**Flashing Tits, Pussies & Cock**s

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**Flashing Tits, Pussies & Cocks Ch. 01**

Why do we all feel the need to flash our naked bodies?

Not going as far to deem them whores but Emma's friends, Diane and Carol, were sexually provocative and sexually promiscuous. Never lonely, horny, of sexually unsatisfied, every Saturday night, they always had a date. Every weekend they went out with a different guy. Every weekend, they went dancing, drinking, out to the movies, and/or out to eat.

Married young, just out of high school to her high school sweetheart, while Emma was married with two children, her friends were having fun. After hearing about all the good times they've had, she felt as if she had missed out on life, especially some of the sexual excitement of life. Finally, she asked them how they were able to attract so very many men.

"How do you get so very many men to ask you out," asked Emma while wondering if they were doing prostitution on the side? "I never see either of you with the same guy twice. What's your secrets to attracting men?"

Both Diane and Carol giggled while looking at one another as if they were sharing a secret.

"It's easy," said Diane with a sexy laugh. "First of all, I wear white, bikini panties with a short skirt. When trying to sexually attract a man, I only wear white, bikini panties with a navy blue, forest green, dark brown, or black skirt. The white panties against the dark contrast of my skirt is as if I turned on a sex light," said Diane with another laugh. "That way, when I sit with my knees parted just enough to show the triangular patch of my white panties above my knees, like flies to a picnic, flashing my white panties always attracts men."

Carol laughed.

"I do the same thing. Only, in the way of Sharon Stone in Basic Instinct, when I know a cute guy is watching me, not even looking at him, I totally ignore him. Then, when I know he's looking, staring, and leering, I'll slowly and seductively cross my legs one way before waiting a few minutes to uncross them and cross them the other way. You'd be surprised how many men love long, shapely legs, especially when there's a special treat at the end, white panties with pussy inside," she said with a sexy laugh.

Diane nodded her head in agreement.

"Another surefire way of hooking a man is wearing a low-cut, sheer blouse with a low-cut sheer bra. When he's not staring at my long, sexy line of cleavage and the top of my sexy bra, then he's staring at the impressions that my nipples make through my blouse and my bra. With some men preferring legs, other men prefer tits. Either way, whether flashing my panty clad pussy or my bra clad breasts, as simple as that, flashing is how I get my men," said Diane.

Carol laughed.

"As if they're starving dogs and you're holding a meaty bone, show men panties and/or some tit and men will follow women anywhere and do anything to get you in bed," laughed Carol.

Diane returned Carol's laugh with her laugh.

"While making my flashing appear accidently, I can't tell you how many guys I've deliberately flashed my panties, my bra, my naked breasts, my naked pussy, and/or my naked ass to over the years. The best way to get a man is to wear a short, flared skirt on a windy day without wearing panties. As if your skirt if a flag waving at them, they come in droves," said Diane.

Carol nodded her head in agreement again.

"Of course, it helps if you're pretty and have the body to match," said Carol.

As if flashing was a foreign language, Emma looked sadly out of place with her friends' conversation.

"I've never flashed anyone," she said with disappointment. "Modestly moral and too sexually shy, a virgin when I married, I'd be embarrassed if anyone saw my panties or my bra, never mind my naked pussy or naked tits," said Emma. "Moreover, especially in front of my father-in-law and brother-in-law, I always wear a robe over my nightgown, even over my thick, flannel nightgown," she said with an awkward laugh.

Emma acted as if there was something wrong with her for being the good, parochial school girl that she was. She could never be sexually wicked like her friends. Glad that she was married and all of those dating games were in her past, she could never deliberately flash anyone her underwear clad, semi-naked, or naked body. Diane laughed.

"If I had your giant boobs, Emma, I'd have some old, rich man treating me to trips to the Caribbean," said Diane.

Carol returned Diane's laugh with her laugh.

"If I had your jumbo tits, Emma, I'd have a dozen, rich, old men asking me to marry them," said Carol. "Men love tits, especially big tits, and no one, not Kim Kardashian or even Christina Hendricks, has bigger tits than you."

# # #

Introduction before getting to the sex:

Those who just want to masturbate while reading this story, should scroll down to the sex. Only, control yourself from shooting your entire load because they'll be lots of sex in this story. Conversely, those who want to read a real story with plot, character development, dialogue, description, and imagery should continue reading because this is a good story and a true story.

Chapter one is about a wife who inadvertently flashes her neighbor her naked ass, her naked pussy, and her nearly, naked tits. Thinking that she was alone and that no one could see her, Emma carried her wet laundry out to her back deck while wearing her short, sheer, low-cut, and sexy nightgown. Unbeknownst to her, her 65-year-old, horny neighbor enamored with her and sexually attracted to her after his wife died, was staring, leering, and watching her every movement while fondling his prick and stroking his cock on his screened-in back porch.

With a wife having swinging sex with her neighbor while her husband watches, and an adult son having incestuous sex with his mother, they'll be even more sex in chapter two. Chapter three will show a husband having forbidden sex with his mother-in-law and, then, having wild and nasty sex sister-in-law. As his just, sexual reward, because Emma's husband, David, had sex with her mother and her sister, chapter four will show her having revenge sex with her father-in-law and with her hot brother-in-law.

In return, for me continuing to write more erotic stories, all that I ask is that you vote for my stories and add me, MotherandSonTrueConfessions, to your favorite authors' list.

Readers' Oath:

Please raise your right hand and repeat after me.

I, (insert name), solemnly swear that I will vote for whichever MotherandSonTrueConfessions stories that I read. I, (insert name), solemnly swear that I will always vote for Natty's stories and will add MotherandSonTrueConfessions to my favorite authors' list. In exchange for sexy photos, I, (insert name), swear that I will give a 5 vote to every MotherandSonTrueConfessions stories that I read.

Sexy photos are available to my reading fans who vote for my stories and who add me to the list of favorite authors. Just ask me via e-mail.

Natty

# # #

Flashing Tits, Pussies & Cocks, Chapter 1

Odd behavior that I sometimes wonder about, why do people feel the need to flash their naked bodies? Why do women feel the need to flash their naked tits, their naked pussies, and their naked asses to men? Why do men feel the need to flash their naked cocks to women?

Why do women constantly and continually wear short skirts, and flash men their panties of their naked pussies in up-skirt peeks? Why do women wear low-cut tops that show their long, line of sexy cleavage and the tops of their bras or their naked breasts in down-blouse views? Why don't mothers and sisters not wear robes over their short, sheer, and low-cut nightgowns? As if they didn't know that they're advertising their sexy and shapely bodies, why are women offended when men look, stare, and leer at all that women are showing?

With one thing always leading to another thing, more often than not, deliberately flashing oneself leads to sex, forbidden sex, and extramarital sex. Especially when married, nothing good ever comes from flashing. Is there no end to this flashing madness of women flashing men and men flashing women? The public depravity of people is shocking, just shocking.

Do you know why women flash men and why men flash women? Tell me the truth. Be honest with me please. I can take it. I can handle the truth. There's no one here but the two of us, just me and you. So, tell me, why does everyone feel the need to flash their underwear clad or naked bodies?

Why do women flash men they don't even know and have never met? Why do men flash women they don't even know and have never met? Why do mothers, sister, aunts, and female cousins flash sons, brothers, nephews, and male cousins?

By dressing and undressing by their bedroom windows at night with the shade up and the light on, why do neighbors flash neighbors? When working late with just the office cleaner and a co-worker, why do co-workers flash co-workers? Why do friends flash friends? Is it nothing more than whenever there's an opportunity to flash, exhibitionist women and exhibitionist men flash their semi-naked and naked bodies to voyeurs who are always watching?

Please, tell me. I really want to know why women feel the need to flash men and why men feel the need to flash women. It's not just about sex. It's more than that. Nobody normal flashes. With so very many women and men flashing, are we all abnormal? No modestly, moral person would ever flash someone their naked bodies. Shame on us, are we all immodestly immoral? Normal people, those people who don't flash and would never flash, would be so embarrassed for anyone to see their underwear, never mind their naked bodies.

Flashing is more than just sex, isn't it? What is that all about then? Does anyone know why people feel the need and give into that need to flash? Does anyone know why people flash? Does anyone have a theory as to why exhibitionism and voyeurism are so very popular and so, very sexually titillating?

We've all seen naked people thousands of times before. Whether short, fat, tall, or thin, basically, we all have the same bodies. With women not having three breasts and men not have two dicks, there's nothing new to see.

Boring, you've seen one naked woman; you've seen them all. You've seen one naked man; you've seen them all. Yet, that's not true, is it? Seemingly, we're not sexually satisfied until we've seen everyone naked. Then, when that happens, seeing everyone naked, much like what happens when going to a nude beach, you become immune to nudity.

Just between us, c'mon, don't be shy, this is your chance to come clean. Be honest. Tell the truth. Think about it. Have you ever flashed anyone?

If you're a woman reading this story, have you ever flashed your panties, your bra, your naked tits, your naked pussy, and/or your naked ass to anyone? Even if you haven't flashed anyone, have you ever thought about flashing someone when alone, lonely, horny, and masturbating yourself? Even if you haven't flashed anyone, have you ever been tempted to flash the pizza delivery man?

What is that about? Why do women flash men or want to flash men? Why do men flash woman or want to flash women? What's the big deal about showing someone our genitals?

# # #

Author's Note:

This is a true story as told to me by Sir David about his wife Lady Emma from London, England. Only their names have been changed but everything else is as it happened and as they asked me to write it. Not their real named, both David and Emma are in their mid-forties. Married just out of high school, they've been married for 28-years and have a son and a daughter.

David is an investment banker and his very rich. Emma was a model, a TV newscaster, and now works part-time doing commercials and voiceovers as an actress. Empty nesters now, finally alone and on their own for the first time since early in their marriage, both of their children are married and have moved to the green and beautiful, hilly countryside of Scotland. Even though this story is not entirely about them, there are lots of similarities, especially when they decided to add more spice to their marriage by flashing and having extramarital sex.

Always sexually faithful to one another, until they jointly decided to break their marriage vows, Emma has only had sex with David and David has only had sex with Emma. Recently, with the immaturity of jealousy gone, possessiveness no longer an issue, and both emotions deemed juvenile and out of the way, they've been thinking about trying something naughty new, something more sexually exciting, and something erotically adventurous.

Seriously, it's not normal to believe that people can remain monogamous their entire lives. Who wants to dine on hamburger every night when, once in a while, we can eat steak or lobster? We're not wolves, beavers, bald eagles, barn owls, or swans. We're human and humans want a variety of choices. We want sex, lots of sex, and with different people.

It all started with exhibitionism and voyeurism. David has always wanted his wife to flash someone her panties, her shapely, naked ass and/or her red, trimmed pussy. He always wanted her to flash a man her huge, English, milkmaid, naked breasts and her hard, erect nipples. Unbeknownst to David, Emma has always been curious about seeing, stroking, sucking, and fucking a cock that wasn't her husband's prick. She regularly, sexually fantasized of making love and then being fucked by someone other than her husband.

Adding a bit more kink to the sexual arrangement, David was agreeable to his wife having sex with someone, as long as he can watch. He likes to watch. He'd like to watch Emma expose her naked breasts to a man. He'd like to watch a man's reaction to seeing his wife's gigantic breasts. He'd like to watch a man having his sexual way with his wife's humongous tits. Enhancing his sexual excitement, he'd like to watch her stroke, suck, and fuck another man's cock.

# # #

In all started one bright, sunny, and warm, spring morning. The birds were singing, the flowers were blooming, and the sky was blue. Bob, David and Emma's next-door neighbor, was out on his back porch drinking coffee and reading his newspaper.

With little excitement in his life, and with him following the same daily routine day in and day out, not looking forward to anything, his life suddenly changed because of beautiful, sexy, and shapely Emma. It all started quite by accident and quite innocently. Same time every morning at eight-twenty, except for weekends when her husband was home, Emma came out to hang her wet laundry.

A widower living alone, Bob retired shortly after his wife died. Giving him something to masturbate over later that day, he knew that his next-door neighbor, Emma, would soon be giving him a daily show of sexy and naked exhibitionism. He looked forward to not only seeing her but also seeing more of her. With her flashing him her naked ass, her naked pussy, and her nearly, naked tits, he wondered if she was deliberately flashing him or inadvertently flashing him. No matter, as long as she continued flashing him all that he hoped to see of her sexy and shapely body, he was happy.

Like clockwork, he watched her exit her backdoor carrying a basket of wet laundry. Choosing not to say hello, he didn't want her to know that he was there watching her, staring at her, and leering at all that he could see of her naked body and nearly, naked body. Instead, pretending that he was engrossed in his newspaper, he feared that if she knew he was there, ruining his voyeuristic fun today, tomorrow, and every day thereafter, that she'd go inside her house and put on a robe.

Making her white, sexy nightgown even more see-through, the front of her nightgown was already wet from transferring wet clothes from the washing machine to the laundry basket. Her sheer and nearly transparent nightgown would soon be even wetter when transferring her laundry from the basket to the clothesline. Totally oblivious to him at first, she was unaware that Bob was sitting there watching her with not only sexual interest but also with lustful horniness and decadent desire. Although she had a dryer in the house, saving electricity, she preferred hanging her clothes out on the line.

Only, what made hanging her laundry out on her clothesline even more erotically sexual was that when hanging laundry, she always wore her short, low-cut, sheer, and virtually see-through, white nightgown. Not thinking anything of wearing her nightgown out on the back deck and without having the modesty to wear a robe, she didn't know that anyone was there. She didn't know that anyone could see her and would see her. She thought she was totally alone.

Always in the early morning, a light breeze lifted hem of her nightgown as if someone waving a white flag or someone up-skirting her. The breeze that blew up her nightgown tickled her red, pussy hairs and felt good after already working up a sweat doing heavy laundry. Exposing her shapely, naked ass to his horny and appreciative eyes, her windblown nightgown was what first attracted Bob to looking over at Emma. Instead of her raised, white nightgown, blowing in the light wind being a sign of surrender, giving him an erection, it was the beginning of Bob's sexually attraction to David's wife.

With Emma standing higher up on her back porch, and with her not wearing panties, as if she was naked, Bob could clearly see up her nightgown. Especially with the wind helping his view, he could see her naked pussy up the front of her nightgown and her naked ass up the back of her nightgown. With her barely five-foot tall, she had to stand on her tippy toes and stretch to hang her clothes out on the line. Sometimes, when standing on a stool to reach the clothesline, she gave him even more of a view of her naked pussy and her naked ass.

When she stood and stretched herself out like that, her nightgown climbed higher and continually exposed her naked pussy and her naked ass. Giving her neighbor quite the naked show, by showing him all that he wanted to see of her, Bob finally had something to look forward to seeing, watching, and masturbating over. Especially with his deceased wife being as tall as she was thin, and flat chested, she had the shapeless body of a young man. Yet, happily married for forty-years, she was his wife, the mother of their children, and he loved her.

The complete opposite of his wife, Emma was so sexy. She was so beautiful. Reminding him of Maureen O'Hara of old, her breasts were just as huge as were Christina Hendricks' breasts from Madmen. With Emma giving him an unintentional, naked, flashing show, he finally had something to be sexually excited over. He had something to look forward to seeing every morning and masturbating over every night. He finally had some real, sexual excitement in his life. She allowed him to have sexual fantasies of having sex with her naked body every night.

"Oh, Emma. I want you," he whispered for only himself to hear. "I want to strip you naked and kiss you, French kiss you, while touching and feeling you everywhere. I want to give you a sexual orgasm with my fingers and my tongue. Then, I want to make love to you. I want to fuck you and give you a second, sexual orgasm with my cock. Then, I want you to suck me. I want you to blow me and allow me to cum in your mouth, all over your face, and across your huge, naked breasts."

# # #

Finally, aware that he had been watching her, catching him looking out of the corner of her eye, she heard him unintelligibly whispering to himself. She saw him sitting there drinking his coffee and pretending to read his newspaper. Obviously, something she never did, felt, or needed to do before, a wave of exhibitionistic wickedness possessed her to deliberately flash her neighbor.

Daring herself to flash her elderly neighbor, no doubt with her husband inspiring her to flash her naked body and approving of her flashing men, she wished her husband was there to encourage her and to watch her flash Bob. Had she not listened to the conversation between Diane and Carol telling her how they flashed men their white, bikini panties, their bras, cleavages, naked pussies, asses, and tits, she never would have flashed him. Now, tempted to flash, she wanted to flash Bob all that he had already seen of her.

Figuring that she had already flashed him her naked ass and her naked pussy, what more did she have to be modest about that he hasn't already seen? With him able to see more of her than any man had ever seen of her before, other than her husband, at first, she felt embarrassed that he had already seen so very much of her. Then, she felt sexually excited that he was staring. Now, she wanted to flash him. Even though she felt wicked deliberately flashing him, she couldn't wait to tell her husband that she had flashed their neighbor.

Blaming her sudden exhibitionism on her husband, had he not put the thoughts in her head about wanting to watch her flash someone, she never would have thought about flashing her next-door neighbor. Had her husband not confessed that he'd love her to flash someone her naked ass and/or her naked pussy, as soon as she noticed Bob sitting there, preserving her modesty, she would have gone inside and put on her robe. Had her husband not confessed that he'd love her to flash someone her big, naked tits, she never would have flashed anyone any part of her sexy and shapely body.

Now, that she saw him looking and staring, consumed with flashing her neighbor, while pretending that she didn't know he was there watching, she wanted to show him her naked body. She wanted him to see her naked ass, her naked pussy, and her naked tits. A faithful, married woman and a mother of two, she wasn't a whore. Yet, there was something sexually titillating about her neighbor watching her, staring at her, leering at her, and sexually desiring her.

Just the thought of him seeing her naked ass, her naked pussy, and the shape and the size of her nearly, naked breasts through her nightgown sexually aroused her. She was already wet and her nipples were already erect with the sexual anticipation of deliberately flashing him again. Now, instead of only thinking about flashing him, she thought about having sex with him. She never had sex with anyone, other than her husband.

The first-time inadvertently flashing Bob her naked ass and her naked cunt, at first, tempted to go back inside to put on a robe, she was so nervous. Now, as if she was a singer standing on a high stage and he was a fan sitting much lower in the audience, now or never, she knew that he had a clear view up her nightgown. She knew that not only could he see her naked ass and her naked pussy from his low vantage point and from where he was sitting but also, he could see her nearly, naked breasts through her wet nightgown.

He could see her red, naked pussy up the front of her nightgown. Then, when she leaned at the waist with her back to him to remove laundry from the basket to hang, he could clearly see up her short nightgown. He could clearly see her, round, full, and shapely, naked ass and the back of her swollen and glistening, naked pussy lips.

Then, continuing her exhibitionism in answer to his voyeurism, when turning to face him and bending at the waist, the top of her low-cut nightgown fell wide-open with her. As if she was topless, she knew that Bob could see all that she wanted him to see of her. She was aware that he could see her long line of sexy cleavage, the shape, and the size of her huge triple D breasts, and even her big, brown, erect nipples. Even though she felt so wicked, she felt so sexually aroused.

Suddenly, as if she was standing there with nothing on, she felt so nakedly exposed. Suddenly, as if she was doing something illegal, she felt so guilty. Suddenly, she felt so wicked that she was going to deliberately flash her neighbor her naked pussy, her naked ass, and her naked tits. Now, that she knew he was there watching, staring, and leering, trying to summon the courage to go through with continuing to flash him, she felt so nervous. Suddenly, she felt like such a whore but she loved the feeling of being sexually wicked.

Yet, she imagined how happy her husband would be that she flashed their neighbor. While telling him all the sexy, sexual details, she imagined the sex they'd have that night. Now, she couldn't wait to tell her husband that she flashed Bob. She couldn't wait to tell her husband that Bob saw her naked ass, her naked pussy, and her nearly, naked breasts. She couldn't wait for her husband to ask her to flash him again or, knowing that was what he wanted her to do, to even have sex with him while he watched.

For such a short and petite woman, barely five-foot tall, looking much like a dark-haired Dolly Parton, she had enormous 34 DDD cup, natural breasts. In the way of Kim Kardashian, blessed with a sexy figure, nicely defined and shapely, her ass was abundantly round, too. If her short, wet, up-nightgown, naked show wasn't enough, every Saturday night like clockwork, while Bob sat on his back porch in the dark across from their opened, bedroom window, he could clearly hear them going at it like dogs in heat.

Now, that Emma was aware that Bob was out back watching and listening, this time, trying something new for his sexual benefit, an erotic twist to their humping and grunting, they were talking. They carried on a pillow talking conversation. Wanting him to overhear their sexy conversation, they discussed their neighbor loudly enough for Bob to hear what they were saying about him. Something she never thought she'd ever do with a man other than her husband, Emma wanted Bob to know that she wanted to have extramarital sex with him as much as he wanted to have forbidden sex with her.

# # #

"Did Bob see you hanging laundry while wearing your short, sheer, sexy, and low-cut nightgown," asked her husband David? "Especially when wet, virtually see-through, that nightgown shows everything, your naked pussy, your naked tits, and your naked ass," he said while grabbing her naked pussy, tits, and ass. With you giving him a sexy, free show, I bet that he masturbated over all that he saw of you that night. I only wish I was there to see what he saw."

On such a still night with the sound traveling from their bedroom to his back porch without it being blocked by trees or the usual neighborhood noises, Bob heard Emma say everything that she wanted him to overhear. He heard Emma laugh sexily through her opened, bedroom window. While wishing it was him with her instead of David with his wife, he heard beautiful and sexy Emma having passionate sex with her husband.

"Did he see me?" Emma laughed again. "With him sitting lower on his back porch, with him always looking and always staring, and with me standing higher on our back deck, especially when using the stool, how could he not see me?" She laughed. "He'd have to be blind not to see me. Trust me, in the way that he was staring and leering at me, as if trying to count the red hairs on my pussy, he saw all of me."

He returned her laugh with his laugh.

"You know what I mean," said David. "So that I can imagine it myself, what did he see of you? Tell me. I want to know."

With the night so stilly quiet, as if it was the lull before the storm, Bob listened to hear Emma talking. As if she was standing next to him, he heard her sigh loudly with suppressed, sexual excitement. No doubt, she made him wish that he was there in bed with her. She made him wish that he was having forbidden, extramarital sex with her beautiful, naked, sexy, and shapely body.

"In the way that the front of my nightgown was already wet from holding and carrying wet laundry, totally see-through, he had a good view of my naked breasts, my big, erect, brown nipples, and my naked, red pussy. Then, in the way that my big tits push out the bottom of my nightgown, I'm sure he could see my naked pussy up my nightgown, too. Totally exposing my naked ass and pussy, every time I leaned and stretched to hang laundry, my nightgown climbed higher. Trust me, with him never removing his eyes from me, he saw everything," said Emma.

With their squeaking bed giving audible testimony to what they were doing, Bob listened to David humping Emma hard and fast. No doubt, wishing it was him humping her, he listened to the sound of Emma's soft, sexy, sexually aroused voice while obviously enjoying her husband fucking her. He listened to their bed rhythmically squeaking, them making love, having sex, and fucking until David spoke again.

"Did you turn to face him when leaning forward to remove laundry from the basket?"

Emma laughed again.

"Yes, in the way that you confessed that you wanted me to flash Bob my naked breasts, I turned to face him while bending at the waist for him to see my naked breasts down my open nightgown top. When facing him while bending at the waist, the top of my nightgown fell completely wide-open. From where he was sitting, he had the perfect down-nightgown view of my naked tits," said Emma. "Now, not only had I flashed him my naked ass and my naked pussy but also, I flashed him most of my naked breasts, too.

She paused as if thinking what more to say.

"And just as you asked me to do, I turned away from him and bent at the waist for him to see even more of my naked ass and the back of my naked pussy up the back of my short nightgown. With him sitting there sipping his coffee and pretending to read his newspaper while staring over at me, he saw everything that you wanted him to see. He saw all that I was showing and everything that he, no doubt, wanted to see of my nearly, naked body," she said.

With their bed squeaking loud enough and rhythmically enough for Bob to surmise what they were doing behind their closed, bedroom doors, he listened to them having sexual intercourse again while he stroked his naked prick. Stroking himself harder and faster, clearly, he was imagining Emma naked. Undoubtedly, he was imaging having sex with her. Obviously, he was imagining her blowing him and him cumming in her mouth. Clearly, he was imagining fucking her in the way that her husband was fucking her now.

# # #

"And what was he doing while watching you?"

She laughed.

"He wears that too small, skimpy bathrobe, the one that barely closes in front, with nothing underneath. When I stepped inside to get another basket of laundry, I watched him fondle the head of his cock to an erection from our back window. I watched him stroking his prick while obviously, imagining me naked and having sex with me," said Emma with a dirty laugh. "Obviously, he was getting ready to flash me his naked cock because I flashed him my naked ass and my naked pussy. He's as much of a pervert as you are," she said with a dirty laugh.

No doubt, wishing he was in the room with them to watch them having sex, every time they fell quiet, Bob could only imagine what they were doing. Whatever her husband was sexually doing with his wife, obviously, Bob wished that he was the one having sex with Emma. At the very least, with his deceased wife having such small breasts, and with him always wondering what it would be like to have sex with a big breasted woman, clearly, he'd love to see, touch, feel, fondle, and suck Emma's giant breasts.

"Any woman with your pretty face and sexy and shapely body would bring out the perversity in any man," said David returning Emma's dirty laugh with his dirty laugh. "And then what happened," he asked? "Tell me. I want to know."

The bed gave one, long squeak when Emma turned to the side to face her husband.

"When I saw that he was sexually interested in seeing more of my naked body, that was when I gave him a real show," she said with a sexy laugh. "Every time I grabbed a piece of wet laundry from the basket, I pulled it up against my body while raising the front of my nightgown higher to continually flash him my naked pussy. I made sure that he saw all that he wanted to see and all that I wanted to show him of my naked cunt by pulling the front of my nightgown up with the wet laundry."

Bob heard the bed give one, loud squeak again as if David had turned to face his wife. Undoubtedly, he wished he was in bed with Emma. Not having to guess what Bob was thinking, undoubtedly, he imagined her husband feeling her big tits and fingering her erect nipples. Not stopping there, clearly, he imagined Emma fondling the head of her husband cock while stroking his prick and having erotic pillow talk. In the way that he wished Emma was blowing him, Bob imagined her blowing her husband. Putting a gentle hand behind her pretty redhead, he imagined David cumming in his wife's mouth.

"Sometimes, with my pussy totally exposed, as if I was accidentally flashing him instead of deliberately flashing him my wet nightgown remained in place nearly up to my waist before it fell. Then, while holding the wet laundry against my chest and pinning it with clothespins, I made sure that he got a good, long look at the tops of my naked breasts through my soaking, wet nightgown," she said.

Obviously pleased that Emma had exposed her naked and nearly, naked body to their neighbor numerous times, David looked at his wife with sexual excitement.

"Tell me again, how did exposed your nearly naked breasts to him," he asked? "With his wife flat chested, he must have been so sexually excited to see your giant breasts through your wet nightgown. Now, that he's seen most of your nearly, naked breasts, I bet he wished he could touch them, feel them fondle them, and suck them."

She laughed sexily.

"Every time I leaned forward; the top of my nightgown fell wide-open. While deliberately exposing most of my naked breasts to him, to make sure that he could see even more, I pulled the front of my low-cut nightgown down with the wet laundry concealing my fingers. With me holding the wet laundry up to my breasts, it didn't take long for my sheer nightgown to be soaking wet and totally see-through," said Emma with a dirty laugh. "Clearly, as if I was topless, he could see my big, naked tits, my areolas, and my nipples.

When they fell silent, again, no doubt, Bob imagined all that they were doing. Perhaps, David was fondling Emma's giant breasts while she stroked his cock. Maybe they were kissing, French kissing. His sexual fantasy come true; he'd love nothing more than to French kiss Emma while feeling her big tits as she stroked his cock. Only, nothing more than a sexual fantasy, with her not a whore, just a deliberate or inadvertent exhibitionist, he knew that he'd never have sex with his neighbor's wife just as he knew that she'd never have sex with him.

# # #

"Was he looking?"

He heard her let out a sexually, excited laugh.

"Was he looking?" She laughed again. So very melodically sexy, Bob loved her laugh. "Yes, he was looking. Of course, he was looking. He was staring and leering. Duh?"

She laughed again.

"I wish I was there to see you flashing. I wish I was there to see him looking. I can't believe you showed him your naked ass, your naked pussy, and your nearly, naked breasts," said David.

He exhaled a big sigh of sexual frustration.

"With him horny enough to flash me his erect, naked prick, of course, he was looking. Only, in the way that he always stares at me as if I'm naked, even when I'm fully dressed, undressing me with his eyes, it's obvious to me that he wanted to do more than just look," said Emma. "Not only does he want to see me naked but also, by the way that he was staring at me, I could tell that he wanted to have sex with me."

As if pausing to reel in his sexual excitement, as if not hearing and totally comprehending what his wife had just said, it took a minute before David asked her his next question.

"Wait. Back up. Did you say that he flashed you his erect, naked cock?" David looked at his wife with sexual excitement. "Bob flashed you his prick?"

She laughed out loud.

"As if his stiff prick was a clothesline that I could have hung your wet socks over it, his erect cock was sticking straight out of his bathrobe while he talked to me from across the driveway. His hands were in his pockets and his bathrobe was deliberately pulled wide open. He wanted me to see his prick. In the way that he saw my naked ass, my nearly, naked tits, and my naked pussy, with him deliberately flashing me, I saw his throbbing and pulsating, naked, erect prick," said Emma with a laugh.

As if David was a horny teenager and his wife was his MILF of a mother, he looked at Emma with sexual desire and lustful horniness.

"And what did you do when you saw his erect, naked prick," asked David?

She laughed out loud.

"What did I do?" She laughed again. "I did what any sexually aroused woman would do. As if he was a stripper with whipped cream on his dick, I stared at his erect prick while sliding a slow tongue across my lips. I wanted him to know that I not only saw his naked cock but also sexually wanted his naked prick," said Emma. "I swear to God. I wanted to suck him right there while he felt my breasts and fingered my nipples. Only, I wanted to check with you first, not for your permission but just to tell you," she said.

Then, she looked at her husband as if she had a confession to make.

"Now, don't take this the wrong way, David, because I love your big cock but Bob has a really, big dick. Oh, my God. I'd love to wrap my hand around that monster to stroke him before taking his cock in my mouth to suck him," she said with a dirty laugh. "I'd love him to fuck me with that club that he has between his legs."

As if her husband was tickling her, even though he wasn't, she giggled her sexual delight at the size of Bob's prick. Obviously, voyeurism and exhibitionism takes two. As much as her husband wanted her to flash Bob, she wanted to flash Bob. As much as she wanted to flash Bob, unbeknownst to her husband and even to herself, she wanted Bob to flash her, too. As much as her husband wanted her to have sex with Bob, and, no doubt, Bob wanted to have sex with her, now that she was sexually aroused, she wanted to have sex with Bob, too.

# # #

"Tell me the truth. Be honest. If I said it was okay for you to do so, if I gave you my permission to blow him, would you suck him? If you could, would you give him a blowjob while he fondled your big, naked breasts and sucked your huge, erect nipples," asked David? "Would you allow Bob to cum in your mouth? Would you allow him to give you a cum bath?"

No doubt, sexually excited by David's question of her blowing him, alas and unfortunately, and nothing more than a sexual fantasy, Bob imagined her shaking her head no.

"I beg your pardon," she said looking at him aghast? "You're permission? What am I your daughter," she asked looking at him stunned? "Sucking someone's cock is my decision and not your decision. Besides, flashing him is one thing, David, but sucking Bob's cock is something else," said Emma. "I suppose after watching him fucking me and giving me a sexual orgasm with his big prick, you'd want him to cum in my mouth and give me a cum bath, too."

David looked at his wife apologetically before looking at her with sexual excitement when she mentioned Bob fucking her, giving her a sexual orgasm with his prick, cumming in her mouth, and giving her a cum bath.

"Sorry," said David. "I didn't mean that the way it sounded. Please, forgive me. I'm just sexually excited that you flashed Bob and he flashed you," he said. "And for the record, I would love for him to fuck you, just as I'd love for you to blow him. I would love for him to cum in your mouth, all over your face, and across your huge, naked breasts," he said with a dirty laugh.

Emma gave her husband a hurt look.

"I'm not a whore, David. "I'm your wife. You're the only man I've ever sexually been with," she said. "A good Catholic girl, I was a virgin when I married you."

Obviously, knowing his wife better and suspecting that she'd, no doubt, fuck Bob and suck his cock if she had the chance, David laughed.

"You may have been a virgin then but you're no virgin now," he said with another dirty laugh. "Besides, it's okay if you want to blow him. I don't mind. Really, I don't. That's totally your decision and whatever you decide, I'm good with it," he said pausing. "That would be so hot for you to have sex with another man."

She smiled at her husband.

"Thank you," she said.

He slid a slow finger across her full lips while reaching down to finger her big, erect nipples.

"To be honest, with you seeing his erection and with him able to get hard, I find it sexually exciting to think of you fucking Bob and blowing him," said David with a pause. "Maybe, I could watch. I like to watch. I'd like to watch him fucking you. I'd like to watch you blowing him. I'd like to watch him cum in your mouth, all over your face, and across your naked breasts," said David.

Bob heard Emma inhale a big, sexually excited breath.

"Oh, my God, David. You want to watch Bob fucking me," she asked while pausing to look at her husband? "You want to watch me blowing Bob," she asked while trying to determine if her husband was serious or kidding? "You want to watch him cumming in my mouth, all over my face, and across my naked breasts?"

Trying to read his facial expression, Emma looked at her husband again to see if he was serious or just kidding. Showing her that he was serious about her having sexual intercourse with Bob and giving him oral sex, he ran a slow finger across her red, full lips again. Then, this time, showing him that she was serious about fucking and sucking their neighbor's prick, he watched her take his finger in her mouth to suck it as if she was sucking Bob's big dick.

"Oh, God, yes, Emma. I'd love to watch Bob fucking you. I'd love to watch you sucking Bob's big dick while he felt your monster tits and fingered your erect nipples," said David.

She took his erect prick in her hand to stroke him.

"Are you sure," she asked sexually teasing him while slowly stroking his cock? "That's a big step," she said stroking his prick a little faster. "Once we go down that road of accepting someone in our sexual life, there's no going back," said Emma sliding down the bed to take him in her mouth.

Showing him her sexual passion and her need to have extramarital sex with another man, David let out a sexually excited gasp when Emma squeezed his erect prick with her teeth.

"Maybe one Saturday night after we've all been drinking; I could pretend that I'm sleeping and you could allow him to feel your breasts and suck your nipples while you fuck him before stroking and sucking his big dick."

# # #

She obviously moved on the bed again to make it squeak loudly again.

"You'd be okay with another man having his wicked, sexual way with my naked tits, with my horny hands, with my warm, wet pussy, and with my willing mouth?"

With him so very sexually excited, obviously, Bob imagined David reaching out to feel and fondle Emma's big tits while she stroked and sucked their neighbor's cock.

"Yes," said David. "I'd love to watch you having sex with Bob."

Bob imagined David fingering his wife's big, erect nipples, while she fingered the head of his erect cock. Simultaneously and sexually teasing two men, Emma teased her husband with her fingers while she teased her neighbor with her words. Just as she knew that she had sexually excited her husband, she knew that she was sexually exciting Bob, too.

"You'd be okay with me stroking Bob's prick while taking him in my mouth to give him a blowjob?"

Bob imagined Emma stroking his prick while sucking his prick as he felt her big tits and fingered her erect nipples.

"Yes," said David with sexual excitement.

Emma gave her husband a sexy laugh.

"You'd be okay with him fucking me and giving me a sexual orgasm with his big dick? You'd be okay with him cumming in my mouth, all over my face, and across my naked breasts? You'd be okay with him giving me a cum bath?"

David laughed with sexually excited glee.

"Oh, God, Emma, yes," said David with even more sexual excitement. "Blow me, Emma. Suck my cock while pretending that I'm Bob and you're sucking his prick," said David. "Wait, before you do. Turn on the light and stand in front of the bedroom window while slowly and sexily removing your nightgown.

She pretended her naiveté.

"Turn on the light? Remove my nightgown? Why?"

David laughed a dirty laugh.

"Instead of him just seeing your tits behind your wet nightgown and what he could see in a down-nightgown view, I want you to show Bob your big, naked breasts. I want Bob to see you naked. Then, I want him watch you blowing me. I want him to watch you sucking my cock. I want him to watch me cumming in your mouth," said David. "I want Bob to see the whore that my virginal my wife has become," he said with a loud, dirty laugh.

Emma climbed out of bed to peer out her bedroom window. It was dark across the way. For all she knew, Bob may not even be home. Then, she saw the flicker of his match when he lit his cigarette in his dark bedroom. Obviously, he had been listening to them having sex while discussing having sex with him. As if on cue, she pulled the shade all the way up, pushed back the drapes all the way to the sides, and turned on the bedroom light.

As if giving her neighbor a sexy, striptease show, and surely, she was, to allow Bob to see all that he wanted to see and all that she wanted to show him of her naked body, she stepped back from the window. Then, she ever so slowly and sexually seductively removed her nightgown. With her husband watching her with sexual excitement as if he had never seen his wife naked before, she sexily removed one nightgown strap from her shoulder before removing her other nightgown strap.

She remembered what Diane said about her having giant boobs and Carol saying that she had jumbo breasts. She remembered Diane saying that if she had her huge breasts a rich, old man would be taking her on a cruise to the Caribbean. She remembered what Carol said that if she had her huge breasts, rich, old men would be lining up to propose marriage to her. Carol even said that no one, not Kim Kardashian or even Christina Hendricks, had bigger tits than her tits.

Once naked, while staring out her window, she cupped her huge breasts in her hands and lifted them to her mouth to suck them, first one and then the other. Then, as if showing Bob what she wanted him to do, she pulled, turned, and twisted her nipples to their fullest erections. Finally, while pretending, again, that she was unaware that he was there watching, she stepped closer to the window. Giving him a closeup view of her giant breasts, she pressed her big naked tits against the window and looked up at the night sky as if she was looking at the stars.

With her big breasts squished against the cool glass of her bedroom window, while staring at her naked tits, the only stars that Bob could see were twin, full moons. Mercilessly teasing him, she stepped back and cupped her big breasts in her hands and lifted them to her mouth to suck them again, first one and then the other. As if Bob was fingering her erect nipples, she turned, pulled, and twisted her nipples until they were fully erect. Then, masturbating herself, fondling her big tits with one hand, she reached her other hand down to rub her clit and fingerfuck her cunt.

Unable to control himself, now, returning the favor of her exhibitionism with his exhibitionism, he turned on his bedroom light, opened his shade, and pushed back his bedroom drapes. He removed his bathrobe and took his cock in his hand. Masturbating himself, he stroked himself faster and harder, and as if he was cumming on Emma's big tits, he ejaculated a load of cum all over his bedroom window.

# # #

"Wait," said Emma while standing in front of her bedroom window naked and suddenly thinking of the sexual repercussions that her husband would want in return of her fucking and sucking Bob. "If I blow Bob, what would you want to do? I know you. You'd want something in return for me fucking and sucking his cock. You'd want more than to just watch," she said.

Her husband shrugged with a shit eating grin.

"To be honest, I haven't given that much thought," he said lying through his teeth.

Emma looked at her husband knowing full well that he was lying.

"Bullshit, you haven't given it much thought. Sex is all you think about," she said. "If I had sex with Bob, who would you want to have sex with? Would you want to have sex with one of my girlfriends? I know you've always been sexually attracted to Maureen and she'd do you if I told her it was okay to have sex with you," she said. "She's pretty and she does have a sexy and shapely body."

Still listening to their conversation through their open window after turning his bedroom light off, Bob imagined David shaking his head no.

"Maureen is not the woman I want," he said. "One angry redhead in my life is enough," he said with a dirty laugh.

Emma looked at her husband with curiosity.

"Who, then? Who would you want to have sex with if I had sex with Bob? I know you. I know you must have your eye on someone."

David let out another dirty laugh.

"Believe it or not," he said with a long pause while staring at his wife's naked body. "I'd want to have sex with my mother," he said. "I've always been sexually attracted to her."

Emma looked at her husband as if he had lost his mind.

"Your mother?" She looked at him as if he was insane. "Are you crazy? That's incest. That's forbidden. That's illicit to have sex with your own mother. With all the women in the world, why would you want to have sex with your own mother? What's wrong with you?"

David laughed again.

"I don't know. I just do. My mother is a MILF. Ever since I turned 18-years-old, after my father died, I've always wanted to have sex with my mother. Ever since I spied on her and saw her topless and naked, I've always wanted to fuck my mother. And she's not the only woman I'd want to have sex with," he said with another pause while staring at his wife's naked body. "I'd want to have sex with your mother and with your sister, too," he said.

Again, Emma looked at her husband as if he had lost his mind.

"I don't know, David. To be honest, unless you know something about them that I don't know, I don't think that my mother and/or sister would have sex with you," she said pausing to think. "If they wanted to have sex with you and if I allow you to have sex with your mother, my mother, and my sister, then, to be fair," she said pausing again. "Then, I'd want to have sex with your father and with your brother," she said.

David nodded his head with erotic anticipation and unbridled, sexual excitement as if it was a done deal.

"That sounds good to me," said David.