**Ellie Exposed**

by liceaaa

*Ellie's secret kink is discovered by her friend.*

I love exposing myself in public. I've loved it for years now, ever since I was dared in high school to go braless for a week. Soon after that first experience, I started to get more daring. First it was simply to go braless, then it'd be to wear a thinner blouse, then to unbutton an extra button on the blouse. Over the years I kept escalating, putting myself into more elaborate and risky situations. I've never gotten caught though. I mean, sure, people get a glimpse of me sometimes, but I've never gotten caught in any way with consequence.

No longer was I satisfied with merely wearing a short skirt and nothing underneath. Don't get me wrong, I still find that hot as hell, but it's gotten a bit too mundane for my taste. On days like today when I get really horny, I crave something more.

I slipped on a pale blue summer dress. Underneath it I neglected to wear any form of underwear. They were not going to be necessary for what I had planned. With my purse slung over my shoulder, I headed out into the living room to find my housemate lounging on the couch reading a fashion magazine, a plate of strawberries perched on her stomach.

Kaitlyn looked up as I passed by. "Going out?"

"Yup. Just heading to the shops for a bit." I plucked my house keys from a hook near the front door. "Want anything?" I hoped she didn't take me up on my offer, because I wasn't really going to the shops.

"More strawberries please."

"Isn't that like, your third pack of the things already?"

"Yes, but they're so gooooood," Kaitlyn moaned as she took another bite.

"Fine. I never should have gotten you those chocolate covered ones last week."

"Thanks Ellie! Love ya."

I rolled my eyes. "Be back soon."

"Mmhmm, have fun."

Traffic was sparse around this time in the evening. The streets were mostly empty, with only the occasional passing car. I navigated my way to the nearby park, about 15 minutes away. It was more lively here, despite the rather late hour. The park featured a small lake in the middle, with the rest of the park sprawled around it. Along the lake's edge I could see several groups set up on picnic blankets, and further out was a lonely pair of kayakers. Huh. It seems a little strange to be out kayaking this late at night.

I turned my attention to a spot not far from the edge of the lake. It was a short distance off the main footpath. I had to squeeze through a small gap in the foliage, which opened up into a small clearing. Surrounding me were tall, dense bushes, which did a good job hiding me from view. I had scoped out this place a few days ago. I may be a risk-taking sexual deviant, but I made sure to prepare well before each excursion. I would be safe in this clearing.

I dropped my purse into a shadowed corner in between two bushes. Hooking my fingers under the hem of my dress, I pulled it up and over my head in a smooth motion. I stuffed the dress into the purse. From this point on I wouldn't have access to my clothes. All I would have on is a pair of shoes, and my phone.

The cold night air playing across my nipples instantly made them harden. I reached a hand up and started to fondle them. At the same time my clit was aching to be touched. I could feel a pulse beating from deep within my vagina. If anyone peeked behind the bushes at this moment, they'd find a petite brunette with one hand tweaking her nipples and the other rubbing her clit. What a sight that would be. Oh, I desperately wanted to bring myself to orgasm right there, but I also wanted to make the experience last. It took every ounce of willpower to force my hands away.

After checking that the coast was clear, I stepped out of the clearing and back onto the footpath. The path was mostly straight, extending both in front and behind me, giving me a clear view of any oncoming people. If I spotted anyone, I should have plenty of time to hop behind a tree or something.

Being exposed in public was exhilarating. I kept my head on a swivel, hyper-aware of any movement or noise. There was only one spot of safety in this park, the clearing where I had stashed my dress. And I was making my way further and further from safety. The distance increased the risk, and the increased risk, in turn, only served to make me wetter. I loved this.

By this point I had been walking for about ten minutes. My thighs were slick as my wetness leaked from my pussy. The throb in my pussy was becoming almost unbearable. I would need to find release soon, but I resolved to carry on a bit further. Just then, I noticed a figure in the distance. It looked like a jogger. A man, probably, judging by his build. I ducked into the foliage lining the footpath and crouched behind a tree. The shadows here were deep, rendering me nearly invisible.

I slid a finger inside me even as I rubbed my clit with my other hand. Soon I had gotten into a good rhythm. My breath became ragged as I edged closer and closer to blissful release. Suddenly I was taken out of the moment by the pounding footsteps of the jogger. He went past without the slightest indication that anything was amiss, that there was in fact a girl masturbating not 12 feet away from him. I removed my fingers from my pussy, still panting slightly. After taking a moment to compose myself, I popped back onto the footpath.

I figured I should probably start making my way back now, so I turned around and walked in the direction I had come from. The jogger was some distance ahead of me now, his back slowly retreating into the distance. Some part of me wished he would turn around and notice me. Unfortunately, while I was brave enough to wander around naked, I wasn't brave enough to actually be caught doing so.

Twice more I had to duck behind a tree to wait for someone to pass, and each time I took the opportunity to play with myself. It took supreme willpower just to stay quiet. Oh God was I desperate to cum.

By now I could see the entrance to the clearing containing my stashed clothes. But rather than make directly for it, I walked towards a nearby low wall. It was about chest high, so I shouldn't be visible as long as I remain crouched behind it. I sat down and leaned my back against the wall, then spread my legs. The lips of my pussy were swollen and oh so sensitive. I began thrusting two fingers in me, slowly and rhythmically. My other hand was preoccupied toying with my nipples.

While I masturbated behind the wall, I could hear people passing by along the footpath. Another jogger passed, their cadence matching with my fingers as I slid them in and out of me. I imagined the jogger from before discovering me, of seeing me with my eyes rolled back, about to orgasm. I imagined him taking his cock out and forcing me to suck it, even as I continued to work my pussy with my fingers. Perhaps I'll let him cum down my throat. As I fantasized, my orgasm continued to build, and build, and build. Eventually, finally, I surrendered to the pure bliss I had been putting off for the past half hour. As I orgasmed, I kept thrusting my fingers in my pussy, only slowing down as the orgasm subsided. For a long while I laid there against the wall, breathing heavily and smiling contentedly.

I got up shakily, feeling a little unsteady on my feet, and made my way the rest of the distance to the clearing's entrance. Squeezing through the gap, I arrived in the relative safety of the clearing. Grinning to myself at tonight's successful excursion, I bent down to pick up my purse from where I had hidden it.

Except... It wasn't there? The grin slid off my face. Wait, was this the right place? Yes, it definitely was. Those are the two bushes, and that's the gap between them where I stashed my purse, but the purse wasn't there! Oh shit, I thought. I went around the clearing to check the other bushes, but my purse and clothes were definitely missing. Someone must have found it while I was out. They probably took it to the park management office as a lost-and-found item. For a brief moment I considered heading to the office to claim it, but quickly dismissed that idea. It was one thing to be naked, but I was both naked and smelling like sex. I would probably get arrested.

Luckily I had my phone on me, so I called my housemate. She picked up on the first ring.

"Kait! I, um, need your help."

"What's up?"

"Could you come pick me up from the park? Bring your car."

"Something wrong?"

"No!" I said a little too loudly. "No, nothing's wrong," I repeated. "But, um, bring me a change of clothes too? Please?"

"Sure, meet you at the parking lot."

"Thanks, Kait."

Only after I hung up did I realize what it must have sounded like to Kaitlyn. She's probably thinking I wet myself or something. I was not looking forward to her questions when I show up at the car buck naked. Thankfully the parking lot wasn't far from where I was, so I should be able to get there easily without being seen.

I made my way over, trying to stick to the shadows as much as possible. With my horniness gone and replaced by anxiety, the trip wasn't nearly as much fun. A few minutes later I peered out from behind a tree and spotted Kaitlyn sitting on the hood of her car, fiddling with her phone. I bent low at the waist and half-ran in between the parked cars. My posture caused my breasts to hang down and sway uncomfortably, so I had to stabilize them with an arm as I ran.

Kaitlyn raised an eyebrow at me as I popped up next to her. I flung open the passenger side door, dived in, then shut it behind me. There I sat, out of breath and acutely aware that I was dripping my juices onto the seat. Kaitlyn got into the driver's side. She looked me up and down, letting her eyes linger a moment longer on my pussy. She smirked, but said nothing.

I launched into my prepared excuse, one that I came up with in the last few minutes. "I was- I was showering, then when I came out, my clothes were gone! Someone, um, someone must have stolen them," I blurted out. The words spilled out of my mouth probably too quickly, sounding unconvincing even to me. I wondered if she would buy it.

"Oh no! That's horrible!" Kaitlyn placed a hand over her mouth. "Well, you're safe now."

I let out a small sigh of relief. Looks like she bought my excuse.

Kaitlyn started up the car and prepared to back out of the lot.

"Um, Kait? Did you bring me something to wear?"

"Oh, right, here it is." Kaitlyn brandished an oversized t-shirt.

I would have preferred a dress, but I suppose that would do as well. I reached out to take it from her, but she snatched her hands away.

"You can have it if you tell me what really happened," she said while smirking.

"Wh- what? I told you, someone stole my clothes!" I doubled down on my prepared excuse.

In response, Kaitlyn merely grinned at me and started to drive. She tucked the shirt into the gap between herself and the car door, putting it out of reach from me.

"Kait! This isn't funny."

"Seatbelt on, El."

I glared at Kait, who pointedly ignored my gaze, instead keeping her eyes on the road. After a few seconds I huffed, and pulled the seatbelt on. The seatbelt's strap stretched between my breasts, making me painfully aware of my nakedness. The roads were relatively empty this late at night, but nevertheless I sank low in the seat to hide myself.

Kaitlyn clearly didn't believe my story, but I resolved to stick to it no matter what. Whatever she was imagining would surely be less embarrassing compared to what I was really up to. In any case, the park was only a few minutes drive from our apartment, so I'd be back home soon enough.

It took me a couple minutes to realize that we weren't on the usual route home from the park.

"Wait, this isn't the way home."

"Yeah, I'm heading to the store first."

"Why?"

"You said you were gonna get me strawberries. I want my strawberries."

She pulled into a parking lot. There were more people here compared to the park's parking lot. Some were pushing shopping carts to their cars. We passed by a couple with their cart heaped full of groceries, and I sank further into my seat to avoid being seen. Kaitlyn parked the car near the far end of the parking lot where there were fewer people.

"Kait! At least let me cover up."

"Hang tight, be back soon!" said Kaitlyn as she got out of the car, taking the t-shirt with her. She draped the shirt over a shoulder as she walked towards the store entrance. It might have just been my heightened state of anxiety, but it certainly seemed like she was taking her own sweet time walking.

I sat low in my seat, so only the top half of my head showed in the window. I needn't have worried though, because we were parked far enough back in the parking lot that no one came near our car. I spent the time fuming at Kaitlyn, though the effect was somewhat lessened by the fact that my pussy started throbbing again. Try as I might, I couldn't deny that my body was getting aroused by being left naked and helpless in a parked car.

A few minutes later, Kaitlyn finally returned. She had a small bag of groceries with her, which obviously consisted of more than just strawberries. Really? Did she really find time to do her grocery shopping while I'm trapped and vulnerable? Unbelievable.

I crossed my arms over my chest and looked out the side window while Kaitlyn got into the car. I wanted her to see how angry I was at her. Out of the corner of my eye I could see her smiling to herself as she drove us home. I sighed. We've known each other for years, she'll know for certain that I'm not really mad at her, so I dropped the act.

After parking the car, Kaitlyn turned to me and asked, "so, you're sticking with that stolen clothes story? That's what happened?"

"Yes. That's it."

Kaitlyn shrugged. "Oh. Thought it might be something else."

I rolled my eyes at her. "What else could it be?"

"Alright, fair enough." She tossed me the shirt.

I pulled the shirt over my head, smiling to myself at how I'd gotten her to believe my story. As I worked my arms through the shirt, I saw her rummaging around in the back of the car under the seats.

"By the way, I grabbed this for you," said Kaitlyn. She placed a purse onto my lap. My purse.

Wait, what? My eyes widened in horror.

"You took my clothes?!" I shouted at her.

Kaitlyn had a shit-eating grin plastered across her face. Cackling, she swung open her door and ran into our apartment building. I got out to chase after her, but noticed that the shirt she gave me only came halfway down by butt. Inspecting my purse revealed that, yes, my dress from earlier in the evening was stuffed into it. I pulled the dress on before stomping up to our apartment. I can't believe she took my clothes! That means... Oh no, that means she knows about what I did tonight.

Half angry, half embarrassed, I unlocked the front door and swung it open. I was about to start shouting at my housemate, to scold her for putting me through that. What I didn't expect was to see Kaitlyn standing behind the door with a pint of ice cream in her hand. My mouth hung open wordlessly, frozen on the opening syllable of the words "you bitch!".

Kaitlyn proffered the ice cream with one hand and wagged a spoon with the other. "Truce? I got you ice cream."

I glared at her.

"It's your fav, cookies and cream!"

"Hmph," I said, grabbing the pint from her hands and moving to the kitchen. As we both leaned against the kitchen counter, I took the spoon Kaitlyn offered and helped myself to a large spoonful of the ice cream.

Kaitlyn gave a slight smile and picked up her own spoon. We both ate in silence for a while. Kaitlyn was avoiding my eyes. She at least had the decency to look guilty.

I tried to maintain my anger at Kaitlyn, but found it impossible. I'm a sucker for good ice cream, and Kaitlyn knew it. Try as I might, I couldn't suppress the grin that eventually crept onto my face. Kaitlyn grinned as well when she saw that I was broken.

"So... did you have fun?"

"You are such a bitch!", I said while smiling. "How did you find out?"

Kaitlyn rolled her eyes. "Please. I'm not an idiot, Ellie. You didn't think I wouldn't notice you always going out to the shops, but never actually coming back with anything? So I followed you. Last week."

"You followed me?"

"I thought you were sneaking out to see a guy."

I blushed. "I wish. That would have been less embarrassing."

"Heh, it's okay, I don't judge. We all have our hobbies."

"Oh yeah? What's yours?"

"I have my strawberries," she said, brandishing the new unopened packet she had just bought. "And you have your, you know." She gestured towards my crotch, grinning.

My blush deepened further. I hoped Kaitlyn hadn't actually witnessed me playing with myself.

"You know, Ellie, if you like, I could help you with your thing."

"What thing?"

"Your exposing-yourself-in-public thing. Admit it, you liked the bit where I kept you naked in the car. Judging by how you dripped all over my seats."

I bit my lip. She was right, I did enjoy it, despite my protests.

"I could put you in more situations like that, if you want. Risky, exposed, but ultimately I'll make sure you're safe."

"... I'd like that," I whispered.