**My Sexual Liberation**

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**My Sexual Liberation Ch. 01**

*Author Note: The following series of stories I hope to write are all true stories from the last few years. The first story starts when I was about 20. So you have an idea of what I look like I am an about 5'4 Caucasian with brown hair. I was probably 110 pounds at the start of this story and had a flat stomach with a pierced naval. Despite my slim build I was blessed with natural D breasts which obviously helped me attract a lot of attention. I have pink nipples with pretty average sized areola. At the beginning of this series of stories I had my left nipple pierced. I was clean shaven at this point but at times I have a small landing strip. My ass is pretty small but has a nice round shape to it. Also just so you don't get surprised later I am bisexual. It's not my real name but you can call me Bree.*  
  
I am not entirely sure why I am picking this point in my life to start the story. I have always a bit of an exhibitionist, everyone I knew probably saw my first nipple piercing when I got it, but I got into a bit of a quite period of my life for two years after high school. I was currently just stocking shelf's at Wal-Mart while I decided what I wanted to do with my life. I lived on my own in an apartment but my then current boyfriend stayed over fairly regularly.   
  
I would later break up with him but at the time I didn't know what I wanted. James was nice enough but he didn't excite me all that much. He wasn't nearly as sexually adventurous as I was and he didn't really like that I was an exhibitionist. Because of him I hadn't done anything particularly crazy in the past year or so. He tended to get mad if I indulged in my exhibitionism. For the record I also believe that being in a committed relationship doesn't mean you have to be monogamous. James wasn't on the same page and as I slowly liberated myself I didn't tell him everything. I feel bad about it in retrospect but he just wasn't the guy for me.   
  
This brings me to the starting point of my story. It was an unseasonably hot June day with temperatures going over 100F and it didn't cool off much at night; not to mention I didn't have air conditioning. It was a Friday and James was out playing video games at his place with his roommates. For whatever reason there wasn't much going on with my friends and since I worked the next morning I decided to stay home alone. I actually like video games a fair amount but they already had four people lined up for their halo night and I didn't feel like intruding.   
  
I decided to do one of my workout videos, which was a home zumba video with some stretching. I live on the second story of a small apartment complex and there was a larger five story building right over on the next lot pretty close to my building. I was horny and alone so I decided to see if any of my 'admirers' were home as I often left the blinds to my large picture window wide open when working out. I took a peek out the window and saw two guys in their mid twenties having a beer on their patio as well as an older fifty-ish gentleman enjoying a beer on his patio a floor below. "Perfect.," I thought to myself as I went to go change into workout clothes.   
  
Normally I wear some spandex booty shorts and sports bra which attracts enough attention but I had to urge to be a little more naughty that night. First I put on bright pink g-string and a black push up bra. Then I put on a pair of cotton shorts that showed the bottom little bit of my ass cheeks as well as a thin white tank top that showed plenty of cleavage and my midriff. I wore the shorts low and my g-string a bit high so it was clearly visible.  
  
Then I opened the two side panels on the windows to let some air in; I also wanted my neighbours to hear the video so they would notice me. I then started the video which opened with some stretching. I looked out of the corner of my eye when I had a chance and the two younger guys were definitely both looking at me. The older man seemed to have taken notice as well and already the attention got me a little bit excited. I was sweating sitting still and I was getting warmer once I was moving. I did my best to look like I was overheating and I wanted my viewers to think I did not know they were watching. I mentally decided that I still wanted to do this and started fanning myself with both hands. After I was sure that I sold how hot I was I peeled my tank top off my body and tossed it in the corner revealing my bra. I didn't stop there either; as I dropped my shorts to floor and kicked them away showing off my tiny neon pink g-string.   
  
The video was at the end of the stretching section and one of the last positions was to touch my toes. I subtly shifted the position to have my back facing them so they could have a good look at my barely covered ass as I bent over. "If they weren't paying attention before the certainly are now," I said to myself under my breath. Pretty quickly after that the fast moving part of my video started going. My tits were bouncing all over the place as I was keeping pace with the exercise. As my boobs bounced sometimes an areola or two would start to slip out. I am not sure if they could tell from their balconies but I must admit the thought got me excited.   
  
As I got to about the half way point in the video I was starting to really sweat. I was also having a hard time focusing knowing three guys were watching me jump around in my underwear. I started thinking about taking my bra off even though when I first planned this out I intended on keeping my underwear on. I was thinking how mad this would make James which actually made me want to do it more. Eventually the inner exhibitionist in me won out and I undid the clasp on my bra and tossed it away before I could change my mind. "So now the neighbours know what my tits look like," I thought to myself which got me eve more aroused.  
  
As a side note I must say I am quite proud of my breasts which definitely makes me more confident in showing them off. I have naturally large boobs which have always attracted plenty of attention. I had somewhat of a hippy mother who taught me to not wear a bra and also to not be ashamed or embarrassed of my nipples. While I occasionally did wear a bra I believe the fact that I have gone bra free most of life has helped prevent my boobs from sagging. It may seem like a small thing but perky tits does wonders for a girls confidence. When I was younger I was too embarrassed to wear thin shirts without a bra but as I got older I lost my fear of thin or see through tops.   
  
Anyways back to story on hand. My nipples were instantly erect after being exposed to the neighbours. Even though my nipples look particularly good while hard I hoped they didn't realize that it was because I knew they were watching me. Now without anything holding them back my tits really bounced around as I continued with the exercise. I turned a bit more towards the window to make sure they could see my nipples. I was even more turned on now as I felt like the view of my bouncing boobs from across the street must be great.   
  
I continued exercising in only my g-string for a little while. Eventually, though, I said to myself "Why the fuck not," and slid my g-string to the floor as well. Now I was completely nude in front of at least three strangers! I was hoping they wouldn't notice how wet my pussy was as I was having fun pretending I didn't know they were watching. I continued on and finished the exercise naked; needless to say I was very aroused by the end. The video ended with some more stretches and I glanced out of the corner of my eye to check if I was still being watched. I noticed the same three people but I was too nervous to look around to see if anyone else had joined in. I was unbelievably horny as I twisted my body and let my fans see every inch of me.  
  
After the video ended I fell to the floor on my back and I was very sweaty. Since they were on higher floors I was pretty sure they could still see me. I needed to shower and I really needed to get off. At first I thought I would just go masturbate while I showered but I was having so much fun putting on a show. I laughed at how at first I was just going to dance around in my underwear and now I was considering masturbating for strangers. My legs were already pointing towards the window so I didn't need to adjust to provide a good view. Eventually my libido got the best of me and I decided I was going to go for it; mainly because I knew the orgasm would be so much better with onlookers.   
  
I slipped my hands between my legs and slowly started to rub my clit. I was already wet from before so I got into it in a hurry. I opened my legs up to make sure my spectators could have a good view of me playing with myself. With my free hand I started squeezing one of my tits and playing with my pierced nipple. I have very sensitive nipples so it didn't take me too long to build up to my first orgasm. I didn't stop with one though and kept going through multiple climaxes. I started to moan as the pleasure washed over my body. It was getting really intense and I started rubbing harder. My body contorted and tensed up uncontrollably. I gripped tight onto my own breast barely able to contain myself. I then hit a really powerful orgasm and squirted out on the floor!   
  
Afterwards I laid on the floor for a little bit catching my breath. "I can't believe I just did that," I thought to myself while still fully on display for my neighbours. I am a fairly liberal person so I wasn't ashamed though. I mustered up the energy to get up and I quickly tidied up before heading for the shower. I must say it felt great to let out a side of me that had been bottled up for so long. I think I smiled during the entire shower.  
  
Once I was done showering I dried off, left the towel in the bathroom, and headed back to the living room with a bottle of lotion. It was getting dark now and I had been gone for about half an hour so I wasn't sure if anyone was watching. I turned on the TV and got to work rubbing lotion into myself. I made sure to spend extra time on my breasts and nipples just in case anyone was watching. I thought about masturbating again before going to sleep but I didn't want to shower again before work. Instead I settled on falling asleep naked to the TV on my couch. Part of me hoped that someone would show up unexpectedly and see me lying naked on the couch. The thought of going and answering the door butt naked was getting me a bit worked up. I did manage the fall asleep and spent the night on the couch. If someone wanted to they could have looked at me lying their naked all night since I left the lamp on.   
  
I thought a lot about that night and how much I enjoyed it as I was falling asleep. Even though my boyfriend was a bit of a prude that didn't mean I had to be. I should of realized at the time the relationship wouldn't last. I needed a man, or woman, who was sexually adventurous like I was or at least was okay with me being adventurous.. I would end up staying with him for a fair amount of time after this but now I wasn't going to let him get in the way of being myself. One thing was for sure, I didn't think I would ever close my curtains again!

**My Sexual Liberation Ch. 02**

They say when it rains it pours and I can attest to that. Less than twelve hours after I masturbated in front of at least three people I was exposing myself to another guy. I should back up a little bit first. I was really tired for my 5am shift as I had stayed up later than I intended the night before. I tossed on a simple green undershirt and a pink hoodie over top. I decided against a bra that day as per usual which would have consequences later. I stopped at the mirror on my way out the door and was pleased that at least my ass looked nice in the jeans I had chosen.   
  
The day started off business as usual: the life of a stocker is not all too interesting. I didn't mind the job though because it helped keep me in shape. I also liked all the attention I got since not too many girls with D cups work the 5 am shift at Wal-Mart. Anyways, I was busy stocking away when I heard someone walk around the corner behind me. I was bent over at the time so whoever it was could surely see my black g-string sticking out of my pants. This was a fairly common occurrence for me as my body type did a poor job of holding pants up. I had caught more than one co-worker staring at my underwear before.   
  
"Oh hey Trevor", I said as I turned around. I chose not to tease him for staring at my ass.   
  
"Hey Bree, how you doing today?" he answered back.   
  
"The usual, working up a sweat putting crap on the shelves," I laughed.   
  
"You get up to much last night?"  
  
I paused for a second as I was trying to think of something to tell him other than I got naked and masturbated in front of strangers. "I..umm...just watched a movie," I answered hoping I didn't sound too awkward.  
  
"That's cool. Hey, do you mind giving me a hand with some patio furniture boxes? They aren't too heavy but kinda awkward to lift on my own."  
  
"Sure, just let me take my hoodie off, I'm dying in here." I then pulled my hoodie off over my head fairly quickly; which proved to be a huge mistake. I didn't realize my shirt came up with it until I felt my now bare breasts bounce out of my shirt. It was too late to do anything about it and I was left standing there topless; holding my hoodie with my shirt stuck inside.   
  
"Oh my God!," I exclaimed once I had time to process what happened. My face turned red as I worked on fishing the shirt out of my hoodie. Trevor just stood there wide mouthed staring at my exposed tits.   
  
He eventually broke the silence and said with a grin, "It looks like your more cold than hot." Referring to my now very hard nipples.   
  
"Shut up!" I retorted as I was now completely red from embarrassment. Trevor didn't even pretend to look away and he just kept on checking out my boobs until I got my shirt on.   
  
Even though I am an exhibitionist I was still very embarrassed as I had not expected this at all. As time went on in my life I realized that my nipples seem to have a mind of their own and do their best to be seen. I got more used to it as time went on but it still always a little bit embarrassing when they pop out on their own. But those are stories for another time.   
  
I had no clue what to say after I got my shirt. So I just tried to act cool and said, "Let's go move those boxes."  
  
So anyways we go over and start moving the boxes. Things got a bit awkward after I gave the accidental show. I decided to break the ice and deal with the elephants in the room so to speak.  
  
"I can't believe that just happened," I said while laughing a little bit.  
  
"Tell me about it! I thought I was dreaming for a second there," Trevor chuckled.  
  
I playfully responded , "Are you saying you dream about my tits?" I hoped to redeem my pride a bit by turning the teasing around on him.   
  
"I think most guys around here do," Trevor responded back not phased at all.   
  
"Awe your sweet. Well everyone expect Tristan," I replied. I was referring to a day shift employee that I crossed paths with at the end of my day sometimes. For some reason he had gave me the nickname 'fake tits' even though my boobs were quite real. I think he saw me jump down from some boxes one day that I was wearing a really stable bra. I am not sure though, maybe he just wanted to pick on me.   
  
"I think he is the type of guy who is mean to the girls he likes. Doesn't know what else to do."   
  
"Maybe...I'm not too sure."  
  
"Well for what its worth I know there real. If you don't mind me saying your tits are very nice, way better than I imagined."  
  
All this talk about my chest made me blush again and I changed the subject shortly after that. The rest of the day was fairly uneventful. I didn't tell James that I accidentally flashed my tits to a co-worker since I figured it would just make him uncomfortable. I would be lying if I said I didn't think about it while I was having sex with James that night though.   
  
The next day proved to be eventful in its own way. My morning was another fairly average day at work. Lunch time, however, proved to be a different kind of challenge. Word had spread around the store of me flashing Trevor. I was eating lunch with three guys who were pervy enough to keep talking about my tits the entire time. They were trying to get me to flash them too because Trevor told them my boobs were perfect and they needed to make sure that was true. I must say I was a little bit tempted just to shock them if nothing else.   
  
I ended up getting a chance to shock them but in a way that even I wasn't expecting. Eventually the conversation moved to that if my tits were perfect then I should be a playboy model, and wouldn't you know it they were all photographers. Fate decided to intervene in a somewhat ironic way when one of my co-workers decided to come and join the conversation.   
  
"Are you actually opposed to modelling or you just against posing for an amateur?" I turned around to see Eric standing behind me.   
  
"The idea actually doesn't really bother me. I'm just not going to take my clothes off for one of these so called photographers," I responded tilting my head towards to other guys.   
  
"Well that makes sense. But now let me ask you what bothers you more; is it the fact that they are amateurs or that they are your co-workers?"   
  
"I could handle getting naked in front of a coworker, but if I was going to pose for someone I would want the pictures to be really good."   
  
Eric smiled at my response and handed me a card. "I'm actually I photographer by trade. I just work here for some extra spending money. Check out my website when you get home tonight and if you like what you see would you consider modelling for me? I am always looking to add to my portfolio."   
  
"Maybe... what's in it for me?"   
  
"For amateurs models I usually give $50 for a lingerie shoot and $100 for a nude shoot. If we end up working together more than once I would give you a raise. I would also sell you anything you wanted to buy at cost."  
  
I thought about it for a second then decided what the hell, why not? "Umm yea sure I'll do it." The other guys at the table couldn't believe what just happened.   
  
"That's great, when are your days off normally?" Eric asked.   
  
"Monday and Tuesday for the most part."  
  
"Alright lets aim for next week since I don't think I could trade shifts for tomorrow or this Tuesday. Do I need to bring $50 or $100?" Eric asked playfully.   
  
I noticed my lunch break was almost over so I took the opportunity for a somewhat dramatic exit. I stood up and looked at the three guys still sitting, "I'll get naked for ya". I then winked at the guys sitting down and heading back out to work. The look on their faces was priceless.  
  
When it rains it pours.