**Two Addictions**

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Hi, I'm Annie... and I think I'm ready to share some of my stories. I say 'I think' because in this moment I'm really jazzed on the idea. But... I'm also under the influence of a couple of excellent margaritas... and they are inspiring my words.  
  
My hubby, Anthony, is the delight of my life... and has been my partner-in-crime in my exhibitionist adventures during most of our 10-year marriage. Ant (Anthony is just too formal for a sexy guy like him) has been encouraging me to write about my addiction to exhibitionism. I've known it's an addiction for a long time, and I've tried to quit several times... only to relapse back into the adrenaline and sexual rush.  
  
I'm very fortunate to have lived in northern California for my whole life. What a great place to enjoy being a naturist with exhibitionist tendencies! Literally 8 months of the year are warm enough to be fully or partially bare... and to be comfortable walking from inside to outside in our house or at our friends' houses with no concern of goose-bumps! Yay!!  
  
Okay... my mom was my role-model and inspiration. You'll hear more about that later. Yes... she was so comfortable being nude it became natural for me to feel being casually naked was a family value. Our home as I was growing up with our dad and my brother who is 3 years older had a free-and-easy attitude toward clothes. If it was just family in the house... there was no need to be clothed... and that included our backyard where there was almost total of privacy. I knew this was a rare lifestyle from talking with my friends... but then several of my girlfriends eventually enjoyed our family freedom as young adults.  
  
I'm addicted to exhibitionism. My rational side hasn't a chance when I'm focused on being nude in public. Left to my own... I would have undoubtedly been arrested or publicly embarrassed or physically attacked. Thanks to my husband and a few close friends, I've been kept safe as I've pursued my exhibitionist addition during the past years. I'm so fortunate that the people who love me most are also willing to give me enough latitude in my addiction to feel satisfied and safe. But... I know they also enjoy the adrenaline rush of watching me in a variety of settings as a nude-in-public addict. I guess it's a win-win situation!  
  
Another confession... exhibitionism isn't my only addiction. As I've learned through the years in therapy, I seem to have a sensually addictive personality. I crave experiences where I feel both vulnerable and strong. And... one feeds the other! When I feel vulnerable, I want to build my strength to be safe and to master the situation. When I feel strong, I want to test that strength with a new experience where I might be at risk. Yes... my addictions feed on each other, so my husband and my close friends are critical to my personality balance and my well-being. Crap! What a mess I am!  
  
My first addiction is the strongest and most difficult to control. I was obviously born with the DNA of an athlete. My whole life I've had a deep instinctual yearning to be the person with the greatest speed, endurance, and strength... not just among the other women, but among all potential competitors. Since girls generally mature earlier than boys, that wasn't a problem for most of my maturing process. As I became a young adult, I had to work harder to retain my dominance... and I did!  
  
As a young adult, we had a three-car garage... but the third place in the garage was converted into a weight room. My dad seemed to be fixated on keeping his youthful and muscular shape, and he invested in the money and time to keep in shape. But... how would he know that I fall in love with the weights also? When I turned 18, my parents felt I was probably done growing, so it would be safe enough for me to pursue some serious body building. (Yeah... in those days, it was believed that body building would somehow damage a young woman's development and ability to have children.)  
  
I started working out and bulking up... well, as much as a young adult woman could without looking extreme. It felt so good! To this day... I really love lifting big and getting sweaty! My body grew in size and muscle definition. Man... it felt great to be so buff! I discovered how much I could enjoy focusing on various muscle groups for maximum development. And... when I was naked in front of the full-length mirror in my room, I made up a sequence of poses to check how my body was shaping up.  
  
As I gained confidence, I looked for opportunities when I'd be the only one home. Once in our weight room, I'd strip down totally and do as much of my lifting sequence as possible watching myself in wall of mirror my dad had installed there. It was a real rush.  
  
At that age... I was rare among my friends. I was happy with the way I looked. When I was going into community college, I was 5'6 and 145 pounds... BMI of less than 10%... generous B-cup boobs with a tight ass and really slim hips. I loved how athletic I looked... in clothes and naked. But... one day, I was shocked to realize I was addicted to bodybuilding. It wasn't just a hobby or a health practice. I was addicted to the feel... the look... the rush of being visibly muscular as a young woman.  
  
In the spring of my first year in community college, I found that I wanted to spend more and more time at home naked or clothed only in a small sarong tied around my waist. That's also when I experimented with being totally smooth all over except for my head. Since nudity was common for all of us when it was just family in the house, it didn't seem to be a problem. During that time, my mom spent more time casually nude or topfree also... and that got her some appreciative comments from my dad. Having body building as a hobby (or obsession) had increased my confidence in so many ways. I felt strong, capable, sexy, and ready for whatever the future would bring.  
  
Being naked with your family is one thing... but expanding your horizons to being comfortable as an exhibitionist is a much bigger leap! My mom showed me the way... and this brief event initiated a lot of conversation in the next days and weeks to follow.  
  
During the summer after my first year of college, I was fortunate to have lots of free time to spend with my mom. On one of those perfect California summer days... we were sunbathing naked in our backyard and then took a break for a snack in the much cooler house. We were in the kitchen when the doorbell rang. I was immediately nervous and ready to run to my room for a swimsuit or sundress... but not my mom.  
  
She nonchalantly walked over to the front window and looked out. Then she said, "Oh, it's only a UPS delivery." Smiling, she walked over toward the front door.  
  
I was shocked, and replied in a loud whisper, "Um, you do remember that you're naked, right?!"  
  
She laughed and waved me off, saying, "Relax... it's okay."  
  
She opened the door and greeted him warmly and calmly. She accepted the large package and placed it just inside the front door... signing his receipt pad and chatting briefly. I had stepped out of the kitchen into the living room to watch this exchange, and could briefly see the UPS guy. I guess I made myself a little too obvious as I watched, because during his conversation with my naked mom he glanced my way... and gave an appreciative smile as he briefly took in my total nakedness too. With that, I jumped back into the kitchen!  
  
She closed the front door and brought the package in... casually reaching for a scissors to open it.  
  
"It looks like you do this often," I said.  
  
"Well... as a matter of fact, I do," she replied with a sly smile. "This... and in lots of other places. And... it's always a lot of fun... and a real turn-on!"  
  
How would you know your mom is an exhibitionist? And hey... what the hell is exhibitionism anyway? I came to realize several days later was that on that day she'd consciously decided to trust me with a very private and special part of her adult life. She knew a package would be arriving. It was a perfectly timed set up, so I could watch her with the UPS guy. When he'd caught a glimpse of me, he'd quietly told her how lovely he thought I looked... and that he hoped I wasn't too shocked that he'd seen me very briefly.  
  
That made me think about my reaction to his eyes on me. Was I nervous, embarrassed, frightened... what? Later as we lolled naked in sun again I realized I enjoyed being seen. I rolled back my memory of the moment. How was I standing? Were my legs together or apart slightly? Was my back straight enough so my boobs were showing like I'd hope they were? Did I look confident or nervous? Oh, crap! So many questions... and it had happened so quickly.  
  
Later in the afternoon, my mom asked, "How did you feel when the UPS guy glanced over at you?"  
  
"Well, I was mostly shocked that I was standing there naked with a guy looking at me who's not family, and at the same time I was hoping he was enjoying the view," I said, a little surprised at my truthfulness. "I've run it through my mind a thousand times already!"  
  
"I know he enjoyed the view, Annie," she said. "He just didn't want it to be a bad experience for you."  
  
I thought about it for a moment. Then I said, "I wish I hadn't jumped out of sight so quickly. Part of me wishes he could have gotten a closer look."  
  
"Another package will be delivered in a couple days," she replied with a smile. "I'll be here too... but I think you're ready."  
  
Yes... I was ready, but also a little nervous. I made sure my body was shaved and clean... I had fresh nail polish... my hair was done perfectly. I made sure my muscles were well toned and thought about how I would like to stand so I was looking my best.  
  
Two days... then three days... nothing. On the fourth day, I was prepped, but not particularly expectant. I was reading on our sundeck when my mom came to the back door and told me the UPS truck had just arrived. Oh, my!  
  
Mom was also enjoying the afternoon naked, but she was ready for me to be the lead person for this delivery. I wondered later if she'd set this up with the delivery guy, but she told me it wasn't staged. When the doorbell rang, I was already in the kitchen. I tried to stay semi-calm as I walked to the front door. It felt safe, because I knew my mom was a few steps behind me. But... I was naked! Deep breath... deep breath... hand on the door... open door!  
  
When I opened the door, I spread open it with my arms outstretched... one hand on the door and the other on the door jam. Yes, this was rehearsed... this position gave my hands something to do... and lifted my ribcage and boobs for a relaxed pose. I said, "Hi," as my mom stepped up behind me.  
  
The UPS man I remembered from a few days before was there with package at his feet and his signature pad in his hand. I'm not good at ages, but he seemed to be in his early 40s... relatively good looking with a friendly look.  
  
My mom greeted him and introduced me. "This is my daughter, Annie... she'll be receiving packages for us from time to time."  
  
"It's nice to meet you, Annie," he said with a warm smile for both me and my mom. "To accept this package, Annie, please sign here." I smiled back and tried to appear comfortable and relaxed as I stepped forward toward him to take the signature pad. I signed where he'd pointed and handed it back. I felt very grown-up, and almost forgot that I was standing in front of him naked.  
  
He took the signature pad and said, "This package is pretty heavy. Which one of you wants to take it?"  
  
"I'll take it," I said with a smile.  
  
I put out my two arms and he placed it carefully, holding on to make sure I'd be able to hold it. Yes, it was heavier than I'd expected... probably 20-25 pound.  
  
I said, "It's okay... I can handle it."  
  
When he let it go, he could see the muscles of my whole body compensating for the weight. He looked at my biceps, my pecs, my shoulders, and my ripped abdomen, and said, "Wow. You're in great shape!"  
  
"Thanks," I said. "I do enjoy the weight room."  
  
"I can see that," he replied.  
  
I continued to hold the package away from my body to display my muscles a bit more... and to give him a little more time to scan my body, including my smooth crotch. Then I turned and walked back into the entry and placed the package on a small table. I wanted him to get a good view from the back also.  
  
When I walked back to the door, I stood next to my mom and put my arm around her waist... and she did the same with me.  
  
"Have a great day. And... good to meet you, Annie."  
  
I said, "Bye... see you again."  
  
He looked up at me... and at my mom... and smiled. "It's a pleasure to be your delivery man, ladies."  
  
We watched him walk to his truck. When he glanced back, we both gave him a wave. I closed the door and turned to my mom. "You were wonderful, Annie!" she said. "You're a natural!"  
  
Mom had so many fun stories to tell. I learned she enjoyed her body... she was comfortable in her skin... she enjoyed showing her body to others. Yes... she'd learned that she was an addicted exhibitionist. She met my dad and he became committed to keeping her safe and satisfied.  
  
Her stories were amazing! She'd originally been a stripper as she worked her way through college. She'd worked in various clubs in the North Beach area of San Francisco during the wild and crazy days of the early 1970s. Great stories about an amazing time of social change. It was more than a job though... she discovered she really loved being the naked lady on display! I learned that my dad was supportive of her through it all. Her passion became his passion.  
  
Hmmm... I guess I am a natural. I subsequently learned that my grandmother was a nude model for art students across the SF bay area in the late 1940s and early 1950s. For 6 years, she was a nude model for art schools in San Francisco, Oakland and Berkeley. Several years later, the three of us enjoyed a day in San Francisco together... talking about our various naked experiences and laughing about how we are bonded in our addiction to exhibitionism... and plotting some shared multi-generational exhibitionist experiences.  
  
More to come... I'm still an active bodybuilder and exhibitionist. And... my mom and grandmother are both enjoying my experiences as Ant and I share the stories. What a great life!!