**The Willful Exhibitionist**

by BarbaraÂ©

My young body was trim and taut but not muscular, breasts firm and inviting with large erect nipples. A small red stone complemented my piercing, enhancing my vagina and keeping my engorged clitoris prominent. My legs were smooth, lean and shapely. I adjusted my golden waist chain over my hips and ran outside into the crowded street, feeling joy and satisfaction as the midday sun warmed and caressed my naked skin. I had become addicted to all the attention I received when I exhibited myself this way to complete strangers. The satisfaction I felt, on these occasions, reigned supreme. It was even better than sex.

My girlfriends back in the apartment building couldn't believe how willing I was to accept their dare to walk the kilometre or so around the apartment building in the middle of a business day. I had stripped off in front of them and twirled around in front of the full length mirror, totally naked save for the ornamental chain which graced my hips to decorate my body and enhance my nudity. Further to this I had two small golden rings to keep my sensitive nipples deliciously erect

and prominent, even when nobody was around to see me naked. When I had talked to the man who had inserted them, about further decoration, he had suggested a clit ring with a garnet stone. This had a twofold purpose. One, to highlight my pussy and bring attention to my firm hairless vagina. Two, even more importantly to put pressure on my clit, keeping it in a pre-orgasmic state even when I was wearing a dress and nobody else could see it unless the wind blew my dress upward and I did nothing to prevent such exposure. With practice, I was able to prevent an orgasm as I walked around but I was always deliciously wet and lubricated.

People around me gasped in surprise as I passed them in the busy street and I overheard three men discussing my cute little derriere in rather crude terms as they walked behind me. Every time I speeded up I could hear their footsteps quicken to match mine, several paces behind me. I had developed a walk which I could quicken or slow down as the mood took me, but today I was in no hurry so I slowed down again. Women who saw me approaching either crossed the street or held their heads down and pretended not to notice me, if my nudity embarrassed them. Men were quite different in that their street crossing was more often from the other side of the road to mine.

Every so often I would get encouraging comments as I passed by a group of people but by and large they would appear awestruck and be at a loss for words. The one thing that remained constant was that their eyes never left my body as I moved on past them. This was what I had come to expect and enjoy.

Once I had stopped to attempt a conversation with a spunky looking younger man but he was so embarrassed that he looked everywhere except at my body, as if he thought I might be offended. I was really disappointed but I carried on down the road to my destination. That had been a shorter journey than the one I had been dared to do today and with a lot less people around at the time.

There was a danger element in undertaking such a public walk, as I was doing today, knowing that I may be taken into custody by the policemen that patrolled the street from time to time. The only precaution I had taken was to go out in the middle of the day when I hoped they might be at lunch.

My walk was going so well today that I decided to extend the walk for another block. I stopped at the corner of the street and waited to cross the road. The drivers of the cars nearby stopped to let me past, waving in a friendly way and whistling their appreciation as I passed their car on the way across the road. I was getting wetter now as I reached the next block and debated whether to go on.

The comments so far had been highly flattering and I wondered if the girls back at the apartment were watching me. I stopped and looked up at the building and they were waving in my direction, incredulous that I was going further than I had been dared. I could see the glint of the sun reflecting off a pair of binoculars that one of the girls was using. That did it. I carried on toward the large group of people approaching from the next corner. I was in my element now and I felt like making a day of it. It was the most wonderful dare that I had undertaken as yet. I hoped that if I got caught the girls would come to the station house and bale me out but my honour was at stake and I didn't mind so much if they didn't. At least it would prove that the risk factor was very real.

I could tell that the larger group were quickening their pace to see if their eyes were deceiving them or not. I carried on toward them, hoping that they would be as pleasant and understanding as the other people so far. It was a warm day but the goose-bumps on my body every time I approached new strangers were more to do with nervous anticipation of their reaction than the temperature outside. I reminisced about the times when I first began exposing my body in public while I continued to walk toward the new group. My nipples were fully erect and my body had a natural rosy hue that it normally didn't have.

Without a doubt I was never exactly shy. From the first onset of puberty, boys had begged me to show them parts of my body that other girls had denied them. I was equally interested in the differences between boys and girls and readily obliged them as long as they returned the favour. It gave me such a thrill to see the excitement that I generated when I took off all my clothing and exhibited myself to them. As I grew older and my breasts developed the boys would become even more excited and ask me if they might touch them.

By now I was by far the most popular girl in the class and I often forgot to wear knickers when I went to school. I loved the freedom and it made it easy to attract the attention of some of the boys that I liked to show off to. Some of the girls were jealous of all the attention that I was getting and wouldn't speak to me. Others would dare me to walk home through the bushy areas of the park that ran alongside of the main road home, naked, and meet me a some prearranged spot on the far side with my clothes. It was always a thrill to accept the dare and hand them my dress and blouse before heading through the park. Many a time I was nearly seen by adult strangers and I used to hide behind the bushes while they went by.

One day I was caught unawares and came across two men and a lady as I emerged from the bushes. My first reaction was to run back into the bushes and hide myself away but by now I was so used to being seen by my classmates I decided to carry on. Strangely, they didn't say a word but I could tell that they were shocked to see me this way and they watched me until I was out of sight. From then on I realised that I was different to most of my classmates. They would have been far too embarrassed to continue their journey and hidden themselves away. That is, if they had the nerve to do what I was doing in the first place.

That was also the first time that I felt a strange sensation in my loins that came from my heightened nerves as I resolved to brazen it out. It was hard to describe but it felt very pleasant to know that I had their full attention. When I reached the pre-arranged spot the girls handed me my clothes and begged me to tell them how it felt to be discovered like that. It seems that they had been watching from a distance and marvelled at my audacity in not hiding myself away. I was the centre of attention as they hung on my every word while I did my best to explain the thrill that I felt. In those days it was a little harder to explain but now I knew that the feeling came from a pre-orgasmic rush.

It was also the same four girls that were watching me from the safety of their apartment building now. Although it was ten years since I undertook that dare and they were living in a big city now, nothing had changed that significantly. I was visiting them and we were reminiscing about our school days when the current dare cropped up.

My school friend's flatmate, Monica, was listening to us recounting a few of the exploits during my early days when she scoffed at some of the details and made it obvious that she thought we were winding her up.

"Nobody would go out in public like that! You guys must think I'm simple or something." She laughed and got up to make a cup of coffee for all of us. As much as my girlfriends tried to convince her that what we were talking about was all true, there was no persuading her otherwise and eventually she made me this dare. Over coffee, she looked in her purse and withdrew five new twenty dollar notes and placed them on the table.

"There!" She said confidently. "Its lunchtime at the moment and there shouldn't be too many people about. Lets see you walk around our apartment building out in the street with nothing on then."

Monica had a really smug, confident look about her. It was as if she knew that I wouldn't dare take her up on it.

My four school friends looked at me to see what I would say. Immediately I finished my coffee, I stood up and began to take my clothes off. I didn't say a word. I had only been wearing a short skirt and a blouse. Amidst silence and astonished looks from my friends I was soon naked and heading for the front door.

"See you soon Guys." I waved as I walked out the door and into the elevator, leaving their front door open.

I was staying with them for two or three days and I was totally unable to resist the challenge of walking around the building in the nude. Now that I knew they had the binoculars trained on me I was determined to show them that I was as daring as ever. The money that Monica bet me was secondary to my pride.

Back to the present and the group were only a few feet away from me now.

Now the group were staring at me with a mixture of admiration and disbelief, clearly unable to comprehend the way an attractive young lady could walk through a busy street with no clothing on.

"Excuse me Miss." One of the men in the group manage to say as they drew alongside. "Are you doing this for a movie and perhaps we can't see the camera?"

I smiled warmly at them and stopped. They were a mixed group of well dressed business people and they seemed to be polite and curious. Seven people in all and they were well groomed professional or office workers. The three ladies were admiring my body as much as the men that were with them with them. I sensed that there would be no harm in having a brief conversation with them before continuing my walk.

"No, I'm doing it for a bet." Pointing up to where my friends were standing on the small balcony outside the apartment, I continued the conversation and told them about the dare. The men stood, open mouthed while the two ladies seemed to understand my reasons perfectly.

"Really? You only had to walk around the block and you actually decided to go a bit further for good measure?" One of the ladies started to smile. She gave me her business card and spoke again.

"Here! You might need this if you make a habit of taking dares like that."

I looked at the card and noted that she was a barrister, specialising as a

public defender. I thanked her and after a brief conversation I continued on my

way. Holding the card I looked back and waved at them, gratified that they were

watching me still. By now there were people coming out of other buildings on

both sides of the street and pointing in my direction. Cars were stopping and

parking, if they could find a parking space, and I was attracting a lot more

attention from people in the surrounding area. I quickened my pace slightly as I

turned the next corner and made my way down the side street. I smiled, keenly

aware that everybody I came across was stopping whatever they were doing and

watching my progress. The next street was more of a residential area and traffic

was a bit lighter, being off the main thoroughfare, so I quickened my pace as I

made my way to the road leading back to the main street beyond the apartment

building that I had left from. The walk was without further incident and nobody

actually approached me, although I was aware that many people were watching me

during the time that it took. Cars that passed hooted their horns and the

occupants waved and shouted their comments. Of course this attracted attention

from the residents and I saw people looking out their windows. I breathed a sigh

of relief as I reached the next side-street leading back to the main road.

I was now confident that I might make it all the way back to the apartment

without being arrested. The only thing that worried me was that I would end up

being placed in the care of a court appointed psychiatrist in the same way that

I was back in my school days when I finally got caught. For over a year I had to

attend a clinic where this idiot quack couldn't decide whether I was a

nymphomaniac or just suffered an advanced form of narcissism. Either way it was

all just psychobabble as far as I was concerned at the time.

It was a shame that my parents felt that they had to move away from town

afterward and live in the country for a while. They made sure that I wore long

pants and didn't let me wear a dress again for a long time. There were nowhere

near enough flashing opportunities in my tender formative years after that. I

studied by correspondence and kept in touch with my friends as best I could. I

wasn't able to indulge my passion again until I reached university standard and

my parents sent me to a good residential university. Luckily they needed nude

female subjects for the art classes and of course I volunteered with a huge

degree of alacrity, but that's another story. Lets say I was probably the most

popular model in the history of the art school, both with the teachers and the

students. It was there that I was encouraged to shave my pubic area and I

eventually gave up wearing panties altogether.

Now, I was nearing the main road again and I looked forward to completing my

walk. My feet were beginning to hurt and I looked forward to Monica's reaction

when I returned to the apartment and put my feet up. There seemed to be even

more people around on the main road and I could see a crowd gathering at the

next corner. There must have been at least thirty people that I could see from

here and they were all looking in my direction. The blood circulation had

improved during my walk and I was literally in the pink. My nipples were

straining and as hard as walnuts. The thought of walking through the crowded

footpath with all those people staring at my naked body had brought my nerves to

a peak and my body was quivering all over. I was thoroughly wet and I slowed

down to let the feeling last as long as possible. As I made my way through the

eager throng I was pleased to note that the lady that had given me her card was

one of the first people that I encountered. I held up the card to show her that

I had kept it and gave her a wide smile as I approached her.

"Go on sweetie. You've almost made it." She encouraged me as I walked by. The

comments were coming thick and fast as I nodded my head and acknowledged all my fans. It seemed like the entire neighbourhood was stretched out for the last

hundred yards or so before I reached the entrance to the apartment. I looked up

at the balcony and my friends were all waving excitedly. In addition to them I

could see other people standing on adjoining balconies. They were all watching

me too. I had achieved celebrity status in the time that it had taken me to walk

around the block. Slowing right down, I acknowledged every comment as I walked

the last few yards to the steps of the main entrance and smiled warmly at

everybody. They had created a pathway for me by standing aside as I walked

toward them to give me room to make my way through the crowd. Probably because I was naked, everybody gave me plenty of space and didn't try to make physical contact with me. An increasing murmur grew to a spontaneous cheer as I walked up the steps and toward the automatic glass doors of the building. I stopped and turned back toward the crowd before the doors opened wide. I waved to them and bowed slightly in each direction, smiling excitedly, then walked through the doors to the passenger lifts. By now, as I waited for an elevator car, I could see many eager faces watching to see me get in the first elevator to arrive at

the ground floor. Waving, I got in the lift that arrived and pressed the third

floor button. To my disappointment there was nobody else in the elevator on the

way up.

The clock in the lift indicated that I had been away from the apartment for only

forty minutes but I was totally exhausted and quite glad to be back. It seemed a

lot longer and I was keyed up with excitement. My friends were waiting in the

hallway and they ushered me inside and pointed to my clothes.

I sat down, still naked, and let out a huge sigh of relief. I didn't put my clothes back on immediately because I really needed a shower before I got dressed again.

Everybody wanted to speak at once but Monica apologised for not believing me

before and cheerfully handed me the hundred dollars. She was now keen to hear

all about my previous exploits. I promised her that I would tell her all about

my university years as soon as I had refreshed myself in the bathroom and I was

more composed.

I had just arrived back at the apartment and I was totally wound up with nervous

tension after my latest outing in public. As usual I felt a mixture of emotions

that were both confusing and elating at the same time. The compulsion to shock,

titillate, surprise or possibly ingratiate myself toward complete strangers had

been as strong as ever. During my walk I had deliberately taken much longer than

necessary to win the dare and even stopped to talk to a mixed group of well to

do, professional people that I had met on the way. The sexual thrill of being

naked, out amongst the general public on a busy city street, always kept me

coming back for more and taking progressively greater risks to achieve

satisfaction. It was like a drug.

I stepped toward the shower and felt the first soothing droplets caress my skin

as I stepped toward the main force of the water. I stood for a while before I

looked around for the soap and face cloth, feeling the tension leave my body.

After soaping myself up I directed the main flow of water toward my genitals and

was rewarded with a welcome orgasm as the water cascaded directly on my clit

ring. I slid to the floor, convulsing with the most intense feelings that I had

come to expect in such a situation.

I moaned with pleasure and thought about the way I had been so recently

introduced to Monica when I knocked on my friend's apartment door after so many

years. I was immediately attracted to her almost boyish good looks and her

unusual short shaggy hairstyle. She had a lovely petite figure and a flawless

tanned complexion that reminded me of a young Greek girl named Nana that I had

known at university. She had been highly talented at drawing and painting and

had begged me to volunteer to act as a model in the art classes that she was

attending. When the teacher interviewed me and mentioned the shortage of young

girls that were prepared to pose nude in mixed classes, I immediately agreed to

help out. After only a few sessions I noticed that the classes were becoming

more popular among the students and the teacher was very pleased with my

willingness to adopt more explicit poses than the other models had in the past.

Nana had praised my muscle tone and asked me to shave off my pubic hair

completely for one session. The class was doing a project, using the original

Olympic games as a theme. Nana showed me history books with illustrations of the

athletes in various sporting poses. The subjects were all quite naked and totally hairless around the genitals so I readily agreed to co-operate.

Later that night, Nana came to the bathroom with me and asked if she could help

me to prepare for the class the next day. I stripped off my nightdress and

adopted the position that she suggested as the safest way to accomplish the task, right under a strong light source.

She used her scissors to remove the bulk of my pubic hair and every time the cold metal came into contact with my engorged vaginal lips I tensed with fear and asked her to be careful. I found the experience strangely exhilarating in spite of the humiliating position that Nana had placed me in, sitting on the edge of the vanity leaning backward with my legs resting on her shoulders. I realised that the delicate nature of what she was doing to me required close inspection of my genitals and intense concentration on her part. It was embarrassing when the other girls came in to use the toilet while we were there and noticed what we were doing. Each time, I had to remain in position while Nana explained the reason for her face being inches away from my crotch to different young ladies. Even worse, my nipples were fully erect and the excited state of my genitals couldn't possibly have escaped their attention. There was now a lot less hair to disguise this. Finally, Nana produced a shaving brush and lathered up the entire area. She skilfully stretched out my skin and shaved my entire pubic area along with the inner cheeks of my bottom for good measure. She washed the area and dried me, with a glazed look in her eyes, complementing me on my new appearance.

"Wow!" She exclaimed. "I've got some depilatory creme in my shaving kit. After a few applications the hair won't come back so abundantly and it will thin right out. Would you like to try it?"

In a trance as I looked at the results and liked what I saw, I nodded my head and asked if it would burn or have any other detrimental effects.

"Of course not. I use it all the time myself. Look!" Nana lifted her nightdress

and pointed toward her smooth pubic area. I had never seen her naked before and

it surprised me that she shaved her genital area this way. She was normally very

conservative and didn't mix with the other girls or bathe with them in the shower room. Although she wasn't dating any boys that I was aware of and kept to herself I suspected that she may be attracted to me and I was filled with curiosity, not exactly repulsed at the prospect of a lesbian relationship with her. That night we both experienced a tentative mutual exploration of each others body and subsequently rearranged our sleeping arrangements afterward. Her father was a wealthy businessman and had insisted on paying for her own private room when he enrolled her. She even had her own en suite bathroom and she invited me to move in with her.

The next day she insisted on preparing me for the art class by oiling up my body

to emphasise my muscular definition. I was unprepared for the delicious increase

in sensitivity that resulted from being shaven down below. I walked with her to

the art class, dressed only in a loose fitting smock and felt a strong compulsion to take it off and reveal my new look to all the other students that passed us by.

"Don't you dare." Whispered Nana urgently when I mentioned it to her. She

blushed and said; " I would never live it down. Please leave it till we get to class."

I unbuttoned my smock as I walked to the centre of the room where all the

students were preparing their easels for the new work. When I dropped my smock

on the chair there was a collective gasp of approval as I stood before them all.

Normally I would have assumed a reclining pose on a couch but today it was to be

an action shot of a discus thrower so I waited for the teacher to instruct me on

the position that I had to depict. All eyes were on me and the sensual feelings

that I experienced were overwhelming. Nana looked in my direction with such

pride and excitement written in her eyes that I knew that I really looked

wonderful. Nana did some of the best work that I had ever seen her do that day.

I was in such hot demand as a model that I struggled through my own studies for

the next two years. Not only the art class but ceramics and sculpture classes

wanted me and were prepared to pay more than the usual honorarium to secure my services. Needless to say I acquired many new friends and was often asked to

pose in secluded areas of the university grounds for their outdoor studies.

I started getting into trouble after Nana graduated and went back to Greece.

With her around, to keep me in line, I had restricted my naked exploits to

supervised art classes and the occasional private session for my new lover. Nana

and I were good for each other and she and I helped each other in a lot of

different ways. Once she graduated and her father insisted on her attending a

finishing school in Switzerland, it broke up our happy relationship and I

realise now that my other friends were not as protective as Nana had been.

At the time I only wanted to get over my heartbreak and in retrospect I now

realise that I probably allowed myself to be used for their kinky entertainment.

From posing in progressively more public areas of the campus I accepted dares to

walk around outside the confines of the university grounds, where I could be

seen by members of the public. In the last six months of my studies I had often

been caught and admonished by the university faculty members for my behaviour.

None of them really got through to me and my friends laughingly encouraged me to

be even more daring than the previous time.

My parents had totally disowned me after bailing me out of police custody when I

was caught, yet again, in a public area with no clothing on, just before I

graduated with an arts degree. Again, I had been dared to leave the safety of

the university grounds and walk into town. I hadn't reached the pre-arranged

meeting spot to collect my clothes when a police patrol arrested me and took me

into custody. Luckily, the judge believed that it was just a silly student prank

and didn't insist on a psychiatric report. If he had, I would still be under the

care of some other Quack that thought I could be helped to give up my main

passion in life. No Chance!!!

I was sad about bringing disgrace on the family again and I knew that Mum and

Dad would get over it one day but I was old enough to make my own way in life. I

promised that I would make them proud of me one day and guaranteed that I would pay them back as soon as I could. I accepted that I couldn't keep ringing them up and asking for their assistance every time I got into trouble and tearfully

bade them farewell. Once I got a regular job and a nice place to live I would

send them the money that I owed them and beg their forgiveness. At the time, I

was reasonably sure that nothing short of me entering a convent would bring

about a change of heart. The stony determined look on both their faces as the

drove away brought fresh tears to my eyes as I waved my hanky in the direction

of their car. They never looked back.

I dried myself off and combed my hair away from my face and made it presentable.

I borrowed some sweet scented perfume that I found in the cupboard and freshened myself up properly. I didn't normally wear makeup during the day and I had that sweet country girl look that I loved as I checked out my image in the mirror. I walked back out to the lounge and I was conscious of the approving looks from the other girls as I slipped my skirt back on and buttoned up my blouse, smiling triumphantly at them as I took my place at the table with them. Sally and Sheryl were working for an accountant and were set up to work at home, three days a week. They made good money and gave themselves spare time to spend,

reacquainting themselves with my current situation and were very pleased when I

showed up at the door.

I already knew that Carla and Cynthia worked at a city restaurant in the

evenings and hadn't long been awake when I arrived. They had just finished

breakfast when I showed up just after 11am. At this stage I wasn't sure what

Monica did for a living but obviously she worked unusual hours too. She

certainly must be doing well, to bet me $100-00 so readily, and she didn't seem

to mind losing the money in order to witness my nude walk out on the street. She

had been more excited than all the others when I arrived back at the apartment.

It was quite a luxurious flat and they seemed to have plenty of good quality

furnishings. It would seem that my old buddies were well set up, just on the

outskirts of a lovely coastal city, with good, well paying jobs.

My purse was beside the chair where I had left it and I placed the hundred dollars inside before I took a sip of the steaming hot drink that somebody had placed on top of the money. I took another quick look at the business card that I had been given by the well presented lady that I had met on the street. In the back of my mind I had considered the possibility that I may need it so I carefully placed it in a separate compartment of my purse.

"Well, it seems that I got away with that one this time." I breathed.

The admiring looks from my good friends told me that they still had a lot of respect for me but the look on Monica's face was of pure adulation.

"I would never have believed it." She said. "I wasn't expecting you to take me up on the challenge so enthusiastically. I'm glad you didn't get caught. I would never have forgiven myself if you had got into trouble on my account.

Suddenly they were all talking at once and I found myself answering all their

questions and laughing at some of their more amusing dating experiences in the

city. None of them had become close to any one particular man and they were

playing the field. They were all reasonably attractive and didn't have too much

trouble finding somebody to go out with on a regular basis. They had a golden

rule about bringing boyfriends back to the apartment though. They had all agreed

that any interaction other than polite conversation took place elsewhere. A ten

minute stopover while they collected an overnight bag was the maximum allowable

time in the apartment in the company of any man. There was a tacit agreement

that warning would be given of any intended visit and time would be limited to

the minimum possible.

The standard excuse was that they all worked odd hours and the other girls liked

their privacy. They explained that there were only three large bedrooms and Monica used to share with an older girl that had recently moved to a neighbouring city to live with the man of her dreams.

A regular correspondence regime with Carla had kept me in touch with the four

and I knew what they all did for a living. They had told me all about their

flash apartment from the time that they moved in and were always suggesting that

I come to visit them. It was a tourist oriented city with cruise boats calling

regularly and they promised an exciting nightlife in the many venues that they

told me about. They hadn't mentioned that they shared with Monica or told me

anything about her at all. It was a complete surprise when I met her for the

first time and she was so sceptical about my favourite past-time. On reflection,

I suppose they had no reason to tell her about me beforehand or to discuss my

penchant for exposing my body in very public situations. Perhaps they thought

that I had grown out of it and had settled down by now to a more modest existence.

I would have certainly dispelled that belief when I rose to Monica's challenge.

I liked her straight away and I was so glad when the others said that I would be

sharing her room. It seemed that Monica was quite happy to share with me if I

wanted to stay longer than a few days. They all contributed to the rent and

utilities equally and the cost was quite affordable. I agreed to look for work

and stay on if they were all happy for me to stay with them. They asked me what

I had done since my graduation and sat back to listen to the account of my

recent past

In the year since I had left the small university town where I had spent the

last three years, I had been searching for a satisfactory job and drifted around

the country. Everything I owned was in the suitcase that I had with me and I had

financed my travels with nude modelling work or on one occasion more recently,

as a stripper in a classy nightclub. It had been good money and it was where I

had come into contact with the man in the tattoo parlour. He had done my

piercing work at half price in return for modelling his work for some of his

other customers later on that evening.

The girls begged me to tell them all about that episode of my life. They were

blatantly curious about piercing in particular. They couldn't imagine holding a

piercing gun against their sensitive nipples and piercing them like an earlobe.

Monica was especially curious about my clit ring.

"Surely they don't do it the same way as...." She hesitated and pointed to her

earlobe. I laughed and put them straight.

"Goodness me no. What do you guys think I am? Some sort of masochist bimbo that would let somebody loose with a thing like that?

They looked at each other nervously, worried that they might have offended me.

"Greg, his name was, was a true professional at piercing sensitive areas of the

human body. He even had a stud through the head of his penis as well as nipple

rings of his own, you know!" I told them how we met.

Greg used to be a regular patron at the nightclub that I worked at. I would

often see him in the audience and when my act was over he would invite me to

have a drink with him sometimes. He talked me into coming over to his studio to

see some of his work and before long I agreed to have nipple rings inserted.

Under a local anaesthetic he had clamped my nipples and quickly pierced both

nipples, inserting two small golden rings. The reaction of my employer was very

positive and the patrons paid me even more complements than usual. A few weeks

later I accepted Greg's advice and considered the genital placement that he

offered me on the special deal. I had been fascinated with the prospect of

decorating my pubic area in some way and the other girls that I worked with had

encouraged me to try it. The literature that Greg provided me suggested that a

clit ring would provide constant stimulation and improve the feelings of sexual

awareness in that important area of my body. The weight of evidence suggested

that it could only enhance my sex life so with a degree of trepidation I allowed

Greg to do it.

I remember feeling slightly nauseous as I lay back on the table and the

butterflies were running riot in my belly when I opened my legs fully and

allowed Greg to secure my knees and ankles so the expected involuntary reaction

of being pierced through the clitoris wouldn't distract Greg at the critical

moment. I could feel his breath on my sensitive vaginal lips as he examined me

and marked the exact spot that he intended to pierce. There was a small amount

of pain as he clamped my swollen clitoris but by now I was in a pleasurable

pre-orgasmic state and I closed my eyes. His voice was soothing as he told me to

relax completely and trust him. I thought about Nana and remembered fondly how

we used to pleasure each other. I hardly noticed the sharp pain as the placement

was done and Greg untied my knees with a broad beaming smile and showed me the results of his work in the mirror. Although there was a small amount of blood in

the area the ring was in place and it looked so perfect. I was in a euphoric

state as I gingerly swung my legs off the table after Greg had gently wiped the

area and told me that I would have to be careful not to let the area get

infected for at least two weeks. In a daze I listened as he explained the

after-care procedure and gave me a bottle of liquid steriliser to use. He warned

me not to attempt to have sex until the healing process was over and suggested

that I have a few nights off from my job. Greg showed me a beautiful reddish

stone set in a ring which he promised to replace the original plain gold ring

with, once I was fully healed. He explained that by then the procedure would be

totally painless and it would be his privilege to do the placement for free.

The following week, by the time I went back to work, the area was fully healed

in my opinion but I followed the instructions none the less. I noticed that any

movement brought extremely pleasurable feelings to the fore and I was glad that

I had agreed to the procedure. The other girls that I worked with were in awe of

the way my body was always in a sexually excited state and bombarded me with

questions about the placement.

I wore shorter skirts after that and became more careless about the way I sat

down. At home, I had always loved the feel of whatever material the upholstery

was made of as it made contact with my naked bottom and made a point of lifting

my skirts behind me as I sat down. Now I found myself doing it in public,

wherever I happened to be, whether out in the park or in a restaurant. I wanted

people to notice me all the time. Without being dared, I would occasionally find

a secluded spot and take off my clothes and hide them behind a bush and walk

around the pathways in the park, making sure that as many people as possible saw

me.

When I went back to Greg for the second placement appointment there were a few of his clients in the waiting room and he invited them into the studio to watch. I was apprehensive at first but I had promised him that I would model for him anyway so I guess it didn't really worry me that much. I removed my skirt and top and stood there with my foot on a chair while Greg explained both procedures to his clients. Then he asked me to get up on the table so that he could do the actual placement. By now I was thoroughly wet and orgasmic. I was slightly embarrassed by the musky scent of my sex lingering in the air as I opened my legs fully to allow the placement, blushing and apologising for being so wet.

Greg used this as a sales point and explained to the clients that the nature of the placement produced these uncontrolled feelings and frequently caused an orgasm at the most unexpected times. The moment he touched me I closed my eyes and began to shudder and moan, totally unable to prevent my most public orgasm yet. I was unable to move because Greg was now placing my new ring. The moment my orgasm had subsided he skilfully removed the other ring and placed the new one. It was so embarrassing and yet there were only looks of silent admiration among the assembled guests. As Greg had promised me, it didn't hurt a bit. When I stood up again there was a murmur of approval from the five guests and they discretely clapped and complemented the new look. I gave them a shy smile and told them that it felt great. I put my top back on and slid into my skirt, grateful that the spectators had been so understanding. At least there were no raucous comments from them which might have added to my embarrassment. I expected those at the nightclub but I had never orgasmed before with more than one other person present. When we had finished talking I took my leave and left the group, promising Greg that I would come back later that night to model the placement for his other clients.

The additional weight tugging at my clit kept me in ecstasy as I walked down the street and the breeze had the strangest effect on me as it caressed my genitalia. I had an almost overwhelming urge to remove my clothing and walk the short distance to work totally naked.

Luckily a police patrol passed by and I remembered my last run in with the law. That served to keep me focussed on making it to work without incident. That night I was the star of the show. The applause rang in my ears as I allowed the patrons to view my new jewellery up close. It took all my weakening self control to remain professionally detached and keep within the law, whenever I took my turn on the stage. I kept thinking about the private show that I would be putting on later that night at the piercing studio

At that point of my story we were interrupted by Carla who reminded Cynthia that they had to leave for work soon. They had all but forgotten what time it was and they needed to get ready for work and go in the next twenty minutes. Cynthia made me promise to continue the story the next day.

"You are going to stay on aren't you Katrina? We all want you to stay on and we'll help you out until you find a job between us. Won't we girls? They all nodded and joined in.

"Sure we will." C'mon Katrina Say you'll stay. You'll love it here! They were all speaking at once.

With little or no discussion between them, they all welcomed me with open arms as their new flatmate. What else could I say?

"I'll try to get a job as soon as possible. Thanks guys."

I was overwhelmed by curiosity about Monica since it seemed that she may become my roommate now, assuming that I would find work, so I asked her what her work hours were. I said that that would help me decide what type of work to look for. I was ready to try something new but I was unsure of what I might like to do, by way of a career.

**The Willful Exhibitionist Ch. 2**

The other girls all left the table to go about their various chores. Carla and

Cynthia were rushing around getting ready and Sally and Sheryl reluctantly went

back to their work stations at the computer. Monica still hadn't answered my

question but she picked up my suitcase and took it toward her room, beckoning me

to follow her. The bedroom was roomy and there were two large single beds at

either side of the room. It was obvious which one was to be mine as the dressing

table beside the bed had the drawers partly open and they were empty. There was

a double wardrobe in the room and Monica indicated that there was plenty of room

in there for any long dresses that I might own.

I suddenly realised that glint of the sun light, reflecting off the binoculars

that I thought I had seen from the balcony of the apartment, was actually from

the long distance lens of an expensive camera that lay on Monica's bed. There

was at least a six inch wide telephoto lens attached to the camera which must

have cost her a lot of money. I had been intending to ask the girls which one of

them owned a pair of binoculars when I returned from my nude walk through the

streets nearby. In the whirlwind of conversation that followed my return I had

completely forgotten to ask. Monica saw me looking at her bed and spoke with a

wry smile.

"Its part of the essential equipment for my business. I'm a freelance photographer and I actually work from home too." Her expression changed to a more guilty look. "I hope you don't mind Katrina. I just couldn't resist taking a few snaps. It's not every day that an opportunity to record an event like that happens right here, so close to the city centre."

I smiled at her and told her about my first paying job after I left university.

I started work for a modelling agency and my most rewarding work came from a

photographic studio that was always in the market for nude studies. Some were

taken indoors at the studio but the majority were at various remote, outdoor

locations. We would go out to scenic spots within an hours drive of the town and

do sessions that lasted two or three hours at times. I had never been all that

interested in photography myself, but the conversations that I had with the man

that did most of the location shots had improved my knowledge quite a bit. Fred

would explain what each single piece of equipment did and boast about it's

capabilities and uses.

As I was talking to Monica I could see that she was very well equipped for taking candid shots from an enormous distance, if the need arose.

"Are you a --{I searched for the word}-a paparazzi kind of photographer, Monica?

Do you sell your work to magazines, newspapers and that sort of thing? I was

curious and wondered if she was thinking of selling the shots that she had taken

of me. I had a sinking feeling that I might get in into more trouble if she sold

my photos to a city newspaper and publicised my dare.

"Oh, sometimes." She admitted nonchalantly. "Anything that pays me for my work.

I don't normally go stalking celebrities or anything but if the opportunity

comes along I have been known to get the odd good shot." She reflected for a

moment and then became more animated. "Oh no! You're not worried are you?

Katrina, I wouldn't dream of selling these ones to a local paper without your

permission. I have a much better idea." Monica softened her features and looked

at me, almost tenderly. "Would you like to work with me, maybe?" She became even more excited and said; "Lets kick around a few ideas. You may not need to look for work. We could work together very well."

I subconsciously lifted the back of my skirt and sat on the bed, feeling the

soft, down filled satin of the duvet against my naked bottom. I looked at

Monica. She kicked off her shoes, shifted her camera and flopped down on her

bed, turning eagerly toward me with an excited look on her face.

"Lets discuss it. I just know that we're going to be great friends."

For the next hour or two we chatted about the possibilities of amalgamating her

artistic talents with my uninhibited and lifelong obsession to exhibit myself to

complete strangers. At least working with Monica would pay my way and provide

some legitimacy for being naked in public places. The mutual benefits were

obvious and even more exciting as we talked about all the different ways that we

could both earn money and utilise our talents together. It was a fortunate quirk

of destiny that we should both find ourselves sharing a room. Monica told me

that there were markets that would pay quite handsome sums of money for quality

shots, featuring female nudity in unusual public situations. She looked at her

watch and asked if I was hungry yet.

We had both been so engrossed in conversation that neither of us had noticed

that it was getting quite late. Monica invited me out to dinner, followed by a

visit to her city studio to show me around while she developed her roll of film.

While Monica grabbed a towel and left to use the shower, I unpacked my case and

put my clothing away in the bedside drawers.

\* \* \*

Two of the biggest problems associated with moving to another city had been

overcome with amazing ease. Both income and accommodation appeared to be falling nicely into place. In addition, I was staying with four girls that I had known

for twelve years and accepted me for the extrovert that I am. This time I was

determined not to repeat the same sort of naive mistake that I had made in the

last city.

I had left abruptly, not long after the private show that I had put on for

Greg's mixed clientele at the studio, all because of a nasty incident afterward

that had scared the living daylights out of me. However I had learned a very

valuable lesson and vowed to conduct my nude activities in better populated

public areas where there was less likelihood of being accosted with unwelcome

advances afterward. There would never be any more private shows with uncertain

or unknown guests in attendance. I had been put off having regular boyfriends,

although they had their uses, because they had mostly wanted me to change my

ways and settle down with them permanently.

\* \* \*

Just as I finished putting all my gear away Monica came back wearing nothing but

the towel that she had taken with her. Her short black hair was still wet, although her unusual hairstyle was neatly combed into place. The faded jeans and sweater, that she had been wearing when I first met her, were folded neatly over her left arm and she dropped them on the end of her bed.

"Just casual dress is it Monica? What sort of food do you like? I realised that although we had been talking for ages, we still had a lot to learn about each other.

"Oh, I thought we might grab a pizza or whatever you fancy and have it at the

studio while I develop this roll of film. You'll be fine as you are, if you like." With that casual comment she grabbed a few clothes out of her dresser, deciding on a short skirt and top combination to match what I was wearing, more or less. Wriggling into a high cut pair of panties, she turned away from me and dropped her towel. Her olive complexion was complemented by her lightly tanned body and as she dressed, with her back toward me I briefly admired the toned muscular cheeks of her bottom and the sensuous curves of her slim hips. I realised why she had reminded me so much of Nana when I first met her. Like Nana, Monica was in the habit of dressing rather conservatively and yet she possessed a flawlessly beautiful body that she was strangely unwilling to show off to others.

I remembered the first time I had seen Nana without her clothes on, just before

we had become lovers, and was subconsciously wondering if Monica had a similarly

hidden bisexual nature. Certainly she had been more excited than the others when

I had stood naked in front of them all for the first time. When I returned to

the apartment, Monica had not taken her eyes off me for a moment. I must admit

that I was excited at the prospect of a close personal relationship with Monica.

My only other relationship of that nature, with Nana, had fulfilled me in a way

that still haunted me now, eighteen months later.

I remembered the last night that Nana and I spent together with special

reverence. Although we had both been dreadfully upset at the prospect of never

seeing one and other again, Nana had surrendered herself completely to the

longest, most heartbreakingly sensuous lovemaking session that I had ever

experienced with her. Neither of us could bear the thought of saying goodbye at

the airport so she left the next morning, leaving me with the expensive gold

waist chain to remember her by. My sad thoughts were interrupted by Monica's

soft voice;

"All set now! You must be starving. I know I am."

I looked up and Monica radiated with a warm smile, beckoning me into the living

room. Her camera case was slung over her shoulder and she was ready to go. I

grabbed my shoulder bag and obediently followed he out of the room, keen to see

the photos that she had taken during my first naked outing since arriving this morning.

Monica set down the Pizzas and put on the jug in her small studio reception area

and went into her darkroom to develop the prints, leaving me to make drinks for us.

"Just call me when you've made the drinks Katrina. I won't be long. Just make

yourself at home." She disappeared into a small adjoining room and a red light

appeared over the door. The studio was shared by three other photographers and

there was a small retail outlet which they operated, to reduce the overheads

even further, between them. Monica had explained that the shop brought in some

steady work and she worked there every fourth day. This explained the unusual

hours that she worked and freed up her time to capture the saleable images that

provided the main source of her income. The shop had closed before we arrived

and the street outside was relatively quiet, with only the occasional pedestrian

movement past the shop and only sporadic traffic noise filtering through to the

back of the shop.

The enticing aroma wafting from the steam vents in the pizza boxes was making my mouth water and the jug had just boiled when the red light went off and Monica

re-entered the room. I made the drinks quickly and sat at the table, eagerly

opening the food containers so that we could finally taste the food that had

been tempting both of us.

Monica explained the set up of the studio while we enjoyed our meal and asked if

I would be interested in working with her other partners on an hourly basis. The

others hired models from time to time and one of them had a contract with a

company called Blue Angel Films. He did all their promotional covers and

assisted them with some other aspects of their movies.

"Ill have to introduce you to Arnold tomorrow. It's his turn in the shop and he

knows a lot more about the type of work that they do." Monica washed her hands

and excused herself to get back to the dark room. "Just have a look around the

shop and I'll try not to be too much longer."

"No worries. Take your time Monica. I'll amuse myself somehow." I tidied up the

table and looked around the rest of the studio. There was a couch set up against

a dark velvet curtain in the far corner of the room and a number of quality

prints framed and hanging on the walls of the shop. I was deep in thought when a

tall red haired young man came into the shop, extracting his keys from the door

and turning to face me.

"Is someone in here with you?" He appeared unconcerned to find me inside the

premises with all the lights on but appeared surprised that I was on my own.

"Monica is just developing a roll of film and I'm waiting for her to finish the

photos." I was embarrassed and unsure what he may have been thinking about my

presence in the shop. "She should be finished soon." I added helpfully. The man

smiled and introduced himself.

"I'm Pete, I forgot my briefcase when I left earlier on. I was running the shop

today and I thought I might have forgotten to lock the door properly as well.

And you are?" His eyes softened as he advanced toward me, holding out his hand.

"Oh sorry! I'm Katrina, Monica's new room mate. I just arrived today to stay

with her for a while. She was showing me around the city and we called in to

develop some film she took earlier on." I could sense that he accepted my

explanation for being in the shop and held out my hand. "Pleased to meet you,

I'm sure."

At that moment Monica emerged from the darkroom, holding a bundle of new prints. She was smiling excitedly and walked toward us.

"I see you've already met Pete." Then turning to Pete she offered him a look at

her work. "You're never going to believe what Katrina did this morning. Take a

look at these." Before I could say anything she handed over some of the prints

and waited for him to take in the images. Pete whistled as he looked though the

photos.

"Geez! These are great. Outside your apartment aren't they Monica? Whew, bloody

brilliant work." He leaved through the prints, placing each one in front of me

on the counter as he studied the next one with an astonished look on his face.

Monica stood beside me with a satisfied look on her face and I had my first

opportunity to see the photos myself. They were excellent, starting off with my

naked emergence from the apartment building, clearly showing every detail of my

body and the surprised reactions of those in the street nearby.

It was obvious that I had attracted more interest than even I had been aware of

at the time. It was the first time that I had seen the overview of my experience

from a spectators standpoint and I was almost as thrilled as Pete as he eagerly

examined each print. I looked a lot more relaxed than I remember feeling at the

time, almost as though I had been fully dressed, strolling through the crowds

with heads turning in all directions. Monica had captured aspects of my

demonstration that were impossible for me to have enjoyed at the time. My body

experienced almost the same state of sexual tension that I had felt during the

walk, just looking at Pete's reactions to each print. His eyes lingered over

each photo before he passed it over to me.

"Wow! This one is dynamite!" Pete paid the print that he was holding special

attention, almost reluctant to pass it over to me. It showed me waving toward

the camera in the midst of the group of professional people that I talked to

after I had crossed the street to the next block. Every detail of my body was

crystal clear. I was stretching upward, waving happily and the print really

captured the results of the delicious adrenalin charge that I was feeling at the

time. Monica had zoomed right in, almost as if she had been standing only a few

feet away. Even the goose-bumps on my breasts were clearly visible around my

engorged nipples. All my piercing jewelry was captured in fine detail although I

knew that Monica was well over 100 yards away at the time. It truly was a

masterpiece of photography. Pete was looking through the rest of the shots until

he reached the first few that Monica had taken when I turned back onto the main

road on the right hand side of the apartment. His lower jaw dropped as he noted

the crowd that had gathered outside the apartment.

"Did you go right around the backstreets as well? He looked at me with

unconcealed admiration written all over his face. "How long were you out there?"

"Oh, about forty minutes or so, I imagine. I didn't keep---"

Monica interrupted.

"Forty seven minutes outside the apartment, in the middle of the day, without a

stitch of clothing on. I timed her." Monica seemed prouder of my achievement

than I was. She went on to tell Pete the whole story while I pretended to look

at the photos again, keenly aware of admiring eyes directed at me. It was

evident that Pete wanted to know everything about me and he was amazed that I

had only met Monica today. He was envious that I was sharing Monica's room and

we had already decided that I would be working with her exclusively from now on.

"I'm sure Katrina would be amenable to working with all of us from time to time.

I have to tell you that she doesn't come cheap though." Monica winked at me. "A

top nude model with guts, like her, can cost a lot of money you know." She

thought for a minute. "At least $200-00 an hour I would think."

"Just depends on the degree of risk." I confirmed Monica's assessment. "Maybe

more if I'm likely to get caught by the cops." I quickly added. "Plus any fines

paid for me."

"She did this one on the cheap for me. $100-00 this time." Monica conveniently

forgot to tell Pete that it was a dare and that I had no idea that she was taking photos.

She was building up my marketability and my scale of fees chargeable, in

modeling for others. During our long discussions, earlier on, we had already set

Monica's commission rate for getting me work. The going rate was 20% and she was now acting as my agent. It seemed that Pete was now very interested in giving me an assignment so I allowed her to do all the negotiations on my behalf. I

excused myself from the discussion and went back out to the studio area while

they talked. I put the jug back on to make drinks for all of us, excited at the

prospect of working for other photographers and doing even more daring work in

the future.

Monica had made me realise that I could combine my passion for exhibitionism

with a very healthy income. The photos had made me aware that it was not only my body that any employer would be primarily interested in, but the reactions of

unsuspecting members of the public to my nudity in the street. The startled

expressions on other people's faces were difficult to capture in any other way.

The erotic sensations that I experienced, during the work, would become a bonus

payment of sorts.

"Would you mind if Pete took a few studio shots while he's here Katrina? Just

slip off your clothes and use the couch against the backdrop over there." Monica

interrupted my thoughts and Pete was standing beside her in the doorway.

"I'm not wearing any makeup and my hair's probably in a mess." Although I was

eager to oblige, I was concerned that I didn't look as good as I could for a

studio shot. "Just a minute, I'll see what I can do." I coyly pulled my top off

and wriggled out of my skirt, placing them on one of the chairs. I fumbled in my

bag for a comb and stood naked in front of the full length studio mirror,

brushing up my hair into better order. "There! How's that look now Monica?

Pete looked up from where he was already setting up a camera and turning on the

studio lights. His expression told me that he was impressed with the results and

was keen to take a photo, just as I was excited by the thought of posing for

him. I looked at Monica for approval.

"Don't worry too much Katrina. It's only a sample shot that nobody but us

professionals are ever likely to see. Pete just wants to check out the lighting

that suits your body." She took my hand and led me to the couch, posing me

toward the camera. "Just move as Pete instructs you and try to look natural."

I could feel the warmth of the lights bringing a warm glow to my body and I

moved around as Pete took several shots in different positions. Monica made the

drinks and by the time she had them on the table, Pete had finished his work and

turned the lighting off. I wasn't in a hurry to dress again so I sat with them

at the table, naked and flushed with excitement, aware of Pete and Monica's

approving glances in my direction as we sipped our drinks and talked for the

next fifteen minutes or so. Monica was impressed by my willingness to remain

naked and asked if she could take a studio shot before I put my clothing back

on. Pete left as soon as he had finished his drink. He was expected at home and

excused himself rather reluctantly, now that he knew that we were staying on for

a while.

Once he had left, Monica closed the studio door and let out a whoop of delight.

She hugged me and told me that Pete had a really interesting project lined up

for later this week, that I would really enjoy. She had negotiated my first paid

job and anticipated a very healthy commission coming her way. It wasn't long

before Monica's true sexual orientation became clear. I could feel her nipples

stiffen against my naked body as she hugged me and when I stood up beside her

and returned her first kiss with mounting passion, she caressed my body with

such tenderness that I knew for certain that she was sexually attracted to me as

well.

It was an awkward moment, but I guided her toward the couch and laid down. As I

was hoping, her inhibitions melted away and she took off her blouse and released

her front fastening bra. I reached up and drew her down beside me, anxious not

to waste any more time in becoming intimate. I had planned to find out a bit

more about her before I let my feelings for her come to the surface. From the

first moment that I met her I had felt an unexplainable sexual attraction to her

but I didn't want to scare her off by taking the initiative too soon.

My first encounter with Nana had begun in a similar way and I was overjoyed that

Monica felt the same kind of passion about me. She was no stranger to the joys

of sharing pleasure with another woman and we were soon embracing on the couch.

The unmistakable odour of sexual excitement filled the air around us as we

explored each others body. Monica had the advantage in that respect, her lower

half being still fully dressed. As I slid my fingers into the waistband of her

panties I could feel the heat being generated as I tenderly explored the

muscular cheeks of her bottom. I probed lower, attempting to remove her lower

clothing as I hooked my thumb over her waistband.

Monica was slightly reticent, at first, to allow me to remove her panties. I

slid the waistband downward and kissed her at the same time until I sensed a

greater spirit of co-operation and she also unbuttoned her skirt and allowed

both garments to fall around her ankles. By now her passion was fully aroused

and she was making soft unintelligible noises from her throat as I caressed her

pubic area, gurgling with pleasure and rubbing herself harder against my

fingers. She stepped out of the clothing around her ankles and collapsed with me

onto the couch, opening herself up fully to my probing fingers.

She had a small, well trimmed patch of coarse pubic hair above her vagina but

her lips felt smooth as silk. I traced my fingers around her outer labia,

marveling at the stiffening firmness and growing wetness around my fingers. At

the same time I felt her manicured fingers penetrate my vaginal opening and

gently explore the inner walls. As she probed my sex, I concentrated on

stimulating her engorged clitoris. By now, we had both achieved many minor

orgasms and we were totally out of control of our passionate feelings for each

other. A tidal wave of orgasmic delight swept over us both at the same time. We

shuddered and convulsed together, tenderly holding each others body and

breathing in ragged intervals as we recovered our wits.

Monica had a guilty expression on her face and she began to apologise for her

unexpected passion. I put my fingers against her full lips, stifling her words

and assured her that I had found the experience equally enjoyable.

"There's nothing wrong my darling. Why fix it? Do you guys have a shower

anywhere here?

Monica took my hand and silently led me into the dark room. At the far end there

was a washbasin and to my relief, a small shower stall.

"We had this installed in case we spilled chemicals on our clothes Katrina. We

didn't anticipate this sort of emergency though.

I'll get us a towel from the other room. I won't be a moment."

Luckily the shower had a portable head and I tested the water and then began to

clean myself up. By the time Monica returned with two large towels. I swapped

places with her in the stall, leaving the shower running. We both began to speak

at once so I let Monica go ahead.

"I can't believe you're so understanding about---You know--"

Monica was still stumbling for words and obviously embarrassed by her sexual

passion a few minutes earlier. Now that she had recovered her decorum, she was

confused and unsure about my feelings. I thought it was time to level with her

and reassure her that I was happy to begin a sexual relationship with her. Like

many independent business women in her situation, she felt guilty about taking

advantage of me and blamed herself for allowing our encounter to go this far.

Monica was several years older that I was and I had been attracted to her from

the start. I estimated that she was in her mid to late twenties and completely

dedicated to her job. We still had a lot to learn about each other, but I was

happy to work with her and share my feelings without any unnecessary guilt

either way. I reached into the shower and kissed her.

"Lets talk about it when we get home darling. I'm happy that it happened and I

hope you feel the same way. I know we both enjoyed ourselves." I smiled at her

and went back out to the studio, noting that her clothing items were still

laying on the floor where she had dropped them. I tidied them up and placed them

next to mine. I turned on the lighting and positioned myself on the couch,

trying to make the pose as attractive and alluring as possible before she

returned. She had already locked the studio door and drawn the curtain across

the door after Pete left us and the room was still comfortably warm after our

heated lovemaking session.

Monica appeared a few minutes later, her towel wrapped around her and tied off

between her breasts. She was still amazingly self conscious about her body. On

the other hand, fully revealed in an almost languid reclining pose,

demonstrating my body jewelry to the best effect, I lay there naked and ready to

pose for her studio shots. The moment she saw me, a change of expression took

over her serious look and she set up her camera. She was smiling again and

focused on getting the best shots that she could.

"Drop the towel please darling. I love your body and I think we know each other

well enough by now, surely." I stretched out on the couch with a pleading look

on my face. Monica hesitated, blushed and put her hand to the towel.

"It's just that I'm not as bold as you are. I really find it difficult to be

naked in front of other people. Sometimes I wish I could be more like you,

Katrina." Monica looked quite embarrassed and I could tell that she wanted to

comply with my request but she was still hesitant. "Oh! What the hell. Why not."

She hung her head as she dropped the towel, turning away from me as she placed

it beside her clothing. She hesitated, reluctant to let the towel go but

steeling herself in an effort to please me.

She turned back toward her camera and busied herself behind the lens.

For the first time I had the chance to admire her totally naked body. Her small

well formed breasts were in no need of support. Like mine, her nipples were

larger and more prominent than I expected them to be, partially because of her

excited state. A small narrow waist with flaring hips was perfectly

proportionate to her body and I guessed that her dress size was similar to mine.

She looked after her figure and the well defined muscular pattern of her stomach

muscles bore obvious testament to her exercise regime. The heart shaped tuft of

darker pubic hair above her sex contrasted with the lightly tanned hue of her

lower stomach and genital region. She was beautiful.

"Will you let me take a photo of you, afterward Monica? Just for myself, to

keep." I spoke, just as Monica was ready to take her first photo of me. There

was no doubt about the blush that crossed her features when she hesitantly

agreed.

"Alright sweetie. If that would make you happy. I can't imagine why you would

want a photo of me though. I'm not that nice to look at without my gear on."

My relieved smile told her that I was pleased with her reply as she snapped her

first photo. She took a series of shots as I moved around and teased my hair in

the way that she asked. Monica loosened up and almost forgot that she was naked

as she moved around taking photos, lost in her work. When it was my turn to take

her photo, there was only one exposure left on the roll. Subconsciously, I'm

sure, Monica had used up nearly all the film. She posed demurely, fighting the

urge to cover up with her hands, until I took the shot that I wanted. By now

there was no traffic noise outside and we resolved to go home to bed. I couldn't

resist the opportunity to kiss her one more time before we got dressed and was

pleased to receive an enthusiastic response. I managed to convince her not to

put her panties back on, explaining to her that she should try the experience of

freedom at least this one time, just for me.

We locked up the studio and headed for home, arm in arm, implicitly looking

forward to our first night together. We seemed to be progressing well with our

relationship and the tentative nature of it's beginning was well behind us by

now. We had both demonstrated our willingness to become lovers and Monica's

guilt was hopefully behind us at this point.

**The Willful Exhibitionist Ch. 3**

Apart from the obvious need to know more about my new lover, I kept Monica

engaged in conversation as we walked back to our apartment to reassure her. She

was nervous and probably worried about walking through the streets without the

familiar security that wearing panties had given her for so many years. Her

unfounded lack of confidence about her body probably stemmed from a repressed

upbringing and an inherent fear of exposure to others. Her eyes darted from side

to side as we progressed homeward, as if she was doing something wrong.

We were less than 2 kilometres from the apartment but I had the feeling that for

Monica, it was probably the longest walk of her life. On the way to the studio

it had only taken us half an hour, even though we were window shopping on the

way. Monica had been totally relaxed and walked naturally, without a care in the

world. The first kilometre of the return journey I noticed that Monica was tense

and nervous, walking in shorter steps like a wooden doll. By the time the

apartment was within view she had relaxed her steps and quickened her hesitant

pace considerably. She coyly admitted that she would never have dared to walk

home this way without my encouragement and support. None the less, she conceded that she had enjoyed the sensation of the cool night air as it circulated around her bare pubic area.

I remembered the first time that I had dared Nana to spend the entire day

without underwear and smiled when I thought about the similarity of their

natures. They were both artistic and enjoyed nudity as long as they were not the

subject of other people's attention. Nana would always maintain a discrete

distance from me whenever I undressed in public. It never stopped her from

wanting to witness my dares but she didn't want anybody to associate the two of

us for the duration of my exhibitions.

Afterward, in the privacy of our room, she would become even more passionate in

her lovemaking than usual. It was as if she was an exhibitionist by proxy.

Similarly, Monica had displayed no hesitation in showing my photographs to Pete,

eagerly showing me off and revelling in his reactions of astonishment and

admiration of her work. Try as I might, Nana refused to accompany me when I was

naked let alone experience the exhilaration of nudity in a public place herself.

I loved her dearly but in the end I came to accept that I would never change

this annoying aspect of her nature.

I hoped that Monica might be persuaded to join me one day in the uplifting

experience of going without clothing in public. I would start slowly and observe

her reaction to the idea of dressing more daringly in future. Perhaps the odd

flash to build her confidence.

The living room of the apartment was empty but I could see a light under Sally's

bedroom door. We didn't disturb them and Monica guided me silently toward our

room. I was tired of talking so I undressed to get into bed, slipping off my

skirt and top as soon as we entered the room and placing them on my bed. It had

been a long day and Monica and I had already discussed and agreed upon our

sleeping arrangements for the night. I slipped beneath the sheets of Monica's

large single bed, looking forward to her joining me as soon as she put her gear

away and undressed.

The next day I would meet another of Monica's partners and assist Monica to

develop the studio photos that we had taken earlier on. It was hard to imagine

where our first evening together had gone. Everything was moving so fast and the

time had gone so quickly since I arrived. We didn't leave the studio until it

was well after 11pm and now it was after mid-night already. I closed my eyes

momentarily and luxuriated in the soft satin sheets as Monica was opening

dresser drawers and then closing them again. What was taking her so long? My

body was tense with anticipation and eager to respond to her tender, loving

ministrations. It had been a long time since I had slept with another woman and

felt the closeness and warmth that resulted from gay intimacy.

It was vastly different from being intimate with a man, more sensual and

fulfilling on an emotional level. With a man I was on guard at all times and

unable to relax as fully, always wondering what he was thinking of me and afraid

to surrender myself completely to his demands. Men had double standards and

while I didn't mind being used for their pleasure and had enjoyed servicing

their needs, it was rare to find a man that completely understood my own needs.

It was either a rush job, followed by cold rejection, or they demanded and

expected absolute control of my life from that point on. Most were totally

insensitive and seemed to be incapable of enjoying true intimacy with no strings

attached.

Then there was the abduction that followed the private show at the piercing

studio. God! Never again would I allow myself to be used and intimidated in that

way. I shuddered with the memory of that evening, the following week's events

still fresh in my mind.

Monica turned off the bedside light and the weight of her body pressed onto the

bed as she slid into the sheets beside me. Although I was tired the proximity of

my new lover's nude body next to mine awoke my passions anew.

I responded eagerly to her kisses and melted into her arms gratefully as she

caressed and explored my body. Her nipples were hard as I returned her passion

and pulled her body closer to my own. Monica was far less inhibited than she had

been at the studio and we made love until we were trembling with orgasmic

pleasure and both of us straining for release. Monica whispered words of

gratitude as she convulsed in my embrace and we both satisfied each others

needs. My eyelids grew heavy and soon afterward we slept, still locked in a

lover's embrace.

The next morning I woke before Monica and looked at her. Not wishing to wake her

by moving but needing a visit to the toilet I held on as long as I could before

gently extracting my body and making my way to the bedroom door. It was quiet

outside so I rushed to the toilet and turned on the shower afterward. By the

time I returned to the bedroom, dried and refreshed, Monica was awake and she

watched in awe as I entered the room with my towel still in my hand.

"God! You look lovely." She breathed. "Shut the door and lock it again Katrina."

Monica looked at her watch and smiled. "The others won't be up for a while yet.

Did you sleep well, sweetheart?"

I looked at her, propped up on the pillow, realising that she was inviting me

back into bed. I felt fresh and eager to please her so without hesitation I

crossed the room.

"That was the best night's sleep in a long time, thanks to you darling." I sat

on the end of her bed, allowing her to notice my nipples, growing more erect at

the thought of further stimulation. I edged toward her and she buried her head

in between my breasts, running her tongue around my nipples and flicking at the

gold rings.

"Oh yes! That feels great." We collapsed into each others arms and I caressed

her head as she moved downward toward my vagina. I stiffened as her tongue found it's mark and gently flicked at my piercing as she explored my lips and traced

her fingers around the cheeks of my bottom. She was intent on re-discovering

every inch of my body so I laid back, murmuring my delight at her renewed

passion.

There was no doubt that Monica was an experienced lover as she transported me

toward new heights of desire. Without words we manoeuvred our bodies on the bed

until I was able to stimulate her engorged clitoris in the same way. The

previous night we had both been too tired to fully enjoy the carnal delights

that we were now experiencing together. I had always considered myself

completely bisexual but Monica was unashamedly lesbian in nature. She was

considerate yet demanding and made love to me urgently, taking the lead in this

morning's tryst. Unlike Nana, who took months to reach this degree of passion,

Monica made it clear that she had fallen hopelessly in love with me. I eagerly

returned her advances, marvelling at her strength of purpose and understanding.

Any of her early inhibitions fell away as we made love without any preset time

limits or cares. When we lay exhausted and heard the other girls moving around

outside the room, dishes clattering in the kitchen sink and muffled voices, we

realised that we had been pleasuring one and other for well over an hour.

We discussed the day ahead and decided to get dressed. Monica put on her robe

and went to the bathroom while I selected the clothes that I wanted to wear

today, wrapped the towel around my body and decided to have another shower. I

gave Monica a five minute head start and then walked out, rubbing my eyes as if

I had just woken up, greeting the other girls and heading for the bathroom.

Sally and Sheryl had their work bags in their hands, ready to go into the office

for the day and Carla and Cynthia were still asleep in their room. I told my

friends that work prospects with Monica were looking good and I would be staying

on with them. Sally was delighted and they said they would see me later on that

afternoon. Sheryl waved as she walked out the door. I was glad that there was no

time for further explanations and went straight to the bathroom.

Monica was drying off so I stepped into the shower and quickly refreshed myself.

Like myself, Monica used makeup sparingly and relied on her natural complexion

with just a touch of lipstick and a hint of eye shadow to enhance her looks.

Monica dressed in jeans with a thick designer shirt which hid her charms from

view completely, much to my dismay. On the other hand, always conscious of

attracting attention to my body, I dressed alluringly in a simple, front

buttoning, light weight summer dress that did little to hide my figure and

allowed the breeze to circulate freely around my breasts. As usual, I wore no

underwear. Monica packed an overnight bag with a few towels, a sarong and her

bathing suit, asking me if there was anything I wanted to take with me. I put my

purse and a tiny red thong swimming costume in her bag, along with a cardigan,

bra and a spare skirt in case I needed to change. Monica slung her ever present

camera bag over her shoulder and picked up the other bag.

By the time the other girls got up, Monica and I were dressed and had the

information that we intended to let the others know, at this stage, agreed

between us. Monica was taking me on as her assistant and part-time model. We

agreed that there was no need to explain our newly found love for one and other,

although I was not the least bit ashamed of our behaviour. We decided that

discretion was the better pathway for both of us, for the time being. By eleven

in the morning we had eaten breakfast with Cynthia and Carla, chatted for a

short time and Monica and I were both anxious to return to the studio for me to

meet Arnold. I was looking forward to developing the print that featured my only

photo of Monica, so far.

We took the elevator down to the parking garage where Monica's gleaming classic

Mustang awaited us. I was impressed by the immaculate interior of the vehicle

with it's comfortable bucket seats covered by plush sheepskin seat covers. I

sank into the front passenger seat while Monica placed her bags onto the rear

bench seat, long pile sheepskin tickling my bare bottom and arousing my shaven

lips in a rather sensual way. The car was her pride and joy, kept in mint

condition and used only for outdoor location shooting. The faint odour of her

favourite perfume lingered in the immaculate interior of the car. Monica used it

to drive around the suburbs or out in the country for her work and today she had

promised me a tour of the city suburbs and beaches, after a brief visit to the

studio.

Arnold was a pleasant fair haired man in his early thirties who greeted us with

greater enthusiasm than I had expected. Apparently the news of our photo shoot

with Pete had preceded us and he was aware that I was in the market for

modelling work. He showed us the fifteen photos that he had already developed

for Pete as a favour, complementing me on my poise and beauty, praising

presentation and above all my photogenic qualities. He asked me if I had ever

done any screen work.

"No, nothing like that." Blushing and a little unsure what he meant by screen

work. "Always ready to try anything though."

This answer seemed to please Arnold and he promised to mention me around among his clients. Monica showed him the photos that she had taken from the apartment and mentioned that she was my agent. She smiled at me and told Arnold that she was sure that I would have no shortage of work.

"Pete told me about these and I have to agree. They are brilliant." Arnold

smiled in my direction as he looked though the photos eagerly while Monica and I

went to work in the developing room. By the time we came out he was busy with a

customer at the counter and our photos sat in a neat pile by the coffee table,

next to Pete's prints. Monica's studio impressions were far superior to the ones

that Pete had taken and she left one of her better ones next to Pete's for

Arnold to see.

We left the studio, anxious to spend the whole afternoon touring around. The

next day was Monica's turn to run the studio and I was keen to explore the

highlights of the city beaches. I had seen some of Monica's photographs at the

studio and I was impressed by the rugged scenery of the coast. I had never lived

so close to the coast before and I was dying to go for a swim and rediscover the

thrills of swimming in the ocean. It had been a long time since I had enjoyed

surfing and snorkelling

I kept looking at the studio photo of Monica that I had taken, once we were in

the car. Monica was blushing as she drove, knowing that I was studying every

delicious detail of her naked body.

"Don't forget to keep that photo to yourself Katrina. I would just die if anyone

else saw it."

I leaned over and kissed her, reassuring her that I would treasure it and not

embarrass her. I placed in in the glove box with the rest of the studio shots.

Her attitude was a bit of a mystery to me, still not entirely comfortable to

show off her body to me, even after the intimate way we had behaved toward each

other as lovers. At least she hadn't been too ashamed to show me off to her

friends at the studio. I teased her by opening up my dress as we drove, exposing

more of my charms to her and noticing her mounting interest.

"Would you like to go for a swim at my favourite beach, further down the coast,

sweetheart? We shouldn't stay around the city with you dressed like that." She

indicated to where my dress was now completely exposing my breasts and there

were only a few buttons left holding my dress together.

"Oh! Sorry darling, I just feel so comfortable." We both knew that I was

deliberately showing off for her benefit and indeed Monica wasn't exactly

complaining about the way that I was exposed to her gaze, but I was conscious of

her nervousness. I just conversed with her about our surroundings and listened

as she pointed out some of her favourite shooting locations on a map that she

handed me. I gathered that the beach that she had in mind was popular with

surfers and sunbathers alike and Monica enjoyed the rugged isolation of the

nearby coves. As it was mid-week, Monica seemed more relaxed at the prospect of

keeping company with me whilst I was dressed in the brief costume that I had

packed. I had noted the surprised look on her face when she realised how small

my costume was, compared to her own.

As soon as the traffic became lighter and we appeared to be heading to a more

remote area I undid the remaining buttons. Now the dress opened right up and I

could feel the swirling air from my open window caress my body, cooling the heat

generated by the sun as it warmed my naked skin. Monica was now becoming more

used to my compulsion to be naked as often as possible.

"You never really intended to wear a costume when we went for a swim at the

beach today, did you love? She pulled the car over into a deserted rest area in

the road and parked. We had a long discussion and finally reached an

understanding about my need for attention amidst her concerns that I might get

myself into trouble. Monica explained that she was prepared to support me

wherever it was possible and in any situation where she could explain away my

nudity as artistic expression for the camera. She was adamant that she was not

ashamed of me when tears began forming in my eyes. She sighed.

"I really do love you Katrina. I couldn't bear it if you were angry with me."

Monica carried on driving to the beach, suggesting that at least I should wear

my thong when we first arrived. To make Monica happy I agreed, cautioning her

that I wouldn't be leaving it on for long.

"I can't stand wearing panties of any sort Monica. You do know that by now,

darling?

"All right! I know when to give up." Monica resigned herself to the fact that I

would take the first opportunity to display my body in its entirety.

I folded my dress up and reluctantly pulled on my red thong while Monica parked.

Monica changed in the public toilets next to the car while I hung a beach towel

around my neck and waited beside the unlocked car. There was nobody around the

car park and it took all my willpower not to remove even that tiny strip of

cloth that I had agreed to wear. She emerged with her sarong wrapped around her

hips and her clothes neatly wrapped in a bundle, wearing her conservative two

piece costume. She selected an inexpensive camera, a beach bag and locked up the

Mustang.

There were a surprising number of young people on the beach and I noticed Monica

relax her expression and smile a little more as we made our way to a less

populated part of the beach near some rocks. I was not the only topless girl on

the beach. We had passed a few others along the way and there was a fairly

relaxed atmosphere among the beach crowd. We made ourselves comfortable,

spreading out our towels on the golden sand. I looked at Monica as she took out

her camera, nodding toward the craggy rocks nearby, indicating her desire to

snap off a few shots. Pleased to be free of my thong, I quickly removed it and

tucked it under my towel. Naked now and with the mesmerising sound of the waves

crashing against the rocks, I eagerly posed and ran my fingers through my hair

while Monica took a few photos. I could see people looking in our direction,

unsure at that distance whether I was actually nude or not but obviously bemused

by my antics in front of the camera.

Monica wasn't keen to swim straightaway so, excusing myself, I ran into the surf

while she relaxed by our towels. The water was cold, invigorating and quite

refreshing so I swam out beyond the breakers and body surfed back in toward the

shore a few times. Each time I did this I came ashore further toward the more

populated area of the beach. The wave action on my body brought a familiar

tightening to my fully erect nipples and I enjoyed being in such close proximity

to other swimmers nearby. There was something about nudity in front of others

that I found quite irresistible and I made up my mind to make the most of this

latest thrill. I knew that I would drift further along the beach each time I

swam back out and the thought of walking back along the shore past so many

people was stirring up my sense of adventure.

I finally came ashore and walked slowly back toward Monica, excited at the

growing attention that I was receiving from other beachgoers. There were a few

friendly comments from a mixed group of eight young surfers and I stopped

briefly to talk with them. Far from offended, they invited me to join them. I

indicated to where Monica was reading a book at the northern end of the beach,

blissfully unaware that I had left the water and was chatting casually with a

group of strangers.

"I'd better get back to my friend over there before she gets worried about me.

She might think I've drowned or something. I didn't realise that I had drifted

down the beach quite so far."

One of the girls indicated her surfboard and offered to paddle me back to our

more private area of the beach, probably thinking that I might be embarrassed to

walk back along the sand. I smiled and re-assured her that it was no problem at

all. I looked at the board and told her that I would watch out for her,

mentioning casually that I thought the surf was better at the northern end.

I continued my walk, threading my way through the various groups of people

sunbathing or waxing their boards. There were a few muffled hoots and whistles

as I passed them by. Some of the people stared at me, seemingly unable to grasp

that I was no longer wearing the thong that they had seen me in before. The

golden waist chain now being the only item that I was wearing at all. Others

stole furtive glances toward me, looking away quickly when I smiled at them. I

was totally in my element by the time I passed directly in front of some of the

people that had been looking in my direction previously. This time there was no

doubt in their minds that I was indeed totally naked and I was keenly aware of

their admiring glances toward me. As usual, apart from that first friendly

group, most people were so stunned to see me walking, so unselfconsciously past

them, that nobody ventured to speak to me directly.

I lay down beside Monica. She hadn't noticed the direction that I had approached

from and smiled.

"How was the water sweetie? Want some sunscreen?" She patted her bag to indicate that she had some inside the beach bag.

"No thanks; I'm fine at the moment. How about joining me in the water." Monica

put her book down and looked up at me, noticing for the first time that people

had moved closer toward us. The young group had taken my advice and followed me along the beach. Some of them were walking toward the water with their

surfboards while the others were settling into a new patch, only a few yards

away. The lovely young girl that had offered me a ride on her board was making

her way over toward us. She was topless and bronzed, with a wisp of a turquoise

bikini bottom the only item of clothing that she wore. Monica's eyes widened as

she offered me a turn on her surfboard and asked us both to join the group. For

the first time she realised that I had already made friends with the group. She

was speechless as Annie introduced herself and urged us to come on over.

"Do you surf too, Monica? She reached over to shake Monica's hand as soon as I

had introduced her.

"Well no, Annie." Monica stumbled for words, clearly surprised at the forward

approach of the attractive young girl. " My roommate and I just came here to

have a swim and relax for the afternoon." She looked at me quizzically. "Would

you like to join them, Katrina?

"Come on Monica. Bring your camera and let's meet the others." I thought for a

moment. "Have you got film to take an action shot of me if I go out on the

surfboard?" I could see that Monica was slightly embarrassed and I was keen to

break the ice by offering her the chance to take some photos of me, surfing in

the nude, in company of the others.

"I'll just go back to the car and get the good camera. I won't be long sweetie.

Just shift our gear alongside your friends." Monica leapt to her feet and

extracted the car keys. She was more excited now and her artistic interest was

coming to the fore. With a smile and a wave she walked back to the car,

completely forgetting to wrap the sarong around her waist. In her excitement,

she had quite forgotten her inhibitions about walking past people in her high

cut bikini bottoms. There was hope for her yet!

I helped Annie and we moved over to the group's new base and I explained

Monica's abrupt departure to the others. I eagerly accepted the use of another

board and ran back down to the surf to practice before Monica got back with her

camera. I hoped that she could get a close-up shot of me on the surfboard.

Annie's brother Jim went out with me while Annie stayed to introduce Monica to

the others as soon as she returned. Jim and I paddled out to an area beyond the

breakers and while we were waiting for a suitable wave I noticed that quite a

few of the other surfers had gathered toward our end of the beach. Jim was

gazing at me as I sat alongside him and I could see by the bulge in his shorts

that he liked what he saw. I was straddling the board with my legs on either

side, leaving little to his imagination. My nipples betrayed the sexual

excitement that I was experiencing while I was chatting to him and I'm sure he

realised that I was deliberately opening myself up to his view. I liked him and

he was certainly quite handsome with his short blonde hair and rugged, muscle

bound body. I was enjoying his interest in me and wondering if he was spoken for

with one of the other girls. Jim made casual reference to my nudity and asked if

I often did this sort of thing. He was in awe of my lack of inhibition and

confided that Annie usually liked to go topless and they had, once before, gone

to a nude beach and stripped off completely for the day. He was starting to tell

me about it when he broke off his conversation quite suddenly.

"This looks like the one!"

Just then perfect wave formed and we took off together, Jim expertly moving away

to give me room to manoeuvre. I slid down the wave and stood up, remembering

everything I had been taught about positioning my body to ride the wave out.

My performance was ungainly at first but the lessons of a few years ago returned

in time to save me. That had been a supervised outing from the university to a

well-frequented surfing beach and Nana had expressly begged me not to strip on

that occasion. Her possessive nature often precluded me from enjoying myself as

much as I would have liked. It was not even close to being such a thrill as

today's effort but at least I learned the basics of surfing.

I ran with the board, up the sand and sat down with my new friends, slightly

breathless and exhilarated beyond belief. Jim had gone back out again as soon as

he finished his run, but I needed to make sure that Monica was ready to take her

photos.

"Wow! That was brilliant." I managed to gasp as I drew another breath. My body

was tingling with released tension and I was turned on to a new level of

excitement. Monica was already back and patted her camera with a glowing look on

her face.

"I got a terrific shot as you got onto your feet, with Jim still in the picture

as well." She purred happily. "I wasn't expecting anything like that when I

brought you here today." Monica looked to be acclimatising within the group.

Annie's two girlfriends were eagerly asking questions about the capabilities of

her camera and taking her mind off any outside distractions. Annie got up and

directed her attention toward me.

"Come on Katrina. Let's go and catch a wave together." She grabbed another board

and nodded her head toward Jim who was making his way back out again. "See if

you can get a photo of the three of us together Monica." This time Annie wasted

no time in sprinting toward the waves and I caught up with her just as she began

paddling out toward Jim.

The three of us were sitting astride our boards when Annie surprised us both by

removing her bikini bottoms and placing them around her neck, like a cowboy's

bandana.

"Come on Jim. I dare you." Jim was red faced and at a loss for words as he

looked around for some reasonable excuse to keep his togs on. His shorts were

straining as he looked at the two of us and leaned forward to disguise his

growing erection.

"Maybe later." He spluttered as he tried to change the subject. "Look! Here's a

good one coming up." We got on our knees and paddled into position. Jim had been

saved by a massive surge of water and we readied ourselves to ride the wave.

Annie got to her feet at the same time and we rode in together. I glanced toward

Annie and noticed that her nipples were fully erect. She was enjoying the

freedom from clothing as much as I was. The crowd on the beach all seemed to

have their eyes directed toward us and we were obviously becoming the star

attractions of the beach. Annie hadn't done this before now very often before,

judging by the milky white tone of her newly exposed flesh. The thin strip of

darker pubic hair above her clit further highlighted the contrast. Jim excused

himself from the next run so Annie handed him her bikini bottoms from around her

neck and raced back out into the surf, now totally naked and obviously elated to

have me as her companion to support new newly found freedom.

"I've always wanted to do that." She confided to me as we waited beyond the

breakers. "I don't think I would have had the courage to try it alone though.

Does Monica ever strip off at the beach like you do? She's got a gorgeous figure

for it." Annie was fishing for more information about us so we chatted easily

between us, missing several big wave opportunities. I told her about Monica's

job and how we had met only yesterday. I briefly explained the dare that I had

accepted and tried to describe the experience of walking around the streets,

near the apartment building, without a stitch on. Annie explained that she was

staying with Jim and two of her other companions in an old farmhouse not too far

from the beach. I was dying to ask her a bit more about Jim but we caught the

next wave before I could find out whether any of the other girls in the group

was his girlfriend.

We surfed in together and Monica was standing up with her camera taking a few

shots of the two of us together. I knew that we had an audience that had grown

considerably from when we first went out and I was thrilled to be the subject of

so much attention. It seemed that the other end of the beach was now relatively

deserted and most of the crowd was gathered around the area where our group was based.

Annie was still feeling a bit insecure and used her board to cover her lower

body from close scrutiny as we made our way back to the group. She wasn't up to

displaying herself in the same way that I was at this point. On the other hand I

carried my board loosely by my side, making no attempt to disguise my obvious

nudity whatsoever. I revelled in the good natured applause, complements and

salacious looks alike as we re-joined our group. I felt the familiar stirrings

in my loins even more intensely, as if I was on the verge of an orgasm, and knew

that my clitoris was fully engorged as I put my board down and sank to my knees

on my waiting towel sitting with the others. Annie waved away Jim's offer of her

togs and smiled as she sat opposite me.

"It's all right. I'm quite comfortable to stay the way I am. Thanks anyway. Did

you get any photos of me Monica?

Monica nodded, in an euphoric daze as she indicated her camera bag.

"I sure did, Annie! Some of the best shots this year." Monica was excited and

triumphant. "We'll run a set of prints off for you tomorrow morning. I'll send

them to you if you give me your address." Annie was delighted. She reached into

her bag and drew out her notebook and scribbled her phone number down and tore

off a page, handing it to Monica.

"I'll come into town tomorrow with Jim and call in to see you at the studio.

That's all right with you guys isn't it?

Monica delved into her bag and handed Annie her card.

"I'm sure we'll both be pleased to see you. Katrina and I will both be there all day. Call around lunchtime and we'll buy enough food in. You can have lunch with us."

By now, Annie had recovered her composure sufficiently to try another walk down

to the water through the other swimmers. It was like she still didn't believe

the way it made her feel to be walking around with nothing on.

"Come on guys, lets do it again." She rose to her feet, making no effort to

cover herself this time. She held her board loosely at her side, fully revealing

herself without any of her previous quiet reticence, conscious that all eyes

were directed toward her. She stood there looking absolutely divine as she

encouraged her friends to get out on their boards.

"Katrina and I need some company this time. What about you Monica? Jill, Karen,

Anybody!" She gazed around her group of friends enquiringly. Jill looked

startled and embarrassed, shaking her head shyly and as I expected, Monica shook

her head even more emphatically. I stood up and directed my attention to the

young guys, Jim especially. They looked bemused and mildly interested but seemed

unlikely to take up Annie's challenge with so many other people around.

"Lets see what you're made of guys. If we can do it!" I trailed my voice away as

Karen untied her top and dropped it. She fumbled around with her ties on the

bottom half and let the hip fastenings go. She was well proportioned, with

generous firm breasts and impressive pink nipples standing rigidly to attention.

The whiteness of the triangular tan lines that her bikini top had recently

covered stood out against her evenly tanned body in an inviting way. She shook

her head and arranged her long, curly hair so the it partially covered her naked

breasts. When she stood up the bottom part of her bikini lay on her towel in a

crumpled heap and the crinkled pink lips of her vagina were revealed for the

first time. She was totally clean shaven. She rose unsteadily to her feet,

conscious that she was revealing her naked body to at least fifty other people

for the first time. She blushed, almost to same colour as her flaming red hair

and grabbed her board, holding it tightly in front of her.

"Oooh! I can't believe I'm actually doing this. Lets go before I lose my nerve."

Holding her board in front of her she scampered off toward the water with Annie

and I in hot pursuit. Her pink bottom quivered as she ran and there was good

natured applause clearly audible as she weaved her way past the other bathers

and plunged into the surf. I slowed down before I reached the water, thrilled

that at least two other girls were experiencing the freedom from clothing that I

had enjoyed at this beach for the last two hours or so. Although I loved the

attention that I attracted by being the only naked lady at the beach I was happy

to share that attention with others that might be similarly inclined. I looked

back toward the group and saw Monica rising to her feet, camera in hand, ready

to take more photos when we returned. Nobody was directing their attention

anywhere else and now the entire population of the beach was looking toward us.

I waved and trotted right toward the boiling surf to join my new friends.

We bobbed around astride our boards beyond the breakers, fascinated at the sheer

number of spectators that were gathering at the waters edge looking in our

direction. Karen was becoming nervous and starting to have second thoughts about

getting up on her board with so many spectators waiting on the beach in front of

us. Annie and I did our best to reassure her that she should forget about being

naked and just enjoy the thrills ahead. We talked and interacted with the other

people on surfboards waiting with us. There was one other girl, heavily dressed

in a wetsuit but there were four interesting young men out in the same area as

we were. They had seen us coming toward them and waited, probably missing

several good waves so that they could enjoy our company. I haven't had such a

good time for ages. While out there I discovered that Jim was currently

unattached and I secretly hoped that he might be interested in a date with me.

Karen's boyfriend lived at the farmhouse with Jim and Annie and their latest

flatmate was Annie's boyfriend Patrick. They weren't with the group today

because they both worked at a suburban supermarket and sadly, they were on duty.

It turned out that they all worked on different days at the same place. I

cautiously enquired whether Jim would be working the next day.

"No, The lucky sod has the week off. He's not due on until next Tuesday." Annie

saw right through my questions and asked if I had a steady boyfriend, obviously

keen to get the two of us together and hoping for a chance to keep in touch.

"No real ties at the moment. Remember, I only moved here yesterday." Annie

smiled devilishly.

"We'll have to see what we can do about that. Jim was the first to suggest

moving down to your end of the beach, you know. I think he likes you. Actually,

I was quite surprised he didn't come out with us this time."

At that moment our conversation was interrupted by a squeal of girlish delight

from Karen as she pointed to a surge and started to position herself to ride the

approaching wave. The others saw it too and Karen was finally ready to overcome

her fears. She was slightly ahead of us and Annie and I rode in alongside her.

She seemed to forget that she was nude, riding her board with her arms

outstretched as naturally as if she was fully clothed, her concentration centred

on the task of staying upright. The three of us raced straight back out into the

surf as soon as we touched the sand and rode two more waves before Karen finally

walked back with us through the crowd to her place in the group. I noticed that

she carried her board more naturally this time. She seemed to be enjoying the

attention as much as Annie and I. There was nothing but enthusiastic comment

from the spectators on the beach and flushed with success, Karen seemed to be in

no great hurry to cover herself up again. She sat down, idly picking up her

recently abandoned bikini bottoms and then putting them back next to her top,

even further away from where she sat. She was obviously enjoying herself by

then, fully aware of the adjacent groups of other people around us casting their

eyes in her direction.

"Whew!" She shook her head and rearranged her long red hair. "That was a real

buzz." She was smiling now, full of eagerness and zest for life. " Wayne is

never going to believe that I finally stripped off like this." She was bubbling

with enthusiasm. "He's always trying to talk me into going to Verona Beach with

him. Here I am, stripped off at Peninsula Beach with all these other people

around. He'll just never believe it."

"Oh yes he will!" Monica interrupted Karen and patted her camera bag. "I got

some brilliant shots of the three of you." She paused as Karen looked at her

bag, wide eyed and excited. "Especially when you walked past all those others on

the beach. You were all just great!" I noticed Monica, now more fervent about

her presence within the group and loosening up her previous reserve. She was

thoroughly enjoying herself too and keen to be part of the gathering. Monica

handed cards all around and promised to produce as many prints as the others

wanted at a special, discounted rate. She looked at me. "Is it all right with

you if I show them some of the shots that I took during your little walk

yesterday?"

"Sure, I was going to ask you if they were still in your bag."

The thought of my new friends looking through the evidence of my most recent

dare was quite appealing to me. All my life I had been pushing the boundaries

and taking up challenges from people that didn't share my passion to be naked

with me. Truthfully, I had never felt the level of acceptance that these new

friends of mine were offering me. None of my other friends had been game to

match my willingness to show off my body in public like Annie and now, Karen

too. While Monica fished around in her bag and the group moved closer together I

spoke to Jim.

"I thought you might have joined us, Jim. After all that talk about going to a

nude beach with Annie." I looked at him reproachfully. "I'm really a bit

disappointed in you."

Jim coloured up a little and looked sheepish.

" Maybe I'll come out with you now if you like. Its just that it's not quite as

easy for guys to hide their excitement." He pondered for a moment. "Maybe we

could all go to Verona Beach after tomorrow? At least it's legal there. I might

get locked up if someone complains here at Peninsula." He was not really keen to

go out now, at least naked, so I let him off the hook.

**The Willful Exhibitionist Ch. 4**

Monica didn't even argue when I spurned her offer of my thong. She just put it

back in her beach bag with a troubled expression on her face.

"I'll just put my dress back on when I get back to the car. Thanks anyway." I

was quite dry now and I combed my hair and adjusted my waist chain. I walked

nonchalantly along the beach and up to the car park chatting to the others and

enjoying the surprised looks from the other people around us. Jim walked right

beside me, not ashamed to be seen in my company while Monica trailed behind us

with a few of the others.

I walked back to the Mustang with Monica in the company of the other members of

the surfing group and put on my dress while the surfers formed a circle around

me as I buttoned up my dress. There was probably no need, as everybody at the

beach had already seen me naked all afternoon and there had been no objections

at all but I still appreciated the thought. Monica discretely changed in the

toilet block and I was still talking with the others when she re-emerged, fully

dressed and ready to go. We made arrangements for our lunch the next day and

Jim, who was the last to leave, waved as we took off. Monica noticed that Jim

had been reluctant to let us go and was silent for a while.

"You seem to have made quite an impression on that young chap." She still looked

sombre and thoughtful. I do believe that Monica was actually a little bit

jealous. I reached over and kissed her.

"Don't worry darling. I still love you. Nothing will ever change that. He is

quite a hunk though, isn't he?" I smiled brightly as Monica nodded thoughtfully.

It wasn't till we were nearly back at the apartment that Monica brightened up

and got back to her normal self.

She had come around slowly at first, eagerly discussing the photos that she had

taken and reminiscing the day's events with me. She was starting to realise that

most people these days were not as offended or critical of my behaviour as she

had imagined. She told me that the day had been full of surprises from her point

of view and grudgingly admitted that she had thoroughly enjoyed the company of

the others in the group. We had stopped at a family restaurant along the way and

enjoyed a pleasant meal together, our first real chance to reconcile our

relationship and discuss our aims for the future. Monica was twenty-six and had

enjoyed her share of romances with the opposite sex. She admitted that recently

she was more comfortable in sexual relationships with other women. I explained

that I liked men but wasn't ready to settle down with any one man, telling her

all about my relationship with Nana. It brought us toward a more complete

understanding of each other's feelings for one and other. I began to tell her

about my experience at the tattoo parlour but she wanted to save that story

until all our flatmates were together.

"Sally would never forgive me." She laughed lightly for the first time since we

left the beach. "I'd be really unpopular with them. Carla and Cynthia have the

night off tomorrow and Sally and Sheryl are looking forward to an evening at

home." She thought for a moment. "Have you got any--[Hesitating}-- toys?" She

looked at me with a wicked gleam in her eyes.

I hugged her and smiled.

"Only my little friends on my body," Referring to my clit ring. "Probably the

best present I ever gave myself. You really should try it darling. It only hurts

a tiny bit at first and then, Mmmm, it's wonderful. When we get back out to the

car I'll show you what I mean." This broke the ice and we hurried back to the

car as soon as we finished our meal, ready for a bout of lovemaking as soon as

we got home. Monica had abandoned her cool attitude toward me and was back to

her carefree cheeky self with a vengeance. I was glad.

It was around seven in the morning when Monica woke me and dreamily I looked up at her. The evidence of our passionate lovemaking session lay all around the

room. It had been a warm night and the bedclothes lay on the floor where they

had been abandoned during the night. We had enjoyed having the apartment to

ourselves during most of the early part of the evening. Sally and Cynthia had

invited us to go to a movie with them but we had excused ourselves, claiming

that we were both tired after a long day at the beach.

The moment they left our activities had started in the bathroom and quickly

progressed toward the bedroom. Monica had allowed me to remove the heart shaped tuft of coarse hair that decorated her pubes after I begged her to try the clean shaven look. Reluctant at first, the excitement of having me lather her up and

then carefully shave the entire area between her legs had triggered an explosion

of passion within her. We took turns at massaging one and other with scented

oil, probing and stimulating every area of our bodies. Monica had started on me,

first spreading an old sheet over my bed and rubbing my shoulders as she gently

guided me onto the bed so that she could sit astride me on the cheeks of my

bottom. The sensation of her newly shaven and slippery vagina rubbing against

the cheeks of my bottom as her strong fingers worked their way down my back

relaxed and excited me at the same time. By the time she reached the small of my

back I was moaning with pleasure and opening up my legs as the warm oil began to trickle between the cheeks of my bottom. Monica worked her fingertips downward, following the oil and caressing the tiny bud of my anal opening. I raised my hips, pushing back at her probing fingers in anticipation of the delights ahead.

I began to shiver with the onset of orgasm when she plunged her hand between my

legs and trace her fingers backward, sensuously parting my vaginal lips and

opening me up to her probing. Unexpectedly, she bypassed my engorged clitoris

and when her thumb reached my anus she worked it inward. The most intense orgasm overtook the control I had exercised up until then and I convulsed with

pleasure, tightening my sphincter muscles around the base of her thumb while the

tip of her forefinger penetrated my inner labia. Monica collapsed on top of me,

holding me tightly as I convulsed in her arms. Our bodies were both slippery and

smooth but her hard nipples pressed into my back as we enjoyed the moment,

intensifying our newly found love for one and other. We had many such moments,

such as that, during the course of the evening.

We experimented with almost the full range of sex toys that Monica kept hidden

in a locked drawer beside her bed until we lay, exhausted and sexually drained

in each others arms. Anal beads, double dildos and vibrating toys of every

description had been packed hygienically away from view. I had been amazed at

the variety of flavoured oils and gels, designed to increase the pleasures of

oral stimulation during sex play. Monica had spent a small fortune on the

contents of her drawer. The delicious memories of our night of passion came

flooding back to me as I lay there, semi-awake, with Monica tenderly

endeavouring to awaken me fully.

Monica was standing before me, totally naked, smiling gently as I rubbed my eyes

and focussed on the day ahead. Her newly shaven vagina was within reach and I

buried my head in her crotch and traced my tongue through her inner lips. The

remnants of the strawberry flavouring still prevailed and she tasted sweet and

smooth. I pulled at her hips, trying to encourage her back into bed.

"I wish we could my love. We have to tidy up our room and get ready for work."

She reluctantly pulled back, surprising me with her resolve. "Believe me, I wish

we could stay here all day."

Monica looked in the mirror as she picked up some items off the floor and saw

the glow, as I did, that emanated from her body. I was happy that she was now

less inhibited to remain nude in my presence. She looked far better to me that

way and it had upset me when she had covered her body after our first night

together as lovers. She sensed that I enjoyed her nudity in my presence and she

was making an effort to please me this morning as she moved around the room with less of her false modesty in evidence. I struggled to my feet and began to help

her tidy up the room. By the time we were ready for our shower the room was once

again tidy and the beds were both made up and presentable. Monica put on her

robe, throwing me a towel and letting herself out into the living room. The

apartment was quiet and I followed her into the bathroom.

Back in the bedroom and now fully awake and looking forward to my first full day

on the job with Monica, I selected a modest blue dress and laid it out to wear.

Monica was intending to wear her jeans again but I pleaded with her to wear a

dress. I helped her select one and watched as she went for her underwear drawer.

"Please don't darling." I looked at her reproachfully. "Just try to leave your beautiful body free of underwear for the day. For me!" I looked at her pleadingly. "You'll feel so much better for it."

Monica looked aghast at the thought of spending the entire day at work without

her beloved panties to conceal her newly shaven pubic area. She stood there with

her mind in turmoil, trying to think of a reasonable excuse. The dress that I

had helped her select was longer and made of much heavier weight material than

my own. What I was asking was only a small concession to what I hoped would

become the start of her losing her silly past inhibitions.

It must have been the determined look on my face, but her resolve faltered and

she looked more hesitant.

"I'll have to take a pair with me, love?" She hesitated again. "I just feel so

naked without my panties on."

"Only you and I will ever know darling. Please do this for me. You enjoyed it

that first night and I don't ask much from you" I smiled at her. "Feeling naked

will make you feel more sensual and desirable, especially with me close by your

side."

"Ill just put a pair in my purse, sweetheart. I promise not to wear them."

We finally agreed to take a pair of Monica's favourite knickers with us but I

put them in my bag. I didn't want her to have access to them without my

approval. It would be a start.

Monica and I walked to the studio after breakfast with Sally. The girls told us

all about the movie that they had seen but I sensed that Monica's mind was

slightly preoccupied. She looked nervous and fidgety throughout breakfast and on

the journey in the lift afterward to the streets below. I kept up a steady flow

of conversation as we walked and by the time we reached the studio I believe

that she was reconciled to her first working day without being as fully dressed

as she would have preferred. I familiarised myself with the shop and took note

of the stock prices as I set to work cleaning the shelves and dusting off the

grime on some of the slower moving lines. Monica's three partners were all men

and It looked as though Monica had given up trying to keep the shop spic and

span. It kept me busy and gave Monica the opportunity to develop all her film.

By morning tea time Monica complemented me on my efforts in the shop and I had

my first chance to see the prints that she passed over for me to look at.

Jim looked better than I remembered with his clearly defined rippling stomach

muscles and shapely legs. His board shorts hid the part of his body that was

beginning to interest me more and more, but there was no doubt that he was a

delicious looking young guy. I looked forward to meeting him again later on.

Annie looked brilliant, next to me, gracefully riding the waves with spray

partially covering her lower body and captured in time by the fast film that

Monica had used on the day. She had taken her shots from an angle that left no

doubt about the number of people watching us from the beach. The contrast

between the well clothed spectators and other surfers nearby, highlighted our

carefree naked bodies. The expressions of glee on both Annie's face and mine as

we rode the waves toward them showed our complete disregard of the fact that we

were both completely nude. Beyond the raging surf guys were standing up on their

boards to get a better look at us from behind, their interest undeniably

apparent.

Monica had taken a number of shots as we returned to the waiting group, weaving

our way through the spectators and looking toward the camera. She had captured

the startled awareness shown by those that we had passed, as they turned their

heads to follow our progress up the sand. The various expressions on their faces

ranged from interested disbelief to outright fascination as we passed them by.

Monica was delighted with the results.

Toward the bottom of the pile there were a lot of prints featuring Karen, after

she boldly stripped off at Annie's request. She looked gorgeous as she ran down

toward the surf, holding her board awkwardly in front of her. In sharp contrast

to both Annie and I she was an expert rider, more graceful and lithe as she

manoeuvred her board in close proximity to the riders around us, keeping a safe

but close distance between Annie and I. Monica had taken a few close-up shots of

her and the excitement of riding the waves, naked for the very first time, was

extremely evident. Apart from the contrast derived from her newly shed bikini

her nipples betrayed the sexual tension that she must have experienced on that

day. She wore an expression that showed the effort of concentration on the task

of riding the waves but it couldn't disguise her delight at conquering her fear

of being naked for the first time in such a public setting. Monica looked over

my shoulder and spoke.

"I think that's the best shot that I got of Karen. She looks amazing, doesn't

she?" The admiration on Monica's face as she looked at the photo showed her

pride at her own ability to capture the beauty and mood of the subject as well

as she had.

"Wow! It sure is a brilliant shot. Look at her eyes! They glow with excitement."

I agreed with Monica. "We'll have to see if she'll agree to letting us display

that one." Of all the photos on the wall, inside the studio, I felt that this

one deserved pride of place. Monica nodded thoughtfully, putting the print aside

with the others that she had selected for enlargement. The last few shots were

from Monica's cheaper camera but were surprisingly artistic none the less. I

served the next few customers that came into the shop with a bit of help from

Monica when any technical enquiries were beyond my level of expertise.

By now, Monica was showing less outward signs of discomfort and dealt with her

customers without embarrassment. She appeared more graceful in her movements,

always conscious of her lack of underwear when reaching for stock on the shelves

beyond her comfort level, more sexually aware somehow. I was proud of the way

she handled herself.

The morning was made longer by my expectation of meeting Jim again. I tried to

hide my eagerness to see him again but every time I looked at the clock Monica

seemed to notice and shake her head knowingly. I had just come back into the

studio when Annie, Patrick, Karen and Jim walked through the door.

Immediately, I waved them into the studio with me, holding the swing door open

as they all trooped past me. Monica seated them after Annie had introduced

Patrick to Monica and I. He was tall and slimly built, a little older than I had

expected, with dark medium length hair and a captivating personality. He sat

with Annie and Karen on the studio couch while Jim sat at the table opposite

Monica and I.

"Well, where are these photos? Annie couldn't stop talking about the three of

you spending the afternoon at the beach, surfing in the altogether. It must have

been quite a sight for sore eyes." Patrick seemed keen to view the prints that

Monica had developed. They were sitting on the table and Monica leapt to her

feet and handed them all over to Karen. One by one they were passed around and

back to the table where Jim scanned them before passing them back.

"Hey! These are good." Patrick readily scanned the prints, commenting that he

wished he had been with us. "Why don't we buy a decent camera and take a few of

our own." He looked at Monica. "What would it cost us to get something that

would do close-up shots like these?"

"Top of the range telephoto lenses are the most expensive part but I can show

you some good equipment for around seven hundred or so up to about a couple of

grand." Monica saw the chance to sell Patrick some gear. "Just depends how much

you want to spend. Are you interested?"

Monica was fully occupied with her sales pitch so Jim and I had the opportunity

to talk and hopefully make future arrangements for an evening out on our own. We

walked outside the shop together while his friends looked over the stock that

Monica showed them after lunch. Between short bursts at the counter, when

outside customers came in, I told him that I worked with Monica as a model and

enjoyed a reasonably flexible schedule at the moment. Jim was keen to spend the

next day together with me at the beach. He pointed toward his station wagon,

parked across the street, and asked whether he could pick me up from my

apartment. He promised to bring a spare surfboard for me to use. I gave him our

home phone number and agreed, as long as Monica had no work lined up for me.

"Just ring me tomorrow morning and I should know by then."

The rest of the afternoon went quickly, with Jim stirring further interest

within me to know even more about him and his friends. I envied their leisurely

lifestyle, as Jim had explained it to me, of working together toward a common

goal of more pleasurable times at the coast. Jim and Annie worked to survive,

unlike most of us who survived to work. Jim's aim was to become a professional

surfer and his only other interest was body building. That had certainly paid

off, judging by his perfect physique, I admired his obvious muscle definition,

apparent even under his tight fitting knit shirt.

I hoped that my eagerness to be with him wasn't too noticeable and suggested we

go back inside to see how the others were getting on.

Monica had taken a few orders for enlargements of some of her better work. She

also sold an expensive camera to Patrick and promised to meet the group at the

beach the next day to allow for some personal instruction as part of the deal.

Annie asked if I would be there too.

"I'd love to." Smiling at Jim.

Karen and Annie were thrilled with her photos and agreed to allow us to display

the enlargements at the studio. Monica obtained signed releases in exchange for

some of her prints and when our visitors finally left the shop she was more than

satisfied with her day's work. She spent the remainder of the afternoon

preparing her photographic orders in the darkroom. Just before we closed up

Monica confessed that she had enjoyed her day tremendously, even if she had felt

just a bit uncomfortable to begin with. She shyly admitted to being more aware

of her sexuality than usual. I was so grateful that she hadn't even asked me for

her knickers throughout the whole day. She seemed committed to pleasing me.

We walked home to where the other girls were waiting to hear more about my show at the tattooist's premises and the events that led to my rapid departure from

my last job as a stripper. After dinner and settling down comfortably I began

the story;

"When I arrived at the studio Greg met me at the door and took me inside to his

studio. Inside, there were ten men and three other women who were interested in

the body modification subculture. The evening started innocently enough with a

short slide show where drinks were available and Greg illustrated the wide

variation of genital placements, both male and female, and their benefits. When

the lights came back on he asked me to disrobe and demonstrate my placements.

Unexpectedly tense at this point, I stripped off my dress and I allowed myself

guided into position. Greg made sure that I was comfortable before allowing

everybody to have a closer look at all my decorations. I was understandably

nervous, having been placed in this vulnerable position when the first client

approached but Greg was on hand at all times to explain the procedures. It was

almost a professional atmosphere so I relaxed and lay back obediently while the

clients all examined me in turn. I answered some fairly personal questions about

the sensations of being pierced in such a tender area of my body. I dressed and

mingled with all the guests afterward and accepted a few more drinks as they

thanked me for my demonstration.

One older couple offered me a lift home and foolishly, I accepted their kind

offer. This had heralded the start of the events which led to my leaving town in

such a hurry."

The other girls were intrigued and made a cup of coffee for all of us while I

gathered myself to continue the story.

"Once in their car I somehow lost consciousness and when I woke up I was

securely manacled to what looked like a medieval dungeon wall. It was a

nightmare. My throat was dry and there was nobody else in the room." The girls

gasped as I explained that I was totally naked, in a damp cold room with very

little natural light filtering through a high narrow window on the opposite

wall. I was held prisoner by handcuffs attached to a long heavy metal chain

securely fastened to the stone wall next to a hard mattress on the floor. As I

tried to stand my legs gave way and I collapsed back onto the mattress. My head

was spinning as I sat there trying to take stock of my new situation. For the

next two hours I sobbed, tried to think what may lay ahead of me and resolved to

do whatever it took to extract myself from this mess. I had a throbbing headache

and that didn't help me to think clearly either. I vaguely remembered getting

into a car outside the studio premises in the company of a seemingly harmless

timid man. His wife, I had of course assumed, welcomed me to use the front seat

before getting into the back of the car. That was the last thing I remembered. I

tested the length of the chain that held me and found that I was able to move to

within a few feet of the door and almost reach the opposite wall but there was

no chance of escape, even if I had been able to slip my hands out of the metal

handcuffs."

My imagination had run riot as I had thought of death, disfigurement, and a

myriad of other distasteful end results of my own stupidity in being so

trusting. I hoped that the other girls wouldn't think too badly of me as I

steeled myself to continue the story.

"I lost track of time but the light was fading when I heard footsteps on the

concrete floor outside the solid wooden door. A stream of light entered the room

as I sat in silent terror of what might be about to happen next. By now I had

thought of all the possibilities and dangers of whatever I may be facing. A tray

entered the room pushed along the floor toward me and the arm withdrew and the

door was locked again. Whoever placed it wasn't keen to be identified. I sat

there, shivering with fear and listening to the footsteps fade before I

investigated the contents of the tray." Monica shifted closer to me with a

concerned look on her face. The others were entranced by the story and sat,

motionless.

"There was a jug of water, a fresh guest towel and a scrawled handwritten note

on the tray. My first priority was to read the note before the fast fading light

made it impossible to read. I took it to where I could read it and discovered

that they wanted me to clean myself up and put on the blindfold before they came

to get me. I went back to the tray and tested the water before wetting my lips

and drinking some of the water. Once I was refreshed I picked up the towel and

dried my face. I picked up the blindfold that lay under the towel and called out

at the top of my voice. After a few minutes I heard footsteps again and a

muffled female voice asked if I had the blindfold on securely. After satisfying

myself that it was the only way to get out of the smelly dark room I agreed that

I would co-operate if only they would let me out of the room. I had to take a

chance and try to find out what they expected of me."

By now the other girls were wide eyed and hanging on my every word. I explained

that I was taken up some stairs, guided my captor from behind and led past a

room where I could smell food and hear muted voices, both male and female. The

woman pushed me quickly past the room and up some steep stairs where she

unlocked the door and urged me through telling me that I could take off my

blindfold once the door had closed again. She emphasised that I should behave

myself and not call out for help or I would find myself back in the cellar. In a

softer voice she told me that I would be watched carefully and hinted that any

damage done to the room would be dealt with severely."At least the room was

warmer and smelt fresh and clean and as soon as I heard the door lock behind me

I took off the blind fold and assessed my new surroundings. I was shaking with

fear, unsure still of what these people had in mind. The room contained a large

double bed with an en suite bathroom and toilet. I ran to the bathroom first,

desperate to relieve my bladder before resuming my cautious investigations. As I

sat on the toilet I noted that there were no connecting doors but the area was

well stocked with toiletries and perfumes. I was hungry now. As my eyes moved

warily around the room I noticed a table with a covered plate sitting off to one

side of the room, set up for dining with one chair sitting on an angle as if I

were meant to occupy it. There was a glass of water beside the plate and the

faint aroma of food wafted toward my nostrils. Suddenly a loud male voice boomed

out of a speaker mounted higher up on the wall. "Enjoy your meal my dear." Then

silence once more. Timidly, I moved toward the table, eyes flitting around to

take in the ceiling mounted camera swivelling as I moved. I sat down and eagerly

devoured the contents of the plate, thinking all the time about this new

development. I wondered how long my captors intended to remain anonymous and

even more importantly whether they intended to harm me in any way. I was under

surveillance wherever I went and I realised that any attempt to escape would be

monitored every step of the way. There were no visible light switches to be seen

so it appeared that I was at the mercy of some unknown people, like some sort of

a lab rat, incapable of preventing them from watching me 24hrs a day."

"How long were you held there, Katrina?" Monica interrupted with a sympathetic

look on her face. "Did they get caught?"

"I was just getting to that part." I continued. "It was really weird. For the

next two weeks they fed me and gave me all kinds of sick instructions through

the microphone but I never saw their faces. That was the most frightening part

of the whole episode after I left them. Knowing that they were still out there

somewhere and could probably get me back again at any time they wanted."

"You got away from them then." Carla queried.

"Yes, thank God! But only because it amused them to let me out for a while. None

of my so called friends even missed me while I was gone. They could have just as

easily killed me." The perils of living alone in a city with those bizarre

people still about had driven me to move away from that awful place to be with

friends like Carla as soon as I could after that.

"But what about your job and where you were living?" Sheryl was curious now.

"Oh! That was another scary part. My boss got a note that I was going on

vacation. The other girls that I was staying with were told that I would be away

for a couple of weeks or so and the rent was paid up for the next month. They

never suspected anything at all. It was all really well thought out."

"Hmm! Sounds like you're lucky to be here at all." Sheryl conceded with a

thoughtful look.

"Even Greg didn't know the couple that drove off with me. They told him that I

had invited them, of all the cheek. They knew where I worked, where I lived and

they must have known when I was going to be at the studio as well. He never saw

them after that night."

"How did they let you go Katrina. You must have known where they lived, surely?

Sally entered the mystery.

" Search me! One night they drugged me again and when I woke up I was wearing my dress and shoes and my purse was in my hand. I was lying on a park bench, a few hundred yards away from where I lived and it was early in the morning with

nobody around. It was almost as if it had never happened. I was just glad that

they had decided to let me go." I shuddered again. "I got myself checked over by

a local doctor and waited for the results. Two days later I arrived here. No way

will I ever go anywhere near that place again."

"What did they want from you?"

"Did they hurt you in any way?" Sheryl and Cynthia both spoke at once and I

settled back to the tale again.

"No, I think it was probably a bit of a power trip as far as they were

concerned. They were trying to turn me into some sort of a compliant sex slave

when I think about it. The entire time that I was there they made me put on the

blindfold whenever they were in the room with me. There was at least five or six

people altogether that took advantage of me. Four men and at least two women

that I'm aware of. It was fairly horrendous at the time. I never really knew

what was going to happen if ever they got sick of me. I just went along with

them, gave them whatever they wanted and tried to make them think that I was

enjoying it. It was the only way to lull them into thinking that I wouldn't try

to escape from them." I laughed nervously. "Maybe I was enjoying it, just a bit.

It was like a game of cat and mouse. The thing that really hurt me most was that

I couldn't see their faces when they had sex with me. They made me feel like an

object rather than a person." I choked back a sob of anger. The girls realised

that it was difficult for me to recount the entire lurid details of my recent

abduction, even now. I was shaking like a leaf.

" I'll have to tell you what happened to me some other night when we're all

together again, I'm afraid."

I smiled at Monica when she put her arm around me.

"I'm fine now, really. I certainly won't be getting myself into that sort of

situation again."

The other girls suggested supper and we talked until late. They sensed that I

had no wish to re-live all the intimate details of my stay, that night, even

though they were naturally curious about it. They were generally tender and

sympathetic toward me. It was good to be back among real friends that understood

me so well. Monica told them that we had done well in the shop that day and that

thanks to me, we had sold an expensive camera with telescopic lens. We looked

through all the photos and talked about our upcoming day out at the beach. That

put me back into a buoyant mood for the night ahead, in the arms of my new

lover.

**The Willful Exhibitionist Ch. 5**

The phone rang early on Friday morning just as Monica and I emerged from the

shower and were making our way back to the bedroom. I picked it up and as I

expected, Jim’s voice was at the other end. He asked if he could call around to

pick Monica and I up at around 10am.

Monica said she would meet us at the beach later and after a short animated

discussion I ran back to accept Jim’s offer to pick me up.

I took more time than usual to get ready, carefully packing everything I might

need into a small shoulder bag.

Monica and I had breakfast together and she repeatedly asked if I would be all

right without her. She had been concerned, especially after my faltering recount

last night of my abduction experience. I had gone to sleep, cradled in her arms

after an especially intimate lovemaking session where she promised to protect me

from any further unsavoury experiences. She even agreed to dress more daringly

in future in a brave attempt to make me happy.

She had looked, disapprovingly, as I selected the flimsiest, most translucent

dress from my belongings and shimmied into it. She suspected that I intended to

seduce Jim before the day was out and sighed, seemingly resigned to the fact

that I also found him sexually attractive. As skilful at making love to me as

she was, sweet Monica unfortunately lacked the means to fully satisfy my base

desires. I’m sure she understood, but it could not have been easy to watch me

dressing this way for somebody else. I looked in the mirror, aware that my

semi-erect nipples were clearly showing through the thin fabric. What the hell!

I was going to be naked all day with Jim anyway and I wasn’t the only one of us

that had noticed the attention he had paid to me the day before yesterday.

Monica promised that she would meet us all at the beach by lunchtime and bring

some fresh sandwiches for all of us.

“Please be careful sweetheart.” She kissed me and gave me a reassuring hug

before I left.

Jim and I took off just after 10am and headed for the coast. I felt oddly

awkward and shy at first, with just the two of us in the car. The atmosphere was

pregnant with unspoken expectation. On the way he showed me the shopping centre where he worked and Jim tried to make conversation easy as we drove. He pointed out the fitness centre where he worked out, adjacent to a football field and

asked about my own hobbies. He seemed genuinely interested in me so I soon

loosened up and relaxed into confiding my love of various adventure sports.

I described some of the thrills that I enjoyed during my time at university with

Nana. From snow skiing in Aspen to the time that we had gone surfing in

California, Nana’s generous allowance had funded some exciting and memorable times together.

“I must be an adrenalin junkie I suppose.” I turned toward him eagerly. “Have you ever tried white water rafting or canoeing for example?” Jim seemed suitably impressed and became more animated.

“No, I’ve always lived by the coast but Annie and I never had the opportunity to try the snowfields or the rapids. Sounds like fun though!” He looked wistfully at me. “Maybe if I come into a bit more money. These things usually cost heaps of dough. How on earth did you manage to afford it?”

I explained that Nana’s father had paid for most of my fun at that time and I

assured him that I hadn’t been born with a golden spoon in my mouth either. We were getting on together so well now that by the time we arrived at the beach we were becoming far more comfortable in each other’s company.

I didn’t rush to get out and snuggled up closer to Jim, murmuring about the raw

power of the waves crashing against the rocks where I had posed for Monica.

There were several groups of young surfers dotted around the beach and I could

see the most recently arrived groups making their way to their favourite spots

and settling down on the sand, putting up shade for themselves or running toward

the water. Jim pointed toward a larger group near the rocks with a stack of

surfboards leaning against an open sided tent to provide shelter from the sun. I

recognised it as the same multicoloured sun shelter that Annie’s group had

brought over to where Monica and I were based, the day before yesterday.

“I see that our group has already set up for the day, Katrina. You’re not in any rush are you?”

I put my head against his muscular shoulder, nestling in closer still.

“I’m quit comfortable here for now.” I cooed at him in my softest and most seductive voice.

We sat silently in the station wagon together, watching the distant activity

down on the beach, implicit romance never far from the surface by now. Jim

finally drew me toward him and I surrendered to a tender but highly passionate

kiss. His hard body excited me as he caressed me from my shoulders down to my

buttocks and I responded by running my fingers under his shirt. There was no

doubt that he wanted intimacy and I eagerly accepted his passionate advances.

“Let’s go somewhere more private.” His eyes were glistening, expectant and enquiring as he searched my eyes for approval. Our mutual desire to make love was overwhelming and I whispered in his ear.

“You still haven’t shown me where you live. Didn’t you say that it wasn’t too far away?” I smiled as he started the engine and backed away from our vantage point and headed down the road.

“Just two minutes by car. We passed it on the way here.” Jim was smiling now. “I was nearly going to call in on the way to the beach. I was worried that you might think I was being a bit pushy.”

Silently, I reached for my brush and made sure my hair was back in place as Jim

turned into a country lane, over a cattle stop. The farmhouse was visible and

looked forlorn and deserted with no other vehicles parked nearby.

I followed Jim inside the house. It was sparsely furnished but tidy and clean in

the kitchen and lounge areas. Jim took my hand and as we moved toward his room I found myself looking forward to my first truly consensual sexual union with a

man since before my abduction. Even before that it had been a long time since I

had been with a male that inflamed my base desires to the point where I ached

for the sensation of his manhood throbbing inside me. The bedroom was

surprisingly large with surfing posters dotted around the surrounding walls. We

both knew why we had come here so it wasn’t long before we were embracing as we stood beside the double bed in his room. Jim had stirred needs in me that had rejected any attempted charade of timid virginal reticence. There were certainly no expectations of long term commitment on my part and I hoped there were none on his. We eagerly undressed each other in anticipation of the delights awaiting us. I assisted him to disrobe me first, and then I quickly fumbled with the fastenings of his shorts, peeling away the last remaining garment from his body. Generously endowed and with a full erection, he was the sort of youthful male lover that I had yearned to meet for so long. Annie had told me that Jim and his most recent girlfriend had broken up because she had expected more out of the relationship than Jim was willing to accommodate. Marriage had been her main goal.

Fulfilment of both our natural urges, unfettered by the prospect of anything

more than friendship was the sole purpose of our brief dalliance today.

We fell onto the bed where Jim’s raging member pressed against my engorged

vaginal lips. Memories of my last night of bondage had flashed briefly in my

memory as he positioned me for entry but this time I could sense an exquisite

tenderness that accompanied his ardour. I quickly guided his swollen penis and

began to orgasm almost the moment he penetrated my vaginal opening and eased his throbbing penis past my clenched muscles. The comforting sensation of the

bulbous head of his thick penis pleasurably stretched my opening. Sensually

filled with warm vibrant flesh where only a few hours ago Monica had done her

best to satisfy me, I sighed with contentment and pushed into his buttocks with

my heels. The bliss continued unabated while he buried himself fully inside me

and began move sensuously with me until he suddenly stiffened in my arms and

groaned with pleasure. The distinctive rush of warmth confirmed that he had

filled me with his sperm. We lay there for a few minutes recovering our breath

and murmuring contentedly before we adjourned to the bathroom to shower, clean

up the mess we had made of the bedroom and get back to the beach. Although our

first passionate session had been all too brief, I had plans to revive his spent

erection before we left the farmhouse. There was still time.

The pleasures of mutual oral sex had thus far eluded his repertoire but I sank

to my knees in the shower and teased his flagging member back to life. With the

sensual stimulation of my warm eager mouth engulfing his shaft it wasn’t too

long before he was ready for an encore performance. I put him on a promise

before I allowed him to mount me for the second time. He was ready to agree to

almost anything at all by the time we had our second, longer lasting lust

session. With renewed enthusiasm he proved to be more skilful and inventive than

during our earlier, hurried experience. This time we were both drained

completely by the time he warmed my internal organs with his ejaculate.

“Now don’t forget your promise my love.”

It was nearly time to meet Monica and I pointed out that if she arrived before

we did there might be a few awkward questions to be answered.

We arrived and parked in the same place as before. Thankfully, Monica still

hadn’t arrived. The beach was even more crowded than earlier on and I walked

with Jim down to where Annie and some of her friends were waiting for us. I had

already met Patrick but Wayne was with Karen today and I was introduced to three

more of their regular surfing buddies that I hadn’t met before. They all seemed

surprised that Jim and I had taken so long to join them but were discrete enough

not to ask the reason.

Annie showed me where to put my bag in a secure area of their shaded shelter. I

took off my dress, dropping to one knee to fold it neatly into the bag. I

trusted that my newly introduced friends would not be too shocked that I was

completely naked under the translucent frock. With the strong sunlight behind me

I had already attracted my share of attention from all the other people that I

had passed along the beach. It must have been perfectly obvious to all of them

that I was wearing no underwear and carried no costume. Jim had enjoyed showing

me off as we weaved our way through. I turned back toward my latest

acquaintances with a smile. They stared briefly at all my piercing jewellery,

expressing unspoken interest in both my nipple rings and my clit ring with it’s

reddish stone but voiced their complements on my expensive gold waist chain.

Annie’s girlfriend Marlene asked if she could touch it. Karen, Marlene and

Annie, along with several other young ladies in the nearby area, were already

topless and still wet from their last excursion. Marlene had large pendulous

breasts with small brown nipples. Her wet top was lying on the sand beside her

boyfriend, Allan, next to her. He leered at me while Marlene reached up felt the

weight of my waist chain and talked to me. He was at eye level with my growing

clit and I was delighted by his close attention to my nudity. He obtained a real

eyeful and I noticed his natural reaction with a degree of relish as I spoke to

his lady.

Jim had selected two boards, ready for us to take into the water and held the

smaller of the two toward me. I accepted the board, smiling at Jim nodding

toward the togs that he was still wearing. I waited with folded arms.

“Well!” I mouthed at him, barely audible to the others. I had discussed my

expectations of him back at the house before we left. Self consciously, and to

Annie and Marlene’s obvious surprise Jim dropped his shorts onto the sand and

kicked them over toward his towel before racing off toward the surf.

Karen watched, wide eyed, as Annie casually slipped off her tiny turquoise

bikini bottoms before joining Jim and I as we headed toward the water. Annie

hadn’t been game to disrobe completely before we arrived, despite Patrick’s

urging, but since I turned up her earlier confidence had evidently returned.

Before we were even out past the first breakers both Karen and Wayne joined us.

They had stripped off their togs and followed us into the surf. Nudity was

evidently not new to Wayne as his body was quite evenly tanned. Even Karen

seemed particularly encouraged by his presence today and her carefree body

language revealed acceptance of her newly found freedom. She sat upright,

astride her board among the other surfers, displaying much less embarrassment at

being naked in their presence. By now Jim had relaxed and paddled his board

closer toward Wayne and Karen. At this stage, most of the population on the

beach was still quite unaware of anything unusual but we had certainly stirred a

lot of interest among the other board riders in the near vicinity. As we chatted

casually between ourselves several riders manoeuvred themselves closer toward

our group. They seemed to be fascinated by our relaxed attitude as much as the

lack of clothing adorning our bodies. The five of us just passed the time of day

with them, answering when they spoke to us and exchanging meaningless

pleasantries while we waited for a decent wave.

Karen saw Monica first. I had been talking with another couple of young guys and

wasn’t looking toward the beach at the time.

“Oh look! Here’s Monica now. She’s brought her boyfriend along.” She sounded excited.

I turned quickly, in time to see Monica, with her inimitable short spiky

hair-do, placing a large wicker basket amongst our gear. Beside her was a man

carrying a tripod and a large camera over his shoulder. At this distance it was

impossible to see who it was. It certainly wouldn’t be her boyfriend. That’s for sure! Patrick was introducing them to the others in our group and pointing out

toward the area that we were in, beyond the building surf. The man was setting

up the tripod in the sand next to our spot on the beach.

“It looks like lunch has arrived.” I smiled triumphantly at the others. “I bet you’re hungry Jim.” I looked into Jim’s startled eyes. He was suddenly more awake to his vulnerable state of dress, aware that he too was going to be recorded for posterity without his customary board shorts firmly in place. Wayne and Karen looked relaxed enough and Annie’s eyes radiated with excitement but Jim didn’t look as though he was terribly keen at all.

“C’mon Jim, it’s probably Pat’s new camera gear arriving. Let’s give him a few good shots for our new collection.” Annie had noticed Jim’s sudden change of mood and was laughing and doing her best to encourage him. “It’s not like we haven’t seen it all before you know.”

“I don’t know what you’re worried about.” Wayne gave him a knowing look. “You’ve got nothing to be ashamed of.” Wayne was smiling as he glanced downward. Although he wasn’t erect, Jim’s penis was noticeably larger than Wayne’s fully shrivelled organ.

By the time the right wave arrived Jim had almost forgotten his fears and wasn’t paying special attention to the large camera, now being focussed from the beach. It was much bigger than a normal camera with a huge lens mounted on it. I grinned and said nothing. I quietly suspected that Monica had brought one of her other partners to the beach and that she intended to combine business with

pleasure. Inquisitive bathers had gathered around the rest of our group on the

beach, primarily interested in the equipment and guessing about what focus the

camera’s attention would be on. There was almost as big a crowd as the other

day. Fortunately Jim’s attention was fully occupied on the task of showing off

his skills as he rode the wave and from my aroused perspective he looked quite

magnificent as he sought to maximise his ride. Annie did her best to match his

agile manoeuvres and I was sure that the mystery cameraman would get some

tremendous footage on what I now knew to be a commercial video camera as we

approached the shore. I hadn’t seen equipment like that before, anywhere in

Monica’s studio.

In the shallows all we debated wether to go back out straight away but Jim,

flushed with sudden realisation that there was a crowd waiting on the beach and

obviously embarrassed, paddled back out into deeper water to cover his

nakedness. Wayne and Karen opted to join him but Annie and I stood watching them from the water’s edge, now conscious of the gathering crowd around us. Annie was magnificent. Holding her board loosely at her side she turned toward the crowd and scampered up the sand toward our group, with me following her up at the rear. Her firm pink cheeks quivered as she moved her way through the people

standing between her and the rest of our group and they moved aside to let her

through. By the time I joined the group she was already sitting on her towel,

shaking her hair dry with a wide smile on her face. The cameraman was Arnold and

with a welcoming smile he waved at me.

“Christ, Katrina! That was bloody brilliant.” He held out his hand. “Some of the best footage I’ve ever taken.” He thought for a moment as he shook my hand. “Could you go back down to the water, have a quick dip and come back up again? I’ll try to clear the way for you this time.” He turned to Monica and had a few quick words. “Just give us a few minutes will you?”

I sat down next to Annie.

“Want to join me?” I whispered to her. “There might be some money in it for you.” Annie was still breathless and recovering from the walk up the beach. She nodded her approval earnestly.

“Why not! That was more fun than Wednesday afternoon.”

I jumped up and ran over to Arnold where he and Monica were making adjustments

to the equipment. After a vigorous three-way discussion with them I returned to

Annie and the others.

“All set now! Do you still want to join me?” Annie nodded and stood up, brushing sand off her bottom to ready herself for the next step. Arnold came over to give Annie and I some instructions before we set off toward the surf. Monica had gone ahead of us and, informing the entire remaining crowd about what was happening, asked for their co-operation in making a pathway for us down the beach.

Annie looked vibrant and happy as we casually strolled down to the water,

without our surfboards this time, with the camera rolling behind us. We were

both keenly aware that the admiring bystanders on either side of us were

watching us but we chatted normally to each other on the way. Arnold wanted to

capture the stark contrast between the way the rest of the beachgoers around us

were dressed in comparison to our own carefree nakedness. There was an electric

atmosphere around the beach with astonished reactions evident as people that

hadn’t noticed us before became aware of our nudity. Annie and I played around in the water for the camera’s benefit throwing handfuls of water toward one and other and moving further along the beach before returning toward the camera. Upon Arnold’s request we had taken a different path back, trying to appear to be unaware of the camera’s presence this time. Monica stood off to one side, out of range of Arnold’s movie, taking stills with her camera. She looked every inch the consummate photographer with her ruffled linen blouse and her heavy woollen button up skirt on. She stood out among the other beachgoers, stooping to achieve just the right angle for her shots.

Jim must have taken the opportunity to rejoin our group while the attention was

diverted elsewhere. He was waiting for us when we returned, a beach towel

knotted around his waist, grinning from ear to ear.

“Wayne and Karen are waiting for you guys out there.” He pointed. “Wayne dared Karen to rejoin us when you bring them up.”

Arnold nodded his approval.

“Could you take your surfboards this time and bring your friends back.” He

looked really pleased with the turn of events.

Annie was more than willing, even though at this point we were both looking

forward to lunch. We grabbed our boards and raced down to the water. Swimming

strongly, we soon rejoined Karen and Wayne who were still waiting withe several

young surfers out beyond the breakers. There were three others, prepared to surf

in with us for the camera’s benefit, now fully cognisant of the events on the

beach and willing to be part of the movie. After a few minutes of friendly

introductions and impassioned discussion between us all, a plan was devised to

ride in together. We agreed not to try any super fancy manoeuvres that could

compromise safety.

It wasn’t the most exciting wave but one suitable to ride with seven people in a

line. By now there were a large number of spectators on the beach ahead of us

and our three companions went straight back out for the next wave, promising to

join us after lunch. The four of us walked up the sand as a group, acknowledging

the comments from the audience with a smile. Karen, with her flaming red hair

casually draped across her fully erect nipples walked beside Wayne, blushing

ever so slightly. She was smiling serenely with her eyes gazing at the sand a

few feet ahead. Annie and I walked on either side of the couple, casually waving

to the rest of our friends seated around the wicker basket in front of our

welcoming sun shelter. After her daring display Karen sat down immediately and

drew a towel over her lap, modestly hiding her engorged vaginal lips from view.

Wayne and Annie sat next to her, whispering and pointing toward the camera where I was now talking to Arnold. Monica urged everybody to sample the contents of the hamper and brought me a piece of chicken wrapped in a slice of bread.

“Arnold and I brought plenty of food. We’ll join you shortly, as soon as we get the equipment sorted out. Tell you friends that we got some terrific footage and

we’ll put our cameras away under their shade for now, if that’s alright with them.”

The afternoon drifted pleasantly away after that. Arnold stayed for most of the

afternoon and Monica gave Patrick detailed instruction on the best use of his

new camera. Once the initial crowd had satisfied their curiosity they went about

their normal activities and our end of the beach was once again normally

populated although we still attracted attention whenever we went for a swim

later on.

I found out that Arnold took his footage for his main client, the Blue Angel

Film Company that he contracted to from time to time and he was planning a

documentary for sale to various outlets, once it was completed. Monica confided

that this was only the first part of an ongoing assignment that she had

negotiated with Arnold on my behalf. He and Monica had experienced no trouble in

obtaining consents from other people that appeared on his film during the

filming and he promised a share of the proceeds to all the nude subjects,

including Wayne and Karen. My new friends willingly gave their contact details

to Monica who promised further paying work from time to time. Even Jim was happy to go out again with me after lunch and do a special demonstration ride. Before the afternoon was over Annie had became so accustomed to total nudity that she accompanied me on a walk to the far end of the beach. She never tired of the admiring glances we received and even walked back to the car with me when it was time to go home, totally nude and recorded in exquisite detail by the cameras

around us.

Monica’s attitude was far different to the last occasion on the way home. She

was happy that I was going home with her, leaving Jim with a promise to date him

some other evening. Jim wanted me to go out to the next social event at his

athletic club in a week’s time and I had readily agreed.

Now there was just the two of us in the car she stopped at the first deserted

rest area she could find. She hugged me and kissed me with renewed passion

demonstrating that she was getting more used to going out without her underwear.

She kissed me and guided my hand toward her hastily unbuttoned skirt. I traced

my fingers up her leg to discover her unadorned pubes.

“Well darling!” I smiled warmly at her. “We really are brave today.” Lovingly, I ran my fingers up through her labia, opening her lips, toward her waiting clitoris.

“I brought you a little present too.” She sighed as she shivered with delight at my intimate touch. She reached downward to hand me a small parcel, gift-wrapped with a pink ribbon decorating it. She had the same wicked gleam in her eyes that preceded the previous evening’s erotic encounter when we last visited the beach together.

Monica insisted that I try out the small flesh coloured replica of an erect

penis, contained inside the package, for size and comfort. She was evasive as to

her reasoning but skilfully pleaded with me to allow her to do the honours. I

slid forward, hiking up my dress around my hips and nodded. Swirling her tongue

around the toy and leaning over my side she wriggled it inside my lubricated

love tunnel, giving it a final push before withdrawing her index finger. Licking

her finger with a mysteriously devilish grin, she reached inside the glove box

and took out a small remote control. Holding it, she started the car and drove

homeward. Her reasoning became clearer to me a few minutes later, after I had

settled back in my seat for the short journey ahead. Monica kept looking at me

and asking how the new toy felt. I just smiled and assured her that it felt

great, wondering what all the fuss was about. I certainly knew it was there but

the fact remained that it felt no different to a tampon, only slightly larger.

The soft rubber coating had formed comfortably within my vaginal walls in much

the same way.

Suddenly and without warning, Monica’s present began to move inside me,

vibrating and massaging my love muscles at the same time. The toy was rotating

and changing shape as it vibrated and stretched my vaginal walls. I smiled as

the full realization hit me about the cause of my pleasure. I clenched my fist

and bucked my hips as the sensation intensified. I felt the familiar tightening

of my clitoris as it became inflamed with the most pleasurable feelings. I

gripped the side of my seat, suddenly aware that I was beginning to orgasm and

worried about the fluffy sheepskin covering on my seat. I was getting wetter

between my legs and moaning softly and uncontrollably. I looked over at Monica

in an euphoric daze and noticed the delight she was taking out of my surprised

expression. Breathlessly I gasped.

“What about you’re beautiful seat covers?”

“Don’t you worry about that, sweetheart? We can clean them later. Just enjoy yourself!” Monica chuckled as she weaved through the traffic. “I couldn’t resist getting that one for you. It’s got five different speeds you know.” Waving her remote control in the air toward me. “I got myself one too you know. Different colour but does the same job. I was tempted to wear it to the beach today but with Arnold around---hesitating-- Well lets just say that it mightn’t have been such a good idea.” She had already confessed to having had sex with Arnold several months ago, during a time when he was just separated from his wife. Actually, he was probably her last male lover.

“Arhhhh Yes!” As Monica turned up the switch to the next level my breath was becoming more ragged. I could feel myself dripping with sweat on my forehead as well as the growing wetness between my legs. “For God’s sake darling! What are you trying to do to me? I can’t take much more of this. Let’s get home before you do this. Turn it off--- Please darling.” By now Monica was thoroughly enjoying my display of helpless ecstasy but she obediently turned it back to the lowest setting before switching it off? The experience was vaguely reminiscent of my second night of captivity, although Monica had no way of knowing about that at that time.

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After my meal I had been instructed to put my blindfold back on. By then I had

realised that all the mirrors in the room were actually observation points for

my unknown captors to monitor even my most private of functions. Even where the

window should have been had been replaced by a mirror. I had no way of knowing

for sure which of the multitude of mirrors in the rooms were two ways and which

was merely decoration. There had been a floor to ceiling mirror in front of the

table where I had eaten my first dinner. I had barely eaten my first few

mouthfuls when a male voice had requested that I sit on the edge of the chair

with my legs opened much wider. With the camera at my rear, I remembered being

dismayed to realise that behind the mirror must have been unknown observers that

were monitoring my every move. I had reluctantly shifted position as requested

and been rewarded with my first positive comment.

“Thank you dear. We want you to display yourself like that whenever you sit at

the table. You may speak to us whenever you want. We are always watching you!” The speaker fell ominously silent yet again.

The rest of my meal hadn’t been quite so enjoyable as I was hit by the cold

realisation that these twisted people had obtained absolute control of my body.

I was here to entertain them in whatever way their sick minds might devise. I

remember being so upset that I hesitated with my last forkful of food and sat

there, holding my fork, shaking uncontrollably, afraid of what may happen next.

“Come on now Katrina. Finish your dinner and put your blindfold back on for us.

There’s a good girl.” The voice was soothing but laced with the menace of what was to lie ahead. All I knew was that I would be very naive to expect any choice in the matter. I realised that in order to survive this experience I would need

to satisfy my captors that I was enjoying this invasion of my privacy and treat

it as a sexual adventure.

I placed the fork into my mouth and ate the last of my meal, washing it down

with a sip of water. I licked my lips, attempting to convey satisfaction in the

same sensual way that the customers in the strip club seemed to love. I forced

myself to smile into the mirror and ask them if I should get up now and put on

my blindfold.

“You’ll be well treated if you maintain this attitude, my dear. We have no wish to punish you.” The implied threat was chillingly unmistakeable. “Please go ahead then wait on the bed, sitting in the same way as you are now, legs wide

apart remember.” Silence again and I could hear muffled laughter from behind the mirror. “It might help if you play with yourself.”

I closed my eyes and remembered the helplessness I felt as I complied with the

all instructions that I had been given. The tension I felt in my body as the

door was unlocked and three, or was it four of my captors filed into the room

was out of this world. Unlike the art classes or even the strip club, I was

helpless to prevent whatever liberty was about to be taken with my body. I

remember smiling nervously as the people circled around me, unable to even guess

what they intended to do with me. I felt like such a fool sitting there with my

legs wide open, stroking myself into an orgasmic state in front of an unknown

audience. I was soon to find out.

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Monica interrupted my thoughts as she swung the powerful Mustang into the

basement garage at home and we went over the speed bump. I opened my eyes with a started look around me. Subconsciously, I had been lying back with my legs

parted and my dress still hiked up around my hips. As soon as she parked she

turned to me and buttoned up her skirt before getting out.

“Come on sweetheart. I know you must be tired after a long day at the beach.

We’ll cook something up and have an early night if you like. Arnold’s picking us up tomorrow morning for the next part of his movie.” Monica noticed me shivering as I rearranged my dress to leave the car and softened her voice. “Go ahead my love. You have a nice hot shower while you’re waiting for me if you like. Here’s the key.” Handing me the apartment keys. “I’ll tidy up the car and bring our gear up.”

“Thanks darling.” I took the keys, picked up my bag from the back seat and

walked toward the elevator. “Oh! Thanks for the lovely present.” I called back to her as I got into the elevator. “See you shortly!” The door closing behind me.

I leaned back as the carriage began to move upward and thought to myself. When

would these horrid flashbacks finally stop happening? Will I ever be free of

them? It wasn’t the cold that had been making me shiver. Just the thoughts of my own private nightmare.

THE END.

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