**Hurricane Linzi**

by[**Hapaxlegomena**](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=2300779&page=submissions)©

Back in the 90s I found myself single, in my 30s and rattling around in a house that was definitely too big for one man and his music collection. When it became obvious that my girlfriend had definitely moved out (and moved in with one of my mates), the obvious thing was to get someone else in to share. I didn't want a friend to move in - I needed someone to chip in with the bills and whose rent would help with the mortgage, and friendships can go sour once there's a rental agreement in place. There was a university not too far away, so I contacted their accommodation office and, after a couple of minor improvements at my place, my spare bedroom was available to single postgraduate students.

I was living in what was technically a 3 bedroom house. The main bedroom, which I used, had an en suite bathroom. The second bedroom was a decent size, and there was a separate bathroom, plus what was optimistically described as a 3rd bedroom which I kept meaning to set up as a study but never quite got around to. Anyway, with a lock on the second bedroom my lodger got a decent amount of privacy plus their own bathroom, which was a pretty good deal.

I let the room to a postgraduate called Angela, who was a quiet, studious type in her mid 20s. She wasn't unattractive, but not really my type. We got on pretty well, though, and occasionally took turns cooking dinner for each other. A few weeks into the autumn term she asked if a friend could stay for the weekend and I said was fine with it. I set up a folding bed in the spare bedroom and I really wasn't expecting anything more than a bit of giggling, girly chat to disturb the peace.

Enter hurricane Linzi.

I came home on Friday evening and found that Linzi had already arrived and the two women were in the lounge. She was the complete opposite of Angela - she had left school at 17 and become a hairdresser, and was (I thought) loud and shallow where her friend was quiet and deep. She wasn't that much of a looker, although she made the best of what she had; frizzy auburn hair, smallish boobs and a slightly chunky body. She also had a loud voice and an extremely dirty laugh, which I heard a lot as they had already polished off a bottle of wine. I disappeared upstairs for a shower and the girls had a curry delivered, and while we ate it Linzi treated us to a detailed description of every pub and club that she'd got drunk in, which was basically every pub and club in her home town, although I did get slightly interested when most of her stories seemed to end up with her flashing her boobs or doing a streak.

Later on I let the girls talk me into going out for a couple of drinks with them, which inevitably turned into several drinks as Linzi kept wondering what the next pub would be like. True to her stories, she flashed her boobs extremely briefly in one of the pubs where we had a corner table and Angela dared her to do it - I saw almost nothing, but they were both in fits of giggles for about 20 minutes afterwards. As I suspected, she wasn't wearing a bra, but that was about all I got to see when she very briefly lifted her top. Shortly afterwards it was closing time, and while we were lurching home Linzi suddenly announced that she was bursting for a pee, squatted down, lifted her skirt and let go into the gutter. She wasn't wearing any knickers and I was treated to a nice view of her bare bum for a couple of minutes, before she stood up and carried on as though nothing had happened. "You still go commando, then?" said Angela, and Linzi replied that it made having a quick pee much easier and she also liked to feel the breeze. More giggling from the girls, and suddenly my cock was straining inside my jeans. I asked her if she always went knickerless and she replied that it depended on what she was wearing, but that usually did.

We eventually made it home and turned in, and as I drifted off with happy thoughts of the exhibitionist antics of a woman 10 years younger than me. It was probably just the drink, and she'd be mortified in the morning, but it had been fun and my sex life had been pretty much non existent for the last few months so it had put a smile on my face and a bulge in my jeans.

The next morning I woke up with a thick head and hoped I hadn't said or done anything too embarrassing the night before. I had a shave and a shower, pulled some clothes on and went down to sort out some coffee and maybe a bit of breakfast. The first thing I saw was a slightly dishevelled looking Linzi, stark naked with a towel over her arm, waiting to get into the bathroom. "Oops! I thought you had already got up and gone out!" she said, but didn't make any effort to cover herself up. "That's OK" I replied, and she said that I'd already seen it anyway, although it was my first glimpse of her neatly trimmed bush and I hadn't really seen much the previous evening. I asked her if she wanted coffee and headed downstairs. I heard the bathroom door open followed by more giggles from Linzi and Angela, who clearly were more amused than embarrassed. I decided that I could get used to this.

A bit later both girls came down, Angela fully dressed and Linzi in a baggy t shirt that came about halfway down her thighs, which I was pretty sure was the only thing was wearing. I drank my coffee with the kind of semi hard on that you get with a hangover, helped by the sight of Linzi's nipples pushing their way through her top. I had arranged to meet up with a couple of mates at the gym and the girls were going out shopping, so I didn't see them for most of the day.

The girls got back at about 5.00, and we decided to have pizza delivered. Linzi had bought a new pair of knee length boots that she wanted to try on, and while we were waiting she got them out of the box and - with a certain amount of effort - pulled the first one on. She was sitting opposite me, which meant that I got a perfect view up her skirt and yes, she was knickerless again. I enjoyed the view but thought that I should let her know how much she was showing. She wasn't fazed at all and explained that she hadn't brought any underwear with her. I replied that I was cool with that, just as long as she wasn't embarrassing herself, which got another dirty laugh - she was never embarrassed by nudity, either her own or other peoples', which Angela happily confirmed.

Linzi would usually be topless on a regular beach, nude on a topless beach and really wanted all her friends to get naked with her. The boots looked good on her and I told her so - her skirt was just below knee length, and knowing that she was bare underneath made the effect even sexier. She disappeared for a couple of minutes and when she came down she lifted the side of her skirt to show that she was now wearing grip top stockings as well. At this point I nearly came in my pants, and this time it was definitely a deliberate tease. Shortly afterwards the pizzas arrived, we ate and again went our separate ways, the girls to a party with one of Angela's student friends and I was off to the cinema with my usual crowd.

I was already drifting off to sleep when the girls got back at about 2.30, and didn't see either of them until the next morning. I was having a bit of quality time with the Sunday papers when Angela came down in her pyjamas and dressing gown and started sorting out some breakfast, and I was pleasantly surprised when Linzi came down about 20 minutes later completely starkers. She explained that she was normally naked at home, and hoped that I wouldn't mind, but after the last couple of days it seemed pointless to cover up any more. I managed to stay outwardly cool and said that it was OK with me. It was slightly surreal, with me fully dressed, Angela covered up in PJs and a dressing gown and Linzi completely nude, but she was so at ease that I soon got as used to it as was possible in the circumstances. Angela got dressed shortly after breakfast but, true to her word, Linzi didn't bother to put anything on and we sat around idly reading the papers, half watching the TV and occasionally chatting.

Linzi asked about sunbathing in the back garden, and I explained that it was reasonably private but I couldn't guarantee that nobody could see. It wasn't particularly warm - it was the kind of sunny October day that can be really nice if you're in a sheltered spot - but she did nip out for a few minutes just to feel the breeze on her skin, which also made her nipples extremely hard. At about 2.30 Angela put together a late lunch, and after helping with the washing up Linzi got her stuff together to go. I drove the girls to the station and got one more (probably accidental) up skirt flash in the rear view mirror. On the way back Angela said that she hoped Linzi hadn't been too over the top, and I said that while she was a real character I had enjoyed her visit, and that she would be welcome to come again. Angela seemed quite relieved, and told me that Linzi liked me and probably would visit again. I didn't say anything, but having a naked girl about the place was definitely something to look forward to.

**Hurricane Linzi Ch. 02**

It was a few weeks before Linzi's next visit, which came in early December just before the Christmas holiday. I had spoken to her briefly a couple of times when she rang Angela and I picked up the phone, and I had found out a bit more about her. I was looking forward to seeing her again, not in the expectation that she would want to shag me senseless (which I hoped for, obviously, but didn't seriously think was on the cards), but knowing that I would almost definitely get to feast my eyes on a naked female body again, which was good enough to be going on with. I had been on a couple of dates since the last time I saw her, but nothing much had happened. I also gathered that she had a friends with benefits arrangement with a hunky but dim garage mechanic who drank in her local, which meant that sexual frustration was unlikely to make her pounce on me.

Angela had also told me a lot about her during a couple of chats we had had had over that last few weeks. Her attitude to nudity was very uninhibited, and I found out that she had always been the same. Her family weren't card carrying nudists, but had a very relaxed attitude to nakedness at home. This had emerged when Linzi had stayed over for sleep overs with friends - she didn't have any conventional nightwear but used a long t shirt as a night dress, although she would sleep naked unless anybody objected. Everybody would usually be dressed at Linzi's house if they had visitors, but if her parents weren't around she would enthusiastically strip off at the drop of a hat, and invite her friends to do the same (although this didn't happen often).

Anyway, on this occasion it was just a brief overnight visit - she was very busy at the salon, so she would come over on Saturday afternoon and leave early Sunday evening. As it happened, Angela was also unexpectedly busy, so I picked Linzi up from the station. She was wearing a winter coat and the boots she had bought last time, and she gave me a friendly peck on the cheek as she got into the car. When we got back it turned out that she was wearing a jumper and a thick knee length skirt, which shouldn't have been too much of a surprise as it was a chilly day. When she pulled her boots off I got another up skirt flash, and she was wearing stockings and suspenders but was again knickerless. Her bush looked a bit fuller than last time, but clearly the drop in temperature hadn't encouraged her to open her knicker drawer. After a quick cup of tea and a catch up she disappeared upstairs to freshen up.

Shortly after that Angela came back and I wasn't too surprised when Linzi came downstairs in her birthday suit to greet her friend. In fact, I had made sure that the house was nice and warm just in case she needed a bit of subtle encouragement. Her bush was definitely thicker than the last time I had seen her, but still neatly trimmed around the edges. One of Angela's friends was having a party that night, and this time I was invited as well - there were a couple of single female postgrads who were also going to be there, and Angela had dropped a couple of hints about how she thought I'd like at least one of them.

It wasn't a typical student party at all, more of a wine and cheese type of affair with a lot of intellectual conversation. I had made polite small talk with Jo, the postgrad Angela thought I might hit it off with, but it quickly became clear that it wasn't going to happen. I felt at a bit of a loose end, and it was pretty obvious that Linzi did as well, especially as Angela was deeply engrossed in a conversation with a medieval historian who was built like a prop forward (I later discovered that he was actually a useful scrum half). After a while she came over to me clutching a bottle of wine and suggested that we go out into the garden for a while, which slightly surprised me as she didn't smoke, but I was glad to have an excuse to get away and went with her.

Once we were outside she asked me to keep an eye out, then squatted down over a grid and had a long and - from the sound of it - much needed pee. She told me that she couldn't be bothered to queue up for the bathroom and when I pointed out that there wasn't a queue she laughed and said that she preferred to pee outdoors if possible and anyway she wanted to escape from the party for a while. I was grateful both for an excuse to get away and for another view of stockings and her magnificently knickerless bum, so we were both happy. We lurked outside for a while, swigging wine and being sarcastic about the other people indoors, until the chilly evening got the better of us and we slipped back inside.

By now Angela had her tongue deeply down prop forward's throat, and when she came up briefly for air she told us that she would be going home with Matt that night - which Linzi seemed delighted about and urged her to be as dirty as possible with him - and said that she hoped we didn't mind. We slipped out of the party a bit later and made our way home via a pub or three.

Linzi was really happy for her friend in a way that made me like her more - when we talked about Angela it was clear that she had a real respect for her friend's intelligence and determination to make something of herself, but worried that she was missing out on a lot of fun while she did so. We chatted quite a bit as we went from bar to bar and it turned out that Angela had enjoyed her share of good times, although nowhere near as much as Linzi. Angela had always encouraged Linzi to be more outrageous and exhibitionist, not that she needed much encouragement, but would never go very far herself. Both girls seemed happy enough with the arrangement though.

One story which stuck in my mind was Angela daring Linzi to go to school knickerless. Linzi had never needed much prompting to take her knickers off, and when she got home from school they would be the first thing she took off, usually not putting any on again until the next day. On a few occasions when Angela had gone home with Linzi after school she had noticed this, and dared her to take them off before she got home. Over the next few weeks she did this regularly, at first nipping to the toilet after her last class and slipping them into her bag, then gradually getting more daring and stepping out of them wherever she thought she could get away with it, sometimes nipping behind a bush if she was walking home, occasionally slipping them off on the bus, and if all else failed stepping out of them just before she went in the back door to her parents' place - she was nearly always the first to get home in the afternoons.

Once a week the last class was swimming, so she got into the habit of simply not putting her knickers back on afterwards - Angela would usually shield her in the changing room so that nobody could notice. From there the dare escalated - her knickers would vanish in to her bag during the afternoon break, then at lunchtime, then at morning break. A couple of other friends had started joining in with the dare, and Linzi always felt the need to take it one stage further and one Friday morning headed out with a clean pair of knickers in her bag but none under her skirt. The other girls felt that she had won the dare, but Angela said that to win the dare properly she shouldn't have any with her at all. By now It was second nature to Linzi, and for several weeks of the summer term she would be knickerless from whenever she took them off on Thursday and for the whole of Friday and on at least one occasion until the following Monday. Angela, who had instigated all this, had never been knickerless outside as far as Linzi knew, and neither of the other girls who had joined in with the dare had managed a whole day knickerless, never mind a whole weekend.

By now Linzi was ready to leave school - thanks to Angela's encouragement she had stayed on in the 6th form, but by the end of the first year it was generally agreed that she would be better off starting work at a local salon and studying hairdressing on day release. Partly for her friend's benefit, Linzi chucked her last pair of school knickers in the bin and went knickerless for the entire last week of school. Aside from occasionally lifting the side of her skirt to prove to her friends that she wasn't wearing any, Linzi had not yet knowingly flashed anybody, and apart from a couple of her girl friends the only other person who knew about it was her mother. She didn't make a big deal out of it, though at the time she didn't know how long or how often Linzi had been going bare beneath her skirt. Linzi said that her mother would also go knickerless quite happily, but didn't do it that often.

As we made our way home, Linzi once again squatted down for a pee and I asked her why she peed outside so often. She said that she just preferred it that way and always had, and that going knickerless made it a lot easier. She avoided peeing anywhere that might be unpleasant for other people, like bus stops or phone boxes, and would usually choose somewhere where it would drain away easily. She also told me that she had mastered the art of peeing standing up, and if she was wearing a shorter skirt or dress could let go somewhere busy without anybody being any the wiser.

Not much else happened that night - we got home, I got an affectionate peck on the cheek and we went to our separate beds. The next morning I was up and nursing a mild hangover with some pretty good freshly ground coffee when Linzi finally surfaced. She came down naked but looked a bit uneasy when I told her that Angela still wasn't back. She accepted a cup of coffee and sat hunched up while she sipped at it. She asked me if she'd said or done anything embarrassing the previous night, and when I said that she'd been telling me about how she could pee standing up she flashed me a naughty grin and asked if I believed her. I said that of course I did, but she still led me to the back door, stepped outside and stood above the grid with her legs slightly apart and pushed her hips out a little. She peed as straight and accurate as any man, then dashed back in with rock hard nipples and a slight blush on her face. 'It was all true, what I told you last night,' she said, 'but I feel a bit weird without Angela here'. I told her that what she wore or didn't wear was entirely her choice, and that I hoped she would feel comfortable in my house.

She disappeared up to the bathroom for about 20 minutes for a shower, then came down still naked. 'It's how I'd be anyway, and you've seen it all before,' she said, 'but thanks for dealing with it so well'.Angela turned up a bit later, thankfully without her previous night's conquest, and the girls disappeared upstairs for a blow by blow account of the previous night's adventures. Shortly after that, Angela came back downstairs and suggested that we all went for a quick pub lunch before Linzi got the train back. Linzi reappeared, fully dressed for a change, and we all headed into town. Nothing much of note happened until we dropped Linzi off at the station - as we saw her off she hugged me more tightly than before and said that she was really looking forward to seeing me again - it may not sound like much, but it caused a definite bulge in my jeans and left me impatient for her next visit.

**Hurricane Linzi Ch. 03**

It was another few weeks until I saw Linzi again. On New Year's Eve I got a rather drunk and rambling call from her to wish me a happy new year, and following that we spoke on the phone about once a week. I was enjoying the benefit of getting rent from Angela but having the place to myself half the time, as things had got serious with her new boyfriend and she stayed over at his place 3 or 4 nights a week. Towards the end of January, Angela proposed a dinner party for her, the new boyfriend, Linzi and me. She and the new guy would take care of all the cooking, which meant an easy evening for me. I don't think she was trying to pair me up with Linzi, but she wanted her best friend and her new squeeze to get to know each other and my place was the best choice.

Anyway, I wound up collecting Linzi from the station on Saturday morning. She seemed pleased to see me, and we went for a coffee and a bit of a catch up before heading back to my place. She explained that she was going to be on her best behaviour while Matt was around, as flaunting herself in front of her friend's new boyfriend wouldn't be right. When we got back the happy couple hadn't turned up, so I got to enjoy a bit of naked Linzi around the house - she stripped off in the hall as soon as we got in, and as usual she hadn't bothered to put on any underwear that day. We sat around chatting and watching TV for a while, and amongst other things she told me that she really liked being the only one naked in company. I filed that thought away, but I already knew that she wouldn't be doing anything like that on this occasion.

She didn't have any tattoos or piercings, apart from her ears. At that time these were becoming increasingly mainstream, and when I asked her about it she admitted to having thought about getting something done but hadn't taken the plunge. She was also happy to talk about her pubic topiary, and said that she always shaved her legs and armpits, but tended to let her pubes grow in cooler weather and trim them when it was warmer. Surprisingly, she still hadn't gone for a complete shave or waxing, but was into the idea. Having that kind of conversation is always a turn on for me, but having it with a woman who happily lounged around naked while I was fully dressed took it to another level.

Angela and Matt were due to come around and get dinner together, so,she nipped upstairs and came back down in a surprisingly stylish purple dress that looked amazing on her. I had met her as a knickerless free spirit who liked a drink or five and happily peed in the gutter, but she was capable of looking and acting much more classy when she wanted to. Of course I knew that she was wearing nothing but the dress and a pair of shoes, which made things a bit more interesting.

Anyway, there's not much to be said about dinner. Angela and Matt turned up, got busy in the kitchen, served up a really good meal which was washed down with a couple of bottles of decent wine and it all went well. Linzi and Angela kept the conversation reasonably clean, which was a bit disappointing. I did get a nice upskirt flash when I dropped something under the table, followed by a vey knowing wink from Linzi when I came back up. Angela and Matt were going back to his place because he had a double bed, so I offered to do the clearing up.

When the happy couple had gone, Linzi said that she would give me a hand and slipped out of her dress - 'I don't want it to get messed up in the kitchen', she explained. She went to hang her dress up and I got started on the clearing up. A couple of minutes later and we were working in close proximity in the kitchen. Her nipples seemed to brush against me rather a lot, which caused some inevitable stirring in my boxers, and the next thing I knew she had unzipped my jeans, set my cock free and was sucking me off like a pro. I came in a couple of minutes (I was well primed) and she swallowed the lot before grabbing a glass of water and rinsing her mouth out.

'Feel better?' she asked, and I grinned and asked if she'd like me to return the favour. We went back through to the living room and she sat in an armchair. I kneeled in front of her and put her legs on my shoulders before I got busy with my fingers and tongue on her extremely wet pussy. She was already very warm and moist, and she was soon squirming and writhing and moaning like a porn starlet. I kept this up until she relaxed and slid her legs off my shoulders. We looked at each other and grinned, then went upstairs to my bedroom. We quickly cleaned up and brushed our teeth, then fell into bed together and had our first proper kiss - it's the only time I've ever had a blowjob (and gone down on the lady in return) before snogging. We fell asleep for a few hours tangled up in each other, and early the next morning I woke up for the first time in a good while with a hand on my cock that wasn't mine. Linzi was already awake and looking at me intently.

'You're a nice bloke with a lovely cock' she said, and I prepared myself for the inevitable 'but'. 'The thing is, we're only going to be fuck buddies if I carry on seeing you, are you OK with that? I don't want a serious boyfriend or any heavy emotional stuff.' Sometimes it's like Christmas and your birthday arrive together - although I'd come to like Linzi, I knew that we were never going to be soul mates, so this was music to my ears. I told her that it suited me too, although I waffled on about not being ready after my last break up rather than just admitting that I was more than happy to enjoy regular no strings sex for as long is it suited both of us. It was clearly what she wanted to hear, and she straddled me and guided me inside her.

Linzi loved going on top during sex. I've known plenty of women who enjoy starting off in that position, but usually want to switch at some point, I suppose for deeper penetration. Linzi happily stayed up there, one hand occasionally rubbing her clit and the other pinching her nipple. I pretty much let her do all the hard work, mainly keeping my hands on her arse, and eventually she came to a shuddering climax before sinking down on to my chest, which meant that I could thrust in a bit deeper and shoot my load.

We then had a shower together, and spent plenty of time soaping each other's nooks and crannies. It was still quite early in the morning when we lurched downstairs for a bit of breakfast, and Linzi's train was in the early evening, which gave us the best part of the day to do with as we pleased. I suggested heading out to pick up the paper and something for lunch, and nipped upstairs to get dressed. I came down to find Linzi in the hall wearing only her boots. She then put her coat on, wrapped a scarf round her neck and said that she was ready.

It was a few minutes walk to the shop, and I hadn't planned on driving. Linzi surprised me when she said she'd rather walk, as it was a chilly day, and she explained that she often went out naked under her coat unless it was seriously cold in the middle of winter. Once we got to the shop I picked up the Times and a couple of bits for lunch. While I was doing this Linzi had unbuttoned her coat and let it fall open with her back to the counter, while talking about whether she would prefer white or brown bread. Keeping up a normal conversation confronted with a stiff nipple and an attractive pubic thatch was a bit of a challenge, but somehow I managed to get what we needed without totally losing control.

'Your face was a picture! I'm going to have some real fun with you.' We were outside the shop and she had fastened her coat up and suggested that we pop into a cafe over the road before heading back. It was about half full, and we found a table to ourselves where we could sit next to each other. I pulled out the sports section, and Linzi guided my hand to a gap between the buttons of her coat where I could gently finger her. She sat there, looking totally composed but murmuring absolute filth - I quickly forgot about my team's performance the previous day (a goalless draw that could easily have been a humiliating defeat).

We headed back and took a slight detour through a park, where we found a quiet enough spot for Linzi to unbutton her coat completely and for me to finger her sopping wet pussy some more. Anybody passing by would just have seen a couple locked in a passionate embrace, not suspecting that Linzi was having her second or third orgasm of the morning with her tongue down my throat and her hand in my boxers. Linzi looked flushed as she did her coat back up, and we made our way back to my place.

As soon as we got inside Linzi's coat came off, my jeans came down and I took her from behind in the front hall, still in her boots. This time it didn't take long for us both to come, after which we collapsed onto the sofa together for a while before I put a pot of coffee on and got lunch together. True to form, Linzi stayed naked for the rest of the afternoon and we just chilled out together.

Eventually it was time to drive her back to the station. She sorted herself out and put on the skirt and top that she'd been wearing when I picked her up. I made a comment about her not really needing to bring anything apart from her toothbrush next time, and she grinned and said that she might just do that. When I dropped her off I got a final upskirt flash and kissed her on both sets of lips before she got out of the car. I didn't know what else was going to happen with Linzi, but I knew I was going to enjoy it.

**Hurricane Linzi Ch. 04**

Over the next few months Linzi came over to my place most weekends. Sometimes we would go out with Angela and her boyfriend, but we usually had plenty of time for some energetic shagging and Linzi got to indulge her exhibitionist streak. A complete blow by blow account would get pretty tedious, but there were a couple of memorable incidents as spring slowly emerged from a particularly dismal winter.

Maybe 2 or 3 weeks after we first slept together I picked her up from the station one Friday evening. She was wearing her coat - a stylish trench coat with a belt - and boots, and she had no luggage, only her handbag. Like a prize lemon I didn't really give this any thought until we were nearly back at my place. As I drove towards my house she loosened the silk scarf around her neck and unbuttoned her coat, revealing a lot of bare skin and a very stiff nipple.

"Well you said I'd only need my toothbrush!"

"Blimey! Is this something you do a lot?"

She took my hand and guided it between her legs.

"If I had any knickers on they'd be soaking."

I parked in the driveway, by which time Linzi had slipped the coat off her shoulders and was fully exposed in the passenger seat. She had told me before that she would sometimes go out naked under her coat, and had even done so with me one Sunday morning, but this was taking things a lot further than usual.

"If you don't frig me off now I think I'll explode!"

She was already wet enough that I could slide 3 fingers in and it only took a couple of minutes for her body to give a shudder and she said that we should go inside. Almost as soon as we were in through the door my jeans were round my ankles and we had a quick, frantic fuck on the living room floor.

A few minutes later, after we caught our breath, I had to ask about the amazing surprise she had just given me.

"So you really didn't bring clothes for the weekend?"

"Well I did bring along a little something as evening wear - I'll just nip to the bathroom for a minute or so."

She picked up her handbag and left the room, returning a minute or so later having put on a pair of black stockings and suspenders and thin gold chain around her waist. Her neatly trimmed pussy was nicely framed, and with her hair brushed and a touch of make up she would have turned heads even if she wasn't still essentially naked.

"I think this goes nicely with my boots, don't you?"

"You look good enough to eat!"

"Speaking of eating, shall we go out for dinner tomorrow night? I could really go for an Italian meal if you know of a decent place."

"Of course - were you thinking of doing some shopping tomorrow?"

"No, I have no intention of going home with anything more than I arrived with. Don't you like my evening look?"

"It's amazing, but..."

"In that case book us a nice table and don't worry about it."

I sorted dinner out - I'm no Jamie Oliver but I can do very passable curry when I put my mind to it - and Linzi took off her stockings and boots, electing to dine completely au naturel. She wandered out into the back garden for a little while, as it was a mild evening and it was still light outside, and I was treated again to the sight of her doing a standing pee down the drain in the evening light. I don't know if she realised I could see her, but I knew she wouldn't be bothered either way. She had a thing about peeing outside when she could, and although I'm not into water sports as such I always enjoyed seeing her empty her bladder in unexpected places.

I was intrigued by what she had planned for the following evening, and I was almost drooling at the thought. I quickly checked her bag and pockets while she was outside and there was no sign of any scrunched up piece of clothing. The scarf that she wore around her neck was nowhere near big enough to cover her up, although it might just have been possible to fashion it into a very skimpy top. Her coat was too bulky to wear indoors, and surely she didn't think she could get away with sitting at a restaurant table in just her birthday suit?

After dinner we chilled out with a couple of drinks in front of the telly. Between leisurely bouts of cunnilingus and general fondling and nibbling I asked a bit more about her uninhibited attitude towards nudity. To my slight surprise she didn't think of herself as a naturist and had never been to a naturist club or to a designated nude beach. She had been on a few holidays where the beaches were more or less clothes optional and really enjoyed it, but thought of naturists as humourless middle aged vegetarians whose idea of a good time was volleyball followed by a cold shower. At the time I hadn't had much direct experience of naturism myself, but I was hoping to find a willing partner. I had hoped that Linzi would be into the idea, but it looked like some persuasion might be needed.

The next morning I woke up with Linzi straddling my morning woody and she came twice before I shot my load - I'd love to say it was my technique, but she did all the hard work and I only lasted as long as I did because my balls were well drained from the previous night. While she disappeared into the shower I rang up and reserved us a table at Antonio's, a well loved local trattoria owned and run by former lorry driver from Manchester who was about as Italian as I was. After that the morning proceeded at a leisurely pace; I recommend having a naked young woman around the house as an antidote to boredom.

After lunch and watching the sports round up Linzi asked if I had a camera (digital cameras and camera phones were still a little way into the future). I was never much of a photographer but I had a serviceable Canon point and shoot that still had most of a 36 exposure film to use up. As I hoped, she wanted to try a bit of readers' wives style photography, and I was happy to oblige. I took a couple of quick nude snaps in the back garden, and then she suggested that we could go out for some fresh air. She pulled on her boots and put on her coat but only tied the belt, leaving the buttons undone.

"It's a proper flasher mac, so I'm going to be a flasher this afternoon. I hope you can keep a steady hand!"

"I'll try my best!"

We started off just in front of my house as a trial run. Linzi stood by my car and, once I said I was ready, opened her coat and flashed the goodies. It seemed straightforward enough, so we headed around to the local park and got two or three more nice shots, including a couple with people in the background.When I got them developed one of those first few photos turned out really well and the others were all OK, but there was nothing especially daring yet.

We moved on to a footbridge that crossed the railway track and would take us into town. I got a couple of really good ones here, as it was reasonably quiet and we would have been able to hear if anybody was coming up in enough time not to be totally busted, although I think what we were up to would have been pretty obvious. Once she had her coat open Linzi didn't need to close it again in a hurry and was able to concentrate a bit more on posing, which she was clearly enjoying. For one of them she squatted with her legs apart and lightly fingered herself, which is one of the horniest sights I have ever seen.

We then headed towards the town centre to try some more risky shots. Just after we had crossed the bridge we came to a phone box which seemed like a good opportunity, and Linzi posed holding the door open - we were now on a residential street so she could have been seen from one of the houses (and probably was) or by a passing car, although we weren't aware of anybody noticing what we did.

As we came into the town centre things became a bit more challenging, partly because there were more people around and it was difficult to be discreet. Linzi had no desire to get into trouble, so any flashing had to be very quick, and taking photos in the street could draw attention even without any skin being on display. These days nobody bats an eyelid if you take pictures on your phone in the frozen food aisle of a supermarket, for example, and I've managed to get a good number of flashing photos in all kinds of locations on my trusty Samsung, but back the 90s it wasn't so easy. Anyway, our first couple of attempts - in a shop doorway and by the 'pay and display' sign in a car park came to nothing, either because it was just too busy or because people were helpfully waiting for me to take the picture before they walked past.

After a bit of a re-think we managed a few crafty flashing shots among the shoppers. The town centre isn't much to write a home about, but a handful of old buildings had survived the developers and there were still a few nooks and corners that could be considered photogenic. Probably the most daring was when she sat on a bench in front of Marks and Spencer and I crouched down for a low angle photo. She opened her legs and I got a great shot of her bare pussy just outside the country's number one knicker retailer. There was a narrow passage between two buildings that also worked well for us - it wasn't wide enough for two people to pass, so she didn't have to worry about anybody coming from behind and could see if anybody was approaching over my shoulder. As it happens an older couple did come into the passage behind me as I took the shot - I don't know how much they saw but Linzi said she got a very cheeky grin as they walked past.

After an hour or so we decided to head back the way we came. When we got to the footbridge Linzi decided that we should get a few more snaps there, and when we were on the bridge and had it to ourselves she removed her coat completely and struck a few very provocative standing poses like a professional porn starlet. I suppose it only took 2 minutes at the most, but it was incredibly exciting for both of us and when she put her coat back on washed back to my place for another frenzied quickie.

Once we had caught our breath she decided that it was time to get ready for the evening and disappeared into the bathroom for a lengthy session of whatever it is that ladies do to get themselves ready for a night out. My own preparations consisted of digging out a not too badly creased shirt, a pair of chinos and brown leather loafers - not exactly Mr Stylish, but smart enough for Antonio's. I then had plenty of time for a mug of tea and some quality time with the telly, before Linzi came down looking good enough to eat in her black stockings and suspenders, gold chain round her waist and nothing else.

"Shall we go? I'll just put my boots on."

"OK."

I put my jacket on, Linzi put on her coat and picked up her handbag and off we went. It only took about 10 minutes to drive there, but all the time my mind was buzzing and my cock was twitching (I was going commando, as I generally did when out with Linzi). As we entered the restaurant, she excused herself and headed to the ladies toilet. A couple of minutes later she emerged, spotted where I was sitting and took off her coat and handed it to the waiter to hang up. She was wearing one of my best shirts, a blue Ralph Lauren that had been a Christmas present a couple of years back. It looked a lot better on her than it ever did on me - she had rolled the sleeves up to the elbows, used her gold chain as a belt and done up just enough buttons to be decent. She walked over, flashing her stocking tops with every step but not quite showing her pussy, and before she sat down leaned over to kiss me, giving me a clear view of her tits. I don't know how much anybody behind us saw, but she had already turned a few heads.

"I hope you don't mind me borrowing this, but I didn't have anything else to wear!"

"You look amazing!"

"I had to scrunch it up a bit to get it in my bag, but it was only for a little while."

"Did you go into one of the cubicles to put it on?"

"I'm afraid so, I was tempted to put it on standing in front of the mirror but I bottled out at the last minute."

"The night is still young..."

For the next couple of hours we enjoyed a very pleasant Italian meal - "Antonio" may have been a Mancunian trucker but he was sensible enough to employ a very talented chef from Perugia in the kitchen. The service was attentive, no doubt helped by the waiters getting a perfect view of Linzi's bare tits down the shirt she was almost wearing, and probably a generous expanse of thigh above her stocking tops as well. For once she went easy on the drink, only having a couple of glasses of wine, and was quite ladylike if you overlooked the amount of skin she was showing.

Finally, it was time for coffee, a brandy for Linzi (I was driving so I just had a cappuccino) and the bill. I got one of the waiters to take a couple of photos of us (I wanted to use up the film and get it developed), which he seemed more than happy to do, especially as he almost certainly got a glimpse of pussy. I had already dared Linzi to change in the main area of the ladies' toilet, and to hand me my shirt back before we left, so while I was settling up she got her coat and disappeared for a minute or two. She then reappeared with the belt on her coat tied but the buttons still undone, and had my shirt in her hand. She passed it to me, thanked me for letting her wear it and we left, aware that half the people in there knew exactly what was going on. As we headed across the car park she undid the belt on her coat and let it fall open, and stayed like that in the passenger seat as I drove back.

On the way home told me that the evening had been even more enjoyable than she expected. She also told me that one of the cubicles in the ladies was occupied when she went in to slip my shirt off, which made it a bit more exciting, and that another slightly older woman came in just as she was putting her coat on. The other woman just said that she hoped I enjoyed the sexy treat Linzi was about to give me, and that she had done the same thing herself before and it had always worked well.

We were both still buzzing when we got home, and ended the day with a third energetic bout of horizontal jogging on my sofa.

Linzi had to leave the following morning, so after a quick breakfast I drove her to the station. There were still 3 exposures left on the film, so I suggested that we leave early and try to get a few more flashing photos. As it was Sunday morning before the shops opened it was pretty quiet around the town, so I was able to get a good shot of her flashing under the 'pay and display' sign and a couple on the platform, the last one just as the train arrived.

That weekend had been the high point of my sex life so far, and even more than 20 years later it's still close to the top of the pile. There were more adventures to come with Linzi, and at some point I will write about the more memorable occurrences, but that was an incredible couple of days of flashing and fucking.