

The Reluctant Exhibitionist

by Jennifer L. Lopez

“Why won't you let me watch you?”

My stomach twisted with anxiety at his question, but also with excitement. Tim, my boyfriend of a year and a half, lathered soap on my back as we stood under the hot shower spray. He loved these post-sex showers as much as I did.

“It's weird,” I said, reverting to thirteen-year-old terminology to describe something much more complex than *weird*. He held my shoulders and leaned forward to whisper in my ear.

“It's not weird. It's damn sexy.” His hands slid down over my breasts, pinching lightly at my nipples, not that they needed any help perking up.

My body was still sensitive and alert after the orgasm he'd given me only minutes before. He could bring me to the edge and hold me there for what seemed like eternity before plunging me over the precipice. It was always worth the wait. With his slippery hands moving down my stomach now, I could barely think about the original question. If he wanted a straight answer, he'd have to stop working me up. And by the feel of things, I wasn't the only one becoming aroused again. A slow shiver snaked down my spine when he captured my earlobe between his teeth.

“Do you get excited thinking of strangers seeing you touch yourself?”

“Maybe. A little.” Not as much as the fantasy I'd shared with him a

few months ago: being watched while having sex. But it still pushed all the right buttons. I swallowed my lust.

“So why not let me?”

“It-it's different. I'd feel self-conscious.”

He let go of me and turned away to rinse the soap from his chest.

“I don't get how you'd be comfortable in front of random strangers, but not me. After this long, I thought you'd trust me at least that much.”

Standing naked in a shower, you wouldn't think it possible to feel any more exposed, but in that moment, I did.

“It's not about trust.”

“Then what's it about?” He squirted a palm full of shampoo and scrubbed his hair. Vigorously.

By the time I garnered the courage to tell him, he'd rinsed his hair and started sliding the shower door open.

“Tim, wait.”

“Forget it.”

“No.” I slid the door shut again.

“I hate that you shut down like this when I bring it up. I won't ask about it anymore, okay?”

I pulled him back under the water with me and pressed my body close to his. He was still semi-erect and the feel of him made my

muscles clench tight.

"I love you," I said.

The hard line of his lips softened. He kissed my forehead.

"I know, babe. I never--"

"That's why."

"What?" He stepped me back, shielding me from the water. He cupped my chin and held my gaze when I tried to look away. My face had to have been bright red, and not from the hot shower.

"I don't care what some anonymous person, who I'll never see again, thinks when they look at me. But I do care what you'll think."

He leaned me back against the shower wall. He was hard against my hip.

"Is that it? This whole time?"

Well, when he said it like that, it did seem a little silly.

"You already know what I think when I look at you, how much I love your body."

Of course I did, but there was still that irrational fear in my brain. Seeing me naked in the shower, or touching myself while we're having sex, was one thing. But to be fully laid out, exposed, engaged in something so intimate that I'd normally do without him... That struck a tiny chord of terror within me. Would he like what he saw? Would he think I enjoyed it more alone than with him?

He grasped my hips, pulling them forward, and bent his knees so we

were about the same height. The tip of his cock pressed against my slick opening. I wanted nothing more than to slide myself down the length of him, to have him fill me, but he held me firm. Desire glinted in his eyes and twitched the corners of his mouth into a devious grin.

“You see how hard you make me?”

I nodded.

“You like that?”

“God, yes.” It was difficult not to let my eyelids flutter shut. My entire body pulsed with need. I kept my eyes open and looked into his, willing him to see how much I wanted him.

He leaned in for a kiss, still poised just beneath me, nudging slightly upward. I braced my hands behind me against the wall and tried to ease myself down, but he had the better position for control.

“Baby, don't tease.” A whimper escaped my lips - the sultry, begging kind Tim found hard to resist.

He held tight to my hips, and straightened himself out, thrusting full into me. I couldn't silence the satisfied cry that passed from my lips. Sacrificing balance for heightened sensation, I wrapped one leg behind him and tilted my hips so his pelvis pressed against my clit with each thrust.

“Wouldn't you like to see how hard--” He pushed deep, stretching me. “--how hard I'd get looking at you?”

His naughty talk had me on the brink. The sizzling pleasure mounted in my abdomen and tingled down to my toes.

“I want to see you touch that pretty little pussy until it's nice and wet.”

“Oh God, Tim.”

He pressed me up against the wall and gripped my ass with both hands, surely leaving red finger-marks, fucking me as fast as the slippery shower floor would allow, but he never stopped talking to me.

“How hard do you think you could get me without ever touching me?”

I'd never thought of that. Never thought of having that kind of power over him. But I thought of it now, and it burst the bubble that had been building inside me, sending sparks flying behind my eyelids.

“Make me watch until I'm begging to fuck you.” His voice was strained through clenched teeth. “Bet you'd like that.”

I could only moan in response. He groaned with one final thrust and buried his face in my neck, panting. He held me there for a moment while we both caught our breath, then redirected the showerhead.

“Looks like we have to wash up again.”

I grinned a delirious grin and stepped into the spray.

“Hey.” He patted my ass.

I turned around.

“I love you, too.”

Tim kept his word and didn't bring up the topic of watching me masturbate for the next few weeks. Of course, now I couldn't get it out of my head. The way he'd described it made me realize an important distinction I'd never thought of before: it wasn't the act he was interested in seeing, it was me. Okay, it was me in the middle of that act, but still.

I came home on a Friday evening after work and the house was dark. I had been hoping for dinner out and a sexy night in to kick off the weekend, but Tim wasn't there. When I turned on the light, I found a manila envelope propped against the lamp on the table.

Anna.

My name beckoned to me in black marker. The envelope was heavier than I expected, and when I opened it, a mini cassette recorder slid into my hands. Intrigued, I pressed play and turned up the volume.

Hey babe. Surprise.

The sound of Tim's voice made me smile. What did he have up his sleeve? I made my way into the kitchen and poured myself a glass of wine as I listened.

Let's try something different tonight. I bet you're ready to relax after a long day, so head upstairs for a nice hot bath. Then slip into something that makes you feel sexy. Turn this off until you're ready for the next step. Don't cheat and listen ahead, either.

I laughed. He knew me too well. I was the one who liked to open gifts on Christmas Eve, not because of any traditions, but because I couldn't stand the anticipation any longer. I clicked the tape off and followed his instructions.

I filled the tub with steaming hot water and added a few capfuls of the vanilla-scented bath oil that had been waiting for me on the counter. The aroma filled the whole bathroom. I stripped down and sank into the water, my muscles already beginning to relax. Sipping my glass of wine, neck-deep in silky bathwater, I wished Tim were actually there with me instead of a disembodied voice on tape. I was tempted to cheat and listen some more, just as he expected I would be, but I resisted. He'd gone through the trouble of setting this up, so I didn't want to ruin it. Instead, I focused on letting the tension of the work week go, skimming my hands under the water, letting the oil soften my skin.

When the water started to cool, I drained the tub and toweled off. While trying to decide what piece of lingerie to put on, I added an extra step to his instructions and applied a sweet-scented lotion he had given to me for my birthday earlier this year. I took my time, massaging my breasts and tummy, giving my ass a gentle squeeze as I spread the lotion. I slathered it on, from my ankles up to my thighs, loving the smoothness against my skin.

I couldn't help myself. I brushed my fingers between my thighs, feeling the wetness there. I spread a little up over my clit, relishing the jolt of pleasure it sent through my body. Tim's instructions were having the desired effect.

Once in the bedroom, I slipped into a black lace thong and a matching stretch lace camisole that hugged my body. Okay. Ready for more direction. I pressed play.

I hope you're feeling good right now. I'd love to touch you, feel how soft you are after the bath. To smell the vanilla on your skin.

His voice was as silky as the bath oil, the lotion, warming my body to the core. My body tingled with anticipation.

Set the recorder down on the bed so your hands are free. Make sure the blinds are closed tight so no one can see.

I did as he instructed, though part of me thrilled at the possibility that someone might look in and see me in my skimpy lingerie, nipples hard and standing out against the thin lace.

Don't lie down yet, just stand there. Run your hands over your body, over what you're wearing. Think of my hands.

I cupped my breasts like Tim liked to do and flicked my thumbs across my nipples. A gentle sigh escaped my lips. The insubstantial fabric of my underwear would be soaked soon, I was getting so aroused. After a moment on my breasts, I slid my hands down over my stomach. Not every man realized the importance of foreplay, of simple touches and caresses on even the most innocent of places, but my Tim did. And he liked to take his time. He'd spend half an hour some times just kissing me and touching me over my clothes. I loved feeling his erection through all those layers of fabric, straining to be released.

You can sit or lie down now. Let's play a game.

I propped a few pillows against the headboard and reclined on the bed, ready to get to the real action.

Imagine we're out together somewhere. Maybe at the movies. Or driving in the car. Or...

I could practically hear the huge grin that must have spread across his face as he recorded the next few lines.

...I know... We're at the state fair. One of those warm, sticky nights that always turns you on.

I loved the way humidity made my tops cling to every curve. My 34Cs were just small enough and perky enough that I occasionally went braless on those sultry nights, to better feel my tank top against my moist skin.

You're wearing that little skirt I love, the one with the yellow flowers, and that white t-shirt. Without a bra, of course.

I knew exactly the outfit he meant. The skirt was a few inches above the knee, white chiffon with a small floral print. The t-shirt was thin cotton with a plunging v-neck. I was wearing it once - without a bra - when we were caught in a sudden downpour in the park. We ran all the way back to the car, but were soaked through by the time we made it. My top was completely translucent when wet, and you could see the dark tan of my nipples right through the material. Tim had been so turned on by it that he'd laid me out in the car and buried his face between my legs until I was thrashing with ecstasy and his face was wet long after the rain had dried.

I leaned back against the pillows and squeezed my thighs together. The pressure sent delicious waves of sensation through my pussy.

We're going to take a ride on the Ferris wheel. As we ride to the top, we can see all the people down below. The breeze blows your skirt and you slide it up to the top of your thighs. When the ride reaches the bottom again, the operator looks at you with your skirt hiked up and your knees spread open. He can see your underwear.

I opened my knees and slid a hand over my mound. My panties were damp.

Slide them to the side. Give him a nice view of your pussy before we start back to the top of the circle.

An electric tingle played in the pit of my stomach as I imagined this

stranger taking a good look at me. Not just him, but other bystanders as well. I pushed my thong to one side and dipped a finger into the wetness beneath. The heady aroma of arousal wafted up from my pussy.

Show me how you like to touch yourself. Imagine us on that Ferris wheel, on top of the world again, the warm wind licking your pussy. How would you pleasure yourself, for me and everyone to see?

I slipped my panties off and dropped them over the side of the bed. Gently, with one hand, I spread my labia. With the other hand, I use two wet fingers to circle my swollen clit. I didn't know how much longer the tape would be, so I didn't touch too hard or too fast. I could've brought myself to orgasm in less than two minutes, but I focused on building it slowly, trying to put myself into the fantasy moment on top of that carnival ride.

Imagine the look on everyone's faces when our car circles back around and they see that I've reached into your shirt to pinch your nipples. I even lean over to lick them as we pass by the ride operator again. Can you see his erection straining against his jeans?

I wanted to make this stranger hard and eager. I wanted him to see me and lose all sense of decency, to have him stare and want what he saw before him. I pulled the top of my cami down so my tits spilled out and I had access to brush my palm over my nipples, mimicking Tim's mouth in the fantasy.

The thrill of performing for strangers like that was so hot. Men would watch with lust in their eyes. Women would watch with fascination and maybe some desire of their own. I slid my middle finger into my pussy and stroked in and out, tilting my hips up to deepen the penetration.

I don't want you to come just yet. Not while we're heading back to

the top where it's harder for people to see. Just keep working that pussy for a little longer. Rub your clit. Just a little longer baby. Sitting next to you, I'm so hard just watching you please yourself, seeing you enjoy everyone's eyes on you.

Following his instruction, I pressed three fingers over my clit and worked in quick circles. My hips rocked involuntarily against my hand and my body trembled, waiting for release.

Here we come back to the bottom. The ride is slowing down. We're going to stop right in front of the operator. He's going to see you with your fingers all over your hot little pussy, so nice and wet. Let him hear you baby, let him see you come. Go ahead.

A moan started deep in my throat and rose in pitch as I worked myself over, faster, harder, pressing my fingers against my clit. The orgasm erupted in shuddering waves and I cried out with the pleasure of it. I imagined the lusty, if not surprised look, on the stranger's face as I came to halt in front of him, pussy exposed and slick, and Tim next to me, likely with a raging hard-on that I desperately wanted to take care of.

I wanted him here now, to fill me up and catapult me into another shattering orgasm.

Just as I began to slow my movements, milking the last of the sensations from my body, movement from the closet made my heart seize and damn near skip a beat. The door, which had been slightly ajar, now swung fully open. Tim stepped out, naked, hard, ready.

Son of a bitch. Sneaky, clever, sexy, irresistible son of a bitch. I grinned and spread my knees to give him the best possible view of my pussy. The hunger in his eyes was evident. He stroked himself with one hand.

“Did you like that?” I asked.

He came to the side of the bed and leaned over, kissing me. His tongue was eager in my mouth, thrusting forcefully, bringing to mind what I desperately wanted from his cock.

“You're fucking amazing. That was... that was so hot.” He kneeled beside me on the bed and thrust two fingers into my pussy, making me gasp out of sheer pleasure. “Watching you, listening to you come like that. Fuck.”

Yes. Fuck. That was exactly what I wanted. I wrapped my hand around his cock and brushed my thumb over the tip of him. His eyes fluttered close and he tilted his head back.

“I want you inside me,” I whispered, bringing my knees up toward my chest.

He positioned himself in front of me and pressed the tip of his cock to my slick opening. I straightened my legs and he thrust full into me, his chest against the backs of my legs. He braced his hands on either side of my head and pressed forward, driving himself deeper into my pussy. He stretched me, over and over again, the head of his cock brushing against the sensitive spot inside me with each thrust.

“Oh God, yes,” I whimpered, already close to another climax. I bit my lip and stared into Tim's eyes as he continued to fuck me.

He thrust faster, bringing me closer to the edge, seeking his own release in time, and I thought of how lucky I was to have a man like him, who was so turned on by the mere sight of me, and even more turned on by the thought of watching me fuck myself in front of strangers.

One final, animalistic thrust and a guttural moan shook our bodies,

shook the bed, sent us rocketing together in a shared climax more intense than any we'd ever shared. I trembled in the aftermath, my muscles weak and tingling, my heart full. Tim collapsed beside me and nuzzled against my shoulder.

"Thank you," he whispered.

"Thank you." I kissed the top of his head. "Maybe next time we'll try with the blinds open."

