**Having an Orgasm Nude in Public**

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Mary calls me, she's in the living room looking at pictures of naked girls on her computer.  
  
I sit by her side, she can't help but eat my naked body with her eyes and gently touches my nipples lightly.  
  
I am naked in front of her all day since my only clothes allowed at home are my high heels and jewellery, but she never gets tired of my nudity, I am her living work of art.  
  
She shows me the website of an art gallery that displays photos of girls making love at the moment of their orgasm. The eroticism and sensuality that emerge from these snapshots are so arousing that I already feel wet, just looking at them.  
  
One of the models, a superb redhead, especially arouses me.  
  
We see her enjoying different positions in total abandon, her face expressing the extreme pleasure she feels in such a powerful way.  
  
I would like to be the redhead, facing this blonde biting her nipples, or on all fours getting me pierced by the hard sex of this young brown hair athlete who takes her from behind.  
  
I caress my breasts looking at the pictures, my fingers slipping between the damp lips of my pubic. Mary devours me with her eyes while a sweet wave of pleasure begins to invade me, I come.  
  
Mary asks me if I would like to pose for that photographer while having an orgasm.  
  
As a true exhibitionist, being photographed having an orgasm and knowing that my pictures could be seen by thousands of people is an invitation that I cannot refuse. I whisper to her a yes full of desire.  
  
Mary clicks on the page from the art gallery website that shows the photographer, a Russian named Dimitri, lying on the ground photographing underneath the beautiful redhead being impaled by the handsome brown athlete.  
  
Mary then tells me that she would like my photos to be more beautiful and daring than we look at. She wants me not to be photographed in the studio but having an orgasm naked in public.  
  
The proposal is even more exciting. I kiss Mary as she wriggles with pleasure at the idea of what awaits me.  
  
Without losing a moment, Mary writes an email to the photographer explaining her idea of shooting me naked while having an orgasm like his other models but in public.  
  
She attaches pictures where I can be seen having an orgasm on a beach surrounded by men, lying on the counter of a bar with wide-open thighs facing customers or doggy style on a stage during a rock concert.  
  
This morning, Mary received an answer from Dimitri, he is interested but wants to see me first and give me a try before giving his consent, he sets us an appointment at his studio tomorrow at 22:00. He also insists that my sex is to be perfectly shaved.  
  
The day after, Mary opens the bedroom curtains. The heat of the sun on my bare skin makes me purr with pleasure.  
  
I get up and go out on the terrace facing the garden where I stretch, arched back in front of the neighbour who is watering her flowers. She makes a hand gesture and smiles at me.  
  
Since I dared to get out naked out of Mary's car a few months ago to open the garden gate in front of the neighbours, the whole neighbourhood knows about my exhibitionist tendencies. Fortunately, we did not have a single even light adverse reaction.  
  
The postman, who had already seen me naked several times when coming home for parcels or registered letters, explained to those who asked him questions about me that I was doing this naturally as if I were dressed, that nothing was wrong with it.  
  
So I started getting nude out of the house to accompany Mary to the gate when she goes to work, to take care of the garden while chatting with the nearest neighbours or even with Jack and Mark, the local police officers.  
  
Shortly after my first exhibitions in our garden, they caught me naked while doing their round.  
  
I had not seen their patrol car arrive because of the music I was listening to in my Bluetooth headphones.  
  
I was cutting roses near the entrance gate of the garden dancing to the rhythm of the music. Once the roses were cut, rising up, I saw them both looking at me with unmasked pleasure.  
  
I knew them both pretty well since I lived with Mary, and the youngest of them, Jack had even invited me to go out with him.  
  
After a moment of surprise and fear, I realized that I was not risking anything with them and invited them to enter the house for coffee.  
  
Since that day, I have not had any fear of walking naked around the house in broad daylight.  
  
So it was natural for me this morning to stretch naked on the terrace in front of my neighbour Sophie while she was gardening.  
  
But let's go back to tonight's appointment. Mary reminds me of Dimitri's conditions and insists that my sex should be perfectly shaved.  
  
I sit on one of the chairs on the terrace, spreading my thighs in front of Sophie and telling Mary I'd like her to shave me here, in front of Sophie. Mary smiles at me, goes to look for foam and razor, and in front of Sophie who no longer gardened, she lovingly shaves my pretty mount of Venus offered to her expert hands and to Sophie's lust.  
  
I appreciate every minute of this erotic moment watching Sophie, who can't help but caress herself by not losing a second of the show.  
  
Mary pampered my body all day, not a single little hair resisted her.  
  
It is 21:30, Mary takes the car out of the garage, and I seat in, dressed in my only red high heels, my favourites.  
  
The windows are tinted, and therefore, there is no risk that anyone can see me during the journey to Dimitri's studio.  
  
Mary parks the car a hundred meters from the studio to put me in condition.  
  
To my disappointment, we walk to the door without meeting anyone. Mary rings, and the beautiful redhead from the pictures opens us.