**Paula the exhibitionist Part 1**

This is the true story of our experiences as a young couple in the 1970's. It is the evolution of attitudes about modesty and sex. ST TROPEZ

**-THE BEGINNING OF THE TRIP**

Paula and I arrived at St Tropez on the French Riviera a few years ago, she was 23 years old and looking good. We had grown up in a rather conservative setting and I was not sure how she would respond to the nudity that this resort town was famous for. I was almost drooling at the local gentry as we got out of the taxicab. Attractive women with see-through tops and lots of off the hip styles. Lots of navels. The desk clerk was eyeing up Paula as we were signing in and I must say that it was a turn on to think he was imagining her without her clothes. He gave me a knowing wink as he handed me the heavy metal key and he rang for the bellboy to bring our bags to the room. He too was checking her out and I realized that it must drive these guys crazy to work in such a paradise. In the room, we pulled back the drapes to look down from our second floor balcony at the courtyard below. I was somewhat disappointed to see that people were standing around in evening wear. They were holding cocktails and talking in small groups. A classy crowd but I was starting to get a little bored. I walked up to Paula and started unbuttoning her blouse. "Stop it! The damned window is open!", she said as she pulled away from me. "Are you kidding? These people will be seeing you naked anyway..." She stopped and looked at me like it was the first time she had thought about it. "What makes you think I'm going to walk around like that?" She asked. "I haven't decided yet. Remember, this trip was your idea. Please don't crowd me." We went down to dinner in the hotel's restaurant and she kept looking up at me as I stared across the room. I was looking at a beautiful thirtyish woman with a dress that was like a diagonal sarong but it only covered one breast. "Is that what you are looking at?" She asked, with a strange tone in her voice. "I have nicer tits that that babe." "I know you do but that is such a turn on in a restaurant." No one else seemed to mind it, but I could see that everyone in the place was making little darting glances in that direction from time to time.

**- NOW IT BEGINS**

The following morning we were having breakfast at the outdoor tables. She had on her bikini with a thin beach jacket over it. She looked good and she was getting looks from everyone in the place. "You look really good in that... do you see how the others are looking at you?" I started... She seemed to enjoy being in the center of things. "Don't be silly", she said. After the late breakfast we decided to take a walk down to the beach. St. Tropez is a place with a beach for everyone, from the straight to the gay, from the bathing suit to the nude. We decided to be adventurous and at least take a look at each one. We passed through the more conventional beach, seeing the usual collection of overweight middle aged Europeans, mainly sitting around and soaking up the Mediterranean sun. There was a sign that said "Topless Beach" so we followed it to the left, walking along the water's edge. That was when my eyes started to go crazy. Wherever I looked, there were topless women. Paula appeared to be chucking to herself as we walked along. They were lying down, sitting up and walking around and everywhere I looked were boobs. It was a sea of boobs. "Do you want to stop here for a while?" I asked her, pointing to an empty area about 50 feet from the water. "Sure. Throw the towels down here." We laid down the beach towels and both sat down, looking around us. She took off her outer covering, wearing just the thin bikini. She was very sexy with that suit but I wished she would get a bit looser on this trip. "Rub some lotion on my back." She asked, as she went down onto her stomach. I began to squirt the white liquid onto my hand and I started on her upper back. "Mmmm. That feels good. Are you sure you can concentrate on me for a minute?" "Yes, I think I can." I said as I was still looking all around me at the women and girls of all ages, literally letting it all hang out. I turned my attention to Paula who was resting her head on her crossed arms, eyes closed and the hint of a smile was on her face. "See anything you like?" She asked. "What do you think?" "Silly question I guess." She said as she wiggled her body to a more comfortable position. I was looking at an attractive woman with beautiful full breasts slowly peel off her top, revealing full breasts and brown nipples. After I rubbed the lotion into the skin on her back and shapely legs, I reached up and unsnapped the back of her bikini top. "Excuse me, sir. What are you doing?" She queried. "Nothing, just helping you feel more comfortable." I said, looking at her face for a reaction. She lay there for a minute as I was watching a couple of girls in their late teens walk by topless. I must have been staring because one of them said something to the other and they both giggled as they walked by. "How would you like to like to put some suntan lotion on the other side now?" Paula said, snapping me back to reality. She was now rolling onto her back, holding the bikini top in place modestly. "Okay, you've got it." Now I was starting to get more excited. I had to reposition my cock so the loose bathing suit would not look like a tent. Then I realized what the young girls were giggling about. No surprise though. Probably every male on the beach was in a perpetual state of erection in this place. I slowly applied the lotion to Paula's legs and worked my way up her thighs and belly, then her arms and upper chest and neck. "Do you want me to do your boobs?" I asked slowly. "I don't know, this is a weird place. I don't know if I can do it." She said nervously. "Come on. You would exactly be standing out. It's normal to have bare boobs around here. When you keep your top on you look like a tourist." "I am a tourist... Alright, if you don't think I am a whore..." I didn't need an invitation to gently pull away her top. Automatically, her hands came up to cover her tits. I gently placed my hands on hers. "Honey, you look nice like this. Just relax and enjoy yourself. Besides, if we don't get some lotion on these babies you will look like the girl over there." I motioned to some people walking along the water. One of them was obviously an American girl with European friends, her tits were angry red and burned while the rest of her was well tanned. "I guess you are right. My mother would shit if she saw me here like this." She brought her hands to her sides. I noted that her nipples were standing straight up and the areolas were puckering up... it was not even cold out. She was turned on by this minor act of exhibitionism and I was really getting excited as I applied the white lotion on the pale skin of her B cup breasts. "Are people looking at me?" She asked, her eyes were closed and her arm was now over her face like she was in disguise. "Yeah, me. I'm a people" I brought her arm down and had her look around. After a few minutes she seemed to be getting used to being topless and she began to look around the beach, lying on her side and looking very sexy. People were all around walking, sitting, standing. We were not that close to any others and she seemed to be comfortable. "Let's take a walk." I suggested. "I can't walk around like this." She said. "What's the difference, you are lying here topless and no one is arresting you." "That guy over there is looking at me." She pointed to a couple off the right. " I'm looking at his wife too." I said, wondering if it was the wrong thing as the words came out. Then I recognized them. "That's Malcolm and Anne from last night." I said, naming the English couple we met at dinner. They were in their early 30's and Anne was pregnant. Malcolm waved to us and I returned it. "Oh yeah. Well, I would be embarrassed for anyone I know to see me like this." "Paula, Anne is also topless and you look a lot prettier than she does." I said, in apparently a convincing manner, because Paula sat up for the first time, her knees were up and covering her breasts but it was a start. I have always preferred the way breasts look when a woman is upright rather than the way they flatten when lying down. Malcolm was on his feet and walking over to us. "How are you two on this fine morning?" Malcolm asked as he approached us. Paula was the first to answer as we both smiled at our new friend. "Just fine, Malcolm. Getting used to the place." She said. Her legs were down now and her breasts were in full view. She seemed to be getting braver now. Malcolm, in his polite British way, was not staring at her tits and this was very helpful. I wanted to shake his hand. "Why don't you come over and join Anne and me. We brought a chilled rosé and we would like some company drinking it." Paula and I looked at each other. Paula looked at me with a "what the hell" expression and we both stood up and walked with Malcolm. I gathered up our stuff as an excuse to walk behind them, to observe Paula's body language. She was doing fine, walking with a proud gait and not covering up. When we got to their spot on the beach, Anne was sitting under an umbrella and she greeted us warmly. I was trying to not look at her full looking breasts. She was only a few months pregnant but she was already getting engorged breasts and there were some milk veins showing, they were not tan at all. Very sexy. She apparently caught me gawking. "Hello you two. How are you enjoying your holiday?" She asked. She was stifling a laugh. "Fine." I said. "Hard to get used to the way people dress around here, isn't it?" She said, trying not to laugh. Her eyes darted to my swim trunks. "Anne needs to keep out of the sun because she burns so easily." Malcolm explained. "But look at those pale breasts." "Yes, I will never get a proper tan there." She lifted one of the breasts and let it fall again. "But Paula, you look like you will take a good tan because the rest of you is so golden. Besides you have nice youthful breasts and they will be the hit of St. Tropez." I thought Paula would start getting self-conscious when our new acquaintances started talking about her tits but she just looked down, ran her hands down them and smiled. As we worked our way through the bottle of wine, we were laughing like old friends. Malcolm clearly was checking out Paula's breasts as I was looking at Anne's and no one seemed to mind. This was getting to be a fun time and I was in a world of tits. After a couple of hours, Paula and I went back to the room and made wild love, recounting our first day of Paula's new exhibitionism, mild as it was. I think she was very turned on by the opportunity to show off a little and I found it very exciting too. …

**This is part 2 of Paula the exhibitionist**

**- GETTING PUBLIC**

The following day, we decided to go to the hotel pool. It was a private area and there were no clothing rules. When we got down there, Malcolm and Anne were sitting under their umbrella, Anne was wearing her beach robe because there was a slight chill in the wind. "Hi Brits." I said as we approached them. I motioned to the seats next to them. "Are these taken?" "Help yourselves" they smiled to us. Without any urging from me, Paula put down her bag and just stripped off her beach dress, leaving only a bikini bottom in place. She sat on the edge of the lounge and showed Anne and Malcolm how red her tits had gotten. There was a clear tan line from years of bikini use. It was very sexy. I was somewhat surprised to see how well she had taken to this new lifestyle and I loved it. Paula and I eventually moved to the outdoor cafe near the hotel pool and had lunch. Paula remained topless and appeared not to mind or not to notice that she was the only one like that. Couples came and went and no one made a big deal about it. The waiter's eyes wandered and lingered as he took our order. Paula seemed to enjoy her role as the attractive young woman. Older couples sitting elsewhere in the cafe also took notice and we both got some pleasant smiles as they walked past us. That night we went to a disco, as people did in those days. Neither of us was too crazy about dancing but it was the thing to do in St Tropez. There were people of all ages from all countries and the music was loud. Paula was wearing a blue pantsuit she had just bought at a small shop near the hotel. It had a see-through top and jacket to cover it up. It was very sexy and fit her like a glove. We ordered some drinks and began watching the very unhip Europeans have fun. "That is some dress." I said to her. You could never get away with that in New Jersey. "I know. Isn't this great? I am so glad you talked me into this trip." As the night wore on, the place started getting a bit wild. People were laughing loudly and singing with the songs, mainly American rock and roll. Then a song from Mitch Rider came on, it was called "Devil with the Blue Dress". It was fast and we decided to dance, probably the drinks didn't hurt either. In the middle of the dance floor, the other people started forming a circle around us. I know it wasn't my dancing. It was Paula and her dress. She had taken off the outer jacket and was dancing with the sheer see-through top and her still pale breasts were showing nicely in the disco lighting. She was enjoying the attention, and I had never seen her like that before. Her breasts were not massive but they bounced nicely to the beat of the music. When the song was over, the people started shouting "encore" so the DJ played it again. This time Paula was letting the buttons on the sheer top become "accidentally" undone and before I knew it, she was dancing topless with me. The people had formed a circle around us and then another couple came in it and the girl was also topless. The place was indeed a wild one. Before long, almost every woman was topless. The songs got slower and the tops stayed off. Paula was in tight slacks and topless and she looked like the clothes were made for this... they probably were. We sat down at our table, Paula left her top off and we ordered more drinks. Eventually she just put on the outer jacket and we walked back to the hotel and another amazing night of lovemaking. This was her next step in public display of her body and we were having a blast. I was surprised that I was not jealous of other guys looking at her tits. I actually saw it as an ego boost.

**- ALL THE WAY**

The following day we slept late and had a light lunch. We decided to check out some of the other beaches that St. Tropez had to offer. I got a small map from the concierge with some handwritten notes about the subject matter of the other beaches. She had marked out the topless beach we had been to yesterday and some of the others, including the gay beach and the several nude beaches. She showed me which nude beach was for couples, which was for families with kids and which ones didn't care who went there. Paula didn't know that I had the map so we decided to pack a small beach bag and take a walk on the beaches. I guided us toward the couples' nude beach. I told Paula that we would walk to the topless beach that we already knew and she quickly expressed agreement. She was wearing her bikini again. As we reached the topless beach, without missing a step she peeled off her top as we were walking and stopped to ask me to put some lotion on her. We stood in the middle of the busy beach, put down our stuff and I rubbed lotion on her back and legs, she did her chest and thighs. "Well, where do we want to put our stuff down?" She asked. "Why don't we just keep walking and see what this beach leads to?" I suggested. We walked past all the topless women and gawking men as we went along the water's edge where walking was easiest. Pretty soon we reached a sign that indicated that the next section of waterfront was "clothing optional". I looked at Paula and she seemed to hesitate. "Uh, oh. This is a nude beach, Jack. Are you sure you want to keep going?" " Well, lets just take a look. I don't see any armed guards." I offered. She shrugged and we continued along. I knew that Paula was only wearing a skimpy bikini bottom and no top but the people around us looked so much more naked. She was quite interested in the scenery, and I noticed that she was staring at a lot of crotches. Pubic hair was everywhere and most people had all-over tans. There were a few exceptions with white bottoms showing. Paula dropped her stuff as we came around a small sand dune with an outcropping of vegetation. "Jack, lets park here for a while. I'm getting tired of walking in this sand." She said, with a hint of excitement in her voice. We spread out our blanket. "You know Jack, this is an interesting trip. I had no idea that I was such a showoff. I feel all tingly when I think of walking around topless. Wouldn't you like to try it too?" "Paula, I am topless, I always am topless at the beach. I'm a guy." "No stupid. I mean, why don't you take off your pants." She said, looking me right in the eye. I had been so caught up in her exhibitionism that I really hadn't thought of my own potential nudity. I was not shy of my body. I was 25 years old at the time, not overweight and didn't really mind the idea. I actually became somewhat excited as she brought up the topic. "I don't know... why not. I will if you will." I said. She looked at me as I was kneeling on the blanket and pulled down my swim trunks. A penis popped out at attention. I quickly sat down so it would not be so obvious. The slight cold wind on my genitals was a new and wonderful feeling. "You will need to control that thing, Buckaroo, if we are going to walk around this place at all." She said as she stood up and looked around, still topless and looking very natural that way. She slowly pulled down the small bikini bottom and stepped out of it and come down to her knees next to me." "Nice penis". She said and drew a circle with her finger around my naval. I sprang up to even more attention. There was no one around in this corner of the beach so she was being brave. We had heard from Malcolm and Anne that nudity is welcomed on these beaches but sex play was frowned upon. She did not touch my organ but cruelly was coming close to it and was talking to it. "Cut it out, Paula. Let it calm down so I can get up." "You are up..." She giggled and started to put lotion on my thighs and belly. This was not helping. "Come on." I was getting embarrassed because a middle aged couple was walking nearby. They were both nude and he was not erect. I guess practice makes perfect. We lay on the blanket for a while and things calmed down. Paula was getting a little hesitant to parade around in the fully nude state but was comfortable lying down in relative isolation. She was the next to speak. "Look at the dick on that guy over there. It just swings from side to side as he walks." "That's nice, honey. You look at your sights and I'll look at mine." I said as I watched a girl about Paula's age slowly sway across the beach to the edge of the water. "Let's go in the water for a minute, it might settle things down." I suggested. Paula looked around, still a little shy and noted that the coast was pretty clear. She stood up and brushed off sand from her white bottom. "Okay, I'm game. Let's go." She pulled my to my feet. We were both standing there near our towels, buck-naked and we hugged. I realized that we actually looked more naked than the other people did because our white butts and Paula's white tits accentuated our nakedness. We began to walk stiffly toward the water and found it to be rather cold. I decided not to go in because my erection was not an issue now and I did not want to experience total retraction as we came out of the cold water. Instead, we walked around. "Paula, you look so good. I am very proud to be married to you." I said. "The feeling is likewise, Jack. I am also proud of you and I like to see the girls checking you out. It is also fun because these are all strangers and no one from here will know us back home." We continued to walk around and decided that this was a good trip for our marriage, which hadn't been doing so well in the last year or so. After a while, we decided that we had had enough sun exposure for a day and waited until we were almost out of the nude beach area before we put back on out bottoms.

**Paula the exhibitionist Part 3**

**- THE PARTY NO ONE WOULD FORGET**

We went back to the hotel for an early dinner and ran into Malcolm and Anne. The four of them sat together and we told them about our daring escapade that day. "Malcolm and I did that a few years... and a few pounds ago." Ann laughed. The two of them were a bit overweight and they were a bit self conscious. An American friend of ours is having a party in his villa in Ramantuelle," Malcolm said, "He lives here year 'round and would love to see some Americans. He told us to bring whoever we like." We said we would love to do it and after dinner the four of them were in a taxi, winding their way into the hills to the party in a modest but pleasant home. "Charlie, we want you to meet Paula and Jack from New Jersey." Malcolm and Anne introduced us at the door to our host. Charlie was a travel agent who operated part of the time from this house which he sometimes rented to corporate clients for vacations and meetings. "Glad to meet some Yankees that are not travel agents... you are not, are you? " he said. "Please excuse the crazy mix of guests, a lot of them are travel agents from the 'States and France and as you can see, they are enjoying the wine. By the way, help yourselves to the food and drink, it is in the other room." He pointed to another area. The people were a well-dressed group, young to middle aged and not many couples, mainly singles who were clumping into noisy and laughing groups. Jack overheard some spice jokes coming from the group behind him. Paula was engaged in a conversation with Anne, Malcolm was wandering around with Charlie and Jack decided to walk around a bit and get drinks for Paula and himself. In the kitchen area there were many bottles on the counter and Jack poured two scotches on ice. As he was carrying the drinks into the living room area, he overheard Charlie talking with the man who was tending the bar. Apparently, this was the man who was in charge of entertainment and maintaining the food and drinks. "What do you mean, there is no entertainment! I thought we had hired the girl to dance and serve drinks when she was not dancing. An exotic dancer, you promised me. I have told my guests and they are expecting something exciting. These are my clients and how will it look if I cannot deliver?" He continued to plead with the man but it was of no use. "Charlie, I overheard that you are having entertainment problems tonight. Maybe I can be of help..." I told him. We talked for a while and he seemed happy with the possibility of my helping out with a "hypnosis" act that Paula and I sometimes do at a party. It is usually a casual and funny thing and I guess he figured that it would be better than nothing. "Jack, I appreciate your trying to help. If nothing else, perhaps it will buy a little time for us to figure out something. If it is a rousing success, you guys can be my guests here for a week next time you feel like a vacation." I told Paula about helping him out with our little party thing and her eyes lit up when she heard about maybe being able to stay here on our next vacation if the guests liked it. You see, we would pretend that I was a famous hypnotist and Paula would be a plant in the audience. We would do the usual cluck like a chicken and bark like a dog routine and then ask for a volunteer from the audience. The volunteer was usually a friend who was in on the scam and then others would volunteer. The kind of people that volunteer are usually very easily convinced that they are in a trance and they usually use it as an excuse to get attention from other people. In reality, I really knew nothing about hypnosis at all. "This can be fun, Jack, "Paula giggled, " I'll see if Anne will be our plant in the audience." I was interested in Paula's response to my suggestion, not actually knowing where this would lead, but I was getting excited. We mainly got a kick out of the party thing because it brought out the exhibitionist in people. The thing was, on this trip, we found out that we were probably the exhibitionists and that was why we did the party trick. The DJ that Charlie had hired to do the music at the party was now on the microphone. He had stopped the music and he was asking everyone to come to the main room of the villa. It was a great room with a high ceiling and there was a landing in the front of the room that could serve as a stage. Pretty soon, there were about a hundred people in the large room, which was designed for exactly the purpose of large parties and presentations. The waiter was rushing around at Charlie's behest, filling drinks and herding people into chairs or sitting them on cushions on the floor. Charlie had a flair for drama and he certainly was taking a chance on us. I looked over to Paula who was looking as little nervous. I could see her nipples poking out through the thin shirt she was wearing with the short skirt. She looked good and just standing there, she could have been the entertainment. She also had an interesting look of anticipation, and as I looked at her, she smiled across to me and then looked over to Anne. Anne was in a dress that accentuated her cleavage and played down her mild portliness and her 3 month pregnancy. Malcolm was holding her hand and they both looked over to me and made the OK sign. When the room was settled into an audience and the music was low in the background, Charlie came onto the stage and put up his hands. His friends and clients cheered him and clapped and he settled them down with outstretched arms. He pointed to his assistant and the room lights dimmed and the lights over the landing came on brighter. It was like a stage and Charlie was proving to be quite the showman. I guess that is part of his job. "My dear friends," he said in English, French and German. "We have an entertainment surprise for you from the United States of America. It is a special act and we know you will be amused. Please welcome The Jones." He motioned to Paula and I who were standing off to the side and I could not help but notice a worried look on his face for an instant. I winked at him as we crossed paths and told him that he would not be disappointed. Paula and I stood at center stage to the polite clapping of the audience and I could see Malcolm and Anne beaming at us. "Ladies and gentlemen. Thank you for your kind welcome. We are here to present to you a journey into the exciting world of hypnosis. We will probe the depths of the human mind and perhaps show you some interesting surprises. This is my lovely assistant, my wife Paula." Paula took a bow and everyone clapped. Paula had a sparkle that I had not seen before. "Now, if anyone in the audience is prudish or squeamish, please leave the room. I can never predict what people are going to do when under the trance of deep hypnosis. " I stopped to dramatically look around the room. No one left and everyone was looking at us, including Paula's short skirt. They were all smiling in anticipation and I knew that we needed a zinger of a show to avoid anticlimax. "First, I would like your cooperation and your silence while I induce the trance. I need complete quiet now but when Paula is in a trance, we will be able to make as much noise as possible and you may even call out suggestions to me." The room was hushed and I had to keep myself from chuckling. I then made her close her eyes and breathe slowly while I made a show of moving my hands slowly back and forth in front of her closed eyes, saying, " you are getting deeper... deeper" over and over again. After a few moments, Paula was perfectly still, eyes closed and looking very relaxed. I stepped back and looked at the audience. I made a show of the "shhh" gesture and continued. "Paula, you are in a deep trance. Only the sound of my voice will have any meaning for you, no other sounds will register on your mind. Only when I tell you to stop the trance will you do so. Do you understand me?" She answered with a strong and very low and slow "yessss". It was very sexy. There was a giggle from the audience. It was Anne. I nodded to her. "Ladies and gentlemen, she is now in a trance, you may now speak and make noise if you wish. I will now be testing her ability to filter out distractions. Will someone please say something to Paula." "Paula, your shoelace is untied..." It was Malcolm and the crowd chuckled. She did not bat an eye. "Take off your skirt." Someone else said in the audience, followed by laughter. She did not waver. "Okay people, you can see that she is listening only to me. Is that not right Paula?" "Yes, Jack." She said in the sexy low tones. "Paula, I want you to take off your shoes and hop on one foot." She kicked off the shoes, she was not wearing socks or stockings. She hopped on one foot. " I want you to pretend you are riding a horse. It is a tall horse and you are using a Western saddle like a good American girl." I placed a chair next to her. She hiked up her short skirt and straddled the chair, showing lots of young and shapely thigh. The crowd was not saying anything. They were just watching. Charlie looked less nervous now. "Now Paula, I know that you can only hear me but I want you to do what the man asked you earlier. He wanted you to take off your skirt. You may now open your eyes but you can only see me. " She opened her eyes and looked at me passively, no emotion. "Please take off your skirt now." I said, looking intently at her for a reaction. She was not in a good bargaining position but she could still call it quits if she wanted. A brief flicker of a smile crossed her lips as she reached behind herself and unzipped the miniskirt. She let it drop to the floor and stepped out of it and kicked it far to the side of the makeshift stage. She looked splendid in her yellow bikini panties and thin silk shirt she was wearing. She stood still in the center of the stage and then got back

 onto her "horse". "How are we doing so far, Charlie?" I asked into the audience. "Wonderful, Jack. How about the act so far folks?" Charlie stood to say. There was a round of applause. Paula looked like she was fighting to keep a straight face so I decided that I better broaden out the field to get the attention off her for a while. "Thank you ladies and gentlemen. Paula will certainly also appreciate the applause when I tell her about it later." A murmur of a laugh from the crowd. "Now, I would like to pick a volunteer from the audience to help me continue." I was hoping that Anne would not fail us now. Her hand shot up uncertainly and I pointed to her and beckoned her to come forward. I thought I had seen some other hands but it was too early to take a chance. I helped Anne up onto the stage and I could see Malcolm beaming in the audience. "May I have your name please, Madame." I said, in my best theatrical voice. "My n-n-name is Anne." She stammered. Anne was actually nervous. I did not know if she was going to work with me. "Hello Anne. Have you ever been hypnotized before?" "No." She said with more composure. "Okay then, this is a simple procedure, you saw how Paula was brought into a trance. Are you willing to do the same thing?" "Yes, I am." "Good. Paula you will not hear what I am saying to Anne but you will always hear what I am saying to you because I will say your name when I am talking to you. Is that clear?" She nodded. I then went through the hocus-pocus routine, watching Anne fight back a smile. "Anne, you can only hear my voice, no others and when I want you to hear me, I will say your name first. Is that clear?" "Yes." She answered with a voice similar to Paula's" I was started to really get excited. I turned to the audience and they were watching intently, especially Malcolm, who was licking his lips in anticipation. "Does anyone in the audience have a suggestion for us to test?" I asked. "You'd better get Paula off the horse so she doesn't get saddle sore." Someone said. I turned to Paula. "Paula, please get off the horse and stand next to Anne. You are able to see Anne now. Please stand side by side. Anne, you can now see Paula. You are to stand next to each other." They looked at each other and stood shoulder to shoulder, Anne in her long dress and Paula in her underpants and thin shirt. "Show us their breasts." Said a voice in the audience. It was Malcolm. He was beaming. "Would anyone be offended?" I asked the audience. No one said a word so I turned to the girls. "Anne, pull down the top of your dress." I asked, almost in a whisper. This was new turf for me. Anne slowly reached up and pulled her right arm out of her sleeve, then her left arm, so the top half of her dress was hanging down from her waist. She was wearing a bra and I was not sure if she could struggle out of it alone. "Paula, take off Anne's bra." I asked, watching both of them for a facial response. None. Paula walked behind Anne solemnly and unsnapped her jumbo brassiere and then came around front and gently removed it. She threw it offstage where her skirt was. "Paula, take off your shirt." I said with more confidence. She slowly unbuttoned it and took it off and threw with some force to the far reaches of the stage. No change in facial expression but I saw her swallow a little harder than usual. I turned to the audience and motioned to the two girls on stage. The applause was deafening. They remained standing in the middle of the stage, Anne with her large and ripe breasts and Paula practically naked but for the tiny panties that I could see were getting a little wet in the crotch. Charlie eyes were glued on the women, no worry on his face now. "Thank you, ladies and gentlemen. Things appear to be progressing quite well at this time and I again would like to have some help from the women in the audience. May I see some hands?" Now I was putting my neck out. What if no one volunteered? I was relieved to see several people raising their hands and now, at the urging of some men in the corner, another woman. I could also see that Charlie was holding up the hand of a beautiful young woman that he introduced earlier as his secretary. It was five young and attractive women. I couldn't believe it. Now was my next barrier, what if they did not play along with my fake hypnosis. I had to count on the herd instinct but I also had to scare away anyone who would chicken out when we were underway. "Thank you ladies, please step up onto the stage while I complete some unfinished business. How about a hand for the new volunteers, ladies and gentlemen." Applause and the somewhat hesitant women came up onto the stage. I kicked the chair out of the way to make room and I stood them side by side, facing the audience, next to Paula and Anne. My first job was to not embarrass Anne who was pregnant. I needed to get her off stage but keep her sexed up. "Ladies and gentlemen, I will now demonstrate the power of the post hypnotic suggestion. This is where you awaken from your trance and continue following my instructions and suggestions. Anne, please step forward." She did so, her beautiful breasts bobbing as she walked. "You will awaken from this trance when I tell you to but you will retain the desire to keep your breasts exposed for all to see until midnight. It is now 10PM. Is that clear?" "Yes it is." She said with a smile. "Very well, then. You may awaken and continue to allow us to enjoy those beautiful breasts." She opened her eyes, looked around and smiled at me as the audience clapped. She held her breasts as she walked down from the stage and stood at a distance from Malcolm. She did not want to give away the scam yet. The other women were lined up and watching the performance, looking over to where Paula was passively standing with bare breasts and the briefest of panties. They probably could sense her sexual excitement and this might be what kept them on the stage. My next step was to weed out the possible failures. "Ladies and gentlemen. My next task is to test the strength of my trance on Paula before hypnotizing the others who have kindly volunteered. Remember, we will still be looking for other volunteers later in the show." I walked over to Paula who was looking straight ahead into the crowd. I lightly kissed her lips and ran my hand down her breasts, down her flat abdomen and across her pubic region and I could feel her tremor with excitement. I have never seen her nipples so hard. I looked over to Anne in the audience, still topless and apparently enjoying herself as people looked at her and "accidentally" brushed against her. "Paula, please step forward. Are you having a good time here at the party tonight?" "Yes, I am." I could see she was trying to hide her enthusiasm. "Are you ready to help me test out your trance a little further?" I asked and she nodded, a bit too quickly, I would say.

"Please take off your panties." One of the women in the lineup gasped in audibly as she watched Paula strip completely naked and stand next to her. Her beautiful blond pubic hairs barely covered her labia, especially after her preparation for wearing a bikini. She was beautiful and having a hell of a good time. "Paula, please walk back and forth across the stage so I can see you better." I said slowly. She began to pace back and forth across the stage, as if she were walking through a park on a sunny day. The women on the stage were fascinated by her appearance and her cooperation and passiveness. Her ass was tight and her breasts were full and not drooping. Basically what you would expect in a 23 year old with long blond hair and freckles. "Thank you Paula. Now please stand over to the right side of the stage, in the front so we can see you and just wait for me to call your name again." The audience applauded, including Anne. People's eyes were fixed on Paula and her newly exposed parts. I walked over to the 5 volunteers. They looked nervous but excited. "Ladies, this is hypnosis and you will not be induced to do anything that you would not normally want to do in a waking state, we will just be adjusting your inhibitions. Is that clear?" They nodded assent and as the audience watched the naked Paula and the 5 women watched me, I did my fake hypnosis hocus-pocus again and in no time, I had 5 women standing in front of me, blankly looking at the audience. "Thank you ladies. Now we are going to involve some audience participation. We will be distributing articles of clothing to members of the audience for our subjects to collect later on this evening. First we will distribute Anne's brassiere. Paula, please bring the pile of discarded clothing over to me." Paula went offstage and brought me the pile of clothing and I handed her Anne's bra. "Who would like this article of clothing?" There was a hand in the back. Paula, I will ask you to deliver each article of clothing to the person who sticks their hand up onto the stage. At that time you will see the person and when they get the clothing, they will be invisible again to you. Please come up to claim the bra, sir in the back of the room." Paula gave it to the man with a smile, and then as I called out for hands, she distributed each piece of her clothing to strangers. I was musing to myself if she would ever see those yellow panties again. So there she stood, naked, no clothing to put back on and she was loving it. This was quite an evening and one we would not be forgetting. Now I turned to the 5 volunteers. Ladies, please take off your shoes and Paula will distribute them to the audience. One woman, with long red hair looked a little nervous but I saw her slip out of the shoes. Paula stood with the pile of shoes at the edge of the stage, naked and people came up to her to claim their souvenirs and to catch a good look. One man "accidentally" touched Paula's breast. She controlled herself well. We did this with each article of clothing until each woman was standing on the stage, facing the audience, in bra and panties only. I asked for applause. Some of the women had very strange expressions on their faces and they appeared to be breathing heavier than you would expect on such a pleasant summers evening. "Now, it is Paula's turn to make a choice. Paula, you are now able to see the 5 women on the stage. Which article of clothing would you like to distribute next to the audience?" I turned to her. The women began to look nervous and the audience was silent. "Panties." She said. "Alright Paula, please remove their panties and hand them out to the audience. Begin with volunteer number one." I said, pointing to the redhead on the end. Paula walked over to number one and slid her panties over her full hips and down her shapely legs, her hands lingering as her knuckles brushed against the pubic hair. The woman stepped out of them and Paula handed them to a woman who was reaching from the audience. We continued this process four more times until all 5 women were standing in their bras and nothing else. I found this very erotic since partial nudity sometimes is more exciting than full nudity. "Now Paula, lets hand out those bras but when you remove them, do it in a very sexy way. " I said, still trying to push the envelope. Paula, still naked, stood in front of the first woman and ran her hands across her chest to the middle clasp, releasing it and then reaching in and cupping the woman's breasts. I could see the two of them experience a tingle. She tossed it to waiting hands and then continued the process until all of the women on stage were naked. She stepped back into line and the audience was treated to 6 young women, nude and visibly excited. "How about a nice hand folks."I said, sounding like a circus ringmaster." There was lots of applause and some whistles. "Now, I would like you to freshen your drinks and get ready for the next exciting part of the show. Ladies, please stay where you are and let us admire your beauty." I motioned to Charlie and he got the bartender to start pouring drinks. He rushed up to me.

"Jack, this is fantastic. You must be a great hypnotist or something." He said, as he pumped my hand. "Charlie, this is not real hypnosis. We are dealing with a bunch of exhibitionists, including my wife." "Get out of here. Is she always like this?" "No, man. This is the first time we pulled any sexy stuff, this is all off the cuff and everybody is playing along and having a ball." "Cool." He said with admiration in his voice. He could appreciate a good scam, after all, he was a travel agent. I got back on the stage and stood behind Paula, gently caressing her smooth round buttocks and I could feel them tense. Then I came back to center stage.

"Ladies and gentlemen, welcome back. I hope you have fresh drinks for the next part of the show because we need more interaction with the audience. We have before us 6 naked ladies and they have given away all their clothes. They need to involve others in this game so they will not feel so alone when they come out of their trance. It is for that reason that I need them to pick other people in the audience to get naked with them." There was a lull in the audience. If you do not want to play, please leave the room, otherwise, we will proceed. We will not be hypnotizing the new recruits, you will be on your own. I walked over to each woman and gave them a quick kiss on the lips and brushed their erect nipples as I went down the line. "Ladies. Please listen. You are now able to see people in the audience but only people that you would like to see naked with you. Look carefully and make your choices and think about them. I will start with Paula. Paula, who would you like to choose?" I figured she would pick Charlie because he was the host or Malcolm to get even for Anne. I was surprised when she walked over to me and put her hand on my crotch. She had her fingers around my cock and was holding on tightly. The crowd went wild, clapping and whistling. I was stunned. After all, I was the hypnotist... "Okay, if that is what you want." I said with a bit of a tremor in my voice and they loved it. Paula was pulling off my shirt and handing it to someone in the audience and then I felt her pulling down my fly and unbuckling my belt. Pretty soon, I was as naked as she was and I had no idea where my clothes were. I know she sensed my excitement, she was holding my cock and the people in the audience were having a great time. We all stood on the stage, naked and I was trying to not have an erection as I felt every eye in the place on my penis. It was time to get the attention off me. "Paula, you are now out of your trance and what do you think?" I said in my stage voice. She pretended to awaken and then pretended to be shocked that she was naked. At first she covered herself up and then saw the other naked women. She looked out to the applauding audience and just did a bow. Then she came next to me and held on to my cock again. "Now ladies, please walk out into the audience and pick your partners as we discussed a moment ago." I said, now holding Paula's left breast and thumbing the nipple. The naked women walked among the crowd and each brought one or more people back onto the stage, both male and female and their clothes were passed to the crowd. Pretty soon there was a pile of naked people on the stage and I made my final announcement. "Okay ladies, you are out of your trance, feel free to do whatever you like." And I was cut off by cheering. The room was full of naked and clothed people and in the ultimate exhibitionist move, Paula was sucking on my cock in front of all those people. The evening continued to decline and even Anne and Malcolm were nude and having a good time. There was lots of dancing and rubbing against other people but Paula and I decided to only get sexy with each other. As the party was breaking up, we never did find our clothes and there were rumors that Charlie had burned them all. Charlie was so happy with the entertainment that he promised us the use of his house any time we wanted, as long as we could do our little act for him again. We agreed and parted the best of friends. He did, however, have the forethought to save everyone's valuables and I even saw him giving back clothing to people who were not staying in town. No one seemed to mind and we all walked down the hill to St Tropez, buck naked as the day we were born and went back to our rooms, happy and tired. Needless to say, for the rest of the trip, everyone was hanging around naked in the private pool area from then on. I guess we broke the ice for that crowd. We flew back to the states very happy.