Exhibitionistic Woman Meet Voyeuristic Man

by BOSTONFICTIONWRITER©

Several years ago, I joined an online dating service and contacted women all

over the world. As fate would have it, I connected with a woman, Christina, who

lived only a few miles from me, which was convenient for us to meet, if our

online romance developed and we wanted to take it to the next level and meet in

person. By the photos that she sent me through her e-mails, if they accurately

represented how she looked in person, she was beautiful. In fact, she resembled

Linda Carter, the former Miss America, of Wonder Woman fame. She told me that

she was 5'7" and weighed 135 pounds with any extra weight adhering to her C cup

breasts and shapely hips.

She worked at the local elementary school as a pre-school teacher. I always

thought of school teachers, especially grade school teachers, in the same regard

as librarians and Catholic school lay people, as women and men of high moral

standards with extreme levels modesty, but not this woman. From the hot e-mails

we exchanged, she appeared anything but a prude; a wild vixen would better

describe her. She said that she did not like her name and asked me to call her

Tina.

After exchanging a dozen e-mails, several semi-nude leading up to totally nude

photos, and telephone numbers, we agreed to meet for lunch at a local Chinese

food restaurant. Over pork fried rice and Mai Tais, we connected immediately.

She had an engaging personality, a pretty smile, a fun sense of humor, a

penchant for risqué sexual adventure, and was drop dead gorgeous with a body

that would melt a snowman in a deep freeze. A bonus to her character makeup was

that she was an exhibitionist. Voyeur man meets exhibitionist woman, it does not

get any better than that.

Our first meeting quickly progressed to the front seat of my car where we made

out like high school teenagers. With each long, wet kiss, we explored one

another's bodies with our hands and our mouths. Then, after making a spectacle

of ourselves in the parking lot of the restaurant, and fearing that someone from

her school would recognize her, we drove to my apartment where we fucked like

dogs in heat and sucked and licked one another as if devouring popsicles on a

hot July day.

She slowly made our first sexual encounter hotter by peppering the conversation

with spicy talk about the school custodian's sexual antics with some of the

female teachers in her grade school. She simmered the heat to a slow boil by

telling me that even though she was attracted to Dante, his name, and had

fantasized about doing him while she masturbated when home alone, that she would never risk losing her job over a brief and meaningless sexual encounter with

another school employee. A typical imbedded clichéd response, don't shit where

you eat enforced her decision to not go there.

Yet, now, excited about the thought of her with another man and aroused by her

hot conversation later telling me about the sexual encounter of that forbidden

union afterwards when in bed with her, I dared her, double dared her, to have

sex with him. She was one not to turn down a dare, never mind a double dare. Our

hot pillow talk increased our sexuality that first day and by the end of our

sexual session, her horniness was so heightened that she agreed to flirt with

him and tease him to see what would happen. Boy, do I love grammar school

teachers, now.

The next morning, I called her early before she dressed for school to find out

what she was planning to wear to school that day.

"Freddie, I can't dress like a slut. I have a responsible position in the

community. Parents, teachers, and school administrators, especially that snake,

Mr. Stuart, the Principal will talk."

"Of course, Tina, I understand and do not want to make you uncomfortable, but

how about wearing a blouse with buttons and a skirt, not the long skirts that

you generally wear but a skirt that is appropriately just above the knee and one

that is loose fitting enough and that allows you to squat down without ripping

it."

I could feel her imagining the scenarios of exhibitionistic opportunities that a

button blouse and short skirt would allow.

"Okay, I have a cream blouse and a brown skirt that I can wear."

"Good. Now, when you know the custodian is about to enter your classroom to

empty the trash, squat down angling yourself to the door and away from the class

on the pretense of helping a student. That way, he will have a nice upskirt

view."

"Freddie, I have to wear panties. I cannot go without panties. I am not Britney

Spears. Yet, I bet you already know which pair of panty I should wear, right?"

"Of course, you should wear panties, Tina, but you must wear bright white cotton

panties." I felt my cock stir at the image of her squatting down in the sight

line of the custodian and her giving him the perfect view of her panty clad pussy.

"You are so bad." She giggled and with that giggle I knew that it was a done

deal. "And what about the button down blouse?"

"Well, later in the day, at lunch, when he is down in the boiler room eating his

peanut butter and jelly sandwich, unbutton a couple buttons and pay him a visit.

Lean over him making sure that he has a good down blouse view of your round

hooters while telling him that your classroom is too cold and asking him to turn

up the heat, if you know what I mean."

"Yes, you want me to stoke his fire before he heats up my classroom." She

giggled again and by that sexy giggle, I knew that she would do it.

Later in the day, I called her cell phone to ask if I could pick her up from

school. I was eager to find out what happened between her and the custodian. She

answered her phone in a whisper.

"I can't talk now. Dante and I are going to his house. He said that he wants to

show me something." She giggled, again, and I knew that the something he wanted

to show her was about 8 inches in length. Yet, already, I have lots to tell you,

not about Dante, though, but about the principal, Mr. Stuart.

Briefly, I wondered what she meant with her comment about Mr. Stuart, but my

mind was so electrified with the thoughts of her with Dante, that it erased any

thoughts of the principal and raced forward with visions of Tina being fucked by

the school custodian. I envisioned him positioned between her shapely thighs

eating her trimmed dark brown pussy. Then, my cock hardened thinking of Tina

sucking on his cock while stroking him before he shot a hot load of cum in her

mouth and she, the ever so good cocksucker that she is, would lick off every

drop of cum before swallowing all of it.

The next day, after school, we got together at my apartment and, at first,

reluctant to tell me the details of her tryst with Dante, she availed herself to

confessing the details of what happened between them, as our pillow talk heated

our sexual exploration of one another.

"I could tell by the squeak of his cart down the corridor when he was about to

enter our classroom. I squatted down just as he appeared at the door and peered

in the classroom through the glass window of the door. He stood outside with his

hand on the doorknob. From my peripheral vision, I could see him leering at my

crotch. He had the perfect angle to see directly between my legs and I opened my

legs as wide as I could without being obvious to give him a good look before

standing up, just as he entered the classroom. I was curious what he thought

about seeing my panty but, by the growing bulge in his work pants, I did not

have to make eye contact to know his thoughts."

"Oh, my God, Tina, I can't believe you did it. You are so hot." We embraced and

kissed.

"I avoided him the rest of the day, I was so nervous about what I did in school

hoping that no one passing in the hall saw me. It turns out that the principal,

Mr. Stuart, that little snake, saw me squatting down and saw my panty, too.

Ewww! It just makes my skin crawl to know that he saw my panty."

"Did he say something to you?"

"He called me to his office after school. He had positioned a chair in front of

his desk for me to sit but the chair was at a distance and, being the

exhibitionist that I am, I immediately knew his plan. He was hoping to get a

peek up my skirt."

"Geez, it turns out that the principal is a pervert, too."

"It was just the two of us. Everyone had already left school and we were alone.

He was making idle small talk asking me about my day, if I liked working there,

asking about some of the children, and that kind of stuff. I knew with the skirt

that I was wearing that even with my knees together, he could still see a

triangular patch of panty and he was gawking at the view."

"Tina, he said, what I really called you in my office was to tell you that your

outfit today is inappropriate for school. His voice was shaking. I happened to

walk by your classroom and saw you squatting earlier today helping one of the

children with their work and I could clearly see your panty, he said. I felt my

face turn red. I was embarrassed that this weasel got a glimpse between my legs.

I crossed my legs but knowing that he was about to give me a written warning, I

decided to play him. Really, Mr. Stuart, I said. I know this skirt is a tad bit

short but I was careful not to expose myself when I squatted down. I stood and

squatted in front of him giving him a great view of my panty clad, camel-toed

pussy. See? I said, you cannot see anything, can you? That was when I lost my

balance and fell backwards with my feet high up in the air and with my knees

spread wide open. I pretended to hit my head hard on the chair. I did bump it a

little to make it appear realistic."

"Tina, if there was an Oscar for this performance, you would have won it."

"Yeah, but, I'm not even at the good part, yet."

"You mean there is more?"

"Oh, yeah. He rushed over to me and I could see through the slits of my eyes

that he already had an erection. He squatted down and cradled my head in his

lap. Tina, Tina, wake up. Are you okay? He patted my face and held my hand. I

pretended to be out cold. He scurried out of his office and returned with some

wet paper towels and put them to my forehead, then, here comes the good part, he

unbuttoned my blouse and put the towels to the top of my breasts just above my

bra."

"Oh, my God!"

"Yeah, I know. He is such a pervert; that little scumbag. He had my blouse wide

open and unbuttoned to my waist. My nipples were straining at the fabric of my

bra wanting to be sucked; I was so turned on now, knowing that this creep was

getting a real good show. While he was patting my chest, he reached down lower

and still lower with his fingers until he was touching my nipple beneath my bra

with his fingertips. He actually took my nipple with his index and third finger

and squeezed it pulling it out, something that he did not even have to do

because they were so erect already. Then, when he decided that I really was out

cold, he reached down and felt my pussy through my panty. Then, he stuck his

fingers around the side of my panties and underneath and inside and felt my

pussy. He pushed my pussy lips apart and actually finger fucked me. I mean, my

legs were spread with my skirt up to my waist and all he had to do was to reach

down, and he did, the sick fuck. Still, because I was so hot, it felt good to

have his little fat finger up my cunt. I only wished he had finger fucked me

longer and played with my clit so that I could get off, too." She giggled.

"Then, what happened? Wait, what do you mean, get off, too? He got off? You got

him off?"

"Calm down, Freddie, and I will tell you all that happened next." She giggled

and kissed me before continuing. "Well, all this time, he was holding my hand.

Then, he took his hand and pushed it against his penis. I felt his cock

twitching against my hand, all the while, he kept checking to make sure that I

was unconscious by patting my face with the wet paper towel and calling my name.

Finally, he unzipped himself, took out his throbbing member and wrapped my hand

around it. Slowly, at first, then faster, he moved my hand back and forth around

his erection forcing me to stroke him. His cock was small but he was so very

hard. He was so turned on. His face was red and he was breathing heavy, the

bald, fat fuck. He continued forcing me to jerk him off, the fucking bastard,

for a few minutes until I could feel his throbbing penis getting ready to cum.

That was when I woke up from my feigned unconsciousness and he panicked."

"Oh, my God, Tina, you are such a vixen, so, then, what happened?"

"Mr. Stuart, I yelled, pulling my hand away from his cock but with my head still

resting at his knees, what are you doing? I yelled that just as he shot hot

loads of cum all over my face, in my mouth, up my nose, in my eyes, in my hair,

and all over my breasts. I mean, this guy must not have cum off in months. He

was in deep spasms with his head back, his hand around his cock, and gobs and

gobs of warm gooey cum shooting out of him."

"He's fucked now."

"Yep!"

"You have him by the balls."

"Tina, he said, I am so sorry, it is just, I was patting you with paper towels

and you were so completely exposed, he looked down at my panty and I pulled my

skirt down and sat up, and vulnerable that I could not control myself from the

excitement of seeing your loveliness. Can you ever find it in your heart to

forgive me? Please? I beg you."

"Forgive you? You shot a load of your hot cum in my mouth. Look at me. I have

your cum in my hair, my eyes, my nose, all over my chest and blouse. You gave me literal cum bath. You are sick! Sick! Do you hear me? I'm so sorry, he said. I'm

so very sorry. I'll do anything to make this right. Please, I have a family and

a standing in the community and I am a Deacon at the church. I need this job. If

this gets out, I am ruined."

I gave Tina a look and without having to ask the question, she responded.

"Needless to say, since I am not union, not only will I receive a raise in pay

each year, but also I have a signed contract in place for the next 5 years, and

with my very own classroom. I gave him a blow job without even having to put his

cock in my mouth."

After that surprise about the principal, I forgot to ask her about the custodian.

"Oh, so, what happened with the custodian?"

"He was waiting for me outside of school after seeing me in the women's bathroom

trying to get cum stains off my blouse. I was standing there in my skirt and bra

when he walked in on the pretense to clean but he knew that I was there. He

acted like it was a normal occurrence to see a teacher standing there without

her blouse. He made eye contact with me the entirety of the conversation, never

once looking at my bra covered tits. That was when he asked if I would go with

him to his place. He said that he wanted to show me something." Again, she

giggled.

"So, we went to his place and as soon as we closed the front door, he was all

over me. He had his hands everywhere and stripped me naked and pushed me back on the living room carpet. Quickly, he stripped and he has this huge cock. Well, that was in my mouth as fast as he removed my clothes. He pulled me by the back of my neck and stuck his big prick practically down my throat but I took all of

him. Then, we fucked. It felt like we fucked for hours but it was only 35

minutes before he pulled out and shot a hot load of cum in my mouth. God, I love

the taste of warm cum slithering down my throat so much like the feel of eating

slimy oysters only they are cold."

"Well, it seems like you have outdone yourself, today. What do you want to do

tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow? Let's go to the mall and try on some shoes. I'll wear my short skirt

with my sheer panties. Then, we'll find a store that still has curtains and I'll

leave them open enough to give all the bored husbands waiting for their wives a

show of my tits, ass, and pussy. And on the way there and on the way home, we'll

flash my tits to the truckers."

"Well, okay. I really wanted to stay home and catch up on the soap operas."

"Are you serious?"

"No! Let's go to the mall tomorrow." Her giggle was contagious. I giggled.