**Jealousy Drives Me To Be More Of An Exhibitionist**

by racqelhunter

It was such a shock to me when I was on a weekend away with my boyfriend Eric and a friend of mine, Tania. It was mid-afternoon and we had just returned from an eight-kilometer run. I was getting a glass of water to drink in the kitchen and Eric was sitting in the lounge watching TV. In walked Tania, from the bathroom, wearing only her black spandex halter top she wore for jogging. In her hands she was holding the spandex shorts she had worn but she had nothing on covering her bottom.  
  
She stood there, a few yards from my boyfriend, in the nude. His eyes were about to pop out as he ogled her dark, thin bushy curls of pubic hair shaped in a neat triangle. I was in total shock. I could not believe that she would not be embarrassed. I was shocked into silence and didn't know what to say, as I stared at her physique from top to bottom. It displayed a sweat-soaked jogging top on top of a sweaty stomach leading to a bikini tan, with her white skin contrasted by the dark tanned skin surrounding it and the dark pubic hair crowning her mound, with tiny hairs shadowing both her pubes.  
  
Tania continued talking casually about how her new spandex shorts were really good at absorbing the sweat and that it was a great buy. This seemed at ends with the reality--her standing in the open, in public, in stark nudity, in front of boyfriend and I. This took the stage as it was so unexpected and not something anyone would do.  
  
I hated the hypnotic effect it had on my boyfriend. When she eventually turned around to walk back to the bathroom, I noticed his glare follow her naked butt cheeks until she was gone from sight. I also noticed a mounting erection pushing out the fabric of his running shorts, so visible under the skimpy material.  
  
I would never do anything like this. What a slut she is! I thought to myself. I wondered if she had done this on purpose or just walked out of the bathroom, about to go for a shower, without thinking much of what she was doing. Maybe she was drunk or high?  
  
The minute the bathroom door closed behind her, Eric's shock erupted in a naughty smile, which he expected me to empathize with, but I was angry at her. I was angry at her for arousing my boyfriend. I was angry at her for being able to be so confident in herself, so carefree when I was shy and introverted. I was angry at her because this made me feel insecure and not good enough. Only yesterday, Eric came back from the shops with a present of a tight white top for me and I refused to wear it in case it was see through.

Or maybe I was just jealous of her and her ability to manipulate and impact guys around her.  
  
I took out my insecure feelings on Eric. I walked past him, put my hands on his crotch and felt his hard-on through his shorts.  
  
"So this is what Tania does for you. You must be attracted to her then?" I remarked.  
  
"I am just a normal male. This has nothing to do with me being sexually attracted to her, "he responded.  
  
I just walked out of the room and went to my bedroom where I could get some space, vent my anger and settle myself.  
  
I was not very nice to Eric that whole evening. When we discussed why I was upset, he said that I should not be such a prude and if I would let go a bit, maybe I would be a happier person and we would have a better sex life. For a while, Eric continuously hinted that he would like me to be more of an exhibitionist type and show off my body more, like Tania!  
  
"You have an incredibly sexy, toned body with great legs and a round butt and well-shaped firm round tits--why do you always hide it under so many clothes?"  
  
I never had an answer. I suppose I was just shy or scared of being perceived as a slut or cheap. I never felt comfortable in tight or revealing clothes. I was always worried that I would get looks.  
  
The next day, I decided to accept that maybe I was stubborn and to take Eric's request for me to become a bit more risqué to heart. I was feeling frisky and decided that I would not let my inhibitions get the best of me again. I had the morning to go shopping while the others were at the beach.  
  
I was walking in the shopping mall to the clubwear shop. I thought a little short mini would show off my toned legs and thighs and make Eric happy. I walked past a beauty salon and read the advert on the window.  
  
"Special -- Get a full leg wax and receive a Brazilian on us"  
  
I desperately needed a leg wax. Since I was a brunette, my hairs were too dark to leave as some girls do. I didn't have a lot of hair but you really don't want any when you are in a bikini.  
  
I entered the salon.  
  
"Hi, when can I get an appointment for the advertised special?" I asked.  
  
"We are booked all day today except for now," the beautician answered me as she looked at the booking sheet on the desk.  
  
What the hell! I decided to go for it.  
  
"Please come with me." The lady guided me through a passageway and into a small room.  
  
"We will do the legs first. Please take your jeans off and we will get started," the beautician instructed me.  
  
I had my legs waxed until they were smooth and silky.  
  
"Have you had a Brazilian before?" she asked me.  
  
"No, this is my first time. I have had a bikini wax, though," I replied.  
  
"Okay, you will need to take your panties off and I will give you a tot of vodka to help numb the feeling," she said as she handed me a little glass filled with vodka.  
  
I was quite apprehensive so I downed the drink.  
  
After the wax was complete, the beautician told me to remain lying down for a few minutes to let the moisturizing cream absorb. She left the room and came back a few minutes later with three bags in her hand.  
  
"For one’s first Brazilian, we have a tradition to give a gift of a swimsuit. What size are you?" she asked me.  
  
"I am a small or size eight," I answered.  
  
"Well, we only have white left in size eight. Here is your gift. I am sure you would look great in it with your petite figure," she said.  
  
"Take your time and get dressed and I will meet you at the reception area to settle the account," she said as she handed me the plastic bag and left the room.  
  
I opened the bag to find a tiny white t-string. It was like a g-string but had a T at the back where the strings connected. I had never worn a g-string before. I stood up and looked in the mirror. I looked so strange with no pubic hair. It was so smooth. I had never noticed how my pubes stood out with a fleshy look with the slit down the middle dividing them. I turned around to look at my butt. There were no wisps of hair protruding between my butt cheeks as I had before, but I noticed my reddish-brown clitoris hanging between my butt cheeks as I bent forward. I had not seen it this way before with the hairs hiding it. It looked so raw, so sexy, it had a swollen hood.  
  
I tried on the t-string. My ass looked almost naked, with the white skin contrasting to the tanned skin around the shape of my bikini. In the front, the t-string was so high-cut that it just covered my pubes and was quite stretchy, pulling into my slit a little, showing the outline of two oval pubes divided by a slit through the thin fabric.  
  
I left the t-string on and I got dressed, paid and left. I met up with the others but I didn't tell anyone about my adventure.  
  
We went out for the afternoon and then clubbing in the evening and never got back home until really late at night. Tania had met a hot guy at the club named David, and he came home with us for a one night stand. What else could I expect from my slut friend!  
  
The next morning, I arrived at breakfast in my pyjamas to see Eric and Tania sitting and talking at the kitchen table. Eric was wearing his pyjama shorts and Tania was sitting in her blue satin bikini undies with a half-halter top skin-tight against her big breasts. I was now convinced that she was hitting on Eric.  
  
"Where is David?" I asked as I approached them.  
  
"He is still sleeping," Tania answered.  
  
I could not get myself to join them. Instead, I made an excuse that I was sick and I went back to the bedroom. The image of her C-cup tits with the nipples poking through the tight top and the undies visible as she sat on the bench was haunting me. I was getting really jealous. I didn't know what to do to cool myself down.  
  
As I lay on my bed, with a volcano building up inside of me, I heard David wake up and go to the bathroom. I noticed that he had not closed the door properly.  
  
I was not thinking rationally and impulsively took action.  
  
I pulled off my pyjama shorts and top and with nothing else on other than the white t-string, I got up and I walked up the passageway and into the bathroom.  
  
"I never knew you were here," I said to David, acting surprised, as he was standing urinating in the toilet.  
  
"I just need to wash my teeth, but don't let me disturb you," I said to David as I walked up to the sink and took my toothbrush.  
  
I noticed his shock as he turned around to see me topless with my round and firm B-cup breasts and my nipples erect amidst my pinkish areola. In a trance-like manner, he focused in on my nakedness and just stood there. I continued washing my teeth as if there was nothing out of the ordinary happening.  
  
I was watching him in the mirror as he watched me. I noticed him standing and perving at my ass, with the only material covering me a tiny thin white t string hardly visible as it disappeared into my round butt cheeks.  
  
"Wow, I love your undies," he stuttered, still not moving from the toilet.  
  
I had a stabbing jolt of sexual excitement right through my body, as I realized my body was being desired and lusted  after. It was satisfying and felt so good. My nipples felt like lightning rods electrified. They hardened further and stood out erect a few millimetres. My pussy was throbbing under the new swimsuit so much I felt instinctively propelled to open my legs wide and rock my hips with the rising internal heat. I was naked, almost, and a strange man was taking in every inch of me, delighting in my exhibitionism, which was so foreign to me, yet made me feel so powerful, like a goddess.

I didn't feel shy and want to cover up as I had imagined I would. Usually, I would be runing for cover. Instead, I felt proud in my nakedness. It was liberating. I yearned to take it further-- to show more. I wanted to be ravished by his eyes. I enjoyed the attention way too much. I wanted to turn around, pull my undies down and show him my newly smooth and hairless pussy.  
  
I turned away from the mirror, still holding my toothbrush, and faced David. He was wearing boxer shorts and he had a huge erection sticking out. He was suddenly self-conscious as he realized that I had noticed it. I was staring down at it. It looked like a thick pole in his undies. He seemed to suddenly get nervous and he started to walk past me. I smiled at him as he brushed my body with his, as he tried to squeeze past to leave the bathroom.  
  
I was not having much sex with my boyfriend on these holidays. I was feeling horny, on fire and sexually frustrated. I was also angry at Eric for flirting with Tania.  
  
David left the bathroom. I locked the door behind him. I took my electric toothbrush and I closed the toilet lid, sat down on it and I switched the toothbrush on and pushed it against my clit, feeling the vibrations ripple through the thin swimsuit material. I only got to feel hornier, but I wasn't able to masturbate myself to satisfaction.  
  
I heard a knock on the door.  
  
"Hi, it's David, have a look out of the window," he shouted through the noise of the toothbrush.  
  
I looked out and saw Eric and Tania in the swimming pool. She was still topless and they were kissing.  
  
I was now mad as ever. My worries were confirmed.  
  
I switched off the toothbrush and went to the door. David was not there anymore.  
  
"Hey, David, can you help me look for my contact lens? I dropped it somewhere near the sink and I cannot see to find it," I lied.  
  
David came back into the bathroom.  
  
I knelt down on the floor near him. He was looking for the lens as he took every opportunity to stare at my tits.  
  
"Thank you for telling me about that slut outside," I said.  
  
"Don't get mad, rather do something in return," he said as he knelt and put a hand on my thigh as I was kneeling.  
  
I didn't remove his hand. Instead, I sat down on the floor. I was at my horny limit and I just went with it. I put my hand on the outside of his undies and I grasped his erection and slid my hand down it and up again slowly, caressing its head through his shorts. It was hard and a wet spot appeared by the head.  
  
He responded by parting my legs, pulling the t-string to the side of my pussy and he tried to go down and suck me there. It was difficult for him to access me so I pulled the t-string off my legs and I knelt. He lay down with his head between my legs.  
  
I felt his wet tongue against my pussy, with little strokes up and down the slit and then some nibbling on my swollen, engorged clitoris. I let out a whine as I came. He then masterfully stuck his tongue into my wet pussy and I came again.  
  
As I then turned my body around to face his cock and suck it, we stopped and kissed. I tasted the saltiness of my pussy on his lips. I wanted to touch his hard cock.  
  
I put it in my mouth and I went up and down on it like a piston engine. I tightened my grip around its head as I came up, as I had seen in porno movies. He wanted to get up and fuck me right there from the back as I knelt there, but he didn't have a condom with him. I was not going to take any risks.  
  
"Can I do anal on you?" he asked.  
  
I had never had anal sex before.  
  
He told me to go back into a kneeling position. He slid between my legs, facing me, and pulled himself down so that his face was directly under my pussy. He put his hands around my butt cheeks and pulled me down towards his face. He licked my butt slit and then I felt his tongue welling up some moisture right on my butt hole.

This was the first time I had ever been touched there. It was mesmerizing and extremely sensual. I had never known before that the butt was capable of feeling like this. He then put a finger into the hole and I felt a sinking sensation together with a burning sensation and a rush at the same time. I tried to move my butt so that his finger was deeper in me. As it went in, I was overcome with intense orgasms. I grabbed my new swimsuit, put it in my mouth and bit hard on it instead of screaming as I came again and again.  
  
He then got up and started to thrust his hard cock into my butt hole. It hurt a little but it gave way, and each time I felt his balls knock against my pussy I felt a wave of renewed passion. I arched my spine upward. I used the fingers of my left hand to caress my nipples as he thrust in and out of my butt. I felt fluids run down my legs from my pussy. I bent downward and took my other hand and rubbed my clit ferociously. My fingers were soaked with my creamy fluids oozing out of my pussy lips, but I kept on rubbing away at my clit. Waves of excitement rose as I groaned loudly.

I was feeling sore all over and tired. Then David pulled his cock out of my ass and I felt spurts of his warm cum land on my back. This was unbelievable sex. We were both sweaty and tired.  
  
The others, oblivious to this, were still in the pool. I wiped my sweat off my body with a towel and put the t-string back on.  
  
David and I went for a swim to cool off. They were so surprised when David and I arrived for a swim. I had on only the white t-string.  
  
"Wow, you look sexy!" Tania commented. Eric was shell-shocked into silence.  
  
"Have a look at my new look," I replied as I pulled down my t-string to show my raw, red, smooth pussy lips.