**My Own Slutty Peep Show**

by[TasteslikeIniquity](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=3255018&page=submissions)©

She felt it then. A tingling that ran across her skin, tantalising the senses so that she shuddered with pleasure. Was it true that humans still felt such animal instincts? She was alone of course, but was she observed, was she truly being watched? Was that feeling of being caressed by someone's eyes real or just the air cooling her back as she unzipped her dress.

It didn't seem to matter to her, for her arousal still built, regardless of whether she was being watched or just thinking about it.

Despite her doubts, she was certain she was under observation. 'They must all know' she thought, if they gossiped about her as they did everyone else. The cul-de-sac was fair teeming with gossip and back chatting, it came with living in such a small village. She had seen more than a few fluttering curtains as she had slowly built up these sessions for her own enjoyment.

At first it had been an accident. She'd merely gotten undressed one day and completely forgotten to close the curtains. When she'd realised she'd thrown herself flat to the floor to hide herself before crawling to the window and drawing the curtains shut. But there on her knees she'd given into a fast and shockingly intense orgasm at the thought that others, people she said hello to as she passed them in the street may perhaps have seen her.

It made her cheeks warm now, as she stood looking at herself in the mirror. Every now and again her eyes would flutter to the reflections of the houses, but with their distance and the gathering dark, it was impossible to tell whether men, or even women were urging her to speed up, perhaps with binoculars shaking as they pleasured themselves. The thought of that made her pulse quicken and the tingling spread between her legs.

Having decided that it was dark enough outside for her bedroom light to be a sufficient beacon to attract attention, she let her dress fall, to flutter down over her body and pool at the floor. She'd chosen in an unnecessarily long session, a set of beautiful matching lingerie in pastel pink and baby blue, and it was all she had been able to do to get to this point without creaming in them.

At such a distance, only her body convulsing would be evidence of an orgasm coursing through her body, and that wasn't nearly enough, she needed more and had restrained herself until this moment to make sure it was a moment to both savour and remember. Even so, she could see in her reflection, the pink material growing dark where her legs met.

She was well aware that her arse looked amazing, for she'd spent hours looking at it in this same mirror to make sure. The heavy cheeks and the line of her curves, bare beneath the light lacing in powdered blue was an image she had prepared, and she took care to stretch her arms up, arching her back so that her buttocks clenched firmly.

She turned to the window, feigning unawareness at the possibility that others might be watching her every move, and tried to act the innocent beauty so that they felt even more sinful at taking advantage of such a girl. But like them she was lost in the pleasure, unable to feel even the slightest disgust at her own slutty actions. The thought that anyone, of any age or any sex were pumping their cocks or else clutching their hands between cum soaked thighs, watching her parade like a common slut, a whore on the pages of some filthy magazine was so hot that her skin was sheeted in sweat; her heart fluttering madly from one moment to the next.

The clasp at the front of the bra came open easily, but she let the brassiere continue to lie over her breasts as she stretched her arms again, imagining them all watching for the moment it fell away to reveal her nipples. People paid far too much attention to nipples and she was determined that their eyes worship every part of her body equally. It was in the nature of women to be objects of such attentions and she felt no qualms about it. The feeling was one of excitement, for there was nothing so thrilling as feeling the keen desire of others. Women wanted respect, certainly. They wished to be treated as equals, but secretly they still wished to be desired and to be viewed as items of desire; there was nothing greater than having others going mad with lust for her. And while she wouldn't let them all give her a tumble, for she wasn't cheap, this peepshow empowered her and fuelled their animalistic needs along with her own. She wanted to pass them in the street from now on and see the hunger burning in their eyes.

When she shrugged the bra from her shoulders and let her small breasts stand proudly to attention, she had passed some rubicon within herself. That sudden baring of flesh tripped a switch in her and she was finding it increasingly hard to stay calm. She'd planned it all to the last detail, but she felt an orgasm growing steadily within her and it was problematic. It didn't need the application of her fingers to bring it about, the situation itself was all that was necessary for that, and she had to take long deep breaths in an attempt to negate a premature detonation; like some little boy with his first woman.

Trying not to rush, she returned to the plan, touching her breasts, well aware that the taunt skin and perky nipples were best observed when in hand. Keeping her eyes elsewhere she cupped them as if rubbing away the ache from her bra. This simple and innocent gesture made it appear she was offering around a tray of sweets to be sampled, before she let her arms fall, turning back to the mirror.

The next 'move' in her choreography had been developed over a period of sometimes painful exertion, but she knew it had been worth it.

She faced the full length mirror once more and wiggling her bottom slightly to focus all attention, then she hooked the waistband of her underwear with her thumbs and pulled them straight down to the floor. She felt the back of her knees tighten as she slowly moved in one continuous motion, the pretty panties staying clasped lightly between the lips of her pussy before she tugged them down over the back of straightened knees.

For five seconds she forced herself to hold the pose, bent double, her cheeks spread wide to show her tight little arsehole and the pink of her pussy as her labia parted slightly. When she drew herself back up so that she was bent at the waist, her hand came with it, fingers grazing the inside of her leg.

One touch between her legs was enough to tell her she was on borrowed time and the cool air drying the glistening cum that coated her sent shivers right along her spine to the back of her neck.

Three swirls of the nub of a finger around her clit sent her tumbling against the freezing glass of the mirror, where she cried out.

The sound was instantly cut off and continued in a much louder moan when she pushed two fingers inside. She has barely rubbed the tip of one lightly over her g-spot before she was shuddering. She hadn't expected it, but the intensity of the moment, the pressure of all those eyes on her body sent it into overdrive and before she knew it she was squirting everywhere.

It hissed between her fingers with each convulsion and she was so shocked she'd thought she'd wet herself. She juddered against the mirror like a live fish on a chopping board as her legs clenched painfully and her stomach fluttered; all the while the sound of her cum pattered against the floor.

When she'd finished it took her a full five minutes before she could stand properly, the marks of her her hands and breasts still upon the mirror she'd crashed into.

She turned slowly and almost had to hobble to the window in a daze. She hadn't planned it but before she drew the curtains and ended her show, she looked around the houses, her eyes lingering on each window in turn. Her knowing smile was broken only when she brought her cum coated fingers to her lips and sucked them slowly, savouring that last moment and her feelings on their recognition.