Carrie: Making Me An Exhibitionist

by[Naked1](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1447981&page=submissions)©

For the past three years, Carrie and I have had a crazy-in-love, whirlwind relationship, full of sexual adventures which mainly revolve around my exhibitionism.   
  
Nothing gets her hotter than seeing me naked and vulnerable in a situation where I shouldn't be naked.   
  
As of late, our adventures have become increasingly more dangerous, with Carrie pushing me to go further and further. She loves it me to be naked outside, and in front of other people, and always goes out of her way to devise hot scenarios.   
  
Seeing me naked in public turns her on to no end.  
  
I want to tell you about our adventures; however, while they are full of hot sex, exhibitionism, and CFNM situations, please also understand that this is a story of love and complete trust too.   
  
I love and trust Carrie more than anyone, or anything...she is my life. We complete each other. Our sexual twists complement each other's, and I cannot imagine a more perfect, and loving relationship on this planet.   
  
Without those elements, I don't believe that our crazy adventures would be possible.  
  
Anyway, this is the story of our very first adventure together on a summer day, when I accidentally locked myself out on the balcony, totally naked.  
  
The apartment complex that Carrie and I lived in at the time was unique, because the balconies on our side faced the parking lot.   
  
We both lived on the first floor, and our balconies were about ten feet from each other.  
  
I say that they were unique, because all of the first-floor balconies on our side of the building sat about eight feet above ground level, and the waist-high (for me anyway) walls hid me from the waist down to people on the ground.  
  
Before I got with Carrie, I spent many summer days on my balcony naked, talking to neighbors as they came and went in the parking lot.   
  
Although I wasn't yet a complete, open exhibitionist, it was thrilling to know that I was totally naked outside while the fully-clothed people I interacted with were unaware of that fact.  
  
Carrie also spent a lot of time on her balcony that summer, and I'll never forget the first time I saw her walk out onto it: Her long, cascading, auburn-brown hair, olive tanned skin, and green eyes more than had my attention from the start.   
  
But what I couldn't keep my eyes off of were her breasts.   
  
Carrie is a an E cup, and the bikini tops she wore out on her balcony were usually really nothing more than a couple strips of cloth that didn't do much to hide anything.  
  
I was naked on my balcony as usual the first time we actually talked.   
  
We exchanged pleasantries, as I stood, leaning on the wall of my balcony that was closest to hers, pressing my throbbing cock into it.   
  
Carrie folded her arms and leaned on top of hers as well, causing her enormous breasts to swell over the top of her already ridiculously tiny bikini top. I was sure (hoping at least) that they would break free at any moment.  
  
As we chatted, I discovered that Carrie was single. Her ex-boyfriend had been a drunk and she just couldn't deal with it. They'd actually been engaged to marry, but after a few years of his tirades, she'd had enough, and moved off, on her own about a month before.  
  
It was so incredibly exciting to talk to this gorgeous woman, knowing that I was totally nude, while my eyes gobbled her up. My cock secretly throbbed and pounded for her, hidden by the balcony wall.  
  
Reaching down with one hand, I discretely fingered the head of it, while chatting with her.   
  
While I tried to be cool about it...I did notice her eyes follow my arm as it disappeared behind the wall of the balcony. I wondered if she knew what I was doing, but of course, she didn't mention it or give any kind of clue if she did.  
  
We spent about an hour chatting that first day, before Carrie had to leave. Afterwards, I went back inside, lay down on my couch, and jerked myself off furiously, to the mental images of Carrie's huge tits, green eyes and angelic voice.   
  
We continued to meet, in the late mornings, on our balconies and chat. I was always naked, while Carrie was always in a bikini.   
  
She changed up her bikinis though, and some were less revealing, while others left almost nothing to the imagination.   
  
Each and every time, my hand disappeared behind the wall of my balcony, and I would lightly stroke myself while staring at her enormous, gorgeous cleavage, offered up over her folded arms on the balcony wall.  
  
One morning, about ten a.m., I grabbed my coffee and headed for the balcony, naked, as usual.For some reason though, my mind must have been somewhere else, because without thinking, I pulled the sliding glass door shut behind me. Instantly, I heard the lock fall.  
  
Turning in total surprise, I tried the door. It wouldn't budge. I was locked out, stark naked, on the balcony.  
  
I didn't panic...at first.   
  
Setting my coffee down, I tried it with both hands, figuring I could force it open. As I pushed for all I was worth, the handle snapped off in my hands. Looking down, the broken pieces of plastic between my fingers confirmed it.   
  
I was not getting back in.  
  
I knew that the front door to my apartment was open, but there was no way I could get to it without jumping down from the balcony and strolling totally naked in broad daylight in front of the complex, through the main door to the building, and into the hallway.   
  
While the thought of that was exciting, I really didn't want chance it.  
  
It was a weekday, so I knew that the main office was open, but my cell phone was inside where I couldn't get to it.  
  
I was in a conundrum for sure.  
  
Now it was time to panic.   
  
Mulling over the possibilities, or lack of them, I was leaning against the wall of my balcony, when Carrie walked out onto hers, in a bikini I hadn't seen before. It was white, sheer, and nearly transparent.   
  
I could see the dark outlines of her aureole under the flimsy material that left more of her gigantic breasts bare than covered.   
  
My cock sprang instantly to attention behind the wall of the balcony.  
  
"Good morning," she flashed that drop-dead gorgeous smile at me.   
  
I returned her greeting with my cock pressed into the side of the balcony as always. While Carrie had become my favorite sight, my mind was busy with how the hell I was going to get back into my apartment.  
  
Noticing my distraction, she asked me if everything was okay.   
  
Feeling rather embarrassed (and stupid), I hesitated to tell her about my situation...but after giving it some quick thought, I realized that Carrie might be my only means of help at the moment.  
  
"I'm locked out," I mumbled.  
  
"Oh," she nodded, causing her breasts to jiggle slightly. "How did that happen?"  
  
I went on to explain how I absent-mindedly closed the door behind me, locking myself out.   
  
I told her that I had tried the door, but the handle broke off in my hand...holding up the broken piece as proof of my stupidity.  
  
Looking at the broken pieces, she giggled (the hottest giggle I'd ever heard), making her nearly bare, magnificent, breasts jiggle again.   
  
My cock pounded in response.  
  
I told her that my cell phone was inside, and asked if I could use hers to call the office for help. She frowned a bit, and told me that her cell had been cut off.   
  
"Just great," I thought to myself, "now what?"   
  
"Well, is your front door open?" Carrie asked, "You could climb down and go around through the font." She smiled, earnestly, cocking her head sideways, trying to help.  
  
"Uhm, well," I started, then stopped myself, not wanting to tell her that I was totally nude...but seeing no other way out, I decided I had no other choice.  
  
"You see Carrie," I began, "I kind of have a problem..."  
  
"A problem?" she asked, concerned..."What's wrong?"  
  
"Well," I said, fumbling..."I'm not wearing anything....."my voice trailed off...as I got lost in her beautiful green eyes.   
  
"You're naked?" she asked....kind of dreamy.   
  
Suddenly, a smile broke over her gorgeous face, and I could have sworn that I saw a gleam in her eyes.  
  
"Well...yeah...." I admitted, not knowing what else to say.  
  
Carrie looked thoughtful for a moment. "Are you always naked on your balcony?" she asked, finally, looking at me again.  
  
I was feeling so embarrassed at that moment. "Well...uhm, yeah..." I admitted again, sheepishly...what else could I do?  
  
Suddenly, Carrie seemed animated. Her face lit up as she pressed me further.  
  
"So, every time that we talk out here...you're...totally nude?" She leaned forward a bit, punctuating the word, "nude."  
  
I nodded.  
  
Folding her arms on the side of her balcony, she rested on them and leaned forward again, pushing the tops of her mammoth breasts up and nearly exposing her nipples completely.  
  
My cock jumped in response....throbbing and aching as it pressed into the wall of my own balcony.   
  
"Does it excite you...being totally nude I mean?" she asked, low, nearly in a whisper.  
  
Unable to tear my eyes from her next-to-naked tits, my hand went involuntarily to my cock, disappearing behind the side of the balcony. This time, I watched as Carrie's eyes followed, making no pretenses about it.  
  
I lightly stroked myself behind the side of the balcony, ogling her mammoth breasts, now only millimeters from total exposure.   
  
Casually, she leaned forwards a bit more, causing them to push further out of her bikini top. I could now see most of red aureole, and her half-showing nipples had visibly hardened through the material.   
  
Unable to help myself, I stroked a bit harder as I stared at her breasts.  
  
"Yes..." I tried to answer her question, "sometimes it kind of does..." but it was a bit difficult to breathe...at least it came out sounding that way.  
  
I was now actually stroking and pulling on my throbbing cock behind the balcony wall, and I noticed Carrie watching my shoulder.   
  
I realized it was moving with my stroking.  
  
Carrie pushed forwards a bit more on her arms, smiling, and exposing everything but the tips of her nipples.   
  
Focusing on her almost totally exposed tits, I was now really masturbating behind the balcony wall, as I watched them move and roll with her movements...jerking and pulling on my cock, trying not to be obvious about it.   
  
Looking down at herself suddenly, Carrie smiled. "Oopsie," she giggled, tugging her bikini top up to cover herself..."sorry."  
  
Needing to regain my composure before I lost it completely in front of her, I tore my hand from my cock.  
  
"Carrie, can you help me get back in?" I asked, trying to normalize things.  
  
"Sure, what do you want me to do?" she smiled sweetly, and somehow, knowingly, if that makes any sense.   
  
Now, Carrie's smile is enough to knock anyone down, but for the first time, I thought I'd caught just a hint of mischief in her gorgeous, green eyes...something I'd later come to know as a sure sign of sexual excitement.  
  
"Do you think you could come around through my front door and let me in?" I asked again, rather embarrassed.  
  
"I could do that..." she smiled playfully, "but...well...you're not wearing anything." Taking a step back, she crossed her arms in front of her prodigious breasts...almost in a challenge...grinned, and waited for my response.   
  
Now, you have to understand that every word Carrie speaks is like a song to me, carried on the wind by angels. Watching her stand there, arms crossed, her long, auburn-brown tresses falling around her face...her voice had a sweet, and sultry, dreamlike quality that made my cock throb and gorge so hard it ached.  
  
Turning slightly, at a 45-degree angle, she glanced at me sideways from beneath her hair and smiled again.   
  
In that moment, it dawned on me that Carrie was the hottest, sexiest...most beautiful and desirable woman I had ever seen.  
  
"Well?" she asked, still waiting.   
  
What I couldn't know at the time was that she was playing with me...enjoying my helplessness and dependency on her...it wouldn't be until later in our relationship that I would completely understand that it was my total, naked vulnerability, and helpless dependence, (usually in a naked-in-public situation) that really made her hot and wet.  
  
"Uhm..." I mumbled, not knowing how to respond. Carrie smiled that sexy smile again that melted me, and sent shockwaves through my hard cock.  
  
"Say please," she teased, still smiling, sweet as sugar.  
  
"Please?" I stammered.  
  
"No," she laughed, "say, please Carrie, can you come help me? I'm totally naked and locked out of my apartment."  
  
With no other choice, and feeling ashamed and foolish, I repeated the words exactly.   
  
Carrie's face was alight the whole while.   
  
Standing there a moment longer, she smiled, seeming satisfied, and said "okay naked man, I'll help."   
  
With that, she turned to go back into her apartment. "Don't go anywhere" she giggled over her shoulder, disappearing inside.   
  
There was nothing for me to do but wait.   
  
My cock had subsided somewhat, and I didn't want Carrie to see me with a hard-on. I was embarrassed at the situation, even though the idea of her seeing me naked was exciting, and it kept trying to push in from the back of my mind.   
  
I tried to think of anything to push it back out: grandma, classical music...anything to get my cock to go down.  
  
After what seemed like about ten minutes, there was still no sign of Carrie.   
  
I was beginning to wonder if she was messing with me.   
  
A few more minutes passed, and I was getting worried. My cock had returned to normal, but still no Carrie.   
  
I wondered if I should panic after all.   
  
"Be there in a sec honey!" Carrie called out, poking her head out of the sliding door to her apartment. "Okay" I answered. What else could I say?   
  
She disappeared again.   
  
As I waited again, I realized that the way she said "honey" had to be the hottest thing I'd ever heard, and made my cock twitch. "No dammit" I swore.   
  
Realizing that I'd actually spoken aloud, I quickly looked towards Carrie's balcony. It was empty.  
  
At last, Carrie emerged from the main door on the other side of her balcony.   
  
I was disappointed to see that she had changed clothes.   
  
She wore tight blue jeans, a white t-shirt and tennis shoes. Still, the t-shirt stretched tight as drum across her awesome breasts, which swayed heavily as she walked.   
  
It was probably better that she was dressed I realized.   
  
After all, we hardly knew each other. What woman would waltz over to the apartment of a guy she didn't really know, in a teeny keeny, knowing that he was stark naked?   
  
Passing in front of my balcony, she looked up at me and smiled. I realized that she was shorter than I thought she was at first...a fact which only made her tits look even bigger. The rest of her was no slouch either. She obviously kept in shape.   
  
A smallish waist, atop a hot bubble butt, and short, muscular legs, hugged by her jeans completed the picture.   
  
"God she's so hot" I thought, noticing my cock beginning to move again.   
  
Once more, I tried to think about my grandmother to force it down.   
  
She opened the door to my side of the building and went in.  
  
A couple minutes later, I saw her in my apartment, approaching the sliding door. Smiling, she pulled it open.   
  
Stepping out onto the balcony, she stood not more than a foot from me.   
  
"Hi there," she smiled.  
  
Instinctively, I covered myself with both of my hands.   
  
"Hi," I answered, meekly.  
  
"Awww, don't be embarrassed," she giggled sweetly, taking in my obvious state of distress. Once more, her giggle was mesmerizing.  
  
Without thinking, I dropped my hands, baring all to her gaze.   
  
My cock had gone soft, but now, standing so close to her, it began to rise...slowly, but noticeably. There didn't seem to be a damn thing I could do about it, except stand there with Carrie and watch.  
  
"Wow," she laughed, moving closer, and looking up at me, "this really does turn you on."   
  
I was mortified, and yet, very excited.   
  
I keep myself in decent shape, so it wasn't like I was embarrassed by my nudity exactly...but the whole situation of being naked, almost in public, in front of this gorgeous, fully-clothed woman, while needing her help, was amazingly hot.   
  
It was the strangest mixture of fear and sexual excitement that I had ever felt.   
  
Glancing inside the apartment, I felt a twinge of relief. Before I could move, however, Carrie stepped back a bit, blocking the doorway.   
  
Crossing her arms again, she leaned on the door frame and smiled.  
  
"You really like being naked outside huh?" she asked, with a grin, glancing down again at my still growing cock.  
  
"Well, ah, I've never actually been naked outside except for on my balcony" I explained. But in reality, the balcony was outside, and it did turn me on knowing that I was naked around clothed people, even if they couldn't actually see me.   
  
Being naked in front of Carrie was hot beyond description as evidenced by my now fully-hard cock.   
  
At that point, Carrie stepped towards me again. Her gargantuan tits swayed slightly under the tight t-shirt with her movements, and my cock throbbed at her. She stood so close to me this time that the tip actually brushed the front of her jeans.   
  
Looking at up me, she smiled, melting me again. Then she leaned in even closer, almost as if she was going to kiss me, and spoke in a low, sexy, almost-whisper..."You're an exhibitionist."   
  
Her beautiful, green eyes stared up into mine.   
  
Was that hint of mischief that I had noticed earlier there again? I felt lost in them. My cock throbbed hard, bobbing up and down slightly on the front of her jeans.   
  
She moved in closer, until my cock was firmly against her jeans-covered crotch. I felt her tits lightly touch my naked chest.  
  
"Oh god..." I nearly moaned...my cock was so hard it hurt, as it pressed into her, slipping between her inner thighs, and I could feel heat between her legs through her jeans.   
  
She was still looking at me, as if waiting for answer to her statement. But in my state of excitement, I really couldn't think clearly. Struggling to maintain my composure was a losing battle.  
  
"I...I..guess so.." was all I could manage.  
  
"What honey?" she cooed...so close her breath felt hot on my neck, "you guess what?"   
  
Her eyes were so beautiful that it really wasn't fair.  
  
"I guess I'm an exhibitionist..." it was so hard to breathe.  
  
Carrie smiled, squeezing her legs together lightly around my hard-on.  
  
Placing one hand on me, she lightly dragged her nails over my chest, trailing down my belly.   
  
Closing my eyes, I leaned my head back and moaned. "Yes," she whispered, "that's it." With her other hand, she grasped my cock, and began to stroke the shaft, slowly, and firmly, rubbing the head of it on her crotch, through her jeans.  
  
"Oh god, Carrie.." I moaned, louder this time.  
  
Looking down between us, I saw her massive breasts moving under her shirt. Beyond them, I could see her small hand moving on my aching cock. It was almost too much to take.  
  
"Close your eyes..." she whispered.  
  
I did.   
  
"Imagine that you are standing outside in the parking lot...totally naked," she said, squeezing my cock a little harder, stroking deliberately, slowly.  
  
Her hand on me was driving me crazy. My breath came in short gasps.  
  
"Are you picturing it?"  
  
Wanting to please her, I conjured a picture of myself in the parking lot naked.  
  
"Yes," I moaned.  
  
"Tell me how it feels," she said, stroking me slightly faster. "How does it feel to be standing in the parking lot with no clothes on?"  
  
The way she said "with no clothes on" was so hot that I nearly came as my cock swelled with impending orgasm in her hand.  
  
Carrie stopped stroking and released pressure.  
  
"Please tell me," she said, almost pleading...in a sexy, low, half-whisper, "how does it feel?"  
  
"Well," I struggled to speak, "it's hot."   
  
"Can you feel the pavement under your bare feet?" she asked, squeezing me again.

"Yes," I answered, trying to imagine it. Pushing me back gently, Carrie moved me to the corner of the balcony.  
  
"Imagine the feeling of the sun on your skin," she said murmured. With that, she stopped stroking me, but was now holding my cock in her hand and squeezing hard.   
  
It felt incredible.  
  
"I feel it..." I said. "I feel the sun on my skin..."  
  
Suddenly, I heard the sound of the main door to the apartment on my side open and close.   
  
Jerking my head in its direction, I saw an Asian woman step out towards the parking lot. She was just beside the balcony and beneath it. I tensed, ready to run into the apartment.  
  
"No...honey...no," Carrie whispered. "It's okay, relax."   
  
She kept squeezing, and began stroking again, lightly.  
  
"But," I interrupted...  
  
"Shhh...it's okay," Carrie smiled up at me.   
  
I believed her.  
  
"Imagine that you are in the parking lot, and she is walking towards you..." she said, stroking a bit faster.  
  
Closing my eyes again, I pictured the scene. I was standing completely nude in the parking lot again, and in my mind's eye, the Asian woman was approaching from behind.  
  
"She hasn't seen you yet...but you know that she will because there's nowhere to hide..." Carrie said, dragging her nails down my belly again.  
  
My dick jumped in her hand.   
  
"She's going to see you, totally nude, and hard, masturbating in the parking lot."  
  
I pictured it again.   
  
In my mind, the mental-image Asian woman was coming up behind me, as I stood naked, and jerking my cock in the parking lot...I looked around for somewhere to hide, but found nothing.  
  
At the same time, I could hear the real-life woman opening her car door in the parking lot. I knew that if she looked up, she would see my naked back pressed against the corner of the balcony, with Carrie standing in front of me, touching my bare chest.  
  
I heard the sound of a car engine starting. Carrie stopped stroking, and squeezed my cock hard, shaking it.   
  
I moaned loudly.  
  
Reaching around behind me, she kneaded my bare ass cheeks, while still squeezing my cock.  
  
"God, you're so naked" she whispered, tonguing my ear lightly, and nearly making me cum again.  
  
As the car pulled out, Carrie reached around my neck and gently pulled my head down towards hers. Leaning in, she whispered, "I want you to sit up on the edge of the balcony."  
  
Opening my eyes, I looked at her in shock.   
  
"But, Carrie..." I protested, knowing that was crazy.  
  
Taking my cock in both hands, she squeezed, and jerked, looking up at me. "Please?" she said, almost begging.   
  
Unable to resist her now, and not really wanting to, I complied by reaching behind me and grasping the edges of the balcony walls. In a single motion, I raised myself slightly, and hopped up, siting at the corner of it.   
  
My entire back and bare ass was now exposed to the parking lot.   
  
Glancing around quickly, I saw that I would be completely visible, naked to anyone on a first-floor balcony.   
  
I was scared to death, and incredibly excited at the same time.  
  
"This is crazy, Carrie," I said, trembling slightly.  
  
"No..." she said, stroking my thigh for reassurance.   
  
Her voice was sweet as sugar..."It's okay" she cooed, smiling up at me.   
  
I believed her again.  
  
From where I was now sitting, my cock pressed right between her heavy breasts. They felt like giant, heavenly pillows.  
  
Carrie gently lifted my cock and lowered her head to it, circling it lightly with her tongue. I was totally helpless to do anything but throw my head back and moan.  
  
"Oh god Carrie..."   
  
She took me in her mouth and sucked hard.   
  
The sounds of her sucking filled the air and seemed very loud. Part of me worried about a neighbor coming out onto a balcony, part of me didn't give a damn if they did.  
  
A car drove past in the parking lot behind us.  
  
Carrie kept sucking my cock, swirling her tongue around the head, and stroking my shaft, looking up at me with her beautiful green eyes.  
  
It was so dangerous, yet so dirty.   
  
I felt my orgasm building in my gut as Carrie increased the pace of her sucking. Reaching between my legs, she felt my balls with her fingers...rolling and squeezing gently. Her huge, soft, boobs pressed into my bare inner thighs as she sucked my cock openly, and hard, right out where anyone could see.   
  
I knew of course that I was in the most danger because I was sitting up, totally nude on the edge of the balcony, exposed to anyone who might wander by. Carrie was fully-clothed, and would merely need to duck down. I would be totally busted. But at this point, I could not have cared less.   
  
Or so I thought.  
  
Suddenly, the sound of a sliding door on the balcony directly above us broke the moment.   
  
Instinctively, I jumped a bit, nearly falling off the edge of the balcony.   
  
Carrie stopped sucking me. Letting my cock slide slowly from her beautiful lips, she stepped back a bit. I started to hop down, but she reached out, and with her hand on my naked inner thigh, stopped me.  
  
Neither of us said a word as we listened to the sound of the upstairs neighbor walking around the balcony.   
  
I wasn't sure exactly what time it was, but it was now midday, and the complex was coming to life.  
  
Smiling devilishly at me, Carrie made a jerking motion with her hand. She wanted me to jack off.  
  
My cock was still rigid and throbbing as I sat atop the balcony wall...it was slick with her saliva. But now she was standing two feet away from me, and my courage waned.  
  
"Carrie..." I whispered, trying not to be heard by the neighbor over us.  
  
Carrie reached down and opened the top button of her jeans. Sliding one hand inside the waistband, she began lightly fingering herself while looking right into my eyes. "Please..." she pleaded in a whisper, her incredible green eyes begging me to jerk off.   
  
I did what she wanted.  
  
Grabbing my dick, I stroked myself, holding on to the balcony with one hand, while Carrie fingered herself.   
  
Her tits rose and fell with her excitement under her shirt. As she masturbated, I drank in her beauty...her long, auburn-brown hair fell around her, framing her enormous breasts, making them look even bigger.   
  
Her tight jeans hugged her short, muscular legs. Closing her eyes for a moment, she rocked back and forth slightly, rubbing herself furiously underneath the material. She looked so beautiful that it hurt, and I realized right then and there that I would probably do anything, anytime, anywhere, for her.  
  
I rubbed my cock faster, pulling and jerking it hard.  
  
The sounds of people somewhere behind me in the distance reached my ears...but I didn't care. I jerked for all I was worth.  
  
Carrie bit her bottom lip to stifle a moan as she fingered herself faster.  
  
Suddenly, she reached down with her other hand, and pulled her t-shirt up, and over her tits.   
  
She was wearing a white bra, which barely contained them. Standing there in front of me, with her hand in her pants, and her t-shirt pulled over her huge, bra covered boobs; she looked like some kind of beautiful, sex-angel.   
  
I watched her breasts heave and move in her bra with her masturbating....and that was all that it took for me.  
  
I came...hard...shooting hot ropes of thick cum at least two feet in front of me. Some of it hit Carries bare midsection...just as she started to cum.   
  
Reaching orgasm, Carrie dropped to her knees, jammed her hand hard into her pants, and bent forward slightly, causing those giant tits to hang in front of her.  
  
"Oh god...oh god..." she moaned, over and over, as I emptied the last of my load on my inner thighs.  
  
Above us, I heard the sound of someone moving around.   
  
I was sure the neighbor could hear Carrie's orgasm. Hopping down, I walked over to her. She was still on her knees, slumped forward a bit, and breathing heavily with her head down.   
  
It was obvious that her orgasm had rocked her hard.   
  
Kneeling in front of her, I took her face gently in my hands, turning it up towards me. Her gorgeous green eyes were bright and playful, and she smiled...still trembling.  
  
Wrapping her in my arms, I pulled her to me and held her. Leaning in, I looked into her angelic face and whispered "hi there."  
  
"Hi there," she smiled back.

**Carrie: Making Me An Exhibitionist Ch. 02**

A few days after our adventure on my balcony, Carrie and I sat in her apartment, and recapped the excitement.  
  
I had accidentally locked myself out of my apartment, totally nude on my balcony, and had to ask Carrie for help getting in.   
  
What followed had been the hottest sexual adventure of my life to that point; Carrie had pushed me (gently of course, as always) to expose myself to the entire parking lot, while blowing my cock and my mind.  
  
It was obvious that exhibitionism pushed her buttons. But not her own exhibitionism. What really got Carrie hot and wet, was seeing a guy totally naked in a situation where he shouldn't be...and needing to depend on her for help.  
  
Carrie's discovery of me, locked out naked, and having to ask her for help, had been exactly the right combination that made her so horny that she couldn't help ravishing me.  
  
Sitting across from her now, on her white-leather couch, I tried not to stare (without much success) too openly at her E cups packed under the white halter top she wore. Carrie has the biggest, most magnificent tits I've ever seen in person...and I can rarely concentrate around them.  
  
With her gorgeous legs folded in front of her, she sat kind of on one hip in the white-leather recliner, sipping on a cup of chamomile...her favorite tea.  
  
Her auburn-brown tresses were pulled back into a long ponytail today that ran the length of bared back. Usually, she wore it down and I loved how it framed her beautiful, emerald-green eyes. Today though, I could see all of them, and it seemed that they lit up the room as she talked.  
  
"You really love being naked outside, huh John?" she asked, sipping from her tea.  
  
Looking down at myself, I saw that the bulge in my khaki shorts was becoming apparent. Good lord, I thought, the woman is already giving me a boner...Carrie just has that effect on me.  
  
"Well," I began, searching for the right words, "I've never really been naked outside before, other than on my balcony."  
  
Remembering how she'd whispered in my ear, and told me to fantasize about being naked and hard in the parking lot, while she squeezed my hard cock was exciting beyond measure. Even now, as I pictured it, my cock grew to full-length in my shorts. It was becoming uncomfortable.  
  
"But, yeah," I continued, need badly to shift the position of my cock, "the thought of being naked outside has always been one of my fantasies..."  
  
Carrie smiled, revealing her perfect, white teeth. There was gleam in gorgeous green eyes that I have since come to know as a sign of sexual excitement.  
  
"But Carrie," I pressed..."what about you? I know you love seeing a man naked in public, but aren't you an exhibitionist too?"  
  
Shifting slightly in her recliner, she set her tea down on the coffee table, making her massive breasts move under her halter top. My eyes instinctively followed them, causing my cock to throb in my shorts.  
  
"No honey," she said, punctuating the word "honey" in that sugary way that just melts me, "I'm not an exhibitionist."   
  
Her short shorts, revealed her muscular legs...I watch her toned thighs move, and needed badly to shift my cock.  
  
"In fact, I'm the opposite," she said, bringing me back to the moment.  
  
"The opposite?" I asked dumbly, knowing she'd caught me fantasizing about her again.  
  
"When I was sixteen, I had an experience that rocked my world, and has been the biggest turn on for me ever since," she smiled again, picking up her tea.   
  
Of course I was watching her breasts.  
  
"See, I had gone camping with my family, and brought along my best friend at the time."   
  
Leaning forward, I nodded. I had to hear this.  
  
She explained how one morning, her friend Susan and her were out exploring in the woods while the rest of her family hung around the camp site. There was a lake nearby, and they wanted to see it.  
  
"As we got closer to the lake, Susan had the idea that we should go swimming," Carrie retold the tale. I watched her beautiful, green eyes as she spoke. She seemed to be seeing the memory in her mind.  
  
"We didn't have bathing suits with us," she continued, "but Susan said we could swim in our underwear..." her voice trailed off suddenly.  
  
"What happened?" I asked...needing to hear more. God, my cock hurt.  
  
"I wasn't wearing any underwear," she laughed. Her massive tits bounced slightly. My cock jumped.  
  
"I didn't want to run around naked in the woods," she continued, "so I tried to distract Susan from the idea."   
  
In my mind's eye, I pictured the young Carrie and wondered if her tits were huge then too.  
  
"As we neared the lake, there was a small clearing off to our left" she said, "and I thought I had caught some sort of movement out of the corner of my eye."  
  
At that point, Carrie said she's told Susan, and pointed to the clearing. "I was looking for an excuse to deter Susan from swimming," she giggled slightly..."but I was also worried that there might be some sort of animal or something in the clearing."  
  
"And was there?" I asked, interested.  
  
"In a manner of speaking..." she laughed again, rubbing one hand lightly on her luscious inner thigh...a move that neither my eyes nor my cock missed.  
  
"Huh?" I questioned.  
  
"As we approached the clearing," she continued, dragging her nails lightly over her inner-thigh, "we saw a man sitting on a rock."  
  
"Oh," I said, kind of let down.  
  
"He was totally nude."  
  
Her hand still rubbed her inner-thigh, stopping to squeeze lightly here and there. I wasn't sure that she was actually aware of it.  
  
"Nude?" I asked, kind of incredulously, I wanted...needed her to continue.  
  
"Yeah," she went on, "he was completely naked, sitting on a rock, and his clothes were in a pile on the ground, some distance away."  
  
"Man," I said, "how lucky were you two that day?"  
  
"Me and Susan crept up quietly, stopping about ten feet from him...we hid behind some bushes, where we had a good view of him, but he couldn't see us."  
  
My eyes were glued to her hand on her thigh...  
  
"I remember whispering to Susan, oh my god, he's totally nude!"   
  
"Susan's eyes were wide as saucers..." Carrie laughed hard at the memory, treating me to a show as her awesome breasts jiggled.  
  
Involuntarily, my hand went to my cock...before I realized it, then I moved it away.  
  
"I'd never seen a naked man in real life before," she continued, her own hand returning to rest on her delicious inner thigh..."and I don't think Susan had either."  
  
"What happened?" I pressed her again...I HAD to know.  
  
"Well, we hid in the bushes and watched, trying to be quiet."  
  
She had my full attention now...and my rock-hard cock begged for relief in my shorts.  
  
"For me, it was odd that he was so far away from his clothes," she said, "and for some reason, that turned me on....I mean, we could see his clothes on the ground, but it was obvious that he had taken them off and walked away a bit to sit on the rock..."  
  
"What I'm saying is that if someone, like us for example, had walked up on him, he wouldn't have been able to get to his clothes on right away."  
  
"How far away were his clothes?" I asked, picturing the scene in my own mind.  
  
"I'd say probably at least, I don't know, maybe fifty yards or so..."   
  
"Fifty yards?"  
  
"Yeah, probably..." Her hand was now stoking her inner thigh, but her eyes were seeing the naked man again.  
  
"All of a sudden, Susan had a crazy idea" she went on. "Leaning over, she whispered that we should go around to the other end of the clearing and take his clothes."  
  
"What!" I interjected, fascinated.  
  
"I told her that was crazy of course," she giggled again, "but I have to admit, that idea made me very hot."   
  
As I watched, her hand moved higher up her inner thigh.  
  
"All of a sudden," she said, "he started to play with himself..."  
  
Now, her voice trailed off again, and she had a sort of dreamy, far way look in her eyes.  
  
"I'd never seen a naked man up close before, but I'd for sure never seen a man masturbate."  
  
I was silent...enthralled by the story and her hand...which was now resting right next to her crotch.  
  
"He leaned back on the rock, and stroked himself...his dick grew in his hand, until it was hard and throbbing..."  
  
"Woa," I said..."that must have been hot."  
  
"Oh god it was," she stated flatly. "It made me sooo wet..."  
  
The way she said "sooo wet," caused my throbbing cock to swell even harder, jumping in my shorts.  
  
"As we watched, he jerked himself off...oblivious to anything around him...what was so fucking hot to me though, was that he could have been caught at any moment and didn't seem to care."  
  
"Oh god..." I whispered, moving my hand to my cock again, but this time I left it there. Carrie was lost in her memory, and didn't seem to notice.  
  
"He stood up, and stroked himself right out in the open...he was gorgeous, I mean he was muscular and tanned. I remember being so turned on that it was hard to breathe," Carrie said, her hand now rested directly on top of her own crotch, and she started to press lightly with her palm.  
  
"He spit on his hand, and started stroking his hard cock faster," she went on again, "and.. he started moaning..."  
  
At this point, I was so turned on, that I couldn't help myself. I reached into the waistband of my shorts and started squeezing my own cock as I watched Carrie press and knead at her crotch.  
  
"I remember feeling so horny, so wet...I thought I was gonna cum right there."  
  
I moaned, wrapping my fingers around my shaft through my shorts.  
  
"Suddenly, I noticed Susan was gone."  
  
"Gone?" I repeated...finding it difficult to breathe.  
  
"Yeah, she wasn't standing next to me anymore."  
  
"Where'd she go?" I wondered aloud, running my fingers over the head of my hard cock, inside my shorts.  
  
"All of a sudden," Carrie said, kind of in a surprised tone, "I saw her appear at the other end of the clearing where his clothes were. The guy's back was to her, and she looked over to where I was behind the bushes, and put her finger to her lips, to tell me to be quiet..."  
  
"Oh my god Carrie," I said..."You mean she..."  
  
"Yup," she answered before I finished the question..."she grabbed his clothes, and disappeared with them..."  
  
"Now he was totally nude, out in the open with no clothes at all.." she said. Her hand pressed harder into her crotch, and I noticed her massive breasts rising and falling with her quickened breathing.  
  
Unable to stop myself, I opened my shorts, unzipped them and pulled them, and my underwear, to my knees. My throbbing cock popped free, pointing straight up.  
  
Carrie eye's watched me, but she didn't seem to even notice. I was so turned on, doing this right in front of her for the second time.  
  
"Susan came back with his clothes," she went on, "and dropped them in a pile next to us."   
  
I grabbed my cock, and began to stroke it, up and down, as she told the story. Her free hand went to one gorgeous, heavy tit, and lifted it slightly through her halter top. I almost came right then, and stopped stroking for a second.  
  
"When Susan got back, I had my hand in my pants and was rubbing my clit, watching him masturbate" she said matter-of-factly. "She didn't notice at first, but then she saw me rubbing myself...oh my god...Carrie, what are you doing?" she whispered.  
  
Carrie continued to lift her huge breast, gently, almost unconsciously. Her eyes were alight with lust. I knew she was there again, watching that naked guy masturbate. I stroked my cock, listening intently, picturing the story in my own mind, and eating her luscious body with my eyes.  
  
I pushed my shorts and underwear to my ankles, and settled back into the couch...ready to hear the rest.  
  
"What did you say to her?" I asked, greedily. This was getting good.  
  
"I told her I couldn't help myself," Carrie answered back, now openly rubbing her crotch through her shorts.   
  
"I remember being frustrated that I couldn't quite reach my pussy the way I wanted to, so I unbuttoned them...opening the front so I put my hand in. Susan looked shocked, but just stood there watching me. I didn't care about Susan though; I was busy watching the naked man jerk off."  
  
Carrie giggled, sending shockwaves through my cock.  
  
Slipping my shoes off, one at a time, I kicked my shorts and underwear off, leaving them in a pile on the floor in front of me. Now only in my socks and t-shirt, I pulled my legs up and placed my heels on the edge of the couch, spreading my knees wide. I spit on my own hand, and stroked. Carrie watched me, but didn't mention it.  
  
She continued the story.  
  
"The guy turned a bit and was facing us...I could see everything," she said, kneading one of her breasts. She began to trace around a nipple with her thumb...finally, tugging at it and pulling it.  
  
"I was close to cumming, with Susan standing right next to me. Suddenly, we heard voices."  
  
"Voices?" I asked, and stopped stroking. My slick cock throbbed and pounded, sticking up between my legs. Doing this in front of Carrie was so dirty...so hot. But this was a surprise twist to the story.  
  
Closing her eyes, Carrie slipped a hand into the front of her shorts and rubbed herself. I watched, fascinated. She was so beautiful that it hurt. My cock jumped and ached. Grabbing it, I stroked, slowly, watching her pleasure herself. She moaned, low and sexy. Her breathing got shorter as her magnificent breasts rose and fell. I was utterly mesmerized by her.  
  
"He..." she started, but fell short..."he got...caught."  
  
Carrie was rubbing herself hard and fast in her shorts...she sounded close to cumming.  
  
"How? I asked, pressing her to continue.  
  
"All of a sudden," Carrie breathed, "two women came into the other end of the clearing. His back was towards them, and he didn't see them. I guess he was lost in his masturbating. Susan pulled my arm wanting to go, but I wanted to stay and see what happened."   
  
Carrie snaked her free hand underneath her halter top. I was lost, stroking for all I was worth. Her eyes were now closed as she masturbated herself in her shorts. Stripping my shirt over my head, I threw it on the couch next to me, then stretched my legs out, putting my sock covered feet on the coffee table.  
  
"Oh god Carrie," I said, stroking myself fast..."then what?"  
  
"Susan got scared and left...but I stayed, watching from behind the bushes. When she was gone, I dropped my shorts to my ankles and fucked myself with my hand...trying not to make any noise."  
  
I almost came at that.  
  
Opening her eyes, she looked at me, almost as if she was noticing, for the first time, what I was doing. Carrie looked at me and licked her lips, pulling on her huge tit through her top, and rubbing herself hard in her shorts.   
  
"God," she said, looking at my cock "he was so naked, just like you are now, and he didn't even know that he'd been caught. All of his clothes were on the ground next to me, and he didn't know it."  
  
Reaching down and pulling my left foot up to me, I took of my sock and threw it on the floor, before putting my foot back on the coffee table. I squeezed my cock harder, feeling my approaching orgasm build.  
  
"The two women saw him, and stopped in their tracks. They stood there a moment looking like they were in shock. Finally, one of them called out to him and asked what he was doing. The guy stopped jerking and turned around. He was so embarrassed. He began apologizing and looking around for his clothes. But I had them."  
  
I was getting close to cumming now. Carrie slipped her hand out of her shorts, and undid the few buttons at the front, before sliding her fingers back into her now exposed panties...I saw the wetness on the front of them. She slid a few fingers directly into her pussy, and fucked herself with them, moving them in and out. She moaned, fucking herself with her hand.  
  
Wearing only a single sock, I stretched my legs straight out in the air...pointing my toes, tightening my body with my efforts. I was going to cum any minute now, and I tried to control it.  
  
"Carrie...please...what happened then?" I pleaded, beating my cock hard.  
  
"He covered himself with his hands, embarrassed. The ladies asked where his clothes were, and he said he didn't know. He said they had been there a minute ago, but someone must have taken them. The women said he was lying and called him a pervert. He begged them not to call the police or make trouble for him."  
  
Pre-cum appeared at the tip of my dick, and oozed down the head, mixing with my saliva and lubricating my cock even more.   
  
"Finally, the women left, telling him they better not catch him around here anymore," Carrie said, as her hand continued its fucking in her panties. She spread her legs a little wider, and I could plainly see her fingers moving in and out of her shaved pussy under the sheer material.  
  
"After they left, he looked around for his clothes, but of course didn't find them. He looked so worried...totally naked, no clothes anywhere, and no way to cover up. That made me so hot, that I fell to my knees, rubbing my clit hard, and came all over myself."   
  
With that, I came hard, jettisoning great, thick, white ropes of cum all over my legs and belly.   
  
"Oh god Carrie..." I moaned, as my orgasm overtook me.  
  
Carrie kept masturbating. She was close to cumming, but needed to finish the story. Her E cups heaved under her halter top as she neared orgasm.  
  
"Then, I stood up, and pulled my shorts up. I walked out into the clearing where he could see me."   
  
My orgasm was rushing over me, I could barely speak.... "Really?" I stumbled, fascinated. What did he do?  
  
"He..he looked.." Carrie was struggling to speak, I knew she was going to cum any second..."he was shocked. He tried to cover himself, but I told him, no don't be embarrassed...then I told him I knew where his clothes were..."  
  
I leaned forward, my cock still in my hand, intent on knowing how the story ended.  
  
"He seemed relieved, but I told him he had to ask me for help if he wanted his clothes. He had to say, 'Carrie, please help me...I'm naked outside and don't have any clothes....' At first, he hesitated, but when I started to leave, he asked me to wait. Then, he said it, word for word..."  
  
Carrie came hard, slamming her fingers in and out of her wet cunt...the slurping sounds filled the room.   
  
"Oh god...oh....god..." she moaned loudly, over and over...her whole body tensed as orgasm rocked her. Her mammoth tits jiggled and moved under her shirt, and she grabbed her left one and squeezed hard.   
  
God, she was so beautiful. My cock twitched again as I watched her cum.  
  
Grabbing her pussy hard, she rode out the last throes of her orgasm...which lasted a good minute, before, relaxing and going limp in the chair.  
  
"Damn," I said in awe, "what a story."   
  
We fell silent for moment, before I asked her how it ended.  
  
"Well," she began after regaining her composure, "after he asked me to help him, I went back and got his clothes and handed them to him. He asked if I had stolen them. I told him I didn't but that I had found them in the bushes. Suddenly, I heard Susan calling my name. I quickly kissed him on the cheek, and ran off to meet her."  
  
"Wow..."' was all I could say.  
  
"For the rest of the trip, I masturbated every day, imagining that naked guy in the woods. Since then, seeing a guy naked and helpless, with no way to cover up has been my biggest turn on. It really makes me hot when he has to depend on me for help."  
  
Carrie sat, one leg draped over the arm of the chair, still lazily fingering her pussy inside her panties.  
  
We looked at each other for a while, when her cell phone rang. It was on the table, next to my one-socked, foot. She reached for it.  
  
"Hello? Oh, hi Shawna...." She said, winking at me.