Bored at Home

by MichaelGravesÂ©

My name is Maria and I'm an exhibitionist. I have always been a big flirt and

love the attention of men staring at me so much that at times I have gotten

horny over the idea of it. Grabbing their attention isn't hard for me since,

like many Latino women, I have long black hair, a voluptuous ass and an ample

set of breasts on my five foot seven body. My 38C cup would be hard to hide even

if I wanted to.

I don't go out looking to show myself off but whenever I get bored it starts. I

will start flirting with some guy, showing a little leg, letting him look down

my shirt, whatever, just for the excitement and rush that I get from exposing

myself to strangers.

One Saturday afternoon at home in my small apartment the power went out. No

lights, no TV, no computer, nothing. It was approaching the hottest part of the

day and summers in Florida get pretty nasty. My air conditioning was knocked out

too so I went into my bedroom and tossed on a sleeveless tank top and some

shorts in anticipation of how hot it was going to get in my apartment. Back in

my living room I looked around and realized there was nothing to do. I heard a

few voices outside and remembered that out apartment complex was being painted.

That is when the little sexy demon inside me took over. I looked at what I was

wearing and decided to change for the occasion. I looked for the smallest denim

shorts I had, cutoffs that allow the bottom of my ass to peek out and a white

bikini top that was a size too small for me, causing my tits to spill out of the

top and sides.

I went outside and saw five Mexican guys working a few doors down from my place.

They saw me approaching in my tiny shorts and boobs held back by my bikini top

and almost immediately quit what they were doing. I hadn't said a word yet and

was already enjoying this. A sly, cute smile placed itself on my face because I

knew I would get these guys to do exactly as I was planning.

A few of them started talking to me in Spanish and I had to stop them. My

grandparents were Brazilian and speak Portuguese, of which I know very little. I

tried talking to them in English and they knew the language, which was fortunate

as I didn't know how to pull off what I wanted to do otherwise. I commenced in

some small talk, discussing the power going out, their painting, anything casual

while hypnotically swaying my hips around in a combination of innocence and

sexy. I had placed each of my thumbs into the pockets of my shorts gently

resting my arms on my sides. A few times I pulled my arms inward forcing my

breasts to stand out even further and when I released them they would bounce

lightly. The temperature was in the upper 90's and the humidity was maddening,

so it wasn't long before sweat began to bead on my skin. I continued the

teasing, slowly running my fingers across the top of the exposed flesh on my

chest, then licking my fingers coyly. I watched as several of them adjusted

themselves in front of me, whether intentional or absent-minded I didn't care; I

had them in complete control.

I told them that I was heading back to my apartment, off-handedly noting which

one it was, to do some exercising. I gave them a cute little wave goodbye and

strolled back to my place, soaking up the leers of the painters.

Inside, I went over to the front window and pretended to close the blinds, but

in reality I carefully left enough space so that I could be watched. It would be

a few minutes before the guys would come over and I was already getting wet

thinking about what I was about to do. I wanted desperately to slide my hand

down into my shorts and work off the growing arousal, but waiting a bit longer

would give the guys a show and make my orgasm even better; so using as much self control as possible, I waited.

It was not long before a heard a small rustle of the bushes outside my window.

Knowing I was being watched I started doing some warm-up stretches, still

dressed in my denim shorts and bikini top.

With my back to the window I slowly bent over to stretch out my legs and give

the workers a view of my long, bronze legs with a hint of butt showing. I held

that way for a moment then turning around, I stood straight up and clasped both

arms high above my head, leaning to one side then the other, putting my bosom on

display for the prying eyes.

From how I arranged the blinds, I could not see directly out but was certain I

was being watched as now I heard whispering outside the window. That was my cue to start the main attraction.

Slowly, teasingly, I guided my left hand towards the back knot of my white top.

Moving in such a deliberate fashion was as much for my pleasure was it was for

theirs. I wanted to feel every sensation, savor each moment. My fingers pulled

at the string releasing the sides of my top, my breasts still covered from the

front. I moved my right hand to the back of my neck, delicately caressing my own

skin, heightening the sensation. I undid the top knot but held onto the string.

I walked my hands down the front of my chest caressing my breasts as the bikini

top fell to the floor. I rubbed my tits softly for a moment before allowing my

hands continued their journey to my micro denim shorts. Undoing the button and

gently gliding the zipper down I paused for a moment, keep my audience in

suspense.

With joyous pleasure I slipped the shorts down my legs, embracing every inch of

exposure, and kicked them off into a corner. I now stood completely naked for

the voyeurs at my window. My nipples stood erect on my chest and my hairless

pussy was getting wetter by the minute. I nearly lost all restraint, wanting to

touch myself right there, but I wanted to play this out as long as possible for

them--and for myself.

I sat down on the floor, with my side to the men now, and began some sit-ups. My

tits, free from restraint, bounced with each movement upward. Hearing them talk

to each other, I did my best not to look out the window as to pretend that their

presence was unknown to me. I did my best to over exert the breathing, sounding

as lovers do during passionate sex. I stood back up, again facing the window,

legs spread apart. I reached up with one arm while bending the opposite knee,

then switched, my left arm in the air and bending the other knee. My whole body

was rocking back in forth like a dancer to sensuous music.

A hot breeze of air ran over my swollen mound making me bit my lower lip so not

to moan out in ecstasy. My breathing grew heavier and I was forced to sit down

lest I collapse from the sensation. I moved my legs out to their furthest and

spread them apart pretending to touch my toes. In reality, I wanted the workers

to see my full glory; my engorged pussy, my tits glistening from the sweat. I

leaned back on my arms, tilted my head back and closed my eyes. I was totally

exposed to these strangers and wanted to take in the feeling. I just laid there,

showing everything, until my libido grew beyond control.

I looked out the window with lust in my eyes and moved my hand to my crotch. I

began rubbing my pussy furiously with my mind racing over the excitement of what

I was doing. I laid back on the floor and sliding my other hand to my nipples I

began to pull at them. Applying pressure to them with my fingers and my other

hand working magic at my pussy an unbelievably powerful orgasm exploded out of

me. Between quick breaths I screamed in pleasure, my fingers still rubbing and

pinching away dutifully.

After the intense climax I laid there on the hot floor for a while lost in the

emotion of it all before rising up to take a shower. Between having no air

conditioning and the masturbation I had gotten sticky. The cool water ran over

my body as I kept thinking about what the men outside my window had seen. I had

showed them the most intimate parts of my body and displayed the most

mind-blowing orgasm of my life. My hands found themselves stroking at my pussy,

once more aching for relief, this time thrusting in and out until I climaxed

again.

I finished the shower, dried off and lay naked on my bed. Completely satisfied,

I let my hands go where ever they pleased: walking over my stomach, cradling my

breasts, gently tracing the contours of my legs, even teasing my bald crotch yet

again, until I fell asleep.