**Exhibitionist**

by[Ashson](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1445967&page=submissions)©

Noelene had always played and sunbathed in the backyard. As she grew older, the playing lessened but the sunbathing continued. Once she turned sixteen, she would sometimes sunbath topless to get rid of tan lines, confident that nobody could her. During the winter of her seventeenth year, a house in the street behind hers built a vertical extension.

Now she was eighteen and it was summer again, and Noelene was contemplating that solitary window that overlooked her yard.

It was several houses away, just a bit too far for anyone to really see if I'm topless or not, she decided. It would still be safe to sunbath.

Noelene continued her old habit of sunbathing and working on her tan lines, but found she was keeping one wary eye on that window. One day as she relaxed, she imagined she saw movement at the window. Keeping one eye on it but not deliberately staring, she quickly realised that there was someone behind the window, and the window was open. She caught the flash of a reflection inside the room, and suspected that someone was probably watching her through binoculars.

She retired inside to consider the situation. Choices? Stop sunbathing? Go around and complain? Ignore the situation? So someone could see her breasts. So what?

Noelene continued to sunbath in an irregular fashion. If the snoop caught her doing it, bad luck, she wasn't hurting anyone and she had nice breasts, if she did say so herself.

It was another week before Noelene was sure she was being watched. She felt irritated at the voyeur, but she wasn't going to let him drive her away.

Next day she was out there again and, to her annoyance, so was Mr. Snoop.

"OK," she thought, "You want to watch, watch this."

She reached for a bottle of cream and started rubbing it on herself, paying loving attention to her breasts. "Enjoy the show, pervert," she mumbled to herself, "and I hope you cream your pants."

Noelene found that she enjoyed that session more than normal, pleased that she had been showing off and drawing attention to her breasts. She had found the whole episode slightly exciting.

Several times over the next week when Noelene suspected that her watcher was on station, she repeated her actions, preening and presenting herself, apparently totally unaware of the watcher from afar.

One weekend Noelene went just a bit too far, she subsequently admitted to herself. But it was fun, and deliciously exciting. With her parents away for the weekend, she wandered out with a book to enjoy a bit more sun. She read for a while, but while reaching for a drink she noticed a movement at the window.

Noelene had her drink, but left the book down. She reached for the cream and rubbed it in, and then very casually she reached down and slipped off her bikini bottom. She spent a few careful minutes rubbing cream onto the white patches now on display, definitely not wanting to get sunburnt in such a place.

Finishing using the cream she leant back on her elbows, legs splayed and slightly bent, head tilted back looking up at the sky. "I trust you're getting a good look now, you creep," she sniggered to herself. "Classic case of look but don't touch. If you try to make contact you'll have to admit you're a voyeur."

After a while Noelene returned to the house, laughing to herself and feeling excited at her own daring.

Sunday afternoon, with the sun moving into prime sunbathing position for her yard, Noelene had slipped on her bikini and was getting ready to wander outside. That's when the knock on the door came.

Answering, there was a young man there, about twenty.

"Hi," he said, "I'm Bobby. I believe you're Noelene. I have something of yours," he added, holding up a largish envelope.

Puzzled, Noelene took the envelope and opened it. An A4 sized photo slid into her hand. She looked at it, white faced. It was as though someone with a camera had been standing right next to her while she was lying on the grass nude. Her legs were spread as though waiting for a lover and she appeared to be smiling directly at the camera.

"I've sometimes seen you sunbathing in the yard," Bobby said blandly. "You have sensational breasts, you know," looking thoughtfully at them.

"Normally I just admire you, but when you pulled this little stunt yesterday I just had to take a shot. Came out quite well, didn't it?"

Noelene just stared at him stunned. Bobby's smile got wider. "I thought I might put this on the internet on the girls next door site," he observed.

Noelene turned even whiter at that little gem. "You wouldn't".

Bobby smiled. "Why not? What's in it for me?"

Noelene was flummoxed. "What do I say? What do I do?"

"Why don't you invite me in," suggested Bobby.

Noelene slowly backed up, letting Bobby enter.

"Are your parent home?" he asked. "I thought they might like to see this before I post it."

Noelene shook her head, feeling that she might faint. Bobby nodded and contemplated her.

"You know, you've been teasing me with those for a month now," he said, nodding to her breasts. "I think you should drop the top and let me see them up close and personal."

Moving like an automaton, Noelene reached up and unhooked her top, letting it drop off.

Bobby nodded appreciatively. "They are really quite marvellous," he said, reaching out and lightly touching them.

"Now, since you've graduated to showing me more," he said looking first at the photo and then at her bikini bottom, "don't you think..." his voice trailed off suggestively.

Noelene's hand reached for her bathers and then froze, clutching them.

"I can't," she whispered.

"That's OK," came the gentle reply. "I'll do it for you this time."

Noelene stood still in horror, as Bobby reached down, gently plucked the bathers from her clutching fingers and then slid them down, tapping her ankle to remind her to step out of them.

Noelene stood like a statue, nude, wanting to hide behind her hands, wanting to run, but strangely excited to be standing there with this stranger admiring her naked body.

"Very nice," Bobby told her. "Now we're getting somewhere. You've been a very naughty girl with your teasing, haven't you?"

Noelene blushed even harder, not knowing what to say. All she could really think of was that she was naked and that this man liked her body and it was exciting.

Bobby reached over and ran a finger from her right nipple down until he gently pushed it between her thighs. She could feel it brushing against her slit and fire ran through her.

From the shock on her face and the involuntary reactions, Bobby guessed that Noelene was still virginal. He decided to tax her with it.

"You're a virgin, and you don't really know what you're playing at, do you?" he said.

"Yes?" he prompted when Noelene failed to answer.

Noelene reluctantly nodded.

"What would your father do if I gave him this picture?"

Noelene looked down. "Probably beat me and ground me for life," she muttered.

There was a laugh. "Spanking you seems like a good idea, but I wouldn't want you grounded. I think I'd like to go out with you sometime."

Noelene tried to give him a 'not in this lifetime' look, but Bobby seem only amused by it.

He dipped into his pocket and took out an SD card.

"The only images I have of your pretty body are the photo you have and this card," Bobby told her. "You won't need to bother about them going on the internet. I'm going to let you have three things, that photo, this card, and the spanking your father is not here to give you."

Noelene's hand crept around to her bottom protectively, looking shocked.

Bobby took the photo from her hand and tossed it on the hall table. He also tossed the SD card down on top of it.

"Now where do I take you for your spanking," he asked. "Into the kitchen so I can sit on a kitchen chair, or into the lounge so I can sit on the couch?"

While Noelene hesitated, wondering if there was a way out or an option that wasn't equally as bad, Bobby made another offer.

"If you really don't want a spanking, I can always relieve you of your virginity," he said, tongue in cheek, and received a serious shock when he saw her seriously considering the offer.

Noelene was oh, so tempted, but she didn't know him, and she just couldn't. She sighed.

"The kitchen is this way," she said forlornly, heading towards it.

Bobby found he was disappointed, but not sure what he'd have done if she'd taken up his casual offer of deflowering her. He made up his mind to get better acquainted so that he could renew that offer a little further down the line.

Noelene stopped at the kitchen door, looking back. "My bathers," she muttered.

Bobby shook his head. "Don't worry about them right now," he told her calmly. "You're going to a spanking, not the beach."

Noelene bent her head and led Bobby into the kitchen, where Bobby reached for a chair, pulled it away from the table, turned and sat on it. He held out his hand for Noelene to come over.

As Noelene approached, she suddenly started to realise the difference between a spanking she might get off her father and one from Bobby. Little thoughts started flitting through her mind.

"I'm naked and I'm going to be spanked by a man who is not my father. I have no clothes on and he's been looking at me and he touched me."

She felt funny feelings curling through her tummy. At least, she told herself firmly that they were in her tummy. As she went to bend over Bobby's knee her mind started racing again.

"I'm naked. He only saw my front before but when I bend over he's going to look between my legs and he'll see everything. He's going to spank my bottom and it's naked."

Noelene was finding herself feeling strangely hot, and nervous as Bobby adjusted her position across his knee.

"What are you doing," she protested, feeling his hand close over her breast.

"Just holding you in position comfortably," she was blandly informed.

"Shouldn't you be doing that with your hand on my back," Noelene almost wailed.

"Oh, no, I don't think so. As long as you remain in my hand like this there we'll both know you're in the right position."

Noelene strongly suspected this logic was faulty, but found face down, bottom up, wasn't a good position to try to argue. Besides, that hand clasping her breast felt strangely comforting, unlike the hand resting on her bottom, particularly at that specific point. That hand felt downright threatening. She squeezed her legs a bit tighter together, hoping she was at least hiding something.

"Now," said Bobby, "You stepped a little over the line when you stripped off while knowing someone was watching, didn't you."

Noelene squirmed a little, felt her breast rub against Bobby's hand and froze. Dumbly she nodded, and a hard spank came down upon her bottom.

Noelene squealed and jerked, but didn't try to move away. Bobby nodded in satisfaction. "I'll keep this short," he told her. "More of a general warning, than anything else."

With this he proceeded to deliver the spanking, spreading half a dozen hard spanks on each pretty cheek, turning Noelene's bottom a light flushed red. Noelene yelped with each spank, but resolutely stayed still until it was finished. What she failed to notice was that with each spank, her legs drifted slightly apart, her body trying to entice the man who was controlling her.

Admiring the view, Bobby saw no reason to enlighten her on this point. With the short spanking finished, he rested his hand casually on her bottom.

"I trust you will learn something from this," he told her, sounding rather autocratic. "I don't mind you sunning yourself topless in the privacy of your own yard and I'm sure your parents don't either, but full nudity is a bit much when someone is watching."

Noelene's face was burning, along with her temper, her bottom and that odd heat inside her pussy. She managed to refrain from saying anything at these patronising remarks, but her eyes snapped wide open and her heat levels increased dramatically when Bobby continued.

Sliding his hand around the curve of Noelene's bottom and between her unknowingly parted thighs, Bobby cupped Noelene's mound and squeezed.

"I don't expect to see this on display unless I've personally removed your bikini," she was told, "which I hope to do again, sometime soon."

With a strangled gasp Noelene pushed herself to her feet and away from that monster who dared to touch her like that. Glancing down she half expected to see a handprint on her breast, knowing there were a number of red ones on her bottom, and sure she could still feel one touching her where it shouldn't.

"You can leave now," she choked out. "I just won't sunbath any more in the yard. Go away."

"Don't let me put you off," she was told with a gentle smile. "Bathers if you're feeling cold, topless if you're feeling bold."

She walked beside him as he headed towards the front door, determined to make sure he really left. Bobby glanced down at her and smiled.

"You may want to put your bathers back on before you open the door for me," he suggested.

Noelene's face flamed again. Somehow it had just felt natural to be walking naked next to him. She hastily snatched up her bathers and put them on, then watched as Bobby waved and departed.

Noelene looked at the picture. She was about to tear it into little pieces when she stopped and looked again. It really was an excellent photo of her. She decided she'd just take that and hide it among her private things.

While in her bedroom, she considered the SD card, and then slipped it into her own camera. There were two images on it she saw. The first she immediately deleted. The second seemed to be writing.

She enlarged it slightly, trying to read it.

'Noelene, if you're reading this you'll know you have to get ready for our date at 6 tonight -- Bobby'.

Noelene sat down hard on the bed, and then jumped up with a yelp, rubbing her bottom. What to do? Should she ignore the note, get ready to go out on a date with that animal, or just go outside and sunbath for a while, NAKED.