**The Exhibitionist**

**Part 1**

This is the first part of a series of stories about exhibitionism and how it turned me into a slut. This is how it all started for me.

I first discovered the thrill of public nudity and exhibitionism while on holiday in France with my friend Janice. I had always been a bit of an exhibitionist, I loved to wear the shortest skirts and the most plunging necklines, it gave me a thrill when I used to see the guys looking at me. The way they would try to get a look up my skirt when I was on the tube going to work, or I would catch them sneaking a look down my jumper when I bent over in front of them for some reason.

For as far back as I can remember I had fantasies about appearing naked in public places but until that holiday they had remained fantasies, I had never gone any further than the short skirts and the low necklines.

Before we left for France Janice had joked about being topless on the beaches. The thought of it excited me but I was not even sure if I would be able to remove my top and display my breasts in public when the time came.

We arrived at our hotel in France late afternoon, so it was the following day before we were able to go down to the beach. Although my bikini was extremely brief, on this beach even I felt overdressed. I was quite surprised to see so many women topless. There were tits of all shapes and sizes on show, even older women, whom I am sure would have looked much better covered up, but here they were openly displaying, in a lot of cases naked their large drooping naked breasts.

We found a couple of empty sunbeds close to the water and laid out our towels. Janice sat down and immediately removed her top. She had nice firm breasts with perky little nipples, I looked around, still a little unsure, then I thought what the hell. I undid the clasp and let my top fall away.

It felt strange and rather exciting to be sitting there on a public beach with my breasts exposed, At first I was sure everyone was looking at me. After a while I began to feel reasonably at ease with myself but I always got that wonderful feeling of excitement when the guys walking along the beach looked over in my direction.

At first I was a little conservative about moving far from our sun beds,I just the few yards to the sea and back. By the third day I had become brave enough to go to the beach bar and fetch the drinks. This short trip used to get me really turned on because there were always quite a few guys there and while standing waiting to be served I was sure I could feel every one of them staring at my naked breasts.

Just before the end of the first week we met up with these two French lads in a bar at the hotel. We all seemed to get on well together and they ended the night escorting us back to our hotel. Things on that first night got no further than a kiss and quick feel, but we did arranged for them to pick us up in their car the following day and take us out.

The next morning we put our bikinis on with shorts and a tee shirt over the top we, stuffed some spare undies in our beach bags. Dead on time the guys rolled up in an open topped beach buggy and we set off. They took us up into the mountains where we had lunch in a wonderful restaurant, in the afternoon we drove back down to the coast and they took us too a secluded beach they knew. It was a lovely spot and as it was off the tourist track there were only a few local people there.

We stripped off our shorts and tops and headed for the sea chased by the guys. It was a hot day and the sea was lovely and cooling, after a while we made our way back to where we had left our towels. We all lay down and let the sun dry our bodies.

John Paul who Janice had paired up with told us that we ought to put on some sun screen, as the afternoon sun was very warm, Janice agreed and pulled a bottle out of her bag she passed it to John Paul. "You can do the honours," she said.

I watched him as he poured some oil into his hand and began applying it to her back. When he reached her bikini strap he said something to her, I was a little surprised when she reached around and loosened her top and slipped it off. It was one thing being topless on a public beach but here on this secluded beach with two guys, things I felt were a little more intimate.

Alan my partner was watching the proceedings with interest, he asked if I would like him to put me some cream on. I smiled and told him that it would be very nice if he did. I turned my back to him and soon felt his strong hands working the cream into my skin. Has his hands worked down my back I wondered if I was going to be able to remove my top for him as I had seen Janice do.

In my case that option never came up when he encountered my strap he just undid it allowing my top to fall free and expose my breasts. Then he just continued down my back to my bikini bottoms. When I felt him encounter them I steeled myself, were they going to go too. I need not have worried for he stopped there and began to work the cream into my legs.

He pushed me down on my back and proceeded to work on my front starting with my feet. It was a wonderful feeling as he worked his way up my legs; I lay there with my eyes tightly closed as his hands were stroking perilously to my pussy, that by this time I could feel was getting a little moist.

He then moved to my tummy, I squirmed as he poured cream into my navel and began working it into my body. I knew that my breasts would still be partially hidden from his view as he had not removed my top but just undone it at the back, now as I was laying down I could still feel that it covered my breasts again. But not for long.

I almost felt an orgasm coming on as I felt him lift away my top and then his hands were on my breasts rubbing in the sun screen, I could not suppress a groan as his hands brushed lightly across my extremely sensitive nipples.

"You like that, it feels nice" he enquired.

I could not stop myself nodding my head "Oh yes."

The whole experience was taken to another level by the fact that he was doing this to me in a public place. Janice and John Paul were laying close by and there were other people on the beach, not that many I agree, but there were people around and I am sure some of them were close enough to be able to see what was going on.

Alan sat there at my side and continued to gently massage my breasts and now he began to play with my nipples, I just lay there enjoying the whole wonderful experience.

Then I felt him lay down beside me he leaned over and his lips brushed mine gently, the tip of his tongue tenderly probed into my mouth I responded immediately opening my mouth our tongues entwining.

I expressed a groan of displeasure as the hand that had been giving me so much pleasure left my breasts. It caressed my midriff and then continued it's downward journey. I realised immediately where it was heading but could not believe that he was actually going to touch me down there, here on the beach beside my friend. But by now I was becoming aroused to such a state that there was no way that I was going to stop him.

I shuddered as I felt his fingers touch the waistband of my bikini bottom, I instinctively drew in my stomach to allow him access, his fingers slid inside and I gasped and clung to him. Then I felt a pull and my bikini bottoms loosen.

I had a moment of panic as I realised that he had actually undone one of the ties on my brief costume but by this time I was almost passed caring. I felt his exploring fingers traced there way through the thin band of pubic hair that thankfully had been neatly trimmed by my beautician before I came away.

I almost screamed out as I felt him touch my pussy his finger sliding down the length of my slit before beginning to gently ease there way inside, he quickly found the hard sensitive bud of my clit and began to gently rub it.

I cried out, but he silenced me with a kiss. I writhed under him as his hard body pressed against me, his dark body hair rubbing against my already sensitive breasts.

I could feel the hardness of his erection pressing into my side; I now wanted to feel it in my hand. I slid a hand in his shorts and grasped it. I nearly swooned. It felt so large. I could not quite get my hand around it. But it felt hard, hot and wonderful as I began to stroke it.

I now began to realise that there was no way to stop what was happening, not that I wanted to for a minute. I was now in such a state of arousal that there was no way on earth that I was not going to allow him to go as far as he wanted with me in fact I was beginning to actively encouraging him.

Somewhere deep in my mind a little voice of reason was asking me if I could actually make love to this guy out here on a public beach, there must be people who could see what we were doing and what about Janice what was she doing? I opened my eyes, for a moment the sun momentarily blinded me, then all I could see Alan was looking down at me lust written all over his handsome face.

I turned my head and looked across to where John Paul and Janice where, I saw at once that they were both totally naked and from the position in which they were laying and the combined movements of their bodies I could see that John Paul was already fucking her.

Alan began to ease himself out of his shorts, now I could feel his nakedness pressing against me. I was still holding him in my hand not wanting to let go of his wonderful cock for one second.

Then I felt him removing what was left of my bikini; I even helped by easing myself up so that he could take it off completely. Now I too was completely naked, I cannot describe the incredible excitement that I felt at that moment it was something I shall never forget as long as I live.

Not only was I totally naked on a public beach but I knew that soon I would be willingly involved in my first public sexual experience.

Alan rolled himself on top of me I spread my legs allowing him access I felt his hard cock nudging against the lips of my pussy. I opened myself up for him and he slid in easily as I was already very wet. I gripped his arms and bit my lips has he thrust himself all the way in. He held it there for a moment then began to slowly withdraw it before plunging it back into me.

Slowly he began to build up a rhythm and I thrust my hips up to meet each stroke. I was oblivious to everything around me. The fact that I was on a public beach. The fact that I was with Janice and John Paul. Nothing mattered only getting sexual satisfaction. He started gasping with his exertions and I knew he would not last much longer I was trying to hold back on my own orgasm as I dearly wanted to cum with him. I felt his body begin to stiffen and I knew he was not far away, I urged myself on and with a combined effort we managed to cum together and collapsed in a heaving sweating heap on the towels.

We lay there our arms around each other holding each other tightly as our breathing subsided.

At last we sat up, I looked across to where Janice and John Paul were sitting they had helped themselves to a glass of wine, John Paul poured out two more glasses and handed them across to us. I looked around the beach, the nearest group of people were only about 200 yards away if they had been looking in our direction and I'm sure they must have had an interesting view of Janice and myself being well and truly screwed.

"I think we had better all get cleaned up." Alan said, I reached for my discarded bikini. "I don't think you need to bother with that he said." He reached for my hand and pulled me to my feet and started pulling me towards the sea.

I felt that wonderful strangely exciting feeling again as we ran naked towards the sea. A couple walking along the beach smiled as we ran passed. It was a wonderful feeling to be splashing in the sea without anything on. Janice and John Paul joined us and the four of us frolicked naked in the splashing surf for about half an hour.

Walking back up the beach I got an extra thrill when I had to pass close to three old guys who were setting up their rods to do some beach fishing. It gave me quite a kick as they all looked with interest at my naked body.

We dressed and the guys took us back to our hotel and we arrange to meet them later in the bar. In our room I could not wait to discuss with Janice the events of the afternoon. We both had to agree that it had been a memorable experience.

That afternoon was the start of a most erotic week with John Paul and Alan, and it went a long way to turning me into the fervent exhibitionist that I am now.

I think after that first experience we indulged in sex in the open with the guys almost every day of our holiday and every night in the comfort of our beds. But it was the sex in the open that gave me the greatest thrill, especially as at least a couple of the outdoor performances were in public view.

It was also at this stage that I got to enjoy the thrill of being out in the open without my clothes and it was especially exciting when other people saw me. Especially the day that we all went walking in the hills. It was during the walk that John Paul and Alan suggested that Janice and I should strip off so that they could take some photographs of us both. We pretended to object but needed very little persuasion from the guys to remove all our clothes. We both loved to be naked when the guys were around. When we had undressed the guys stuffed our clothes in their backpacks and we continued on our walk.

It was a wonderful feeling to be walking through the beautiful wooded countryside without my clothes, especially with Alan snapping me with his camera; I loved being a model for him. When we heard anyone approaching we dived in the trees hiding ourselves until they had passed. On a couple of occasions we did not hear them coming and you should have seen the look of surprise on their faces of the walkers when they got an eyeful of two naked girls dashing into the woods for cover.

We found a secluded spot by a gushing mountain stream and had a pleasant lunch of fresh bread and cheese washed down with a few glasses of red wine. After lunch the guys made love to us on the grass looking up at the tall pines. It was wonderful. Afterwards we all washed ourselves in the stream and lay down in the warm afternoon sun until we were dry.

Before we set off to return to the car John Paul dared us to walk back like we were without our clothes but this time he said with a smile on his face when anyone comes along just carry on along the path no hiding. I looked at Janice she shrugged. "What do we get if we do?" I asked John Paul. "If you walk all the way back to the car without your clothes we will take you out to night to a restaurant of your choice, any place you like to choose."

I looked at Janice "Well I'm game if you are" I said to her. She nodded "OK lets do it."

Things went well for the first mile or so, we encountered no one, and then we saw a party of six climbers approaching up the trail. John Paul looked at me, I smiled. I think we were about a 100 yards away when someone in the party noticed that there were two naked girls coming towards them, there were some comments shouted out in a language that I did not understand, but I saw Alan laugh. Then the climbing party stood on either side of the path and applauded us as we walked past.

Before we reached the field that led to the car park a couple of other groups were presented with the sight of our naked bodies and I was beginning to feel more than a little randy. We stopped on the edge of the field and Janice asked John Paul for her clothes he shook his head "I'm sorry." he said "I said you had to walk all the way back to the car and the cars over there in the car park."

Janice looked at me and we looked across at the car park. There were quite a few people in the car park and the thought of having to walk past them without our clothes was a little much even for me, but I was not going to let them get the better of us. I took Janice's hand "Come on." I said, "We can do it." And we did, all the way back to the car. Where we quickly scrambled inside and waved cheekily to the crowd as we drove out of the car park.

We had slipped back into our clothes by the time we reached the hotel and when we pulled up in the car park I told Alan that there was a job that needed doing in our room, he looked a little puzzled. I smiled "It's just that when I girl as had to walk naked and endure the stares of so many men she is beginning feeling a little turned on and needs something to relieve the tension, if you know what I mean." Both of them grinned. "We as Frenchmen are only to willing to oblige," they said in unison.

The most exciting and daring event as far as I was concerned occurred on the last night of our stay. We had been taken to a bar where lots of people around our age group congregated. It was always a fun night with lots of games to play and some good prizes to be won. Tonight as it was our last night we had a lot to drink and all of us joined in with the fun. The final event of the night was a wet Tee Shirt contest; the guys managed to get us into getting involved after putting our names down.

About twenty girls were involved we were all taken into a back room where the organiser dished out Tee Shirts to us all with the bar logo on. He then suggested that it would be advisable if we all stripped down to our knickers before putting the Tee Shirts on so that we had some dry clothes for afterwards.

It must have been an interesting sight for the guy who was running the show as the twenty young attractive girls willingly stripped down to their knickers before putting the Tee Shirts on. We where then each given numbers and lined up by the entrance to the small stage. One by one we where called up onto a stage and with loud music blaring out we were each drenched with water, which of course made the shirts almost transparent. Then we had to dance for about 30 seconds while the big crowd cheered us on.

To my surprise I got through to the last six. We were then told that we six were going to appear again to decide the winner. I had never been involved in anything like this before and I had found it very exciting displaying my self almost naked in front of a packed house. Janice had been eliminated but she had decided to stay with me to give me encouragement, also she was useful, as I said I had not seen anything like this before and I was a little surprised when I noticed some of the other five girls ripping and cutting holes in their Tee Shirts.

Janice who had experienced wet tee shirt contests before but not as a competitor told me this was a ploy to get them noticed by the audience by displaying a little more skin. Well if they could do it so could I. The Tee Shirts we had been given were quite long so the first thing we did was to rip off about ten inches from the bottom so that it finished just below my breasts. Then Janice borrowed a pair of nail scissors and cut a six-inch hole in it, I realised straight away that the hole coincided with my left breast. She smiled when she saw me look at it "That should get them going." She said with a cheeky grin.

I slipped the tee shirt back on and looked down at myself, my left breast was almost totally exposed through the cut she had made.

We were again asked to draw numbers and I got number six, this meant I would be the last to go on. I was pleased it meant that I could assess the competition before it was my turn.

We had to do a longer spot this time and the crowd seemed more rowdy, shouting encouragement to the girls. The first two were encouraged to flash their breasts and got wild applause from the crowd for doing so. The third put on a rather poor performance she seemed a little shy, the forth girl went down very well when she ripped her tee shirt apart totally exposing her large breasts.

Number five was very good the crowd loved her, they encouraged her to loose her tee shirt early in her performance. I also could not help but notice that after the compare had drenched her with water her knickers had become almost transparent. The ones I was wearing where white and very thin I knew when they were wet they too would become almost transparent.

When she left the stage to great applause I knew it was my turn and I also knew what I had to do to win the contest. I stood on the stage and the compare poured the bucket of water over my head there was loud applause from the crowd, I realised that now very of my body little was concealed from them. This was the culmination of one of my wildest fantasies to appear naked before a crowd of men.

I started dancing amid wild applause I slowly lifted up what was left of my shirt exposing my breasts; the crowd went wild, shouting at me to me to take it off. I slipped it over my head and tossed it into the crowd and watched as they fought over it. I stood there and caressed my breasts feeling my hard erect nipples between my fingers. The crowds were shouting for more, I knew what they wanted, they wanted everything off. I pulled on the waistband of my soaking knickers pulling them up tightly into the crease of my pussy even this blatant display was not enough for them. Off Off Off. They shouted.

I knew what they wanted and I knew what I wanted. I wanted to stand there totally naked to let them see my naked body with nothing hidden from them. By now I was in an unbelievable state of arousal because I now knew I was going to go all the way. It was a good job that my knickers were already wet as by now I could feel my own juices soaking into them.

I took hold of my knickers; again the noise from the crowd went up again. Off. Off. Off. They chanted. They wanted them off, I wanted them off. I gripped them tightly and pulled, they ripped and came away in my hands. I was now naked the crowd went wild. I tossed the tattered remnants into the mob they scrabbled for the ultimate prize.

I could not believe the sensation I felt, I knew that everyone in the crowd wanted me, wanted my body, it was an incredible feeling. When at last the music stopped I just stood there with both my arms and also my legs spread wide, no part of my body was hidden from them, and they went wild.

The outcome of the contest was not in doubt; I had to remain waiting on stage naked while all the other girls were brought back on to the stage. Even though girl at number five tore off her knickers as she took her bow in a last ditch attempt to win. I was voted the winner. I received my large cash prize from the compare. I waved to the crowd and ran from the stage.

Janice greeted me with a hug. Then I had another problem, as I had thrown my knickers away the only thing I had to wear was my dress Oh well I thought as I slipped into it, I'm sure Alan won't mind.

Alan and John Paul welcomed us back and congratulated me on wining; the other guys in the bar looked on with envy as Alan and I walked out arms around each other I think every guy in the bar wanted to be in his place.

I was still feeling really aroused after my performance and as we walked along the beach Alan lifted up my dress and lovingly caressed my naked arse. He knew I needed him I knew I needed to feel him inside me. I dropped on to the sand pulled my dress up around my waist. Alan stood looking down at me lying there so brazenly exposed. "You want something." He asked with a grin. I looked up at him "Get yourself down here and fuck me." I hissed.

It was a tearful farewell at the airport as we were about to return home. It had been a wonderful holiday one that I would long remember. The guys have offered to come over and visit us but we have not heard from them. But the things that they showed us on that holiday and the experiences we had will stay with us both forever.

Damn! If I didn't find a job soon I was going to be in serious trouble with my creditors. Yes, I was only 21 at the time, but my appetite for spending was outrageous and totally out of control. My last job let me go because of a downsizing cutback. It was a good paying job and I was able to handle my bills. But now I was broke, in debt, and desperate.

Looking through the help section of a local newspaper, I had called on a number of help wanted ads to no avail. Then I noticed this one with a thick black title, Exotic Dancers. "Well, hell, I can dance," I thought to myself, so I decided to call the number.

I didn't know much about the strip clubs around here, the only one I had heard of was The Bodacious Club in the red light district which happened to be the club that placed the ad. It seemed to be a good as place as any, I guessed at the time.

Early that afternoon, I dressed carefully in the sexiest slut clothes I had, brushed out my long blonde hair and outlined my lips with my redder than red lipstick. When finally ready, I smiled at my reflection in the mirror. The micro short skirt and the low-cut blouse showed off my figure beyond perfection. "Who could say no to this," I said to myself.

I made my way to the club, where the burly doorman gave me a friendly leer as he opened the door and directed me to go down the stairway. I walked through the deserted reception area, and pausing for a moment I could hear a beat of music that seemed to waft from somewhere below. Looking around I could only see one stairway, so I made my way down them to the gloomy cavern below.

Even at 3 in the afternoon there were several groups of men sitting in comfortable looking chairs inside the big room, each group had it's own private ‘dancer' in various stages of undress, all teasing and tormenting the watching men. I made straight for the bar, where a good-looking guy whom I took to be the bartender, was leaning on his elbows looking kind of bored.

"Hi, I noticed your ad in the paper and wondered if you still have any openings for um...dancers?" I immediately asked as I walked up to him.

His eyes gave me a very slow up and down appraisal of my body. "Maybe," he answered at the end of a lingering moment.

"Oh okay, well is your boss in today?"

"I AM the boss, baby! Jack Throbbing, pleased to meet ya," he laughed, holding his hand out for a shake. I swallowed hard; barely able to believe this good looking man was also the owner of the club.

"Hi..., I'm Holly Wood," I said as I took his hand.

Suddenly his eyes crinkled into a warm smile, and he leaned towards me, "I like that name! Come to my office baby."

He led me to the back of the club into an office, once inside he closed and locked the door behind him, then turning to face me, he said, "Well show me what you got." I couldn't believe how abrupt he was, but I guess that's the way men are in that business. "Well you've come this far Linda, so what the hell," I thought to myself and I proceeded to give him a first rate show.

Slowly I began to move to the music that was playing out in the club. As my hips swayed, I unbuttoned my low-cut blouse, and slid it from my shoulders, proudly exposing my firm, bare breasts. Seeing his eyes fixed on my hard nipples began to excite me, and I could feel myself really getting into the swing of it. As I danced, I undid the short skirt and slid it from my swaying hips slowly down my long, sexy legs, leaving on just my 6-ince spiked heels and black g-string knickers.

I was on a roll and he never took his eyes off me for a moment. A huge bulge in his jeans was clearly evident. I knew that I was making a good impression. I loved the effect I was having on him and slowly danced closer, until I was standing about a foot away. Once I was directly in front of him, I smiled and turned, giving him a bent over view of my perfect derriere as I very slowly slipped my knickers down my legs. It was an unbelievable rush, one that I never had before, dancing bare-ass naked for a man. By now I was so turned on that my pussy was soaking wet, and almost without thinking I turned back towards him, and I reached out my hand and began to lightly run my fingers over the rock hard bulge through the material of the jeans.

"Well, do I get the job?" I teased.

"It's not that easy to get a job here baby, you're going to have to prove yourself more than that," he grinned in response.

I tried to keep the note of desperation out of my voice, "Look Mr. Throbbing, I could really do with this job, I'll do anything you say."

Holding my gaze, he murmured, "I'm glad to hear that."

He walked over to a couch in the corner of the office and sitting down on it, said, "Show me how good your private dance is."

Well, since he wanted me to prove myself further I wasn't going to turn tail in the middle of an interview. Slowly I began to dance again, moving closer and closer until I was straddling his lap. My legs were wide apart and I was still grinding with just a couple of inches separated us.

"Dance closer baby," he ordered in a low tone of voice.

Without hesitating I lowered myself down onto his lap and began gyrating my ass right on top the bulge in his pants. I had imagined by his covered evidence that he was well hung but I didn't expect him to feel as large as he did as I grinded my pussy against it. The feel of it turned me on and I began to tease him with my breasts, bringing them to within an inch of his mouth and then pulling back just out of reach before he could touch them. I spent the next few minutes rubbing my juicy crotch against the lump of his cock, staining his jeans with my heated juices; I knew I was bringing him to the edge.

Suddenly he grabbed me by my upper arms and jerked me to him like a rag doll, and began to lick and suck on my breasts. The feeling it had on my body was incredible; my pussy was on fire and turning pure liquid. I knew if this lasted much longer I would have a tremendous orgasm. Then just when I was getting close to feeling the best of my ride coming on, the song abruptly ended.

Remembering the real reason of why I was there, I pulled my ridged nipple from his mouth and took a moment to compose myself, and I climbed off his lap and asked again, "S--so do I get the job now?"

He didn't answer, just unbuttoned his jeans, raised his ass up from the couch and pulled them off. He wasn't wearing any underwear and I shuddered with amazement at the impressive size of his cock, which must have measured a good nine inches and thick as my wrist.

"You ever pole dance before, Holly?" he asked, taking his right hand to his fabulously thick cock and giving it several slow strokes.

"Uh-no, Mr. Throbbing," I chocked on my answer with my eyes glued to his ridged manhood.

"Now is a good time to learn. Come here and sit on this," he ordered.

Well, I wasn't born yesterday. I knew he wanted to fuck me and if I really wanted the job, I'd have to give him what he wanted. But hell, for a chance to ride on that love pole, I didn't care at this point if I got the job or not. I approached him and straddled him again, this time allowing the head of his cock to press against the lips of my pussy. I was thinking of going down easy on it because of its size and I didn't want it to hurt. He wasn't thinking that way when he placed his hands on my waist and suddenly pulled me down hard onto him. I yelped as I felt him ripping through me even though I managed to take it all on my way down.

"My, Jack, what a big dick you have," my breathless voice jittered as the shock of it's intrusion rippled through my body.

"Yeah, now that you're properly introduced to it, let's see how well you can ride it," he answered almost sounding like he does this thing a lot.

I started to ride him, while his grip dictated the pace. He began to suck and bite my breasts and nipples again, teasing then with his teeth. Within moments between the pleasure of feeling my nipples tingling between his grinding teeth and riding up and down his big, long shaft an orgasm hit me in waves. I began screaming, "Oh God yes! OOOOOOOOH! OOOOOOOOOH."

I could feel my pussy juicing up his cock and running out hot and wet over his balls. He groaned, "You are one hot bitch, Holly. Where do you want me to cum?"

Sliding off him and onto my knees, I whispered submissively, "I want you to cum in my mouth Mr. Throbbing, let me swallow your cum."

He looked down at his cock, wrapped his hand around it and stroked it a couple times. Then looking into my eyes he said, "Okay baby, and you'd better do a good job of it because I don‘t like wasting it."

I knelt down in front of him, and taking his cock that was covered in my sweet sticky juice into both of my hands, began to lick and suck on it. Treating his cock like it was a giant lollypop, I gave him the best blow- job I have ever given to a man. I took my time and spent a long while teasing with my tongue, before I let him cum. He groaned out loud and exploded into the most intense orgasm I have ever seen a guy have.

Just as he began a salty gush inside my mouth, I pulled his cock from my lips and aimed it at my face and my tits, watching the white spunk spewing from his cock as I felt it landing on me. Then I finished sucking his cock like a straw until he had nothing left to give. Just to spread the icing a bit, I scooped up all of his delicious cum from my titties and the cheeks of my face and licked it from my fingers. His eyes rolled back into his head as he fell back against the chair panting.

Standing up I cleared my throat and asked, "So, when do I start Mr. Throbbing?"

Poor Mr. Throbbing, he had an ego as big as his cock, but I don't think he had ever interviewed anyone like me before. I not only got the job, but I got a bonus large enough to pay off half of my creditors that very same day. Jack Throbbing liked me so well he gave me a lot of bonuses after that for private lap dances in his office.

**The Exhibitionist Part 2**

The sun was streaming through the window when something woke me for a deep sleep and a wonderful dream; it was a week since the holiday in France. The holiday that had changed my life. I lay in bed wondering what had disturbed my sleep. Worse, what had broken the dream?

In my dream I was back in the bar, the bar where I had performed in the wet tee shirt contest. I was on the small stage in front of a screaming crowd of men; I was naked apart from a pair of brief knickers. Knickers that hid very little because they were soaking wet.

The men were screaming at me to get them off. They wanted me completely naked. They wanted to see every intimate part of my body. For my part I wanted to show them.

In my dream I was just about to remove my knickers when I awakened suddenly. I lay there for a moment wondering what had spoiled my dream.

Then I heard a noise from outside. I looked at the clock it was eight thirty. I leaned out of bed and eased back the curtain. A white van was parked outside the house next to mine. The sign on the side told me they were a double glazing company. Then I remembered Mary my next door neighbours telling me that she was having her windows changed.

I watched two young men man handling some ladders and propping them up against the side of the house. I fell back on the bed with a feeling of frustration about not being able to complete my dream.

I ran my hand over my pussy; I was not surprised to feel how damp it was. I could not resist slipping my fingers inside and caressing myself intimately. I fingered the hard bud of my clit and I was soon gasping as I worked myself to a reasonably satisfying orgasm. After last week I was missing the sex. While on holiday I had been getting it from Alan, at least twice a day.

I napped for a little afterwards but the noise coming from next door kept disturbing me so I decided I might as well call it a day and get up. I pulled back the covers and slipped out of bed, as I stood up I looked at my naked body in the full-length mirror. I still had quite a good tan; an all most all over tan. The strip that was sometimes covered my bikini bottom was a few shades lighter but my breasts were a nice brown colour as I had been topless most of the holiday. I pulled back the curtain and stood looking out of the window at the two guys working on the kitchen windows of Mary's house.

They were hard at work much too busy to notice me standing naked in my window. I was beginning to feel a little naughty, nothing exciting had happened to me for at least a week. I needed to do something about that. I made my way down stairs and started by preparing myself a nice breakfast.

Since I had returned home I often walked around the house without my clothes, I never bothered to dress until I was going out, I just loved being naked it brought back memories, wonderful memories.

The back of my house was quite private with high hedges and trees and my neighbours did not overlook me. I decided to take my breakfast out and eat it on the patio. As I sat there reading the paper feeling the warm sun on my body I could quite clearly hear the two guys chatting as the worked next door.

It felt exciting knowing that I was sitting here naked so close to the guys but I wanted it to take it further. The problem was I was not sure how to do this. Luckily it was taken out of my hands. As I said earlier I was not overlooked but Mary's bathroom window did faced my garden but it was of course frosted glass so they could not see into my garden through it.

I suddenly heard one of the men say "We'd better do that one up there next." I looked up when I heard a scraping of ladders on the gravel drive. I noticed the top half of one of the ladders, then the other move towards the bathroom window.

The next thing I saw was the two men appearing up the ladder and begin to work on the bathroom window. I sat there a feeling of excitement creeping over me, I knew they only had to look around to see me sitting there without a stitch on.

I held the paper up so I could see them over the top, It seemed ages before one of them turned and looked in my direction. The reaction was startling I don't think he believed his eyes at first then he pulled on his mate's sleeve and nodded in my direction, the other one turned and his eyes widened. Well I don't suppose it is very often that you come across an attractive naked girl having breakfast in the garden.

I sat there reading my paper letting them get a good look at me while I formulated a plan. I noticed that they had moved down the ladders so that just their heads were visible over the edge. Obviously wanting to view what was on offer without been seen, this of course was fine by me.

I was starting to feel a little aroused knowing that the two guys were watching me and more than a little excited by the prospects of what could happen if I played my cards right.

At last I put the paper down stood up with my back to them and began to clear the table, I managed successfully to drop a spoon on the floor, knowing full well that as I bent over to pick it up they would get an interesting view.

Then I picked up the tray and carried it inside. My legs were shaking a little when I got in to the kitchen; this was going to be fun. I could not resist putting my hand on my pussy it felt warm and as I inserted a finger I was not surprised to discover it was beginning to feel very wet.

Now I needed an excuse to go outside again. I noticed a basket of washing some of my holiday things I had not done yet. I picked them up dropped them in the sink and turned the water on, when they were wet I pulled them out and popped them into the washer on a quick spin then loaded them into a plastic basket.

I went into the living room where I had a view of the house next door, from the back of the room where I knew I couldn't be seen I saw that work next door had come to a standstill. Two heads were still peering expectantly over the hedge, Ok I thought to myself, get ready for act two.

I went back into the kitchen and picked up the washing basket and my peg bag, then I walked back out into the garden, it took me all my strength not to look up and smile at them. This time I was facing them and when I placed the basket on the grass and started to hang out the washing they had an unrestricted view of everything I had to offer. My nipples where standing to attention and badly needed to be caressed as did my breasts. I could feel my pussy was beginning to leek as my juices began to flow.

I continued with my brazen display until every item was fluttering in the breeze, and I was almost screaming out in frustration. Then I picked up my basket and made my way back to the house. Then I waited.

I was not surprised when the door bell suddenly rang, through the frosted glass I saw the pair of them standing there, I picked up a wrap I kept handy for answering the door and slipped into it. I did not bother to fasten it; I just held it together.

I opened the door, standing there were two good-looking guys in there late twenties "Hello." I said, "What is it you want?" I knew full well, but a lady isn't supposed to be too eager.

"It's just that we were working next door and we were wondering if there was anything we could do for you." Said one of the guys. He held out some leaflets on double-glazing. That wasn't quite what I had in mind.

"Would you like to come in and tell me more about it?" I said holding the door with one hand and my wrap with the other. They quickly accepted my offer. Then followed me through to the lounge.

"What is it you do?" I asked, "We are able to do almost anything you want" the second guy said "Show us the job and we will give you a price for it." The first guy held out his leaflets again this time I took them off him. In doing so I let go of my wrap I knew from experience that it would fall open and show them that I was still missing my clothes.

I saw the look on their faces as they got their first close up of my neatly trimmed pussy.

"Seen something you like?" I asked with a smile.

They both nodded then I noticed with some relief the bulges that had appeared in the front of their trousers.

I shrugged off the wrap and stood there naked in front of them "I'm sure there are one or two jobs you can do for me if you can spare a hour or two." I said with a smile.

They did not need asking a second time; it was one of the fastest duel strips I had ever seen. Then they stood there, naked as two jaybirds tools in hand.

We fell on the sofa and there hands were all over me, from passed experience I knew that two pairs of hands were far better than one, these two being professional workmen they divided me up one worked on my breasts while the other explored the delights of my pussy. By this time I of course had my hands full. One lovely warm hard cock in each hand.

I lay there gently rubbing their impressive tools as they explored every part of my body with both hands and mouth, at one stage one was sucking on my nipples while his friend was adding to my sexual pleasure by probing deeply into my pussy with his tongue.

Much to my delight and pleasure the foreplay continued until I was screaming out for release and demanding that they fuck me. At last they decided that it was time. I was positioned on the floor on my hands and knees my bottom raised up expectantly. I cried out with joy as one of them positioned himself behind me took hold of my hips and although he was quite a big boy he eased himself with little effort into my by now sopping love tunnel.

His mate knelt in front of me holding himself his wonderful cock inches away from my face, He did not have to ask I leaned forward and ran my tongue over the purple head tasting the salty musky taste of his cock. As I felt the guy at my rear begin to thrust himself into me I slid my lips around the cock offered to me and let him slide it deep into my throat as I sucked on it hungrily.

Soon we were working as a team and with the cries and groans that were issuing it seemed that we were all experiencing extreme pleasure. I have to admit that both of the guys were stayers and I experienced a multiple of orgasms before either of them came. When at last they did it was almost together first I heard the guy behind me cry out then I felt the thrill as he erupted inside me seconds later his mate almost choked me when he filled my mouth I gulped it down savouring every last drop of it.

After a cooling drink and some help from me to revive flagging members we decided to do it all over again. This time I was placed on my back on the end of the sofa with my legs over the guys shoulders while the other sat straddled across me with his cock between my breasts he held them tight around his cock I have to admit that this was the first time I had experienced tit fucking and I found it rather pleasurable maybe it was also due to the fact that my pussy was being pounded at the same time.

At last with our sexual desires totally satisfied I showed them to the bathroom and although only two of us at a time managed to get in the shower I helped to wash them and they both gave me extreme pleasure by washing me.

Back downstairs again I watched with some disappointment as they dressed, then each of them kissed me and had one last feel at my breasts as they thanked me for an interesting interlude. I smiled and told them that if they had some spare time tomorrow I would put a pot of coffee on for them and very little else, they smiled getting my meaning.

I made sure of their visit the following day by spending the afternoon by cutting my lawn and tending my garden. I was of course wearing only a pair of gardening gloves. I don't think a lot of work was done on Mary's windows.