**Michelle**

by mnshyguy ©

My name is Michelle, and I'm an exhibitionist. No, this isn't one of those -aholic things, I'm just telling you who I am. Ever since I started growing boobs I saw the looks that all men gave me. For some people this would freak them out, but for me it just made me want them to see more. My clothes started getting tighter and more skimpy, which brought me even more attention.

Now that I'm 18, I figure that I can do as I please. I love wearing short skirts to class so I can see if my teachers will look. For you wives out there who think your husbands don't look- you're wrong. They all look. I always catch the drooling freshman staring at me too. They are mostly just an annoyance, but if I need a quick fix they will do. The funny thing is that I haven't shown all of me yet. Up until now I was fine with revealing clothes.

The mall is my favorite playground. To find these small clothes I have to shop in the girls' section. I'm 5'5" and weigh 103 pounds. I'm still

trying to get rid of those 3 pounds. A crop top t-shirt for a younger girl is perfect for me. They are very tight and just barely cover my 34B breasts. I usually try to find white so everyone can see through them.

Same thing goes for skirts, and I usually pick cotton over denim because they hug my hips better.

When guys see me coming towards them in my extremely tight top and skin tight cotton skirt, they can't help but stare. I always turn back to see if they notice my thong sticking out the top around my 22 inch waist. They almost always do. The ones who are walking with their girlfriends are usually more discreet, but they still look. I wouldn't say I am gorgeous, but everyone says that I'm pretty. I'm sure my long blonde hair and blue eyes help me some.

I think most guys would think that I get around, but the truth is that I'm still a virgin. I've had plenty of opportunities, but I'm just waiting for the right guy. Oops, I got sidetracked from my mall tales. One of my biggest thrills is when older guys look at me. Guys from around thirty to forty can be quite attractive. I love the rugged look. If I'm with friends and I see one checking me out, I'll usually find a way to get him going.

The food court is a good place for that.

When I know a good looking guy is watching, I'll do subtle things like

cross and uncross my legs. Their eyes always get big when they see my thong. Just in case they might miss it, I'll do an obvious move like part my legs while laughing at a friend's comment. I make it obvious, but not outright obvious. When I leave I always make a point of waving at them or walking by and touching their shoulder. A few have asked for my number, but I just smile and keep walking.

Another big favorite is my little brother's friends. They are such easy

targets, and they all stare at me. When they stay overnight I tease them unmercifully. I rarely wear a bra at home, so when his little friends are over I'll wear a loose shirt and watch as they try to see my tits. I only bend over far enough to let them see cleavage, though. I'm not going to let them see them. Once in a while I'll "forget" that they are there and walk out in just a long shirt and knickers.

"Oh, I forgot you guys were here," I'll say. "Have you seen my cell

phone?" They will search for it and of course I know where it is. I

usually leave it on the floor by the couch, and when I bend over to pick it up they all get a nice view as my shirt rides up and shows off my knickers.

"Thanks for looking, guys. Don't make too much noise, I'm going to bed now."

I learned a long time ago to lock my door at night. Many times I've heard the doorknob move from one of my brothers' friends trying to get a free view. I draw the line at when I'm asleep because I want to know if someone is watching me. The towel from the bathroom to my room is another classic to use. It covers more than my mall clothes do, but to guys there is always that hope of the towel accidentally falling or opening up. It never has, but they still look.

Most of my neighbors were all old people, but a couple of years ago a

couple moved in next door. I didn't pay that much attention to them, but I did notice when she moved out. My older brother told me he had heard that she was a little too friendly with a co-worker of hers. He was mad, of course, that she hadn't looked next door for a playmate. That's my twenty year old brother for you. He and his friends only think with their small head.

I was friendly enough with Dave next door to know his name and what he did for a living. He did something with computers. He and my dad have a couple of beers by the pool once in a while. The good thing about living just south of Phoenix is that if you were brave you could use the pool year round. I have a great time parading around in front of my brother's college friends. It seems like the only time they come over is to use the pool.

The guys really like my red bikini. Mom makes me wear something with a back to it, so I found a bikini with a micro-bottom. It was like a panty, but short enough to show butt cleavage. The top showed the bottom of my tits and barely covered my nipples. They all wanted me, but none of them did anything for me. They can look all they want, but they can't touch.

I've been called a tease many times, but I'll take that over being called a slut.

I had a ton of fun with these guys. I'd walk by them in the house and lift up my skirt and flash them some thong. I never let my younger brother's buddies see my thong, but my older brother's cronies had seen it many times. But still, they weren't as fun as teasing my teachers and everyone else. My parents had seen me in bra and knickers, or less, so many times that they were immune to it. They didn't like me dressing so scantily, but there is no stopping me.

My science teacher is my favorite to flash. I'm pretty sure he has seen all of my knickers. From my plain white ones, to my frilly red ones, to my see through black ones. It's amazing how clumsy he is, considering he is always dropping his pen while he's at his deck. I pretend not to notice him, but every time he's down sneaking a peak up my skirt. I've only had trouble with one teacher. My math teacher, this old, and I mean Jurassic-era old man, whined to the principal. I gave the principal the pouty lips look, and all was forgiven.

So one night I'm changing clothes in my room and I see my neighbor Dave walk by a window. I quickly covered up, but I soon figured out that with his lights on he couldn't see me anyways. The devious part of my mind thought of something else. I started to get really turned on thinking that he might have seen me. Soon I was trying to talk myself into letting him see me. Once I was sure I might try it, I went into planning mode.

It had to look like an accident, as I didn't want him telling my dad I was flashing him. His office is right across from my room, so I figured that was the best place to try and catch him. He worked a lot from home, so the odds were very good that I could pull something off. His desk faces outside, so when he's sitting there he could see right into my room. I noticed one day that at dusk he could tell when lights were turned on over here, so that was the start of my plan.

The next day at school I could barely pay attention to class. All I could think about was trying to flash Dave. I hurried home from school and sat down to think over if I really wanted to do this. I couldn't concentrate on my homework so I just chilled out. Supper came and went and the sky was finally getting dark. I peeked out of my window and saw that he was at his computer. I snuck back out of my room, turned on my light and strolled into my room.

I did an over-exaggerated yawn so my arms would draw his attention. I saw him look up, so while my arms were coming down from my yawn I grabbed the bottom of my shirt and pulled it up and over my head. I was now standing there in my black bra and shorts. I wasn't looking directly at him, but from the corner of my eye I could see that he was still looking out. It felt so hot to have him staring at my bra. I made a big deal of finding something to wear by walking around, in view, until I finally grabbed a shirt and covered back up again.

To make it look like it wasn't just for him, I left the light on and sat

at my desk for a few minutes before leaving. Now that it was over I

noticed that I was wet. I couldn't believe how turned on I was. At bedtime I closed the curtains and took off all but my knickers. I usually sleep in only knickers, but this night was intense. As soon as I was in bed I fingered myself to orgasm thinking about being seen. Now that I had finally done it, I knew the next parts would be easier.

By coincidence, but more likely on purpose, he was at his computer at the same time the next day. I turned the light on and entered my room. I put some clothes away and basically a bunch of nothing until he saw me. I went to my closet and took some clothes out. After laying them on my bed, I took my shirt off. This time I was wearing a normal white bra. I made a show of holding shirts up to me and looking in the mirror to see how they looked.

My mirror was behind my door, which is directly across from my window. I would put up one shirt, make a face showing I wasn't sure, then go grab another one. After pretending to finally find the right one, I next started on skirts. Getting some courage up, I pulled my shorts down and kicked them onto my bed with my foot. I was so hot from standing there in just a bra and thong underwear. I could feel his eyes on my basically naked butt. I tried on a couple skirts till I decided on the right one.

I put all of the clothes except what I picked out back into the closet.

Satisfied that I had the next day's clothes all ready, I pulled my

loungewear pants on, then pulled a t-shirt on over my head. To keep up the illusion of normalcy I started up my computer and surfed the internet for a bit. I gave it a half hour before I went back downstairs again. I stayed to my routine of coming in later and closing the curtains before changing. I didn't want to let him know it was on purpose yet.

I continued the just bra and panty show for about a week before I finally decided to let him see more. I did my normal after supper change, but this time was different. I turned on my TV, which is on the side of the room, and took off my shirt facing it. This would give him a profile look, and I could pretend I was watching whatever show was on. I gave it a few minutes, then when a commercial came on I acted like I was hurrying to get things done during the break.

I turned away from the TV and noticed him watching me. Reaching behind my back I unhooked my bra and pulled it over my head. I walked over to my closet and grabbed a shirt, turned to face him, and walked back towards the television. He had a straight on view of my tits this way. I could sense his eyes on my exposed breasts, and I pictured him seeing them for the first time. He could see the pale white skin, the light pink areolas, and the nipples that were a darker shade of pink.

My nipples were so hard that they ached. I wanted to rub them so bad, but I was still playing innocent. The commercial break was over, so I sat down on my bed and finally put my shirt on. I waited until whatever mindless sit-com was on was over until I turned it off and left my room. I was so wet that I was afraid my dad or brothers would smell my excitement.

Every day warranted a different show for Dave. One night I discovered he had his window open, so I came in and took off my shirt. While I was setting the shirt on my bed, I dialed my cell phone from the house phone. I could see him notice the ringing, and since it was ringing I had to answer it, and it's oh so hard to get dressed while talking on the phone.

I can't stand still when I'm on the phone so I walked back and forth

around my room topless, pretending to talk to some guy. I finally said that I had to go, I had to get dressed in case someone came in.

I didn't flash him everyday, though, because I didn't want to make it look too regular. Some days I wouldn't show any skin at all, and some days I would wear just my thong. I had gotten pretty deep into my need to have him see me, and I had to think of bigger and better ideas. I was flashing my hot science teacher one day when I finally decided the time had come to show Dave everything.

It was about time I finally decided because my grades were starting to slip from plotting during class. That night I took a shower and went back to my room instead of changing in the bathroom. I flipped the light on and saw him look up, so I undid the towel and tossed it on the bed. From the corner of my eye I could see his eyes get really big. From how he sits I basically can only see his eyes, but I am quite sure his mouth was open wide.

I stood there and combed my hair so I could delay getting dressed. He finally could see what was hidden under my thong. I'm sure I must have looked pretty young to him, with my shaved pussy and all. I turned and walked over to the mirror so I could check on my combing work, plus I could see him looking at my bare ass in the reflection. Calling it done, I first hiked up my knickers then put on my shirt. After pulling my long hair out from under the shirt, I grabbed my shorts and wiggled into them.

With towel in hand I killed the lights and went downstairs. I sat in the

living room by myself thinking about what just happened. I was so excited, yet I couldn't tell anybody why. I was afraid of what people might think, so this would be my own little game. Now that he had seen me, the next event would have to be big. I already had something in mind, but it would take a little bit of work first. "I'll start it before I go to bed," I told myself.

I was feeling a little suspicious that evening, so I waited for everyone

to go to bed before I started. Next, I got out my digital camera for part 1. I've used the timer function many times, so it was easy to set up my own personal studio. Okay, it's not as nice as a studio, of course, but I did take many pictures from one camera position. I have this spot on my bookshelf that is the right height for taking self pictures if I stand in the correct spot.

I started out with wearing a normal white shirt and a blue cotton skirt. I took a smiling picture and a serious picture this way. The second picture involved a sly smile while I held up my shirt just enough to show my belly. One from behind was next, with me looking over my shoulder at the camera. I then turned facing the right way again and held up my shirt enough to show one bra covered boob.

You get the picture, I took a picture for each stage of showing some more skin until I was totally naked. I think my favorite pose so far had been topless with my hands covering my boobs. I always think those kind of pictures are very sexy. The naked ones started out tame, too, and then ended up with me spread eagle on my bed. I had to move the camera for that one, but it was worth it. I decided on one last one since I was on the bed, and got on my hands and knees and lifted my ass up with my legs spread apart. That should be a classic.

Phase 2 began with me putting on my matching red bra and knickers, tight jeans, a button up shirt and putting my hair in a pony tail. I wanted it to appear that this was done on different days, not within minutes of each other. Once that was done I snuck downstairs and grabbed the bag with all the camcorder items in it. I had my own memory card for the digital camcorder, so I wouldn't have to worry about my parents or brothers accidentally seeing my show. I decided to use the tripod for this so I could get a more natural angle. So I plugged it in, checked the framing, and hit record.

I tried to be as sexy as I could as I stared at the camcorder. I gave a

sly smile and started to seductively move my hips around. I ran my hands over my clothed body, caressing my chest and turning around and rubbing my denim covered ass. I looked over my shoulder at the camera and unbuttoned one button. I turned back around and slowly undid the rest of them. I held the shirt in place so it revealed as little skin as possible.

When I was finished I turned around again, and I opened my shirt up all the way so you could see my hands holding the fabric, but could still see no skin. I held it closed again as I turned back around, and this time I pulled the two sides open, revealing my red bra. About this time I decided I would talk to the camera too. I pretended to be all innocent, coyly placing one finger on my lip, and said "do you like that? I bet you do. I bet you want me to keep going, right? So maybe I will."

I made like I was going to take off the bra next, but slid my hands down to my jeans. I undid the button on top and unzipped them all the way. Just a faint red was spotted before I turned around again. This time I moved back and forth as I slowly slid my jeans down my butt until both cheeks were in the open. I giggle to the camera and pulled them back up again.

"Oh," I said, "did you want me to take them off?"

I turned back around and wiggled my jeans down past my red, barely there, thong. This time I kept going and pushed them down my legs until I stepped out of them, making sure I was showing a lot of cleavage on the way down.

I kicked them out of the way and stood there in just my underwear.

"I bet you want to see what's underneath these, too. Is that right, big

boy?"

With my back to the camcorder, I unfastened my bra and let the shoulder straps hold it. Facing forward again, I slid each bra cup up very slowly.

First the bottoms of my breasts were seen, then my areolas peeked out.

When my nipples came free I quickly pulled the bra over my head and dropped it.

"Do you like them? I know you want to suck on them. Will you suck them for me?"

Next up, I grabbed the barely there straps on my thong and started pulling them down. I stopped just at my bulge for dramatic effect, then pulled them off without any fanfare. I posed totally naked for the camera, staying still so it would capture my perky tits and my bald pussy. I turned around and showed off my naked butt, wiggling it for that extra added touch.

"Oops, I seem to have dropped my thong on the floor. I think I better pick it up," I said as I bend all the way over with my legs still straight. I struggled with picking them up and held that position for a tad bit longer, but totally on purpose.

"I hope you liked the show," I said to the camcorder. "Let me know if you did. Bye."

I waved to the camera and walked over to push stop. When I pushed stop I realized that I had to do one more thing. I moved it to another area and pushed record again. The film then showed me walk to my bed and sit down.

"I am so horny that I had to add one last thing to it."

I leaned back so my pussy was in direct view, then started fingering

myself like mad. My fingers were a blur on my clit, and as I was about to cum I rammed 2 fingers inside me and was rocked by a fabulous orgasm. I was feeling a little guilty now so I went out of view and turned the recording off. Not 1 minute later I was loading the movie onto my computer. I got dressed and put the tripod and the other things I took out by the bag so I wouldn't forget any of it.

Finally it was done and I watched it. I couldn't believe that was me

stripping like that. The clip lasted just 6 minutes total, but it would do

the job for sure. I renamed the file "me being naughty" and put the

camcorder away. The second computer task was picking out the pictures I liked best from the digital camera. I saved all but 3 pictures and put them in their own folder. I moved the video clip into this folder and renamed the folder "Private! Keep out!" I hid it inside of another folder until I knew I was going to need it.

Now that I was done with all my prep work, I started to get really sleepy so I went to bed. If it worked out like I planned, tomorrow would be the day. With all my planning done, I feel asleep right away and slept like a baby. I had a very sexy dream that night, too. I dreamt that I was naked in front of the whole school. I woke up just as I was about to be spanked by the principal. Oh well, his loss.

School was a blur and I soon found myself walking up my driveway. I

glanced over and saw that Dave was home today, and I knew this was it. I was the only one home, so everything was perfect. I changed into a short skirt and a super tight shirt and went downstairs to use the phone. I grabbed my mom's phone list and found Dave's number. Before I talked myself out of it I quickly dialed the number.

"Hello?"

"Hi, Dave, this is Michelle next door. I hope I'm not a bother, but I have a question for you."

"Hi Michelle. You aren't a bother, so what can I help you with?"

"You're like a computer guy, right? Well, my computer won't connect to the internet and I don't know what to do. I can't wait days for the guys to show up, and I was wondering if you could come over and check it out for me."

"I'd be glad to look at it for you," he said, "I'll be over in about 5

minutes, is that fine with you?"

"It sure is, thank you so much. See you in a few," I answered as I hung up.

I ran upstairs and fired up the computer. When it was loaded I moved my special folder to the desktop, and then when into my firewall and blocked Internet Explorer from getting access to the internet. I figured this was the easiest thing for him to find, and also that it would actually stop me from getting onto the internet. Now that I was set up I went downstairs and waited for him to come over. I saw him coming so I greeted him at the door.

"Thank you so much for doing this, I don't know what I would have done. I have a paper due tomorrow and I have to research some things first."

"Oh, it's not a problem at all. I just hope I can help you. Where is your computer?" he asked.

"Oh, duh, I'm sorry. It's in my room. Come on up" I replied and showed him the way. I could feel his eyes on my bare legs and barely covered ass.

"Here we are. It'll probably take you a few minutes, so do you mind if I take a shower while you do your magic? I figured if I was in here with you I'd talk your ear off and you'd be here all day."

"That's fine," Dave said, "I'll just see what I can find."

I told him thanks one more time before I headed towards the bathroom. I decided to take a long shower to give him time to figure it out and then get snoopy. I came back to my room about twenty minutes later, and he was just sitting there waiting for me. He looked a little different to me, so I'm guessing he saw what was in the folder.

"I found what was wrong. It seems that your firewall blocked all internet access. I changed your settings to allow it again, and it's working just fine now."

"Thank you so much, Dave, I just didn't know what to do. How can I repay you for this?"

As he was getting up out of my chair he told me "it's no problem at all.

You got me out of the house for a while and I got to feel useful. Call

anytime you need some help."

At this I gave him a big, tight hug and called him my hero. He turned a wee bit red at this, but kept his cool. I walked him down to the door and said goodbye. When he was out of sight I took the stairs two at a time and raced into my room. I checked the history on the computer and saw that he had in fact seen the folder. The history listed the picture files, the media player, and to my surprise hotmail was also accessed. I use yahoo, so it took me a few moments to catch on.

"Oh my god!" I thought to myself. I bet he mailed himself my folder. It was just under 10 megabytes, so hotmail would mail it no problem. I for sure hadn't expected him to do this, and instead of getting worried, it just turned me on even more. There is no way he would tell my parents because he would be busted, so they were just for him. My pussy was all wet thinking about him masturbating looking at my pictures and movie.

That night I couldn't get anything done. My mind was definitely in a

different place and I couldn't focus on anything. I went up to my room around 10 and knew I wouldn't sleep so I sat down at the computer. Not 2 minutes after I got upstairs my phone rang. I could see by the caller ID that it wasn't anyone in my phonebook, but I answered it anyways.

"Hi Michelle, it's Dave."

"Hi Dave, what's up? Hey, how did you get my number?"

"Your parents gave it to me in case I had to reach you for them."

"Hmm, that makes sense" I replied.

"How's the computer working? Everything still fine?"

"It sure is, thanks again for helping me out."

"Oh, it's my pleasure. My pleasure. Speaking of that, I have a confession to make."

"What is that, Dave?"

"Well, I found the problem pretty fast so I was left with time to waste, so I was looking at what you keep on your computer. You learn a lot about people by what they have running or linked. I'm a little embarrassed to admit this, but I looked in your private folder on the desktop. I saw everything, Michelle."

"Ohmygod, you weren't supposed to see that! Please don't tell my dad, he would kill me!"

"I'm not going to tell anyone, dear. Like the folder said, it was private.

I should have stopped when I saw the pictures, but something came over me and I had to see it all. I watched the movie too."

"I….I don't know what to say. I'm so embarrassed I could just die. But, can I ask you something?"

"Don't be embarrassed, and ask anything you like," he said.

"Do you think I'm fat in those pictures? I keep trying but can never seem to get rid of those last few pounds. I mean, did I look okay to you?"

"You are perfect. You are probably the cutest girl I've ever seen, and

then I saw those pictures and movie and now it's official. You are

gorgeous, Michelle. Who did you make that video for?"

"Wow….you are too kind, you are just saying that. I made that movie for….a friend. Did you like it?"

"I liked it very much. Do you want a surprise?"

"Sure, what do you have in mind, Dave?"

"I want you to turn off your light and open your shades."

"Uh, okay." I turned off the light and walked over to the window. When I opened the shades, I saw Dave standing in his office. He was totally naked, the phone in one hand and his dick in the other one. When he saw my reaction, he took his hand off of his dick and waved at me. For an older guy he had a great body and I openly stared at him.

"I figured with all of the shows you've been giving me that I should repay the favor. You made the video for me, didn't you?" he asked.

"Yes, I did."

"I knew it. I really like it, by the way. I was just sitting here watching

it again and decided to call you. Do you mind that I emailed your folder to myself? It was pretty bold of me, but I couldn't resist. You look so damn hot, Michelle. So, do you like my cock?"

"I don't mind, as long as you don't share it. And yes, I do like your

cock. It's a little hard to see from over here, but I like it. What if my

parents see you?"

"Yours is the only light on right now, so I figured it was a good time to do it. Your nightly shows make me so horny, and yet you weren't getting anything in return. You see, I'm an exhibitionist too. I knew what I was seeing when you were trying to find different ways to show me. You are pretty inventive. After your dad told me you were 18 now, I was biding my time until I could show you. I'm glad you finally got to see me, we'll have to do it again sometime. Goodnight Michelle."

"Goodnight Dave" was all I could think of. I was so shocked by what

happened. I loved the fact that he had figured me out. He was enjoying it, and I knew he wouldn't tell anyone. Especially now that he had exposed himself to me. He didn't bother to get dressed at all, he just walked towards the door and turned off the light behind him. It was late and I was tired, so I went to bed thinking about his dick sticking out in front of him. He was as excited as I was.

The next day after school I was walking down my street, after getting off the bus, and my phone rang. The past evening I had programmed Dave's number in so I would know if he called again. I looked at the phone and there was his name.

"Hi neighbor," I said as I answered it.

"Hey hot stuff. Nobody is home at your house yet, so turn up my driveway and come right in. I want to show you something. If you want to, that is."

I just answered "okay" and pushed end. He was waiting for me inside the door. I didn't know if he wanted to make sure everything was cool, or if he wanted more. I'd soon find out, I guess.

"Thanks for stopping. I just wanted to tell you in person how much I liked the pictures and the video. You are so beautiful. My ex-wife thinks so too. She always said you'd turn out to be gorgeous."

"I'm glad you liked them. You are the first person I've flashed. I've only done panty flashes before. I thought you were cute, and I figured if I tried to keep them innocent you wouldn't tell on me. And then last night, wow, that was so cool."

"I'm glad you liked that too. It's always a good thing when they don't

laugh after seeing you naked. Just let me know when you want to see it again."

"How about right now?" I said.

His answer was undoing his button, unzipping his fly, and pulling his

pants down to his ankles. He was still in his boxer briefs, and I saw him look to see if I disapproved. I smiled so he pulled them down too. He was already half way hard, and the thing sprang free as the underwear past by.

He wasn't huge, probably about seven inches, but it was thick and looked very nice. He let me stare at it awhile, then he asked me another question.

"Have you ever seen a guy jerk off before?"

"No," I replied, "I haven't……yet."

"Do you want me to?"

I nodded yes, and he took his pants all the way off and starting walking upstairs. I followed close behind him, staring at his hairy butt. We entered his bedroom and he motioned me to take a seat in the chair by the bed. He stood right in front of me and started stroking his dick. I was eye level with it and no more than 2 feet away from him. He started slowly at first, but change speeds many times. He would go from noisily slapping his hand against his balls to slowly sliding over his shaft and head.

About 5 minutes later he laid down on his back on the bed and motioned for me to sit next to him. When I sat down, he started to furiously stroke it.

He said "here it comes" and I watched his cum shoot out. The first few spurts landed on his chest and belly, and the last of his cum just ran out and over his shaft, collecting in his pubic hair. I had given hand jobs before, but I had never watched it as a spectator. It was thrilling to see him do it to himself.

He was pretty mellow after that, and he said "I've never done that before.

Well, I've done it, but never in front of someone before. Are you okay

with what happened?"

"Mmm, hell yeah I'm okay with that. That was hot. We'll have to do it

again sometime."

We decided that it wouldn't look good if my family saw me coming from his place, so I left before they got home. I right away went up to my room and stripped off my clothes. I could see Dave in the window, so I started rubbing my tits. My left hand found its way down to my wet pussy and I spread my lips for him to see. He gave me a thumbs up gesture, which made me laugh. I put my index finger inside of me and then brought it up to my mouth and licked myself off my finger.

This brought a round of applause from my audience and I bowed accordingly.

I heard the door downstairs close so I waved at Dave and got dressed.

Since it was Friday night, my parents decided they'd go out on the town. My brothers were off doing whatever they do, so I was home alone. Around 8 my phone rang. It was Dave again.

"Hey cutie. Do you want to come over?"

"Sure," I said, "be right over." I let myself in and had to find him. He

was in his bedroom again, and he was naked. Since this was the second time I saw him, I noticed more things. I saw that he had a really great body.

His stomach was flat and tight, his legs muscular and hairy, but not too hairy. His dick was already hard and standing straight out as I came in. I was a little surprised that he came over and gave me a hug. His cock poked me in the stomach as he hugged me.

"I guess you're happy to see me," I said.

"Of course I am. Since you got a show from me earlier, how about you give me a show tonight?"

"You mean you want to see me? Now? Um, sure, I can do that."

I did my best to give him a good strip tease. Dancing or swaying around, I removed each article of clothing one at a time. In the case of my bra, one half at a time. The whole time I stripped Dave sat in his chair slowly stroking himself. When I was totally naked he told me to sit on the bed. I was actually getting a little turned on by him telling me what to do. He then moved his chair closer to the bed so he had a better view of me.

Dave leaned back in his chair, put his feet on the bed next to me and

started jerking off again.

"Play with your nipples and make them hard for me," he said.

So I massaged my tits all around until finally going after my nipples. I tweaked, pulled and twisted them until they were hard. He never stopped masturbating and was virtually silent, but a few times he would utter a "that's nice" or a "do that some more."

"That was nice, Michelle, now prop your head up with my pillows and lean back. I want to be able to see your face while you finger your pussy for me."

I did as he told and grabbed the pillows and got comfortable. I ran my hands all over my thighs and belly, but didn't touch my pussy yet.

Finally, I moved a finger up my thigh and lightly ran it up my slit and

over my clit. He smiled at this, so I opened my lips for him to see all of me. My left hand worked on my clit, while the other one was fingering my dripping pussy. He got off of the chair and knelt right between my spread legs. He was no more than a foot away and was still slowly pumping himself.

I must have been very excited because usually I can masturbate for quite a long time, but I came in just a few minutes. What surprised me was that I was so vocal when I came. I was panting and moaning loudly, and when I came I even cried out in pleasure. Dave liked this very much and a big smile grew on his stubble covered face. His eyes were still glued to my wet, dripping pussy. We made some idle chit chat then got dressed. He thanked me for the show and I went back home.

From then until I went to college we continued our window shows. When I arrived at college I was still a virgin, so the most Dave and I did that whole time was a couple mutual masturbations and one blow job. I was really horny one day and just decided to do it. He really liked it, but we both knew we were more into showing off.

The day I moved into college was an interesting day. My thoughts were filled with the classes I was taking and being away from home for the first time. My parents, but mostly my brothers, moved me into my dorm room. I was too focused on what was going on to notice where I was, really, and now that I'm sitting here all alone, I see that I am on the first floor facing the sidewalk. College is going to be fun.