The Making of Anna into an Exhibitionist Whore

Anna had suddenly become a member of our family. I had returned home one

evening to visit my parents to find this young and extremely attractive

blond working with my mother.

"Ah, Peter," my mother said as I walked into the room, "I would like you

to meet Anna. She is from Gothenburg, Sweden."

I felt an instant attraction as I shook the proffered hand of the young

woman. She was, I concluded, about 18, or maybe 20, with long blond

hair, extremely pretty, with a wonderful bone structure, a pert little

nose, and full sensual lips. Her figure was also a sight to behold. Her

breasts, which immediately caught my eye, were large, and I detected

the clear bulge of a nipple pressing against the materiel of her

sweater. She was wearing a short skirt that showed off her long shapely

legs. Yes, when I met Anna, it was lust at first sight.

My mother, who was a writer, went on to explain that Anna was a student

at the local art college. She was staying with them and working with my

mother, helping with some research work to help pay her way through

college.

I had my own apartment in town and used to visit my parents an weekends.

Suddenly, the reason for my visits had become a lot more interesting.

I lusted after the attractive young woman who showed only a mild

interest in me. I used to watch her as she walked around the house.

Sometimes I could just make out the lines of her brief panties under

her short tight skirts. I think that she was aware that I watched her,

for she would sometimes turn and smile in my direction as she left the

room. She also was not adverse to bending in front of me when she

wanted to speak to me, and allowing me an inviting look down her tight

sweater, giving me a close up of the smooth upper slopes of her

breasts. Sometimes, when I was at home, and we were all sitting

watching TV, she would sit with her legs curled up under her, exposing

her long shapely legs to me I would sit and watch her and try to

imagine just what her breasts would look like. Did she have nipples

that became erect when they were caressed, and what about down below?

The thoughts made me feel uncomfortable as I tried to suppress a

growing erection.

For my birthday, six months before Anna had joined our family, my

parents bought me a digital camera, a good one, an Olympus. I have

always enjoyed photography, and using it in conjunction with my

computer made it a wonderful addition. I was a qualified accountant and

worked in the finance department at the local technical college. My

work allowed me access to IT courses that were offered there. I applied

for a course on digital photography and it taught me how to use

programs like "Paint Shop" where you can do all kinds of things with

photographs.

One weekend while I was visiting my parents, I took some pictures of

Anna. With the aid of "Paint Shop," I removed her head and superimposed

it onto pictures of nudes I downloaded from the Internet. They looked

quite good, but I wondered to myself when I looked at them if they were

anything like the real thing. I did not know it at the time, but I was

going to find out sooner than I ever thought possible.

I had moved into my apartment in town a couple of years before. I felt I

needed to be closer to work and needed a place of my own. After work, I

used to call in for a drink at the "Kings Head," a pub close to the

office where I worked. This particular evening, I was on my way to

visit my parents and I had called in for a quick drink with Bill and

James who worked with me in the same office. It was my turn to get in

the drinks. I went to the bar, and when I returned, we had been joined

by Harry, a guy who was a lab technician at the college. He was

relating a story about his latest exploit. He was the local stud, or so

he thought. You were never too sure with some of the stories he related

if he were telling the truth or just spinning you a line.

He was telling them about this stag party he had been out on a few

nights before where a few of the guys he was with had picked up these

three girls, all crackers. These guys always were with Harry. They had

invited them back to the hotel room where they were staying. There were

six guys and three girls and it had, according to Harry, turned into

some sort of orgy with everyone screwing the girls. I smiled when he

told us about it. He looked across at me. "Don't you believe me?" he

asked.

"Well, it is a bit unlikely," I said, "that you should pick up three

young girls and they agreed to go back to your room, just like that."

He smiled and pulled out his wallet. Unclipping it, he took out two

Polaroids and passed them over to me. The first one showed a young

woman, naked apart from a brief pair of black panties, laid on her back

across a coffee table. While two guys, one of them whom I recognised

from our office, feasted on her breasts, she sucked on the cock of

another guy standing over her. But it was the second picture that

pulled me up with a start. It showed another girl, this time totally

naked, standing on a bed. There was a guy standing behind her minus his

pants. One of his hands was caressing her large breasts. Meanwhile, his

other hand was thrust between her legs, feeling her pussy intimately. I

could not make out where his cock was but I am certain it was inside

her.

"Well, what have you to say now? Is that proof enough?" For a moment, I

could not speak. I just stared at the picture, the reason being that

the young girl cavorting naked on the bed was no other person than

Anna, my mother's assistant, and the lust of my life. Harry saw me

staring at the picture. "I bet you wish you could have been there," he

said with a grin, reaching out and removing the pictures from my hand.

I took a long drink of my beer. I could not believe what I had seen!

Anna, performing like that, and letting herself be photographed. What

else had she done? My head was swimming. I excused myself from the

group. I needed to be on my own. I needed time to think.

As I walked towards the tube station, I slipped into a coffee bar. I

kept seeing the picture in my mind. I could still not believe that my

Anna would do things like that, but I had seen it with my own eyes. I

was shocked, but then a plan began to come into my mind. If the little

slut could do it for some strangers, then she could do it for me. At

first, I could not believe that I was thinking that way, but why not,

why indeed? Suddenly, my thoughts were interrupted when my mobile rang.

It was my mother to tell me that my Granddad had fallen down and had

been taken to the hospital. This meant grandma had been left on her own

and she needed caring for. Mum said they would have to go down that

evening, and would I come over and stay with Anna? I could not believe

my luck.

When I at last arrived at my home, I found my parents already packed and

ready to be off. Anna was in the lounge watching TV. She smiled when

she saw me. "I don't need baby sitting, you know. I can look after

myself."

I smiled. "You don't want to be on your own all weekend," I said. " It

will be far better if I am around."

She nodded at me, "I suppose so," and then went back to watching TV. My

mother inquired if I had eaten. I nodded. I hadn't, but I did not want

food at the moment. I went to the fridge and took out a can of lager.

Then I helped dad out to the car with the cases. He said they would

phone me when they got there and let me know the situation. Mum kissed

me and told me that she knew Anna could look after herself but they had

no idea how long they would be away. I assured my mother that I would

look after her and see that she came to no harm. Yes, I thought to

myself, I would certainly look after her. I waved my parents off. Then

I went back in the house. In the lounge, Anna was still watching her TV

program. She looked up. "Did they get off?"

I smiled. "Yes, they are gone and I am not sure when they will be back."

I sat down opposite her, leaned back in the chair, closed my eyes, and

imagined her sitting there naked. My turn would come. Yes, indeed it

would.

We had a pleasant evening together. I decided to bide my time and get to

know her better. It was well after midnight when she at last went up to

bed. The next evening, Anna went out with her friends. She told me not

to stop up and wait for her, as she would be late. I called around to

my apartment and packed some things. I returned and spent the rest of

the evening messing on dad's computer before deciding on an early

night. I did not hear Anna come in.

The following day was Sunday and we decided to spend it at home. I

cooked a nice meal for our early evening meal and opened a bottle of

wine, making sure that Anna got a good share of it. After the meal I

watched Anna bending over, loading the dish washer, her tight little

bum sticking out. Was tonight going to be the night that I was going to

see it in its naked glory?

We retired to the lounge and I filled up her glass. My camera was on the

table at my side. I picked it up and took a picture of her. "What was

that for?" she inquired.

"Just thought I would like a picture of you," I said. "Mind you," I

continued, "it would have been better if you did not have any clothes

on." She stared at me. "What in the hell do you mean by that remark?"

she snapped.

I smiled at her. "You did not seem to mind the other night in that hotel

room," I said.

She looked at me again. "What are you talking about?" I told her about

the photograph and what I had been told by Harry. I could see from the

look on her face that she knew what I was saying was correct. "What do

you think my mother would say if I showed her that picture?" She looked

at me aghast. "You have it?" I patted my pocket knowingly. I did not

actually have it, but she was not to know that. "You would not show it

to her, would you?" she said pleadingly.

"Depends," I said, slowly. "That all depends on you."

"Depends on what?" she asked.

"Depends on whether you will be willing to show me what you showed those

guys."

She looked at me. "You want me to take my clothes off for you?"

I nodded. "That would be a nice gesture," I said smiling.

"What? Here and now?" she asked.

"No time like the present," I said."And if I did as you asked, you would

not show the picture to your mother?" I nodded. "I could be persuaded

not too."

She slowly got up from the chair and stood in the centre of the room

facing me. I picked up my camera again. "You're not going to take

pictures are you?"

I nodded. "Just as a memento."

She was wearing a pink jumper and tight fitting jeans, her usual attire

around the house. I would have liked her to be in something more sexy

but beggars can't be choosers. She crossed her arms over and took hold

of the bottom of the jumper and pulled it slowly over her head, shaking

out her blond hair as it came free of the jumper. Under it, she was

wearing a crisp white bra with lacy cups. I could clearly distinguish

the small mounds of her protruding nipples.

She looked at me as I clicked the camera. Then she bent and unfastened

the jeans and pulled the zip down before easing them over her hips and

sliding them down her long legs. She stepped out of them, bent down,

and picked them up, dropping them on the sofa with her discarded

jumper. Now at last I had a view of her wearing those sexy little

panties that I had seen so many times fluttering on the washing line.

They were white like her bra with a high waist; and the cut out legs

made her long legs seem even longer.

She looked at me, a slightly pleading look in her eyes. I know she did

not want to go any further, but I was not going to let her off so

easily. "Carry on," I said softly. "You can't stop now." I saw her lick

her lips nervously. Then her hands went behind her back and I watched

the bra drop loose as it became unfastened. She took hold of the straps

and slowly peeled it away, exposing her firm young breasts topped with

magnificent hard brown nipples.

She must have noticed that I was getting in a bit of a state. I saw her

begin to smile. Maybe she was also beginning to enjoy herself. She took

a step closer as she hooked her fingers in the waistband of her brief

panties. I saw her watching me closely as she slid them slowly over her

hips. Then they fell in a tiny crumpled heap around her ankles. The

smooth mound of her pussy was there before me. A slight vee of trimmed

pubic hair decorated the base of her flat stomach. I could feel sweat

beginning to run down my face as at last this vision of loveliness was

standing totally naked in front of me.

My camera was forgotten. I could only stare at the wonderful sight

before me. "Well," she said softly, "do you like what you see?" I

stared and nodded dumbly. "You are so beautiful," was all I could

manage to mutter.

She stepped out of the panties and came over to where I was sitting. I

could smell the musky sweet smell of her body now that it was close to

me. I could see clearly the details of her breasts and the crinkled

brown buds of her erect nipples.

She bent and picked the camera off my lap and placed it on the table.

Then to my amazement, she sat on my lap, putting her arm around my

neck. I could feel the warmth of her body through my shirt. She

wriggled around on my lap and I knew that she would be able to feel my

erect manhood pressing into her. "My," she said sweetly, "we are a big

boy tonight." I blushed.

To start with, I had been the aggressor. Now she had turned the tables

on me. She took hold of my free hand and placed it over one of her

breasts. It was so firm. The nipple pressed into my fingers as I began

to caress it slowly and gently. She leaned close and whispered in my

ear, "That feels nice, that feels very nice."

I continued to caress her breasts, first one and then the other,

pinching the firm nipples between my fingers, making her groan softly.

Then she took my hand and pushed it down her body. I felt her part her

legs and I knew where she wanted me to be. That first touch on the warn

dampness of her pussy lips sent shivers through both of us. Then my

eagerly exploring fingers were probing between her lips into the warm

wetness that lay beyond.

I quickly located the hard bud of her clit and began to rub and roll it

gently with my fingers. Her groans became louder and her breath came in

short gasps. My fingers worked faster as her gasps became sharper. She

twisted her body on my knee and pressed my hand urgently against her

until at last she could hold back no longer. With a cry, she seemed to

collapse against me and I could feel her warm juices running between my

fingers and soaking into my trousers.

She lay back. I looked down at her. I lowered my head as I could not

resist taking one of her tempting breasts into my mouth and sucking

gently on the hard nipple. She lay there quietly for a short while,

allowing me the pleasure to suckle on her breasts as she slowly came

around. At last she gently pushed me away and got to her feet. I

noticed the wetness running down between her thighs. She reached out

and pulled me to my feet and looked down at my trousers at the dark wet

patch where her juices had soaked me. She smiled and I felt her begin

to unbuckle my belt and ease down my zip. Then her hand was inside,

gripping firmly on my erect manhood, easing it gently between her

fingers. I felt my trousers fall to the floor quickly followed by my

boxers.

Now she used both hands, rubbing gently with one while the other cradled

my balls. She kissed my chest and began to move down my body. I

realised what she was about to do. I did not really want this but I

could not make myself stop her. Then she was on her knees in front of

me, my manhood held firmly in her hand. A gasp of breath escaped my

throat as I felt her wet lips kiss the head of my prick and then slide

over it until it was deep in her mouth. I gripped her hair, wanting to

pull her away. This was not what I wanted, but I only succeeded in

pushing her head harder on to my throbbing tool.

She was unbelievable, giving me the best blowjob that I had ever had in

my life. I felt the pleasure building up inside me and at last I could

hold back no longer. I tried to pull away but she held me closer. I

fought her but she would not let me go. At last, I could hold back no

longer and with a burst of pleasure, I erupted into her throat,

something that I had never experienced before. I could feel her sucking

on my juices, milking me. It was unbelievable!

At last it was over. I pulled her to her feet. She smiled, my juices

still running down her chin. I wiped them away and pulled her to me. We

clung to each other. "Thank you," I whispered in her ear, "Thank you so

much." She smiled up at me. "I enjoyed it as well you know."

We clung together for a few minutes. Then she eased away from me, and

turned, bent over, and began picking up her discarded underwear. I now

had a perfect view of her trim little bum, with just a glimpse between

her legs of her delectable moist pussy.

She picked up the clothes from the sofa and left the room. leaving me

standing there with my pants still around my ankles. I bent and pulled

up my boxers and trousers. I was still a little shaken with the way

things had turned out. I had no idea that she would go as far as she

had. Had things gone too far, I wondered? Well, only time would tell.

I did not see her the rest of the evening and when I went to bed, her

light was out. It took me some time to get to sleep, but at last I

managed to fall asleep. I was awakened the following morning with a

knock on my bedroom door. The door opened and in walked Anna, carrying

a tray with two steaming cups of tea and a few rounds of toast.

But it was not the breakfast tray that took my eye. It was what she was

wearing, or should I say not wearing? She had on a thin cotton wrap,

but it was not fastened. Under it, she wore nothing. The wrap hung

open, exposing her nakedness. The dark tuft of her pubic hair and the

swell of her breast could clearly be seen.

She smiled. "I thought I would treat you," she said, "after that most

entertaining evening we had."

I looked up at her standing there beside my bed. "You enjoyed it?" I

asked.

"Sure, didn't you?" she replied. I nodded. She bent over to place the

tray on my bedside table and as she did so, the wrap gaped open

exposing her firm young breasts. She saw me looking and smiled.

"I thought I would join you," she said, and then to my amazement, she

pulled back the sheets, slipped out of her wrap, and slid naked into my

bed. The sight of her and the feel of her warm naked body pressing

against mine gave me an immediate erection. "I know we should not be

doing this," she said, "but I have to tell you I have fancied you ever

since I was first introduced to you. Last night was something I have

dreamed about for a long time." She turned and put her arms around me,

hugging me close. I responded, encircling her warm naked body with my

strong arms.

After we parted, we sat and drank the tea and ate the toast in silence.

When we had finished, she lay back on the pillow. I looked down at her

lying there, those glorious peaks exposed, capped by those rich brown

nipples. I could not resist leaning over and kissing each of them

gently. I lay down beside her and we talked. She told me about the

night with Harry. Apparently, everything he had told us was the truth.

She had been out with two of her girl friends, and they were quite

drunk and on their way to get a taxi home when they had bumped into

Harry's crowd. After a little persuading, they had agreed to go back to

the hotel with them, and I knew the rest.

She asked me if I thought what we had done was wrong, betraying my

mother's trust. I shrugged. "I suppose it is in some way, but if it is

something we both want, what is the harm in it?"

She smiled at me. "I hoped you would say that." She leaned over and

kissed me. "Would you like to make love to me?" she asked in almost a

whisper.

I looked at her. "Is that what you want?" I asked. She nodded. "More

than anything. Will you? I want you so much." I was certainly ready. I

already had an erection from the time she stripped off and slipped into

my bed. I looked down at her. "Are you sure that is what you want?"

She nodded, reaching down and gripping my manhood tightly. "Yes,

please," she said, "I want to feel this lovely cock deep inside me."

And with that, she spread her legs invitingly.

I rolled between them, positioning myself. She guided me to the waiting

portals of her pussy, and with little effort, I slid easily into her.

She was wet and waiting, her body thrust eagerly up to meet me, and we

parried thrust for thrust. She had a tight pussy and she gripped

tightly onto my rampant tool. She cried out for me to give it to her. A

wave of pleasure swept through my body. She screamed at me that she was

cumming. "Now! Now! Now!" she cried out. With a final lunge, I erupted

into her. She, too, came on cue. We collapsed in a heap of sweating

bodies.

It was well after mid day that we finally arose from my bed. We had

experimented with every position we knew and some that were new to both

of us. I had invaded every hole and entrance on her willing young body.

She had given herself to me completely. Nothing was forbidden, nothing

was out of bounds.

That morning had been an incredible experience with Anna and I hoped

there was more to come. I had never expected anything like this from

her. She was a wild animal, completely insatiable. From now on, it

would be possible for me to live out my wildest sexual fantasies, with

her help, of course. All she seemed to crave from me was sex. She said

she would do anything I wanted her to do, anything I asked of her, and

I think she meant it. She was my sex slave.

We sat at the breakfast bar and ate more toast and drank more coffee. I

was just in my boxer shorts and Anna was wearing her thin cotton wrap.

It was tied, but occasionally gaped open, offering me interesting views

of the wonderful body underneath. We chatted like two children and made

plans. I showed her the pictures that I had made up of her on the

computer. She laughed when she saw them. "Did you think I would look

like that?" she asked, looking at one of my better efforts. "Well, I

did at the time, but I know better now." She grinned cheekily. I told

her about some of the interesting sites on the Internet and what fun it

would be to send in some of her pictures. She said that she would be

worried that someone would recognise her, but I told her that the

chance of that was very unlikely. We could change her name and details.

I told her about one of my favourite sites, a German sight that

exhibited pictures of girls naked in some very public places. She asked

me to show her the site, so we went up to dad's study.

She was very interested when she saw it. "Would you like to take

pictures of me like that?" she inquired.

"Only if it were alright with you."

She flicked through some more of the pictures on the site. "It must be

very exciting to do things like that," she said, pointing to one of the

pictures. It was of a very attractive young girl completely naked in an

open-air market. There were people all around her, and even though you

could see some of them openly looking at her, she seemed completely

unconcerned.

"God," she said, "It must be an incredible turn on to be in a position

like that, just walking around with no clothes on and everyone looking

at you." "Would you like to try it?" I inquired tentatively.

She thought for a few moments. "If we could find somewhere a bit quiet

at first," she said, "I might be willing to have a go. Have you any

ideas?" I thought for a moment. "Yes, maybe I have." I knew it would

have to be the right place for her the first time. Then, if she liked

the idea, we could go on from there. "Right," I said, "I know the ideal

place to start."

"Where is it?" she asked.

"Wait until you get there. Then you will see." I pulled on some jeans

and a sweatshirt.

Anna looked at me. "What do you want me to wear?" I looked at her

standing there in that flimsy wrap hardly covering her nakedness. "You

will do just as you are," I said with a smile. Her eyes widened for a

moment, and then she realised that I was joking. "Just go and take the

wrap off and put on that white trench coat you usually wear." She

grinned. "With nothing under it, I suppose?" I nodded. "You have sure

got that bit right." She disappeared off into her bedroom and I went

down stairs to sort out my camera.

I was waiting in the hallway when she came down the stairs. She stopped

half way down. "Will I do?" she asked. I noticed that she had done her

hair and applied some make up. "You look wonderful," I said. Then with

a flourish, she opened the coat wide and I gasped at the sight. Yes,

she was completely naked. Well, almost. The only things she was wearing

were exciting dark hold up stockings with fancy lace tops and black

patent high heels. "You look incredible," I said.

Once in the car, we drove towards town. I could not believe my luck.

Sitting there in the seat beside me was my lovely Anna wearing nothing

but a light coat to cover her naked body. She grinned when she told me

it was a great turn on going out like this in nothing but a coat. I had

already thought out my route. It was now 5 P.M. The local art gallery

was the place I had decided on. It closed at 6pm, and during the last

hour it was very quiet, ideal for what I had in mind.

I parked the car in front of the gallery and walked up the steps. Anna

followed me. The old maid on the reception desk looked at her watch

meaningfully as we went by. We slowly strolled around the rooms looking

at the paintings. Luckily for us, as I had thought, there was hardly

anyone in the gallery. Then I found what I was looking for. In the

centre of one room was this copy of the sculpture of Venus de Milo. It

was life size, created in white marble. I looked around-- there was no

one about. I told Anna to stand by the sculpture and I stepped back and

took out my camera.

I sized up the picture in the viewfinder. Then I told Anna to undo her

coat. She looked around nervously. Seeing there was no one about, she

slipped the belt undone. The coat fell open slightly, exposing her

nakedness. I took a few quick shots like that. Then I instructed her to

hold the coat open. Again, she checked around before doing as I asked.

"Right," I said, "just a couple more and we will be on our way." I

thought she looked a little relieved. I looked at her. "This time I

want you to take the coat off all together.

"She grinned. "You want me to stand stark naked in here. What if

somebody walks in?"

I looked at her. "Then they will get a pleasant surprise," I grinned.

She quickly looked around before she slipped off the coat altogether,

placing it onto a chair close by. Now she was truly naked the way I

wanted her to be. She posed beside the naked figure of Venus with her

warm young body contrasting nicely against the cool marble of the

sculpture. I took about half a dozen shots, all the time hoping someone

would walk in to the room and see her. I would have loved to see her

reaction, but we were not disturbed. "Okay," I said when I had

finished. "You can put the coat back on again."

We tried it again in another of the rooms and this time she had gained

some confidence. I even got her to walk around the room looking at the

pictures without the coat. I don't know how she felt but I was really

turned on by the sight of her nakedness, and the bulge in my pants did

not go unnoticed

Back in the car, I asked her how she had felt standing naked in a place

like that. She looked at me. "It was an unbelievably strange sensation.

It was very scary at first, but also very exciting." She reached for my

hand and placed it between her legs. "Just feel down there," she said.

"I am very wet, and you are going to have to do something about it when

we get home." She parted her legs and I slid my hand over her smooth

pussy. She was right. I could feel the warm damp moisture on my

fingers. "Would you like to try some more before we go home?" she

asked. I nodded. We called in at the local shopping mall. I managed to

get a few with the coat open, but none with it off completely. There

were far too many people about and I did not want to rush her into

something that might spoil it for later.

The nearest I got to getting her actually naked with people in the

picture was when we called in at the park on the way home. It was

fairly quiet, but we managed to find some interesting locations with

people in the background, although they were in the far distance. All

in all, for the first time, I was reasonably pleased with what we had

accomplished.

When we arrived home, I would have liked to look at the results of our

escapade but she had other ideas and needs. Who was I to object? She

grabbed me as soon as we were in the house, ripped off my coat and

demanded to be made love to. Who could say no to such a lovely naked

nymph? I quickly slipped out of my clothes and took her in the hallway

lying against the stairs. I had no problem entering her portals. Her

juices were flowing copiously. She seemed unaware of the discomfort she

must have been in with her body resting against the hard stairs. All

she wanted from me was sexual satisfaction. I obliged with pleasure.

Afterwards, we went up to my room and made love again and again in a

more comfortable and leisurely fashion, exploring the sexual delights

of each other's bodies.

It was the following day before I managed to get on the computer to see

the pictures. I was very pleased with them. I printed them off and took

them in to show Anna. She was sitting up in my bed reading a magazine

in her usual state of nakedness. Would I ever get used to looking at

her perfect body? Those wonderfully firm breasts with their proud

jutting nipples were a treat for anyone to behold. She looked through

the prints slowly, nodding approvingly. "They are extremely good,

aren't they?" she said when she had finished. "I still can't believe

that we did it."

I looked at her. "You are not sorry that we took them, are you?" I

asked. She shook her head. "No, not at all. It was such a turn on," she

said. "I can't wait for the next time." Then she looked at me with a

knowing smile. "Especially if I get the same payment afterwards." The

next day, we decided to do some more after lunch as it was a wonderful

sunny day. "What do you want to do?" I asked. "More like yesterday?"

She nodded. "But this time can we do some with other people around?" I

looked at her. "Are you quite sure?" I inquired.

She nodded. "Yes, I think so,. After what it was like last time, I

imagine it will be an even greater turn on with people around."

We discussed where we should go and between us we decided to visit a

small country house I knew on the outskirts of town. It was, I decided,

the ideal spot for our first experience with the public. We needed to

find somewhere that was reasonable secluded, but with some people

around. I did not want to put Anna in any danger, so it had to be a

reasonably secure place.

The place I had in mind seemed to fit the bill perfectly. The grounds of

Malden Hall were a riot of colour at this time of the year, yet another

reason for picking this location. It would look good in the pictures. I

noticed that the car park was reasonably full, but not overcrowded, it

being mid-week. I knew from past visits that most people would be

visiting the house. I turned to Anna. "Well, are you ready for this?"

She nodded. "Maybe just a little apprehensive," she said, "but I know I

am going to enjoy myself." She was wearing the same outfit as

yesterday-- the white trench coat with the patent high heels and the

dark stockings. It seemed to be a good idea to continue in wearing the

same things if we decided to publish the pictures on the net.

We took a walk around looking for some interesting locations. Anna

squeezed my hand and whispered that it felt very exciting walking

around knowing that she was wearing nothing under her coat. I, too, was

having some of the same feelings. I had always fantasised about doing

something like this but never dreamt it would actually be happening to

me. The first place we decided on was the rose garden, a walled

enclosure with areas of gardens filled with wonderful smelling roses.

There were walkways around the roses with seats placed at strategic

positions. I let Anna decide where she wanted to sit, and she picked a

seat in the centre of the garden. She sat on the seat and I checked

that I was able to get a good view of her. I did not want to be too

close, but I needed to be in a good position to take some pictures.

"Okay," I said to her.

She smiled. "Yes, let's do it." I walked away and took up my position. I

signaled to her that I was ready. She stood up and slipped out of the

coat and placed it on the seat. Then she sat back on the seat and put

her legs up, resting them along the seat.

The sight of her sitting there naked surrounded by the roses looked

wonderful. I shot a few pictures. At the moment, there was nobody else

in the garden, so I stood and waited. I did not have to wait long

before a man appeared, walking a small dog on a lead. At first he did

not seem to notice Anna as he walked around. Then I smiled to myself as

I noticed his reaction as he spotted her. I saw him look at her, then

look around. He looked towards where I was standing but I pretended to

be more interested in the roses. I saw him change his direction so that

he passed behind her and I managed to get off a couple of pictures.

Slowly, he made his way nearer to where she was sitting, at last

actually passing in front of her.

I felt a twinge of jealousy as I saw him looking at her, taking in her

nakedness. As he was passing, the small dog pulled on its lead and went

towards her. I watched as Anna smiled at it, then leaned over and

patted it. This was great! I took several more pictures. She now seemed

to be in conversation with the man who was by now, no doubt, getting a

good eyeful of her exciting naked body.

He suddenly looked up as three more people entered the garden. He nodded

to her and pulled the dog away, probably not wanting to be seen

chatting to this young woman who for some reason was sitting in a

public park without any clothes on. It did not take long for the group

of three to spot her. I saw one of the women point her out to the

others and I could see them grinning. The young man who was with them

was more than interested to the extent that he almost fell over a small

wall that he had not noticed as his attention was elsewhere.

Anna had, I presume, gotten over her initial nervousness. She stood up

and began to wander around the roses seemingly quite unconcerned about

her lack of clothes, and caused a bit of a stir as a small crowed had

now gathered to watch her. It all made good photography and it was just

what I was looking for.

We spent about fifteen minutes in all in the rose garden before she

picked up her coat, and to the disappointment of some of the small

crowd, slipped back into it.

We moved on. I could see that she was very turned on by this first

experience with the public. She clung to me and whispered in my ear

that she needed to be made love to. I looked at her. "Out here?" I

asked, somewhat shocked. "Yes, please," she said. " I need you so

badly."

We took a path that led us through a small wooded area and found a

secluded spot just off the path. I put my camera equipment down on the

ground. She leaned back against a tree opened her coat wide and parted

her legs. She looked very wanton. She reached out and pulled me up

against her naked body. I felt for her breasts. Her nipples were rock

hard protrusions pressing into my hands as she thrust and ground her

pelvis against me.

Her hands almost ripped open the zip of my pants and then were inside

grabbing onto my already stiff member. She took control, guiding me

into her warm very wet pussy, and when I was inside, thrust herself

against me, impaling herself on my nine inches of hard flesh. It was

over all too quickly but she got what she needed. We tidied ourselves

up as best we could, cleaning ourselves with tissues from my camera

bag.

She had tasted the excitement of being naked in public and now wanted

more of it. We took some interesting shots around an ornamental pond,

causing a bit of a stir as she leaned over and fed the fish, giving

everyone near to her the wonderful sight of her tight firm bottom. Then

we spent some time sunbathing on the grassy area in the centre of the

park. It was amazing just how many people, mainly guys, went out of

their way to walk past her and get an eyeful of her openly displayed

nakedness. She seemed totally relaxed now, especially after our little

sex session, and she was enjoying every minute of it. So much so that

when we arrived back at the car park, as one last fling, she slipped

out of her coat, tossed it into the car, walked across to an ice cream

van, and bought us both a large cornet, much to the delight of the

vendor and several of the motorists who hooted and waved to her. It

also made for some interesting pictures.

When we arrived home, she was not as frantic as the day before and did

not demand instant sex. Instead, she worked me up by preparing tea in

just the stockings and high heels. By the time tea was finished, it was

me that needed relief to calm down my throbbing member, and she duly

obliged with one of her incredible blow-jobs.

Afterwards, Anna went up to shower and I went and processed the

pictures. I was very pleased with the results. Anna came in with just a

bath towel draped around her shoulders looking as beautiful as ever.

She too was pleased with the result, and after a short discussion, we

decided to send some of them off to the contributions side of the

internet site we had looked at earlier. It excited her that soon people

all over the world would be able to log in and have access to the sight

of her exciting naked body.

We were sleeping together regularly now and I was wondering how our

relationship would, or should I say could, continue when my parents

returned from looking after my grandparents. Luckily for us, there was

no sign of that at the moment. They had rung us to see if we were

managing okay, and to tell us that they might have to stay a while

longer. I told them there was no problems here. We were getting on well

together. I had to smile when I said that because they could never have

realised just how well.

The weather was poor for the next couple of days so we did not get out

as we would have liked, but this did not stop us enjoying the pleasures

that we got from being together. I photographed Anna around the house

in the nude or in some of her very sexy outfits. When the need took us,

as it often did, we made love wherever we were. Whether it be in the

kitchen or in the lounge, we cared not. All that mattered was that our

seemingly ever-increasing sexual needs were satisfied.

When I logged into the internet that evening, I had e-mail from the

website thanking me for the pictures I had sent them. They were very

enthusiastic about them and said that they would publish everything I

could send them. I was very excited when I went onto the actual site

and saw the pictures of my wonderful Anna published there for everyone

to see. I called her upstairs and she smiled and hugged me when she saw

them along with the wonderful comments about her that had been

published alongside the pictures.

That night as we lay together in bed with the sheets thrown back letting

the air conditioning cool our naked bodies that were aching and bathed

in perspiration from our strenuous love making, I turned to Anna and

asked her what she would like to do next in our little game. "I am not

sure," she said, smiling at me. "You got me into this and it is like a

drug. I don't seem to be able to get enough of it." I reached over and

cupped her warm breast, feeling the nipple still aroused from our

lovemaking. I caressed it gently in my hand. Anna groaned softly. " I

hope you are going to be able to follow up on that," she said, sliding

her hand down to grip my by now flaccid member. "And by what I can feel

down here, there is no chance." I grinned at her. "I am sure that you

are capable of arousing it if the necessity arises." She laughed. "No,

I was just thinking what you would like to do next"

She thought for a minute and shrugged her shoulders. "I don't mind. All

I know is I like being naked, and I like people to look at me, to see

my body. It feels great." She thought for a moment. "But I don't want

to get into anything sleazy like stripping or table dancing. I don't

like the idea of working for somebody in those grotty (seedy, wretched,

dirty) downtown clubs. I would not mind doing some modeling work, but

those guys have seen it all before so it is not new to them. I don't

know, what do you think?"

"Well, we are going to have to continue doing the nude in public thing.

As you saw, they want more. I do have a few other ideas we could maybe

do. We could go into business for ourselves. I saw this program on the

TV the other night about kinky jobs. There was this woman who went

around doing housework for guys. The thing was that she did it in the

nude." Anna laughed. "The idea's good and appealing but I am not that

keen on housework."

"Let me think about it," I said. "I will come up with something."