**Exhibitionist Stewardess Fantasy**

by[StewardessMasturbationFantasy](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=2087803&page=submissions)©

I am a real stewardess and fly for a Major US Airline, but you won't see me like this on your flight or know that I am an admitted exhibitionist. Simply put, I enjoy masturbating for men while they watch. It's my favorite way of sexually expressing and satisfying myself - my fantasy really. As an exhibitionist, I take advantage of my travels to find men interested in helping me, whether it's for a pilot or a male flight attendant on a layover or even as wild as a group of men if I can arrange it. As long as someone is watching me, I get off to it.  
  
Traveling as a flight attendant, I have the opportunity to perform my strip and masturbation show in different cities I visit. Some of my favorite acted out fantasies are; masturbating for six German soccer players in a private summer garden by the Main River in Frankfurt - Masturbating in a hammock outdoors at night by Tiki Torch light at a Belize resort for my two pilots - Performing for those same two pilots in an open area in the woods just up from the beach next to our resort, one of my most intimate and interactive experiences - Stripping naked and fingering to orgasm on stage at 'Scores Gentleman's Club' on Amateur Night in Tampa, Florida. I performed again in the finals later that month, when I had the audience take off my clothes. When I was nude, I went to the edge of the center stage, laid down, spread my legs open and pulled my labia apart for a group of men that gathered in to watch me. Then I acted out my fantasy and fingered myself to orgasm for a great crowd, the most men (and a few women) I have ever masturbated for.  
  
Also memorable was when myself and another woman I met at the Scores Club were actually hired for a bachelor's party on a boat in Sarasota, Florida. We stripped and danced nude for a rowdy group of men after the skipper dropped anchor in a private little cove. Later that evening, the party continued at the host's home. The music was really good and I remember a Sade song playing that always makes me feel sensual. So I danced that way and eventually got the attention of the guys standing around drinking, playing pool and shooting darts. They encouraged me and said they wanted me to strip. That's all the exhibitionist in me needed.  
  
I slipped my party dress from my shoulders, down over my breasts, my panties and over my heels. I danced my way to the billiards table, slid my panties off and tucked them into a side pocket. I kicked my heels off, and with the help of two men, climbed onto the table as they cleared it. I laid back and tucked the heals of my feet into the corners. I relaxed my legs open, raised my arms to the opposite end's pockets, closed my eyes, and laid spread eagle as the guys voices grew closer and gathered around me. I let my fantasy mind take over imaging their eyes on my nude body, gazing between my thighs. I used one hand to adjust my labia naturally apart, hoping to focus their attention on my landing strip, and returned it to above my head. I listened as they talked about my body, my excitement growing. I lowered one arm and started fingering my clit. I let the reality become fantasy and the fantasy become reality. I get off equally to both. As I freed myself, eventually masturbating openly, they became more vocal. It couldn't have been more erotic for me. Not once opening my eyes, letting their voices drive me, I pleasured myself nonstop to a beautiful exhibitionist orgasmic high.  
  
Also as a flight attendant, on my favorite tropical layover, Hawaii, as sunset approached and after everyone had left, I discreetly slipped off my bikini while swimming in the rooftop pool of our Honolulu hotel. I let it sink to the bottom, swam to the ladder and climbed out naked and walked sexily toward a male flight attendant friend I enjoy flying with. We hid two chairs behind the elevator tower and, as the sun set and the beautiful Hawaiian night sky opened up for us, we conversed as I masturbated. One of the things I like about him is that he completely understands the exhibitionist side of me and has suggested daring places for me to 'perform' although, this time, the rooftop of our hotel was my idea. When I showed him, he gave his approval.  
  
'You thought of this yourself? I'm impressed. Now show me how you pleasure yourself!' (he knows I like that kind of talk)  
  
At home, I perform a masturbation show for a group of friends who also understand and accept the exhibitionist in me. We meet weekly for beers (Tequila shots for me) at a local bar and continue the party at my place where I change into an outfit I have chosen or one that they sometimes kindly provide. When I reappear, I perform a dance and striptease in a sexy Latina style. The outfit of choice for them is my actual flight attendant uniform which is also fun for me because I feel sexy in it and, more so, taking it off (at work, on the airplane, I sometimes catch men's attention with an extra blouse button undone with a lacy part of my bra exposed). When I strip from my uniform at home, I wear sexier bras and panties underneath than I do at work. As I remove my clothes and see their eyes looking up and down my body, the exhibitionist 'switch' in me turns on and my 'fantasy mind' takes over.  
  
I have long since accepted that this is just a part of who I am, how I express and satisfy myself sexually. And even though it interferes with intimate relationships (read having a serious boyfriend), it's something I'm not willing to give up at this time in my life. Addicted? Probably!  
  
So by this time in my performance, after I'm naked and wearing only my black heels, I feel compelled to continue. I have talked to the guys about this inner need (which is where their understanding and acceptance comes in) and they have been nothing but encouraging saying they hope I never change. Since we all meet regularly, sometimes even with the introduction of a new (curious) friend, I think everyone looks forward to it. I've come to consider them good friends and feel very comfortable sharing the exhibitionist side of me. After all, how could I do it without them?  
  
When I am ready to show them the more intimate side of me, we turn the music down or off, so I can concentrate, and I lie back on my pleasure couch, resting one leg on the back cushion and the other on the lap of one of my friends sitting in what they call the best seat in the house, a chair they move up close. Then I get comfortable, relax my legs open, and touch my body in sensual ways from my hair down to my thighs. I close my eyes because I think it makes a sexier appearance but I sometimes peek because I get off to them looking at me. Closing my eyes again, I imagine their desirous eyes upon me and want to show them more. Their expressed favorite, from one of our earlier times together, is when I pull my labia apart for them. It seems I've developed half the show around it doing different things for them. One they particularly like is when I pull them out and let them snap back. If I'm in a particularly nasty mood (which has lately become the norm) the chair man pulls my lips apart for me while I fold my arms behind my head. I like the feeling of my labia being pinched and stretched in different ways and love to watch their eyes as they gaze at me, a big turn on and compliment for the exhibitionist in me. One guy in particular really likes clits so when he's in the seat, I make sure I bring her out for him. So the best seat in the house has taken on new meaning.  
  
At some point, with all the sexual play and talk, I naturally progress into a more selfish role of pleasuring myself and settle in, close my eyes, and finger with my arms in close to my breasts so they jiggle. I finish by masturbating to orgasm, getting off to them watching and encouraging me, my fantasy realized.  
  
Afterwards, we turn the music back on, refresh our drinks, sometimes order food and continue the party. I often stay naked, wearing just heels, or wear panties and a bra or maybe an open silk robe. I then perform a more customized dance and masturbation show for individual guys in a separate bedroom if they want. Our parties have become the highlight of my week.  
  
When I get home from a trip, my routine is to pour a shot of Tequila and take it into my living room. I get undressed, take my wings off my blouse and throw my uniform in a dry cleaning bag and the rest into the laundry room closet that is outside on my back patio. So it's fun to walk out there nude and even though there is a privacy fence around it, a neighbor that lives on the third floor in a building across from me can look down over it. Once I discovered that he can see me, I always look to see if he just happens to be looking out of his deck door. If not, I wait, making occasional peeks out of the blinds until he does and nonchalantly walk to the laundry closet and take my time sorting my laundry.  
  
Of course most times he is not there, and more of a letdown than I like to admit to myself.  
  
One time, still dressed and right after I poured my Tequila, I peeked and he was already there, looking out his door holding a Lone Star beer in his hand. I kind of panicked, thinking I wanted to take advantage of it but I was still dressed! I just reacted and opened the door and walked out in my uniform sipping my Tequila.  
  
I opened the laundry doors and thought, 'Why not just undress here? Maybe I could be convincing.' I set the shot glass on the dryer and took off my neck scarf and started to unbutton my blouse. But what if he wasn't looking? I had to know. I left my Tequila there and my back door open to hint to him that I was returning. I walked back inside, ran upstairs to a darkened bedroom window and peeked between the blinds. YES! He was looking right down onto my patio...and he had put a sleeve onto his can of beer which meant, to me, he was staying. I shivered with excitement and probably some nerves. I ran back downstairs, got my dry cleaning bag, grabbed the Tequila bottle and a stack of mail off the table and scurried back to the door. I stopped, took a breath, composed myself, kicked off my heels, and walked casually out the door. I kinda laughed inside thinking of what he was seeing...a uniformed flight attendant with a cloth bag, a bottle of Tequila and a few days worth of mail. Actually it seemed plausible and I went with it.  
  
I unsnapped and unzipped my skirt, let it drop to my feet and kicked it up to my hands and stuffed it in the bag. I unrolled my pantyhose and threw them in the washing machine. I removed my blouse, laid it out and unfastened my wings and put it in the bag too. I was thinking I wanted to savor this opportunity so I delayed removing my bra and panties. It would provide a nice tease as he might be thinking I may not, and in fact probably not, get naked outside on my patio. I took a sip of Tequila and refilled the glass, giving him some hope, and at least telling him I wasn't going inside just yet. The Tequila was having its usual fantasy freeing effect on me. I was horny now and wanted to masturbate. I decided I could record these next moments and masturbate to them later.  
  
I was in control now and it was perfect. I turned around and leaned back against the washer and started opening mail. After a few pieces, I was really curious as to what he was doing. Was he there? Was he enjoying seeing me? I leaned in to the laundry closet and peaked between the little gap where the door was hinged. He was gone! His blinds were closed! But then I realized he had not closed them completely. In fact I could see him looking down through a gap he had left. He was being discreet. Maybe he was masturbating! Oh I hoped so! What a compliment and a reward for me! It was time to show him more, to make it as good for him as it was for me. I would masturbate later thinking of him masturbating to me!  
  
I leaned back against the washer, facing outward, giving him his offset side view of me. I picked up another piece of mail and, acting tired, returned it to the dryer and instead picked up my Tequila bottle and sipped directly from it. I leaned my head back and relaxed. With the bottle in one hand, I used the other to slide my bra straps off my shoulders. Would he be masturbating more intently with the anticipation of me getting naked? I reached behind me and unfastened it with one hand, pulled it down off of me and flung it onto the washer. I ran my hand under my boobs to comfort them after a day in confinement. I held onto the dryer and, with my Tequila bottle hand, maneuvered my panties down over my feet, throwing them onto the washer too. I brushed my pubic patch for more comfort.  
  
I imagined my voyeur masturbating to my naked body, with fresh tan lines made on my previous layover. I would try to give him an extended look. I picked up some more mail and slowly went through it, even taking my time with the ads and junk mail. After another five minutes, I decided it was my turn. I gathered my things, went inside, laid on my masturbation couch and fantasized about what I looked like from my voyeur neighbor's eye. I bet he didn't figure that, ten minutes later, I would be fingering myself to climax picturing what he was also masturbating to!  
  
After flight attendant training, it took me about six months to work up the nerve to ask someone if they wanted to watch me. The first time was for my two pilots on the first of three Belize layovers. The first time was actually outdoors late at night in a hammock near the resort pool. It was a beautiful setting under Tiki Torch light. I was really nervous and it took me a long time to cum but they said they loved my masturbation show. I felt so rewarded and couldn't wait for my next trip. I flew with them the next week, again to Belize, and we did the same thing, but this time I was much more relaxed.  
  
On our third layover, they surprised me and arranged some chairs in a secluded spot in a wooded area next to our hotel just up from the beach. I was by now very comfortable with my new pilot friends. So we spent the afternoon drinking from water bottles filled with a Mai Tai concoction. One pilot brought his iPod and a little speaker. I got silly and ran around in the sandy soil in my bikini, letting my boobs bounce. I stopped in front of them and took off my bikini top, which I threw up into the breeze. It got stuck in a tree branch! We all laughed. Then I ran around our chairs stripping off my bottoms, falling down in the process! I got back up, and danced naked around a tree and then in front of them. I was sandy, sweaty and getting exhausted and was loving it.  
  
It was a perfect exhibitionist afternoon for me. Needing to rest, I put my chair in front of and between them. I placed my legs onto their laps, my ankles resting in their strong hands. They were quite the gentlemen, as always, and did not stare at my body at first so I explained more about my exhibitionist fantasies. Once they understood, once I said, 'I want to you to look', we were all on the same page. They each placed my feet to their far side, opening my legs wider and stared to their delight (and mine!)  
  
So we had the best time as we carried on our conversation while I lay naked in front of them. I asked them if they had any sexual experiences with other flight attendants. They said they did but none like this. That made me happy. They went on telling me their 'stewardess' stories. It turned me on immensely as my fantasy mind listened. I started teasing my clit, eventually masturbating off and on as they told their stories.  
  
When the sun, seemingly out of nowhere, shined brightly through a gap in the trees and illuminated my body, I got an idea. I pinched and pulled my labia apart, stretching them thin as the light shined through them like a stained glass window making every tiny blood vessel visible. My pilots moved in for a closer look as I stretched them just right so they could see 'through' them. It was art and anatomy at the same time.  
  
I wanted to masturbate while the sun was still shining through my pussy lips but I couldn't hold them right and finger at the same time. I asked my pilots for help. They did not hesitate, each one taking one side, pulling it out and open. I'll never forget the site of looking down my sweat glistened body at my pussy lips being stretched thin into a lighter pink shade than normal, the sun shining through them. I brought my arms in close to my chest, raising my breasts and shook them in waves as I started fingering rhythmically across my clit. I think the Captain, from the way he was watching, really liked the way my boobs jiggled. The First Officer then asked me to show him my clit. I knew from our last layover that he has a thing for them.  
  
I said, 'I'm sorry. I should have known you wanted me to unhood her, especially in this perfect sunlight.  
  
He laughed and said, 'Unhood? I like that. Did you just make that up?'  
  
I laughed with him, and pulled the hood away from my clit and held her on display for him - another memorable sight! I distinctly remember feeling the heat of the sun on the inner part of my thighs, up through my lips and onto my clit. I could feel her throbbing and wondered if he could see that.  
  
The sun went into shadows and I was disappointed but one of them pointed out a far beam of light creeping our way. I fingered slowly in anticipation as it approached. Without saying a word, we all knew what was about to happen. When I felt the sun again heating my body, I fingered faster. When it reached my pussy, even faster. I looked down over my abdomen again. Perspiration beads were forming between my breasts and down my stomach. I was fingering steadily and breathing heavier. Little streams of sweat vibrated off my body and ran down and off my sides. Even the hair by my temples was getting damp. I ran my middle finger up between my boobs gathering sweat and returned to my clit with increased vigor. Then I felt it. A pre orgasmic tremor shook through me. I shuddered.  
  
I said, 'Are you ready to watch me cum?', as I fingered deliberately and rapidly.  
  
They said they were. I told them to tell me to cum and I would. I was going to cum anyway but I get off to being encouraged into orgasm.  
  
They were perfect. 'Masturbate for us.' 'Cum for us.' Finger your pussy.' 'Show us how you cum.' 'Make your pussy cum.' 'Don't hold back.' 'Let yourself go.' 'Don't stop until you cum.'  
  
I felt my jaw and neck tighten. My breathing froze. My face flushed and I felt my eyes roll. My butt and thighs tightened as my pussy screamed out with joy. I was masturbating so fast I lost my rhythm and fingered sporadically. I was afraid I was not going to be able cum completely.  
  
What I said next still amazes me because I'd never said it before. I yelled almost in a panic, 'Put your finger in me!'  
  
Whoever did it knew what they were doing. Any woman can tell you that there's nothing like a G spot orgasm. I took a deep breath and held it. My rhythm returned and had, probably, the most intense fingering orgasm I've ever had. I heard my voice screaming, vibrating, like it was someone else. I was loud. Someone probably heard me but I couldn't stop because it didn't seem like me. I know that's weird. It's the only time I experienced it.  
  
After I was completely spent, I dropped back into my chair, my arms flopping off the side of the chair. I laid there sweating, trying to catch my breath. I felt my G spot still being slowly massaged.  
  
I said, 'That really feels good. Don't stop just yet. I can feel my clit throbbing. Can you see it?'  
  
The First Officer said, 'Mind if I take a closer look?'  
  
I said, 'I'm exhausted. I can't move a muscle. Let me know what you see.'  
  
There was an exchange of the grip of my labia, someone taking both and I felt the skin being pulled away from my very happy pearl.  
  
I heard, 'Wow, what a site. You have such a beautiful clit and pussy and, yes, its throbbing - never actually seen that. Plus I really like your landing strip - perfect really - can't even tell if you trim it. Do you.

'Just a little', I said. 'I'm lucky that way, thank you. I shave from my clit down of course.'  
  
He said, 'Yes, you display her well. Speaking of displaying, do you mind if we take advantage of the sunlight and pay her some more admiration?'  
  
I teasingly said, 'If you insist.' I tucked my arms behind my head and spread my legs wider and asked them to hold them there.  
  
The Captain said, 'Wow! Impressive. Let me guess, dance? Gymnastics?'  
  
I said, 'Both actually but mostly dance.'  
  
They both took an ankle so I could relax again. They maneuvered me directly into the sunlight. I could feel it on my pussy like I'd never felt in my life. I hoped it could not get sunburned! For the next ten minutes, my pilots were like little boys studying the female anatomy for the first time having an entire conversation about what they were seeing - and from what I was feeling and hearing, they saw everything as my lips were being pulled in different ways and fingers were spreading open my vagina. They were 'wowed' they said when it was illuminated deep inside.  
  
I heard, 'Is that her cervix?'  
  
Another said, 'I've never seen one. I'll bet it's never seen sunlight!'  
  
Just then, from all the play and Mai Tais, I said, 'Guys I hate to stop your anatomy lesson but I gotta pee really bad.'  
  
I started to get up but the Captain held me saying, 'Why don't you go right here?'  
  
I said, 'You guys ARE crazy! You really wanna watch me pee? I've never done that.'  
  
The Captain nodded and the First Officer said, 'Yeah why not - I mean as long as you're going to go anyway.'  
  
I said, 'OK but at least scoot me to the edge of the chair.'  
  
So with their help I hung off the edge of the chair saying, 'We gotta hurry.'  
  
The Captain said, 'One moment more' as they spread my legs and pulled my labia apart saying, 'OK let her go.'  
  
That's just what I did. What a sight as I looked between my legs. A sunlit sparkling arching stream was gushing out splashing into the sandy soil. My pilots watched between my legs 'soaking' it all in (like the sandy soil - sorry couldn't resist).  
  
I finished squirting and said, 'Are you guys up for a swim and some lunch by the pool?'  
  
'Sounds great,' they said.'  
  
I said, 'Could someone get my bikini out of that tree?  
  
We all laughed. I got a piggy back ride all the way back. What gentlemen! After we swam and ordered from the bar menu, we discussed how we could fly together again. I really liked these guys and the way they treated me and indulged me in my masturbation fantasy.  
  
As a way to say goodbye in a memorable way, on our 'red eye' back to the States that night, I visited them in the cockpit after the service was over, stripped nude and let my boobs bounce in the turbulence as I stood between them. They hung my panties and bra over their control columns and took photos of them! Then I was invited to sit in the jumpseat. I buckled myself in, relaxed and masturbated very comfortably while they watched under the soft glow of the dimmed cockpit lights. I was directed to rest my feet on the edge of the center console so I did and let my legs relax apart. It seemed like more fantasy than real which was good for me as it's the fantasy thoughts that make me climax the best.  
  
I said, 'Before I masturbate, would you like to have a final labia spread?'  
  
The First Officer said, 'Yeah. Who knows when we will get together again?'  
  
He pulled out a small flashlight and said, 'Do you mind?'  
  
I said, 'Just like a pilot.'  
  
I pulled my lips apart as he shined his light between my legs. 'Man you are beautiful. I'd never get tired of watching you do that.'  
  
I brought my clit out for him knowing he'd like that.  
  
'Exquisite' he said.  
  
I got an idea and said, 'Hand me your flashlight. 'Remember the sunlight?'  
  
Then I pulled one of my labia out and put the light behind it but couldn't stretch it in the right way to cover the lens so I asked him to hold the light in position for me. He did and I used two sets of fingers to stretch my labia to cover the lens. It was even better than the sunlight the day before. You can probably imagine what it looked like with little veins running randomly through it. They were wowed and so was I. We were like little nasty kids playing doctor. I was so comfortable with these guys plus their curiosity made it even more fun. They wanted to compare one labia to another so they switched hands depending on which side I was stretching.  
  
As a side note, I learned from that experience that even though I have probably smaller than average labia, it's amazing how much they can be stretched if you try. And what we decided was that each labia was unique in the pattern of blood vessels running randomly through it. I told them I was horny and was ready to masturbate. They kept the flashlight on my pussy as I started in. I fingered slowly for as long as I could but it's like I was on 'bater pilot'. As I started to orgasm, my fingers stroked rapidly across my clit until I shuddered in the seat.  
  
After I settled down, the Captain said, 'You're absolutely beautiful. I've never met a woman like you. We really gotta get together again!'  
  
I responded, 'I hope we do. You guys have been great. You've really spoiled the exhibitionist in me but I'd better dressed and get back before they suspect something - probably too late huh?