**Exhibitionism - Games Women Play**

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**Exhibitionism - Games Women Play Ch. 01**

Most women are exhibitionists. Luckily for men, nearly all men are voyeurs.  
  
While making their flashes appear unintentional and/or accidental, many women show men what they all, seemingly, hope and want to see. Playing on men's inherent penchant for voyeurism, exhibitionism is a sexy game that some women play to sexually tease and erotically entice men. While pretending that they're unaware that they're flashing and that they're unaware that men are looking, some women derive sexual pleasure in deliberately exposing themselves to unsuspecting men. Why not? It's just a sexy game that some women play.  
  
Flirting with them by showing them a peek of lingerie and/or some sexy skin, most women, especially single and unattached women, use flashing to meet and pickup men. Flashing men entices even shy men to introduce themselves to women. Flashing men encourages men to talk to them and flirt with them. Then, if they like what they see and feel a connection with their conversation, perhaps, a bit of innocent flashing will even inspire men to ask women out on a date. A little flashing may even lead to sex.  
  
Other women, generally older women, perhaps because they're married and are already in a steady relationship, have no hidden agenda when flashing. They just enjoy sexually teasing men while showing them what they shouldn't see of them. Perhaps, needing something for their ego, they just want to see if men are still sexually interested in them. There's nothing wrong with a little harmless flashing.  
  
Yet, some women take their flashing to an extreme. Some women are cockteasers. Something they've always done, as if still dipping their toes in the forbidden, sexual waters but with no intention of diving in, they just like to flash. Clearly, they want and enjoy the erotic attention they receive from sexually teasing and erotically enticing men by showing them all that they'll never touch, feel, and have.  
  
A real cockteaser, Gwen enjoyed being a woman. She enjoyed flashing unsuspecting men, especially when making her flashes appear accidental. She enjoyed showing them all that they'll never touch, feel, and have. She loved being in sexual control. She loved driving men crazy.  
  
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Gwen watched the man from her side window going door-to-door. Knowing he'd be coming to her house; she was already sexually excited. From what she could see if him, he was tall, slim, thirty-something and cute. Then, when he crossed the street and headed for her house, she unbuttoned her blouse, removed it, unhooked her bra, and removed that, too. Already wet, she was sexually excited about showing her naked tits. Still watching him, she watched him walk up the path to her house and up the front steps while she pulled, turned, and twisted her nipples to their fullest erection.  
  
Hidden within the deep recesses of her front entrance hall and her doorway, hiding herself within from her prying neighbors, she didn't want anyone else to see her topless. She didn't want her neighbors to know that she was an exhibitionist, a woman who loved showing her underwear clad, semi-naked, and naked body. Yet, ready to flash him her big, bare breasts, she was naked above the waist. As soon as he rang her bell, not giving herself a moment to change her mind, totally surprising him and shocking him, she opened her front door topless.  
  
'What do you think of my tits,' thought Gwen?  
  
Daring herself to ask him, after opening her door topless and exposing her naked breasts to a shocked man standing on her front porch, she was curious to know what he thought of her naked breasts. Yet, she didn't need to ask him what he thought of her naked breasts. With his eyes nearly falling out of their sockets, she knew what he thought of her tits.  
  
Obviously, he never expected to see a topless woman, especially such an attractive and sexy woman as was Gwen, and one with such big and shapely breasts. With him holding his clipboard in one hand and his political signs in his other hand, obviously, he was merely hoping she'd sign his political petition. Obviously, never expecting to see a topless woman, he was merely hoping she'd allow him to post a sign on her front lawn.  
  
Accustomed to flashing men, she was surprised that most men just look, stare, and leer. Sometimes, when horny, wishing they would, she was surprised men didn't reach out to touch, feel, and fondle her breasts while fingering her erect nipples. With him cute enough, if he reached out his hand to touch her, she may have allowed him to grope her naked breasts. Yet, obviously catching him by surprise, she waited for him to close his mouth and say something. Instead of saying something, anything, his eyes bulged out of his head with him staring.  
  
Visibly, shocking him and clearly sexually exciting him, the poor man evidently forgot his name. He seemingly forgot what he wanted to ask her to do. As if he had never seen naked breasts before, she watched the man's eyes focus on her naked tits as if they were laser beams. His smile widened and the bulge in his pants grew bigger. No doubt, he liked what he was seeing. No doubt, he'd be masturbating over seeing her naked breasts later that night.  
  
'Even though I wished you'd grope my breasts while fingering my nipples, you can look but you can't touch,' thought Gwen while watching him continuing to stare without him saying a word.  
  
Only, depending on the man, if he was young enough and cute enough, she'd love it if a man took it upon himself to touch her, feel her, fondle her, strip her naked, make love to her, and fuck her. Depending on the man, she'd love it if a man took sexual control of her, put a gentle hand to her shoulder, moved her to her knees, and had his wicked sexual way with her more than willing mouth. Depending if there was compatible chemistry and a sexual connection, she'd definitely suck a stranger's cock while he felt her big, naked tits and fingered her erect nipples.  
  
For the right man, as sexually wicked as she sometimes can be, while staring up at him with her big, blue eyes, she'd allow him to cum in her mouth and she'd even swallow his cum. Yet, not the best way to start a relationship with the man thinking her a whore, no doubt, he'd wonder how many other men had she exposed herself to and had sex with when just meeting them. A double standard, it was okay for men to have random sex with women they just met but that same code of promiscuity didn't apply to women.  
  
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Author's Note:  
  
This a true, two-part story about four, exhibitionist women, Gwen her sister, Sharon, their cousin, Sarah, and their aunt, Valerie. Playing off of one another, they enjoy the comradery of exhibitionism after sexually teasing and erotically enticing men by deliberately flashing them all that they shouldn't see of their sexy bodies. They have fun sexually teasing unsuspecting men by flashing them their underwear clad, topless, and/or naked bodies. They get off on shocking men with all that men hope and want to see. Not shy, embarrassed, ashamed, nor remorseful later, they derive sexual pleasure in shocking their sexual victims with their nudity.  
  
Imagine living with one of these women. Imagine how differently better your life would be. Imagine all of the sexual fun you'd have. Imagine all of the sex you'd have. Imagine the pillow talk they give you by telling you about all of the men they sexually teased while flashing them.  
  
After putting up with your bitchy girlfriend or living a life of sexless complacency with your boring wife, how fun would it be to have one of these women as your girlfriend or as your wife? Always in the mood to erotically tease men while having some sexy fun in bed later, never a dull, sexual moment, imagine a woman being game for anything that you wanted to do and/or sexually asked her to do. Imagine a woman wanting as much sex as you do.  
  
"Honey, it's poker night tonight and it's my turn to host the event," said Paul with a devious grin. Knowing she'd be up for the challenge, he gave his live-in girlfriend, Sarah, a busty redhead, a sexy smile and a naughty look. "As a way for me to break their concentration and hopefully win more chips, if you're up for it, I'd like you to serve them drinks and snacks topless," he said. "And if you don't mind, I'd love to watch them grope your naked breasts, finger your nipples, and suck your erect nipples."  
  
Ready for anything that involved her flashing her big, naked breasts or even her entire naked body, already sexually aroused, in anticipation and in readiness of flashing his four friends, Sarah removed her blouse and bra. She cupped her breasts in the palms of her hands and pulled, turned, and twisted her nipples while staring sexily at her boyfriend. Then, erotically teasing Paul, as if she was one of his horny friends, she lifted her big breast to her mouth and sucked her nipple, first one and then the other.  
  
"Ready? You know how much I love flashing my naked tits. I thought you'd never ask me to serve drinks while topless," she said with a sexy laugh. She turned to look at her naked breasts in the mirror while continuing to fondle them. "Tell me and be honest. Do you think they'll notice that I'm topless," she asked teasing him while talking to him through the mirror?  
  
He laughed.  
  
"Notice?" He laughed out loud. "I may need to have a tank of oxygen at the ready when you come out of the kitchen topless and holding a tray of drinks," said Paul with a dirty laugh. "When they're not staring at the impressions of your big tits in your blouse, they've always commented on your big tits."  
  
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The first part of the story is a bit of background about exhibitionism, voyeurism, and women who enjoy deliberately flashing and teasing men while making their flashes appear accidental and/or unintentional. The second part of the story are the flashing episodes of the four women as told to me by Gwen about her, her sister, Sharon, her cousin, Sarah, and her aunt, Valerie. The story is about four women who have fun while deliberately flashing their panties, their cleavages, their bras, their naked breasts, their naked pussies, and their naked asses to stunned men.  
  
Gwen wanted me to write their true story about them not being whores but about them being exhibitionists. Yet, before I could write their story, they wanted me to understand their deep, rooted need and strong, sensual, sexual, and erotic desire to show their underwear clad, topless, and/or naked bodies to unsuspecting men. They needed me to understand the truly revealing and butt naked phenomena of flashing their bodies to stunned, shocked, surprised, and sexually excited men. They wanted me to understand why some women flash, continue to flash, and take sexual pleasure in flashing.  
  
Not nearly the same, a huge distinction between the two, and much different for men exposing themselves to women than women exposing themselves to men, just because women enjoy exposing their panties and/or bras doesn't make them whores. Just because women enjoy flashing their naked breasts, their naked pussies, their naked asses, or their naked bodies to men doesn't make them ladies of easy virtue. Just because women continually expose their panties and bras, their naked tits, pussies or asses, and their naked bodies to surprised men doesn't make them wanna be prostitutes. They're just women enjoying being women.  
  
What's wrong with that? As far as most men are concerned, there's nothing wrong with exhibitionistic women showing men all that they want and hope to see. There's nothing wrong with women flashing men. As far as most men are concerned, seeing something of women that they shouldn't see is hot and sexy. No matter who the woman is or what she looks like without her clothes, it's the sexual fantasies of all men to see every woman they know in all manner of undress.  
  
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"I saw my MILF of an Aunt Gwen naked," said 18-year-old Larry to his 18-year-old friend, Tom. "I watched her masturbate herself." He smiled at his friend with sexual excitement. "I had my hidden camera ready when she walked in the bathroom from the bedroom and removed her clothes. I saw her round, naked ass, her big, naked tits, and her blonde, naked pussy. For a woman in her forties, she has such a beautiful body. With the feed recorded and stored on my hard drive, I'll be masturbating over her naked body forever."  
  
The next morning, after Larry went to work and Gwen was having coffee with her sister, Sharon, she told her about her nephew recording her with a hidden camera in the bathroom when she was staying overnight. Not shocked or surprised, accustomed to exposing her naked body to men, she played to the camera. She gave him a sexy, incestuous show by masturbating herself while he watched. In the way she masturbated herself, she knew he'd be masturbating himself, too.  
  
"You're right. He's been spying on you," said Gwen to her sister. "He has a camera hidden in the bathroom. You can't see it unless you go in there without turning on the light. That's when you can see the small, red light glowing in the dark from the ceiling," she said.  
  
Sharon looked at her sister speechless.  
  
"Are you kidding me? I don't believe my son would invade my personal privacy like that. Are you telling me that all of this time, Larry has been ogling my naked body and masturbating over me whenever I undress to take a shower and dry myself after taking a shower? No doubt, he's seen me masturbating too," she said with a loud laugh. She gave her sister a sexy smile and a naughty look. "We should show him something he'd never expect to see."  
  
Gwen looked at her sister with an idea.  
  
"I know what to do," she said. "We should make out in the bathroom naked while touching and feeling one another everywhere," she said laughing with her sister.  
  
Sharon laughed too.  
  
"He'll think we're lesbians having incestuous sex. That's hot. That's so hot," she said returning her sister's sexy laugh and a naughty look with her devious laugh and wicked look.  
  
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Unlike men flashing, most times, but not all times, sex has little to do with women flashing. Most times, but not all times, wanting to feel sexy, women just want to show and sexually tease men. Whether they're deliberately flashing and exposing themselves, most times but not all times, it's nothing more than harmless fun and sexy games that women play for their own personal, sexual pleasure. Instead of being shocked by it, commenting on them, judging them, and what they do with their own bodies, men should sit back and enjoy the show. Whatever admiring men do, they shouldn't ruin it for the rest of us.  
  
Back when they were all living together before Gwen moved out and got her own place, she used to run an exhibitionism and voyeurism scam with her brother, George. Nothing illegal, other than some sexy fun with a little flashing, yet a sister allowing her brother to see her naked, incestuously forbidden, could be deemed morally wrong. Nonetheless, especially when money was in short supply and they both needed to buy things they needed, flashing her naked body was a good way for Gwen and George to earn some fast cash from the comfort of home.  
  
"Did everyone pay their ten bucks to get in my house to watch my sister's naked show. What about you Father O'Brien? Did you pay? And you too, Sister Mary Elizabeth. Cough it up. You need to pay your ten bucks, too, to watch Gwen strip naked," said George collecting the cover charge from Father O'Brien and Sister Mary Elizabeth. "Now turn off and give me your phones. I don't want a ringing phone to ruin our show. Moreover, I don't want anyone posting my sister's naked image on the Internet."  
  
While everyone watched from the darkened bedroom across the hall, George watched his sexy, exhibitionist of a sister walk from her bedroom to the bathroom and turn on the bathroom light. Feigning that she was home alone and pretending that there wasn't anyone else there ready to watch her undress, she left the bathroom door wide open. She pretended that she had no idea that there were twenty-two eyes watching her about to strip herself naked.  
  
"Shh. Everyone be quiet. She doesn't know we're all in the house watching. Gwen is about to strip herself naked. She's ready to expose herself to all of us," said George.  
  
As if there was a drumroll and she was a stripper, everyone held their breath in anticipation of Gwen stripping naked. As if she was Mary Louise Weller as Mandy Pepperidge in Animal House, George and ten other people watched his exhibitionist sister slowly and sexily remove her robe while mindlessly staring at herself in the mirror. In an instant and well worth the ten-dollar cover charge, she was naked. Gwen was totally exposed to Father O'Brien, Sister Mary Elizabeth, and to all of George's horny friends.  
  
Giving them what they all wanted and paid to see, a naked show of her beautiful body, she turned one way before turning the other. Then, as if checking her breasts for cancerous tumors, she felt and fondled one D cup breasts before feeling and fondling her other D cup breast. Every man watching her, all of George's friends, Father O'Brien, and even Sister Mary Elizabeth, no doubt, wished they could feel her naked breasts while fingering her erect nipples.  
  
Then, before getting in the shower, she deliberately dropped her facecloth. She turned her ass to those watching to expose her naked ass and the back of her naked pussy while spreading her legs and bending at the waist to retrieve her dropped facecloth. Taking her sweet time before climbing in the shower, there'd be a second show after she showered and dried her naked body before disappearing in her bedroom.  
  
Unbeknownst to the rest of them, something that brother and sister did to earn some spare spending money on a Saturday night, Gwen knew they were all there watching. She knew she was giving them all a sexy, naked show of her shapely body. Splitting the money with her brother, they both got something out of the erotic, incestuous experience. A win/win for both brother and sister, he got to see his sister naked while earning a few dollars, and she got to expose her naked body to her brother and to everyone else while making a few dollars.  
  
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Yet, alas, contrary to norms, most morally, modest women would never do such a thing, flash their naked body, especially a sister flashing her naked body to her brother. God forbid, most morally, modest women would never deliberately flash any part of their naked body to anyone. Too embarrassed and too ashamed, they'd never knowingly and deliberately expose any part of their unclothe body to anyone. Most morally, modest women would never flash their underwear clad, topless, and/or naked bodies to anyone but to their husbands, their boyfriends, and/or to their significant others.  
  
No fun in that, such a shame, it's always good to test the sexual waters to see if men are still looking and are still sexually interested in seeing what they shouldn't see. Whether they do more than flashing or not, it's always good to test the erotic waters to see if women still sexually appeal to men. Women want to be made to feel wanted, needed, desired, special, sexy, loved, and beautiful, even if those women belong to someone else, heart, soul, and body. Yet, just as there's nothing wrong with showing, there's nothing wrong with looking. We're all sexual animals after all.  
  
"Wow! Look at the tits on that MILF. So big and so shapely, she has amazing breasts," said Mike staring at a topless woman at the beach. "She's so beautiful. She's so sexy. Even though she's old enough to be my mother, I'd love to feel and fondle her big tits. I'd love to finger her erect nipples while she sucked my cock. I'd love to put a hand behind her brunette, pretty head and cum in her mouth," said Mike while fondling the head of his erect prick through his bathing suit as if he was ready to masturbate himself.

George looked where Mike was looking to see what he was seeing. Never expecting to see what his friend was seeing; he couldn't believe his eyes. He saw his mother, Susan, topless at the beach. The first time seeing his mother's big, naked breasts, he was as shocked as he was sexually excited. As much as he couldn't believe he was seeing his mother's naked breasts, he couldn't believe his friend was seeing his mother's naked tits, too.  
  
He couldn't believe his friend confessed that he wanted to feel and fondle his Mom's big tits. He couldn't believe his friend wanted to finger her erect nipples while she sucked his cock. He couldn't believe his friend confessed that he wanted to cum in his mother's mouth. It made his skin crawl to see that his friend had an erection and was fingering the head of his cock through his bathing suit while staring at his topless mother.  
  
"Hey! Asshole! That's my mother that you're ogling. That's my mother you're sexually lusting over," said George turning away from Mike to stare at his mother naked breasts again. "Ma," said George waving to his mother. "What are you doing here?" Waiting for her to act embarrassed and/or to cover her naked breasts with her hands, when she didn't, he asked his next question. "Why are you topless? Aren't you embarrassed that I'm here with my friend and we're both seeing your naked breasts?"  
  
As if it was no big deal that she was topless and showing her naked breasts to her son, to his friend, and to everyone else, Susan looked down at her naked breasts. She looked up at her son and at his friend while sexily smiling. Seemingly unashamed and unembarrassed, she shrugged. Instead of covering her nakedness with her towel, she puffed out her chest, threw back her shoulders, and let out a sexy laugh. Then, as if modeling her naked breasts for them, she turned one way before turning the other way.  
  
"What's the big deal? Don't be such a prude. It's just tits," she said with an unconcerned shrug while cupping her big breasts in the palms of her hands and sliding slow fingers across her erect nipples. "It's just my tits, your mother's tits," she said looking up at them with a sexy laugh.  
  
As if she was a stripper sexually teasing them, continuing to give them a sexy, topless show, she raised her arms over her head. She jumped up and down before leaning forward and shaking her naked tits. Making sure that her son and his friend had a good, long look at all that they wanted to see of her naked breasts, she slowly and sexily walked toward them while still topless. Then, wrapping her arms around her son's neck, she pressed her naked breasts against his naked chest and against his huge, bathing suit clad erection and gave him a hug.  
  
'Like mother like daughter, now I know where Gwen gets her need to expose herself,' he thought while continuing to stare at his mother's naked breasts.  
  
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Yet, in their defense, some women, even mothers, sisters, and aunts, as in the cases of George's mother, Susan, his sister, Gwen, and his aunt Valerie are exhibitionists and there's nothing wrong with that. They like to flash. They love showing their sexy and shapely bodies. So what? They enjoy flashing. What's the big deal? It's just naked asses, naked tits, and naked pussies. Every woman has them and, whether one or the other, every man has seen them.  
  
Whether done deliberately while making their flashes appear unintentional and/or accidental, most women pretend that they're embarrassed. Trust me, most women are not embarrassed. If they're anything, they're sexually aroused showing men all that they hope and want to see of them while making their deliberate flashes appear unintentional.  
  
Yet, whether embarrassed or not, exhibitionistic women enjoy exposing their bras, their panties, their cleavages, their naked tits, their naked asses, and/or their naked pussies. As long as there are men who appreciate all that women are showing, they'll always be men looking to see whatever they can see. As long as there are men who want to see, they'll be women who want to show.  
  
Those women who are exhibitionists get off on showing men they know all that they want to see of them and all that they shouldn't see of them. They get off on showing men they don't know, have never met, will never meet, and/or may never see again, all that they shouldn't see of their sexy and shapely underwear clad, semi-naked, and/or naked bodies, too. Whether flashing men they know or flashing men they don't know, just as women love to flash, men love to look.  
  
What's wrong with that? Don't be such a prude. Leave them alone. They're not bothering anyone. They're not hurting anyone. They're just having some sexy fun. Don't be such a judgmental killjoy with your self-possessed, high moral standards. How dare you make such a fuss over a little flashing and over a little nudity? Those looking to spoil the fun of everyone else by quoting scripture, have their own dirty, sexual scandals behind closed doors.  
  
"Lord, I have sinned," said Jimmy Lee Swaggart when caught having sex with prostitutes in New Orleans.  
  
Three-years later he was caught with another hooker again. Jessica Hahn accused televangelist Jim Bakker of rape. I remember seeing Tammy Faye Bakker's black eye makeup streaming down her face while she cried her fake crocodile tears. Figures of authority to young men, the Boy Scouts of America had their own pedophile scandals. The Catholic Church scandals of priests having illicit sex with boys still continues.  
  
Seemingly all of these authority and religious figures are holier than thou when it comes to sex. How dare they? Yet, like the rest of us, they're all just imperfectly, flawed humans. How dare they make the rest of us feel guilty for just looking and lusting over women we can't sexually have and will never sexually have? Blaming us for just looking, how dare they put the onus of sexual impropriety of mere voyeurism on us when they're the ones having forbidden and impropriate sex?  
  
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"Show me your tits," read the sign at the Indy 500 race track, the Daytona 500 race track, and/or on Bourbon Street in New Orleans, Louisiana. "Show me your tits."  
  
Instead of being outraged, ashamed, and embarrassed, instead of being offended, many women oblige the request of the signs by using that as their excuse to lift the blouses and their bras to show men their naked breasts. Their excuses to flash their naked tits, they're only doing what men asked them to do. As long as the sexual attention is wanted, just as there's nothing wrong with flashing and showing, there's nothing wrong with looking, ogling, and staring.  
  
Nonetheless, whether women deliberately flash men or not, many women are, indeed, exhibitionists and most all men are, indeed, voyeurs. Yet, unfortunately and fortunately, exhibitionism and voyeurism are different for men than they are for women. Running the risk of being thought of as a bimbo, a harlot, or even a gold digger, exhibitionism is a game that women innocently enjoy playing. Further, running the risk of being raped, some men take women flashing them too far. Some men don't take no for an answer.  
  
With men always looking, men are never thought of as anything less for just looking. No one judges them for looking, leering, staring, and lusting. If they're thought of as anything, they're thought of as normal, testosterone filled, red blooded, all-American men. If women are judged as anything for flashing, they're thought of as cockteasers and/or whores.  
  
Sometimes using the excuse of being a little tipsy and unaware that they're flashing, many women deliberately flash their lingerie clad, partially naked, or naked bodies to admiring men when drinking. Without being deemed ladies of the evening and/or women of the streets, most men give women a free pass for showing them all they want and hope to see. Giving women the benefit of the doubt when not thinking of them as sluts, most men give women free reign to expose any part and/or all of their beautiful, semi-naked or naked bodies.  
  
If women are deemed as anything other than naughty, they're deemed as sexy. If they're deemed as anything other than sexy, they're deemed as women that men would like to know better. If they're deemed as anything other than naughty and sexy, they're deemed as potential lovers. Fortunately, not all men think of women as bimbos, gold diggers, and/or whores for flashing.  
  
With different degrees of exhibitionism, many women will only go as far as they deem necessary to get and maintain the sexual attention of a man. Yet, as do many voyeuristic men, many exhibitionistic women enjoy flashing unsuspecting men, sexually teasing them, erotically enticing them, and showing them all that they shouldn't see of them. Whenever in that sexual, playful mood, women enjoy exposing their underwear clad, topless, and/or naked bodies to men. Adding to their sexy fun, instead of making their flashes appear deliberate, they pretend that their flashes are accidental and/or unintentional and, if caught, they act embarrassed.  
  
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"Oh, my God!"  
  
Gwen looked from the pizza delivery man to look down at her naked body and at her dropped towel before looking back up at the shocked and sexually excited man. Even though she knew that she was naked and that he could see all of her naked body, she still needed to look down at herself to see what he could see. Obviously, enjoying being naked in front of a strange man, she wanted to see what he was seeing. In the way that he'd be masturbating over seeing her naked later, she'd be masturbating over him seeing her naked later, too.  
  
"Please don't look at my naked breasts, my naked pussy, and my naked ass. I'm so embarrassed," said Gwen pretending she was embarrassed instead of showing him that she was sexually aroused. "I can't believe my towel fell."  
  
An expert at flashing her naked body to unsuspecting men, she had done this routine with many delivery men before in every place she lived. Something sexually exciting for her to do, she deliberately dropped her towel in front of the pizza delivery man when taking ownership of the pizza and handing him his money and tip. It sexually excited her to see the shocked look of surprise when flashing unsuspecting men something they shouldn't see but, no doubt, all that they hoped and wanted to see.  
  
"There's no need to tip me, Miss," he said returning her two-dollar tip while continuing to ogle her naked body. She quickly picked up her towel and wrapped it around her. "Seeing you naked is a good enough tip for me," he said with a dirty laugh. "You made my day. I'll be dreaming of you tonight," he said with a wink and a dirty laugh.  
  
In case he suddenly had more violent intentions other than just sexually looking, staring, leering, and commenting, she closed and locked her door.  
  
"Eww," she said with a laugh. "He'll be dreaming of me tonight? He'll be masturbating later today over all that he saw of me," she said laughing. "Well, I'll be masturbating over all that he's saw of me, too."  
  
Feigning her embarrassment, flashing was a sexual game that she enjoyed playing and was adept at playing. She couldn't count how many men she flashed with the old, towel drop alone. She couldn't count how many men she flashed by answering the door in a sheer, sexy, and low-cut nightgown, or in an open robe while naked underneath that suddenly fell open. She couldn't count the number of men she flashed over more than two-decades of flashing men.  
  
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Exhibitionism: Games Women Play, #1  
  
The introduction:  
  
Not going as far as calling all women whores and all men whoremongers but, truth be known, many women are as much exhibitionists as men most are voyeurs. Furthermore, coinciding with exhibitionism and voyeurism, something that some men may not know, albeit for different reasons, of course, women want sex just as much as men want sex. Wanting and expecting one thing over another thing, while most women invariably want to get married and inevitably have babies, most men just want to get laid and/or receive blowjobs. It's a miracle that they somehow come together as man and wife.  
  
Yet, think about it, in regards to voyeurism and exhibitionism, if women didn't want men to look, then why would they wear short skirts and low-cut blouses? If women didn't want to sexually tease men by flashing them whether deliberately or accidentally, then why would they bother buying and wearing sexy lingerie to reveal beneath their clothes? Indeed, I dare write that women want to show and flash as much as they want men to look and see. It takes two. Exhibitionism and voyeurism wouldn't work any other way.  
  
Even though women act as if they don't know that a man is looking, staring, and/or leering, trust me, they know. If he's cute and she's sexually interested, already taking note of him and targeting him by advertising what's hidden beneath her short skirt, she willingly flashes him her panties while sexily crossing and/or slowly uncrossing her legs. Then, advertising what's hidden inside of her blouse, by unbuttoning a button or two, she willingly gives him down-blouse views, previews, if you will, of her bra and cleavage while seemingly and obliviously leaning forward and pretending she's reading a book or busy on her phone.  
  
Like flies to honey or a powerful magnet to metal, as if it's their mating call, women know how to get the sexual attention of any man by flashing him and showing him her sexy underthings and/or some skin. Women know what men want and what men want are to see panties, bras, naked breasts, naked pussies, and/or naked asses. With women having all of the power, men are just pawns and victims to women's sexual whims and erotic teasing.  
  
Think about it and be honest. There's no one here but you and me. Tell me the truth. I want to know. We all want to know.  
  
If a woman flashed you some part of her sexy and shapely body, something you shouldn't see and was surprised to see, would you look? Would you stare? Would you leer? Would you go over to her and start a conversation while hoping that you'd get lucky? Would you replay all that you saw later that night while masturbating yourself?  
  
How many times have women seemingly, mindlessly, and obliviously leaned in front of you while giving you the perfect down-blouse peek of their low-cut bra, their long line of sexy cleavage, and/or of their naked breasts? Think about it. Do you think that flash was accidental and unintentional or was it preplanned and deliberately done? More often than not it was the latter than the former. More often or not, she wanted to get your sexual attention by flashing you.  
  
How many times have women squatted in front of you with their knees parted to pick up something they suddenly dropped while giving you a great view of their panties? How many times have women squatted in front of you with their knees spread to pet your dog while giving you the best down-blouse view of their bra and cleavage and/or the best up-skirt view of their panties? Again, think about it. Do you think that flashing you their panties and/or their cleavage and bra was preplanned, deliberately done, or unintentional?  
  
Perhaps, while hoping you'd look, start a conversation, and ask them out, how many times have you seen women's panties, bras, cleavages, naked breasts, naked pussies, and naked asses. Right place at the right time? I think not. Most times, the flashing was deliberately planned and perfectly executed by a skilled and experienced, female exhibitionist. Most times, perhaps for their hidden benefit and/or their sexual pleasure, the women played you and sexually teased you.  
  
It doesn't matter if the women are your mother, your sister, your aunt, your cousin, your mother-in-law, your sister-in-law, your grandmother, your friends, your co-workers, your neighbors, or strangers out on the street, most women are the same. Even those supposedly, happily married women, most women are exhibitionists. Flashing is their inherent, natural way of attracting a sexual partner and/or getting men's attention. Most women want to feel beautiful, sexy, desired, and wanted. A drug they need to boost their femininity, they can't let go of the sexual attention they receive when flashing.  
  
Most women reward men for looking by flashing them. Most women reward men for staring and leering while making their flashes of exhibitionist seem unintentional or accidental. A win/win for both sexes, as much as men love being flashed and sexually teased, most women enjoy sexually teasing men by deliberately flashing them. Only, with so much flashing going on, it's sometimes difficult to discern if the woman is deliberately flashing or accidentally flashing.  
  
# # #  
  
Don't believe me? How many women have you seen at the beach over the years? Think about it. Hundreds? Thousands? Tens of thousands? Now, tell me. What are they wearing or, more specifically, not wearing?  
  
No matter if the women are your mother, your sister, your aunt, your cousin, your mother-in-law, your sister-in-law, your grandmother, your friends, your co-workers, your neighbors, or strangers out on the street, they all wear sexy and revealing bathing suits. Whether wearing bikinis or one-piece bathing suits, they all show their long, lines of sexy cleavage, the outline of their shapely breasts, and the impressions of their erect nipples. They all show the shape and the size of their bathing suit, clad asses. When wearing such revealing bathing suits, they all show their pussy mounds with some even showing their camel toes and pussy slits.  
  
While sunbathing at the beach, they all show plenty enough of their sexy and shapely bodies that it's not difficult to discern and to imagine what they look like topless and/or naked. Revealing even more of their naked breasts, they unhook and/or remove their bikini bras. They want you to look. They want you to see their naked tits. They want you to see all that you've been shamed and made guilty for wanting to see and for seeing. If they didn't want you to look and to see all that they're showing, they'd be wearing a coverup or a diving suit.  
  
Something innocuously fun to do, take a waterslide for instance. Unless they've never been on a waterslide or saw what happens on videos of women on waterslides, most women know that they shouldn't wear bikinis when sliding full speed down a waterslide. Yet, instead of wearing one-piece bathing suits, most women will still wear bikinis.  
  
With the speed of the slide and the force of the water, by the time they reach the end of the slide, chances are good that they'll be topless, bottomless, and/or naked. Yet, even after going down the slide and even after feigning their modesty over losing their bikini tops and/or bikini bottoms, they continue going down the waterslide over again. What do you think that's about? Is it just innocent fun, deliberate exhibitionism, or a little of both?  
  
With men encouraging them by cheering them and applauding them while waiting for them to expose themselves again, seemingly, most women enjoy the sexual attention they receive when flashing. Even with men holding signs that read: 'Show us your tits!', exhibitionistic women still continue going down the waterslide in sexy and revealing bikinis. They still continue to give voyeuristic men what they want to see by showing them their naked tits, their naked asses, and their naked pussies.  
  
Most drunken women know what happens when riding a mechanical bull in a bar when wearing a strapless top and/or a short skirt. With the operator cranking up the speed and force of the bucking ride until the women show their panties and/or their naked breasts, many women ride the mechanical bulls because they want men to see all that they shouldn't see of them. Further, shocking by true, most women know that they should wear panties and/or a bra when riding a mechanical bull but many women don't possess the morals and/or the modesty enough to cover their naked tits, asses, and pussies.

While feigning and maintaining their innocence, by acting inebriated or shocked that the mechanical bull or the water slide stripped them nearly naked, it's just another exhibitionistic, flashing game that women play. Women are more apt to show more naked skin if they're made to feel that it wasn't their fault. Not wanting men to think them whores and/or less of them, women would freely flash more of their naked breasts, their naked pussies, and their naked asses if they could make their flashes appear accidental and unintentional instead of deliberately done.  
  
The same thing can be said about wet T-shirt contests. It's sexy fun to show men what lay beneath their wet T-shirts. It's sexy fun to show men the size, the shape, and the transparent outline of their braless, nearly naked breasts and the outline of their symmetrical areolas and their erect nipples.  
  
Suffice to write and I dare write that, even though they act as if they don't, most women love flashing men their naked tits. They don't care. It's just tits. Then, add a little alcohol and a lot more water, and soon the women are not only topless but also, they're completely naked. Even though they act embarrassed for showing their naked breasts and/or their naked bodies, they're more sexually aroused than they are embarrassed. In case men don't know it, even though they sometimes don't act it, women are just as sexual as are men.  
  
What were they thinking? Even though some women will still continue to feign their modesty and embarrassment, the bottom line is that women believe that flashing men, while making their flashes appear unintentional or accidental, are an innocent fun, sexual activity. Many women want to flash men their naked breasts and/or their naked bodies. Seemingly, men aren't the only sexual perverts and sexual predators. Truth be told, not all women are innocent. Many women are sexual perverts and sexual predators, too.  
  
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Unless they're aliens from another planet and have never been in a funhouse before, most women know that they shouldn't wear short, flared skirts in a funhouse when walking across a high-powered fan at the entrance and exit. When seeing a line of men lining the entrances and the exits, why do they think all of those men are waiting there? What do they think all of those men are hoping to see, wanting to see, and waiting to see? Men are hoping, wanting, and waiting to see their panties.  
  
Most women are well aware that, when walking across a high-powered fan that's pointed under their skirts, that they should clutch their skirts before they blow up in their faces but not all of them do. Most women know that it they don't take control of their skirts, they'll expose their panties to men watching, waiting, and expecting to see all that they shouldn't see of them. Most women know that they should wear panties when in a funhouse before walking across a high-powered fan but not all of them do.  
  
Unless they're Marilyn Monroe in The Seven Year Itch, most women know that they shouldn't wear short, flared skirts when standing on a subway grate especially with the subway going by underneath. Most women know that they should be mindful of their skirts blowing up and exposing their panties on a windy day. Most women know that they should leave their hand by their side to hold their skirts down to combat the wind. Yet, not all of them do.  
  
Again, most women know that they should wear panties on windy days but not all of them do that either. Tell me, what do you think? Are they flashing their panties, their naked pussies, and their naked asses unintentionally or deliberately? Or, lucky you, are you just there at the right time and the right place?  
  
Most women know that they shouldn't wear short skirts when climbing long flights of stairs or when using an escalator and yet they do. Most women know that they should wear panties when climbing long flights of stairs or using an escalator and yet, some don't. Moreover, on the pretense of pretending to fix the strap or buckle on their shoe, deliberately flashing their panties to the men standing behind them, some women will bend at the waist while going up an escalator or a long flight of stairs.  
  
Most women know that they shouldn't climb a ladder while wearing a skirt. Most women know that they shouldn't sit with their knees parted or bend at the waist when wearing a short skirt. Most women know that they shouldn't lean at the waist while wearing a low-cut top. Yet, they do climb ladders, sit with their knees apart, and/or bend at the waist while wearing short skirts and/or low-cut tops.  
  
Most morally modest women will wear pants when shopping for shoes instead of wearing short skirts or dresses. When wearing short skirts or dresses, most morally women will wear panties when shopping for shoes. Yet, not all of them do. Whether wearing panties or not, most morally modest women will take care when lifting their foot for the shoe salesman to fit their foot. Yet, again, not all of them do.  
  
What were they thinking? Did they not know that men are looking? Don't they care that men can see everything that they're showing or was that their intention all along. Men are always looking to see what they can see.  
  
Were they unaware that they just flashed their panties? Were they unaware that they just flashed their naked pussies? Perhaps, they don't care. Perhaps, their intention was to flash their panties or their naked pussy all along while making their flashes appear unintentional.  
  
Men are so easy. Men are such fools. In case they don't already know, many women are deceptively conniving. As if being hit by a speeding car or being bowled over by a huge wave, most men never know what hit them until it's too late.  
  
Pity the poor man who believes that all women are good, all women are moral, all women are modest, and all women are innocent. When a woman knows what she wants, who she wants, and how to get it, chances are good that she'll get it. Don't get in the way of an aggressive woman. Men don't stand a chance.  
  
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Even though it's sexually exciting to look and to see what men are surprised to see and all that men shouldn't see, men are all made to feel guilty for looking and seeing what they shouldn't see. Even when women are deliberately exposing themselves, men are made to feel shame for wanting someone they can't have and/or will never have. Especially when the woman is a blood related relative, by looking at what women are showing, men are made to feel like incestuous perverts when it may be the other way around.  
  
A time before the internet and porn sites, thou shall not covet thy neighbor's wife was an important one of the Ten Commandments. Thou shall not covet thy neighbor's wife was one of the Ten Commandments that most men held as sacred and obeyed. Coveting thy neighbor's wife was the best way to get a beating, to be knifed, to catch a bullet, and/or go to Hell. Now with porn sites everywhere, nearly every woman is coveted and sexually lusted over, even mothers and sisters, especially mothers and sisters.  
  
'Is nothing sacred?' Indeed, times have changed.  
  
Sorry, but if thy neighbor's wife is topless while sunbathing and showing her big, naked breasts by her pool, a man would have to be dead not to look and covert her. If thy neighbor's wife wasn't slowly and seductively undressing in her bedroom and in front of her bedroom window with the shades not drawn and the light on, men would have to be saints not to look. Unless she was obese and/or ugly, they'd have to be gay or abnormal not to stare, not to sexually desire her, not to sexually want her, not to covert her, and not to masturbate over her later.  
  
A skill that women have mastered over tens of thousands of years, men seldom think that women are deliberately flashing them. Instead, they think that women flashing men are merely unintentional and/or purely accidental. Instead, they think that they're at the right place and at the right time. They'd never consider that women are just as sexually frustrated as men are horny. They'd never think that women want men to see as much of them as men want to see of them. They'd never think that women want sex as much as men want sex.  
  
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When deliberately flashing someone, timing is everything. Timing it perfectly with her watching him from behind her curtained window, Gwen opened her front door just as the mailman walked up her path to deliver the mail. With the wind working in concert with her, and with her higher up on her porch, and the mailman down below, she was at the perfect angle and vantage point to flash him what she wanted him to see.  
  
"Good morning," said Gwen to direct his attention to her. She let go of her bathrobe to wave at the mailman. "How are you today?"  
  
He returned her smile with his smile and her wave with his wave.  
  
"I'm good and, how are you?"  
  
Deliberately moving her hand away from her robe, timing her move with the wind, she allowed the steady breeze to take command of her bathrobe, her lack of morals, and her lack of modesty. As if she didn't know it was so windy as it was and as if she forgot what little she was wearing, she was ready to flash the mailman. Acting that she was unaware that she was exposed, as if the hem of her bathrobe was a bird spreading its wings, she looked up to the sky while her bathrobe flew up and open with the wind.  
  
"It looks like rain," she said.  
  
With her wearing a revealing bathrobe with nothing underneath, as if she was Mother Nature controlling the wind, a sudden breeze blew open the bottom half of her light, silk bathrobe to expose her naked, blonde, trimmed pussy. Acting unaware that she was as nakedly exposed as she was, she continued smiling at the mailman as if she was fully clothed. It wasn't until she saw him staring and leering, actually, at all that he could see of her naked pussy that she played the part of the innocent victim.  
  
"Oh, my God. I had no idea my bathrobe blew open. I'm so embarrassed. I can't believe you saw my naked pussy. Please advert your eyes," she said turning her back to the mailman. "Please don't look at my naked pussy."  
  
Then, as soon as she turned her back to the mailman, the wind blew again. This time the wind lifted the back of her bathrobe to expose her round, firm, naked ass. Drawing more attention to her nakedness, if it wasn't enough that she had exposed her naked pussy to the mailman, now she had exposed her naked ass and the back of her naked pussy to him, too. Playing her part as the innocent virgin, even though this was her intention all along, she acted humiliated that the mailman had seen her nearly naked body.  
  
"Please don't look at my naked ass and my naked pussy. I can't believe you saw my naked ass and my naked pussy. I'm so very embarrassed."  
  
Under the pretense of being embarrassed while pretending to preserve her morals and modesty, a losing battle, continuing to play her flashing game, she fruitlessly wrestled with her bathrobe against the blowing wind. As soon as she bothered to fix the bottom half of her bathrobe, as if directed and expected, the wind blew open the top half of her bathrobe. As if deliberately and sexually teasing the mailman, and she was, the breeze blew her bathrobe off her slender shoulder to expose her big, naked breast, her areola, and her erect nipple.  
  
Losing her battle with the wind, while holding the bottom portion of her bathrobe in place, the wind blew the top half of her bathrobe from her shoulders to expose both of her naked breasts. Perfectly planned and deliberately executed, within a minute she had flashed the mailman all that she wanted him to see and all that he, no doubt, wanted to see. Within a minute, the mailman had seen her completely naked.  
  
He had seen her naked pussy, her naked ass, and her naked tits. In the way that he'd be masturbating over her naked flashing show later, she'd be masturbating over all that she flashed him. Already sexually aroused, and in the horny mood to sexually tease someone, she couldn't wait to flash someone else again.  
  
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A useless struggle, she feigned her fight to save her innocence by feebly fighting the wind. Later that day, she gave the same deliberate albeit unexpected flashing show to the UPS driver delivering a package. Careful not to expose the same man twice, she ordered her takeout food from different restaurants. Even though she enjoyed flashing her naked body, the last thing she wanted was to be deemed a whore.  
  
She acted as shocked as she acted embarrassed. Lucky them, no doubt, thinking that they were at the right place at the right time, neither man would have guessed that Gwen had deliberately flashed them her naked pussy, her naked breasts, and/or her naked ass. Neither man would have thought her an exhibitionist.  
  
Expert at putting on a show of exhibitionism, after years of flashing so very many men, a controlling mistress at exposing herself, she had honed her flashing skills to a high degree of proficiency. Instead of looking sexually aroused, even though she was, she looked mortified that she had exposed her nearly, naked body to strange men. Flashing herself, whether flashing her panties, her bra, her naked breasts, naked ass, naked pussy, or naked body, putting on quite the show, she was quite the actress.  
  
As if she was an expert at sexual effects, she took every opportunity that she could think of to flash while creatively making her flashes appear accidental and/or unintentional. Not wanting anyone to think her a slut, she didn't want her flashing victims to know that she deliberately showed them all that she wanted them to see, all that they wanted to see, and all that they shouldn't see. Something that sexually aroused her, as far back as she could remember, she had been deliberately flashing men by showing them up-skirt peeks of her panties and down-blouse views of her bra and cleavage.  
  
Then, when a plumber, an electrician, the cable TV man, or a handyman worked in her home, she had a multitude of ways of flashing them up-nightgown peeks of her naked pussy and down-nightgown views of her naked breasts. Whenever the trashmen appeared, she'd run out her front door with her bag of trash while wearing her flimsy, silk bathrobe with nothing underneath and while making sure they received a show of her naked pussy and/or naked breasts. Whenever the lawncare men or the pool men made their weekly summertime visits, she was always there to show them what they shouldn't see.  
  
With her not having a steady man in her life, deliberately exposing herself while going out of her way to make her flashing appear accidental, was her sexual entertainment. Later that night, while masturbating herself, she'd think about who she flashed, what they saw, and the surprised and/or sexually excited looks on their faces. Almost as good as sex with a man but not nearly the same, yet, flashing gave her the same level of sexual arousal, the same sexual release, and the same sexual satisfaction when self-pleasuring herself.  
  
'Who needs a man when I have my finger, my vibrator, and my dildo,' she thought while sexually pleasuring her pussy.  
  
Easy for her to sexually attract men, sadly, easily bored and sexually unsatisfied, she had a difficult time keeping a man. Men were too much of a bother. Men took up too much of her time. Too nosey with them wanting to know too much, such as who she had been with and how many men she had slept with, men were too inquisitive and too intrusive. Always saying the wrong things at the wrong times, they were too insensitive. After only a few dates, they wanted her to move in with them or they wanted to move in with her.  
  
Happy living alone while cooking and cleaning for herself, she couldn't imagine living with anyone. Embarrassed that she had a secret, sexual fetish, not wanting anyone to know, aside from her sister, Sharon, her cousin, Sarah, and her aunt, Valerie, she couldn't imagine never flashing again. Not her idea of living her dream, she never wanted a demanding man and a brood of screaming kids while he went off to work and she slaved working at home. Instead, she'd rather be free to travel while flashing unsuspecting men.

**Exhibitionism - Games Women Play Ch. 02**

While making their flashes appear unintentional and/or accidental, a sexy game that some women play, showing men what they all want to see, some women take sexual pleasure in deliberately exposing themselves and sexually teasing unsuspecting men.  
  
Be honest. Think about it. Tell me the truth. There's no one here but you, me, and the lamppost.  
  
Does your wife or girlfriend like sex? I mean, do they really like sex or are they just having sex with you as their duty and because they must? Is your wife or girlfriend an exhibitionist? Trust me, you would know if they are. Does she deliberately like to flash her panties, her bra, her naked breasts, her naked pussy, and/or her naked ass to unsuspecting men? Or, is she like most other sexless women, a modestly, moral prude more than she is a sexy, fun loving whore?  
  
"Boring!"  
  
Most men would rather have a whore in bed than a prude any day. Most men don't like modestly moral, prudish women but nearly all men love a sexy, fun loving whore, especially one who has her eyes on you. Most men would rather have sex than watching someone else having sex on TV.  
  
Again, just between you, me, and the lamppost, just once, wouldn't you love to watch your wife or your girlfriend flash your friends her panties and/or her naked tits? Just once, wouldn't you love to watch your wife or your girlfriend expose herself to your relatives, your father and/or your brother? Imagine all the sexy pillow talk and hot sex you'd have after she exposed her panties to strangers at the mall, her naked breasts to truckers on the highway, or her naked body to men on the beach.  
  
"Wow, Sarah," said Roger, Sarah's latest boyfriend of the week. "I can't believe you did that. I can't believe you flashed my father, my brother, and that tollbooth collector your tits. That was so hot. I can't wait to have sex with you while talking about you flashing more men."  
  
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Tell me the truth and be honest, wouldn't you love to have a woman in your life like Gwen, Sharon, Sarah, or Valerie? Imagine if your woman was just as horny and wanted sex as much as you're always horny and wanted sex? I dare write, whether you're dating or married, having a hot sexlife is way better than having money or a fast car. Am I right? Suffice to write, with you always fucking your wife and/or your girlfriend and she or they always sucking you, you'd never be sad, lonely, bored, unhappy, or sexually frustrated again.  
  
"Honey? I'm horny. Suck my cock again. I need to cum in your beautiful mouth while fondling your big breasts and fingering your erect nipples."  
  
Gwen looked at her lover.  
  
"Isn't it my sister's turn to have sex with you?"  
  
Gwen's new boyfriend laughed.  
  
"Your sister, Sharon, blew me last night. It's your turn to blow me this morning," he said.  
  
Gwen got up from the couch.  
  
"Okay, just let me grab my kneepads," said Gwen while removing her blouse and bra. "Shall I open the blinds and turn on the light so that our neighbors can watch me blowing you?"  
  
Gwen's boyfriend smiled.  
  
"Yeah, I'd love for our neighbors to watch you sucking my cock and me cumming in your beautiful mouth."  
  
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This is the continuation of a true story of four, sexy and shapely women who know how to sexually tease men. Gwen, Sharon, Sarah, and Valerie all could have been strippers. They all know what it takes to make a man sexually satisfied and erotically happy. Tell me the truth and be honest, don't you wish you were living with one of those four women than having to deal with your bitch of a girlfriend or your boring wife, women who never want to have sex?  
  
"Not now. I'm too tired. I have a headache," are lines that you'd wish you'd never have to hear again. They act as if they never want to have sex ever again. "Not now. I have my period," is another excuse you're tired of hearing.  
  
What? They never want to have sex? What is that about?  
  
Instead of staying with your bitchy girlfriend, you should dump her and hookup with a new girlfriend. Instead of marrying your wife, you should have married your MILF of a mother-in-law, your sexy sister-in-law, your horny cousin, or your old girlfriend. Any one of those women would have been a better, sexual match. In the way that they're always giving you the eye while flashing you, it's obvious that they all not only want you but also that they all love having sex.  
  
Trust me. If you lived with Gwen, Sharon, Sarah, and/or Valerie, you'd have more sex than you could handle. You'd be the one telling them that your too tired and/or have a headache.  
  
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Think about it. Imagine being on a plane with any one of them or with all four of them. Imagine traveling with them and vacationing with them. Imagine walking with one of them on a nude beach while holding hands. Every man there wishes he was you. Every man wonders how someone who looks like you got someone who looks like her. Imagine how much better your life, sexual and/or otherwise, would be with one of them in your life.  
  
Wouldn't you love to travel to faraway places with Gwen, Sharon, Sarah, and/or Valerie than having to spend another minute with your screaming and fighting, spoiled children? Trust me, if you had Gwen, her sister, Sharon, her cousin, Sarah, or her aunt, Valerie in your life, you'd never have the time or the inclination to read stories on Literotica again. Instead, you'd be writing your own steamy, hot memoirs of your sexlife, 'My memoirs of having hot sex with Gwen, her sister, Sharon, her cousin, Sarah, and her aunt Valerie.'  
  
Close your eyes. Imagine yourself on a nude beach in Mexico. Imagine letting it all hang out with Gwen, Sharon, Sarah, and Valerie. You with four naked, beautiful, and sexy, shapely, and horny women. Life doesn't get any better than that.  
  
Instead of dreaming this, this is really happening. Instead of this being someone else's life, this is your life. While watching the four women slowly and sexily strip themselves naked, you have a memory of an old, Noxema, shaving cream commercial from 1967-1973 with Gunilla Knutsson, a Swedish model from Ystad.  
  
"Take it off. Take it all off," she told men to shave off their facial hair.  
  
Then, you say the line that always gets them going.  
  
"The last one in the water is a rotten egg," you say while not moving from your seated spot on the hot sand.  
  
No matter how many times you say that line, they always fall for it. You had no intention of racing them to the water. You just wanted to watch Gwen, Saran, Sarah, and Valerie run to the water naked and jog back. As if you were in an Irish Spring soap commercial of old, while they jogged back to you, you just wanted to watch their big, naked breasts bounce up and down and side-to-side.  
  
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"The ladies will have another tequila sunrise and I'll have another cervaza. Gracias."  
  
Two Mexican men sitting on the beach with their wives and surrounded by their children stared at the four, naked, and beautiful, American women.  
  
"Look at that Gringo with those four naked women," said one man to the other man. "How does someone who looks like him get women who look like them?"  
  
Both men ignored their wives and their children to stare over at Gwen, Sharon, Sarah, and Valerie naked.  
  
"He must be a rich American," said one man with a shrug.  
  
The other man nodded his head in agreement.  
  
"Si. I wish I had money instead of kids," he said looking from Gwen, Sharon, Sarah, and Valerie naked to look at his wife and children.  
  
# # #  
  
With her an experienced flasher, when deliberately flashing someone, timing is everything. Timing it perfectly with her watching him from behind her curtained window, Gwen opened her front door just as the mailman walked up her path to deliver the mail. With the wind working in concert with her, and with her higher up on her porch, and the mailman down below, she was at the perfect angle and vantage point to flash him what she wanted him to see.  
  
"Good morning," said Gwen to direct his attention to her. She let go of her bathrobe to wave at the mailman. "How are you today?"  
  
He returned her smile with his smile and her wave with his wave.  
  
"I'm good and, how are you?"  
  
Deliberately moving her hand away from her robe, timing her move with a gust of wind, she allowed the steady breeze to take command of her bathrobe, her lack of morals, and her lack of modesty. As if she didn't know it was as windy as it was and as if she forgot what little she was wearing, she was ready to flash the mailman. Acting surprised and that she was unaware that she was exposed, as if the hem of her bathrobe was a bird spreading its wings, she looked up to the sky while her bathrobe flew up and open with the wind.  
  
"It looks like rain," she said.  
  
With her wearing a revealing bathrobe with nothing underneath, as if she was Mother Nature controlling the wind, a sudden breeze blew open the bottom half of her light, silk bathrobe to expose her naked, blonde, trimmed pussy. Acting unaware that she was as nakedly exposed as she was, she continued smiling at the mailman as if she was fully clothed. It wasn't until she saw him staring and leering, actually, at all that he could see of her naked pussy that she played the part of the innocent victim.  
  
"Oh, my God. I had no idea my bathrobe blew open. I'm so embarrassed. I can't believe you saw my naked pussy. Please advert your eyes," she said turning her back to the mailman. "Please don't look at my naked pussy."  
  
Then, as soon as she turned her back to the mailman to fix the front of her bathrobe, the wind blew again. This time the breeze lifted the back of her bathrobe to expose her round, firm, naked ass. Drawing more attention to her nakedness, if it wasn't enough that she had exposed her naked pussy to the mailman, now she had exposed her naked ass and the back of her naked pussy to him, too. Playing her part as the innocent virgin, even though this was her intention all along, she acted humiliated that the mailman had seen her nearly naked.  
  
"Please don't look at my naked ass and my naked pussy. I can't believe you saw my naked ass and my naked pussy. I'm so very embarrassed."  
  
Under the pretense of being embarrassed while pretending to preserve her morals and modesty, a losing battle, continuing to play her flashing game, she fruitlessly wrestled with her bathrobe against the blowing wind. As soon as she bothered to fix the bottom half of her bathrobe, as if directed and expected, the wind blew open the top half of her bathrobe. As if deliberately and sexually teasing the mailman, and she was, the breeze blew her bathrobe off her slender shoulder to expose her big, naked breast, her areola, and her erect nipple.  
  
Losing her battle with the wind, while holding the bottom portion of her bathrobe in place, the wind blew the top half of her bathrobe from her shoulders to expose both of her naked breasts. Perfectly planned and deliberately executed, within a minute she had flashed the mailman all that she wanted him to see and all that he, no doubt, wanted to see. Within a minute, the mailman had seen her naked pussy, her naked ass, and her naked breasts. Within a minute, the mailman had seen her completely naked.  
  
Showing him all that she wanted him to see, he had seen her naked pussy, her naked ass, and her naked tits. In the way that he'd be masturbating over her naked flashing show later, she'd be masturbating later over all that she flashed him, too. Already sexually aroused, and in the horny mood to sexually tease someone, she couldn't wait to flash someone else again.  
  
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A useless struggle, she feigned her fight to save her innocence by feebly fighting the wind. Later that day, she gave the same, deliberate, albeit unexpected flashing show to the UPS driver delivering a package. Careful not to expose the same man twice, she ordered her takeout food from different restaurants. Even though she enjoyed flashing her naked body, the last thing she wanted was to be deemed a whore.  
  
A huge difference between the two, she wasn't a whore. She was an exhibitionist. She loved showing her panties in up-skirt peeks or her naked pussy in up-nightgown peeks. In sexually excited her to flash men her cleavage and bra clad breasts in down-blouse views or her naked breasts in down-nightgown views. It sexually aroused her to show unsuspecting men her naked breasts, her naked ass, and/or her naked pussy.  
  
She acted as shocked as she acted embarrassed. Lucky them, no doubt, thinking that they were at the right place at the right time, neither man would have guessed that Gwen had deliberately flashed them her naked pussy, her naked breasts, and/or her naked ass. Both men may have suspected her a whore but neither man would have thought of her as an exhibitionist.  
  
She was expert at putting on a show of exhibitionism. After years of flashing so very many men, a controlling mistress at exposing herself, while making her flashes appear accidental, she had honed her flashing skills to a high degree of proficiency. Instead of looking sexually aroused, even though she was, she looked mortified that she had exposed her nearly, naked body to strange men. Whether flashing her panties, her bra, her naked breasts, naked ass, naked pussy, or naked body, putting on quite the show, she was quite the actress.  
  
As if she was an expert at sexual effects, she took every opportunity that she could think of to flash while creatively making her flashes appear accidental and/or unintentional. Not wanting anyone to think her a slut, she didn't want her flashing victims to know that she deliberately showed them all that she wanted them to see, all that they wanted to see, and all that they shouldn't see. Something that sexually aroused her, as far back as she could remember, she had been deliberately flashing men by showing them up-skirt peeks of her panties and down-blouse views of her bra and cleavage.  
  
Then, when a plumber, an electrician, the cable TV man, or a handyman worked in her home, she had a multitude of ways of flashing them up-nightgown peeks of her naked pussy and down-nightgown views of her naked breasts. Whenever the trashmen appeared, she'd run out her front door with her bag of trash while wearing her flimsy, silk bathrobe with nothing underneath and while making sure they received a show of her naked pussy and/or naked breasts. Whenever the lawncare men or the pool men made their weekly summertime visits, she was always there to show them what they shouldn't see.  
  
With her not having a steady man in her life, deliberately exposing herself while going out of her way to make her flashing appear accidental, was her own sexual entertainment. Later that night, while masturbating herself, she'd think about who she flashed, what they saw, and the surprised and/or sexually excited looks on their faces. Almost as good as sex with a man but not nearly the same, yet, flashing gave her the same level of sexual arousal, the same sexual release, and the same sexual satisfaction when self-pleasuring herself.  
  
'Who needs a man when I have my finger, my vibrator, and my dildo,' she thought while sexually pleasuring her pussy, fondling her naked breasts, and fingering her erect nipples.  
  
Easy for her to sexually attract men, sadly, easily bored and sexually unsatisfied, she had a difficult time keeping a man. Men were too much of a bother. Men took up too much of her time. Too nosey with them wanting to know too much, such as who she had been with and how many men she had slept with, men were too inquisitive and too intrusive. Always saying the wrong things at the wrong times, they were too insensitive. After only a few dates, they wanted her to move in with them or they wanted to move in with her.  
  
Happy living alone while cooking and cleaning for herself, she couldn't imagine living with anyone. Embarrassed that she had a secret, sexual fetish, not wanting anyone to know, aside from her sister, Sharon, her cousin, Sarah, and her aunt, Valerie, she couldn't imagine never flashing again. Not her idea of living her dream, she never wanted a demanding man and a brood of screaming kids while he went off to work and she slaved working at home. Instead, she'd rather be free to travel while flashing unsuspecting men.  
  
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"Happy Birthday," said Sharon to her sister, Gwen.  
  
Sharon gave her sister a hug, a kiss on the lips, and handed her a birthday gift with a card. Accepting the gift and card, Gwen returned her sister's kiss with her kiss, her hug with her hug, and her happy smile with her sad smile. Seemingly, it didn't matter that today was her birthday, she was sad. Perhaps, she was sad because it was her birthday.  
  
Yet, someone as beautiful and as sexy as she was should never be sad. Someone as beautiful and as sexy as she was should always be happy. Any man would count their lucky stars and thank God in Heaven every day if they were sexually intimate with Gwen, Sharon, Sarah, and/or Valerie. With too many women short, obese, and angry, the four of them, a breath of fresh air, were what all women should be, tall, sexy, shapely, beautiful, smart, and funny.  
  
'Dear God in Heaven,' thought the lucky man walking with the four, naked women on a beach in Mexico. 'Thank you for Gwen, Sharon, Sarah, and Valerie. I thank you and my penis thanks you. Amen.'  
  
Sarah gave her cousin a big smile.  
  
"Happy Birthday, Gwen," said cousin Sarah.  
  
Her cousin from her mother's side, she gave Gwen a hug, a kiss on the cheek, and handed her a birthday gift with a card also. Gwen returned her cousin's hug and kiss with her hug and kiss, and accepted her gift and birthday card. Again, as she did with her sister, she did with her cousin, Sarah. She returned her cousin's happy smile with her sad smile.  
  
"Happy Birthday, Gwen," said Aunt Val.  
  
Her aunt from her father's side, Aunt Val, gave Gwen a hug and a kiss on the cheek and handed her a birthday gift with a card. Gwen returned her aunt's hug and kiss on the cheek with her hug and kiss on the cheek and accepted her gift and birthday card. Then, as she did with her sister and her cousin, she did the same with her aunt. She returned her happy smile with her sad smile.  
  
Seemingly, even though today was her birthday and her three-favorite people, her sister, her cousin, and her aunt were visiting her in celebration of her birthday, Gwen was sad. Instead of being happy that it was her birthday, she was gloomy and depressed. Nothing new, every year she gets like this, she's depressed a week before her birthday and a week after her birthday. No one likes to get older but, in her case, birthdays made her look back at her life to examine what she's accomplished and/or yet to accomplish.  
  
"Thank you all for your birthday wishes, your birthday cards, and your birthday gifts," said Gwen with unhappiness while putting the cards and gifts to the side without opening them.  
  
She looked as if she was about to cry. Even though she didn't have a dog, Gwen looked at her big sister as if her dog had just died. So down on her birthdays, getting older had always made her feel blue. She wished there was a magic pill or a drug that she could take that would allow her to stay the same age. Her favorite age, she wished she was 35-years-old again.  
  
"Why the long face, Gwen," asked Sharon?  
  
Sharon looked at her kid sister with concern.  
  
"Why are you so sad? It's your birthday. You're not allowed to be sad on your birthday," said Sarah. "You're supposed to be happy."  
  
Val took her niece's hand in hers and held it while comforting her.  
  
"What's wrong, Dear?"  
  
Gwen sighed, drooped her shoulders, and slumped in her chair as if her life was over and the world had come to an abrupt end.  
  
"I'm 42-years-old today," she said looking at her sister, her cousin, and her aunt as if she was about to cry again.  
  
Her big sister looked at her with understanding.

"We're all getting older. I just turned 45-years-old," said Sharon with a dismissive, little laugh.  
  
Val nodded her head while opening a bottle of champagne. She poured everyone a glass.  
  
"In two more years, over the hill and on my way down, I'll be 50-years-old," she said with a sad, little laugh while stoically nodding her head. "That's life," she said with a shrug. "Everyone grows older."  
  
Sarah laughed.  
  
"I'm the baby of the group at 38-years-old. Only, in two more years, I'll be 40-years-old," she said nodding her head with sadness as if contagiously catching Gwen's low spirits and Sharon's certainty about getting older.  
  
Seemingly not helping Gwen, even though they all tried by commiserating with her, she continued lamenting over her age and the disappointing state of her life.  
  
"Other than the house that I own, the car that I drive, and the money that I have in the bank, my life and my entire identity is my job. My job defines me. My job is who I am," she said pausing to look at her sister, her cousin, and her aunt again. "Unless we're traveling somewhere on vacation, all I do is work, go home, eat, watch TV, sleep, and do it all over again," she said looking so sad. "My life is so boring."  
  
Her sister patted her hand.  
  
"Don't be so hard on yourself. You've always wanted to be a teacher. You're living your life how you wanted to live it. You're doing what you always wanted to do. You just need to have some fun today," she said. "Drink up," she said. "Alcohol is the medicine you need to make you feel better."  
  
Again, Gwen looked as if she was about to cry.  
  
"I'm an old maid, school teacher with a master's degree in education. With little else to show, I have no husband and no children. I don't even have a steady boyfriend," she said with tears in her eyes. "I'm such a loser. I'm a poor excuse of a woman for not being married with children."  
  
Obviously looking for sympathy, instead, her sister, her cousin, and her aunt all laughed out loud. Accustomed to going anywhere they wanted to go and at any time they wanted to go, clearly, just as they knew that Gwen loved her freedom, they did, too. Even though she felt sad today, obviously, she'd be happy tomorrow. They all knew that she'd never give up her job and/or her lifestyle for any man. They all knew that she'd rather travel than to be married with children.  
  
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"Yeah, so? This is the choice we all made long ago when love never happened for any of us," said Sharon. "Tired and frustrated of searching for Mr. Right without success, after continually finding Mr. Wrong, we made a pact to stay together and travel. Look at me. I thought the man who impregnated me was going to marry me but, along with his child support, he disappeared in the darkness of the night."  
  
Sharon looked at her sister with tears in her eyes.  
  
"I'm sorry to have made you sad, too," said Gwen.  
  
Gwen hugged her sister.  
  
"Yet, with the help of all of you, somehow I made it through. Now my son has a good job, a house, and a wife," said Sharon with pride. "Maybe, they'll have the kids I never had. Maybe, I'll be a grandmother," she said with a laugh.  
  
Val looked at her niece.  
  
"You're better off without him," she said.  
  
Sharon nodded her head.  
  
"Yet, you were the lucky one to, at least, have a child," said Gwen. "Except for Sarah, the rest of us too old for children. That ship has already sailed."  
  
Sharon looked at her sister with kind understanding.  
  
"It's never too late to find the right man. Perhaps he has children of his own. If you're desperate to have a child, you can always adopt," said Sharon.  
  
Sarah laughed.  
  
"Get a dog," she said. Sarah looked from Gwen to look at Sharon. "As of yet, there's been no prospects or proposals for marriage in any of our futures, owning a dog is looking better," she said with a sad, little laugh.  
  
Gwen smiled at her sister and her cousin. She nodded her agreement.  
  
"If I didn't travel as much, I'd have a dog already. I love dogs," said Valerie.  
  
Gwen nodded her head in agreement.  
  
"You're right. You're all right. I can't believe I'm still looking for a man to make me happy when it's up to me to make myself happy," she said looking from her sister to look at her cousin and her aunt. "I'm just sad and I'm making you all sad. Sorry but I always get melancholy around my birthday," said Gwen with a shrug.  
  
Sarah patted Gwen's hand.  
  
"I always wanted to get married, have a big wedding, and a houseful of children," said Sarah. "Yet, once I decided to continue with law school and take the bar, I was hooked. Being a corporate lawyer was what I wanted to do with my life," she said with conviction. "With the long hours that I work, I'm glad I don't have a man tying me down and asking when I'll be home."  
  
Aunt Val hugged her niece.  
  
"It's okay to be sad, Gwen, but I wouldn't change my life for anything or for anyone," said Val. "With no one to cook for, clean for, and pickup after, I don't need a man spending my money and cheating on me."  
  
Gwen smiled at her aunt.  
  
"That's for sure," she said in agreement.  
  
Val looked from Gwen to look at Sarah and Sharon.  
  
"With the four of us receiving huge discounts on airfares and hotel accommodations, thanks to the benefits of my job, I'd rather continue traveling the world as an airline stewardess. I'd rather have new adventures traveling than being a stay at home mother with a brood of kids and stuck in an unhappy and unhealthy marriage," said Val.  
  
Sharon nodded her agreement.  
  
"We've all seen things and done things that we wouldn't have seen and/or done if we were married," said Val with a dirty laugh. "We've all had a good life traveling and having a good time."  
  
Gwen smiled.  
  
"You're right. I know you're right. I understand all of that. I do. We made the right decision to travel instead of getting stuck in a bad marriages or bad relationships," said Gwen. "I wouldn't trade any of our trips for that or for anyone."  
  
Val raised her champagne glass to toast everyone.  
  
"To our next traveling adventure whenever and wherever we go," said Val.  
  
"Cheers to that," said Sharon.  
  
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Sharon laughed while having a memory she obviously wanted to share.  
  
"Do you remember that big black, muscular man in Jamaica? Oh, my God. What a hunk? What was his name, Delroy or LeRoy?"  
  
Val laughed.  
  
"Do I remember him? I'd never forget Fitzroy," said Val with a dirty laugh. "Sometimes, I still dream about him and awaken wet and horny."  
  
Sarah smiled as if she was remembering her Jamaican vacation.  
  
"I don't even know why I packed any clothes," said Sarah with a laugh. "Except to go to dinner, I was always lying on the beach or swimming in the water naked. Thank God for sunscreen."  
  
Val closed her eyes while feeling her B cup breasts and fingering her erect nipples through her blouse and bra.  
  
"My first time having a full body, naked massage, when Fitzroy felt my tits and fingered my nipples, I allowed him to have his wicked, sexual way with my naked body," she said with a dirty laugh. "I allowed him to masturbate me."  
  
She closed her eyes and swooned.  
  
"He gave me such a wonderful orgasm. Then, while still lying on my back and enjoying the sexual afterglow of my orgasm, eager to return the sexual favor, I turned around and lifted my head while smiling up at him. When I saw his bulging erection, unable to stop myself and sexually control myself, I felt his hard, throbbing cock through his pants," said Val.  
  
Sharon laughed.  
  
"You whore," said Sharon with a dirty laugh.  
  
Val agreed that she was a whore by nodding her head and smiling.  
  
"Then, I pulled down the front of his pants, reached my hand inside, pulled out his big, black prick, and stroked him. While he continued sexually touching and feeling me, I sucked his cock while he humped my mouth. As if he hadn't had sex for a week, he had so much cum. Resplendent in his cum, he ejaculated a huge load of cum in my mouth and all over my face," said Val with a sexy laugh.  
  
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"Open your birthday cards and gifts," said Sarah.  
  
Gwen opened Sarah's card and gift first. She laughed at the card of a male stripper wishing her a happy birthday and then opened her gift.  
  
"A barely there, see-through bra and crotchless panties. Thank you," she said laughing while holding them up for Sharon and Val to see. "I can't wait to wear these for someone the next time I flash my panties and bra," she said with a sexy laugh and a naughty look. "It's the perfect attire when opening my hotel door for room service."  
  
Next she opened her Aunt Val's humorous card and birthday gift.  
  
"A giant, black dildo. I guess you were thinking of Fitzroy when you bought this," said Gwen with a dirty laugh while stroking it and taking it to her lips to suck it.  
  
Val nodded while smiling.  
  
"I was thinking of him," she said taking the dildo from Gwen's hand to hold it in her hand. "In the way that it curves up like that, it reminds me of him. God, my first black man having sex with, he had such a big, thick cock," she said with another dirty laugh while handing the dildo back to Gwen.  
  
Next, she opened Sharon's gift.  
  
"What's this," she asked removing four tickets from the envelope?  
  
Sharon laughed shamelessly.  
  
"Since, I know how much we all enjoy showing off our naked bodies, in celebration of your birthday, I bought us tickets to the wet, T-shirt contest for tonight," said Sharon with sexual arousal while looking at Gwen, Sarah, and Val. "So, now that we know what we're doing tonight, what shall we do today for your birthday?"  
  
The women looked from one to the other while waiting for ideas and suggestions.  
  
"We can go shopping and then go to lunch or go to lunch and then go shopping," said Sarah.  
  
Val looked at her niece.  
  
"It's your birthday, Gwen," said Val. "What would you like to do?"  
  
Gwen gave Val a sexy smile and a naughty look.  
  
"Well, since we'll be attending a wet T-shirt contest tonight, to get us in the mood of exposing ourselves, let's go to the mall and do some flashing," said Gwen. "Then, we'll have lunch."  
  
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"Shotgun," declared Gwen, the biggest flasher and most, unashamed and unembarrassed exhibitionist of the group, while running for the passenger, front, side door.  
  
Val laughed.  
  
"If you're shotgun, you know the rules," she said.  
  
Gwen looked back at her aunt and returned Val's laugh with her laugh.  
  
"Why do you think I called shotgun? I love exposing my naked tits to truckers on the road," she said laughing. "I love it when they broadcast over their CB radios that there's a woman flashing her naked breasts and all the truckers that drive by look over at me while expecting me to flash them, too."  
  
Gwen was ready to expose her shapely, D cup breasts, before even getting in the car. She unbuttoned her blouse to her waist and removed her breasts from her bra with the eager anticipation of exposing herself to horny and appreciative truckers. Impossible to know, she couldn't count how many truckers she had flashed her breasts to over the years. Seemingly, especially with her a passenger when there's someone else driving, as if doing a drive by flashing, she loved flashing her big tits to unsuspecting drivers and to tollbooth collectors.  
  
Already dressed and ready to go, the four women piled in Val's Subaru Outback, sports utility vehicle. Needing a car to get her safely to and from the airport in bad weather, she bought the car new from the dealership last year. The car, a crimson red, metallic pearl with tan leather interior was plenty big enough to comfortably fit the four women and their luggage.  
  
Observing the speed limit, not wanting to call attention to her driving, especially with Gwen flashing her naked breasts, Val stayed in the middle lane. As soon as they pulled abreast of a trucker, Val beeped her horn and waved at the driver while Gwen turned to face the trucker. Gwen smiled and waved while lowering her top and removing her breasts from her blouse to expose her naked breasts to him. Something she loved to do and has always had done since as long she can remember, proud of her big tits, she loved flashing her naked breasts to truckers on the highway.  
  
Giving drivers quite the naked, tit show, pulling them, turning them, and twisting them while staring up at him, she fingered her nipples to full erection. Then, she raised her breasts in the palm of her hands and slowly juggled them to give the driver a good, long, look at her huge tits. Not stopping there, she lifted her big breasts to her mouth to suck her nipple, first one and then the other.  
  
No doubt, in the way she was exposing her naked tits to them, they wished they could touch them, feel them, and fondle them. No doubt in the way that she was exposing her naked nipples to them, they wished they could finger her nipples and suck her nipples. No doubt, in the way that she was exposing her naked tits to them, they wished they could expose their naked pricks to her and ejaculate their cum all over the big tits.  
  
With one eye on Gwen's naked tits and his other eye on the road, when a trucker was coming up behind them, Val gave Gwen the head's up. With the truckers talking to and communicating with one another on the CB radios, no doubt, about her flashing her tits, she waved goodbye to one trucker and waved hello to another trucker. Seeming, there were an endless procession of truckers to flash her tits to on the way to the mall.  
  
"There's another trucker coming, Gwen. Get ready," said Val with a sexy laugh while keeping an eye out for state patrol cars.  
  
Gwen flashed a dozen truckers on their way to the mall. They were lucky that none of the truckers followed them to the shopping mall parking lot. They were lucky that there wasn't a state trooper listening to the truckers talking on their CB radios about Gwen flashing her naked tits. Something that's happened once or twice before, taking a chance at baiting and sexually teasing a perverted and deranged man, they've been lucky that nothing has ever happened other than men looking, staring, and leering at their naked breasts.  
  
With them becoming too sexually excited, some men don't appreciate being flashed and sexually teased. Some men get overly sexually excited when seeing a woman's naked breasts. Clearly, it's sexually frustrating for them when she flashes them her tits, teases them by fingering her erect nipples, and then drives away. Some men, wanting more than just to look, while thinking they have a live one, want her to give them sex. If ever they were to stop, some men wouldn't take no for an answer.  
  
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"Where shall we flash first," asked Sarah with a sexually aroused laugh?  
  
Sharon returned her cousin's sexually aroused laugh with her sexually aroused laugh.  
  
"That's easy. The shoe store is one of my favorite places to flash," she said. "Gwen you go in with me first and give us five minutes before you come in with Sarah, Val," said Sharon taking charge.  
  
As if they were planning a burglary and getting ready to cover their faces with masks, instead of readying themselves for a flashing show of deliberate exhibitionism, they disappeared in the ladies' room first. They reapplied their lipsticks and fixed their hair. With them all having flashed shoe salesmen many times before, just as they knew the reactions they'd receive, they all knew their roles to play. Expert at sexually teasing men by flashing them, flashing men their panties or naked pussies as much as flashing them their naked tits, always put men in a hypnotic trance while they stared.  
  
As soon as Val parked the car, intent on flashing the shoe salesman her naked, brown, trimmed pussy, she removed her panties and stuffed them in her purse. Valerie admitted to her niece, Gwen, that she always felt sexier, more wicked, and ready to flash when not wearing panties. In readiness to flash her red, trimmed pussy, Sarah removed her panties and stuffed them in her purse, too. In the way that Gwen and Sharon loved flashing men their panties, Sarah and Valerie loved flashing men their naked pussies.  
  
Their flashing uniforms of choice were clothes that were easy to give men up-skirt peeks of their panties or their naked pussies and down-blouse views of their cleavages, their bras, and/or their naked breasts. Whether they flashed their panties, their naked pussies, their bras, or their naked breasts, their flashing uniforms of choice were short skirts and sheer, low-cut blouses. Whether flashing their naked breasts, their panties, or their naked pussies, sometimes, when given the opportunity, they flashed both.  
  
Before flashing their bras and cleavage, they loosened their bra straps. By loosening their bra straps, when they leaned forward while wearing a low-cut top with their low-cut bras, their bras moved forward with them. They gave admiring men not only a flash of their cleavage and bras but also a good look of their areolas and nipples. As if the women weren't even wearing bras, men could see most of the size and the shape of their naked breasts. More than any other part of their sexy bodies, women loved flashing their naked tits and men loved seeing their naked tits.  
  
When flashing men their panties, giving their legs a shapelier look, all four women wore high heeled shoes with their short skirts. Putting on a fresh pair of panties before leaving the house, Gwen and Sharon wore bright white, bikini panties. As soon as they sat in a chair at the shoe store, unless they crossed their legs, no matter how ladylike they sat, they'd be flashing their panty clad pussies to the shoe salesman.  
  
With their white panties sheer and nearly transparent, as soon as they sat in a chair, they'd be flashing the darker shadow of their pubic hair, their pussy mound, their camel toe, and their pussy slits. As usually was the case, the shoe salesmen would be fighting over who would wait on them. Not shyly subtle or demure in their flashing, the two, professional, shoe salesmen didn't stand a chance against these two, professional, exhibitionistic women. With the salesmen distracted while staring, flashing their panties or their naked pussies always allowed them to get the best and immediate shoe service.  
  
Not having to pretend that they were shopping to buy a pair of new shoes, they were always shopping for, looking at, and buying shoes. Taking their time while waiting for other women to leave the store so as to receive the shoe salesman's full attention, Gwen and her sister perused the shoe store. Sharon picked a pair of navy-blue, high heels and Gwen chose a pair of calf high, brown boots. Both women intentionally chose footwear that were a size too small. Their panty flashing show began as soon as they were seated and the salesman approached them to offer them his assistance.  
  
With their skirts already raised to mid-thigh and their knees parted enough for him to see a triangular patch of white between their thighs, when walking towards the women, his eyes darted from their faces to their panties. They both had long, shapely legs that were made strong from dancing, skating, swimming, cycling, running, and playing tennis. Controlling himself from staring and leering at all that he could see of the women's sexy lingerie and all that they were deliberately flashing him, he smiled at the two women.  
  
"How may I help you, ladies?"  
  
If only he knew they were no ladies, wouldn't he be surprised? If only he knew that they were ready to deliberately flash him their panty clad pussies, what would he say? Gwen handed the salesman the boot she took from the display.  
  
"I'd like to see these in a size 8," she said even though she took a size 9.  
  
The twenty-something-year-old salesman accepted the boot from Gwen without question or suggestion. He noted the style, color, and size before returning the boot to the display. Normally, even when women know their sizes, a routine of habit, he'd measure their foot but with them already flashing him, already preoccupied staring at all that he could see of their panties, he seemed nervous around them. Obviously, they were sexually exciting him enough to make him uncomfortable. Unable to help himself, he looked more than once at Gwen's and at Sharon's exposed panties.

"I'll check in back to see if we have these in this style, color, and size," he said giving one last glimpse of Gwen's panties while discreetly adjusting his growing cock with his hand.  
  
Sharon handed the salesman the high heel shoe she took from the display.  
  
"I'd like to try these on in a size 8," she said even though she took a size 9.  
  
In the way he looked at Gwen's exposed panties, he looked at Sharon's exposed panties, too. Again, without question and/or suggestion, he accepted the shoe from her and noted the style, color, and size. He returned the shoe to the display before disappearing in back.  
  
"I'll check in back to see if we have these in this style, color, and size," he said giving Sharon's panties one, last look and Gwen's panties one, last look before giving them a nervous, little smile.  
  
He acted as if he had never seen a flash of women's panties before. Of course, he had seen panties but, no doubt, he had seen the panties of women his age. These were mature women, women who were old enough to be his mother. They were both MILFs, mothers he'd like to fuck. He disappeared in the backroom while the women waited for him to return. They stood and continued to perusing the shoe store and shopping for shoes.  
  
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While the first salesman remained in back checking to find boots for Gwen and high heel shoes for Sharon, Sarah and Val nonchalantly entered the store talking while walking. In the way that Gwen and Sharon perused the shoe store, Sarah and Val perused the store, too. With them not married and not having any children but for Sharon with her married son, with them all having plenty of extra money to spend, they all had an extensive, shoe collection.  
  
The women made their selections from the shoe displays and, acting as if they didn't know one another, they took seats across from their Gwen and Sharon on the other side of the store. As if they were morally modest women instead of flagrant exhibitionists, while talking about their shoe selection, both women sat with their legs crossed as the salesman approached them. In the way that Gwen and Sharon had long, shapely legs, Sarah and Val had long, shapely legs, too.  
  
Watching their weight, dieting, and exercising, none of the women looked their age. Even though Val, Sharon, and Gwen were in their forties, by staying fit and wearing flattering clothes, they looked ten-years younger. Even Sarah looked more like a twenty-something-year-old than she looked like a thirty-something-year-old. Yet, sometimes, no matter what women do to stay fit and look younger, it's in the genes. Some people, no matter how much they diet and exercise, can't lose a pound. Obviously, their predisposition, the four women were genetically given to have sexy and shapely bodies.  
  
"How may I help you today, ladies," asked the second, shoe salesman?  
  
He looked from Val to look at Sarah. Sarah smiled up at the man in readiness to flash him her naked pussy. He'd soon know that neither of the women were wearing panties. He'd soon know that neither of the women were (ahem) ladies.  
  
"I'd like to try these on in a size 7 ½," said Sarah giving him her correct size.  
  
She handed him the shoe while slowly and seductively uncrossing her shapely legs. Then, once she had his attention, she parted her knees enough for him to see a flash of her red, trimmed pussy. In the way that Gwen had flashed the first, shoe salesman her panties, Sarah flashed the second, shoe salesman her naked pussy.  
  
Sarah slowly and sexually seductively crossed her legs again when Val handed him her shoe, too.  
  
"I'd like to try these on in a size 9," said Val giving him her correct size, too.  
  
Yet, with the salesman an older and more experienced salesman, making sure they gave him their right size, somehow knowing that he would, he decided to measure their feet. As if he was a gynecologist ready to do a gynecological exam, he pulled up a low stool and sat eye level with Sarah's knees. Yet, instead of spreading their knees wide, as if he was a podiatrist instead of a gynecologist, he was more interested in their feet than he was interested in their vulvas, vaginas, and/or panties. That is, until he realized that neither women were wearing panties.  
  
"Let me just double check your size," he said gently lifting Sarah's foot from her ankle and taking her foot in hand to place it on the Brannock foot-measuring device.  
  
As if she was Sharon Stone in Basic Instinct, Sarah slowly and seductively uncrossed her legs again. As soon as the shoe salesman lifted her foot to size her, she stealthily parted her knees wider and lifted the hem of her skirt higher. As soon as he lifted her foot and she parted her knees wider, her short skirt moved even higher up her leg.  
  
No doubt, from the low angle where he was sitting, he had the perfect up-skirt view of her naked pussy. No doubt, from the low angle where he was sitting, he could see Sarah's naked, red, trimmed pubic hair, her naked, camel toe, and her naked, pussy slit. No doubt, from how he was seated, he could clearly see the entirety of her naked cunt. As if he had something in his eye, as his pretense for looking longer and harder, he rubbed his eye while staring in between Sarah's thighs.  
  
Going from one to the other, the salesman moved his stool from Sarah to Val. As if she was deliberately flashing him her brown, bushy, naked pussy, and she was, as if she was wading in water, Val raised the sides of her short skirt while parting her knees. Then, when he lifted her foot to fit her, as if she was a drunken woman sitting on a subway train, she separated her knees much wider.  
  
Even after seeing and staring at Sarah's naked, red, trimmed pussy, he stared at Val's naked, brown, bushy pussy, too, as if he had never seen naked pussies before. Blatantly obvious, both women were incorrigible in flashing him their naked pussies. Blatantly obvious, both women wanted to show him their naked cunts as much as he obviously wanted to see their naked cunts.  
  
No doubt, in his job as a shoe salesman, he had seen lots of naked pussies. Not every woman wears panties. Not every woman is careful how they sit when wearing a short skirt with or without underwear. Not every woman is modestly moral. Some women who enjoy flashing their panties or their naked pussies to unsuspecting men use the shoe store as their chosen location to flash unsuspecting men.  
  
When the first salesman returned with the boots and shoes, first trying to fit Gwen and then trying to fit Sharon, he struggled to get them on their feet. As if helping him to fit them and as their excuse to continue to flash him their sheer panties, Gwen and Sharon lifted their leg higher while parting their knees wider. They gave the first shoe salesman a good, long look of their bright white, sheer, bikini panties for him to have a noticeable erection in his pants. Immediately realizing the footwear was too small, he measured their feet and returned with the correct sizes.  
  
As if following a well-rehearsed routine, in the way that Gwen and Sharon had done, Sarah and Val lifted their foot higher while parting their knees wider as their short skirts climbed higher. In the way that the first salesman had the perfect up-skirt peek of Gwen's and Sharon's panties, the second salesman had the perfect up-skirt view of Sarah's and Val's naked pussies. As if the salesman was the prince fitting the glass slipper on Cinderella's foot, the shoes fit them perfectly. Now, sexually satisfied with their flashing and content with their footwear purchases, the women left the shoe store.  
  
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Pretending to not to know one another, they walked single file while maintaining their distances. Having flashed unsuspecting men many times before, they all knew where they were headed next and what they were going to do. The perfect place to flash their panty clad asses, or in the case of Sarah and Val, their naked asses and the back of their naked pussies, all four women headed for the escalator. They enjoyed playing the innocent victims while the men standing behind them up-skirted them.  
  
Waiting their turn, as soon as she saw two, cute, young men heading for the escalator, stepping in front of them, Gwen was first to step on the stairs. With the men directly behind her but too close for her to flash them all that she wanted them to see, she climbed a few steps ahead of them. Then, feigning that there was something wrong with her shoe, she leaned forward at the waist while reaching her hand down to adjust her shoe. She was well aware that she was giving the two men standing behind her the perfect up-skirt view of her panties.  
  
Not waiting for the rest of the women, they all knew where Gwen was going next. She headed for the last women's clothing store, the only one that still had sliding curtains across their dressing rooms instead of doors. The perfect place to flash men what they all wanted and hoped to see of women undressing, the only issue was that this was a women's clothing store. The only men there were men with their wives or girlfriends. Yet, with the bored men waiting outside the dressing rooms for their women, they were a captive audience for her to give them a revealing, striptease show.  
  
Even better than shoe stores, women who are exhibitionists know that curtained dressing rooms are some of the best places to flash. They also know that instead of slowly and carefully pulling the curtain across to block the view of voyeuristic men, that if they quickly launch the curtain across the pole, the curtain will bunch up enough to leave a peek-a-boo opening at the end. Pretending that she was unaware that the curtain wasn't completely closed, she started undressing. It's amazing how many men of all ages will nonchalantly stand by the opening while waiting for their wives or girlfriend to watch Gwen undress.  
  
Before entering the dressing room, limited to only six items, she quickly grabbed a couple of dresses her size, a couple of bras, and a couple of bikinis and headed for the fitting room. Obviously, she couldn't wait to undress. She couldn't wait to show the men standing outside of her dressing room all that they wanted to see. She was eager to give the men waiting for their wives or girlfriends a slow and sexy striptease show of her underwear clad, topless, and naked body.  
  
She watched through the mirror to see who was standing outside the dressing room waiting for the wives or girlfriends while they pretended that they weren't watching her undress. Without them knowing that she was watching them ogling her undressing, she slowly and seductively unbuttoned her blouse to reveal her bra and cleavage. She removed her blouse and hung it on the hook. Then, reaching behind her, she unhooked and removed her bra. Even when she wasn't turned to face them while acting preoccupied with her brassiere, exposed from all angles, they could still see her naked breasts in the dressing room mirror.  
  
She was topless. While hiding behind the nearly closed curtain, as long as they stood at an angle and by the opening, her naked D cup breasts were in plain view of anyone looking. Taking her time while looking at her topless form, while acting oblivious to those looking, she stared at herself in the mirror while turning one way before turning the other way. She was giving the audience of waiting voyeuristic men quite the exhibitionistic show of her naked breasts.  
  
She tried on one bra before removing that bra to try on the next bra. Back and forth, as if trying to decide which bra to buy, she removed one bra to try on the other. Then, while still topless, she unbuttoned and unzipped her short skirt and allowed it to fall to the floor along with her morals and her modesty. Dressed in only panties, she leaned to pick up her skirt, folded it, and placed it on the seat before sliding down her panties. Some women don't remove their underwear when trying on bathing suits but Gwen did.  
  
She wasn't there to buy a bathing suit. Making it seem that they were the perverts and not her, she was there to sexually tease men by flashing them all that they hoped and wanted to see of her naked breasts, her naked ass, and her naked pussy. Her special way to make her feel younger and sexually wanted, flashing men her naked body was how she wanted to celebrate her 42nd birthday. The perfect place to flash, with just a thin piece of material between her and them, she stood in the dressing room naked because she was an exhibitionist and they were voyeurs.  
  
While naked, she continued turning one way and turning the other way to look at herself in the mirror. Now, after giving the men a show of her naked breasts, she gave them a show of her naked ass, her naked pussy, and the entirety of her naked body. The men watching her were never so happy going shopping with their wives and girlfriends. No doubt, they'll be masturbating tonight and telling their friends about Gwen flashing them today, tomorrow.  
  
By the time Gwen was naked, Sharon, Sarah, and Val were already in dressing rooms on both sides of her. In the way that Gwen grabbed two dresses, two bras, and two bikinis to try on, they all did too. In the way that Gwen quickly swooshed the curtain across the pole to leave an opening at the end of the curtain for the men to view the women undressing, they swooshed the curtain with speed and alacrity, too. In the way that Gwen was naked and exposing herself to admiring men, they were all naked and exposing themselves to admiring men, too.  
  
As if these four dressing rooms were reserved for them, most women didn't want to walk the length of the store to use this particular fitting room. Because they were the least crowded and with bored men happening upon them, they always used these four dressing rooms to sexually flash and erotically tease men. Besides, the walls on both sides of the store had eight dressing rooms on each side. Twenty dressing rooms were plenty enough to accommodate any and all woman who wanted to try on clothes.  
  
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Now that it was lunchtime, the next stop was the food court. Before sitting in their chairs, they all hiked up their already short skirts and spread their knees enough for those men looking to see all that they hoped and wanted to see between their legs. Gwen and Sharon exposed their white panties and Sarah and Valerie exposed their naked pussies to the men sitting close by while having their lunch.  
  
So as not to get in one another's line of view, instead of sitting directly across from one another, they moved their chairs askew. Now, every voyeuristic man had a clear view of these exhibitionistic women. It was fun watching the men changing their seats from one table to the next while jockeying in position to see the upskirt views of one woman or the other.  
  
Tired from a day of shopping and flashing, they headed home to ready themselves for Val's birthday gift to Gwen, the wet T-shirt contest. Deciding not to compete, since Val was the oldest of the group, she volunteered to watch everyone's personal possessions while Gwen, Sharon, and Sarah competed in the wet T-shirt contest. Besides, there was no way that she could win a wet T-shirt contest with her modest B cup breasts against Sarah's perky C cup breasts and Gwen and Sharon's huge D cup breasts, and all of the other women who were half her age.  
  
Having competed and won wet T-shirt contests before in Daytona, Indianapolis, Miami, Cancun, Key West, and Jamaica, Gwen, Sharon, and Sarah already had personalized, T-shirts to wear in the contest. Unlike most women who wore men's loosely fitting, T-shirts tied in a knot at the bottom, the three women wore their custom made, form fitting, totally transparent, cotton T-shirts with their names in bold red letters above their breasts. Already having an edge with their experience competing in wet T-shirt contests, they not only knew what to wear but also how to wear it and what to provocatively do when wearing it.  
  
Their tailor-made, wet T-shirts clung to their bodies like a second skin. Their tailor-made, wet T-shirts not only showed the impressions of their erect nipples but also showed their symmetrical areolas too. When wet, as if they were topless, the sheer transparency of the thin, white cotton material showed the size and the shape of their big breasts. With many communities having nudity laws, they were basically topless without breaking the law.  
  
Wet T-shirt contests were inspired by the 1977 movie, The Deep, with Jacqueline Bassett wearing a wet T-shirt without a bra. One of the last, few, wet T-shirt contests around the country, the #MeToo movement single-handedly put wet T-shirt contests out of business. Val was able to score four tickets to one of the last wet T-shirt venues around but only needing three tickets, she decided to hang up her wet T-shirt and not compete.  
  
With hundreds of men in the audience cheering for their favorite of one of more than twenty women to win the wet T-shirt contest, Gwen, Sharon, and Sarah where a shoo-in when they started making out with one another. Stealing the wet T-shirt show after a few of the younger, prettier, and sexier women were disqualified for removing their tops, the police were there ready to enforce the nudity laws. The panel of three judges were ready to pick the winners.  
  
"First prize with this trophy and five-hundred-dollars goes to Gwen," said the judge holding up the trophy for the crowd to see while handing Gwen a check for five-hundred-dollars. "Second prize with this trophy and two-hundred-fifty-dollars goes to Sharon," said the judge holding up the trophy for the crowd to see while handing Sharon a check for two-hundred-fifty-dollars. "Third prize with this trophy and one-hundred-dollars goes to Sarah," said the judge holding up the trophy for the crowd to see while handing Sarah a check for one-hundred-dollars.  
  
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Continuing to flash, the four women flashed their bodies everywhere they went and wherever they traveled. Never retiring as exhibitionists, whether in restaurants, in hotels, at the mall, or in their car on the highway, they flashed. Whether flashing up-skirt peeks of the panties or naked pussies, or down-blouse views of their bras, cleavage, and/or naked breasts, they couldn't imagine never flashing again.  
  
The End