**Annie's Blindfold**

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So... I'm naked... and firmly blindfolded. I can hear some activity, but it seems to be at a distance... at least behind closed doors outside the room where I'm stand. The last footsteps I heard were probably 10 minutes ago... but I can't really judge how long it's been. It's warm enough, so I'm not uncomfortable at all. In my naked blindness... I wait.

A couple weeks ago... a casual conversation with two other couples plus my hubby started a planning sequence that led to this moment. Our friend, Terry, asked about some details about whatever naked event I'd experienced most recently. I do find that a number of my woman friends like to hear these kinds of details... generally to experience some kind of a vicarious thrill in the telling. I don't mind sharing... the telling gives me a post-event arousal... definitely a win-win!

Terry enjoyed interrogating me. No... she's not a lawyer, but she'd probably be a good one. Where was it? What time of day? What was I wearing before my exposure? How much did I expose... and for how long? Did I make eye contact with many of my viewers? If so... how long did they hold that eye contact before they went back to viewing my boobs... my ass... my yoni?

After a few more minutes of being interrogated... I asked Terry and the others, "Is it just me... or are we all more than a little aroused?" We all laughed.

Then... Terry threw me a curve ball. She asked, "How much of your arousal then came from you watching them watching you?"

Hmmm... that was a question to really ponder. Did I need to see them seeing me? Her questions reminded me of a lesson in a philosophy class years ago... "If a tree falls in a forest and no one is around to hear it, does it make a sound?"

I pondered the query for a few moments... and had to admit that it was a part of my exhibitionist experience I hadn't deeply considered. And... I admitted that it was an intriguing question.

Terry asked then, "What if... we create a situation where you are totally naked... and you don't know where you are, or how many people are seeing you, or whether those seeing you are men or women, or what part of your body they are looking at, or how close they are to touching you?"

"Oh, my," I replied. "That would be amazing! I can't even imagine how aroused I'd be!"

Okay... now I was totally hooked! I was completely intrigued by the vision of being in an unknown place... with an unknown audience... where every part of my body was exposed for view.

Terry and a small group of friends started the next day to devise an experience for me where I could answer some of these questions for myself. And... where they could perhaps enjoy a part of the experience with a wider group... to be determined.

Feeling that I was probably alone... I investigated my immediate surroundings. I was standing on carpet in the middle of a furniture grouping with a sofa, coffee table and two upholstered wingback chairs. One chair had an upholstered hassock in front of it. The fabrics felt like this was a matching set of furnishings. As I explored around each piece of furniture, I found that the carpet was an area rug rather than wall-to-wall... extending only about 2 feet on each side of the grouping. Beyond the carpet... the surface felt like stone... laid in a symmetrical pattern of both square and rectangle tiles of a variety of sizes.

After this very basic investigation of my immediate surroundings... I walked back to the sofa... reclined into the left corner with my right arm comfortably laying on the sofa arm and my legs curled back slightly... rested my head on the sofa back... and listened for any sign that I was no longer alone.

As I listened... it seemed like distant applause broke out at times... then it was mostly quiet for a while. Hmmm... this was probably a group of people I would have a chance to meet. But... when?

A short time later... I heard a distant door open and then close with an echo like my space was actually a large, empty room. The sound of a woman's high heels resonated across the space... sounding louder and louder. The pace was relaxed... neither fast nor slow. When the sound seemed to be pretty close... it stopped. And... I waited again... raising my head and shoulders to face the sound... trying to listen for any clue about who was there. Silence.

Finally... a woman's voice said, "Beautiful... as I'd expected." It was a voice I didn't recognize. I found that alone to be instantly arousing.

She continued, saying, "We've all been enjoying drinks in the other room... would you like some champagne before I take you in?"

I relaxed, smiled and replied, "You are very gracious... I'd love a taste of champagne."

I uncoiled myself from the sofa and stood in front of it... still touching the sofa arm with my leg to steady myself.

I heard her heels again briefly... and then felt an awareness that I wasn't alone among the furnishings.

She said, "Give me your right hand to hold the flute." I did as she'd asked, and she handed me the champagne flute. Ahhh... it was a very dry and delicious champagne... very refreshing. I took a couple of sips and handed it back.

"That was lovely," I said. "And... I have to say your voice has a warm and comforting sensuality. I'm imagining the moment when I get to look into your eyes."

I heard a gentle giggle... then a sound I identified as the champagne flute being placed on the coffee table.

In almost a whisper, she asked, "Can I touch your face?" I replied, "Certainly."

I felt a very soft touch of fingertips on my cheek. It was a lovely jolt of reality as I felt her warmth and tenderness. Again... my body pulsed with a surge of arousal.

After a moment... she said, again in a low and sensual tone, "Annie... my name is Sahara... and I'll be your companion and guide for the next hour or so... while you're still blindfolded and after you're freed from it. In the adjacent space... a group of about 70 people are enjoying drinks and snacks... and I'll take you into that space shortly. I think you already know... you'll be the only person who is naked."

I interrupted her to say with a chuckle, "Ahhh... that was what I was hoping."

"So I was told," she added. "Your hope is foreign from my personal experience... perhaps I will understand it one day."

I smiled... and sighed gently. "I would love to be the person who would have the privilege of introducing you to the joys of exhibitionism." Being blindfolded... I couldn't see any reaction. But... I imagined in my heart a smile in return.

After a moment... Sahara took a breath and continued her introduction speech. "You are currently in a side room in an art museum. The group is in a sculpture garden... used at times as a reception area. They are all major donors to the museum. Twice a year... the museum hosts a thank-you gathering for their commitment to art and their great generosity."

She paused. So... I asked, "What then is my role?"

"You are... indeed... a beautiful live sculpture, Annie," she replied. Her voice once again had an amazingly warm sensuality yet again. I thought to myself... whoa!

She continued, saying, "Tonight's thank-you event is focused on the most generous donors in support of a recent exhibit of art nouveau nudes... so your presence as a live nude is completely appropriate... not to mention a special thank-you gift to our donors."

"Are any of the painting from the exhibit still here? I'd love to see them before the event is finished."

"You're in luck," she replied. "A few by Auer and Domergue are on display in the room we'll be visiting."

Sahara continued, "I'll be your blind guide while your blindfold is in place. When we're ready to proceed... I'll ask you to hold my right elbow with your left hand. I'll lead you... as I do with other sight-challenged people... among our guests to introduce you and to keep you safe."

"I'm grateful to be in your hands, Sahara." I paused, and then continued, saying, "But... I'd like to know more about you before we go. I would like to touch you also."

"That would be lovely," she replied. Then she took my right hand... and lifted it gently to touch her face. I explored her left cheek... and then joined the journey with my other hand to very gently explore the contours of her nose... and forehead... and down across her cheeks on both sides to her chin.

"You are lovely, Sahara... thank you," I said in a soft voice. "You can see my totality... can I explore yours through the hidden graces of your clothes?"

"Well, yes... I suppose that's fair, isn't it? You're certainly keeping no secrets, so I also hold none from you," she replied in a gently whisper.

I took a deep breath, and let my hands slide slowly and softly down her neck... spreading out along her shoulders. I found fabric on her left shoulder... but none on her right... just warm, smooth skin. Mmmm!

As I slid my hands down along her arms... I found she was wearing a top that was long-sleeved on her left arm and sleeveless on the right. Wow! I love that look! And... the softness and spring of the fabric on the left led me to feel it was a delicious Jersey blend. I found myself envisioning Sahara's top.

"Is this a top... or a dress? I love the fabric!" I said.

She responded breathlessly, "It's one of my favorite dresses."

"Ahhh, lovely!" I said. "I'd love to proceed."

She whispered, "Please."

My hands slid back up along her arms... and followed the lovely contours of her chest... down from her shoulders and over her collar bones... following the fabric on the left and lovely bare skin on the right... to the outcroppings of her boobs.

"Sweet!" was my exclamation as I gently circled her breasts. "Just an observation... I hope you don't mind," I said in an apologetic tone, "but I feel this lovely fabric would hug your breasts with a beautiful sensuality without a bra. Sorry."

She laughed out loud, and then said, "Well... you might be right, Annie. But... my nipples tend to be erect a lot, so I felt it best to wear one with this dress where they would be very visible."

I continued my journey along the curves of her body... sweeping down to feel her small waist. My arousal was growing. Sahara was clearly a woman I wanted to know beyond this chance event.

I followed her hips down... and around to briefly touch her nicely firm ass. But... that's where I stopped for more information.

"Sahara, my dear... you have this amazing dress... and you're wearing panties?" I asked.

She laughed again... and squirmed a bit. Then... she replied, "Yes... this is a very revealing dress, Annie."

"Any more revealing than my outfit?" was my impertinent reply. "Take them off, please. I understand about the bra, but panty lines in a lovely dress like this just ruin the look... in my opinion. I'm totally bare... you can at least be bare under your beautiful dress."

"Okay... fair enough," she said with another nervous laugh. With that... I felt her reach down to lift her long skirt... reach up to her undies... and wriggle out of her panties. When I felt her lovely ass again... it was beautifully smooth.

Sahara was laughing. Then... she asked, "So, Annie... can I get to know you more also?"

With another smile only she could see... I said, "Let your hands see what your eyes can't"

I felt both of her hands gently stroking my cheeks... down to my neck... along my shoulders... back to my chest. She ran her fingertips down the contours of my cleavage and back out to find my very erect nipples. As she touched my nips... a pulse of arousal surged through me... even reaching down into my yoni. She moved slowly to cup my boobs in her hands... ahhhh!

As she moved to my outer boobs... I imagined where she was going next... and loving it. She moved down to my hips... then in with her fingertips to my abs... and again down until she had to switch from a down-facing palm to an up-facing palm. Her left hand moved to my right hip... his right hand glided down along my mound... and slid gently to the top of my yoni slit. As her hand moved closer... I instinctively felt the urge to open my legs... welcoming her warm and caring touch.

She whispered, "I'm sorry if I'm being too personal... but I'm captivated by your totally smooth mound."

I whispered back, "Continue, if you'd like... my yoni is smooth everywhere."

Without another word... she slid her left hand around to gently hold my ass... and slowly followed my slit deep between my legs to caress my warm and dampening yoni. She let the fingers of her right hand gently caress my yoni lips. There was no resistance on my part!

After a lovely and satisfying few moments... Sahara withdrew her hands. She asked, "Are we ready to proceed? They're going to absolutely love seeing you."

I replied, "Yes... I'm ready. But, I have to admit... I hope some of the guests will also notice your missing undies beneath that killer dress."

"Okay, Annie," she said. "Let's proceed to your dramatic entrance."

Sahara coached me in how to follow her lead... gently gripping her right elbow with my left hand. She would move her elbow left or right to guide me each way. She moved her arm behind her if I needed to follow in single file. In no time at all... we were moving as one. What fun!!??

When we entered the large room... there was a hush. I could feel all eyes on me... and it was exquisite! Sahara had us pause briefly... and then we moved to the right gently. She introduced me to several guests... and the conversations began. It became comfortable very soon... having a conversation with friendly people with your eyes closed.

As we moved to another group... Sahara got me a scotch-on-the-rocks to soothe my dry mouth... and whispered to me, "You need to know... your blindfold makes eye contact impossible... so the men and even some of the women are pretty much talking to your boobs, your erect nips and your smooth yoni."

"Oh, Sahara... I love it! That's just such a turn on!"

She laughed briefly... directing me toward another small group of donors with their own small talk with the naked lady. If they only knew... in my mind, I was enjoying the freedom my blindfold gave these men and women to explore my body's contours and parts without hesitation or nervousness.

We moved from one group to another. When I was on my second drink... Sahara whispered to me, "We're almost done, my dear. We're almost to the time when you can take your blindfold off."

A surge of arousal hit me hard. I'd been completely engrossed with images in my mind of many eyes caressing my most sensitive erotic parts. The idea of seeing their eyes while knowing where they have seen me was powerfully moving.

I tried to absorb the surge, but the jolt surprised me as if an electric shock had just been applied directly to my stone-firm clit. I gripped Sahara's elbow to keep from falling. I was so ready for a satisfying and encompassing orgasm... but I also knew I was in the middle of a public place with no socially acceptable way to relieve my deep yearning.

"Please, Sahara," I said softly. "Please, help me!"

Immediately, she replied, "Okay... follow me." We walked briefly... then I heard a door open... we walked a bit more... and the door closed with a firm click. "We're alone, sweet Annie."

I leaned against Sahara and felt her hand slip between my legs... and her fingers into my swollen yoni. I couldn't believe how wonderful that fullness felt as I collapsed into her arms. She held me close as I convulsed with an amazing and extensive orgasm. Her strength was impressive. I know I was like a bucking bronco in her grip.

She held me as I recovered... and finally found my legs. I felt her body supporting me... and her hands reaching up to remove my blindfold. Slowly... it came loose. Fortunately, the room she'd chosen as our orgasmic refuge was mostly dark... so the removal of the blindfold wasn't traumatic. As my vision returned... Sahara's face came into focus. And... as it did... I couldn't help myself. I crushed her with an embrace neither of us will soon forget. And... I kissed her delicious lips without limit.

I spent a couple minutes in Sahara's arms... recovering. Finally, I said, "Okay... I'd love to meet your guests without the blindfold... but still very comfortably naked. And... I want to see those paintings from the exhibit!"

She said, "Man, you are amazing! I think I want what you enjoy!"

I touched her cheek with my fingertips, and said, "Cool! So... here's your start. Please, Sahara... take off that bra. Free the sisters!"

We both had a good laugh. But then... she reached up to her left shoulder and pulled her sleeve down her arm. She pulled her dress down so her bra was totally visible... a sweet black strapless bra, but still a prison for beautiful boobs. She quickly unfastened it... and tossed it away... shaking her beautifully shaped B-cup boobs.

And... she was right... her nipples were standing at attention. Sweet!

She started to put her arm back into the sleeve, but I stopped her. I leaned over and lightly kissed her nipples... first the left and then the right. I said, "Okay... let's see how great this dress can look without any undies to screw it up."

She pulled her dress back on and smoothed it to her satisfaction. I ran my hands lightly across her freed sisters and unlined ass.

"Let's go, sweetie. You can see how much fun it can be!" I exclaimed. It was my turn to take the lead... I opened the door, grabbed her hand, and dragged her back into the sculpture garden.

As we exited the side room... again, a hush fell over the room. Now... I was a real naked woman, watching them as they were watching me. And... it felt great! It was a turn-on to be seen when I couldn't see them... but I'd learned that watching people as they saw me naked was much more erotic and exciting. What a great experiment!

I pulled Sahara straight to the bar. When we both had our new drinks... we toasted each other with big smiles. Sahara no longer had to protect me. She could just be my companion. The most difficult part of her evening was completed... and done extremely well.

Sahara was stunning! Her dark chocolate skin glowed in the lighting of the room... and her light caramel-colored Jersey dress looked fabulous!

As we toasted with smiles most people would characterize as goofy and cheesy... I said, "Sahara... you are going to get more attention than me. I have never looked as amazing as you do... dressed or undressed!"

She placed her drink on the bar... then took mine and placed it next to hers. With an amazingly warm smile... she reached out for an embrace... which I matched with enthusiasm. It was one of those moments that left us both with tears in our eyes. As we embraced... we were both surprised by the sound of applause. WTF? All of the guests were watching us... and applauding. In the telling of this experience... I still tear up and can't help but breaking into a big grin.

We spent the next 30 minutes or so with the guests we'd already met... but the mood was soooo relaxed and natural. Yes... they were very familiar with my nude body. Also... I saw many of them were fully aware of Sahara's transformation. Oh, man... she was right that her nipples are dramatic when erect! They were amazing through the clingy Jersey fabric that just barely concealed them.

Then... Terry and her hubby... and my sweet hubby arrived. They waved and we met in the middle of the room. I launched myself into my hubby's arms... his embrace and kiss set me on fire again. But... I knew I could control it for now... he'd have me all to himself soon enough!

We went to the bar to get the newcomers a drink... and I introduced them all to Sahara. Since I'd already expressed an interest in seeing the art nouveau nudes... Sahara took us on a guided tour. I particularly liked the paintings by Robert Auer... his works seem to capture the freedom and optimism of the art nouveau era.

As we got ready to go... Sahara showed me the way to where my clothes had been stored. While I got dressed, I invited her to have dinner sometime soon at our house. And... I half-jokingly suggested this would be a great time for her to join me in a nude walk through our extensive garden.

She smiled, and said, "I think I might be persuaded." When I finished dressing... she inspected me from head to foot, and said, "Hmmm... not everyone looks terrific both clothed and unclothed... but you do." We shared a warm and intimate hug... and walked out to join the others hand in hand. New friends are a delight!