**Carla The Showoff**

by Tony Reeno

**Chapter 1**

﻿

This happened in the 1980s in Texas. Although it isn't necessary to read FLIRTING WITH EXHIBITIONISM AND INCEST to understand CARLA THE SHOWOFF, you should know that this text focuses on my girlfriend's discovery of her desire to show off. Those of you who read FLIRTING... will recall that Carla was exposed to the kink of exhibitionism from my own displays in front of my mother when I was still living at home. The more I did it, the more Carla became part of the fun and the more she seemed hungry to participate. This is partially what prompted the two of us to move into a place of our own during the spring of one of our college semesters.

Together, Carla and I found a townhouse in the city and decided to take the plunge and move in together. We'd been dating for a good eight months. Unquestionably, there was massive sexual chemistry between us. But we continued to date and get to know one another before rushing foolishly into a living situation that may have killed our close physical bond. In time, we discovered that we had much in common and we decided to go ahead and get a place together.

Still, the move-in worried me, not because I feared that I wouldn't be able to get along with Carla, but that we wouldn't be able to afford the place. After all, I was working only part-time, as a convenience store clerk and concentrating heavily on school. Thankfully, Carla used her calming charm on me. She assured me that she would get a part-time job at the college or someplace else, to help out.

From the start, it was very clear to me that Carla was going to absolutely love the freedom of the new place. Why? Well, what was the first thing she did after the last moving box was piled haphazardly atop a stack of similar bulk and the last lamp was left leaning against the upside down end table and the last of our weary friends shuffled out the door and we closed it behind him? Carla pulled her tight halter off and kicked her pants down. She hardly ever wore underwear and she was already running around barefoot, so that left her completely naked. She then threw herself on the rug and spread her legs and arms wide. I watched her light skinned body writhing on the carpet. Carla was a voluptuous five feet seven, with beautiful, natural, thirty-six-inch breasts. If she carried just a little too much on her buttocks, it only accentuated her sexuality to me. Lying on the rug, her slightly longer than shoulder-length red hair fanned around her face and made her look especially wanton and devilish.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"Making rug angels," she said, fanning her legs and arms.

Then she raised her arms and looked invitingly up at me and smiled. I was on her in an instant. Carla helped me pull my own shorts down, spit in her hand and worked palm and fingers over my member. She had me hard and ready in seconds and then I was sliding into her wetness and she was very turned on and I slammed into her with great force and it didn't take her long to be bucking and riding the waves of a powerful cum beneath me. Then she got up on all fours and I drilled her from behind, slamming into her ass, her generous buttocks making slapping sounds with each collision of my groin. I felt myself growing close. Carla turned her head and laughed and winked at me, then slid away from my hard-on, turned around and placed her hands behind her back, kneeling before me.

"Wash my face with it, baby," she rasped.

And I did, cum slapping her forehead, jetting onto the tip of her nose, slashing across her left eye and pumping and trailing into her mouth. Carla swallowed every drop, then used her fingers to rub the splashes all over her face. After, she licked each of her fingers greedily and flashed me her guaranteed to make you melt smile.

"Well, that's one way to christen a new place, right?" I said.

She nodded, collapsing on the rug, spent.

A moment later, I walked to the kitchen and returned with wine bottle and goblets in hand.

"And here's another."

Carla grabbed the wine bottle from me and took a long swig of the White Zin.

"Fuck the glasses, baby." She guzzled again and wiped her mouth with the back of her hand.

"Yummy!"

She took another long swig and then passed the bottle to me. I drank deeply and we curled up on the rug for a while until Carla went to get our cigarettes. She smoked before we moved in together, but her cigarette and liquor intake increased dramatically once we moved into the new place. I smoked about a half pack a day then. Carla, too, initially, but she quickly raised her nicotine habit to a pack a day, sometimes a little more. I tried to get her to cut back sometimes, but she told me not to worry about it. To be honest, I don't think I've ever had a cigarette smoking fetish, but Carla's attitude toward smoking and her cigarette intake certainly made me enjoy watching a woman smoke.

"They feed my oral fetish, baby," she would say and giggle between drags.

"Besides, they're kind of cute. They're like little penises," she used to say.

"Imagine? Kissing one this little?" She licked the tip of the filter, winked at me and laughed throatily. (Ironically, within the first month or so of moving in, I quit smoking altogether, even as Carla raised her nicotine intake.)

We considered going out for some fast-food that first night, but we were both exhausted and Carla confessed that she didn't want to put any clothes on (and for the next two whole days, she didn't).

Then, lying there on the carpet, Carla took a long drag from her cigarette, crushed the butt in an ashtray and I watched a lusty smile blossom across her face.

"Uh-oh," I said.

She laughed. "Uh-oh is right! I have an idea."

"And I want to hear it."

It wasn't the most original thought in the world. It has certainly been done before. Maybe you've done it. If you like stories of exposure, you've certainly read about it. But we were finally unleashed, on our own and able to do as we wished in our own place. Therefore, we found Carla's plan quite exciting.

"Let's call for a pizza and I'll show myself off," she said.

I felt a surge rush through me, "Really? How much will you show the delivery guy when he gets here?"

She looked at me for a long moment then said softly, "As much as you want me to."

I phoned for the pizza. Unlike other scenarios I've read about since then, where the woman answers the door in a towel and lets it drop and such, Carla wanted full exposure from the get-go. I thought she would chicken out when the moment of moments arrived.

The doorbell rang.

"I'm so fucking nervous," she said, gripping my hands.

"Well, remember, you don't have to do anything you don't want to do."

She nodded. "I want to do this."

"You're sure?"

She nodded.

The doorbell rang again.

"Answer it, baby."

I did. The pizza guy stood holding a red box. He was a scrawny kid of maybe sixteen or seventeen, with thick glasses. I asked for the price and he gave it to me and handed over the pizza. Then his eyes went saucer-round behind his specs as he glanced over my shoulder. I half-turned, There was Carla, lying stark naked on the couch, one knee raised, the other leg resting on it, her pretty foot swinging away.

I knew what he was looking at, so I took my time retrieving the cash from my wallet. Finally, the transaction was over and there was nothing left to do but end the moment. The guy tried hard to thank me for the tip, but nothing came out of his mouth except a weird dry clicking sound. Then I shut the door, turned around and saw Carla on complete display, her bald pussy lips literally coated with a sheen.

We burst into laughter shortly afterward and then Carla ran over and kissed me deeply. The pizza was forgotten for several very long minutes that turned into a little over a quarter of an hour.

"How was it," I asked.

"The screwing or the showing off?" she replied and that made us laugh again.

"Both."

"Well," she said softly, "honestly, the screw was as good as ever, but the free show was fantastic! I can't believe the high I felt from doing it."

I nodded. "Welcome to the wonderful world of exhibitionism. I thought you'd like it."

"Wrong. I love it. Yes, already. We're going to do more of that, Tony, a lot more."

And we did.

**Chapter 2**

﻿

Carla took to wearing very little around the house. In fact, she was stark naked at home most of the time. If she got home from class or the store, the first thing she did was pull off her blouse or t-shirt and kick off her shorts. She never wore underwear. If she wasn't going anywhere that day, she stayed nude all day and night. On many occasions she stayed nude for forty-eight and seventy-two-hour stretches. Carla called them her "nudie marathons."

My girlfriend was also often stark naked outside of the apartment, too. She spent many an afternoon in our back patio, soaking up sun on her nude body, sipping on a glass of wine or a cold wine cooler.

One day I got home and found Carla totally naked and sitting at the kitchen table. A fresh bottle of Merlot was wedged tightly between her legs as she worked it with the corkscrew. The bottle that we'd left half full the night before now stood empty by the sink. I suspected that she had skipped school that day and started drinking and having fun early. Before I could ask her what was up, the cork popped on the bottle. Then Carla raced over, smashed herself against me and rubbed her crotch sensuously against my leg. I tasted her smoky alcohol-laced breath and we kissed until she started to giggle.

"What?" I asked.

She laughed some more, went to pour a fresh glass, drank deeply, hoisted herself on the kitchen counter, then spoke. "I've been bad today, baby."

I went over and moved myself between her legs, "How bad?"

"BAD!"

I moved my hand between her legs and slid my fingers through her slit. She was incredibly wet. Two fingers slid deep inside effortlessly.

"Yes! Do that," she slurred, "Give me more."

"First tell me what you did," I said.

"No! Give me a cum first, Now!" I rubbed her clitoris and slid a third finger into her and pumped them in and out. It didn't take long for her to start bucking all over my hand and she slumped against my shoulders.

When she calmed down, we moved to the living room. Carla lay on the couch and I massaged her feet and calves as I heard her story.

"When I got up, I thought it would be a good day to work on my tan," she said, "My all-over tan. So I re-opened the bottle of Merlot we started last night - it was after eleven, after all -- and went outside and lay out. The sun started making me horny and thirsty. I came back in for more wine. I didn't mean to drink it all. One glass lead to another and then I heard people passing right outside the fence."

She began to rub her bald mound as she spoke.

"I got hornier. I heard them talking. I wondered if they could see me through the slats in the fence, even though it's hard to do. The thought alone made me reach up under myself."

Carla rolled onto her stomach on the couch and placed her hands underneath her mound. I watched her fingers glisten as she rubbed them all over the outside of her pussy, then several fingers disappeared into her slit.

"Then it was like the naughtiest thought just blossomed in my head. What if I cracked open the back gate a bit, like we forgot to latch it right? I almost came at the thought, but I held off.

"I got up and moved to the gate and it was like I was watching somebody else's hand bring the latch up. Then I lay back on the lounger and positioned myself so that my legs and ass were facing right towards the door. I lay back on my stomach.

"The wind started to bang the door lightly onto the clasp, over and over. Suddenly, I heard voices again and I knew it was those two boys - you know, from three houses down - walking back from the pool."

"Really!"

"Really!"

"But why weren't they in school?"

"Who the fuck knows, I just suddenly got mega-turned on that I had an audience! So I closed my eyes and pretended to be asleep. I heard the door bang several times and felt the wind gust over me and then I heard the door creak and it didn't slam back and I turned around and I looked over my shoulder and there they were - the boys — standing there, both of them, just staring at me with their mouths open.

I slapped her right ass cheek. Carla laughed.

"I can't believe you did that!" I said, "You're going to get arrested!"

"Not for an accident," she said, "And that's what it was, baby. An accident. We just forgot to latch the back door, that's all."

"Yeah right, what did you do next?"

"Well, I pretended to be all flustered and I rolled off my tummy and sat up and pretended to try to cover up with my arms, like this," She sat up and did a half-assed (literally) cover-up while sitting on the edge of the couch.

"How did the boys take it?"

"One was laughing. The other actually looked as scared as I was pretending to be."

"'I'm sorry!'" he said. "'The door - it flew open by itself! We didn't mean to see you!'"

"'That's okay, honey, ' I said. 'Could you shut it now?' And he did. The poor things looked so innocent and turned on and scared all at once!"

Carla laid back and I dove into her. My lips kissed her nether lips and she enjoyed my tongue delving deeply into her folds. I found her love spot and probed. I toyed with her clit and made it swell. The next few minutes turned her gasps and moans to squeals of orgasmic pleasure.

"Carla, I love you dearly, sweetie, but you have got to be careful!"

"I know, I know, baby," She pouted, then smiled and kissed me on the lips. When she moved away, she cast a sly look my way. "But I love this so much, I don't know if I can stop."

**Chapter 3**

﻿

About two weeks later, we were spending a sunny Saturday basking by the apartment's swimming pool. This provided Carla with another way to show off, although I was surprised that her hot-pink bathing suit was surprisingly modest. I actually teased her about the suit and asked if she was losing interest in exhibitionism. Hardly, she explained. She just figured she was going to ease her way into more daring public exposure.

A few minutes before we were going to pack up and call it a day, a teenager arrived at the pool. He was a rather gangly dark-haired boy who liked to hang around by the pool. Occasionally, I'd noticed him with a couple of friends, but he was alone this afternoon.

The minute the boy dove into the pool, Carla winked at me and followed suit. Uh-oh, I thought. Here comes trouble.

But it wasn't, At least not that afternoon. Instead, I noticed Carla treading water and talking up a storm with the new arrival. A quarter hour later, they strolled wet and dripping toward my lawn chair.

"Honey, this is Tommy," Carla said.

I shook the teen's hand.

"He's visiting his uncle for a few weeks is new in town and has no friends. I told him he could hang around with us old folks for awhile."

"You're not old," Tommy protested, "Neither one of you."

Carla hugged him quickly and then released him. "Why, thank you, sir. Flattery may just get you places, you know."

Tommy blushed. It was a color I'd see often on his cheeks. In the weeks to come, Tommy took to hanging out at our place from time to time. Carla encouraged him to keep her company while I was gone. The clothes she wore - or didn't wear - around him probably helped. More often than not, Carla wore swimwear around Tommy. Occasionally, she'd sport a tight-fitting and very thin halter-top that left her gorgeous stomach and belly button completely bare. Faded cut-off blue jeans accentuated the white top. She left her legs and feet bare and bronzed.

One night I got home from the late shift and found Carla sitting on the couch. She was wearing my black Playboy T-shirt with the white bunny logo emblazoned on her chest. The shirt came down to mid-thigh.

Tommy was sitting on the opposite end of the couch. A can of Diet Coke was at his arm's reach on the coffee table. A half-filled glass of Merlot sat near Carla. Near the glass was an equally half-filled ashtray full of butts. A cigarette was burning on its rim.

"Hi, Baby!" she squealed, jumping off the couch and coming over to hug me. As she leaped, Tommy glanced her way and smiled. I knew he'd just gotten a glimpse of her underwear.

I said hi to Tommy and returned Carla's hug and kiss.

"Go get comfie and come watch the flick," she said.

I said I would. "What are you guys watching?"

"Some cheesy horror flick on Home Booze Office," she said.

I watched her eyes dancing. They looked wet and sparkly and I knew she'd been having more than the glass of wine I saw on the coffee table. As I passed by the kitchen, I noticed the bottle on the counter and saw it was two-thirds empty.

I walked into the bedroom and climbed out of my jeans. Then I turned around and discovered that Carla had followed me. "You realize you just gave our visitor one hell of a show, don't' you?"

"I'm bad, aren't I?" She laughed.

She took a deep drag of her cigarette and crushed the butt out on the tray on her nightstand.

"No, just wanton and horny," I replied.

"That's for sure," Carla blew a stream of smoke my way. "And the show was more than you know."

"What do you mean?"

In answer, Carla gave me a smirk, climbed on the bed on all fours facing away from me, then reached behind her and flipped up the T-shirt. I was shocked. She was wearing underwear, but it was a micro-thong. The silk hugged her crotch snugly, but a thin string disappeared between her asscheeks only to reappear and dig deeply into the tops of her buttocks.

"CarLA!"

She laughed.

"I'm genuinely shocked!"

"Oh, come on, baby. Tommy sees more on the fucking cable channels! And I am wearing underwear, after all. It's sort of like a thong swimsuit -- only skinnier."

Sure. If Carla wanted to say her panties were like a swimsuit, I wasn't going to argue. So I climbed on the bed, pulled down the floss-string and then mounted Carla from behind. My erection quickly grew steel-hard within her as I rammed into her. I looked down and saw Carla's face half-buried into a pillow. She clutched another pillow with her fingernails. Directly below me, I watched my slick penis slide in and out, her buttocks jiggling and trembling with each of my flesh blows.

Carla's hands disappeared underneath her stomach and pretty soon her fingers were manipulating her clit and driving her closer to orgasm. Every few strokes, I felt her fingernails dart across my balls and caress them. A minute or two later and Carla buried her mouth deep into the pillow and I heard her muffled moans. I reached lower, grabbed her calves, then slid my hands down to her ankles and buried myself hilt-deep in her and jetted my cum deep inside my vivacious and lusty and oh so daring girlfriend.

We lay side by side in the semi-darkness.

"We'd better get back to our guest," I finally muttered.

"Okay. In a second, but first -" She began to manipulate my spent member, "I want to ask you a favor."

I turned to stare at her. "Don't tell me you want to --"

She quickly shook her head. "No, but I want to show him."

"My God, Carla, you've practically shown him everything you have!"

"Not everything. I want him to see me totally naked, baby, and I want you to help me do it. Please?"

I was a bit reluctant. "He's pretty -- Um. Well, you know."

"Tony, he's probably seen a porno tape or two. You know how boys are. And he's probably incredibly curious about girls. I know he's curious about me. He's been hanging out with me a lot lately."

"And you've been giving him reasons to come back."

She laughed, "Maybe."

Then she began to fondle me and nibble my ear, "Please, babe?"

I sighed, "Okay, what do you have in mind?"

She flooded my face with kisses, "Thank you, thank you, thank you!"

Carla told me her plan. I went back and hung out with Tommy and told him Carla was going to take a nap, but that she wanted to be awakened at nine for a TV show.

"That's about the time I should be getting home anyway," Tommy said.

A half hour later, at about three till nine, I nudged him and told him I was going to go get my books and stuff out of the car and asked him to wake Carla up.

"Okay. I'll go tell her it's time to watch her movie and then I'm heading home. See you tomorrow, Tony."

"Right, take it easy."

I left the apartment and took a long and leisurely route to the car. I then got in and sat in it for a couple of minutes, thumbing through a textbook to give Carla more time to carry out her plan.

When I returned, the place was dimly lit and empty. I called out and heard nothing, so I headed to the bedroom and stopped at the door.

Carla was lying totally naked on the bed, legs splayed out. I watched her toes curl, then open, curl tight again. One of her hands was buried deep in her pussy. The fingers of the other were doing a frantic massage on her clit. I stood and admired her for a full minute as she got closer to her orgasm, then I spoke.

"You could've waited for me, Sexy."

"No I," She paused and arched her back. I knew she was close. "-- I -- I couldn't, lover. Not this time. I really, really couldn't. So-ree, Maybe next... Oh my God!"

Then she came violently. The orgasm slammed her back and forth and she rode it and rocked herself to a shattering orgasm that left her stretched and spent. She looked at me through half-closed eyes and then weakly motioned for me to join her.

My erection needed relief. I climbed atop her chest and sat on her breasts and pushed it into her mouth.

"Suck me," I said.

"No," she said. "Fuck my mouth. Do whatever the fuck you want with me. You've earned it."

So I did. Carla made her mouth into a perfect O and I pushed myself deep into wet moistness and plunged deeply. She took a lot of me in her and then took more. When I came, she swallowed every drop and then licked my penis like a flesh lollipop.

Afterward, we lay side by side, a candle lit on the bedside, and she told me what happened.

"I heard Tommy come in and call my name. I pretended to be deep in sleep, lying on my stomach. I was one hundred percent naked. Then I rolled over and faced him and when I half-opened my eyes, he was just standing there, staring and looking shocked.

"'I'm so sorry!' He yelled. I just waved at him, pretended to yawn, then smiled.

"Don't worry about it, honey, ' I told him, 'I always sleep naked. Did you need something?"

Carla laughed, "He tried to get his mouth to work. He was just staring and standing there and I think -- I'm not for sure, but I'm pretty sure I saw him begin to bulge down there in his crotch. I don't think he's ever seen a woman naked before, baby, let alone a slut woman who shaves her pussy bald!"

"Carla, the things you call yourself sometimes."

"But I am a fucking slut, Tony. I know it. I'm getting more and more a slut everyday. I wish you'd call me that sometimes."

"Carla -"

"It's true. I'm a slut. But anyway, back to Tommy. He finally mumbled that it was just about nine and my movie was starting. Then I pretended to be in a hurry to watch it. I stood up, stretched and said, "Okay, then, I guess I better hurry up and pee and get out there."

"He started to leave, but I asked him about the movie we'd been watching earlier and how it ended. I walked into our bathroom and I could just feel his eyes on my ass. He started to tell me about the end of the movie. He never walked into the bathroom as I sat and peed, but I could tell he was close to the door. Then I walked back out and I pretended to have a hard time finding my g-string again. I finally gave up and walked to my dresser and took out another T-shirt and put it on. He said he had to get going and I guess he did. As soon as he left the room, I stripped again, flopped on the bed and -- well, you know the rest because you came in and found me playing!"

The Great Tommy Flash started a whole new chapter into the world of exhibitionism for us.

**Chapter 4**

﻿

After Carla's "accidental" nude display, Tommy started spending a lot more time around our apartment. He became Carla's "swimming buddy" as she called him. Tommy became such a fixture that his uncle, a single parent who lived on the apartment complex grounds several buildings away from us, worried that he was becoming a nuisance. Carla met him at the pool one day and told him not to worry, that Tommy was good company and that he was helping her with some projects around the house. I was there that day and got to meet Tommy's uncle, too. I watched Carla wink at Tommy surreptitiously when she mentioned the projects. The only projects they got into at home were endless hours of cable TV, plus the occasional Monopoly and Scrabble game. Of course, Carla would be wearing next to nothing - a g-string bikini, usually, or a T-shirt that didn't quite keep everything concealed at all times.

One night Carla and I went for a drive around town. She was wearing a T-shirt and shorts when we left (she left her sandals at home), but these came off pretty quickly and soon I had a very naked and very brazen girlfriend masturbating by my side as we cruised the mostly deserted streets.

We drove out of town to a porno shop to rent some flicks (our nutty city refused to rent hardcore during those days) and Carla told me to dare her to go in wearing just the T-shirt. Of course, I dared her - and she did it! The shirt barely covered her buns. Walking around inside the store, Carla stooped low to pick up various boxes on the lower shelves and gave me several full moon shots. Each time, she would turn around with a lusty grin on her face and wink and giggle. The minute we made it back into the car, Carla brought herself to a powerful climax.

Of all the women I've known, Carla has enjoyed porn the most. We used to stop by about once a week and rent some flicks. Then she began to frequent the store on her own two or three times a week. Many times I would get home and find my nude girlfriend masturbating frenetically as she watched a porn film.

"Just getting a head-start, baby!" she used to say. "Don't worry. You won't get left out."

And I wasn't.

One afternoon I was heading out to work and Tommy showed up. Carla had invited him for dinner and a movie that night. I went back into the bedroom to tell Carla her young guest had arrived. Carla was sitting at her dresser putting on some makeup. She'd just finished showering and she was still completely naked. A lit cigarette dangled from her lips and she dragged on it deeply. Although it was late in the day, she hadn't gone to bed until half past four the night before and had slept until close to one.

"I wish I could go out there like this," Carla said.

"Carla, don't push it," I said. "You'll either scare him off or get us both into trouble or both."

She finally settled on a red Playboy T-shirt. When I asked her about underwear, she shrugged, "Fuck it. This is long enough."

The T-shirt barely covered her crotch.

As she walked out of the room and I followed, I watched slices of Carla's lower ass-cheeks appear and disappear with each step she took.

Carla pretended she couldn't find the remote for the TV and leaned way over to change channels on the TV set.

"See you guys later," I called from the front door. Carla waved goodbye. The last I saw of her was her legs on full display as she bent way over to change channels. She kept her legs straight and pressed together, which made her hourglass figure look more curvaceous. Then Carla bent lower and gave me - and her target audience, Tommy - a glimpse of a good third of her lower ass cheeks.

That night I got a call at the convenience store. It was Carla. She was masturbating. She told me she'd been shameless around Tommy, until he had to leave. She'd gotten so hot over her constant "accidental shows" that she had made herself cum twice already. She came again while I was on the phone, trying to concentrate on bagging items for customers, ringing them up and giving them the correct change! Carla promised me a hot night when I got home, but when I arrived, she begged off, telling me her poor pussy was too tired from over two hours of constant rubbing and dildo screwing. She promised to make it up to me the next day, and as usual, she woke up horny and she did.

One Saturday I was off and caught up enough on school work to spend most of the afternoon lounging at the pool with Carla. Tommy joined us after about an hour. Carla began to wear skimpier bikinis to the swimming pool, but never her g-strings. Eventually, after we were all pretty toasted, we strolled back to our place for dinner. I fired up the grill and Carla went in to change.

When I finally made it inside the apartment, I received quite a shock. There was Carla, lounging on a wingback chair, with one leg draped over one of the chair's arms. She'd changed into a lime-green g-string and a half-T-shirt that came about an inch and a half below her breasts. I could tell she was topless underneath.

What was most shocking to me was the way she so brazenly chose to display herself around Tommy now. There was no pretense of a long T-shirt to cover up. Mind you, this was long before the days of the Wicked Weasel swimsuit. I can imagine that Carla would have bought every single style of that company's offerings if they had been around back then. But then, the g-strings she wore back then were not exactly overly modest. This particular green suit was of the tiny triangle in front and dental floss in back variety. In fact, the string was completely invisible between her generous buttocks until a thin strand made an appearance up top. Throughout the evening, Carla strolled around the apartment with her ass on complete display and her half-shirt more than hinting at what lay beneath it. In fact, I noticed her nipples were erect most of the night.

As the evening wore on, Carla drank one glass of Merlot after another. Some people say that alcohol inhibits the libido. Not so with me, and certainly not so with Carla. She was quite tipsy by the time Tommy announced that he had to be on his way. Carla had put on some music and was dancing by herself and making me (and without a doubt, Tommy) a very horny guy.

Before Tommy could walk to the door, Carla put down her glass and asked him for "just one dance, please." He complied. Carla held him close. She had just lit a fresh cigarette and she kept it pinched between her lips or between two fingers, which were behind Tommy's back. The boy seemed pretty embarrassed. Carla eventually grabbed his hands and actually placed them on her buttocks and pushed his head onto her shoulder. I watched Tommy's cheeks glow crimson as Carla seductively swayed their bodies around slowly. When her face was facing my way, she smiled and winked at me.

As soon as Tommy was out the door, Carla stripped off her half-shirt and g-string. Stark naked and on all fours, she raised her ass in the air and shook it at me from side to side. She craned her neck and looked back at me and gave me a leering drunken sneer of a smile. I stared at her beautiful round globes, raised for the offering. They'd grown much fuller since I'd first met her, but she was all woman and her fleshy hips and round ass curves only heightened the fact. From my position by the front door, Carla was on full display.

"Come and take me, baby," Carla said, "I need it."

I came to her, grabbed two handfuls of buttocks and squeezed them tightly. Then I stooped lower, spread her big cheeks and kissed her pink rosebud. Carla giggled.

"I should be spanking your ass, not kissing it," I said, "You're getting worse, my dear."

"I know, I know, but I really can't help it. Swear to God I can't."

"And you were right. You are a slut at times."

"A big fucking slut baby, now fuck me baby, pretty please! Fuck your bad girl slut!"

I did.

**Chapter 5**

﻿

Carla and I saved up enough to get away to a beach condo for the weekend. I was looking forward to watching my beautiful girlfriend shamelessly display herself in one of her many thong bikini bottoms. It was a topless beach and I knew that Carla would take every opportunity to display her beauty. Little did I know that she had exhibition plans of her own that would make my own projections of things to come seem pretty tame.

"Baby, don't be mad," Carla said after a very satisfying lovemaking session several days before our weekend outing.

"Mad, about what?"

"I have something to ask you, a favor. Okay?"

I lay on my back and she slid her sweaty nude body across mine, rubbing her shaved and slick crotch against my thigh. I found it very hard to refuse Carla anything when she got in this type of affectionate and sensuous mood. "Ask away."

"I want to take Tommy to the beach with us."

Silence made the bedroom seemed darker and it swelled over us like a blanket. I sighed. I loved Carla's erotic games, but I wondered about her fooling around with a teen like Tommy.

"Carla, are you sure you know what you're doing?"

She giggled, "Not really. All I know is that lately, I feel like I have to push things further and further to get really turned on and -"

"I don't turn you on anymore?"

She placed open palms on my bare chest.

"Don't be silly, Baby! Of course you do. But it's like that rush that we've talked about. Remember when you first told me about baring yourself in front of your mom? That drove me fuckin' nuts! Then you started doing it in front of her while I was there. I was totally turned on by that. But now I've experienced being the one who does the showing first hand and I love it. Totally! I love to show myself. It's just incredible. Only I need an audience all the time. A safe audience, but one that's also kinda, sorta, taboo - That makes what I'm doing even more of a thrill. You know about that, right? Remember what you used to do at home. That's the way I feel with Tommy. Don't worry, baby, we'll have fun, too."

She slid her right hand down my chest and stomach and cupped my thick member and squeezed it, "Lots of fun. I promise. But I want - I need - this other thing, too. Please! You don't mind, do you?"

"No, not really," I sighed. "You know that you can do pretty much whatever kind of erotic play you want as long as I'm your only real partner and you tell me what's up. But Carla, dear, if it's showing off you want, you know you're going to have plenty of opportunities to do just that at the beach over the weekend. Maybe even around the condo complex."

"I know, I know," she said.

I smiled at the whine in her voice. She sounded so young, so girlie, so desperate.

"But I was thinking just how fucking cool it would be for me to have a live-in audience for two or three solid days. And there's that I'm-not-supposed-to part of the whole Tommy thing, you know? That taboo thingy I was talking about."

"Are you sure that's all you're looking for in Tommy, a fun showoff audience?"

Her eyes grew round, "Of course! What do you take me for, a pervert?"

"Absolutely!"

"Good!" The exchange was corny but we still shared a laugh. Then I reminded her again. "Be honest with me, Carla. Be honest with yourself."

She was silent for some time. Then she spoke in a soft voice.

"Well," another long pause and I watched one of her pretty big toes dig itself into the bed sheet, "Anything else would be extremely naughty of me, right?"

"You better believe it."

"Like wicked naughty?" She rubbed her pussy against my leg more forcefully and I felt her slickness.

"Like naughtier and more radical than you've ever been, my dear."

"Then so be it," she whispered.

"What do you...

... Shut up and fuck me, Tony." And then she pushed me back onto the bed and impaled herself on my hard phallus. Carla rode me with wild abandon. Her head hung backward and her hair shook from side to side as she thrust herself up and down, riding the pony that I became for her, and I pushed up to meet her.

Hot and sweaty, Carla looked down at me from within her dark tangled mane.

"Can Tommy come?"

I nodded.

She smiled and brought her mouth down and sank her tongue through my lips and we frenched.

"Thank you, baby," she whispered. "Now, for saying yes, I have a surprise for you."

Carla rolled off me and sank her face onto her pillow and pushed her beautiful round buttock mounds high into the air. One of her hands reached below and began a slow and steady massage of her clitoris and pussy lips. The other reached around and opened up her asscheeks, exposing her perfectly round and very pink bud.

"Kiss my ass, baby. Lick my sphincter. Get me good and loose and if you do, you can fuck me back there for the first time."

I didn't have to be told twice, especially when Carla turned her face toward me and behind that falling mass of brunette hair. I saw her wink at me and cast a smile-sneer my way.

I grabbed her sweaty globes and spread them wider. Her rosebud was inches away. Then I began a methodical rim job, swirling my tongue around and around. Gradually, it softened its pucker somewhat and I probed it with the tip of my tongue. Carla increased her ministrations. Both hands fluttered beneath me, dancing over her pussy and clit. My tongue sank deeper into her hole, then deeper still, as I began an insistent in-and-out rhythm that sent me ever deeper into her most forbidden of entryways. Then I pulled back and spit saliva directly onto her now gaping asshole. With one hand, I lubed up my penis; with the other, I steadied myself on her asscheeks before pushing the head of my phallus into her gaping dark opening.

Carla grunted below me. The head of my member disappeared into her asshole. I pushed deeper and Carla yelped. I asked her if she wanted to quit.

Her answer, "Fuck no! Go deeper."

So I did, deeper still. Until soon, I was hilt deep in her backdoor. It wasn't long before Carla exploded and began a wild bucking beneath me. This sent me over the edge too.

**Chapter 6**

﻿

The beach episode was one bout of exposure after the other. Carla wore a thin top that consisted of the proverbial tiny twin triangles doing their best to conceal her pendulous breasts. The bottom consisted of a tiny-string that her puffy bald pudenda bulged out in a cute triangular-shaped package. She was a sight. Men and women alike ogled her. Some lusted after her, some admired her tan, and some probably couldn't believe she could be that audacious in the company of her boyfriend and younger friend.

Tommy and I were no exceptions to the ogling rule. We gaped at Carla's brazen antics, whether she was lying on a beach towel, sauntering along the surf, going for a long walk or simply bending over and reaching into the cooler for another brew disguised as a soda.

The condo was spacious. The bedroom held a king-sized bed. Tommy was assigned the massive L-shaped living room couch as his bed. No complaints from him, since it could easily accommodate half a dozen weightlifters with room to spare.

The show didn't stop at night. I paced my liquor intake to keep tabs on Carla's antics, but my gorgeous girlfriend didn't hold back. She put away one wine cooler after the next on the first night, switched to Merlot on the second and stuck with wine for our third and final night at the condo.

We ate some great meals and drank and watched movies on cable. And we drank and joked with each other, played some Scrabble and Trivial Pursuit (that rage of the '80s) and Carla drank some more and a little more. Inhibitions Gone with the sea breeze and the smoke trailing off her endless supply of lit cigarettes.

It was on the third night that trouble ensued. Or maybe it wasn't trouble, but merely the inevitable. I awoke to darkness. The radio-alarm on the nightstand read 2:30. Carla was missing from her side of the bed. I waited for a flushing sound from the bathroom, a faucet signaling running water. None came.

Two-thirty became three and three became quarter of four.

Carla returned to the bedroom at 4:15. She was completely naked.

I was sitting up against the headboard. There was enough moonlight filtering in for her to spot me immediately. She jumped on the bed. I opened my mouth to speak but she pressed a finger to my lips and shushed me. Her fingers smelled of tobacco and her breath, of wine.

"SSSSSHHHHH! Don't ask, please. I'll behave from now on."

"What does that mean?"

Her answer was a sloppy kiss. I tasted Merlot on her lips and tongue. A few minutes later and she was sleeping softly beside me, leaving me to ponder the mystery of her absence.

Carla refused to speak of the incident the next morning. She only said, "Tommy's happy he came with us. He likes me. When I'm ready to say more, I will, okay? But I just can't talk about it right now, I'm feeling strange. I'm sorry, baby. Please don't push me about this thing. Please."

I was no dummy. It was pretty clear what had happened, especially after reading Tommy's look that day, a look that screamed guilt, embarrassment and eager-to-please puppy all rolled into one.

I was genuinely worried about Carla, about Tommy, about myself. I tried to talk to her about it but she grew irritated and avoided me. A few nights later, my girlfriend promised that she was my girl and my girl exclusively, period.

Tommy didn't visit our apartment the week of our return from the beach. Carla said that he must've found a girlfriend. The following week, we ran into his uncle by the mailboxes. I noted the look of apprehension on Carla's face, but then the guy waved to us. He explained that Tommy's visit was over and that he had returned home. The man thanked us for showing his nephew such a fine time during his visit. Carla told him it was our pleasure and be sure to say hi when he spoke to Tommy again.

**Chapter 7**

﻿

Carla behaved for a few weeks after the Tommy incident. I think whatever occurred at the condo spooked her. I'm not saying that Tommy did something to her or threatened her in any way. Rather, I think that Carla's own desires and her capacity to go full-throttle into major taboo territory shook her up. In other words, she scared herself. The result was a strong attempt on my girlfriend's part to channel her desires into our own sex-life. Carla is the only woman I know whose libido matched mine. Scratch that: Carla is the only person I know whose libido surpassed mine.

I reflected back on the Carla I had met one short year or so ago at college. She had been fun and feisty, but that other Carla was a shy and reserved wallflower compared to the new woman I found myself living with on a daily basis. I think that Carla's own erotic blossoming dovetailed with my own home exposures. She loved to hear about my total nudity around my mother. When she saw me doing it, there seemed to be no turning back. The floodgates of desire began to crack and she contributed to my home shows by actually fondling my naked penis in front of my mother. Once we moved in together, the floodgates cracked completely. Carla discovered just how much fun it could be to be the object of desire. Rather than an outsider, a voyeuristic witness, Carla began to want to be the active participant and focal point of the exposure games.

Tommy had been the perfect audience, eager to see more of Carla exposing herself. But whatever happened with Tommy (it was never really completely clear to me) stayed in the past. We started having more fun together. We were inventive and had a blast in the confines of our apartment, but as the weeks stretched on and our sexual hunger began to ebb a bit, Carla began to grow restless. Oh, she didn't speak of it. She didn't have to. It was obvious. She still wanted sex as much as ever, but it took more and more stimuli to get her off.

She loved to spend long periods of time recounting our previous exposure incidents. "Tell me a story, Baby," she would say, tossing herself back on the bed and letting her fingers trail over her nude body. It was my cue to start recounting some of our previous exploits. Carla loved for me to simply tell her what I used to do at home. It didn't have to be explosively sexual, either. Just recounting the times I used to lounge around stark naked in front of my mother would pacify her, as did my stories of bathing in front of my mother and, eventually, masturbating in front of her.

Carla would lay back in bed as I told her the stories, her eyes glazed with lust, her nude body sprayed by a sheen of perspiration as she worked her fingers and hands expertly over her vagina and inside it, rubbing her clit from one thundering orgasm to the next. These sessions would always culminate by my flipping her over and banging into her from behind, my shaft buried hilt-deep in her wetness as it hugged me tight, my groin slapping into her more than generous buttocks, the room filled with the sound of smacking bodies and the scent of sex.

But eventually that wasn't enough for Carla. The stories were always treasures to her, but she needed to increase her sexual high. We started to frequent an X-rated bookstores on the outskirts of the city. We took to renting a few movies every weekend. That lasted for a few weeks. Then Carla started making solo trips to the store during the week.

Carla increased our "porno nights" from once to three times a week. And she informed me that more and more often, she was having at least one "porno day" when I was gone.

It was around this time that Carla decided to drop out of school for the semester. I was a bit surprised. When I first met her, Carla was quite studious. Don't get me wrong; she loved to have tons of fun, too, but up to this point, she had taken her school very seriously. It seemed that moving out of her parents' home gave her a sudden freedom that she had never experienced under their stern eyes and disciplined structure. Carla would eventually return to school, but dropping out became a pattern with her, and completing a semester was always iffy from this point on.

Carla was gifted and intelligent, but she was also growing increasingly consumed by her hedonistic desires to the extent that they began to interfere with her day-to-day existence. Maybe the latter statement is too harsh. More accurately, Carla discovered that her libido and desires were far greater than she'd ever imagined, and rather than try to curtail them, she decided to indulge herself. My girlfriend literally changed her life patterns to be able to provide herself with more and more sensual and sexual pleasures.

I tried to talk her out of quitting school that first semester, but she advised me not to bother doing so, that she was so far behind in her reading and studying that she was literally flunking out of three of her four classes. She blamed it on bad luck this semester, explaining that all her Profs were "shitty and incompetent." Well, if you're in school long enough, you do run into shitty professors now and then, but three in one term? That's rare.

Still, I chose not to quibble with her. It was, after all, her decision. She promised to get a part-time job for a while and help with bills and she did, working twenty hours a week at a card store at the mall. The new job suited Carla's current mindset perfectly. She didn't have to study and spend long hours researching her subjects at the library. She had much more free time at home and she put it to good use.

On many occasions during that semester, I got home from my classes or work and found Carla sprawled on the living room couch, naked and masturbating to a porno flick in the VCR. I'll confess that watching Carla with spread tanned legs, pretty toes gripping the edge of the coffee table, inserting a dildo deep into her self with one hand and using the other to dance her fingers furiously over her clit was an arousing site to behold and I would frequently attack her. Carla laughed wildly and drunkenly (a lot of afternoons she was riding a dual high - buzzed on porno and wine or wine coolers). Our marathon would continue until I was completely spent.

"Did anyone ever tell you you're positively insatiable?" I said after one of our sessions.

"Yeah."

"Oh! Who?"

"Why, you silly. Remember yesterday?"

**Chapter 8**

﻿

Carla loved to be nude so much that she called it "addicting." The minute she got to our apartment, off came the few clothes she bothered to wear sandals, cutoff shorts and a blouse. She never wore a bra and only once in a very great while did she bother with a micro-thin thong. If we were in for the rest of the day and night, then Carla was nude for the duration. If we happened to be running to the grocery store quickly, she'd usually wear an oversized T-shirt that ended about two or three inches below her butt. Sometimes she'd wear her sandals; other times she'd wear her red toe nail polish and nothing else on her tootsies. Everyone assumed that she was wearing shorts underneath the shirt. If they only knew the truth!

Late one night, I was brain dead from studying for two upcoming exams. I decided to give my brain a rest and go for a drive. Carla said she wanted to come and asked me to swing the car by the apartment and pick her up. I assumed that she would use the extra few minutes that it took me to retrieve the car to put something on her naked body.

Wrong.

When she heard the car idling in front of our place, she bounded out the door - stark naked! She jumped in the car, I gunned it and the night quickly swallowed us. We laughed over the incident. I drove us around for almost an hour. I asked Carla what it felt like to be on a nighttime drive. She replied that it was one of the most erotic rushes she had ever experienced.

After our first night excursion with Carla leaving the house completely naked, she grew bolder and seldom wore the shirt on our night trips, preferring instead to go out in the nude. If I had to make a stop, she would have me park in the shadows and wait for me in the car. One time I had to return to the university library to pick up a couple of books for a research paper and Carla decided to tag along. It was springtime and about 6:30. Dusk was coming on soon, but it hadn't fully arrived yet, let alone nighttime. Still, Carla was the first one out the door! I about died, not from embarrassment, but from excitement and a bit of fear.

"Jeeze, isn't it a bit early to be running around nude outside, sweetheart?" I asked her, even as I felt the familiar excitement brought on by seeing her expose herself so brazenly.

"It's never too early, lover," Carla smiled and winked at me.

We raced to the car, which was parked very close to our front door - but just far enough to be a challenge. Somehow made it without getting caught, although I could hear neighbors' voices, booming stereos and chattering TV sets all around us.

At the library parking lot, Carla had me leave our car far away from the other vehicles. When I returned, she was breathing hard and sitting low and cross-legged on her side of the car. I could tell she was very aroused and a bit frightened.

"What's up?" I asked.

A bit glassy-eyed and fondling herself openly, she explained that a campus security car had circled the parking lot twice. She didn't know if the officers could see her or not in the gathering twilight, but she'd grabbed one of my textbooks anyway, hunched down low, and pretended read. They made a slow pass by our car but likely decided she was just a tired student wearing an off-the-shoulder tube-top. If they'd only bothered to scrutinize the car a little more closely! That incident sparked a wild sex session upon our return home.

Carla had always had acting aspirations and was frequently involved in local theater. While attending the university, she landed a number of parts in the school's plays. After Carla quit school, she concentrated a lot of her time on her hedonistic lifestyle, but from time to time, she would grow restless. When the urge hit her, she returned to the stage in a number of community theater productions.

One of the young girls in the company - a cutie named Cheryl - took to coming over in the afternoons and sunning with Carla. She was a sweet girl with shoulder-length auburn hair and a dusting of very light freckles scattered across her nose and upper cheeks. Cheryl was several years younger than Carla, who was in her early 20s at the time. In no time at all, Cheryl became a female Timmy. In other words, she became a constant target of Carla's incessant exhibitionist shows.

At first, my girlfriend wore a g-string bikini in front of Cheryl, but one afternoon I got home from school to find the apartment empty. Then I stepped into the apartment's small backyard/patio and there was sweet little Cheryl in her conservative swimsuit (a black two-piece number cut quite modestly). Lying next to Cheryl was Carla. My girlfriend wore nothing more than her birthday suit!

I found it such a thrill to see Carla casually exposing herself to somebody else so extensively - even if it was to a young girl. I think Carla was a bit aroused too, because she asked me to rub lotion on her back and didn't stop me when my rubbing got lower and lower and I started massaging first her legs and then her buttocks. She just lay there, smiling faintly, her eyes unreadable behind dark sunglasses. Cheryl continued to read a horror paperback - or pretended to, because every now and then she'd glance over at my ministrations and smile as I poured more lotion onto Carla's upper thighs and butt and continue to rub.

I reflected back to the days when I lived at home. This was very similar to my own nude exposures around the house with my mother as audience. Carla's exposures with Timmy had also been fun. For one thing, they had awakened me to the realization that I was at an ebb in my own exhibitionist tendencies, preferring instead to get a showoff thrill voyeuristically, via Carla's exhibitionism. Still, the Timmy play had gone too far, in my opinion. It was too close to home, for one thing. What if Timmy had gone home one early evening and told his uncle what the woman whom he had befriended like to wear - or not wear - around the house, practically twenty-four hours a day. This new audience turned me on from the start. For one thing, Cheryl didn't live in our own apartment complex. For another, Cheryl was a girl and so was Carla. Where was the harm in one girl showing herself to another? Watching Carla moan and spread her legs apart as I massaged oil onto her already bronze skin began to make me hard. And it certainly didn't hurt that Cheryl was a gorgeous and very curvy girl.

Eventually, we all abandoned the patio and stepped inside. Carla announced that she was going to use the main bathroom to take a rinse and get the lotion off. Cheryl and I made small talk, while sipping sodas and standing in the kitchen. A few minutes later, Carla came sauntering into the kitchen, stark naked, combing out her brunette hair. She had taken her shower but remained nude. When Cheryl left to shower, Carla walked over to me. I hugged her and smelled her clean skin and shampooed her.

"What do you think?" she asked.

"I think you're getting more gorgeous by the minute."

She slapped my bicep with the comb. "No dummie. What do you think about my staying nude?"

"I think you're going to do what you want to, regardless of what I think about it. Besides, you seem to have found another built-in audience all over again."

Carla nodded. "For some reason, that's important to me. I can't believe I'm more an exhibitionist now than you ever were."

"I can. The way you carried on with Tommy was scandalous."

My sweet girlfriend literally blushed.

"Don't remind me." She stepped back into my arms and draped her hands around the back of my neck and peered up at me with sly eyes. "I've been good for awhile now, though, haven't I, baby?"

"Of course, sweetheart, but I could tell you were getting more and more restless lately."

She nodded and kissed me once, twice, a third time.

"Even with the porn and our nude drives and all the great sex. I just felt like showing off up close and personal to someone again. I mean someone besides you. You're my Number One audience. But sometimes it's fun to show to somebody else. It's funny because you know I'm not into girls, but when Cheryl came over today, I thought, fuck it, I'm not gonna wear my suit and when we went outside, I walked out of our bedroom totally nude and just stayed that way for awhile until we went outside."

"How did she react?"

Carla smiled again. "Cheryl's a real honey."

"And a cutie too," I added.

"You bet. Well, she giggled and blushed a bit but she didn't say anything directly. In fact, we had a perfectly normal conversation sitting right over there, in the living room. Cheryl sat on the couch and I sat on the floor, right near her legs. I told her I wanted to do my nails before we headed outside. She said fine. We talked about the play and our parts and stuff while I polished my toenails, then my fingernails. Then we talked about Cheryl's school coming up again in another few weeks. She's bummed summer's almost over. I teased her and told her I'd think of her in school, sweating over her studies, while I lay on the couch and watched a porno. Do you know she actually blushed at that?"

"I'll bet."

"Really, the sweetheart reminded me of Tommy. Anyway, we talked about the boys she liked and that kind of thing. Girl talk, you know? Except that I was there -- She pointed to the living room. "-- sitting on the carpet, legs spread out and facing her."

"Nude?"

"Totally naked baby," We shared a laugh.

"And here she comes," I whispered into Carla's ear.

Cheryl came in and found me smooching at the kitchen counter with my naked girlfriend. Carla announced that she had a bit of a sunburn and didn't want to wear anything to irritate it.

"She's lying," I said, squeezing Carla's smooth brown buttocks brazenly in front of Cheryl. "She just hates clothes."

"Not true," Carla complained. "I love clothes -- I just don't like wearing them too often."

"No sweat," Cheryl said, laughing. "It's your house and I don't care what you guys wear or don't wear."

Carla went over and gave Cheryl a hug. "Thanks sweetie. Now let's go rehearse our lines for awhile until Tony finishes the barbeque."

"I'm gonna barbeque?"

"You bet you are."

"Oh! Okay. Sounds good to me, beer, barbeque and babes," I said smiling.

From then on, Carla would dress only when she had more friends than Cheryl over for rehearsals. If it were only Cheryl, Carla never again bothered to put anything on, and she never hesitated to lose her clothes the second she and Cheryl came in from rehearsals or shopping. Though several years apart in age, Carla and Cheryl became good friends and Cheryl started spending the night at our apartment. I'll bet she ended up seeing Carla more naked than clothed!

Carla, Cheryl and I had a lot of adventures together and the girls had some fun on their own. For example, one evening I got home and found Carla and Cheryl convulsing with laughter on the living room floor. Cheryl was in her oversized sleep shirt and Carla was in the buff. She ran over and jumped onto me, her legs encircling my waist. She kissed me deeply and I could tell two things right away: she had been drinking more than the empty wine cooler bottle I spotted on the coffee table, and she was very turned on. I squeezed her round butt and started slipping my hands deeper between her cheeks, the tip of one finger moving over her sphincter and probing. Then I caught myself.

"OOOPS!"

Cheryl grinned. "I didn't see anything. Besides, you have one CRAZY girlfriend, Tony."

"Oh! You're just discovering this fact, what happened?"

The girls started giggling again.

"Carla flashed the pizza guy!"

**Chapter 9**

﻿

One of the things I discovered before too much time passed was that this particular pizza-boy flashing incident was much bolder than the first one Carla and I engaged in together.

Shortly after I got home on the night of the "pizza flashing" incident with Cheryl, Carla said she was going to crash early. I could tell she was pretty bombed, so I told Cheryl that I was going to go tuck her in (more like tuck into her). As soon as we got to our bedroom, Carla and I attacked each other. She stripped my shorts and T-shirt off in lightning speed and we both fell nude on the bed. Pretty soon I had her on all fours and was slamming into her from behind. I worked her body and coaxed her to tell me what I'd missed earlier in the evening.

"Tell me," Sexy," I said, my voicing shaking with my thrusts. "What did you do? Tell me!"

Carla only giggled between moans and groans and I caught a glimpse of her smile-sneer in the dresser mirror. It didn't take us long to explode. We rode twin orgasms fueled by her flashing. The high was amazing - hers because she did it, mine because I knew that she had done something wild and brazen, even if I didn't know the specifics.

Carla fell into a dazed slumber. I got up and freshened up a bit, then slipped my shorts back on and went back to the living room. Cheryl was watching TV. She was spending the night and seemed quite comfortable. She was in a hot pink oversized T-shirt that rode down to almost mid-thigh. She hugged a pillow close and had her legs curled beneath her. I caught a glimpse of her pretty feet sticking out from the side of her shirt. Then Cheryl looked over and smiled at me. Her brown-gold hair looked darker in the dim light and she looked like a mischievous little girl more than a teenager. I sat near her and returned her smile and asked me to give me details about Carla's antics earlier in the evening.

Cheryl said that Carla had been drinking since early afternoon. By the time they'd decided to order a pizza a couple of hours ago, Carla said she was tired of rehearsing for their upcoming play, so she put on some rock music and made Cheryl dance with her. As the time for the pizza delivery drew closer, Cheryl followed my stark naked girlfriend into the kitchen and asked her if she was going to put on her T-shirt (Carla's usual stand-by item of clothing).

"What for," Carla pouted.

"Well, 'cause the pizza man will be coming soon."

"So?"

"Or I can go to the door."

"No, I'll take care of things, honey. It's my apartment."

Carla then took a fresh wine cooler and made her way to the living room where she shut off the stereo, flicked on the TV and sprawled across the couch.

When the doorbell rang, Carla made as if she were jumping off the couch, but Cheryl made her stay put and insisted on getting the door. Carla reached for her wine and pointed to the coffee table, where she'd thrown a twenty-dollar bill earlier. Cheryl retrieved the money and answered the door. Cheryl said she gave the guy a couple of dollars for a tip. "I didn't have to, though."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I guess you can say that Carla gave the guy a tip of her own."

"What?"

"I mean, she gave him a visual tip."

Cheryl tried her best to shield the guy's eyes from the rest of the house, but she was too short to hide much and our apartment's hallway created a straight-shot view of the living room beyond.

"The pizza delivery boy got an eyeful of Carla lounging nude on the couch - and then some."

"Seriously!"

Cheryl nodded. She said she swung around just in time to watch Carla take a long sip of wine, smile and wave to the delivery boy and then she walked over brazenly and stood within inches of the delivery boy.

"Thanks for bringing the food over, Sexy. I'd give you a dollar or two for your efforts, but" - at this point, she draped her arms around the boy's neck - "Don't you think this kind of thank-you tip is so much better?"

The guy was so stunned that he couldn't get a word out, not even a thank you.

Then Cheryl balanced the pizza box with one hand and gave Carla a tug at the waist with the other and slammed the door shut on the poor boy. A second later, the two died laughing over Carla's bold behavior.

This was the first time that Carla showed herself off so brazenly to a complete stranger. Prior to this occasion, only a select few friends had seen her display her nude self. Needless to say, things got wilder as the months rolled by.

Cheryl's presence in our apartment also marked my own return to the world of showing off and exposure.

**Chapter 10**

﻿

I don't know if it was my being constantly exposed to Carla's own exhibitionism or if I simply got tired of being a voyeur, but in time, my own dormant exhibitionist tendencies flared up. I think that for a long time I grew quite satisfied to obtain my exhibitionist thrills vicariously, by watching Carla exhibiting herself. I got off on the idea of my girlfriend taking center stage and enjoying it so immensely. Some of you reading this story can surely relate to the thrill you can get by watching a partner's own exhibitionist behavior. That's what I was feeling and I enjoyed it tremendously. Perhaps it was inevitable, however, that given my own previous antics, I was to find myself on full display once again.

(Yes, I know: this is Carla's story. Rest assured that I won't stray too far from it. But I will share a few of my own antics here. Those of you who want to read more about my own exhibitionist history should check out my previous story, "Flirting With Exhibitionism and Incest.")

So what was my standard wardrobe around Cheryl during those weeks that Carla was parading her nude body around her friend? Shorts and a t-shirt were what I usually wore around the house. Cheryl and Carla grew closer by the week and Cheryl started spending the night at our place, sometimes even on school nights. Because she and Carla did theatre together, Cheryl's mom (who was divorced) didn't mind. I still remember that on many a night, Cheryl's mother would drop off her daughter. Carla and I always made polite chitchat with her. Carla would usually be "clothed" in an oversized T-shirt at the time, but as soon as Cheryl's mom stepped out the door, Carla would raise her arms over her head and smile. It became a signal: either Cheryl or I would walk over and pull Carla's shirt up and off and there she would stand, totally nude.

"NOW I'm ready for dinner," she'd usually say, "Or anything!"

It's funny because you would think that after months of this behavior, the excitement would begin to wane. Not true. If anything Carla's showing off turned us on more and more, I think Cheryl also sensed the increasing air of eroticism in our household, though all of us pretended that Carla's nudity was perfectly natural and just a desire for her to be comfortable. In a sense, it was; Carla loved to spend as much time as possible in the nude. On the other hand, I knew how to read Carla very well (just as she could read me) and what I often saw in her face as she had dinner, or rehearsed part of a play with Cheryl, or sprawled out on the couch in her birthday suit, was not just comfort but a mischievous and sensuous air about her.

Since Cheryl became such a fixture around the place, I grew more comfortable with her presence and started wearing less and less around her. Eventually, I took to wearing a T-shirt and a pair of loose jogging shorts around her and nothing more. These shorts were really too loose and too short and if I wasn't careful, I frequently "spilled" out of them.

One night, while watching TV with Carla and Cheryl, I was particularly engrossed in the film. Carla was lying next to me on the couch, while Cheryl was sprawled on the floor. When she turned around to talk to Carla and me, I noticed her eyes drifting down and lingering. When she faced forward again, I inspected myself and saw why she was staring my way. It was obvious that I was completely exposed to her, thanks to a wide opening in one leg of my shorts. Even in the soft glow of the TV Cheryl must have been able to see quite a bit. In fact, because our young friend was at ground level and I was up on the couch, her head was almost directly level with my exposed package. The more I thought about it, the more I thought I might be showing too much. I reached down to adjust my shorts but Carla's hand snaked out and grabbed mine.

"Leave it," she whispered.

"But" - Carla's eyes pleaded with me and I finally acquiesced. The longer I stayed exposed, the more turned on I became and the longer I grew. I noticed that Cheryl turned around for more exchanges with Carla. These exchanges continued throughout the night, with increasing frequency.

Later, in our bedroom, Carla was extremely aroused and ordered me to take her forcefully from behind. It didn't take us long to experience violent yet pleasurable orgasms. I'll never forget Carla's words as we lay there in the dark.

"Honey, I loved it when you showed off to Cheryl." I saw new lust smolder in her eyes. "You must do it again."

I played coy, "How come?"

"Because I need you to, that's why."

"You mean you want me to?"

Carla used one hand to cup me forcefully, the other to plow cupped fingers into her pussy. "No, I need to see something like that again. I NEED you to do it."

I got my chance to fulfill Carla's wishes about a week later, during the morning rush around our apartment. We all usually took off in different directions after getting ready, but either Carla or I would drop Cheryl off at her school on our way to our own job or school. Our bedroom had its own bathroom, but Cheryl slept in the guest bedroom and had to use the guest bathroom in the hallway. That bathroom lacked a shower stall, so Cheryl had to use our bathroom to get ready for school. Cheryl spent the night so often; I came to know her routine, including her wakeup time and showering time.

One morning, I was feeling especially horny when I woke up and I wanted to do something more than roll onto my side and slide into Carla's waiting wetness. I nudged Carla awake and asked her if she wanted me to go on display again. She smiled slyly, eyes still closed, and nodded. I told her to peek from our bedroom door and then walked out to the kitchen. Sure enough, only a minute or two went by before Cheryl opened her bedroom door, a fresh change of clothes in hand. When Cheryl walked into the kitchen seconds later, she found me pouring a glass of orange juice. Pretty normal morning routine, only this time I was completely naked. By sheer willpower, I had willed myself not to go hard, but now I felt myself grow thicker and longer.

"Cheryl! I'm sorry!" I said. "I totally forgot you were here."

She went three shades of red and giggled hysterically. "It's okay! Wow!"

I put the juice back in the fridge and started walking toward the bedroom. "Wow yourself! Wow what?"

"Wow -- my first naked man turns out to be my best girlfriend's guy!"

"Is that good or bad?" I asked, turning slightly for her benefit.

She gazed down at my member which was still respectable, I guess, but thickening quickly and slapping against my leg as I walked.

"Very good Tony," She said, as she made it to the bedroom door, she turned and flashed me another one of her sunny smiles.

Then she winked and said, "Don't be shy!"

And I wasn't. From then on, Cheryl got more peeks and there were more "accidents" more often.

When I finally returned to the dark bedroom, I could hear the shower running behind the closed bathroom door. Then I looked at the bed and there was Carla, reclining on her pillows, legs spread wide, and masturbating furiously. I was surprised that she hadn't waited for me, but her half-lidded eyes and sheen of light perspiration told me she was close to bringing herself off. I moved her hand and slid myself, rock hard now, into her. She started cumming almost immediately and kept doing so until I shot off deep inside her. Then we heard the shower turn off and decided to behave, before Cheryl stepped out of the bathroom and catching us in the midst of a wild time.

**Chapter 11**

﻿

After exposing myself to Cheryl the first time, I grew more lax about my own clothing around the house. Mind you, I was never as unabashedly and totally nude as Carla was around the apartment, but I did give Cheryl more than her share of peeks. And then there was Melinda, a student at the university who called upon me for tutoring help.

Melinda was one of countless students who struggled to pass the second half of freshman English composition at the university. She was one of several students I tutored to pick up some extra cash while making my way through my own graduate studies. Of the lot, however, Melinda was most definitely one of the cutest: a fair-skinned blond with a quiet voice and an innocent demeanor.

Melinda was about as strong in English classes as I used to be in Math classes. (Basically, I sucked at Math.) So she hired me to help her improve her essay writing. For a few weeks one semester, I used to meet this girl every Saturday morning at the college library and tutor her for about an hour and a half, sometimes two hours.

One Saturday, I woke up and reached over for Carla's warm buns on sunny display beside me. Then I remembered it was Saturday and I had to meet Melinda. I groaned, released Carla and headed for the shower. Afterward, I put on my oldest and shortest pair of jogging shorts (no underwear) and a T-shirt and then headed out to the library.

I met Melinda and we had our help session, with the two of us sitting in a study room on the same side of the table. The room was small, but private enough, though it did have a glass window on the door. Since it was fairly early on a Saturday morning, the library was pretty empty.

As I was going over Melinda's comparison/contrast composition on two mythology stories, I caught the scent of her delicious perfume; this, coupled with her little-girl giggles and incredible smile, made me wish I had finished what started with Carla that morning. I could feel myself growing very stiff below. Still, I struggled to behave. Really! Well, at least for a little while.

I continued to converse with Melinda. We talked about her essay development and compared elements in both stories. Then I heard Melinda catch her breath. A few moments later and she released a string of giggles. She began to squirm. I very casually looked down to my crotch area and saw the head of my member peeking out of the leg of my shorts. For a second I thought to move and cover up, but then a wicked thrill shot through me and the pervert in me said, Oh, what the hell. So I continued to talk and scribble in Melinda's notebook, correcting her draft. Melinda wrote down a few things too and tried hard to stay focused on the lesson, but I could feel myself swelling.

A minute or two later, I noticed that I was now sticking a good halfway out of the right leg of my shorts. My penis was thick and crimson, the domed head almost purplish. I pretended not to be aware of this glaring fact (yeah, right) and kept talking and joking with Melinda - and STILL I didn't cover up. Finally, I reached down to scratch my upper thigh and then pretended to notice the situation for the first time. This called for an "OOOPS!" on my part. With some difficulty, I tucked myself back into my shorts.

"I'm so sorry!" I said. Melinda's face was flushed and she burst into fresh laughter.

"Melinda, I didn't mean to embarrass you."

She laughed some more and shook her head. "It's no problem. I'm fine."

We got back into the stories and her essay, sort of, but the tension was razor-sharp. I felt so hard that I was throbbing. A few minutes later, Melinda spoke. "Um, I think your problem is back, Tony."

I knew exactly what she meant because I'd felt myself spring out of my shorts again. A quick glance down told me that I was revealing more than ever. This time I made a big production out of putting myself back into my shorts by first grabbing my member near the base (and subsequently exposing most of my goods) and then tucking it back inside.

"Naughty, Naughty," I admonished my crotch, explaining that sometimes "he" had a mind all his own. This made Melinda blush deeper and giggle some more.

When it happened again, I grabbed myself and squeezed my phallus near the base again. I squeezed very hard and that made me completely erect. I was in a full-blown state of arousal and extremely exposed at a level that I've seldom shown myself. When I spoke, I heard my voice trembling slightly, from my own excitement.

"Can you believe him?" I said, wagging my penis in the air.

Then Melinda did something that almost made me erupt right in front of the girl. She returned the wag I gave with my penis! The girl began to play along with my showing off!

She wagged her right index finger at my crotch and addressed my member, "Bad boy, Behave."

At this point I was so hard and turned on that I could've brought myself off with just a few strokes. Can you blame me? Here I was getting the flowing rush by exposing myself to a virtual stranger! In the past, I had been quite brazen around my mother and Carla. I had also begun to expose myself a bit to Cheryl, whom I knew. But Melinda was someone fairly new and that seemed to trigger a fresh intensity within me.

I continued to grip myself at the base of my member again, my balls puffed and distorted below my palm. This time I didn't put it tuck right away. Instead, I gave my penis one long and thoughtful stroke and then said, "You know what? I'll be right back."

Melinda smiled knowingly, "Bathroom break?"

"Right," I said. I gave myself a few more long lazy strokes as I told her to work on the paragraph we had been doctoring up. I noticed that she spent more time watching my self-ministrations than the paper, but she nodded and said she'd try to do as I asked.

Well, I found a bathroom and stroked my way to a quick orgasm, reliving every second of the incident. As I hurried back to the study room, I wondered if I had gone too far and if I'd scared Melinda off, but she was there when I returned.

We had a few other encounters together, but nothing like that first time.

**Chapter 12**

﻿

To reiterate, Carla absolutely hated the thought of clothes when she was around the house (and, as time went on, whenever she could get away without clothes away from home, she did so). Carla always called nudity "addicting." In the spring and summer of '85 or so, when Carla's young girlfriend Cheryl started hanging around our place, I noticed that Carla was also increasingly growing addicted to not only being nude, but showing herself off. Cheryl was the one who got the most blatant shows. After she grew used to seeing Carla in the buff, Carla would stay naked whenever Cheryl came over. Carla and Cheryl were in local theater and whenever they came back from rehearsals or, if they weren't doing a play at the moment but Cheryl came over to hang around, Carla would strip the moment she came home. Initially, I could tell that Cheryl was just the slightest bit uncomfortable with the situation, but she grew used to Carla's lifestyle.

Eventually, I asked Carla about her constant nudity around Cheryl. "You know, sweetie, being in the buff around me is one thing, but why do you flash so much for Cheryl?"

Carla tried to give me the brush off and called me crazy. She said she was hardly flashing, she was simply being herself: someone who preferred to be nude rather than clothed for comfort's sake. "Do you really think something else is going on here, Tony?"

Well, the truth was, yes, sort of. So I persisted and tried to get to the heart of the exhibitionism. "But I've seen you get turned on when you've made me show off a bit for Cheryl. Are you sure it's just comfort? And let me say right now, in order to put you at ease. that I don't care if you feel anything more than friendship for Cheryl. I can deal with that."

Carla smiled, gave me a hug and kissed me on the lips. "You're the biggest sweetheart," I remember her saying. "Here's the deal. Let me see if I can explain it. You guessed right when you said it may be more than being nude to be comfortable. That's a lot of what it is, but it's more. It's like the couple of times that we went driving and I left my clothes at home. Or the time I flashed the pizza guy. When I show off for Cheryl, it's not a gal-gal thrill that I feel, but rather a kind of constant low-level turn on the entire time she's here and I'm nude in her presence the whole time, Tony. Can you understand that?"

"In a way, yeah," I said nodding.

And here's where I 'fessed up, too. "Well, seeing you showing off for extended periods really gets me going too, hon. I get turned on watching you be naked and getting turned on by showing off.

Does that make sense?"

She nodded and gave me another kiss. "Now that we've got that out of the way, there's only one other problem."

"What?"

"I think you know what it is. I've been flashing for Cheryl a lot lately, but we haven't done anything really crazy. In other words, what are we gonna do to top it?"

I shrugged. "I'm not sure. When you flash for Cheryl, you flash for hours at a time, but you're in the confines of our apartment or our patio. You mean you're thinking of a way to top your constant exposure around Cheryl?"

Carla nodded again. "Exactly, how am I going to up the ante? I still feel a thrill over showing off and being totally naked at home, but I need more now. You know me, Tony. I ALWAYS need more after awhile."

"Well, I guess we'll have to get busy and think of something," I said.

And we did. The next step in our growing erotic exhibitionism play, it turned out, was to take more and more of what Carla called "flashing trips."

We lived about a half hour from Padre Island, so showing off at the beach most of the summer was an obvious solution. Some of the Island beach stretches are topless, so Carla wore next to nothing out there. Quite often Cheryl accompanied us on our late afternoon outings. While her bathing suit was a bit more conservative than Carla's micro g-string (dental floss looked rather thick compared to the bit of string that ran up and got lost between Carla's ass-cheeks), Cheryl still wore a bikini and it was nice to be in the company of two fine-looking ladies.

Carla usually stripped down to her g-string at the beach and didn't don a t-shirt until we were driving away from the park. Once we left the beach very late and the sinking south Texas sunset bathed Carla and Cheryl in splashes of orange and bronze. I remember Carla tossing her stuff into our car and then not bothering with her top. Cheryl raised an eyebrow when we got on the highway and Carla remained topless. But this was a night for me to be shocked as well.

It happened as I pulled into a coin-operated carwash on the way home. Carla proceeded to get out of the car clothed only in her g-string and helped Cheryl and I first vacuum, then hose down the car. Since she hadn't bothered with the t-shirt, I sensed she might try something like this, so I parked as far away from the other slots as possible. The place was pretty empty (it was a week-day), but there were still a couple of other cars that came and went while we were there.

Cheryl kept giggling at Carla's exposure and I was enjoying the show she was giving everyone who cared to look, but Carla acted nonplussed, as though it were perfectly natural for her to be walking around all but nude in the gathering gloom of night, the fluorescent lights of the place enhancing her exposure. Two teenage guys were washing one car near the other end of the car wash; both of them couldn't keep from staring blatantly at Carla when she stepped beyond the perimeters of the walls enclosing our car. In the end, I think they got more water on themselves than their car. The other customers turned out to be an older man and his equally older wife. The man made a half-hearted attempt to wash his car, but I could tell his wife was rushing him and in the end, I know that she refused to let him vacuum out his car.

That night we drove Cheryl home and then cruised around a bit. The minute Cheryl left the car, Carla slid out of her g-string, placed her bare feet on the dashboard and proceeded to work herself with both hands. Eyes closed, a seductive smile twisting across her lips, she didn't take long to bring herself off. Afterward, in a half-moaning, half-sleepy voice, she said. "I think we crossed a new line, Tony."

"You mean the car wash?"

"Yeah! And this being out here and driving around and being nude."

"We've done this before," I said.

"Yeah! But it was just a quick cruise here and there. We're not going home yet."

And we didn't. I drove Carla around a lot that night and the next and the one after that. It became her new idea of showing off and fun. Extended nude drives, "flashing trips". Carla took to taking a few wine coolers with her on many of these drives. She would often drain one quickly to loosen up, drink another fairly quickly and then suck on the last couple, like a nudie baby enjoying her bottle. The more we went out, the more Carla pushed the risk-envelope. She didn't dare get caught and yet a part of her very much wanted exposure, wanted to be seen by others.

One afternoon Carla started drinking early, then came up and gave me an exceptionally charged French kiss. "I wanna do something really crazy tonight."

My stomach tightened a bit, half from excitement, half from worry. "Carla, we're going to get arrested one of these nights."

She laughed. "Well, if it's tonight, they're gonna book me naked, Tony."

I felt myself grow hard against her. "What do you mean?"

She cupped me and slid to her knees. "You'll see." Then she convinced me, in her very special Carla way, to go along with her fun.

When dusk arrived, Carla walked out of the bedroom, loaded up her little ice chest and walked over to me.

"Go get the car."

She stood naked by the doorway.

"But you're naked."

"Duh!" She giggled. I could tell she was pretty buzzed and I wondered if I should try to convince her to stay home.

"Go get it!"

"But you always take a t-shirt, at least. What if we just --"

"Tony, get the car or I'll go get it."

Well, Carla could be incredibly stubborn and I thought the best thing to do to protect her was to go along with her plans.

When I pulled the car directly in front of our door, Carla rushed out. Except for the ice chest she was wearing and I guess you could count as a purse of sorts, she was totally naked.

We drove to the outskirts of the city that night and found a fairly new neighborhood development to cruise through. It was that great twilight hour between dusk and total nightfall. Several times we passed by homes where families were sitting outside on lawn chairs.

As we approached a large park, Carla told me to circle about and stop near the playground. When I got to a four-way stop on the opposite side of our destination, a trio of teens on bicycles were standing at the curb and talking. Carla decided to rummage around the little ice chest in the backseat and dig out one of her coolers. Then, just as I was about to execute the turn, Carla told me to turn on the car's overhead light. I thought she was crazy! But she insisted. I did so and quickly turned left. But not so quick that the boys didn't get to see what Carla and I both got such a charge out of their seeing: mainly, her exposed buns and long thighs and one foot pushing itself off the dashboard.

Carla bent forward and died laughing, me too. I looked over and saw her taking a long swig off the freshly opened cooler. Her other hand was buried deep between her legs and didn't leave there until she'd given herself a violent cum that made her choke on her wine.

"You okay?" I asked her.

"Never better see?" She grabbed my right hand and placed it on her sex. It was wetter than I'd ever felt it.

That excursion ended with Carla and I making slow and sensuous love under the stars in our back patio.

I also remember the first time we picked up Cheryl that way. "Hi girlfriend, Hi Tony," Cheryl yelled as she ran down the driveway from her house.

Carla waved back. "Hi!" She reached back and unlocked Cheryl's door.

Cheryl climbed into the backseat and immediately sprouted an ear-to-ear grin. "Jeeze, Car', you came in just your t-shirt? You're crazy!"

"How come, we were just buzzing over to get you, is all, Why do I need more?"

"Well, supposing my mom had come out or something."

"She didn't."

"Or someone else! I can't believe you sometimes, girl! Even when we go to the beach, you've got clothes in the car."

You should've seen her a few nights ago, I thought to myself, but didn't say a word.

"But here you're several miles from home and wearing just a t-shirt!"

Carla slipped the shirt over her head and tossed it at Cheryl. "Not any more!"

I felt myself growing aroused.

"Try it, Cheryl," Carla coaxed.

Cheryl squealed with laughter, "No way!"

And we were off on another flashing trip, this time with company.

**Chapter 13**

﻿

Carla stripped completely for these car rides -- initially, always at night, then later, in broad daylight -- and we both grew extremely turned on by her showing off. Quite often, nobody was aware of what was going on, but it was always the thrill of knowing that somebody could POSSIBLY find out and spot a flash of breasts or buns, that really got us going.

Cheryl was used to seeing Carla nude at home when she visited our apartment, but not in the car. It was a new side of Carla that Cheryl would soon grow used to (though not necessarily to love). I wish I could say that Cheryl started sharing Carla's passion for nudie rides and such, but rather than embellish the story too much, I'll stick closer to the facts as I remember them.

At summer's end, we saw less of Cheryl. I hit the books intensely since it was my senior year and I was also busy applying to various graduate schools. It was at this time that Carla decided to quit her part-time job in a gift shop at one of the city's malls. She was bored with the job and we could float on what I made at my two part-time jobs. Well, "float" isn't exactly the right word: stumble along is better. And if the truth is known, both Carla and I were dipping increasingly into our respective savings accounts.

Without having to go to work, Carla occupied her time by sleeping extremely late, getting up, sunning herself to a dark copper bronze as long as the waning summer allowed her to (it's a good thing we lived in a very warm southern state that allowed her to tan outdoors; when the weather finally got too chilly, she joined a tanning salon to maintain her dark coppery tones).

She would also spend long periods taking lazy sensuous baths, reading a good supply of erotic paperbacks, watching a lot of TV and getting into mischief from time to time. She enrolled for a semester in school, but she seemed to be stuck in the limbo of perpetual sophomore and dropped her courses before mid-term, as had been her pattern for many a semester. She even passed up trying out for a couple of plays put on by local playhouses because she didn't like any of the roles.

That autumn saw the emergence of a new Carla. She stopped wearing clothes altogether, except to go out now and then. Her smoking increased from about a half-pack of Salem's a day to a full pack. Her body filled out more and she grew voluptuous. Let me stress that Carla had never been a waif. Let me also stress that she did not grow fat at this time -- but there was definitely a curvier, thicker and more generous look to her. Her breasts grew larger and her tummy acquired a beautiful roundish fullness; her hips flared a bit more. But the most significant change was best evident from a rearview. Carla's shapely, curvy and round butt became even more pronounced and round.

I called her "Bubbles" from time to time (as in "Bubble-Butt") and Carla loved the new nickname and turned and gave her ass a saucy shake when I called her "Bubbles." I liked these rewards, even if she hadn't given them to me, I would have gotten to see her sexy buttocks swaying from side to side, since Carla was now a full-time home nudist.

If all the changes in Carla had been as pleasant to deal with as her expanding but oh so attractive shape, I guess things wouldn't have been too bad. But Carla changed in other ways, too. I saw a self-centered side of her emerge when she lost a girlfriend who had always tolerated Carla's nudity but who asked that she please cover up when her boyfriend accompanied her to our apartment. One night, Janice and Rick were due to stop by and I reminded Carla that they were due any minute and that she'd better cover up soon. She giggled as she pulled on her ever-present glass of wine and said she wanted to pull a joke on Jan and Rick. Sure enough, when they arrived, Carla answered the door stark naked. Jan had warned Carla about these pranks before; several times, in fact. That was the end of that friendship.

"Fuck her, then," Carla said, but I knew that she was hurt inside. Carla, like many theatrically inclined people I've met, craved attention and without my being able to provide it so diligently, she began to seek crazier thrills on her own to get the attention she so needed.

She'd stay up late watching videos (many of them porno tapes) or talking on the phone with a girlfriend who tolerated her increasingly bizarre mood swings, then usually wake me by cupping me or sucking me to erection and demanding sex. I remember indulging her many a night, kissing her boozy mouth and swimming through wave after wave of pleasure in a dreamy haze.

I often think how crazy Carla would have gotten if we had had access to anything like the Internet in the 80s. We had computers, of course, but the vast Internet highway had not yet blossomed into what it is today. As a result, we had to rely on videos to enhance our sexual escapades; magazines and erotic sex letters magazines, too. Carla loved these books and urged me to buy a new batch each week, even when money was tight.

"We need them, baby," she would coo and then whine, "Pleeeeeze!"

I complied, not because I needed them -- I had my hands full with our own frolics and school and work -- but because I knew that she loved the stuff to enhance her solo pleasure. It was at this time, when our lifestyles became so different, that I began to fear that Carla might have too much time on her hands to remain faithful to me.

I remember on several occasions waking up to use the bathroom and hearing soft moans coming from the living room. I'd gaze out from the darkness -- a voyeur in my own home -- and there Carla would be, sprawled out naked on the couch, legs spread wide, a small splash of lamplight illuminating her bronze skin. She would be fingering herself frantically with one hand, a glazed look in her eyes, holding a PLAYGIRL or erotic letters pocket magazine in her other hand. I watched her fingers dance over her wet clit and slide themselves deeply into her bald pussy and on a few occasions, I stuck around to see her back arch and her hands drop the magazine as she rode the throes of her latest orgasm.

Once, I couldn't help myself and spoke up. "That looks like fun," I said softly.

Carla looked up startled and then her mouth twisted into a leering grin.

"Come over her and find out just how fun."

That marked the end of my sleeping for that night. I interrupted Carla a few other times, but most nights I was content to watch from the darkness of the hallway.

Then came a night in which the sounds were different. From the bedroom, I heard more than moans. Carla was in the middle of a conversation! I got up and padded nude to the living room. From the hallway, I watched Carla splayed out on the couch, on her stomach. Her well-rounded buttocks moved up and down as she ground her wet bald mound into a couch pillow and her fingers. In her other hand, she held a telephone receiver, the wire coiled tightly around her arm.

I walked into the living room and half-asked her what was going on. She turned her head and leered at me and gave me a wink. Her body never broke its sensuous rhythm. I stood and watched Carla's beautiful ass -- an ass that I often worshipped with my lips and tongue -- moved rhythmically up and down; I saw four of her fingers disappear into her glistening pussy. I watched the couch pillow disappear underneath her grinding.

"You better believe I'm close," she said to the party on the line as she continued to look directly into my eyes.

I felt a funny tug in my stomach: on the one hand, the scene was incredibly erotic; on the other, a part of my mind screamed that this was beyond the porno that we both liked: this smelled a lot like cheating. Then I told myself I was thinking stupid thoughts and knelt down and stuck my face into Carla's damp globes. She squirmed, squealed and then reached behind her to run fingers through my hair and push me further in. My tongue began exploring.

"Oooo! I can feel your tongue rimming my butt hole," she told her caller and me. "That's it. Make your pretty tongue all pointy and stick it in deep! Yes! Like that!"

I continued to service her and then felt her explode as her fingers worked her clit and I worked her asshole and massaged her buttocks -- larger now and softer than when I first met her, now that she was spending most of her days holed up in the apartment and having fun with herself, but still the gorgeous globes I loved to worship.

"Who was it?" I asked her afterwards, using her butt as a pillow.

Carla lay on her stomach on the floor. She mumbled something into the pillow. I asked her to repeat it.

"Just a guy," she mumbled.

"Who, Do I know him?"

"No honey. It's a guy I got in touch with. He put an ad in one of the mags."

Sluggishly, she rolled over and moved toward me and cupped my face and looked at me. Even half-lidded and drunk as they were this night and so often were of late, those eyes never failed to melt my spirit.

"Don't worry. It'll never go further than fun on the phone. I PROMISE."

"Let's hit the sack," I said. "It's after 3:30."

She looked wistful, then nodded, "Be there in a bit."

But she wasn't. I dozed off listening to the sound of her soft voice talking to her friend -- or someone else -- again, her mumbling interrupted by faint moans from time to time.

I don't know what time she got to bed, but I felt her climb in. After a few minutes, she cuddled up against my back and spoke softly.

"You're not mad, are you?"

"No," I sighed. "Not really. The whole thing just caught me by surprise."

"Just don't get mad, baby. It's like the books and the videos. It's all fantasy."

As I said, this story now treads on dangerous territory. I think the relationship experienced its first true strains around then. It was truly an emotional time for us as a couple. Things started getting tension-filled when I had to devote more time to school and less to play. Carla grew irritable. We still indulged our passion for her nude romps around town, but not as often.

One night Carla had been drinking and as usual, the more buzzed she got, the hornier she grew until at last she demanded that we go for a nude cruise. I was truly swamped with work but decided to indulge her anyway. Carla insisted that I click on the dome light from time to time as we cruised one neighborhood after another. After an hour of showing her off from here to there, I had to get back home. Once there, we consumed another hour and a half in feverish lovemaking. Carla seemed insatiable. After another half hour of fun, I was strung out. Carla shocked me by grabbing her car keys and rushing out the door. Off she went to continue the night on her own. In the morning, I found her sprawled nude on the couch, two dildos on the floor, another near her gaping sex, and two empty wine bottles on the coffee table (no glass in sight).

I was beginning to worry about Carla. She needed attention, exposure, a challenge to keep her focused and for too long she'd had too much time on her hands. When she finally woke up in the early afternoon, we had a major row about her recent behavior. I explained that I loved decadence and hedonism as much as the next guy -- okay, more so -- but I was worried about her being on a collision course with major trouble. Things were left unresolved and the atmosphere was pretty icy for a few days.

Then, a few weeks later, Carla came home all bubbly and excited. I guessed it was more than the cool fall weather that put the roses on her cheeks and I was right. Carla was returning from an audition after being cast as the principal female lead in a controversial play being put on by one of the local theatre groups. The play involved the lead actress to simulate a lovemaking scene with an actor and to spend some time nude on the stage.

"Aren't you excited for me, baby?" She asked, smiling with mouth and eyes.

"You bet!" I said.

And indeed I was proud of her, but also a little worried, jealous and nervous all in one. After all, this was going to sanction Carla's exposure, formalize it in such a way that was heretofore unprecedented. Her exhibitionism definitely rose to another level with her participation in this play.

**Chapter 14**

﻿

Carla's involvement in her latest play meant a cool-down period of sorts in the sexual arena for us. This is not say that we no longer had sex -- indeed, we did, to the tune of at least once every night or so -- but the extracurricular and obsessive nature of our sexual antics slowed to a comfortable simmer. At least they did for me. But as you can tell from the previous chapter, Carla's libido took no back seat when it came time for me to do some serious buckling down due to school and such. If anything, her passion escalated to a height that actually frightened me a bit and concerned me into wondering what was going on with my lovely girlfriend. I wondered if she needed more focus in her life in order to really be happy. I mean, I've always had a high sex drive, but lately, Carla had been positively ravenous, to the point that she seemed to be neglecting all else in her life. I confess a part of me found this incredibly erotic and thrilling, while another part of me really began to worry about her.

For too long, Carla had been pretty much goal-less, out of school and out of work (she quit her part-time job after we decided we could make ends meet -- though just barely -- on my earnings from the convenience store job I held, coupled with my tutoring an increasingly steady flow of students). Worse, Carla had even shied way from her beloved acting for several months. Auditions seemed to go poorly for her because she said she simply couldn't get interested in the play. She kept insisting that she was waiting for the right play to break out and do better and try harder, but I was beginning to believe that my sultry Carla was even more of a hedonist than I could ever hope to be.

More often than not lately, I'd come home and find Carla very drunk and very naked, sprawled on the couch and masturbating furiously. I could tell by her sweat-soaked body that she'd been at it for a long time, yet she pounced on me and insisted that I take her. Most of the time, I was only too happy to oblige. Other times I'd find her chatting away on the phone, lying on our bed, having what she called "abso-fucking-lutely delicious" phone sex with some lucky guy that she insisted enjoyed it too, but only "for kicks from afar, so don't go jealous on me, lover."

Then the right play came along and Carla dove into it with a dedication that I hadn't seen in her in sometime. Carla wore very little to these rehearsals -- a loose blouse tied carelessly at the middle, leaving a lot of cleavage and all of her stomach exposed; a tight pair of cut-offs that revealed slices of buttock heaven to the lucky folk behind her, and either a pair of black open-toed pumps that highlighted her perfectly manicured, red-polished tootsies or a pair of flip-flops. Sometimes, she wore nothing at all on her feet.

One night I thought to surprise Carla after my night class. I knew she'd be out of rehearsals around ten o' clock or so, so I stayed at the university library and then took off for the theatre. I figured we could both do with a late bite to eat and then maybe we could drive around and allow Carla to display herself. I was feeling particularly horny on this night and because of the rigorous demands of school for me and play rehearsals for Carla, we'd actually been having days here and there when we didn't have time for more than a peck on the cheek, let alone sex or show-off fun and games.

At least that's what I thought was going on. When I got to the theatre, I found out quite differently. Maybe I was missing out on sexual rushes, but Carla certainly wasn't. I stood by the darkened front door and knocked until one of the lighting techs let me in on his way out. He mentioned that the director was going over some last minute details with Carla (who played an unstable young man's girlfriend), the play's leading man and another key actor in the drama. "Look for 'em near the back and to the left of the main stage," he said as he walked to the car.

I walked into the empty theatre and heard muted voices coming from behind the half drawn curtains. I walked behind the curtains and if I'd been a cartoon character, my jaw would've probably plummeted, bounced off the floor and then hit me squarely between my wide eyes.

"Hi, ba-bee!" Carla waved, then stood and ran to me.

She'd been sitting on a couch next to her leading man. The other actor was to her right and the director was standing in front of the trio.

It would've been hard to miss Carla even from afar: she was the only woman in the group.

She was also COMPLETELY naked.

**Chapter 15**

Carla explained that they'd just finished rehearsing a pivotal scene in which both she and her leading man ended up nude and heated up onstage, making love. "Actually, it's more like fucking than making love, I think, but Charles - he's the director of the play - well, he may disagree.

Anyway, I'm dripping, see?"

And I could see the shine of perspiration still on her body, vibrant in the trio of red, blue and purple spotlights shooting down from the rafters. But I also noticed that her male co-star, Reggie, had covered up and gotten into some shorts by this time. Charles and Reggie continued to converse as I grabbed Carla by the shoulders and gave her a kiss.

"It's no problem," I said.

Inside I was a jumble of emotions: This was a whole new kind of exhibitionism for Carla. Before she had shown a glimpse or more at home, or flashed herself to strangers at stores and during our wild car rides. But this was incredible. Here she was in a public venue; most of the cast and crew were gone by this time, but she was still brazenly sauntering about in the buff in front of two virtual strangers. Well, she'd worked with director Charles before, but Reggie was new in town and a definite stranger. I also noticed he was very good looking and muscular. But I tried to be gallant about the situation. I don't know what possessed me, but I leaned closer to Carla and whispered, "In fact, it kinda turns me on to have you here totally naked, the only naked woman among us clothed men."

Carla beamed. The wicked dance in her eyes told me we'd have a hell of a night in bed tonight. \

"Thanks, baby! I like it too." Then it was her turn to lean into me and whisper: "In fact, when I said I was dripping, I didn't just mean sweat!"

She giggled and I swatted one of her full ass-globes when she turned around to retrieve her script and bundle of clothes. "Gotta run guys, me and my Number One are going out for eats."

Charlie called her back and gave her a few last minute instructions for tomorrow's rehearsal, then had her turn to a certain point in her script. I noticed that Carla didn't bother to start dressing or even to try to cover up. In fact, standing next to her director, midway down the aisle, with one hand gripping her script, her clothes tucked under the same arm and her right hand on her bare hip, her stance screamed, Check me out. I'm proud of myself and your gaze and arousal turn me on.

She leaned closer to Charlie and they walked to the lip of the stage. There, Carla planted her feet firmly on the carpeted floor and spread her legs fairly wide in an inverted V, which only enhanced her completely shaven mound. It happened to be pointing directly at Reggie, who was standing a few feet away by this time. Several times, as Carla nodded at Charlie's instructions, I noticed her eyes darting to her right and connecting with Reggie's and her mouth flashing him one of her beautiful Carla smiles.

When she was finally ready to leave, she sauntered away from the stage and came back down the aisle to meet me. It seemed she intended to milk her performance to the finish and flash the guys her buns until the law required otherwise.

"Hey Carla, one last thing," Charlie called out.

Carla turned around, "Yeah?"

"Don't forget to dress before you hit the street." We all burst out laughing, though, admittedly, mine was a bit forced.

"I don't want my show closed before we open!"

"If anyone tries to do that, I'll tell them to -" Carla handed me her script and clothes, spread her legs and bent over at the waist. Then she reached behind her with both hands and spread open her curvy buttocks. I knew the boys near the stage had a perfect view of her puckered sphincter ring and puffy pussy lips.

"KISS MY ASS!"

More laughter, then we left the auditorium. Carla dressed in the hallway and we stepped out into the muggy night, warm despite the fall season.

I walked her to her car, parked a few spaces away from mine.

"Where do you want to go?" I asked her.

"Home lover," she said.

"But I thought we were going to eat."

"I need to eat something else right now," she purred, rubbing me through my jeans and making me grow.

Needless to say, we raced each other home and ate in that night, but I must confess that Carla had more fun than I did. A part of me was feeling stung by Carla's wanton exposure at the show. Doing the required nudity for the program was one thing, but flaunting herself so blatantly in front of fellow actors and director and such -- without my presence -- was a deeper level of exhibitionism than what we'd experienced together. Moreover, there was the added dimension of Carla forging on with her showing off on her own, without my knowledge and participation. Sure, she'd done it a few times before, but it always centered on our home life and friends of hers that she brought into our domain. Now she was forging forward on her own, shamelessly baring all to attain erotic kicks without my participation.

Worse, Carla's libido went into overdrive while rehearsing for this play, as it did whenever she geared up for a performance. I reaped the benefits and tried my damnedest to keep up with her, but my work and studies prevented me from fully satisfying her cravings. This was true, even though we were having at least one marathon lovemaking session that lasted into the wee hours every other day or so.

Once again, the old pattern ensued: waking up to find Carla on the phone, pleasuring her naked self. Every now and then I'd stop by her play rehearsals to lend moral support (or so I tried to tell myself; the truth was I wanted to see what Carla was up to) and as usual, I would always find Carla stark naked. It seemed that once they rehearsed that particular scene, Carla didn't bother to put on her clothes for the rest of the night. On several occasions I found her sitting with her legs dangling off the lip of the stage, her shaved vagina completely exposed for anyone to see.

Other times, I discovered Carla sitting cross-legged on the stage or bundled into one of the audience seats, her pretty feet off the floor and perched on the edge of the sit, her crimson polished toes framing her bald pussy perfectly. Each time I showed up, she was completely naked and exposed. She was always friendly to me, though, and greeted me enthusiastically, as though it was perfectly natural to be walking around nude for a couple of hours a night in a public theater.

I asked Carla what the other women thought of her exposure. She said that she was lucky in that respect. There were five males in the cast and only one other woman. She was an uptight newcomer, Carla decided, and sort of prudish. She did her scenes and left rehearsals quickly. She had pretty much told Carla that her behavior was offensive and a turn-off. Carla asked her what behavior? Since Carla was playing a rather sluttish role, she thought it best to try to stay in character.

And then a new pattern developed: Carla started coming home from rehearsals later and later, and later. Her excuses varied. That night's rehearsal ran super-late, she claimed at times. Other nights, she explained that a bunch of the group went out for coffee or drinks after practice. On still other occasions, she said that she'd volunteered to drive "some of the boys" home and stayed for a drink or two.

The entire affair came to a head on the closing night of the play (which did very well, by the way). Carla begged me to go to the show's wrap party. I felt out of sorts among this group. Oh, not all of Carla's theatre friends were alien to me. And to be honest, most were fun people. But I always felt like a third wheel amongst them. They had their own talk, their own chatter, and their own conversation. Try as I might, I just couldn't get into their scene.

The party broke out shortly after the last patron had left the theatre and the doors were locked for the night. Carla bounded out of the back dressing rooms - very undressed. In fact, she was still as naked as she was in the key moment of the play. She had even removed the robe she donned for curtain call.

"Aren't you going to put your clothes back on?" I asked her, maybe a bit too sternly.

"Fuck it!" yelled Carla.

Her breath hit me and I could tell she'd already started drinking. "Everybody's seen my naked ass for weeks. Why cover it now?" Her giggles turned into a wild burst of laughter at her own comments.

I stood in the aisle and the other young woman in the cast passed me by. She looked at me with angry eyes.

"Your girlfriend is a slut," she muttered as she exited.

Carla drank heavily throughout the evening. After awhile, I lost her. At one point, I was wedged between two gay actors who had just finished a wild strip-show and asked me to settle a dispute. Which of them had the cuter g-string, they wanted to know: the one wearing the sizzling pink sequined-one or the one in the equally dazzling green one. I mumbled something and excused myself and continued to look for Carla. I asked around, but nobody seemed to know where she was.

Screw it, I told myself. I'm outta here. I bolted from the party and headed for my car. I was about to slide the key into the car door in it when I heard soft moans coming from a van nearby. What I saw next shocked the hell out of me and acted as the knife that severed my relationship with Carla.

There she was, my naked girlfriend, doing her thing: showing her stuff, strutting her nude body for two men - her co-star in the play and the play's director. The only difference was that this time, Carla had Charlie's engorged penis sucked halfway down her throat and Reggie's equally hard phallus wedged deeply in her cunt. From behind, I might add, as she held herself up on all fours, rocking gently back and forth, getting a solid banging at both ends.

I have to tell you: the moments when Carla teased others and displayed herself were every bit as exciting for me as they were for her. I'm sure of that. But I am NOT (perhaps unfortunately) like some of the tolerant boyfriends and husbands I've read about, who heighten their own sexual gratification by allowing their significant other to take her flirtation games to the next level by engaging in full-blown sexual affairs with others.

Mind you, I'm not knocking those who play in this territory. And to be honest, reading about those who are that open with each other is a turn-on to me. But when it comes to my own experiences, I wish to keep that one particular barrier up. Or maybe - and I'm trying to be completely honest with myself here - it's because Carla didn't let me in on her plans to have extracurricular fun in the first place. Perhaps if she had told me about her intentions and made me a vicarious part of them, then things would have been different. But I do not like to play the 100% genuine cuckold role.

That was the end of my relationship with Carla. I could go into the messy details about the breakup, what I did afterward, and her eventual fate. But I won't. I prefer to think of her when we were in our heyday, having unbelievable fun as we made one discovery about each other after another, sexual or otherwise. Carla was truly one-of-a-kind.

Do I ever regret severing ties? Well, there are those late nights when I let my mind drift back and yes, there are momentary twinges of regret. But they are just that - momentary twinges.

And the good memories will never go away: the wonderful times, the marathon sex sessions, and best of all, the incredible way Carla teased and vivaciously displayed her self.

There have been other adventures with other girlfriends. And I was lucky enough to marry a wonderful wife who is terrific in her own special ways and more than satisfies my lively libido.

But there's been nobody else like Carla in my life.

And I'm sure there never will be.

The End