she was down the cellar and that the girl could pop through to where the cellar door was to call for her, but not to go any further as the licensed premises were off bounds.  
  
The girl knew the drill and thanked the barmaid, she went through the bar's side hatch and into the corridor at the side, to the cellar door. The door was open and the light was on, illuminating the rickety looking stairs that looked more like a ladder. The girl called to the manageress that she was going home and to have a good evening, but there was no reply. She waited a minute to see if the manageress would magically appear like usual. But nothing. The girl bent down and peered into the gloomy stairwell. Still nothing, she hitched her skirt up a little and squatted on her haunches, low enough to give herself a better view.  
  
The manager magically appeared and startled the girl. "WOW! Green knickers, classy and sexy" said the manager who popped up and was eye level with and staring directly at the girls' crotch, they both laughed a little. The girl felt tense and her immediate reaction was to cover herself, but she quickly composed her thoughts and asked if the manager liked her green knickers, "Yes, I sure do, where did you get them from?" was the reply. "That new internet shop" answered the girl. This could turn into a contest of wills. The manager staring at her green clad honeypot, and the girl not wanting to bottle out.  
  
The manager seemed closer as she said "What beautiful thighs", still staring. The girl thought she could feel the other woman's breath on her legs, she felt hot, but wrong. Nothing would happen though, they were just girlfriends complimenting each other.  
  
The girl was looking into the manager's eyes and commented on how big her pupils had become, and watched the Iris's move as they drank in the view of her green pouch, she glanced down at the others tits, and saw her nipples stiff beneath her shirt, and remembered touching and tweaking them in the nightclub.  
  
She felt the manager's warm hands on her knees, they steadied her, as she had begun to tremble slightly. The girl leant lightly against the hands, the manager face was even closer now and she gently moved her knees apart a few more inches. The manager's eyes were the size of golf balls, as were her nipples. The girl's quim felt slippery within her pants and her legs parted further, under the guide of the others hands. "I can see that you're wet, and I want you" said the manageress. The girl had never felt so sex starved and horny as this before, never mind with another girl. She gasped as she felt the manager's head move between her thighs, and firstly her hot breath and then her hot tongue lick at the moisture soaking her green knickers... "Oh my gggooddd".  
  
"HEY BOSS THE GUINESS HAS GONE, CAN YOU PUT ANOTHER BARREL ON!" came a shout from the bar.  
  
They both jumped a mile, the girl landed on her arse, with her legs in the air, while the manager gasped with a bright red face and twinkling eyes. The barman poked his head round the corner, and started to shout the message again, but stopped when he saw the girl on the floor, legs akimbo. He couldn't help but to look up the girl's skirt. She smiled as she saw where the barman was looking, and as he mouthed the words "Wow, green", she started to laugh and heard the manager giggling too, he was still staring at her knickers, but she couldn't care less.  
  
They stood at the bar with southern comfort and ice, and talked quietly for a few minutes. The manager apologized and said that she was just over come with lust at the sight that met her on the way out of the cellar. And when they'd chatted earlier, she didn't think flashing would happen so soon, and so close up and personal. The girl told her how guilty she felt for leading her friend on, and that she didn't think for a minute that it would have gone so far.  
  
"Hey" said the manager "that was amazing, and I'll be treasuring the moment for a very long time, and I can't wait for some me time later". The girl agreed about the "me time". They hugged and parted, still friends, but a little more intimate than before. They both thought of how far they would end up going.  
  
The girl left the pub, and began to walk home, her damp knickers and the slippy skin at the top of her thighs rubbing together made her feel gloriously dirty, and she couldn't wait to see her rabbit. She heard a rumble approach from behind and turned to see the bus coming. "Fab", she said to no one. The bus stopped for her, she paid the driver and scurried half way down the deserted carriage, and flumped into the seat, from the bag on her lap, she automatically got out her smart phone and uncoiled the ear phones, in a few seconds she was listening to The White Stripes, and feeling warm liquid inside and beautifully filthy in her head. The urge to bring herself off, there on the bus was excruciating, she was sure it would only take seconds, but she wanted it to take longer. She arrived at the flat, pink faced and sweaty, she didn't bother to say hi to the flat mate, but just went straight to her room to masturbate over and over, first with fingers, then with her rabbit, she came utterly, again and again.

**The Girl Ch. 05**

Monday at work went by in a haze of boredom. The girl left at five with the usual feeling of freedom and joy. It was sunny but not a hot evening, she decided to walk the long way home, around the park instead of across the middle. And up and over the chip shop hill, but wouldn't be indulging in the chips. This route home took maybe an hour to walk, but it made her feel a little bit healthier. Walking around the park had the advantage of a well maintained path to follow and still being within the park boundaries, amongst the shrubs and ornamental gardens, as opposed to waking across the middle of the park, dodging cyclists and footballs.  
  
Half way around she found a bench to sit on, in a gap in the bushes, looking onto the park. She took out her smartphone and uncoiled the ear phones and chose some AC/DC to rock the rest of the way home to. As she walked and listened to the music she thought again of her sexy encounter with the manageress, and what it would be like to spend the night with another woman, the soft tenderness, the gentle yielding skin.., then she thought of her boyfriend's glorious cock, and his firm body and strength, maybe she should try to combine the two and have a threesome? But she wasn't so keen on sharing him. Maybe she should open up about her bisexual feelings a bit more, she could be a part time dyke at home, and a cock mad nympho shag machine when she visited her boyfriend, she smiled and laughed at the ideas. Hard bodies and hard cock won every time.  
  
The music finished as she got to the road, to cross for chip shop hill. It was very steep, she still had the option of walking the other, flatter way, but no, it would wake her up and make her more alive. Half way up the hill, she sure felt alive, as her legs strained and lungs tightened and made wheezing noises, nearly there though, she must push on, burn off that pizza she had on Saturday and those pints of beer yesterday. She reached the top and paused to catch her breath, she inhaled deeply, breathed in in the delicious smell of fish and chips. The girl smiled to herself for making it up the hill and strode straight past the chip shop for the descent to her flat.  
  
When the girl entered the flat, she could hear her flat mate in the shower, but shouted "hi" anyway, and imagined a mumbled reply. She was thirsty, and made herself some green tea. While in the kitchen, she heard a few clattering's in the bathroom and imagined her flat mate dropping shampoo bottles, then she heard a mumbled voice and wondered if the flat mate was calling to her, she went to the bathroom door and was about to knock when she heard another mumbled voice, a male voice, was her flat mate shagging her boyfriend in their shower? She asked herself.  
  
She couldn't remember if they had discussed shagging in the shower, but they had agreed to no sex in the living room. The girl found herself moving closer to the bathroom door, so she could hear more of what was going on. She could hear the water spraying, and gentle groaning and the rhythmic squeaking of wet skin against the plastic shower cubical, she put her ear up against the door to hear even more, they were going at a slow leisurely pace, she was groaning with each of his thrusts.  
  
To the girls horror, the bathroom door moved an inch or two, if she was discovered listening, she would die of embarrassment. To her relief, neither of the shagging couple were facing her, her flat mate was bent over, hanging onto the shower controls with one hand, and the other was holding her own leg up as her boyfriend fucked her from behind, the girl loved it doggy style.  
  
She had a fantastic view of the pairs' interlocking organs. Her flat mate had a lovely smooth hairless box, which reminded the girl to have a shave down there. His cock wasn't huge, but looked thick and purposeful, and also quite hairless. The girl had never seen other people fucking in the flesh, she sometimes looked at porn on the internet, but this was amazing.  
  
She prayed that neither would look in her direction, but judging by the sounds they were making, they were far too occupied. His thrusts were getting slightly quicker, and her flat mate was thrusting back at him, forcing his cock as deep as it would go. His muscular arse cheeks clenched tighter with his thrusts, was he going to come? The girl's hand had found its way to her crotch as if it had a mind of its own. His cock looked as if it was swelling up, until it started to twitch as he was coming, and his whole body followed in the uncontrollable spasms of orgasm.  
  
Beautiful, thought the girl, as she backed away, and made her way to her bedroom, she stripped quickly and bent over her bed, with her arse in the air, and spread her legs, she fingered herself from behind with one hand, imagining being shagged doggy, and rubbed her wet clit from below with the other, she briefly wondered if it was possible to wear her clit out with all the wanking she'd been doing lately, but her mind quickly pictured the scene in the bathroom, his cock entering her flat mates puffed up quim, over and over, until she felt her own muscles tighten, and spasm, just as she'd seen his. She came and sank to the floor, still with a finger on her clit, extracting every last twitch of orgasmic pleasure.  
  
The girl didn't venture out of her room for an hour or so, she replayed the bathroom scene over and over in her mind, and fiddled endlessly with herself. She couldn't come again! She usually had no problem coming a second time. Maybe she had worn out her clit. But eventually with the help of her rabbit, she came a shuddering orgasm again.  
  
After she had laid on her bed for ten minutes and her legs started working again, she thought of food and threw on her bath robe and headed for the kitchen. Toast and tea in hand she entered the living room, her flat mate and boyfriend who were curled up together on the sofa, greeted her and said they hadn't realized that she was home until they'd heard her in the kitchen. The girl felt her face redden slightly as she spoke to them and pictured them fucking in the bathroom, but soon found it rather funny as well as red hot sexy.  
  
She sat in the big arm chair with her legs curled beneath her, she was probably showing a bit too much leg, but after what she'd seen tonight, she didn't really care. It was a thrill catching the others' eyes flickering down to her thighs now and then. And being knickerless in their company was giving her ideas.

**The Girl Ch. 06**

The girl had gotten used to wearing just her old tie-dye hippy dress round the flat, no bra or knickers, just the thin loose cotton. Showing off the side of her boobs to anyone looking, and giving them a look straight down the front whenever she bent slightly. She noticed her flat mate looking at her body and secretly loved that she did, and as for the flat mate's boyfriend getting an eye full. She knew he often looked down the top of her dress and had seen her tits on many occasions, and she was convinced that she had given him a few glimpses of her quim, when sitting cross legged on the sofa, or when she was getting up and the dress had ridden up to her arse.  
  
She counted all the wafting round the flat with next to nothing on, as practice for flashing her body to strangers and still being in control of who saw what and how much they saw. She even practiced in front of the mirror, bending, and checking various angles, and sat on a stool to see her thighs, arse and quim from different reflected angles.  
  
The first time she left the flat wearing only the hippy dress, was a hot Saturday morning, she was going shopping for some new boots, and thought the idea of being close to sales assistants, and them helping her to try on the boots would be perfect to show her body off, and very public and safe.  
  
The girl left the flat wearing sandals, the tie-dye cotton dress, sun glasses and her floppy hat, her bag on her shoulder, she wandered towards the park, and then veered off towards the town center. She cut through the lanes and came out on the edge of town, near the old arcades. She chose a lane that had some second hand book and record shops, and retro clothing stores.  
  
She stopped at a table outside a book shop with a box of old tatty comics, and leafed her way through, looking for something to give her boyfriend in a couple of weeks, when she saw him next. She sighed gently at the thought of him, then smiled dirtily as she pictured him naked with his proud hard-on pointing at her.  
  
She caught sight of herself in the shop window reflection, and thinking how hot she looked, and that the dress looked shorter than she thought it was, suddenly feeling slightly vulnerable. She closed her eyes behind the sunglasses and the image of his hard cock popped back into her head and the memory of leading him around his apartment by his dick until he fucked her senseless over the kitchen counter, put the confident dirty smile back on her face.  
  
Not finding anything in the box outside the bookshop, she went inside to see what was on offer. It was a bit gloomy inside, but she kept her sunnies on and surveyed the shelves. The guy behind the counter very subtly double took as he saw her, she pretended not to notice that he was there, and he seemed to do the same. She looked from shelf to shelf, and spotted some action figures on a high shelf and some more tatty comics and some old concert programs on a low shelf.  
  
At first she bent to the lower shelf and leafed through the comics, then the programs, she stopped at an old Rolling Stones program from 1990, and read the cover slowly, if the book shop guy was looking, and she was sure he would be, he should have a great view down the top of her loose flowing dress, to see her pink nippled tits, so she lingered over the program for a few more seconds before picking it up.  
  
She moved around the shop, and found a few more comics, but nothing her boyfriend would be interested in. The Rolling Stones program slipped from under her arm, she immediately bent to retrieve it, and as she fumbled with the glossy pages on the floor, realized her arse was pointing directly at the guy behind the counter. She wondered just how much he could see, and smiled to herself. She straightened with the program and moved over to the high shelf with the action figures. The only ones she recognized were batman and a strange looking beast she thought was from star trek.  
  
The shop guy broke the silence. "Hi, if you want me to get any of those down for you, don't hesitate to ask." He had a gentle Scottish accent that she had always liked since seeing old James Bond films with Sean Connery.  
  
"Thanks," she replied "I don't really know what I'm looking at."  
  
"I'm no expert on the sci-fi or super heroes, but I can see a Charlie Chaplin up there, and a Lemmy from Motorhead." said the shop guy.  
  
"Oo I can't see the Lemmy figure, could you get that one down for me please?" she asked. The guy sidled over, he must have been 6'5, and was slightly insectoid, but a good looking guy of her own age.  
  
The action figure and concert program would make great gifts for her collector obsessed boyfriend, but she didn't think that she had enough money for them along with some new boots.  
  
"Is it really £10?" she asked.  
  
"Well it's quite old and tatty," replied the shop guy and added "maybe the shop owner wouldn't mind letting it go for a little less."  
  
She smiled her best smile at him and took her sunnies off. The guy was already like butter in her hands after the little show that she'd given him. Her big brown eyes blew him away. She left the shop with an absolute bargain, and thinking about the morals of using her body in exchange of money.  
  
After the 40 minute walk and half an hour of window shopping, she was looking for a Café, she wondered if the old Turkish place was still there and headed in its direction. She passed a couple of potential places to look for her new boots, and spotted some nice looking people watching her pass, she was trying not to smile directly at them, but she was grinning from the sexiness between her legs.  
  
The Café was where it always had been, but looked cleaner, fresher. Yes, it'd had a new coat of paint and a general spruce up, she hoped it hadn't lost its character. She sat outside and could see the cafe owner of old through the window, a middle aged woman, tall, dark hair, fantastic tits. But a younger man came to her table to wait on her. She guessed the owner had found herself a fine looking toy boy, who looked closer to her own age, than the Café owner.  
  
"Hi," greeted the waiter "what can I interest you in?" he was flirting immediately with her. His accent sounded posh, but not from this country, well educated, European. He was tall too, with jet black hair. The girl imagined him with the owner, they would make an electric looking couple.  
  
"Hi to you," the girl flirted back, "I'd be interested in some of your coffee and humus salad please." as she reached below the table to retrieve her bag, his eyes flickered to her breasts, and she thought he would get a glimpse of her tits, but maybe not her nipples.  
  
They smiled at each other as he left with her order. The girl looked through the window again, and could see the owner looking back and smiling as the waiter approached, the owner stroked his smooth face and he put a hand on her waist, they looked stunning together and full of passion. The girl thought of her boyfriend again, and knew their passion to be just as strong.  
  
While she waited, she looked around the street. Not much had changed, she guessed it to be over a year since she was last here. The street was for pedestrians only, but a few bikes and skateboards went past, it was still quite early and not very busy. She remembered how busy it got on the weekend and that was why she had avoided the place for so long.  
  
She watched a couple across the street sitting on a bench outside another eating place. They looked a fair bit older than the girl, late thirties, maybe in their forties. Dressed for the hot weather, him in shorts and t-shirt, her in a not dissimilar dress to her own. She noticed the glint in their eyes as they also looked at the other people around. People watching people watching people.  
  
The waiter was at her shoulder with a Cafetiere and a plate with toasted pita, salad and a big dollop of humus.  
  
"Here you are, the coffee is Turkish and strong, the Humus is delicious and Greek." charmed the waiter.  
  
"Like you and your beautiful lady." she flirted back again.  
  
He smiled a devastating smile and the girl had no doubt as to the Café owner's satisfaction in the bedroom department.  
  
She sat and ate and watched people go about their business, and found a few watching her back. She kept her sunnies and hat on, and tried to watch the older couple opposite more closely. They seemed to be spotting eye candy for each other, and asking each other's opinions of the young men and women that they seemed to be picking. Maybe they were a new couple seeing what the other one fancies, or maybe a predatory couple looking for a threesome or group sex. She giggled a little and pretended they were doggers for a minute.  
  
The woman spotted the girl eating her meal, and said something quietly to her man. The girl pretended to be looking the other way, but kept sight of the couple from the corner of her eye. They were both looking her way, and discussing her. She casually uncrossed and re-crossed her legs, to give them something to talk about. The couple stopped mid-sentence and stared unashamedly. She didn't think she'd given them much of a view, just her thighs, but suddenly remembered she was knicker-less, and was a little taken aback. But soon had her dirty smile back and wondered how many people might see her quim today.  
  
The couple were smiling too, and looked on in what appeared to be admiration. While they gazed at her, the woman had parted her legs, and the girl found herself staring back, straight up her dress, to her smooth cunt. WOW, she nearly dropped her food. She felt that she shouldn't be looking, but was unable to look anywhere else, a quick sideways glance to the woman's face saw a dirty smile similar to her own, she returned her gaze to her naked nethers on display, her eyes flickered to the man, and saw the unmistakable bulge in his shorts of what looked like a pleasantly robust hard-on.  
  
Who were these people? She thought. In her surprise, she had slumped slightly, and realized she was sitting legs akimbo allowing the couple complete visual access to her quim again. A Mexican pussy standoff entered her head, she thought would make a good title for a porno film.  
  
The waiter passed by behind her "Is everything to your liking?" he asked.  
  
"oh, er" she stammered, slightly flustered at being caught with her pants down, if she had any on that was. "Yes, very nice, er, thank you" she straightened herself up, and took a sip of coffee and resumed eating.  
  
She glanced over to the couple, they sat as if nothing had happened. The woman sat neatly cross legged, and the man no longer looked as if he had a hard-on. They were chatting and laughing, and only had eyes for each other. The girl wondered if she had imagined that sexy exchange, it had only lasted a few seconds.  
  
She finished her meal and was fishing around in her bag, looking for her money to pay,  
  
"Thank you." a male voice said nearby,  
  
Followed by a female voice "Very beautiful, thank you."  
  
The girl glanced up from her rummaging's to see the older couple glide past and watched them disappear down the street. She hadn't imagined it, wow!  
  
She went inside the Café to pay and to use the toilets. In the small W.C. she checked her hair, and checked in the mirror how her hippy dress was looking, then sat on the toilet and thought about the couple across the street. She didn't want to use the toilet, she just wanted to sit on her own for a couple of minutes and mull over the mornings events. She closed her eyes and pictured the look on the book shop guy's face, after looking down her dress and her bending over in front of him, he must have seen her pussy lips peaking between the cheeks.  
  
With folded arms, she cupped her tits and breathed heavily. Then she remembered the waiter glancing down her top and smiling at the sight of her pretty breasts. She focused her thumbs on her nips and squeaked very quietly. Next she imagined the Café owner with her stunning young waiter, they were sooo hot...  
  
As she thought of the woman flashing her smooth cunt from across the street her hand found its way to her own smooth quim, she stroked her mound and gently touched her hairless lips, before caressing her protruding fronds, she was sticky and wet, her finger slid easily inside and found her g-spot, she squeaked again and slid her finger out to her clit, the first touch was electric, like being hit by lightning she convulsed and came immediately, she kept the pressure on her button and her whole body spasmed again, kicking her legs straight involuntarily, clattering her feet against the door.  
  
She slouched there on the toilet, panting, still trembling, and her finger still at her clitoris, twitching quietly. "OMG" she was gasping quietly for air, her vision askew.  
  
There was a knock at the door that made her jump.  
  
"Miss, Miss, are you OK in there?" it was the Café owner. Again the knock "I can get help if you need? Are you OK? I hear you banging on the door." the owner sounded genuinely concerned.  
  
"I'm fine thanks." called the girl, trying to recover from a mind boggling orgasm, regain her balance and sort out her appearance, all at once and in a bit of a panic. "Really I'm OK, I just dropped my bag by accident, er, and bumped my head, that's all, I won't be long." she sat up straight, and reached for some tissue paper to mop her wet finger and quim. Then stood, flushed the toilet and washed her hands. She quickly foraged in her bag and retrieved a small spray of perfume, to mask the smell of sex that had built up around her exploits.  
  
As the girl opened the door, the Café owner smiled in what appeared relief, then raised an eyebrow, as if she knew what the girl had been doing in there. She felt her face redden as she slid past the owner, "Thanks for your concern, but there is nothing wrong at all." she said and stifled a giggle when the owner said "Do make sure you come again."  
  
Outside the Café she passed the waiter flirting with some more female customers, he looked at her and she saw his eyes widen slightly. She smiled her best smile and floated down the road towards the shoe shops.