**My Exhibitionist Journey**

by Nicheauthor

*How I found the thrill of public nudity and more.*

Two is better than one, stronger than the sum of our individual parts, an unbreakable bond. These sayings never used to mean much to me. Until that is I met SJ.

Where to start? Well let's begin with a little bit about me. I'm Kelly. I'm 22 and after finishing college I did what many recently graduated students do. I panicked!

What was I going to do now? I had a business degree but no real ambition to get into business or anything else in particular if I'm honest. Living back home with my parents after, barring visits, three years away was hard. I missed the independence, the ability to come and go without anyone asking what I'd be doing or when I'd be back.

I knew they meant well but it was all too stifling and I needed to get out. So I applied for just about every job available in the area and, after a few failed interviews, I landed a position as office assistant at a company making furniture.

Not the most glamorous field I admit but it paid well enough for me to get out from under my parent's roof although I couldn't afford a place on my own and ended up looking for house shares.

Trouble was that wasn't as easy as I hoped. At university it'd been easy to find people to share with. But in my hometown it was a lot more difficult.

I searched online and in the local newspaper and had several viewings at places but nothing felt right. In fact some just felt plain wrong but I won't go into that!

Anyway I was getting despondent by the time I walked up the small path leading to SJ's house. Standing outside the front door, little did I know not only was I literally on the doorstep of my new home but I was also about to meet the woman who would change my life and ignite a passion I never knew I had.

Rather half-heartedly I knocked on the door expecting to be greeted by another weirdo or to walk into a house filled with dozens of cats or even worse still it'd be piled up with garbage.

'Here we go again,' I said to myself as I heard footsteps approaching from inside.

'Hi there,' said the woman who opened the door, 'you must be Kelly. I'm Sarah-Jayne but everyone calls me SJ so I guess you can too since we'll be living together. Come on in.'

Taken aback by the enthusiastic welcome and the assumption that I'd be moving in, I mumbled 'Thanks. Hi errr yes I'm Kelly. Nice to meet you.'

SJ smiled broadly and grabbed me by the hand almost yanking me through the doorway. The house seemed clean from first look and no sign of any cats or their waste products.

'So are you from around here or moving to the area?' said SJ still holding my hand and pulling me along the hallway, 'I've been here a couple of weeks but it's boring on my own so I'm so excited to have a housemate.'

Not waiting for me to reply she led me into the kitchen where she finally released her grip on my hand in order to fling open several cupboards to demonstrate the storage space.

'Great kitchen eh?' she asked 'landlord had it fitted a month ago apparently. The whole place has been refurbed. You'll love it here. I do.'

'Yeah seems nice,' I replied at last getting a word in as SJ paused for breath.

'Sorry if I'm a bit full on,' she said perhaps picking up on my slightly dazed demeanour, 'I'm a real chatterbox especially when I'm excited.'

I gave a small chuckle and said: 'It's ok. At least you're not a sweaty old guy staring at my ass like at the last house I visited.'

SJ giggled. 'Nope I'm not a sweaty old guy but if your ass is worth checking out then maybe you should lead us up the stairs so I can get a look?' she said with a mischievous grin.

Normally that sort of comment would have led me to quickly rush round the house, make my excuses and leave as fast as possible. But for some reason I didn't mind it coming from her. She was so endearing and there was just something about her.

Anyway we toured the rest of the house which was all as clean and fresh as the kitchen. The bedroom I'd be having if I moved in was bigger than the one I had at my parent's home and it even had a small ensuite bathroom.

SJ continued to chatter along happily as she took me from room to room and I was feeling good about the place.

'Final stop. My room!' she said.

'Oh you don't need to show me your private space,' I answered, 'I won't need to see that but thanks,'

'No problem,' she said, 'maybe you'll want to visit me or...who knows? Come take a look.'

I shrugged and nodded not really sure what she meant by who knows but I figured I'd be polite and go in since she insisted.

The room was smaller than the one I'd be taking but it had a king-size bed cluttered with clothes. Posters of various female singers and actresses adorned the walls and SJ obviously liked teddy bears as she had a row of them lined up on her dresser.

'Nice,' I said.

'Apologies for the mess,' she said, 'I was out late last night and didn't get chance to tidy up. But I'm not a messy girl so don't worry about the house becoming a pigsty.'

I laughed. 'No worries,' I said 'it's your room so it's none of my business how it is.'

For the first time since she'd greeted me at the front door like a happy bouncing bunny, SJ looked slightly sad.

'Really I'm not normally so untidy,' she said, 'I hope I haven't put you off moving in?'

Strangely having only met this girl 20 minutes ago I felt a desperate need to not see her upset. 'No, no, not at all,' I said, 'I'm gonna speak to the landlord tonight and sort out the paperwork. It's a great house and I'm sure we'll get along.'

SJ's infectious smile was back and she almost leapt towards me and grabbed me in a huge hug. 'Oh that's fantastic,' she said 'we're going to have so much fun!'

When she let go of me we headed back downstairs and, after saying our goodbyes, I left. As I headed back along the pathway from the house I reflected on what a nice place it was but more I thought about SJ. She was a tad odd but in a good way and, I couldn't put my finger on it, but there was something about the way she made me feel.

I resolved to do as I said and contact the landlord. He was easy going and well organised. We got the paperwork done and four days later I was sitting in my new bedroom.

The first few days at my new home were spent unpacking, familiarising myself with where everything was and a healthy dose of chatter from SJ.

It was Saturday so I was off work and with no particular plans I stayed in bed late. There was a knock on my door and before I could say anything in came SJ carrying a tray with a bowl of cereal, some melon slices and a cup of hot coffee on it.

'Breakfast in bed!' she said with a grin before plonking the tray down beside me.

'Oh wow. Thanks,' I replied, 'you didn't need to. I mean thanks an all but...'

SJ cut me off mid-sentence. 'No problem,' she said, 'budge across and make room.'

With that she motioned for me to shuffle over and then jumped into the bed next to me giving me a playful nudge as she landed.

'So do you wanna go out tonight?' she asked.

As had become a habit it seemed I was a little stunned by the actions of this girl who I'd only met a week or so ago but was now sitting in my bed having made me breakfast.

But, also once again, while I'd normally be perturbed by my personal space being invaded in such a way, with her I didn't mind. In fact I actually kind of liked it.

'Sure. Ok. Where we going?' I asked.

SJ turned to face me as I munched on a melon slice. Her eyes were twinkling and she seemed even more excited than normal.

'I have this hobby I guess you'd call it,' she said, 'and I'd love you to give it a try.'

'I'm intrigued,' I replied.

SJ giggled. 'Do you know what an exhibitionist is?' she enquired.

'Someone who goes to conventions?' I asked, 'I'm not really into costumes and that kinda stuff.'

SJ broke into a full on laugh and almost fell out of the bed. 'No. Not conventions and as for costumes. Actually quite the opposite. You won't need any special clothing. In fact you won't need any clothing if you don't want.'

Puzzled and a little shocked I stopped eating and said 'what?'

'Google exhibitionist' she said, 'but please don't judge.'

I picked up my phone from the table beside the bed and did as instructed.

'Woo!' I gasped after the search results popped up.

'I said please don't judge,' replied SJ with that sad look she'd had in her room on the day I'd looked round.

'No. Sorry. I'm not judging. I'm just surprised that's all,' I said as I again felt the urge to get happy bunny SJ back.

She smiled sheepishly but then couldn't contain her enthusiasm and pulled me into one of her massive hugs.

'Oh great,' she said, 'then we're on. You'll give it a go. I knew you would. You're so gorgeous I know you'll get a lot of attention. This will be the best night,'

'Hold on!' I exclaimed, 'I said I wouldn't judge. I didn't say I'd do it.'

SJ looked sad again and that made me feel bad so, despite my reservations, I said: 'Ok. How about we go out and I watch you. Then if I like it I'll give it a go. No promises though right?'

Smile returned, SJ pulled me back into an embrace and said 'Right! Thanks Kelly.'

We sat in my bed and chatted while I finished breakfast then SJ left to take a shower. I have to confess my head was spinning. 'What had I agreed to?' I said to myself feeling nervous, 'It was ok. I was just going to watch her do her thing. It might be fun. No it would be fun. I considered myself straight but SJ was a good looking girl and she obviously knew what she was doing. It'd be alright I'm sure.'

I spent the next few hours researching exhibitionism and truth be told it did excite me more than a little. I was still planning on just observing SJ show herself to strangers but I was feeling more comfortable with the whole concept and by the time the evening came around I had an unfamiliar but very pleasant flutter of anticipation in my stomach.

It was 8pm and SJ, who had been unusually absent from my company throughout the day, was sitting on the couch waiting for me when I came downstairs.

'How do I look?' I asked as I gave her a little twirl showing off my outfit which consisted of a pink sweater, jeans and a pair of sneakers.

'Perfect if we were going to the mall but not really ideal for tonight,' SJ responded.

'I didn't have a clue what to wear so...' I said. It was true. This was entirely new to me. I didn't even know what the venue would be or how we'd get there.

'Not a problem,' said SJ springing to her feet, 'we're pretty much the same size so let's go pick something from my wardrobe.'

With that she grabbed my hand and we headed upstairs to her room. This time it was much tidier. SJ, who was wearing a short black dress with obviously no bra underneath and a pair of five inch heels, flung open her wardrobe doors.

'Hmmmm,' she said standing there deep in thought and tapping her finger on her lips, 'this is good.'

She pulled out a bright red skirt followed by a matching sleeveless blouse that buttoned at the front.

Taking the clothes from her I said: 'I'm not sure. I don't usually wear such eye-catching stuff and this shirt is pretty thin. My bra will show through.'

SJ giggled. 'Exactly!' she said, 'Hey if you're worried about people seeing your bra don't wear one.'

'Errr no. I think I'm good thanks,' I replied.

'Ok. Your choice. Panties are very much optional too,' she said.

'My option is to wear them,' I answered heading off to my room to change.

SJ was in her spot on the couch when I got back downstairs. She looked up as soon as I walked in the room and from her smile I could tell she approved of my outfit this time.

'Much better!' she said.

I still wasn't sure. I'd been correct and my bra was clearly visible under the flimsy blouse and what is more the skirt was beautiful but finished well above my knee so I'd have to be careful how I moved to avoid showing my panties.

The excited flutter in my stomach increased with that thought although I still told myself I was just going to observe.

SJ stood up and we headed outside where she had a cab waiting. The driver was scrolling on his phone but when he saw us walking down the pathway he hurried out of the car to open the door for us.

'Evening ladies,' he said.

I was sure he didn't normally open the door for his customers but I appreciated the touch and I enjoyed his clear admiration for us. I got in the cab making sure to prevent my skirt from riding up any further than was absolutely unavoidable.

SJ got in behind me and made a point of swinging her legs in such a way that the driver must have got a good look right up her dress.

'That guy will have seen your panties,' I said in a whisper as we set off to our destination which I still had no idea what it was.

'No he won't,' replied my housemate with a naughty grin, 'I'm not wearing any.'

'Shit SJ,' I said 'well he'd have seen your...' I stopped, instantly remembering that was the whole point of the evening. The exhibitionism had started and my stomach flutters and raised heartbeat suggested I liked it.

A short journey later we arrived at a bar. I must have seen it before but I wasn't much of a drinker or a bar person so I'd never been there.

SJ paid the cab driver who very kindly opened the door again for us to get out. My friend gave him another flash up her dress as she alighted. I carefully clambered out keeping my modesty in check!

SJ linked her arm in mine and we headed into the bar. It was quite dark and packed with people. Loud music was playing and it was clear from some of the conversations I overheard as we made our way through that some of the patrons were already taking an interest in the two, scantily dressed women who had just entered.

Without asking me what I wanted to drink, SJ ordered us two shots of vodka and some sort of cocktail I'd never heard of.

'Take it easy,' I said, 'I don't drink very often.'

'Perfect,' said SJ, 'now let's see. Where's a good place?'

'A good place for what?' I asked.

SJ didn't answer. She continued surveying the room. Our drinks arrived and SJ insisted we down the shots in one. Not wanting to seem like a wet blanket I agreed. The vodka stung my throat as I swallowed it but I took a quick sip of the cocktail which tasted sweet and soothed the burning sensation.

'Ah there we are,' said SJ, 'That table over there.'

She set off walking and I followed like a puppy following its master. We sat down at the table next to the small dance floor that I'd not noticed at first when we came in.

'Now what?' I asked already beginning to feel the effects of the vodka (I know and yes I am a lightweight when it comes to alcohol).

'We wait,' she replied.

'Wait for what?' I queried.

'For them,' SJ said gesturing towards a group of men sitting at a table a few feet away.

One of the men looked over and SJ gave him a flirtatious wave. He looked around as if to see if there was someone else she was acknowledging but then he waved back.

'We have a catch,' she said to me in a hushed tone.

I was still confused as to what was going on but she clearly knew what she was doing and had probably done it before. Maybe it was the vodka and whatever was in my cocktail but I resolved to just go along with things for now but I WAS NOT going to be taking any clothes off.

Five minutes later the men from the table got up and headed towards us. There were 4 of them, all aged in their late 30s or early 40s.

'Hi. I'm Luke,' said the man who SJ had waved out. He introduced his friends and SJ told him our names then invited them to join us at our table.

Of course they gladly accepted the invitation and the group of us exchanged small talk and a few jokes for about 30 minutes. The men bought another round of drinks including more cocktails for us even though I'd not got halfway through my first one.

SJ polished off her second cocktail almost as soon as it arrived then said 'want to play a game of pool? Girls against boys.'

I was about to say I'd never played pool but before I could one of the men, I think his name was Ken, agreed to the challenge.

'It seems we're playing pool,' I said to SJ as we hopped off our seats and headed over to the table, 'I hope you're good because I have no clue.'

'Good,' she said, 'We'll lose quickly then the fun will really start.'

'You can break,' said Luke handing me a pool cue.

I'd seen people play before but seeing and doing proved to be very different things. I hit the white ball ok but it missed all the others and was apparently deemed a foul shot.

Luke took the cue and within a few minutes we'd lost without me even getting another shot.

'How about another game?' said SJ 'but this time let's make it more interesting,'

'What do you have in mind?' said one of the men, 'we won pretty easily so you want to mix up the teams or are you and your friend hustling us and next game we make a bet and you suddenly play like pros?'

SJ laughed. 'No hustling and no we'll keep the same teams. How about we win you buy us drinks for the rest of the night?'

'We'd probably do that anyway,' said one of the men whose name I don't recall, 'what if we win?'

'I'll get naked right over there,' said SJ pointing to the dance floor.

The men seemed shocked at this proposal. 'You sure?' said Luke.

'What about you?' said Ken looking at me.

'Not this time boys,' said SJ to my relief, 'aren't I good enough. Don't you want to see me naked?'

'Nooooo you're more than good enough,' said Luke clearly keen to not lose the opportunity.

'Then let's play,' said my housemate.

One of the men racked up the balls and broke off potting one straight away. I looked at SJ. She was bouncing up and down with such excitement that I wondered if her dress would just fly off and the guys wouldn't even need to win the game to see what was underneath.

The man who broke off missed with his next shot then of course I did the same. Ken missed too and then SJ took the cue stick.

She bent over the pool table and her dress rode up so far that the lower part of her butt cheeks could be seen. The men were transfixed but let out a groan when she potted the ball.

'See she's hustling us!' said Luke with a hint of irritation.

SJ just laughed and proceeded to pot a second ball. I was starting to think Luke was right when a third ball was sunk but then SJ missed.

'Almost forgot we were meant to lose,' she whispered to me, 'I'm too competitive for my own good sometimes,'

There was a cheer from the men and I looked across to see Luke had cleared the table. The men had won and now I was really going to see how much of an exhibitionist my housemate was.

'Fuck,' said SJ pretendimg to be annoyed at losing, 'I guess I'll have to show you what I've got.'

She didn't wait for a response. Instead she confidently headed across to the dance floor motioning for us to follow.

'Take a seat. I'll be right back,' she said making off in the direction of the bar.

'Not running out on us?' said Ken.

'Of course not,' SJ replied lifting her dress up and giving a quick flash of her butt.

She walked over to the barman and said something to him then returned. Suddenly the music that had filled the room stopped and everyone went silent wondering what was going on.

The barman stood on the bar and shouted: 'It seems we have a young lady here who is going to put on a little show for anyone interested. Head over to the dance floor if you wanna see some pretty titties!'

There was a pause then a roar went up in the room. Most of the men and a good number of the women hurried across to the dance floor and gathered around.

Then SJ made her way to the centre of the dance floor and the music struck up again. She walked around the area lifting her dress up teasingly for a short time then returned to the centre.

There were whistles and hollers from many of her attentive audience as she slowly slipped one of the straps of her dress off her shoulder. Louder noise followed as the second strap fell. SJ caught the top of her dress as it began to drop teasing the crowd some more then all of a sudden pulled her hands away and the material bunched at her waist revealing her breasts.

Cheering and clapping ensued and SJ beamed obviously loving every second of the attention. She reached back and unzipped the shirt part of her dress. Twirling around the top of her butt was now visible.

SJ cupped her hand to her ear and motioned with the other hand for more noise. Taking the hint, the crowd cheered louder than ever. I found myself cheering too.

The flutter in my stomach was now an excited churn. Watching SJ perform this impromptu striptease was turning me on. Part of me wanted to see her get naked and part of me wanted to be her getting naked. 'That's probably just the booze', I said to myself although I wasn't convinced.

SJ was taking another lap of the dance floor building up the tension for her captivated audience. Only her hips were preventing the dress from dropping away completely and with each movement it seemed it might fall and leave her totally nude.

My housemate took centre stage in the middle of the dance floor one last time and with a shimmy of her hips her dress was off and laying around her feet.

The bar patrons clapped and cheered with delight. SJ bent over seductively and picked up her dress flinging it over her shoulder then walking over to me and placing it in my hands.

'Having fun yet?' she asked with a wink.

SJ turned away and waved to the 60 or so people who were all still staring at her. She then made her way to where our pool opponents were sitting and posed for them making sure they got a good look at her body from all angles.

Ken pulled out his phone and snapped a picture. This seemed to encourage SJ even more and the next thing I knew I was taking a photograph on Ken's phone with her laying across the men's laps like a car showroom model would spread herself over the latest high end vehicle back in the day.

'Can I have my dress back now?' said SJ as she stood in front of me hands on hips at the end of her ad hoc photoshoot.

'Damn, yes, sure, sorry,' I mumbled, 'I was in a bit of a day dream there. Sorry.'

'No problem Kelly,' she replied with a smile, 'I'm in no rush.'

I handed her the dress and she slowly put it on making sure to struggle with the zip and in the process prolonging her exposure for as long as she could.

We had another drink with the men who naturally were very complimentary towards SJ's performance. I don't remember that much of the conversation as I was lost in my own thoughts.

I kept replaying SJ's striptease in my mind and thinking about all those eyes trained on her and the excitement I'd felt. I also kept putting myself in her place and that made me all the more excited but I wasn't ready to tell her that. Not just yet anyway.

The men invited us to join them at a nightclub but we declined. SJ had done what she'd set out to do and I was feeling worse for wear thanks to the vodka.

We took a cab home and for once SJ wasn't chattering at 100 miles per hour. She seemed like she was basking in the memory of what she'd done earlier that night and I didn't want to interrupt her thoughts.

When we got home SJ followed me into my room. 'So how was it?' she asked.

'Incredible!' I said, 'You were so confident. All those people. They loved it. I loved it.'

SJ smiled. 'I'm so glad,' she said, 'It's so much more fun having someone I know there. Forget that. It's so much more fun having you there.'

'Awe that's so sweet,' I said.

SJ blushed. 'Told you we'd have fun when you first came to view this place,' she said, 'And we're only just getting started,'

I nodded my agreement. 'I'm going to bed now. All that booze and excitement has tired me out,' I said.

'Oh ok,' my housemate replied sounding a little deflated all of a sudden, 'goodnight.'

SJ left my room and I got ready for bed. About 10 minutes later there was a knock on my door. It had to be SJ but for once the knock wasn't followed by her bounding in.

'Erm come in,' I called.

The door opened slowly and in walked SJ. No longer in her dress and with her make-up removed she was wearing an oversized t-shirt with her hair tied up in a messy bun. She still looked sad but also adorable.

'What's up?' I enquired.

'You did have a good time tonight right?' she asked, 'I mean you weren't disgusted with me or embarrassed or....'

This time it was my turn to cut her off mid-sentence. 'Stop SJ,' I said, 'I had the best time. I gotta admit I was nervous and unsure at times but it was such a thrill. You were amazing. You are amazing.'

She smiled and I got yet another new feeling through my body. I can't quite describe it but it was like a tingle of excitement and more. As I said earlier I considered myself straight and had only been interested in men previously but was I having feelings for SJ? Maybe or it could be the alcohol or all the excitement of the night or? Well I didn't know.

SJ went to leave but I didn't want her to go. 'Hey,' I said, 'wanna join me. I feel like some company.'

Immediately I was concerned how that sounded but I needn't have worried. SJ beamed and skipped over to the bed and jumped in. I slid in beside her and pulled the blanket up over us. At this point I didn't know whether SJ liked girls, boys, both or neither. I wasn't even sure if I knew what I liked.

What I did know was I'd had one of the craziest and most thrilling experiences of my life that night and it was thanks to her. I also knew something inside me was drawn to her.

'SJ', I said, 'I'm not looking to do anything you know?'

She grinned. 'Yeah I know,' she replied, 'like I said we're just getting started.'

My housemate rolled over with her back to me and I instinctively put my arm around her and held her tightly against my body. She snuggled into me and it felt so comfortable and so right.

'I'll get you naked in public one day you know?' she said with a chuckle, 'you know you want to,'

'Maybe,' I answered, 'but I'm not playing pool again. That was embarrassing.'

SJ laughed and gently elbowed me in the ribs. 'Goodnight,' we both said almost in unison.

She was asleep within minutes but I lay there replaying the rollercoaster of the last few days in my mind.

Not that long ago I was a frustrated office worker living with her parents and having no fun. Now I was still an office worker but I was in a different house, in bed with this bubbly bundle of energy who'd introduced me to an exciting hobby that I was sure I was already hooked on even before I'd really done it myself.

'Yeah I was addicted to the thrill of exhibitionism and I was resigned to being the one getting naked for strangers sometime soon,' l said to myself, 'But I was also addicted to something, or should I say someone, else. I was addicted to SJ and that was a habit I didn't want to kick'.

The next day I woke up to find SJ sat cross-legged at the end of my bed staring at me. 'Morning or should I say afternoon sleepy,' she said.

'Hey. What time is it?' I asked, feeling a little dazed.

'Almost 1,' she replied with a grin.

'What?' I said, '1 in the afternoon?'

'Well it's not 1 in the morning silly,' she replied chuckling, 'we didn't get home until gone midnight. Wanna go shopping?'

'Damn I must've been out of it,' I said, 'I warned you I don't usually drink. Shopping? I just woke up.'

SJ crawled up the bed towards me. 'True but you're awake now so let's go out,' she said before taking the blanket off me.

I threw my pillow at her. She caught it and threw it back hitting me in the face. 'Fuck SJ give me a chance to pull myself together ok?' I said.

'You could've stopped at fuck SJ then we'd not need to go out,' my housemate replied grinning.

I laughed. 'I'm getting up but I'm not going anywhere until I've had a shower and coffee.'

'Fair enough,' she said, 'You take a shower and I'll make the coffee. Then we're going shopping and you're going to flash at least one person while we're out.'

Still bleary-eyed and feeling the effects of last night I didn't fully take in what she'd just said and simply responded 'Ok,'

Shower done and feeling a lot fresher, I got dressed and headed to the kitchen where SJ was waiting looking as full of energy and eagerness as ever.

'How do you have so much get up and go about you all the time?' I asked taking a sip of my coffee.

'Simple,' my housemate replied, 'I treat life like it's meant to be fun and as long as it is I just roll with it. Today's going to be a lot of fun. You excited to show some skin to a stranger?'

'Huh?' I said forgetting our earlier conversation.

'You said you'd flash someone while we're out,' SJ said.

I had said that. Now I remembered. The flutter was back. Could I do this I wondered? SJ looked so happy and as I was beginning to realise I was desperate to make her stay that way.

'Yeah,' I said, 'I'm not sure I can. I'm nervous. How does it feel? How'd you do it so easily?'

'It's the best rush you can get other than having good sex,' she said, 'You're gonna be nervous. I've been flashing my tits and more to randoms since high school but I still get nerves. That's all part of the thrill. That adrenaline surge. The anticipation and then the attention. Seeing their eyes and knowing you're turning people on and they want you. It's really something.'

'But don't some people react badly?' I questioned, 'what if they call the police?'

SJ sighed. 'Yeah unfortunately some people are like that and say mean things but not that many really and even that can be a bit of a rush', she said, 'I'm not gonna lie. There's always a chance you'll get in trouble but again that adds to the thrill. That risk. The danger,'

She was clearly getting excited now. Her eyes were glazing over, perhaps recalling previous experiences. Talk of getting a negative reaction or worse still, getting arrested made the feeling in my stomach intensify but to my surprise it actually made me want to do it more.

'Ok,' I said making SJ jump as she snapped out of her daydream, 'let's go before I change my mind.'

SJ grabbed me in her patented hug, kissed me on the cheek and said: 'You're gonna love it. Promise.'

It was a 10 minute walk to the shopping mall and SJ talked non-stop the whole way there. I was only half-listening as I contemplated what I'd agreed to do and whether I could really go through with it.

We took the elevator to the second floor of the mall and went into a clothes store. It was pretty busy for a Sunday. We browsed the racks of clothing and it began to feel like any other shopping trip with a friend.

SJ and I both picked out a few items to try on and we made our way to the fitting rooms. As is often the case, there was a man sitting in a chair near the entrance looking very bored. He was presumably waiting for his wife or girlfriend who was trying on clothes.

'He's the one,' whispered SJ as we walked by the man.

I went into the cubicle nearest the entrance and SJ followed me in. 'There's an empty one at the end!' shouted the fitting room attendant.

'Oh we're ok thanks,' replied SJ, shutting the curtain behind us.

'What do you mean he's the one?' I asked.

'He's the one you can show yourself too,' she said in a matter of fact manner, 'you'll brighten his day. Poor fella looks so fed up,'

My heart was beginning to pound. I still wasn't sure I could do this plus I wasn't certain how I was going to do it without the whole store seeing me.

Obviously realising I need some reassurance and guidance, SJ said: 'It'll be fine. You don't need to walk out there naked and give him a lap dance. Well you can if you want but I'd suggest we start off a bit slower'.

'Slow is good,' I responded.

'Take everything off and then I'll open the curtain and walk out as if I'm done trying things on,' she said, 'from his viewpoint he'll get a good look but it'll seem accidental and you can close the curtain back when you want.'

This sounded straightforward enough and the flutter in my stomach was back so I obviously wanted to do it. 'Ok,' I said starting to undress.

SJ let out a squeal of excitement and clapped her hands. I gave her a look as if to say be quiet but I knew my smile would offset any possibility she'd think I was genuinely mad at her.

I was naked. It was time. I was going to do this. My heartbeat thumped and my stomach churned.

'I'm ready,' I said although I wasn't convinced I was, 'don't go too far away please,'

'I won't,' SJ said, 'I want to see too.'

Just then I realised she was staring up and down my body. It was the first time she'd seen me naked. I hadn't even thought about that and to be honest I was comfortable with it. In fact it seemed natural.

'Ready?' she said grasping the curtain. I nodded and she pulled the curtain back and casually walked out carrying the clothes she'd supposedly been trying on.

For a brief second I had the urge to yank the curtain shut but then I caught the man's gaze. He was looking right at me with a look of surprise on his face. I pretended not to notice him but in my peripheral vision I could see him shuffle forward in his chair. He wasn't bored now!

I turned my body slightly and picked up my panties giving the man a view of my ass as I did so. I felt an intense excitement like I'd never experienced before. SJ was right. This was a serious adrenaline rush.

I put on my panties then turned round and with my best acting skills tried to look shocked at seeing the curtain open. I pulled it closed with a deliberate fumble to prolong my exposure.

It had only been about 30 seconds but wow it was a thrill. I got dressed and left the cubicle. As I passed the man who minutes earlier had seen me totally naked I smiled and said, 'sorry about that.'

He grinned and replied: 'Don't apologise. Best thing to happen to me all day. But don't tell my wife!'

I giggled and kept walking making my way to where SJ was standing looking like a proud mother bird whose chick had just managed to fly for the first time.

'Well how did I do?' I asked.

'Fantastic,' she responded, 'it's a rush right? I told you it would be.'

'Yeah it's a rush alright,' I said, 'I want more too,'

SJ couldn't hide her glee at my reaction and grabbed me into a tight hug. 'Let's go to another store and do the same.'

'Hold on SJ,' I said catching my breath as she let me out of her embrace, 'I loved it but I think I've gone as far as I can for one day,'

'Oh ok,' my housemate replied clearly disappointed.

'But,' I said 'you could do it and I'll watch. And I promise I'll go further next time. I really did love it.'

SJ's smile returned. 'Great,' she said grasping my hand and leading me out of the store.

We spent the next couple of hours browsing various stores and SJ repeated the accidental curtain flash trick twice. It was a thrill watching my friend show herself off but it wasn't nearly the same feeling as when I'd done it.

Walking home I reflected that I was hooked. I was an exhibitionist. It was crazy. I didn't even know what the word meant a few days ago and now I was one.

SJ was on such a high she was literally bounding along and I enjoyed seeing her so happy. That was another thing I thought about. My feelings for her. That was all new territory too.

'What next?' I asked as we reached home.

'Oh we could do so many things,' SJ replied, 'It depends on how much you want to show, to how many people and how much of a chance you're willing to take.'

I couldn't answer those questions at this point. I knew I wanted much more of that fluttering feeling but there was an element of me that was still the old me. The more cautious and reserved girl who'd had a few boyfriends but never done anything remotely sexually out of the ordinary.

We went inside and I made us some food while SJ buzzed around chattering and singing. Before I knew it the day had turned into night and I needed to go to bed. After all, I had work in the morning. I chuckled. 'Responsible me is still in there,' I said to myself.

We said our goodnights and I went upstairs to my room. It could have been the fact I'd slept in so late or the lingering effects of all that adrenaline from earlier but I couldn't get to sleep.

After about an hour I got up to go get a glass of water. As I passed SJ's room I noticed her door was slightly ajar and I could hear her making a muffled noise inside.

I peaked in through the gap between the door and the wall. SJ was laying on her bed, naked from the waist down, legs apart and clearly masturbating with her fingers.

I knew I should keep walking and leave her to her private enjoyment but I didn't. I stood there watching as she got increasingly excited and her body shivered with obvious pleasure as her fingers did their work.

'I know you're watching me,' she said, 'come in and get a closer look.'

I pushed open the door. SJ continued to play with herself as I made my way to her bed and sat down.

'Sorry,' I said, 'I wasn't perving. I just noticed your door open and...'

SJ stopped fingering her pussy and looked at me. 'Yeah you were perving. I hoped you would,' she said, 'I left my door like that on purpose. Told you that you'd visit me sometime.'

I laughed. She was right. She had said that. SJ resumed her work and I watched transfixed. Obviously I'd masturbated but I'd never watched another woman do it. It was fascinating and arousing.

As SJ got closer to orgasm, I found myself reaching into my pyjama pants and touching myself. I was wet. Really wet. I teased my pussy as SJ climaxed giving out a huge moan as she did so.

Her eyes were closed for a few seconds afterwards then she shot up. 'Your turn,' she said.

'Huh. What. No. I couldn't,' I replied quickly removing my hand from my pants and trying to look innocent.

'You've already started so why not finish?' my friend said.

'I've never. I mean I can't. No I couldn't do that in front of anyone,' I said, 'I'm not like you.'

SJ's face turned sad at that remark. I could see I'd hurt her and that hadn't been my attention. Far from it.

'Ok,' she said, 'I know I'm a slut.'

She sank back onto her bed and seemed about to cry.

'No SJ,' I said, 'I didn't mean that. You're not a slut. I meant I'm not confident like you. Sorry. Really I didn't mean anything bad.'

She sat up again and dabbed at her eyes with the sleeve of her shirt. A small smile returned to her face.

'Kelly,' she said, 'I would never ask you to do anything you don't want. In case you can't tell I really like you.'

'I really like you too SJ,' I replied.

She smiled broadly and I moved across the bed to hug her. We held each other tight and just like the previous night it felt so right. Neither of us seemed to want to let go of the other but eventually we did.

'Come with me,' I said.

This time I took SJ's hand and led her out into the corridor.

'Stand there,' I said as we reached the entrance to my bedroom. I went inside and closed the door but left a sizable gap open.

I got on my bed and removed my pyjama pants. Propping myself up on my pillow I opened my legs. My pussy was soaking and my fingers easily went inside.

I glanced over towards the doorway and could see SJ standing there smiling at me. I looked away and pretended I was alone but knowing she was there watching me as I pleasured myself. It was such a thrill.

Unsurprisingly it wasn't long before I climaxed. I wasn't a regular masturbator and usually it didn't do that much for me if I'm honest. But this time my orgasm was fantastic. Waves of pleasure rippled through my body for what seemed like minutes until it subsided and I was taken over by complete relaxation.

SJ came into the room and sat beside me. 'Thank you,' she said.

'No SJ,' I replied, 'thank you. Thank you for everything. Thank you for being you.'

My friend began to cry but these were happy tears. She lay down next to me and put her arm around me.

'I don't know what we're doing,' I said, 'but whatever it is I want more.'

'You mean the showing off?' she replied.

'Yes', I said, 'but not just that.'

'Then what?' she asked.

'I don't know,' I said, 'Forget that. I do know.'

I turned to face SJ. 'I want more of all of this. But most of all I want more of you.'

SJ smiled. 'But I thought you were into guys?' she questioned.

'I am but',' I said, 'I'm an SJ-alohic.'

She burst out laughing. 'Can you get help for that?' she teased.

'If you can, I don't want to,' I replied.

SJ kissed me on the cheek and I wondered if we might go further but it seemed she was content with things as she rolled over pulling my arm across her like I had the previous night.

'Goodnight Kelly,' she said, 'told ya we'd have fun.'

That was getting to be a bit of a catchphrase for her but she wasn't wrong. She had repeatedly told me we'd have fun and as I drifted off to sleep I hoped that wouldn't change.

Life went on relatively normally for the next few days. Work was work and at home SJ and I mostly chilled out, watched television or chatted about fairly ordinary stuff.

We slept in our own rooms the night after we'd watched each other cum but we both agreed we didn't like that so from then on we shared a bed alternating between each of our rooms.

It was Friday night and I was wondering if SJ was ever going to bring up her, I mean our, hobby again. But then, as if she could read my mind, my housemate and now bedmate waved a leaflet at me as I sat on the couch eating supper.

'This is what we're doing tomorrow,' she said.

'Stop wafting it around and let me see,' I replied feigning annoyance.

She passed the piece of paper to me and I scan read it. The leaflet was an advert for a life drawing class at the local community college.

'SJ I can't draw or paint,' I said,

'You don't need to,' she responded with a sly grin, 'I've signed you up to be the model.'

I almost choked on my pasta. 'You've done what?' I exclaimed.

'I know the tutor,' she said calmly, 'I've modelled for his class a few times and I told him I had this gorgeous friend who wanted to give it a try and he agreed you could do it.'

'Didn't you consider asking me first?' I said feeling genuinely annoyed this time.

'No?' she said, 'I knew you would want to do it so there didn't seem to be a need to ask.'

'Well I don't want to do it,' I replied.

'Why not?' SJ said, 'you told me you wanted to go further with showing yourself to people and this is a perfect next step. They're all artists and they're used to naked models. It's a controlled environment and...'

I put up my hand to stop her talking. 'That's all true SJ,' I said beginning to calm down, 'but you still should have asked me. What if I know someone there?'

'I've got you covered,' she said reaching into her backpack and producing an elaborate looking masquerade ball type mask, 'they've agreed you can wear this. It'll hide your identity and the tutor even said it was more exotic.'

She waved her arms and did a dramatic sounding voice as she said the word 'exotic'. I laughed. It seemed I couldn't stay angry with SJ for long. Studying the mask it did look like it'd make it impossible for me to be recognised.

I went over to the large mirror that was hanging in the hallway and tried it on. It made me look quite mysterious and reminded me of the period dramas I occasionally watched on Netflix.

SJ shouted over 'so you're in then?'

I went back into the living room still wearing the mask. I stood there and tried to do a statuesque pose. 'For sure,' I said.

The class started at 11am the next day. I felt those wonderful flutters as soon as I got up that morning and my excitement and nervousness built as the morning wore on. SJ fussed around me. She made breakfast and insisted on doing my hair all the time telling me how great I looked and what a blast the modelling would be.

As instructed we arrived at the college 15 minutes before the class was due to start. The tutor, Mr Matthews, greeted SJ like a long lost friend and was very polite and welcoming to me.

In a side room I changed into a white bathrobe that the college provided and then waited. SJ, who had stayed in the classroom talking to Mr Matthews, came in and said: 'Ok Kelly. They're all here. It's showtime.'

'How many people?' I asked as my heart rate climbed and what were flutters in my stomach turned into more of a washing machine on the spin cycle.

'It's quite a small class today,' she replied, 'Twenty-five I think give or take. Mostly men but a few women too. Now come on.'

'Twenty-five!' I thought to myself, 'There's about to be 25 people see me naked. No more than that because there's SJ and Mr Matthews as well. So that's 27. That's a big jump from quickly flashing one man in a clothing store,'

But it was too late to back out now. I didn't want to disappoint SJ and judging by the moisture I was starting to feel between my legs, my body wanted to be seen.

I checked my mask one last time in the mirror and then, trying to look as confident as possible, I walked out into the classroom.

Aged between 18 and 25, the students were all sitting behind their easels and none of them reacted as I entered.

Mr Matthews clapped his hands and said: 'Ok class. Our wonderful model is ready. Her name is Erica and we have her for two hours so make the most of it,'

'Erica?' I thought. Looking across at SJ I realised she'd given Mr Matthews a fake name to further protect my anonymity. I smiled at her. She might not have asked first but she'd thought this through well and her consideration made me feel even more warmly towards her.

'If you would please Erica,' Mr Matthews said motioning for me to remove the bathrobe.

This was it! Forget flashing. I was about to pose nude for all these strangers for two whole hours. As I undid the tie on the bathrobe I felt a rush of excitement 10 times more than I'd felt in the fitting room the previous Saturday.

Quickly I took off the bathrobe and handed it to Mr Matthews. I was slightly disappointed that none of the students said anything or even seemed surprised as I stood there with not a stitch of clothing on. But then why would they? This was a life drawing class and so they expected a nude model.

I sat on the small stool that had been positioned in the centre of the room and, with a little instruction from Mr Matthews, struck the requested pose.

SJ was grinning from ear to ear and gave me a thumbs up. I smiled back at her but was admonished by the art tutor who'd asked me to look stern. SJ giggled but no-one else uttered a word. I resumed my pose.

Now don't get me wrong. I was still getting a buzz from sitting there naked while 25 people drew or painted my picture but after the two hours were up I was pleased to move and I was a little disappointed at the lack of interaction with my observers.

Mr Matthews thanked me as I put my bathrobe back on and the artists gave me a polite round of applause. Back in the side room I removed the mask and sat down. SJ walked in.

'So?' she asked enthusiastically, 'did you enjoy it?'

'I guess so?' I replied, 'but after the initial rush of dropping the robe it was a little disappointing'.

To my surprise, SJ said: 'Good.'

'What do you mean good?' I said.

'This is a controlled, almost sterile, situation,' she explained, 'these guys are here for art not to perv and they knew what was going to happen. I thought it'd be a good stepping stone but the real fun of being an exhibitionist is seeing people's reactions when they don't know what's going on. It's the interaction you get good or bad. That's the real rush.'

SJ made a lot of sense. 'We're in a college,' I said, 'you should teach an exhibitionism class professor.'

She laughed. 'Oh that'd be wonderful but until then I've got one student and she's doing great.'

I blushed. Knowing she was pleased with me gave me an altogether different sense of excitement and I loved it even more than the adrenaline rush of stripping off in front of strangers. I got dressed and, after a brief goodbye to Mr Matthews, we headed home.

That evening at SJ's suggestion we went out to the cinema. As we left at the end of the movie she said: 'Up for some more fun?'

'I hoped you'd say that,' I replied.

'Great,' she said, 'follow me.'

She led me to the bathrooms where we both squeezed into a toilet cubicle. 'Take off your bra and panties and give them to me,' she said in a hushed tone so no-one else could hear.

By now I was used to following her instructions and I had complete trust she'd look after me so I did as I was told. SJ stuffed my underwear into her backpack as I rearranged my skirt and vest top.

I could feel my nipples hardening against the material and the air going up my skirt made my private parts already feel a little exposed even though in reality they were totally covered.

'Ok. Let's go make a few people's nights,' said SJ as she led me out of the bathroom and into the cinema lobby. 'Red is your favourite colour right?'

'Yes,' I replied, 'but what's that got to do with anything?'

'When we get into the street the first guy we see wearing red you're going to show your tits too,' she said.

'In a public street?' I said feeling excitement flood around my body.

'Yep,' she said, 'art class was too slow so we're going up a few gears. Told you I'd get you naked in public.'

She laughed. I was nervous but the adrenaline overruled that and, as we left the cinema, I couldn't wait to see a man wearing red.

As it happened I didn't need to wait long. We'd only been walking a minute or so when a man in a red shirt appeared coming in our direction. He had a dog on a lead with him and looked pleasant enough.

'Here I go,' I said as he got nearer. When he was about five feet away I grabbed the bottom of my top and lifted it up. My boobs bounced as they were freed from the material and the cool, evening air felt good on my rock hard nipples.

The man stopped in his tracks and stared. Then he chuckled and said 'Err thanks' before walking on past us. I put my top back down, looked at SJ and we both burst out laughing.

'Fuck that was fun,' I said.

'Let's keep going then,' she replied, 'next guy in red show him your pussy!'

My heart leapt in my chest. Boobs were one thing but flashing my most intimate part to a stranger in a public street was a different level. However, once more my adrenaline told me I wanted to do it and that was good enough for me.

So when a man in a red beanie hat strode towards us a few minutes later I pulled up my skirt and thrust my pelvis in his direction. 'Shit!' he said, 'nice, very nice.'

'Thanks,' I replied still holding my skirt up as he took in the view.

'Doing a dare?' he said.

'Something like that,' I replied finally putting my skirt back down.

'Oh,' said the man, 'can I get a picture? I'm going to meet a group of friends and they'll not believe that just happened unless I have proof.'

I wasn't sure that was a good enough reason for someone to ask to photograph my privates but I was on a massive high by now and without thinking said 'sure, why not?'

The man handed his phone to SJ. 'No face,' I said.

'That's ok,' replied the man.

He crouched down on his haunches so his head was about level with my waist. I lifted up my skirt and the guy pointed his finger towards my pussy and smiled as SJ clicked the camera.

Springing back to his feet, the man took the phone back and checked the picture. 'Awesome', he said, 'thanks. You girls have fun. Hey, do you wanna come meet my friends?'

I might have said yes in my state of excitement but SJ answered for us declining the invitation and the man went off on his way.

'Oh my God,' I said, 'that was the best yet.'

'Told you,' she said, ' most people are cool about the whole thing and it's their reaction that makes it such a thrill.'

'I'm so fucking wet,' I said.

SJ's eyes lit up. 'Shall we go home then?' she said.

I didn't reply. I just grabbed her hand and we set off walking at pace. My mind was in overdrive as we walked. By the time we got home a few minutes later I was so horny it was all I could do not to finger myself on the doorstep.

Inside the house SJ dropped her backpack and turned to me. 'Can I watch?' she asked.

'No,' I replied.

SJ looked sad.

'I want you to...' I said stopping midway through thought. I didn't know what I wanted her to do. I just knew I wanted HER.

'To what?' she said.

'To?' I replied, 'to do whatever you want but get me off and do it quick pleeeeasssee!'

She grinned and without speaking pulled down my skirt. I stepped out of it as soon as it hit the floor. SJ gently pushed me against the wall then bobbed down and began running her tongue up my inner thighs.

It felt so good. My head was spinning and every part of my body was tingling in a sense of heightened expectation.

SJ kissed my outer pussy lips. I took hold of her hair as she moved on to teasingly suck on my clitoris. Her tongue and mouth felt so soft and loving.

She parted my pussy lips with her fingers and licked. I knew it wouldn't take much more for me to orgasm but I wanted to hold on as long as I could to savour the moment.

SJ obviously knew what she was doing and her tongue worked magic as I moaned in pleasure until I could take it no more. I pushed her head down and she licked some more then I came and came and came.

My entire body shuck and I banged my head against the wall behind me but I felt no pain from the impact as my orgasm continued. I was in ecstasy.

'Fuck!' I yelled.

SJ continued to lick then gently kiss my pussy as I slowly came off my glorious high and regained some sort of composure.

'I didn't hurt you when I shoved your head down did I?' I asked as SJ got to her feet.

She was smiling and licking her lips. 'Not at all,' she said, 'was that as good for you as it was for me?'

'I dunno what it was like for you but it was the greatest orgasm of my life,' I responded.

SJ started to cry but from her smile I could tell they were tears of joy. She hugged me and then we shared our first proper kiss.

'I never did anything like this before SJ,' I said as our mouths separated.

'Well I'm glad to be your first,' she replied.

'Oh so am I,' I said, 'and I think you'll be my last.'

'But you said it was good?' SJ retorted.

'It was,' I said, 'I mean, I more than really like you SJ. I don't think I could ever want anyone else now I've found you.'

She hugged me tighter than ever before. 'Told you we'd....'

'I know,' I said putting a finger on her lips, 'you told me we'd have fun. But you never told me I'd fall in love with you.'