**First Time Exhibitionist**

by[Pangolin2u](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1237850&page=submissions)©

My name is Jackie, I'm in my late thirties and for a woman I'm rather tall, just under 6 feet. I am blessed with shoulder length golden blond hair that is streaked with natural highlights from the sun. But then again, I'm a sports coach at a local school and I'm outdoors in the sun most of the day with the result that I always have a bronze tanned skin, summer and winter. Being a sports coach I'm fit, with a flat stomach, even after two children, and have rather smallish buttocks -- very unlike the latest fashion that the J-Lo posterior brigade dictates. Being a natural athlete I have long shapely legs with a good muscle tone. To me my breasts are one of my better assets, full round and on the perky side with very responsive nipples, often to my embarrassment. The slightest brush against the 'ladies' sends shivers down my spine and my nipples react immediately, therefore I usually wear a padded 36C bra to dampen the accidental touches and to hide my responsive nipples from public view. Contrary to what men believe, women are mostly shy and embarrassed when their nipples become erect and women usually want to hide it away from scrutiny. Perhaps I just have a very sensitive skin as I also break out in goosebumps easily. A slight wind blowing over my skin or a change in temperature and my legs are covered in goosebumps. Trying to hide my frequent goosebumps I'm clean shaven, all over - from my toes to my finger tips. I just love the velvety feel of my shaven soft tanned skin.

Coaching is hard physical work and working with kids can be exhausting. One also needs to relax after a hard day's work. There are few things more relaxing to me than laying on my bed after a hot bath and rub a lotion into my skin to get the blood circulation going and ooze away all the stress. Rubbing lotion into my body, from my feet, up my legs, my buttocks, stomach, breasts and arms forms part of my relaxation routine. Laying naked back on the bed, willing my muscles to relax while listening to music softly filling the room is my idea of getting rid of the day's stress and tribulations. And quite often I doze off for a few minutes.

That is where the recounting of my experience actually starts.

To place the experience in perspective it is necessary to take one step back into my private life. I'm a mature woman that has born two children. Even after fourteen years of marriage I still enjoy sex with my husband. I'm also proud of my body and the fact that I'm in reasonable good shape. I also know that I can turn heads when in public with my blond hair and long legs ... and I suppose my perky breasts also. But I always dress modestly and have high moral values. I do not need to dress scantily to attract attention, or to feel good about myself. Actually, perhaps because of my length, blond hair, long legs, perky breasts and personality I have always attracted attention and got used to it over the years. I also learned how to deal with unwanted attention as some men think it is 'manly' to make lewd remarks or being very forward with their attention and double meaning words and sayings. Gents. let me tell you that it is not cool at all. We, as women, sometime laugh with you out of courtesy but inside we think you're a pig. A woman appreciates courtesy, manners and when you gallantly compliment her and allow her to feel feminine and not like a cheap tart. Gents, take the tip!

Although I consider myself adventurous in bed I never had the inclination, or desire, to sleep with someone else than my husband. Yes, we have our fantasies and are quite naughty when we are alone or on holiday without the kids. Once we even took nude photographs of me on a lonely beach and got turned on so much that we couldn't wait to get back to the hotel and had beautiful and exquisite sex right there on the beach. For weeks afterwards we recounted the episode and each time virtually ripped each other's clothes off. The thought of the daringness thereof, the exhibitionist side of it and the naughtiness of the public sex should someone came along really turned us on.

In my opinion we are just a normal healthy couple, in love with each other, with a normal sex drive with high moral values.

But something happened a few weeks ago that now have me flustered and wondering about my values.

One Friday afternoon, after a rather difficult and hard week coaching at the school I took a relaxing hot bath and soaked in the water for some time. After drying myself I stretched out naked on the bed and I dozed off. Our bed is facing a large window that allows a lot of warm sunshine into the bedroom. I awoke to birds singing and felt so relaxed and just laid there looking out of the window that partially overlooks the back of our neighbour's house. On that side of their house they have a guest bedroom that looks directly into ours, but as it is never used we never thought much of it and seldom drew the curtains.

Laying there naked, spread eagled, my legs facing the window I think I saw movement in their guest bedroom, but was not sure as their room is in the shadows and with the vertical blinds partially closed it was difficult to see into the room. I did not pay much attention to the movement and soon forgot it as my Pomeranian dog entered the room and jumped onto the bed. We started playing on the bed and I rolled around, sometime with my bum in the air as we played. After receiving a scratch on my leg I stopped playing with my dog and had to push him off the bed. The scratch was burning and I got up and went to fetched skin lotion from the bathroom to rub onto my legs and the scratch. Walking back into the bedroom I thought again that I saw movement in the neighbour's bedroom. Sitting down on the corner of the bed I pulled my one leg up and started rubbing lotion onto it. Looking past my knee I was sure that I saw a human form standing in the deep shadows of the neighbour's room. It is then that I realized that if someone was indeed standing there he would have a perfect and unobtrusive view into our bedroom that was bathed in sunlight, especially me sitting there, not very lady like with one leg drawn up and my shaven vagina on full display, if someone was indeed watching from the bedroom.

As if nothing happened, and not wanting to warn the peeping tom that I'm aware that he was watching, I casually got up and walked into the bathroom and out of sight. Grabbing my bathrobe I dressed quickly before walking back into the bedroom, trying to see if indeed there was somebody in the neighbour's guest room. I did not see anyone, or anything suspicious, and walked into my closet to get dressed before going downstairs to prepare dinner.

That night in bed I again remembered the movement from the neighbour's room and decided to be a little more cautious when in my own bedroom in future as we might have a peeping tom of a neighbour. Alarmingly, I also felt a little excited and naughty thinking that the neighbour could have been watching me that afternoon. Added to that, he is quite handsome with excellent manners and has complimented me few times in the past on my appearance and dresses. It was actually quite exciting knowing that he could have watched me and even perhaps for many weeks or months without me realizing. Suddenly I liked the idea and it sort of turned me on and felt a warm stirring in my loins.

From then on I started watching the dark window and started fantasizing that he was standing there watching me while being naked in my own bedroom. But I did not see anyone there again for some time, although I kept watching, trying to see movement or a human shape in the shadows of the room.

Then one afternoon, after a shower and wearing my bathrobe, I walked into the bedroom while drying my hair with a towel when I saw a human shape in the deep shadows of the neighbour's guest bedroom. Trying to look closely I saw that it was indeed a human standing there and that the size and shape of the body resembled that of our neighbour.

I continued to hand dry my hair with the towel, knowing that he is watching and felt strangely elated and excited by the idea. Also realising that he has already seen me naked on at least one occasion that I know of. It turned me on knowing that he has seen me standing there naked in the past, or laying on the bed naked and I remembered that on the previous occasion I was laying spread eagled and that he could have looked uninterrupted at my vagina for quite some time.

The thought of him looking at me again, and this time I knew, started to turn me on even more and I felt a twinge in my nipples as they started responding to my luscious thoughts. I could also feel my vagina responding and a familiar dampness which I know happens when I get sexually excited.

At that moment a naughty streak came over me, totally out of my character and against all my values, but I liked the naughtiness and the sensation of my sexual arousal as he was watching. At that moment I decided to act as if I was unaware of him watching and also knew that it was safe and I could at any time just turn and walk out of sight if I felt at all uncomfortable with him watching -- and he would not even know that I know he was watching.

Folding the towel around my wet hair I nonchalant turned to face the window and even took a step closer to the window to be in more sunlight. I slowly pulled the robe of one shoulder revealing the top half of my breast to just above my nipple, which by now was sending my brain very sexy messages. Pulling my arm out of the robe I could feel it slipping over my breast, fully exposing my one breast with its excited nipple. At the same time the robe opened downwards along one half of my body, exposing my hip, thigh and one leg, but still just, just covering my vagina, which by now was producing wet bubbles inside me. Casually, as if I'm not aware that anyone is watching, but thoroughly turned on and excited by now, I slipped the robe from my other shoulder revealing the other breast and it's very hard and erect nipple. As I pulled my arm from the robe I knew that the robe was now wide open, fully revealing my freshly washed and clean shaven vagina. My vagina lips by then were swollen and the wetness inside me was oozing out and lubricating me, making me feel very sexy, excited and so beautifully naughty. My skin was sensitive to the slightest touch and as the robe slid down I broke out in goosebumps all over and could feel a sensual contraction in my vagina.

I did not want to end the experience right then and wanted more of the naughty sensual feeling and decided to rub my body all over with skin lotion. I turned and went back to the bathroom to fetch the skin lotion, putting an extra swagger in my hips as I walked out of sight, knowing that he has just seen me naked and fully enjoying the naughty thought of it. Returning to the bedroom I saw that he was still standing there, waiting in the shadows, and knew then that he must know my routine well and have been waiting, watching me in my bedroom for quite some time on many previous occasions.

As usual, I walked to the edge of the bed where I usually sat down to rub lotion on my body. Feeling the naughtiness and excitement I decided to rather stand and lifted my leg onto the bed affording him a proper view of my vagina while I started rubbing lotion into my leg.

Starting at my foot and ankle I slowly worked my way up past my upper leg, even spreading my leg a little wider as I approached my upper inner thigh to let him have a proper look at my wet vagina. With my fingers lubricated from the lotion and my vagina already very wet and lubricated, I slowly rubbed lotion on my outer vagina lips, treasuring the sensation of my fingers on my vagina lips, feeling its velvety softness. Knowing that he is watching I slipped a finger along my slit and felt my rosebud clitoris swollen and erect. The sensation of touching myself, rubbing a finger along my moist slit and rubbing my clitoris with him watching nearly sent me over the edge into a climax. The feeling of being in charge, being watched, being sensual and naughty ... and that I was thoroughly enjoying it was new to me, but at the same time also very exciting.

Not daring to touch my vagina, should I orgasm, I continued rubbing lotion into my body, but started at my shoulders working my hands down to my breasts and started playing with my nipples. The slightest touch on my nipples sent electrifying messages down my spine to my vagina. I continued to pull on my nipples until I could feel a climax building close to breaking point. Moving my attentions to my other leg I pulled my leg onto the edge of the bed so as to give him as much of a view as possible of my vagina. Slowly working my way up my leg to my thigh I spread my leg wider and once again started playing with my outer vagina lips, treasuring the sensation of my touch and him watching. My swollen clitoris was shouting for attention, to be touched also and I slowly slid my finger along my slit, feeling the slippery moistness and knowing that I'm very aroused, my vagina wet and lubricated, but still wanted to draw out the naughty sensation for a few minutes more. Feeling my slippery wet slit I slipped a finger into my vagina, spreading my vagina lips wider exposing my moist pink inner lips and rubbing with the palm of my hand against my clitoris before softly rubbing over it with my fingers. The feeling was exquisite, so sensual and beautifully naughty.

Feeling my orgasm building as I pressed and rubbed harder against my swollen clitoris I knew that the neighbour could see everything and that he had a very good and full view of my vagina, breasts, erect nipples and body ... and that I was enjoying it very much. I could not take it any longer and allowed my orgasm to erupt over my body, I could feel the spasms in my vagina, my muscles involuntary contracting and the beautiful sensation thereof overflowing and fulfilling my mind soul and body.

I stood there for a moment longer, treasuring the feeling of my orgasm and as it's subsided I casually picked up my robe from the bed, turned and walked out of sight into the bathroom where I sat down for a moment to catch my breath.

That night I surprised my husband with a very alluring negligee and we had wonderful sex. Later, spooning behind his back, my body pressed firmly against his, I recounted the episode of earlier to myself, analyzing my feelings. I felt no guilt, or that I did something wrong or inappropriate, but felt rather sensual, sexy, naughty ... and liberated. Feeling free and in charge and decided that I would do it again should he be watching again.

Remembering how amorous my husband was for many weeks after our nude photos and sex on the beach a few years back, I knew that I will tell him about my exhibitionist streak I discovered that afternoon. Somehow I knew that he would like the idea and that it could form part of our foreplay in future recounting of the episode ... and those coming in future. Suddenly I had many naughty thoughts, ideas and possibilities I could try.

The only nagging thought was that I did not feel guilty, but rather excited, sensual and a little naughty.

Did I enjoy the episode of exhibiting myself to the neighbour and masturbating while he could watch ...? Yes I did

Will I do it again should the opportunity present itself? Yes, I think I will as long as I could be in control.

I also realized that women are programmed to feel guilty about their own sexual advances and experiences. Women need to grow up sexually, be sexually more mature and understanding and enjoy the experiences that come along our paths without feeling cheap or guilty. I wish that more women could be liberated, free and acknowledge their own sensuality, and sexiness, and their right to enjoy sex as much as anyone else. We, as women have the right to experience and feel that freedom.

The End