**Flight Attendant Performs on Stage**

by[StewardessMasturbationFantasy](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=2087803&page=submissions)©

*Would you like to watch a real Texas Flight Attendant strip from her uniform and masturbate? Read my story of acting out my fantasy!*  
  
**My Introduction - Who Am I?**  
  
I am a real stewardess and fly for a Major US Airline but you won't see me like this on your flight or know that I am an admitted exhibitionist. Simply put, I enjoy masturbating for men while they watch. It's my favorite way of sexually expressing and satisfying myself - my fantasy really. As an exhibitionist and a flight attendant, I take advantage of my travels to find men interested in helping me, whether it's a pilot or a male flight attendant on a layover, maybe some guys on the hotel staff or even a group of strangers if I can arrange it. As long as someone is watching me, I get off to it.  
  
I don't have sex with my voyeurs although some guys do want it so, often, (maybe more than you might think) men will masturbate for me afterwards and then I get to watch them! It creates a nice bond between like minded people I think. The goodbye hug is more intimate plus nobody goes to bed horny!  
  
I have three favorite things about watching a man masturbate for me - first is seeing him get himself hard, second, watching his balls tense up just before and during his squirting orgasm and, third, watching him tense up and then let loose, stroking fast right before he cums. I'm envious of that, I mean you can tell exactly when a man is about to cum and when he is cumming - not so easy with women (I orgasm in different ways).  
  
Another part I like about a man masturbating for me is getting to be an exhibitionist myself. Men look at my nude body while they stroke since they are mostly visual when it comes to sex. Some men ask me to dance for them, which I love anyway and think I do well. Some just want me to stand or lie naked in front of them. Others are definitely ass men. Almost all men like it when I pull my pussy lips apart for them. I wait until I think they are pretty close to cumming and then spread them wider and unhood my pink pearl at the same time. I hold that pose until I see my performer's beautiful white creamy stream. When I feel particularly sexual after watching a man cum, sometimes I masturbate a second time. It's hard for me to reload in a short time as it takes longer and requires a lot more concentration, not to mention strong wrists! And the climax is different but it's still wonderful and worth the effort!  
  
As far as this exhibitionist goes, as long as someone is watching me, I get off to it. Even when I masturbate alone it's to the fantasy of someone watching me! It's not the usual woman's romantic fantasizing that most women, from what I hear, use as their masturbation material. I know I'm different. It's one reason I don't seem to keep a permanent boyfriend! A boyfriend would have to be willing to share the exhibitionist side of me. Most guys aren't and I understand that.  
  
**My After Hours Club Story**  
  
So I enjoy pleasuring myself for men - whether it's for one friend, a group of friends, if it can be arranged, or someone I might meet on a layover. What I really enjoy, what I've done several times recently, and what this story is about, is to take my fantasy onto a small stage at a downtown After Hours Club that hosts an event for me. I guess you can say I've naturally graduated to it.  
  
One of my male friends suggested I try performing my strip and masturbation show on stage. He said I was ready so we visited a local After Hours Club he frequented in downtown San Antonio. He said he knew the manager and had told him about me. The manager said he was interested in meeting me. So that weekend I was introduced to him and we talked about my exhibitionist fantasy and how I had already performed for this group of friends several times and that I really enjoyed it.  
  
He said that I was pretty and natural and seemed genuine. His comment made me feel good. He asked me, challenged me really, saying doing it on stage might be a scary thing for me. I told him that I knew I would be nervous but excited at the same time but that I wanted to try it - that I'd already fantasized about it. He asked me if I'd be willing to rehearse the most intimate part of my act and see if I could pull it off. If I could show him, he said he would decide whether I might be able to go onstage. I said I would and asked if my friend could stay, who then offered, 'You're in for a treat!'  
  
The manager said, 'Well then, I'm looking very much forward to this exhibitionist side of yours. You are an attractive woman and, I admit, the prospect of you getting naked and masturbating on stage here excites me too. We've never had any woman even ask about it.'  
  
'But I'm stalling, I'm ready whenever you are. You don't need to do a strip tease (there's no music in this office anyway), just show me your intimate act, if you will.'  
  
I said, 'Sure, I think this is a good idea. You're a good businessman.'  
  
He said, 'Well, I like to think so but for the next fifteen minutes, just think of me as a man.'  
  
I wore a cotton summer dress typical of Mexican women. I think they are sexy with my darker skin tone. I unbuttoned it and slipped it over my head. I sat on a table and took off my panties and sandals. He asked, 'Can I get a neck down photo of you undressing?'  
  
I said, 'For your business files of course.'  
  
He said, 'Yes strictly business.'  
  
We all laughed. I moved back to the sofa and started playing with myself. I got instantly in the mood. I liked the way he was looking at me. My tan lines were not what I wanted and explained that if I performed for his patrons, I would have nicer ones. He said it didn't matter to him. I thanked him but said I liked the way I looked with them. He agreed it would be more appealing as I stripped on stage. He also complimented my landing strip, saying too many women think it has to be shaved clean, that he liked my look, but that I looked equally good shaved around my lips.  
  
He said, 'If I may offer, you do have an exquisitely nice looking pussy.'  
  
I responded saying, 'Thank you, I'm lucky I guess.'  
  
Then I said, 'Do you think your audience will enjoy getting a better look at her?'  
  
No sooner than had he raised his eyebrows, I spread my labia apart like a butterfly opening it's wings. With a smile, he leaned forward in his chair, saying, 'Yes definitely exquisite.'  
  
I changed my grip on my labia and with my fourth fingers, pulled the skin back from my clit and unhooded her showing her now erect and plump.  
  
'Unbelievable, and you will show this intimate beauty to your audience?'  
  
I said, 'I take it that it meets your approval?'  
  
He said, 'More than meets, I strongly suggest it and you gotta wear a garter belt. Are you open to tips?'  
  
I said, 'I don't need tips but I like what they say about what the men want.'  
  
He said, 'You have thought this out I see.'  
  
I said, 'Truth be known, I have masturbated and fantasized about it several times, acting it out in my mind. I have an active fantasy mind, which is why, I guess, I am here today.'  
  
Well then, 'You have certainly answered any questions I had and taken all reservations away. So let's consider business to be behind us. Can you indulge me and share your intimate act with me?'  
  
I said, 'You're a gentlemen and I appreciate that. So I will masturbate for you as sensually and naturally as I can until I orgasm, just how I hope to perform for an audience at your Club. Would you like to be at the front of the stage, have your own personal show?'  
  
He said, 'Definitely, what do you have in mind?'  
  
I said, 'Can you move this coffee table and scoot your chair up here?'  
  
He did so and I rested my feet into the corners of his chair and relaxed back on the couch, placing a pillow behind my back. I tucked my arms in close to my breasts so they would shake as I started fingering. Because he liked my pussy, I stopped occasionally to spread my lips apart for a few seconds and resumed masturbating. Eventually, I felt my orgasm nearing and I fingered rhythmically until it flowed thrillingly through my body, warm and intense to the exhibitionist's high. I tried not to make too much noise so I gave a quiet moan as I flushed with ecstasy.  
  
When I finished, he reached for his planning calendar, saying, 'Guys are going to love you!'  
  
So after my first night on stage, the manager must have still liked me because he called to invite me back and now that I've done it several times, I've gotten more confident with each performance. It's become another highlight of my week! What's funny is after my most recent time on stage there, the manager asked me if I could coordinate my flying around some kind of fixed Club schedule. He whispered that his drink sales were higher and asked if I could just stay and mingle with the patrons, that my drinks would always be on the house and that he would provide an escort for protection from over friendly customers!  
  
I answered him with, 'Can I get a good Margarita here?'  
  
He said, 'Yes, but I don't think it will cool you off!'  
  
We both laughed, I kissed him on the cheek and walked thirstily to the bar. I cheated and asked for a Tequila shot, my favorite. After it rushed to my head, I decided I would have one before going on stage the next time. It frees my fantasy mind. Hmmm it gave me an idea for something with a little more audience participation, something that, up until I did it, was just a fantasy but I'll relate that to you in another story. Oh, and true to the manager's word, in less than a minute a tall middle aged man introduced himself and said he would make sure there were only gentlemen in the Club.  
  
The patrons at the After Hours Club, I would say, are mostly local Hispanic men (that are quite vocal en Espanol with their love of dirty words. They laugh when I come back in Spanish, which then really gets them going!)  
  
There's always military men, like my friend, who seem like boys away from home for the first time (and maybe they are) which makes it all the more fun for me, and then there are the businessmen that come up from their River Walk hotels or from near the Convention Center (they stand out because they are, by far, the best dressed).  
  
In fact, on my third night, during my performance, a very handsome man told me he delayed his flight home until the next morning just to see me. It was a nice compliment but I wondered how he knew I was there and that he would like my performance. He surprised me so much I didn't ask. Somehow the word got to him. He was also generous with his tipping so I gave him special extended views that I describe later and my finale was - well - I gave him the best view. I absolutely loved his dark lustful eyes looking at me.  
  
So after being introduced on stage the first night, I performed a dance and striptease from a flight attendant uniform (not my real one but mail order) down to just black heels. My second time there, I stripped from a French Maid outfit, for variety, but it's just not me so I went back to being in my own skin as flight attendant and I'm going to stay that way! Either way, I know the audience could tell that I like performing because they say I smile a lot which is true. The Hispanic men have named me 'Sonrisa' which I like. And I also like that men smile back, or give an approving nod or just an encouraging thumbs up. In fact the only time I'm not smiling is when I'm concentrating on cumming but, after that? You can bet I'm all smiles, in between deep breaths!  
  
So from my very first time, and being quite nervous that night, the exhibitionist in me loved the reaction I got when I continued the show I had planned and coordinated with the Club. It was after my striptease that I stood naked near the front of the stage with my feet, still in shiny black heels, spread about a foot and a half apart and my back slightly arched to bring my breasts higher. The room lights were turned down, the music faded, and two stage lights from either side and slightly in front of me shined inward making overlapping shadows across my breasts. The curves of the muscles in my legs were accentuated as was probably the shape of my butt.  
  
I work out and run often (with a good sports bra), and really, I think the motivation comes from wanting to look as good as I can for my audience (read total exhibitionist) and I swear it makes my orgasms stronger although that could just be from being able to finger faster and longer. Plus I think tighter abs help don't you?  
  
Something else I do to make myself sexier is that I try to suntan in the afternoon at my condo's pool the day I perform or the day before, if I'm not flying, to make defined lines around my breasts and pubes. I wear a halter style string bikini top that I undo from around my neck and also gap it apart about two inches between my boobs.  
  
I'm Mexican Latina and tan easily so under the stage lights, it can be almost night and day, really defining the shape and size of my tetas. I do the same for my landing strip which, lucky for me, is a natural one (another Latina thing I guess). I tweeze a little and trim her for length since my pubic hairs are naturally pretty long. I actually trim her less than I used to - to make them a little longer (I know - not trendy!) because it makes my patch darker which, I think, contrasts and frames her nicely with the light skin next to it going out across the tan lines onto my hips and tummy. I shave smooth from my clit area down. I think I have a nice looking pussy, as pussies go, and hopefully you can tell from one or two of my photos (sorry no spreads). And if the tips I get when I show her in more detail are any indication, I can tell that some men think so too!  
  
So when the lights were shining across my body and I felt lots of eyes on me, I raised both arms up crossing them over my head, sliding my hands over and cupping my breasts on the way. With my eyes closed, standing as still and as statuesque as I could, I pictured in my fantasy mind dozens of men looking at my nude stage lit body. As an admitted exhibitionist, I can tell you it's pure sexual bliss. I wondered if the men just five feet in front of me could see the chills I felt. If one could see the tingling I felt in my clit, it would have been obvious. I wanted to know if my nipples were erect so when the room got quieter, I decided to find out in a sensual teasing way. With my eyes still closed, I turned my head into my left arm after pulling my hair to one side, and slid my right hand down over my left nipple (and yes it was harder...and very sensitive). I gave it a slight pinch which sent a most delightful sensation down to my clit.  
  
Just then I had this thought that I could just as easily be lying on my couch at home masturbating to the fantasy of what was happening. I have a very active fantasy mind and, for whatever reason, have crossed the line that most people probably don't and for those that have, you understand what I'm talking about. I have acted on my fantasies and have been rewarded with more fantasies that keep me ahead of the acted out ones, for the most part.  
  
At one time, early in my fantasy life, I wondered what's better, masturbating to a sexual fantasy or acting it out. I can tell you with certainty that I learned the answer to that at a young age. I was at a Texas State Park, masturbating on a blanket by a campfire for four Mexican fishermen who said they would die happy men! I was very sexual at a young age and I was acting on a fantasy I had developed only the day before. The exhibitionist in me was rewarded and I haven't looked back!  
  
But here I was, standing naked on a stage at an after hours club in my home town with a room full of men waiting to see what I would do next. I wondered what they thought I would do. Dance? Shake my boobs? Show my ass? Well I already knew. I had rehearsed this at home for two weeks, fingering and fantasizing about it until it seemed real. The only difference now was that I wasn't going to be at home!  
  
So what started as a finger tease meant for the audience was now teasing and tempting me. Either way it resulted in me placing my heels farther apart, to a few cheers, and extending the middle finger of my descending hand and placing it directly onto my clit to a few more cheers. What happened next came as a big surprise to me.  
  
I started tracing little circles around my little pearl making them more pronounced as I continued. As I was getting more passionate about it, I was not ten seconds into it when a pre orgasmic tremor came out of nowhere. My knees buckled and I nearly fell down - partly from being in heels with my feet farther apart but mostly because I wasn't prepared for it. I was nervous too and didn't think I could be that aroused my first time on stage there. I tried to right myself but my heels were not cooperating. I got flustered and removed them, tossing them behind me. Now I did anything to avoid looking at their eyes. I felt I would be crushed in humiliation, laughed off stage like a bad clown. I straightened myself up, covered my eyes in shame and stood there but all I heard were applause and cheers. Two guys came up on stage, held my arms and supported me. I started to cry. Instead of being sexy I was a fool but it was, apparently, not how they saw it. They told me over and over that it made me real, that they loved it and begged me to go on. They changed it all for me. They were wonderful. Now I was determined to give them the best show ever. The music started in. I was emotional and danced with a sexy passion.  
  
So with tears wiped free but still a blushed face, I shook it off, slipped my heels back on, and started dancing, shaking my boobs as I made my way along the front of the stage. I've always liked to dance sexy, clothed or nude, doesn't matter, and my audience's reaction made it all the more fun. And I was smiling bigger than ever knowing they were supporting me. They were full of encouragement and my previous embarrassment turned to drive and I learned from it. I felt close to them and wanted to share the intimate exhibitionist side of me. I was going to masturbate and give them all the sensuality they deserved.  
  
On my third visit to the Club, I was more confident and decided to walk down the steps on the side of the stage and dance naked through the audience. That was wild and more fun than I thought as I enjoyed the more intimate interaction, dancing with them, putting a friendly arm around them or giving hugs and cheek kisses. I received a few not unexpected friendly butt slaps as I climbed up the opposite side. Again, it made me feel closer to my audience. It was now time to show them the real me!  
  
After climbing back on stage, the unexpected fun was about to begin (at least unexpected for me on my first time there). I walked to the back side of the stage where a small white comforter, still wrapped in the First Class plastic, had been placed for me. I slipped on an old fashioned stewardess hat (I collect airline memorabilia) returned to center stage, ripped the plastic off the blanket and opened it up and spread it out on the floor. It was funny in that there was about three seconds of subdued crowd noise before I opened it and laid it out. Then the hoots and howls and clapping started in. I was smiling so big, I was getting embarrassed plus I was nervous the first time but once I felt connected with my audience, the exhibitionist in me took over and it was pure fantasy fun the rest of the night. What also has helped with my nervousness was seeing some familiar faces on the second and third nights. It was complimenting and sweet.  
  
So I wasted no time in walking to one side of the stage, my blanket in tow, to begin a sexual interaction with the men near me. But the first thing I did was toss my hat behind me and slip a garter belt (that I had tucked in the hat) onto my thigh. I think the suggestion of a garter belt being rolled up to my thigh meant, to the audience that I was going to do some special things for tips. They were right and I loved that they knew it!

You see, the more that guys get into watching me, the more I get off to it and that's when my fantasy mind takes over. Although there were tips involved because of the garter belt, I would do it for free. To me, it's the reason, that guys tip that gets me off, not at all about the money. Tipping says to me, 'We like watching you, seeing your naked body, having you share your sensuality and the intimate act of masturbation with us.'  
  
It's erottic when money is slipped under my garter belt. It tells me that men like what they see or want to see more or maybe just again. So just before I laid down, I kicked off my heels, to be completely natural, and relaxed on the blanket, reclining onto my back. I spread my legs apart and placed both hands on the inside of my thighs. I laid still like that for a bit letting guys anticipate what I was going to do for those tips. I then slid my hands up to my landing strip and in a continuous motion, pinched my labia between my fingers and started with a sensual labia spread. I started by pulling them straight forward, keeping my lips together, enjoying more anticipation, and then slowly fanned them open, showing their lighter pink color as I stretched them.  
  
I wanted to lift my head up and see the faces of the men looking between my legs but, instead, I kept it on the blanket and found the faces of the men who were next. That provided my own anticipation.  
  
The blanket got pulled closer to the edge. I knew what they wanted so I pulled wider as men peered in. The Mexican men were vocal as they usually are about sex. With tips coming in, I got excited and occasionally masturbated openly for them. My blanket got pulled along the stage to the next man or group of men. Almost everyone near the stage gave me dollars encouraging more spreads and masturbation sessions. I found that men liked it when I scooted up close to them, you know, getting personal, with my butt just to the edge of the stage and resting my feet on their shoulders or resting in their arms at their sides. Some guys wanted a buddy to join in so it could be two sets of shoulders. I'm pretty limber so that helped! Once my feet were held in place, I could relax my legs open and bring my arms down together to pinch my labia and spread them. My lips are pretty small but I can still pull them pretty far apart to give a good show.  
  
For guys that said something like, 'show me your clit', I proudly unhooded her and brought her out. I kept my labia spread while I did it for a nice visual. Also, I have almost a natural landing strip (Latina thing and just lucky I think). I don't need to wax but do use tweezers a bit and also trim her for length and then shave from my clit down. Men are very visual, I know, so it's important to me that they like what they see.  
  
In addition to showing and playing with my pussy, I pulled my arms in close to my breasts to lift them together so that when I start masturbating, they jiggled in rhythm to my fingering. And now that I have, what I've been told natural looking D Cup breasts, I'm sometimes complimented on a complete masturbation show. Men love shaking boobs. I practice at home making them jiggle in different ways.  
  
After performing along the length of the stage, I moved my blanket back to just in front of my handsome businessman. I walked to the side of the stage, took the bills out of my garter belt and rolled it off my thigh. I gave it to the man that introduced me at the beginning and asked him to hold it for me. I wanted to be completely naked - no heels, no hat and no garter belt, just natural. I turned back, smiled at my great audience and stood just behind my blanket and fingered as naturally and sensually as I could while standing up. I wanted everyone, not just the guys that watched me on my blanket earlier, to be able to see me. The guys in back applauded in appreciation. In fact, I noticed that my audience had grown larger in size since I last noticed. This was good for several reasons, I thought. I found the manager's eyes, who gave me an approving nod. It made me smile. I looked directly at him and tucked my arms in toward my boobs to make them shake while I masturbated more freely. My smile was disappearing, though, as I was now concentrating on my pleasuring.  
  
I got a few more pre-orgasmic tremors, tensing my thighs through, them but after one distinctly powerful one, I decided to lie back down on my blanket. I was glad I did as I was getting closer to orgasm and enjoying myself immensely. I usually close my eyes for my climax but wanted to see my businessman's dark eyes again, so I lifted my head off the blanket, found his staring right back into mine. Without breaking his gaze, I fingered as long as I could, even trying not to cum, trying to make it last, eventually though, playing myself into an energetic exhibitionist fever and masturbating uninhibitedly to a wonderful on stage orgasm. As I climaxed, I broke his gaze and lifted my butt off the floor and straightened and tensed my legs. I held my breath for the pleasing effect it gives me and then, as I peaked, gave a long moan as I put all of my fingering energy into finishing her off. In returning to his gaze, I spread my pussy lips to hold his attention. He gave me a squint of his eyes and warm appreciative smile which I returned. I sat up, driving my legs into a near split in front of him, leaned in and gave him a kiss. I wondered if I'd see him again. I felt that I would, reason enough to perform here again.  
  
I was spent so I settled back into the blanket, threw my arms behind my head and kept my legs open spread eagle to the audience and regained my breathing. I kept my eyes closed and listened to the men clapping and commenting.  
  
I definitely learned that sharing an orgasm with an audience of men makes masturbating so much more exciting. So now when I masturbate alone, it's ALWAYS to the fantasy of performing on stage!