**Flashing the Boys Next Door**

**by [Borderman](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1049600&page=submissions)**

Let me start by describing my background and myself. I'm Jane, 34 years old and I was brought up in a small village in West Wales and have lived with my parents in their cottage on the hills overlooking Portmadog. We always went to Chapel on Sundays and Holy Days, which gave me a religious and pious view on life. My sexual experience to date is very limited and my sexual partners number one – my ex-husband. I'm 5'4" tall with 32b breasts rather skinny and a true blonde with virtually no body hair, which used to get me picked on by the girls in school when we took showers after PE I am sure this is why I had such a hang up over my body and have only ever had sex with my husband in a marriage that lasted 18 months until he decided he was gay. I was shattered and lost all confidence and had a bad car accident, which left me in a coma for a week and developed strange sexual feelings, which the doctor said, would pass.  
  
It was after my recovery and the marriage break up that I was able to buy a bungalow on a small estate just outside Chester, which is where my tale begins.  
  
When I moved in to the bungalow I met my neighbours Paula and Tom with their two sons Mel aged 17 and Mark aged 16 in the house on one side and David and Carol with their son Peter aged 16 on the other side in a bungalow like mine. Paula and Tom asked me in for a welcome drink on the day I moved in and offered to help if I needed it with the move, setting up home and getting the garden in shape which was neglected and overgrown.  
  
The move in took all day and I didn't have time to put the curtains up and just used a bedside lamp for light in the bedroom. It was on Thursday my second night in that as I undressed and was removing my bra I had my first instinct of being watched from the upstairs window on Paula's side.  
  
My first reaction was to step to the side of the window, but then I thought I was being silly, so I took off my bra and panties and rubbed moisturising lotion on my body before switching off the light and getting in bed which faced the window. It was then in the dark that I could see a silhouette of somebody in the window opposite and it was obvious they were still looking. It appeared to be one of the boys from their size and shape.  
  
At first my inhibitions and shame came on me, but as I lay in bed I wondered what he thought and was doing as he saw me naked. This gave me a strange feeling and got me so hot and wet in my pussy that I touched myself and had a heavy orgasm for only the third time in my life.  
  
The next morning I took a shower and peeked at the bedroom window above and saw Mark the 16-year-olds face through the partially parted curtains looking into my room. Mark was obviously looking for more of last nights show and for some reason I could not resist walking to the back of the room in full view of him and opening the towel I had around me and pretend to dry myself to show my body to him again.  
  
I dropped the towel and took the lotion again slowly rubbing it on my shoulders then on to my breasts which now had my red nipples sticking out like I had never experienced before and they tingled when I touched them. Then I moved my hands down my body and reached my pussy which was really wet and had swollen with the clitoris lip starting to throb and turn pink. I rubbed oil on in it with just one finger at first then started to loose control pushing four finger in me and tickling my clit with my thumb until I fell back on the bed came in spurts all over the covers soaking them. I had never done this before and was shocked by how sexy I felt and wanted to do it again even though I knew I was being watched by a 15 year old boy.  
  
I was brought back to reality by my mobile ringing and jumped off the bed in shock to run to my bag in the lounge. It was my solicitor phoning, advising me that the divorce settlement agreed meant I would not have any money problems for the rest of my life as my ex' had sold the two farms and some land he owned and was moving to New Zealand with his partner.  
  
I said thanks and closed the phone, that's when I realised I was standing naked by the lounge window in full view of any one in the street and saw Peter Carols son looking over the front hedge in at me as he walked by. Again my reaction was to dive for cover to the floor and crawl to the bathroom. After taking another shower I dressed without any voyeurs, as they must have gone to school and wondered if they had discussed how they had seen me.  
  
Deciding that if I was to start a new life and with no money worries I would shop for some new clothes and furniture for the bungalow. Chester is a good shopping area and I had soon sorted some carpet and furniture and was moving on to find some clothes.  
  
It was lunchtime and the shops were busy with visitors and the local school kids on their lunch break. I picked some new underwear – new low cut and under cup bras and two sets of matching thongs which I had never worn in my life. Then I moved on to a unisex fashion shop off Foregate Street and found a red, halter neck, back less low cut dress which tied at the back of the neck. The shop assistant said to try it on as it was in the sale and non-returnable and pointed to the curtain cubicles by the men's area as the others were full with queues waiting.  
  
There were a number of boys about fourteen or fifteen from the local private school by the cubicles looking at the jeans on sale and I heard a comment from them on my tits as I walked past them.  
  
I pulled the curtain behind me when I entered but it still left a slight gap, which I would normally have pulled shut. However that feeling came to my nipples and pussy again and I left it open, looking in the mirror to see if they would notice as I undressed.  
  
The removal of my blouse and flash of my white bra and naked shoulders soon had two of the boy's attention and as I was glancing in the mirror I saw them nudge the other two. I removed my bra and my nipples were again blood red and very prominent, then even though I did not need to remove my panties the urge took hold and I had the urge to be naked for them to look at me. My pussy lips were swollen and my clit poking out.  
  
I pretended to struggle with the hanger on the dress and bent to the ground opening my legs to give them a good view of my pussy lips from the rear and my breasts hanging down as I leaned over. I was by now extremely wet and my nipples were hard again standing out about an inch.  
  
I pulled the dress up and viewed the back in the mirror and that's when I noticed that one of the boys had his camera phone ready for the dress to come back off again. I was trembling and at first I was going to pull the curtain to but the urge to expose my naked body took over and I slowly removed the dress making sure I posed in the right position for a full body image in the mirror. I heard his camera bleep and then heard the assistant ask them what they were doing, that caused them to move away, giggling.  
  
An older man in his forties had then taken up a position close to where the boys had been and was looking at my naked body, then instead of showing my self to him I pulled the curtain closed quickly, got dressed and bought the dress. By now the school break was over so I bought some other clothes, a new bikini and shorts to sunbathe in the garden then travelled to the garden centre for some gardening tools and a lawn mower.  
  
When I reached home I was still excited by the day's events and wondered what the boy would do with my naked picture, which again had me wet with hard nipples and an urge to touch myself. I had started to lose control and wanted to strip and show my body again.  
  
I had forgotten to buy food and drove to the local shop for some tins and a few vegetables when I noticed that the kids were leaving school for the day. I paid for the groceries and drove home quickly, getting wetter and shaking as I did and started thinking of being naked again.  
  
I parked the car and saw Paula was in her garden, she said hello and asked how I was settling in. We chatted for a while when Mark and Peter were dropped off from school by another neighbour down the street. Mark blushed as he said hello and asked his mum Paula, if Peter could come over later to do some schoolwork in his bedroom.  
  
Paula agreed so long as they were not cheating with homework and that they would help her with garden rubbish as soon as they had changed their clothes. Peter said they were only comparing observations and both giggled as they went to their homes. Paula then asked again if I needed help as she saw me unloading the gardening tools from the car. I said I was Ok for now but I would pay Mark and Peter if they could help me get the garden tidied up at the weekend as the weather forecast was good and I had no one to help. She said they could probably do with a bit more pocket money and said she would ask them but was sure it would be OK and we were promised sunshine in the 70s Saturday and Sunday.  
  
I don't know why but the thought of the boys in my garden at the weekend got me excited and I had to force myself to get food inside me instead of stripping my clothes off again. I was washing the pots in the kitchen when I heard Paula calling me, she was by the fence and said the boys had agreed to help on the weekend and asked what time I wanted them. We agreed about ten-o clock and she asked if I would keep an eye on them as her and Tom were going to Manchester for the day, I agreed and said they could eat with me if they wanted.  
  
My mind started working over time as to how I could expose my self to them and again found myself masturbating by pushing my panties to one side and fingering my clit until I soaked the floor with a gushing orgasm. It was then that I decided to stop wearing panties unless it was absolutely necessary and would only wear my bra when out with company I knew.  
  
Later that evening I knew the boys would be looking in my bedroom, but first, as it was quite hot I put on my shorts and bikini top and started on the garden. Knowing the boys were watching me, I kept pretending to fit a breast in the bikini cup and expose part of a nipple. Eventually I was so wet I had to go inside and have a shower making sure the boys were looking as I stripped off and then rubbed my breasts and legs with oil up to and onto my clit. I took a shower and went through the body oiling again and I was sure they were playing with themselves as they watched, which got me lying on the bed with fingers in my pussy.  
  
The man from the window blind shop I had asked to call to measure up interrupted my show. I quickly dressed and selected narrow slat venetian blinds for all the windows as they were the least intrusive and allowed in the most light. They would also give anyone outside a good view inside when tilted the right way. He said they would be ready in two weeks- two weeks without any window coverings, my mind was running wild.  
  
Paula came around after tea with a bottle of wine as a house warming present and by the time we had finished, it was late and Mark had gone to bed so I had no one to expose my self to.  
  
My mind then began to explore the possibility of the boys being in the same room as me when I was naked. I began to devise a plan.  
  
Part 2 The Plan to follow

**Flashing the Boys Next Door Ch. 02**

**by [Borderman](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1049600&page=submissions)**

Saturday morning finally arrived and I lay naked on my bed playing with my pussy waiting for Mark to look through his curtains. Then I heard a knock on my door and put on my dressing gown, to find Paula waiting with some bread rolls and ham for the boy's lunch.  
  
She thanked me for looking after them for the day and said, Mark would be around soon with Peter for the gardening jobs.  
  
Paula was going to make an early start and would be back about six that evening, they also left some money for the boy's to get a burger.  
  
By the time I got back to the bedroom Marks curtains were open and there was no sign of him. Then there was a knock on my door and Mark and Peter stood there saying, they were ready to start on the garden "if it was OK?".  
  
I told them it was, but that I had to shower and get changed first and that they could make a start by the bathroom window area on removing weeds.  
  
The bathroom window was frosted glass but nearly transparent and with no curtains they would have a good view of me taking a shower from outside.   
  
I watched as they fetched the tools from the shed and make their way to the area by the bathroom window. When I walked into the bathroom Marks face was quite clear, as he stood by the window in his white tee shirt, then I could see Peter holding a rake. I switched on the light to make them aware I was in the room and removed the dressing gown. Standing naked by the wash hand basin I washed and brushed my teeth.  
  
Even though the window was double-glazed I could hear Peter saying, "shit! look at her tits" and then Mark said "I told you I see her naked all the time".  
  
They were a few feet from me, separated only by the glass and I could tell from their silence that they were absorbed with my naked body. My breast again caught their attention, bouncing as I brushed my teeth and Peter said "I could grab a handful of those".  
  
I was soaking wet in my pussy and trembling being so close to my voyeurs, yet wanting them to be in the room with me. - My plan had to work. I showered quickly and then stood drying myself as close to the window as I could and tried to listen to their conversation, but they were whispering. My fingers kept entering my pussy and working my clit until I nearly collapsed on the floor with a gushing orgasm.  
  
Partly satisfied I slipped on my old trainers, a low cut tee shirt that sagged open when I bent over and loose fitting cut away shorts which I hoped would expose my pussy when I kneeled down. My nipples were so hard and were sticking out in the tee shirt fabric as I entered the garden.  
  
Mark could not take his eyes off them as I asked how they were doing and I could feel myself blush and wondered what I was doing here half naked?  
  
However the sex drive I had been experiencing took over and I leaned forward to pick up a garden trowel, exposing my breasts with Peter leaning forward so much to get a better view that he fell forward into Mark.  
  
This then caused Mark to fall into me and he landed with a hand on the top of my leg, for which he apologised, but the feeling of his hand on my naked skin nearly made me soak my shorts as my sex urges rose.  
  
We carried on in the garden with me flashing as much and as often as I could, with both boys never far from my front as I leaned and kneeled for them to see me. One or the other would cough when I was on show so the other was sure to see.  
  
Time for my plan.  
  
Holding my head I told the boys I had a migraine coming on and that, I would have to take some strong sleeping tablets to knock me out for a couple of hours until it passed.  
  
I apologised and said I would make them some food and that they could use my bathroom to clean up when they were ready and that just in case they were finished, I would leave some money for them in the lounge.  
  
I stressed again how strong the tablets were and that nothing ever woke me for about two hours when they kicked in.  
  
Then I told them of a time after taking the tablets, when my ex husband Tony had carried me from the car to the bedroom and undressed me without me knowing anything, until I woke up the next day and remembered nothing of the night before.  
  
Making my way into the bungalow I stripped and walked naked to the bathroom to wash my hands, knowing that from the lounge window they could see me.  
  
I lay on the top of the bed after rubbing body oil on and put on my black silk eyeshades, which looked as if I could not see through, but I had removed the inner lining which allowed me to see out without my eyes being visible.  
  
It took about ten minutes for the boys to venture into the bungalow, but it seemed like an hour as I waited for them to see my naked body for real.  
  
I first heard Mark, who must have peeked through the bedroom door I had left partly open and he whispered to Peter "come and look".  
  
I was lying facing away from them and could see them in my dressing table mirror staring at me.  
  
Mark called my name quietly at first then a little louder to check I was asleep and then they pushed the door open and sneaked in the room.  
  
I was trying not to tremble as my nipples grew hard and my excitement raised with my heart pounding. At last I was lying naked with all exposed to their eyes, then Mark called my name again. They then agreed I was dead to the world and Peter dared Mark to "touch my tit".  
  
He sneaked forward and with quite warm hands prodded a finger on my right breast, quickly moving back in case it woke me.  
  
When I didn't move he became braver and caressed my breast then rubbed my nipple, which was by now rock solid.  
  
Peter then came around the bed and said "look at her cunt its go no hair and its wet". He then touched me rubbing a finger on my clit, which made me wince.  
  
This startled them and they froze, so I rolled on my back and parted my legs slightly. "Shit!" said Peter "I thought she was waking up", but Mark said, "no she's out of it we can do what we want with her".  
  
Peter needed no prompting and started playing with my breast with one hand and the other slipping in my soaking pussy. "Her cunts fucking soaking" he said and then Mark had a feel pushing Peter's hand to one side. "That's her G spot" he said as he parted my legs and pussy lips, then began to work my clit with his fingers so hard that I moaned and started to orgasm. "Is she waking" Peter asked and Mark replied by saying it was a wet dream, you could tell by my hip movement.  
  
Then he started pushing more fingers in me, which caused an excited pain in my pussy and I spurted down his hand.  
  
Peter started sucking my nipples and with Mark fingering me I came in a gush of cum on the bed, giving out an inadvertent cry for more.  
  
Again Peter asked if I was waking, but thinking quickly I pretended to be talking in my sleep and said "more Tony more".  
  
"She thinks its her ex husband" Peter said and sucked even harder on my nipples.  
  
My urges then took over and I had to have them, so I cried out for Tony to fuck me. There was a silence then Peter said "we can have her and she will think it's her husband". "I'm first then!" Mark said "cause your bigger than me and I won't feel her sides after you".  
  
It was then that I realised that they had seen me naked, but I had not seen them naked and didn't know their penis size.   
  
I was now trembling and nearly got caught out as I turned my head to see them undressing.  
  
Mark was the first to strip and as if shy he had his back to me, then turned to expose a very slender body with little hair and a thick mound of pubic hair with a thin penis about five inches long.  
  
He was hard and it was standing rigid against his belly as he got on the bed and straddled me.  
  
He tried to enter me straight away by pushing himself down at first then realised he had to guide it in with his hand between my legs.  
  
He thrust straight in saying "I was like a tongue on his cock", so I clenched and squeezed him inside me, which made him moan.  
  
As he was pumping into me I saw Peter naked beside me and saw how much bigger and wider he was than Mark.  
  
He too had little body hair and being fair had little ginger pubic hair but his penis had developed well with the skin back exposing a large bell end.  
  
Then he took my hand inside his and started wanking himself with my fingers on his cock.  
  
Peter was getting more excited and pumping faster in me and although he was not big he was hitting the right places and I started to climax again, which made me squeeze Mark and he squirted some pre-cum on my cheek.  
  
Then he pulled my head toward him and put his bell end on my lips and pushed it gently in my mouth.  
  
The taste was strange but as he pushed it further I licked my tongue over the end and sucked with my lips. I was lost to them and they could do anything they wanted.   
  
Peter then stiffened and gave a deep surge in me followed by two more then the warm feeling of his sperm surged inside me as he let his young body weigh down on me.  
  
He pushed as deep as he could and lay there for a few seconds until Mark said "get off! it's my turn now" and Peter pulled out of my soaking pussy.  
  
"Get a tissue and clean your spunk off her cunt " Mark said and Peter dried me off with my bedside Kleenex, pushing his fingers into my now swollen Pussy lips, making me squirm again.  
  
Mark then kneeled alongside me feeling my breasts and pinching my nipples with his finger and thumb, but not too hard. He was either experienced or had seen a good video on sex education.  
  
He then moved his hands slowly down my body, gripping my waist,then either side of my legs until he reached my knees. Quickly he raised my knees and spread my legs and positioned himself between them.  
  
First holding his penis he rubbed it against my bulging pussy lips and against my clit until I felt myself very wet and presumed he was wet with pre-cum again.  
  
Then moving himself forward he started to enter me, slowly pushing his hard penis more and more inside me until I let out a gasp and grabbed his firm buttocks!. I suddenly realised what I had done and cried, "fuck me Tony! fuck me now!".  
  
Mark looked shocked! then his lust took over and he started thrusting in me, squeezing my breasts then kissing me and slipping his tongue in my mouth.  
  
I was getting lost with the passion of the sex I was enjoying and responded to his kiss with my tongue and wrapped my legs around him forcing him deeper inside me.  
  
He was bringing me to an orgasm again and just as I gushed he panted and thrust hard into me as again I was filled with his sperm. Mark kept his motion going until every last drop had been emptied from his penis.  
  
I let my legs slip down and Peter asked Mark was he sure I was out of it and Mark told him again I was having a wet dream about my husband fucking me. Little did they know it was never that good with him.  
  
"What now?" said Peter, Mark told him to get the camera from his house and they could film me and wank on me whenever they wanted too.  
  
I hadn't expected this but had no choice other than to go along and lie there for their pictures.  
  
Mark was still naked and even though he had gone soft he still put his penis to my mouth and I took it tasting my cum and his on his bell end.  
  
He grabbed my head and started thrusting himself in my mouth as he got a hard on and again I responded sucking and licking his hard cock until he nearly choked me as he came into my throat.  
  
I had to swallow it, which I had never done before with my husband.  
  
Peter then came in with the camera and they lay me in various poses on the bed but Mark decided that as I would look better without the eyeshades and took them off.  
  
I had to keep my eyes closed as they spread my legs and then turned me on my side with my legs up to get a rear shot of my bum and pussy.  
  
They checked the time and decided it was too dangerous to continue and that they should clean me up and get a burger from down the street.  
  
Mark said he would download the photos and send them to Peter, but to put them in a private file on the computer.  
  
I waited about ten minutes after they had gone, had a shower and wondered what next?  
  
Part 3 to follow as Marks Grand dad comes to stay.