**My Very First Experience that Led to so Much More**

by methestoryteller

*my very first time*

I never dreamed that one day I would be writing this, as much as I never dreamed that I would have done the things I've done. This is how it all started.

I'm an exhibitionist and I found out about myself as a coincidence.

Several years ago my husband (Ben) and I lived on the 20th floor in a high rise apartment. One day when I got home from work, I was looking at the stormy sky from my bedroom window when I noticed movement from a window across the street in another high rise. I realized I was being watched. I immediately closed the drapes and sat on my bed thinking why someone was watching me. I called my husband to tell him. His reply was, "Calm down, it's probably a peeping tom.” I hadn't even thought that and felt a little naive. But I kept the drapes closed anyway.

About a week later I was about to change out of my work clothes when I realized the drapes were open and went to close them when a very strange, naughty thought ran through my mind: “So what, let them watch.” That was the beginning.

That first time, I took off my blouse and skirt but left on my underwear. I walked around my room for a while doing little things. Straightening pictures, fluffing the pillows, just things to look busy. I didn't want whoever was watching to know I knew. I put on my jeans and top and moved on with my afternoon.

I actually forgot about my little stunt until later that night when we were both reading in bed. I told Ben, and at first I didn't understand, but it turned him on. He even asked me to show him what I did. When I realized he was getting off on this, I feigned anger, but said okay when he gave me his pout face.

I first had to put on my bra and panties and put on my work clothes. He wanted a complete reenactment. I opened the drapes and spent some time looking at the sky. I took off my top and skirt and did what I had done earlier. I walked around for about ten minutes. Ben was lying in bed with the sheet covering him. It didn't take long to realize he was getting hard. I closed the drapes and took off the rest of my clothes and told Ben to get ready for some hot, dirty, raunchy sex because, for the first time, I was actually turned on thinking some stranger was watching me.

That was the beginning. Like an addiction, I needed to show more and more to get myself off. And, indeed, in the next few years, I got more and more brazen letting people look at my naked body.

The next time I left the drapes open, I got down to just my panties and spent a good half hour walking around, stretching and bending in front of the window. Letting whoever was watching to get off on my bare breasts.

And every time, after closing the drapes, I laid on the bed and had self-inflicted extreme orgasms. It got to the point where I fantasized that my watcher came over and used his tongue, instead of my fingers, to get me off.

Then it got a bit extreme. I’d stripped down to nothing, spread my cunt and masturbated and even turned around and spread my ass cheeks so whoever was watching could see my hairy asshole. As I was doing it, I fantasized about someone penetrating my asshole with their tongue.

I’m Italian so my DNA is to have a lot of hair. My pussy is covered with it and my asshole is almost hidden by it. So I found myself needing to spread my cunt lips and my asshole so they could see what I wanted them to see. Once I did that, I quickly progressed to inserting my fingers into both holes to make them both visible and, to be honest, more pleasurable for me.

Whenever I kept the drapes open, Ben always wanted me to show him what I had done. So I would get off again, letting whoever was watching, see me and my orgasm as Ben got hard watching me, saying many times, “Show me what you showed them.” Him saying that made my pussy tingle. And then I would get off again when Ben got so horny that his cock almost went through my cunt into my ass.

Oh God, I loved this. Little did I know this was just the beginning.