**Blatant Exhibitionist**

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I've always felt that I have a nice body and since I have a nice body, I like to show it off. When I was younger I would try to find the briefest bikini I could and I loved the guys ogling me, even though they tried to make like they weren't ogling. I thought it was funny. And it always made me wet and I would have to go masturbate to relieve the pressure.  
  
When I hit my twenties I developed quite a bit. I was a late bloomer. My tits got bigger, my ass filled out and my proportions got downright sexy. I wanted men to see me, not in a bikini, but stark naked. That was a little harder than going to the pool in a bikini.  
  
While my first boyfriend saw me naked when we fucked, we broke up right after high school and, well, college didn't really lend itself to time for a boyfriend. I had to work hard for my grades.  
  
One night I was trolling the Internet, looking for ideas of how I could show off my body but not get raped. That was NOT something I wanted to chance.  
  
I came across a site that showed some videos for the Pizza Dare. That was interesting. Seems the going thing was to order pizza and answer the door dressed only in a towel and then 'accidently' drop the towel. You were supposed to act embarrassed and try to grab the towel and miss drop it again and let the guy see your naked body as long as you could.  
  
I liked that idea so one night I decided to try it. I ordered pizza to be delivered to my apartment, then jumped in the shower real quick so my body and hair were wet, then waited in my towel for the Pizza Guy to show up. I practiced dropping the towel a few times and felt like I had it down so it looked accidental.  
  
Then I got nervous. I almost chickened out. But I talked myself into it again because I knew I wanted a strange guy to see me naked.  
  
It turns out the guy who rang my bell with the pizza was in his late 20s, nice looking, taller than me, pretty buff looking. I watched through the curtain as he got out of his car and came up the stairs to my apartment.  
  
When he rang the bell I knew the show was on.  
  
"Just a minute", I yelled. It needed to seem like I had been caught in the shower.  
  
I took a deep breath and finally opened the door, with my towel wrapped around me.  
  
"Pizza," he said. "$8.43."  
  
I opened the door and took the pizza, and as I took it, I made sure the towel dropped. Here I was, stark naked, with the towel on the floor and my hands full with the pizza.  
  
Without batting an eye, he reached down and picked up my towel. He seemed a little confused of what to do. Should he wrap the towel around my body? Take the pizza back so I could rewrap myself. Such a conundrum.  
  
Instead he said "I know that wasn't an accident. You wanted to flash me, didn't you?"  
  
I felt myself blush. I didn't know what to say, so I stood there, naked.  
  
"Listen," he said. "You don't have to make it look like an accident. If you want to show me your body I am more than happy to look."  
  
Well, I wasn't expecting that! I didn't know what to say.  
  
"And you have a very beautiful body. I would be willing to look at it as long as you want."  
  
"Um, thank you," I mumbled. Then I said the craziest thing I could have. "Would you like to come in?" I mean, how stupid is that? He could be a rapist, a killer. But he really didn't look like one.  
  
"Sure," He said. And walked in and closed the door.  
  
I put the pizza down and did the most natural thing I could think of. I turned to him to let him see my body. I slowly turned around so he could see everything.  
  
"Very nice. I think it is official. You have a beautiful body. And I consider myself an expert."  
  
I giggled. He had a good sense of humor. I wasn't afraid of him at all. I looked at his crotch and saw that, indeed, he liked what he saw.  
  
"I've never done this before," I admitted. "But you make me feel very comfortable." And I WAS comfortable, standing there stark naked in front of this...nice stranger.  
  
"I must admit, this is a first. I've had women open the door dressed very skimpily, but never naked. Was this the Pizza Dare?"  
  
I blushed. "Well, I was reading about the Pizza Dare online and I thought it might be fun to try it."  
  
"Is it?"  
  
I blushed some more. "Well, kinda. Actually, it's kind of scary, but you make it much easier. And it's exciting to be naked in front of a stranger. It's always been a dream of mine. I hope you're not going to rape me." I tried to smile.  
  
"Well, my name is Kelly, so now I'm not a stranger. And no, I'm happy just to look. You certainly have a great body. Let me see it again."  
  
I did a twirl for him, as sexily as I could. When I faced him again, it seemed we both didn't have anything else to say.  
  
"Oh, I need to pay you," I finally said.  
  
"Oh, no. This one's on me. I just got the biggest tip of my life," he laughed.  
  
"How sweet! Thank you." And I came to him and gave him a kiss on the cheek. He didn't reach out to touch me, even though I don't think I would have minded if he did. This was one sweet guy. I trusted him.  
  
He turned toward the door, then stopped. "I have more deliveries to make. But none will top this! Hey, if you ever want to do this again, I work on Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays and I get off at 9:30. If you call late, I'll make sure this is my last delivery. Maybe I'll help you eat it. Also on me," he smiled.  
  
"I certain will keep that in mind." I watched him walk down to his car. I just stood there at the door stark naked. As he got in the car he looked up and saw me and waved.  
  
I DID keep that in mind. The next Friday night I ordered a pizza around 9:15. I asked if Kelly was working and was told he was. "He's sweet. Can you make sure he delivers it?"  
  
And of course he did. I didn't bother with the charade of jumping in the shower or opening the door in a towel. I opened the door stark naked.  
  
Kelly's face just lit up. "My favorite exhibitionist!" he laughed.  
  
"Come on in. I ordered a large, but I can't eat it all. I gotta keep my girlish figure!" I twirled for him. I never thought being naked in front of a guy could be so much fun.  
  
"And what a figure it is! You are more beautiful tonight than last week."  
  
I had him sit on the sofa and I scurried around getting him a Dr. Pepper and a plate for the pizza. In fact, I made sure I walked around naked for him as much as I could.  
  
He left around 10:00 and I rushed to my room and masturbated to a tremendous orgasm. I was SO horny!  
  
I ordered pizza the next couple of weeks and we played out the same scene each week and talked about all kinds of things. It really wasn't anything sexual, even though I would be getting horny. And I'm sure he was too. He wasn't really trying to hide his bulge.  
  
He was such a nice, laidback guy. He made me feel like I was doing the most normal thing in the world. I liked being naked in front of him.  
  
By the third week I was so comfortable with him, I opened my legs while we talked. He lost his train of thought for a minute, but recovered nicely. But the entire time he kept glancing down at my pussy. I'm sure I was glistening down there. And I could see that he was also sporting quite a bulge in his jeans.  
  
When he left I kissed him on the cheek like I normally did and did a quick brush over his crotch. He jumped, but then smacked me on the ass as he left.  
  
And of course I ran to my bedroom and masturbated like mad. When I came....the first time, I began to think of another escalation.  
  
The next Friday night was like the first three, but this time when I opened my legs for him I let my hand drift down there. I played with my pussy hair while we talked. I keep it nicely trimmed.  
  
As we talked and as I got hornier and hornier I started rubbing my tit with one hand and trailing my fingers up and down my pussy lips. The conversation kind of trailed off as he watched and as I watched him watch me. His bulge was getting bigger and bigger. I wondered if it hurt.  
  
When I stuck my finger in my cunt he started rubbing his bulge. "Take it out," I whispered. "Let me see it."  
  
He quickly unbutton his jeans, unzipped and reached in and pulled out a very nice cock. I had only seen one other cock in real life and his seemed bigger than my old boyfriend's.  
  
He slowly started stroking it, watching me play with my pussy and my tit. Needless to say there was not a lot of talking after that, but a lot of moaning and squishing and arching of backs and finally cumming. He came all over his shirt and jeans. But he didn't seem to mind.  
  
When I kissed him goodnight, on the cheek, he took a handful of MY cheek, my ass, as he left.  
  
Well, he never made any advances on me. The next week I had a towel ready by his chair and the next week I told him to take off his clothes, which he did without hesitation.  
  
We really enjoyed masturbating together and did that for about a month, every Friday night. I was growing to really like this guy and I think he was starting to like me. And it didn't seem to be because we were masturbating together. We connected, person to person, not just naked to naked, not masturbator to masturbator.  
  
He would get naked quickly after I met him at the door naked. We even stopped ordering pizza. Pizza was not what this was all about. And as we masturbated together we would talk about our week, just as if we were in a coffee shop at the mall instead of being naked and playing with our pussies and cocks.  
  
One Friday night, as we were masturbating and the conversation kind of slowed down because we were getting serious about our masturbation, I whispered "Would you like to lick my pussy?"  
  
His hand stopped mid-stroke. "Are you sure?" he asked.  
  
"Yes."  
  
He got up and knelt down in front of my sofa and took my legs and spread them even wider, put his hands under my ass and proceeded to eat me out. And boy was he a good pussy eater! He licked every part of my pussy and when his tongue finally touched my clit I came like a banshee. He brought me to orgasm five times. I didn't know I was multi orgasmic until then.  
  
And of course it progressed as weeks when by. We were making each other cum using all kinds of methods. 69, blowjobs, tit sucking, face sitting, ass licking, ball licking.  
  
And finally he asked me out on an actual date. He took me out to a fancy restaurant....no pizza, and when he took me home, well, that's the first time we fucked. He was an awesome lover. He had such stamina, such strength, I loved having his cock in my pussy.  
  
Our relationship grew stronger and stronger. He knew I was an exhibitionist and he encouraged it. We used to do things together. I liked him close by when I showed off. I felt safer with him around.  
  
We did the shoe store without panties deal. That was always fun, seeing the reaction of the salesman when he first saw my pussy. Some looked away, some just stared. Some were just cool with it and thanked us when we left, even if we didn't buy anything.  
  
We flashed truckers. That was always fun. Some of the reactions were priceless.  
  
In our state we are not allowed to pump our own gas and at the full service island they still would clean your windshield. So sometimes we would gas up at the full service island and I would flash my tits, or have my feet on the dashboard, spread of course, without panties, giving them a great look at my pussy.  
  
One night we were driving through the night heading on vacation and about three o'clock in the morning we had to stop for gas in a god-forsaken place out in the middle of nowhere. There was only one gas station on this exit and no one around except the attendant who seemed almost asleep. We were going to do the flashing thing but the attendant only pumped our gas. He didn't even offer to clean our windshield.  
  
I was frustrated because I was really horny and wanted to show off. What was the matter with that guy? Finally I told Kelly to get out of the car and go talk to the guy while he pumped. I had an idea. Kelly always liked my ideas.  
  
When Kelly got out of the car I quickly stripped all my clothes off and opened the door and got out, totally naked. I turned to the attendant and asked where the bathroom was.  
  
The guy's eyes bugged out when he saw I was naked. I had to ask again and he finally pointed toward the store. So I walked totally naked into the store, making sure my ass swayed just enough. I'm sure he got a good view.  
  
When I came out of the bathroom, Kelly was at the counter buying some snacks for us. I walked right up to him and put my arm around him, letting the attendant take in my naked body. He seemed to be taking a long time ringing us up. I looked around and said "I want a Dr. Pepper," and proceeded to walk over to the glass refrigerator knowing that four eyes were watching my ass as I went. I took my time picking out what I wanted, bending over nicely to give them a good view.  
  
I slowly walked back with my Dr. Pepper, knowing that my tits were bouncing along nicely, by nipples hard because of the cold refrigerator. The guy finally got us rung up and I thanked him as we turned to leave.  
  
"No, thank YOU", he replied.  
  
I turned to wave and smile at him and as we left the store I said to Kelly, loud enough for the attendant to hear, "I'm so horny! I need to fuck your brains out."  
  
And I did, a few miles down the road we found a dirt road and pulled off and fucked and fucked, me riding him to three wonderful orgasms.  
  
That blatant exhibition turned out to be a wonderful fodder for some amazing sex sessions with Kelly. I wanted to do it again, but that night turned out to be a special opportunity that just happened and making it happen again just was impossible.  
  
Oh, we could do the amateur night at the strip club, and I did that, twice, and won. But in a strip club they expect to see you naked so it was not the same as seeing the look on someone's face when they don't expect to see you naked. That's the feeling I wanted to have again.  
  
So we figured out an alternative to the gas station exhibition. And once again it happens in the middle of the night.  
  
Now we go to rest areas out in the boonies at like three in the morning when it's pretty quiet. Of course there's always SOME traffic in and out of those places but I guess that's the point. Kelly carries a gun for our safety when we do this.  
  
We always sit around for a while, watching any traffic that is coming and going. We try to find a place to park where the light is not shining on the car and I like to sit there naked while he will finger me as we watch for the right time for me to....do my thing.  
  
When there's the least amount of people...and no kids or "dangerous looking" people, I will get out of the car stark naked and walk to the restroom. The reaction I get is priceless. And everyone is quite supportive.  
  
The men always like to look at me and are respectful, and the women, well, that ranges for horror to 'you go girl'. Some women say 'I wish I could do that?'  
  
Kelly always follows behind with a coat in case I need it for a quick cover-up. But I think he also likes to watch my ass and the reactions of the people I come across. I'll go pee and sometimes there a few people now standing around waiting for me to come out.  
  
We've gotten quite good at reading the "crowd", and sometimes I'll just walk back to the car. But other times I will stand and talk to some of the people.  
  
The conversations with women are always fun. Most of them are very supportive, and it's amazing how they will ogle my body. Some wish they had good bodies like mine and it's funny. The guys who hear that always say.....I'll be glad to look at you if you get naked right here.  
  
And one woman actually did. She must have been in her middle 40s and she just stripped down, and handed her clothes to her husband who was beaming. And she had a very nice body. I think we might have started a trend. I often wonder if they do that now.  
  
There's always those who have a camera or a phone who want to take their picture with me and I will always accommodate them. They will put their arm around me and their hand will always fall down to my ass. I don't really mind and Kelly gets a kick out of that. And no, I never fuck anyone but Kelly, and boy do we fuck after one of these escapades.  
  
Maybe I need to start a club. The Naked Rest Stop Club! Or maybe the Blatant Exhibitionist Club. You ought to try it some time. It's a rush!