**I have always been an exhibitionist**

I have always been an exhibitionist. At the youngest age, my mom said I walked out into groups of relatives with no clothes on. By the time I was 10, I had perfected the 'oops' routine. I would make sure that I was taking a shower when my parents had friends or relatives over. I would walk out into the hall between the bathroom and my bedroom and just as I got to the part of the hall visible from the living room, I would shriek and drop the towel that was covering me. I would then pretend to be mortified and would stand up stark naked before I reached down for the towel so I could cover myself. I later added a part where I was so ashamed that I stood there for several seconds before reaching for the towel.

I started to notice which of my relatives were shocked and which were interested. Of course uncle Bob was interested. He was always having me sit on his lap, which, I noticed, had a bulge in it. The observation which took until I was 13 to realize was that my mother wasn't shocked. She looked and smiled, but didn't look like she disapproved. It was several 'oops' incidents after that that I started to understand. My mother had performed the same scene when she was young. That she showed this to me as her daughter was hard to understand until I realized that she probably wasn't able to express her sexual desires openly to me.

Before I go on to explain what happened as I got older, let me describe the state of my body at 10. My tits were just nipples. My pussy was clean and hairless. I'm not sure what I thought I was showing to the audience, but I enjoyed doing it.

The same routine went on when I was 11. When I turned 12, I noticed a change. My nipples had started to move slightly away from my chest. I then played with my nipples just before my walk down the hall. The erect, but small nipples were my first 'upgrade'.

I didn't start standing up for more than a second in 'public' until I had noticeable round mounds with nipples that stood out when I was cold. I started caressing my chest, giving special care to my nipples. If I pinched them and flipped at them with my fingers, they stiffened. I noticed that my areolae became smaller as their soft skin was squeezed up into my stiffened nipples. After I accidentally dripped ice water onto my thin T-shirt, I noticed two effects. My nipples got larger and stiffer quickly and they were easily seen through my shirt. I would need to remember this for picnic outings.

My pussy was baby soft and covered with short, silky blonde hair. I knew more hair would grow there, but I wasn't sure exactly when it would happen to me. It felt very good to wash it with slippery hands and I started to spend more time making sure it was very clean. I cleaned the slit by using a finger to slide in and rub back and forth. This felt amazing. My sister was always yelling at me to get out of the shower, but, as I know now, she must have known what I was doing.

We had a swimming pool, and as I got older this offered many opportunities for my exhibitionism and my test of who was really interested in me and for what reasons. I arranged for my bikini top to be loosely tied so it came off when I dived. As I came up, I was obviously shocked, but it took me awhile to find my top and put it back on. It was then easy to arrange for my bottoms to come off as well. As I climbed out of the pool and shockingly realized that I was naked, I then searched for my bikini. This took many seconds.

I expected shock and reprimands, but instead saw smiles. Uncle Bob wasn't the only one who appreciated my show. I noticed that my parents invited the same relatives over when I had an opportunity to put on my show. When relatives who shouldn't see the show were over, my mother made it clear to me that I wasn't to shower or use the pool. I was smart enough to understand the difference between the two sets of relatives and interested in how much my mother knew about what I was doing.

When I was 14, and my breasts were more obvious, I added to the act. I would drop the towel, shriek, and then put one hand over my pussy and the other over one tit. I then alternated which tit I was covering so any attention I got was going back and forth between my tits. I was surprised to see that none of my relatives were shocked. They all seemed to enjoy my act.

My tits by now had grown to a size where I needed to cover them with a cupped hand. My nipples were obvious in almost anything I was wearing that wasn=t for winter. My areolae were visible if my top was thin enough. I began to imagine what it would feel like to have someone else touch them.

My pussy by this time was just as soft as before, but some of that softness came from the silky covering of light blonde hair which was growing thicker. I had fully discovered the pleasures of running my fingers around my slit and pussy lips in many different ways with different speeds and pressures. I also discovered that if I caressed and rubbed for long enough and in just the right way, a beautiful feeling came over my body and my thoughts. I also wasn't keeping my sister out of the shower, since I did this in my bed.

My 'oops' act had changed and so had my swimming pool act. I needed to be sure everyone knew about my newly found and more obvious womanly features. I now had both pieces of my bikini come off for each dive as before, but then I walked around the pool leisurely as I was looking for the parts to my bikini. At one point my relatives even clapped for my performance. I then realized that I wasn't fooling anyone.

From 14 to 16 big changes were happening. My tits were no longer covered by my hands. I could, of course, cover the exciting parts of my tits with a cupped hand, but half squeezed out to the sides. The hair on my pussy got thicker and turned into a darker blonde.

Just to see how sexy my act could get and not elicit objections, I added wiggling to my acts. The bathroom to bedroom routine included me turning back and forth a few times so my tits would move side to side. They didn't flop around; they were too firm for that. (As they got bigger, I learned that this was the effect many women wanted - real tits that stayed up but moved seductively when their body moved.) The swimming pool routine now included getting on my knees so I could see into the pool better and bending over at the waist so I could look more closely.

When I turned 16, I was invited to a family meeting. It started with my mother explaining that they all knew that I was intentionally showing off to them. Then, each of my relatives told me how much they enjoyed my shows and which part was their favorite. My mother liked my tit shows the best. She was proud that I had beautiful, soft, erect tits. She told me she was sure I would very soon inherit her amazing tits that needed both hands to cover. She was frustrated that she couldn't touch them. My father was just fascinated by my hot youthful body. I had become so used to having him see my body, that this didn't seem creepy at all. I was pleased that he could finally be open about it. The rest of the uncles and aunts were happy with my act in other ways. My Uncle Bob especially liked it when I bent over to pick up my towel and flashed him a good view of my rose bud. I wasn't as shocked as I should have been because I think I saw this coming. My sister was away at college. I would need to wait to get her evaluation.

I then asked what this revelation meant. We all knew that I enjoyed showing them my body and that they enjoyed seeing it. They said that I was invited to a gathering at the family cabin on 4 acres of forest land. This was to happen in a few days. No new family member was invited until they were at least 16 and had shown that they weren't going to be offended. My mother and father then prepped me for the gathering. I had already performed for all of them. The difference this time would be that all of us were aware that we were all in on the show. I understood that this would be different than showing myself and pretending that they didn't know. As nervous as I was, I realized that I didn't really need to do anything different than I had already done (or so I thought).

When we arrived at the cabin, we all took our clothes off and put them on shelves in a closet. This was a bit too fast for me, but as I looked around, I began to enjoy it. My parents were hotter and sexier than I thought they could be. I mean, who thinks of their parents as being sexy? My mother had beautiful large erect tits that I later found to be soft to the touch and a pussy that was beautiful and moist. My father=s dick was thick and long. I guess I had been accustomed to having them see me naked with other relatives looking on so it wasn't difficult for me to become comfortable. The big surprise was my aunt Mary. I couldn't believe she hid all that hotness under her clothes. Both my uncles and my father had 8" - 10" dicks which were erect as soon as they saw me naked. My other aunt took her time undressing, but the wait was worth it. She had breasts that even two hands couldn=t cover and a beautifully shaved pussy.

Now that we were all there, what next?

Next seemed boring and routine. We discussed meals, cleaning, and other chores - all to be done naked, of course. The cabin area had a grass field the size of a tennis court, a sauna, outdoor showers, easy access to a pool in the river, and paths to forest hideaways. This routine could become interesting.

I didn=t notice until later that the toilet facilities were also different. The outside toilets were open for all to see. The toilet facilities in the cabin had options. There were open toilets and showers in the family-living-recreational room. This room was the lower half of the cabin. There were also private toilets accessible from the upstairs bedrooms - some still wanted to have unnoticed times.

I immediately wondered about the sleeping arrangements. We each wrote our names and who we would like to be paired with (at least 3 choices each) on a piece of paper and put them in a box. The box was then taken by my father. He spent some time writing down the results and then announced to us the results. The sleeping arrangements weren=t entirely individual or personal since there were two queen-sized beds in each small room which 4 people shared. Since there were 8 of us, we would be in 2 rooms. (There were plans to remove the wall between the 2 bedrooms just to make it more communal, but that hadn’t been done yet.)

Maybe I should list the horny, incestuous, relatives that were there:

Four uncles and aunts:

Bob, my mother=s brother and his wife Mary.

Mitzi (yeah, I know, but that was her name), my father=s sister, and her husband Hezekiah (opposites attract? I=m sure now that he wasn=t as orthodox as I thought he was.).

Parents:

Mom (sorry, but that=s her real name to me)

Father ? (at least he convinced her he was - I didn=t know why there was any doubt.)

Siblings:

Me

My sister, sis (again, that=s her name to me) She was 18 and would return from college tomorrow.

Now, to another interesting part. After we had a snack, we all played volleyball on the lawn. (Watching the balls and dicks bounce up and down was, of course, most interesting to me, but the men enjoyed watching the tits bounce. Each of us had a different way to be distracted.) I have no idea who won, and, obviously, I don=t really care.

After, we all took a shower. This was a communal outside shower. We were all looking longingly at each other=s naked attributes, but there was no embarrassment since we were all in on the same game. I found myself looking at my aunts= and my mother=s pussies and tits equally. How could that be? Wasn’t I supposed to have a boyfriend?

I began wishing I could have more intimate time with each of them. (What would I do with intimate time with my mother? with my sister? with my aunts?) I found out in the next few days at the camp.

The sleeping lottery came out as follows: (I think the lottery was rigged by my father.) All pairings were as mixed as was possible with 5 females and 3 males.

In the bedrooms:

West bedroom:

Bed 1: Father and Mary

Bed 2: Sis and Hezekiah

East bedroom:

Bed 1: Bob and Mitzi

Bed 2: My mom and me (ok, I liked it)

The first night was getting used to the lottery=s choices.

My mom cuddled with me and talked about how much she wanted to explore my body and get closer to me. I told her I felt the same. We began to snuggle and wrap our arms around each other. She said she always wondered if I had inherited her breasts and easily juiced cunt or my non-sexy aunt=s small nubbins and dry cunt. Since she already had the answer for my breasts, she asked me if she could touch me and judge for herself. At this point, after having my body up against hers, I was not going to say no. As her fingers explored my pussy, I used every bit of mental strength I had not to cum right away. It had always taken some time to cum when I stimulated myself, but this was very different. She caressed me lovingly and explored every part of my wet areas. (More than my pussy was wet. It was hot and I was sweaty.) She gently took my clit between her thumb and index finger and sucked on it passionately alternating with flipping her tongue back and forth. She then pulled back my luscious wet labia and revealed my piss hole and inner depths. She took each side of my labia and opened the hole as much as she could. Her tongue then tried to enter my piss hole and wiggled around in it until I was begging for mercy. She gave me none.

I saw her head disappear from my sight and felt her tongue on my asshole. It had never been touched before by anything other than my fingers when I was washing myself and the occasional exploratory finger which caressed and explored with a shallow insertion. This was too much. I oozed fountains of cum. She came up and sucked every bit of cum I had from my sweet, wet hole which was wetter than it had ever been and licked every drop I had spilled on my body and the bed. She then told me she wasn=t done - she hadn=t thoroughly explored every hole. I told her she needed to give me a little time to rest and mentally absorb what had just happened. She said we could sleep on it and see what happened the next day. (I think she knew she was lying.)

I didn’t realize how predatory she was (I mean horny) until later that night. My sexual dreams (What other kind could I have at this point?) were very different from what they had been. I dreamed of my mother and sister and me having a hot 3-way lesbian lick-fest. Until now I had never thought of my sister this way. I even dreamed of connections I had never even thought of. I was in a circle on the floor with my mother and sister. Each of us had our heads and tongues embedded in the sweet moist area of the one in front of us. We explored every opening we had. I had never licked a girl=s asshole before, but in my dream, I was an expert. We would switch positions so we were licking and being licked by every combination there was.

Then - reality. I slowly, in a mental fog, came out of my sleep. I was in a 69 position with my mother. I looked up and saw my mother=s pussy and asshole very close to my face. I was licking and sucking voraciously. I forgot, on purpose, I think, that this wasn=t a dream. Why didn=t I know that I had these desires and abilities? At this point my mother sensed a change in my awareness and said to me, AIsn=t the real thing better than any dream?@ This brought me even closer to having to accept consciously what I was doing. At this point I didn=t care whether what I was doing was in a dream or in reality. I think I said something like, A Slurp, slip, sploosh, suck me more.@, but maybe some of that was sound and not words.

We switched to a face-to-face position and started the most amazing make-out session I have ever had. As our tongues explored each other=s mouths, we sucked and drank every bit of juice that was on the other=s lips. Her juice was sweet ambrosia. I had never tasted anything like it before. Some of my juice which was coming from her mouth ran down her cheeks. I licked up every drop. I then started to lick her neck and breasts. The sweat from our encounter was more amazing than I ever thought sweat could be.

When I got to her pussy, I expected hair. What I got was smooth and very sensual. I didn=t care if I had never done this before, because my dreams were my instructors. I licked around her pussy and then flicked my tongue between her lips. She was already moist and open. I stiffened my tongue and thrust it into her pussy. I withdrew my tongue and gently flicked it on her clit. She thrust her pussy into my mouth, which told me I should do it again. I didn=t really care if she wanted it again, because I wanted to do it again. She then squirted me in the face as she was moaning and writhing around. She licked all the juices from my face and hugged me very tightly.

She told me she had never cum that hard and fast before. I think being her daughter who had come out of her pussy made the difference.

I thought I was going to be able to sleep, but my mother had other plans. She roughly turned me over and lifted my ass up. She got behind me on her knees and started to lick my pussy. She reached under my body and cupped my tits in her hands. There was no way I wanted to sleep now. As she was licking my pussy, I noticed that her hands were becoming much more aggressive towards my tits. She squeezed them hard and pinched my nipples. I never thought I would like pain, but this wasn=t painful, it was sensational. I had never known my nipples to be this erect before.

She was alternating between fast licking and gentle licking on my clit just as I had done with her. I then noticed that her tongue flicks were going more and more towards my asshole. Why the hell did I notice that? After a few minutes, I only noticed how good it felt. I never knew how sensitive my taint was until it was being licked. (More men should discover this area.) After I moaned and raised my ass up as far as I could, she realized I wouldn=t care if she licked my asshole. (Her explorations of my asshole must be added to another story.) I came harder than I ever thought possible.

After we were exhausted, we embraced and immediately fell asleep.

The next morning we looked at each other in a fog, and then realized it really happened. I had never been this close to my mother before and wondered if I could get this close to others in my family. Other stories will tell.

**Always an exhibitionist part 2**

My college sister came to the camp. We went to meet her as she arrived in her car. We, of course, were all naked. As she got out, she looked around until she saw me. She let out a “whoop !” and ran to meet me. Her arms wrapped around me and her hands cupped my butt cheeks. We then kissed very passionately for at least a couple minutes. As we came out of our embrace, we looked sheepishly at the others around us. We had been in our own world for a bit there. All the “normal” greetings were exchanged, but in our case that included much deep kissing and hugging males with erections. Sis met these males with a “how do you do” shake of their penises.

Sis then came with all of us into the cabin. As she undressed and put her clothes on a shelf in the closet, we all sat on the floor and appreciated the show. We decided that now was a good time for a picnic lunch on the lawn. We had already prepared it, so all we needed to do was carry everything out to the picnic area. We preferred to be on blankets and stayed away from the tables, but someone had spread a huge parachute on the grass. That allowed all of us to be on the same blanket.

As the sandwiches and drinks were passed around, various combinations formed. I looked up at sis a few times and saw that she couldn’t wait until she had a time to be with me. At one point, mom, sis, and I were lying together. We snuggled, groped, kissed, and caressed. Again we forgot about the others, so we sat up to continue normal conversation. Then we saw that all the others were in groups of two or three enjoying their collective bodies. We decided (well, not so much decided as just went for it) to continue our family lesbian orgy.

If two of us were together, 69 was one of the obvious solutions as well as front to front make-outs, but there were three of us. Experimenting with various tangles of bodies was exciting. If I was licking mom’s pussy, sis was licking her ass. I think we enjoyed pleasuring her together. Then mom and sis would pleasure me at the same time. Sometimes we just grabbed for whatever we could of one another and began to lick or suck.

I have no idea how long this went on, but each of us had more than one orgasm and had licked juices from each other’s faces.

Uncle Bob, then said, “Let’s get Danica (sis) settled in the cabin.” We all moved to the large meeting room downstairs. There were a few huddled conversations before we got together to make changes. Since it was obvious to most, the decision was to have sis and me share a bed and mom and Hezekiah share a bed. Mom hadn’t shared a bed with Hezekiah yet on these outings, so this would be new to her. After that decision, we adjourned to the bedrooms to nap with our partners. Mom and Hezekiah were in the room with dad and Mary. Mom and dad really enjoyed seeing each other with different people, so they were both pleased with this arrangement. Sis and I were in the room with Bob and Mitzi. This pleased Bob because he always lusted after us even when we were young.

“Nap” wasn’t on our agenda and after we had talked for five minutes, we were asked to find another talking space. We left for the back storage shed with several sleeping bags for a soft place to sit (and they might not find us for awhile). I asked sis about her past experiences at the camp and she asked me about my experiences so far. She was excited about how mom and I had licked, kissed, sucked and generally made love.

As we were talking our hands started to caress each other’s legs. We moved closer to each other. We looked at each other and after awhile noticed that we weren’t talking. Our hands started caressing thighs and moved to caressing sides. We moved up and put our arms around each other and began to kiss. While we were kissing passionately and deeply, our hands moved down to asses and thighs. Sis pushed me gently to the floor and lay on top of me. She moved up so her breasts alternated being sucked. I cupped each tit while it was in my mouth. She was smooth, soft, beautiful, sexy. She rubbed her legs in between mine and writhed around so our bodies touched almost everywhere. When her leg rubbed against my pussy, I flipped her over so I was on top and had her suck on my tits. I rubbed my leg against her wet opening. She wiggled around and flipped us again until we were in a 69 position and began to play with my labia. Her pussy was right above my mouth and I couldn’t wait to lick it. I gently licked her moist lips and flicked the tip of my tongue on her clit. I sucked on her lips and clit, thrust my tongue inside to lap up her juices. She was squirting so I put my mouth over her pussy and drank. I used her pussy to wipe her juices all over my face. She rolled off me and came around to lick my face and kiss. She then rolled over so we were next to each other.

She said, “I have never had an experience that intense with a girl. I had to stop since I couldn’t lick and be licked at the same time and enjoy both. Now it is your turn.” She told me to sit up on my knees and she would scoot under so her face was just below my pussy and I could play with her tits. She pleasured me like I had pleasured her, but she knew a few more moves. As she licked my clit, she spread my lips and probed my moist cave. As the licking got more intense, she thrust her fingers in more vigorously. As I was getting close to cumming, she pulled her fingers out, flicked my clit rapidly, and then sensually slowly until I was close, flicked quickly again and then slowly. As I was getting close to cumming a third time, I screamed, “Don’t stop.” She then relieved my blissful tension until I drenched her face.

We lay next to each other and gently kissed and licked. I kissed her eyelids and licked her chin. She kissed me on the tip of my nose and then slowly moved the tip of her tongue in my ears. We started to slow down and just held each other. I whispered, “I have never had an experience anything like that. Boys made me feel good, but I rarely came. This was a truly amazing experience for me, but you must have had many like this.” She replied, “No way. I have enjoyed girls and boys, but **we** helped each other feel something well beyond anything I’ve felt before.”

“When I knew I was coming to camp and that you would be here, I started having odd feelings and daydreams. I kept seeing you smiling and us holding hands while we talked. I remembered times as we were growing up when I felt better when you entered a room. We would smile and talk. I would fill you in on the emotional and physical trials of being my age and you would remind me about what it was like being your age. I never thought it was weird that I could tell you intimate details of my sexual experiments beginning with sharing how it felt to masturbate. I remember thinking I’d like to teach you how to masturbate, but I couldn’t think of a way to start.”

At that time mom, Mary and dad entered the shed. We don’t lock doors at camp. I was relieved that they just found us talking. Mom announced that when they couldn’t find us, dad remembered times he had had in the shed and so they checked here. It was time for dinner. (What the hell!, that much time couldn’t have passed.)

We walked back to the cabin. I think everyone noticed that sis and I were holding hands and our faces were glowing with very unsisterlike expressions. Dinner was outside since the summer light was still good and the parachute was still there. Conversations were as to be expected. Everyone was interested in how sis’s college year had gone, etc. The rest was all mundane family talk. If any of our relatives were useless or blind, they might not have seen the way Danica and I looked at each other.

The evening activities were then planned. Blah, blah, blah. Sis and I just looked at each other and ignored the rest. Whatever activities were planned, we arranged to have us be together. Some of the group could play instruments and sing, so we were to have a show and some participation. The guys decided on a show with just them as actors. We girls were going to have a masturbation contest. The winners would the one who came first and the one who lasted the longest. The guys would be close to the action to make sure we did a good job. Sis and I decided we’d stay for these activities and then go off on our own.

The singing and music were OK, but no one in the group was really talented. The highlight of the men’s show was when they had a sword fight with their erect dicks. Then we were on. I won the “who came first” award, I suppose because I didn’t have years of experience. Aunt Mary lasted the longest. We finally told her she had already won and she would get help cumming. Bob, father and Hezekiah went to work on her licking her pussy and her asshole and sucking on her tits. She lasted 3 more minutes. We all clapped.

Something else was planned, but sis and I had plans of our own. Sis knew about an attic room above the bedrooms. We thought we were sneaking up there, but when we turned around to check on the others, mom gave us a thumbs-up and a big smile. The attic room was small and very well warmed since all the heat from below rose to it. There was a stack of blankets in one corner so we spread them on top of each other to make a soft place to lie. We lit the candles that were in each corner of the room, which told us that this room had been used before. This was perfect – my beautiful, sexy sister, a dimly lit room and little chance that we would be interrupted – our mother seemed like she would be willing to divert anyone’s attention from where we were.

We began, of course, with long passionate kisses. Our hands were all over each other’s bodies. Our lips were all over each other’s bodies. Sis showed me some pleasures I hadn’t even dreamed of. After licking and kissing my pussy to orgasm, she turned me over and lifted my ass up. She then very gently licked my ass, savoring every taste, stuck her tongue into my asshole, took it out and licked my ass again. Then she thrust her tongue as deeply as she could into my ass, brought it out and flipped me over and kissed me deeply. That was the first time I had an orgasm and my pussy hadn’t even been touched.

I rolled her over on her back and pushed her legs back towards her head. I dove into her pussy and licked and kissed forcefully. I rocked back and forth thrusting my tongue in and out. I started to alternate between her pussy and her ass. Tongue thrust in pussy, tongue thrust in ass, tongue thrust in pussy - until she pushed her hips up into my mouth, screamed and fell to the blankets breathing heavily.

We collapsed back onto the blankets and snuggled into each other’s arms. We both went into a dream state while holding each other tightly. We didn’t really sleep. We had dream sex. We had the same dreams. I think they were real.

In what I suppose was the morning, mom came in. She sniffed the air and said, “Smells like something I should bottle and sell. Could you girls do this again so I can market it?” She laid down next to us, put her arms around us, kissed us and then said, “I was hoping you would find out that you were the best lovers you were ever going to find. You may not totally believe that now, but I think you can see that I am right.” Mom joined us in groggy, sleepy, morning sex.

That day when we had our group meeting, sis and I declared our love for each other and our intention to stay together. I was able to go to college early due to my grades, etc. I transferred mid-year to sis’s college and was able to share a room with her. We had fun with boys. One of us would entice a boy to come to our room – like that was difficult. When he arrived, he saw two hot girls who were willing to have a three-way with him. Sis and I enjoyed sucking on cock and being fucked. The problem for them was that we really didn’t want to have an on-going relationship. We were using them. For many of them, this was not a problem, so we had many nights of cock and pussy.

So, come up with a better world if you can.