**My Exhibitionist Neighbor**

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Her name was Sophie and hers were the very first tits I ever saw in real life. It was a moment I will never forget. I was your typical hormone-riddled 18 year old. I was constantly playing with myself and trying to find new ways to turn myself on...the exception was that I was a girl. I sometimes wondered if I had somehow inherited the hormones of a teenage boy, yet I was thankful that I didn't have the constant problem of an erection to give my horniness away in public. I could enjoy my pleasure in secret, with no one the wiser as to what put the smile on my face.  
  
During my senior year of high school, I discovered my Dad's secret Penthouse magazine stash. I was immediately fascinated and couldn't help getting wet looking at the beautiful, exposed women within its pages. I loved seeing a pussy spread wide open and a dirty smile on the model's face. Every time I was left alone, even for just a few minutes, I would sneak downstairs to grab the nearest magazine and indulge in the kinky beauty of the pictorials. I especially loved the lesbian scenes—-watching a woman stick her tongue inside another girl's pussy sent me into a tizzy of pleasure. Because I was a girl, and sex is not a subject that most young girls talk about with each other, I learned to enjoy these exhilarating moments in private. Often I would get naked and rub my bare pussy up against the arm of my couch or the corner of my bed. I enjoyed exploring my body...figuring out what felt good and what didn't. I loved to insert different household items into my aching vagina—-a spatula, my hairbrush handle, a shampoo bottle...you name it and I tried to stick it inside of me. I wanted to practice what it would feel like to have a cock, fingers or tongue pleasuring me so I would know how to react when it happened in real life.  
  
Many of the pictorials or sex stories I read in Penthouse depicted people secretly watching other people in their most private moments. A woman walked into a room to find her male friend jerking off, or a man stepped out onto his patio only to discover that his female neighbor's window was open and she was changing clothes. I became fascinated with these scenarios and began to try them out on my own.   
  
During the summer after my senior year of high school I had the luxury of a lot of alone time. While my parents were at work all day I could do as I pleased. I would start my day by waking up and immediately removing all of my clothing. Once I was naked, I went around the house and opened all the windows and blinds. I then went about my morning as usual...making breakfast, cleaning the kitchen, tidying up my room...hoping that someone passing by or a neighbor might catch a glimpse of my nakedness and watch me as the people in the stories did.   
  
It was on one of these naked days that I discovered I was not the only exhibitionist in the neighborhood. As I sat sipping coffee and gazing out my patio door at the sunny day, I saw my next door neighbor, who was home from college for the summer, laying on her pool deck in a skimpy bikini. I couldn't help myself. I ran to my room, threw on a bikini top and skirt and bolted into my backyard to get a better look at her. At first, I didn't know what to do. I tried to be as quiet as possible, sneaking to the edge of my yard and staring at her through the fence. She definitely couldn't see me from this vantage point and a voyeuristic excitement started to grow inside of me. I could feel my pussy getting hot and wet, so I decided I just might be able to get away with masturbating outside without her noticing. As I slipped my taut, perky breasts outside of my bikini I watched her sit up, reach back, and untie her top. I held my breath, sure that she would lay down on her stomach to hide her exposed chest from my view, but instead she slid the straps off of her shoulders and took the top off completely. My breath stopped, my heart jumped, and an electric shock of heat jolted right down to my already wet vagina. And there, sticking out with pride, were the very first pair of tits that I would lay eyes on. They were perfect....different from my own and yet similar at the same time. Hers were slightly larger, the nipples a bit wider and more brown than my pink nubs. My eyes tried to suck in every detail of what I was seeing. I wanted to touch her tits, to bounce them, to pinch her hard nipples in between my fingertips. What had begun as a sneaky voyeur episode was quickly becoming much more than I imagined it could be....  
  
To be continued...