**Introduction**

Hi, my name is Vanessa. I was born in December 1975 and now have a 34AA–24–35 95-pound figure with blondish hair. In 1998 I quit my boring existence in a little town in North Wales and went to work as a Housekeeper for a middle-aged man in the East Midlands of England. It was a brave decision to make as I’d applied for the job after seeing the job advert in a BDSM magazine that someone had left in the hairdressers where I worked. I didn’t really know what I was letting myself in for, but I really did need to do something because my life was so drab and boring. Even the interview for the job was unbelievable, but I was so desperate to change my life that I did everything that was asked of me, and I was finally offered the job.
Shortly after starting the job my employer (Jon) told me to write a Journal of my new life, and he has since created a web site that it is published on.

[http://www.asstr.org/~Vanessa/](http://www.asstr.org/~Vanessa/%22%20%5Ct%20%22_blank)

If you care to read my Journal you will discover that my relationship with Jon is rather different to that of most employee and employer, but I have easily come to realise that I have a life that just could not be more satisfying or pleasurable. I love my life and all the little adventures that Jon and I get up to.

Apart from a little bit of hair that grows on my legs, I have no body hair below my neck. It’s all been removed with electrolysis. I’m slim with small(ish), pert breasts that have small aureoles and giant nipples. When they’re hard Jon says they’re like chapel hat pegs. I have a nice firm, flat stomach with a pubic bone that does stick out a bit. In my pussy lips I have 2 little gold rings that Jon put in me. My clit is very prominent and is usually sticking out between my lips. It’s about an inch long with a little round head. Jon sometimes calls it my little dick. I don’t own any bras, knickers, trousers, leggings or shorts; and 90% of my skirts and dresses can be described as mini or micro. I used to be a very shy girl, but I’ve now gone completely the other way, and get a great thrill from letting other people see my body.
I hope that’s enough to satisfy the people who asked. If it isn’t, perhaps they would like to e-mail me with specific questions.

vanessaevans69@hotmail.com

Jon told me to stop writing my Journal in the summer of 1999, but has recently asked me to document, some of the more interesting experiences that we have had since then.

Both Jon and I have been scouring the Internet looking for ideas for little adventures or incidents that we could manufacture to have some fun. We’ve found one or two stories that appear to be slightly rewritten copies of some of the text in my Journal, and one or two that are very similar to some of the adventures that we’ve had and that I’ve written about in my Journal. At first I was a bit annoyed about this, but Jon said that I should be honoured that someone thought our adventures were good enough to copy. I’ve started thinking that way as well.

I have this good friend who has been telling Jon and me about the fun she had when she was younger and discovered the power that she has over men. Jon told her that she should write all about her experiences and adventures but she told us that she was no good with computers. Jon then volunteered me to do the keyboard work but to put it all in Debbie’s words. So, what follows is me pretending to be Debbie and writing everything that she told us. Debbie has read it all and corrected me whenever I got anything wrong.

# Pussy Power

## How it all started

Hi, my name’s Debbie. I’m an 18 years old slim(ish) brunette hairdresser with a 36B 25 35 figure. My friend Vanessa has talked me into writing this story but I can’t type and don’t have a PC. So, I’ve written a lot of notes and Vanessa has typed this from them.

When I was 15 I discovered that I had this ‘power’ over men. I’ve never really been the shy type, I suppose that’s something do with the fact that my mom died when I was 8 and my dad had to bring me up on his own (no brothers or sisters). I’d had to ‘grow up’ quick too as my dad had managed to keep his job and look after me. I suppose I missed out on the little chats about what little girls should and shouldn’t do that I guess mothers give their daughters. I was a ‘latch key’ kid who had to do a lot more of the household chores than most kids do. Not that I’m complaining, I’ve always got on well with my dad and he never hit me or anything like that.

By the time of the big discovery I’d had a few boyfriends and been groped a few times but I’d never had full sex. Of course I knew all about it and talked to my friends about it lots of times but I’d never really been interested in it (sound weird now). On a couple of occasions my boyfriend has persuaded me to wank him but I (foolish girl) hadn’t really enjoyed it.

Anyway it was one evening and I was going to a party at Linda’s house. Dad was telling me that I had to be back home by midnight but I knew that the party would go on for a few hours after that and I wanted to stay until it finished. As I was having a shower I was feeling unhappy about dad’s deadline and I thought that I’d have one more go at trying to persuade him to let me stay ‘till it ended. After I dried myself I put my robe on and went straight downstairs to try again. He was sat in his big armchair watching television wearing only a T-shirt and his boxer (nothing new). I went and sat on his lap and put my arms round his neck and my legs over the side of the armchair. I love my father and I’d used that technique to persuade him hundreds of times before.

What was different that time was that I was by then a full-grown woman wearing only a robe. My bare legs were visible right up to half way up my thighs and the short robe meant that my naked backside was on his lap with only his boxer shorts between his cock and my pussy. I’d only been there a couple of minutes when I realised that he was getting a hard-on and his face was getting red.

Then it hit me; my dad was getting sexually excited because my scantily clad body was on his lap. My brain was in over-drive. If my body had that effect on my dad, could I use it to persuade him to let me stay out late? My body is just something that I have, it’s not the real me, that’s inside me. It’s not exactly the body that I would have chosen, but it will do. If I could use it to get what I wanted from my dad then perhaps I could use it to get other things in life.

Those few seconds that it took for me to realise that changed my whole outlook on life. I was starting to see signs that my dad would relent and let me stay out late so I started wiggling around on his lap. He was getting redder and redder. By the time dad gave in and said that I could stay out late, my robe was gaping open and when I looked down I could see my tits and my pussy hair. If I could see them then my dad must have been able to see them as well. Not only that, my sexual awakening had left my pussy all wet and his cock pressing onto it through just his boxers (poor man). I gave my dad one last big hug and went back upstairs to get dressed.

The party was okay but my mind was pre-occupied by my new discovery. My life changed that night and being the typical selfish teenager I took advantage of my father. I used my body to get just about anything I wanted. Not the materialistic things, my dad isn’t well off and I would never make him ‘give me his last rolo’ if you know what I mean.

In a way my dad’s life improved that night as well. I started letting him ‘accidentally’ seeing a lot more of my body, especially when I wanted something. I stopped closing bedroom and bathroom doors and taking my time getting dried of changing clothes. I noticed him watching me a few times, but I just pretended that I hadn’t seen him. I started sleeping in the nude and wearing just a short T-shirt around the house. When I think back he must have had some fantastic views of my naked backside and pussy.

I also discovered the joys of masturbation round about that time. I guess that I really was a late developer. Letting my dad see me naked was making me horny.

Things at home went from being good to being very good. Both dad and I were happy with the new me. After a few weeks of getting dad to agree to almost everything that I wanted. I started thinking about how I could improve things at school. I’d already decided that I wanted to leave school as soon as I could and get a job and start earning some money but to stand any chance of getting a reasonable job I needed to get good grades.

I was in History one day and was as bored as ever. I’ve never liked History and was never any good at it. My mind was drifting miles away and I started remembering some of the times that I’d let my dad see my pussy. All of a sudden there was a loud bang and I came back down to earth. I looked at the teacher and realised that he was looking at me. It was then that I realised that my knees had opened up and with me wearing a short(ish) skirt that had slid up my thighs as I’d slouched down in the chair, the teacher must have been able to see right up to my knickers. Being the tease that I now realise I am, I let my knees open up even more. The teacher must have been able to see my white cotton knickers and the wet spot that was growing on them. For the rest of the lesson I opened and closed my knees quite a lot.

At the end of the lesson I stayed back and told the teacher that I knew that History wasn’t my best subject and that I really wanted to improve my grades. I asked him teacher if he knew what I could do to improve them. In his usual ‘stuck-up’ tone he said that I should continue to sit at the front, that students usually concentrate better when they’re sat at the front. He said that I should be more ‘open’, show teachers what hidden talents I had, what I was hiding beneath that outer shell of mine. All the time that he was saying that his eyes were looking down at me legs. I knew exactly what he was saying and what he wanted me to do. The crafty sod had said it in such a way that it could be taken two ways, one that could get him into trouble and one that couldn’t.

Just to make sure that he understood that I understood what he was saying I said that I understood that if I kept showing him my hidden talents then I would get good grades. He said that we understood each other and that he was sure that with similar effort, all my grades would improve. As I was leaving he reminded me to sit at the front for the next lesson and said that he would see how I got on.

My heart had been pounding all though that conversation and it wasn’t until the next day that I realised that he was telling me to flash my knickers at other teachers as well.

When I went to the next History lesson later that week I’d gone to the toilet first and rolled-up the top of my skirt a couple of times to make it shorter. By the time I’d sat down and slid down the chair I could just about see my knickers never mind him. I kept my knees apart for most of that lesson and on the way out I asked the teacher if I had improved. He said that I had and if I made more improvements I’d soon be getting top marks.

Just before I went to History the next week I went to the toilet again. I was feeling excited (and wet) and after I’d had a pee and pulled my knickers back up I suddenly had the urge to take them right off. I’d already rolled-up the top of my skirt and as I walked to that History lesson I felt very naked, but at the same time excited and wet.

At first I sat there bolt upright and with my knees firmly together. The teacher looked disappointed and kept asking me questions. Although I didn’t have the right answers I relaxed a bit and before I knew it my knees were open a bit. I opened them more so that the teacher could see my pussy and kept my eyes firmly on his. You should have seen his face when he did look. He stopped talking and stood there with his mouth open for a few seconds before talking garbage for a while. When he did start talking sense again, not only was there a smile on his face, but I was feeling good as well.

Just before the lesson ended I waited until he looked again (didn’t have long to wait) and I put my hand under the desk and scratched my pussy. When I’d done I lifted my hand up and looked at my very wet finger. As I was leaving the lesson he called me back and said that I had done very well and that if I continued making similar improvements then he was sure that I’d soon get top marks.

Over the next few weeks I continued to take my knickers off before going into History and then putting them back on again afterwards. I even started playing with myself a bit when the teacher was looking. I didn’t do it too much because I didn’t want to have an orgasm in the middle of a History lesson.

One night after flashing my pussy at both my History teacher and my dad (as I walked naked from the bathroom) I got the urge to try something else to try to get that elusive A+ grade. I went back into the bathroom and borrowed dad’s razor. I spent the next 10 minutes shaving off all the hair on my body below my neck. I’d borrowed dad’s razor to do my armpits and legs before, but not my pussy. I nicked myself a couple of times and I felt a bit ‘raw’ afterwards, but I gave myself an orgasm before I went back to my bedroom. Unfortunately dad had gone to bed by then so he would have to wait to see the new me.

I felt even more exposed and excited the next time I took my knickers off to go into the History lesson, but you should have seen the face of the teacher. Again I sat upright with my knees firmly together for the first half of the lesson but when I did open them and the teacher saw me he just about choked to death. One of the other kids had to go and get him a cup of water before he could finish the lesson. I got my A+.

While all this had been going on I’d stopped caring about whether or not any of the girls in my class saw me naked in the gym changing room – not that I’d really been bothered before, it was just that all the other girls always covered themselves as soon as they could, so I did. I’d started taking my time getting showered and dressed and always took ages to dry myself. At that stage I didn’t think that I liked other girls (sexually that is), but I discovered that getting showered with other girls always left me with one slight damp spot that I couldn’t really dry with a towel. Anyway, when I shaved for the first time I didn’t think about getting changed after games, it was only as we were walking towards the gym that I thought about it. By then it was too late but I found that having other girls stare at and whispering about my bald pubes made me more confident and excited. As I walked home that night I resolved to shave every day.

I should have realised what would happen but I didn’t. I was quite surprised a few days later when I was walking down the busy main corridor in school. One of a group of boys pointed to me and said to his mates “That’s the girl who shaves her cunt.” One of the girls in my class must have been telling her boyfriend or brother about me. At first I was shocked, but during the next lesson that shock turned to excitement and I had to go to the toilet and frig myself after that lesson.

## The Easter Holidays

It was getting near to Easter and the end of term. A few exciting things happened to me that Easter. In the few weeks up to Easter my dad had started returning the ‘favour’ to me and had stopped shutting doors. I saw him naked a few times, including once in the bathroom when he had a hard-on. I stared at it for ages before he realised I was there and got into the shower.

The biggest event was me losing my virginity and then going to a concert. Another was Katrina 16th birthday party. My daily paper-round got more interesting and I experimented with round long objects. I also had a bit of fun at the swimming pool - twice. I’ll try to remember them in chronological order.

On the Friday night before the first weekend of the holidays it was Katrina’s 16th birthday party. I went wearing some baggy shorts and a blouse that tied in the front. No buttons. Katrina’s parents had gone away for the weekend and left her and her older sister to look after the place. Half the class from school were there together with quite a few that I didn’t know. A lot of people had resorted to sitting on the floor, including me and one of my mates who I was talking to.

A number of boys had come over and asked if they could get me a drink and then as a second thought, asked if they could get Trisha (my mate) a drink as well. I asked Trisha why they all asked me first and she pointed to my shorts and asked if I’d forgotten to put any knickers on. Trisha couldn’t see from the angle she was at, but the lads obviously could. I told Trisha that I hadn’t forgotten to put knickers on. What I didn’t tell her was that I had deliberately not put knickers on. I wondered just how much of my bald pussy they could see.

We were all drinking, but I certainly wasn’t drunk, Gemma was though. It was obvious when she came over to us and plonked herself down next to me. A short while later she passed out. I tried to wake her but she was gone. About 10 minutes later 2 lads came and picked her up saying that they would take her upstairs to sleep it off. Neither Trisha nor I thought anything of it and carried on talking.

A bit later Trisha saw someone she had to talk to and I decided to go for a pee. As I was walking along the landing I looked into the bedroom that had its door partially open and the light on. What I saw shocked me. There was Gemma and the 2 lads. Gemma was flat-out on the bed with her top round her neck and her skirt round her waist. Her knockers were down round one ankle. One of the lads had his face at her pussy and the other was having a wank over her face. I stood there mesmerised until the lad wanking came. His spunk went all over her face. That brought me back to reality and I quickly went to the bathroom.

As I was peeing I thought about what I’d seen. I’d never much thought about oral sex and never been eaten before. I was still in a bit of a trance when I went downstairs and plonked myself down on the floor. As I sat there drinking, I decided that I might try passing out and see if the same thing happened to me. I lay back against the wall and over to one side to wait and see. At one point Katrina came and tried to wake me but I didn’t respond. I was just about on the point of ‘waking-up’ when I heard the 2 lad’s voices. My heart started pounding as I felt myself being lifted up and carried upstairs.

As I was dropped onto the bed I felt my arm hit someone. I guessed that I was next to Gemma. One of the lads tried to wake me, but I ignored me. I nearly ‘woke-up’ when one of them slapped me on the face, but I managed to ignore it - just. I heard them discussing what they were going to do then I felt my top being untied and my shorts opened and pulled down. Next I heard one of them tell the other that he was right, I did have a bald pussy. My shorts were taken right off and my legs were opened wide. My heart was really pounding and my pussy was aching for attention. I could feel my juices leaking out.

There was a long gap before anything happened, then one of them told the other that he wanted to fuck me but he was scared that I might be a virgin and bleed on the bed. Half of me was disappointed by that, but the other half wanted him to fuck me, I was randy and wanted sex. They decided that one of them would start on my lower half and the other on my top half and then swap over later. After a short pause I felt warm air being blown on my pussy and I nearly gave the game away when what must have been his tongue licked my clit. The feeling was fantastic and I’m sure I moaned out loud. There was another pause before I felt the tongue again.

I was in heaven and when something touched my mouth lips I automatically opened my mouth and the other lads cock went into my mouth. I couldn’t stop myself, I started sucking it. The lad was a bit surprised and told his mate so. Within minutes I had a mouth-full of his cum. I had all on to swallow it without choking and ‘waking-up’.

Whilst I was sucking, the other lad was doing an amazing job on my pussy and one of them was playing with my tits, my nipples were aching as well as my pussy. It wasn’t long before I couldn’t resist any more and I came. It was weird and extremely thrilling to be cumming in front of 2 unknown lads whilst pretending to be unconscious. I couldn’t feel either of them touching me as I came, so they must have just been watching me shaking and moaning. But still (I don’t know how), I managed to stay ‘unconscious’.

Just as I was calming down I felt another hard cock touch my face, I opened my mouth and in it went. This cock wanted to go down my throat and I had all on to relax enough to let it. It felt as if it were going down right into my stomach. As I started sucking I felt another tongue start on my pussy. This one’s teeth found my clit as well and it wasn’t long before I was cumming again, so was the cock in my throat. How I stayed ‘unconscious’ I will never know. The cock in my throat was getting soft and I was getting back to normal. I heard the lad’s say that they’d never heard of a girl cumming while she was unconscious. I still haven’t.

When they’d done with me they pulled my shorts up and fastened my blouse and left me. When I heard the door shut I opened my eyes and looked at Gemma. She was still out of it so I lifted her skirt up and pulled her knickers down. I wanted to know what it tasted like to eat a girl. I didn’t get her to cum but I did notice a nice taste developing in my mouth. I waited about an hour before going back downstairs and pretended that I’d just woken-up. The 2 lads were still there and I smiled at them, but neither of them came over to me.

At the time it seemed a bit weird eating another girl, but it was nice. I don’t think that Gemma ever found out what happened that night.

The next day I slept late and then went to go to bed early. As I was walking back to my room with just a towel round me, I saw dad in his bed reading and went in to see him to tell him about a concert that I wanted to go to. At first he said “No” so I lay on the bed next to him and started saying, “Please daddy.” Before I knew it we were messing about like we used to do when I was a little kid. You know the innocent type of stuff, little kid climbing all over a parent tickling each other. Well, the next thing I remember was being on top of dad, facing him with my knees either side of him. Not only had my towel come open at the front and was down round my hips, but the quilt that had been covering dad was down at the bottom of the bed.

Like me, dad slept in the nude and when we stopped to get our breath we both realised what position we were in. As we just stared at each other I felt his cock get hard and start pressing against the crack of my bum. When it stopped growing I lifted myself up and let his cock fall into its natural position, which was just where my pussy was. Still staring into his eyes I lowered myself down so that his cock found the entrance to my pussy. Dad started to say something about us not doing anything, but I continued to slowly lower myself down onto him. I felt a sharp bolt of pain as I lost my virginity, but boy, did it feel good.

I slept with my dad every night for those 2 weeks before he finally put his foot down and told me that it was wrong and that it must stop. I knew he was right even though it was good, so I let him win that little battle.

I’d discovered sex and wanted to experiment. I think it was the first Monday when dad and I had had a ‘quickie’ before he went to work; I was feeling a bit frustrated and wanted more. I lay in bed thinking what it would be like to have different things inside me. I’d heard stories at school about candles but we didn’t have any, so I got up and went looking for something to use. I’d also heard someone mention a carrot so I went downstairs and into the kitchen. As luck would have it we had some. I tried a small one first. It went in easily and I got myself worked-up well with it. Next I tried the biggest one we had, bigger than dad’s cock. I was surprised how easily it went inside me. I made myself cum with that one but still wanted more. I looked at the cucumber that was in the basket and thought that it was too big, but one end started small and then got bigger. I sat back on the edge of the kitchen table and eased in it. I’d just got the thick part in when I saw someone at the kitchen window (the kitchens at the front of our house).

It was the postman and he was holding up a card and a pen. Shock and embarrassment both hit me at once. I quickly pulled the cucumber out and grabbed the kitchen towel. It wasn’t very big and I had to hold it to keep it in place. It just about covered my tits and pussy, but it didn’t go far enough round me to tuck the end in. I just stood there staring at the postman thinking what to do. He obviously wanted me to sign for a letter or something. After what seemed like an eternity I went to the door and opened it. The postman was stood there with a big grin on his face. Before I could say anything he thrust the card and pen at me and asked me to sign it. As I grabbed it the towel dropped. It was too late then, he’d already seen me more than naked so I scribbled my name, gave him the card and pen back, grabbed the letter and slammed the door. My heart was pounding for ages before I calmed down and realised that I had really enjoyed the whole thing. My pussy was wetter than before and that dull ache was so strong that I was close to cumming.

In the afternoon, as the weather was nice, I decided to go for a walk in the park wearing a short(ish) skirt, jumper and denim jacket. No knickers. As I went out of the house I felt the fresh air blow up my skirt and onto my naked, shaved pussy. What a fantastic feeling. The tingling in my pussy was brilliant. As I walked down the street I was very self-conscious and kept imagining what the people I was passing would say if they knew that I didn’t have any knickers on. I met a neighbour who said “hi” and started to talk to me. I’m sure that I went a bit red as I thought about what he would say. At the same time the tingling was getting stronger.

In the park I went to the kids play area and sat on one of the swings. There were no kids there but there were people walking passed. As I went back and forwards (forwards was the best), I felt the air rush against my pussy. I opened my legs as wide as the swing would let me.

A lad that I vaguely knew from school (a couple of years younger than me) rode passed on his bike and must have seen right up my skirt. He was staring at me and then he turned round and came back to me. He stood in front of me as I went back and forwards. His eyes were firmly fixed on the tops of my legs. As I looked at him he was trying to talk to me, but he wasn’t making much sense. I was enjoying his embarrassment and fascination.

I heard an ice-cream van and the lad asked me if I wanted one. As he rode off to get it he said ‘don’t move’, but I did. As I saw him riding back with 2 ice creams in one hand I got of the swing and walked towards a seesaw. He had a disappointed look on his face as he gave me the ice cream. He needn’t have worried cos I got on one end of the seesaw and told him to get on the other (a see-saw is a plank of wood pivoted in the middle so that the person on one end goes up while the other person goes down). He must have had a perfect view of my pussy as we went up and down. Poor lad was talking utter garbage. In the end I got up, thanked him for the ice cream and left.

At one place in the park there is a crossroad of paths with a seat set back about 5 metres from the path. I went and sat there for a while to enjoy the sun and perhaps to flash my pussy at anyone who passed. While I was there only 3 men went by. One was an old man walking his dog, he smiled at me and said, “Hello, nice out isn’t it?” as he stared at me. The second was a middle-aged man out jogging, he nearly ran into an old woman as he stared at me. He came back a few minutes later to have another look. The third was youth of about 18 who came over to me and stared chatting to me. The conversation got a little too personal for me and I just walked away from him. I guess I was living a bit dangerously and looking back I think I was a bit stupid.

When I got home it was time to do my paper-round. Without really thinking (or perhaps I was), I got my bike out of the garage and rode off. Wow, I’d ridden my bike in a skirt before and I suppose that I must have felt the saddle through my knickers before but the experience that day was something else. My skirt was hanging over the back of the saddle and my bare, bald pussy was on the saddle. As I peddled along the saddle seemed to be getting further and further into my pussy. I was quite hot and flustered by the time I got to the newsagents and the man asked me if I was okay. I said I was, but he insisted that I sit down for a while. He asked me if I wanted something to drink and went and got me a coke. As he came back to me I’m sure he was looking up my skirt. He never asked me for the money for the coke, which was a surprise as he’s got a reputation for being a tight fisted git.

After I finished the coke I said I was okay, picked up my papers and left. Getting on and off my bike doing the round was quite an experience and by the time I got home I was very close to cumming. I went straight to my room and finished the job. I did my paper-round in a short skirt and no knickers for the next few days, right until the weather went cold again. I would certainly recommend girls to cycle with no knickers, it’s great.

I was looking for other places where I could flash my pussy. I wanted somewhere where I would be safe, but could still have some fun. I thought about the swimming pool and decided to go. I hadn’t been for well over a year and didn’t have a costume that fitted me. The last one that I’d used was a bikini that would have been way too small for me by then. I thought about going any buying a new one as I tried to get into the old one. As I untied the sides to make the bottoms big enough I had an idea. In the past I’d always fastened the cords so tight and with double knots, that there was no chance of either half coming off. If I fastened the cords loosely then I might just have some fun. I practised fastening the bottoms looser and higher and lower on my hips. In one position I discovered that I could get the gusset to hang down leaving my pussy partially exposed. I also cut the lining out of the top and bottoms.

When I got to the pool I put the bikini on and looked at myself in the mirror. It took me ages to pluck up the courage to go out of the changing rooms and when I did I jumped straight into the pool. As I did I felt the top come up off my breasts and I quickly pulled it back on. I slowly swam up and down for a couple of lengths before relaxing. I started experimenting with re-tying the cords on the bottoms to move the triangles of material to one side. I found that I could get them fastened so that one lip of my pussy wasn’t covered. It felt good as I swam like that. I even started swimming breaststroke on my back like that and gave a man a right eyeful. It was as I re-adjusting the bottoms to see how far I could let the gusset hang down without losing them as I swam along that I noticed a group of noisy lads get in the pool. I didn’t know any of them but that didn’t stop them trying to chat me up. They’d got a small ball with them and we were throwing it to each other. They invited me to join in. I don’t know if it was on purpose or not, but one of them seemed to deliberately make me have to jump to catch it. I hadn’t really thought about it, but I suppose it was inevitable. One time when I jumped up my top came undone and half-floated off me. At first I didn’t realise, but the ball kept coming back to me. It was only when someone else stopped and stared at me that I looked down and saw my breasts. I quickly re-fastened my top. I asked of one of the lads how long I’d been like that and he said “ages.” When I asked him why he hadn’t told me he said that he was enjoying the view.

We continued for a few more minutes before one of them decided that they were going to the coffee bar. They invited me along and as I pulled myself out I was a bit disappointed that my neither half of my bikini came off. Most of use walked to the coffee bar while one of them went for some money. We sat round a table; all of us well back from the table. I don’t really know why, I guess that it was because the last people who’d used the table left the chairs like that. I noticed that 2 of the lads were looking down towards my pussy so I looked. The thin lycra was clinging to me showing the outline and curves of my pussy lips. Not only that, the material was off centre and one lip was partially visible. When I saw that, I felt that tingle again and the material got a bit wetter.

I was enjoying the lad’s attention and the free drinks that they were buying me. As they watched me and talked to each other I thought of the phrase ‘Pussy Power’ and decided to exploit it some more.

Back in the pool we started playing tag and after a couple of minutes I suddenly realised that the neck cord on my bikini was getting loser and that my nipples were on show. What the hell, I thought and carried on. All of a sudden it was my turn to be tagged and 2 of the lads pounced on me. When they backed-off I realised that both halves of my bikini were gone. I was naked. One of the lads dived down near me and came up with my bottoms and then swam off. They all disappeared to different corners of the pool leaving me to wonder what to do.

I played the innocent and asked them for it back and came out with all the usual ‘it isn’t fair’ etc. but they didn’t want to know. The just kept telling me to go and get them. I tried a couple of times, not caring if anyone else noticed (there were about 20 people in the pool and one pool attendant, a man of about 30). In the end I thought right, let’s have a bit of fun and embarrass them a bit as well. I swam to the side furthest away from the changing rooms and the pool attendant and got out of the pool. I stood there naked with my hands on my hips shouting, “That’s not fair, will you lads give me my bikini back?” Well, anyone in the pool who hadn’t noticed by then certainly had then. The pool attendant rushed round to me taking his shirt off as he walked. When he gave me the shirt I held it against the bottom of my breasts. I could still see my nipples and I’m sure that my pussy wasn’t covered. I watched the lads as they let go of my bikini and pretended to be not involved. It took ages for the pool attendant to get people to retrieve the 2 halves and bring them to me. All that time I was stood there with lots of people looking at my pussy, what a thrill.

When the pool attendant finally handed me my bikini, I gave him his shirt back and stood there for a while waiting for him to say something. His eyes were going up and down my naked body. Finally he told me that he thought that I should get dressed so I turned round and walked right round the pool to the changing rooms, with my bikini still in one hand. I could feel my heart pounding and my pussy tingling like mad as all those eyes watched me walk out. Fantastic.

Over the Easter weekend dad and I were still making love and I wanted to be with him. He took me to the seaside on the Easter Monday and he was a bit shocked when he realised that I’d got no knickers on. We had a long talk about incest and men having sex with minors, but I managed to persuade him to let us keep on doing it – for a while anyway.

During the middle of the following week I went to the swimming pool again. This time I went into the family changing room which for a city as small and as grotty as Derby, is quite big. I was a bit disappointed when there was no one else in there. I’d taken my small old bikini again and fastened it so lose that it was just about falling off. As I jumped into the water I felt the top rise up to my neck and had to pull it down. I very slowly swam around and then floated on my back. It was easy for me to pull the bottoms to one side so that even I could see my pussy lips.

There was a group of boys and girls in there that were a couple of years younger than me, who all had goggles and were taking it in turns to dive down for something that they kept throwing. I’d backed up to the side of the pool and was standing there, neck deep, watching them. It wasn’t long before whatever it was they were throwing landed near me. I watched the lad dive down in front of me and it took ages for him to come up. He’d spotted that my top was not covering my breasts and that my bottoms were moving around making it easy for him to see my pussy. When the lad did come up he looked at me then went straight to his mates and started whispering to them. The game was abandoned and the lads all started diving in front of me.

After a while I got bored and swam away. At first they followed me, but they soon got bored when I kept thing in place.

I soon discovered that it was easy to get the bottoms of my bikini round my ankles just by pushing off the side with my feet. I did this a couple of times in a quieter part of the pool and really enjoyed the feeling of swimming just about naked. The feeling of the water rushing passed my pussy was good. I did this once too often and they came right off. I was frantically looking for them when I saw this man swimming around under water in front of me. The water there is deeper than I am tall and I had to tread water. I was using the legs open then closed method and the man must have been getting a right eyeful. When he came to the surface right in front of me he asked if I had lost something. I gave him some story about the fastenings having come undone, I don’t know if he was listening, never mind believed me.

As he went down again I realised that my top was up above my breasts as well. That man took ages to find my bikini bottoms and he spent most of the time underwater right in front of me. I loved it. Eventually he came to the surface with my bikini bottoms in his hand and gave them to me. He said something to me but I can’t remember what. I decided that I’d better swim to a shallower part of the pool so that I could put them back on when I could touch the bottom. Just as I found the bottom of the pool I saw the pool attendant standing beside the pool next to where I was. He shouted at me and told me to get out of the pool immediately. I started to say that I couldn’t because I still had my bikini bottoms in my hand but he just shouted, “Now.” What could I do, I got out and stood right in front of him. I looked down and saw that my top wasn’t in its right place either; my right nipple was very visible.

The pool attendant recognised me from the week before and threatened me with all sorts of trouble if I didn’t behave. Standing there naked, I tried to argue with him but he didn’t want to know. In the end he told me to get out, so I slowly walked back to the changing rooms. Just before I turned the corner I realised that it was very quiet in there so I looked round. Everyone was just looking at me. When I turned the corner I got a sudden urge and turned to face everyone. I was out of sight of the pool attendant so I jumped up in the air throwing my arms and legs out wide and shouted “Yes!” As my arms went up I felt my top come up over both breasts.

Back in the family changing rooms I took what was left of my bikini off, collected my shampoo and soap and went to the showers. As I turned the corner I saw that there was a man and his little daughter there. They both had their costumes on, but I was naked. The man stared at me as I showered not caring that he was there. As I walked out I noticed his cock had grown a lot bigger.

## My Last Term at School

It was soon back to school and for my last term. I’d been thinking about my success with the history teacher and been wondering if I could have the same success with some of the other teachers. When I went into history I’d forgotten to take my knickers off first and the teacher had given me some disapproving looks and asked me some awkward questions. I finally twigged that he wanted to look up my skirt, so I let my knees open. By the end of the lesson he was smiling and I’d got a wet patch on my knickers.

Even though I’d been thinking about it, I was still a bit shocked when the history stopped me as I was leaving his lesson. He told me that I had made a good start to the new term and that he hoped that I would continue displaying more of my hidden talents. What he said next was the shocking part; he said that he was sure that I’d get higher grades in some of the other classes if I were to show those teachers my hidden talents. I just said, “yes sir” and walked out. As I was walking home that night I resolved to get more ‘A’ grades.

Some teachers were easier to flash at than others were. Making progress with getting higher marks proved to be a bit complicated. I didn’t want to show my shaved pussy to them straight away so I started going a little bit further each time. As we had more of some lessons than others, it wasn’t long before I was getting confused as to which teacher I was wearing knickers for and which I wasn’t. In the end I just gave-up and stopped wearing knickers at all.

A couple of weeks later my dad was at home when I got home from school and without thinking I went and sat on the sofa and lifted me legs onto it. Dad must have been looking because he asked me if I’d been to school without any knickers. Without any hesitation I just told him that I’d stopped wearing knickers. After a short pause he said that it explained why he hadn’t seen any in the washing lately. I then got a little lecture about being careful and not giving any boys the wrong impression. I didn’t have the heart to tell him that I loved all the attention that I was getting, although I think that he already knew that.

Shortly after the term started a lot of use went on one or two weeks work experience. I got 2 separate weeks, one at a hotel out in the dales and the other in a big office in town. The big office was boring. I’d gone in all prim and proper on the first day (worn knickers as well). It turned out that most of the staff was all quite old and they only wanted me there to do the filing and other rotten jobs. On the Monday night I decided that I would liven the place up a bit and on the Tuesday (and the rest of the week), I went to work in my shortest skirt, no bra and no knickers. You couldn’t see my breasts through my tops, but my nipples stuck out. You should have seen the faces of some of the old fogies when I bent over or reached up. I didn’t get much of a thrill (well not that much) from it, but I did get a few laughs.

The hotel job was fun. Because it was out in the middle of nowhere I had a little room to sleep. I had to share it with one of the waitresses. She (Gail) was quite a laugh. She knew how to enjoy herself and twice I woke up to hear her at it in her bed with some man or other. One night after we’d finished in the restaurant we went for a drink in the bar and then for a swim in the hotel pool. It had been closed but Mike (another one of the staff) opened it up and the 3 of us went skinny-dipping. Mike didn’t look at all surprised when I took my uniform off to reveal nothing on underneath. I think that Gail must have told him. She’d watched me get dressed and undressed and asked me if I enjoyed not wearing underwear.

Anyway, it felt good swimming in the nude and I watched Mike fuck Gail as she lay on the side at the shallow end with her feet in the water. Mike has a big cock. He asked me if I wanted some of it but I said that I was happy just watching. I was sat on a chair behind Gail as they fucked. Mike was watching me play with myself.

One Saturday that I went into town I had to buy myself some new shoes. Dad had given me some money, but not enough for the shoes that I wanted. I was looking at the shoes when a middle-aged man came up to me and asked if he could help me. I was a bit startled, as my mind was miles away and I must have jumped a little. When I turned round he was a nice enough looking man and I suddenly had an idea, could I use my ‘pussy power’ to get a discount. I asked him if he had the shoes in my size. He told me that he would go and look and suggested that I have a seat. I looked for a seat facing a wall and as I went to it I pulled up my skirt a bit. On the wall opposite where I sat was a mirror, as I waited for him I crossed, then uncrossed my legs and saw that when they were uncrossed I could see the front of my pussy in the mirror.

When the man came back he gave me the shoes to try on. That threw me for a second; I needed him to be down at my feet. After a couple of seconds I asked him if he could help me. He got down on his knees and started taking one of my old shoes off. At first he didn’t notice anything, but when I lifted my other foot up he certainly did. His face went bright red, but that didn’t stop him looking. As he helped me on with the new shoes I slid down the chair a bit so that he saw more, but not too much. When he stood up to let me try walking in them I could see that he was happy with what he saw.

I liked the shoes and wanted them so I told the man that I liked them but didn’t have enough money. At first he said that the price was as he’d told me, so I told him that I’d seen him looking up my skirt at my pussy. I asked him if he liked what he’d seen. He went all red and quietly said that he had. I then asked him if he could give me a discount. At first he said that he could give me 10% but I asked for 50. When he didn’t answer I told him that if he promised to give me the 50% he could help me take the shoes off and he could see a lot more. He went redder and agreed.

I sat down again, but with my bum just perched on the edge of the chair. With my knees about a foot apart I asked him to help. It must have taken a good 5 minutes to get those shoes off and my old ones back on. All the time I could feel his eyes burning into my pussy that was getting wetter and wetter. That felt good and I got the shoes for half price.

My grades certainly did improve over that term, but some teachers were more demanding than others were. The English teacher had even dropped a hint in open class when he had told everyone to ‘let their fingers do the talking’ whilst we were answering his questions. He'd been referring to us doing a long essay for one set of homework, but when he was saying it he was staring at me (well, between my legs). I was idly playing with my clit at the time. I knew what he meant and I increased my finger movements until I came, right there in class. I was surprised that some of the other kids didn’t realise, especially when I could even smell my sex. The teacher enjoyed it though and I got an 'A' for my next homework.

I only managed to improve my grades where there was a male teacher. There was only one woman teacher who looked as though she might be interested and there weren’t any rumours about any of them being lesbians. I tried flashing my knickers at her, but she just ignored me.

PE was a different thing, some of the other girls commented on my lack of knickers but I managed fob them of with some silly story. I don’t know (or cared) if they believed me. The main sports that we played were hockey (not much because it was summer term), tennis and athletics. I wore a little tennis skirt, which was interesting, but I always had a good excuse for not doing things like the high jump or anything else where I would have ended up on my back. I never felt that brave at school, especially with a teacher around. Even so, some of the boys knew that I didn’t wear knickers and used to hang around me at times. I’m sure they were hoping that I’d trip-up and go flat on my back or something.

As the weather got warmer I started not getting changed before doing my paper-round. All that cycling and getting on and off my bike with no knickers on really made me excited and horny and most times I was all happy and flushed when I got home. There’s many the time that I used to go straight to my bedroom any make myself cum.

Dad started to notice my flushed state. He knew what I was doing and how good it made me feel. I lost count of the number of times that he asked me if I’d enjoyed myself, or told me to concentrate on road safety and not pleasure. At first I got a little embarrassed by his comments, but in the end I used to tell him that I’d cum a couple of times (not true) and I even told him street names. He did see me frigging myself afterwards a few times though. As I said, I stopped closing my bedroom door and a couple of times that I was at it, laid on my back with my legs wide apart and skirt round my waist, he walked passed and stared in. I was dying to invite him in to finish the job, but I didn’t have the courage. I don’t think that he would have anyway.

During that term I got asked out by 2 or 3 boys. I a way I wanted to yes because I wanted to get their cocks inside me, but I didn’t. At the time I reckoned that I had enough on my plate and that a boyfriend would have made life a bit too complicated.

There were the usual school end of year parties. Ours was very boring. So much so that a group of us went off to one of my mates houses. Her parents were away so we had the place to ourselves. We found the booze and all got quite drunk and someone suggested playing ‘strip spin the bottle’. I was only wearing a skirt, top and shoes and I remember being naked first. One or two others ended up naked as well. I remember us all laughing when one of the lads had to take his underpants off and was embarrassed by his hard-on. The game ended when one of the girls refused to take her knickers off.

After that I remember us dancing for a while (still naked or partially naked). After that I must have passed out, the next thing I remember is waking-up the next morning with a very sore pussy. No one could tell me what had happened to me and none of them really wanted to talk about it. I’d been fucked with something; I doubt that it had been one of the lads. They were too pissed and I was quite dry; and I didn’t get pregnant.

## Getting a Job

After leaving school I started looking for a job. I suppose I should have started earlier, but dad said that I should wait until my exams were over and I got the results. I didn’t get good exam results, but I did get excellent grades in some subjects. I told my dad that I was very nervous in the exams. I used that excuse at job interviews as well.

In the 6 weeks between leaving school and getting a job I was very lazy. I went for about half a dozen interviews before I finally got a job. Well that’s not quite true; I got offered 3 jobs and didn’t want them.

The first was at a firm of accountants. The place looked okay and there were a couple of young girls there. The problem was that the man interviewing me was a creep. As soon as he opened his mouth I realised that he was just going through the motions and had no intention of offering me the job. Once I’d got over the annoyance I decided to have a bit of fun. I’d dressed quite conservatively really, but without knickers. We were sat at either sides of a low table and I could see him looking at my legs all the time. “Right” I thought, “let’s see what I can do.” I started un-crossing, then crossing my legs. The inevitable started happening and my skirt started to ride up my thighs. Not only did I not pull it down, but I made a big thing of the crossing and un-crossing. By the time interview was over, not only had the man got a real eyeful of my pussy and painful hard-on, but he’d virtually offered me the job. Three days later I got a letter offering me the job, but by then I’d decided that the place would have been too dull and boring.

The next interview I went to was at Derby’s biggest department store. I’d already decided that I didn’t want the job before I went for the interview but went along just for the experience and a laugh. It was a warm day and I’d totally inappropriately for an interview, flared mini-skirt and white tie front top. No underwear. The old biddy of a receptionist looked down her nose at me, but I was just hoping that it would me a man that interviewed me. It was, he was probably in his mid-forties and really fancied himself. The look of disgust on his face when he first saw me was incredible and with a minute or so he’d managed to get in some comment about the stores dress standards. I’d already decided that I wanted to make him feel uncomfortable. I’d pulled the chair that he’d offered me right back before sitting down and did the full Sharon Stone bit crossing and un-crossing my legs. The poor man’s face was getting redder and redder. In the end he was trying to find ways round the stores rules so that I could work there. I played along with him for nearly an hour before I finally told him that I’d decided that I didn’t want to work there.

The third interview was at a Sainsbury’s supermarket. Again, I didn’t really want it and had turned-up ‘inappropriately’ dressed. The young man who was doing the interviews just couldn’t keep his eyes of me. Well my legs anyway. In the office where the interviews were being held there was a round table with a chair at either side. As he led me in there he moved the chairs so that they were both on the same side facing each other. I’m sure that he only moved them so that he could see how far up my skirt he could see. Well, I wasn’t going to let that opportunity go so I let him see the lot. I could see his cock straining in his trousers, it was great. He offered me the job there and then and asked me out, but I turned him down on both counts.

There was one more interview that I went to that I remember well. It was in the office of a big firm of solicitors. Again, I hadn’t really fancied the job and had gone wearing just a short skirt, blouse and shoes. The job was for a receptionist and as soon as I walked in I wished I’d dressed smarter. The office was up some steep straight stairs and the receptionist’s desk was right at the top so that they could see down the stairs. What I liked about it was that the desk wasn’t really a desk, it was a table. That’s to say no sides, just 4 legs. Everyone walking up those stairs would have a fantastic view of the receptionist’s legs. I had romantic visions of flashing my pussy at every man who came in and finding a dishy, rich young client who I could fall in love with.

The firm was run by a very nice middle-aged woman. There was a photograph of her son on her desk. She told me that he had just graduated from university and would be starting in the firm soon. I don’t know if it was the way I was dressed or the lack of qualifications, but I didn’t get the job.

Most of those 6 weeks that summer had quite reasonable weather. During just about all of them I wore nothing more than a skirt, top and shoes. I got a lot of pleasure doing my paper-round during that period. I also teased the neighbour’s teenage boys a bit as well. It all started quite innocently with me sunbathing in the back garden. I was feeling quite tired and lazy after a night round town and I lay on the grass in my skirt and top. It had got quite warm so I went and changed into my little bikini. After a while I noticed the upstairs curtains on the house next door moving and a face appearing for a few seconds.

I started thinking and realised that there was no one around except for these faces at that window. I went and got some sun tan lotion and dark glasses then took my bikini top off and rubbed sun tan lotion all over my top then legs. When I got up to the tops of my thighs I looked round to see that no one else had appeared. As I look round I looked sideways at the window. The 2 lads couldn’t see me because of my sunglasses, but I could see them. I then untied the sides and let it drop to the floor before putting lotion on the bits that I’d missed. When I’d finished I lay down with my feet facing the window. I positioned myself so that I could see them, but they wouldn’t realise because of the sunglasses

I had their full attention and after a couple of minutes I slowly opened my legs to let the sun get to the inside of my thighs. The 2 lads kept watching for about 5 minutes before the faces disappeared. I must have dozed off because sometime later I woke-up and heard the lads whispering. They’d come outside and were obviously looking at me through holes in the fence. I smiled to myself and went back to sleep. The next thing I knew was that my dad was stood over me telling me to turn over before I got too sunburnt.

I’d also got into the habit of going round town with some of my mates a couple of nights each week. Because of my skimpy clothes and the way that I teased some of the men, my mates kept calling me a slut and a prick-teaser. It never bothered me and after the first round each night we never bought another drink. There was never a shortage of men trying to hit on us and a couple of times I ended-up going home from some bloke’s house next morning. I even had one knee trembler in a shop doorway. It was good fun, but nothing serious.

## My 16th Birthday

This was at the end of August and I went round town with Trisha and Gemma (I still hadn’t told Gemma what had happened to her at the party). I got a little drunk and staggered home, arriving at the same time as my dad. He’d been out boozing as well and we were both ‘happy’. I put the kettle on while dad went to bed. When I took him his coffee he was laying there, in just his boxers, watching television. There was one of these channel 4 sex programmes on and dad had a hard-on. I was feeling randy and wasn’t going to miss the opportunity. I put his coffee down, whipped my top and skirt off and was on top of him before he had time to object. He tried to stop me, but not too hard and we slept together that night.

I woke-up before him and gently got him hard, then woke him as I lowered myself down onto him. When my dad relaxes and enjoys himself, he really knows how to please a girl.

That was the last time that I had sex with my dad.

## My first full-time job

A couple of days later I went for the interview for the hairdressing job. I’d decided that I fancied being a hairdresser and had dressed a little less ‘slutty’. The salon manager was a nice man who kept looking at my legs but seem all that bothered by my short dress. I got a phone call the next day offering me the job. All the girls there wear white cotton uniforms that fasten down the front with press-studs. Some of them were getting a bit worn and I could see what a couple of the girls were wearing underneath. The uniform that I was given was new and when I wore it with nothing underneath no one could tell.

One bad thing about a full-time job was that I had to give up my paper-round. It wasn’t all bad; I went to work on my bike until the weather made it too unpleasant.

I like my job, okay its hard work at times, but we have quiet times and we sometimes get some quite dishy men in. I’ve been chatted-up a few times and been out with a couple of them. I’ve found that some men just can’t cope with a girl that doesn’t wear underwear and flashes her pussy. Others just can’t get enough and some will do almost anything that you ask for a quick flash. I went out with one bloke, for a couple of months, who got his kicks from watching me flash other men. We’d be in a pub or restaurant and he’d tell me to open my legs. Trouble was that I was usually way ahead of him and already having fun. I’ve only met one man like Vanessa’s Jon. He obviously likes what he sees, but I can’t twist him round my little finger like I can with most men. I think that it’s because he’s quite happy with Vanessa.

Over the last couple of years I’ve never had to pay for a holiday (and I’ve had a couple of really good ones), rarely bought a drink or a meal (except when I’ve been out with my mates) and I’ve managed to get a good, cheap flat to live in. All in all, Pussy Power was a brilliant discovery for me. In general, men are mugs, all it takes is a quick flash of my pussy and they’ll do anything that I want. I just can’t understand why more women don’t exploit this fact.