**Jessy43**

by[Woody\_the\_Cowboy](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1917283&page=submissions)©

I live on an estate, a collection of small apartments housing around thirty-odd families. The three blocks of flats are arranged in a triangle with a small park in the middle, so while the window in my living room faces out onto the street, the window and balcony in my room face into the middle - my view every morning and evening is the view of other people's balconies. Having lived there most of my life, by the time I was 18 I was pretty bored of just that, and not much else.

It was a few days into May, and it was a sunny day. It was exam season, and so as per usual school had wiped me out. I arrived home exhausted, trying to mentally prepare myself for some extra work at home that I sorely needed. Throwing my bag onto the floor, I went into my room and began to get out of my school uniform. I shrugged off my blazer, and pulled my top off over my head. The uniform itself was horrible uncomfortable, and so the relief was instant. I stretched in front of the mirror, enjoying the freedom of being topless. My bra was rubbing like hell so I reached behind me for the strap and, after a moment's fumbling, I undid it.

As I opened the clip, I glanced something out of the corner of my eye in my mirror. Out of my window, on the other side of the park, was a man. He was standing on his balcony, in an apartment on the same level as me. He looked about fifty years old, and was slightly overweight. He had a full head of black hair, and a stubbled beard. I recognised him, having seen him around the estate. And, as far as I could tell, he was watching me.

I froze, but didn't acknowledge that I'd seen him. My bra was hanging loosely off my boobs, with the undone strap lightly tickling my back. He continued to watch me intensely, and a shiver went down my spine. Who was this creepy guy? How long had he been watching? And was this the first time, or has he been watching for a while? I felt my cheeks flush and suddenly became very aware that I was half naked.

I went to pull my bra up, but as I did they brushed against my erect nipples and a small spasm of pleasure shot through me. Why were they erect? I stopped to think about it, and realised, to my own disgust, that I was aroused. The man wasn't physically attractive in the slightest, but his eyes on my bare back gave me a thrill. The arousal was a combination of things. I felt excited at the thought that I was desired - clearly he must think me attractive, to risk staring at me. The thought of me being sexually desired made my whole body tingle, with the urge that every girl gets to just let go and fuck the nearest guy, but that usually has to be suppressed. Except here I can get away with it. Nobody will ever know that I can see. A flush of arrogance flowed through my body, and I let my bra fall. Another part was the thrill of it being dirty, wrong, perverse, something secret and bad. It felt like a porn film, it was glamourised and completely sexualised. I was able to give in to the sexuality, just this once - and yet it was also the power I felt over him. I sexually controlled him, I encaptivated him, he was mine to play with as I wished.

This confusion of feelings quickly silenced any logical thoughts. My mind a storm of hormones, and my swollen breasts on fire with anticipation, I turned around and stretched. My chest stretched out, presenting my naked body for anyone to see. Out of the corner of my eye I saw him duck behind the wall of his balcony, thinking I couldn't see the top of his head. It was only then that I saw he was looking through a camera, which even from that distance away I could tell was focussed on my rock-hard nipples. I gave a quiet gasp of stimulation, feeling the flow of hormones muddle in my brain.

I slipped a thumb into my skirt and pulled it down over my tights. You have a boyfriend, my mind protested, but it was not my brain I was listening to. I stepped out of my skirt, trying to do my best stripper impression for my audience. I smiled internally, remembering the slutty underwear I had worn for my boyfriend to come round later. Again I slipped a thumb, this time into the rim of my tights. I turned around and slowly pulled it down over my ass. My underwear was a bright red thong, fully showing my ass cheeks. Part of me worried I was overdoing it, but considering the usual reaction to my ass that I got from guys, I was guessing he wouldn't mind.

I pulled my tights down over my feet, and stood up again, still facing the mirror, loving the power that came with teasing him. I pictured him behind the wall, rubbing his cock and drooling over me. With that thought came the rush of arousal needed for me to pull my thong down completely and turn around. My pussy was perfectly shaved.

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By the time my boyfriend came round, I had pushed my bed in front of the window.

I was so happy with Rory, and had never even dreamed of anyone else since we met; so why was I doing this? I was planning to fuck him, for the camera. I was making a porno without even asking him. I berated myself over and over, but it changed nothing. The man had gone inside for a bit, so I'd rearranged the bed, but since I was home alone I made the point of staying naked so that he'd remain on his balcony. I wanted to know so badly what he was thinking, what made him watch, whether he'd already cum. Just speculating about it made my pussy wet. I was tempted to start masturbating, but I wanted to preserve the effect, making the upcoming show all the more exciting for him.

There was a knock at my door. I checked out of the window to see that it was Rory, and that he was alone, before opening the door naked. I gave him a coy smile, and walked as sexily as I could back to my room. He followed without a word, too horny to even notice the moved bed. I sat on my bed and pulled him down on top of me.

I glanced out of the window. The man was watching intently, but it made me realise that with missionary he couldn't really see anything. Rory had pulled off his top and was kissing my neck when I put my hand on his chest to stop him. He sat up, and I climbed onto all fours, my pussy offered upwards. This gave him a perfect view, of my tits and ass, as well as making me feel more like a porn star than ever before. Rory eagerly pulled down his trousers and kneeled behind me.

I don't think Rory knew why I was so wet and horny, and I almost felt bad, but lust overcame us both and as soon as he entered me it was lost. I moaned with his thrust into me, the pleasure adding to my fiercely intense arousal. My pussy gave an involuntary squeeze, and he moaned as he drew out and thrust back into me. I looked into the mirror, just about glimpsing the man and his camera. He didn't seem to be taking any photos, which disappointed me, but the faint flashing red light soon made me realise that he was filming.

Rory's dick felt amazing, but almost all of my pleasure was coming from the presence of this man. My entire body was on fire. My aching, swollen tits bounced back and forth with each thrust, and every brush against my clit sent me spasming with pleasure. Within a minute I was already feeling the hot rush of a climax, and as I came I cried out and my body rocked violently. My pussy's frenzied contractions tugged and squeezed at Rory's dick; it was a testament to him that he didn't cum straight away. I was so horny I took control, and eventually he just knelt there moaning while I rocked back and forth and slammed his dick into my pussy. White spots were appearing in front of my eyes, and as a second orgasm built up I felt like I was on ecstasy. When he came I felt his massive load fill me up, but I continued to slam against his dick for at least another minute, drawing out my screaming orgasm while he knelt there, gasping and shaking. Eventually, feeling his cock go half limp inside me, I pulled away. Still flushed and out of breath, I turned round, lay on my stomach and wrapped my lips around his cum-soaked dick. He moaned as I sucked on him, using my wet, soft tongue to clean every last bit of cum from his dick.

As I sucked him, I subtly glanced out of the window. The man and his camera pointed at me, and I could tell the mood of the man no more than I could his camera. All I saw was the top of his head, but my mind saw him holding his exhausted, throbbing dick. I pictured his lap drenched with his cum, and my aching pussy flared up again. I took Rory out of my mouth and smiled.

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I counted the rooms - the man lived four from the right, two floors up. As soon as Rory had gone I had scooted back over to the window, but the man was gone. His camera, however, was still there, and presumably the footage was somewhere in his house. I was hoping that he'd gone out - I longed to see the film, to know what he saw.

I put on some clothes and crossed the park. I was wearing the sexiest clothes I had, in case I saw him - a skirt so short that the bottom of my ass hung out a bit, and a slightly see-through top with a lacy bra underneath. I walked into his building, getting a wolf-whistle from a kid smoking against the wall, and climbed to the second floor. My heart pounding, I counted the doors until I got to his. Praying he wouldn't be in, I knocked on the door, racking my brain for an excuse if he was in.

My breathing was shallow with nerves. I waited half a minute, and knocked again. Still nothing. I tried a third time, just to make sure, and when he didn't turn up I got out my credit card. My brother had taught me this trick, but I had only ever used it on my own house when I'd forgotten my keys. I slid it down, and it jammed. I tried a second time and the lock clicked open.

I opened the door and hesitantly walked in. His flat was the same layout as mine, but the furniture was much more formal and neat. It was the lack of mess that made me notice the laptop on his table, open to the internet. I sat down on his sofa and had a look. There were two tabs open on the internet, and the first was a video of me.

He'd uploaded it onto a porn site! My heart raced, first of fear but soon out of sheer excitement. I really was a porn star. The video was called "Spy camera catches horny slut" - a crude name, and clearly sexist, but for some reason the title of horny slut sent a buzz through my body. I wrote down on my hand the website link to watch later, and was about to leave when I noticed the second tab that was open. It took me to a chat room, self described as "The home of Exhibitionism and Voyeur". The chat was a group forum, created by an account davidb7. The opening line to the chat room was simply "you're welcome", followed by the exact link I had just written on my hand.

This was his account! His name was David - the break in anonymity thrilled me. I scrolled down the chat, which already had forty-odd comments. My pussy tingled as I read the comments - the word "slut" danced in front of my eyes. David's own tag under the video wrote "I would fuck that cunt so hard."

My parents had both hated swearing growing up, so even then I winced internally, but the crudeness set my body on fire. This was pure, hard fucking, there was no other word to describe it. I'd 'made love' before, but this was something different.

I wrote down the second link, to the chat room, and quickly left. I could leave the camera now, which I assumed was still filming, without needing to tamper with it to get the film. And now my audience wasn't just one person, it was a whole community, it had gone nation-wide. I should've been terrified, repulsed, but instead I was on heat like I'd never been before.

The second I got home I fired up my laptop and went straight to the chat site. It required an account, so I quickly set one up, using the sluttiest picture I could find (one I had taken previously not realising how much cleavage it showed, and yet not wanting to delete it afterwards) as a profile. The next option was "find friends", so I went straight to davidb7. I pulled off my top, and sat down on my bed.

I sat there, staring at the blank message box. What could I say? What did I want? Well I knew what I wanted, but it was unthinkable. All of this was unthinkable, it was unreal. And yet somehow that thought consoled me. It no longer seemed wrong, or a betrayal - it seemed outside the boundaries of the real world. I could do what I wanted in this world, the world of sluts and swearing.

I lent forward and typed out a message.

jessy43: so you like to watch?

I don't know what I expected, but I didn't expect the instant reply. A few seconds after it had sent, a little box notified me that he was typing a reply. Either he'd just got home, or he was using his phone - whichever, it caused my heart to jump into my mouth.

davidb7: yeah, I guess you saw my vid?

Before I could think about what I was doing, I tapped out a reply.

jessy43: obviously, I'm the star of the show xx

I stared at what I'd just sent. I had shocked myself - with the confession, but mostly with the kisses on the end. I had crossed a border, I had betrayed Rory completely, and I had fully given myself to him.

davidb7: proof

At first the one-word reply disappointed me, but then I felt a thrill of excitement.

jessy43: you home?

davidb7: just got in yeah

jessy43: look out your window, I'm sitting on my bed

Suddenly very aware that I was topless, and feeling a hot flush, I looked out my window. Seeing David peeping over the balcony, I gave a coy wave. He rushed back to his laptop.

davidb7: nice tits. can I come over?

I was sorely tempted, but I didn't want a casual fuck - I could get that from Rory at any point.

jessy43: nah. Ever done dogging?

I had only ever heard about it from dodgy films, or adverts on the side of porn sites, but the thrill I got from being watched was enough to realise that that was exactly what I wanted to try. This time there was a pause, like I'd shocked him before the message came up confirming that he was typing. I pictured how hard he must be.

davidb7: no, always wanted to. you?

jessy43: no but I think now's a good time to try

The feeling I was experiencing is almost impossible to describe. My stomach ached with nerves, and yet my pussy and nipples ached with excitement. My breathing was shallow, from both fear and thrill. My heart was pounding in my ear.

davidb7: know anyone who'd be up for it?

jessy43: you seem to know a whole community of people

davidb7: alright. who're you gonna fuck?

jessy43: why, are you not up for it?

Again, there was a pause. Clearly he wasn't used to chatting with girls who were so forward, or who took the lead at all.

davidb7: yeah alright

That made me smile. He was acting like it was no big thing, but the peeping and the video camera said otherwise. I wondered how long he'd wanted to fuck me, how many times he'd pictured this scene in his head. I felt like I was making his wish come true, and the sense of power gave me a new flush of confidence.

jessy43: well you sort out when where and who, and then come and pick me up?

And again,

davidb7: yeah sure

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It was late evening by the time he arrived. The first time there was a knock on my door, it was a man handing out leaflets for a local pizza place, so when I opened the door the second time I wasn't expecting David. Yet there he stood, shorter than I'd thought but real. He wasn't attractive to me, but somehow that made it even better, it made is wrong and dirty and slutty. His eyes went straight to my chest but then flickered back up again. "I've got the car outside, it's all arranged. You ready to go?"

I had planned to flash him a sexy smile but in the heat of it I had gone bright red. I gave a small smile and nodded, after which he turned around and walked off. I followed, shutting the door carefully behind me. We went down the stairs and out to his car without speaking. It was a small, dingy car, which creaked as I climbed in the passenger seat. He sat down beside me, turned the key in the ignition and pulled off.

My body was throbbing with excitement, but the nerves were so intense and I couldn't say a word. I had got into a stranger's car, and just let him drive me off! He could do anything to me - and why did that turn me on?

I glimpsed him staring at me in the rear-view mirror. There was a pause as I flushed red, before he spoke.

"Nice tits, slut."

Suddenly I was jarred into my senses. That was the last thing I had expected, after him seeming so awkward. At the word slut I mentally cringed, but at the same time I felt my hormones dance within me. Once again, I felt a spark of confidence.

"Well if you hurry up and get to the place you can see t

hem properly."

He turned onto a long, straight road and pushed forwards onto the accelerator. The car groaned as it sped up. After a few minutes driving, he pulled up by our local park. We both climbed out, and he started walking into the park. He strode fast, and I had to half-run to keep up. I knew the park well, and spent much of my time there, but somehow the darkness affected it and pretty soon I had no idea where I was. It was a big park, and we were very soon off in the woods. A big part of me was certain that I would never make it back.

We soon arrived in a sort of clearing by a huge old oak tree. One of the branches stuck out over us, and hanging from it so that it dangled at waist height in the middle of the clearing was an old swing, made from two bits of rope and an old plank of wood.

Dotted around the clearing were six or seven men, and a woman. They stood behind bushes, or leant against the tree. One of the men had his dick out, which was being stroked by another man. My breathing shallowed - this was scary, and freaky, but exactly what I had imagined. I felt a shiver of arousal run down my spine and through my hips.

I started as I felt hands gently caress my boobs. David had come from behind, and was pressing his hard-on against my ass. My boobs flushed with heat, and I felt delirious from the excitement. I sank back into his arms, and his hands squeezed tighter. He held me there, before propping me upright and pulling of my shirt.

I gasped, from the cold, but just as much from the feeling of being so exposed, of being an object for everyone's entertainment. My bra was bright red, and lacy, and it starkly stuck out against the green forest. It was low, showing the entire top surface of my boobs. My top was thrown onto the floor.

David spun me around so I was facing him. His expression, the way he saw me only as an object, sent another aroused shiver through my body. He lent down and sucked on the top of my boob, as his hand felt downwards. It latched onto the button on my jeans, and as he clicked it open he simultaneously bit on my boob. I let loose a quiet moan. He pulled down my flies and came up for air, having left a bright red sore on my left boob.He stared at me again, slipping his thumbs into my waistband and slowly pulling them down.

As my jeans edged lower, they revealed my matching lacy underwear. When they were down around my ankles, I wondered if I was supposed to take my shoes off and step out of them, but David spun me around. I now saw that all of the guys had their cocks out, and the woman had her hand down the front of her trousers. My spectators edged forwards to get a better look. I noticed now that one of them had a camera, and several more were videoing it on their phones. My mind and body went wild with excitement.

David's hand searched round the side of my underwear until he found the seam. Upon finding it, he hooked a long thumbnail into it and tore downwards. My underwear tore in two, and fell from me. I gave a small, high pitched cry as his nail nicked my skin.

He didn't look strong, but the strength in which he forced me to bend over the swing was shocking. My stomach slammed down on the seat, my boobs hanging over the edge. I nearly fell, with my ankles tied together, but David held me steady. I'm not sure at what point he had got his dick out, but the very next second he had thrust it into me.

I had seen a bottle of lube in his car, but he hadn't needed it at all. My pussy was the wettest I'd ever felt it, and as his cock slammed into me it charged all my areas of stimulation. A huge rush of sexual pleasure went through me, pushing me onto the edge of orgasm with one single thrust. My pussy gave spastic clenches from the pleasure, but David's low moan was drowned out by mine. My moan was loud, urgent, one of complete and utter arousal and pleasure. My whole body shook with the release of the sexual tension I had been holding inside me from this wrong, dirty, naughty thing.

He held his cock in there for a few seconds, before quickly dragging it out and thrusting back in again. Within seconds he was thrusting very fast. It was clearly done for his pleasure not mine, and normally I would have been disappointed, but not this time. It felt right - it was raw, animalistic. The fact that I was merely for his pleasure, and for attractiveness, would have been enough had there been no pleasure. And yet despite his crude fucking, there was pleasure, and a lot of it. His dick was slightly shorter than average, and yet his shorter height tipped it at an angle that pleasured areas I'd never felt before. And the speed in which he did it created an overload of senses, more than I could handle. Within a minute I was panting with orgasm, my whole body convulsing.

David kept on pumping, but he was clearly as aroused as I was. He was trying to hold it in, I could feel him clench inside of me. He lasted a little longer, kept my orgasm going, before exploding inside of me. His cum filled me up completely, and our combined moans rang in my ears. He bent over, panting, his shrinking cock pulled slowly out of me. He stayed like that for a few seconds, before straightening up.

"Your turn."

It took me a second to realise he was speaking to the crowd. This took me completely by surprise - I hadn't signed up to this - and yet it gave me a fresh wave of horniness. I wanted this, I wanted it so bad.

I didn't have the energy to lift my head up much, so I couldn't see what was happening, but suddenly there was a cock in my face. It was rock hard, about two inches longer than David's, and it pushed against my lips. I opened my mouth and took his head in with my tongue. He pushed, slowly thrusting into my mouth. I swelled up with saliva, and rolled it around his dick with my tongue. He gasped with pleasure. I gave a light suck, and readied myself for more, when he drew it out and the cock was gone.

I didn't have time to be confused. Two more people moved in, the man with the camera and the woman. The man pointed his camera at my tits, but before I could watch more the woman stood in front of me. She was naked now, and she thrust her pussy into my face. I stuck out my tongue and licked the opening of her hole. I had no idea what had come over me, I wasn't attracted to women, but I was so turned-on that at this stage it didn't matter. Her pussy tasted sweet and sour at the same time, and it definitely wasn't an unpleasant taste. I explored her hole with my wet tongue.

As I stuck my tongue out and licked again, I felt the cameraman's hand reach around and click open my bra strap. The bra fell away and my tits hung down freely. His hand reached under and slapped one, sending both of them jiggling. I moaned with mounting excitement.

Suddenly I felt something from behind - a sloppy wet cock stroking my pussy lips. It was the man I had sucked, his dick wet from my mouth. I hardly needed lube for my pussy, so I was confused as to why he needed my saliva, but then he moved his dick up to my ass and gently started to push.

I had tried anal out with Rory a few times, but this still came as a shock to me. I cried out but was muffled by the woman's pussy pressed into my face. The man pushed harder, parting my ass cheeks and sinking his cock deeper into my ass. I could feel how tight my hole was around his cock, and couldn't help but clench as he pushed forwards. It burned with pain, but at the same time flared up with pleasure.

And then he got all the way in, and it was just pleasure. My ass had expanded to fit his cock, so the pain ebbed away. He held it there, before slowly pulling out. I moaned loudly, thrusting my face into the woman's clit. She yelped with pleasure and pushed forwards, driving me into his cock. I slipped backwards so that my boobs were pressed into the swing, not my stomach. As the man thrusted into my ass again, my tits pressed into the hard wood of the seat. I moaned loudly with pain and pleasure - the two seemed to go hand in hand.

Another man came up to the woman and bent her over, sticking his dick in her pussy right in front of my face. He swivelled and began fucking her into me, so that her ass was pushed into my face. Completely overcome with arousal, lifted my hands, pulled her cheeks apart and licked her ass hole. It didn't taste of anything bad like I had expected, more like pussy and sweat. I drove my tongue into her hole, licking round the rim of her ass. The man pumped her into my face, and she gave a loud moan. The man behind me continued to fuck my ass harder and harder.

A spurt of cum hit my back, though I wasn't sure where from. A spectator must have been wanking on to me, for his hands then rubbed the cum round onto my tits. My nipples shivered as his fingers rubbed the warm cum over them. A second jet of cum slapped onto my bare ass.

I cannot even describe my levels of arousal. I was flying in the sky, I was feeling pleasure like I'd never felt before. I was completely exhausted and yet I could have kept going for ever. I could no longer distinguish between one orgasm and the next, I was in a constant state of climax.

After a while, I lost track of how long, the guy fucking the girl came, pushing her hard into my face. Almost simultaneously, my fucker shuddered and I felt his dick swell up. He pumped cum into my ass, crying out and filling me up in a moment of pure climax. He held his dick inside me, shaking, before drawing it out.

I saw spots in my eyes. I vaguely heard people walking around, but then suddenly I looked up and everyone had gone. David had left me, and my audience had disappeared.

I was alone, slumped over an old swing. I was drenched and filled up with the cum of several random strangers, with the taste of both cock and pussy still lingering on my tongue. My underwear was ripped, and my bra was gone. My pussy and my ass was burning. I had disgraced myself, and betrayed my boyfriend.

And I had never felt better.