**Showing Pink**

by[SamScribble](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1143365&page=submissions)©

I suppose that it had been an easy enough mistake to make.  
  
My friend Rosemary -- who knows that I am an avid collector of antique toys -- had mentioned that she had seen, somewhere, she couldn't remember where, something about an exhibition. One of the local galleries, she thought. And quite soon. Next week, was it? Something like that.  
  
'That's OK,' I told her. 'I'll just Google it when I get home.'  
  
I typed in 'toy exhibition'. Except that I didn't. For some reason I typed in 'toy exhibitionist'. And that is how it all started. Instead of a link to an upcoming exhibition of antique toys, I was presented with the promise of ladies exposing themselves, some -- but not all -- in association with a 'toy' of the bedroom variety.  
  
For a moment or two I just stared at the screen in disbelief. How could the words 'toy exhibition' have produced these results? And then I realised what I had done. I was just about to correct my error when the name Bella2 jumped out from the screen. Bella2 had been my old nickname at university. Bella from Isabella, and 2 because there was already a Bella in the class when I arrived. The incumbent Bella became Bella1, and I became Bella2. But who was this other Bella2?  
  
I clicked on the link and there she was: Bella2. Or at least there was her nom de screen. Below the name tag were five rather professional-looking photographs in a descending column.  
  
The first photograph was of a woman in a blue slip. She was sitting in a chair, her legs crossed demurely. The chair appeared to be in a hotel room. The photograph had been cropped just above the woman's shoulders. Without seeing her face (there was a hint of her chin, but that was all), it was hard to tell her age. But I thought that she was probably in her mid-to-late-forties. About the same age as me perhaps.  
  
In the second photograph, the woman was standing, steadying herself with one hand on the back of an adjacent chair while, with her other hand, she was removing a pair of pale blue lace-edged knickers.  
  
In the third photograph the knickers had made their way all the way down to her ankles. The woman was now leaning forward, her ample breasts threatening to escape from the top of her slip, as she prepared to abandon her knickers altogether.  
  
In the fourth photograph, her knickers were nowhere to be seen. I could imagine that she had 'kicked' them off and that they were now lying somewhere beyond the frame of the photograph. Perhaps at the feet of the photographer. Knickerless, the woman was now stepping out of her silky blue slip.  
  
She was a well-padded woman; not fat, but certainly not skinny. In addition to her ample breasts, she had a slightly rounded tummy and the thighs of a woman approaching middle age without any undue concern about the need to maintain the figure of a teenage catwalk model.  
  
In the fifth photograph, she was just standing there. Naked. And proud. Below her rounded tummy, at the intersection of her womanly thighs, there was a luxuriant patch of greying pubic hair.  
  
Beneath the photographs, a number of posters had left their comments. The posters' spelling and grammar left something to be desired, but there was little doubt as to what they were trying to say. Bella2 was certainly a crowd pleaser. A number of the posters offered risqué suggestions as to what they might do with Bella2's breasts should they be offered the opportunity -- not that there was anything to suggest that they would be offered the opportunity.  
  
I could understand what those viewing Bella2's breasts (and other attributes) might be getting out of her exhibitionist display, but what about Bella2 herself? What did she get out of it I wondered? Intrigued, I clicked on the next 'displayee', a woman going by the screen name of Milf4ya. Milf4ya was also proudly displaying her bare breasts. Compared to Bella2's breasts, Milf4ya's were quite small; but, yes, I have to admit that they were also rather attractive. Perky is a word that came to mind.  
  
A few pages on, there was another photograph of Bella2. This time she was dressed in a low-cut top. She was leaning forward so that there was very little of the actual top showing, just a rather spectacular cleavage, a deep valley disappearing between her more-than-impressive fleshy globes. One of her 'fans' had posted a message saying that he wouldn't half fancy a titty-fuck. 'Oh, yes,' Bella2 had replied. 'That would be just perfect, Baxstreetboy.' I'm sure that she had absolutely no idea of whom Baxstreetboy was and absolutely no real intention of helping him to realise his fantasy. Still ....  
  
Altogether, I must have spent about 20 minutes exploring the virtual home of Bella2 and her exhibitionist sisters, and then I went back to Google, corrected my original error, and discovered that the exhibition of antique toys was to be held at The Walker-Moss Gallery, and not for another couple of months. There would be plenty of time to get tickets after all.  
  
Later that evening, as I luxuriated in a nice warm bath, I again found myself wondering what it was that Bella2 got out of displaying her body for all to see. Unless I had missed an important detail somewhere along the way, there didn't seem to be any financial gain to be had. It appeared to be just a matter of 'Here I am, boys.' (I assumed that the audience was primarily male.) 'What do you think?' I remember looking down at my own boobs and wondering how I would feel if I knew that there were lots of people who I didn't know -- and was never likely to know -- looking at them. And would Baxstreetboy look at a digital depiction of my breasts and feel moved to post that he fancied a titty-fuck? Or would he just move on quickly to contemplate Milf4ya's breasts?  
  
After my bath, I wrapped myself in my thick towelling bathrobe and went downstairs to check my emails. I also thought that I would see if there was anything interesting on Newsnight. As it happened, there were no new emails. And Newsnight seemed to be back on 'the Scottish question', so I decided to take a quick peep at the latest online news headlines. I hadn't really meant to go back to the virtual home of Bella2 and Milf4ya but, for some reason, that's where I ended up -- although only for ten minutes or so.  
  
The following day -- Wednesday -- I did something really silly. The weather forecast that morning had been for showers later in the day, and so I made sure that I took my brolly with me. But then, when I left the office to catch the bus home again, I forgot all about the brolly. Silly, I know. And, of course, no sooner had I got off the bus and set off for the five-minute walk from the bus stop, than the rain started to pour down. By the time I got home I was absolutely drenched. Even my bra was soaked.  
  
I was just standing in the bathroom, surrounded by abandoned wet clothes, towelling myself dry and scolding myself for my stupidity, when I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror. And, just for a moment or two, I thought, Isabella Martin, for a girl who is well past 40, you don't look too bad.  
  
The body in the mirror was definitely not the body of an 18-year-old, but it was OK. In fact, for a moment or two, I thought that it was better than OK. For a moment or two I thought that even Baxstreetboy might approve. After all, he didn't seem to have too much of a problem with Bella2's odd crinkle and wrinkle, or the extra few pounds distributed about her hips. In fact, in exchange for the virtual prospect of a titty-fuck between her voluptuous breasts, he seemed prepared to overlook several minor defects. Or maybe he really did prefer a woman with a bit of meat on her bones.  
  
My cell phone was there and, almost without thinking, I picked it up and took a couple of photographs of myself in the mirror. They weren't great photographs. The flash bouncing back from the mirror sort of washed out half of the picture. I should have just trashed them there and then. But I didn't. Well, not immediately anyway. My friend Maria was supposed to be calling by at about six o'clock to drop off the baking dish that she had borrowed, and, according to my phone, it was already 5:53. I quickly gathered up my damp clothes and scurried though to the bedroom to find some dry ones. Maria arrived about ten minutes later.  
  
'One baking dish -- returned with thanks,' Maria said. 'And since I'm always drinking your wine, I thought that I'd better bring some. Where are the glasses?'  
  
'Oh, you shouldn't have done that,' I said.  
  
'Too late,' Maria replied. 'I already have.'  
  
I got a couple of wine glasses from the cupboard and Maria poured a very generous slosh of wine into each of them.  
  
'Cheers.'  
  
'Yes, cheers,' I echoed.  
  
I'm always a little surprised that Maria and I are such good friends. As much as I try not to be, I'm really quite quiet and reserved; whereas Maria is anything but.  
  
'How's Nigel?' I asked.  
  
'He's up in Derby for some sort of conference. Not back until Friday night.'  
  
'Oh, so you're on your own then?'  
  
'Just for a couple of nights,' Maria said. 'Mind you, knowing Nigel, on at least one of those nights he'll probably end up with a skinful, calling me at midnight, and wanting phone sex.'  
  
'Oh,' I said -- trying not to sound ... well ... shocked, I suppose.  
  
'He says I should be flattered.'  
  
'Umm ... well, yes ....'  
  
Maria laughed. 'Bella, at nine o'clock I might be flattered; at midnight I prefer to be sleeping. Hopefully, this time he will make do with the pictures on his phone and I can get my beauty sleep. At my age I need it.'  
  
She didn't. At the ripe old age of 47, Maria was still a seriously good-looking woman: a strong, interesting face, beautiful auburn hair, and the body of someone who could have passed for an athlete. But, to be honest, I was more intrigued by her reference to the pictures on Nigel's phone. I hoped that she was going to expand a little on that particular point. But she didn't.  
  
I assumed that the pictures on Nigel's phone were of an erotic nature -- intended to help him 'take care of his away-from-home needs'. But pictures of whom? Maria? Or someone else? For some reason my mind returned to Bella2 and Milf4ya. I wondered if Nigel was familiar with Bella2 and Milf4ya.  
  
Usually, if Maria calls in on her way home from work, she only stays for 15 or 20 minutes, half an hour at the most, before rushing off to organise supper for Nigel. But, with Nigel away, she seemed in no hurry to rush off anywhere. We finished our first glass of wine and Maria poured a second.  
  
'Have you ever posed for photographs of a ... well, saucy nature?' I said, doing my best to make it sound like the most casual question ever.  
  
Maria frowned. 'What? You mean like Page Three type thing?'  
  
'Well, yeah, I suppose so,' I said.  
  
Maria stared at her wine glass for a moment or two as if trying to remember. 'Umm ... no, not really. That Irish photographer that Sarah used to hang out with tried to get me to do some top shelf stuff once. He reckoned that I'd make a fortune. But he was a bit of a creep. I didn't fancy getting my tits out for him. I guess if it had been a different photographer .... Why do you ask?'  
  
'Oh, I don't know.'  
  
'Of course, back then, showing a bit of tit or a smudge of pubic hair was a big deal. These days, you just have to look on the Internet and you can get the full gynaecological works. And anyway, now that you don't have to send the film off to some nosey busybody to have it processed, everybody's making their own homemade porn.'  
  
'Are they?' I said. 'I mean, yes, I suppose they are.'  
  
'God, Nigel must have hundreds of pictures of me,' Maria said. And she laughed.  
  
'So when you said that you hoped he'd make do with pictures on his phone ....'  
  
Maria laughed again. 'Well, I didn't mean pictures of the family gathered around the table for Christmas dinner.'  
  
I just nodded.  
  
As I got ready for bed that night, I stood in front of the full-length mirror in my bedroom and contemplated my body in various states of undress. There were definitely some bits that were probably better covered than revealed. But I'm pleased to say that there were bits that were not too bad, not too bad at all. Or maybe it was just that Maria and I had managed to drink the whole bottle of wine.  
  
I turned off the main light and by the soft pink light from the bedside lamp I thought that I looked even better. In fact, I thought that I looked pretty damn hot. I certainly didn't think that Baxstreetboy would have found much to complain about.  
  
I normally wear a nightdress to bed. But that night I didn't bother. I just slipped naked between the smooth white sheets. For a few minutes I just lay there, thinking things over in my mind. It was almost a surprise when I suddenly realised that I had one hand gently caressing one of my breasts and the other starting to explore my vulva. I must admit that I was beginning to find the whole idea of showing myself to strangers a bit of a turn on. I just hope that my orgasm that night didn't disturb the neighbours.  
  
The next morning, I took another look at the self-in-the-mirror shots that I had taken. Alas, they hadn't got any better overnight. The flash bouncing back from the mirror was still turning everything to mush. I wondered for a moment or two whether I could rescue then with my picture management software. It was great for straightening up crooked photos and getting rid of red eyes. But asking it to make something sharp and classy from the flashy mush was probably a request too far. In the end I deleted both shots.  
  
When I left for work that morning, a moving company lorry was pulling up outside the building next door. The first floor flat had been empty for several months and I guessed that someone was finally moving in. And when I got home again that night, the lorry had gone but there were lights on in the flat, so I figured that I must have been right.  
  
I made myself some supper: a quick chicken and spinach lasagne. While the lasagne was cooking, I poured myself a glass of wine and then fired up my laptop to check my emails. There were seven new emails. All but one of the emails were newsletters of one sort or another. The only non-newsletter was confirmation of my tickets for the upcoming toy exhibition. The gallery even asked if I would like to attend the opening. Apparently, a couple of the Antiques Roadshow toys experts were going to be giving a talk. I'm not sure if this was my good luck or simply an indication that I was the only person who had shown any interest in the show. Regardless, I sent back a note saying: Yes please, I'd love to attend the opening.  
  
There was nothing much on the TV that night -- well, nothing that I wanted to watch anyway -- and so when I had had my supper (and another glass of wine), and then tidied up a bit, I decided that I might head up to bed early and read for a bit.  
  
Even before I got to my bedroom, I was aware of an unusual light. It was coming from a room in the flat next door. The previous owners, tenants, or whatever, had used the room as a sort of store room, but the new occupants seemed to have set it up as a bedroom. As I was taking all this in, a young man, probably in his late 20s, walked into the room. He looked as though he had just taken a shower or something. Apart from a towel around his waist, he was naked. And I must say that he was a very fine fit-looking fellow. I would not have been surprised to discover that he was a serious sportsman of some sort.  
  
The man walked towards the window and I assumed that he was going to draw the curtains or pull down a blind or something. But he didn't. Instead he walked over to a small table and flipped open a laptop computer that was sitting on it. He adjusted the angle of the screen and, after a few moments of tapping and clicking, he seemed to find what he was looking for. From the angle, I couldn't see what was on the screen, but from the expression on his face and the fact that he was starting to massage his crotch, I suspect that he may have 'accidentally' stumbled across a Bella-type website.  
  
I was just about to discreetly draw my own curtains when the young man removed the towel from around his waist and tossed it over his shoulder and onto the bed behind him. At that point, I probably should have looked away. But I didn't. And I couldn't very well go up to the window and draw the curtains because he probably would have seen me. And so I just stayed where I was, in the shadows, and I watched as he gazed on the screen of his laptop and stroked his handsomely-erect penis.  
  
He probably spent a couple of minutes stroking his cock, and then he stopped and typed something on the keyboard. For a moment or two he paused and stared, intently, at the screen. And then he smiled and resumed stroking his cock. I cannot tell a lie: my fingers also went to work.  
  
Eventually, after about ten minutes of stroking his cock, and tapping and clicking at the computer, my new neighbour reached a shuddering climax -- although not before he had hastily grabbed a couple of tissues from a box on the desk. For a moment or two, he just stood there, smiling at the computer screen, and nodding slightly. And then, with the bunched tissues clutched to his wilting penis, he turned and left the room. Immediately -- although with some slight reluctance -- I took the opportunity to finally draw my curtains.  
  
On Fridays, I usually work from home. When I first started doing this, I tended to treat the day like any other: starting with a shower, then dressing and having a bite of breakfast, before settling down at my desk by about nine o'clock. But, gradually, the routine changed. These days I tend to just make a cup of tea and then hit the desk by about seven. Only when I have the bulk of my day's work out of the way do I stop for a shower and get myself dressed. Often this is not until around midday.  
  
And so it was that, shortly after midday, and with the sun pouring in through the skylight, I found myself freshly showered and once again standing naked in front of the large mirror in the bathroom.  
  
My phone was there and so I tried another photograph. It was a big improvement on the disasters of a couple of days earlier, and so I tried another. And another. In the end, I must have taken a dozen or so shots. And some of them looked pretty good. I also took a few more of me in my bra and knickers. They looked pretty good too.  
  
I made a quick sandwich and a cup of coffee for lunch and then got back to my work. And then, soon after three o'clock, I had finished for the day and finished for the week. I transferred the photos from my phone to my laptop and set about tidying them up. By four o'clock I had cropped and chopped and colour-balanced and ended up with eight photos that I felt pretty happy with.  
  
I thought that four in the afternoon was probably going to be a little early for the online crowd, but I tapped in Bella2's home-away-from-home address into my computer anyway. And I was not disappointed. Both Bella and Milf had added to their ... shall we say 'online collection'. As far as I could tell, there were no new comments from Baxstreetboy, but there were plenty of other admirers with things to say. BrightonShiner was full of admiration for Bella's bum ('Top class arse, Bella2'), and 6on9 wanted Milf4ya to 'show us yer wizzer Milf'.  
  
For perhaps half an hour I flicked back and forth, comparing my own photos with those of Bella and Milf and several others. I though mine were at least as good. If not better. But what would BrightonShiner think? What would Baxstreetboy think? I knew that there was only one way to find out, but I was torn. On the one hand, the thought of posting one or two of my own pictures was surprisingly exciting. I was definitely getting a bit of a tingle in places where it feels nice to get a bit of a tingle. But on the other hand, it was also scary. In the end, I decided to go and make myself a cup of tea.

When I came back, another poster, Moniker77, had started a new thread under the title Boobtime. She had posted a picture of her own boobs escaping from a bra that appeared to be a size or two too small. And there was an invitation for others to join in. Oh well, I thought, here goes nothing. I registered myself as TinkerBel and posted a picture of my own bra-clad breasts.  
  
By the time my picture was posted, three or four other women had also answered the invitation. And there were already a number of appreciative comments. For several minutes I sat there, refreshing the screen every 30 seconds or so, wondering if -- hoping that -- someone would say something nice about my boobs. And then, suddenly, there it was. Dodger21 had written: 'Very nice TinkerBel!!! More please!!!' My spare hand gently rubbed my knicker-covered vulva. I had done it! I had joined the ranks of the exhibitionists.  
  
Of course, the next question was: Was I going to answer Dodger's request? And, if so, what was I going to post next? I had another bra shot that really showed off my cleavage. I decided to post that. After all, Dodger had said please.  
  
A minute or so later, Dodger was again showing his appreciation. 'Better and better TinkerBel! How about a shot without the bra.' Maybe later, Dodger, I said to myself, mentally adding a comma to his first sentence and a question mark at the end of the second. But now it's time for me to head off to the pub for a Friday night drink with my real-life friends.  
  
By the time I got back from the pub it was already gone seven and starting to get dark. I was about to walk into the sitting room when I noticed, at the top the stairs, the same cast of light that I had seen the night before. It seemed that my new neighbour was already home. I walked up the stairs and into my bedroom, being careful to stay in the shadows. And, yes, my neighbour was there, once again standing in front of his laptop, this time with his trousers down around his knees and a firm grip on his erect penis.  
  
For a while I stood there, quietly, as he tapped on his keyboard and tugged on his todger. And then I slipped back downstairs and grabbed my own laptop. When I got back upstairs, I set the laptop up on the edge of my bed and logged in. I quickly scrolled down and found the Boobtime link. While I had been away at the pub, another three or four women had added their contributions, and there must have been at least 20 more comments -- several directed specifically at me. I read each of the comments and smiled to myself as I thought about each of these strangers looking at my breasts. I must say that I was rather enjoying being an exhibitionist.  
  
I clicked back to the top of the page where someone had started a new thread: Friday Night Pussy -- All Join. I didn't feel that I was quite ready to start showing strangers my own pussy. But I decided that I would grant Dodger his request and post a shot of my breasts without the bra. 'Here you go, Dodger,' I wrote. 'Since you asked so nicely.'  
  
The first person to leave a comment was not Dodger but Baxstreetboy. 'Oh fuck yeah TinkerBel! Top tits, top shelf!'  
  
'Why thank you, Baxstreetboy,' I replied. 'I'm glad that you approve.'  
  
When I looked up from the screen and across towards my neighbour, he was well into his work, with one hand on his keyboard and the other furiously pumping his erect penis. And I must admit that, from the shadows, I joined him (so to speak).  
  
When I drew back my bedroom curtains a little after ten o'clock on Saturday morning, my new neighbour appeared to be installing some sort of roller blind. It certainly helped to explain why he hadn't covered his window on the two previous evenings. At one point, I thought that he looked across at my window and so I gave him a casual good-neighbourly wave. But he didn't acknowledge it, so I assumed that he was concentrating on something closer to home and therefore didn't see me.  
  
I was so preoccupied with my new neighbour, and with my developing adventures in the world of exhibitionism, that I almost forgot that my old friend Barrington was due over for lunch around midday.  
  
Barrington and I had been friends from university days. We had even slept together a few times. But that was back before Barrington finally acknowledged that he was gay. Happily, he and I have remained friends, and hardly a month goes by without us getting together to share a meal or a glass of wine.  
  
I took a couple of sheets of frozen savoury short-crust pastry out of the freezer and set it on the kitchen counter to thaw. With the addition of some chopped bacon, some mushrooms, some eggs, and some cream, a delicious quiche was less than an hour away.  
  
I had just taken the quiche out of the oven when the doorbell rang.  
  
'Watch the birdie,' Barrington said, as I open the front door. And the next thing I knew he was pointing a small-but-expensive-looking camera in my direction. Flash! 'There you are, Bella. You are the very first person to be captured by my new camera. Well, apart from the feet of the sales assistant in the store. But that was an accident. I'll get rid of that -- once I work out how to.'  
  
Barrington pushed a couple of buttons and squinted at the small screen on the back of the camera. 'Oh yes. Not bad,' he said. 'Not bad at all. Mind you, with such a beautiful subject, how could I go wrong? So ... what do you think?' He turned the camera around so that I could see what he had been looking at.  
  
I was impressed. 'It's ... umm ... very good,' I said. (And it was.) 'You know ... especially considering what you had to work with.'  
  
Barrington laughed. 'Sixteen megapixel. Twenty times optical zoom and two times digital. And it was on special. Fifty quid off the list price. A bargain or what!'  
  
'Boys and their toys,' I said.  
  
'And he who dies with the most toys wins,' Barrington replied. 'And anyway, you collect antique toys. I just prefer hi-tech toys.'  
  
I guess he had a point. I poured each of us a glass of white wine and started throwing together a simple salad to accompany the quiche. As I sliced and diced, Barrington snapped away with his new toy, pausing every 20 seconds or so to review the results and pronounce which shots were 'keepers' and which were 'chuckers'. He certainly seemed to be pleased with his purchase. 'Excellent picture quality,' he said, on more than one occasion.  
  
We had eaten almost half of the quiche and we were partway through the third glass of wine, when an idea suddenly occurred to me. My second lot of 'selfie' photographs were OK. Or at least the online comments seemed to suggest that they were OK. But what if I got Barrington to take a few 'proper' shots with his new camera? 'I have a favour to ask,' I said. And then I immediately had second thoughts.  
  
'Oh?'  
  
I hesitated. Should I? Oh, what the hell! 'Promise me you won't laugh.'  
  
Barrington frowned.  
  
'I'd like you to take some photographs of me,' I said, summoning up all my wine-fuelled courage. 'Some special photographs.'  
  
Barrington smiled. 'Every photograph I take of you is special, Bella. How can it be otherwise?'  
  
'I'd like you to take a few photographs of me ... umm ... in the bedroom,' I said.  
  
Barrington raised his eyebrows slightly, but then he smiled again and shrugged his shoulders. 'Yeah. Wherever,' he said.  
  
I gulped down the last of the wine in my glass. 'Thank you,' I said. 'I just need to go and ... well ... get myself ready. If you could just wait here for a moment.' I poured the last of the wine into our glasses. 'I'll call you when I'm ready.'  
  
'Whatever,' Barrington said. And, yes, he was still smiling.  
  
I glided up the stairs on a cloud of adrenaline (or was it alcohol?) and drew the curtains in my bedroom. My neighbour may have been rash enough to let me watch his display, but I wasn't about to let him watch mine. Well, not in real life anyway.  
  
I quickly stripped off my clothes and donned a hot pink bra with dark pink lace trim, a pair matching knickers, and a suspender belt. For a moment or two I looked at myself in the mirror. I would need stockings. But what colour? Pink? Black? Navy? In the end I chose navy. The only pink pair I had was not quite the right shade of pink. And, apart from that, I thought that the navy stockings made my legs look slimmer.  
  
One last glance and it was time to summon Barrington before I lost my nerve. 'OK. I'm ready.' Well, as ready as I'm ever going to be, I said to myself.  
  
'Oh, lordy, lordy,' Barrington said, as he entered the room.  
  
I felt myself starting to blush and immediately began having second thoughts for a second time. 'Look, perhaps this isn't such a good idea after all.'  
  
'Well, I think it's an excellent idea,' Barrington said. 'However, I take it these photographs are not required for the purpose of renewing your passport.'  
  
'No, look, this is probably really silly. I don't know what came over me. It must have been the wine.'  
  
Barrington shook his head. 'Well ... perhaps you needed the wine to ... umm .... But now that we're here ....' And the next thing I knew, his camera was flashing, and Barrington was doing a passable imitation of David Hemmings' character in Antonioni's classic 1960s film, Blow Up. 'Lovely, Bella. Great. A little to the right. Perfect! Spot on, darling. And the other way ... perfect.'  
  
Oh, what the hell. That's the thing about digital snaps: you can always trash them afterwards. And besides, I was sort of having fun. It was, I have to say, quite a turn on. And I guess the fact that it was Barrington made it all a bit easier. I knew him; he knew me; and he was gay. (How ridiculous was that!)  
  
'And so what now?' Barrington said, after he had taken the first 20 or 30 shots. 'A bit of a strip tease?'  
  
Hell, why not, I thought. I've come this far. So what was going to go first: my bra or my knickers? I decided that my knickers should go first. I've always thought that there was something very sexy about a woman wearing a bra and no knickers.  
  
'Lovely,' Barrington said, as I slowly slid my knickers down over my hips. 'Perfect. And a little more. Oh, yes! Great, Bella. Perfect. And just turn this way a little. Perfect!' And all the time the flash on his new camera kept on flashing.  
  
In the end, the knickers had gone, the suspender belt had gone, and I was down to just my bra and stockings. 'And maybe from behind,' I suggested. And I sort of knelt on the edge of the bed and stuck my bare bum out towards the camera.  
  
'Lordy, lordy, Bella. I could almost turn straight for you.'  
  
I reminded Barrington that we'd 'been there and tried that'.  
  
'Oh, yes. So we have. Well, it was a thought.'  
  
'And a very nice one,' I said, and I gave him a little kiss on the cheek. 'Right. I'll just put some clothes on and then let's see what we've got.'  
  
We headed back downstairs, and Barrington removed the SD card from the camera and slipped it into the slot in my laptop. 'Hmm. Not bad,' he said. 'Not bad at all.' And that was even before the 'bedroom shots' had loaded.  
  
I went and found another bottle of wine and, for the next half an hour or so, Barrington and I sat and sorted our way through almost 80 photographs, about 30 of them of the NSFW variety. In the end, Barrington had compiled a collection of about 20 shots that he wanted to keep -- shots of me preparing lunch and of the food in various stages of preparation and consumption -- and I had twelve more shots to add to my TinkerBel file. 'And just make sure that the rest are well and truly trashed,' I said.  
  
Barrington put on his best neglected-puppy face. 'Couldn't I just keep one?' he said.  
  
After Barrington had left, I tidied up the kitchen, put the dirty dishes and glasses in the dishwasher, and sat down on the couch to think about what I had done. But I didn't think about any of it for very long. Within three or four minutes I must have fallen asleep.  
  
When I awoke, it was just after five. I must have been asleep for almost an hour and a half. Put it down to the wine, I guess. I got up from the couch and made myself a cup of tea. It hadn't been a big lunch, but it had been quite a long lunch, so I didn't even think about preparing any supper. Maybe a light snack later.  
  
I took my mug of tea, went to my desk, woke my laptop from its sleep mode, and opened the folder marked TinkerBel.  
  
Well, it hadn't just been a dream. There I was in all my glory. Or at least there I was in my hot pink bra and knickers -- and, in several shots, in just my hot pink bra. And I have to say (because it's true) that the shots looked just as good as they had done earlier. Barrington's new camera had certainly done the trick. And, of course, Barrington's talent as a would-be David Hemmings might have helped a bit too.  
  
I copied a couple of the shots and set about cropping them so that they were provocative without being too revealing. And then I went on to the 'Bella site' to see what was happening. Surprisingly (given that it was only about six o'clock), there was quite a lot happening. I suspect that it may have had something to do with the fact that it was reportedly pouring with rain on both sides of the Pennines.  
  
Bella and Milf had both posted some new shots. And BrightonShiner was inviting people to comment on some rather revealing shots of his 'unaware' wife. I presumed that by 'unaware', he meant that she was unaware that he had posted her for all the world to see. I must say that rather lowered BrightonShiner in my estimation. Showing yourself off was one thing (and, as I was discovering, quite a fun thing); but having someone else show you off without you knowing didn't really seem right. Well, it didn't seem right to me, anyway.  
  
I started a new thread under the title of 'Showing Pink'. I thought that should get some attention. And I posted a shot of my breasts apparently straining to get free of my hot pink bra.  
  
Dodger was the first to leave a comment. 'Naughty TinkerBel. I was expecting sumething else. Nod nod wink wink.' (In my mind, I tidied up his spelling and his punctuation. Oh, well.)  
  
A couple who went by the name KentCpl382436 wondered if we could 'get together for some fun'. Apparently Mrs KentCpl is bisexual and Mr KentCpl likes to watch. They left an email contact address.  
  
And there was a comment from a new name: Handz-on. 'Oh fuck yeah!! You got me hard, TinkerBel!!' I took the comment as an indication that Handz-on approved of what he saw.  
  
Buoyed by the enthusiastic reception given to the first shot, I posted another. And then another. And Dodger and Handz-on and a dozen or so other voyeuristic posters continued to pepper the page with their grammatically-approximate praises. And I encouraged them with my own gracious yet erotically-charged responses.  
  
'Thank you, Dodger. A nod's as good as a wink where I cum from.'  
  
'Thank you, Handz-on. Does this mean hard is the new easy?'  
  
'An interesting thought, KentCpl.'  
  
When I finally looked up from my laptop, I was surprised to realise that more than an hour had gone by and that it was now starting to get dark. I also noticed that the neighbour's light was once again shining into my bedroom window (I had opened the curtains again before we came downstairs) and out onto the landing at the top of the stairs. No doubt the neighbour's new shade would be coming down soon. Or would it, I wondered. And the more I wondered, the more I felt the urge to go and take a peek. I picked up my laptop and climbed the stairs.  
  
To my surprise, the blind seemed to have been lowered -- but only about halfway. And to my further surprise, my neighbour was already standing in front of his laptop, gently fondling his half-erect penis. The expression on his face was obscured by the blind; but the mid region of his fine physique was as much on display as it had been before he had fitted the blind.  
  
I flipped open my own laptop and pressed F5 to refresh the screen. There were another five or six comments that had been added. Dodger was hoping (pleading?) that I would carry through on the promise of the thread and 'really show pink'. KentCpl were looking forward to hearing from me. And there was a message from Baxstreetboy. 'Better and better, TinkerBel. You're a stunner. Theres no doubt about it.'  
  
'Why thank you again, Baxstreetboy. The pleasure is mine,' I replied. And then I thought: What the hell! And I posted one of the shots of my naked bum with just a tantalising hint of my labia peeping from between my upper thighs. I must say that even I found the image intoxicating.  
  
I waited for a minute or so -- perhaps two minutes -- while stroking my tingling vulva with the middle finger of my right hand. And then I once again pressed the F5 key. Nothing. I waited a little longer, and while I waited I watched as my neighbour stroked his now handsomely-erect penis with one hand while he tapped at his keyboard with the other. I tapped F5 again. This time the screen refreshed to show a new message from Baxstreetboy. 'Best yet, TinkerBel. You have me stroking and I'm just about to cum.'  
  
In the well-lit bedroom just across from my own, my new neighbour appeared to have reached the point of no return and was hastily reaching for a couple of tissues.  
  
Baxstreetboy? Could it be? Was it possible? Surely not.

**Showing Pink: The Sequel**

My incarnation as TinkerBel was exciting; but it was also a little bit worrying. Exciting because ... well, it just was. It gave me a seriously-erotic jolt in all the right places. The thought that BrightonShiner and Handz-on and Dodger – and especially Baxstreetboy – were getting sexually excited by my digital depictions was a total turn on. How could it not be? And then there was Mrs KentCpl and her husband who 'likes to watch'. That was a whole new naughty possibility for me to consider – although perhaps not just now.  
  
And I was quickly coming to terms with the fact that you don't have to have a perfect body for others to find you arousing on line. Even the much-favoured Bella2 was not perfect. In fact she was far from perfect. But, somehow, I still felt that, if I was going to continue to elicit the kind of comments that made my tingly bits tingle, I was probably going to have to lift my game a bit. I was going to have to perform.  
  
'That gym you go to,' I said to Maria, as we shared a mid-week glass of wine, 'is it dreadfully expensive?'  
  
'Umm ... no ... not too bad. Mind, you, I only have an off-peak membership.'  
  
I looked at her quizzically. 'Which is?'  
  
'Well, I can't use the main room before 8:30 in the morning or between 5:30 and 8:30 in the evening. But apart from that ....'  
  
I nodded.  
  
'You're not thinking of taking up netball again, are you?' Maria asked.  
  
'No. I just thought that perhaps I might ... well ... you know ... tone up a bit. You know.'  
  
Maria grinned. 'I see. So what is it? A new man in your life? Someone you're not telling me about?'  
  
'No,' I said. 'Nothing like that. I just thought that I'd like to ... well, as I said, tone up a bit. You know.'  
  
Maria frowned slightly and looked me up and down. 'Really? You look pretty good to me.'  
  
'Thank you. But I think there's room for improvement. In fact I'm sure there's room for improvement.'  
  
The next day – Thursday – I took my lunch break between two and three and went off to see about enrolling at Maria's gym.  
  
'So ... what are you trying to achieve?' Amanda asked.  
  
I suppose I could have said: 'What I'd really like to achieve, Amanda, is a body like yours.' But that wasn't going to happen. Apart from the fact that Amanda was probably 15 years my junior, I was pretty sure that she spent half of every day working out and the other half thinking about it. There wasn't a spare ounce of flab on her. So, instead, I just said: 'I'd like to ... you know ... just be a bit more, well, toned, I suppose. My thighs. Maybe my tummy.'  
  
Amanda looked me up and down in rather the same way that Maria had. 'OK,' she said, nodding. 'Let's just check your blood pressure and get a few details.'  
  
While Amanda measured me, weighed me, and made notes on her clipboard, she slipped – rather too effortlessly I thought – into her sales pitch.  
  
'So, Isabella, were you thinking of taking out the Platinum membership package or the Platinum Plus package? With the Platinum Plus package you have access all areas, 24 hours a day, and a complementary full body massage every week. And if you pay for a year in advance, there's a five percent discount.'  
  
'Interesting,' I said. 'But I understand you have an off-peak package.'  
  
A small cloud drifted across her sunny demeanour. 'Well, umm, yes ... we do. The Bronze package. But it is rather restricted. And you'll need to pay extra for your massage and for the use of the squash courts. With the Platinum Plus package everything is included. And I do mean everything.'  
  
I assured her that the Bronze package sounded just perfect for what I needed.  
  
'I see,' she said. 'Oh well, tell you what, why don't I put you down for a couple of weeks on the Bronze package – just to get you started, give you a chance to settle in – and then we can upgrade you to Platinum Plus after that.'  
  
'We'll see,' I said. 'But in the meantime, I'm sure that the Bronze package will be fine.'  
  
On the way home from work, I stopped off and bought myself a pair of nondescript grey cotton shorts. When I told the girl in the store that I just needed something that I could wear to the gym, she got all enthusiastic and tried to sell me a pair of hot pink Lycra shorts that were so small that I thought they should have been in the children's department. 'I don't think so,' I told her. 'I need something that will help me blend into the background, not something that will make me stand out like a Belisha beacon.' The girl just smiled.  
  
I also stopped off at Sugar 'n' Spice and bought myself a couple of frivolous items of lingerie: a black and red lace and ribbon Basque, and a pair of matching knickers. Well, a girl has to spoil herself now and then. I also thought that my online fans (if I can be so bold as to use that term) were going to be expecting a little variety at some stage.  
  
Thanks to my shopping detours, I didn't get home until almost seven that evening. Fortunately, I had some leftover mac and cheese with tuna in the fridge, so I took it out, covered it with some aluminium foil to stop it drying out, and put it in the oven to reheat. I then poured myself a glass of pinot grigio, and fired up my laptop.  
  
As I was beginning to discover, Thursday nights could be quite busy at the online home of Bella2 and her sisters. I'm not sure why. Milf4ya had already posted several rather fetching shots of herself in bright red stockings with enormous black bows at the top. I wouldn't have thought that the bows were very practical, but then I don't suppose that they were intended to be practical. Also, a new girl, or at least one who I had not seen before, TopTownTina, was showing off her impressive collection of bedroom toys. A couple of the larger toys looked downright scary to me; but as Maria often says: 'Whatever gets you through the night, darling.'  
  
Milf4ya's post had also invited others to join in her leggy thread. I can play that game, I thought. I posted a cropped portion of one of Barrington's shots of my legs in my navy blue stockings and then I went off to check on my tuna mac and cheese.  
  
When I went back to my laptop – about five minutes later – I pressed F5 to refresh the page. 'Nice pins, TinkerBel,' someone going by the name BigDick101 had posted. And, immediately below that there was a comment from Baxstreetboy. 'Fantastic, TinkerBel! I'd love to run my hands over those!' I glanced towards the stairs. Was Baxstreetboy in residence? There was no tell-tale light flooding through onto the landing. If he was at home, he must have pulled the blind all the way down this time. Or maybe I had just missed him.  
  
The following day, Friday, was my 'work from home' day. I woke up early, soon after five-thirty, and I was at my desk not long after six. At ten I took a break for a spot of light brunch: a poached egg on a toasted muffin, with a few grilled spears of asparagus. And by ten-thirty I was back at my desk. Soon after one o'clock, I had done everything that needed to be done for the week. It was time for my first session at the gym.  
  
I'll say this for the slim and trim Amanda: she was not a girl to take no for an answer. No sooner had I walked into the main exercise room than she was there beside me extolling the virtues of upgrading to a Platinum Plus membership. 'If you want to just sign the bank authority now, Isabella, I can probably book you in for your first complementary full body massage later this afternoon.'  
  
'I think we'll leave it as it is for the moment,' I said. 'But thanks.'  
  
'Alright. Well ... you know where to find me,' she said. 'In the meantime, I'll leave you in the capable hands of Dwayne.'  
  
I know that one shouldn't jump to conclusions, but I immediately formed the opinion that Dwayne was probably not a follower of Bella2 and Milf4ya. There was something about him that suggested that his erotic preferences lay elsewhere.  
  
'Right, Miss Izzy, let's get you warmed up. Jump onto the treadmill, and let's get some anabolic action going.'  
  
I did as I was bid; Dwayne showed me how to operate the machine; and I set off at a steady jog while Dwayne went off to check on a young man displaying a serious six-pack and a rather generous amount of ink.  
  
I looked around the room. It was a little after two o'clock on a Friday afternoon, a time when a good few of my friends and acquaintances would be still lingering over a lazy lunch at Francatelli's or The Red Lion, and yet here I was, along with nine or ten other earnest exercisers, beginning to work up a bit of a therapeutic sweat.  
  
'Right, that should be enough of that,' Dwayne said. 'Now let's do a few gentle stretches.'  
  
Stretches? It was easy enough for Dwayne to say. First, he knew what he was doing. (I didn't.) And second, he seemed to be the original rubber legs boy. 'I can't do that,' I told him. 'I'll break something.' Dwayne just smiled and shook his head – rather unsympathetically. Maybe he was hoping that I'd call it a day and then he could get back to Mr Over-Inked Six Pack. But I didn't give up. I carefully noted his demonstrated moves and did my best to imitate them.  
  
'Right. And now let's do a few weights,' he said, after I had stretched several parts of my body that I'm sure were never meant to be stretched.  
  
I had assumed that 'doing a few weights' would mean holding slightly heavy objects in my hands and lifting them over my head. (I had, after all, seen it done on TV.) I didn't for one moment imagine that it would involve lying on my back and using my legs to push against pads that would, through a Heath Robinson-ish series of wires and pulleys, lift a bunch of weights that were about six feet away from me. But that's what Dwayne had me doing. Or at least that's what Dwayne had me doing until something went snap.  
  
'What's the problem?' Dwayne asked.  
  
'I think something just broke.'  
  
Dwayne just grinned. 'You'll get used to it.'  
  
'No. Seriously. Jeez that hurts. Right down the inside of my thigh.'  
  
Dwayne's grin faded and quickly turned into a frown. 'Really?'  
  
'Yes. Really. You idiot.'  
  
'Umm ... OK. You mean like a sharp pain?'  
  
'Yes,' I said.  
  
Mmm ... OK. Just stay there. I'll go and see if Max is in.'  
  
'Max? Who or what is Max?'  
  
'The physio. You might need some ice or something. I won't be a minute.'  
  
The guy on the machine next to me stopped his grunting, sat up, frowned, and peered at my thigh. 'Down the inside?'  
  
I nodded.  
  
'Probably one of the adductors. Or maybe the gricilis. Either way it's not good.'  
  
'Gee, thanks,' I said.  
  
'Oh, and by the way, you're right: Dwayne is an idiot. Don't know why Amanda keeps him here.'  
  
A minute or so later, the idiot Dwayne arrived back with an ice pack. 'Max said to put this on it and he'll be over to take a look in a few minutes.' And with that, Dwayne abandoned me for Mr Six-Pack.  
  
And so there I was, sitting on the edge of the padded bench thingie on which I had earlier been reclining, my legs spread in a rather unladylike manner, holding a fabric-covered bundle of coldness against my inner thigh, when a cheerful voice announced: 'Hi, I'm Max. And I assume that you're Isabella.'  
  
I looked up to see a chap in his early thirties, dressed in jaunty medical scrubs that did little to conceal the fact that that under the duck-egg blue cotton fabric there was a seriously buff body. I started to explain to Max what had happened. But then, part way through my explanation, I suddenly found myself speechless. It was my neighbour. It had to be. OK, so his beautiful erect penis was safely tucked away in his trousers – and it was probably not even erect at that particular moment – but everything else about him was saying that Max was actually my new neighbour. And probably Baxstreetboy too.  
  
'Let's have a look,' he said.  
  
If Max recognised me, he certainly didn't let on. And I had to have a quiet smile to myself as he gently poked and prodded me. Well, he had said that he'd love to run his hands over my legs – assuming, that is, that he really was Baxstreetboy.  
  
'I think,' he said, 'that you have strained your adductor longus. Maybe even a small tear.' And then he added: 'But at least there doesn't seem to be any tendon damage.' He delivered this good news after spending quite some time exploring the area where my thigh joins my pelvis, tinglingly close to my vulva, his fingers casually inside the leg of my shorts. 'I'm afraid you'll have to steer clear of the weights for a little while. Can you walk?'  
  
I got to my feet and took a couple of tentative steps. 'Sort of,' I said.  
  
'Are you going to be OK to drive?  
  
I told him that I had come on the bus.  
  
'Well, maybe a cab home then. Do you have far to go?'  
  
'Not that far,' I said.  
  
'OK. Look, I'll give you some of this to take home.' And he produced a tube of anti-inflammatory cream from his top pocket. 'Give it some more ice when you get home, and try to take it easy over the weekend. And then maybe drop in on Monday and we'll see how things are progressing.'  
  
I thanked Max and hobbled off to the changing area where I just slipped my coat over my gym gear. My planned trip to the pub was unfortunately now out of the question, and I could have a hot shower and get changed when I got home.  
  
As it turned out, the first thing I did when I got home was to pour myself a large glass of wine – for medicinal purposes, I told myself. It was only a cheap and cheerful Côtes du Rhône from the supermarket, but it did the trick. And later that evening, after a second glass of Côtes du Rhône and a hot bath, I finally started to feel ... well ... almost normal.  
  
I didn't bother to get dressed again after my bath. I wasn't going anywhere. I wasn't expecting anyone. I just slipped on my bathrobe and went back downstairs to see what I could rustle up for a bit of supper. It had been a long time since my mid-morning poached egg.  
  
Surprisingly, when I woke up the next morning, my leg felt a lot better. After having a shower, I was even in two minds as to whether I really needed to use the anti-inflammatory cream. In the end I decided that it probably couldn't do any harm. I gave my inner thigh a liberal application of the cool cream, slipped on a pair of loose-fitting cotton trousers and an equally loose-fitting T-shirt, and headed downstairs to make a pot of tea and check my email.  
  
There were no new emails – at least none that I needed to worry about – and so, while I waited for the kettle to boil, I briefly checked in at the home of Bella2 and her exhibitionist sisters.  
  
It seemed that Friday night had been a busy time for two or three of the women. Milf4ya had posted a series of 'pussy-meets-pussy' shots – basically a series of photographs of her own neatly-trimmed ginger-haired pubic region with a rather contented-looking ginger and white kitten nearby. Girl11 had posted three provocative shots of her legs-that-went-on-for-ever. Well, almost for ever. The last shot included a clear depiction of what was at the end of the road: prominent but rather attractive labia. And Bella2 had posted a tantalising strip tease over what appeared to have been a two-hour period.  
  
As might be expected, all of the contributions had attracted a selection of complimentary (and lascivious) comments.  
  
I was just about to click out and turn my attention to the teapot, when I suddenly noticed a posting from Baxstreetboy: Where are you TinkerBel? My cock is ready and waiting.  
  
'I'm sorry, Baxstreetboy. You might have to wait a bit longer.' Still ... I must say that it was quite, well, exciting, to see that I was the subject of a request. 'Maybe later,' I said.  
  
With all the disruption and confusion of the previous afternoon I had not had a chance to get to the corner shop to pick up fresh bread and milk. So that was my first task for the morning. And while I was down that way, I thought that I'd also pick up some fresh fruit and veg.  
  
I was just coming out of the fruit and veg shop, mentally congratulating myself on my amazing recuperative powers, when I suddenly felt a familiar sharp pain along the inside of my thigh. Oh bugger! My congratulations had been premature.  
  
'Hello. I didn't expect to see you out and about quite as quickly as this.' It was Max. The physio. My neighbour. And probably Baxstreetboy too.  
  
'Well, until about ten seconds ago, it felt fine.'  
  
'And now?'  
  
'Not good,' I said.  
  
'Mmm. I see. Well, I think we need to get you home. Do you live around here somewhere?'  
  
I must say that I was slightly relieved that he didn't seem to know where I lived. Still .... 'Just around the corner and down towards the end of Bryce Avenue.'  
  
'Well, if I take your groceries for you, do you think you can make it that far? Or do we need to see if we can find a cab?'  
  
I told him that I thought that I could just about hobble that far. And we set off.  
  
'This is me,' I said, when we reached my front door.  
  
Max smiled. 'Oh. Right next door to my brother's new place.'  
  
'Your brother?'  
  
'Yes. He's just moved into a flat up there.' And he nodded in the direction of the upstairs flat where my masturbating neighbour (who I had mistakenly decided was Max) lived.  
  
And then it was my turn to smile. 'Interesting,' I said.  
  
'I was just on my way over to feed his cat. David's competing in Austria this weekend.'  
  
'Competing?'  
  
'He's a canoeist.'  
  
'Right,' I said. 'In that case, I guess he must be pretty fit.'  
  
'As a buck rat,' Max assured me.  
  
I unlocked the door; we went inside; and Max placed my groceries on the kitchen table.  
  
'Right,' he said. 'Just slip off those trousers and let's have a look, shall we?'  
  
'Oh, I'm sure that it will be ....'  
  
But Max wasn't taking no for an answer. 'It'll only take a minute.'  
  
Hesitantly, I unzipped and then stepped out of my trousers, and suddenly regretted that I had chosen an almost-transparent pair of knickers that morning.  
  
'Maybe if you just sit on that chair and rest your foot on this one,' Max said, as he manoeuvred the second chair into position.  
  
As he had on the previous afternoon, Max gently explored the area where my thigh joins my pelvis, his fingers tinglingly close to my vulva, and occasionally looking at me for some sort of reaction. 'I don't think you've done any further damage,' he said. 'Although this muscle's a little tight, isn't it?' And he started to gently massage whatever that muscle is that runs down the inside of the thigh.  
  
I tried not to think about what he was doing and where he was doing it. I really did. I tried to imagine that, far from being a good-looking guy with magic fingers, he was actually a frumpy middle-aged woman. And I tried to imagine that my knickers were totally opaque and made from double thickness sacking. But it didn't work. Within a minute or so, I could feel my vulva warming and starting to open up like an exotic pink flower in the morning sun. If he didn't stop soon, there was going to be a wet spot.  
  
But he did stop. 'There we are,' he said. And he smiled. Oh, god! Was it too late? Was there a wet spot already?  
  
'Umm ... thank you. Can I get you some coffee perhaps?' I said, hastily reaching for my trousers.  
  
'Thank you, but no, I really should go and give Benjamin his breakfast. And then I have a squash court booked for eleven.'  
  
'Right,' I said. 'Well, if you're sure. And thanks again. You know.'  
  
'You're more than welcome,' Max said. 'But I suggest that you might want to take it easy for the rest of the weekend.'  
  
As soon as Max had left, I hobbled upstairs to my bedroom, positioned my full-length mirror and a chair, took off my trousers, and then sat on the edge of my bed to see what Max might have seen. And, yes, it was as I feared: he must have seen everything. I might just as well have not been wearing any knickers at all. Mind you, from an exhibitionist's point of view, it did make for an erotic little vignette. I reached for my cell phone and switched on the camera.

I had just got back downstairs when Maria phoned. 'I got your message,' she said. 'What happened?'  
  
'A long story,' I told her. 'But it started with a well-intentioned visit to your gym.'  
  
'Oh, dear! Do you need me to do something for you? Bring you grapes, perhaps? Chicken soup?'  
  
'Maybe grape juice,' I said. 'Fermented. If you're not doing anything towards the end of the afternoon. Although I suppose Nigel's back, is he?'  
  
'He was. Briefly,' Maria said. 'He's had to go to some conference in Leeds this weekend.'  
  
'Well, in that case, you could always come and rescue me from drinking on my own. I'll even make you supper.'  
  
'Done!' Maria said. 'I'll see you about five. Do you need me to bring anything – apart from some wine?'  
  
'Maybe your camera,' I said. 'I need a photo of me in my red dress and it doesn't work very well in the mirror.' I could almost hear Maria frowning at the other end of the phone, but she said that she would.  
  
By the time Maria arrived – shortly after five – I had made a quick chicken lasagne and I had the ingredients for a salad all washed and trimmed. I was also halfway through my first glass of wine.  
  
'So, what happened?' Maria asked.  
  
'Well, I had warmed up and I was just doing what Dwayne had told me to do with the weight thingies, and something went snap in my leg.'  
  
'Oh, no!' she said. 'And Dwayne's bloody useless when anything goes wrong.'  
  
'Well, at least he went and found Max. That much was useful.'  
  
Maria smiled. 'Oh, Max. The physio? Yes, he's cute.'  
  
I nodded. Maria and I were clearly of one mind when it came to Max. But I didn't think that I needed to mention Max's housecall. Or his fit-as-a-buck-rat masturbating brother.  
  
Maria and I sipped and chatted for the best part of an hour and then I decided that I had better get the lasagne into the oven and get the salad finished off before the wine did too much damage.  
  
'This red dress ...' Maria said, as I mixed up a little vinaigrette for that salad. 'Something new?'  
  
'Not really. I bought it in a sale last year, but it's a bit dressy for work, and so I haven't really worn it that much.'  
  
'But you need a photograph of it?'  
  
'I do,' I said. And then I quickly changed the subject.'  
  
After we had eaten supper, I had a brief second thought about my red dress plan. Maybe it wasn't such a good idea after all. Maybe I could make do with a selfie using my full-length mirror. But Maria was suddenly raring to go.  
  
'Right! Are we going to photograph you in this dress that is too dressy for work?'  
  
'Well ... I, umm ....'  
  
'Come on,' she said. 'Apart from anything else, I'm dying to see it.'  
  
'Mmm ... oh, alright,' I said. 'You have another glass of wine, and I'll just go and get changed.'  
  
'Wahoo!' Maria said when I came back downstairs. 'That's fabulous.'  
  
'You think it looks OK?'  
  
'No, not just OK. Fabulous,' she said.  
  
Fabulous? Well, yes, for what was a simple knee-length, long-sleeved dress that buttoned almost to the neck, it did look pretty good. I think it was something to do with the way in which the beautiful soft-and-silky fabric draped.  
  
'OK, where are we going to do this?' Maria asked.  
  
'I was thinking if I just perched on the arm of the sofa.'  
  
'Yeah, that works,' Maria said. She took a couple of shots and then checked them on the screen on the back of the camera. 'Yep, that looks pretty good,' she said. 'In fact ... that looks very good.'  
  
'And now I'm thinking one with me hitching up my skirt slightly.'  
  
Maria frowned and then smiled. 'You're the boss.'  
  
I drew my skirt up so that there was just a hint of my stocking tops showing. This time Maria didn't bother with the frown; she just smiled.  
  
'Any more?' she asked.  
  
'I think perhaps one with the top few buttons undone. What do you think?'  
  
Maria's smile just got wider. 'Are you going to tell me what this is all about?' she asked.  
  
'Hmm ... we'll see,' I said. 'But if you've got that, I'll just get rid of the dress and you can take a couple of shots of me in my slip.'  
  
'Very ...,' she paused, 'sexy,' she said. 'Is that new?'  
  
'Umm ... not that new.'  
  
'Anything else?'  
  
'Well, it would be a pity not to get a shot of what's underneath,' I said. ('Underneath' I was wearing a three-piece pink and white set with embroidered swirls and little pink bows, and pale stockings.)  
  
'You sexy little minx,' Maria said. 'Aren't you a dark horse!' She clicked off three or four shots and then went to put the camera down on the table.  
  
'Maybe just one more,' I said. And before my courage deserted me I slipped off my knickers.  
  
Maria laughed. 'Why do I get the feeling that these photos are not for your family album?'  
  
'And how do you know that they're not?' I asked.  
  
'My guess is that there's a man in all this somewhere. Am I right?'  
  
'My lips are sealed,' I said.  
  
'I knew it.'  
  
I guess the fact that it was Maria, and the fact that we had, by then, drunk quite a bit of wine, made the whole thing seem ... well, quite funny, I suppose.  
  
'Well, whoever this mystery man is, I don't think he's going to disappointed,' Maria said as she reviewed her handiwork. 'I can just imagine the grin on Nigel's face if he was to receive some photos like these.'  
  
And then it occurred to me. 'So why don't you send him some? I'll take them,' I said.  
  
Maria giggled. 'Don't be silly.'  
  
'It's not silly,' I said. 'It might be a nice surprise for him – all alone up in Leeds.'  
  
Maria giggled again. But I could tell that I'd got her thinking.  
  
'You said the other day that he must have more than a hundred, umm, shall we say "bedroom" shots of you.'  
  
'Yes, but they're photos that he has taken,' Maria said.  
  
'Just one little one,' I suggested. 'Knowing you, I bet you're wearing something sexy under those clothes.'  
  
Maria frowned briefly and then peered inside her shirt. And then, having done that, she pulled out the waistband of her trousers and peered down there too. 'Well ... I suppose they'll just about pass with a push,' she said. And she giggled yet again.  
  
'Come on, then.' I grabbed the camera.  
  
Maria hesitated. But not for long. 'OK. But I think I'll need another sip of wine first.' She took another sip of wine – and a deep breath – and down came her trousers and off came her shirt.  
  
'Pass with a push?' I said. 'I'd say hot enough for a double page spread in a lads' mag.' I took a couple of photos. 'Nice,' I said. 'Is that it?'  
  
'Oh, I suppose we could give him a bit of tit,' Maria said, and she reached into her bra and pulled out her left breast.  
  
I took another couple of photographs. 'Way to go, girl! Are we happy now?'  
  
'Well, Nigel is a bit of an arse man ....' And Maria turned around and lowered her knickers, pointing her naked – and delicious – bum towards the camera.  
  
We took the memory card out of Maria's camera and downloaded the photos onto my lap top. On the bigger screen, they certainly did look quite arousing. And then I took the photos of Maria and emailed them to her phone. (I don't think she noticed that I also kept a set for myself.)  
  
For a few minutes we just sat there giggling like a couple of naughty schoolgirls, and then Maria said: 'Well, I suppose I had better be on my way. If these photos have the effect I think they will have, Nigel is going to be expecting long and explicit phone sex.'  
  
'Aww. I was hoping that I could listen. You know, pick up a few tips.'  
  
Maria laughed. 'No way, sister.'  
  
'Oh, OK,' I said. 'In that case, I suppose I'd better call for a cab.'  
  
By the time Maria had headed off to surprise Nigel, and I had loaded the dishes into the dishwasher and tidied up the kitchen, it was still only nine o'clock, so I logged on to see what was happening in the online world of exhibitionists and voyeurs. To my surprise, it was relatively quiet. TopTownTina seemed to have come and gone, pausing only briefly to demonstrate her masturbation technique, and Girl11 had a few tantalising treats for the foot fetishists. But that was about it.  
  
I poured myself a large glass of sparkling water (I'd had quite enough wine for one night) and set about tidying and tweaking a selection of my photographs.  
  
The first photo that I posted was of me – well, me from the chin down – in my red dress. 'Do you like my new soft and silky dress, boys?'  
  
Within a few minutes, there were several very positive responses – including one from BrightonShiner who thought that the dress would look just perfect 'cashly throne' on the floor next to his bed. I assumed that he had meant 'casually thrown'. I also hoped that I would no longer be wearing the dress when it was casually thrown.  
  
The second photo that I posted was a cropped shot of me hitching my skirt part way up my thighs. 'What do you think, boys? Am I wearing tights? Or am I wearing stockings?'  
  
'Stockings please!' Baxstreetboy replied. So Baxstreetboy was there – wherever 'there' was on this Saturday night.  
  
'Do you think so, Baxstreetboy? Well, we'll just have to wait and see, won't we?'  
  
And then it was time to post my third photo. 'I'm afraid that all of your lovely comments are making me quite hot and bothered, boys. I think I may have to undo a few buttons. What do you think?' And I posted a cropped shot showing me unbuttoning the top few buttons and revealing just a hint of lace beneath.  
  
By now the comments were coming thick and fast.  
  
'Oh, dear. You're making me feel even more hot and bothered now, boys. I think I may have to take my beautiful dress off altogether. What do you think? Would that be a good idea?'  
  
The reaction to my suggestion could best be summed up by BigDick101 who simply said: 'F\*\*\* yeah!' Although given the nature of the forum, I'm not sure why he felt the need for the asterisks. Why couldn't he have just said 'Fuck yeah'? After all, I assume that's what he meant.  
  
The fourth photo was of my beautiful pale powder blue slip with its exquisite lace trim. Even I thought that it looked too good to be hidden away. The way in which it draped over my boobs and hips was just so sexy. The 'boys' seemed to think so too.  
  
'Is it just my imagination, or is it really warm tonight, boys? I'm thinking that it may be too warm even for a light and lacy slip. I think it's going to have to go, boys.' And it was time for my fifth photo: my three-piece pink and white set with embroidered swirls and little pink bows, and pale stockings. 'It seems you were right, Baxstreetboy. I am wearing stockings.'  
  
'Fantastic TinkerBel!' Dodger said. 'I love the sussies and stockings.'  
  
'Perhaps I wore them especially for you, Dodger. What do you think?'  
  
By the time I had posted the five photographs – and entered into a bit of sexy banter with the resident voyeurs – it was ten o'clock, not late, but quite late enough for me. It was time to post my final photo for the evening: the knickerless shot.  
  
'Time to say goodnight, boys. I've already taken my knickers off. Now it's time to take my furry pussy off to bed. Anyone want to join me?'  
  
'In a heartbeat, TinkerBel,' Baxstreetboy said. And at least a dozen others – including Mrs KentCpl – also offered to join me under my duvet. Yes, it had been a pretty successful evening.  
  
As I lay in bed that night, thinking about everything that had happened, about Maria and about all the hot comments and lascivious suggestions that my photographs had elicited, I found myself reaching for my favourite toy.  
  
I started slowly, gently, allowing my imagination to wander hither and thither. But the lazy times didn't last. Before too long, the thought that I had shown my furry pussy to all those randy men (and more than a few randy women) had me working my clit like there was no tomorrow. And when I came ... well, let's just say that it was probably a good thing that my new neighbour David was off paddling his canoe in Austria. And I hoped that my neighbours on the other side were either in a really deep sleep or else had their telly turned up really loud.  
  
The following morning, Sunday, I slept through until almost nine o'clock. And, considering how much wine I had consumed the previous evening, I felt surprisingly bright-eyed and bushy-tailed.  
  
Thoughts of my virtual strip tease were still very much on my mind, and I must confess that I was tempted to tickle the tingle that my naughty thoughts encouraged. But, in the end, I decided that a quick trip to the loo was perhaps more important. And then it was downstairs to make a pot of tea. While I had woken without any trace of a headache or queasy tummy, I did have a bit of a thirst.  
  
While I waited for the kettle to boil, I logged in and re-read some of the comments from the previous evening. Yes, the virtual me had certainly received an enthusiastic reception. And there were still more comments that had been posted after I had gone to bed. One commenter, someone going by the name TruckMe, had generously credited me with helping him 'to spunk three times in one night'. Well, I'm always happy to help where I can, TruckMe. The kettle boiled and I finished making the tea.  
  
I had just sat down again when the doorbell rang. At first I thought that it might have been Maria. Maybe she had left something behind last night. I even had a quick glance around the kitchen and the living room as I walked towards the door, but I couldn't immediately see anything. No abandoned knickers or anything like that.  
  
When I opened the door, I was surprised to see that it was Max. 'Oh, hello. You're out and about early.'  
  
'I hope it's not too early, he said. 'I've just given Benjamin his breakfast, and I thought that I'd take the opportunity to look in and see how you were.'  
  
'Umm ... good,' I said. 'Yes. Yes, much better. Thank you.'  
  
'Good.'  
  
'I've, umm, just made a pot of tea. Can I tempt you?'  
  
'That would be nice,' Max said. 'Thank you.'  
  
I led the way to the kitchen and got another mug from the cupboard. 'Milk? Sugar?'  
  
'Just a splash of milk, thanks. So ... no more twinges?'  
  
I sort of rocked on my leg to demonstrate – I hoped convincingly – that my leg was pretty much back to normal.  
  
Max nodded approvingly. 'With small sprains and tears, some ice, a little anti-inflammatory, and lots of rest seems to be the best recipe to kick off the recovery.'  
  
'I may have added a glass or two of wine to that recipe,' I said.  
  
Max smiled. 'Well, the basic recipe does need to be fine-tuned to suit the individual. Especially on a Saturday night.'  
  
I handed him his tea. 'So I take it that you also live somewhere around here.'  
  
Max named a street that meant nothing to me, and I think I must have shaken my head slightly.  
  
'Don't worry,' he said. 'I even have to remind some of the cabbies where it is. It's one of the little backstreets, just behind Queensway.'  
  
I still couldn't picture it.  
  
As we sipped our tea, Max suddenly spotted my red dress draped across an arm of the sofa in the next room. 'Gosh what a nice colour,' he said. 'Is that a dress?'  
  
'Umm, yes. Yes it is. I suppose I really should hang it properly, shouldn't I. My friend Maria popped around for supper last night, and I got it out to show her.'  
  
Max nodded. 'Yes, it's quite a distinctive colour, isn't it? A sort of soft red, if you know what I mean. Funnily enough, I saw a dress that was almost identical last night.'  
  
'Really?' I said.  
  
'Yes. The dress I saw last night was quite, well ... soft and silky. I guess that one is too.'  
  
'Soft and silky? Yes, I suppose it is,' I said. 'To be honest, I haven't worn it that much. It's a bit dressy for work.'  
  
Max smiled. 'But perfect for a Saturday night.'  
  
'I suppose so. And Benjamin was pleased to see you?' I said, trying to change the subject.  
  
'Well, I think he was probably pleased to see his breakfast. Whether he was especially pleased to see me is another matter. I think he'd be pleased to see The Man in the Moon if he came bearing food.'  
  
I nodded. 'Yes, cupboard love,' I said.  
  
But Max was keen to return to the subject of my red dress. 'So, your dress ... does it have buttons?'  
  
'Buttons? Well, umm, yes,' I said. 'Yes, it does.'  
  
Max nodded. 'The one I saw last night had buttons too. At one point the woman who was wearing undid a few of them.'  
  
'Really?' I said.  
  
'Yes. And she was wearing a rather beautiful blue slip under the dress.'  
  
'You saw that?' I said. 'Gosh, she must have undone quite a lot of buttons.'  
  
'I think she got quite warm. Maybe she had had a glass or two of wine. Anyway, for whatever reason, she took the dress off.'  
  
I took a very unladylike gulp of my tea. 'Really! Just ... took it off?'  
  
Max nodded.  
  
'I see,' I said. 'And the slip?'  
  
'Well, after a while, she took that off too.'  
  
'Gosh, she must have been very warm.'  
  
Max smiled. 'Warm? I think hot would be a better word,' he said.  
  
'You think so?'  
  
'I do. Anyway ... since I'm here, would you like me to just have a quick look at your leg?'  
  
'Well, umm, yes ... I suppose so. You know ... since you're here,' I said. 'Although under this bathrobe, I'm, well, completely naked. Not even any see-through knickers today, I'm afraid. So perhaps we had better go upstairs ... Baxstreetboy.'  
  
Max nodded. 'OK. After you, TinkerBel.'