**Ultimate Female Exhibitionist**

by ExhibGuy Â©

**Ultimate Female Exhibitionist Ch. 01**

The little red imp had been floating in the middle of my living room when I came out to make myself breakfast that Saturday, scaring the shit out of me. He knew my name, and a lot of stuff about me. He said he was there to make me the Ultimate Exhibitionist. He said it that way, with the capital letters, you could hear them. I wasn't sure what he meant by that, but my first question was, "Why?"

"You enjoy exposing your body to other people," said the imp.

"Well, yeah, I guess so," I said. Why lie to him? He had apparently been watching me for awhile.

"Specifically, you like to be completely nude in public places."

"I haven't done anything like that before."

"No? What about your trips to the nude beach? The towel-dropping incident at the hotel? That evening in the sauna at the gym?" He was smiling in a way that kind of made me uncomfortable. It showed a lot of little teeth.

"Well, duh, yeah, I did do those things," I said. "But that doesn't sound as bad as what you're talking about."

"You've taken the first steps. But you are correct that these examples are relatively tame. Wearing not a stitch of clothing in a place where many people can see your beautiful nude body and even cumming for them -- that's what you have to do to be the Ultimate Exhibitionist."

All I could think of to say to that was, "I don't have a beautiful body."

"Ah, but you most certainly do," said the imp. "Take off your clothes."

I had my shirt over my head before my brain caught up to what he had said. When I stopped and glared at the imp, he just kept on smiling. I shrugged, and finished undressing. He probably had x-ray eyes or something anyway.

The imp actually licked his lips as I kicked my knickers away, my last bit of clothing. He said, "Now look in the mirror." A full-length looking glass suddenly materialized before me. "What do you find unattractive about that body?"

"Um. I'm too fat."

The imp made a funny sound, like a horse after a long run. He floated over to me. "Nonsense. You faithfully attend your spinning class three times a week. You eat well. You have the right genes." He floated beside me, gazed into the mirror. I wasn't very surprised that he didn't have a reflection. "Your body is beautiful."

"My boobs are too small."

"Ah. Now we're beginning to unearth your insecurities." The imp leaned in toward my chest, and blew gently across my nipples. They hardened in the hot breeze. "I think they're fine. Nice B cups. But if it makes you less likely to expose your body..." He trailed off, floating in front of me, and looked me over critically. "Your neck is statuesque. Your shoulders are elegant. Your stomach is flat and firm. Your thighs are slim, not too muscular. Your pussy is beautiful. Your knees and calves are gorgeous. Your feet are well proportioned." He floated around behind me. "Nice ass," he added. I had to grin.

He completed a circuit of my nude body and hovered before me. "So what else keeps you from showing your body to everyone, all the time?"

"Other than maybe being arrested?" I said. The imp waved his hand around, like he couldn't be bothered with details like the law. Maybe he really didn't have to worry about stuff like that. Maybe I didn't, either.

"Well, hmmm," I said aloud. Might as well think carefully here. Maybe the imp could help me somehow. "My skin is too pale. I don't tan at all, I just burn right away."

"It wasn't very long ago that the whiter your skin, the more beautiful you were considered," the imp said. "Of course, that was also back when it was fashionable to be fat, so other people could see how wealthy you were."

"Um, shaving is kind of irritating," I went on. "And I think a shaved pussy looks better than a hairy one. Don't you?"

"We're talking about your thoughts and desires, not mine. But that's an easy one. Anything else?"

"You know, the big problem..." Should I say this? Well, why not? "The big problem is, I think I look silly when I cum."

The imp raised an eyebrow. "All humans look silly when they cum."

"Well, but if someone sees me naked, and I can tell that it turns him on, and I masturbate and I cum while he can see me, I'm afraid it's a turn-off for him."

"I think you're quite wrong about that. But we'll see what we can do," the imp said. What did he mean by that? "So are you ready for me to make you the Ultimate Exhibitionist?"

I moved away from the imp a bit. "Um, what are you thinking of doing to me?"

"Nothing you won't enjoy, believe me. I'll help you get more comfortable exposing that beautiful body. I'll set up ideal situations for you to do it." He wiggled his fingers. "I'll work my magic on the people you encounter, and make it easier for you to talk them out of their clothes. The more naked people, the better."

"Why?"

The imp shrugged, grinned more broadly. "Why not? So are you game?"

I was standing naked in the living room of my apartment, talking to a floating two-foot tall red guy, my nipples still hard from when he had blown across them. I was terribly horny. Was that real, or something the imp was making happen with his "magic"? Well, it felt really good, so did I honestly care?

"Okay," I said. "I'm your girl."

"Excellent." The mirror disappeared, and the imp rubbed his hands together gleefully. "First things first. Let's have that pussy hair removed."

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I was lying naked on an examination table, with my legs spread apart. A cute young technician named Jim was carefully looking over my pussy. I was biting my lower lip, trying hard not to get too wet.

Jim looked up at my face and noticed my expression. "Everything okay?"

"Um, sure. Just a little uncomfortable being nude in front of a stranger," I lied.

"I'm done examining your genital area, so you can cover up with a sheet if you want."

I sighed, like I was resigned to my fate. "No, that's okay. It's probably quicker if I just stay nude."

"That's true," Jim said, but I didn't think it really was. "We'll do your underarms first, if that's okay."

"Sure." So for the next half hour, I lay on my left side, facing the wall, while Jim used the laser to burn out the follicles in my right armpit. He'd warned me it would hurt a little bit, but it really wasn't as bad as I thought. When he was done with the right pit, I just felt a kind of dull ache on the skin there, like I was sunburned. He had me turn over to lay on my right side, and I shifted my body, my boobs flopping over as I did. I watched his eyes watch them.

I had been lying with my back to Jim, but now I was facing him. His crotch was right at eye level, and I could detect a distinct bulge there.

"Jim," I said as he rubbed cooling gel into my underarm, "I'm still a little uncomfortable being naked."

"Do you want me to cover you up for a bit?"

I took a deep breath. "Actually, I think it might help me if I wasn't the only one naked."

Jim didn't say anything.

"I mean," I added hastily, "if being nude seemed like, you know, the natural thing to do in this room, like, everyone in the room was naked, then maybe, you know, I wouldn't be uncomfortable?" I had screwed this up royally.

Or maybe not. "Okay," Jim said, and slipped the scrubs from his young, tanned body. He was wearing boxers underneath, and he pulled those off too, to reveal a nice, semi-erect cock. It didn't surprise me that it was hairless. "Now let's get back to work," he said, and activated the laser. His mind might have been on work, but his dick certainly wasn't. It quickly grew to a full erection.

Just as he had for the right pit, Jim began to pull the skin under my left arm into good positions for the laser, and to shoot me every so often. But his hand was wandering further toward my chest now than it did before. He was spending a lot of time stretching my skin taut by pulling it forward, using the side of my breast for leverage. Finally, the palm of his hand brushed my erect nipple. I bit my lip but didn't say anything. I just kept watching as a bead of pre-cum formed on the tip of Jim's cock.

After a few more laser shots, Jim's hand came to rest squarely on my breast, my nipple poking into his palm. He tugged my tit forward, took a shot. "Sorry, is that uncomfortable?"

"Not at all," I said.

Jim kept his hand on my boob, pulling it and squeezing it to line up his shots. At one point he actually pinched my nipple between his thumb and finger, and pulled it hard to stretch my skin before he took a shot. I said nothing, and watched his pre-cum dribble to the floor.

Finally, Jim announced he was done with my pits. Now he was ready to move on to the "genital area." I lay on my back and spread my legs for him again.

"You may not need much of this," he said holding up the tube of gel. "Looks like you're already pretty well lubed up down here."

I blushed. "I seem to recall you were producing some lube yourself, there."

He chuckled, and squeezed some of the cool gel onto the skin around my pussy. Slowly but forcefully, he rubbed it in. I felt my clit swell up. It's kind of big, so I'm sure he could see it, poking out from under its hood. Still, he kept rubbing. I moaned, and he stopped.

I reddened again. "Sorry," I said.

"My fault," he said, and pulled the laser into position.

The next half hour was heaven and hell. Heaven because this nude hunk was sitting between my legs playing with my pussy. Hell because I had to try very hard not to cum. I was still uncomfortable doing that with someone watching me. But as time went on, I kept getting hornier and hornier. I couldn't even feel the little rubber-band snaps of the laser anymore. My whole body felt like it was vibrating, and Jim continued to push, prod, shoot, stretch, pinch, shoot, fondle, squeeze, shoot between my legs.

Finally, there was nothing I could do. A cute naked guy was fondling my pussy, so I was going to cum. I moaned loudly, and I came hard. And some kind of liquid shot out of my pussy and hit Jim square in the face!

Jim jumped back, and I started to hop off the table, but I was still cumming. Another burst of pussy juice flew out from between my legs, and hit the back of the exam room door, drenching the clothes hanging there. My clothes!

"Omigod!" Jim said. "I've never seen a girl ejaculate like that before!"

"I'm so sorry!" I cried.

"God, no! That was beautiful!"

"It was?"

Jim grabbed his shirt from where he had dropped it and used it to dry his face and chest. Once it was thoroughly messy, he reached for his pants and wiped down the rest of his body. I had certainly made a mess. My pussy and my thighs were still dripping. "Here, let me get that for you," Jim said, and used his boxers, the only thing suitable left in the room, to gently clean me up.

Afterwards, he inspected his work on my pussy. He leaned in closely to check the area he had been lasering, seeming not to care that I might fire-hose him again, with nothing left in the room to use for a towel. He frowned a little, and started to move the skin around, peering harder and harder. The sunburned sensation was already gone from the areas he had treated, and I was feeling very horny. If he kept looking, I was going to have to cum again.

"That's amazing," Jim said finally. "It looks like this one treatment has been extremely effective and exceptionally well-tolerated for you. I don't see any evidence of inflammation or irritation, and I can't find any follicles that need additional work."

"It's not for want of looking," I said, and bit my lower lip at Jim.

He smiled back. "It's really kind of weird, though. Most people need several sessions, but it looks like you're done here." He lost the smile. "Too bad."

"I think I should probably come back next week for you to check me over completely and be absolutely certain everything's okay, don't you?"

He recovered quickly. "Oh, definitely! Yes, let's make that appointment for you." He got up and started for the door.

"Um, hon, remember you're naked?" I said.

"Shit!" He froze in place, looked toward the door. "What are we going to do?"

I cocked my head and made a show of considering our options. "My clothes are soaked, and so are yours. I've got something to wear in my car," I lied, "but that doesn't help me here. There's nothing in the room we can really use to cover ourselves, so I guess I'll just have to walk out to my car naked."

"I don't think that would be a good idea."

"Why not? Aren't most people here to get hair taken off their cocks or pussies?"

"Well, yeah. Of course, there's the occasional guy with the hairy back." Jim shuddered. "But we don't have any of those today."

"If they want their private parts to look nice, that means they're horny. They'd love to see people nude. How many guys are out there waiting?"

"Um, I don't know, a couple."

"Then you should show them how great your cock looks too."

"What?"

"I know I was nervous coming in here. It would make them feel better to see someone else had the procedure and is none the worse for wear. Come on. If you walk out nude with me I won't feel so bad." I held out my hand, and held my breath.

The imp had said he would help me talk other people into exposing themselves. That must have been why Jim took off his scrubs so quickly before. That must have been why he took my hand now, and walked out to the reception area with me, both of us totally nude.

The two guys waiting were more interested in checking out my newly lasered pussy, and the three women were fascinated by Jim's hairless balls, but I think we got our message across. The receptionist was flabbergasted, but I eventually talked her into showing her bald pussy, too.

I let the guys feel how smooth my pussy was, and I only came one time. The guy who got hit by my juice was very nice about it, even though I probably ruined his shirt. I think the other guy was actually jealous.

I was almost back to my car before I realized I was still nude. I guess I was getting more comfortable with my body. Just like the imp wanted. I drove back home naked, being careful not to come again until I was sitting at home in my bathtub. I didn't want to mess up my upholstery.

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