**The Submissive Exhibitionist**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 01**

Hi, my name is Lucy, I’m 13 years old and your typical, skinny, young teenage girl with no siblings.

About a year ago my mum decided that her marriage to my dad was over and that she wanted a divorce. The problem was that she wanted all his money but not me. Three months later my broke dad and I moved out of the house and into a small flat. Dad said that it was temporary because he’d still got his job, and, although he had to give mum a huge monthly allowance, he promised that we’d soon be able to move to a small house, and then in a couple of years into a decent sized house.

My mum didn’t want me but I loved my dad and he loved me; he was all that I had because the flat was in the next town. I knew no one.

The flat was unfurnished so when we moved in there were only a few basics there, a couple of beds, a sofa, a cooker and a fridge.

Summer was just starting so we were a little worried about the lack of air-conditioning and the worries were founded because it got quit hot in there at times.

The flat is in a 3 story block that is surrounded by other similar buildings. The lack of curtains worried me at first but dad put my mind to rest by telling me that the chances of someone looking in were millions to one so not to worry about I; after all, we were on the second floor.

To start off with we didn’t even have a computer, but we did have a television and dad and I spent many evenings sat on the sofa watching the rubbish that was on.

As it got hotter, dad asked if I minded if he watched TV in just his boxers. My response was,

“I don’t mind if you don’t mind me being in my underwear as well.”

“It’s a deal Lucy. I can’t stand this heat, I’m sure that the heating is permanently on in this damn building.”

Now, a number of times when we were sat there, I’d lean against him and he’d put his arm around me. The first time that we sat like that in our underwear dad’s hand rested on my bare back on top of my bra strap.

This never bothered me, after all, he’s my father and he used to give me massages when I was little and I only wore little knickers in those days.

Anyway, about the fifth time that I lay with my head on his lap, I still had my top on and was complaining about the heat.

“Take your top off Lucy, you usually do.”

“I haven’t got a bra on daddy, I didn’t have a clean one this morning.”

“That never stopped you when you were younger Lucy.”

“Well yes, but that was different.”

“How?”

“I’ve got these little boobies now daddy.”

“So what? I’m your father, you don’t have to worry about things like that. This is your home and you can wear whatever you want Lucy.”

I took my top off and sat there, leaning against him with his arm round me. As often happened, I ended up with my head on his lap and I often fell asleep there. I always woke up in, or on, my bed the next morning.

That following morning I woke up laying on top of my bed, on my back, wearing just my knickers, the sun was shining in through the window and my body was feeling warm.

Not particularly caring that I was only wearing knickers, I wandered into the kitchen looking for dad. Then I looked at the clock and realised that dad had already left for work.

I got my breakfast and went and sat in the lounge to eat it. Dad had opened a window before leaving and I stood at the open window looking out at the boring scenery, breathing the morning fresh air as I ate.

Just as I turned to take my bowl back into the kitchen I saw someone, a man, looking in my direction. I froze for a second then had a strange feeling deep in my stomach.

I should tell you that the lounge window is a big one and the sill is at ankle height.

I shook it off and went and did the washing-up and as I looked down into the sink I saw that my little nipples were hard. I didn’t understand that because it definitely wasn’t cold in there.

Dad and I shared the household tasks and I had to set the washing machine going before going to school. I went and got all the dirty clothes and loaded them into the machine. Then I took off my knickers and put them in as well.

This was the first time that I’d ever been naked anywhere in any house, or the flat, apart from my bedroom or the bathroom, and I felt a little excited.

I had to go through the lounge to get to the bathroom and as I walked in I looked out of the window again. At first I couldn’t see anyone but I stopped and stood there looking out, I again thought that I saw the same man. I just stared back at him. As I thought about me being naked, and that he’d be able to see all of me, I got that funny feeling in my stomach again.

After a couple of minutes I turned and went to the bathroom, I had to get ready for school.

That night, I again took my bra off before putting my school blouse back on before going and sitting on the sofa next to dad. The blouse soon came off when I complained about the heat and dad’s arm again came round me and held me under my tiny boobs.

The same happened again the following night but that time I asked daddy if he minded if I took my knickers off as well. He didn’t, and I sat there for a couple of hours, totally naked with my dad’s arm around me.

Again. I fell asleep on his lap and again, the next morning I woke up, still totally naked, on top of my bed and on my back.

I wandered around the flat naked, looking out of the windows for the man, and ate my breakfast naked. I thought that I saw the man and I went to the windows and stared in his direction.

As I stood there I got that strange feeling in my stomach again and this time my nipples hurt a little. I looked down at them and saw that they were hard.

Still not understanding what was happening to me, I went and showered and got ready for school.

I did the same thing that night, and when I asked daddy if he minded if I took my knickers off as well as my blouse he said,

“Lucy, as I’ve said before, you can wear, or not wear, whatever you like in our home. If you want to watch television without and clothes on, or wander around the flat with nothing on, then it’s fine with me.”

“Thank you daddy.” I replied, then I got naked.

I lay along the sofa, on my back, with my head on his lap. His hand rested on my chest just below my tiny boobs.

After about an hour, I said,

“Daddy, do you remember when you used to massage my body when I was little?”

“Yes Lucy, you said that your stomach, or was it your chest that hurt.”

“Yes, sometimes it was my chest, sometimes my stomach, sometimes both, and your massaging used to make me feel better.”

“Lucy, do we need to have that ‘girls growing up talk’?”

“No daddy, we’ve had that in school and I haven’t got period pains. This is something that I’ve never had before. Just lately my lower stomach and my chest have ached a bit.”

“Where honey, show me.”

I rubbed my lower stomach, just where I’d sprouted a couple of light brown hairs, then I rubbed my nipples.

“Do you hurt now honey?”

“A little. Will you massage me please daddy?”

Hesitantly at first, daddy’s hand started rubbing my chest and tiny little boobies. It felt nice, and I told him so.

After a while, his hand slid down my chest and onto my stomach. It stopped moving for a couple of seconds then started massaging my stomach.

“Lucy, you’re pubic hair has started growing; you’re growing up.”

“Yes daddy, but can you get me a razor and some shaving cream when we go to the supermarket this weekend. I want to shave it off.”

“Do you now? Don’t you want to let it grow to see what it will look like?”

“Oh no, I was listening to some of the other girls after PE and they were saying that they shaved all theirs off.”

“Just because other girls shave theirs off doesn’t mean that you have to shave yours off Lucy.”

“I know, but I want to.”

“Okay honey, if that’s what you want.”

“Yes it is.”

Daddy was still massaging my stomach and I started getting that funny feeling again.

Daddy stopped and I soon fell asleep.

I woke up early the next morning, again on top of my bed and still totally naked and my legs were spread wide.

“Daddy!” I shouted to see if he’d already left.

Ten seconds later daddy appeared at my door. It was already wide open (usually was) and I looked up at him while he looked down at my naked body.

“You know something Lucy.”

“What?”

“You are a beautiful young lady.”

“Thank you daddy, but you have to say that.”

“No I don’t, but it’s true.”

“Thank you daddy. Daddy, did you mean what you said last night?”

“What was that honey?”

“That you won’t mind if I don’t wear any clothes while I’m in the flat.”

“Honey, I meant what I said; it’s entirely up to you.”

“Thank you daddy; hadn’t you better go, I don’t want you to be late for work.”

“Bye Lucy, see you tonight.”

That morning, and most mornings after that, I ate my cereals while standing in front of the front window, totally naked.

Dad’s massages were (are) always nice, and I often moaned a little when he massaged my tiny tits. His hand never went lower than the front of my little slit, even when I started opening my legs to let him if he wanted to.

I discovered masturbation soon after the massages started and if I was awake after daddy carried me to my bed, I’d play with my pussy and after I’d first cum I tried to make myself cum every time that I went to bed..

What I did discover the first time that I played with my pussy was that when I get that funny feeling in my lower stomach, my pussy swells up and my little clitoris appears from behind its little hood. It feels really nice when I touch and rub it.

Both daddy and I never closed my bedroom door and I sometimes thought about him watching me as I rubbed. I don’t think that he ever did watch me but in my mind he did.

I got into a very nice and pleasant routine over the next few months and was, and wasn’t disappointed when daddy told me that we were going to move to a proper house, one of our own.

I’d known that it would happen sometime and that I’d probably have to change school again. For that reason I hadn’t made much effort to make new friends, but soon I’d be able to start doing that and become a ‘normal’ girl again. Not that I wasn’t happy having daddy as my best friend as well as my father, but I wanted ‘girl’ friends as well.

On the last morning that we were in the flat I ate my breakfast stood in front of the front window. Daddy hadn’t gone to work and when he saw me he said,

“Careful Lucy, someone might see you.”

“I doubt it daddy, but anyway, who would want to look at me?”

“I’ve told you Lucy, you are a very beautiful young lady.”

“Thank you daddy.” I replied, but didn’t move. I wanted the man to have a long last look at me before we moved.

Thirty minutes later, daddy told me to go and put some clothes on because the ‘man with a van’ would arrive soon.

I deliberately took my time in the bathroom and waited until I could hear the van man moving around the flat. When he sounded to be just outside the bathroom door I opened it.

He looked at the naked me; I looked at him, then after a couple of seconds I screamed and slammed the bathroom door shut again. My stomach got that nice feeling again and I wrapped a towel around me then opened the door again.

The man was still there and I said,

“Sorry about that, I didn’t think that you’d arrived yet.” As I walked passed him to my bedroom.

I’m sure that he watched me get dressed but I didn’t dare look to see him.

The new house was (is) great; it’s ‘ours’. Okay, it isn’t new, dad tells me that it was build about 50 years ago, but it’s new to us. It’s on a big estate with rows and rows of houses. The first thing that I noticed was the big windows; and I mean big. The lounge one goes from ceiling to floor, and the one in the front bedroom wasn’t much smaller.

When I mentioned it to dad he said,

“Yes honey, I’ve already thought about those, when I’ve got some money I’ll see about getting smaller ones fitted, ones that don’t loose as much heat through them.”

“Oh, I rather like them, they let a lot of light in.”

“Well yes, but …. We’ll talk about them some other time.”

As we started carrying the boxes into the house I saw that the big lounge window has a big venetian blind. It was pulled up at the time.

“Which bedroom is mine daddy?” I asked.

“The big one at the back.”

I rushed upstairs and opened the door. The window was big and went down to my knees. I looked out and saw small gardens and the backs of loads of other houses. All gardens had 2 metre fences round them. I realised that I’d be able to see into lots of bedrooms if they left the curtains open. My stomach tingled a little as I thought about people being able to see into my bedroom.

Then I realised that there were no curtains in my room, or a light shade.

I rushed downstairs and told daddy that I loved the place. I hugged him and said that I was going to be happy there.

“Make a list of what you want changing Lucy and I’ll start at the top and make the place perfect.”

I just knew that windows and curtains wouldn’t be at the top of my list.

When daddy and the man brought my bed upstairs and into my room the man asked me where I wanted it. I didn’t hesitate, I said,

“So that I can lay in bed and look at the stars.”

“Okay, headboard against the wall opposite the window it is.”

Ten minutes later I was unpacking the sheets and making my bed.

The daddy called me to go downstairs.

“Young lady, we’ve still got some more boxes to bring inside.”

“Sorry daddy, I was getting carried away.”

“Who by?” daddy replied.

I ignored him and ran outside to the van.

About an hour later, the van left and daddy and I sat on the sofa. After a short rest I leaned over and kissed his cheek.

“Thank you daddy, I love it. I’m going to be soo happy here.”

“Good, now lets get started with cleaning the place and pitting things away. I’ll order us a pizza when we get hungry.”

Both of us were quite tired when daddy ordered the pizza. We collapsed on the sofa and just stared at the wall.

“At least the place is liveable now.” Daddy said.

“Yeah, can we finish the rest tomorrow?”

“It’ll take a lot longer than that, but yes, I’ll connect the television and we’ll have a lazy evening.”

“Good,” I replied, “Is the water on, I need a shower.”

“I do as well. You go first honey.”

Daddy told me to go and have a shower while he connected the television. I went upstairs and stripped in my bedroom, not even thinking about the window.

Suitably clean, I wrapped a towel around me and went downstairs.

“Your turn daddy.” I said, looking at the TV.

Daddy got up and went upstairs. I sat down, decided that I needed to change the channel and looked for the remote. As I stood up to go and look for it my towel came undone and fell to the floor. I started to bend over to pick it up but then thought,

“Sod it.”

I looked out of the big window and saw a middle-aged couple walking down the street, about 5 metres from me.

“This could be interesting.” I thought, and thought about the man opposite the flat.

I went to the window and looked all around. I couldn’t see anyone else, apart from a car that went whizzing by, so I resumed my search for the remote.

I found it then went and sat on the sofa, still naked.

When daddy cam back he saw me and said,

“Lucy honey, you need to be more careful in this house, those windows let every man and his dog look in when they pass by.”

“Yes daddy, can I lay across your lap and have a massage please, my muscles still ache from carrying all those boxes.”

“Sure, which end do you want me to sit honey?”

“At the far end,” I said, “then you can use your right hand. It’s better than your left.”

Dad sat down and I lay with my head on his lap.

“You should be okay there Lucy, I think that you’re low enough not to be seen.”

I looked towards the window. I could easily see the tarmac on the footpath. I wasn’t as low as daddy thought, anyone looking in would be able to see all my naked front.

As I looked out I saw the pizza delivery man. I told daddy and he told me not to move, that he didn’t want the pizza man seeing me.

I lay there thinking about being able to get pizzas delivered when daddy wasn’t at home.

Pizza filling our stomachs, I lay back down and daddy’s hand came down on my tiny tits.

“Hmm, that’s nice.” I said as daddy started massaging them.

I could feel my breathing get heavier. Then daddy’s hand moved down to my stomach. I spread my legs to give daddy access to my pussy hoping that this time he would move over my pubis and to my pussy, then I looked out of the window to see if anyone was watching us. There wasn’t anyone, and daddy’s hand stopped on my pubic bone and cupped my pussy. My little clit had come out to play and daddy’s hand was resting on it. I was in heaven and I nearly orgasmed right there and then.

Daddy’s hand stayed still for a minute then moved back up and continued massaging my stomach. I was sure that I was going to cum, but I didn’t. I certainly felt as though I had been let down.

“Why didn’t you keep going daddy? Why didn’t you rub my clit? Why didn’t you put your fingers inside me?” I thought; but I said nothing.

When daddy finally stopped I just lay there, my legs still quite wide apart.

We watched some more television and I kept looking over to the window. I didn’t see anyone.

When it was time to go to bed I stood up and walked out of the room leaving daddy just sat there.

“Towel young lady.” Daddy said.

“Oh sorry daddy.” I replied and went and got it.

As I bent over to pick it up I heard a little gasp from daddy. Then he said,

“Wow Lucy, you are growing up aren’t you?”

I didn’t realise what he was on about until I was walking out of the room. I smiled as I realised that I’d bent over keeping my knees straight with my back to daddy, he must have got an eyeful of my pussy.

I felt that tingling in my stomach again, no, it wasn’t my stomach, it was my pussy; and it was feeling a bit wet.

As I went into my bedroom I switched the light on and lay on my bed, legs wide apart and my right hand rubbing my little clit.

I orgasmed quickly and wondered if daddy had heard me.

It was the first time that I’d lay on my bed in that room and I looked around. With my door open, like it was, when anyone came up the stairs they’d be able to see my head but nothing else; and daddy’s room was at the front of the house so he wouldn’t be able to see my body unless he walked along the landing. I don’t know if I was happy about that or not.

I looked out of the window and could see nothing but darkness. I got up and switched the light off then went and stood at the window.

Wow, I could see into 5 different bedrooms, bedrooms that had their light on and the curtains not closed. In one, 2 little boys were having a pillow fight. I smiled. In another, a girl was getting undressed. In the third was a man and he kept looking towards his window.

“Hmm,” I thought, “maybe he’ll be my new voyeur. I wonder who the girl is?”

Looking back to her window I saw her take her bra off then her knickers. She turned to face the window and we were so close (it must have only been about 15 metres) that I could see that she was as bald as I was.

I smiled, knowing that I wasn’t a freak wanting to be seen, then turned and went and put the light back on. Then I just stood there hoping that the man or the girl was watching me. I wondered if any of the windows that were dark had someone watching me.

I waited for a couple of minutes then switched the light off and got into the bed. I wasn’t sure if I’d be warm enough to sleep on the top of the covers.

I puffed-up my pillows then looked out of the window. There were no light on so I closed my eyes and went to sleep.

Daddy had another couple of days off work but I had nearly 2 weeks before I started my new school. I intended to find out how many people living around me were interested in looking at my body.

I took things slowly when daddy was there, besides, we had lots to do and I wanted to help daddy. I didn’t bother putting any clothes on unless we were going to the shops, and then it was only a dress and shoes. Daddy kept telling me to be careful when I was near a window but I ignored him.

We spent one Saturday shopping for a new school uniform for me. It was the start of the summer term and the girls at my new school wore cotton dresses. The shop told us that the uniform rules said that they had to be no shorter than just above the knees. She added that a lot of girls didn’t bother getting new ones as they got taller.

I insisted on trying on all my new dresses in the shop and because I’d only put a dress on before I’d left home, I had to get naked in the shop and I felt a bit naughty and excited. The dresses that daddy bought me ended about 3 inches above my knee. I’d tried longer ones but they were too baggy at the top.

Most evenings, when we stopped working on the house, were spent watching television and daddy giving me a back, then front massage on the sofa. He still thinks that no one can see me when I’m flat on the sofa, but I know that they can, if they look. When we came back from shops one time I went out onto the street and looked in. Yes, people passing by would be able to see all of my body; and that’s not counting anyone in an upper room across the street.

I’ve actually seen some people looking into our lounge and I’m quite sure that they’ve seen me. I watched one boy about my age, stop and stare for a few seconds before continuing on. I was on my back and daddy had his hand on my stomach at the time. I wondered what the boy was thinking.

Daddy often makes me moan when he’s massaging my front and he always rests his hand while cupping my pussy, and my little clit comes out to play but daddy doesn’t play. I started to notice that my whole pussy area gets hot when daddy’s hand is there and one time daddy asked if I was okay. I said that I was, while he was massaging me. I asked why he’d asked and he told me that I was all hot. I swear that I’m going to cum one day when he’s doing that.

When daddy went back to work I really started to look to see who would be able to see me, in my bedroom and in the lounge. On about the fifth night in that house I discovered that when I was in the bathroom, with the light off and the window open, I could see the same houses and windows that I could see from my bedroom. If my bedroom light was on and people are watching me, I can go into the bathroom and watch them waiting for me to go back to my bedroom so that they can see me doing whatever.

I’ve started masturbating on top of my bed when I know that someone is watching me, even that girl that sometimes watches me.

I know that it sounds silly, but I can forget that I’m naked. One morning I forgot and I opened the front door to the postman. He looked stunned for a few seconds then carried on as if I had some clothes on. That experience put a few ideas into my brain and when I’ve got some spare time I’m going to think of ways that I can show my body to other delivery men.

One night when daddy was massaging my tiny tits, I suddenly said,

“Daddy, do you think that my boobies are normal? They look different from some of the other girls at my old school. They’re all bigger than mine.”

“Lucy dear, there’s no such thing as an average body, everyone is different.

Some poor girls have massive breasts even at your age, and some have virtually no breasts. There’s nothing wrong with that. Okay, a lot of people appear to want girls to have big breasts, but deep down, most of them admire a girl with small to medium breasts. It they’re too big they get in the way and can give the poor woman back problems. If a woman has small breasts she is much luckier. They don’t get in the way and there’s no need for her to wear a bra. Most woman who wear bras wear one that is the wrong size.

Yours, my beautiful daughter are what I call perfect; just the right size to fill a hand. I hope that yours don’t grow much bigger than they are now.”

As daddy was saying all that his right hand held and gently squeezed first my right tit, then my left one, causing me to moan twice.

“What about my pussy daddy? Is it like most girls or is it different?”

“Well honey, I can’t say that I’m an expert on women’s genitals, but I haven’t really seen yours for about 10 years now so I don’t really know.”

That was all I needed to hear, pushing daddy’s hand away, I got up then back down the other way round; my head was now at the opposite end of the sofa to daddy. I lifted my left leg up and put my foot behind his shoulder. Then I put my right foot on the floor and pushed my knees wide apart.

“What do you think daddy? Is it close to average?”

Daddy was looking down at my pussy. After a LONG pause he said,

“Well honey, you’re still a young girl. You haven’t developed any real labia, inside or outside yet, but I can see that your clitoris had developed nicely. Does it stay like that all the time or does it hide away most of the time?”

“It hides away a lot of the time but when it comes out to play it’s very sensitive and when I touch it I feel really good. When someone else touches it, it feels awesome.”

“Who else has touched it Lucy?” Daddy asked with a serious tone to his voice.

“No one daddy, only you. When you put your hand there when you’re massaging me I feel like I’m going to explode.”

“Lucy, honey, if you want to ‘explode’, then you explode. I don’t want you to feel at all restricted when you’re with me. No secrets right, that’s our deal isn’t it?”

“Yes daddy, it is, thank you.”

I wanted to stay like that, with daddy still staring at my spread pussy. What’s more, it was wet, very wet. I wondered if daddy had noticed that fact.

I did stay like that for a few seconds but then I decided that daddy wouldn’t think much of me if I stayed like that when I didn’t need to. Instead, I decided go back to where I had been, but I’ve start laying on the sofa with my feet on, or round him, some evenings.

When I put my head back on his lap I noticed that there was something hard under his boxers that the back of my head was resting on. I wondered if I’d given him a hard-on. The other thing was that as daddy’s right hand came down to rest on my stomach I pushed it down onto my pussy.

“Hold it there please daddy.” I said.

He didn’t object and it stayed there until it was time for him to carry me to my bed. As soon as he’d gone back downstairs, I jumped up, put my light on, got back on my bed and started rubbing away. My mind jumped from daddy having had a long look at my spread pussy, to my imagination of him rubbing me, to the people in the houses opposite that I hoped were watching me.

It didn’t take long for me to cum, and I was a bit noisy as my body trembled and jerked a bit. I hoped that daddy had heard me.

The rest of the days before I started my new school were very much the same, with me naked all the time and laying on daddy’s lap in the evenings. The massages felt really great and I got soo close to cumming many times and I just wanted to touch my pussy and make myself cum, but I didn’t, I didn’t want to risk upsetting daddy.