**Memories of My First Exposure**

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My first submission told of the unexpected awakening of my exhibitionist desires. In the months since, I have become a little bolder, finding that I get a special rush of excitement from giving guys a glimpse of my breasts while making the exposure seem innocent or inadvertent.

During this time, I have remembered a much earlier experience that I had not thought about in many years. It was when I was 18, a high school senior living in the upstairs bedroom of my parents' home on Redlawn Avenue. The houses were close together on our street, separated only by narrow driveways. The couple next door had one child and did not use the upstairs room facing mine. So I thought little about leaving the drapes open most of the time.

One winter night, I had just returned to my room from a shower, clad in a towel and standing before a mirror combing my long, wet hair. From the corner of my eye, a light in the neighbors' house caught my attention. I turned to see the man next door was moving about the upstairs room -- close enough, it seemed, to hear me if I spoke in a normal voice.

I had never seen him in the upstairs room before and my first thought was to close the drapes before he noticed me. But just as I took a step toward the window, he looked in my direction. Instinctively, I stepped back and turned my head to avoid eye contact with him.

Standing away from the window, I thought I was safely out of sight. My heart was racing and I felt flushed and embarrassed. Glancing back to my large dressing mirror, I realized he could still see in the reflection. And it was clear he was looking.

For reasons I could not explain then or now, my feelings of alarm and humiliation quickly gave way to excitement and arousal. Was this older man trying to watch me undress? Did he know I could see him in the reflection too? I averted my eyes as my breathing quickened with these thoughts swirling in my head. No man (or boy for that matter) had ever seen me nude, though I was often complimented on my nice figure.

Drawing a deep breath, I chanced another glance in the mirror to confirm that he was still watching. What should I do? Close the drapes? No, then he would certainly know I had seen him. Turn off my light? Probably a good idea, but for some inexplicable reason I resisted it.

By now I was dizzy with arousal. Almost involuntarily my trembling hands slowly unwrapped the towel and let it drop to the floor. I dared not look at the mirror, though I was certain he could see all of me in the full-length mirror.

This was a dilemma. I couldn't let him know I was aware of being watched, so I began brushing my hair, occasionally casting a quick glance in his direction to be sure he was still interested. Feeling bolder, I brushed my fingertips over my perky nipples, then moved them slowly down my tummy until they began caressing my swollen clit. Throwing my head back and closing my eyes, I pleasured myself more and more as my legs parted to give the neighbor a better look. I was panting with excitement as a climax washed over me and lasted for what seemed an eternity.

My voyeur continued to watch as I sat, legs askew, trying to catch my breath. Eventually I summoned up the courage to walk boldly in front of the window -- still completely nude -- to reach the light switch and darken the room. I never allowed myself to look toward the window, as it seemed important to maintain the illusion that I was unaware. The light next door went off almost at once, and I soon saw him through the downstairs kitchen window with his wife and baby daughter. Falling back on my bed I pleasured myself again as my head spun with thoughts of what a dirty little vamp I had been by distracting this nice married man.

That was the only time this happened. I was always very embarrassed to see my neighbor after that, and I did all I could to avoid him. I was actually frightened of him.

I kept my bedroom drapes closed thereafter. Did he know I knew? Would he tell anyone? I never knew, and somehow the memory of that night was put out of my mind. . . until I recently rediscovered the thrill of exhibitionism. I guess the tendency has always been inside me.