**A Closet Exhibitionist**

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**A Closet Exhibitionist Ch. 01**

"Hey! I'm home!"  
  
'Shit, shit, shit,' I thought. I was kinda tied up at the moment my roommate decided to come home. Technically, I was handcuffed. I scurried across the room, grabbed my phone which controlled the vibrator in my panties, turned it off, grabbed the keys, got the cuffs off and threw them into my sock drawer all in what felt like under 10 seconds.  
  
"Miranda?!" My roommate called out, I could hear her taking her shoes off at the front door, "You home?!"  
  
"Yeah, just a minute!" I called back, unintended fear in my voice. She wasn't supposed to be back for another hour. I ran back to my bed to throw all of my toys in the chest at the foot of my bed. I just managed to close the chest as she entered the bedroom.  
  
I'm kind of a closet exhibitionist. I like putting myself in situations where I could get caught nude, or with a vibrator in my pussy, but I've never actually been caught, nor do I ever plan to.  
  
"Wow, I've never seen you topless before," she said. To my surprise, she walked over and put both hands on my breasts. "You're always complaining about how small your breasts are."  
  
"Th-um-" I studdered. I didn't let anyone see me topless. I always hoped my chest would grow out. They did a little in high school, but not as much as the other girls. "Sasha!" I finally managed to get out with irritation in my voice.  
  
"These are fine!" She said moving my breasts up and down like maracas.  
  
"They're tiny!" I retorted, throwing her hands away and turning to grab my clothes.  
  
"They're small hand handfuls!" She insisted, laughing. She walked over to the dresser, pulled out a new shirt and bra, and began to take hers off. It seemed like she just got done working out and was changing out of her sweaty clothes. She was currently wearing a sports bra and tiny jogger shorts that perfectly framed her ass and topped off just below her prominent hip bones.  
  
"Your handfuls are tiny!" I shouted back walking to the restroom to remove my vibrator I was hoping she didn't notice.  
  
"That's true," she smirked, then paused. She had tiny hands. "But trust me," she defended, "the guys will still love your breasts!" It didn't seem like she noticed. She would have brought it up.  
  
"So, our first semester at Soulman U and you're already ditching classes!" I yelled out. She didn't respond. I was just about to take my vibrator out when I faintly heard what sounded like the clasp on the chest at the foot of my bed. 'I forgot to lock it!' I ran back into the room and caught her just about to open the chest. "What are you doing! You know that's private!"  
  
Sasha laughed hovering topless over the chest, "ok, ok." She had the chest open a half inch, but respectfully closed it for my sake. I ran over and threw on the lock. "You gotta ease up Miranda. Honestly, when I got home, you sounded like you were scurrying to hide something. I'm wondering if it was in the chest."  
  
I hesitated, what do I say to that. It was really none of her business. I suppose I could've told her that, but I was not thinking straight.  
  
"Relax, I'm kidding Miranda!" she laughed.  
  
I took a moment, sat on my bed and took a breath. I was just about to go address the vibrator when there was a knock at the door.  
  
"Oh, that must be Anthony," Sasha said. I threw my clothes on quickly while she walked to the front door, still topless.  
  
"Sasha, you're naked!" I shouted, though she was still wearing her jogger shorts.  
  
"Nothing he hasn't seen before," Sasha said throwing the door open. Anthony and two other guys came in. I recognized one of them as Brad who we went to high school with. Everyone on the cheer squad used to have a crush on him. And he was still hot.  
  
Sasha threw her arm over her breasts, "oh my god, Anthony, you have to let me know when your bringing friends over." Brad and the new guy high fived each other after they saw Sasha struggling to hide her breasts. "You can't just bring over whoever you want, this is my place!"  
  
"Oh please," Anthony retorted, "you wouldn't care if you weren't topless. You shouldn't answer your door like that," he argued. In my opinion, they both had great points.  
  
Sasha came over and sat next to me on the bed, her arm still over her breasts, but in no rush to put on the top she removed from her dresser. The guys came over and found chairs or leaned on the wall. I was so distracted I completely forgot to address the vibrator.  
  
They started talking about something, but I wasn't really paying any attention. I was wondering why Sasha, who just complained about the guys seeing her topless, chose to remain topless. Was she enjoying this?  
  
"Hello! Miranda! You can stop looking at my tits now!" Sasha laughed bringing me back into reality. "Gosh, I expect them to do it," she said pointing at the guys, "but not you too." I looked over at the guys, their eyes fixed on Sasha's chest, except for Anthony who seemed irritated Sasha hadn't covered up yet.  
  
"So, we were just gonna head to the roof, wanna come?" Sasha asked me. We lived in a seven story dorm building.  
  
"Um, sure," I responded, wondering if I'd have an opportunity to remove the vibrator first.  
  
"Great!" Sasha stood up, turned her back to the boys, removed her arm from her breasts, and put on her skin-tight t-shirt that only reached an inch or two below her breasts leaving her ribs and her proud abs bare. She left the bra on the bed and her nipples were clearly poking through the shirt. Then they started for the door. I was becoming more and more sure that she was enjoying this. She was putting on a show for Brad. I unfortunately, didn't get a chance to run to the bathroom to remove the vibrator. At least it wasn't vibrating.  
  
The way the stairs worked in our building was that the set of stairs at one end of the hall went to the next story up and at the other end of the hall, the stairs went to the next story down. Whoever designed this building must not have been thinking very hard as it meant for every flight of stairs you traveled you had to walk all the way down each hall past every dorm. We lived in the middle of the fourth floor. I whispered to Sasha, "did you know Brad was coming?"  
  
"No!" She said abashed. She was black so it was hard to tell, but I think she was blushing.  
  
We got to the top and opened the door. Anthony placed a board under the door so it wouldn't close. "We discovered we could come up here a couple days ago," the guy I hadn't met yet explained to me. "No one ever comes up here... Sorry, I'm Carlos," he finally introduced himself extending his hand.  
  
"Miranda," I responded reaching for his hand. He took me by surprise and instead of shaking my hand, he kissed it. I attempted to hold back a giggle unsuccessfully. "oh! Well thank you my good sir!" I joked.  
  
"I like it when you call me sir!" He joked back. This time I laughed out loud and blushed hard.  
  
"You two stop flirting and bring the drinks over here," Brad shouted. Carlos had a box of alcoholic beverages and Anthony brought a portable table. Brad began to mix drinks for us. By the time the sun was down, the guys were tipsy, but Sasha and I were hammered.  
  
"Hey," Carlos shouted, "we need some music!"  
  
"I have the best collection of music on my phone," I shouted back, "it's on the table, the passcode is 2-6-3-6, go ahead and put something on!" I had some nude photos in the gallery on my phone, so I didn't usually give out the passcode, but at this point, I was drunk and knowing he could come across those made me somewhat horny.  
  
"Oh, you already have your playlist open!" My ears perked up. He hit play and my vibrator started vibrating in my panties to the rhythm of very sensual music.  
  
"Oh," I shot up from my seat, then ran over to Carlos, grabbed the phone out of his hand, turned off the bluetooth making my vibrator come to an abrupt stop and changed the playlist. I looked around and everyone was giving me odd looks. Carlos at this point snapped a picture of me looking ridiculous. Everyone laughed and things settled back to normal.  
  
Carlos brought a polaroid camera and took pictures throughout the evening. While Sasha was flirting with Brad, I was looking through the wacky pictures we'd taken with Carlos and Anthony.  
  
"You boys better not take advantage of our lack of inhibitions," Sasha joked way to loud and in her awkward drunken voice while grabbing one of her breasts and squeezing. She was obviously begging for Brad to take her back to his place.  
  
"Ok, I think that's enough for you," said Anthony grabbing Sasha's drink out of her hand.  
  
I was already a little horny after imagining Carlos discovering my nudes and my vibrator going off for a couple seconds. Sasha acting risque was only making me hornier. I still hadn't gotten to play with my toys today because she barged in earlier. "Maybe we should call it a night," I said hoping to get in a little personal time before bed.  
  
"That sounds good," Anthony agreed, trying to keep his sister from embarrassing herself anymore. Brad carried the things down to their dorm on the first floor. Anthony helped Sasha get down to her room. I kept insisting to Carlos I didn't need any help, but after he caught me tripping on the way down the stairs, he insisted on keeping an arm under my shoulders to give me stability.  
  
This only made me more horny. "Th-thank you," I stumbled over my words.  
  
"Thank you what?" He asked.  
  
"Oh! Thank you SIR!" I emphasized sir in a sexual voice jokingly.  
  
"Good girl," he responded petting my head. It almost sounded like he wasn't joking.  
  
We finally made it to the fourth floor and the guys left us to ourselves. "Hey Miranda," she whispered to me, "Brad rented us a motel room for the night. You know, the one across the street. I don't think I'll be back till the morning."  
  
"Why didn't you go with him just now?" I whispered back.  
  
"Because Anthony would kill us if he knew!"  
  
"Why are we whispering?" I laughed.  
  
"I don't know," she laughed back, "god, I'm so drunk. Well, here's hoping I don't regret this in the morning!" She waved her sexiest lingerie in the air as she walked out the door.  
  
Sweet, I have the room to myself! I don't have to sneak into the bathroom for a quickie, I can use all the toys I want here on my bed!  
  
I opened my chest, grabbed my electronic handcuffs, a spreader bar, a blindfold, noise canceling head phones, a ball gag, and my lockable panties. I already had a vibrator in my panties so I didn't need to grab one of those. Just then, I had developed the perfect idea. Carlos said no one ever went up on the roof, except for them of course, but they had already gone back to their room.  
  
I put on make up for my fictional audience and went up to the roof, placed a board under the door, and pulled my things out of my bag. There were some pipes on the outside wall of the stair well. I was only 5'3 and the only pipes were 6 feet up attached to the wall, so if I was going to handcuff myself to them, my arms would have to be over my head. I preferred that actually; having my arms raised over my head pulled my breasts up in a way that I thought made them look really attractive. It also thinned my stomach or over my abs which weren't visible otherwise.  
  
It was freezing outside. My nipples started hardening, partly because of the cold, but mostly because my body was already reacting to what I was about to do. I stood for a couple minutes mentally preparing myself, working up courage. I stripped my clothes off and walked to the edge of the building. I looked down, there were some boys still hanging out at the tables just outside the building.   
  
All they had to do right now was look up and they would see me and my nakedness. My dark nipples on my smooth, light golden brown skin. My bush, shaped into an upside down triangle for my audience of three: me, myself and I. I stood there for a couple seconds breathing hard. Standing there in view if those boys was the most daring thing I'd ever done. But, what I was about to do would definitely top it.  
  
I started with the panties. The panties were super durable and designed to keep the vibrator pressed up against my clit. I turned the switch on the bottom of the vibrator to medium, positioned it perfectly on my clit, then clipped the lock on the panties. Then I addressed the spreader bar, placing the cuffs on my ankles. The bar spread my legs so far apart, it made me even shorter.  
  
My vibrator, electronic handcuffs, and noise canceling headphones were connected to my phone by bluetooth so the vibrations would raise and lower with the music and the handcuffs would open when the hour long playlist was over. I put my ball gag in, placed the headphones on my ears, brought the blindfold over my eyes, started my playlist (at half volume, full volume was too much for my pussy to handle), then placed my wrists in the cuffs. I had to stand on my tippy toes to reach.  
  
Before I knew it, I was enjoying the pleasures of the unknown. I couldn't see anything but the black fabric of my blindfold, I couldn't hear anything but the sensual music playing in my ears, and if I was discovered, I couldn't explain myself, defend myself, or resist their actions.  
  
It didn't take long for my body to get hot. I felt my clit grow hard against the vibrator, only sending me further into pleasure. I imagined seeing myself there, under the porch light of the stair well, glistening with the sweat, panting loudly in sync with the playlist only I could hear and someone discovering me. I shuttered at the thought.  
  
My body moved involuntarily, my hips twisting, my chest rising and falling with my breath, my legs attempting to close themselves, but kept apart by the spreader bar, almost fighting to get away from the vibrator, but no matter how my body moved, that vibrator was perfectly strapped to my clit. It wasn't going anywhere.  
  
I planned my playlist to have ups and downs to bring me to the highest bliss, then tease me with a light tingle. I had to remind myself not to moan too loudly. Those boys might still be at the base of the building.  
  
Finally, knowing my playlist backward and forward, the second to last song just started. It was my favorite song. Not because of the music, but because of how it made my body squirm under my vibrator. It was a six minute song, the longest on the playlist. I waited in anticipation through the silence between songs. The song started unexpectedly. It always took me by surprise, even when I tried to expect it. It was fast, and loud, and had a lot of base.  
  
This song brought me to orgasm so fast, I screamed out with no care for who heard. My body was rolling in orgasms, over and over, each one unique and exciting. It felt unending. The song kept going and the vibrator kept hitting all the right nerves. I couldn't catch my breath, even during the low parts of the song, the slow vibrations would catch me at the beginning of a new orgasm and keep me there. At this point, I didn't care if someone saw me. I was so weak and exhausted, my tippy toes couldn't carry me anymore.  
  
Finally, the song ended. I had one more song on the playlist, a slow song to bring me down. I was sitting through the silence between songs when I realized, the next song should've started already...  
  
But it didn't... I was sitting there in silence for what felt like a couple minutes. I finally decided to call out.  
  
"Hello!" sounded more like, "Hrm-mrph!" with the gag in my mouth.  
  
Then, my favorite song started to play again as loud as ever. Louder than before! It was at full volume! My pussy thanked me, but every other muscle in my body was begging for relief. I was in such a state of pleasure, I was barely able to wonder why that song had played again, when all of a sudden I felt someone unlock my panties, turn the switch on the vibrator from medium to high, keeping the vibrator in that perfect position on my clit, and replace the panties and the lock.  
  
The speed at which this vibrator was moving sent me to new sexual heights. I felt hands remove the gag from my mouth. I was now not only bucking and moaning and panting and holding back screams of ecstasy. I was fucking the air with my whole body and begging to no one in particular:  
  
"OH FUCK!... YES!... THAT FEELS AMAZING!... OH YEAH!... MORE!... PLEASE MORE!... OH MY GAWD!"  
  
My body began convulsing as I started squirting hard. My legs bending bringing my feet off the ground, hanging solely from my wrists. I had never orgasmed so hard for so long, or so many times in my life. Finally, the song came to an end again. I wondered if it would play again then I felt the hand again replace the gag in my mouth, remove the panties, change the setting on the vibrator back to medium, and replace the panties like he had earlier, leaving me in the same state he found me. The final song on my playlist played at half volume. I was grateful, both for the repeat of my favorite song and the relief of the final song.  
  
When final song ended, the cuffs released, and my body fell to the floor. My muscles were soar, my bones ached, my wrists stung, and my whole body was stiff. I don't know how long I laid there, or if I even remained conscious, but after what felt like an exceedingly long time, my body finally began to relax a little more. I stayed there wondering if my voyeur was still up here with me, watching me.  
  
My vibrator was still vibrating in my panties. My voyeur must've changed the setting to have it continue vibrating after the playlist. Though it was vibrating at a considerably lesser speed without the music playing, my body wouldn't completely relax until I turned it off. I pulled off my blindfold and sat up, looking around. There was no one there. Whoever my voyeur was, he's gone now. It almost made me wonder if there ever was a voyeur in the first place and I just imagined everything that happened. Then I realized, my clothes were gone, my keys were gone, my dignity was gone. What do I do? My roommate was out. Even if she wasn't I wouldn't want her to see me like this. I can't even get out of my spread bar, or panties.  
  
I went back to the stairwell to grab my phone. I couldn't turn off my vibrator without either removing my panties or using my phone. I entered my passcode and a message came up saying my code was wrong and I could try again in two minutes. Maybe I just put it in wrong.  
  
Two minutes went by and I tried again. This time it told me to wait five minutes. At this point, I was worrying my code had been changed. After five minutes passed, I tried one last time. Now my phone would be locked for a half an hour. I had to endure these vibrations for at least another half hour and that's on the off chance that my passcode happened to work.  
  
I turned around to grab my handcuffs off the pipe and saw a polaroid and note taped to the wall. I grabbed the photo off the wall. It was me, obviously orgasming, drenched in sweat, screaming to the sky, breasts exposed, nipples hard, abs crunched, legs bent hanging above the ground, and juices spilling out of my panties.  
  
The note read:  
  
Miranda,  
  
I appreciate the performance. I hope you don't mind, I took the liberty of moving your belongings. You can find what you need across the street on the table in front of the motel. You can keep the polaroid, I have more. I expect to see you here in the same fashion, this time next week. If not, you can find me in my room sharing your photos with my roommates and your's.  
  
Truly and sincerely, your Sir  
  
At this point, the combination of the vibrator and the knowledge of my predicament sent me into my first orgasm since escaping my handcuffs. I managed to keep myself from falling by using the wall for support, but the combination of pleasure, embarrassment, anger, excitement, and confusion all at the same time made thinking difficult. It finally occurred to me all the signs pointed to Carlos being my voyeur and I'd need to make my way down the stairs, through every hallway, and across the street without being noticed before I could end my predicament and get my clothes on. To make matters worse, I'd have to do all of this while enduring constant pussy/clit stimulation and with my ankles in a spreader bar...

**A Closet Exhibitionist Ch. 02**

I looked over the edge of the roof. The guys that were hanging out there before were gone. I tried looking across the street for my clothes on the table. The trees were too thick to see through. I would have to start my trek downstairs before the hallways started filling with students getting ready for their morning classes. I grabbed my empty bag which originally had my clothes and keys in it and stuffed Carlos' note, my handcuffs, headphones, blindfold, ball gag, and phone into it.  
  
I made my way over to the stairs the best I could and started down. The spreader bar between my ankles made it extremely hard for me to go down the stairs as fast as I'd like. I had to go one step at a time.  
  
Each step brought new sensations to my clit keeping the vibrator at the forefront of my mind. As much as I tried to ignore it, I'm consistantly reminded of the vibrator and it's pleasures by my constantly convulsing pussy. By the time I reached the bottom of the stairs, my juices were ready to explode. The longer I held my inevitable orgasm, the stronger the pleasure became. I looked forward, focusing on my mission.  
  
I had to waddle down the hall, past all the dorms, to the next set of steps. I attempted to cover myself with my bag, but it was heavy, and my arm became too soar to hold it in front of my body. Instead my arm fell limp to my side. I walked down the hall at full speed (which was not very fast), using my free hand to support my weight on the wall to relieve my weak legs.  
  
I made it about three quarters of the way down the hall before falling to the ground in ecstasy. My whole body quivering like I was experiencing an earthquake. I knew this was all built up pleasure. I bit my lip hard to keep from audibly responding to my body.  
  
When I finally regained my footing, I made my way to the end of the hall and reminded myself, I only have to do this six more times. That wasn't really reassuring though. Again, I took the stairs one step at a time. I made it to the bottom of the stairs when the nearest dorm room door started opening. I looked around for a place to hide and was relieved to see there was a pocket behind the stairs to hide behind.  
  
I heard two guys talking. I could vaguely hear what they were saying. It sounded like one of the guys lived there and the other one was just heading home. They had just finished playing... Videogames? My god, who stays up this late playing Videogames.  
  
They were taking forever! My vagina was bringing me back to orgasm, but I knew they would hear me if I did. Finally, I heard the visitor say his goodbye, but it was too late. Tremors worked their way through my body. I moaned loud and involuntarily, then held my breath as best I could.  
  
"Did you hear that," I heard one of the guys say.  
  
"Yeah, I think I heard it near the stairs," the other said. My pussy was still quivering hard while I held my breath. I heard the guy walk in my direction, then I heard him walk up a couple steps, turn around and say, "Hmm, nothing there." He must not know about this pocket under the stairs. Thank god.  
  
He went back in his room and the other guy walked away. After a while, I stuck my head out and the coast was clear. I noticed a puddle formed beneath me. The moment my legs were strong enough to carry me again, I moved on.  
  
I rushed out of the stair pocket and again started to waddle as fast as I could. I got to the stairs, made my way down and now only had 5 floors left. There was one door I could hear loud music playing through as I went, but no disturbances on this floor.   
  
Finally, I was on my floor. Only a couple more steps to my dorm. It wouldn't matter anyway, I knew I locked my door when I left. I got to my door and attempted to turn the nob to no avail.  
  
Wait! The light is on! I could see it under the door and I thought I saw a shadow pass. Did Sasha come home? I began knocking frantically. I didn't want Sasha to see me like this, but it beat trying to make it across the street unnoticed. No one answered. Maybe it was my imagination. Maybe I did just leave the light on.  
  
I sat there for a moment, debating with myself. My bag was becoming a burden. If I left it outside the door, someone might discover its contents and wonder why my room had handcuffs, a blindfold, and a ball gag sitting outside my door.  
  
I continued down the hall without my bag defeated by hope. Just as I made it to the stairs, a door opened behind me. There was no hiding spot this time, so I took a leap. I landed on the platform where the stairs looped around, but my momentum brought me to the ground. Luckily, I was laying low enough in the stairwell that I was hidden from the hallway above.  
  
I crawled down the rest of the steps unfollowed and got to my feet. Third floor! The best part: I was pretty sure my body had gotten used to the vibrations. It still played me, but I felt like I could control it now. I made my way down this hall when another dorm room opened up.  
  
I couldn't believe how many people were coming out into the hallway at this time of night... or morning? Luckily, I was next to the showers. I walked into the shower room and hid in a stall. A couple seconds later, the door opened and I heard whistling and the sound of flip flops slapping the ground. They took the stall next to the one I was in and turned on the shower. As fast as I could, I got out of the shower and score, they left their towel on the bench.  
  
I grabbed the towel, wrapped it around me and waddled for dear life. I made it out, down the hall, and down the stairs. The second floor! There was a dude smoking pot sitting up against the wall on this floor. He didn't look like he was going anywhere soon. Luckily, I had a towel.  
  
I continued to waddle down the hall, past the guy, ignoring the fact that he was staring at me. "That's hot," he said nonchalantly, "I'll give you a hit for a peak." I didn't respond. I made it down the hall and again down the stairs. I finally did it. I was on the bottom floor. And the exit was right next to the stairs so I didn't have to walk down another hall. I took a moment and looked out the window.  
  
There was no one outside and no cars at the intersection. I had to make it down the walkway and across the street, hopefully without being noticed, but I had my towel for insurance, or so I thought. I opened the door, went outside and the door closed behind me. I started my walk, but someone grabbed my towel from behind and pulled. I was naked, again, but now I was officially in public.  
  
I covered myself with my hands and spun around to catch my assailant and saw... the door. My towel was stuck in the door. I tried to reopen it, but I didn't have my key card to get into the building. My key card was on my key ring. I would have to ditch the towel to continue. The intersection was about 25 yards down a concrete walkway bordered with benches and thin bushes that were too small to hide in.  
  
I managed to make it about halfway down the walkway, when a car pulled into the parking lot on the north side of the walkway. I immediately jumped behind the bushes on the south side of the walkway. I couldn't hide in them, but behind them, I'd at least get some cover. The car found a spot right near me. The headlights were shining through the bushes right onto my body.  
  
What if they saw me?! See me?! What if it's security, or worse, the police?! The car seemed to stay there for an obscene amount of time, engine still running, lights still shining right on me. I didn't dare move to risk getting caught if I wasn't already.   
  
Finally, the car turned off, the headlights stopped shining through the bushes and the occupants got out of the car. They didn't appear to see me. They sounded drunk. They made their way, very slowly to the walkway. I still didn't dare move. One guy was so drunk, he was stumbling. The footsteps got closer and closer then they did the unthinkable. They stopped at the bench in front if the bushes right next to me. They didn't sit, they didn't call out to me, they just talked.  
  
"Man, you are so drunk," one guy said.  
  
"Hey, let's just wait here for a minute. Jake, take a seat," the female pointed at the bench.  
  
The one who was stumbling followed instruction, he must be Jake. I could see the back of his head as I laid there helpless. It sounded like they were gonna start leaving when Jake turned around and hurled over the bench near my toes.   
  
The good news, it didn't get on me. The bad news, "Hey, guys!" Jake called, "there's a nakey lady back here!" I winced and covered my breasts as best I could, eyes closed.  
  
"Ok Jake, let's get you back to the room," The girl said. "Man you are drunk." They didn't believe him! Ha! They started to walk back to the dorms, I could hear Jake defending himself, "no, she was really there!"  
  
When I felt like the coast was clear, I got up and made my way to the intersection. I hit the button to cross. It was taking forever. I looked around and there wasn't a single car as far as I could see in any direction. Screw it, I crossed before the signal came.  
  
I was finally there, the motel! I looked around but didn't see a table. I walked all the way around the motel and finally found one at the back, with something on it! I was too far away to see what it was but it had to be much stuff. I hobbled over as quick as possible, giddy with knowing I made it. I got to the table and there was only a key card to motel room number 116.  
  
What! A motel room?! Was this Carlos' idea of a joke? It was the closest room to the table. I approached the door, then thought I should see what I'm getting into first. I hopped over to the window, leaned down to keep some coverage and peaked in. The room was empty.  
  
I opened the door slowly just in case. No one was home. With no other options, I entered the room and closed the door behind me. I was alone. I looked around the room for something Carlos might've left behind. Was he planning to meet me here? Where were my things?  
  
I found a note on the bed side table:  
  
Miranda,  
  
I place you're things in the closet. You better hurry. Who knows what could've happened in the time it took you to get here and in the time it takes you to get out of your bar and panties.  
  
Truly and sincerely, your Sir  
  
This made me nervous. What could he mean? What would happen? I made my way to the closet. It was a walk-in closet with louvers in the door made of wooden slats that allowed for partial visibility through the door. My keys were at the back of the closet, but still no clothes. I removed my spreader bar and panties finally giving my pussy relief from my vibrator.  
  
Then I heard someone outside placing a key card into the motel room door. I quickly turned off the lights in the closet and closed the closet door. The light in the room was still on so I could see into the room through the slats in the door. The motel door slammed open and two people making out stumbled into the room and fell on the bed.  
  
"One second," a female voice said through heavy breathing. She got up and closed the room door. Then turned back to the bed. I could just make out through the slats, it was Sasha! "Are you ready?" she asked Brad seductively. She began waving her hips like a dancer, hands together above her head. I couldn't believe my luck. They left hours ago! Why were they just now getting here?  
  
"Carlos took too long getting us this room!" Brad said as if answering my question like he could read my mind. "I've been ready for hours." He leaned forward, placing his hands on her waist, untieing the strings of Sasha's jogger shorts with his teeth. Her shorts fell around her ankles leaving her shaved pussy exposed. She wasn't wearing any panties.  
  
She placed her hands on his shoulders and threw him on his back. She climbed on top of him, grinding her pussy up his body until she sat straight up on his abdomen. She crossed her arms across her stomach and gripped the bottom of her shirt. She slowly raised her top up her body teasing Brad. The shirt, tight against her skin, pulled her breasts up until gravity pushed them out under the rim of her shirt. They bounced against her chest, and she threw her shirt across the room. She shook her chest making her breasts wiggle and jiggle.  
  
She brought her torso down so her breasts dragged across Brad's face, then grinding her pussy and breasts back down Brad's body, she began kissing his skin. First his lips, then his chin, neck, then down his shirt. Her hands made their way up his shirt across his abs then, she kissed his belt. She brought her hands down and began to unbuckle his belt, then his pants, then his zipper. He laid there passively, watching her, hands behind his head. She finally got his pants open then pulled them down his thighs. His penis already hard, flew straight up into the air as his pants were removed.  
  
His penis was huge. It was long, thick, and hard. I had never seen a penis before. It was so much larger than I'd imagined they'd be. How would that fit inside me. Sasha stared at it. I stared at it. It was alien to me. At first, I thought it was weird and disgusting, until I realized how hot it was making me. How could something so odd look so attractive?  
  
Sasha poked it in curiosity. "Are you a virgin," Brad asked Sasha.  
  
"Shut up!" Sasha slapped his chest.  
  
"Oh my god, you are!" Brad said in surprise. "Your whole slut persona is just an act!" Uh oh, that should piss her off... but it didn't. She looked embarrassed. Brad sat up, Sasha still on his lap. He kissed her, "It's ok, we'll do this together."  
  
He picked her up, turned around and set her down on her back so he was now on top. This time he kissed Sasha's body, working his way from her lips down the way she'd done to him. He paused at her breasts. He bit her nipple, "OH!" she jumped.  
  
"I'm sorry, did I bite you too hard!?" Brad asked in concern.  
  
"Don't stop," Sasha moaned. Brad continued without question. It occurred to me at this point, I was pinching my nipple hard. I wanted more than anything to be where Sasha was. I wanted to burst out of this closet, throw Brad on the bed and ride him hard. He made his way down to her pussy and wrapped his arms under her legs up around her pelvis.  
  
He starred at her pussy for a second. "You're staring," Sasha whispered. Her face went red with embarrassment and her hands covered her breasts, "No one's ever seen me before." The brave, confident Sasha that threw her clothes off and ravished Brad earlier was not the same Sasha lying here now.  
  
"I'm admiring undiscovered territory." Brad brought his mouth down on her and she immediately began to squirm, letting out giggles and moans. My hands were now on my pussy, one playing with my clit, the other pressing against my inner walls. I was breathing so hard I was surprised they couldn't hear me. I tried to conceal my breathing, but it just made it loud and irregular.  
  
"Oh Brad!" Sasha shouted, "RIGHT THERE! OH! RIGHT THERE! YES! YES! MORE!"  
  
Sasha was no longer embarrassed, she was obsessed. Her back arched and her arms flew out wide clawing the sheets. "OH~... SHIT... OH FUCK!" I could tell she was having an orgasm. This sent me into an orgasm of my own. It took everything in me not to moan or shout out.  
  
"Its my turn," Sasha said still on her back, now back in her confident voice. Brad took his shirt off so he was completely nude with her. He stood up revealing to me his whole body, unknowing to him. His cock was pointing right at me in the closet on the other side of the bed from him. It had a curve to it and his balls hung low beneath. His sack looked like a turkey neck to me. His waist, abs, chest, shoulders, and arms were solid muscle. Then Sasha sat up obstructing my view.  
  
'Oh my god,' I thought, 'She's gonna do it!'  
  
Sasha pushed herself off the bed, got on her knees and was eye level with his penis. She grabbed it tentatively, and slowly began to stroke it. "Wow!" Sasha said, "this is so weird." She shook her head. Sasha was mentally preparing herself. She opened her mouth and moved it over his cock. She brought her face forward sliding the cock father in.  
  
I closed my eyes and imagined my lips on his cock. I started sucking on my wet fingers knowing I couldn't imitate the feeling of a cock in my mouth using my fingers, but it was the best I could do.  
  
As she got used to it, she began moving her mouth back and forth faster and faster. "There it is," Brad exclaimed. "Yeah, just like that," he instructed her, "keep going!" Sasha began bringing his cock deeper and deeper into her mouth. Brad grabbed her by the hair and started guiding her speed and depth. Sasha was now gagging every couple of seconds, but she didn't fight it. She encouraged it.  
  
She spanked him a little bit every now and until, finally, he was literally fucking her face. He slammed her face all the way down on his cock then jerked his body still. Was he cumming in her throat!? I couldn't tell. After a second or two, he pulled her mouth off and she took a second to swallow and catch her breath.  
  
Breathing hard, She looked up at him with desire and said, "Fuck me!"  
  
"I thought you'd never ask!" Brad threw her on the bed again, took both of her wrists in one hand and placed them above her head pinning her down. He grabbed his cock with his other hand and rubbed it over her pussy lips, then rubbed it just inside her pussy lips. He set his cock up with her opening then slowly led his tip into her being cautious for her first time.  
  
I moved my hands down to my pussy again, ready to pretend Brad was doing to me what he was actually doing to Sasha. It took everything in me not to turn my vibrator on to please myself.  
  
"I've used a dildo before, my pussy is used to it," she assured him calmly, "I want you in me." He didn't hesitate. He slammed his pelvis into hers and she yelped in surprise. He kept his cock deep in her and asked, "you use dildos?"  
  
"Well, I accidentally happened upon one of-" she was interrupted by a new quick thrust in and out by Brad, taking her by surprise again, "Oh my god!" She caught her breath, "One of Miranda's dildos," she finished her explanation.  
  
Sasha has used my dildo! I was angry and embarrassed at the same time. She must've found my hidden spare key to the chest. Now, Sasha and Brad knew about my secret as well as Carlos. Beside, my dildo was considerably smaller than what Brad was packing and I only had one.  
  
"Wow, who knew Miranda was so kinky!" Brad laughed. He started thrusting rhythmically now, still talking as if nothing was happening. "How often do you use her toys?"  
  
"When- whenever- she's not, um- not home," she answered between heavy, erratic breaths, her mind struggling to stay in the conversation.  
  
"And what do you think about?" he asked, speeding up. "What do you think about when you masturbate? Do you think about me?"  
  
"~Oh~Yeah~," she moaned in ecstasy.  
  
"Does the thought of me get you off?" He sped up the rhythm more.  
  
"~Yeah!~ You get me off Brad! So hard! OH MY GOD, BRAD, OH MY GOD!" she was entering another world. He was now slamming into her pelvis to pelvis pretty fast. Even Brad now was now struggling to keep up his facade.  
  
My fingers were moving in and out of my pussy as fast as Brad was thrusting into and out of Sasha. I began moaning along with them. Simultaneously, the three of us entered into blissful mind exploding orgasms. They didn't appear to notice me as they were caught in their own little world of pleasure.  
  
Brad fell down along side Sasha, both of them breathing heavily next to each other. They looked eachother in the eyes, as if there were an entire world to explore there. I too laid down in exhaustion.  
  
It occurred to me now, I was no longer the subject of voyeurism. I was the voyeur. I could lie to myself by saying Carlos made me, but I chose to watch. Was this what it was like for Carlos seeing me? Did he masturbate on the roof while he watched me get off to my vibrator?

"That was amazing!" Sasha said.  
  
"Yeah... Do you think Miranda would be interested in joining us next time?" Brad asked jokingly.  
  
"Oh my gosh!" Sasha slapped Brad's abdomen laughing.  
  
"I'm kidding, I'm kidding," Brad laughed grabbing his abs where she slapped him, "...kind of."  
  
"Well," she responded seriously, "I'd be open to it, but even with her sex toys secret, she's no where near kinky enough to go for it." They laughed together.  
  
They were talking about including me, and it sounded like they were actually considering it. I wanted so bad to join them while I watched and of course I didn't because I couldn't get away with explaining why I was watching them naked in the closet. But, even if I could get away with it, I was far too embarrassed by my nakedness.  
  
I'd had only one opportunity in my life before now to have sex and I chickened out hard. I knew I had a body to be desired by men, but my heart beat so fast in embarrassment, I was helpless. I couldn't move and the opportunity passed me by. This might be why I enjoyed risking exhibitionism, because I was too afraid to let a man see me naked out right.  
  
"Besides," Sasha spoke up again, "I think I would be too jealous of any attention you showed her," she pouted.  
  
"I like it when you're jealous of me!" Brad flirted.  
  
Brad got out of bed to turn the light off. His penis hung awkwardly between his legs as he walked not quite hard but not quite flaccid, wagging with each step. I couldn't imagine how that didn't bother him. Guys must just be used to it. He casually walked to the light switch turned it off and then I couldn't see anything in the room. I heard the bed springs crunch as he got back into bed and the covers ruffle as they found a comfortable position to sleep together.  
  
After what felt like eternity, I had to be sure they were sleeping, I let myself out of the closet, cracking the door only enough to slip through. I could vaguely see them through the darkness, spooning. Then I noticed, Sasha was still naked! Her clothes were free for taking! Her top was hanging from the lamp and her shorts were under the chair near the exit so I went for her top first.  
  
I tip toed over to the lamp with Carlos' note, my spread bar, and panties in one hand and lightly gripped the shirt with the other. Not realizing it was somehow hooked on the lamp, the lamp seemingly in slow motion tipped over and fell to the ground, yanking her shirt with it, out of my hand. It crashed loudly and I saw Sasha and Brad bolt upright.  
  
"Oh my god, Brad, someone's in our room!" I heard Sasha yell with fear.  
  
Damn it! No time, I booked it out of the room still naked. The sun wasn't up yet, but sunlight was now peaking over the horizon. There were a few cars on the street, but I couldn't stop running. I couldn't get caught by Sasha or Brad. I did my best to cover my face so no one would recognize me just in case. I didn't wait for the light, I just booked it across the street. A car slammed on its brakes, honking, drawing more attention to me!  
  
More reason to keep running. I ran fast, across the walkway, up each floor, passing a girl on the second floor then a guy on the third floor who didn't realize what had happened till I was at the end of the hall. Finally, I made it to my room. My fingers fumbled with my keys, but I got my key in my door, got inside the room and slammed the door behind me.  
  
I leaned my back against the door like someone was going to barge in after me and I was the only thing keeping it closed. I closed my eyes to escape reality and catch my thoughts. My heart beating, lungs stressing, and mind wandering. 'I don't think anyone recognized me,' I reassured myself.  
  
"Miranda!" came a voice from in front of me. It was Carlos. My hands were quick to cover my nudity. "It took you longer than I expected." He was holding a red ball gag fiddling it between his fingers in one hand and he held my bag in the other. My chest was open at the foot of my bed and my clothes were laid out on top of my covers.  
  
I didn't respond to him. I couldn't respond to him. I couldn't move. My chest rising and falling from my breath was the only part of my body that was moving. I was petrified.  
  
"It's been a long night for you. A lot of excitement," he waited for a response. When he didn't get one he continued, "I left you a note with instructions to meet me on the roof same time next week... I decided I couldn't wait that long," Carlos explained. "You'll meet me on the roof again tonight, or rather, I'll meet you. Be up there at 8pm. Don't bring clothes, and I expect to find you handcuffed to the pipes again with your gag in and blindfold on." He tossed me the gag. I caught it not realizing I exposed my breasts to him by doing so.  
  
He walked up to me and I coward under him. He pinched my nipple making me wince. "I know I threatened you with blackmail in my note, but honestly, I think you're looking forward to it." He was right. My pussy was already getting wet in anticipation.  
  
He put the bag against my chest. "Use these," he ordered. He grabbed the doornob and I moved out of his way. He opened the door all the way then paused and looked at me. I looked to the ground in embarrassment. A couple seconds passed before I realized he was waiting for something from me. If he didn't close that door, eventually some passerby would see me naked. I scrambled to figure out what he wanted me to do. "Oh! Yes sir! Thank you, sir!"  
  
He left without another word closing the door behind him. As soon as he was gone, I fell to the ground in weakness. The truth was, if he didn't threaten me with blackmail, I certainly would not follow his instruction, but I was definitely glad he did, because I wanted this so bad and now I had no other choice.  
  
I went to my bed and saw he put all my toys away in my chest already, the only things missing were the things in my hands. I set my bag aside for tonight, put the rest of my things away and hopped in bed. I relieved my pussy one final time then fell asleep. The quicker I fell asleep, the faster 8 o'clock would come.