**Lucy Tries Exhibitionism**

by Anon ENF Fan

**Lucy Tries Exhibitionism (Part 1)**

All she could do was pace back and forth. She wasn’t even aware she was walking. Her mind locked itself onto the molten memories of what happened earlier that day. What if someone else spotted that women? Was she fearless, or helpless? It looked so risky. It looked dangerous.

It looked fun.

Lucy took a breath and sat down. Her frantic fingers tapped away on her coffee table as she tried to shake her head. The lingering memories made her heart slam against her chest. She felt neck deep in adrenaline. Blush flooded her cheeks as she closed her eyes and wrapped her arms around her chest.

When she finished daydreaming, she shook her head. Her hands reached for the buttons on her blouse but came to a halt. Temptation laid an inch away, but nervousness held her in place. Lucy wasn’t brave, not like the girl she saw. She forced her hands down to the couch cushions and took a moment to breathe.

She blushed, not out of what she wanted, but out of what stopped her. For her to be so scared of doing this in the relative safety of her home embarrassed her. That other girl was far beyond her, and she couldn’t even handle a few buttons.

Lucy bit her lip, looked in every direction, and stood up. She scrambled for every lock, window blind, curtain, and door she could put her trembling hands on. Anything that could keep the outside world from looking in slid into place. It may have been midday outside, but Lucy wouldn’t be able to tell once she finished building her sanctuary.

She sighed as she pulled the final curtain. Her pulse still roared in her ears as she made her way back to her couch. This was silly. A trip from the bathroom to her bedroom was bolder than what she was doing now. Why did she feel so nervous?

A sigh escaped Lucy. She shivered as she looked around her one more time. One by one, she separated the restrictive buttons on shirt. The collar came loose as her hands worked their way down. Her labored breathing was the only sound in the dark little living room. When she approached the next button, she froze. With her shirt as it was, she could claim it was a comfort choice. Only the top two buttons hung free, framing her collarbone.

The next buttons would show something.

Lucy blinked and checked all the windows. Large blinds and thick, heavy curtains promised her all the safety she could ask for. Nobody would ever be able to see her, so long as her windows remained obscured like that.

She bit her lip and slid the next button. Her pink bra began to peek through her shirt. As her blouse surrendered its grip, Lucy gave a tiny smile. Although she wouldn’t present herself this way, feeling air against flesh made her squirm. Hands balled into fists, and she mimicked the action inside her shoes.

Lucy leaned back on her couch seat and looked over herself. The pink bra hugged her humble chest, and her loose blouse hung from her shoulders. Covering back up would only need a few seconds on the off chance there was company. Still, she glanced at her secured door. Her heart pounded as she made her way to the window and peeked through the blinds. Her car sat alone in the driveway, and that isolation was all she needed.

She stepped away from the window, and put her hands on the thin blouse that covered, protected, and hid her. Could she do it? Would this even be a problem for that other woman? No, she was fearless. The other woman wouldn’t have hesitated. Not at some silly shirt.

Lucy took a deep breath and slid the blouse off over her shoulders. The only sound was that of thin fabric sliding over her soft skin. Inch by inch, she bared more of her sensitive body to her little cocoon. Her frantic hands crumpled the shirt and hugged it. Hot blush swept through her face as she stood there in a pair of blue jeans, and a pink bra. She took long, heavy breaths, causing her chest to rise.

Her little smirk returned. This was happening. She took something off, and it wasn’t like she was changing or getting ready for a shower. No, this was so she could swim in adrenaline. To do something like this in her own living room, where she entertained her friends, made her giggle.

She sat down on the couch, kept one arm over her covered chest, and held the blouse in front of her. Lucy smiled at it despite her blush, thinking about why she chose to do this. After squeezing her chest through the security of her bra, she discarded the blouse. It fell to an armrest before her arms returned to her chest.

Lucy’s smile never faded. This was fun. Nobody could catch her. There was no way to see her. She could do anything her fluttering heart desired. Her mind began to wander as she relaxed her arms.

“H-hey, how are you doing?” she said out loud. She imagined her friends in the doorway. All seeing her, stunned at the way she sat there displaying her bra as if it were a tee shirt. Thoughts of static eyes locked onto her exposed flesh flooded her thoughts. Her hands balled into fists as she thought about everyone seeing her in such an indecent state. They twitched as she fooled herself into wanting to cover up.

Then, the sound of a passing car.

Lucy gasped, and her haze collapsed. Her arms bolted to her chest as she ducked between her coffee table and her couch. The brief slap of reality added fuel to her fiery blush. Who was that? Could they have seen? What would they think? When her pulse slowed, Lucy bit her lip and tip and snuck to her window. She had to check it.

The lock, the blinds, and the curtain all sat in place. She couldn’t see outside. That meant nobody could see inside. There was no way anybody could have looked in her window and see her lounging around without a shirt on.

She was safe.

To be sure, she pushed the heavy curtains aside and peeked through the blinds. She saw no sign of any car parking near her house. No friends stopped by for a surprise visit. Not even anyone out for a walk. Nobody saw her, not that anybody could.

Lucy left her window and brushed a little of her auburn hair out of her face. Her growing smirk beamed next to her warm blush. She let out a small giggle and shook her head. The blinds remained in place, but the curtains stayed apart from the window.

Her teeth sunk into her lip as she reached for her zipper. As her blue jeans loosened, her heart accelerated again. Little wrinkles formed in the denim as gravity tugged the clothing to the ground.

All Lucy could think about was her descending jeans. She was giving up a firm, rough material that she would have been willing to wear anywhere. They brushed against her smooth legs, reminding her of her decision the entire way. A cool draft washed over her exposed skin, and she staggered.

When she stepped out of the jeans, she had to balance herself against the couch. Lucy took deep breaths as she wondered why she felt this way. She slept like this, but with the warm rush of raw energy coursing through her, there was no way she could rest.

Her arms trembled as she shook her head. Lucy sat down on the couch, feeling herself sink into the soft leather cushions. The foreign feeling of her seat on bare skin made her fidget. She let her arms scatter, finding a new area to defend while she tried to squeeze herself into a little ball.

As she shook from another swell of adrenaline, Lucy could only smile and breathe. Dressed only in a bra, her panties and a pair of socks, she forced her arms to her sides. The pink cotton glowed under the living room lights, highlighting how little she had on. Her hands began sliding over her skin, but not to cover herself. It was to feel her undressed body.

Everything between her hips and her ankles felt the cooler air of the room. Her shoulders, stomach, and back had grown accustomed to the temperature. Lucy dragged her fingertips against herself, slowing upon discovering what little fabric remained.

Her flesh felt soft, smooth, and warm from how sensitive she became. Almost no clothing hugged her body as she explored herself. A gentle sigh escaped her lips as she looked around the room. Still alone and safe.

She glanced at her discarded cover and smiled. Lucy leaned back and spread her legs, embracing the pure freedom available to her. The pink panties clung to her hips, doing little to cover her. Those panties were on her body, but they weren't part of her.

Another giggle escaped her as she stood up. Lucy snuck to her window and peeked through the blinds. The outside world remained a relative ghost town, without so much as a passing car. She had all the privacy the world could offer her, and all she could do was smile.

Lucy took a long breath and forced herself to not cover up. There was no way the woman from earlier would cover if she were in Lucy’s position. Her gelatin legs strained to maintain balance as she walked to the kitchen. She steadied herself against the wall while her heart pounded away.

One room to another in her underwear. This was no unusual trip. She could go from her bedroom to the bathroom this way without a second thought. But those were private places, hidden from a curious world. Her kitchen and living room weren’t so secluded. Guests could wander to this part of her house.

Lucy gasped, and let her hands shield her. One hugged her chest, the other pressed against the warm cotton. The only thing she didn’t care to hide was approving lips. They betrayed her modesty, and she didn’t care. Her clothing now sat in another room, out of reach and out of her view.

All she did was move to another room, and it felt like she took off more. She balanced herself against the kitchen table, slapping both hands down. Lucy had limited her access to her own clothing, something that other woman no doubt did. Did that make her brave?

She giggled as she looked around her kitchen. All the blinds sat shut, and the back door locks were secure. Lucy tiptoed up to the window and looked through her blinds. Her backyard was more isolated than the front. Tall wooden fences from all sides greeted her eyes alongside the vibrant green grass.

Her fingers tapped the window sill. She closed her eyes, smiled, and pulled on the drawstring, forcing the blinds up!

Lucy held her position, fighting the urge to hide. There was a chance now. She permitted an angle from the outside world. It was possible to see her, dressed in nothing but her bra and panties.

Her pulse roared in her ears and she gritted her teeth. She ducked behind the sink and wrapped her arms around her chest. Lucy almost fell as she hid, taking deep breaths and feeling the rush of energy. It surged through her body, stronger than before. The bolder the action was, the more powerful the swell of lust.

She panted for a moment before climbing back up to look out the window. There was nobody in her backyard. Nobody had seen. Lucy gave a long sigh and giggled as she admired the view. With tall fences and no neighboring homes tall enough to look in, her backyard was as safe as her living room.

Her fingers rumbled against the edge of her sink as she blushed. That woman did suggest trying this in her own backyard. After a long minute of staring at the outdoor playground in front of her, she turned her attention to the back door. She smiled at the crazy thought but hesitated. If she went out there, it would be far bolder than lounging in her underwear.

Lucy felt her heart throbbing inside her as she looked down at her own body. Her only cover was the bra, the panties, and those socks. What if someone saw? Was there any way it was possible? Outside seemed so different from her home. She’d be more exposed. More vulnerable.

More free.

One deep breath. She reached down. A finger slipped along her ankle. Her fuzzy sock fell to the tile floor. The exposed foot came down. Sweet chills ran up her body. Another sock fell to its abandoned twin. More shivers flew threw her.

Lucy wiggled her toes. She didn’t remove much. But it was a third of her wardrobe. Now she was more undressed. The tangible difference kept her off balance. Her chest heaved under her heavy breathing.

The gentle tumbling of the locks echoed in her head. Her door screamed at her as she pushed it open. She heard a chorus of chirping birds. A long breath escaped her. Lucy looked at the door. It had to stay unlocked.

She closed her eyes and took a step forward. Warm pavement greeted her toes. Another step found the same feeling. Sunlight kissed her exposed skin. Her entire body felt bubbly, almost drunk with adrenaline.

**Lucy Tries Exhibitionism (Part 2)**

With a gentle nudge, Lucy shut the door behind her. She gave the knob an experimental turn to ensure she could get back in. A massive sigh escaped her as she confirmed access to her sanctuary. The humidity embraced her undressed form as she turned to face the open space behind her.

Her arms fidgeted, itching for covering positions, but she kept her fists near her hips. Nobody could see her here. This was just as safe as inside. Besides, she wasn’t nude. Not like that other woman would have been. Two, thin, pink garments made sure she wasn’t indecent.

She ventured out into her backyard, feeling the air on her skin, and the grass blades tickling her feet. Her smile shined through as each nervous step separated her from safety. Once she reached the center of her yard, she stopped. The fence surrounded her and promised privacy.

“Mmm…” she hummed.

Lucy lifted her arms and put them behind her head. The sunlight shined down on her undressed body and highlighted how little she had on. Her bra hugged her tender chest, and her panties hid her little treasure. She was outside in nothing but her underwear. This act made her brave, just like that other woman. All she could think about was how exposed she felt, with two scraps of pink cloth covering her.

Her arms fell to her sides, almost limp as she looked around. Nobody saw her, nobody COULD have seen her. Lucy smiled through her blush again as she tip-toed further from her door. Each step brought her closer a tall tree in her yard. When she reached it, she put a hand against it to lean.

“Wow…” she panted. Lucy looked at the distance between herself and her home. It was more than a quick walk to get back inside. If anybody looked in her yard, they'd see her for sure. They’d see that wholesome neighbor girl running around in her underwear. How could she explain it? What would they say? More importantly, what would that other girl say? Would this impress her?

Lucy hugged her chest and blushed. The other woman was still braver. Far braver. She didn’t need any silly underwear to do something like this. That woman was outside without a thread doing so much more than wandering a backyard.

The lingering thoughts made Lucy squeeze her thighs. Her blush grew hotter as she checked her surroundings again. Not a soul around. Was she hidden enough? What if she challenged herself? A minute wouldn't be too bad. She could do that.

Her hands trembled as she reached behind her back. The clasp gave a subtle click, but to Lucy, it sounded like fireworks. Feeling the loss of tension around her chest sent another euphoric surge through her. She was taking her bra off outside. One arm went to the front to secure the loose cups, but all she could do was smile. As one arm held it, the other tugged it away.

The pink bra fell to the ground and Lucy lowered herself to her knees. She took long, exaggerated breaths as she looked at the abandoned clothing. Half of her cover sat on the ground. Both arms hugged her body as she squeezed her legs together.

Another car rolled down the street. There was no telling which way it was coming from, but Lucy could hear the tires on the pavement. She gasped and stumbled backward. “N-no!” The nearly nude girl scrambled to the tree in panic. Seconds later, the sound of the car passed. The neighborhood returned its soothing ambiance of singing birds.

Lucy gasped for breath and let her exposed chest have the freedom to sway. She put a hand to her forehead and shook off her panic. Nobody could see her back here. The yard was safe thanks to those tall fences. There was no way to tell what she was up to.

Her hands relaxed as her smile returned. Lucy poked her head around the tree and looked along her fence and the gate that lead to the front yard. After an impulsive check for unwanted eyes, Lucy made her way to the front gate. She stood on her tiptoes to look over the fence to see the street. No cars, just like she thought.

She turned her back to the fence and looked back at her yard. The pink bra on the ground stuck out. But the distance between the clothing and her body made her knees crumble. This had to be brave, but that other woman was braver still. Lucy blushed as she peeked over the fence again.

She looked at her hips. The pink panties clung to her. They were the only thing left. One more piece and she would be brave. Brave like that woman. Nobody was looking. There was no way to see her. It was her best chance.

Lucy’s teeth sunk into her lips. Her ears felt plugged up. Fingertips slid over the thin cotton. They pinched and tugged at the material. The panties weren’t cover anymore. If anything, they highlighted how little remained. How close she was.

Her heart raced as she gripped her clothing. The cuddly fabric glided down her bare legs. She could see a thin line. It was wet and transparent. As she tugged, the line stretched from her heated core to her panties. Seeing it made her skin tingle.

The panties fell to the grass. One shaking leg stepped out of them. She hesitated and fought for balance. Her other leg followed. Another humid breeze hugged her for a reward.

Lucy fell to her hands and knees. All she could do was breathe and blush. She had done it. Every piece of clothing she had laid somewhere other than on her body. Now, she was outside, naked and trembling with desire. Just like the woman.

Overcome with adrenaline, Lucy collapsed. The grass blades tickled her skin in an alien sensation as a stark reminder of what she already knew. She spread herself, feeling the sunlight on her back, and the warm ground on her sensitive body.

Lucy rolled over and sighed, embracing the euphoric swells that surged through her. Her hands reached for her soft breasts and squeezed them. She bent her knees and drew them in. A soft coo escaped her lips as she closed her eyes and let her hands wander her body. Her own skin felt so smooth, so free and tender.

She squirmed, thankful for the fence that hid her from the world. Nobody knew that a naked girl was loving life more than anyone could at the moment. Her body began to shine with sweat as her hands traced her stomach. A giggle escaped her lips and she couldn’t help but smile.

As she laid there and felt the air, she wondered what the woman would say. Would she have been proud of her? This was how she said to start after all. Or maybe she would cheer her on. To do something bolder.

Lucy sat up at the thought. She panted and looked over her nude form. Then she stood up. What else could she do? There was only one thing left. To leave her backyard. The very thought sent a shiver through her body.

Could she? That other woman did more. But she didn’t say to do more. The backyard was plenty of practice. It was a safe haven that allowed Lucy to do anything she wanted without fear.

One step further. She could do it. If she ever met that woman again, she could tell her. That woman was the only person she would consider telling, but she would care. Maybe she’d even be impressed!

Lucy took a deep breath to gather every scrap of courage she could assemble. One peek over her fence. Once she went beyond that gate, there would be no fence to protect her. She would truly be at risk of exposure. Cars wouldn’t be just noise anymore.

The mailbox and back. Nude and in broad daylight. She could do it. Her feverish hands fumbled the gate lock as she creaked open the door. Lucy stuck her head out and looked to her left, then to her right. No cars, though she had a limited view of the road. It was a golden chance.

One step out, but Lucy recoiled. Her heart seemed lodged in her throat. Trails of moisture ran down her legs. The sheer risk made her head swim. Just standing was difficult. This time there was authentic risk. All she could do was pant and blush.

“I can do this… I can do this… if she could do more… I can do this.” She nodded to herself. Lucy took a look at the mailbox and narrowed her eyebrows. With a determined look on her face, she crouched down. Hesitation kept her in place as her spine seemed to shrink.

Out there. In the open. Naked. Impossible.

Her hands started to feel cold and clammy. She had to lower her knees into the ground to steady herself. The blush on her face sustained its crimson color as Lucy became a meek schoolgirl. An arm wrapped around her breasts as she shook her head. There was no way. It was too much.

The other woman would have walked right out there. Nothing would have stopped her from marching out into the world wearing nothing but a smile. Lucy was afraid to take one step beyond safety. Real risk paralyzed her, and the inches between her and the gate felt like miles. The one from before was a woman, Lucy was a girl.

Lucy’s hands fell to the ground as she shook her head. Her body still tingled from everything that lead to this moment. Maybe she should turn back. Draw a nice bath and let her hands wander. She looked up at her mailbox again and groaned in frustration.

Beyond that, she noticed something. A woman, a brunette on the sidewalk. Her long hair flowed past her shoulders, a blue skirt hung around her hips, a while and orange shirt on her top half.

...Was that her!?

Lucy gasped and balled her hands into fists. That certainly looked like her. She had to say something to get that woman’s attention! The woman had to know how to build the confidence to do this!

“H-hey!” Lucy shouted. Then her entire face turned crimson and she bolted behind the fence.

“Hmm?” The woman paused. “Hello? ...Is someone there?” The brunette looked in every direction and shrugged. She continued walking, not bothering to look Lucy’s way.

Lucy bounced her palm against her head. “Stupid, stupid, stupid!” What if that wasn’t her? But what if that WAS her!? Her fears may have cost her the chance of meeting the one person she knew that understood what to do.

Her legs shook as she tried to stand up. That woman was getting away. Lucy gulped as she struggled to stand. “U-um… h-hey there!”

She kept walking, almost passed the next house. Lucy was losing her chance!

The naked girl gritted her teeth. She had to catch her. With another look around the street, her trembling leg extended beyond the gate. Seeing how open the world beyond her fence made her shiver. Lucy took a deep breath and kept her hands in covering positions as she took that second step.

Her face burned with blush as she looked for the woman. She wasn’t much further, but Lucy hesitated. If she followed on the sidewalk, she’d have nowhere to hide. At least, not on this side of the street.

Across from her was a small park lined with bushes. With the mystery woman gaining distance, Lucy had no choice. She forced her hands to her sides and started a brisk walk from her home. Away from cover, common sense and safety. The motion made her feel more naked. Like she was trapping herself. But she had to meet that woman again!

Lucy continued, feeling the change from soft grass blades to warm pavement. Her pulse roared in her ears as a thin layer of sweat left an even coat on her slick flesh. She balled her hands into fists and bolted for the bushes.

“Oh my God… oh my God…” Lucy gasped. She poked her head above the bushes. The woman was at an intersection preparing to cross the street. “N-no!”

As she prepared to run to catch her, she heard something. Tires on pavement. Running motors. Lucy’s eyes widened as she looked behind her. Several cars were approaching.

“Ah!” Lucy ducked behind the bushes. Her shaking legs forfeited their strength as she collapsed. She was outside, nude, and away from her home. And for a moment, she couldn’t turn back.

Each car crawled by, offering the drivers a chance to see her in her nude state. If anyone bothered to try and look through the bushes, they would see her. What would they think? Could they see her nudity?

Lucy shivered, shut her eyes and shook her head. No. This couldn’t be happening. She didn’t want this. But even as she tried to be as small as possible, her body responded. Her chest heaved and swayed, and her heated womanhood pulsated, asking for her hand. Just thinking about what this was doing to her pushed her blush. Instead of shoving a hand between her legs, she clamped her warm thighs shut.

When the final car drove away, she lifted her head back above the bushes. She was alone again. The woman was gone, but Lucy was safe. Nobody reacted to her. That meant, as far as she could tell, nobody had seen her. Still, her slick lips begged for a hand to tend to them. Her body felt soft and yearned for a euphoric touch.

Lucy blushed and reached for her thighs, but pulled her hand away. She shook her head and stood up. After double checking the road, she stepped out of the bushes and ran for her fence gate. A warm breeze embraced her skin for the last time as she turned the corner for her back door. All the while, trails of moisture ran down her thighs.

Lucy ran inside and locked the door, shut the blinds, and drew the curtains. She let out a colossal sigh of relief as she rebuilt her sanctuary. As Lucy took a moment to breathe, she looked at her couch and saw the abandoned shirt, where the experiment began.

Of all things, she giggled. Then she peeked out her front window, looking at the bushes she hid behind. Minutes ago, she was over there, nude and hiding from cars. Something she never thought she’d be able to do. And yet, after doing that, she was back, safe and sound.

Her smile appeared on her face. “I just did that… I really just did that.” Lucy’s hands traced over her hips, her smooth stomach, and pressed into the mounds on her chest. She let out a content hum and walked away from her window.

Maybe it was time for a long bath.