**Wannabe Exhibitionist**

by[secret\_admirer72116](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1249950&page=submissions)©

**Wannabe Exhibitionist Ch. 01**

I guess I can be considered a wannabe exhibitionist. For as long as I can remember I loved to be naked. But of course my mom very clearly explained to me when I was old enough to know better that a lady takes care that things are properly covered, and I always obeyed my mother...mostly.  
  
But when I turned 18 things changed. I felt like I was now an adult and I could make decisions for myself. But looking back, I can see that I was ignorant about these things. While I was very careful when I was around home I still had a real desire to be naked. I could be naked in my room and one day when I knew no one was home, I decided to walk around the house naked. It was exhilarating. I loved the freedom. I did that a number of times when no one was home. But I was careful not to walk naked in front of windows...mostly.  
  
As I got braver I would stand in front of the sliding glass doors in the backyard while naked. Of course our backyard was quite secluded so no one would be able to see me anyway, but the thrill was there. And then there was the day that I ventured out onto the deck naked. I was so nervous. I first of all peeked out the sliding glass doors, looking all around to see if anyone would be able to see. Of course there wasn't any way that anyone could see me unless I ventured all the way out onto the grass. Then possibly my neighbor would be able to see me from an upstairs window. So I stepped outside onto the deck, naked for the first time. I loved the cool air on my skin, the freedom, the excitement. I stood outside the glass doors for all of two minutes and rushed back in.   
  
But I was bitten. I loved the thrill and excitement of the possibility of someone seeing me. And I was no longer a little girl. I knew what I was doing. I knew that guys would love to see me naked...just like I would love to see guys naked. Of course I didn't realize ALL that COULD happen, but I was hooked.  
  
A few days later, my folks were gone, I did it again. I peeked out the door, looked around, and strolled right out on the deck. I carefully looked all around. I was out of sight of the neighbors but I was naked and outside. It was thrilling. I decided to sit out on the deck chair where I had gotten some sun in the past. I loved the cool air on my body and the sun just warmed me up so well. This time I spent a good fifteen minutes out there. When I decided to go back inside I acted like it was a totally normal thing to do, to stroll back into the house stark naked.  
  
I had already started to touch myself. I had been experimenting and finding that there were places on my body that made me really feel good. And my trip outdoors had really excited me and I realized that my woohoo was wet. I didn't call it a pussy back then, but I knew some people did. I had very light pubic hair down there, blond, like my head, and my breasts were getting larger. I knew I was now a woman, and I was learning so much about myself, and beginning to understand the possible consequences of being caught naked. But that possibility also added to the excitement.   
  
That day, after I came in from the deck I touched myself...down there. If wasn't the first time I touched myself there, but it was the first time I touched myself and realized I was wet. I looked at myself in our full-length mirror in the bathroom and as I looked at my...woohoo, I realized that it looked different than other times. The outer part, now I know them to be vaginal lips, were swollen. And when I touched them it felt really good. So good I kept touching, rubbing really, and it kept feeling better. As I watched my woohoo I saw my lips part and this...thing came into view. It looked kinda like the tip of my pinky, and when I touched it, it REALLY felt good.  
  
So I sat on the toilet seat and rubbed some more. My body tingled all over. My nipples were getting big. I have small nipples with a very small areola, but now my nipples started getting longer and harder, and my areola was becoming puffy and had little bumps on them. I know now what was happening, but at that time it was all so new.  
  
I touched my left breast with my free hand. It also felt good. I pulled on my nipple as I rubbed faster and faster on what I now know is my clitoris. I spread my legs even further and I felt SO good. I was breathing hard and my butt was coming up off the toilet seat. I couldn't help it. All of a sudden my whole body shook and I was out of control as these...awesome feelings overtook my body. I didn't know what happened. Now I know I had my first orgasm. WOW! While I was at first scared, I knew I wanted to feel like that again.   
  
I didn't get to do it again at that time. I heard my mom's car pull into the driveway. I quickly got dressed. I hid out in my bedroom for a while because I knew I was flush from my first orgasm. But that night...I had my second orgasm.  
  
And that just escalated my...problem. I masturbated every night, thinking about some guy looking at my naked body. When my folks left for the evening, I found myself wandering around the yard in the dark stark naked. I imagined that my neighbors could see me walking around. I imagined someone was peeking over the fence at me. I even masturbated on the lounge to a very powerful orgasm. I was falling in love with orgasms, and being naked outside.  
  
So of course my nakedness escalated some more. The thrill got bigger. I found myself venturing out into the grass of our back yard, wondering if I was being watched. Was that a curtain that moved in that window upstairs next door?  
  
And I wasn't being so careful with the front windows anymore. I mean, I wasn't doing anything illegal being naked in my house, was I? If they saw me then they must be a peeping tom. Oh, the thought of a peeping tom really made my orgasms powerful. I even stood in front of the bay window naked...for a bit, and when a car came down the road, I hid behind the curtain, until it was even with my house and then I stepped out. I was always telling myself that no one saw me. Right?  
  
I got bolder and bolder. I was wearing a 34C bra. I thought my butt was really cute. Yes, I spent a lot of time looking at myself in the mirror. I liked what I saw.  
  
And I started stripping. I mean stripping in my room. I'd put on some music when I got home from school, my mom was working full-time by then, and I imagined myself on stage stripping for a group of men. Or maybe stripping for Jim, that really cute guy in chemistry. I even did a striptease in front of the bay window.   
  
And then I had to try something new. Part of the reason our house is kind of secluded and no one could see me in the back yard except my next door neighbor, was that our house backed up to a wooded area. So I started sunbathing on the deck, naked. I was getting an allover tan.  
  
And then...I decided to step out. When we were kids, we used to play in those woods. There are a few trails back there and if you kept going, you ended up in the neighborhood behind us. So, one day I walked through our gate and found a path and when I was out of sight of our houses, I took off all my clothes. I started walking down the trail, holding my clothes, looking carefully all around, trying to see if anyone was out there, ready to get dressed in a flash. It was exhilarating  
  
I also learned to wear something that I could put on in a hurry. And take off quickly. I had a knit pullover dress that came off and put on very quickly. I wore no underwear. If I got caught I would be quickly dressed and know that I was naked underneath.  
  
I would walk down the street in that dress, knowing that I was naked underneath. It was great! And then one day I went to the path, took off my dress and hid it under a rock. This time I would not have the option to quickly put on my dress. I would have to run like the dickens! Or let someone see me. That REALLY excited me!  
  
I walked all the way to the other neighborhood. I was still hidden in the woods and was able to see a man mowing his lawn. I stayed there for a long time watching him...and masturbating, imagining him seeing me and coming over to watch me. What would I do? Run? Or let him watch? Pose for him? I came SO hard that day.  
  
I never had the courage to allow a man to see me naked, or even flash anyone. I had read about flashing and while that also excited me, fear was an overwhelming factor in doing it by myself. I guess it was my upbringing. A lady wouldn't do that. That's what I always heard my mom saying even as I was walking through the woods naked, which I did all through my senior year in high school on a regular basis when the weather permitted. I even went out one day when it was raining. That was exhilarating. Soaked to the skin took a new meaning.  
  
I never dated much in high school. I wasn't a cheerleader even though I thought I had the looks for that. But I didn't have the interest. Believe it or not I was shy and found it hard to talk to boys. The few dates I had tended to be defensive, trying to keep his hands off me. Once again my mom's words came to me. I should save myself for marriage.  
  
In my Junior year in college I met Alex. He came from a good family and it was obvious from the start he was also a moral man. Yes, we held hands, and kissed, and hugged, and sometime our hands wandered but we talked very early in our relationship about saving ourselves for marriage. We both went to church regularly and we knew how we should live. And no, I could not reconcile my naked walks with my beliefs. I so much loved my naked walks.  
  
Alex asked me to marry him just before our senior year and of course I said yes. I was becoming harder and harder for us to keep our hands off each other and I dreamed about the time that I could show my naked body to him. I wasn't sure I could wait until our wedding night, but as the time drew closer we both were more resolved to wait. It became a point of pride for us.   
  
Our wedding was to be in June. Alex got a job with an accounting firm and I was set to do my practice teaching in the fall. My mother was beside herself getting ready for a nice church wedding and all I could think of was our wedding night. Alex would see me naked for the first time on our wedding night. He would be my first, both in sex and the first man to see me naked. For most of my life I had been a wannabe exhibitionist and no man had ever seen me naked. That was about to change.  
  
I began to practice for my wedding night. I bought a sexy bra and pantie set, pink, just like me. I practiced taking my clothes off gracefully, which was not that easy. I knew we would be leaving the church in street clothes to go to our honeymoon suite so I could plan my attire well.  
  
I thought about a striptease but felt like that would be too blatant. I was excited about taking my clothes off for Alex but I did not want to look like a slut doing it. I knew we would be making love that night, at least I hoped we would, but I wanted it to be memorable from the start.  
  
The big day came and the wedding was beautiful. Alex was so handsome and everyone told me how pretty I looked. We suffered through the wedding reception. No, it wasn't so bad, but we were ready to get in each other's pants. It finally came time to change and leave the church and I put my plan into motion. I was so excited as I changed. My special bra and panties looked so good. They felt so good. I felt sexy. And I was already wet.  
  
Alex's dad drove us away from the church to his car that he had hidden away so no one would mess with his pride and joy. As soon as we got into his car and were away from his dad's eyes I slid over as close to him as I could. Heck with seatbelts. I was now married and all was fair game now.   
  
While I had seen the bulge in his pants before during our frustrating hot and heavy "kissing" sessions, I had never touched it. Now I could. I put my hand on his leg and rubbed, higher and higher. When I reached his bulge I was surprised how nice it felt. We only had about an hour's drive for our honeymoon suite and I rubbed it and stopped, rubbed it and stopped, teasing him.   
  
I rubbed my boobs on his arm. He commented on the foreplay that was happening and I told him that this was just the beginning of an awesome night. We giggled, and I continued to take liberties. I didn't take his cock out and I'm sure he was in some pain, but I wanted to see it when he saw me.  
  
When we got into the elevator he took me in his arms and we had a passionate kiss. His hands wandered down to my butt and rubbed and it felt so good. I pushed my belly into his hardness. Wow! I wanted that.  
  
The elevator stopped before it made it to our floor and a middle-aged couple got on. I guess it was obvious that we had been involved in something hot. They smiled. "We just got married", Alex told them. "Have fun", they called after us as we got off the elevator. We giggled.  
  
When we got to our room the nerves hit. For both of us. This is what I had been dreaming of and I'm sure Alex was too. It was about 8:00, still a little early for bed, but then, we weren't really interested in sleeping.  
  
"Well," I sighed.  
  
"Yeah," he answered nervously.  
  
"What do you wanna do?"  
  
"You know what I want."  
  
"Me, too...So...sit there on the bed. I want you to watch me."  
  
He sat and I walked to the center of the room and began to unbutton my blouse. I was looking directly at him as I unbuttoned each button. I had thought about this moment for years. When I came to the last button I pulled it out of my skirt. Yes, my skirt. A skirt can be taken off more gracefully. Remember, I've been planning this for a while.  
  
I walked over to the closet and slowly hung it up and smiled and turned back to him and wandered back to my spot. He was intensely watching me the whole time.  
  
I winked and moved to the buttons on my skirt. This is going well, I thought. I was a little nervous but I was most excited about him seeing me naked. My first time!  
  
I let my skirt drop to the floor and stood there in just my bra and panties for a minute to let him look. And he looked me over well, with a smile on his face. I think he liked what he saw.  
  
When his gaze finally made it to my face I smiled and bent down and picked up my skirt want walked again to the closet. All of a sudden my knees were weak. He was looking at my butt. My pantie-covered butt. The sexy pink panties that I had carefully picked out for this moment.  
  
I took my time hanging up my skirt. I wanted him to look. I wanted him to anticipate what was coming next.  
  
I walked back to my spot. "What next?" I asked.  
  
"You know what's next," he answered with a smile.  
  
"You want me to take off my bra?"  
  
"Of course. I want to see your boobs. I'm allowed to now."  
  
"Oh, my."  
  
I was nervous. But I knew this was the moment I had been anticipating for a very long time.  
  
My bra opened in the front. I had planned it that way. When I unfastened it I let my hands drop to my side. The bra opened a little but stayed put. I shrugged my shoulders and it fell to the floor. He gasped.  
  
"You like?"  
  
"You...they...I mean...wow! Beautiful!"  
  
I let him look. It was even more exhilarating than walking naked through the woods. My husband was admiring my boobs. I turned sideways to let him see how proudly they stood. I cupped them and lifted them up. I rubbed my nipples and they stood out.  
  
I wanted him to really see them so I stepped closer to him. I wanted him to touch them, but not yet. Not until I was naked. When he reached out I stepped back. "Not yet," I said and I turned and picked up my bra and walked to the closet.  
  
When I walked back I knew my boobs were bouncing a bit. I made a show of it. I was proud of my boobs. I was a 36C now.  
  
And then it was time for my panties. This was harder than I thought it would be. I had been shaving my woohoo, my pussy, since I was 18 because I like the way it looked. And it felt so free. Now I was going to let Alex see it.   
  
But first I turned around. I was proud of my butt, my ass. I would check it out in the mirror every night. I had practiced this move many times. I looked over my shoulder at Alex and smiled. My hands went to the waist of my panties and slowly began to slide them down. I could feel my butt being exposed. My ass being exposed. I felt so wondrously...dirty. He wasn't looking at my eyes any more. He was looking at my ass as it became exposed.  
  
I felt my panties clear the cheeks of my ass and stopped. I saw Alex glance at my eyes and then back down. I pushed the panties to the floor. I didn't bend over as I've seen some pictures of women doing. I felt that was too dirty...right now. I wasn't ready to show my pussy.  
  
I flicked my panties up with my foot and caught them. I looked back over at Alex. He looked at me. "Turn around please," he whispered.  
  
This was hard. I mean...I had thought about this moment for years. The moment I would show my pussy to a man. And here it was and all of a sudden I was shy. I mean, here I was, already stark naked standing in front of my new husband...but turning around was so hard. I was naked but exposing my pussy would make me...NAKED!  
  
I took a big breath and slowly turned around. I couldn't look at him for some reason. I looked over his head. Why was I embarrassed? He had already seen my boobs, my ass, but my pussy? The promised land? I was embarrassed.  
  
"Wow," he whispered. "You are beautiful. A goddess. Come here."  
  
I finally looked at him and there was a different look on his face. Of awe. Of lust?  
  
I took a few steps toward him and he opened his arms and I ran to him. I wrapped my arms around him and pulled him close and I started crying. I don't know why. Maybe it was a release. Maybe it was a relief that he liked me. I don't know, but I'm sure it confused Alex.  
  
"Baby, what wrong?" he asked as he rubbed my ass. Typical male, I thought, laughing. Concerned but taking liberties. Yeah it was a stupid thought. I'm married. We're going to make love in a bit. I want him to rub my ass.  
  
"I don't know," I cried, burying my head in his shoulder. He lifted me up and looked me in the face and kissed my forehead. "It's ok."  
  
I smiled and said, "Hey, I'm the only one naked here!" And I started unbuttoning his shirt. I hadn't planned this part out but I just did what came naturally. I pulled his shirt off and found his belt buckle and ripped it apart. I unzipped his pants and he lifted his ass as I pulled them off. Whitey-tighties. With a BIG bulge in them. And a wet spot.  
  
When I got his pants off...it wasn't easy...I hadn't thought about his shoes and they got all tangled before I managed to get his shoes and sock and pants off. We were laughing our heads off.  
  
Then I stopped. I looked at it. His bulge. His cock. Hidden from me by his whitey-tighties. I reached out and rubbed it. It jumped. I grabbed it. It was warm. And hard. And curved. And...nice. I had felt it through his pants before, but this was different. I knew I could just pull them down and see it, but I wanted this moment to last.  
  
I had thought about oral sex. Some of my girlfriends said they loved to do it but others were grossed out. I decided that I wanted to try it. I leaned over and kissed it through his underwear. Wow!  
  
I took his waistband and slowly started to lower it, just like I did with my panties. I had to lift it up to get over his bulge. And then, there it was. The head of his...cock. Wet, peeking out...like a helmet...with a slit between it. It was...beautiful. I kissed it. It had a musty smell. But it wasn't so bad. Some girls hated the smell. How could anyone hate anything about the man they loved?  
  
I lowered them down his shaft and once again he lifted his butt...his ass, and I slipped them off. Now we were both naked. He was reclined on the bed, on his elbows, with his legs spread apart, letting me look. And I did.   
  
Those are his balls, I thought. I reached out and cradled them. Amazing. I wasn't sure how I was supposed to handle them but I rolled them around and the moved up his shaft. I kissed his shaft. And licked all the way up. He leaned back and sighed.

I knew I didn't know what I was doing but I had read a little about blow jobs. I took it in my mouth and sucked a little. I put my hands under his ass and pulled him in. I sucked on it and it seemed to come alive.   
  
I thought, it's hard...but it's so soft. What a strange thing.   
  
He groaned. "Baby, if you keep doing that I'm going to cum right here. And I don't wanna cum now. We have a lot to do first."  
  
He pulled me up and all of a sudden I was on the bottom and he was kissing my boobs. Oh wow! I could feel my nipples getting hard and it felt so good. Much better than my hands. I grabbed his head and held his there.  
  
Well, this story is about me being a wannabe exhibitionist and I'm sure you can imagine what happened next, but that's private. Yes, I understand the irony of that statement, me talking about my experiences being stark naked, but what we did next was hard...and exciting...and satisfying...and private. At this time I didn't know that my exhibitionist tendencies were just beginning. Would you like to hear more about my wannabe exhibitionism?

**Wannabe Exhibitionist Ch. 02**

I guess you've figured out that I am a wannabe exhibitionist. If you read chapter one (and I'd suggest you do that first), you'll know that for as long as I can remember I loved to be naked. I'm really a good girl and while I spent a lot of my growing up years naked, around the house, outside, sunbathing, even going for long walk in the woods behind our house, no man had ever seen me naked until my wedding night. Alex, my husband, liked what he saw.  
  
And while it was truly a thrill for Alex to finally see me naked...we had saved ourselves for marriage...it didn't put an end to me being a wannabe exhibitionist. With all my wanderings while naked, Alex was the first man to see me naked. I guess I had been lucky. I had been quite careful in my naked wanderings, even though in the back of my mind I wished someone would have seen me naked. I often wondered what I would do if I was...caught naked. Would I run? Cover up? Or just stand there and let them look?  
  
After my last story we did consummate our marriage...again and again. And while we were both rookies in the making love department, we had some pretty hot times that week on our honeymoon. We learned fast how to please each other. Again and again (grin).   
  
And I stayed naked as much as I could during that week. Every time we hit the hotel room I got naked in a hurry...unless Alex asked me to repeat my striptease, which I gladly did...and added some dancing...and some lap dances...and some boobs in his face...and some bending over and letting him see my pussy from behind. Yes, I got raunchy. I was allowed. We were married!  
  
Which of course led to some great lovemaking...and even fucking.  
  
One day while a pranced around our room stark naked I joked "I wonder if there is a nude beach around here."  
  
Alex jumped at the chance and said, "let me check".  
  
Getting naked on a beach would be a wonderful thrill but alas, there was none to be found. I was really surprised that Alex would have even considered it. I said it as a joke, but deep inside I wished we could find one. We never talked about that moment for quite a while.  
  
My husband was seeing me in a different light, literally. He began to realize that I loved to be naked. He had never slept naked until our wedding night. I loved having his naked body next to mine and many a night turned into middle-of-the-night-sex. Either I'd wake up and start or he would. Being naked together really helped it along.  
  
When we got home from our honeymoon and moved into our rented house he saw still another side of me. See, he didn't really understand why I would want to live outside the city in a more secluded place but he figured it out. I had rejected a lot of places because the neighbors would be able to see...too much, because I intended to spend some time outdoors naked. Needless to say, when he finally understood the method to my madness, he loved it!  
  
We would spend a lot of time outdoors, naked. We'd eat out there, barbeque...ok, he wore an apron. But it turned out that he really liked being outside naked after getting over the initial terror of it.  
  
As time went on I would share some of the things I did when I was younger and it always turned into some great sex. We even tried some naked walks in the woods...which led to great sex...in the woods.  
  
But there was another idea forming in my mind. What would it be like to be naked in a room along with a group of men. I don't mean the men being naked. Just me. The men just looking at my naked body.  
  
I found myself surfing the Internet on the subject. I found out that it was call CMNF, clothed men ,naked female. I also found out about CFNM, clothed female, naked man. They had quite a few videos about that, mostly male strippers dancing at a women's party. They got naked and allowed the women to stroke their cocks and even suck them off. And of course there were videos of those guys and one or two of the women fucking. So much for CFNM. That was NFNM. And there were a lot of videos of clothed women humiliating naked men. That DID NOT turn me on. A man's body was a beautiful thing. Enjoy it. Don't humiliate him. I guess I didn't understand that concept.  
  
And most of the themes of CMNF videos also centered on humiliating the female. And then there were the strip club videos. That interested me more and one day I asked Alex if he'd ever been to a strip club. He looked shocked, hearing me ask that. But he hesitated long enough for me to know that he was lying when he said no.  
  
"What brought THAT up?" he asked.  
  
"I was just wondering."  
  
"About what?"  
  
"What it's like."  
  
He was quiet for the rest of the evening and when we went to bed he asked, "would you like to go to a strip club some time?"  
  
"I think I'd like to go one time."   
  
"Male or female?" he asked.  
  
"Male or female what?"  
  
"A male or female strip club."  
  
I smiled at the thought of going to a male strip club, but I said "female, of course. I wouldn't want to go without you. I would need protection. But not around here, of course", I laughed.  
  
He was quiet again for a while. Finally as I was dosing off he said "OK". I smiled and dreamed of being onstage, dancing naked for a group of men.  
  
So in June, we were planning a small vacation. Being newlyweds and fresh out of college, we didn't have the money to go to some big resort. We ended up in Dallas at Six Flags and White Water, staying at a Days Inn. I had done some research and saw that Dallas had some strip clubs. Some were topless and some were totally nude. I was interested in the totally nude clubs. Alex kidded me about taking him to a club where he would see naked women but I reminded him that he would be going home with me...all horny and ready for action. I trusted Alex not to get too excited.  
  
Well, we went to a club and it turned out that it was amateur night. Really, I had no idea. Now, you're thinking that I entered the contest and won, but, you'd be wrong. I watched the girls and saw all they did on stage and part of me was excited, but I also watched the guys. They looked at the girls like they were a piece of meat. I didn't like that so much.  
  
Some of the girls struggled getting naked and some just stripped down to nothing pretty fast and did some very graphic things. Sitting in front of the guys, spreading their legs and actually masturbating for them. They seemed to like to show their assholes. Well, at least the guys seemed to like that.  
  
Bottom line, I was kind of turned off by it all. I had been rubbing Alex's leg and...sneaking a feel of his crotch, and of course his cock was growing. After a while I whispered in his ear, "How about we go back to the room and I'll do all that for you? Then I'll let you fuck my brains out."  
  
Alex looked at me with wide eyes. I knew what he was thinking. I had never used the word fuck with him. He grabbed my hand and we scooted out of that place in a hurry.  
  
In the car I asked him about the club, what he thought. He thought about it a moment and very carefully started talking. But he said the right thing. "I don't think any of those girls are as sexy as you." The boy is smart!  
  
When we got back to the room I sat him on the bed and found some nice jazz on the radio and proceeded to strip for him. When I was naked I pulled him off the bed and made him sit in the chair. I laid down on the bed, aimed my legs at him and slowly spread them. Then I proceeded to masturbate for him. I had never done that before for him, but I was extremely horny and I wanted him to watch. As I was getting hotter and hotter I invited him closer between my legs.   
  
I was huffing and puffing and rubbing and tweaking. As I got closer to a great orgasm I lifted my ass off the bed and arched my back and humped and humped my fingers. I came SO hard! And as I was coming down Alex slid forward and started licking me...and licking me...and licking me...to three more orgasms.  
  
And the...well, you know what we did, but that's private. Sorry.   
  
But my exhibitionistic tendencies continued. Wanna hear more?

**Wannabe Exhibitionist Ch. 03**

After we were through with our lovemaking, the second of the night, we both laid on our backs, catching our breath.  
  
"That club sure got you horny," she said.  
  
"I was gonna say the same thing about you," he laughed. If you haven't read Wannabe Exhibitionist one and two, you might want to do that first.  
  
We laid there for a while longer. I was trying to figure out how to broach the subject.  
  
After a while I took a big breath. "I wanna do that."  
  
Alex looked at me, then looked away, with a strange look on his face. We had often played with fantasies while we made love, but I think he could tell that I meant it this time.  
  
Eventually he turned to me. "You wanna dance naked at a strip club?"  
  
"Oh, no. That was raunchy. The music was too loud and the men were mostly uncouth."  
  
Another pause in the conversation as he mulled over what I had said.  
  
"Fantasy?"  
  
"No."  
  
Another pause.  
  
"How?"  
  
"I don't know."  
  
Another pause.  
  
"Yes you do," he laughed. "You've already thought about this. Tell me more."  
  
I sighed. He knew me well. "I would like some men to see me naked. You're the only one who has ever seen me naked and...I think I'd like to show off my body to other men."  
  
"Do you mean flash some men?"  
  
This time I paused. "No. I'd like to be naked around a group of men. I mean, I don't want to have sex with them, but I'd like them to see my body. It's always been a dream of mine, but I never had the nerve to let another man see me naked."  
  
"OK."   
  
"When I strip for you I sometimes imagine there's a group of men watching me. When I masturbated for you tonight I was SO hot."  
  
"So was I," he laughed. "That was awesome."  
  
"I've wanted to do that for you for a while. When I was young I used to envision men watching me when I masturbated. When I watch a couple of those women do it on stage tonight I got so excited. I could have cum right then."  
  
"If you would have entered that contest, you would have won. You had the best body there and you are a great dancer. And you would have made a lot of money on tips," he laughed. He was getting hard again.  
  
"How would you feel about having a group of men looking at your wife's body?"  
  
He was silent for a while. "I don't know. This all is sudden."  
  
"I can tell it excites you," I laughed as I climbed on him for session number three. It was the best yet...but that's private.  
  
\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*  
  
The next day nothing was said about our conversation. He was extra quiet. I was hoping I hadn't messed up our relationship.  
  
That night as we laid in bed waiting for sleep I said "It is just a fantasy, Alex. I could never do that."  
  
"Sure you could. And it's not just a fantasy. You've been thinking about it for a very long time." He didn't seem mad at all. "I'm just not sure how I would feel about a group of guys ogling your body."  
  
"I understand."  
  
Quiet. "But," he finally said, "I think if it's an experience you would like to have...I want you to have it."  
  
I looked at him. He smiled. "Really?" He nodded. "But how?"" I asked.  
  
"I have no idea," he laughed.  
  
But of course I had already thought about the how. I would not want it to be any of our friends. I mean, everyone thought I was a very good girl...and I am...except for this. It would have to be some guys we would never see again. I didn't want anything to turn into an affair. I wanted Alex to be there to protect me. I wanted there to be some ground rules. No touching, the guys keep their clothes on, a true CMNF. While walking naked on a nude beach really appeals to me, that's not what I'm wanting really. Well, I would LOVE to walk naked on a beach, but what we're talking about here is the true worshipping of my naked body, of letting men stare at me, showing them my boobs, my ass, my pussy...and...maybe even masturbating for them. That last part is WAY out there.  
  
So...where does that leave me? Us? We went to the strip club in Dallas while on vacation but now we're home and I'm still thinking about being naked in front of a group of men. Honestly, Dallas is a little close to do something crazy like that. We're going to have to be farther away from home to find men to watch me strip.  
  
So nothing happened for quite a while, but I knew it was on his mind and it certainly was on mine.   
  
And then my momma called and said that they had reserved a nice condo on South Padre Island but something came up and they can't go. Would we want to take it for a week? Would we? Of course...and my mind started working again.  
  
I did some research and found that there is an unofficial nude beach somewhere on South Padre Island. I brought that up one night after we made love.  
  
"You would like to go to a nude beach?" he asked.  
  
"I would with you."  
  
Pause  
  
"Would you get naked?"  
  
"Would you?"  
  
"I asked you first."  
  
I acted like I was thinking about it. "If I knew there was no one there that I knew, I would."  
  
He was getting hard again and I reached out and started stroking him. "But you know what I think would be even hotter?"  
  
"What."  
  
"That we invite a group of nice guys to our room and I do a striptease for them."  
  
I could feel his cock twitch. We never finished this conversation that night because I climbed on him and while we fucked I imagined a group of men watching me strip. I had an awesome orgasm.  
  
So I had planted the seed...the how. Of course I really didn't know how we could find a group of...nice men to watch me strip but it was out there. And I knew he was thinking about it.  
  
"How do we find a group of nice men?" he asked one evening.  
  
I thought about it for a bit. "Well, that's your job," I said with a smile.  
  
"So you don't want any input as to who I choose."  
  
"I didn't say that," I laughed. "I would want a group of hunks."  
  
"And you can forget THAT," He laughed. "I was thinking about a group of old men. You know, give them a thrill in their old age. At least I would know they can't...perform so well anymore."  
  
"No touching, no matter who you choose. And they have to stay clothed. I mean, it doesn't have to be come in sit down, I strip, they go home. I think it would be cool if we serve some snacks and after I'm naked I serve them and sit and talk with them. THEN they go home...and I fuck your brains out!"  
  
That surprised him. "There's that word again," he laughed. "You NEVER say that word. Why now?"  
  
"Because I'm getting horny," I said as I reached over and unzipped him. And then I fucked his brains out.  
  
I felt like Alex might be on board with this. The nude beach would be hot, but the hottest would be the striptease. A true CMNF.  
  
The next night we went out to dinner. Alex started teasing me. "What about that guy?" he asked, nodding at a guy two tables over.   
  
"Oh, wow!" I teased back. "I've GOT to get naked for him! He's so cute!"  
  
We went back and forth with most of the evening, him pointing out different guys. It was fun.  
  
We were just about ready to leave when three middle aged guys took the table across from us. They looked like they might be business men away from home. But how do you know?  
  
"Ok, those three guys. Just hypothetically, how would you approach them about watching me strip?" I asked Alex.  
  
He thought for a bit. "Well...I think that maybe you would need to flirt with them first, get their attention."  
  
"I could do that."  
  
"Then maybe unbutton a button or two, let them see some cleavage. "  
  
"Like this?" I unbuttoned my top two buttons.  
  
Alex looked at me. "Are you serious? Tonight, these guys?"   
  
"No, silly. I said hypothetically. We're just fantasizing. I could never do that around here. Now, what next?"  
  
He looked relieved. "Good, I'm not sure I'm ready yet." I wasn't sure I was ready yet either...but my panties were getting wet.  
  
"OK, what else would I do?"  
  
"Well, you might flash your panties."  
  
"Like this?" I faked like I was turning toward them. Then I smiled and turned back to him. "Then what?  
  
He thought for a bit. "Well, I guess we would need to be sure that they were interested in you."  
  
"Oh, they'll be interested," I laughed.  
  
He thought for a while. "Then you could walk over there and ask if you could strip for them," he laughed.  
  
"Um...noooo! I'm not going to ask that. You have to have something in this too."  
  
He thought for a bit more. "OK, if we really felt that they were safe guys, and we both were ready, and we knew they were interested..."  
  
"They WOULD be interested!"  
  
"Then I would say that you might go the ladies room and then I would go over there and ask them if they liked my wife."  
  
"They would say yes."  
  
"Then I'd tell them that you have a fantasy and would they like to help make it happen."  
  
"And they'd think I wanted a gangbang, right?"  
  
"OK, I guess I would tell them what your fantasy is before I'd ask them if they wanted to help."  
  
"And go over the rules?"  
  
"And go over the rules."  
  
"Which are?"  
  
"Only looking. No touching. Their clothes stay on...and all buttoned up."  
  
"And no rubbing themselves!"  
  
"That might be hard for them to keep from doing. You are WAY too sexy."  
  
I smiled. I like when he says things like that. He's going to get a striptease tonight!  
  
So leading up to our trip to South Padre Island I began to prepare. Alex got a lot of stripteases, and a lot of masturbation scenes. I told him one night I might do that for "our guys". He was quiet for a bit. "That would be hot!" he finally said. "Do you really think you could do that?"  
  
"If I was comfortable with "our guys"." I had started to call them "our guys". It made it seem more like it would happen.  
  
I bought a number of very nice sets of underwear, things I felt I could take off easily. I prepared skirts, blouses and dresses for the same reason. I figured it might take a few dinners before we found the right guys. I went to the tanning booth so I could get an all-over tan. I didn't want to wear stockings or pantyhose. Those are not graceful to get out of. I kept my pussy shaved and soft.  
  
When we finally hit the road I was very excited. The condo was gorgeous. The first thing I did when I got there was to figure out the layout of the room for my striptease. This room would do fine. It was just like I'd been envisioning it.  
  
Our first night out to dinner did not yield any possibilities. The second was no better. I was disappointed...but relieved, if you can figure that out. But Alex and I had some awesome lovemaking each night.  
  
The third night we had dinner at a nicer restaurant just a two minute walk from the condo. As we walked to our table we walked past a table of four nice looking guys. I saw a couple of them checking me out as I walked by them. I made sure I sat facing them so I could check them out...and they could check me out.  
  
These guys looked like they had potential and I told Alex that.  
  
They we slightly behind Alex, so he turned as if he was looking for a waiter. "OK, now what?" he asked when he turned back.  
  
"Give me time. I caught a smile from one of them."  
  
In a minute I caught another smile and smiled back. As he was watching I unbuttoned the top button on my blouse. Tonight I was wearing a white silk blouse, with a blue wrap-around skirt. My underwear was light blue silk. This might be the night.  
  
I watched the guy as he said something to his friends. They both turned around to look. I smiled at them.  
  
"Looks like you have one on the hook," Alex remarked.  
  
"Four." And I unbuttoned another button.  
  
We ordered. I got something light. I didn't want anything heavy on my stomach. We also didn't order any alcohol. "Are you sure you don't want something to calm your nerves," Alex asked.  
  
"No, I want to enjoy this. I don't need to be drunk." I also noticed that none of the four guys were drinking alcohol. A good sign. I didn't want drunk...viewers either.  
  
As we ate I kept making eye contact with a couple of the guys and we would smile back and forth. I was getting excited. I unbuttoned my third button and leaned over to taste something off Alex's plate.  
  
"Good cleavage?" I asked.  
  
"Very nice."  
  
"One more button?"  
  
"I think you can probably get away with one more button," Which I did.  
  
As I sat back I gave them a very big smile. They HAD to figure out I was doing this on purpose.  
  
"Have you flashed your panties yet?"  
  
"Not yet. Are you ready?"  
  
"Go for it."  
  
I sat back in my seat and turned slightly toward them and spread my knees slightly. It was obvious that the two facing me saw what I did. They're eyes got big and one of them said something to the other two. They turned around and I smiled at them as I opened my legs even more.   
  
I closed them back so we could finish our meal, but whenever I would catch one of their eyes, I would spread my legs, or touched my nipple though my blouse. I even slipped my hand between my legs once.  
  
Alex was watching all this with a look that I wasn't sure about.  
  
"Are you OK with this?" I asked.  
  
"I'm OK, just nervous."  
  
"You think YOU'RE nervous," I laughed.  
  
"You seem to be enjoying this."  
  
"I am. Is that OK?"  
  
"You're fun to watch. Are you ready for this?"  
  
"Are YOU ready?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"So am I."  
  
We sat there looking at each other for a minute. Then he said "Go to the bathroom. Give me a few minutes."  
  
I gathered my purse and slipped out of our booth, giving the two guys a good view of my legs and panties. As I walked by their table I placed my hand on the table and continued. I wanted to look back to see if they were watching my ass, but I didn't.  
  
When I returned Alex was standing at their table. I slide up to his side and wrapped my arm around him and kissed him on the cheek.  
  
"Guys, this is my wife. Honey, they are agreeable."  
  
I looked at the guys. "My rules?"  
  
They all shook their heads.  
  
I turned to Alex and said, "Then let's go."  
  
"Give us five minutes," He told the guys. And slipped them a note with the address of our condo.  
  
"Showtime," I said under my breath as we left the restaurant.  
  
"You're the star."  
  
"You're my bouncer." I had confidence that Alex could protect me. He had been in the Gold Gloves competition until he was in the 10th grade.  
  
"I don't think we'll have any problem with these guys," he said. I think you picked well. They were all very respectful of you."  
  
"What did you tell them?"  
  
"Well, I asked if they thought my wife was pretty."  
  
"And they said?"  
  
"Well, they were embarrassed at first. I told them I knew what you were doing and I was OK with it. Then they opened up. They said you were gorgeous. Then I told them you had a fantasy. I told them that you were not a slut, but wanted to do a private striptease for a group of men. I outlined the rules and they were agreeable."  
  
"That simple?"  
  
"Well, there were a bunch of hem and haws from all of us," he laughed.  
  
"Are you OK with this?" I asked.  
  
"Yep." No hesitation.  
  
"I am too...and scared."  
  
"Can you go through with this?" he asked.  
  
"Yes!" I answered emphatically.  
  
We got to our condo. I gave Alex a great big kiss. "You are wonderful to allow me to do this."  
  
"I think it will be fun. Are you going to masturbate for them also?"  
  
"I don't know. I'll play it by ear. Are the refreshments ready?" I knew they were. I was just making small talk.  
  
Then came the knock. Alex looked at me. All of a sudden I was hit by stage fright. I took a deep breath and nodded my head. Ready.  
  
Alex greeted them at the door with me right behind him. I shook their hands and gave each a kiss on the cheek. "Thanks for coming," I told each of them.  
  
They all responded alike. "My pleasure." I'm sure, I thought to myself.  
  
They all were perfect gentlemen. Al four of them squeezed onto the large couch. We had some chips out on the coffee table. "Feel free to partake. We have no alcohol, but we have some cokes." I served them our drinks and they settled in. They guys all introduced their selves, Jim, Stan, Billy and Mark. All were from Louisiana here for a technical seminar. Jim and Mark had a heavy Cajun Accent. Stan was a real hunk. It was difficult to find anything to talk about because we all knew why they were here, so Alex decided to start out.  
  
"Gentlemen, I want to go over tonight's rules so there are no misunderstandings. There will be absolutely no touching so don't even try. You will be escorted out should you attempt to touch my wife. There will be not vulgarity, no rubbing yourself and of course you will stay totally clothed at all times. My wife is quite nervous, having never done anything like this before. You may compliment my wife. That will help her to relax.  
  
"Your wife is very beautiful," one of the guys said. The rest agreed. They all said that because they wanted to see me naked, I thought to myself. That's OK, I want them to see me naked.  
  
"If she is comfortable with you, when she is done she may stay naked and serve you more snacks. But when she says it's time for you to leave, you leave. Are there any questions?"  
  
There were none. They looked nervous as I was.  
  
"Gentlemen, let me present my wife. Do you have anything to say, dear?"  
  
I took a big breath. "Yes, I do. First of all, I am not a slut! This is just a fantasy that I have that I hope to live out with you guys tonight. I expect to be treated like a lady. This is for MY enjoyment and you may observe my enjoyment." They all agreed.  
  
I nodded to Alex. I was ready. Show time! Alex started our boom box. I had chosen some light jazz for my performance.  
  
I closed my eyes and started to sway, a sensual dance. I didn't shake my ass like the strippers at the strip club but I ran my hands up and down my body. I slowly turned around so they could observe my clothed body. Then I began to unbutton my blouse. As I turned back to them I opened my eyes. All eyes were on me, watching my hands unbutton my blouse.   
  
We had moved the coffee table a bit further away from the couch, giving me a path that I could walk in front of them. As I unbuttoned my blouse I stopped in front of each of them and undid a button. When I ran out of buttons I returned to the far side of the coffee table and slowly pulled it out of my skirt, opened it revealing my silky blue bra. The bra was not see-through but it was thin enough so you could see my nipples poking through. I was excited. I removed my blouse and walked over to Alex and handed it to him.  
  
I danced for a bit, then reached for the zipper of my skirt. I slowly slid the zipper down and my skirt fell to the floor. This isn't so bad, I thought. Here I was in my bra and panties with four good looking guys watching me. My panties were a modified thong, not totally displaying my ass but with ties on the side.   
  
I twirled for them and they lightly applauded. "Very nice." "You are beautiful." "Wow!" All very respectful. I bent down, giving them a very good look at my cleavage and picked up my skirt. I walked around the coffee table and handed it to Jim, the one on the right side.   
  
I walked in front of them, letting them have a good look at my body in just a bra and panties. I was having fun. Their looks were wonderful, a cross between lust, appreciation, awe and apprehension.  
  
I was beginning to get apprehensive. At this point it was almost like going to the beach in a bikini. Now I was getting ready to show my boobs to four strange men. I danced a bit more in my underwear, running my hands up and down my body. I even cupped my boobs, squeezed them together for them. But I knew it was time to expose my boobs.   
  
I turned to them and took a big breath. I reached between my boobs and unlatched my bra. I held the bra to my boobs and looked at all four guys, one at a time. All of them kind of nodded to me. They were ready to see my boobs, my hard nipples.  
  
I looked at Alex and saw that he was sporting quite a bulge in his slacks. I hadn't noticed that with the four guys. I hadn't looked. I was so intent on my performance, but now I looked at all four guy's crotches. Yes, they were all hard. Stan's looked especially impressive. I was turning them on.

I dropped my bra, exposing my boobs to them. I let them look. I turned sideways to let them see that I had very little sag. Just enough.  
  
"Wow!" I heard Billy say. "Yeah, awesome." That was Mark. I picked up my bra and walked around the other side of the coffee table and handed it to Mark. I stood in front of him for a bit and let him examine my boobs close up. I rubbed my hard nipples and squeezed my boobs together. I heard Billy sigh.  
  
I turned to Billy and stood in front of him, giving him the same treatment. I did it for all four guys. I also examined their crotches. I was turning them on. I liked that.  
  
I danced around the room for a bit, sometimes twirling the strings on my panties. I knew what was expected. I was really nervous now. It had been fun so far, but now I was going to be totally naked for them. I would be showing my pussy to them. My ass.  
  
It was time. I got it over with quickly. I pulled the strings on my panties and they dropped. Kinda. My pussy was so wet them stuck to my pussy lips. I pushed them down and giggled. "Ta da!" I said.  
  
They all applauded. I slowly turned around so they could see every inch of my naked body. Alex always told me that he loved to watch me walk while I was naked, that he loved to watch my ass as I walked, so I walked around the room for them, knowing that they also were watching my ass. I strolled between them and the coffee table, letting them look.   
  
I wasn't sure what else I should do. I wasn't going to bend over with my back to them for them to look at my ass and pussy. To me that was vulgar. I wasn't going to spread my pussy for them, yet. Yes, that was also vulgar, but...well, I might let them watch me masturbate. I didn't know yet.  
  
"You guys have been such gentlemen," I said, "that, if you don't mind, I'd like you to stay for a bit. Would you do that?" They all agreed. "More snacks?"  
  
So I served them more snacks and drinks, and then sat across from them and we talked. I shared about my fantasy, and told them of my naked exploits when I was young. They had some questions, I don't remember much of what they asked, but I didn't care. They were looking at my naked body, and I was loving it. And I was getting more and more turned on.  
  
After a bit more of talk and a bit more of me walking around for them, I settled back in my seat and spread my legs, placing them on the arms of the chair, letting them see my open pussy. It was obvious that I was wet.  
  
"Since you guys have been so nice, I have one more treat for you." And I dipped my hand down to my pussy. I spread my lips, letting them see the pink inside, then I ran my fingers up and down my slit. I closed my eyes and began to masturbate for them. I rubbed my clit, stuck two, then three fingers in my pussy.   
  
I heard Alex say "If you wanna come closer, feel free, but no touching." I watched as they came around the coffee table and sat on the floor in front of me, all the while looking at my pussy and watching what I was doing to it. My other hand was rubbing by boobs, tweaking my nipples. Then I started to work hard on my clit. It felt SO good, rubbing my clit with four strange men watching me. I felt an orgasm coming, but I slowed down. "Do you like what you see?" I asked.   
  
All the guys agreed. "Beautiful." "So sexy!" "I can smell your excitement."  
  
That last statement could have been considered disrespectful, but it turned me on all the more. I mean, I was masturbating for these guys. "You can smell me?" I asked.  
  
"Yes, and it smells wonderful."  
  
"Would it be OK if I cum for you?"  
  
"You would have no complaints from me," said Stan.  
  
"OK, watch closely."  
  
I started work on my clit again. I pulled on my clit. I pinched it. I started humping my hand, lifting by ass off the chair. I wanted these four strangers to see me cum. I wanted this to be my biggest orgasm. I watched each of the guys faces as they watched my pussy. I checked out their bulges. Stan was gently rubbing his. I didn't mind. I could feel it coming, starting in my ass and running up my back. I got tingly all over. I was panting. I was sweating. I lifted my ass up as high as I could as the greatest orgasm of my life washed over and over me.  
  
I curled up into a ball and shook and shook. It took my about five minutes to come down from my orgasm. "Whew," I said and giggled when I could catch my breath.   
  
"That was awesome," said Sam.  
  
"I saw you violating the rules, Stan," I laughed. "I saw you rubbing yourself. It helped me cum."  
  
Stan turned red and looked over at Alex. "It's OK Stan. We all wanted to do that."  
  
I looked over at Alex. "Baby, I'm ready to fuck your brains out now. We need to ask these gentlemen to leave."  
  
"We don't mind watching," Billy commented.  
  
"I think I pushed this as far as I can," I laughed. "Thank you, gentlemen."  
  
With that we all stood and I walked them to the door. I kissed each of them on the cheek and rubbed their crotch as they left. Stan rubbed my ass as I kissed him. I didn't mind.  
  
The last thing I did, before going upstairs to fuck Alex's brains out was to stand on the front porch, still naked, and waved at the guys as they walked off.  
  
So...I lived out my fantasy. What now?

**Wannabe Exhibitionist Ch. 04**

So with the help of my husband I finally lived out my by stripping for a group of guys fantasy (if you haven't read 1-3 you might want to first). The guys made me so comfortable that I stayed naked the rest of the time, and then ended the evening masturbating for them to my best orgasm yet. Then, after they left I fucked Alex's brains out, lol.  
  
Of course Alex is my husband and he supported and protected me through the whole exciting evening. I want to reiterate that I'm not a slut. I'm a good girl who has a fetish about being naked, and my fantasy was to be seen naked by a group of guys. Since you already read 1-3 I won't go back into detail.  
  
The problem with living out a fantasy is...what now? Oh, we could do it again, but that night was so awesome that I figure nothing would live up to that experience and we'd be disappointed. Plus, while things went well, you never knew what kind of group you would get. We lucked out.  
  
I still wanted to be seen naked, but dancing at a strip club did not appeal to me. The girls were so raunchy, let alone the guys. Walking down a beach naked...hmmm, that I would like. Flashing wasn't for me, especially flashing around our city. All you need is the wrong person noticing and your reputation is ruined. And I like my reputation.  
  
Of course I spend some time on the Internet and one day I came across a cam site called Camfuze.com. Wow! That was interesting. It was a free amateur site that had plain old women and men and many times they would get naked and even masturbate on cam. And three or four HUNDRED people would be watching. The women tended to be a little more reserved, but the men, they let everything hang out, just lying there stroking their cocks. You could chat with them and encourage them on. Some had massive cocks. And yes, I watched them.   
  
But I also watched the women. They had all kinds of women on there, skinny, fat, young, old, even older, lol. The older women did not seem to be bothered that they were showing everything, sagging boobs, big bellies, huge butts and even cellulite. They would show it all off and you could listen to them rubbing their pussy and even cumming. And the guys watching would always tell them how beautiful they were...even if they weren't.  
  
I was intrigued. Could I ever do that? Well, some of them never showed their faces, so maybe I could do it without showing my face. I mean, a total of five guys had ever seen me naked and I don't have any tattoos, so if I just showed my body, I probably won't be recognized. And I'm sure Alex wasn't watching Camfuze. And maybe if I did it, he could...help me.  
  
No, while I would love to get on there and show off, I don't think Alex is ready to "share" me like that. I guess I would need to keep that secret...if I ever did it.  
  
But like I said, I was intrigued, and I kept thinking about it, and watching other girls on there (and sometimes guys, lol).  
  
School was winding down (I teach second grade) so I would have some time home alone during the day. But I still hadn't decided to try it. But I did sign up on the site so I could "talk" to the girls (and some guys). My logon name was wannabeex. Clever, huh?  
  
I tried talking to some of the girls and developing some sort of relationship so I would ask them about their experiences on Camfuze, but as soon as I would start chatting, I got hit up by a lot of guys trying to get ME to turn on my cam. I kept telling them I didn't have a cam, but that didn't slow them down.  
  
So, OK, I chatted with some guys as they were masturbating...for me. I got bolder and bolder in my chats. I'd tell them how much I liked their cocks, would cheer when they shot off, and just generally, admired their bodies. Now, there were old, fat guys on there, and guys with small wienies, and guys who couldn't get it up, but I concentrated on the hunks, lol. It amazed me how different all the cocks looked. I liked the shaved ones best, and of course I liked the big ones.  
  
I struck up a "friendship" with one 34 year old guy who was on there a lot. His screen name was BigCock34, and he certainly lived up to his name. We wanted to see me and asked me to turn my cam on and I told him I didn't have one. He asked "Why not? They're cheap."  
  
I told him I wasn't very tech minded and he said they are all just plug and play and even an idiot could install it. I said "Thanks a lot, lol."  
  
But that got me thinking. So I went to WalMart and looked at them. The salesman asked me what I wanted to do with it. I wasn't about to tell him I wanted to get on a website and get naked, but he went on.  
  
"Do you want to Skype or Yahoo? Some people like to talk to their out-of-town families that way."  
  
"That's it," I replied, glad to get Camfuze out of my mind. I didn't know what Skype or Yahoo meant but "talking to my family" seemed safe...for him. So he proceeded to talk about 720 P and 1040 P and auto zoom tilt and pan and I knew I was over my head and decided to do some research.  
  
So I ended up buying a Logitech something or other from Amazon that had auto focus and tilt and pan and about every bell and whistle. But when it came and I plugged it in, the computer worked and worked and worked and finally came up with my picture. Cool!  
  
So I experimented. I got pretty good at running that camera so I did a fake "show". And I must say, I looked good, lol. And I didn't get my face one time! I did a full practice striptease and recorded it. I must say I looked good!  
  
So, now it was time to try it in real life. That morning I dressed in a dark blue leotard and a short dark blue skirt. No bra, no panties. I logged on to Camfuze and set up my own room and hit broadcast. I had some soft jazz playing on our stereo and I just started dancing and watched the number of viewers increase. I started to get some hi's and hellos and such and pretty quickly had guys telling me to take it off. I ignored them and hummed softly to the music and continued to dance and loose myself in the exhibitionist sensations I was feeling.  
  
I didn't read much of the comments but I watched the viewer number slowly go up. When it got to 200 I slipped off my skirt. I had made sure that I had enough room so they could see my whole body, so I knew how far away from the camera I could get before it showed my face.  
  
I continued to run my hands over my body, squeezing my boobs, showing my butt, lowering my top to almost show my nipples.   
  
When the viewership reached 300 I lowered my top and covered my boobs with my hands. I was getting so excited. My nipples were so hard. I dropped my hands and then I read some of the comments.  
  
"Magnificent tits, nice, great boobs, I'd like to lick those," etc. It was nice getting those comments. I reached over to my keyboard, making sure my face wasn't seen and typed "Thank you," and began dancing again, slowly lowering my leotard until it was little more than panties.  
  
Now the comments started coming, "lower, take it off, let me see your pussy." I reached over and typed "400 viewers", and continued to dance, bringing my boobs close to the camera so they could see how excited I was. My nipples were hard and extended and those little bumps that I get when I'm excited were there. I was really enjoying this.  
  
And then the viewers hit 400. I was ready. I slowly lowered my leotard and slipped it off. I walked as far from the camera as I dared and slowly turned, letting them see my entire body. I was SO horny!  
  
The comments were coming in droves. Most wanted me to bend over and spread my cheeks, or open my cunt up for them. I got many comments of wanting to fuck me, to lick me. But one comment caught my eye. "Wannabeex, you are beautiful, perfect," from bigcock34! That really excited me.  
  
"Thank you bigcock34. I love watching you," I typed  
  
"Then turn on my cam and see what you're doing to me," he replied.  
  
Which I did, and was rewarded with a magnificent picture of his awesome cock. That got me even hornier. Since he also had his audio going I could hear him say "Wannabe, you're going to make me cum."   
  
I danced for him for a bit, showing off my body, but watching him stroke got me even more horny and I decided I wanted to masturbate for him. I didn't care if 450 other guys were watching. This was for him.  
  
I aimed the camera at my crotch and reached between my legs and began to rub my pussy. "Oooo, rub that pussy," bigcock said. The chat windows was full of "open my cam" requests, but I ignored them. Watching Bigcock was really turning me on.   
  
I carefully sat in my chair, making sure the camera was aimed just right, not showing my face. I watched Bigcock stroke and asked him "Bigcock, can you cum for me?"  
  
"Watching you I'm sure I can. Can you cum for me?"  
  
"I think I can," I replied.  
  
We were ignoring all the comments and just talking to each other and turning each other on. But my counter showed 538 viewers so I'm sure I was turning on some other guys.  
  
"You have a beautiful body."  
  
"So do you Bigcock," I replied.  
  
"Call me Peter."  
  
I was thrown by that. I'm sure he wanted my name, but I wasn't about to give it to him. "Um...you can call me Anastasia." I don't know WHERE that came from.  
  
"You have beautiful boobs, Anastasia"  
  
"You have a beautiful...everything, Peter. Especially that cock. Can a cock be beautiful?" I laughed.  
  
"I'll take that," he laughed. "And you have a truly beautiful pussy."  
  
"Thank you." I opened up my pussy so he could see my clit. If he was going to show everything, I could too.  
  
"Oh, that is SO nice! Would you like to cum together?"  
  
"I can try."  
  
"Let's do that. I'm ready to cum for you."  
  
"OK."  
  
We both started masturbating seriously for each other...with almost 600 observers. He told me how he would lick my pussy, my boobs, how he'd turn me over and fuck my brains out. It was HOT! My breathing started to get deeper and I could hear his doing the same. I imagined him fucking me, licking my pussy. I watched those abs begin rolling and I knew he was feeling it. I was feeling it.  
  
"I can hear your pussy squishing."  
  
I rubbed harder. He started moaning. I started moaning.  
  
"I'm cumming!"  
  
"Wait for me," I moaned back.  
  
"Too late."  
  
I watched as he arched his back, lifted that hard ass and began squirting. And squirting. And squirting.  
  
That was enough for me and I screamed, "Peter, I'm cumming too!" I felt my orgasm run from my clit, through my ass, up my back and totally engulf me. I curled up in a ball and rode my orgasm to its end. I straightened up and tried to catch my breath. Over 600 guys just watched me cum, but the one I was most pleased with was Peter. "Peter, you made me cum," I giggled.  
  
"Ah, the after-orgasm giggle," he laughed. "I love that, and I want you to know I just had the biggest orgasm watching you."  
  
"Thank you."   
  
"Can we do that again some time?" he asked.  
  
"Maybe" I answered.  
  
"Maybe we can c2c."  
  
Maybe," I answered. What was c2c, I wondered?  
  
With that I turned off my camera. What a rush, but then the guilt hit.

**Wannabe Exhibitionist Ch. 05**

Yes, the guilt hit after my cam show on that cam site (be sure to read chapter 1-4 first). It really took me by surprise. Over 600 guys watched me masturbate and cum, but what really got me was that I watched and talked to Bigcock34 while I did it.   
  
It was an awesome time and an awesome orgasm, but I almost felt like I had cheated on Alex. I guess if I'm being totally honest, I was cheating on Alex because Alex didn't know I had done it. He didn't know I had bought a camera with the expressed purpose to do what I did.  
  
Should I tell Alex? No, I don't think I can. I just won't do that again, I promised myself. Like stripping for those guys, a fantasy that I lived out and that we wouldn't repeat, masturbating on cam wouldn't happen again.  
  
That night I had trouble looking Alex in the eye. But he didn't seem to notice. He's had a big project at work and he's been coming home very tired.  
  
I made sure I got in bed before he did. I didn't want him to see my pussy. I thought he might see it red and swollen. I faked being asleep when he came to bed.  
  
And I kept my promise about not getting on that cam site again...for three whole days. Alex and I had not made love in three days, a rare period, and I was horny. I tried, I really tried to stay away from that cam site, but I SO wanted to get back on there. Plus that c2c was haunting me. What WAS that?  
  
So I Googled it. A musical group? Coups2Cross? No, that can't be what he was talking about. Coast to coast? I wonder where he lives? Can't be that.  
  
Then I put in c2c camera. The Urban Dictionary had it. "Cam-to-cam. Online interaction where both parties are visible to each other via webcam. Sometimes used for simple conversations, but most often for exhibitionistic/voyeuristic remote sex. Usually seen in terms of a proposition in a chat room.   
  
My webcam is on, any horny ladies want to join me for c2c?   
  
Um, yeah, that's it. So I already c2c-ed with Bigcock, Peter...and 600 other guys. Wait, no, I just watched one. And it was GREAT!  
  
I'm sorry, I couldn't help it. I logged on to that cam site. It said I had messages. 28 messages! Wow!  
  
I read through them. Most of them were very complimentary about my show. Some were very graphic, some truly nice. But almost all of them left they're Yahoo or Skype addresses. And there was Peter's.  
  
"Anastasia, I want to tell you how much I enjoyed our time together on that cam site. You are a truly beautiful and sexy woman. I noticed a ring on your hand"  
  
Oh SHOOT! I forgot about that!  
  
"I take it you're married. You have a lucky guy. I would like to do what we did again if you're game. Maybe we can c2c sometime too. My Skype is BC34. I hope I hear from you and "see" you again. Say Hi if you see me on that cam site.  
  
Peter"  
  
Whew, all of a sudden I'm horny again. All those promises just went out the window.  
  
I answered him. "Thank you for the compliments. You are extremely handsome and most certainly sexy. I've been watching you for a while and I'm sure you've seen some of my comments. You have an awesome cock and while I've love it when you cum, I REALLY loved it when you came for me. It makes me very happy knowing my body made you cum.  
  
Yes, I am married, very happily, but I have found out that I am an exhibitionist and love to be seen naked. But, Peter, I don't think I'll be doing any of that anymore. After I came down off that awesome orgasm I was hit with tremendous guilt. I have never kept anything from my husband...until now. I can't live like that. I'm sorry.  
  
Anastasia"  
  
I felt so bad. I really WANTED to do that again, but somehow I would need to let Alex in on it and if he wasn't for it, I couldn't ever do that again.  
  
But it WAS an awesome experience. 600 guys watching me cum. Me making Peter, Bigcock, cum like that. I logged off.  
  
That night I made sure that Alex and I made love. I so wanted to tell him what I did, but I just couldn't. Would he understand? I didn't think so, especially since I did it behind his back.  
  
The next day I was back. "Just to see" if Peter wrote me back. He did. "I understand, Anastasia. I would never try to get you in trouble with your hubby. I am also married and my wife would never understand what I do on that cam site. We have a good marriage, but our sex life is lacking. I have convinced myself that c2c-ing with someone is not really cheating. I know, yes it is, but it's safe sex. And I can't seem to stop. But I understand. I just think you are SO beautiful and I know we will never get together , but thought that c2c is the next best thing. I'm sorry I brought it up."  
  
He's NICE! I couldn't help it. I answered him back. "How does c2c work?"  
  
After I hit SEND, I got that guilty feeling again. But it didn't last as long. I JUST asked a question!  
  
And of course, the next day I checked again. "With c2c we would hook up straight from computer to computer, no cam site, just your address and my address. There's a number of ways to do it but the most popular is Yahoo Messenger and Skype. I like Skype the best because it's got a much better picture and sound. I talk to my mom and dad in Vermont (using another logon, of course, lol). It's easy and free."  
  
I answered. "And you get naked on there and...do what we did?"  
  
I had to wait two days before he answered. And yes, I did watch some guys get off. "Oh no, Anastasia. One of the nice things about Skyping is that you don't have others bothering you. You can get to know each other. I have a lot of very good friends on Skype, and while some of them started out as masturbation buddies, a lot have turned into just friends. We'll see each other on Skype and just talk...WITH CLOTHES ON, lol.   
  
So let me just share with you how it tends to go. We get on Skype together, mostly fully clothed, and even though we might have already seen each other naked, we're kinda nervous. Strange, huh? But most of the time this is the first time they have seen my face...and visa versa. We talk, we kid, we tease (and your tease was awesome!), and maybe start taking off clothes until we're naked. But it is NOT take of your clothes, masturbate, and leave. Even when weren't naked we might talk about all kinds of things before we get serious. Then we might cum and talk some more.  
  
Hey, why don't you email me instead of trying to go through that cam site. My email is BigC34@yahoo"  
  
I answered back, "OK, my email Is"...oops...I can't give him my real one! I got on Yahoo and registered for a new one, wanna24 and gave him that one.  
  
"One of the things about that cam site that I liked" I wrote back, "is that no one saw my face. I don't know if I could...or should let someone see my face. Believe it or not, until that day on that cam site only five guys had ever seen me naked, my husband and...four other guys, but that's a different story, lol. But, like I said, I don't think I'm gonna do that again."  
  
He wrote back. "I understand. I would just like to be your friend. You are a beautiful woman and you seem very nice. Do you think we can just communicate from time to time?  
  
And you GOTTA tell me that "different story".  
  
So I did, the whole story, from being naked at home as a young lady, to my first time getting naked for my husband to stripping and masturbating for my four guys. In fact, writing about it to him got me started writing these stories.  
  
"Wow!" he wrote back. "That is SO hot! I wish I coulda been one of the four.  
  
But see, Anastasia, this is what it would be like talking on skype. Just two people talking, like on the phone...but cheaper...in fact, free."  
  
Well, that wouldn't be so bad. Nothing wrong with talking to a friend, I tried to convince myself. I really would like to see his face. And he seems safe. It wouldn't hurt for him to see me,   
  
"Peter, where do you live?"  
  
"Chicago"  
  
Hmmm...same time zone. But far away.  
  
"Have you ever met anyone you...cammed with."  
  
"Yes, two. They also lived in Chicago."  
  
"Did you...um..."  
  
"Did I have sex with them. I'm ashamed to say I did."  
  
I knew I was going to get on cam with him...eventually. And honestly, I knew we would get naked and masturbate with each other. I knew I shouldn't, but I knew it was going to happen. I checked out Skype and signed on. Same name, same email address. I tried it out and made sure I knew how to work all the options.  
  
We talked back and forth via email for almost a week and finally I asked him "What's your Skype address?"  
  
"You forgot! I already gave it to you. It's BC34. What's yours (wink)? Are you going to contact me?"  
  
"You never know," I teased back.  
  
"I'll be on my Skype at 2:00 tomorrow (hint, hint)"  
  
So now I had a decision to make. Do I do this? I struggled all evening. Alex seemed to notice something.  
  
"What's wrong?"  
  
"Oh, I just don't feel too good," I lied.  
  
The next morning I was nervous. "I'm just going to talk." I tried to convince myself. But I shaved my pussy and put on the same outfit I used for "my four guys." Just in case, I tried to convince myself some more.  
  
By 2:00 I was a nervous wreck. I primped myself beautiful and typed his name and hit video call. I nervously waited as it tried to find Peter and then all of a sudden his face popped up.  
  
"Hello, Anastasia."  
  
"Hello, Peter. How did you know it was me?"  
  
"Who else at 2:00 named Wanna24."  
  
"Oh, yeah," I laughed. He was beautiful! Longish black hair, a George Michael stubble. Wonderful deep blue eyes. I could tell he was checking me out also.  
  
"You are beautiful!," he finally said.  
  
"So are you."  
  
He laughed. "I prefer handsome to beautiful."  
  
"You are that too. Both."  
  
We settled into a nice conversation. He asked where I lived, what I did for a living. How long had I been married. I asked the same things. A work-from-home engineer.  
  
He was a wonderful guy and we got along great. The conversation finally got around to that cam site.  
  
"Can you believe the ugly people that get on there and show it all?" he laughed.  
  
"And can you believe that they ALL have people tell them how great they look," I countered.  
  
"Some people don't need to be seen naked."  
  
I paused for a bit. "But you're not one of them," I said quietly.  
  
He was quiet. "I think you were the most beautiful of all the women on that cam site."  
  
"You're just trying to get me to take off my clothes," I laughed.  
  
"No, really. I know where you stand and I'm just enjoying talking to you."  
  
"Me too. You're easy to talk to."  
  
The sexual tension was getting stronger. "You have a beautiful body," I ventured.  
  
"Thank you. A lot of people have seen it," he laughed.  
  
"I love watching you cum," I ventured again. Where was I going with this?  
  
There was a pregnant pause here. Finally he asked "what do you want to see?"  
  
I turned red and he laughed when he saw that.  
  
"I'll ask you again. What do you want to see?"  
  
I was fighting with myself. "YOU said you wouldn't get naked on cam anymore. I never did. So...I ask again. What do you want to see?"  
  
I hesitate and said softly. "All of you...especially your...cock."  
  
"Say please."  
  
"Please."  
  
He smiled real big and stood up and moved away from the camera so I could see his whole body and began to unbutton his shirt.  
  
"You're smiling," he said.  
  
I didn't realize I was. "That's 'cause you're so beautiful. Will I finally see all of you?"  
  
"That's the plan."  
  
I don't know why I did it, but I stood up and also walked away from the camera so he could see all of me and started matching what he did.  
  
"Anastasia, what are you doing?"  
  
"What does it look like I'm doing?"  
  
"I thought you weren't going to do that."  
  
"I changed my mind." It's funny what you'll do when you're horny.  
  
Without saying a word, we matched each other until he was in his boxers and I was in my bra and panties. He had a huge bulge.  
  
"Am I doing that?"  
  
"Who else, girl," he smiled.  
  
I looked at him for a while as he looked at me. He turned around, letting me see his whole body. I did the same. He was smiling. I was so excited.  
  
He stood there for a while.  
  
"Well?" I said.  
  
"Well, what?"  
  
"Is that all?"  
  
"I'm ahead of you."  
  
"Oh," I answered. Duh! How dumb am I? I reached for the front clasp of my bra. I wasn't nervous at all, not like when I stripped for "my guys." He had already seen me naked and I SO wanted to see his cock. I didn't tease. I just took it off and let him see my boobs. I turned sideways so he could see how they had very little sag.  
  
"You have magnificent tits!"  
  
"Thank you."  
  
"Are you ready?"  
  
"I'm ready to see your cock."  
  
"And I'm ready to see your pussy...and your ass...and...everything! All together now."  
  
And we both got naked. His cock popped out, hard as ever, pointing up, curved. Beautiful!  
  
"Turn around, Anastasia. I would like to see all of you." I made a slow turning, caressing my body, lifting my boobs, squeezing them.  
  
When I had my back to him he said "stop!".  
  
I stopped. I knew he was taking in my ass. I wiggled it for him. "You have an awesome ass, Anastasia, perfect."  
  
"Thank you." I completed my turn. "Now it's your turn".  
  
He slowly turned, his cock lightly bouncing as he did. When his back was turned I told him to stop so I could take in his ass. So strong, so muscular. "Continue."  
  
And there was his cock again, so proud, so hard. I wish I could touch it, suck it...fuck it?  
  
"OK, Anastasia, let's just sit down and talk."  
  
We readjusted out cams and sat down. His hand went to his cock and he slowly started to stroke it. My hand went to my right boob, the sensitive one and I pulled on my nipple.  
  
"Tell me about your striptease for "your guys."  
  
As I told him, my hand went to my pussy. I stroked my pussy lips in rhythm with his stroking.  
  
"That must have been so awesome. I wish I had been there."  
  
"I wish you had been too, only just like you are now."  
  
We just watched each other for a bit.  
  
"Tell me about the craziest thing YOU'VE ever done, Peter."  
  
And he proceeded to tell me about stripping and masturbating for a group of women. They were all clothed. He called is CFNM. I'll have to look that up. As he talked I imagined I was one of those women and started to rub my clit.  
  
"That HAD to be so hot, Peter. Tell me how you masturbated for them."  
  
"I will, but I want you to really rub yourself and cum for me while I tell you."  
  
"OK, I'll try." I don't know if I can cum on command, I thought, but as he talked, I got more and more excited. As he described all his feelings I felt my orgasms coming. I closed my eyes and imagined him squirting for me, all over the floor and it hit me. My orgasm took over my whole body. I shook and shook and shook. When I finally opened my eyes and he was still watching me and stroking his cock.  
  
"That was awesome," he said.  
  
"Yes it was," I laughed. "Now it's your turn to cum for me while I tell you about masturbating for my guys."  
  
As I told him his stroking got faster and faster. He was really concentrating. I started rubbing my clit again and as I finished my story, we both came together. I managed to keep my eyes open so I could watch him cum. I swear his first shot went three feet in the air!  
  
It took us a while to get our breath back. We sat for a while and just talked, sometimes touching ourselves, sometimes just being naked together.   
  
Before I knew it we had spent three hours together. I had cum twice, him once, but it was a very satisfying time. I didn't feel much guilt this time but I promised myself I would not do that anymore.  
  
But I didn't keep that promise either.