**Paula Ch. 01**

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**1 PAULA AND A FEW DRINKS**  
  
I came home from work and found Paula waiting for me at the door.  
  
"Hi, babe." I said, kissing her on the lips. "What's the matter?"  
  
She looked really sad and pissed.  
  
"I got fired today." She said.  
  
"Big deal. It was a shitty secretarial job and you hated it anyway." I said, trying to console her.  
  
"Yeah, but it was money..." She added. She was right and it would hurt. Still, she was in a down mood and I wanted to cheer her up. She needed an ego boost or something.  
  
"How about going out to dinner to celebrate your new freedom to pursue other opportunities?" I suggested and she smiled agreement.  
  
We went to a place on Clark Street with good Chinese food and had a couple of drinks while waiting for our meal. Paula was starting to perk up a little as the food arrived. I held up a glass in a simulated toast.  
  
"To the attractive twenty-four year old who is now available for any interesting position." I said.  
  
She laughed and we enjoyed our dinner. We jokingly kidded about her career options and I realized that we were starting to get a little juiced.   
  
We finished a good meal and walked back to the apartment. In the lobby, we met our neighbor, Jeff, the "lonely guy".  
  
"Yo Jeff. How goes it, man?" I said.  
  
"Hey, Paula, Jack... Not so great, I'm afraid." He said, looking down at the ground.  
  
"What's going on?" Paula asked.  
  
"My girlfriend just dumped me a few minutes ago." He said.  
  
He looked depressed and we had always worried about this poor guy. He was usually quite shy around other people but seemed to be more open with Paula and me. We sort of adopted this little guy with the premature receding hairline and he spent a lot of time at our place.  
  
"Come on up to our place. Have a nightcap." I asked him and he accepted.  
  
We didn't say much coming up the elevator, he was watching Paula with her arm around my waist and I had my arm around her shoulders. I saw that this was not exactly helping him.   
  
We got into the apartment and Jeff and I sat down while Paula went to the head. "You're a lucky guy, Jack." He said, nodding to the other room.  
  
"I guess you're right, buddy. It's all luck. You'll get your shot one of these days yourself." I said.  
  
Paula entered the room with a slight stagger and she giggled.  
  
"You want a drink, Jeff? Join me." She said, handing him his favorite beer that we kept in the fridge.   
  
I saw that she had a rather generous glass of a liqueur. This was unlike her and we both had discussed the issue in the past that she did not hold liquor well.  
  
"You're gonna be a sick cookie tomorrow morning, babe." I said, looking sternly at her.  
  
"Give me a break. I need a break. Hey Jeff, did you know I lost my job today?" She said.  
  
"Uh, no... But didn't you hate that job?" He stammered.  
  
"Yes, I did but it is the principle. Did you know WHY I lost the job, boys?" She was starting to get a little loud.  
  
We shook our heads.  
  
"I lost it to some babe that usually walks around like a hooker. There was only one slot for the two of us and one of us had to go. You think I would have kept it if I dressed like this?" She said as she pulled up her skirt.  
  
The skirt was already mid thigh and she hiked it higher, showing her pink panties. She did this for a few seconds and then stood next to me, facing Jeff.  
  
"What do you think, Jeff? How do these legs look to you?" I said, pulling up her skirt again.   
  
I ran my hand down her bare legs and she just stood there and smiled at him.  
  
"They are fine legs". He said.  
  
"Damned right! Hey, I could have been a dancer, you know." She said, holding up her plaid skirt and walking in circles around the room and doing an occasional twirl.   
  
Then she reached behind herself and unhooked the skirt and let it fall. She kicked it into the next room and looked at both of us, hands on her hips, and said.  
  
"It is really hot in here. Are you hot too?"  
  
We shook our heads and she stood next to me again. I took the initiative now. She was drunk.  
  
"Paula, you probably could have been an exotic dancer, and a hot one." I said as I stood up and walked behind her.  
  
I put my hands on her breasts from behind and she looked back at me with a smile. I hefted her firm breasts and said.  
  
"Paula has the body of an exotic dancer, you know."  
  
Jeff just stood there and watched us. I pulled up her sweater and Paula raised her arms as I pulled it completely off her. She stood there in bra and panties and shoes. She began to walk around the room like a dancer, spinning gracefully.  
  
"That's right boys. I could have been a bimbo dancer too... right?" She said as she came to me and put her arms around my neck.   
  
I reached behind her and unsnapped her bra.  
  
"Hey, don't get fresh, sailor." She said. She was definitely loaded. This was getting interesting for Jeff.   
  
She shrugged off the bra and turned to face him. She was cupping her breasts and said, "How do you like these apples?"  
  
He smiled and said weakly, "Nice breasts."  
  
"Do a nice dance for us Paula." I asked.  
  
She was doing a very sexy dance, acting like a stripper and I was amazed to see how good she was at it. She turned away from us, bent over and stripped off her panties. Then she slowly turned and struck a very sexy pose and said.  
  
"Then again, I could be a Playboy model, right?"  
  
We both agreed with her as she continued to parade around the apartment nude, clearly the center of our attention. Finally, she collapsed on the couch, in my lap and seemed to have fallen asleep.  
  
"Jeff, I think she is out for the night. Quite a show, huh? I think she needed to blow off a little steam, I hope you didn't mind this display."  
  
"Yeah, it was a real problem, man." He said with a wink. He stood up to leave.  
  
"Help me get her to bed, will you?" I asked.  
  
We carried her to the bedroom and tucked her into bed. Jeff left and I went to sleep.  
  
The following morning, Paula and I never mentioned last night's exhibition. I didn't want to bring it up and she seemed happy to talk about other things so I let it lie.   
  
We ran into Jeff at the mailboxes, he was coming in with groceries.  
  
"Hey guys. How about following me up to my apartment for a brunch. I always freeload off you, so now it is your turn. Okay?" He asked with such a sincere look that we laughed and agreed.  
  
We were sitting in Jeff's studio apartment when he brought up the previous night,  
  
"Did you get a lot of rest last night, Paula?"  
  
"Yes I did. By the way, thanks to both of you for helping me forget my job problem. I need to get an ego boost from time to time, you know..." She looked at each of us for expression change.  
  
"Hon, what do you remember from last night?" I asked cautiously.  
  
"I stripped and danced. Right? The only problem was, I was drunk and didn't get much of a thrill from it. Can I try it again now?"  
  
Jeff and I looked at each other and shrugged. This was the first time Paula took the initiative to exhibit herself and I saw this as an interesting milestone.  
  
She walked over to his stereo and flipped it on. She started to dance and shed her clothes completely in the first song.   
  
She stood nude before us, completely exhilarated and said, "Now I feel good. How do I look?"  
  
"You look great, babe." I said.  
  
She spent the next half-hour walking around Jeff's apartment in the buff. She loved exhibiting herself to our friend. Finally, we decided to say goodbye so she got dressed and we went home.

**Paula Ch. 02**

**2 The Polaroid**  
  
Paula's next step in her exhibitionism was her desire to get naked to people who visited our apartment, whenever possible. It seemed to be easy for her to be nude around our acquaintances.  
  
She was getting bolder in her nudity and whenever she exposed herself to our friends, she got very horny. We were making love a lot more than in previous months and I must say it was a turn on for both of us. The exhibitionism was mainly hers but I also got a vicarious thrill from exposing her body to others.  
  
Our friend Jeff became a regular visitor since he just lived in our building. I guess by now you figured that he did not get out much and his only girlfriend in a long time had dumped him.  
  
Paula and I we were watching television one night and about 10PM there was a knock at the door. It was Jeff with a paper bag.  
  
"Hi, Jack. Is it too late to drop in?"  
  
"No, man. Come on in." I said, swinging the door open.   
  
His eyes quickly zoomed around the room until he could see Paula on the couch, its back was to the door and he could only see her head. I knew he was curious about her attire, or lack of.  
  
"Hi, Jeff," she said, "come in and have a seat. We're watching Casablanca." She motioned to the chair facing her.  
  
He sat down and smiled to her. She was wearing a simple bathrobe, with nothing under it. I threw Jeff a beer and sat next to Paula. The robe was just pulled around her, she had left the belt in the bedroom. She intentionally let the top of the robe fall partly open when Jeff sat down and he was openly admiring her.  
  
"I love that old movie." He said.  
  
"What's in the bag? A present for me?" Paula said flirtatiously.   
  
"No, just some stuff I had to buy for work. I am taking Polaroids of some of the merchandise. In needed to buy some film at Walgreen's."  
  
"Let me see." She said, reaching for the bag, exposing both breasts.  
  
He handed it to her and made no effort to hide his interest in her partly naked body. She smiled.  
  
"I though you brought it to take pictures of me." She joked.  
  
"Do you need some?" He asked awkwardly.  
  
She stood up, her robe open wide and said.  
  
"You never can have too many. Actually, we could use a few shots if you have some film to spare." She looked at me and I smiled and nodded.  
  
Jeff was visibly nervous. It was like this was some kind of fantasy of his and the least we could do is help him out. I took the initiative and said,  
  
"Jeff, why don't you sit on the other side of the room and Paula can do a couple of poses?"  
  
Paula did some simple things like pretending to flash her robe open, her blonde pubic hair, flat abdomen and firm protruding breasts making a nice subject for a picture.   
  
He nervously took a few different shots, handing me the prints, and I blew on them to dry them off as they developed. By now, Paula had dropped the robe and was doing some classic sexy poses and at one point, even had her hands on her crotch.  
  
"Very sexy, hon. I think Jeff is running out of film here."  
  
"Well, let's see what we have." She said, staying nude as we spread out the snaps on the dining table.  
  
"I'm sorry that these are so crude," Jeff began, "but it is just a cheap old camera. You can keep which ever ones you like." He said.  
  
Paula looked at him in mock surprise, saying,  
  
"You mean, you don't want them?"  
  
"No, that's not what I mean. I would love them, they are so sexy. I just thought you would not like people having shots of you in the nude..."  
  
"We trust you man. " I said, "Why don't you keep them, we'll just keep one of the flashing shots, it's kind of cool."  
  
Jeff seemed relieved by this outcome and was all smiles as he said goodbye.  
  
"You know, I bet he is going to jerk off on your pictures, hon." I said.  
  
She lit up as if it was something new to think about, saying,  
  
"Now that is an interesting idea.."  
  
She walked over to me and unzipped my fly, saying,  
  
"Remember when we were teenagers and you were trying to show me how to jerk you off?"  
  
"Yes, I do. Now that was a long time ago." I recalled, "We have come a long way since then but you never lost the fine art of the jerk off, you know. How about a refresher now?"  
  
"Go inside and lie on the bed, I'll be with you in a minute."  
  
She came into the room, still nude, with some baby oil and a towel and started to give me one of the finest hand jobs in the world. These nights were becoming sexier and I did not know where this was all leading. I didn't care, I was having a ball.  
  
Suddenly, she stopped and said,  
  
"I want to see you jerk yourself off now."  
  
"Aw, come on Hon, it doesn't seem right."  
  
"No, I mean it. Listen buddy, I have been putting on quite a show for you recently. This is the least you can do for me." She was serious.  
  
I didn't argue. I began to slowly stroke myself as she lightly caressed by scrotum and thighs. I could see that her other hand was twirling little circles in her crotch. This became more exciting and before long, I had a very satisfying ejaculation and she came after that.

**Paula Ch. 03**

**3 Payback Jerkoff**  
  
Paula became more and more of an indoor nudist when we were home alone and I enjoyed it thoroughly. I would come home to find her in her robe and I would ask her to strip for me. She usually would comply but one day, about a week after the Polaroid session; she was to change things.  
  
I had just come home, horny, and I asked her,  
  
"How about a nice striptease Hon?"  
  
"I will if you will give me a show..." She said firmly.  
  
"Like what?" I asked, surprised.  
  
"I want to see you jerk off as I strip and parade around." She said, putting her arms around me.  
  
"Why?"  
  
"Because I want to see how I can have an effect on you." She said, "Now, whip it out and I'll get started."  
  
So that's what we did. It was kind of a fun trip back to an adolescent fantasy and we played that game almost every night that week. I would jerk off as she stripped and paraded around, telling me how she was going to show off to our friends and then she would also come to a climax with her own hands.  
  
I came home a few days later, ready for the same game. I opened the door and Paula was wearing a skirt and blouse. She said,  
  
"Good, you're home. I forgot to tell you, Jeff invited us to his place for burgers tonight."  
  
So we went down to Jeff's apartment. I thought the occasion might be his showing off a new date or vice versa but he answered the door alone. I smelled the burgers cooking out on his balcony. He handed us drinks and we sat around talking small talk and eating dinner.  
  
The subject did not get to sex until after we helped him clean up. We were sitting around on his couch, Paula in the middle when she started it.  
  
"So, Jeff, did you like those pictures we all took last week?" She asked, coyly.  
  
"Well, I certainly did. Who wouldn't?" He responded.  
  
"They were pretty sexy, huh?" She persisted.  
  
"You bet they were." He said with a lustful smile.  
  
"Jeff, did you jerk off to those pictures, by any chance?" She said quickly.  
  
He was stunned. He looked to me and I gave him a "just say yes" look.  
  
"Gee, Paula, that's kind of personal, don't you think?" He stalled.  
  
"So is my stripping for you guys, right? Come on, Jeff, do you jerk off? Jack does, right Jack?" She turned to me.  
  
"She's right Jeff. You know we all do it, right?" I added.   
  
"Okay, I admit that those pictures turned me on. Are you happy now?" He said. He was turning bright red.  
  
"I'm sorry, Jeff. I don't want to embarrass you. Just forget it, okay?" She said. He didn't stand a chance in this discussion.  
  
"That's okay. I guess we are getting to be intimate friends, I guess its okay to ask each other personal questions." He was starting to succumb.  
  
"Uh, how come you asked me such a question, anyway?" He was hooked now.  
  
"I was just wondering if you would let me watch you jerk off sometime. You have seen me naked a few times now, you know." She said sweetly.  
  
He nervously looked over to me and saw that I was no help.  
  
"When do you want me to do this?" He asked nervously. "Not that I said I would do it, I'm just curious." He said, his darting over to me from time to time.  
  
Paula was sitting between us with her legs crossed. She hiked up her skirt a bit and opened her legs a bit. He was watching her intently. There was certain electricity in the air now. She unbuttoned the two top buttons on her blouse.  
  
"How about now?" She said standing up and facing the two of us. "Both of you."  
  
She walked over to his kitchenette and came back with a roll of paper towels. She unbuttoned another button.  
  
"Well?" She shifted her weight to one leg and started tapping her foot.  
  
"I'll do it if Jack does." He said, looking at me and I made the OK sign to him.  
  
"Okay boys, whip 'em out." She said.  
  
We unzipped and Paula began to slowly unbutton her blouse and throw it across the room. Next came the skirt, tossed aside. She walked over to Jeff in her bra and panties. He was holding his erection and she looked down at it, he was slowly rubbing it.  
  
"Very nice dick, Jeff." She said and he smiled up at her.   
  
She then slowed down to a very slow strip tease, removing the bra very slowing and then inching her panties down very slowing as we were now shamelessly masturbating in front of each other. This was kinky but interesting. It was clearly a trip back to adolescence and she was in control of the show.  
  
By now the panties were off and she was strutting proudly nude and we were enjoying the view. She just strutted back and forth between us as we kept jerking off.  
  
Standing right in front of Jeff now, she reached down and began spreading her labia for him to see and in a second, I could hear him losing control with a grunt. She came over to me and squatted in front of me, taking my penis in her hand. She finished me off with just a few expert strokes. She handed each of us a paper towel as we embarrassingly cleaned up and zipped up.  
  
She remained nude and the three of us joked about how we were getting to be such good friends. We helped her get dressed and then Paula and I left for another hot night in bed.