**Male Roommate**

by**[BonnieLust](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=133233&page=submissions)**©

I never considered exhibitionism as a legitimate womanly wile, but I was desperate and resorted to it to get the attention of my male roommate, Ron. Now that he is out of the picture, I expose myself because I find it such an incredible turn on.

I went to a small private college New York and had the hots for a guy that had the same major as me, but was a year older. He was handsome, smart, friendly, athletic, and I found him to be incredibly sexy. The only problem was that he was unavailable because he dated the same woman his entire junior year and most of his senior year. While he was very friendly toward me, he did not know I existed sexually.

Ron graduated a year ahead of me and went to graduate school in Massachusetts. I saw him every now and then when he returned to campus for homecoming or some other reason. When it was time for me to apply to graduate school, I asked his advice. He said he would recommend his university and that he would talk to his major professor about trying to get me a teaching assistantship. He said he'd even put me up when I came out for the campus tour and interview if I was interested. I was definitely interested.

I'm an attractive woman, and have never had any problem getting dates. I don't wear a lot of makeup and sexy outfits; I rely on my natural beauty. I'm five feet eight inches, with shoulder length auburn hair, shapely legs from years of aerobic exercising, and a trim body (34B, 24, 34).

I intended to pull out all the stops for my weekend with Ron. I bought a somewhat conservative outfit for my grad school interviews, a form fitting v-neck sweater to wear with blue jeans for the trip out and first night with Ron, a scooped-neck blouse to wear with moderately tight jeans the second night, and a sexy (for me) nightgown to wear to bed. I even went equipped with condoms in case Ron made advances and was not suitably prepared.

Ron was such a friend and gentleman. He helped me prepare for the interviews, showed me around the campus and town, and arranged for me to go partying with a bunch of his fellow graduate students each night. Unfortunately, all his spare time was spent doing his research or studying. I returned home unnoticed and sexually unfulfilled, but with a tentative acceptance to his university and a teaching assistantship.

Ron and I kept in touch throughout the year, and he asked if I wanted to share an apartment with him and one other grad student in the fall. The location was great, the price was right and it provided a great opportunity to get close to Ron, so I accepted. However, during the summer, the apartment we had in mind became unavailable, so Ron asked if I wanted to share a small apartment with him for a semester until the more permanent accommodations he had located became available. Yes, there is a God!

The apartment had one bedroom, one bathroom, a kitchen, a dining room, and a living room. Ron put his bed and dresser in the dining room, and the only inconvenience for me was that Ron had to go through my bedroom to get to the bathroom. After about a week I realized that Ron had still not noticed me as more than a friend, so I decided to give him a taste of what he was passing by.

Ron always got up before me and took a shower, so I decided to go to bed wearing high cut bikini briefs and a short lacy top. I heard his alarm go off, and before he walked through to the bathroom I kicked off most of the covers, set my hair the way I wanted it, and pulled up my top to reveal the underside of my breasts. I heard a faint knock on the door and pretended to be asleep as he walked through my bedroom. I couldn't see for sure, but I'm fairly certain he paused to check me out thoroughly before closing the door to the bathroom. What surprised me was how turned on I became. My nipples swelled, my pussy became incredibly wet and I actually started to sweat. I wished Ron would come out and make love to me, but since he wasn't going to, I took off my panties, spread my legs, and masturbated right there on the bed for Ron to see if he happened to come out of the bathroom unexpectedly. I orgasmed almost immediately and lost my nerve to expose myself further before he came out of the bathroom.

After that incident I started plotting and carrying out bolder and bolder exhibitions. The following Saturday I cooked breakfast wearing nothing but a bathrobe. On more than one occasion during breakfast I gave Ron unobstructed views of my breasts by leaning over the table for pot holders and condiments. On another occasion I wore baggy gym shorts with no panties, and gave him an open view of my pussy while I was casually studying cross-legged in the living room. Each time I plotted and carried out one of these plans, I got incredibly turned on. In fact, I go so aroused when I did it that I even exposed myself in public a few times.

One time I went to K-mart wearing no bra and a loose, scooped-neck blouse. When a good-looking older man was in the aisle beside me I casually bent over to get something from the lower and gave him a prolonged view of my breasts. I did the same thing to the young boy at the check out counter. Another time I wore thong panties and a very short skirt to the grocery store and gave the stock boy a good long ass shot when I bent over to study the unit prices of the ketchups.

Ron started dating another woman, who would occasionally come over and spend the night with him. She was an attractive, tall, thin, bleached blond undergraduate student that was nice, but a bit young and naive. Although I had subconsciously come to the realization that Ron was simply not attracted to me sexually, I was getting too much pleasure from occasionally exposing myself to him to stop. My next major step was to give him brief full frontal nudity. Although I hadn't planned it, I took advantage of an opportunity that presented itself. I had taken a shower and was drying off in my bedroom when I heard Ron come in from the lab. Peeking through the crack in the door, I saw he was entering the kitchen, so I took off my towel, started drying my hair and walked out into the kitchen. I stood there like a deer that was frozen in the headlights, let out a small shriek, and then turned and scurried into the bedroom. Ron apologized profusely, but I said it was my fault, and that I didn't think he was home.

I had also gotten accidental viewings of Ron. For example, he had nowhere to dress except a small alcove in the dining room, and I quickly walked through the dining room on my way out of the apartment one day and caught a nude profile shot of him as he was undressing to take a shower. I also walked in one day on a love making session between Ron and his girlfriend. He was on his back, and she was on top sliding up and down on his glistening, rock hard cock. Ron has a fine athletic body, and is really well hung.

I was really into it and wanted to get a long look at his body and give him a display mine for him. Strangely enough, my opportunity arose on campus. We both took a genetics class and we both thought we had done really well on the mid term. I bet him that I would get the higher grade and he accepted my challenge. We agreed that the loser would have to strip and display themselves to the other for five minutes. It was a bet that I couldn't lose. Ron agreed without hesitation.

A few days later the grades were posted and Ron beat me by two points. I put up mild resistance as a ruse, but agreed to honor my bet. That night I told Ron to come into the kitchen to receive payment of the bet. He brought over the egg timer, got himself a beer, and told me to begin. I could have just worn a robe with nothing on under it, but I wanted to go slowly and get Ron turned on. Pretending to be hesitant and dragging it out, I very slowly took off my shoes and socks. In response, he threatened to add time on to the clock. Next I slowly took off my jeans and sexily pulled them over my hips. Next off was my blouse, which I slowly unbuttoned, took off, carefully folded, and put on the table. As I did this Ron shifted his position and I noticed and commented on the growing budge in his pants. He said nothing, but his face turned a little red. Next I undid my bra, let it cling to my breasts for a second, then peeled it off one breast then the other. Ron shifted again in his seat and casually tugged on his pant leg to adjust for his growing hard on. I was incredibly turned on, and my vaginal juices were flowing freely. I turned around and slowly lowered my panties to the floor revealing my ass to him. When I turned to face him his eyes went strait to my pussy, and mine went straight to his crotch. The sizable bulge in his jeans showed me that he liked what he saw.

I still had two minutes to go, so I did a little mock modeling for him. He told me to sit on the chair, face him and spread my legs. I said that my only obligation was to reveal myself, and nothing further. I said I might consider honoring a request or two if he would strip and display himself completely to me. He agreed, but said I would have to first do as he told me for the remaining minute and a half. First he directed me to sit on a chair, spread my legs and then part the lips of my pussy. I gave him an excellent show, and I'm sure that my incredible wetness was obvious to him. His last assignment was for me to turn around, bend over and spread the cheeks of my ass. This made me uncomfortable and I protested, but in the end I gave in stating that his show would have to be equally graphic and humiliating.

Without getting dressed I directed Ron to live up to his side of the bargain. We switched places and he started removing his clothing piece by piece. The bulge in his pants was still there as he removed his socks, shoes and shirt. He seemed a little embarrassed as he lowered and took off his pants. His hard on was sticking straight up, and I could see the tip of it protruding out slightly from the waistband of his briefs. He hesitated before lowering his under pants, but then in one quick movement his manhood was revealed in all its magnificent glory. I had caught a glimpse of Ron's hardened cock sticking up into his blond bimbo, but I nearly let out a gasp when I got a full length view of it. It had to be eight inches long and thicker than any I had seen before. He was circumcised and the knob was a beautiful deep red color. I love looking at a man's naked body, and a man's penis is such a threatening, but enticing organ. It seems to have a mind of its own and in need of being caressed and stroked.

Ron stood there briefly then reached for his underpants to get dressed. I told him to drop the under pants and reminded him about the graphic and humiliating part of our agreement. My first assignment was for him to turn around, bend over and expose himself the same way I had to. For his last assignment I got the baby oil from the medicine cabinet and directed him to erotically spread it all over his body. At first he emphatically refused to do it, but begrudgingly relented after I pointed out that I had humiliated myself. He started rubbing a small amount on his chest and I quickly reminded him that I had said "erotically". With that, he poured out a palm full and generously applied it to his chest, slowly working his way down to his genitals. I told him to liberally apply it there, which he did. I think he was pretty turned on because he spent a fair amount of time applying it to his cock, and even gave it a few extra strokes.

I was pretty turned on, and told him that I wanted to apply it to his back side. He handed me the bottle and turned around. I stood up and started applying a generous amount to his shoulders. I began massaging his shoulders with both hands, which increased both Ron and my states of arousal. I allowed my breasts to brush against his back, and the sensation of my nipples sliding across his oily skin was highly sensual. I eventually worked my way down his back to his firm ass, and rubbed it around generously on his cheeks and the back of his thighs. I started to work my hand between his legs, and he parted them to allow me better access. I let my hand wander freely between his legs, occasionally touching his testicles. I slid my hand around his waist and found his hand wrapped around and slowly stroking his erection. Still holding his active hand, I pressed my body fully against his back side and started sliding my breasts and pelvis up and down and back and forth against his hard oily body. Both Ron and I seemed content to settle with self gratification, so I moved my free hand down and started manipulating my clitoris.

We must have been quite a sight slipping and sliding against each other both masturbating in the kitchen. I shut my eyes and concentrated on the sensation of my breasts against his oily skin and my finger manipulating my clitoris in that special way that only I know. Ron's hand started stroking faster and I could feel my release approaching as well. I was in a trance as I climaxed, and in a different world I sensed Ron's hand movements suddenly slow, and then gradually fade away to nothing. I put my arms around him and I hung from him for a moment trying to get my wits about me. Little by little reality set in and I knew that we would eventually turn, face each other and deal with what had just transpired.

When that moment occurred, we both broke into tension-breaking hysterical laughter. Strangely enough, nothing changed in our relationship, except that we freely walked around in the apartment in various states of nudity. He continued to date and eventually marry the blond bimbo. I left the university after one year and moved to Colorado. To this day, I still plot and carry out acts of exhibitionism, and vividly remember the night Ron and I slipped and slid together in the kitchen.