**Bare Body on Balcony as Sun Tans**

by[Racqel](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=85873&page=submissions)©

It one of these really hot humid summer days. Although I showered only an hour ago, I am already feeling sweaty. I wished I had a swimming pool. The sun is high, the skies are clear, a perfect day to get a tan. I took out my new red bikini from the packet and since there was nobody home I just changed into it in the Kitchen, throwing my purple bra, and black panties, denim skirt and blue halter top into the wash basket as I grabbed myself a diet coke, a good novel, my Ipod and a towel. I was ready for a bit of time to myself.

I walked out of the sliding doors onto my big wraparound balcony and lay my towel down. I looked up at the apartment block next door, with the one apartment overlooking my balcony. It was the middle of a weekday and nobody would be home. I shouldn't need to worry about my privacy. If I lay close to the wall nobody would see me anyway. There was a guy who lived there, probably in his twenties and once in a while I could see him walking around in the room if the lights are on and I am looking out this way. My bedroom window faces the other side, but they did have a view over our balcony.

I lie down and enjoy the warm rays of sun against my back and legs. Its so relaxing, I feel quite sleepy and not able to focus on my book. I instead listen to music, and let my mind wonder.

I think about Tracey and Clare, my best tow college friends. They only yesterday went on the nude bike ride, an annual event where thousands of people, take to their bicycles wearing little or nothing while some get their bodies painted. I think it's a rally for liberation and freedom, and I suppose the lack of clothing demonstrates their commitment. I could not believe that Tracey and Clare had the confidence and nerve to go through with this. I could never imagine me parading naked, not even topless. I am generally quite shy and inhibited. I was brought up on the extreme side of conservatism. I think about what it would be like to be a happy go lucky person, not worry about anything and just be carefree and enjoy life. I wish I had more of that in me. I was there as they got going on the bike ride. Tracey had on only a cotton pink thong and no top. She bared her quite large breasts. Its not like nobody would look at her because she was on a bike. Thousands arrived to cheer the cyclist n and I bet their real intention was to take in the view of naked girls and guys in public. Clare went totally naked. Her whole body was painted blue but she still has everything on display even her pubic region.

I lay there and imagined myself doing what they did. I thought deeply and imagined myself taking my top off for all to see. I imagined cycling past all these guys and having them ogle my nudity. Suddenly I intensely wanted to experience this feeling of liberation, of baring myself for others look at me, to feel their glances across my body. The idea filled my mind and I started to feel aroused at this fantasy. My hormones started bubble, my breasts suddenly felt sensitive and I felt myself getting hot and moist in my groin region. I could not explain my body's reaction, as this is probably no big thing. So many people go to the beach and go topless or nude. This is the 21st century after all not the dark ages.

I pulled myself together and tried to think of something else, but a raw animalistic urge was coursing through my body, awakening it to action, possessing my mind with a single thought.

I sat up, turned around and I loosened the thin straps of my triangular bikini top. I pulled the spandex material away from my breasts with them hovering on top of them but still concealing them. I just lay there feeling like a job half done. I wanted to go further. I needed to. I yanked the top off completely and threw it to the side as if making a loud statement. I will bare my breasts today and not give in to my inhibitions again. I will for once be like my friends who are confident to show off their body. I lay there with my breasts bare to the world.

I enjoyed the sensation of exposing my naked breasts to the daylight. The sun baked them. I quickly took the sun tan lotion and rubbed the milky substance into my pale breasts before the sun burnt them. Sunlight was virgin territory for them. I rubbed the lotion over my nipple stand. My little pink nipples stood out a half an inch like tiny marbles surrounded by deep red scrunched up flesh that made up the areola. They tingled with excitement as my palm brushed across them lathering them in the lotion. I lay back down enjoying the sun beating against me. It felt so natural. I felt sexy, like a goddess.

I then noticed my neighbor standing there in the room staring at me. I tensed up almost grabbing my towel. My instinct was to quickly cover up myself, but I resisted and resisted. I stayed my ground and remained lying down on display. I knew that I was being looked at and after the nerves went away, I allowed myself to enjoy the feeling. I let myself be a sexual object for the first time. I felt a throbbing deep inside me. I felt that tightness grow as all my nerve endings around my vagina tensed up, the feeling akin to sexual gravity, emitting a strong magnetic pull to be touched, to be pleasured.

I turned my head to the side acting as if I had not noticed the onlooker. I could not stand the intense heat so I turned around, took a sip of Coke and gave my back a chance to get some sunlight, while my now warm breasts cooled down from the imposing heat. I could see the reflection of my voyeur on my dining room reflective sliding doors. He was standing at his window looking at me. He was very still. Probably mesmerized by his view. I wanted to give him something to look at. I had new courage and seized worrying about being perceived a slut. After all, it was just me and him, there was nobody else around. Regardless, I was alone on my private balcony and I could do whatever I wanted.

I lifted my torso and I pulled the material of my bikini bottom into my butt crack turning it into a g-string. Still, I craved more. I don't know why but this didn't feel like enough. I was horny as anything. Sweat was now running down between my shoulder blades. I wiggled my arm under my torso and I pulled my bikini down my bubble shaped butt, twisting to my side as I slid them off my thighs and legs dropping them on the side. I didn't bother putting lotion on. I just lay there feeling the sun against my naked butt. I felt the sweat beads run down my back between my but cheeks and into my crack drip by drip. I looked up at the reflection again. He was standing there with his shorts straddling his ankles and with his hand groping away up and down his cock. I was the cause of lustful thoughts and this only excited me more.

I felt hot between my legs. It felt wet, probably the mixture of the sweat running down my naked butt and onto pussy folds mixed with my own juices coming out of my pussy. I watched him and it made me even hornier. I opened my legs to hip width. Let him see my pussy as I enjoy feeling him perving over me. He was furiously pulling up and down masturbating himself. I lifted my hip slightly to make way for my arm as I pushed it under my torso and guided my fingers down to my swollen clit. It was hard to touch myself in this position. I was frustrated, every point in my body screaming out for release. I needed to be satisfied, now and completely.

I turned around and lay down facing upwards. I caressed my nipple between my fingers feeling the spasms shoot right through me. I directed my fingers to my folds to my aching pussy, which desperately needed to be touched. I ran my fingers across my mound feeling my tiny pubic curls and then down into my slit, between my folds as they glided over my moist flesh, rubbing them as they parted and then retreating my fingers back up to the top landing on top of my swollen clit. I rubbed around it in little circular motions feeling the raw nerve endings and enjoying the quick instant pangs and sensations of pleasure ripple though me. The build up was quick so to draw out the sensations I took a deep breath and switched to caressing my outer labia with a much slower build up, feeling the skin slide between my fingers as they became more and more lubricated from stimulation.

My fingers were now very sticky from the streaming juices oozing slowly out of me. I took out my finger and smelt the salty scent of sex, the raw animalistic instinct at its core. I was so overtaken by lust I put my finger in my mouth and tasted my sex. It was overpowering and strong.

With my other hand I brushed my fingers along my breasts grasping and twisting my erect nipples between them. Shivers ran through my spine and down my torso. The waves were coming in bigger and wilder.

I lifted my head high as I arched my neck backwards. My right hand was across my breast and the other cupped under my raised buttocks as I pushed my index finger into my wetness. It felt good to be filled. I lifted my butt higher into a Pilates backbend pose as I furiously ploughed my index and middle finger up deep into my pussy. I was on my way to orgasm.

I looked at the reflection as I got up, while sweated out and my skin hot, I was feeling satisfied, calm after the storm. My voyeur was not to be seen. I put on my bikini bottoms and top. I woudl be doing this again soon.

I have photos I took of my friend Clare modeling this story for me on my balcony. Email me if you would like to see them.