**If only I knew then what I know now.**

As a teenager I was very naive. Sex was something that adults did and was ‘naughty’ but nice. I was always ‘prim and proper’. What an idiot I was.

My life changed when I was 22, I was getting so bored with my life in the pokey little town in North Wales that I decided that I had to do something about it. I managed to get a job as a housekeeper working for Jon in the midlands of England. If you want to read more about that read my journal at <http://www.asstr.org/~Vanessa/>. For those of you who haven’t read them, my life changed dramatically for the better. I no longer own any underwear, trousers or shorts, and frequently (weather permitting) wear nothing in our home and garden. I’ve learned that pain gives me pleasure, so does being naked in situation where people aren’t normally naked.

Anyway, what I’m writing about here are my fantasies, what I think about when I’m feeling randy. Most of them centre on the time living at home, and at school; but some of them are about exhibitionist circumstances. I’ve tried to write them in some sort of order, but to most they will appear very disjointed. Unfortunately that’s how my brain works on subject like this – sorry.

First the times when I lived with my parents and younger brother.

My little brother only saw me naked once – when I was 17 and being given a spanking by my dad for staying out late and drinking with my friends. My brother was 13 at the time and I was mortified at having to strip off and get across my dad’s knee. I’d had numerous spankings from my dad before, even having to take my knickers down, but that last night was the worst (or should I say best). As I said, I was mortified, but at the same time I got ‘wet’ and had these strange feelings. I now understand what those feelings were.

I’d not have worn knickers or a bra whenever I could. I’d have fooled my mother by putting a clean pair of knickers on each morning and given myself a wedgie just to soil them with the juices that I would have generated during the night as I frigged myself. Most of my underwear would have slowly disappeared so that I would rarely have had any clean ones to wear. That way I would have had an excuse if my mum or dad had said anything about my lack of underwear. Luckily my breasts have never grown bigger than 34A so I’d have got away without a bra most of the time. I’d have worn a cardigan to cover the missing ugly sight of bra straps – VBL as Jon calls it. I’d have bought a couple of pairs of very brief see-through knickers and hidden them somewhere that my mum wouldn’t have found. I’d have only worn them when I thought I would have really needed to wear some.

I’d have teased my father by giving him goodnight kisses wearing just an old baggy T-shirt so that he could see down the top when I bent over to kiss him. I’d try to position myself so that my brother would be able to see my bum and what I wasn’t wearing underneath.

My parents used to leave my brother and me watching TV alone quite a lot and I’d have got great pleasure out of teasing my brother by watching TV lying on my stomach on the floor and letting my legs drift apart. Poor boy would have had many a wank thinking about my pussy.

On that subject, I always used to have sparse blondish pubic hair (I’ve removed it all permanently now). What I would have done was pluck most of it out and pretended that I’d never really grown many hairs ‘down there’.

We didn’t have a shower so we had to have baths. I imagine myself ‘forgetting’ to lock the bathroom door and pretending to go to sleep laying in the bath. I’d get all tense and excited waiting and hoping that either my dad or brother would need to go to the toilet and walk in on me. I’d try to keep perfectly still when they came in and get even wetter knowing that they were staring at my naked body.

My bedroom was at the back of the house, and the house at the bottom of the garden had an older boy in their back bedroom. I didn’t really know them because they moved in when I was about 13 and the boy went to a different school. I always used to close my curtains early every evening, but sometimes when I did I used to see the boy looking over from his bedroom. If I’d known then what I know now I’d have given him a right show at every opportunity. I imagine myself slowly stripping off knowing that he would be looking. I’d then lie on my bed masturbating. Sometimes, after I’d cum, I’d get up and walk over to the window, wave at him and then close the curtains.

When little brother got to 11 my mom got a job, which meant that I had to look after him during school holidays. I dream of taking advantage of the few hot summer days by sunbathing naked in the back garden. I’d tell brother to go and play with his friends and then I’d strip off and take a little towel out to the back lawn. The neighbours on both sides worked as well, but I’m sure the boy in the house at the bottom of the garden would have spotted me. I’d start playing with myself and try to image what would happen if little brother and some of his friends arrived home before I’d expected them. The idea really gets me wet.

As I mentioned earlier I got spanked a few times and didn’t understand the feeling that I got, particularly the feelings in my pussy and why it got wet. Since moving in with Jon I’ve realised that I get off on pain. Jon’s made me cum many times by spanking, caning or whipping me. Yes, it hurt to start off with, but it doesn’t take long for the pleasure to take over. If I’d known that when I was a kid I’d have provoked my father into giving me more spankings. I’d have got him so mad that he’d have given me lots of naked spankings. I dream of being naked over his knee with my legs as far apart as I could without it being too obvious and being watched by my little brother. If I were really lucky it would happen when some male visitors were there so that I had a bigger audience. I’d scream and squirm about so that my dad would get even madder with me. I usually cum as I dream about cumming whilst over my dad’s knee. I just wonder if any of the audience would realise that I was cumming.

School - I was unlucky in that I went to a school where the girls had to wear skirts that went down to our knees. In all my fantasies most of the girls wear skirts to mid thigh and the more sensible girls wear even shorter ones. The fun I’d have had by not wearing knickers. One of my current friends was lucky enough to realise that girls have powers over men when she was still at school. One of her teachers actually encouraged her to flash her pussy at him and she got some good grades from him. I’d have done that, I can just see myself sat on the front row with my legs open and the teacher trying to concentrate on giving the lessen. We had a couple of young male teachers that some of the girls had crushes on, and one young female teacher that rumour had was a lesbian. I wonder what reaction I would have got flashing her.

Jon discovered some ‘Naked in School’ stories on the Internet. I’ve read them (a few times actually) and dreamed of them being true stories with being Karen or Keiko so many times that I’ve lost count. The thought of being naked in front of all those boys and men just drives me wild. I can imagine myself walking down the school corridors absolutely naked through hundreds of young men. The expressions on some of their faces, some shocked, some turned on and others just drooling over my body. I can also feel the hands as some of them grope my tits and pussy. I’d pretend that I wasn’t enjoying it and make token gestures to get them to stop but in reality I’d be loving every second.

Being used for practical biology lessons is my utopia. Once when I went for a smear test there were 2 student doctors there and I ended up cumming right in front of them. My doctor took it in his stride, but the students were a bit shocked and embarrassed. I often remember the expressions on their faces.

Anyway, back to school, and I did a couple of years ago. Jon devised this plan for me to pretend that I’d just moved into the area and was being transferred to a school a couple of miles from home. It worked for a couple of days before Jon decided that I’d caused enough trouble and stopped me going before the school got wise to me and called the police. I did manage to get naked a few times and even got into a cat fight on the school playing fields where both of us ended up naked. That was good. You can read all about that adventure (and others) on my web site.

In my fantasies about my real school days I’d wear a tennis skirt for PE lessons. A couple of girls did, but they wore big granny knickers underneath. I’d have worn either scanty see-through ones, on none at all, dependent upon what we would have being doing. In the changing rooms and showers I’d not have been shy and keep myself covered as much as possible. I only remember two girls that weren’t like that and they got labelled as lesbians. Thinking back I don’t think they were, I just think that they were more open minded than the rest of us. If any of the girls said anything about my lack of knickers I’d have used the same excuse as with my mum.

The school had some classrooms up some stairs and there were always some boys who would hang around at the bottom hoping to get a glimpse up some skirts. I’d have given them something to look at.

I know that I’d have got labelled as a slut, and that would have upset me at the time. Knowing what I do now I wouldn’t have cared about being called a slut. I’d have loved it; it would have got me more attention from the boys, attention that I would have revelled in.

We had to go to school on the bus. Most of the time it was a single decker, but sometimes it was a double decker. I imagine myself getting in front of the boys going up onto the top deck. Think of the view they’d get going up those steep stairs.

My tits didn’t start growing until I was 12 and even now they’ve only grown to an A cup. I used to get teased by the boys, but if I’d known then what I know now I’d had flashed my little tits at any boys that teased me and told them that

My best friend in those days was Kirsty; she lived in the next street and was slightly bigger than me in all respects. Kirsty was a bit more broad-minded than I was and I’ve often wondered if, knowing what I know now, our relationship would have been different. I dream of Kirsty and me teasing the boys and of Kirsty and me being more than friends.

Shopping - Just imagine the fun that a teenage girl wearing a short skirt and no knickers, and who wants to flash her assets, can have in a shopping centre. All those escalators, all those changing rooms, all those cafes, all those shoe shops, all those low shelves to squat down to look at something. Yes, I dream of doing all those things. I’m not sure how successful I would have been getting Kirsty to join in the fun, but I certainly would have tried. I sometimes dream of Kirsty and me daring each other to be more outrageous.

I also dream of Kirsty and me being lovers, of me sleeping over at her house, and the reverse. I can just see us teasing either her big brother or my little brother as we watched TV wearing just T-shirts, going to the bathroom wearing just a too small towel, or leaving the bedroom door open just enough for them to watch us.

There was a gang of boys from my year at school that used to hang around where I lived. They used to tease me a bit about my small tits. Knowing what I know now I would have tried to hang around with them, get into their gang. From what I remember they never did anything really bad, just your typical teenage boys. I used to watch them messing about in the kids playground, climbing the big trees in the park and on the rough land at the end of the park. I imagine myself being a well-established member of their gang and hanging around with them on a summers evening. Of course I’d still be wearing a miniskirt. I can just see them egging me on climbing up trees with them down below looking up my skirt and seeing what I’m not wearing. Little would they know that I was getting just as much, if not more, pleasure out of it than them. I dream of going through a big packet of condoms as each one of them took it in turns to have me after I’d teased them to the point of no return.

I had a paper round for a while when I was at school, mornings and evenings. I always used to wear jeans riding my bike round the route, but in my dreams (always on the few warm days that we had each year) I’m always wearing miniskirts, and of course no knickers. In the dreams the bike seat isn’t like the one that Jon made for me – with a vibrator sticking up through the saddle, but it is a very narrow one so that I could slide forwards and backwards on so that the pointed front would tease my clit as I rode around.

I used to go to the public library a bit, mainly to do research for school projects. I remember a couple of old men that were always there. They used to watch all the young girls that went in. I used to think of them as dirty old men, still do in a way, but I would have had a bit of fun with them. None of the table had modesty boards so I would have sat reading with my miniskirt rucked-up waiting for one of them to sit in a seat where I knew they were looking up my skirt. I’d then start fingering my clit until I’d cum.

There was also a middle-aged male librarian there. He always looked as if books were his whole life. I’d have given him something else to think about. I dream about climbing up his stepladder to get a book and making sure that he saw what I wasn’t wearing. Poor man.

Rugby was the main sport in our town. My dad took me to a few games when I was young, but I soon lost interest. There wasn’t a girl’s team, and my slight build would have made me a non-starter anyway, but I do dream of the fun that I could have had if I’d have been a fan. I’d have talked Kirsty into going to a few games, not the town team, a little local team where we could have stood on the touchline in our miniskirts and distracted the opposition with quick flashes. I dream of sneaking into the changing rooms, hiding somewhere and watching the men strip-off and shower. All those muscles and dicks. Of course I dream about getting caught and being forced to strip and suck and fuck – a gang bang - heaven.

I also dream about going to away games where I wouldn’t be known by many people. I’d liven-up a boring game or distract the opposition if they were about to score by streaking across the pitch.

The Swimming facilities were not up to much around where I lived. They’re not up to much in Derby either; you have to go to Mansfield or Stoke to find any decent ones. In my fantasies there was a big Waterworld type pool in our town. I dream of wearing bikinis either too small or too big and one (or both) of the parts coming off as I go down the slides and me pretending that I hadn’t realised at the bottom and standing up naked and getting out until someone told me. I act real surprised and half cover my little tits and pussy and ask someone to retrieve the missing bikini. At the bottom of one big slide there’s a circular bit a bit like a polo mint. When you get to it you go round and round, slowly sliding down until you finally fall through the hole in the middle into a tank underneath. The thing is the walls of the tank and some of the circular bit are transparent and people frequently watch the person going round and then into the tank. I imaging I’m going round and round with no bikini bottom and the top hanging from my neck. Not a thing that I could do except watch the people watching me. It’s enough to make me cum just thinking about it. The changing rooms at my imaginary swimming pool are mixed sex. A few changing cubicles and lots of little lockers. I’d ‘accidentally’ forget to lock the door and stand there naked pretending to dry my hair with a towel so that whoever came in couldn’t see my face, but could see all of the rest of me.

The showers are also in individual cubicles with door that lock. Needless to say that I’d ‘forget’ to lock the door, strip off and stay there until I’d been seen by a few people who opened the door expecting there to be no one in there. I guess that I’d make a few men’s days, but there again they’d be making my day as well. The chances of them seeing more than one naked girl are slim, but the chances of me being seen by more than one man was a hell of a lot greater. I dream of getting so excited that I’d start playing with myself, and then a man catching me with a couple of fingers inside me.

Ben Wa – Yes, my friend Ben would have been kept busy. I dream of walking down the school corridor with Ben working overtime. I imaging myself cumming during a PE lesson and being sent to see the nurse because I was flushed and shaking. Riding my bike with the front of the seat rubbing my clit and the movement of my legs making Ben make me cum. I’m nearly cumming writing about it.

Anyway, that’s about all that I can think of at the moment so I’ll close now.

Love,

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