**House in Santa Barbara**

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"All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players." (As You Like It, William Shakespeare)

This is my absolute favorite line from any of Shakespeare's plays... because it exactly captures my view of life as an unashamed and addicted exhibitionist. Yes... I'm almost always looking around in whatever place I happen to be for the opportunity to turn it into a stage. And... subsequently, I've been able to identify and to exploit many "stages" over my 20 years as a practicing exhibitionist.

One of our favorite "stages" is a house in Santa Barbara. This is one of those friend-of-a-friend stories. I mentioned in passing one day that we love to visit Santa Barbara, and a friend remarked that she knew another friend who owns an amazing cliff-view house between the city and UC Santa Barbara. We made contact and were fortunate enough to be invited to stay in the house for a week... without any charge. Wow! Houses like this literally rent on VRBO for thousands of dollars per week.

Day One:

When we arrived in the middle of the afternoon, I was overwhelmed... and super-sensitive to the surrounds... and the "stage." The view of the ocean was spectacular! The house was at the end of a private road that led around a natural amphitheater... we were on the far left facing the ocean. And... looking back into the small valley, our large patio was visible from all of the 5 other houses that shared the lovely view.

A stage must be visible... and our patio was perfect! Ahhh... not only would I be visible on this amazing patio, but I could easily make it look like I didn't know I was being viewed. I could position myself as I looked out on the ocean... and fake a believable innocence. Hahahaha... as if! All of the other patios were above and behind me... who would possibly imagine a woman would be so engrossed with the view that she would naively walk out onto her patio totally nude? Well... that would be me!

I immediately loved the view... the patio was rimmed with plexiglass safety railing, so there were no obstructions for viewing out... or in. Sweet! The calming, beautiful ocean in front of the patio created a perfect setting for nude Pilates. And... the amphitheater behind the patio created a wonderful potential for my theater of exhibitionism. Mmmmm!

Anthony and I moved some of the patio furniture a bit... specifically making sure neither of the two umbrellas were going to obstruct anyone's view of the sites I felt would give the greatest exposure. We positioned the large sectional sunning sofas in a place where I could walk into the center of the space with the appearance that I was just paying attention to the beautiful ocean view. And then... in returning to the house through the large great room sliding glass doors, I could similarly act completely nonchalant.

With this preparation completed, Ant and I sat for a research session on the other houses in view. He sat with his back to the amphitheater, so I could chat with him while I scanned the patios and picture windows above us.

All five of the other houses appeared to have spacious outdoor entertaining areas. The owners of our house had prepared us with the news that this area of Santa Barbara is known for its lavish parties... so it was no surprise that their outdoor areas were large.

We'd already noticed that our house had a large telescope next to the full-length glass doors facing the ocean. So... I was interested to see if other houses may have telescopes also. As I scanned the houses... two of the houses had dedicated observation decks for unobstructed views of the ocean and coastline... and both had telescopes. One telescope was pointed toward the ocean while the other was pointed up for stargazing. But... from the looks of them, both could also be used for shorter range viewing... including our deck. Yes!!

As we chatted, Anthony asked, "Can you see any other telescopes through the windows? Our is. Some people like to watch the ocean without the wind in their faces."

Upon further observation... I was able to see that only one of these 5 other houses didn't have a visible telescope. The other two scopes were behind large picture windows. When I saw each of them, I was getting more and more enthused with my week-long opportunity to be on display... sometimes just topfree... at other times just bottom-free... and at specially chosen times completely naked. I told him about each discovery... describing the size of the telescope and its position.

We did an assessment of the cooking basics in the kitchen and made a list for provisions. As we were doing our shopping in a local Trader Joe's market... Ant and I planned our daily schedule. The success of several recent exhibitionist trips appeared to hinge on a predictable schedule of bare viewing opportunities. Potential watchers can't wait indefinitely for just the right moment. We still didn't know how many viewers we might have over the next week, but we certainly wanted to make the "stage" a place they needed to stay tuned!

Because our house was closer to the ocean and had early morning sun... it was a perfect place for morning Pilates. After our day's excursions... it would also be a natural time late in the afternoon to take a shower... and then walk out onto the deck with just a towel around my wet head. As Anthony grilled our dinner in the outdoor kitchen... I could be his assistant, wearing just an apron. (Yes... one of my favorite tease outfits!)

We planned also to take an evening walk past each of the other houses in the amphitheater. Ant is my best advocate... he suggested I wear less and less on our walks to encourage our temporary neighbors to notice... and to strike up a conversation. And... after our walk each evening, we planned to retire to our deck for some increasingly risqué viewing opportunities, overlooking the Channel Islands. The plan was wonderful!

We returned home... unpacked our food and opened the bar! I took a luxurious shower... dried my body slightly... wrapped my wet hair in my towel and walked out onto the deck with my gin & tonic. Ahhh... what a wonderful view... and a wonderful feeling!

Anthony came out to the deck... gave me a big hug and kiss... and prepped the grill for dinner. I took my drink to the sectional sofas and lounged out for maximum sun exposure. I spread my legs and propped them up, extending my arms over my head in an ecstatic pose of vulnerability and sensuality. I loved the pose... not knowing if anyone (except Anthony) was enjoying it.

Ant grilled chicken breasts and together we prepped our chicken Caesar salads. The temperature was perfect... perhaps on the warm side... and the view was outstanding. We both remarked over dinner... with or without a viewing public... that this house was one of the most elegant settings we've had for a short and relatively local vacation.

For our first neighborhood walk... I picked a flirty short skirt and a cropped top that just barely covered my boobs... focusing attention on my rock-hard abs and muscular legs... of course with no undies. The road took us up around the amphitheater behind each house... winding past 3 houses before the connecting road joined our area with the rest of the housing area. Then... we walked a little steeper road past the backs of the other two houses. It felt great to climb the back of the amphitheater to the vantage point behind the last house with a spectacular view of the ocean... and our house below.

As we looked out over the last house and down the coastline, amazed by the sunlight on the contours of the hills and valleys... we were startled out of our solitude by a woman's voice below us. "Hi, are you Annie and Anthony?"

Knock me over with a feather! Fortunately, Anthony had the ability to answer in the affirmative. She approached us as if the hill she was climbing was nothing... immediately I liked this woman!

"Hi, I'm Rachel... your hosts called us so we could extend a welcome. I'm so glad you came by!"

We chatted briefly, and she invited us down to meet her husband. They were Rachel and Brad... probably 10 or so years older than Ant and me, but both very buff in t-shirts, short shorts and bare feet. Man... I always love it when we meet people who obviously work to stay muscular and toned. They invited us down for a drink... so we found our way onto their spacious deck at the opposite side of the amphitheater from our house.

After we were settled with our drinks and had chatted a brief time... Brad asked, "Hey... Shelley and Matt said you were going to use their house... and they asked us to extend a warm welcome. They're great friends... so we're happy to meet you both."

They were both over-the-top extraverts with effervescent energy and enthusiasm. entering into a conversation where it was clear that they always speak their minds. No wonder our friends shared information about us prior to our arrival.

A couple of minutes into our conversation, Rachel said, "Annie... I just love that cute outfit you're wearing. Shelley told us about your amazingly buff body... and by the looks of it, she wasn't exaggerating!" Then she asked, "Hey, would you be interested in seeing our home gym? Brad and I are also very conscious of staying fit."

When am I ever going to turn down an opportunity to see weights and workout equipment? I replied quickly, "Of course... I'd love to see it."

Rachel told the guys that we'd be back in a couple of minutes, and she led me back into the house and down a set of stairs next to the hall that leads to the master bedroom. When we reached the lower level and she turned on the lights, I was blown away.

Their home gym was set in a 20-foot by 20-foot room with floor to ceiling windows looking out at the ocean... a spectacular view in the day or at night. They had a Bowflex Xtreme, treadmill, elliptical trainer, some free weights, and a spacious padded floor work area. The other walls were completely mirrored. It was a WOW!

Off to the right side of the room was an opening that led to the shower room. Just like the workout room... the ocean side of the shower room was nothing but window with the large 4-head shower right at the window. There were his and hers changing and restrooms... and a beautiful sauna. Wow! Wow! Wow!

When we went back into the workout room, I took a walk around the BowFlex unit... admiring it for its sleek lines and workout options. I asked Rachel, "Would it be okay if I try it? I've never had the opportunity."

She said, "Sure... have at it. But... I think it's still set for Brad."

I said, "No worries... I'll just try it at his level."

The BowFlex was set for chest fly exercises... and that's an exercise I do regularly. I adjusted the seat up a bit and said to Rachel with a little laugh, "Well... there's really no way to be lady-like about this... guess I should have worn some underwear."

She smiled and laughed... then said, "It's just us, dear. Brad and I are not prudes... as you might guess from our group shower."

Ahhh... I felt more comfortable immediately. I pulled my shorty skirt up enough to climb onto the BowFlex seat, but with my legs spread across the seat I couldn't pull it down very far. I was just barely covered from anyone watching from the front, but it was just Rachel and me.

As I extended my arms to each side grip the fly handles, I immediately found my top was not only lifting to expose my boobs, but it was also restricting my reach.

"Okay... the tops got to go," I said to Rachel.

Her response was quick and fun, "Yay!"

I leaned forward and quickly pulled my top off over my head... tossing it on the floor to the side. Then... I comfortably extended my arms to pull the machine into the position for my chest flies. The BowFlex moved so smoothly and quietly... it felt great, but the weight setting was a bit light for a good workout. No wonder it gets such great reviews!

I got into an easy rhythm with the light resistance... enjoyed the sensations of movement and the marvelous view of the ocean. But then... I was surprised to hear Rachel's voice again from behind me, "Oh... hi, guys. Annie's trying out the BowFlex. Come on in."

Busted! I quickly decided to complete my second set of 16 before stopping. I kept my concentration and continued to look straight ahead but in my peripheral vision, I could see Rachel and the guys walking over... standing just a few feet away to my right... and watching intently. Ant walked the farthest forward... turning back to take in the scene. I was laughing inside as I watched his smile grow.

I completed my set... so I released the handles and let my arms relax at my side. I looked to the side at Rachel and Brad and smiled, saying, "I couldn't resist your BowFlex... even though I'm a little under-dressed for a workout."

Brad smiled back and said, "Oh, I hadn't noticed any problem... you look perfectly natural in the BowFlex movement."

"It feels so smooth... I love it," I said. "Could I try again with a little more resistance... perhaps 20 pounds more?"

Brad replied, "Sure... but don't hurt yourself." He adjusted the right side... and then moved behind the machine to adjust the left side. "Okay... you're good to go."

As I started another set... he walked around to the front. Ant moved over next to him. I watched Brad's eyes as he scanned down... my well-defined biceps and shoulders... my pecs and abs... then down between my open legs.

I love how my body looks when I'm exercising. And... the chest flies I was doing bring so many muscles into clear view... not to mention the way my boobs react to how their underlying muscles move. When I'm working my chest, my nipples are always rock hard... and the sensation of this hardness is arousing.

When I glanced over to Anthony, he looked into my eyes with a loving smile... briefly moving his view to my yoni and then back to my eyes... he gave me a little nod that for years during my exhibitionist adventures has been our shorthand message that all is well. He's always pleased that I'm pleased... and vice versa.

As I finished my set... I made eye contact with Brad. I released the handles... and then stretched my arms out wide and rotated my shoulders to loosen my muscles. His eyes moved to down as my boobs rose and then fell to their normal state. Still watching him watching me... I lifted my skirt more than enough to free my legs to dismount the machine. I stood up and casually kicked my left leg high over the leg extension part of the machine... giving him an excellent view of my smooth yoni.

"Thanks so much for the test ride on your BowFlex... it was amazing! I said.

Brad replied, "Glad you could give it a try. You can revisit during your stay here, you know. We love it when friends can benefit from our workout sanctuary."

I retrieved my top, but just held it in my hand as we chatted a bit more. Since we wanted to get back before it got too dark, Ant and I said our good-nights.

As we approached the front door, Rachel gave me a big hug, and said, "I'm so happy you and Ant walked our way this evening... it was really fun meeting you two. And... I know Brad agrees that this evening was... memorable."

I whispered back to her, "You might have guessed that I enjoy being seen... in few or no clothes."

She put her hand up to cover her response, and said, "Actually, dear... Shelley and Matt gave us the heads-up... us and everyone else on our road. Everyone's prepared... we'll all be watching."

"Thanks for telling me... it'll make my deck time more fun," I replied.

"But," Rachel continued, "we're hoping to host you several times this week here in our home too. Trust me... our sauna and group shower can be really fun!" As she finished with this invitation, she gave a little giggle in expectation.

We exchanged mobile phone numbers before departing... and I gave Brad a hug just before we walked up the incline that led to the road. It felt really good as I gave him a full contact embrace... enjoying his strong arms holding me tightly and his warm hands on my bare back.

The road seemed isolated enough to not bother with wearing my top for our walk home. Ant joined me in being topfree, tucking his t-shirt in one pocket and my top in the other. It was a fun walk home... nothing but downhill... yay!!

As we walked, Anthony gave me a play-by-play of his observations and reflections on the evening's exhibitionist moments in the workout room and as we chatted with Rachel and Brad. Ant is a great partner in my exhibitionist addiction... he watches those who are watching me... and he enjoys reporting what he sees because he knows it arouses me even more in his telling. As he related the reactions of both Brad and Rachel... I noticed an increasing moistness between my legs.

When we were nearing the last of the three streetlights along the road, we heard a car approaching from behind us. The car moved past us... and turned into the driveway on the other side of the streetlight. The garage door opened, but the car remained stationary just off the road with the brake lights still showing.

These perfect-timing situations are superbly thrilling! We stopped briefly... just long enough to roll the elastic top of my skirt under a couple times and then pulling my whole skirt lower on my hips. This little trick maximizes my exposure while retaining a minimum of modesty... a strip of cloth just 8 inches wide that barely conceals my yoni from someone viewing from the front while standing but that leaves much of my ass exposed. With this little adjustment made... we walked on toward the car.

As we approached, the driver-side door opened. A man stood up... and up... and up. We found out later that he stands 6 foot 8 inches. He turned toward us and rested his arms on the top of his BMW sedan. I could feel my nipples harden even more... and a slight breeze up my tiny skirt reminded me how damp my yoni had become. Delicious!

When we were nearing the back of his car... he said, "Good evening, neighbors." Oh, my... tall and dramatic. He had an amazing voice... deep, mellow bass tones that were warm and welcoming... a perfect match to his actual words.

We walked to the back of his car... he met us there, extending his hand to Anthony first, and then to me. Oh, my again... huge hands. "Hi, I'm Murray," he said in a low voice. We both introduced ourselves. I was imagining his perspective on me. I knew my tiny skirt provided basic modesty... especially from his viewpoint. I made it a point to keep my arms, shoulders, pecs and abs tight... without looking like I was posing. His eyes moved over my mostly bare body without any urgency... scanning casually while missing nothing.

Then he said, "Brad sent me a text a few minutes ago. You obviously made an impression on him."

I said, "Hmmm... sounds interesting. Would you mind sharing his text?"

He replied, "No problem... here goes... 'Are you home? If not, get your ass home! Your new neighbors walking home from here. Should be a great week!'"

Ant chuckled a bit, and said, "Our personalities must have really impressed him... good to know!"

Murray smiled and laughed... "Yeah, your 'personalities' are... well... memorable. It was a good heads-up... I owe him."

I smiled back, and said, "If the current view is enough, you don't owe him that much."

He thought for a moment, and replied, "Come over for Happy Hour tomorrow, and let's continue this conversation... over my award-winning margaritas and killer guacamole!"

"Deal!" I said. "I'll look through my wardrobe and sweeten your Happy Hour to earn your award-winning margaritas!"

Murray nodded his acceptance... and I took Anthony's hand and we walked on to our house... slightly down the hill and around the gentle bend toward our house. I was gripping Ant's hand so hard... and he knew what that meant. His wife was totally aroused. Just around the bend of the road... I stopped long enough to slip my little skirt off totally... walking the last quarter mile with nothing but my shoes.

By the time we reached the house, my nipples were rock hard, and my yoni was dripping wet. My sweet husband is no fool... when we reached the house, I was sooo ready to make love that we barely made it through the front door. As he gently slid deep into my slippery yoni... he lifted himself over me, perfectly positioning his lovely pubic mound so it pushed on my clit in a way he knew would drive me absolutely crazy with pleasure. At just the right moment, he pulled away... and then thrust again... holding his depth and holding his pressure on my throbbing clit. It only took only a few of these deep thrusts until I exploded into an all-encompassing, brilliant lightshow orgasm. His satisfaction followed closely... inspired by my strong orgasmic rhythms.

As we panted together in our sensual afterglow... we finally looked into each other's eyes... and both started to laugh. The opportunities of the next week were amazing... and we both reveled in our amazing good fortune. Thank you... thank you... thank you to our hosts, Shelley and Matt!

I think we both fell asleep briefly in each other's arms on the beautiful Turkish rug in the entry. When we shook our heads and wakened from our sexual stupor... we showered together... Ant dried himself and poured himself a neat Maker's Mark... I dried and then walked out to the deck. Naked and extremely satisfied... I splayed myself over the outdoor sofas... arms out... legs fully open... totally happy!

I think I slept again... but I was awakened by the ping of my iPhone. It was a text from Rachel... "You look so beautiful, my dear... had to pry Brad away from the scope!"

I texted back, "So satisfied... so happy... more tomorrow!"

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**Day Two:**

Some people believe a vacation is a time to relax. Ahhh... not me! A vacation is a trip to a special time where it's essential to maximize the fun potential over a limited number of days. Don't get me wrong... I don't want to be sleep deprived... and I never am. I don't want to miss any opportunities to fulfill my two equally important addictions... staying ripped physically and showing off my naked body sensually.

My day always starts with an 8-ounce glass of water and some core-intensive Pilates exercises... no exceptions other than a few days over the past decade when I was hospitalized. My Pilates focus on my core... I love having a defined and ripped mid-section. So... the One Hundred... Criss-Cross... Scissor Kick... Teaser... Pendulum... Slow Motion Mountain Climber... Plank Rock... Hip Dip. I always finish with a Traditional Plank... 3 minutes usually, but sometimes to 4 minutes if I want a real burn. And, of course... never ever with any clothes!

Because I want a full and consistent audience... there isn't any reason to start before 8am. Ant and I made love the previous night again... slowly and sensually. But still... I wasn't sleep deprived. I was energized and ready for a new day!

One of the great things about vacation is... you can take as many showers as you want! Hahaha! There is no "shower police!" So... I prepared a strong Keurig coffee... and enjoyed what I thought would be a quick morning shower... even as Ant continued to lounge in the bed... slacker!

The sound of the shower seemed to inspire him... because he joined me just a minute after I started. Mmmm... his inspiration was hard (yes, pun intended!) to miss! This shower became our favorite place for wet, sensual sex during our Santa Barbara sojourn... daily and memorable! Thank you, Santa Barbara! A sweet, wet orgasm is the absolute best way to start the day!

Over breakfast... granola and yogurt plus a soft-boiled egg, cooked by my sexy hubby... I had to laugh at two text messages. Wow... this is going to be a great week!

Rachel texted... "Your form is excellent, my dear! Great Pilates session! Just finished mine... but yours were better. Damn!"

Murray's text was a bit more explicit... "I was inspired by your muscular bod and your comfort in showing yourself naked. Remember you're invited to Happy Hour this evening at 5pm. Come as you are! Hahaha!"

Anthony and I planned our day in Santa Barbara... as I chuckled to myself at Murray's casual but completely accurate observation... I am very comfortable being naked... especially in such an amazing setting. We both agreed... the house was a masterpiece! The placement... the amenities... the comfort... all were killer! Shelley and Matt set us up for a perfect week!

After a great day shopping and eating in Santa Barbara... we stumbled back to our luxurious house for a naked nap. As I awoke... I took my iPad with me to the outside couches. The view of the Santa Barbara Channel was striking... clear and beautiful. The sweet silence of the view made it even more amazing. For the next few minutes... I enjoyed the view and played Sudoku on my iPad. Lovely! I won several moderately difficult games in rapid succession.

Murray's text pinged on my iPhone... "You're better than me at Sudoku... no surprise! Don't wear much to Happy Hour... I'll just be wearing one item myself!"

I thought... this guy is totally hooked! Love it!!

As Happy Hour approached... I chatted with Anthony about our evening's attire... and shared Murray's message. It was really warm, so we both decided to wear matching sarongs... no need for tops as both short sarongs provided beautiful and classy cover.

Both of us would have just our short sarong and a pair of sandals... perfect! I particularly like seeing Anthony in this little sarong... we bought them a few years ago while on vacation in the South Pacific. The light filmy fabric molds closely over the contours of his dick... the semi-sheer chiffon fabric is silky soft and sexy. And, of course... it shows even the slightest hint of arousal. Fortunately, Ant is very comfortable in his skin as I am... especially when we're equally bare together.

We walked up to Murray's house... arriving just after 5pm. He was obviously expecting us to be on-time... he opened to door less than 15 seconds after Ant had pushed the doorbell.

Murray had promised to dress very casually, and I wasn't disappointed when he opened the door. His 6-foot-8 frame filled the large door... his welcoming smile lit up the entry. Murray was dressed in just a pair of short tropical Eddie Bauer shorts... bare chested and barefoot. He stepped back slightly, bowed deeply and gracefully, and swept his arm back in a warm and welcoming gesture. Now... it was my turn to be totally hooked!

As I stepped across the threshold, I extended my hand for a friendly shake... but, he bowed again, took my hand and lifted it gently to his lips... kissing the back of my hand. Oh, my! What a romantic!

"Can we leave our sandals here at the door? I asked. "You look very comfy."

"Of course, my dear," he replied. "And... anything else you want to leave also."

I smiled and said, "That's a wonderful invitation... perhaps on future visits."

Ant and Murray shook hands, and Murray led us through the entry and into a spacious entertaining area with a spectacular view of the ocean. He turned and looked at us both, saying, "I love the matching outfits... they show off your bodies beautifully!"

We soon discovered that Murray wasn't exaggerating about his margaritas... made from scratch with lots of fresh lime juice, excellent tequila, triple sec, sweet and sour mix... on the rocks with splash of Grand Marnier on top and salt on the edge of the glass... superb!

When we all had our drinks, we walked out to see his view of the ocean and our little group of houses... all of these houses had spectacular views. His deck had three conversation areas with matching outdoor furniture... each with a large umbrella. Murray led us to the middle seating area where he'd already placed chips and guacamole. He lifted his glass in a toast, "Welcome to Hermit's Roost... I am pleased you have accepted my invitation... so beautifully."

We clinked glasses together and sipped our margaritas. We found comfortable places on the sofas, and got acquainted briefly... occupations, education, the places we've lived... and hobbies.

"Murray," I said, looking him in the eye, "I'm an addicted bodybuilder... and exhibitionist."

His laugh filled the whole amphitheater of homes... it was as big as the man! He replied, "I've seen some evidence of these addictions, Annie. Last night... and again in your exercise regimen this morning. May these addictions bring nothing but pleasure to you, my dear..." lifting his glass again as another toast.

I rose from the sofa next to him, put my drink on the center table, untied my sarong and tossed it aside. I picked up my drink and clinked his glass with mine... saying, "And may they bring nothing but pleasure to you as well, Murray!" With that, Anthony jumped up to clink both of our glasses, adding, "What fun!"

As we settled back into our plush sofas... I presented myself to both my host and my husband... sitting in a loose Lotus position with my smooth yoni partially open for viewing.

When I glanced over at Anthony, he viewed my yoni, and then made eye contact again... with an approving smile and a very slight nod, I knew he felt all was well... and he was happy to be sharing the moment. I smiled back... and sighed as a happy wife.

My attention moved back to our host. He was relaxed, but attentive. I sat very still... he could see the top of my bare slit, but nothing more because of the sofa cushion... just my bare mound, the hood over my clit and the very slight emergence of my small-flower labia. It was a comfortable exposure... open in some ways yet limited in its totality. I, of course, was thinking of a full and deep exposure sometime in the future. I could feel my wetness grow as I imagined that exposure.

Murray smiled, and said, "You're in a safe place, Annie. My sister is an exhibitionist... and I know I have those tendencies also. She and I are seldom clothed when she visits. I have to be careful, however... men who are exhibitionists these days are many times labeled as predators. And... that would be damaging to my profession and my social standing... sadly."

"I totally understand," I said. "Ant... and Murray... would you do me the pleasure of joining me in our natural state, please?"

Anthony moved first... standing in front of his sofa next to Murray's, he untied his sarong and tossed it aside, sitting again with no hesitancy or nervousness, joining me in a loose Lotus position.

Murray looked at Ant... and then again at me... closed his eyes and smiled with an amazing peace. He stood and unfastened his shorts... letting them fall to the deck, stepping out of them and kicking them aside... he looked at me with comfortable smile as I scanned his naked body from head to toes, finishing with an appreciative smile and a blown kiss.

He looked totally at ease being naked. Of course, my eyes went immediately to his package... lovely large balls and a dick befitting his height... beautifully standing out just enough to show he was just beginning to be aroused. I know I was smiling... and, as our eyes met, he smiled back.

I said, "Murray, let's just agree that whenever it's just us in a safe place... we're just supposed to be naked." He smiled, and replied, "Agreed... with appreciation."

Since he had introduced the topic, we discussed his sister's enjoyment of exhibitionism... and some of the time he and she had joined together in adventures. He seemed to be pleased to share their stories, making it a thoroughly enjoyable conversation.

After a bit, I said, "So, Murray... would you be willing to help me stage some adventures during our week here? Our vacations are best with some exposure planned by friends."

"Ah, my dear," he replied with a knowing smile, "I'd be delighted to conspire with you." After pondering for a moment, his smile grew. "Actually... I believe I could recreate an adventure I organized for my sister a few years ago. It was amazing!"

As he told us the details of his plan, I could easily imagine how fun and exciting it could be. And... Murray was willing and eager to make all the arrangements. Perfect!

As the plans got better and better, I felt like changing position so I could move my hips a bit... finally choosing a kneeling position with my legs apart about shoulder width. When I get aroused, I've found it's impossible for me to NOT move my hips and my torso in response.

When I changed position, I moved to face him directly. It made me even more aroused to see Murray's response... glancing down to view my smooth yoni as my hips moved side to side and forward and back. Soon it was obvious that he was appreciating the view more than just a little... his half-on erection was now pointed straight at me.

When he'd finished explaining his plan, we were each ready for another margarita. He stood to take my glass, looked down and said, "I apologize for my obvious enthusiasm, madame and monsieur."

I replied with a chuckle and smile, "I assure you that your enthusiasm is a shared experience... mine is just not quite as visible. A quick heads-up... my nipples always give me away... and, as you can see, they are like little rocks at the moment." He looked at my firm nipples and nodded... then went to the bar for refills on our margaritas.

The guacamole was great indeed... our second margaritas went down easily also. "Do you think your other neighbors here would be willing to indulge me in my exhibitionist desires? I don't want to offend anyone. It did seem like Rachel and Brad were cool with my partial exposure last evening."

He laughed, and replied, "Everyone is supportive... and appreciative... whenever my sister visits. And... there have been a several gatherings over the years among my neighbors where her nudity has been joined by a couple of others... and most have been comfortable being at least topfree at times. Let's ask them to join us as co-conspirators!"

As we stood to prepare to leave, I looked around for a place to stand taller. The foot-tall and foot-wide brick border for a flower bed that was nearby seemed like it would work well. I took Murray's hand and led him over to the short wall. As I stood on the little wall... I only had to look up a short distance to be face-to-face.

I smiled and opened my arms for a hug. He smiled back and took me in his strong arms for a full-body hug that felt terrific. His large hands on my back pulled me into him fully for as much skin-on-skin contact as possible. We held this position for a bit... then I pulled back slightly and kissed him with a big smack on the lips. We held each other a bit more, and then pulled away smiling.

Ant and I considered not tying our short sarongs on again, but finally decided walk back to our house with at least a small amount of modesty. We retrieved our sandals at the door and thanked our host for a delicious and inspirational Happy Hour.

When we got back to our house... I was surprised to find several new text messages on my mobile phone... even a couple from neighbors we hadn't met yet. Just like Murray had said, literally everyone in the neighborhood wanted to chat tonight about adventures for me. I was blown away!

The winning offer was house #5... next to last house up the hill and around the amphitheater. Kelly and Tig live next to Kelly and Brad who we'd met on our walk the night before. They were inviting us and all of the other neighbors to their house for dessert and wine, starting at about 7:00pm. The plan was to have dessert and wine on their deck where there was also an outdoor gas fireplace. It would keep us warm as the sun disappeared and the temperature started to dip.

The invitation had another fun component... "The dress code for tonight is FULLY COMMANDO... two items max plus sandals or flip-flops... no undies for anyone! Free and easy! Be as daring as you want!"

Ant and I had just a few minutes to grab a little dinner and then choose our outfits... so we fixed a quick spinach salad and snacked on hummus and pita chips. No more alcohol for now... we were still buzzing from the margaritas and had the promise of wine later. We ate on the deck without any clothes with a marvelous view of the ocean before us. I, of course, was focused on what I was going to wear for an evening that would be "free and easy!"

I quickly scanned my choices for the evening. Anthony heard it clearly from across the house when I'd discovered the perfect one item to wear. "Ah-ha!" I exclaimed. I could hear him laughing. Among several short skirts laid out on the bed was a black low-rise mini skirt... with double-layered pleated ruffles all around the bottom. When I tried it on, I was sooo happy! It comfortably covered me in front, but just barely covered my butt.

But... I also knew a little secret about this short skirt. When I faced away from Ant and bent over at the waist to adjust the strap on one of my sandals... I wasn't surprised to hear his exclamation, "Oh, baby!" Of course, I knew this little short skirt would rotate with my hips as I bent over... leaving my yoni in full view. When I turned around again, Ant was all smiles!

For my second item... I chose a black loose-knit shawl. I've found through my years as an exhibitionist that shawls and scarves have great versatility to show a little or a lot while still being almost modest. For this evening... I planned to tie it around my neck and let it drape between my boobs. And... if it got coolish for our walk home, I could wrap it around my shoulders.

At 6:45pm, I received a text from Murray... "When you're ready to walk to dessert, drop by my house and we can walk together. Cheers!" I replied with a heart and a thumbs-up... smiling as I told Anthony.

Anthony had chosen to wear just his favorite pair of side-split running shorts. The ultra-thin fabric of these shorts without any liner made his dick even more visible than when he wears his sarong. "You'll have the women's attention for sure!" I said with a wink.

He laughed, and then replied, "It's my vacation too." Oh, how I love that guy!

I texted Murray as we were heading out the door. I tied my shawl loosely around my neck as an accessory only... my boobs were totally uncovered. Anthony put a tank top, flashlights and the front door key into a little travel bag, and we were off.

He was waiting in front of his house when we approached. After a brief 'good evening' hug, he signaled with his hand for me to do a turn so he could see my outfit from all angles. As I completed my modeling turn, he whistled in approval and said, "Very nice! Perfect for the topic of the evening!"

Then it was my turn to give him a look. Murray was wearing a casual walking kilt and a Harley Davidson leather vest left open. I had him do a turn in front of me... and asked with a smile, "And... are you meeting the dress code for the evening under that kilt?"

He lifted the front of his kilt to show he was definitely going commando, and replied in a partial Scottish brogue, "Any self-respecting Scot wears... nothing under his kilt."

Murray gave us some information on the other neighbors as we walked. House #3 belonged to Sonja and Herb. This house was a weekend house for them... they only used it Friday evening through Sunday evening. They were a hard-working but fun-loving couple in their mid-40s. He assured us that we'd love them both immediately.

As we approached House #4, Murray said, "You're gonna love Maggie and Sid... a dynamic duo... architect and developer." According to Murray, they own one of the most philanthropic housing corporations in the county. And... they enjoy life in the extreme.

Murray said as we rounded the bend toward House #4, "Annie... it's not cold yet, but your nips are totally erect... does that mean there's a bit of arousal working already?"

"Yes," I said immediately. "Meeting new people while barely covered is always a turn-on!"

We rounded the bend in the road and there were Sid and Maggie. I said in a very low voice, "Oh, Murray... they are sooo cute!"

Both Maggie and Sid were petite people... not dwarves or little people, but just short. Maggie was petite in perfect proportions... her boobs, her curves, her weight. I was immediately smitten. While Maggie clearly shorter than her husband, Sid was trim and tanned at probably only 5-foot tall. They both had big smiles on their faces! They appeared to be in their mid-50s, but their energy was amazing!

Maggie was wearing an animal-print kimono robe beach coverup over loose-fitting and flowing linen shorts... definitely an expensive set. I was immediately happy to see her kimono coverup had no buttons or ties... just free flowing cloth that she held closed gently at her waist.

Sid was wearing an ivory linen short-sleeved shirt... left unbuttoned to match his wife's look... very sweet! His blue-and-white striped shorts were cut in boxer-style with wide leg openings. I made a mental note to make sure to catch a look up those openings during the evening.

As we continued to walk toward them, Murray looked down at me and said in a low voice, "Told you they'd be supportive."

My focus was on Maggie. She had an infectious smile, and a sweet bronzed figure. As she walked toward us, she let her coverup fly naturally open... revealing that her almost B-cup boobs were perfect for her ultra-petite frame... still perky with small, dark nipples. There was very little fat to be seen on Maggie... good genes and good living.

As we approached each other, Murray did the introductions, "Maggie and Sid... these are our neighbors for a short but fun week, Annie and Anthony."

Maggie homed in on me... offering and receiving a full-body hug. As Ant and Sid completed their introductory handshake, I moved on the Sid... opening my arms in an offer of a hug and receiving his enthusiastic smile and hug. As I turned, I could see Ant completing his hug with Maggie... both smiling. What a great greeting!

We continued together up the road... Maggie and I walking ahead, and the guys walking behind. Maggie chatted briefly about her niece, Evangeline, who would arrive for a few days on Saturday. Evie was the star of the family... a senior at the UCLA School of Theater, Film and Television. The whole family was proud of her proven dramatic skills and potential in Hollywood. In her early 20s... Evie sounded like an amazing woman to meet.

As we walked... I was aware of some conversations behind us. I said to Maggie, "I'm pretty sure this will get a response." I stopped and acted like there was something wrong with my right sandal. I spread my legs slightly and bent at the waist to adjust my sandal strap... just as I'd done in demonstrating this move to my smiling hubby. I fiddled with the strap for about 10 seconds, and then stood up again. Predictably... the guys let out an appreciative howl.

Maggie and I both looked back at them, and then at each other. Maggie said, "Man, they are sooo predictable... but it's always fun!" We walked together, laughing the whole way to Kelly and Tig's house... House #5.

As we approached House #5, Rachel and Brad were just arriving from the other direction... perfect timing! We were still 25 yards apart, but Rachel was already waving and smiling. Maggie and I waved back... we walked a little faster because we have more ground to cover than we did.

The invitation had been clear... be as daring as you want... and Rachel certainly got that memo... at least among this small group of trusted neighbors. She had obviously decided to wear just one item... and she looked so fit and bronzed and happy.

Rachel was wearing a super flirty white gauze flare A-line mini dress with delicately thin straps... my guess is that it was meant to be worn as a beach cover-up to also show off a cute swimsuit. But... Rachel had nothing underneath. The drama was increased beautifully because she was backlit with the setting sun behind her. Amazing!

We all greeted one another and turned to arrive at Tig and Kelly's home as a mass. As we approached the front door, we could see it was wide open. Rachel ventured through the door gradually, and called out, "Ready or not... we're all here!"

Almost immediately, Kelly appeared from the kitchen side of the entry. She greeted Rachel with a warm hug and Rachel did the honors of introducing us to her. We shook hands and she proceeded to greet the rest of the group.

Kelly said, "Feel free to leave your sandals and bags here at the door," and then invited us all to join Tig in the kitchen. We could see it was his job to open a selection of wines and to get everyone started.

We kicked off our sandals and left our bag with them. In addition, I untied my shawl and laid it over the bag. This way... Ant and I were both wearing just one small item each... perfect! Over my shoulder, I saw Murray leave his sandals and vest at the door... it made me smile that he would join us bare-chested for the evening.

As Kelly was greeting the others... I was enjoying the view of her mini dress also... perhaps she and Rachel had shared notes on just wearing one item for the evening. It was a lovely simple rayon shift with a lush tropical foliage pattern... suspended from tiny tied straps.

My first thought in seeing this super-sexy little dress was that those loosely tied straps were crying out to be pulled... allowing the dress to fall to the floor. She'd tied the straps, so the V-neck draped sweetly between her boobs.

My second thought as I scanned Kelly's body and movements was that she and I shared what appeared to be an almost identical height, weight, body shape, torso length, boob size, etc. She looked amazing in that little dress... perhaps I might be able to borrow it for one of my adventures. Oh, sorry... I'm such a schemer!

Ant and I were just shaking hands with Tig when Kelly caught up with us. She said, "Annie and Anthony... I see you've already found Tig. We're so happy to host this little meeting of conspirators."

I replied, "The pleasure is ours... it's very gracious of you to host us all on such short notice." Then I added, "And, Kelly... that dress is killer! Don't you think, Tig?"

He smiled, and said, "It sure gets my attention every time!" We all laughed... but Kelly slid up to her hubby and gave him a kiss. "That's really sweet, big guy," she said.

Tig was also very fit and tanned... and he'd also gotten the memo about wearing just one item. Below his bare chest and six-pack abs, he wore a traditional Polynesian lava-lava wrap with a bright blue background and white hibiscus design. The fabric was thicker than our matching chiffon sarongs, and it was longer than ours... still, it was very attractive. My eyes quickly inspected how it was tied... just in case an opportunity to untie it presented itself. Yep... my bad yet again!

Tig made sure we each got a glass of wine from the selection of bottles he'd opened... and it was a very nice selection indeed. When Murray saw that we had some wine, he addressed the group, "Okay, friends... it's time to call this meeting of conspirators into session. Let's gather out on the patio where the view can inspire us."

Kelly and Tig obviously entertained a lot on their deck facing the ocean... it was appointed beautifully. A spacious seating area with sectional couches made a U-shape around a natural gas outdoor firepit. Murray led the way, taking his place at the right-hand end of the U. I decided to sit at the left-hand end of the U... a place where the setting sun would be shining on me for the longest time.

I bent modestly this time and set my wine glass on one of the closest built-in ledges provided for drinks along the front of the couches. With my back facing everyone as they took their places, I slowly pulled my little skirt down on my hips... shimmying it down, down, and off. I draped it over the back of the couch and only then turned around. Yes... all eyes were on me... and it was suddenly totally quiet.

I retrieved my glass of wine, lifted it high as a toast and said, "This is the body you're here to help me display over the next several days... I figure you need to see what you're conspiring to exhibit. Cheers!"

With that... everyone lifted their glasses, and enthusiastically replied, "Cheers!"

Murray took the lead as the facilitator of the evening, saying, "Thanks so much to Tig and Kelly for the lovely hospitality. Tig has moved the wine outside to the outdoor kitchen just behind you, so we can refresh our glasses as needed. There are water glasses there also if you want a break from the wine." Several people laughed at that prospect. "Kelly tells me that dessert will be served whenever we feel we need a break... or when we finish with our agenda."

Kelly added, "Yes, indeed... strawberry shortcake... easy to put together anytime."

Murray continued, "Here we are on Thursday evening. Our mission... as we have undertaken it... is to maximize the exposure of our beautiful, naked friend... making this a truly memorable vacation for her, for us, and for some of our friends. We have Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday... let's make every minute count! Agreed?" Everyone shouted their approval... what a great group!

Murray started the conversation by describing the basics of his suggestion. He would stage a nude photo shoot at a local golf course on Saturday afternoon. He had done this for his sister a few years before, so he knew where on the golf course he could stage it and he had already arranged for a professional photographer and his assistant for the time. Since he was on the Board of Directors for the golf course, there would be no problems. Then... we could all get together for a slide show on Saturday night!

When he was finished with his brief overview, he fielded a few clarifying questions, and then said, "Who's next?"

Sid spoke up quickly, "This is a suggestion from Maggie and me... actually it's Maggie's idea, but she wanted me to share it." They proposed a Sunday afternoon excursion to a local sports bar they frequent often to watch the next SF 49ers game. They knew the usual patrons of the bar on Sundays, and knew it was a fun-loving group. Since the 49ers were not winning very often, they felt it would be a perfect opportunity for Annie to lose a bet or two... and eventually have to serve drinks to the whole bar crowd naked.

When Sid was finished, there was a round of applause... and some shouting! Before he had a chance to take his seat again, I jumped up and gave him a big hug. Hilarious... he didn't know where to put his hands... his wife was watching. After a couple seconds, I said, "Hug me like you mean it, Sid!" So... he did.

Everyone was laughing as Sid sat down... except for Murray. He stood with his hands planted on his hips, and said, "Hey... where's my hug?"

I ran across the deck and launched myself into his open arms. I planted a sloppy kiss on his lips as he swung me around with my feet dangling. Okay... it was obvious that everyone was going to want a hug from here on out. Hahaha.

As I walked back to my side of the seating area, Brad jumped up to be next. Before he started though... he slowly unbuttoned his Tommy Bahama shirt...took it off and tossed it to Rachel who was giving him two thumbs-ups.

Brad and Rachel proposed that everyone in the group go to Happy Hour on the next evening at a bar that's famous with the locals. Brad shared that this particular bar had a "rowdy atmosphere in a very salty and raucous harborside setting." And... the bar had an upstairs deck overlooking the marina that was usually packed with standing-room-only on Fridays. To affirm that idea, Rachel let out a loud, "Woo-hoo!"

The plan was that I would wear an already revealing outfit... that could easily morph into topless... and then into totally naked. I could be shielded at first by the group, and then mingle freely with the crowd as the opportunities presented themselves. Also... I could be viewed by people in the marina.

He finished his proposal by pointing to me, and saying, "Happy Hour tomorrow evening... in the same outfit as tonight!"

With a big smile and my arms open to invite a hug, I walked over to Brad. As I got close enough, I grabbed both of his hands with mine, and firmly around me to hold my ass. Then... I pulled him closer, flattening my boobs against his chest. He responded by squeezing my ass tightly... and everyone cheered!

Brad took his seat again... but I remained standing. After a moment, I said, "I know we're talking about me being naked... but some accessories will make it even better... don't you think, ladies?"

Kelly immediately said, "Of course! Accessorize it, girl!" More laughter.

I said then, "For instance... tomorrow evening, I think I need a great pair of FMPs!" This statement was met with some cheering... basically from the women... and a few looks of uncertainty.

So, I followed up, saying, "Okay... who here doesn't know about FMPs? Be honest."

Slowly... and a bit sheepishly, Murray and Sid raised their hands. Laughter and applause.

I turned to Kelly, and asked, "Do you have a pair I could model? I think we're pretty close in size."

She replied, "How about size 7.5?" I gave her a thumbs-up, and she was off toward her bedroom.

I said, "Brad... you didn't raise your hand... what in the hell are FMPs?"

He said with a broad smile, "Annie, they are fuck-me-pumps... and we all know Kelly has several pairs to choose from." Tig added, "Yes, she does... and they look terrific on her... and off of her." Several people responded with, "Woo!"

Kelly arrived back this a beautiful pair of red FMPs with thin 4-inch tall heels. Delightful! As I stepped into them... I found they were just perfect.

I stood tall in these killer shoes, and said, "Okay... they are fuck-me-pumps because they make exactly that statement when they're worn proudly. To balance and walk on these shoes, several things have to happen... my back bows slightly, pushing my boobs up and making them appear to be larger... my butt is tighter... my abs and core are flexed, making me look thinner... my legs are more shapely... my pelvis rotates slightly, pushing my mound and my yoni forward also."

I walked around to model the look. Absolute heaven... all eyes on my nude body... watching my boobs and my butt and my abs and my legs... and my smooth mound.

After modeling briefly, I walked back to my seat, and stepped out of my heels. "Thanks, Kelly... they are so sexy!"

Murray spoke up next, "Whew! Is it time for dessert yet? I need to cool down a bit!" "Yay!" was the response from several people.

It was amazing how relaxed everyone was... even after the conversations we'd had and me being casually naked. We moved back into the kitchen as Kelly prepared our strawberry shortcake servings on lovely crystal dessert plates. We got our dessert... cruised by the bar for more wine... and returned to our seats for a delicious treat. It was so good... no one was talking... it was a new situation during this energized evening.

As we were eating, Tig lit the gas fireplace. Although it was still warm enough to be comfortable with nothing on... the ambiance matched the mood of the group... warm and comforting.

Murray paused for a moment, his dessert half-eaten, and said, "It's been quite an evening. Any other ideas?"

Silence. Then Tig spoke very slowly and almost in a whisper, "Eyes... Wide... Shut!"