Exhibitionism Stories 2

When I first met my husband we were in high school and we got married in 2006. The first year we dated was strange and even though I knew his sister and two brothers from school, I had never met his parents and never been to his house. I knew from his sister that their house was back near the woods in a secluded area but wasn't sure where it was, even though it was only 3 miles from my house. At times I thought he didn't want them to know he had a girlfriend. A few times I found out his parents had a back yard picnic but I was never invited. I was in love with him and this hurt me deeply. Finally one day I asked him why I was never invited or why he never took me to his house or introduced me to his parents. That is when I found out most of his fathers family were nudists. He told me he was too embarrassed to tell me about it. He said the picnics and cook-outs they had were for family and friends that were also nudists. He didn't invite me because everyone would be naked and he didn't know what my reaction would be. To be honest, I was flabergasted and couldn't believe what he was telling me. My parents were the complete opposite and overly modest and I knew right away I couldn't tell them my boyfriends family were nudists. No one at school ever mention this to me and he later told me his parents had instructed him and his siblings not to tell people. They didn't want anyone to know and wanted privacy at their home and property. A few weeks went by and he said his parents wanted to meet me and invited me to dinner. He assured me they would be dressed, so for the first time I went to his house. His parents were very nice and thier home was beautiful. They have many acres of property with an in the ground pool and hot tub. The back of their property butted up to state game land and deer and other animals are visible often. They had just found out that me and their son had been dating for almost a year at that time. They assured me that in no way did they or their family ever intimidate anyone to take their clothes off or try to influence anyone to become a nudist. They told me that most of the time the whole family is naked and that I was welcome anytime and they would hope I wouldn't be offended by it. I wasn't sure how to react and couldn't imagine my boyfriend walking around the house and property naked. We did kiss and make out and he had sort of felt me up but we hadn't had sex at that time and I certainly never saw him naked. One Saturday a week or two later he asked if I wanted to go swimming at his house. My first thought was that he wanted me to be naked but right away he told me I could wear my bathing suit. I was leery at first and when I asked if his parents or siblings would be nude he just said maybe and probably. I don't know now whether I ageed to go because I was curious or because I actually wanted to see naked people. When we got there his mother greeted me in the dining room and she was completely naked and kissed me on the cheek. I was the one who was embarrassed and right away she assured me that it was ok for me to swim in my suit. When we went to the yard his father was also naked as was his sister. I was the one blushing the whole time and was thankful that his two brothers weren't home. I changed into my bathing suit and when I went to the pool it was just him and his sister in the water. His father had gone in the house and he was the first grown man I had ever seen naked. As I got closer to the pool I also realized my husband (boyfriend at the time) was naked. I got into the pool with him and his sister and knew right away neither was embarrassed by their nudity. I did enjoy seeing him naked although I didn't tell him I did. Over the next few months I would go almost every Saturday afternoon and was able to see his two brothers naked many times as well as his sister and parents. Never once did any of them suggest I take off my bathing suit except for one time his youngest brother hinted that I do. My boyfriend got erections a few times but it was mostly when we were in the pool together. His brothers had erections at times but I never saw his father having one. I wore dark sunglasses most of the time so they wouldn't see me stareing at them. My husband told me in 6 weeks they were having another cook-out but told me the people who were coming were all nudists. His fathers family and a few friends families would be there and I was invited but didn't have to come to it, since they would all be nude. Right away I told him I would be too embarrassed to be naked in front of his family and especially people I didn't know. We talked about it often and finally one Saturday when I went to swim at his house I decided to be naked myself. I had seen his family and him naked and although I wasn't well endowed I just decided to do it. We even dicussed it with his parents and they both stressed to me that I didn't have to if I would be too embarrassed. They were naked the whole time we talked about it and I just made up my mind I would. When I came out to the pool area naked I was absolutely mortified and almost ran back into the house. It seemed like everyone was staring at me. My breasts aren't very big and I have very little pubic hair and for a moment I just froze. All the sudden they didn't seem to be looking at me that much and normal conversation began. None of them said anything about me being naked and the only one who kept looking at me was his one brother. After an hour or so the embarrassment faded slightly and I actually enjoyed being nude and liked my husband looking at me. When the day of the cook-out came I had already volunteered to help his mother preparing things. The first hour or so I was in my shorts and top and his mother asked me if I was going to be comfortable enough to be nude in front of all the people who were coming. I told her I would be but was really nervous about it. She suggested if I decided to stay that I should take off my clothes now and get comfortable with myself being nude. I did and for the next few hours helped set things up for the cook-out. It felt strange moving around and bending over to fix things with nothing covering me. The youngest brother kept looking at me and getting an erection but always tried to hid it. My husband noticed one time and just smacked him on the back of his head and laughed about it. It was really strange as people started to arrive. There was an area on the side of the house that they automatically walked over to and undressed. Then they would walk naked into the pool area where I was introduced to everyone. I just couldn't believe it at first and everyone of them seemed very much at ease. I found myself trying to cover my vagina and breasts with my hands at times and was continuley blushing as I was introduced to people, especially the men and boys. I gradually felt more at ease by the time everyone had came and the introductions were over. I wore the dark sunglasses most of the afternoon and couldn't stop myself from looking at all the naked bodies. The ages ran from infants to a few people in there sixties. Every shape and size you could imagine, some skinny, some fat, large breasts to small breasts, like mine. Some men and boys with a large penis and some with an extremely small one. I wondered if I was the only one who was stareing at all of them but soon realized I wasn't. There were 43 people there including my husband and his family. There were 37 that I had never meet before and I realized then I enjoyed watching them. I could see many of the men or boys at times glaring at different girls, even at me. After awhile I would try to see if any had an erection. I was amazed that they very seldom did although I was able to see a few who did but they would always sit down or try to hid it. At times I felt myself aroused and as I was sitting at the table some of the males would walk up to talk to me. With the dark glasses on I just hoped they didn't notice as I stared at their penis. Some of the people there seemed to flaunt their bodies and did things to draw attention to themselves. Both males and females did this much of the day. Some of the men and boys would scratch their scrotum or pull on their penis if they saw me looking at them. I realized then that some were not true nudists but more like an exibitionist. It occurred to me after awhile that I also liked the boys looking at me even though I was embarrassed by it. By early evening I would intentionally walk by a group of the men and even positioned myself to be more visible to them. If the men were close enough I would sit in a chair with my legs spread open exposing myself and couldn't beleive I was becoming an exibitionist, not a true nudist. By 9pm most of them were leaving or had already left. My husband and I helped clean up then went in the pool for awhile with his sister and one of his brothers. They went into the house a short while later and my husband and I took a walk near the woods. He took a blanket with us and for the first time we had sex. Now I find I am not only an exibitionist but also a voyeur. My husband and I go to all the picnics and cook-outs even the ones at the other peoples houses. We are naked most of the time in our own home and visit his parents often and at the pool whenever weather permits. My parents still don't know that my in-laws are nudists and have no inkling of what I have become. My husband thinks I am into nudism but has no idea how I now go out of my way to expose myself. When he isn't home I leave windows and cutains open and not only the mailman but several neighbors have seen me naked at times. My husbands parents I believe are truly nudists and think my husband and his sister and older brother are also. His younger brother is more like me I think and enjoys exposing himself and watching the others. I also think quite a few of my husbands cousins and some family friends are more exibitionists than nudists. Its obvious when a male is aroused but often I can tell some of the girls are also. Hopefully they can't tell when I am. So if someone admits to being a nudist, chances are they actually are exibitionists or voyeurs or both. As embarrassed as I was in the beginning I have completely changed. Sometimes if either of my brother-in-laws stop by my house I greet them and stay naked the whole time, even when my husband is home. My parents would die if they found out what I do.

I'd just broken up with a guy I was with for over a year, because he couldn't keep his dick in his pants (or in me!). I'm just out of college 5'9 tall, I weigh 126 lbs., dark brown hair, blue eyes, and I mesure 36D/24/35, and I get plenty of male looks and propositions, so I don't understand his actions, but whatever! I found recently that he'd be attending a series of parties I'd been invited to, so I thought I'd rub it in his face a bit. The night of the parties, I'd decided to dress to kill, and I planned to get laid, and wanted him toknow it. I put on a very short black miniskirt, it only came to about the middle of my thighs, a pair of really sexy 4 heel stiletto pumps, and I decided to go with a plain white button-front longsleeve blouse, which I'd tucked in to my skirt, and I finished it with a wide black leather belt. I'd decided to go without panties or a bra, and the dark area around my erect nipples was visible through the thin material of my blouse, and my full breasts moved slightly as I walked. It was a trick getting into my BMW Z4 Roadster, and a trick driving my stick shift in my stilettos, but I managed just fine. I was at the first party for a while, talking to another cute guy, when the ex walked in, so I started getting amorous, hugging him, etc., and I encouraged him to feel my breasts through my blouse as the ex watched, then we left to head to the next party, me driving, him in the other seat, and the ex left when we did, seeing everything. At the next party, his hands were all over me, right in front of the ex, and he came over. He asked to talk to me alone, so I went with him, my breasts proudly jiggling as we walked, and believe me, he noticed that! he asked why I was dressed so sexy, no bra, etc., so I seized the moment to remind him he cheated, not me, then I told him I wasn't wearing panties either, and that I was going to go back, get the cute guy, and go to my place and F\*\*k his brains out. We walked out together, and I told him that as the ex stood there, I said let's go to my place, I wanna F\*\*k you like you've never had it before, then took his hand and led him to the door. We did go to my place, and spent the whole night and most of the next day in bed, having sex every way we could. The ex should have been honest, it could've beenhim. No loss though, the new guy was better anyway!

We got married a month ago. My husband is a fetish pervert. I never knew about this until recently. Too late to regret now. He is already my beloved husband as my family likes him a lot. Lately, he starts to force me to wear see throughs in public places. He will buy me only white or biege sheer blouses, the more transparent, the better for him so that my bra can be completely seen thru. No wonder from Day one of my marriage, I am only allowed to put on bright red colored bra. He likes red bras particularly. And he makes sure I carry red handbag and red color high heels to match. In fact, I have to wear everything red, except for my see-through blouse, which has to be white or biege. At first, I was against him. However, my family, especially my Mum, encourages me to go along with him, telling me he will soon get tired of it after some time. Each time, I go out dressed in such attire, I attract a lot a attention. People stare non-stop. I feel so awkward and dare not look at people in the eyes. After a couple of outings, I find the humilation stimulates and gives me excitment. I am beginning to enjoy the stares and got so used to dress like that, that I will feel lost if I don't wear like that. The all red is becoming my trade mark now. After two weeks, my mum prediction comes true, but I refuse to change in spite of his protest. He started it, so I am going to stuck with it all my life. Because people will question me if I am not in red

Several years ago, I lived on the mid-eastcoast. Not far from my home was a section of beach that would permit a person to drive a vehicle for almost five miles, the length of this beach. This section of beach seldom had more than a few beach-goer on it at anytime. Although this was not a nude beach, sometimes you would see a nude sunbather or a nude swimmer. I would often drive about half of the beach length, dis-robe and spent most of the day in the nude. One day while at the beach, a small summer rain came. It was just enough to keep people away. I was enjoying being nude in the rain and had walked quiet a distant from my vehicle. When I turned and started back, I could see someone in the surf and it appeared they were fishing. Not having anything to cover with, I was worried I would offend this person. As I approached I could see this person was nude also and this person was a male. He saw me and gave a small friendly wave. Once I was close enough he spoke and said he hoped he was offending anyone. I let him know it was all right and it didn't bother me. For some reason I decided to stay and watch him fish and to chat with him. After a hour of not catching any fish worthy of keeping, he waded ashore and put his fishing gear away near the brushy dunes from where he came onto the beach. We sat on a washed up log and struck up a conversation. I could not keep from noticing his extreamly handsom body and his unusual long penis. I think it must have been every bit of seven or eight inches in its flacid state. I also noticed he would often catch himself looking at my breast. After a few minutes I got the idea that I may be able to excite him enough without me being too obvious as to what I was doing and give him an errection. I really would like to know how long his penis really was. In a casual manner while talking, I turned and straddled the log facing him, giving him a clear view of the entire front of my body. Within seconds I noticed him start to shift his position and begin getting errect. I would move a bit and turn just a bit and soon he had a full errection. He appeared to be embarrassed and kept trying to hid his stiff member. I assured him it was no problem and I liked looking at it. This seemed to help his embarrassement. I asked if he would please stand and let me have a good look. When he stood, I was amazed at how big he was. He sported a penis that when errect would have measured atleast eleven or twelve inches. I had never been this close to a penis this large. I asked if I could touch it and he came closer. I tried to wrap my hands around it and found that I could barely do so. In a bit I could see some pre-cum dripping. I asked if I could masterbate him and he agreed. It didn't take long for him to cum. After finishing he asked if he could relieve me and upon agreeing, he gently inserted his fingers and quickly brought me to orgasam. I watched as his penis went back to its flacid state. We talked and after a while he said he must go. We decided that we would meet back at the same spot the next week. The next week came and we meet at the beach. After that we decided to make it a weekly affair. Then before we knew it the summer had gone. And soon after summer had gone this man with the largest penis I had ever seen, started to date me and soon we were engaged. Before long we were married. That has been almost ten years ago and my big dick husband and I still go to the beach and we still go nude. I enjoy it when some other female notices my husbands' penis size and does a double take. Sometimes just for fun, I manage to get him simi- errect and when he walks with me down the beach the girls really look.

I became an exhibitionist on a warm summer morning in 1984 while my dad was stationed in Germany with the army. A couple of the locals had envited me and my brother to one of the local beaches but they hadn't told us before hand that it was clothing optional and we didn't find out until we got there.

It was about eight in the morning when we got there and it was still alittle cool and there weren't alot of people there yet so nobody was naked.The weather warmed up pretty fast and people started taking their clothes off around us and for a couple of kids from the US it felt kind of strange.The next thing I knew the girl that had envited us took off her top and laid back down.My brother didn't want her to see him starring but I could see him taking sideways glances at her trying to act like it wasn't bothering him.

Pretty soon her brother stood up and said he was going for a swim and without the least bit of emmbarrassment took off his suit.His sister said it sounded like a good idea and she took off her bottoms and joined him.

That left me and my brother sitting there just looking at each other like acouple of idiots, we didn't know what to do.

While this was all happening I knew my brother had gotten excited because I could see the bulge in his swimsuit and I wasn't exactly staying cool about it either.I felt kind off flushed and I knew my nipples were were hard and poking at my top.

What do you think we should do he asked me and I said I wasn't sure but I didn't think we could stay if we were going to stay dressed it would have been kind of strange if we had.

I don't know what he was thinking but I didn't want to leave,I was enjoying the sights to much.I had never seen a live naked guy before and now I was surrounded by them and I couldn't believe how different they all looked.All different sizes and shapes, it was great and I knew I wasn't going to leave.

Our friends came back about then and they stood right in front of us as they dried themselves off.They were just a couple feet away,close enough that I could actually make out the viens that ran along the shaft of his dick and the little bump that hid her clit.It was unbelievable.

There was no way I was going to leave now and there was no way that I wanted to keep my clothes on.I said a swim looked like a good idea and stood up and took off my suit.My brother had this look on his face like he was going to pass out and I thought I was going to have an orgasm right there as I stood over him and took off my bottoms.

I felt like my legs were going to buckle under me as I walked to the water but I made it and the cool water felt good as I took a short swim.Walking back up the beach toward my brother and friends I knew I'd never been as excited as I was then,my nipples had never been that hard or large and my whole body tingled.I stood and dried off as my friends had done and looked down at my brother sitting there,his eyes were locked on the dark triangle between my legs and I wished my bush wasn't so full so he could see more.

We stayed a couple more hours and I loved every minute of it,I loved being naked and I loved people looking at me.My brother never did take his suit off and by the bulge in it I could tell he would have been to emmbarrassed to even try.

We stayed in Germany two more years before my dad was transferred back to the states and I spent as much time as I could on the beaches.In winter when it was to cold I found out about some indoor pools that had nude swims every once and awhile and I went to them.I spent alot of time naked around the house too when dad wasn't there and I always enjoyed the looks I'd get from my brother.

After I left home and got my own place I hardly ever wore anything and loved being naked.I found a nude beach a couple hours away from were I lived and I'd go there every once and awhile, sometimes alone and sometimes I'd envite a girlfriend along.I never told them it was a nude beach until we got there just to see what kind of reaction I'd get.A couple times they wouldn't even get out of the car but most of the time they'd at least sit there with me even though they left there suits on.I think they enjoyed watching the naked guys as much as I did.One girl I took was so excited by the idea that she had her clothes off before we were even on the beach and when we left she just covered herself with her towel and rode home naked except for that towel.When I dropped her off she said she sure hoped her husband was home because she had never been so horney her whole life.

When I'm home I keep a light wieght dress handy to cover up with.I have to admit that there have been a few times that delivery men or pizza delivery people have gotten to see alittle more than they should have when a button didn't get buttoned or I had some other malfuntion with the dress.It always feels exciting when that happens.

Even though I'm close to fourty now and an aunt to my brothers kids I still get a kick out of him seeing me naked.I think back to the first time and remember the look on his face.He doesn't get that look anymore but he does smile alot when ever I decide to flash him.

**Mr. B. and Me Part 2**

It’s me again – Andrea F. I am the woman that just told you how Mr. B., a much older man who lives next door and who I see in church all the time, masturbated for me as I watched him through his window from my bedroom. Since it seemed like he really liked seeing me in my bra and skirt that day – I mean, he must have liked it, since that was the time he masturbated and spurted cum all over his floor while I watched – and since I could see how much he liked looking at pictures of young schoolgirls exposing their panties on his computer, I decided to give him a real live version of his naughty pictures. It was early evening again and I was in my room with my door locked this time so no one could walk in on me. Mr. B. was sitting naked in his leather chair and pretending to read a book. I knew he could see right into my room just by looking up over the top of his book, even though he wasn’t obvious about it at all. However, I knew he knew I was there because my light was on and every once in a while he would stroke his penis, which was all big and stiff again. I got on the bed with a magazine and laid down on my side with my little skirt hiked way up high. My crotch was pointed straight at Mr. B. when I checked him out and saw that he was now stroking his penis non-stop, slowly but non-stop. Then I moved my leg to give him a full view of the little white panties covering my pussy. I don’t know who was getting turned on more, him or me. I could feel myself getting all wet again from my vagina, and I could see Mr. B. stroking away on his big stiff penis. I kept changing positions but made sure that he could always see the crotch of my panties whatever position I was in. I kept thinking about what was going through his mind as he sat there jacking off and watching me. I imagined that he was thinking about having sex with me, and when I did that I started thinking about what it would feel like to have Mr. B.’s big penis sliding into me for the first time. I had never had a penis in my vagina before, though I had let one boy feel me down there through my panties one time last year. But that wouldn’t be anything like having Mr. B.’s penis in me. I was getting so hot thinking about that that I positioned myself lying flat on the bed except for a pillow under my head (so I could keep watching Mr. B.) with my legs stretched out in his direction. With my left hand, I was holding my skirt up on my abdomen so Mr. B. could see everything I was doing. I spread my legs to give him a better look and then I touched my clitoris. Oh, it felt so good! I had never felt anything like that before in my life! Even though I was lying down, I got kind of all dizzy or something and felt a sensation go way through my whole body that left me actually trembling and almost shivering and a little bit out of breath. Then it occurred to me that I had just had an orgasm! Right in front of Mr. B.! When I calmed down a little bit, I started massaging my clitoris with my finger, hoping for another one. When I looked up at Mr. B. through his window, I could see he was watching me like a hawk or something, just standing there in his room and jacking off a lot faster now. Then I closed my eyes and imagined Mr. B. not just inside me but slowly sliding his hard-on back and forth inside my wet little pussy as I kept lifting my hips up to him as he pushed himself all the way in, and then back again, and then all the way in again. And then it happened again! – the same feeling, trembling and shivering all through my body, and a little bit out of breath! Another orgasm! When I opened my eyes, I cupped my pussy with my hand and felt my soaking wet panties on the palm of my hand and my fingers. I looked up to see Mr. B. just as he started spurting his cum into the air and all over his floor again. Wow, Mr. B. and I had cummed (is that a word? I don’t know, but I know I can’t ask my English teacher, that’s for sure!) at almost the same time. Just then my little sister, Alexa, knocked on my door and asked if she could come in. I quickly pulled my skirt down and closed my window shade before I opened the door. I figured Mr. B. was done for now anyway and needed to clean up the cum puddle he had made on the floor. “You look all funny,” Alexa said as I opened the door and let her in. “Are you okay? What have you been doing in here?” “Just changing clothes,” I told her. The fact was I did have to change clothes, including my sopping wet little white panties, thanks to Mr. B.! My sister kept talking to me but I was a little distracted thinking about what I wanted to do with Mr. B. next time. It made me a little nervous to think about it, but I knew I was going to do it anyway. I was going to raise the bar, as they say. If I’m not already boring you to death with all this talk about Mr. B. and me and our experience, I’ll tell you all about what happened next in my next entry. Hope to see you then!

**Mr. B. and Me Part 3**

It’s me again – Andrea F. my bedroom is upstairs and just across the driveway from the room where Mr. B. has his computer, and we can see each other so clearly it’s like we’re in the very same room. Like I told you last time, I had decided I was going to raise the bar a bit in this ongoing experience that Mr. B. and I were having. I had seen Mr. B. masturbate and he had seen me masturbate, but while I had seen Mr. B. naked lots of times, the most he had seen of me was the day I took my blouse off for him and he could see me in my bra and skirt. Now it was my turn to take our relationship to the next level. I decided that I would take all my clothes off for him so he could see me completely naked too. As we usually “met,” I went up to my room after dinner and closed and locked my door so no one could see what I was doing. Then I raised the shade on my window all the way up and turned on my light. Mr. B.’s light was on, too, though I didn’t see him yet in his room. I sat on the bed and waited for him and started to touch my pussy under my schoolgirl uniform skirt. After a few minutes I saw him come into the room. He still had his boxer shorts on, but after he could see (with a very subtle glance – we still hadn’t looked each other in the eye or anything) that I was waiting for him, he slid the boxers down to his ankles and stepped out of them. He was completely naked again. Though he didn’t have a full hard-on yet, it was about halfway there. I like how that looks too. Anyway, he took his penis in his hand and sat down on his favorite leather chair. At least I think it was his favorite, since it was the one he always sat in to look into my room and watch me. As he usually did, he picked up a book and pretended to be reading it as he checked me out. So, it looked like he was ready, and if he was ready, I was ready, although I was so nervous about what I was about to do that my legs almost couldn’t hold me when I sat up from my bed. I started my “show” by going to the closet and taking out a hanger for the clothes I was wearing. Next, I looked in my drawer, not that I actually wanted anything in it, but just to act as normal as I could for Mr. B.’s benefit. Then I started undressing as Mr. B. watched me. I slowly unbuttoned my blouse all the way down to the bottom so Mr. B. could see just the front of my bra. I was trying to imagine what was going through his mind, like maybe he was getting really excited now because he could see my bra again but hoping that I would show him more this time. Next, I slowly unbuttoned my cuff buttons and then took my blouse all the way off and put it on my desk chair. Mr. B. was now seeing me the way I was the day I watched him shoot his cum load all over the floor. Okay, Mr. B., I thought, what are you thinking you might see next? Do you think you’re actually going to see my little titties, or do you think my skirt is the next thing to come off? I decided it would be the skirt. I checked Mr. B. out as he watched me from his chair. He had put the book he was pretending to read on the floor and was stroking his big, stiff cock (I love that word! Cock!) with long steady strokes as he made no effort at all to conceal the fact that that he was watching everything I was doing. Then he saw me unbutton my little skirt, step out of it, and toss it over my blouse on the chair. There I was for Mr. B. to see in my bra, my panties, and my knee socks. I spent the next few minutes walking back and forth in my room where he could see me pretending to do stuff, but that was only to give him a good show and not rush to the end of it too quickly. One of the things I did was to make sure I bent over from the waist in the window so he could see me from behind. I wanted to give him the best show I could. So after a while, then, I figured it was time to take off my bra. I stood right in the window to do that, and as I unhooked it and slid it off I checked out Mr. B. real closely to see what his reaction would be to seeing my breasts. Like I said before, my breasts are kind of small, but they’re real firm and don’t droop down or anything. But I didn’t want Mr. B. to be disappointed in me for having kind of little titties, so when I tossed my bra aside I stood there for a while kind of massaging them and then teasing my pink little nipples until they stiffened up. Mr. B. was now jacking off standing in front of his chair and watching every move I made. I loved it! It was so cool to be like center stage for a man who really seemed to appreciate me. Then I spent some more time moving around the room while he watched. I could only imagine that he hoped my panties were coming off too. I mean, I knew they were, but he didn’t. So I thought I would tease him a little bit about that and played with the waistband like I was about to take them off but not quite doing it. After about five minutes, though, I stood right in my window and hooked my thumbs in the waistband of my panties again, and then started to really pull them down. At first, the crotch kind of stayed between my thighs as I pulled them down, and then – sproing! - they snapped down exposing my hairless little pussy. When I looked up at Mr. B., he had moved closer to the window and his cock was way high up and bigger than ever! As his hand moved up and down the shaft of it, I could even see that the head of it was like all purple. He was having a ball! Then I pulled my panties all the way down and off, stood there a minute gently rubbing my pussy, and then walked out of his view. I took a deep breath because I was so nervous I think I actually stopped breathing for a minute. I looked at myself in the mirror and thought about what I would do next. Then I knew. Mr. B. was going to like this, I was pretty sure. I walked around in the room a little more for Mr. B. to see and then I climbed up on my bed with my back to him on my hands and knees and just stayed there for a few minutes. I was sure Mr. B. could see not only my hairless pussy, but my pink little butthole, too! I’m telling you, I couldn’t believe I was doing this, but it gave me such a thrill that I was loving every minute of it! Like for real! Finally, I lay down on the bed on my back with my pillow under my head so I could watch Mr. B. as he watched me and started masturbating myself. I was so turned on that I came right away and felt my juices running down into the crack of my butt. I was sure I was making a wet mess on the bedspread but I couldn’t have cared less. When I checked out Mr. B. again he was standing right up near the window jacking off like crazy! But since he hadn’t cummed yet himself, I decided to give him a new view. I got up on my knees and leaned way back with my crotch all forward and my wet little hair- free pussy on full display. Then I started massaging my clitoris again and then I had another orgasm that actually shook my whole body. When I looked up, I saw Mr. B. start to spurt his cum all over the window, and I could see it running down the glass as he kept pumping his cock until he had run out of cum, I guess. All of a sudden Alexa, my little sister, was at my door and asking me to let her in. I hated to end this with Mr. B. so abruptly, but I had to go. Besides, he had apparently finished and was turning to leave the room, so I told Alexa that I would be right there. I quickly put on my robe, drew my shade, picked up some of my clothes, and opened the door. “What in the heck are you doing in here?” she said. “Just changing clothes,” I told her. “Why? What’s it to you anyway?” “You’re always just changing clothes. I think you’re doing something naughty in here,” she teased. “What were you doing, pretending you were with one of your boyfriends or something?” “You are so full of it,” I said to her. “I wasn’t even thinking about a boy.” And, in fact, I wasn’t. As you and I both know, I was thinking all about Mr. B. – completely! When I went to bed that night, I wondered what was going to happen next with Mr. B. and me. I found out about three days later. And I’ll tell you all about that next time!

**Mr. B. and Me Part 4**

It’s me again – Andrea F.! You may remember me from my last few entries. I’m the young woman who has been masturbating naked through facing windows for Mr. B., my much older next door neighbor, while he masturbates for me. As I’ve explained in my previous entries, we had become more and more bold about this distance masturbation we were doing until I finally took all my clothes off for him as I related in my last entry. It was the least I could do, I guess, since this whole thing started with Mr. B. exposing himself completely naked to me! Anyway, it had been several days since I last saw Mr. B. I had been in my room looking for him every evening since the last time, but he must have been busy or something because the light in his room had never come on. Then, the next evening, I was in my room as usual with my light on and shade up, sitting on the bed with some books like I was working on some of my class assignments, and checking out Mr. B.’s window to see if he would show up. And sure enough on came the light in his room and there he was. He was dressed this time, sort of, in a jersey of some kind that just covered his penis and he was holding what looked like several pieces of construction paper or something. Then he surprised me by coming to the window (we had never actually acknowledged each other’s presence before) and holding up each of the pieces of paper in order. There was writing on them. The first one said “CAN” and the rest of them finished his question – “YOU,” “COME,” “HERE?” All of a sudden my heart started beating like crazy. I was so excited I couldn’t even think straight. But the question was, should I do what he asked? When he saw me hesitating to answer, he wrote something on another piece of paper and held it up – “PLEASE?” After thinking about it for a minute or two, I decided to go. I wasn’t exactly sure what to expect, but something deep inside me just couldn’t resist. No one was home at my house, so I turned out my light, drew my shade, took a deep breath, and then left by my back door and walked over to Mr. B.’s back door. No one saw me as well as I could tell. Mr. B. met me at the door in his jersey and invited me in. After he explained how much he was enjoying exposing himself to me and me to him, he asked me for what he called “a really special favor.” He wanted me to pose for him so he could see my panties up my skirt but pretend that he wasn’t there. I was really embarrassed by this, I’m not sure why, maybe because it was in person or something, but I finally worked up the courage to agree and started letting him see up my skirt as I got myself into several different positions. After a minute or so, he asked if he could take off his jersey and jack off while he watched me. I couldn’t even talk I was so overwhelmed by all this, so I just nodded yes. His cock was already all stiff when he got naked (I think I could even see it throbbing!) and started stroking himself. I kept posing, and as I moved around I could feel that the crotch of my panties was wet from my lubricating vagina. I couldn’t stop looking at his cock as he jacked off, and he couldn’t take his eyes off my panties. After about five more minutes of this, he asked me if I would take my clothes off. I asked him if he meant all of them, and he said as many as I was comfortable with, but he would love to see me completely naked, except he’d like me to keep my knee-socks on. Again I could hardly think straight I was so excited, but I finally got my courage up and took off my blouse and skirt. When I touched my pussy through my wet panties, Mr. B. kind of moaned or something and told me what a good job I was doing. Should I keep going, I wondered? The truth was I couldn’t stop. I slipped off my bra (my nipples were as stiff as, like, pencil erasers!), stood up right in front of him, and then slid my panties slowly down my hips and thighs to my ankles and then finally stepped out of them. There I was, completely naked for him except for my knee-socks. He sat back into the nearest chair and just stared at my bare titties and my little pussy as his cock seemed to grow even bigger as he kept masturbating. Then, and I still can’t believe what came next, I went over to him and knelt in front of him as I put my hand around his penis and started stroking it for him. Why did I do that? I don’t know! I just couldn’t resist touching his stiff penis. He lay back in the chair and watched me jack him off for several more minutes. And then I did something else I still can’t believe. I put the head of his penis in my mouth and started sucking it while I kept stroking him! He moaned my name and told me he was going to cum if I kept doing that, and that he just wanted me to know before it happened. I sucked harder and started to stroke him faster. It was okay with me if he cummed in my mouth, but I also wanted to see him cum, so I stopped sucking him after a bit and told him to go ahead and cum so I could watch. Not twenty seconds later, with his cock just inches from my face, he did cum, and ended up spurting his hot semen all over my face. When he finished, I had his cum all over my face and my hands (I even put some of it in my mouth because I wanted to see how it tasted! – which was great!), so he gave me a tissue to wipe some of it away. I was expecting his penis to go soft then, but it only went about half soft and then started to swell again as he looked at me sitting on the floor with my legs apart. He could see all of my hairless little pussy, clitoris, the opening to my vagina, and everything. Then he asked me to kneel down on the floor with my butt up in the air so he could see both my pussy and my butthole. I smiled at him but then did what he asked. Then he put his finger on the lips of my vagina and asked if he could put his finger inside me. I said okay and then felt his finger go into me very slowly but as deeply as he could get it. Then he started tickling my clitoris with another finger and asked if I liked how that felt. I told him it felt wonderful, and in the next instant it was my turn to cum – which I did big time! – and left his whole hand wet from my pussy juice. When I recovered, he asked if he could touch my butthole with his finger! I had never thought of that before, and I wasn’t sure I should do it, but then I told him he could because I figured why not since Mr. B. was quite a bit older than me and probably knew more about these things than I did. I felt his wet finger exploring all around the tight little pucker of my anus, stopping now and then to touch me right on my butthole itself. It gave me a little chill or something when he touched me there and it turned me on like crazy! Then he asked me to lay down so he could rub his cock back and forth between my butt cheeks, if I didn’t mind him doing that. I answered by lying down as he asked and then felt his big stiff cock go between my cheeks as he started to stroke back and forth. I could feel the head of his penis and the shaft both rubbing against my butthole, and then I surprised myself by cumming again! He kept sroking himself back and forth between my cheeks the whole time, and about the moment I regained my composure Mr. B. rolled me over with my ankles on his shoulders so my butthole and pussy were in full view, started jacking himself off like crazy, and then shot another huge load of cum all over my pussy and my butthole! I reached down to stroke his penis for him for the last of the cum running out of his cum hole, and then rubbed all the cum he had just shot on me all over my pussy and butthole with my hand! We lay down on the floor together, both kind of catching our breath. Then Mr. B. said he saw a light come on in my house, and did that mean that I had to get back there. I got up to go but told Mr. B. as I hurried to get my clothes back on that I wanted to come back again as soon as I could and when would that be. We agreed on two days later and I went home but approached the house as if I had gone for a walk, not just strolled over from Mr. B.’s house. Alexa, my little sister, was the one who had come home after her track meet and she asked me where I had been. When I told her I had gone for a walk, she said she thought something fishy was going on and I told her she was crazy. She said to me, “I think you were doing something naughty again.” As I stood there with my skirt covering the thoroughly wet crotch of my little white panties, I told her she was full of it and went up to my room. But she was right, of course, I had been very naughty, but I wasn’t about to tell her what I had just done with Mr. B. Next time, though, I’ll tell you what happened at Mr. B.’s the next time I went to his house! And wouldn’t Alexa love to know everything about that, too?! Well, I thought, maybe I’ll tell her all about it one day, but just not right now.

During my high school years I would occassionally expose myself whenever the oppurtunity arose. Seldom did I have the chance to do it and still don't quite understand why I have the compulsion to do this. The thought of a male seeing me nude always excited me for as long as I can remember. When one of them has seen me nude, I am instantly aroused by it. For me it was difficult to find the right time or place to totally expose my body. Over those years I was only sucessful 10 or 12 times. Every time I was embarrassed by it but the arousal was so stong I wanted to do it more. I got married to Dave when I was twenty, Dave being 14 years older than I. We don't have any children yet and I'm not sure if Dave really wants us to. Our sex life is good but Dave is also very religious and somewhat a prude. We are very active with our church and our home is constantly used for events and gatherings. We have a large home on 17 acres of ground, our own tennis courts, swimming pool and a make-shift softball field. Once or twice a month families and church members swarm to our home. Dave and I both enjoy the company and everyone chips in with food and beverages. The house had five bedrooms, so my husband built a dressing room with a shower and toilet for the women on the ground floor and renovated a 1st floor bedroom for the men. It had been a long time since I was able to expose myself and after these renovations were finished everyone had full access to our house. People were constantly in and out of the dressing rooms or baththroom. The kitchen was crowded at times when food was prepared. The bedroom Dave converted for the men was on an angle but had a clear view into our master bathroom. I could never wear a bikini or even a two peice bathing suit since Dave wouldn't approve. Other women and girls did but he insisted I be more modest. For the last two years I don't know how many of the males have seen me naked. When I see one of them going to change or to the bathroom I go right to the master bath and remove my bathing suit. I stay naked until they come out knowing full well they have to see me as they walk to the stairs. The amazing thing is it still causes embarrassment but the arousing effects are much stronger and I continue to do it as much as possible. I try not to look at them as they pass by hoping they will pause or slow down. When I am sure they know I saw them looking at me I go into a humiliation mode and cover myself right away. I always apoligize as sheepesly as possible telling them I didn't know anyone was up here. Thats when I always say the same thing to them, please, please don't mention this to Dave or anyone. It's always the same line but so far it seems to have worked. Dave has no idea how many of them have seen his wife naked. A group of boys from the community college use our softball field once or twice a week during their season. Dave is always at work til at least 5;30 or 6pm and they are usually here from 3 o'clock on. Sometimes they are still here when Dave gets home and he joins in with them. I always go out and take them ice tea or lemonade and tell them they are welcome to use the mens room on the 1st floor. Sometimes it doesn't work but many times some of them come to go to the bathroom. Seven of them have seen me naked so far and since they all know Dave I always use the same line about not telling him. I stand at the window watching them and hopeing one will come in. I do [masturbate](http://advancedmasturbation.com/) often but have never let any of them see me. I would like to have them see me [masturbating](http://advancedmasturbation.com/) but that would be to risky and much to obvious. I shaved my pubic hair last year fearing what Daves reaction would be, but to my supprise he liked it. I think I did it to be more naked, if that sounds logical. It makes me feel more vulnerable and I've become quite an actress when it comes to behaving like I was caught in an innocent situation. I have even acquired an ability to cry and yelp as though I was humiliated by them and go as far as to blame them sometimes. Making them feel guilty for invading my privacy makes me more comfortable, reassuring myself they wouldn't dare tell Dave about it. I'm very good at acting embarrassed and the fact is I really am, but also extrmely aroused. Seeing them later outside, in town or even at church I sometimes whisper an appoligy to them. Some of them have even apoligized to me. I recognize each and every oone of them that have seen me naked. Just seeing them and talking to them even if its weeks after I exposed myself arouses me, knowing they saw me naked. I have noticed that some of them are embarrased themselves when I talk to them. Often I just say lets pretend that never happened. Right now I am having the time of my life and can't wait for softball season to start.

I am an educated professional woman in my early 30s, and have been visiting nude beaches since my mid-20s. I love the freedom of being nude and I also enjoy being watched. I masturbate frequently, both alone and in public. Even while masturbating at home, I will make sure that my moans can be heard by neighbors.

I was fairly promisuous in my teens and 20s, and enjoyed all of my many sexual experiences. If it weren't for the fear of STDs, I would still be having sex with as many people and as frequently as possible. I crave sex and sexual attention. While masturbating, I think about all of my experiences with men and women and get off on how many men have had their penises in me and think about the wetness of the women I have sucked and rubbed my clit on. I fantasize about giving my pussy to as many people as possible.

On my way to visit a nude beach, I usually rub on my clit in the car, getting my pussy nice and wet before even getting there. Once I get comfortable on the beach, I usually lay on my back with my legs slightly spread open. Even though it's forbidden, I have caught men masturbating while watching my wet pussy. I am also a voyeur...and will put on sunglasses and watch all the glorious bodies passing.

I once was approached by a strong black man wearing only a towel while I was on my way home, headed toward the parking lot. He had been watching me on the beach, and walked with me toward my car. There was a wooded path on the way to the parking lot, and he pulled his penis out of his towel to show me how hard watching me got him. He asked me to suck it, and I wanted to...but I was afraid of being caught. He walked me to my car, I sat in the driver's seat and he was just outside my car, rubbing on his rock hard penis...right in the middle of the parking lot. He asked me to open my legs and show him my pussy. I did... that memory always makes me cum because I love watching and being watched.

I used to drive around with my top down, playing with my nipples and hoping that someone in another car would see me. I also walked around in the mall with a white shirt and no bra on, my pussy getting wet every time I saw anyone's eyes shift over to my hard nipples.

I am about to play with my pussy now, and scream out my neighbor's name while I do it. I hope he hears me and knocks on my door to watch me in person.

I live in Florida in a neighborhood of one story pre-fab houses. My husband and I devoriced almost two years ago and I kept the house. Their are few fences seperating the yards and my husband and I were friendly with Ned who lives directly behind my house. His wife died four years ago and I think he is 66 or 67 and a very nice man, or so I thought. I have no kids, thankfully, but struggle to make ends meet and work until 7 or 8pm weekdays. Our yards are small with no fence and the back of his house is only about 50 feet from the back of mine. My x-husband had put a large refrigerator on our patio years ago where we kept beer, wine, soda etc. My husband let Ned keep his beer in it also for conveience. To the far left of the fridge is my bathroom window and to the right my bedroom window. I never left the window or shades completely open but they were partcially open most of the time. The first time I realized Ned was a peeping tom was over a year ago. He pretty much knew my working hours and I'm not sure how long he had been peeping in at me when I got home. I got out of the shower one night and saw something move outside the window. I didn't actually see him but was suspicious. I put on my robe and when I went to the back door he was getting a beer out of the fridge. I just said oh its you Ned and just by the tone of his voice and nerviousness I knew he was at my bathroom window looking in at me. He said something like he was sorry and didn't mean to scare me then walked away. I think I was upset at first but soon was amused by it since he is old enough to be my grandfather. A few days later when I saw him, he again apoligized for scaring me and asked if I didn't want him to keep his beer in the fridge anymore. I told him I didn't mind him keeping his beer there and thought maybe I was mistaken about him being a peeping tom. Well I wasn't and a few nights later I knew he was on the patio as soon as I went in the bathroom to shower. I purposely went into my darkened bedroom and looked out of the window and sure enough Ned was at the bathroom window with a beer in his hand wearing dark clothes. I thought about it for a few minutes and for the first time in my life became an exibitionist. I had never done anything like it before and was actually nervous about it but gave him a good show. I showered and dried off knowing he was watching me and was suprised to find it aroused me strongly. From then on I always made sure the windows both in my bathroom and bedroom were open an inch or so. My sex life had been rock bottom since my devorce and masturbation was my only outlet since. Each night now I look outside first hopeing Ned is there and he usually is two or three nights a week. I have found my self taking longer showers since that first night and know he has seen me masturbating many times in my bedroom and a few times in the shower. I only shave my pubic hair now when I am sure he is outside watching me. I feel like a deviate but the excitement I get from it is overwhelming. Six months ago I started dating a guy who works in my building. We have had sex many times in my bedroom and I was almost sure Ned had watched us once or twice. One weekend Ned came over to my patio and I grilled him a burger and we sat and talked for a couple hours. Out of the blue he mentioned my boyfriend. He had never met him and then I knew for sure he had watched us. I asked him how he knew I was dating and he stuttered telling me he saw him out front a couple times when he was driving by. I didn't ask anymore about it and Ned was actually blushing when he gave me the explanation. It not only arouses me when I know he watches me shower or masturbate but little did I realize before how much it excites me when I know he is watching me have sex with my boyfriend. I won't tell my boyfriend about it since I don't know how he would react knowing another man was watching us. It has even made me more aggressive in my lovemaking when I'm sure Ned is looking in. Most of the time now I'll look out one of the windows to make sure Ned is outside. I have gotten to the point now where I mention to Ned that my boyfriend is coming over on a cerain night. So far every time I have told him, he has been there. I talk to Ned very often and it excites me just knowing he has seen me naked so many times. He always acts as though he is an older man with no interest in my body but I know different. He is very nice to me and always cuts my grass and has even done minor repairs to my house. I really do like him and have encouraged him to use the fridge whenever he wants to. My sex life has gone from bad to great and Ned doen't know he has helped with it. I had never done anything like this before but had I known what a turn on it could be I would have started doing it sooner. I think back sometimes and wonder how long Ned has been looking in my windows at night, under the premise of getting a beer out of the fridge. I think its probable now that he has been doing it for years without my knowledge and has probably seen me shower in the past but also seen me and my x-husband having sex without our knowledge. Ned is a very light skinned guy and I enjoy talking to him and when I mention certain things he openly blushes. The best part is that he is the peeping tom and I'm 99% sure he doesn't suspect I know he watches me all the time. He is very quiet when he gets to my patio and he always wears dark or black pants and shirt at night. Sometimes I have fun just watching him from my bedroom window as he intermitently glances into my bathroom, where I have left the lights on, to see if I am in the shower yet. I try not to let him wait to long but enjoy witnessing his anticipation. I wonder if he masturbates while watching me and hope I excite him as much as his presence arouses me.

**Andrea F. Goes Shopping**
Hi! It’s me again – Andrea F., the young woman who has been telling you all about my exhibitionist adventures with my next door neighbor, Mr. B. But this entry is a little different because this time it’s all about me! When I realized in my experience with Mr. B. how much it turned me on to expose myself to a man, I decided to go have a little adventure all on my own. So last Saturday morning I put on the shortest summer dress I own (about an inch or two above mid thigh) with my whitest little bikini panties and no bra (I don’t really need one) and headed for one of those great big stores where they sell all kinds of home and garden supplies, determined to expose myself to as many men there as I could without getting busted. I figured it would be fun for me and fun for the guys who would probably go home and jack off thinking about what I had let them see. It was warm and very windy on Saturday so I got into my exhibitionist gear before I even got into the store. As I was approaching this middle-aged guy who was walking back to his car from the store, a gust of wind blew my skirt all the way up, giving this guy a full look at my panties and several inches of my abdomen above the waistband. Where in the past I would have pulled my dress down as soon as I could, this time I just let the wind hold it up there as long as it could. As I watched this guy stare at my little panties, I felt this sexual thrill surge deep in my belly and all the way down into my pussy. The wind must have held my dress up for at least ten seconds, and when it finally came down and we passed each other I smiled at the guy as I walked on thinking about the hard-on this was probably giving him. When another gust blew up the back of my dress, I turned my head to look at him as I “modestly” pulled it down into place and sure enough he had stopped to look at me and had seen my little panty-covered butt as well. When I got in the store, I picked up a small item to carry around like I was going to buy it and looked around for the best opportunity to expose myself again. I finally saw this older guy (in his 60’s probably) kneeling down in an otherwise empty aisle to look at some merchandise and then knelt down myself about fifteen feet away and took an item off the shelf. He noticed me right away and kept looking my way as much as he could without being too obvious, but I knew he was waiting for me to show him much more than the leg he was seeing so far. After a minute or so, with my dress at the top of my thigh, I let me legs come apart exposing my entire crotch for him to see. It’s like his eyes were glued to my panties as he dropped almost any pretense that he wasn’t looking at me. As I pretended to read the label of the item I was holding, I reached down between my legs as if to scratch an itch on the inside of my thigh that just happened to be about a centimeter from my pussy! I gave him another few minutes to completely check me out as I shifted my kneel from one leg to another and kept going back to scratch that pesky itch (!) before I spread my legs way far apart so he could see as much as of me possible with my panties on and finally stood up. I looked at him as he was still staring almost dumbfounded at me and gave him a big smile as I said hi to him and walked past him. He had on some of those thin nylon shorts and I could see his hard-on pushing out the front of them. And not only that, I could feel the crotch of my panties wet with the juices from my vagina pressing against my pussy. This is exactly what I hoped would happen! It had worked out perfectly! It took me quite a while to find my next “partner”, but when I did it turned out to be a guy maybe in his thirties or so with his wife. They were both looking at an item they were trying to decide whether to buy and the wife had her back to me as the guy was facing in my direction. Using a variation of the kneeling trick I had used on the older guy, I gave this guy a w-a-y wide open look at the crotch of my panties for about three or four minutes straight as he noticed me over his wife’s shoulder. I even touched my pussy for him! I got the biggest kick out of the fact that he had to pretend to keep talking with her as I was exposing myself to him! Finally I could see her begin to turn in my direction – maybe she noticed that her husband wasn’t really paying any attention to her as he looked up between my legs! – so I swiveled away and stood up and left the aisle. That ended a little more abruptly than I wanted it to because I wanted to say something to this guy too after I let him see me, but that just wasn’t to be I guess. I decided I should probably get back home so I left the store after that and walked back to my car. It was still real windy and the wind lifted my dress up above my now wet panties several times on my way. I noticed a couple of younger guys checking me out when that happened, which was a nice way to end this little adventure of mine. I decided this was so much fun I would do it again as soon as I could. I’ll let you know how that goes when I send in my next entry. In the meantime, here’s hoping all you guys out there get to look up some young girl’s skirt and see her panties real soon – maybe even mine!

A few weeks ago, we had friends and family over for a casual backyard cookout. Being warm weather, everyone was comfortable clothing suited for the day. I was wearing a pair of loose fitting shorts and a tee- shirt. My husband had invited his younger brother, Ted, who has never been married or as far as I know has ever had a girl friend. He is a person that is easly embarrassed by actions or words. I was sitting on the patio talking to Ted about his new job when my husband called me away to help prepare some chip and dip. When I returned to the patio and to resume our conversation, I relocated my chair to be in a place that offered a bit more shade which was almost in front of Ted. As I was talking to Ted, I noticed he began to get a bit nervious and was often looking away. Finally he got up and went inside to get a soda. That is when I realized that the way I was sitting he was able to see up my shorts. When he returned, I excused myself and went inside. I went to the bathroom and removed my panties and put my shorts back on. Upon returning to the patio I again set in the same place only this time I would open my legs a bit. I knew Ted could see directly up my shorts. He began to turn red and when he spoke he would sometimes stammer his words. I knew I was getting to him. I kept this up until it was time for everyone to eat. Later on in that day, Ted came to me just before he was getting ready to leave, and in a very sincere and polite way, he made mention that he was able to see up my shorts. He also told me that he enjoyed it and hoped that he was not out of line. I hugged his neck and told him that everything was fine. I think that is when he got out of his state of embassassment. He gave me a big smile and said to make sure to invite him the next time we had a cookout.

**Extreme exposure**

For as long as I can remember I've been an exibitionist even before I knew what it meant. I was constantly scolded by my parents for my lack of modesty. Over the years I was able to have not only family and friends see me naked but also neighbors and playmates. I was punished many times but always had the compulsion to do so. My cousin Pete was the only one I could trust and the two of us would expose ourselves to each other but never did any sex acts and never even maturbated each other. We did maturbate in front of each other many times but that was the extent of it. I live in southern Mississippi and Pete moved to Baton Rouge Lousisana a year and a half ago. As we got older we no longer got naked in front of each other but were and still are very close. As soon as he moved I would get on Rt. 61 every other Saturday and drive down to see him. I would only stay over that night and go home the next day and we never exposed ourselves or masturbated together. After the first few months he brought up the subject of how we used to be naked together and maturbate. I told him I was still willing to do that, but he was not. I believe that was the first time I ever admitted that it aroused me intensely when a guy could see me naked. Evidentley Pete no longer had the desire to do those things. We talked about it for hours and I explained that I couldn't help the way I felt about it and how difficult it was to fullfill my desires and the lack of oppurtunities to expose myself. We never had sexual feelings towards each other even though we did these things together for a long time. That night Pete told me he would watch me if I liked but wouldn't participate. I undressed in front of him and masturbated as he watched and climaxed several times just by the fact that he was watching me. At least he understood and excepted the fact that I really was a blatant exibitionist. He admitted he did enjoy watching me but didn't want to do it himself but would rather watch. The next morning he confessed he maturbated before going to bed and by letting him watch me the night before did turn him on. Thats all we talked about that Sunday morning and although he didn't like exposing himself anymore but did like to watch me. I think he felt that way because his penis was very small and he was embarrassed by it as he got older. For the next month I drove down every Saturday and did the same. I began asking him to help me expose myself to other men and although he laughed at first said he would think about it. We talked again for hours on different ways to accomplish it and how it could be arranged. We thought of many ways for me to expose myself but I wanted it to be close up and intimate, but without any sex involed with other guys. I do have a boyfriend at home and we do have great sex but don't want him to know I am an exibitionist. I just wanted different guys to see me naked. Pete is a pharmacist and the house he bought had a small office on the ground floor. I think I was the first to suggest it but it might have been Pete, to turn the office into a phony doctors office. Although he never actually touched my body or masturbated me before I told him I would let him touch and examine me naked. I could see he was apprehensive about it but the more we talked about it I think it started to excite him also. He had friends I didn't know but didn't want to just tell them I was his cousin and we were purposley exposing me. I suggested that he just tell them I was a very stupid girl who thinks he is a doctor. He laughed when I suggested this but was also willing to try it. Over the next month we bought an examination table equipped with sturrups and I went on line and purchased medical charts to hang on the walls along with some medical instuments to make the office look semi-professional at least. I was supprised how easy it was to buy both vaginal and anal speculums and even purchased a stethescope and hospital gown. The first weekend the office was finished Pete had become more leary of doing this and I even started thinking it was over doing it and wasn't sure if Pete could handle it. So, I talked Pete into trying it with just him and I there. I got naked and got on the exam table and told him to try and act like a doctor. I had a booklet I sent away for explaining how a gyno exam is done and what is done. I had had a few gyno exams in the past so was more experienced at what went on than Pete was. Pete looked it over and proceeded to examine me. I was aroused right away and for the first time he started to touch me first by examining my breasts then fingering me. I think he was embarrassed at first and I had to urge him on about doing different things and that first time he was afraid to use the spuculum on me. For three more weeks we did it by ourselves and the more he practiced he became good at it. He gave me a full exam and by the third week was not only able to use the vaginal speculum , but also used the anal one. Two weeks after that he arranged to bring a guy he knew fairly well. He gave the guy a cock and bull story that I was some dumb girl he knew and was going to give me a gyno exam under the pretense of him being a doctor. He told the guy he would tell me he was another doctor and that he could help. Pete said the guy was thrilled and all for it. That Saturday when Pete brought the guy into the office I was already in a hospital gown on the exam table. Pete introduced him to me as Doctor so and so and proceeded to exam my breasts. He then gave me a pill to take, that was actually only an asprin, and said it would make me relax and sleepy. Since Pete was a pharmacist I guess the guy beleived him. I was already aroused slightly and pretended the pill was making me tired and closed my eyes particially. Pete by this time had removed my gown and I was completly naked with my feet in the sturrups. I was humiliatingly exposed in front of a stranger but have never been so aroused. I just looked at the guy and could tell he was also excited and couldn't take his eyes off me. Pete put on rubber gloves and continued to exam me and then did an exam with the vaginal and anal speculum. The whole time I was abuntantly aroused knowing I was so brazenly exposed like never before. I think the whole thing took about an hour before I got dressed and pretended to leave. I actually just drove around until Petes friend left then went back to Petes house and masturbated. Pete and I talked about it the rest of that night and we were both thrilled by it. While he was examining me I did have an orgasm but kept quite so the guy wouldn't know or at least I hoped he wouldn't. Since the first time nine different guys have watched Pete examine me naked and three of them have been there twice so far. A few of them have asked Pete how old I am and he lies and tells them I'm 19. I do look younger than I really am and am just over five foot tall and only weigh 109 pounds. I am well proportioned with decent sized breasts and keep my pubic hair shaved all the time. When we do this I always wear a pony tail which seems to make me look younger. Pete has admitted he enjoys doing it also and has become very good at it and even talks the talk. He admits masturbating afterwards and also admitted his is embarrassed by his penis size. I told him that doesn't bother me but he is ashamed to expose himself even to me. These guys all think I am just a dumb girl with no education or smarts but I just got my masters in education. I act stupid when Pete is examining me and sometimes ask him very dumb questions. Some of these guys really get dressed up when they come over wearing suit and tie and Pete always introduces them as doctors which I know the are not. There are three so far that we let them put the speculum in my vagina. Why this excites me so much I'm not really sure but it arouses me to heights I have never experienced before. Pete still won't masturbate in front of me, but I know and he admits, it arouses him also. I know these other guys are aroused and even though I can't see them with erections I can see in their faces that they are turned on by it. Sometimes I almost laugh if they talk and try to act as though they really are doctors. None of them realize Pete and I are in this together and are really doing it for my benefit. Only the three have put the speculum in me but four others have examined my breasts and given me an internal with their fingers. We always do this Saturday afternoons and at least twice a month. A new guy is coming over next week and as usual I am looking forward to it. Pete told me he is a bartender about 55 years old and I can't wait to see how he reacts. Its funny how most of these guys even blush sometimes and everyone of them has been overly polite to me and some stammer when they speak. Most are Petes or my age but a few are older men. Pete works for a large chain pharmacy and two of the guys work there also. Four of them are just friends of his and the three others he knows from the gym he goes to. As much as I'm sure these guys enjoy watching me get examined or help in the exam they have no idea how it overwhelmingly excites and arouses me. Pete is the only one who understands me and none of these guys know I am his cousin. We are in the process now of setting up so I can video the exams but haven't figured out where to hide the camera yet. I want to see myself being examined but also want to see the guys faces at the same time. It is especially exciting when I can see them looking at me. I orgasm frequently while all this is going on but try not to make it obvious. Pete knows when I climax and tells me so but so far says none of the guys have said anything about it to him. So I quess I hide it pretty well without hiding anything else.

**19 is at it again**

Hi friends, summer always makes me want to be naked outside.Now that I've gotten fond of exposing myself, I dream up all kinds of senarios where I could accidently expose my now very tan HOT BOD. I tan so I still show tan lines ,but just a bit lighter where my X-treme tiny bikini covers. Little triangles over my nipples,and just a small triangle above my pussy all shaven. I usually tan at salons for better control of color, I started enjoying having girls see me naked after a few looked at me with delite during previous exposures. So before I tell you about my outdoor activities, Here's what I did at the tanning salon.I was dressed to drive guys wild,extra short mini dress,nothing under, nearly shear,but not enough to be certain you were seeing what you thought you saw.When I arrived only two girls were working. One with an elderly lady, and the other doing a color on a Hot young girl. about my age,wearing a mini skirt with thong crotch showing, as she leaned back for the stylist.Seeing her upskirt view made my pussy tingle and heart pound,because I knew I would out do her exposure big time ! I knew the two working girls,from previous visits, so I pretended to complain that I should be darker after all my visits. Then went in to tan, when done I just walked out naked,like I planned,to ask their opinion on my tan. Well after twenty minutes, something I hadn't considered had taken place. So out I walk turn down a short hall past the bathroom and into the main area, speaking up as I enter saying does my tan look even? I was stunned but delited to see the place had filled up some while I was in the booth. The girl getting the color and the stylist both dropped their jaws, the elderly lady had been replaced by a teenage boy in the other chair,and two women sat waiting. I obviously came out naked for the purpose of getting an opinion, so I toured the room posing and turning asking everyone if my tan looked even and dark enough,The two ladies seated in the waiting area had their backs to the big windows,I stood with my pussy only a couple feet from their faces, some people walked by outside,and this gave me a horny flash ,but no one looked in. As I approached the teen boy ,I did a spin making my long blonde hair fly about,and while turned away,bent over to gather my hair, giving him a close up view of my puss and ass.I asked him what he thought of my tan,He opened his mouth but all that came out was his gum.and it rolled down and off his lap. I continued to pose and turn around,then headed back to dress, Only then realizing a man had either been in tanning or using the bathroom, and was standing in the end of the hall taking me all in with his eyes,I stopped and posed and he just said you're Perfect I thanked him, and then asked him if he could see my tan line ? While bending back to push my pussy out toward him,He looked and said just a little, I put my finger on my clit and said from here up right? a small triangle huh ? I slipped by him and went in to dress.But I just had to masterbate first,and even felt the desire to go back out and do it in front of everyone,So Hot that would be! I could hear them talking and gathered the boy was with the man.But all said things ,that let me know they all enjoyed it. I walked out with a smile and waved Bye Bye. Better wait on the outdoor story. 19

**Manipulation hurts sometimes**

I grew up in a very small town on the Alabama/Florida border. I moved to Mobile over 2 years ago for a job and got my first apartment. Thats when I met Jimmy who lived around the corner from me. He is a couple years older, rather handsome, but is obviously not well educated and I soon found out has a very low IQ. He is very functional and has a job but still lives with his parents. He took a liking to me right away and I liked him also but sort of treated him like a child at first. He began knocking on my door a few times a week to talk to me and I think I just felt sorry for him at first and would invite him in for a sandwich and coffee. One night when I let him in I had just showered and was in my bathrobe. As we sat talking I could see he was looking at my body more and more. I don't know what possessed me but I let my robe open slightly exposing myself to him. He was very nervous but none the less kept looking at me. Over a period of a few months I did it more often and eventually let him see me naked a few times as I came out of the bathroom. Growing up I know a few times my father or my brothers saw me naked but it was always an accident and I never dreamed of exposing myself to anyone. I still don't know why I started doing it with Jimmy like I do. I do enjoy talking to him and perhaps the fact that I was more intelligent and could control him made me feel superior. It excited me and I knew I had the power to arouse him whenever I wanted to and many times knew he had an erection. He never tried to touch me but when he left always kissed my cheek. The more he came over the less I would wear. I would sometimes be in just a towel and sometimes in bra and panties the whole time he was here. He never stays for a really long time and at night always leaves by 9pm. It aroused me so much by him looking at me I couldn't control myself and if I was in a towel would bend over letting him see my privates. I asked him a few times if he was uncomfortable with the way I was or if he wanted me to get dressed but he always said he didn't mind. I then began to shower while he was in the kitchen more often so I could walk out naked to my bedroom in full view of him. Then one night I was in the shower and hollard to him to bring me a towel. I was naked still in the shower when he walked in and it was him who was embarrassed by it as he handed me the towel. He turned to walk out but I started to talk to him and got him to turn around and face me as I just dried myself off in front of him. He was dumbfounded and speechless and why, I don't know, I asked him if he wanted a shower. He just shook his head yes and I started to help him undress. As soon as I unbuckled his pants I knew he had an erection. He hesitated taking his underware off so I pulled them down to his knees. His pinus was erect but small and little more than 5 long. I turned on the water for him and he began to soap up and I started to wash his back and told him it was ok if he wanted to masturbate. He did and I tried to watch but he kept his back turned to me as he came. He was blushing the whole time and I knew I humiliated him and for the first time felt bad about it. I wrapped a towel around me and Jimmy got dressed and said he had to leave. As he left he kissed my cheek and for the first time told me he loved me. Now I really felt terrible and was angry at myself for using him to get myself aroused by letting him see me naked. By this time I had known him for at least a year and was exposing myself to him only for my own sexual needs. It aroused me so much I would masturbate after he left knowing he saw me particially or completely naked. I didn't want him to love me or have sex with me and guess I didn't think of his feelings but only my own. A few days went by after that and he didn't come around so I went looking for him to tell him I was sorry. I got him to take a walk with me and and for the first time talked about me exposing myself to him and explaining that it aroused me when I did it. He said it was ok and even said he liked it if I was always naked. Then I found out he was more embarrassed by me seeing him naked and said he was ashamed that he masturbated with me there. I promised him I wouldn't make him get naked anymore and we could still be friends. I even set a limit that he only come over my apartment on Monday night or Thursday nights but not telling him I started dating a guy. The next time he came over was the following Monday. I was in my bathrobe and kept it closed. We talked as usual and I again apoligized for embarrassing him. After about a half hour he came right out and asked if he could still see me naked. I said alright and took my robe off and went around naked until he left at 9pm. Every Monday and Thursday he came over for a couple hours and I would be nude the whole time and often let him watch me shower. We started talking more about it and he did tell me that he masturbated when he went home and I told him I did the same. The guy I was dating didn't last long and Jimmy came over more frequently. He never took his clothes off but I was always naked for him and finally asked him if he wanted to watch me masturbate. He eagerly agreed and now I let him watch me pleasure myself at least once a week. I have encouraged him to masturbate me but so far he will only hold my breasts. I go to the movies with him and we go out to eat once in awhile and I have even became friendly with his parents, who are wonderful people. As crazy as this sounds I think I love Jimmy and no longer feel sorry for him but only want to make him happy. I have even told him when he is ready he can sleep with me. He blushes when I say this to him but so far has not taken me up on it. He asked me if I am his girlfriend and when I told him he was he was so thrilled he almost cried. He really is my boyfriend and I can't imagine ever meeting anyone more kind and gentle than him. His friend Dean has seen me naked a number of times and Jimmy is not the least bit bothered by it but if he brings Dean over I never masturbate in front of him. I guess I'm not that much of an exibitionist as most others, especially since Jimmy and Dean are the only two who have seen me naked. I only know that the sight of them looking at my naked body excites me and arouses me like nothing else. Dean went to school with Jimmy and the first time Jimmy asked me to let Dean come over when I would be naked. I didn't want to at first because I wasn't sure how Jimmy would react to it. He's fine with it and now I sometimes encourage Jimmy to bring Dean over for dinner. I cook and serve the two of them naked and know they both love it as I do. I laugh when Jimmy tells Dean he isn't allowed to touch me since Jimmy himself doesn't touch me often either. Slowly he is coming around and a few times he has held my breasts as we kiss and also when he watches me masturbate. I have offered to jerk him off but he still hasn't let me but says he is thinking about it. I so much want to make him happy and as much as I love him he is my best friend.

My girlfriend TM was my best friend. She and her sister lived with their uncle in a large house not far from our school. Her aunt had died a year or more before I met TM who I think was the mothers sister. I don't think she ever knew who her father was and her sister had a different father. I don't know whatever happened with her mother but she never liked talking about it. TM was at my house regularly but the first year I knew her I was only at her house a few times but never invited inside. Other friends and I would always wait for her on the front porch. One day I asked her why she never let me inside. She told me the house was a mess and her uncle was a naturist and belived in nudism. The more I questioned her about it I found that not only the uncle was nude most of the time but so were TM and her sister. My first thought was child abuse but she assured me that her uncle never layed a hand on her or her sister and that they became accustom to it. She said it started long before her aunt died. She was embarrassed to tell anyone and made me promise not to tell our other friends. I admit to being curious about her situation and constantly questioned her about it. We continued being friends and went everywhere together. Finally after a year or so had passed I told her I wouldn't mind seeing her uncle naked and think I said it out of curiosity since I myself only have two sisters. I saw my dad naked once but it was many years before. I quess TM asked her uncle if I was allowed in the house and he must have agreed. I had met him several times before but it was always outside the house and naturally he was always dressed. He was in his late 30's at the time, not a bad looking man but certainly not handsome. The first time I was in the house I admit to being dissapointed and he was in his bathrobe the whole time. I actually was anxious to see him naked. I started to visit more often stay overnight and again was dissapointed many times and only saw him in his robe and a few times in his underware. TM's sister constantly went around in her panties only with nothing covering her breasts and occassionally was naked. I saw TM naked several times also and neither her or her sister had any inhabitions about being naked in front of the uncle. I thought it strange but was also amused by it and was more anxious to see the uncle naked. It must have been 5 or 6 months of visiting her house before I finally saw the uncle naked. One day he matter of factly walked into the living room as we were watching tv to tell TM something. I couldn't help it and know it was obvious I was staring at his penis. I think I was expecting some huge thing but know now it was quite average. Each time after that he was naked more often and for longer periods of time. If I went there uninvited or not expected more than not both TM and her sister were naked also. This went on for a year or so and TM and her sister tried talking me into taking off my clothes. At first I didn't but soon would be in my underware and started staying over night on weekends. I soon found out TM, her sister and uncle all slept naked and I soon did the same. I even began going around their house naked and enjoyed it. The first few times their uncle saw me naked I was embarrassed by it but never intimidated since he was also nude. Never was nudism spoken about or anything said about being naked at all. We never mentioned it to any of our other friends and the house always had the blinds and draperies closed. She had lied about it being messy and it was actually a very nice house. I did see her uncle with erections somtimes but never witnessed him masturbating. I asked TM if she ever saw him masturbating and she also said she never did. He never touched me and I never even saw him touch TM or her sister. I could tell he was looking at me naked many times and perhaps staring but never made any remarks about it. I did notice him getting aroused when looking at me and could tell he was trying to hide his erection. At the time I think I was flattered that I could arouse him with my nudity. He was very friendly all the time and we had many conversations over the years. We would watch tv together and play board games like monopoly with him often on the living room floor. When I think about it sometimes we were always naked and completly exposed to one another. We saw each others bodies to the fullest extent and yet none of us was embarrassed about it. At times I felt myself aroused by it and could tell many times when the uncle had an erection. TM, her sister and I knew he was aroused and would smile at each other, but never say a word or mention it. I was actually comfortable being naked and still am. I am naked often even today but don't think I can be considered an exibitionist since the only one who sees me naked now is my boyfriend. I only see TM a few times a year now and did see her uncle at Christmas time last year. We don't even talk about it anymore but I often wonder if he really was a nudist or just liked to expose himself. He never did anything to offend any of us but now I am suspicious sometimes as to his real feelings. I was comfortable being naked around him and I know TM and her sister were as well. It was a well kept secret and none of us ever told our friends and I never told my parents, sisters or boyfriend about it. I am comfortable with my nudity but don't go out of the way to expose myself. Aside from my own nudity I do confess to getting enjoyment seeing not only the uncle but also TM and her sister naked. I'm not gay and did like seeing the uncle naked more than the girls but the freedom of clothes actually put me at ease. Their uncle remarried last year and I often think about him and if he is still naked all the time in front of his new wife. I guess a lot of people are true nudists but think many who proclaim to be are actually exibitionists. I'm not sure about TM's uncle but from what TM told me over many years her aunt was also naked most of the time and both TM and her sister got used to it at a young age. I never meet their aunt, since she died so young, but know both girls really loved her and their uncle.

Im 19 & Have been told by many that I should be doing modeling. The kind of modeling I would enjoy is being naked for all to see. I love to go out with next to nothing on, mostly I like to wear short skirts & a tight fitting top, no bra or undies of course. I love it when men are eyeing me up and i let them see what they are lusting for, the look on there face says it all. I have created a few bulges in my play. Just recent I was at the lakefront And changed into my suit in the parking lot. I know a few guys saw me and did a double take, I stood out next to my car when the time was best for someone to see me and took of my shorts, I had to wiggle out of them so i new it would catch there eyes, Id slowly put on my buttoms just as seductively, then i pulled my top off & put on my bikini top on & went down to the beach. Ill lay out with my top undone & move around enough so people get a good look at my tits. I have even went as far as to act like I fell asleep & roll over & just lay there with my tits for anone to see. That really got me wet. Ive lost my top accidently in the water & acted as though i couldnt find it & woud walk out of the water like just barely covering up with one arm. Thers also another spot up the lake front with a little park with a bluff, I go there & Lay out nude within view of the bech area. Your not supposed to leave the beach area but alot of people do on occasion. I know a few times people have seen me there & one time I heard some one in the distance it was a guy walking & he ended up coming right up on me, I acted as though I was nodding off & was lying there on my towel front side down with my pussy in full view for him to see. I timed it so i would get up & turn over when he was right on me & act surprised to see him. I really didnt hear him up close but I knew he was there staring at my cunt, I had my legs spread enough for him to see everything & still not look slutty. It made me so hot I thought i was on fire When I turned over he acted surprised like he didnt see me till the last second. He actually appoligized and walked on as I covered up. he looked back a few times as he walked on like he thought he would get another show. Liile did he know I was all wet & played with myself as he walked on. Im still thinking & coming up with new ways to play the tease. Its alot of fun for me. I want to be seen by as many people as I can at one time but havent figured how to go about it without getting into trouble. Ill let you all know soon, Its starting to get cold around here so ill have to be clever. Bye now.

Many years ago when I was in the 12th grade something happened to me that made me an exhibitionist forever. I had gotten home from school a little early and since I had the house to myself I decided I would enjoy a little jacking fun. I was completely naked and sitting on the side of my bed with my back to the door with my cock all lubed up and stroking away. I had been at it for about 10 minutes and was really stroking it good. My cockhead was really fat and with all the lube on it my hand was making that all too familiar slopping sound as I slid it up and down over it. I said out loud, because I loved to talk dirty while I was jacking off,

“Oh! My fucking cock feels so good. I love to beat my meat. My cockhead is so fat and it is tickling so much. It feels so good. OH! FUCK! I’M GONNA CUM.”

The cum started squirting out of my cockhead and landing on my legs and stomach. After 5 good squirts about a foot up in the air my cum stopped squirting and just flowed out all over my hand and balls as I just kept stroking my cock. I was moaning with every stroke of my cum soaked cock as the last of my cum oozed out of my pisshole. Just then my sister and two of her senior friends landed on my bed all around me and she very angrily said,

“I finally caught you dirty little masturbator. When I tell mom that you were naked and jacked off in front of me and my friends she is going to be so pissed. She will probably ground you for the rest of your life.” I said, as I tried to pull the covers over my still rock hard cock but the girls had the covers pinned,

“Sissy, I am so sorry. I didn’t know you were going to be home so soon. Please don’t tell on me. I will do anything you want me to, forever, if you just don’t tell on me.” One of her friends said,

“You dirty little pervert you need to be punished, but good. Just look at the mess you made. You squirted your stuff all over yourself. That is so nasty. You probably want this old rag to wipe yourself off, don’t you? Ewe! Girls look at this rag. It has dried cum stains all over it and it smells like dried cum. You nasty pervert, you probably beat off everyday, don’t you? You should be ashamed of yourself beating off in front of you own sister and her friends. I think we should make him be our slave for the rest of the school year and if he doesn’t do everything we tell him to then we will tell on him.”

Sissy said she thought that was a great idea and for starters I had to be naked all the time around the house after school before our mom got home and she could bring any of her friends over that she wanted. Sissy’s two friends both thought that was a great idea and said they wanted to watch me beat off again every time they came over. I told them that I would be their slave and would do anything they told me to including beating off whenever they wanted me to. Then Sissy said,

“Girls, lets take him to the bathroom and make him wash all his cum off himself. Man Bro, your cock is staying rock hard for a long time. Does your cock always stay this hard for this long? I thought when we caught you beating off it would scare you and your cock would get soft and small, but it has stayed nice and hard and looks really huge, doesn’t it girls?” Both of Sissy’s friends agreed as they were all staring at my swollen cock and balls and I said,

“Well! It is so exciting for me to be completely naked in front of my sister and her friends that my cock just wants to stay hard. I know it is nasty, but I really enjoy beating off and the way it makes me feel when I cum and yes I do it a lot.”

Sissy and her friends just giggled as they took me to the bathroom and watched me wash the cum off myself. Later after Sissy’s friends had left she came to my room where I was laying on my bed still naked. My cock was still semi-hard and laying over on my leg, but when Sissy walked in, in just her very small pair of panties and a see-through bra my cock was rock hard again. As Sissy lay down on the bed beside me she said,

“Don’t worry about the Slave thing Bro, I would never have told on you. I have spied on you beating off so many times and I love watching you do it. Now, at least, I don’t have to pretend that I don’t know you jackoff and maybe you would even let my help you with it once in awhile.”

My heart was pounding so hard I was sure Sissy could hear it. I reached down and took her hand and put it on my cock. When she wrapped her soft hand around it an explosion went off through my whole nervous system. She looked me straight in the eyes and said,

“Look how fat your cock is. My fingers can’t even reach all the way around it. Is this going to be OK for us? I’ve wanted to touch you like this for the longest time, but wasn’t sure how you would feel about it with us being brother and sister.” I replied,

“Sissy, I’m sure someday someone will come along and I will fall in love with them, but I’ve been in love with you my whole live and will always be. When I’m jacking off I’m fantasizing about your naked body and being able to kiss you all over. I have spied on you in your room and in the shower and you are gorgeous beyond words. You don’t know how long I’ve wanted to just walk into your room naked and have you watch me jackoff.”

Sissy reach up and planted her soft lips fully on mine and kissed me deeply. It was not a brother, sister kiss either, but a gut wrenching soul kiss and I kissed her back with just as much passion. As she broke our kiss her hand was sliding up and down my cock that was totally slick from all the pre-cum that was flowing out of it and I said,

“Sissy, if you don’t stop that there is going to be another big mess to clean up.” Sissy said,

“Don’t you think I know that? You don’t know how long I’ve wanted to touch you like this and I’m taking full advantage of it. Now you just lay back and relax and let your big sister take good care of her little brother with the huge cock, but this time I want you to squirt your stuff on me.”

Sissy’s hand was so soft and it felt way better than my hand ever did. I wanted to pinch myself to see if this was a dream because I had many wet dream about Sissy jacking me off and now it was really happening. Her hand had picked up speed and she was massaging my balls with her other hand. I said,

“Oh! My God Sissy, that feels so good I just can’t hold back any longer. God! Sissy, I’m Cuming.” She said,

“Oh! Yes Baby, Yes. Cum good for your big sister. That’s it big boy squirt that stuff all over your Sissy.”

My body was jerking uncontrollably as Sissy pumped squirt after squirt of my cum out of my swollen cockhead and all over her legs, panties and stomach. She slowed her stroking as my cock oozed the last gobs of cum and she milked it down and wiped it off on her leg. When I could finally speak I said,

“God! Sissy, that was totally amazing. Nothing has ever felt that good before. I Love You.” Sissy said,

“I Love You too Bro. You are still a virgin, aren’t you? You don’t have to answer that, but I do have a surprise for you. Mom told me she was going up to visit her sick sister for the weekend and that we could stay here on our own. She will be gone when we get home from school tomorrow and won’t be back until late Sunday. We have all weekend to play, if you think you’re UP for it? Now take me to the bathroom and wash all your cum off me.”

She kissed me again and off we went to the bathroom.

It was an amazing weekend, but that’s another story.

I was in Santa Cruz at the beach this summer with a girlfriend. We were sunning ourselves when this skinny older guy (probably in his 30s) came by and sat down about 30-feet away from us. He pulled off his sweatpants revealing a Green Speedo swimsuit. OMG he was hung. The Speedo was kind of loose so when he stood up to put on sun block, we saw his thingy wiggle and giggle which made us giggle. He has to be over 9” limp and ridiculously thick.

I never really liked the Speedo type swimsuit. But here he was, and here I was all aroused from his huge manhood. I jokingly asked my girlfriend if we should give him a “rise” to see what it would look like. I gave him a harmless little show without even taking off my suit. I caught him looking at me but I didn’t see it grow on him. So, we kind of lost interest & resumed reading. Later I glanced over and caught him looking at me. I started by little show again by spreading my legs to see what he would do.

Damn, it started to work on him as I could see it get longer. He tried to hide it by pulling his Speedo up past his bellybutton. He got even longer and I could see his massive head. He again pulled up the Speedo making it look like old granny pants, but his dick kept on getting bigger and bigger, now going up past his tummy. I pushed on the shoulder of my girlfriend who was taking a nap. As she got up and looked over at his erection, she gasped so fucking loud he got embarrassed. He got up & turned over to lie on his tummy. It was wiggling back and forth as he turned over and had to be at least 11- 12 inches. Honestly it got so big it was gross. He had the pre-cum spot, so it was so gross, but a true story.

I am a twenty three year old girl living in England. For the last five years I have completely given up wearing knickers of any type. Under my skirt my shaven pussy is always bare. I suppose that you could call me an exhibitionist as I love to show off my pussy and tits at every opertunity to whoever happens to be looking my way, be it male or female. To this end I always wear the shortest of micro mini skirts and low cut tops. I try to engineer little 'accidents' like bending over to look at something on a low shelf, allowing my skirt to ride up and expose my pussy from the back or allowing someone to get a good look down my top. In cafe's and similar places I always sit down rather carelessly with my legs slightly apart. If someone is interested, I gradually open them so that they get a really good view. You cannot imagine what this does for me. I can feel my pussy getting very moist and my lips begin to open as I feel an orgasm begining to build up. On a couple of occasions I have actually had an orgasm just by letting someone look up my skirt. I'm sure that they could see my pussy pulsating and getting even wetter as I came. I find that flashing is even more exciting than sex, although I get more than my fair share of that. Sally.

My parents were hippies of the 60's and 70's. Growing up I was exposed to like minded people who all took drugs. It was mostly weed (called grass in those days), but I saw many trip on LSD including my parents. We lived in a big old farm house with other couples and families. There was no hot water and only a shower stall in back of the house next to the shed where the toilet was located. People came and went, some married couples some not. Some with kids others just single with no place to go. My father drove a truck over the road but also grew and sold the grass, especially if he went to LA or San Francisco. To see someone naked was an everyday occurance and neither my parents or any of the other adults ever objected to it. As I got older I knew my parents had sex with other people and it seemed nothing was taboo. They never had sex openly but we all knew what was going on. After all it was the era of free love and both my parents took advantage of it. I often saw both men and women or boys and girls naked and at times saw some mastubate. They must of had rules about the sexual intercourse and I never saw any of them doing it. One of the older girls taught me how to masturbate and as I got older I started to notice how the males liked to look at my body especially if I were naked or scantily clothed, which was often in the very hot weather. I knew it aroused most of them and was completly aware it aroused me also. Aside from letting them see me naked I took every oppurtunity to allow them to see me masturbating. Some of the people were there for years and others only months at a time. I did have sex with four different boys, three of them my age or older and one slightly younger. It started with mastubating each other and went to oral sex and intercouse. When we moved to Arizona I went to community college, got a job and married shortly after. My parents seperated and I found out they were never really married but I am still close and love both of them. I have two kids, my husband is a sweetheart and a great father but I still let men see me naked as often as possible. My husband and kids know nothing about it and I know my husband would have a stroke if he ever found out. We have a gorgeous home and my husband has a very sucessful home improvement business. Over the last several years most of the men who work for him have seen me naked while doing work at our house. I'm sure they are afraid to tell my husband and I always do it making sure they think I was unaware they saw me that way or it was their fault. An assortment of men have seen me nude over the years including both my brother-in- laws. One of them saw me naked and it was completely unintentional. I walked into my bedroom naked after a shower and didn't know my husband and his brother were there. He had brought his brother upstairs to see our new bedroom set. That is the only time my husband knew I was seen naked by another man. He was angry at me at the time but since then we do laugh about it, but he wouldn't if he knew how many men have seen me in the buff. I never expose myself to youngsters or any of my kids friends. I've exposed myself to five or six men at the golf club my husband belongs to by opening the window in the ladies locker room. Its visible to the driveway where the golf carts are kept. When I go to the mall without my kids I always check aroung the dressing rooms to see if guys are around waiting for their wives or girfriends to try something on. I'll just get a few items and hang most on the outside of the door making sure I'm in a stall that can be easily seen from the opening. I strip naked then open the door enough for them to see me, never looking at them but taking my sweet old time grabbing another garment. Two of the stall doors have a very narrow opening when closed but enough for me to see who is watching. I then simply repeat the procees and open the door to hang up and retrieve another garment which I rarely try on. I'm usually successful doing this once or twice a month. When I am successful no matter where it may be or who saw me I mastubate afterwards almost always. I do have wonderful sex with my husband on a regular basis and he sometimes watches me masturbate and often I masturbate him. I can never tell him about my exibitionist tendencies and know he would never except or understand it. Deep down I know I am like this because of how I grew up. He does know my parents well and knows most of where and how we lived for many years, but the nudity and open sex I never told him about. I made my parents promise not to mention how many differnt people lived with us those years. My husband doesn't like my father very well mainly because he still uses drugs and is rather crude at times. My mother is married to a real nice man now and I know their is an awful lot she never told him either and my husband does like her and her husband. I tried several times to stop showing off my body but the sheer excitement overpowers me when a man sees me naked. Someday when I get older and no longer have a nice figure, I will probably stop doing this but for now it just arouses me too much to quit. My husband is going to put a new sun deck at the back of the house next month, so I know a few of the workmen will be here for a week or more. The anticipation alone excites me and I am anxious for them to start. The kids will be in school and the top deck will be at my bedroom windows where a doorway will be installed. I am already planning how to arrange the window coverings and how much to keep the window open. I also plan to have one or more of them see me masturbate but will be satisfied as long as I am seen nude.

I know what I am about to write will make me seem stupid or foolish but for a long time now I have come to enjoy it. My grandmother was married three times and by the time I was 18 it seemed my whole family hated me. I live in up state Pennsylvania near the New York border. When I moved out on my own it was difficult for me to make enough money. I had a few relationships that failed and was being evicted from my apartment. I lost my job, was broke and desperate but not willing to go back to my parents. I ran into my grandmothers second husband, Walt, who was always a nice older man and had lost his leg in the Vietnam War. He knew I was in trouble financially and offered to let me stay with him at his cabin. Out of desperation I accepted and moved in the following week. The cabin had two bedrooms a large kitchen and living room but no dining room. The two bedrooms were across from each other and the bathroom in the rear. Walt was very nice to me right from the start but I immeadiatly noticed how he would eye me up and down all the time. He started to deliberatly walk into my room or the bathroom and saw me naked several times the first month I was there. He would even come in my room as I slept and just stand and stare at me. As time went on he sort of manipulated me into modeling some clothes and my bathing suits for him. He is very much older than me but I noticed how it affected him and often could see he had an erection. He continued walking in on me but but I didn't seem to mind it that much. My thoughts at the time were that he was old and why not give him a thrill once in a while. After about three or four months went by I finally got a job but only worked three or four days a week. Walt had a few friends over to play cards or just have a few beers. They were all older men and were all veterans from the local VFW club. As time went on he would come right out and just say stuff like he wouldn't mind if I wanted to be in my underware or bikini or night gown. He was often in his underware and always told me to make myself at home all the time. I probably didn't realize that even though he was so old he still got sexually aroused many times. It was certain that he was trying to manipulate me into pleasing him but I really didn't mind and it kind of made me feel appealing. I began going around in my underware frequently and would come out of the bathroom with only a towel and ocassionally stay in the towel for a long time in the kitchen. I would pick things up or simply bend over knowing he was watching my every move. I began leaving my bedroom or bathroom door ajar so he could easily spy on me. Even when I did that he still would walk in if I were in the shower or naked in my bedroom. He never really apoligized when he did that and usually just said OOP's. The only time he ever apoligized was the first time he walked in my bedroom when I was masturbating. There were no locks on either of the bedroom doors or bathroom door and I never thought much of it since he lived alone for many years. In the summmer months I would parade around in front of his friends in my bikini and would often go in the kitchen with just a towel around me as they played cards. They would whistle at me often and make remarks about my body but never anything crude. From two of the chairs at the kitchen table my bedroom door was visible. If they were playing cards I almost always let them see me naked by leaving the door open just enough. It excited me as well and I began mastubating almost every day. One morning, about six months ago, it was still dark and I felt a hand on my breasts. I knew it was Walt but instead of stopping him I let him continue. He eventually touch my vagina but never tried to penetrate me. It did arouse me but I never moved the whole time. When he left my room he went back to his bedroom. I got up and went over by his door and knew he was masturbating just by the sounds. He's been doing it five or six times a month since then and its always very early in the mornings. I am a sound sleeper and he knew that, but when someone is feeling me like that it does wake me up. All the lights are out and I never let on that I know what he is doing. He has never tried to touch me any other time except once in a while he will smack my butt. I talk to him about sex sometimes and have told him I see him get erections when he is in his underware. He even blushes sometimes mostly when I tell him I saw him naked. He keeps a small chair in the bathroom that he puts in the shower stall when he takes a shower bucause of his missing leg. He has also told me that most of his friends like me and mention they have all have seen me naked at one time or another. I just tell him now that I already knew that and just wink at him. For the last few months instead of just walking in on me and leaving right away he stands looking at me and talking about something dumb. I don't even try to cover myself anymore and I'm sure he enjoys every minute of it. His friends come more often than before and he has even told me they like to see me because I cook things for them. I know thats not true and the only reason they come more often is hoping to see me nude or in my towel or bekini. I kid around with Walt and tell him he and his friends are all a bunch of dirty old men which he just laughs at. It may sound crazy but I like exposing myself to them and even more so to Walt. At times I can tell these guys are so aroused at seeing me they can't even speak right and sometimes nervous around me. Most of them are married and I'm sure that don't tell their wives about me. All of them are in their 60's or 70's and I never thought men that old could get so aroused. I guess I'm an exibitionist since I've learned to enjoy it so much aside from the fact that it makes me wet when I know they see me. Just watching them look at me is exciting. I have dated a couple guys and have sex at times but am finding it just as rewarding showing off for all the old men. I masturbate more than I should but right now it is my only sexual outlet. Aside from Walt sneaking in my room to feel me up, he has never tried to get me to have sex with him. I doubt if I would do it with him but have thought about masturbating him, but he has never asked or even hinted about it. I've told him I know he mastubates and it seems to embarrass him everytime I say it. He is a very nice man and I don't know why my grandmother and he devorced many years ago but suspect it was my grandmothers fault.

I am in college and live in a rented frame house. I watched a guy jack off in the alley behind a bar one night. I was mesmerized by how he stroked it. He saw me watching and turned towards me and jacked right at me until he grunted and spurt cum. Since then I looked for chances to watch guys jacking off and asked a guy in a bar to jack off for me. we went out back and into a dark alley. He jacked his hardon for a long time and he looked close when a car started down the alley and interrupted him. I felt badly and told him to take me home and he could finish there. I had him get nude and jack off for me on my living room couch. He spurt a big load of cum. Since then I have had a guy over almost nightly to jack off. Then older men would come to my door and offer me money to jack off in my livingroom. I let them in. The word had gotten out that A hard dick could be relieved in my house for a fee. I needed the cash. SO I decided to up the fee from 20 dollars to fifty dollars and I would strip for them as they jacked off. I got good at strip teasing and my clients had big cumloads for me. Soon I got tired of cleaning up cum so I decided to let them cum on me. The first man who I let do that was older, about fifty, and he got undressed and flopped out a beautiful ten inch cock. I told him how nice it was and I stripped for him as he jacked it. His balls slapped as he pumped and I asked him to jack faster so his balls slapped his ass. I lay down on my coffee table nude and told him to straddle me and bounce his balls off my belly. Soon he stiffened and began spurting long strings of cum all over me. I counted fifteen spurts. Each one spattered down on my chest and belly. I told him to come back every week for half price.

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