**Exhibitionist Lone Woman**

I’m a divorced 25 year-old. I have 34 C tits that go straight out from my chest without drooping. I’m curvy and many men have told me I’m hot. My problem is that I am living alone and am too depressed to go out.

I found an interesting solution that cheered me up. I live in a one bedroom home in a neighborhood teaming with kids. One night as I was almost ready for bed, I thought I heard a noise just outside my bedroom window. Instead of panicking, I decided to see if I could have some fun. I opened the drapes a little and looked out. Nothing to see, so I started to undress, leaving a small lamp on. I took my top off as slowly as I could turning so I faced the window and then a little away from the window. I unhooked my bra and let it slip slowly to the floor as I raised my arms and stretched as I yawned. I then turned around and slid my panties off, pushing them down as I bent over with my rear towards the window. I then went over to my dresser and started to brush my hair looking in the mirror and admiring my figure as sensuously as possible.

I knew that whoever it was would be distracted so I left the bedroom and went out the front door with a knife, just in case. I caught a young boy trying to run away from my backyard. I asked him to stop. He stopped and looked very frightened and very intrigued by my nakedness. I asked him if he would like to sit down and talk to me. He thought he had no choice, but I wouldn’t have used the knife – he wasn’t an evil criminal. (The knife was in case he was.) We went to my backyard and sat on a bench. I moved over so I was sitting very close to him. It was fun to watch him squirm. I told him I was very excited about having boys watch me undress and play with myself. (I didn’t know that about myself until I said it.) I asked him if he could keep a secret. Of course he could, he had no idea where this conversation was going. (I mostly didn’t either.)

I told him that if he could get a few friends to come over and watch from the patio, I’d give them a show. They wouldn’t be in any light so I couldn’t see them, but they could see me in the living room.  I would pretend not to know they were there. He would be the only one who knew. If he invited more than five friends, the deal was off. A crowd would draw attention. He was to tell them that if they told anyone about the show, I would call the police and turn them in for several crimes that would get them expelled from school and sent to juvenile detention. (You know I was bluffing. I didn’t know what trouble I could get them into, but I thought it would be bad for them.) He agreed. I hugged him, much to his delight, and told him my first show would be in three days.

Three days later, I was very excited. I had no idea what he had been able to arrange. Not knowing was very exciting. At 9 pm, I heard a tap on the sliding glass doors leading to the patio. That was our arranged signal to tell me the audience would be there soon.

I opened the drapes as far as they would go and turned on two small lights that just illuminated the living room, but didn’t shine out into the patio. I was dressed in my usual daily clothes. After standing there for a while caressing my body through my clothes, I left to get my night clothes and came back with some very skimpy negligee. I turned on the TV so I would seem to have a distraction that made sense. I then very slowly took off my day clothes, taking an especially long time to take off my bra and panties.  I, then put on a see-through red baby doll that came down to just below my crotch.  I needed to yawn and did so three times.  Each time I yawned, I raised my arms and my nighty came up to reveal my lower beauty - no panties.

I lay down to watch TV, but decided the show was lame. I turned on some sensual music, that they probably couldn’t hear outside, but helped me get into the mood. As I listened to the music, I leaned back on the couch with my crotch aimed towards the window and moved my hands under the baby doll to feel my boobs.  I took my time feeling my boobs and lifting my baby doll just enough to entice. I then closed the drapes and turned off the lights. I was sure they would be back for another show.

I told my liaison that the next show would be on Wednesday. He told me that the boys could only give good excuses on Friday and Saturday. OK, so the next show would be on Friday night. I asked my friend to come by for a talk. He wasn’t sure he wanted to be seen talking to me. More intrigue!  Now we needed to find a place for a clandestine meeting. I thought we could go to the mall and just stand next to each other to have the discussion. He said maybe he could skateboard by my place and fall. I would then come out to see if he was OK. We could talk then. Good, a clandestine meeting in broad daylight.

He skated by and had an unfortunate fall in front of my house. I rushed out to ask him how he was. I was surprised by how much younger he looked in daylight. What I said was, “If you ask them what they’d like to see, I would be better able to please them and hearing what they would like to see would turn me on.” He said he would ask, but how was he to tell me what they had said? Another accident would start to look suspicious. I gave him my email address and asked if he could keep his parents from seeing what he had sent to me. He said he would delete it as soon as he had sent it.

The email I got from him said, “They were very gross, but honest. They want to see you play with your tits and see inside your pussy and would like for you to spread your ass and put your fingers in your ass and in your pussy.” That sounded great to me. He continued, “You may not know, but we are all 11 and 12 years old and haven’t seen much. We also haven’t had much experience with girls, so we don’t know what they like.” So, I was exploiting under-age boys for my own pleasure. Seems good to me.

I prepared the scene for Friday night. I set up lights so they would shine like spotlights away from the drapes and onto me. I put the couch mattress on the floor in front of the sliding glass doors. If they didn’t figure out that I knew they were there, they were idiots.

When Friday night came, I was very excited. I knew I would have 5 or 6 underage boys watching my show. I knew the lawn next to the patio would get some interesting nutrients.  At 9 pm, I walked into the living room with a glass of wine and opened the drapes as far as they would go. The tap came on the glass and I knew my audience was near. I was dressed in a see-through full length night gown with a bathrobe over it. I walked to the center of the room just in front of the couch mattress and began to take off my bathrobe. I took it off one part at a time. I slipped the bathrobe off my left arm and let it hang there. I turned so they could see me rub my arm and feel my breast under my robe. I then slipped my right arm out of the bathrobe and let it fall so my shoulders were barely holding it up. I let the robe fall slowly from my shoulders to my waist. The bathrobe belt was holding the bottom of the bathrobe around me like a skirt. I stretched and yawned so my breasts could be the center of attention. As I untied the bathrobe belt, I turned so my back was to them. The robe fell to the floor. I bent over to pick up the robe and spread my legs so they got a good look.  I now just had on my see-through nightgown.

I stood in front of the mattress and started to pull my nightgown up very slowly. I made sure that I lifted my arms as I was taking it off. When it was off, I sat back and started to caress my body. I caressed my stomach and moved on to my breasts. I gave them a very thorough massage. Then my hands moved down to my legs. My hands moved up and down my thighs getting closer and closer to the object of their desire. As I caressed, my thighs moved further apart. I finally reached my pussy and rubbed each lip with a gentle touch. Then I gave them their first wish – I pulled my pussy lips apart and put a finger in as far as it would go. I opened my fuck hole as far as I could so they could see inside it. I put one finger in and felt around, and then I put two fingers in and felt around. I looked up at them, even though I couldn’t see them, and put three fingers in. The thought that they were watching me drove me to extremes. I plunged four fingers in and wildly thrust them in and out.  Just as I thought I had gone as far as I would, I joined my thumb with my fingers and thrust my whole hand into my pussy. I slowly worked my hand into my moist cave until I was up to my wrist. I never thought I could do this. I took my hand out and licked every finger. I couldn’t imagine what the boys were thinking.

I turned over and gave them a good view of my ass before I pulled my hand from my pussy and turned off the lights.

The next time I saw Bubba (He told me that’s what his name was. Why did he think I would believe him?), we were in front of the house and he was pretending to just be walking by with no purpose. He stopped and it looked like he was having a friendly conversation with a neighbor. I, naturally, wanted to know what the boys thought of my show. He said they all went home and masturbated as many times as young boys their age could. I told him that I would like to see all of them masturbate when we could arrange it. He wasn’t sure that would be possible, but he would keep it in mind. He then thought of a possibility. If I could make a video of a really good show, then maybe he could invite all of them over for a group masturbation video viewing and I could watch. I told him that there was no way I was going to make a video that could go viral. Think again Bubba and get back to me.

I thought of a way to do it. I bought a night vision surveillance camera and set it up in back above the patio. I bought some lights that would further illuminate them without their seeing it. I told Bubba what I was doing and eagerly awaited the next Friday. As Friday came around, I had the camera, lights and computer/DVR system set up. Tap on the window – I was on stage again. After making sure the lighting was right and opening the drapes, I did another slow exchange of clothes from daytime work clothes to seductive very short almost transparent negligee. This time I took off my robe and then walked around the living room arranging and adjusting every item that could possibly need a change. Each time I would bend over as far as I could and wiggle as many body parts as I could. I then went to the TV and set up a porn video of lesbians having a very exciting orgy. I had left the sliding glass doors open enough so they could hear the TV and had positioned the TV so they could see it from outside.

I would now begin the main act. I slowly slipped off my negligee. (So named because it was easy to neglect as a covering garment?) I sat up against the couch with several pillows behind me and opened my legs towards the patio doors. I gently caressed my pussy lips, putting my fingers in my mouth several times to moisten them. I moved my hands to my breasts, gently pinching the nipples until they were standing at attention. My right hand went back to my pussy while my left hand continued pinching my nipples. I wanted to make it difficult for them to focus their attention. Each time I pinched my nipples, I pinched harder, communicating this to the boys by showing the real pain I was feeling. In their limited experience, they wouldn’t know that the more my nipples hurt, the more turned on I got. As I got close to orgasm, I stopped and turned around. I thrust my ass in the air while my arms were on the mattress. I turned my head so I could look out the patio doors and started to finger my asshole. I rubbed one finger over the surface and then licked it. I did this, increasing the number of fingers each time. After the forth finger, I rubbed again with one finger, but this time inserted it. I sucked that finger clean and then put in two fingers. When I inserted four fingers, I heard a gasp from outside which I, of course, ignored. I thought of putting my whole hand in, but had never done that before and decided to practice first before showing it.

I turned around again into a sitting position and started to rub my clit while inserting fingers. I stopped, got up and closed the drapes. Leaving them wanting more was my plan.

The next time I saw Bubba I told him I knew his real name, Matthew, his parent’s names, his elementary school, etc. I think he didn’t think someone so old would know how to use the Internet. He said the boys really wanted to touch me. I told him that that was obviously impossible except that I had gotten a new job and would be moving out soon. I would love to have six underage boys caressing my body and told him we needed to work out a plan.

Our plan: He would tell them about the video and the fact that I knew all of them from my Internet sleuthing. It would be difficult to have them all come into my house without bringing unwanted attention. Where were we going to have this extremely illegal gathering? Some of the boys knew about a clubhouse they had in the woods which was never visited by anyone else but them. I asked about lighting and they told me daylight would be the best. How would we all get there without drawing attention? Each of them knew different routes to the clubhouse and would make sure mine was different from theirs. We planned it for the same day I was going to leave.

I must have masturbated to orgasm twenty times between the planning and the day it was going to happen (two, three days?). I had planned my escape – belongings packed and sent off already, taxi numbers on speed dial – plane tickets validated – everything in order. I had sent my encrypted video files on to a computer I set up in my new residence. I was ready for my totally illegal and amazingly exciting orgy.

That Saturday afternoon I didn’t think it was possible for me to walk a hundred yards without cumming. Walking involves your legs rubbing against your pussy lips, especially if they are excited and swollen. I took the route they had set up for me and came to the “clubhouse”. It was a crudely made wooden structure with a 100 square foot room. It was going to be cozy, but given the event, it might be just right. I met Matthew who was already there and discussed how to set up the encounter. I had never been this alone with him and decided to take advantage of the intimate environment. I leaned over and kissed him lightly on the lips. He was shocked, but also excited. I kissed him again and inserted my tongue. He had never felt this before but obviously enjoyed it. I asked him if he would like to learn to kiss like a hot high school boy and he, of course, said yes, even if he had no idea what he was agreeing to. I then gave him a crash course in making out. He was very excited because he was making out for the first time and I was excited because I was making out with an 11 year old boy. Both excitements made for an interesting experiment. We made out for 20 minutes. I can’t explain the feelings I had. It was so hot that I knew I would need to have more illicit relations with underage boys. Then I heard the group of boys coming on.

As each boy entered the clubhouse, I greeted him with a very intimate kiss. When the last one had entered, I explained the menu for the afternoon. I would perform a very sensuous and intimate striptease for them. (Like they would know the difference between my striptease and a useless boring one.) After I was naked, I would lie down and let them do whatever they pleased. If they tried to do something that didn’t please me, I would let them know with a hard slap to the face.

I began my striptease with a very sensuous dance. I had on a tight short black dress with no undergarments. I caressed myself, pinching my tits and rubbing my pussy. I took off one sleeve at a time, letting it drop to my side. After both arms were out, I slowly moved the top of the dress down. I hesitated just as the top of my breasts were visible. I moved one side down to reveal one tit and then covered it. I then moved the other side down to reveal the other tit and covered it. I slowly moved the top of the dress down until both tits were revealed. I continued to slide my dress down as slowly as I could. When I got to the top the landing strip above my pussy, I slowed down even more. I asked them if they would like to see my pussy up close. (I wanted them to admit their desires.) Each one of them said they did. (DUH)

 As I revealed my pussy, I heard a gasp from my little boy audience. I leaned back and started to show them every part of a woman’s pussy that I could. I decided to narrate the show. I showed them my pussy as it would appear if nothing had been expected of it or done with it. “This is my pussy with no excitement.” I then spread my lips apart more and moved my fingers up towards my clit. I flicked a finger across my clit and pinched it. After doing this several times, I came. (Having several underage boys watching me helped.) “That is my pussy excited.” I pushed my labia apart and invited them to have a closer look. Having them come closer and look directly at my pussy was very stimulating. “Soon you will be able to touch and explore my pussy,” I told them.

 I then rolled over and put my ass up into their faces. I reached back and spread my ass cheeks apart. I used my fingers to caress my ass cheeks, and then spread them apart enough so they could see my rosebud clearly.

 The next part was theirs. I lay down on the blankets and beckoned to them with a come here gesture that was universally recognized. They moved closer to me and sat down. I said, in a very sad and pouty voice, “Isn’t someone going to touch me?” Matthew was first, maybe because he knew me better. He reached out and put his hand on a tit and squeezed gently. I smiled and looked as pleased as I could. “Come on boys. What have you dreamed about doing with a naked woman?” Another boy reached out and felt my stomach. I moaned in delight. Then, a hand to my left tit and another one to my right.  As they realized they could do anything, the touching escalated. Hands were caressing my thighs and feet, my stomach, my cheeks, my lips. As the touching went on, I let them know I was enjoying it by writhing around and moaning.

 “What, you don’t like my pussy?” I felt fingers slowly moving down my stomach and up my thighs. Two hands reached my pussy lips at the same time. They spontaneously decided to share. They felt around my lips and then one of them put a finger in. I let him know that this was what I wanted. The other boy put a finger in. I said, “Come on boys, there’s room enough for both of you.” Then I had two fingers in my pussy. I asked them to try more fingers and to push them in and out. They were eager youth and did better than I thought. In a few minutes, I had my first orgasm of the afternoon.  Having two youthful hands thrusting in and out of my pussy was enough to get any woman off. My pussy spasmed and squeezed their hands several times in a couple seconds. I could see that they had no idea what had happened. I assured them that they weren’t hurting me, that I had just had a very pleasurable experience and thanked them. They backed off and smelled their hands. I’m sure this was a new odor that they hadn’t previously experienced. They smiled, so I knew they liked it.

 More boys wanted to experience my pussy, so for the next several minutes I had boys thrusting their fingers in and out. I would never have believed that I could have this many orgasms in one session, but as each couple of boys came on to my pussy, I had new and exciting feelings, just like the first time with a new lover; the new one feels different and different is stimulating.

 Since each boy had had the pussy experience, I rolled over to present my ass. They really didn’t know what to do then. I started with asking them to kiss and lick my ass while stroking it with their hands. All those hands on my ass were amazing. I don’t think there are very many women who have felt 12 underage hands on their asses. Sorry for them. Maybe after I publish this story there will be more. I then gave them a crash course in how to please a woman’s ass. “Move closer to my asshole; stroke a finger across it, flicking it back and forth. After each of you has done that, start inserting fingers in my ass. Take turns and when everyone has had their turn, start inserting as many fingers in my ass hole as you can.” I raised my ass up in the doggy style position (which they knew nothing about). I then had the most amazing 20 minutes of my sexual life. They took turns, so it lasted longer than it would with a single lover. I told them that I didn’t have any diseases and had given my asshole a good bath. They looked puzzled. “This means you can lick your fingers.” Two of them, did. I applauded them.

After this, I told them that it was, “do whatever you want time”. I knew they wouldn’t do anything that was unacceptable, because they didn’t know what that was. I laid back and rolled over to whatever position they wanted me in. I only said one thing, “Lick and kiss whatever you want to.”

The next 30 minutes were amazing. They pinched and stroked and penetrated and kissed. I writhed around to present to them where they were to focus next. I had fingers in my ass and in my pussy and lips on every part of my body. Then the penis penetration started. I didn’t resist because I couldn’t think of a reason why any of them would have an STD. Some of them fucked my pussy while some of them fucked my mouth. One boy even tried to fuck my asshole, but he couldn’t get it to work. I brought his face around to mine and gave him a deep and passionate kiss and a, “Thank you for trying”.  I had only one request, “Please let me suck your dicks.”

The next 15 minutes were just as amazing as the last 30. One, by one, I sucked each of them to orgasm. Of course you know that it doesn’t take much time for a pre-teen boy to cum? I kept as much in my mouth as I could and only let a bit out to run down my chin. When they were all done, I opened my mouth to show them what I had saved and then swallowed it. They had never seen anything like it except in porn movies, but reality was so much more real. They didn’t need to masturbate, cum spurted out of their cocks spontaneously.

I told them that, unfortunately, I had to go catch my plane. I spent the next 15 minutes giving each of them a very passionate kiss goodbye. I told them that when I came back to visit, I would give Matthew a call.