Diary of a Serial Exhibitionist

by English Nudist ©

I first realised that exposing myself in public turned me on was when I

was 19 and sharing a flat just outside London with another girl. I had

left home after dropping out of university and Karen, my flatmate, and I

had decided our future lay in the big city. We had been good friends at

school and had grown up together in a small provincial town in northern

England, sharing the same outlook on life in many ways. In fact we were

often mistaken as being sisters as, not only did we have similar

personalities and sense of humour, but also bore more than a passing

resemblance to each other. If I describe Karen as blonde, vivacious with a

figure that turned most men’s heads I suppose I must seem conceited in

saying I resembled her, but I promise you that I’m not. I looked after

myself though and kept my 36 24 36 figure in trim with regular exercise

and generally enjoyed making myself look and feel as sexy as possible, as

did Karen.

All this was ten years ago though, but that’s when I began to keep a

diary, especially of my exhibitionist activities, as they developed over

the years, from single girl through to the present day as a married woman.

Oxford Street 1992

Karen wanted some new clothes so we went down to Oxford Street to browse

the department stores. She didn’t see anything but I found a dress that I

thought might be good for the summer so I decided to try it on. It turned

out to be just a little too tight though so I called Karen over to the

changing cubicle from where she was searching through racks of clothes to

ask her if she would get me the next size to save me getting dressed

again. As I glanced at myself in the mirror I noticed that I hadn’t pulled

the curtain back properly so I could see past my reflection into the shop.

I could also see that a man was casually leaning against the wall,

presumably waiting for his wife or girlfriend while she tried something

on. He was young and good-looking and looked very, very bored and, just as

I could see him, he must have been able to see me. He mustn’t have

realised that I was observing him though as I had my back towards him so

he obviously thought it was safe to stare at me through the crack in the

curtain.

Even so he couldn’t see very much, and I was still wearing my bra and

pants anyway, but on an impulse I thought it would be fun to show him a

bit more. Still with my back to him I unhooked my bra and turned to hang

it up. At the same time I brushed against the curtain and moved it open a

little so he could get a better view while being careful not to look

directly at him and put him off. He must now have been able to see my tits

quite well so I pretended to study myself in the mirror while I waited for

Karen to return, and turned this way and that so that he could see me from

every angle. I was really beginning to enjoy myself but just then Karen

returned carrying the next size of dress and blocked my watchers view. I

stepped into the dress, turning so she could zip it up and then stepping

outside so she could give me her opinion. It was a good fit this time

although very, very short, barely covering my bum, but all the better I

thought, as I was now feeling very adventurous. The man meantime feigned

casual indifference but none the less was studying me closely when he

thought I wasn’t watching.

I stepped back into the cubicle and pulled Karen in after me, leaning

close to whisper in her ear that I was being watched as I changed. She

giggled and I had to stop her turning round to stare at my voyeur,

although I could still see him casting occasional glances in our

direction. I knew Karen wouldn’t be shocked as she was even more of a

tease than me so I told her to go and find me something else to give me an

excuse to continue the show and, just to keep him interested, she pulled

the curtain back another couple of inches as she left. I slipped the dress

off again and made a show of studying it as I stood in front of the mirror

in just my tiny white pants, but as I turned round to face him again his

girlfriend emerged and stood in front of him to show him the dress she was

trying on. I could see he didn’t know where to look now. He should have

been giving his undivided attention to her but I could see his eyes

straying past her when he got the chance lingering on my bare breasts. I

hung the dress back on it’s hanger and pretended to study myself in the

mirror again, running my hands over my tits and tweaking my nipples to

make them stand out even more than they were already. I could tell he was

paying almost no attention to his girlfriend now and she couldn’t help but

see me too if she turned round, but just then Karen returned carrying a

bright red bikini and stood in the doorway of my cubicle blocking the view

again.

“How about this”, she said with a grin because she knew that I’d have to

strip completely to try it on, but I didn’t hesitate in my haste to get

completely naked and slipped my pants off while she continued to stand in

the way. The girlfriend by this time had turned and walked past us back

into the changing room unaware of what was going on and leaving her man

standing no more than six feet away facing Karen’s back. However as soon

as I was naked, instead of handing the bikini to me, she stepped back away

from the cubicle, at the same time pulling the curtain right back. I was

now fully exposed to the man’s hungry gaze and he made no attempt to hide

the fact. I stood naked in front of him and my nipples became fully erect

as I enjoyed the sensation of his eyes as they took in first my breasts

and then flicked down to the blonde hair, which did nothing to conceal the

lips of my pussy. I even parted my legs slightly so that he could see me

better before casually leaning down to pick up my pants so that my tits

fell forward and swayed slightly as I moved. Then for his final pleasure I

stepped right out and took the bikini out of Karen’s hand before stepping

back into the cubicle and drawing the curtain behind me just as if it was

in a theatre.

My heart was thumping and I felt elated as I absorbed what I had done and

I couldn’t help letting my hand slip down between my thighs to gently

stimulate myself. Then Karen stepped in beside me again and I hastily

withdrew them from moist crack, but she must have seen the wetness shining

on them and guessed what I was doing, although I think she was probably as

turned on as I was anyway. She told me that the girl had re-emerged just

as I concealed myself with the curtain and dragged her man away as she

wasn’t getting any sensible opinion from him. I reluctantly dressed again

without trying on the bikini, although I decided to buy it even though it

had only been an excuse for me to strip off completely. I couldn’t resist

the dress either, as it was so short and sexy. We looked for my voyeur on

the way out of the shop but he was nowhere to be seen although considering

the state he was in when we last saw him he’d probably gone straight home

and shagged his girlfriend!

Hyde Park and the London Underground.

After our adventures yesterday, Karen and I decided to go back into town.

I like Sundays in London as, although it’s still busy, it’s much more

relaxed with people just sightseeing or wandering through the parks rather

than rushing frantically around like the city workers do during the week.

Besides that we’d had an energetic time with our boyfriends the night

before. I don’t know if they could believe their luck as we both couldn’t

wait to get them back to the flat as we were desperate to be fucked. I

felt really sexy and turned on after being naked in front of a complete

stranger and it had obviously done the same for Karen. We’d been out to a

club and had a few drinks, which always helps, but as soon as Karen got

Mike back home she dragged him into her bedroom and all we could hear were

moans and sighs as he had her. Of course that turned Paul on too and it

was no time before he had me out of my dress and was fucking me vigorously

doggy style on the lounge carpet.

It was late morning by the time Karen and I got up and went out. Paul and

Mike had decided to go to a motor racing exhibition or something; anyway

it wasn’t our scene so we caught the Tube down to Lancaster Gate and

walked into Hyde Park. It was a hot, summer’s Sunday afternoon and there

were lots of people riding bikes, roller-skating, horse riding and

generally enjoying themselves. Some were having picnics on the grass while

others were just lying in the sun or strolling past the Serpentine. I had

put on the dress I’d bought yesterday as it was cool and light and, as

I’ve said, very short. It had a halter-top though so I’d not bothered with

a bra; anyway it was too hot to wear much. Karen was similarly dressed as

well although her dress was a bit longer but buttoned down the front. We

wandered down the road that runs around the park catching more than the

odd glance from some of the men as we walked by. As I’ve said, we could

have been mistaken for sisters, both of us having blonde hair that just

touched our shoulders and both of us having a light golden tan that still

hadn’t completely faded after our holiday in Spain a month before. In fact

that’s one reason we had decided to go out today as the sun was hot and

would at least top up the tan on our bare legs and shoulders. Even though

it was busy, Hyde Park is big and there’s plenty of space for everyone,

especially if you walk away from the paths and tracks, so we walked a

little way onto the grass where there weren’t so many people and took off

our sandals and stretched our legs out in the sun.

Karen sighed and said she wished she could take her dress off and sunbathe

properly but there were really too many people about, and anyway, we

hadn’t bought anything to lie on and the grass wasn’t that comfortable.

Still it was a nice thought and it got us on to the subject of my

exhibitionism the day before. Karen said a little too boldly that if the

shops had been open then she would have done the same today but I teased

her saying she would never dare and was only saying it because she knew

the department stores were shut, but she insisted she would have done.

“OK then,” I said, “If I can think of something similar I bet you wouldn’t

do it.” The challenge was just the sort of thing that appealed to Karen

and I knew would be too irresistible for her to refuse. She said she would

do anything on condition I did it too. I sat back and rested my hands on

the grass behind me and drew my knees up so that my dress rode up to show

all my tanned thighs and a glimpse of my pants, a sight that wasn’t missed

by a jogger cutting across the park towards us. I suppose it was seeing me

treating him to a view of my sheer white knickers that gave her the idea

before I could say anything.

“No pants for the rest of the day,” she challenged. I protested that this

was unfair, as my dress was much shorter than hers was so we agreed that

she would undo some of the buttons to make us even. Also as an added

condition she was to take her bra off too which would involve her taking

her dress off completely. We both got up and crossed over too some bushes,

which partially concealed us from view, and anyway there was no one

nearby. I made her unbutton her dress all the way and pass it to me to

hold and then she tuned her back so that I could undo the catch on her

bra. Then she quickly slipped her pants off and put both articles of

clothing in her bag. I’ve described Karen as looking like my sister, and

she does although we have slightly different figures. Her breasts are just

a little smaller than mine and point slightly upwards and her nipples

always seem to be dark and erect which gives her the appearance of being

always aroused. In fact they become really dark and hard when she is cold

or really excited and stand out from the tips of her breasts by more than

half an inch – I know because she said that Mike had once measured them

with a ruler! She’s a lovely slim waist and flat stomach too. But the most

unusual feature of her body is her pussy – it’s really prominent. Again

the lips of her vagina always seem to be slightly swollen and the inner

lips of her cunt protrude from between them quite noticeably just like

I’ve seen in some of Paul’s girlie magazines. Coupled with the fact that

her pubic hair is pale blonde and very fine, she reveals every detail and

looks really striking nude.

Anyway there she stood naked in the dappled shade under the trees and just

to accentuate her nudity she raised her arms above her head and laughed as

she turned round like an exotic eastern dancer. She looked gorgeous. I

handed her dress to her and we negotiated how many buttons she should

leave undone reaching agreement on the minimum number so that when she

leant forward it fell right open to reveal her tits or when she sat down

it fell away either side of her thighs to show her pussy. I in turn took

my pants off and put them in her bag too as I’d only brought a small purse

that hung on a strap on my shoulder.

It really was a hot afternoon now and there were plenty of other girls

about wearing skimpy halter neck tops or short shorts, but as we sauntered

back down to the path and mingled with the crowds again it was a wonderful

feeling as the warm breeze caught at the hems of our dresses, threatening

to lift them the inch or so that was all that would be necessary to reveal

our nakedness. It’s touch as it caressed my naked thighs and lightly blew

through my pussy hair was like the breath of a man when he’s about to give

you oral sex. We attracted more than the occasional glance from the men we

passed and were even chatted up by a couple of boys but politely fended

them off.

Eventually we reached the edge of the Park and had to make a decision

where to go. We were both thirsty by this time but it was too warm to sit

in a pub or restaurant so we decided to take the tube down to the Thames

Embankment and find somewhere to buy a drink and sit by the river. We

crossed the road to a station and descended into its depths but, being

Sunday afternoon, it wasn’t very busy so we easily found a seat on the

first train, in fact the carriage was almost empty. We sat next to each

other and I mischievously suggested that Karen undo another button top and

bottom which to my surprise she did, pulling her dress open at the top so

that it was obvious she wasn’t wearing a bra and letting the hem fall back

either side her legs so that her pussy was completely in view to anyone

that might sit opposite. However at the next stop several more passengers

got on including a young man in a suit who sat directly across from us. He

looked hot and, loosening his tie, settled down in his seat with that

thousand mile stare that most tube train passengers adopt. Karen had

placed her bag in her lap as soon as he appeared but when I asked I could

borrow her make up mirror she knew immediately what I had in mind and

handed it to me with a smile and as she did so our victim came out of his

day dream and looked across at us. He immediately did a double take as he

caught sight of her cunt that was completely exposed to his eyes but then

hastily looked away in case we caught him. I rummaged around looking for

the mirror and Karen, going along with the act, leant over to help me so

that her legs parted slightly and her dress fell open even more so that he

could get a good view of her strikingly unusual pussy. He was hooked now

and couldn’t help himself as he unbelievably took in the sight of this

beautiful young blonde girl’s exposed cunt, until I looked up at him

whereupon he quickly he looked away, uncertain of what to do. It was

torture by pleasure for the man but Karen wasn’t about to stop now.

Standing up from her seat she leant across to look at the map of the

underground that all trains carry on each side of the carriage above the

window. The train was going quite fast now in between stations and she had

to reach up to hold on to the rail attached to the carriage ceiling to

steady herself. She was barely two feet in front of him and her crotch was

almost level with his eyes, and as the train swayed from side to side so

her dress kept parting with the motion. Desperate to join in too now, I

stood up as well and stretched up to reach the handrail too. Of course my

dress being barely long enough to be decent under normal circumstances

rode up by more than enough to show him I had no pants on either and, as I

glanced down to see what he was doing, I could see him looking first at

Karen’s pussy as it was alternately revealed and hidden and then at my

golden curls which I’m sure must have been glistening with moisture as I

was more than a little turned on.

All too soon we felt the train slowing as it approached the next station

which unfortunately was where we were going to get off. With a lurch as

the driver applied the brakes, we were both able to give him a final close

up of our naked cunts as we swayed towards him within inches of his face

until, with a hiss, the doors slid open and we stepped out on to the

platform. He couldn’t resist turning to look over his shoulder through the

window as the train pulled away and to complete his confusion and show him

that it may not have been accidental after all, we smiled and gave him a

little wave as the train accelerated away. A look of surprise appeared on

his face when he realised that we knew all along that he’s been looking up

our skirts and for a moment I thought he was going to pull the

communication cord so that he could get off and follow us. Well if we had

exposed ourselves so willingly he must have wondered what else we might do

for him, but too late and he was swallowed up in the darkness of the

tunnel.

Needless to say our boyfriends couldn’t believe their luck again as we

were panting to be shagged as soon as they arrived home. I even gave Paul

a blow job all the way after he’d recovered from the first session. I

don’t normally let him cum in my mouth but I was feeling so horny after

our exhibitionist afternoon that I think I’d have done anything for him.