**What would it be like -**

by Vanessa Evans

**Author’s Note**

This story is a prelude to the story ‘My Boyfriend Tells Me to Get Naked in Public’, however it can also be read as a standalone story.

**Intro**

I consider myself to be your pretty average young girl, my name is Jenna and I am 18 years old, 4 foot 10 inches tall with long, blonde hair. I’m skinny and have a 32AA-23-30 figure with my little tits high up on my chest.

I have recently left college, got a job and moved out of the family home and now share an apartment with 2 other single young people, 1 guy and 1 girl.

The thing is, I have tons of erotic thoughts, all of them around me being naked. I’ve got a sort of mental ‘bucket list’ and the bucket is in 2 sections, those that I still want to try sometime and those that I have done but would like to do again. The list isn’t in any particular order other than the complete ones are first but even those didn’t happen in the order that they are written.

**1. To be stripped naked and exposed to lots of people – Completed.**

I think that this was the incident that really started me thinking these thoughts.

When I was in college I was in the girls hockey team and we competed in a county wide competition, travelling on a bus to the ‘away’ games. We had just finished a game at a college on the other side of the county and had just arrived back in the changing room to shower and get ready to take the bus home when one of the girls announced that it was my 18th birthday that day.

After a few congratulations some of the girls gathered around me and the captain told everyone that there was a tradition that took place whenever a member of the team played in a competition game on her birthday. She said that the birthday girl had to be stripped naked then there would be a surprise for her.

Well all the team strip and shower so that was no big deal, but when I’d finished my shower the captain, Mary, told me to stay naked whilst the rest of the team got dressed.

No big deal so far, but I was a little curious as to why I couldn’t put my clothes on.

Then I found out. Mary, told 4 girls to grab an arm or a leg and lift me into the air.

“They’re going to give me the naked bumps.” I thought, but no.

Once I was up in the air Mary told the girls to carry me and follow her. The bitch had them carry me to the men’s changing room and then the men’s shower where the local men’s team had just finished their game and most of them were in the shower.

Oh my gawd, I had never seen naked men before, and never been seen naked by men before. I was sooo embarrassed at being put down onto my feet and held with my hands behind my back by my team mates so that my tiny tits and little landing strip were on show to all the guys to see.

They held me there as the guys surrounded us then let my team mates out. They ran out of the men’s changing room giggling as I pleaded with the naked guys to let me go. I had mental visions of me being raped and gang raped, but the guys never touched my tits or pussy. The just kept changing places with each other so that they could finish their shower, keeping me surrounded all the time.

When the showers were over they shuffled me into the changing area and took it in turns to keep me there until they were all dressed leaving me the only naked person there.

Then, still surrounding me, they shuffled me outside and to the bus to take us all back to our college.

The bus driver just smiled at me as I got on and he saw that I was naked. All the girls cheered as I hurried to take a seat with the girls.

They wouldn’t tell me where my clothes were, or lend me anything to cover myself right until we got back to our college. Then Mary gave me my clothes and told me that I could get dressed. As they all filed off the coach, each of the girls kissed my face cheeks and wished me a happy birthday.

I was the last to leave the coach and the driver wished me a happy birthday as well.

The thing was, during a quiet moment of the journey I realised that I was quite aroused by the whole experience. I so wanted to make myself cum but there was no way that I was going touch myself on that coach. I waited until I got home and in the safety of my room.

**2. To not wear knickers under a really short skirt to a place where there was a reasonable chance that people would see up my skirt – Completed.**

The first time that I did this was on my last holiday with my parents. We went to a seaside town for a week that turned out to be one of the best (weather wise) of the year.

Scott (my brother who is only a year younger than me) and I had to share a twin room with him. This often happened and was never a problem, apart from him farting, as we always got changed in the bathroom

Whilst I was getting ready to go out on the second evening, Scott suddenly said,

“Are you going out like that Jenna?”

“Yes, why?”

“But you haven’t got any knickers on.”

“How do you know, and so what?”

“You bent over to unplug your hairdryer and I saw your pussy; and people might see up that short skirt.”

“You shouldn’t be looking, you’re my brother, and I don’t intend to bend over when we’re out.”

Well that was my intention, and after my mother gave me some grief for wearing such a short skirt, my parents decided that Scott and I would go to the funfair for a couple of hours then meet them in a big pub where we were going to get something to eat later.

I didn’t think anything of it when Scott decided that he wanted to go on the roller coaster and we got the tickets and went to the entrance. It was only when the attendant ushered us into the seats and lifted the safety barriers that I realised that he could see my pussy because one part of the barrier came up between our legs so I couldn’t keep them closed.

My face was bright red as the attendant fastened the bar and looked at my face. Talk about embarrassed, I just wanted to go and hide somewhere.

As the ride started I soon felt the air rushing passed my uncovered pussy and it started feeling good. By the end of the ride I just wanted to go again and was sure that if I did, I would have an orgasm even though my younger brother was sat next to me.

Unfortunately, Scott had had enough and we wandered on, stopping at the pinball machines.

“Bet I can get the highest score?” Scott said.

“I’ll thrash you bro.” I said, then climbed on the step so that I could play.

It was only after I had thrashed Scott that we moved on and Scott said,

“You do realise that those guys watching you from behind were actually looking up your skirt don’t you?”

“Don’t be silly, they were only watching me thrash you at pinball.”

“Whatever.” Scott replied.

As we continued walking around I wondered if those guys had been looking at my pussy. I got all tingly and wet thinking about it.

I managed to get away with wearing that skirt for most of the rest of the holiday without my parents realising that I wasn’t wearing any knickers and I really enjoyed the experience.

**3. To be a nude model for an art class – Completed.**

Shortly after I moved out of the family home to live in a shared apartment in another city, I saw an advert for a nude art model and jumped at the chance. When I phoned about the job the woman asked me if I’d done any nude modelling before. When I admitted that I hadn’t I added that I really needed the money and was prepared to try it, the woman suggested that I go along to the studio and have a look around. I did, then asked about how many people I would have to pose in front of.

“You’re really nervous about this aren’t you?”

“Yes I am, but I really want to do it.”

“How about you pose for just 1 person to start with?” She asked.

“I guess that would be a good start.”

“Well I have an artist coming over in 15 minutes, how about you pose for a couple of sketches to see what it’s like?”

“I guess so; I probably won’t freak out in front of just 1 person whereas 6 or 7 people might just make me run away.”

“Okay, hang around, have a look through all the students drawings. I’ll let you know when we are ready for you.”

I was in the store room when the woman came to tell me that they were ready for me.

“Where do I take my clothes off?” I asked.

“The models usually go behind the screens in the studio but you can disrobe in here if you like, just come through when you are ready.”

I stood there for a few seconds, shaking and realising that I was actually going to get naked in front of an artist and the studio manager. That was not what I expected when I left home that day. As I stripped I realised that my nipples were rock hard and tingling. The tingling felt as though it was linked to my dripping pussy that was also tingling like hell.

I opened the door and stepped out. Then I got a bit of a shock. For some reason I was expecting the artist to be a middle-aged woman but it wasn’t, it was a cute young man who didn’t look to be much older than I was.

My heart started pounding and I’m sure that my pussy was literally dripping as I walked over to the man.

“Hi, I’m Zack, you must be Jenna, thank you so much for modelling for me. I hear that this is your first time, try and relax and be yourself, there’s no right or wrong thing for you to do or feel. I’ll direct you into the pose that I want then just pretend that you are here on your own.”

“Easier said than done.” I replied, “but I’ll try.”

“That’s all that I ask. Okay Jenna, let’s get started, please can you sit in that chair?”

I did.

“Good, now can you shuffle your butt to the front edge of the chair and lay back. Then can you act and look as if you are totally knackered please?”

I did, and let my arms hang over the arms of the chair and my knees fall slightly apart.

“Good, good, a little more tired and couldn’t care less expression please.”

I did, and after more praise I was told to stay like I was. It was only after a couple of minutes that I realised that my knees had drifted further apart and that Zack could see every detail of my pussy. He kept looking up at me and I was convinced that he was looking at my pussy each time that he looked up.

The more that I thought about it the more that I got aroused and the more that I got embarrassed. I was torn between closing my knees, standing up and going and getting dressed, and spreading my knees some more, expecting Zack to be able to see even more of my pussy, if that was possible.

Anyway, I was just about to spread my knees some more when Zack said,

“Good, thank you Jenna, would you like to come and look at the sketch?”

“That was quick.” I said as I got to my feet.

“Sorry, there’s usually a robe for the models to wear but I can’t see it anywhere.”

“That’s okay.” I replied then realised that I was walking over to look at his sketch and I was still totally naked.

I blushed, but at the same time a bolt of electricity went from my pussy to my nipples and I felt my pussy get even wetter.

I stood next to Zack and told him that the sketch was amazing, and it was. I could easily recognise my face but when I looked down to the drawing of my pussy I blushed even more. Oh my gawd, he’d drawn every little curve and even my vagina entrance which looked to be open. I wanted to put my hand to my pussy to check if it actually was open, but I managed to resist that urge.

Then I looked up the sketch a little then said,

“You haven’t drawn my little landing strip.”

“No, I think that pubic hair is ugly so my sketches never show any.”

“Okay, no problem.” I replied and wondered if I should shave it off.

“So you like it Jenna? Would you like to pose for another, if you have the time that is?”

“Err yes, why not. I never expected to be naked today, but hey, I guess that it will help me when I have to pose in front of a whole class of wanna be artists.”

“Yes Jenna, I could see your level of nervousness decreasing as you posed but there was still some there when I was finished.”

“How on earth could you tell that?”

“An artist spots lots of little details that your average person misses.”

“Well you correctly picked up on that. Don’t worry, I left those details off the sketch.”

“Thank you Zack, okay, I’m happy to pose for another one, how do you want me to pose?”

“Well, I was thinking that you could pose for a genitals only sketch. Now before you start to panic I was thinking that if you can cope with posing for a sketch like that you will easily cope with a class of student artists looking at you.”

As Zack was saying all that I was starting to panic, my heart was racing but my pussy was gushing and my nipples and clit were throbbing.

Zack had stopped talking but I was still silent. I was trying to decide if I should run away or do it. My brain was torn between the 2 options but I realised that my body wanted to do it. After what seemed like an eternity, but was probably less than a minute, I quietly replied,

“I’ll do it.”

“Good on you Jenna, it will boost your confidence no end. Now, when you are ready can you get on your back on the floor with your feet facing me.”

I had to force my feet to move and I slowly got down and lay as instructed.

“Good Jenna, now can you lift your legs right up then pull them back so that your feet are near your head?”

I did and felt so exposed.

“Well done Jenna, now please hold your ankles with your hands and push your feet as wide apart as you can?”

I thought that my heart was going to explode out of my chest. I could feel my face burning and as I looking down my body I could see that my nipples were the hardest and biggest that I have ever seen them. Looking further down I could see my throbbing clitoris poking out from its hood and my whole labia was swollen and wetter than I had ever seen it.

Not only did I want to die, I wanted to cum as well.

“OMG, how could I expose myself to a man, a man that I’d only just met, like I was doing?” I thought, “and why is my body enjoying it so much?”

I couldn’t answer my thoughts and I just lay there wishing that I could get up and run home or shrivel up and dissolve into the carpet, but also wishing that I could stay like that for ever.

I had to lay like that for hours, or was it just a few minutes, before I finally heard Zack say,

“Nearly done Jenna, just a few seconds more.”

My body must have registered that I was about to get up and it decided that it had one more humiliation for me and I started to orgasm.

I tried, but couldn’t contain the need to scream out and for my body to jerk and my pussy convulse as it tried to suck in the penis that wasn’t there. My hands gripped my ankles so hard that my hands started to hurt but at the same time my arms pushed my ankles as wide as they could go.

When I was able to speak coherently I started to apologise to Zack but got stopped quite soon.

“No, no Jenna, you have nothing to apologise for. It was a beautiful sight. You are not the first girl to have an orgasm whilst posing for me and I doubt that you will be the last. An orgasm is one of a woman’s most wonderful functions and I wish that I could find a woman who could orgasm over and over for long enough for me to capture the image on canvas. Just stay there for a few more seconds then you can come and look at my work.”

I lay there, my heartbeat slowly reducing to sub 1,000 beats per minute. Well that’s what it felt like. Finally, Zack said that he was done and I released the iron grip that my hands had on my ankles and my legs slowly went down to the carpet.

I lay there spread eagled for a few seconds before getting to my feet and walking over to Zack. I gasped when I first saw the sketch. OMG, Zack had captured a scene that I had never seen before.

Every nook and cranny of my pussy was there, every bit of my juices were there, the insides of the entrance to my vagina were there, my clitoris was there; and moving up my body my rock hard nipples were there, my face was there with its expressions of horror and pleasure were there.

I just stood there with my mouth and eyes wide open for ages before finally saying,

“That’s awesome Zack, totally awesome. How the hell do you do that? It’s me, definitely me, but at the same time it isn’t the me that I know. Do I really look like that?”

“Yes Jenna, that is you, the very beautiful you and your orgasm gave me the final touches to add. This sketch will be worth a fortune.”

“You’re going to sell it?”

“I sell all my art Jenna, it’s the way that I make a living.”

“But …… okay, I guess that I understand, but it’s me. I want to keep that image forever.”

“You can take a photograph of it if you like. Hang on, I’ll just sign it first.”

I turned and almost ran to the store room to get my phone. When I returned I saw the smiling Zack watch me approach him. I quickly took about 4 photos of the sketch of my pussy then Zack said,

“Would you like me to take some photos of you stood next to the sketch, and maybe in the same pose?”

“Would you? Yes please, that would be wonderful.”

I stood there in all my naked glory as Zack took some photos of me looking at the sketch of my pussy. As I stood there Zack said,

“See Jenna, your embarrassment has gone, you’ll do just fine when you are in the front of a class of students.”

I suddenly realised that I was no longer embarrassed. I was totally naked in front of this man and about to get back into the pose that would have mortified me just a few hours ago, and embarrassment was the last thing on my mind. I was as horny as hell but not embarrassed.

I thought the same as I lay on the floor holding my ankles as far apart as I could again. My pussy didn’t feel quite as wet as it had before but if Zack had been my lover I would have told him to fuck me right there and then.

Instead, I smiled as Zack took photo after photo of my spread pussy with my throbbing clitoris poking up in the air, my still rock hard and throbbing nipples standing on what looked like a very flat chest and my smiling face. Yes, I was loving every second of it.

All too soon it was over and I was stood next to Zack as he scrolled through the photos in my gallery, stopping to 2 finger zoom in and out when he wanted me to see my pussy in more detail. I wasn’t at all embarrassed as he zoomed in on my open vaginal entrance, in fact I commented on how wet I was.

“It’s perfectly natural to be that wet.” Zack said.

Without the slightest hint of embarrassment I replied,

“Yes, I’ve got used to being wet nearly all the time.”

When Zack had shown me the last photo he told me that I needed to copy the photos to somewhere safe so that if I lost my phone I still had them; then he got out his wallet and gave me £40.

“What’s this for?” I asked.

“For posing for me. My models always get paid, it’s their advance share of the money that I’ll get when I sell the paintings or sketches.”

“Oh, thank you. You know that when I arrived her I thought it was just for an interview, and here I am £40 better off and looking forward to standing naked in front of a class of wannabes.”

“And you’re still naked.”

“Oh gosh, I’d better go and get dressed.”

I took my phone and went to the store room.

I picked up my thong and put one foot in it then decided that I needed to wipe my pussy. I mentally went through what I had with me and what I could see around the room then decided that all I had was the thong.

Stepping out of it I then used it to wipe up as much of my juices as I could. The thong was nowhere near big enough so I did what I could then threw it into a rubbish bin that was near the door.

Commando under my skirt I stepped out of the room and realised that Zack had gone and been replaced by the middle aged woman whom I’d met earlier.

“Everything okay Jenna?” the woman asked.

“Err yes, you probably knew that I was nervous but Zack has knocked that out of me, I’m looking forward to the first class. Tuesday evening didn’t you say.

“Yes, Zack has that effect on young girl models. Yes, Tuesday at 18:30 please. There should only be about 7or 8 budding artists.

I left the studio to reflect on my day, and to look forward to Tuesday. When I got on the bus I sat there browsing through the photos and feeling very proud of myself.

**4. To wear a see-through blouse in public - Completed**

This doesn’t sound very exciting until you hear that since I left home I have hardly ever worn a bra, my tiny tits don’t need any support so the don’t get any. I read somewhere that breast muscles are like most other muscles and if you don’t exercise them they will go all floppy, and I never want my little tits to go all floppy.

Anyway, I’d bought the blouse one day when I was out shopping and day dreaming about my fantasies and it was a warm Saturday when no one else was at home that I put it on and again felt aroused, I decided to walk to the local shops to get some food that I needed.

The arousal increased my sense of adventure and I stepped out onto the street feeling very self-conscious but proud of myself. As I started walking down the street I looked down at my chest and saw 2 very hard and throbbing nipples pushing against the see-through material.

I proudly walked down the street and when I got to the local park I decided to take a detour through the park to enjoy more of the sunshine not realising that there could well be quite a few people there.

It wasn’t long before I saw a couple walking towards me. I took a deep breath, held my head high and kept walking. As I got closer I could feel my nipples throbbing and my heart pounding. Somehow I managed to keep going and I saw both the girl and the guy look at my chest.

“Were my tits too small for them to see?” I wondered, but the girl smiled and said hello. The guy just grinned.

As I walked on I realised that my pussy was dripping, and my thong felt uncomfortable. Having already got used to going commando on my last holiday with my parents, I looked for somewhere to take the thong off. I soon saw some bushes and walked behind them.

Quickly pulling my skirt up and the thong down, I missed seeing 2 girls sunbathing nearby, but they saw me.

“It is a bit warm,” one of them said.

“You go girl,” the other said.

With the thong around my ankles I smiled at them as I lifted my feet out. Picking the thong up I waved it over my head and walked back to the path feeling a lot better and happier.

I soon came across a rubbish bin and dumped the thong wondering if anyone would see it and take it home. I imagined a teenage boy sniffing it and taking it to wank at the thought of a girl having worn it.

I came across more people, some of them looking and realising, but most just walking by without even looking.

Then a group of older teenage boys on bikes came towards me. As they passed most of them only gave me a quick glance but 1 of them definitely saw my tits. Just behind me I heard the squeal of bike brakes then the young man shouting,

“Hey guys, get back here.”

Before long the boys were riding up and down, going fast towards me then slowly passed me from behind then starting again.

I was just starting to get annoyed with them when I came across a park bench. I sat on it and got some papers out of my bag to pretend to read them. I also got my sunglasses out so that I could watch them watching me. Half of me wanting them to just disappear and the other half of me wanting then to come closer and get a good look at my tiny tits.

The boys circled me for a while then one of then got off his bike about 3 metres in front of me and sat on the grass staring at me. When the others joined him I got the idea to uncross my legs and open my knees a bit.

My heart was pounding as I started to berate myself for being so slutty but I couldn’t stop myself. I slid my butt to the front of the bench and slowly opened my knees until I was sure that the boys could see my pussy.

I soo wanted to touch my pussy but I knew that I didn’t have the courage. Then I realised that the boys were commenting on what they could see. It became blatantly obvious that they could see my dripping pussy.

After what seemed like a lifetime of wanting to masturbate for them I chickened out and stood up. Checking that my skirt was covering what it is supposed to, I turned and walked away with 2 thoughts on my mind. One, what the hell was I doing, and two, why didn’t I masturbate for them.

I didn’t think for long as the boys were riding passed me again, calling me a few choice names as they went. They were soon out of sight but some more people were walking towards me.

I held my head up high and walked right passed them and out of the park.

I turned towards the apartment the realised that when I left home I was heading to the shops. Turning around I headed to the shops.

I was disappointed at the number of people that I passed who didn’t even look at me, and the number who did look at me but either didn’t see my tits or just ignored what they could see. I even wondered if my small tits and short height made them think that I was a young girl not even worth looking at.

Putting all that to the back of my mind I decided to get on with my shopping and just pretend that I was wearing a thick top. I went into a few shops and browsed around. I went into a teens fashion shop and came across a nice skirt that gave me an idea. It’s definitely a summer skirt, short, very light, patterned cotton and very A-line. My thought was that it would be excellent to wear on a windy day and hopefully flash my bare butt and pussy to some people thus achieving another item from my list.

I took it to the changing room and quickly took my clothes off. I put the skirt on and it felt like I just had a thin belt just above my hips. I did a twirl in front of the mirror and the material rose up and out so that even from where my head was, I could just see my slit in the mirror. People in front of me would get a great view.

Changing back into my my own clothes I went and browsed until I found a top that was also very light, baggy, low cut and short with just spaghetti straps stopping it from falling down. Satisfied that it had potential, I took it to the changing room, stripped and put on the new skirt and the new top on. I pulled the top down as far as it would got and saw that I had about 15 centimetres of flesh showing.

Doing another twirl I smiled at what I could see and noted that the straps on the top were in real danger of slipping off my shoulders. I decided to to go out of the cubicle and look at myself in the mirror at the other end of the changing room to get a ‘distant’ look at myself.

I did another twirl and was satisfied that anyone more than a couple of metres from me would get a great view if / when the skirt blew up.

I was so busy looking at the skirt that I hadn’t realised that one of the straps of the top was down near my elbow and an older man with a young girl walking in gave me a funny look as he looked at my chest.

I looked down and saw my exposed right tit.

“Oops, sorry.” I said and quickly pulled the top back into its proper place.

Back in the cubicle I took the new clothes off and looked at myself in the mirror. I liked what I saw and started dreaming about the skirt blowing up while I was out in public. Before I knew it, my right hand was rubbing my pussy. When I realised what I was doing I stopped, said “no, not here,” and got dressed.

I was a happy girl as I went and paid for the items and left.

I had some food items to get so I went to the supermarket before heading home the direct route. On the way I wondered how long it would be before it was a warm, windy day and I could go out and complete another experience on my list.

**5. To wear a short, floaty skirt with no knickers on a windy day – Completed.**

I didn’t have to wait long. It was on a public holiday when I got up and saw that the conditions were right. I quickly got showered and dressed in just my new skirt and top and went to get my breakfast. My male flatmate was sitting in the kitchen eating when I went in. He stopped eating and looked at me.

“Wow Jenna, you look hot, are you going anywhere nice?”

“I was thinking of going to the coast, it’s only 45 minutes on the train and it would be a shame to not take advantage of the good weather.”

“You’re right there girl, fancy some company?”

“Err, I was planning on going on my own, but I guess that it could be fun with the 2 of us going Dan.”

“Great, give me 5 minutes and I’ll be ready.”

I got my breakfast ready the sat eating it and wondering if my plan had just been scuppered. Then I had a naughty thought,

“Maybe I should flash Dan. He’s never seen me naked, not even topless. I don’t fancy him but it could be a bit of fun.”

I cheered up and decided that Plan B could work if I couldn’t achieve Plan A. Maybe I could achieve both.

With plenty of enthusiasm I set off walking to the train station with Dan just managing to keep up with me.

“You look cute in that skirt Jenna.” Dan said as we queued to purchase our tickets.

“Thanks Dan.” I replied.

“Do you realise that it flips up a little when you walk fast?”

“No, does it?”

“Oh yes it does, and I could see that you aren’t wearing any knickers.”

“Maybe I’m wearing a thong.”

“Hmm, that’s possible, are you?”

“That’s for me to know and you to find out. Besides, you shouldn’t be looking, we share an apartment, shouldn’t the rules be that same as if you are my brother?”

“I don’t know, should they?”

I never got to answer that because we got to the front of the queue. After we got our tickets we moved to the platform. Now in England train station platforms are cold and windy even on a warm still day and I quickly realised just how easily the skirt blew up. I backed up to a pillar and put my hands on the sides of the skirt.

“Looks like you are going to have a few problems with that skirt today Jenna, are you sure that you want to go to the coast?”

“Yes, it’s ages since I’ve been to the seaside and it would be a shame to not take advantage of the warm sunshine.”

“True, but that skirt is definitely going to give you problems.”

“I’m sure that I’ll manage, besides, a good flatmate will help me keep my modesty, won’t he?”

“Of course I will.”

Something in the way Dan said that made me suspect that he wouldn’t be helping me in the way that the conversation implied and I wondered how him seeing my pussy, and maybe my tits would affect our apartment sharing. I didn’t fancy him but he might just get the impression that I did after what I expected would happen that day.

We got on the train and sat next to each other, chatting about all sorts during the 35 minute journey. At one point I noticed that one of my spaghetti straps had fallen off my shoulder but my tit hadn’t been exposed when I pulled it back into place.

As we got off the train my first real embarrassment happened. It was windier at the coast than it was in the city and my skirt inverted as I stepped out of the carriage.

“Wow,” Dan said, “definitely no thong Jenna, you must have been expecting it to be hot today.”

“I was; I hope that I didn’t embarrass you.”

“Not at all Jenna, it’s nice to see more of you.”

“Stop it Dan, this is embarrassing enough without you starting.”

“Sorry.”

It was embarrassing, well slightly, after my nude art modelling I was used to being seen naked but this was different, this exposure wasn’t planned, well not assured planned, more expected accidents that I didn’t exactly know when I would be exposed.

As we walked to the beach with me holding my skirt in place I wondered if pleas of not knowing what would happen would be accepted by the police if a policeman saw me getting exposed by the wind.

The beach had quite a few people on it, in spite of the wind, many of them kids, so I turned and walked along the shoreline until there were no kids around then I slowly moved my hands away from my skirt. It wasn’t long before it was billowing out and up.

Dan wasn’t the only person who noticed, some of the adults were watching us walk by and I may as well have been bottomless. I noticed a few people smiling but no one said anything. Well no one except Dan.

“You do realise where your skirt is don’t you Jenna?”

“What?” I said as I looked down. “Oh fuck, this damn skirt is so thin that I can’t feel where it is. I can’t walk around all day holding it down. I’ll look so stupid.”

“Maybe you should just ignore it and let nature take it’s course.” Dan said.

“And let every see my butt and pussy. No way, it’s so embarrassing.”

“So what are you going to do about it Jenna?”

“I don’t know.”

“Maybe you could sit down for a while and see if it gets any calmer, or you could go for a swim.”

“I don’t want to sit on the sand, I might get sand in a place that girls don’t want to get sand and as for going for a swim, it would have to be skinny dipping because I didn’t bring a bikini. But there’s no chance of me going for a swim anyway, have you ever gone for a swim in the sea around the UK? It’s so damned cold even in summer that it would freeze my balls off – if I had any.”

“We’d better get off the beach then, maybe go to one of the amusement arcades or the funfair. There’d be no wind in the arcades and the funfair might be protected a bit.”

“That’s an idea, come on, let’s go.”

We turned and headed back to the road. As we walked I just let the skirt do whatever the wind wanted, except when we were close to young kids.

“I don’t know why you bother Jenna, those kids won’t give damn about seeing you bottomless, its the puritanical parents that are the problem.”

After a some thought I realised that Dan was right, it is the crazy parents that are the problem bring up their kids to think that the human body is a disgusting thing that should be covered up all the time. I thought, “fuck the stupid bastards,” and stopped pulling the skirt down.

There was a lull in the strong winds and we made it back to the road with, I think, my skirt only blowing up twice more. Dan didn’t say anything, but I did catch him looking a few times as we talked and walked.

As we walked along the footpath there were quite a lot of people and I saw 3 girls, around my age, walking towards us. All 3 were wearing skirts similar to mine and all 3 skirts were blowing up just like mine was. As a gust of wind caught all 3 skirts Dan and I could see that all 3 girls were knickerless and had bald pussies.

The thing was, all 3 girls were talking and laughing and doing absolutely nothing to put their skirts back into the correct place.

“Wow,” I said, “and I thought that I was brave.”

“I need to come to the seaside more often.” Dan said.

We made it to the nearest arcade with me not knowing if my skirt was inverted or not but just after we got inside I put my hand on the top of my leg and the skirt was covering my pussy.

A couple of girls had followed us in and one of them said,

“I bet that that was embarrassing.”

I looked at her and wanted to say,

“No, it was quite nice.” but instead I said,

“Yes it was, I should have put my jeans on this morning.”

Dan looked at me and said,

“Are you sure, I thing that you might just be enjoying showing your goodies to everyone Jenna.”

“How could you say such a thing Dan? That girl was right it is horribly embarrassing, it’s just that I can’t do anything about it so I’m just trying to ignore my problems.”

“Yeah, okay Jenna, if you say so.”

I looked at Dan and thought,

“He’s got wise to me, should I just admit that I want to be seen?”

I stayed silent but kept thinking. I decided that if I admitted it he might try to talk me into getting naked in the apartment and I wasn’t sure what Ann (the girl who shared the apartment with) would think and that could become a problem, so I decided to keep pretending that I was embarrassed and that wearing the skirt had been a big mistake.

“No Dan, you’re wrong, I hate having this problem, you have no idea what it’s like being a girl. Boys just don’t have the problems that girls have.”

“Sometime I’d like to have a long conversation with you about that, but this isn’t the time or the place.”

“No it isn’t Dan. Have you seen anywhere where we can buy some coins for the machines?”

We got the coins and started playing on some of the machines. At one, Dan was stood next to me and after a minute or so he said,

“I assume that you know that I can see your tits Jenna, that top is way too baggy for you.”

“Dan, will you stop perving on my body, your my flatmate you’re not supposed to perv on me.”

“Sorry Jenna, but you’re hardly wearing anything and I can’t help it.”

“Look, if after we leave here we go somewhere where I can let you have a good look at my naked body will that get all this perving out of your system? Mind you, this is a one-off offer, you’ll never see me naked again and I hope that it will stop you perving on me.”

“Wow Jenna, that’s one hell of an offer. A good look at your naked body, does that mean a good look at your pussy, all of your pussy?”

“If it will stop you perving on me.”

“Okay then, I’ll take you up on that.”

“Good, now get on with this stupid machine before I lose all my money.”

We didn’t do too well so we moved on and saw some pinball machines. They were a bit high up for me, and I guess for a lot of other people who played them because there was a step screwed to the floor in front of one of them.

“Bet that I can get a higher score than you.” I said.

I climbed up onto the step and the pair of us started playing. We were both doing quite well and when I looked up at the scores I saw a reflection of some people behind us. I put my right hand on my right butt cheek and slid my hand down to check that my butt was covered.

“Shit.” I thought, “half my butt is on display and those people will be looking at it; and my pussy.”

I felt my pussy and nipples tingle then my pussy get wet as I tried to concentrate on the game. But I couldn’t, I was thinking about my bucket list and that I had already been in a position where strangers were looking at my pussy, but my body wanted more of it. I shuffled my feet further apart and back as far as the step would allow and tried to get on with the game, but I was doomed.

From the moment that I saw those people I was doomed to fail and that’s what I did. My concentration had gone from the game to the people and to my pussy that was getting wetter by the second.

Dan’s game finished and he looked over to see how I was doing.

“Ha! I told you that I’d thrash you Jenna, there’s no way that you are going to beat me.”

He was right, and about a minute later it was over, I’d been beaten my a man. Half of me was annoyed but the other half was thinking about my wet pussy. I leant forwards putting my elbows on the machine and my face in my hands while I quietly swore to myself.

Dan stepped back then leant over to my head and whispered,

“Is this you showing your pussy to me? Because I can see it and so can all those people behind you.”

I immediately stood upright, got off the step and said,

“No it isn’t, I didn’t know.”

Dan gave me that knowing look again.

“Come on, lets get out of here.” I said, and stormed off with Dan following.

Outside my skirt blew up again and I ignored it, turning to see if Dan was behind me. He was, and he was staring at my landing strip.

“Get over it Dan. Come on, lets find somewhere where I can try to stop you perving on me all the time.”

Finding a place where we could be on our own for a couple of minutes was not as easy as it sounds. After about 20 minutes looking Dan had an idea.

“Come on Jenna, back to the beach.”

I followed him looking down to my skirt as I went and noted that the wind was blowing it all over the place. I couldn’t see my slit but that didn’t mean that the people around me couldn’t. I didn’t look at the people.

On the beach Dan went over to a pile of deckchairs and paid the old man to hire one.

“What’s that for?” I asked.

“Follow me.”

I followed him to a quiet part of the beach and watched him unfold the chair facing the sea.

“Sit.” Dan said.

I sat down then realised what Dan was up to. The low down chair meant that looking up my skirt was so easy for Dan and what’s more he would see everything that I have got.

“Take the skirt off.”

I looked around and saw that no one could see more than my head so I unzipped my shirt and shuffled it down my legs.

“Now the top.”

“Hang on a minute, I didn’t say anything about my top.”

“The top.”

I gave him a filthy look then pulled my top up and off. I was now totally naked on a public beach in the middle of a popular seaside town. My nipples had been hard all day but now they felt like they were going to burst and the bolts of electricity were going back and forth from my nipples to my pussy that felt like it was oozing my juices.

“You said that you’d give me a proper look.”

I slowly opened my knees.

“Jeez Jenna, I’ve never seen a pussy that wet.”

“Have you ever seen a pussy before Dan. The way that you’ve been perving on me gives the impression that you’ve never seen a pussy before.”

“Very funny, it’s just that I haven’t had a girlfriend for a few months.”

“Well don’t get any ideas about me being your flatmate with benefits because it’s never going to happen.”

“Okay, okay, open your knees a bit more.”

Dan sat on the sand in front of the chair and just stared at my pussy.

“Make it move; err clench your muscles or something. I think that it’s called kegels.”

I’d heard of those but never thought that they could be used to tease someone looking at my pussy, and when I did it and Dan’s eyes lit up I decided that I needed to remember that trick and to practice them as much as I could.

“Wow Jenna, that’s amazing, keep doing that.”

I did and enjoyed watching Dan’s face, and his hands that were slowly moving towards me.

“Don’t even think about it Dan. This is a one off and doesn’t include touching.”

“Okay, okay. A man can always dream. How come your pussy is so wet?”

“Dan, can men control when their cocks get hard?”

“No, not really.”

“Well women can’t control when their pussy gets wet, nor when their nipples get hard; it just happens.”

“Well your certainly wet, and your nipples look harder than I’ve ever seen them.”

“You’ve been looking at my nipples before? I just knew that you were a pervert. Well the show is over, I’m getting dressed now.”

It’s one thing taking clothes off when you’re sat on a deckchair but it’s another thing trying to put a top and skirt on whilst sat on one. After a couple of awkward attempts I just got to my feet and completed the task, not even looking to see if anyone was watching.

“Right Dan, no more perving and let’s go, I’m hungry and I fancy some seaside fish and chips.”

Dan got up and followed me off the beach. On the way I realised that the wind was dying down, I didn’t think that my skirt blew up once as I walked.

We found a fish and chip shop, got some and sat on a bench overlooking the beach to eat them. As we ate Dan said,

“Jenna, I can’t promise that I won’t stare at you again, with your summer wardrobe getting more and more skimpy you’ve got to expect men to stare at you, it’s human nature.”

“I know, and I like men looking at me, just not all the time, and not men that are supposed to not look at me like that.”

“Is that why your pussy gets so wet, that you like men looking at your pussy?”

“Possibly, probably, it’s right what I said, I can’t control it.”

“I know. Can we make a pact Jenna?”

“What?”

“I’ll try not to stare at you, well not when you’re looking at me, and you’ll stop calling me a pervert. I’m not one and I don’t like it”

I pondered for a minute then put my hand out for him to shake.

“Deal.”

We shook hands then he said,

“You do know that you have an amazing body, and that pussy of yours is awesome.”

“Dan!”

“Don’t worry, that’s the last time that I’ll ever mention it.”

“Thank you Dan.”

We finished eating then I stood up and said,

“The wind has gone. Shall we go to the funfair?”

“Sounds good to me flatmate.”

As we walked there I thought about the wind and my pussy. It was fun getting my skirt blown up and I had no idea how many people had seen my bare butt and pussy, but it was still nice wearing such a thin, short skirt with no knickers. Just the thought that someone might just get a quick look at my pussy made it tingle.

The funfair was fun. We went on most of the rides and I’m sure that some people discovered that I wasn’t wearing any knickers but I didn’t care, I had another thing to tick on my bucket list. But that wasn’t the end of it, some of the rides had safety barriers that had to be put in place before the ride started and some of them went up between peoples legs. At least 3 young men saw my pussy as they locked the barriers into place.

The roller coaster was fun as well, as we zoomed along my skirt was up around my waist and I didn’t make any attempt to pull it down.

I saw Dan looking but it wasn’t that pervert look. I guess that giving him a good look had satisfied some of his desires.

When it came time to go home we headed to the train station and I got reminded just how cold and windy those places are. One middle-aged man went all red when he saw me with my skirt inverted. I just laughed.

On the train I was again sat next to Dan but there was a man sat opposite so I decided to do a little teasing. Dan caught me opening and closing my knees and shook his head sideways as he smiled at me.

I decided that there would be many times back at the apartment when I could tease Dan. I wondered what Ann would think of my teasing.

**6. To masturbate with people watching – Completed.**

This opportunity arose one day when we had to call a plumber to fix a leaky toilet cistern. The bathroom door is opposite my room door and the plumber agreed to come round on an evening because we all worked during the day. It was an evening that Ann always gets home late and Dan phoned me as I was on my way home to tell me that something had cropped up and that he too would be late home. That left me let the plumber in and to make sure that he fixed the leak.

After the phone call from Dan I suddenly realised that I might have the chance to accomplish an item or two from my bucket list. Then I had to find the courage to go through with my hastily formulated plan.

I hurried home and quickly stripped naked and put on just a little negligee that I’d bought on a whim but never dared to wear at the apartment. It’s totally see-through, split right up the front and so short that I could almost wear it as a blouse.

I nervously waited for the plumber with rock hard nipples and a dripping pussy. I had to wait a good 20 minutes and in that time I nearly chickened out 3 times. When the doorbell finally rang I nearly jumped out of my skin then walked to the door and opened it.

Standing there was a middle-aged man with a young man about my age stood next to him.

“Fuck,” I thought, I hadn’t expected 2 of them.

“Hi.” I said, “have you come to fix the toilet?”

“Yes, but we can come back some other time if it’s inconvenient.”

“No, no, come in please, the toilet’s through here.”

I led the men to the bathroom and could feel their eyes looking at my virtually bare butt. Standing at the entrance, I let the older man go passed me, then the young man, but as the young man went passed me his arm brushed against me and accidentally pulled open the negligee completely exposing my right front.

The young man stopped and stared at me and I blushed.

“Sorry about that.” The young man said.

“That’s okay, no harm done.” I replied.

“Right luv,” the older man said, “what seems to be the problem.”

“I’ll show you.” I replied and squeezed passed both of them to flush the toilet, and in doing so, the negligee opened up then the tie came undone and the negligee dropped to the floor.

As I reached for the handle to activate the flush I said,

“Oops, my boyfriend’s coming round later and he likes me to wear that thing but it’s not very practical.”

After activating the flush I stood up and saw that both men were looking down at my bare tits with my rock hard nipples.

“I’ll get out of your way and let you get on with it. I’ll be across the corridor in my room if you need me.” I continued.

“Thanks luv,” the older man said, “I think that I know what the problem is, it won’t take long to fix.”

I left them and went across the corridor to my room then turned to close the door, looking back to the toilet and saw that both men were still watching me.

Now my room door has a habit of slowly opening wide if I don’t shut it properly, and this time all I did was gently push it knowing that it would soon be wide open again.

I threw the negligee into the corner then got on my bed and lay on my back with my legs wide open. My left hand went to my right nipple and my right hand went to my pussy. All my fingers got busy.

I was already quite aroused and my fingers soon got me moaning and my hips rising to meet the 2 fingers that were finger fucking me as my thumb rubbed my clit.

By then my door was wide open and 4 male eyes were staring at me. That raised my arousal level even more and before long my moaning turned to loud expressions of pleasure as the orgasm arrived, hung around for longer than usual, then started to subside.

The 4 eyes were still looking my way when I was able to absorb my surroundings again. I looked at them then pretended to register that my door was open and that they were watching me.

I quickly closed my legs then swung them round and got off the bed. Walking to the door I said,

“Oops, sorry, I don’t suppose that you fix doors as well do you?”

“Sorry luv, you need a joiner for that.”

“Okay, would either of you like a cup of tea. I know that I can get that right.”

“That would be great.” both of them said, almost in stereo.

“Ben,” the older man said, “go and get a toilet cistern valve out of the van, a bottom entry one.”

Ben took his eyes off me and headed out of the apartment and I went to the kitchen to put the kettle on. As I stood there I reflected on how proud I was of myself. I’d been wanting to do something like that for ages and when the opportunity arose I’d had the courage to go through with it, and it wasn’t over yet. I also wondered if I’d had more notice of the opportunity I would have still gone through with it or would I have decided that it was too slutty to do or I didn’t have the courage to do it.

About 5 minuted later there was a knock on the front door and I went and opened it to see Ben stood there, staring at my naked front. I watched his eyes as they went up and down my body. I let him have a good look then said,

“Come in, the tea’s just about ready.”

Ben came in and looked at me until he had to turn to see where he was going. I smiled at him and went back to the kitchen.

“Here you are gentlemen.” I said as I walked into the bathroom carrying the tray.

They both turned and looked at me. Again I saw 4 male eyes going up and down my body.

“Can you put in in the bath please, there’s not much room in here.”

I bent over to lower the tray and I could just feel those eyes burning into my butt. Standing up straight I turned and walked out saying,

“I’ll be in my room if you want me.”

I walked into my room and again just swung the door towards the closed position. As expected, it slowly started opening again, but by the time it was open enough for the men to see in, and they were looking, I was sat on the end of the bed with one foot up on the bed and me giving myself a pedicure.

There wasn’t much for them to see but that didn’t bother me because they’d already had the main show, anything else for them would just be a bonus.

They sat drinking their tea and watching me, me just watching them in my peripheral vision.

Tea finished, they got back to the job and were soon finished. When I heard the loo flush I guessed that they were done and I got up to go and see them but before I went I picked up the negligee and put it back on.

“All done?” I asked as I got to the bathroom door.

“Yes, good as new now.” The older man said.

“Good, how much do we owe you, and how do I pay you?” I asked.

“Most customers pay me on completion of the job either by cash or cheque. We haven’t really got into this electronic funds transfer thing yet.”

“Oh, okay, I doubt that I’ll have the cash but I know that I’ve got a cheque book somewhere. How much is it?”

“Hang on, I’ll just work it out.”

The older man got out his invoice book and a calculator while Ben just stared at me, I felt my nipples start to throb and my pussy get wet again.

After a few minutes the older man gave me the bill.

“Okay, I’ll just go and look for my cheque book.”

I turned and went into my room to get the cheque book. I thought that I knew where it was, but when I went for it I couldn’t find it so I had to start rummaging through some boxes to find it. The boxes were on the floor so I had to bend over to rummage through them. It took some time but I eventually found it and when I stood up and turned round and looked to the men, I realised that they must have been looking at my bare butt when I was bent over.

I started to blush as I told them that I’d found it and that I’d have find a pen to write it.

“That’s okay, you can borrow mine.” The older man said.

I did, and had to bend over again to write the cheque but this time I just thought,

“Sod it, they’ve already seen my pussy a few times, one more time isn’t going to matter.”

My pussy told me to bend over more than I really needed to, and to spread my feet, which I didn’t need to do, but my body listened to my pussy and that’s what I did, taking my time to do the writing as well.

Finally finished, I handed the cheque to the older man and they turned and walked to the front door. Letting themselves out they turned to thank me and to say goodbye, getting one last look at my virtually naked front.

I shut the door then went back to my bedroom to get some urgent relief before getting dressed and going to make some tea.

Well that’s the list of completed items on my bucket list, shortly after I completed the last of them I met an amazing man who I fell madly in love with, and every early indication leads me to believe that it wouldn’t be long before I managed to put ticks against most of the incomplete items on the list.

Just for your information I’ve listed the incomplete items below: -

7. To get fucked with people watching – NOT completed yet.

8. To go to a nude beach and sunbathe with my legs wide open – NOT completed yet.

9. To swim naked in the sea – NOT completed yet.

10. To voluntarily be the only one naked in a crowd of strangers – NOT complete yet.

11. To go to work naked – NOT completed yet.

12. To be the only girl at a bukkate party – NOT completed yet.

13. To do a ‘Lady Godiva’ and ride a horse naked – NOT completed yet.