Johanna's Confession

My name is Johanna and I am rather proud to admit that I can be a very naughty girl indeed!  
  
The little tale I am about to tell you of happened last July when I was home from Uni and back staying at my folks’ house for the summer.  
  
They had gone away on holiday - neglecting to take me with them, the miserable sods - and I had been left all on my lonesome.  
  
It was one of those perfect summer days - blues skies, not a cloud in sight and the sun beating down just perfectly. The kind of day that made you realise life was indeed good.  
  
Having spent at least half an hour on my schoolwork I decided I thoroughly deserved a break, to kick back and to take a little sun in the garden.  
  
I was just setting up my sun lounger when I noticed the neighbour’s kid, Michael, doing some chores in his back garden.  
  
Now…this boy was a real pain in the arse when I was growing up, always teasing me, always trying to sneak a peek at my knickers; you know the kind of kid. However, after a couple of years away from home, I couldn’t help but notice how he had grown into a rather handsome nineteen-year-old man.  
  
As the sun was blazing I quickly pulled off my camisole and slipped out of my shorts, leaving me in nothing but my sexy little bikini. I settled back into my lounger and proceeded to let the ray soaking begin.  
  
After a few minutes it became rather apparent that the bush next to our garden was getting some pretty special attention and I became aware of young Michael stealing more than the occasional glance at my body.  
  
I have always looked after myself - I eat well and I exercise hard - and am rightfully proud of my physique.  
  
At this point I was wearing dark shades so it was very easy for me to watch his lame attempts to ogle me unnoticed, without him being aware of it.  
  
Anyway, the sight of this young man checking me out started to get me more than a little excited and - as I have always had something of a devilish streak - I decided to have a little fun. Besides…it would be nice to finally get my own back for all those years of teasing.  
  
First of all I took my sun lotion and spent way longer than necessary rubbing it into my soft skin, smoothing it up and down my long, golden-brown legs and across my tight, little tummy, making sure Michael had plenty to see.  
  
I don’t mind admitting that I was beginning to get more than a little hot and bothered myself and I quickly decided to move the show on to the next level.  
  
Turning my back on the poor boy I proceeded to make a big fuss over untying the bow of my bikini top - just so I could rub the lotion into my neck you understand. Suddenly, I let the strings fall away and released my finest damsel-in-distress gasp as I pretended that I had allowed my top to slip down and expose my soft pink nipples quite by accident.  
  
From where Michael was standing I don’t suppose he could see an awful lot, but that was all part of my game.  
  
Playing little Miss innocence, I took the sun cream and squeezed a generous dollop into my palms before slowly massaging it into my breasts. There was no faking this part of my performance however and I released a tiny moan as I teased my rapidly stiffening nipples with the cool lotion.  
  
I was turning myself on far too much, but naughty Johanna was very much in charge now and I decided it was time to give my young voyeur the view he must have been praying for.  
  
Still sitting upright, I slid myself around, pointing my chest exactly where Michael had been trimming his bush just a moment earlier, but get this! The little prick was gone!  
  
Most men would have killed to see a show like mine from a chick like me, but this one had scurried away!  
  
Never one to doubt my abilities to seduce, I assumed that it must have been a little too much for the lad and that he had probably limped off in search of the Kleenex. So…lying down once more, I decided that I might as well work on getting rid of those tan lines from my bikini top.  
  
However, I quickly realised that my plan had backfired somewhat and I had, in actual fact, got myself just as worked up as poor Michael must have been.  
  
I was contemplating slipping into the shower for a little light relief - if you know what I mean - when I noticed the upstairs curtains next-door twitch.  
  
“Right you little shit,” I thought. “I’ll teach you to run out on me!”  
  
My bikini bottoms were those cute little ones that tie in a bow either side, and I made a big deal out of undoing first one set of strings - rubbing the sun lotion into my now naked upper thigh - before repeating on the opposite side. However, when I was done, I did not re-tie the bows.  
  
I couldn’t see Michael at his vantage point, but there was no doubt about it…the curtain was definitely moving from time to time.  
  
By this stage, the naughty ideas that were running riot in my mind, were causing my body to throb with a sweet frustration, but I wanted to take my time, to give the young man a show he would never forget.  
  
I lay back and pretended to sleep. I was slow and I was subtle, but every so often, I would shift position, just a little, allowing the skimpy piece of cloth between my thighs to slip further and further away. With each twitch of my leg I could feel myself becoming that little bit closer to exposing myself fully and my pussy pulsed at the mere thought of it.  
  
Finally, I could bear it no more and I sneakily used the very tips of my fingers to cause my bikini panties to fall away and expose my newly waxed Brazilian.   
  
It wouldn’t have surprised me if the poor boy had shot his load at that point, but for me it was merely the beginning. “In for a penny in for a pound,” I thought as I twitched in my ‘sleep’ allowing a leg fall away and reveal my soft pussy completely.  
  
I lay there feeling the sun beat down against my naked body. My tight little nipples tingled as the gentlest of breezes teased between my thighs. The thought of the handsome young man next door stroking his big, stiff cock as he watched me was simply too tantalizing and I realised that he wasn’t the only one owed some fun.  
  
Slowly, so very slowly, I allowed my right hand to slip across my thigh until my fingers came to rest against the tight flesh of my pussy lips. I know it was naughty of me and I really hadn’t expected it to go this far, but I couldn’t help myself from stroking a single finger along the length of my sticky-wet slit.  
  
I rubbed gently up and down, teasing myself and feeling my body quiver with delightful need. I allowed a second finger to join the first and applied a little more pressure, parting my lips before sliding upwards and seeking out my clit. I touched myself just the way I like it - side-to-side with the soft pads of my fingertips and then round and round against a knuckle. It wasn’t long before intense, electric shocks began to fire throughout my body.  
  
Harder and quicker I played, giving up on any pretence that I was not completely aware of what I was doing. I could feel myself being drawn towards something really special and I began to lightly finger my entrance as I unrelentingly pleasured my poor clitoris.  
  
Finally…it happened. I arched my back, dropping my jaw and crying out far too loudly as an earth-shattering climax exploded within me. It was one of those short, but incredibly intense orgasms that leaves you exhausted and gasping for breath.  
  
I slowly allowed myself to come down from that moment of pure bliss, basking in my sticky-fingered glory when, all of a sudden, the gravity of my truly outrageous behaviour finally dawned upon me.   
  
I quickly grabbed at my clothes, feeling my cheeks burn as I dashed away into the house.  
  
I always knew I was capable of being a very naughty girl and I am a natural born exhibitionist at heart, but this time I had truly surpassed myself. I climbed into the shower and burst out laughing, shamelessly realising that deep down I loved it.  
  
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Later that day I was just heading off to meet up with some old girlfriends for a drink when I happened to run into Michael walking towards home. I glanced up at him furtively - feeling my cheeks flush just a little - yet was surprised to see how remarkably cool he appeared. A moment later however, I spotted his father - stepping close behind - and he had turned a delicate shade of beetroot and seemed to be walking with something of a limp.  
  
I greeted them and smiled my sweetest, most innocent smile as I passed by before grinning broadly to myself, considering that perhaps it hadn’t just been the young master of the house who had received a special performance from naughty Johanna that afternoon. This was all fine with me however, because Michael’s father was an incredibly handsome man and I had certainly lain in bed imagining him doing unspeakable things to me in the past.  
  
  
I would like to say that was by far the naughtiest thing I got up to last summer, but I am afraid I would be telling fibs if I did so. Those are all stories for another day however. I just wanted to show you what a good little girl I am and to remind you how nice it is to do something a little special for your neighbours once in a while.  
  
Lots of love  
  
Johanna  
xxx