* 1. **Confessions of an Exhibitionist**
	2. by Seahawk76

Hello. My name is Melissa and I'm an exhibitionist.

I didn't actually say those words out loud; I just imagined standing up and saying them to the twenty or so people sitting in this community center meeting room. I was also fantasizing about stripping off all of my clothes as I spoke, which probably helps explain why I ended up at an AA meeting in the first place. You see, my addiction has nothing to do with drugs or alcohol, although it can be as potentially career damaging as battling either of those demons. That's why I came here tonight hoping for some insight into how to stop myself before it was too late. And as I listened to people tell stories about their first beer or first line of cocaine I thought back to how it had all begun for me over seven years ago.

I knew I was hooked from the very first time I stood naked in a place where I wasn't supposed to be naked and felt that strange mixture of dread, excitement, fear, embarrassment, and arousal coursing through my body. I still remember vividly the first time I felt the gentle swaying of my unfettered breasts as I walked across the dew-covered grass with the cool night air caressing my bare skin. Looking back now at those first tentative steps into public exhibitionism they were really quite tame, but that's the way addictions start, don't they? You get a little taste and want more and more.

I obviously understood back then that there were potential consequences involved in my new hobby, but does any eighteen year-old really fully understand the meaning of risk? Even though I knew it would be humiliating if I got caught, that was part of the excitement. Many of life's greatest thrills involve a delicate dance on the ledge between pleasure and pain.

So here I am now, on the threshold of a promising career that might be ruined if my extracurricular activities ever come to light, and I'm still dancing on that ledge and don't know how to stop. I'm torn between my desire to keep going - to keep experiencing that thrill over and over again - and my fear of what might eventually happen if I do.

I'd tried more socially acceptable forms of satisfying my naked in public fantasies by going to nude beaches and nudist resorts, but those had proven to be very unsatisfying. I realized after awhile that it wasn't enough to merely be nude in public; it had to be in a setting where nudity was not allowed or expected. It was the thrill of being seen, being caught, being humiliated, that were fueling my addiction. And as I sat quietly listening to others talk about their struggles to overcome their own addictions, I found my mind drifting and I began reliving those first tentative steps.

It'd all started the summer before my senior year of high school when my Dad decided to remodel my bedroom.

II

"But Dad, where am I supposed to sleep while you're working on my room?"

"How about your sister's room?"

"No way!" My younger sister was two years younger than me and I knew that if we had to share the same bed for any length of time that we'd try to strangle each other before it was all over.

"Well, there's always the couch then, hon," Dad said.

"For how long?"

"Just for a week or so."

"Yeah, right," I said as I rolled my eyes. My Dad fancied himself a home improvement expert and I have to admit that his projects eventually turned out pretty good. But you could always take his estimate of how long something would take to finish and multiply it by about three or four. Knocking out a wall and adding a walk-in closet didn't sound like a "week or so" project to me so I mentally prepared myself to be without my room for at least a month.

"Alright then," he replied. "If you don't like either of those options I can always set up the tent out in the backyard and you can sleep outside. It'll be like camping out."

"Outside in a tent? Am I supposed to be like a Bedouin or something?" I whined.

"Yeah, it's going to be exactly like that," he replied sarcastically. "It'll be a difficult, nomadic life for you, but if you survive it you'll have proven yourself worthy of the tribe. Listen, Melissa, I'm not going to put you up in a motel so you tell me where you want to sleep."

So that's how I came to find myself sleeping in a small two-man tent in my backyard for nearly a month. With an air mattress, a sleeping bag, a couple of pillows and some music to listen to I wasn't exactly roughing it, and after the first couple of nights I decided it wasn't so bad.

On the third night I woke up in the middle of the night needing to pee. I unzipped the door and, still half asleep, crawled out of the tent wearing only the tank top and panties I'd been sleeping in. I walked to the back door of the house and turned the knob only to find it locked. Shit. Why did they lock the door? Out of habit, I guess.

I looked around and for the first time realized just how exposed I was standing there in my tank top and panties. Our house was on a large plot of land at the edge of a very small town. The backyard was unfenced with a large grassy lawn and a small shed and garden at the rear of it where we grew corn and other vegetables. To my right as I faced the back door was a large untended field that stretched about an acre with our closest neighbor's house on the other side. To my left, past a much smaller field and a narrow road, was the city park. We had no neighbors to speak of (at least not within several hundred yards), but there were always a few RVs and trailers parked just across the street at the park, which served as the town's only tourist campground.

I scurried back behind my tent and peeked out at the trailers and RVs. There was virtually no chance that anyone would be looking this direction at this time of the night, and I doubt that they could've actually seen much even if they were, but the thought of it gave me an unexpected thrill. I still needed to pee so I made my way behind the shed and pulled down my panties. I felt a little naughty with my bare ass hanging out in the breeze and after I'd finished I impulsively pulled them off. I'm so bad, I giggled. I know it sounds pretty lame but I'd never done anything even remotely like this before in my life.

You see, up until I was about sixteen I'd always been small for my age and a bit, um...underdeveloped. To say that I had some body issues would be a huge understatement. I hated my body and it didn't help matters when my younger sister developed a nice set of boobs by the time she was thirteen. I was the object of a lot of teasing at school and, being naturally introverted anyway, I guess I withdrew even further into myself.

Then suddenly, out of nowhere, I had what I guess you could call a "growth spurt." Not only did I grow by almost three inches in the course of just a few months but my chest went from almost ironing board flat to a B cup. I know that's nothing spectacular but I was exhilarated, and my breasts fit my lithe body rather nicely. I couldn't stop staring at my changing body in the mirror and, for the first time, I saw a young woman staring back rather than a little girl. Mom called me a late bloomer and I'd hoped that this growth spurt would last for at least one more cup size, but then it seemed to stop as quickly as it started. Still, when I returned to school from summer break I couldn't help but notice that I was getting stares from the guys for the first time in my life even though I was still too shy to wear anything more revealing than a t-shirt and blue jeans.

I guess the reason I'm telling you all of this is to explain that even after having just turned eighteen, I was still a shy, naïve country girl who'd only just begun exploring her sexuality. Maybe my lack of experience helps to explain why what was about to happen was such an electrifying jolt to my system. I'd never experienced anything like this before in my life so I really had nothing to compare it to.

So that's who I was when I found myself holding my bunched up panties in my hand and giggling like an idiot as I peeked around the corner of the shed. My house was pitch dark and none of the bedrooms faced the backyard so there was no danger of my family seeing me without walking out of the back door. Feeling very daring I slowly crept bottomless toward my tent and crawled inside.

It was still only about three a.m. and as I lay there on my sleeping bag I felt the unmistakable feelings of excitement and arousal washing over me. Wow! I'd never felt anything like that before in my life and I knew I had to go back outside and experience it again. I crawled out of the tent leaving my panties behind but still wearing the tank top. I sat just outside my tent for a few minutes, my senses attuned to everything around me as I tried to work up the courage to take the next step. I finally managed to do it and peeled off my tank top and threw it into the tent. Oh my God, I thought, I'm naked outside!

I looked down at my tits and my pussy knowing that I was out where someone might actually see them. What would that be like? Of course there was virtually no chance of that happening, hidden where I was behind my tent in my backyard in the middle of the night. Still, even the remote possibility of it excited me more than I ever could have imagined. I don't know how long I sat out there that night but after I finally crawled back inside and attempted to go to sleep I just knew I had to do this again!

The next night I could barely wait for bedtime and after crawling into my sleeping bag I slept fitfully waiting for the early morning hours before daring to try it again. As I was lying there one thought kept running through my head: I wonder how far I can get from my clothes? Little did I know this would be a challenge I'd keep giving myself for years to come.

When the time finally came I crawled naked out of my tent and sat for a few minutes in the same spot as the night before. I surveyed my surroundings and tried to work up the courage to leave what was already becoming my comfort zone. It took a few minutes of an internal pep talk before I was able to stand up and take a few tentative steps away from my tent. I walked around slowly, stopping every few steps to look around and listen intently for the slightest noise that might reveal an unexpected presence. After awhile I began imagining that I was actually out in the middle of town in broad daylight with dozens of shocked people staring at every inch of my nude body. Just the thought of it sent send an intense wave of arousal through my body!

For the next few nights I repeated the same pattern: I'd get up in the middle of the night and make nude explorations around my backyard, becoming a little bit bolder each time. Before long, though, I realized that I'd have to expand my boundaries if I wanted to test myself and see how far I could get from my clothes. I mean, there's only so far I could go in my backyard, right?

I wandered over to the edge of the large field next to my house and stared across it at our closest neighbor's house. I didn't really know the people living there very well but I imagined them looking out their window at me as I stood naked in the moonlight. In reality it was much too far away for them to see anything even if they actually had been looking but it still gave me a little thrill anyway. I took a few tentative steps into the field but quickly returned back to the lawn. The field was overgrown with weeds, tall grass, and sharp rocks and it wouldn't be a good idea to try to cross it without shoes. I can't explain why but somehow the thought of putting on shoes seemed like cheating to me. On top of that, my parents' and my sister's bedrooms faced this field so there was always a slim chance that one of them might be looking out a window if I tried to cross it.

Since the field wasn't really a good option I turned and looked in the other direction toward the park. Across the street I saw three RVs and two trailers camped in the RV area and I'd have to pass by them to get to the park. Once there, well, who knows who might be in the park? And once I got past the park the entire town laid beyond. If I really wanted to challenge myself I knew that was the direction I needed to go. But I couldn't really go that way could I? It was much too risky and I knew I wasn't ready and might never be ready to do that.

So that's when I found myself peering around the side of the house at our front yard. It was a very large front yard (which made mowing it a pain) and was much more exposed than the backyard. In the middle of it was a large old oak tree and to the right was our unattached garage. It was a cloudless night with a nearly a full moon so it was awfully bright out there. I decided to set a goal...I would make it to the oak tree and back. The tree stood about thirty feet away and I sprinted to it and touched it and then ran back to the relative protection of the side of the house. I looked around for any sign that someone might have just witnessed a naked girl running through her front yard, but I heard and saw nothing. So I went to the tree a second time, this time forcing myself to walk as slowly as I dared. When I reached it I stood in an area shaded from the moonlight and made myself stay there, although my instincts were screaming for me to run back to what I now considered the safety of the backyard. I was almost trembling but somehow I managed to force myself to stay and after a couple of minutes I began calming down.

Ok, Melissa, your next goal is the garage and back, I said to myself. So, after a quick pep talk, I walked over and touched the garage and then scampered back to the tree. I know all of this must sound awfully tame to you but these baby steps allowed me to slowly but surely expand my boundaries. For the next several nights I continued this process until I could walk naked around my front yard without hesitation. By now I had explored virtually every square inch of our property which meant only one thing: my boundaries were going to have to expand past our property line.

III

The next night I sat naked next to our oak tree and stared at my next goal. Beyond the edge of our front yard was a narrow road that wound past our house and the city park and just beyond the road was a small creek. My plan tonight was to cross the road and dip my toes into the creek. It really wasn't very far away but it still required crossing a psychological barrier. It just seemed naughtier to be naked on public property rather than in my own yard and I'd been excited all day by the prospect of it. There was also more to it than that, though. I sensed that by passing beyond the edge of my property I was opening up a whole world of possibilities – in this town and beyond – where I might get naked if I had the courage. The thought of it was both intoxicating and terrifying and I think that might have been the moment when I realized that my new addiction could easily get out of control if I wasn't careful.

Leaving my property naked didn't just involve crossing psychological barriers, though. There were very real risks involved and those risks increased with each step I took away from my home and my clothes. I may have lived in a sleepy little town (we used to joke that it closed at nine o'clock each night) but there's never any guarantee that there won't be someone out wandering around, even in the middle of the night. I won't say that I knew everyone in town, or that everyone knew me, but the odds were pretty good that if I was caught it would be by someone who recognized me. That's one of the paradoxes of living in a very small town; you are far less anonymous than when surrounded by people in a larger city.

It took me a few minutes to work up my nerve before I finally stood up and walked to the edge of the front lawn. I looked around and then took a long, deep breath before scampering across the road and down the small embankment to the creek below. I found a grassy spot to sit and stuck my toes into the creek.

I don't know if it was the chill of the cold water or the situation I was in but a shudder rippled through my body. The moon above bathed my bare skin in an incandescent light and I felt more vulnerable and exposed than I ever had before. Almost involuntarily my left hand began caressing my right breast as my right hand moved down my stomach and then into the moistness between my legs.

I closed my eyes and imagined that the moon was a single spotlight illuminating my nude body for an appreciative audience. I pictured myself as a star on a stage, baring everything to hundreds of hungry eyes in the darkness. I wanted to shock and awe them; to be seen and desired by them. I wanted to be at the very center of my small corner of the universe for once in my life.

Seconds later I came so hard I had to bite my lip to keep from crying out. And just seconds after that I heard the unmistakable rumble of a large truck in the distance.

I guess my orgasm had temporarily drained my fear and restraint and in the afterglow I felt no need to run or hide. Instead, I stood up and waded across the small creek to the other side and then up the embankment to the guardrail at the top. I crouched behind it and watched the headlights coming toward me in the distance.

Even though my town was very boring, one thing it did feature was a fairly busy highway that ran right through the middle of it. The Canadian border was about ninety miles away and this road served as one of the primary conduits for travelers and trucks heading back and forth between the US-Canadian border in this part of the state. That's why the park next to my house usually had trailers and RV's parking overnight during the summer; it served as a convenient waypoint for travelers. The traffic usually died down to almost nothing at night but the occasional truck would pass through town, even in the early morning hours.

My front yard wasn't easily visible from a speeding vehicle on the highway which is why I hadn't been overly concerned about it while making my nude strolls, but now I found myself hidden behind the guardrail as a large eighteen-wheel semi rumbled toward me. It had slowed down while passing through town but now it started picking up speed as it closed in on my hiding spot. Without even thinking I stood up, stepped over the rail and began waving at the truck! Any doubts about whether I'd been seen or not were answered by a thunderous blast from the truck horn which pierced the still night and jolted me back to reality. What the hell was I doing? I was worried for a minute that the truck might pull over and stop but it kept right on rolling out of town. Even worse I was afraid that the horn might draw the attention of anyone who might be around (or my parents!). Without giving any thought to stealth or caution now I stepped back over the guard rail, ran down the embankment, splashed across the creek, and then sprinted through my yard to the back of the house and the safety of my tent. As I lay breathlessly on my sleeping bag my mind was running a million miles an hour. A stranger had seen me naked!

I knew immediately that I liked it and wanted it to happen again.

IV

My experience flashing the truck driver had allowed me to burst through yet another psychological barrier and the nature of my game began to change after that. It had taken a lot of baby steps to get to that point but then I'd suddenly, and without warning, taken a giant leap. I'd learned a lesson that I'd apply later to other aspects of my life: slow, steady, incremental progress toward a goal will often lead to a sudden breakthrough. Half the battle in life is just showing up and I'd shown up naked each and every night for the past couple of weeks and was now capable of things that I couldn't have imagined before.

I became more brazen and bold in my nude explorations, no longer totally petrified about being seen. Of course there's a big difference between being seen by some anonymous trucker and being caught by a family friend or someone who recognized me. I still wanted to avoid those encounters but, like I said, the eighteen year-old mind doesn't always fully grasp the meaning of risk. I began to take more and more of them with each successive outing.

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 ​ I spent the next few nights wandering farther and farther away from my clothes. The park road that ran by my house made a left turn about fifty yards or so to the north where it crossed a bridge over the creek and connected to the highway. It also continued north as well, though, becoming a quiet country road that was rarely used other than by the farmers who lived on it. I knew I could probably walk indefinitely on it without much chance of being caught and with plenty of places to hide if a car came by. The road also ran past the large untended field next our house and on the other side of it was a dirt road that led to the house I could see from my backyard. I decided that house would be my goal for the next night.

I started a little earlier than usual and as I began walking down that dark country road I was a jumble of nerves. Tonight I'd be going farther away from home - and any access to clothing - than ever before and with each step my sense of excitement and accomplishment grew. This was so cool! I only wished I could be doing it in the middle of the day.

After reaching the end of the field I spotted the dirt road and made a right turn. Unlike the paved road I'd been on this road was rough and had small rocks on it. My neighbor's house was about a hundred yards away and I stepped gingerly along the road until I reached some bushes on the border of the front lawn. What now? The house was dark with no sign of movement so I decided I was going to walk up and touch the front door. First, though, I turned to look at my house across the field. Just as I figured, it was impossible to see much of anything in my yard from here. I felt a small twinge of disappointment that the people living here couldn't possibly have been spying on my nude escapades.

Just then I saw a light snap on in my house. Oh shit! Somebody's up! Was someone going to the bathroom? Was my mom or dad going to go out to the tent to check up on me? What would I tell them if they did? And what if they saw my clothes lying in a bundle in the tent with no sign of their daughter? Would they call the cops? Of course they'd call the cops!

There was nothing I could do from here so I just watched nervously from afar. After a couple of minutes the light went out and I began to breathe again. It struck me just how stupid and careless I've been and I decided I had to find a place to hide my clothes when I went out at night. Somewhere where I could get to them in an emergency so I could at least come up with a plausible explanation about not being able to sleep and going out for a stroll.

It took me a couple of minutes to calm down before I turned my attention back to my neighbor's house. I'd come this far so I decided to carry on with my plan. I stepped out from the bushes and crept slowly across the lawn toward the front door. I was nearing the house when suddenly the porch light snapped on! I stood there for a minute like a deer caught in headlights, unable to move, expecting the front door to swing open any second! I stood frozen like this until it dawned on me that the light had been turned on by a motion detector. I quickly walked up the porch steps and touched the front door, then turned and hightailed back out to my hiding place in the bushes. After a couple of minutes the porch light snapped back off and I saw no signs from within the house that anyone was awake.

I let out a small laugh and shook my head. Melissa, you've gone batshit crazy, girl. You are so going to get caught one of these nights.

The next night I began taking the extra precaution of hiding my clothes near the garage where I thought I could get to them unseen if I had to. From there I continued my nude walks down the country road, getting progressively farther from home each time. But this road proved to be a little too quiet and after a couple of uneventful nights I began hungering for more adventure. At the end of my strolls I would walk down and sit next to the creek hoping for another truck to roll by, but no such luck. Cars would occasionally pass but I didn't dare show myself to them without knowing if they belonged to locals or not.

By the third night I was getting bored as I sat by the creek and after a few minutes I impulsively made my way up to the guardrail, stepped over it and walked to the middle of the highway. In an instant I felt utterly exposed and vulnerable again and my senses were back on full alert! From here I could look right down the center of my hometown and in the distance the streetlights lit up what passed for the business district. Behind me the highway led out of town for a quarter of a mile or so before curving to the left and out of sight. I'd have little warning if a car or truck came from that direction.

I stood there for several minutes just drinking in the sensations now flowing again through my body. I imagined myself walking right down the middle of the highway into town and even took a few steps in that direction. Then I turned and scampered to the other side of the highway. It was heavily wooded on this side and no place for a naked, barefoot girl to do any exploring but it would serve as a hiding place if I needed it. Having the highway between me and my home added an extra layer of excitement and I desperately wanted to show my nude body to some unsuspecting truck driver. I even walked a little ways north up the highway hoping a truck would come around the corner but there was no one at all on the highway tonight. Damnit! This town is so dead that even a naked girl can't get any attention! I finally gave up after awhile and wandered back to my tent where I brought myself to an orgasm before finally dozing off for the night.

The next day the house was empty, as it usually was during the summer. My parents both worked and my sister, unlike me, was a social butterfly who was always out with friends. Today she was at the lake and I knew I wouldn't see her until at least dinner time. After taking a nap to catch up on some of my lost sleep, I decided to engage in a little "me time." I drew myself a bath using some of my mom's scented bath oils and allowed myself to soak for awhile in the warm water. I almost never did this and now I began to wonder why. It felt so good!

My skin felt so soft and smooth afterwards and as I was toweling off I decided to take a step that I'd been thinking about for a week or so. I figured that if people might see me naked then I wasn't going to keep anything hidden, so I took one of my Mom's razors and sat on the edge of the bathtub and began carefully shaving around my pussy. When it was completely bare I stood before the mirror examining myself from every angle.

My body was lean and taut with breasts that weren't large but hung nicely over my flat stomach. My ass had always been my best feature but now that the rest of my body had developed it looked even better as a complementary part of the whole package. God, I'm becoming such a narcissist, I thought to myself. But I just couldn't help it. I really looked good naked!

I began examining my face next. I'd always looked young for my age and still did (sometimes my younger sister was mistaken for being my older sister), but even my face was beginning to mature now. My acne had cleared up after a summer in the sun and my black hair had gone uncut long enough that it now spilled over my shoulders. I almost gasped as the thought occurred to me: I'm pretty. I'm really pretty!

I know it sounds weird to have taken so long to realize this, but I'd been self conscious about my body and my looks for so long that I had this image in my head that I couldn't shake. Standing here now I finally understood that this image no longer matched reality. And as I stood naked in front of the full length mirror I knew that I really, really wanted someone to see me like this.

I couldn't bear the thought of putting on clothes so I walked naked through the empty house, desperately wishing I could go outside and walk around in broad daylight. And the more I thought about it the more I thought that maybe I could. My backyard was mostly sheltered by trees on the park side and I knew that my neighbors across the field wouldn't be able to see me without a telescope. I walked over and peeked out the window at the park. The RV area was empty except for a family unhitching a trailer from their truck and setting up a large tent alongside it.

I opened up the back door and stuck my head out. There was about a twenty foot stretch of open space where I'd be visible to the campers before the view from the park was blocked by trees. There were four of them - a mother and father and a teenage boy and blonde-haired girl – and they all had their backs to me at the moment as they were busy setting up camp. I quickly stepped through the door and scampered across the lawn until I reached the shed.

Oh my God, I did it! I sat down and brought my knees up to my chest and hugged them with my arms. Whew! I surveyed my surroundings and saw that I was relatively safe here. I wasn't worried about my neighbors to the right, but to the left of my house I could see the park road and the creek just beyond it. If someone happened to be driving or walking along the road and looked in this direction they'd be able to see me. I decided that was an acceptable risk and after a couple of minutes I stood up and pressed my back against the shed and began caressing my breasts and rock hard nipples. Look at me world! Here I am!

I walked slowly back behind the shed and into our garden. How many times had I been back here with my parents planting or picking corn and vegetables? What would they think of their little girl if they saw her now? I continued walking through the rows of corn feeling the warmth of the sun on my bare skin. I looked at the spot behind the shed where I'd first squatted to pee and then removed my panties. Was that really only just three weeks ago? It seemed like ages ago and I felt like a completely different person now. In many ways I was a different person.

I don't know how long I was back there – probably no more than twenty or thirty minutes – but I finally decided not to push my luck too far. I made my way back toward the house and stopped just short of the exposed area I'd have to cross to reach the back door. I thought about going over behind a tree to survey the area first, but then I decided to just go for it. I was going to walk – not run – to my back door and if anyone over there was looking then, well, they'd be in for a treat. I walked slowly, with my arms at my side, across the lawn without glancing over toward the park. When I reached the back door I stopped and just had to take a look. The parents and girl were nowhere to be seen but the teenage boy was staring directly at me!

I thought my heart was going to jump out of my chest! I opened the door and was ready to run inside when I stopped myself. Here was the chance to show myself off to a stranger that I'd been waiting for! I slowly backed away from the door and turned toward him. A grin spread across his face and he raised a hand to wave. I saw that the boy was about my age and I smiled and waved back, then did a slow turn to give him a view from every angle. Then I stood facing him again and let my left hand wander up and begin caressing my breasts while my right hand moved slowly down my stomach toward my bare pussy. I don't know how far I would've gone if the mother hadn't emerged from the camper right then. I bolted for the door and was inside before she turned my way.

Minutes later I came as hard as I've ever come in my life.

V

"So did you do anything fun today, Melissa," my dad asked over the dinner table.

"Well, Dad, I shaved my pussy and ran around naked in the backyard and let a boy look at me." Okay, I didn't actually say that. What I really said was, "Mmm, not much. Kinda just hung out here today. Pretty boring."

"Well you should get outside more. Get some fresh air while the weather's still good." I had trouble suppressing a smile when he said that. Getting fresh air was the least of my worries.

"Okay Dad, I will," I promised. Just as soon as you guys are asleep tonight, I thought to myself.

I looked over and saw my mom eyeing me curiously. "You look different, Melissa," she said. "You're glowing." I just about spit out my green beans when she said that. I was still so amped up after my experience this afternoon that I felt like an electrical current was flowing through my body.

"Um, I just got some sun today," I sputtered.

"Maybe she's getting laid," my sister Sarah volunteered with a smirk. I glared across the table at her.

"That's enough, Sarah," my mom scolded but then I glanced over and saw her eyeing me suspiciously.

"No! I'm not!"

"Better not be," my dad said as he chewed on a mouthful of fried chicken. "You're not allowed to have sex until you're at least thirty. And only after you've been married and divorced a couple of times."

"If she doesn't have sex until she's thirty she probably will be divorced a couple of times before then," Sarah laughed.

My sister Sarah and I were almost polar opposites. She was as extraverted and outspoken as I was shy and quiet. There wasn't much of a filter between her brain and her mouth and just about any thought that entered her head quickly passed unimpeded to her lips. She was also as curvy as I'd been small and petite (at least until my growth spurt) and she didn't mind flaunting it. Even now at the table she was wearing a tank top that was showing more cleavage than I knew my mom was comfortable with. She'd pretty much given up fighting Sarah about it, though.

Dad was pretty laid back and funny and was more than happy to leave the matter of disciplining his daughters to my mom. He didn't pretend to have any insight into the mysterious workings of the teenage female mind and I'm sure he was happily oblivious to any changes going on with his older daughter. But my mom...not so much. I could tell she suspected something was going on.

If my parents had ever contemplated the prospect of one of their daughters getting caught streaking around town in the nude I'm sure they would've guessed that it would be Sarah, not their shy, mousy little Melissa. But I wasn't quite as shy and mousy anymore and I know Mom was coming to that realization. I wondered what they were going to think of me when they found out the truth.

You see, I didn't think of getting caught anymore as a matter of "if" but "when." The only reason it hadn't happened so far was a combination of dumb luck and the fact that this town was so dead at night. I knew the town wouldn't liven up any time soon but my luck could only last so long. It would happen sooner or later, and the only reason it might be later was because my bedroom was almost finished and I'd soon have to move back inside. On top of that the summer was coming to an end, school would be starting up again, and the weather would be turning cold. All of those factors would be impediments to my new obsession but I knew they wouldn't stop me. Not completely anyway. I may need to find new strategies and locales, and I certainly wouldn't be able to keep doing it every night, but I knew I'd find a way. I was too addicted now to stop.

The realization that I was eventually going to get caught was almost liberating. If I only had a few days left before I had to move back inside I was determined to make the most of them. I wasn't planning on doing anything too stupid or crazy, but I was going to push myself as far as I dared and if I got caught, I got caught. Yeah, it would be embarrassing to have the whole town (and my family!) know about my weird little fetish, but considering how many girls in my school had gotten knocked up over the past few years, just how scandalous could it be? That was my rationalization anyway, such as it was.

After dinner, I was helping my mom put the dishes in the dishwasher when she spoke to me. "You know, Melissa, you've changed quite a bit over the past few months and I mean that in a good way. You're really becoming a beautiful young woman."

"Thanks," I said and I'm sure I was blushing. It's not as if this was the first time that my mom had called me pretty, but I guess it was the first time that I actually believed her.

"Listen, Melissa do you, um...have a boyfriend? Or is there anything you want to talk to me about?"

I shook my head. "No. Why? What do you think I've been doing?"

"Oh, nothing. I'm just saying that you're eighteen now and there's nothing wrong with having a boyfriend. God knows your sister has a few of them. So if you did it would be okay."

"I don't have a boyfriend, Mom. And I'm still a virgin if that's what you're thinking." I blushed again as I said that. I wasn't comfortable talking about sex with my mom and the direction this conversation was going was making me squirm uncomfortably.

"Oh no, hon. I'm not accusing you of anything. It's just that, well, like I said, you've really grown up and you're just glowing today." She laughed nervously. "Ah hell, I don't know what I'm trying to say. I just want you to know that if there's anything you want to talk to me about, I'm here for you."

"Thanks, Mom." For a brief moment I was tempted to tell her about my late night nude ramblings but I knew I couldn't do it. It's not that I was afraid that she'd think I was a total pervert or something, it's just that I knew she'd be terrified that her little girl might run into a rapist or murderer out there. I know she sensed that I was keeping a secret from her, but it was a secret that I was determined to keep for as long as I could.

After dinner we all got together in the living room and watched a DVD, but I had a hard time concentrating on it. The later and darker it got the more my anticipation grew and the harder my nipples became. I was very glad I was wearing a loose t-shirt tonight or my mom would've really gotten suspicious.

When it was finally time for bed I said goodnight and walked out the back door. Instead of going to my tent I wandered over to the edge of the lawn and faced the park. Across the street I could see the trailer and tent that belonged to the boy's family and that several more RV's had joined them. There was no sign of him but I could see shadows moving within their lit camper. Beyond the camping area lay the city park and the rest of my little town.

I knew which direction I'd be going tonight.

VI

I looked over at the digital clock in my tent and saw that it was time to go. I crawled out of my sleeping bag and peeled off my t-shirt and panties, but I hesitated for a minute. Something was going to happen tonight, I could just feel it. Maybe I should just skip it and try to get some sleep. Or go in a safer direction. I was more nervous and excited than I'd ever been before and the first two times I reached for the tent door zipper I hesitated and pulled back. Finally on the third try I unzipped it, stuck my head out and looked around, and then stepped naked out into the warm summer night.

Across the street the campers were all dark and there was no sign of activity. I had to go through a small narrow field to reach the park road and I stepped gingerly to avoid rocks as I crossed. The bottom of my feet had become calloused now, though, from nearly a month of barefoot walking and I quickly reached the park road. I stopped just a few feet away from the campground pondering which way to go. I could've walked a little ways down the road to bypass the campers if I wanted but I decided to walk right through the middle of the campground. In for a penny in for a pound, I guess.

I walked between two large RVs and then over to the tent where I knew the boy I'd seen earlier today was sleeping. Inside I could hear the heavy breathing of a sleeper and I stood outside for several minutes secretly hoping he would wake up and look outside. Finally my better judgment took over and I started moving again before someone really did wake up and see me there. I crossed a bridge over the creek and entered the park, then crouched behind a tree to survey it.

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 ​ The moonlight wasn't as bright as it had been several weeks ago but it was still too bright for a naked girl who didn't necessarily want to be seen tonight. It wasn't a large park: maybe two hundred yards across and about the same distance wide. There wasn't much cover either; just a few trees and some picnic tables and benches. On the far end was some playground equipment for younger kids. I decided that my goal tonight was to make it at least to the other side and I'd play it by ear after that.

I emerged from behind the tree and began walking, my senses attuned to any sound or sight that would alert me to danger. To my right I heard a car engine and froze as a car passed in the distance on the highway. It was far enough away, though, that they couldn't possibly see me and after it disappeared I began walking again.

I was about half way through the park when I heard a female voice.

"Hey!"

I nearly jumped out of my skin! I turned toward home and was ready to bolt when she spoke again.

"Wait a minute! Don't go."

I don't know why, but for some reason I didn't run. Instead I covered my breasts and my pussy and turned in the direction of the voice. About twenty feet away in the shadows I could make out a female figure sitting on a park bench. "Come here. I want to talk to you," she said. I walked slowly toward her, still covering myself, and when I got within a few feet away I finally recognized her. It was the girl I'd seen earlier in the trailer camp; the girl I assumed was the sister of the boy I'd flashed. As I got closer I also detected the unmistakable scent of marijuana wafting in the air and saw a joint burning in her hand.

"Nice night for a stroll, huh?" she laughed. "You must be the girl that my brother saw yesterday." I nodded, unable to speak. "That's so funny because I accused him of making it up." Her eyes roamed over my body. "Can you drop your hands so I can get a good look at you?" I don't know why but I obeyed and stood naked before her. She motioned for me to spin around and I did that, too. "Wow, you are so cute," she said. "My brother's going to be so pissed he wasn't out here tonight." The girl took a long drag from the joint and held it in for a few seconds before expelling the smoke into the air.

"So are you a nudist or something?"

I shook my head and finally found my voice. "I'm sort of a streaker, I guess."

"So you're doing this for kicks? Wow, that's really hot. I wish I had your guts. How old are you anyway?"

"I'm eighteen," I said.

"Really? That's my age. I would've guessed you were younger. Maybe sixteen."

"I look young for my age but I am eighteen."

"Oh, I believe you. God, you're beyond cute, though. You're definitely rocking that tight, nubile body and girl-next-door face. You must drive the boys in this town wild."

"Not really," I said, blushing to hear her talking about me this way.

"Well, they're crazy then. Or gay." She patted the bench next to her motioning for me to sit down. "I won't bite," she said.

My eyes had adjusted to the light now and as I sat down I could see the girl was beautiful. Blonde hair, blue eyes, and she was wearing a pair of shorts and a tank top that showed off a perfect figure. I thought she might be the prettiest girl I'd ever seen, at least in person. She reached her hand out and introduced herself. "My name's Carli," she said and I took her hand.

"I'm Melissa."

"Hello, lovely naked Melissa, I'm pleased to meet you. You're definitely the highlight of my trip so far." She held the marijuana cigarette up and motioned for me to take it. I put it to my lips and inhaled and immediately broke out into a coughing fit. Carli laughed and began rubbing my shoulders. "Take it easy girl. Was that your first time?"

"No," I choked, "but I haven't done it very often."

"Try it again, but take a smaller hit." I did as she said and this time I was able to hold it in for a few seconds before exhaling. Almost immediately I began to relax.

"Good girl," she said and took it back, taking a much larger hit herself. "Thank God for weed. It's the only thing that's helped me survive this family vacation." She handed the joint to me and I took another toke and handed it back.

"Do your parents know you're out smoking pot at night?" I asked.

"They know but they don't know, if you know what I mean. It's kind of a don't ask, don't tell situation. Do your parents know you're out streaking at night?"

"Oh, God no. My mom suspects that something's going on, though. She thinks I'm having sex."

"Are you?"

"No. I don't even have a boyfriend."

Carli turned and looked at me wide-eyed. "Are you a virgin?" I nodded sheepishly. "So you're out strutting your naked virgin body around town? Oh God, that makes this doubly hot," she laughed. I was beginning to feel good now and started giggling. Wow, I'm starting to get high.

We talked for awhile as we continued passing the joint back and forth. Carli's family was from California and they were returning from Canada from a family vacation. She was starting college in a few weeks at UCLA and her parents had wanted to spend a long camping trip together before she left home. I told her about all of my exploits over the few weeks and Carli just kept shaking her head and laughing. "Well, I guess we both have something in common, Melissa. We both have to sneak out of our tent in the middle of the night to feed our addiction."

I guess it was a combination of the pot, being naked in a public place, and Carli's friendly presence but I couldn't remember the last time I'd felt this good. "So how do you like my little town?" I asked her.

"It's a pretty area, but I thought it was really boring until I met you. How many people live here anyway?"

"I don't know. About fifteen hundred I think."

"Wow. My high school is bigger than that. You know I've been sitting here for more than thirty minutes now and I haven't seen a soul other than you. No wonder you can walk around naked without getting caught."

"Well, most of the residential areas are on the other side of town," I said. "But this town definitely is pretty dead at night."

"How far were you planning on going tonight anyway?" she asked.

"At least to the end of the park and back. Maybe a little farther if I still had the courage."

"What's the farthest you'd like to go naked?" she asked with a mischievous grin.

"To my high school and back, I guess." I replied. In the back of my mind that had always been my ultimate goal but I didn't think I'd ever have the courage to do it.

Carli's eyes lit up. "Walking naked around your own high school? That would be amazing! How far is it?"

"About five or six blocks," I said. "But I know a way to get there without passing many houses."

Carli grabbed my hand. "Let's do it! I'll walk point for you to make sure the coast is clear."

"I don't know," I said. "That's really pushing my luck."

"Oh come on, Melissa. You're high, you're naked, and you've got me to watch your back. And your front, too," she giggled. "When are you going to have this chance again?"

I gulped and nodded. "Okay, I guess so." Oh my God, what am I about to do?

Carli reached down and pulled a baggy filled with pot out of a fanny pack she was carrying. "If I'm going to run around town with a naked girl I'd better stash this somewhere," she said. She hid the pot under a nearby bush and walked back to the park bench where I was still sitting. Then she reached into the pack and removed something else that I couldn't make out at first. "Look what I else I found in here," she said as she held a digital camera up to her eye. "Say cheese!" Before I could protest a flash went off.

I looked around nervously. "What are you doing, Carli? Someone might see!"

"There's no one around here," she replied. "Besides look how cute you look." She turned the camera around and showed me the picture. I had this surprised look on my face and my bare breasts were clearly visible.

"Please delete that," I pleaded.

"Don't worry, I won't show it to anyone. Not anyone you know anyway," she laughed. "Well, maybe except for my brother. I want to make sure he sees what he missed tonight. I love to torment him like that. Besides we need to record your adventures tonight."

I opened my mouth to protest but I knew it wouldn't do any good. She had such a forceful, confident personality and I didn't. I wouldn't stand a chance.

We started walking and it only took a couple of minutes to reach the end of the park. Carli walked ahead of me to the park's restroom building and peered around it, then waved for me to join her. "Where to now?" she asked.

Across the street from the park on the left was a bowling alley and next to it on the right was a slab of concrete that doubled as a basketball court and tennis court. "Right through there," I said, pointing at the court.

"Okay, I'll go check it out," she said, but before she moved she eyed the playground equipment to our right. "Oh, look at that. I've just got to get some pictures of you on the monkey bars!"

"No, Carli! Really! I'm going to get caught."

"It'll only take a minute and there's no one around."

One minute turned out to be five minutes and by the time she was done I had my picture taken on the monkey bars, the swings, the slide, and the teeter-totter. Far from helping me, Carli was making it much more likely that I'd be caught! When she was finally finished taking pictures she jogged across the street to the basketball court, looked around, and then waved for me to follow. I scampered across the street under the bright illumination of a street lamp.

Behind the basketball court was the town's little league diamond. It was dark enough here that Carli apparently didn't feel the need to "walk point" anymore, so we walked together to a short cut I knew of just past the centerfield fence. When we reached the fence I was able to bend a broken section of it enough for us to squeeze through. On the other side was a path that ran alongside the creek – the same creek that flowed past my house and through the park. On the other side of the creek was the highway that ran through the middle of town.

The path was protected from view on either side by trees but as we walked along I could occasionally see through the trees to the opposite side of the highway. As we passed by a gas station and the town's largest grocery store it struck me just how deep into town I was getting now. My high was starting to wear off and I felt the first twinges of panic setting in.

"Maybe we should turn back," I said.

"Why? How much farther is it?"

"It's just up in the next block."

"We're almost there then. Why turn back now?"

"Well, we're going to have to cross the highway to get there, and there are houses across the street from it. And, I don't know...I'm just getting so damn far from home now."

"I know!" she said. "Isn't this incredible? My nipples are almost as hard as yours. I guess I'm living vicariously through you. Here, feel for yourself." She took hold of my left hand and held it to her right breast. Then she took me by the hand and began pulling me along the path like a little girl following her mom.

Minutes later we found ourselves directly across the street from the faculty parking lot, and just beyond that was my high school. Carli removed her shoes and we waded across the creek to get into position to make a dash for it. As we hid behind some bushes and Carli put her shoes back on I could tell that even she was getting nervous now. And she was still dressed! My heart felt like it was beating about a hundred miles an hour!

"This'll be easy," she said encouraging me. "It's summer vacation so there won't be anyone around, right? No janitors or security guards or anything?"

"Not as far as I know," I said.

"I don't see anyone nearby," Carli said as she looked both directions. "No cars coming. Let's go for it!" She dragged me out of our hiding spot and we began running hand-in-hand across the highway and through the faculty parking lot until we reached the school. I touched the side of the school and we both collapsed in a heap of breathless laughter. I did it! We did it!

We sat there for a couple of minutes by the side of the school collecting ourselves when Carli had another idea. "Hey let's walk around to the front door. I want to get your picture there."

By now I was starting to feel bulletproof so a couple of minutes later I found myself walking naked up the same steps I'd walked up hundreds of times before. I struck different poses against the door as Carli took pictures, and if I was concerned about the people living in the houses across the street seeing the flashes going off, I don't recall it. And when Carli looked into the window and said, "I wish we could get inside," I responded, "I may know a way."

I'd become overconfident and that almost always leads to a fall. I was about to learn that lesson the hard way.

VII

I led Carli around to the back of the building and down some stairs that led to the basement. According to rumor, the lock on the door leading into the boiler room was broken and could be easily opened. The person who'd told me this rumor was my sister Sarah who'd heard about it from some friends who'd allegedly broken in to steal some tests. I guess I was about to find out if the rumor was true.

When I reached the door I twisted the door knob and could tell that it was loose. I jiggled the knob back and forth as I pushed and pulled on the door but it remained locked. I did this for a minute or so and was about to give up when I felt something give and the door swung open. A smile spread across Carli's face. "You did it, girl. We're in."

This was an old building and the boiler room was kind of disgusting, especially walking through it with bare feet. It was also pitch black down here and we stumbled around for a couple of minutes before we found the stairs that led up to the first floor classrooms. I opened the door and stepped through into a hallway that I'd walked like a million times. "I can't believe it," I whispered to Carli, "I'm walking naked through my school!"

"I know," she said. "This must be so cool for you."

It's almost impossible to describe my feelings at that moment but I can tell you I was incredibly turned on. It was like one of those naked in school dreams but it was real! As I walked along I could almost imagine my schoolmates watching in amazement as I calmly strolled naked down the hallway. "Look," I said. Here's my locker from last year!" I walked over and entered the combination and felt it snap open. I turned to Carli to show her but she was farther down the hallway trying to open classroom doors. The first three were locked but on the fourth try she found one that was unlocked. She pushed the door open and smiled and wiggled her forefinger at me.

"Melissa, dear, you're late for class. Hurry along." I giggled as I watched her disappear into the room and I scampered down the hallway after her.

"This is Mrs. Taylor's room," I said as I entered the classroom. "I had Western Civ here last year." Carli was sitting at Mrs. Taylor's desk and looked up at me.

"You're late, Melissa. Hurry up and take a seat, please," she said in her most officious voice.

"Yes, ma'am," I giggled and I sat down in one of the desks in the front row. I was so wet now I was sure I was leaving a puddle on the wooden seat. Carli grabbed a book from the bookshelf near her desk and pretended to be reading it. Then she looked up and stared at me.

"Melissa, have you come to my class naked again?"

"Yes, ma'am," I said, trying to suppress another giggle.

"What have I told you about that?"

"Not to do it?"

"That's right, and here you've done it again. Come up here please." I walked up and stood before her.

"Melissa, turn around and tell the rest of the class why you've chosen to come to my class naked today."

I turned around and stared at the classroom full of empty desks and could almost imagine them filled with my classmates. "Um, I came here naked today because I really, really like to be naked. I like to have people stare at every inch of my nude body. It makes me really hot."

Carli spoke up behind me. "Melissa, you've been a very bad girl. Come over here, please, so you can receive your punishment." I walked over toward her and I could see that she was as turned on as I was. Her nipples looked like they were going to poke holes in her tank top. "Bend over on my lap, Melissa."

"Yes, ma'am." The first few spanks on my bare butt were light but as they got progressively harder I began squealing and squirming in her lap. I was disappointed when she finally stopped. I stood up and looked at her, rubbing my ass. Carli was breathing as heavily as I was.

"Are you ready to be a good girl now, Melissa?" she said.

"Yes, ma'am," I said as I bowed my head.

"Then I want you to make yourself come for me. Right there on my desk."

"Yes, ma'am." I crawled up on Mrs. Taylor's desk, placed both feet on the top of the desk and spread my legs wide open in front of Carli. I began caressing my breasts as my fingers slid in and out of my pussy. Carli picked up her camera and snapped off several pictures but I was way past the point of caring by now. If someone had told me a few weeks ago that I'd willingly masturbate in front of another girl – and in my high school! – I'd have called them insane. But I was totally, completely, and hopelessly lost in the moment now and I closed my eyes and drifted to a place deep within myself. My moans became louder and louder but they sounded muted like they were coming from a distance. When the wave building inside of me finally crested I tilted my head back and let out a guttural scream.

When I opened up my eyes I saw Carli staring at me through half-closed lids, her left hand kneading her breasts beneath her tank top and her right hand moving furiously beneath her shorts. I dropped my hands to my side and opened my legs wider, giving her an unobstructed view of my nude body. Moments later she reached her own climax.

After it was over was we sat quietly and smiled weakly at each other, our energy spent. "Oh my fucking god," she said finally.

"Yeah," I nodded in agreement. "Oh my fucking god."

That's when we both saw the beam of a flashlight outside the window.

VIII

We both dove down onto the floor as the flashlight beam worked its way down the building toward our classroom. When it reached our windows we saw the beam move back and forth along the wall behind us until it stopped on the still open classroom door. "Shit," I whispered. "I left the door open." We were huddled behind the desk where anyone looking into the window wouldn't be able to see us. The beam of light moved around the room for a minute or so and then retreated back the other direction toward the front door of the school. Carli crawled over to the window and carefully stood up and peeked out of it.

"It's a cop," she whispered. "Someone must have seen us!"

"Ohmygod, I am so screwed," I muttered, almost in a trance. All of those rationalizations I'd constructed suddenly collapsed in an instant as the realization of what it would mean if I was caught naked in here hit me like a body blow.

"C'mon Melissa," Carli said. "We have to get the hell out of here!" She grabbed my hand and pulled me out of the classroom. Down the hall we heard the sound of keys trying to open the front door of the building so we turned and ran the opposite way. At the other end of the hallway we saw the flashing lights of a County Sheriff's car through a window pulling into the parking lot outside. "How many cops are there in this town anyway?" Carli asked.

"There's usually a city cop and sometimes a county sheriff on duty."

"Well, they're both here."

 ​

 ​ "Ohmygod."

C'mon." Carli dragged me toward a nearby stairway and we ran up to the second floor just as the front doors swung open down the hallway.

"Is there a fire escape or something up here?" Carli asked desperately. "There has to be a fire escape up here, right?"

"Yeah, but we're not supposed to use it except for during an emergency. There's an alarm on it."

A laugh escaped from Carli's lips. "I'd call this an emergency, wouldn't you? Where is it?"

"This way," I said and we started running down the hallway as we heard the sound of footsteps coming up the stairway behind us. We reached the white fire escape door and shoved it open, and as we scrambled down the fire escape a loud alarm bell started clanging overhead. If the neighborhood wasn't awake before, it was now.

We ran as fast as we could down various streets and alleys until even I wasn't quite sure where the hell we were. When we couldn't run anymore we found an empty house with a For Sale sign out front and hid ourselves in the backyard. After we caught our breath we started out again, hoping I could find my bearings. When we reached the next block I broke out laughing. I just couldn't help it.

"I know where we are now," I said. "We're like a block from the school. We've been running around in circles."

"How do we get back to the park from here?"

"The highway's just a block that way," I said pointing to the east. "If we can make it to the other side we can get back on the path that runs alongside the creek."

"Well, let's do it then," Carli said.

I was oblivious to my nudity now and walked numbly down the street. I just wanted to get the hell home. When we reached the highway there was no sign of the cops and we sprinted to the other side and finally found ourselves back on the path home. We retraced our steps through the little league field, the basketball court and back through the park. Carli stopped to retrieve her pot on the way and when we finally got near her campsite we paused to say goodbye. In the distance I could see the first faint sign of light on the horizon.

"Hey, that was the most fun I've ever had in my life," Carli said. "I hope I didn't get you into trouble."

"I don't know. If anyone recognized me I'm screwed. But I had fun, too. If I'm grounded for the next year it will have been totally worth it."

"God, you're so cute," she said as she gave me a hug. "I wish I could take you with me." She stepped back and brushed a tear from her eye. "Hey, I'll send you an e-mail with these pictures just like I promised."

"Can I take a picture of you?" I asked.

"Sure," she said. She handed me the camera, then looked around nervously. "I'll even make it a special one." Without warning Carli peeled off her tank top and shorts and stood before me naked. "Here you go," she laughed nervously.

I held up the camera and snapped the picture. My god, she was absolutely gorgeous. She huddled near me to look at the picture. "I don't think I'll let my brother see that one," she laughed.

"But you'll send it to me, right? Along with the others?"

"Oh yeah. Absolutely." Carli gave me another hug and I felt her naked body against mine. Then she leaned over and kissed me and I melted in her arms.

"Have you ever kissed a girl before?" she asked. I shook my head weakly. "Well here's one for the road." I gasped as her lips closed again over mine.

I watched as Carli pulled on her clothes and walked away. Just before entering her tent she turned and blew me a kiss. I wiped the tears from eyes and headed back to my own tent just as the sun began coming up over the horizon.

IX

As I sat through yet another tale of addiction I began to squirm in my seat. There's a relentless sameness to these stories after awhile, as if they're all being read from the same script. I don't mean to make light of what these people are going through because I know they're in a lot of pain, but I'd decided that while I could sympathize with them I couldn't necessarily relate to them. Their drug and alcohol addictions had been beating them down and sapping the life out of them, while my addiction has done just the opposite for me. It's a constant source of energy and excitement in my life. You see I've only just turned twenty-five, still look young for my age, always get carded whenever I go to bars, and still look great naked. And, oh yes, I'm happily single and very bisexual.

Now don't get me wrong, just because I believe my addiction is different doesn't mean that I don't realize that it could lead to my downfall. That's why I'm here tonight, right? You see, after college I bounced around a couple of different jobs that I didn't really care much about, but now I finally have a job I love. So what's the problem? Well, I've started scoping out places in and around my office building where I might be able to get away with getting naked. That's the problem. I just can't help myself.

I wonder what these people would think if I stood up and told them about Carli and our night in my high school? I'll bet that's a tale they've never heard here before.

I did get the pictures from Carli and I still have them. We even kept in touch for awhile, but that was the last time I ever saw her. That turned out to be my last streak of the summer and I guess I definitely made the most of it. I didn't dare go out after that for awhile since I was sure that someone must have recognized me and reported me. I spent the next few days nervously waiting for the hammer to drop, but somehow it never happened. By the time I was comfortable that I'd gotten away with it, I'd moved back into my bedroom, school had started, and the nights were beginning to cool off.

One thing's for certain, I was a different person when I returned to school that fall. I had a lot more confidence in my looks, my body, and even my ability to persevere in the face of adversity. I hadn't completely come out of my shell – that wouldn't happen for a couple of more years – but I wasn't the same wilting wallflower either. During my senior year I made some new friends, a few new enemies, found a boyfriend, lost my virginity, broke up with my boyfriend, cried a lot, laughed a lot, and basically experienced the same drama that most high school girls go through. One thing that was different about me than the other girls, though, was that I couldn't enter Mrs. Taylor's classroom without smiling...or getting turned on.

So was that night the end of my streaking career in my hometown? Not a chance. I didn't do it nearly as frequently, and it required a lot more planning when I did, but there was no way I was going to give it up. I loved it too much.

And did I ever finally get caught? Oh yeah. Most definitely. But that's a story for another day.

The AA meeting was finally winding down and I collected my things to leave. I was shuffling for the door behind the other people when the leader of the meeting approached me.

"Hello, my name is Dennis. I don't think I've seen you here before." He seemed like an earnest enough fellow and I smiled at him.

"Hi. My name's Melissa and I'm an exhibitionist." I could tell he was a little nonplussed by my introduction.

"Um...well, that's, um, interesting. You know we deal with a lot of different types of addictions here. Would you like a copy of our twelve step program?"

"Yes, thank you. I'll be sure to look at it. It might help."

"Great. And if you need a sponsor or someone to talk to, I can help," he said.

"No thanks, Dennis. I've decided I don't actually want to give up my addiction. I just want to learn how to control it a little better."

"Well, a lot of people think they can do that and it rarely ever works out."

"I know," I said. "But I'm willing to take that chance. You see, my addiction has helped me to become the person I am, and I really like who I am. But there is one thing you can do for me if you want."

"What's that?"

"Well, I've decided to drive home naked tonight and you can come out into the parking lot and watch me get undressed if you'd like."

I had to suppress a laugh as his jaw nearly hit the floor when I said that. "Are you serious?" he asked.

"Very."

He looked around the nearly empty room. "Um...okay."

Dennis followed me out to the parking lot like a little puppy until I stopped him about fifteen feet from my car. "This is as far as you go, Dennis. You can watch but that's all." He nodded his head and obeyed.

There were a couple of other people from the meeting still in the lot, but I didn't mind. I opened my car doors electronically and popped open the trunk, then pulled off my shoes and socks and tossed them into it. I turned toward Dennis and began slowly unbuttoning my blouse as my body swayed to a rhythm only I could hear. I pulled the blouse off and turned and placed it into the trunk. With my back still toward Dennis I unbuttoned my jeans and began slowly peeling them down my hips revealing the thong underneath.

After the jeans followed the blouse into the trunk I turned back to Dennis, unhooked my bra and slid the straps down each shoulder. As I removed the bra I quickly covered my breasts with my left arm and gave him a shy, demure smile. Then I turned and dropped the bra into the trunk with the other clothes, leaving only my bare back exposed to him. I dropped my arms to my side and began swaying again, exposing almost everything yet nothing to him.

Finally, I slipped my thumbs beneath the thin cloth of my thong and, bending forward at the waist, slid it down my legs and stepped out of it. I twirled it around my finger a couple of times, then tossed it into the trunk and slammed it shut. Only then did I turn and face Dennis, allowing him to see everything. I could tell by the bulge in his pants that he had enjoyed the show. Men are so easy.

As I gave him an unrestricted view of my body I saw the same hungry look in his eyes I'd seen so many times before. I never got tired of it.

I finally walked to my car door and opened it, then turned and waved at Dennis. "Good luck with your continued sobriety," I said.

"Thank you," he replied. "Thank you very much."

I fired up the engine, pulled out of the parking lot and began my drive home. Then I broke out laughing.

God, I love my addiction.

Confessions of an Exhibitionist 2

It took me all of about sixty seconds to find Carli’s Facebook page on the internet.

The AA meeting last week had started me thinking about Carli again and that single crazy night that we’d spent together when I was still a very shy, naïve eighteen year-old country girl. Not even one night really - more like just a couple of hours - but it was during that short, intense period in my life that had changed it forever. That was the night that my experimentation with public exhibitionism had blazed into a consuming addiction for me. And it was during that long, lingering goodbye kiss with Carli that I’d discovered that I had an attraction to more than just boys.

I never saw her again after that night and we hadn’t exchanged e-mails in years, but there she was now smiling at me from my computer monitor. She was older, of course, and her face had matured a little, but she was still as drop-dead gorgeous as ever.

I took out my smart phone and began scrolling through the pictures that Carli had taken of me that night. There I was - in all my naked glory - in the park, on the playground equipment, on the little league diamond, posing before the front door of my high school, walking down the hallway inside, and, finally, masturbating in front of her on the teacher’s desk in Mrs. Taylor’s classroom.

“Wow, who’s that?” Startled, I quickly put my phone face down on my desk and turned and saw Jeff, one of my co-workers, standing at the entrance to my cubicle. He was staring at Carli’s picture on my monitor.

“Down boy,” I said, relieved he hadn’t seen what I was looking at on my phone. “She’s an old friend.”

“Not very old. The two of you would make a tasty Jeff sandwich.”

I laughed at his dumb sexual innuendo. Jeff was as geeky as they come and his junior high level of sexual bravado was always a source of amusement to me. Besides, he was married to a woman he positively adored so his flirting was harmless. At least I hoped it was.

“In your dreams, Jeffy boy,” I said.

“Yep, I’d rate that about a three kleenex dream.”

“Jeff!” I said in mock horror. “Haven’t you taken the Value of Respect training? Do you think this kind of talk is appropriate for the workplace?”

“Oh, hey Melissa, I was just joking around,” he said nervously. “I didn’t mean anything by it.”

“Oh, that’s too bad, because I was going to arrange a threesome for us. But if you’re not interested…”

Jeff relaxed and smiled when he saw I was joking. He really was fun to play around with. “Oh, well in that case I’ll have to check with my wife,” he said. “I’m sure she’ll be fine with it.”

“You do that, Jeff, and get back to me.”

“So did you two go to high school together or something?” he asked pointing at Carli’s picture.

I couldn’t help but smile. “Yeah, something like that.”

He looked a little puzzled by my obvious amusement at his question but didn’t pursue it. “So anyway, Melissa, the reason I came down here was to tell you that since the team is out of town some of us are going to Sneakers after work for a couple of beers. Are you interested?”

“I can’t tonight,” I said. “I have some plans.”

“Ah,” he said, “I gotcha. I guess that’s why you wore a dress to work today.” I was wearing a cotton summer dress and if Jeff only knew that I had nothing on beneath it and that I’d worn it mainly because it could be quickly removed and was disposable, it probably would’ve rated at least a four or five kleenex fantasy on his scale.

Since discovering the thrill of public nudity in high school my adventures have generally involved one of two basic types of exhibitionism. The first is what I guess most people think of when they think of streakers or exhibitionists. In those situations I know in advance that I’ll have audience…that people are going to see me naked and I want to be seen naked. As much fun as that can be it’s usually the second type of adventure that turns out to be much more intense and exciting. In those scenarios I don’t want to be seen naked because there may be potential social, legal, or career ramifications if I am. The thrill comes from the chance of being caught.

It was the latter type of adventure that I had planned for tonight and my anticipation had been building all day. And, as usual, I knew my body was beginning to betray me. My mom had first suspiciously called it a “glow” and I didn’t dare wear any type of form fitting clothing that would reveal erect nipples. Not unless I wanted people to notice anyway, and today I most definitely didn’t.

“You look flushed,” Jeff said. “Are you feeling okay?”

“I’m fine. I guess I’m just getting hot thinking about our threesome, Jeff.”

“Oh yeah,” he said and then a look of panic came over his face. “You weren’t really serious about that were you? Because I don’t think my wife would…” I picked up a nerf basketball I had on my desk and threw it at him.

“Get out of here you dweeb,” I laughed.

After he left I picked up my phone and scrolled to the only picture I had taken myself that night. I stared at Carli’s beautiful nude body, then turned to her Facebook page and clicked on the “Add as Friend” link. Then I shut down my computer and prepared to leave.

**Confessions of an Exhibitonist 2 (Part 2)**

Several hours later I stared at the South Towne Mall through the windshield of my parked car and tried to talk myself out of what I was about to do. Walking naked through a mall was one of my long-time fantasies but as I stared at the hundreds of cars in the parking lot I realized just how crazy this was. Malls meant security guards which meant the distinct possibility of arrest if I was caught, and this was one of the largest malls in the city. The reason I was here tonight was because I’d discovered an opportunity that might allow me to do it and get away with it. It was an opportunity that would end very soon and may never come around again.

What made me even more nervous was knowing that an arrest would almost certainly end my new career before it had really even started. That’s why I’d gone to that AA meeting last week, to see if I could gain some control over my addiction. Yet here I am tonight like a junkie looking for another fix.

I guess now is a good time to describe my new job to you and why what I was contemplating doing tonight was so incredibly risky. You see, I work for a major league baseball team that will remain anonymous. I’m a baseball stats geek who has landed the job of her dreams.

I don’t know why, but even as a young girl I had a passion for math. My parents told me that almost from the moment I learned to count to ten I would go around the house counting everything I saw. Once I reached ten, I’d start over again at one. I think it drove them a little bit nuts after awhile.

I loved numbers and statistics and math and anything that would allow me to measure and quantify the world around me. Needless to say, this was something that didn’t exactly draw a flock of friends and admirers to my side, which was okay for a shy, introverted small town girl. And when I later grew to share my father’s love for baseball I’d found the perfect outlet for my passion for numbers and statistics.

There’s no game in the world more suited to statistical analysis than baseball. Everything that happens on a major league baseball diamond – every pitch, every swing, every walk, every hit, every foul ball, every error – is measured and quantified and compiled into statistics that are pored over by both baseball junkies and professionals who attempt to analyze what they tell us about individual players and teams.

After I discovered Bill James and sabermetrics my passion for baseball statistics rose to a new level. Every fan knows about stats like batting average, RBIs and ERA, but in many ways those are crude and inefficient measures. James had developed new ways to analyze the game which yielded results that often contradicted baseball common wisdom that had been taught for more than a century. I devoured everything he wrote and pored through major league statistics to try to uncover my own hidden clues to the effectiveness of different players and strategies.

After graduating from college I sent my resume to every major league team in the country and got exactly zero responses. I guess I shouldn’t have been surprised or disappointed. I mean, who was I? Just some girl with a math minor and no baseball experience other than being a fan. I was competing against people with masters degrees from Ivy League colleges who’d written their thesis on baseball statistics or people who’d made a name for themselves with their baseball analysis. I was nobody.

So I took an office job with a small advertising firm and spent my spare time on my two favorite hobbies: watching baseball and getting naked in places where I wasn’t supposed to be naked, including in and around my office. I didn’t care much about the job so I wasn’t too worried about the consequences of getting caught.

The exhibitionism was fun but watching baseball…not so much. My favorite team went into a tailspin last year, losing over 100 games and it became excruciating to watch them after awhile. At the end of the season the club cleaned house, firing the coaching staff and general manager, then hired a new GM to rebuild the team. I dusted off my resume and was going to send it to him when I decided that was a waste of time. Instead, I spent a month working up a detailed statistical analysis of all the players in the organization, from the major league team all the way down to the low minors. When I was satisfied with it I put it on a disk, flew across the state, and handed it to the new general manager as he was eating lunch in a restaurant. I was like some kid from a garage band handing a demo tape to a rock star. I didn’t know if he’d even bother looking at what I’d done but it worked! I got the job interview and a few weeks later I was moving to a new city to start my dream job!

It was just an entry level position in the team’s statistical analysis department but it was the kind of job that could eventually lead to an executive position with the team, even general manager – the person in charge of building the team through trades, free agent signings, and the draft. That’s a longshot obviously, especially for a woman in a male-dominated profession, but it’s not a total pipedream either. It’s a goal that a smart, ambitious person might achieve and I believe that I have both of those qualities.

So why would I risk my future on a temporary thrill tonight? Why does any addict engage in what they know is potentially self-destructive behavior? Logically, I knew that this wasn’t worth risking my career for, but how many of us allow logic to govern our decisions? We’re creatures of our habits and our passions and I’m no different. The greater the risk, the more intense the thrill was for me; and the greater the thrill, the more I wanted to walk that high wire between pleasure and pain.

One last time I mentally listed all of the reasons why this was a very bad idea, then I got out of the car, hid the keys in the wheel well and began walking toward the mall. Just like I knew I would all along.

**Confessions of an Exhibitonist 2 (Part 3a)**

The mall was busy tonight, but not as packed as I’d seen it on other occasions. I walked past the busy shops and corridors filled with shoppers until I reached my destination. When I saw the sign my heart skipped a beat:

Join Us Saturday for the Grand Opening of the South Towne Mall Expansion!

I pretended to window shop at a nearby store until there was no one in the vicinity, then strode quickly past the orange cones that were the only things blocking the passageway into the new expansion.

The mall had been building a multi-million dollar expansion over the past eight or nine months and I now found myself walking past the gated shops that would be opening up in just a couple of days. I’d discovered this area the previous weekend and, of course, couldn’t resist exploring it. This was a large building, probably almost a quarter the size of the rest of the mall, but it had been nearly deserted that day. The construction was finished so the only people I saw were those preparing their shops for the grand opening. That’d been in the middle of the day, though, and I guessed that if I came back during the evening hours even they would be gone. So far it looked like I was right.

I strolled slowly down the empty corridors, listening intently for the presence of others and allowing my anticipation to build. My thin cotton summer dress swayed gently as I walked, lightly caressing my nude body beneath it. Even fully clothed I was beginning to reach that heightened state of awareness – of my body and of my surroundings – that often accompanied my nude walks.

When I reached the end of the building I turned down a corridor that led to the restrooms and entered the ladies room. It was pitch dark in here and I flipped on the light switch. I walked over to the mirror and stood in front of it, then peeled the dress down my body and stepped out of it. I turned to look at my nude body from different angles. It was lean and taut, not too thin but with no extra fat anywhere either. My breasts weren’t large but they were a perfect fit proportionally to the rest of my body. The shy, geeky, awkward small town girl with the flat chest, braces and acne had somehow developed into the pretty young woman I saw staring back at me. Even now I was still a little amazed at that.

I folded the dress and placed it on the floor under the sink where it wouldn’t be easily seen if someone came in here, then took off my leather sandals and put them next to the dress. It wasn’t a great hiding place but I didn’t see anywhere in here that would be much better. Besides, I doubted anyone would be coming in here tonight anyway. At least I hoped not.

I walked over to the exit door and paused briefly as the potential consequences ran through my mind one last time. This area may be empty now but at any time security guards, shop owners, or customers could come back here and discover me. Instead of discouraging me, though, this thought sent an even greater rush of adrenaline through my body. How far could I get from my clothes and how long did I dare stay out there? I was going to find out. I took a deep breath, flipped off the light switch, and stepped naked out into the corridor.

**Confessions of an Exhibitonist 2 (Part 3b)**

I tiptoed down the hallway to its end then peered around the corner. The building’s overhead lights were turned off but there was enough ambient light coming from the skylight above that the overall effect was dimness rather than darkness. There was certainly enough light for a naked girl to be spotted wandering the corridors. With all my senses on full alert I stepped out into the corridor and began walking slowly past the dark, gated shops on either side.

I’m naked in the mall! Sure, this part of the mall was closed right now but I wasn’t that far from dozens, or even hundreds of people. I decided I was going to explore as far as I dared and as I walked past the different shops I imagined that the hallways were filled with shoppers shocked at the sight of a nude young woman.

I stopped to look in the window of one of the stores and caught a glimpse of my bare breasts in the reflection. I caressed them and teased my hard nipples between my fingertips. Whew! No wonder I’m hooked on this, I thought to myself.

I continued my walk, turning down different corridors, stopping at times to look into shop windows, and with each step I took I became more turned on. I rounded a corner and entered a large open court that featured a fountain in the center. The skylight was directly above me here, and with the sun still out in the evening summer sky it was brighter here than some of the previous areas I’d explored. I paused for a minute to watch and listen for any sign of other people in the area, then began walking across the open area toward the fountain.

I was close to an orgasm as I sat down on the edge of the fountain. I thought about bringing myself off right there but I was in a very exposed area and the sound of the flowing water would mask the sound of someone approaching. Besides, I wanted to hold onto my intense arousal as long as possible. I dipped my hands into the water and splashed it across my body, then stood up and began walking to the opposite end of the court.

I continued my nude stroll until I reached the passageway to the rest of the mall. I tiptoed over to the corner and peered around it. Just thirty feet away I could see shoppers passing by and another wave of adrenaline and arousal pulsated through my body. God, I love this!

I waited until there didn’t appear to be anyone looking this way then I stepped out into the middle of passageway and stood naked in full view of the mall corridor ahead of me. I could see at least a half a dozen people now walking away from me, but I held my ground there for ten seconds, fifteen, twenty, thirty. I finally lost my nerve at about a minute and scampered back around the corner. God, Melissa, you are f#cking crazy!

My entire body now felt like an electric current was running through it and I didn’t know how much longer I could hold off an orgasm. I began walking down the corridor looking for a shadowy spot to bring myself off when I heard the voices. Ahead of me I saw a man and a woman enter the corridor and I ducked into a shop doorway and pressed my back against the locked gate. Had they seen me?

“You don’t suppose we’ll get in trouble for coming back here, do you?” I heard a woman ask. It sounded like she had a British accent.

“Naw,” an American man replied. “The worst they can do is kick us out.”

The footsteps grew louder and I pressed myself tighter against the gate, wishing I could make myself invisible. Moments later the couple came into view in front of me. They were both looking at the shops opposite me and for a moment I thought they might pass without seeing me. Then the woman turned my direction and an astonished look came across her face. “What is this then?” she said.

Since becoming an exhibitionist I’ve had many opportunities to gauge the reactions of people to a naked woman in an unexpected situation. Men’s reactions were very predictable and they usually ran the gamut from pleased to very pleased to see a naked woman. Or, if they were with a wife or girlfriend, pretending not to appear pleased. But women were much more unpredictable. I’ve had just about every type of reaction from women: pleased, angry, amused, jealous, catty, excited…you name it. So I covered myself with my hands as the couple approached and studied the woman’s face for her reaction.

“Have you lost your kit, dear?” she asked. I didn’t quite know what that meant but I figured it had something to do with being naked.

“I, um…I’m just doing a little streaking. Just to see if I could get away with it.” I glanced at the man’s face and, well, he looked pleased to be seeing a naked woman. I still couldn’t read the woman yet, though. She looked me over and then a smile broke out on her face and I began to relax.

“How fun! Did you hear that, Tom? She’s a streaker.” I don’t know if they were a couple or just friends but she didn’t seem too upset about the man staring at a naked woman.

“Yeah, I can see that,” his eyes roaming up and down my body.

“So where are your clothes anyway?” the British woman asked.

“Um…I hid them. In the ladies room,” I said.

“So are you going to streak the rest of the mall? That’s where the people are, after all.”

“No,” I said. “That’s too risky. I’m just going to stay back here.”

“But there’s no one back here. That’s not a proper streak. You should run through the busy area!”

“Um, maybe next time. I don’t think I’m ready for that just yet.” I was becoming increasingly uncomfortable now. I was trapped here not far from the rest of the mall and was beginning to worry that all the talking would draw attention. The couple continued asking me questions for a couple of minutes and then, inevitably, asked to take a picture. Everyone seems to have a camera with them these days.

So I agreed to it. I mean, what else could I do? I dropped my arms to expose my body and they each took turns posing with me. I just hope this doesn’t turn up on the internet, I thought.

“Okay love,” the woman said finally. “We’re going to check out the rest of this new mall. Have fun with the rest of your streak.”

“Thanks. I will.” I breathed a sigh of relief after they were out of sight and began walking toward the opposite side of the mall expansion. By now my body was on fire and I thought I might come just walking down the empty corridor. When I was sure I was far enough way from the couple I sat down next to the entrance to a sporting goods store, spread my legs, and plunged my fingers into the moistness between my legs. Oh God! I bit my lip to keep from moaning out loud and it was only moments before my body shook with an intense orgasm.

I was emotionally drained now and sat for a couple of minutes recovering. I surveyed my surroundings and realized that in just a couple days this area would be crawling with shoppers. God, this had been intense but I knew I’d pushed my luck way too far. It was time to get back to my clothes.

I stood up and started walking again toward the back of the empty mall expansion. I heard footsteps from the opposite side and hid myself and watched the same couple heading back toward the main body of the mall. I was lucky that they took it so well, I thought to myself. Being discovered could've been disastrous.

I began walking again and soon reached the corridor that led to the restrooms. I pushed open the ladies room door and was surprised to find the light on inside. I walked over and bent down beneath the sink where I’d hidden my clothes but I saw nothing. They weren’t there! In a panic I searched all the stalls and the waste receptacle but they were nowhere to be found.

That bitch! That goddamn British bitch! She stole my clothes!

**Confessions of an Exhibitonist 2 (Part 4)**

Stupid, stupid, stupid. Those words kept running through my head as I ran through the mall expansion. You’re so stupid, Melissa. Why the hell did I tell them where I’d hidden my clothes? I hadn’t been thinking.

My bare feet slapped loudly against the tile floor as I ran but I wasn’t concerned about stealth anymore. If they reached the main mall before I caught them I was screwed anyway.

I spotted them up ahead just entering the passageway to the main mall. I sprinted to it and hid myself just around the corner. I stuck my head out and hissed at them just as they stepped over the red cones into the mall. “Hey!” I said in as loud a whisper as I dared. “Hey!” They both turned and a broad smile came across the British woman’s face. Behind them I could see shoppers moving up and down the hallway.

“There’s my little streaker,” she said brightly. Then she reached into a shopping bag and pulled out my dress. “How do you like my new outfit? I think it will just fit.”

“Give it back,” I pleaded. “Please!”

“I don’t think so. I don’t want to be mean or anything…okay maybe a little. I just think you should do a proper streak.”

“Please, no. I don’t want to get in trouble.”

“Well, you should have thought of that before, shouldn’t you? What do you think, Tom? Would you like to see her do a proper streak?”

“Absolutely,” he said. Tom was obviously enjoying this but I could tell it was the woman running the show. He was just along for the ride.

The woman walked a few steps closer, being careful not to get close enough where I might try to snatch the dress from her. “Listen love, I’ll make you a deal. I’m going to walk up the corridor a ways and if you walk to me nice and slow with your hands at your sides, I’ll give you your dress back.”

“How far?” I asked, my stomach churning.

She turned and looked into the mall. “To the escalator,” she replied.

I gasped. That was almost all the way down the corridor and past at least a dozen shops. “That’s too far!”

“That’s your choice, take it or leave it.”

My mind raced as I thought about my options. I’d seen two exits to the parking lot in the mall expansion but for all I knew they were locked. In fact, they almost certainly were and I’m sure this bitch wasn’t going to give me time to go check them anyway. If I didn’t get the dress back my only other option to get back to my car was through the mall anyway. If I did what she asked at least I’d get my dress back which would limit my exposure somewhat.

“If I do this you have to make sure there aren’t any security guards around,” I said. “I don’t want to get arrested.”

“Okay. That’s fair, I suppose. I’ll give you a signal when it’s safe.”

Am I really going to do this, I asked myself? It was risky enough when I was walking naked through the deserted mall expansion, but now I’m going to walk naked right through the middle of the mall? But what choice did I have? It struck me just how vulnerable I was right now, and a fresh wave of excitement and arousal surged through my body. I’m being forced live out a fantasy, something I probably could never have summoned the courage to do on my own, and my body was definitely onboard with that. My mind, however, wasn’t so sure. This was much riskier than what I’d planned and I kept thinking about the consequences to my career if I got caught.

“Please,” I begged her once more. “I can’t afford to get arrested. Just give me my dress back.”

The woman turned back to her companion and began to walk away. “I guess it’s time to be going, Tom. She’s not interested.”

“Wait,” I hissed at her. “I’ll do it.”

“That’s the spirit!” she said brightly. “Just give us a couple of minutes to get down by the escalator and I’ll wave to you when it’s safe. And don’t forget, no hurrying along or covering up!”

The couple began walking away down the hallway taking my dress with them.

**Confessions of an Exhibitonist 2 (Conclusion)**

I leaned back against the wall and surveyed the darkened stores around me. It’s odd how an area that seemed like such a daring place to be nude only a few minutes ago now felt like sanctuary compared to where I was about to go. My body was trembling and I don’t know if it’s from fear or excitement or a combination of both.

How in the hell did I manage to get myself into this situation? It was no big mystery, of course. I’d chosen to put myself in a position where something like this could happen and I began to wonder if telling the woman where my clothes were hidden was done subconsciously.

Looking back now I realized that the things she’d said after discovering me had been tinged with sarcasm and that her display of friendliness had been a front covering an underlying hostility. How in the world did I miss that? I thought I’d become very good at reading the reactions of women to my public nudity so I should’ve picked up the warning signals right away, yet I’d blurted out the location of my clothes to her. I began to wonder if, deep down, this was exactly the situation I wanted to be in. After all, I knew all along that if for some reason I lost my clothes or couldn’t get back to them that there was only one way to get back to my car and that was through a busy mall. I was about to live out a long-time fantasy that I could never have worked up the courage to do on my own and I’d voluntarily provided the information to someone who could force me to do it.

You have issues Melissa, I thought to myself. So many issues.

I peeked around the corner and saw that the British woman had almost reached the escalator. There was no sign of the man, Tom, but after a quick search of the corridor I spotted him nearby with a camera and an expectant smile. There was going to be a record of my nude mall walk. Wonderful.

The woman was in place now and after looking around the area, waved her hand signaling that it was safe. I had no real reason to trust her but I was on the high wire now with no net below. I took a couple of deep breaths to try to calm myself, then stepped out from my hiding spot and walked down the short passageway into the brightly lit, crowded mall.

I don’t know what it is about being the only naked person in a crowd but the awesome feeling of utterly feminine sexual vulnerability surged through me like a tsunami. My body was completely flushed now and showing all the signs of sexual arousal as I tried to focus on the floor in front of me, placing one foot in front of another. I managed to avoid the stares of the surprised shoppers surrounding me but had no way to block out the sound of laughs and whistles.

If you were wondering if my previous exhibitionist adventures had caused me to become a bit jaded or blasé over time about public nudity, the obvious answer is no. In some ways it’s gotten easier but that’s only allowed me to push myself to new levels. As I walked through the crowded mall, my mind flashed back to my first experiments with public exhibitionism as a high school girl. I still felt that same heady brew of dread, excitement, fear, and arousal coursing through my body and, if anything, the rush was more intense now than ever. It was more powerful to me than any drug and it’s the pursuit of this fix that drove me to push myself farther and farther to experience that high. That’s what had led me from those first tentative late night nude explorations in my parent’s backyard to walking nude tonight through the middle of a large city mall.

My senses were filled with a swirl of sights, sounds, and emotions as I continued my walk. On my left now I was passing a chain restaurant and I glanced over long enough to see dozens of eyes staring at me from within. Several people with camera phones had begun following me and just ahead I could see Tom also snapping pictures. Good lord, what had started out as a stealth streak where no one was supposed to see me had turned into a public spectacle! So far there hadn’t been any signs of security guards but dozens of people had seen me now and I figured it would only be a matter of time before someone called them

After what seemed like an eternity I was finally nearing the escalator and the British woman. When I was about ten feet from her she gave me a smirk and a quick wave, then stepped onto the up escalator with my dress still in her hand. I stood there in shock as I watched her moving up toward the second floor of the mall. That evil bitch!

I don’t know if she felt sorry for me or had just been teasing me but when she was about halfway to the top she crumbled my dress into a ball and threw it down at my feet. “Thanks for the lovely show, sweetie!” she called out as she continued toward the top. Tom also passed by me with a smile, stepped onto the escalator and silently snapped one last photo.

I reached down and picked up the dress, pulled it over my head, and sprinted barefoot for the mall exit.

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"Carli Anderson has added you as a friend on Facebook." I stared at the header for a moment and then opened up the e-mail message. It was just a form message from Facebook saying that Carli had accepted my request to be a friend. Above it I saw a newer e-mail from Carli that had only been sent about an hour ago. It was titled "melissa!"

It was Monday morning and I was back at work now after calling in sick on Friday. I’d spent the last three days decompressing after my experience at the mall and spent it reflecting once again on how to reign in my reckless addiction to public nudity. I clicked open the e-mail and began reading.

"omg melissa, i’ve been thinking about you a lot lately and i’m so glad you found me! i was wondering if you were still streaking and then i found these this morning on the internet. holy shit! you go girl!

we just have to get together melissa! i really really want to get you naked somewhere crazy, lol.

love ya,

carli"

The e-mail contained an attachment and I downloaded it to my computer. It was a file that contained six pictures. I opened the first one and let out an audible gasp. I quickly minimized the photo and stood up to make sure no one was around my cubicle, then sat down and looked at it again. Then I scrolled through all six pictures in disbelief.

I was looking at clear, high quality photos of myself walking nude through South Towne mall. At the bottom of each photo was stamped the website address of the largest amateur nude photo site on the internet. It was a site that got several million individual views a day and I knew that because I sometimes went there myself looking for female exhibitionism pictures. The last photo was the one that Tom had taken from the escalator and it couldn't have been any clearer. There could be no mistaking that it was me.

My nude mall walk had already gone viral!