**Showing A Little Too Much**

by[MaryJ](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=398140&page=submissions)©

I just finished watching the video tape I’d received in the mail today. It’s so detailed and clear, it looks like the person doing the filming was actually in the room. Along with the tape came a note. All it said was, *I get the same thing or the world sees this tape on the Internet. I’ll be back in town next week, see all of you then.*  
  
Well this story starts almost a year ago to the day. You see, every year I take the kids to our Condo at the beach for a couple of weeks during the summer. My husband stays with us for the first week then goes back home to work for the others. He comes down and sees us on the weekends, and we all go home together on the last Sunday.   
  
My parents stop down for a couple of days every now and then to give me some relief from the kids. It’s not much of a vacation for me watching the kids all day at the beach and pool, trying to keep them busy, but they have fun. When my parents do take the kids for a day, it gives me some time to relax and partake in one of my favorite activities. Strutting my stuff and teasing the men at the beach.   
  
For being a mother of two, I believe I still have a nice shaped body, being a 5’ 8” long legged blonde with a 36-25-38 frame. I try to workout as much as I can and keep a nice flat stomach and toned legs. It’s really fun to watch the guys try to take a peak at me as I walk by with their wives and family right next to them. I usually wear a high cut one piece with a plunging neckline. I have a skimpy black one that laces down the front, and high up the thighs.   
  
Sometimes I’ll tie it so most of my breasts are showing from the edge of my nipples down to my bellybutton. I also have a two-piece from Frederick’s, which has a miracle bra top, and high cut bottoms cut all the way up to the elastic waistband. The guys like to follow me down the beach when I have that one on. I just let the bottoms inch their way into the crack of my ass, letting my checks bounce free as I walk.   
  
One day as I laid on the beach tanning, I overheard a man talking to his buddy. He talked about watching a woman in another condo from his balcony with a telescope. He would catch her walking around at night naked, and even watched her and her husband having sex one night. I had wondered why my husband always brought his binoculars to the beach with us. I thought it was to watch the dolphins as they swam by in the early morning. Well that’s what he told me! Now I know. He must use them to scan the other condos at night looking for some unsuspecting woman walking around partially nude in the privacy of her own home. You guys never cease to amaze me. Well I soon turned his little Peeping Tom game around on him, so I thought.  
  
I decided that when my husband wasn’t there, I would be the woman that all the guys were looking for at night. After the kids went to sleep at night I would open up the drapes in the living room or sometimes my master bedroom. With them open you can see the entryway, kitchen, dining area, living room, my bedroom, and master bath. The first night I just put on my favorite little silk robe and high heel slippers. I opened the drapes in the living room but kept the ones in the bedroom closed. I walked from the bedroom into the living room, turned on the TV, then walked over to the balcony and opened the sliding glass door. I stepped out onto the balcony and almost ran back inside when it suddenly hit me how many other rooms that can be seen from where I stood.   
  
There were at least three other high-rises that have a clear view of my condo. I never stood out there and thought about how many people could see me. I usually just when outside for some fresh air and look over at the ocean. I stood outside for a couple of minutes and then went back into the kitchen and got myself a soda. I then walked back into my bedroom. I kept the light off and using my husband’s binoculars, peaked out the side of the curtain. I’d practiced using them all day long, so I could try to see if anyone one was watching me.   
  
Well it didn’t take long before I spotted a guy across the street looking into my condo using a telescope. He was patiently waiting and watching for my return. I walked back out into the living room and laid back on the loveseat to watch the news. The loveseat faces the balcony and separates the kitchen area from the living room. Every time a commercial came on I would go back into my room and check on this guy. He would always be there watching. At first it kind of made me nervous thinking that all the times I’ve stayed there, someone was probably watching me though the windows. But then I figured; what the heck. I like it when I know you guys are watching me, so from now on I’ll always act like someone is.   
  
The last time I when out to the couch that night I let my robe fall open. This let him see my chest and legs, but I kept my legs crossed so he couldn’t get a full show. Heck, this was my first night at this, and there would be plenty more opportunities to come. After the news when off I got up, tied my robe, closed the sliding glass door, turned off the light and went into my bedroom. I took one last look and he was still there. I then laid on the bed and fingered myself to orgasm thinking of him watching me.   
  
I did this for a couple of nights wearing different outfits, bra and panties, teddies, and even my sheer see-though gown and always in heels. This guy watched every night and I soon found others watching from other buildings. I would strut my stuff for them for about an hour and then go to my room and pleasure myself. Soon I had guys talking to me on the beach. I first saw them walking by a couple of times at first and then they would say “Hi” or make small talk.   
  
This never happened before on the beach. Men don’t usually say anything to me as I’m sitting along the shore watching my kids play. I soon came to the conclusion that this must be some of the guys who were watching me. I guess they wanted to attach a real person to the woman they where spying on. The first guy I saw watching came up one day and asked me what I liked most about the beach, and I told him I liked the nighttime. “It’s so quiet and restful, and I like to just lay back and relax.” He then said that he finds it relaxing to spend time at night on his balcony, chilling out with a beer. He said I should try it. I told him I would that night, and I’d have a drink for him. He just got this big silly-ass grin on his face and walked off. Well I guess he just bought himself a show.   
  
That night I put on a T-shirt, grabbed one of my husbands Coronas from the refrigerator and walked out onto the balcony. The T-shirt just barely came down past my ass checks in the back, and my little trimmed golden bush in the front. I stood along the railing and looked around. I wanted to make sure nobody was to close around to see the show that I was about to put on.   
  
I began sipping the beer, as I stood pressed up against the railing. Every time I raised my arm to drink, my shirt crept up a little bit. Soon I could feel the night breeze blowing across my exposed ass and pussy. I knew that if he was watching he could see me fully exposed through the railing below my waist. I would occasionally turn around by rolling along the railing showing him my ass checks, and soon found myself getting a hot and aroused. I finished my beer and took another look around. There was still no one around close by, so I took the bottle and lowered it down between my legs. With one hand I rubbed the bottle top around the front of my pussy and I started to play with my breasts under my shirt with the other.   
  
I soon could feel that lovely burning sensation starting to build in my thighs and pussy. I had to stagger back to the corner and lean against the wall as my legs were getting weak. Eventually I had the bottleneck shoved half way up inside me and I pulled my free arm out of my shirt and pulled it up to my neck. When I felt the night air hit my tits I lost it. I bounced up and down on the bottle and pulled at my rock hard nipples. As I came I fell over into a chair with my legs spread wide open, ramming the bottle in and out of my drenched pussy. As the rush of my orgasm left me I pulled my shirt back down and ran inside. What a wonderful night sleep I had.   
  
The next day when I opened my front door to take to kids to the beach I found a bottle of white wine on the doormat. On it was a note that said, *I find wine very relaxing also, and this bottle is more the size a woman like you needs.*   
  
I talked to that guy on the beach that day and I know he could see me blushing. He said to me that I was the most interesting woman he has run into in the past several years. I said, ”Just remember to covet from afar, and if he was a good boy he would see how much I liked wine.” Once again he just smiled and walked away.  
  
Late that night I left the bedroom drapes open, and a small light on next to my bed as I went to take my shower. I came out wearing only a demi-bra, G-string, and my black heels. I had the wine bottle open and sitting nearby next to a tall thin wineglass. I poured myself a drink and walked around the room. After a few glasses I turned on the radio and started to dance slowly running my hands up and down my body. I then started to undress. First to come off was the bra, and then I walked right up to the door, turned around started to pull my G-string off. As I pulled it down to my ankles, I bent all the way over with my legs crossed, keeping them straight, making sure anyone looking got a full view of my tight, tanned lined, creamy ass. I then walked back to the bed and laid down with my legs draped over the bed facing the door.   
  
I stretched each leg high into the air one at a time, massaging my legs from my feet to the folds on my now wet pussy. I sat up, grabbed the wine bottle, and crawled into the middle of the bed. The glow of lamp on the nightstand shone directly onto my body. I got up on my 5’ spikes and bent my knees facing the balcony and placed the wine bottle between my legs. I then started to rub it around my pussy. The more I rubbed the wetter I got. Soon I was gyrating my hips, grinding my pussy onto the bottle. I started to slowly move up and down, opening and closing my legs in a butterfly motion, and running one hand all over my body, and using the other to balance myself.   
  
I didn’t take long before I started to have a bed shaking orgasm, from the bottle in my pussy, my hand pulling at my chest, and the thought of all those men watching me. As I came I lowered myself onto the bottle as far as I could. I was now on my hands and knees looking straight out the balcony window, driving my drenched love hole up and down the bottleneck.   
  
I must have taken in at least eight inches of it, with the wine splashing up into my pussy. I just rocked back and forth for several minutes until my body stopped shaking and the pulsing throughout my pussy subsided. I then pulled myself up off the bottle, turned off the light, and fell asleep. The next thing I knew, it was six in the morning and I was lying on top of the bed with my drapes still open. Lord knows how many men where checking me out. I quickly got up and ran into the bathroom to retrieve my robe.  
  
Later that day, guess who shows up at the beach? We chatted for a few minutes as he tells me he is having a few golfing buddies over for drinks that night. He then asks me if I had any idea what he could do to entertain them. I told him I had no idea (I was afraid he was thinking I would go over there and join them) and that it being Friday my husband would be back in town. He then said great, the real thing is always better than something artificial. It only took me a second to figure out his plan. I told him I found natural always beats artificial. He then said he should entertain his guests on his balcony. I told him that 11:30 that night might be the best time to show them a good time. Once again he walked off with that little grin.  
  
For the rest of the day all I could think about was my performance that night. I was going to have sex with my husband while being watched. My voyeur husband being an unsuspecting part of it.   
  
]That night I convince my husband to shower before the nightly news came on and wait for me on the couch. I left the drapes open and small lights on in both rooms. I took a nice long bubble bath while he watched the news. After drying off I put on my black G-string, black high heel pumps, and silk robe.   
  
I fixed my hair and put on some heavy outrageous make-up. I strutted out into the living room and his jaw just dropped. I told him I missed him and wanted to show him how much. He turned off the TV as I started to do a little striptease for him. I slowly danced in front of him letting my robe fall open, and then off of my shoulders. I pulled him up off of the couch and pulled his T-shirt off over his head. He looked over at the open drapes and I quickly planted a big French kiss on him.   
  
He soon forgot about the open drapes and pulled me into the bedroom. I pushed him onto the bed and pulled off his boxer shorts. I then finished my dance by dropping my robe and pulling off my G-string. We where now naked except for my heels and in plain view of anyone outside to watch.   
  
I climbed onto the bed between his legs, stuck my ass up into the air and placed my red lipstick cover lips onto the top of his cock. It was already hard and had some pre-cum dripping from the tip. I worked his balls with my hand and fingernails as I pumped my mouth up and down his shaft. I didn’t take long before I could feel his balls start to tighten and his breathing get heavy.   
  
He moved to pull out because he knows I usually don’t like it when he comes in my mouth, but I was so excited about being watched that I held his cock tight with my two hands and sucked and licked with abandon. Soon he was pumping wads upon wads of cum into my waiting mouth. I swallowed all I could but some still escaped and ran down his shaft. I pulled my head back, got up and laid back on the bed with my legs draped over the side facing the open drapes.   
  
He knew just what I wanted, and got up, and knelt between my legs. He placed a hand on each side of my pussy and pulled it open. He then started to run his tongue around my pussy and then flicked it in and out. After a few minutes he had me ready to explode. I sat up pulled him to his feet and started to suck him off again. I made sure he was standing sideways so anyone outside could see my head bobbing up and down on his member.   
  
When he totally stiff again I crawled up onto the bed with my head down on my arms and my ass up in the air. He climbed up behind me and methodically started to impale my hot wet pussy. As he started to really ram it into me I placed my hands on the headboard and threw my head back. He reached around and started to molest my breast and pull my nipples. This sent me over the top and I moaned, and shook as I climaxed, pushing my ass back into him allowing him to ram his cock all the way into me. He shot a nice warm load into me and we fell forward onto the bed. He laid there and said to me he had never seen me like this at the beach. (Usually I complain of being tired from watching the kids) I told him things have changed and this was only the beginning.  
  
The next day at the beach I went for a walk by myself. Soon I found what I was looking for, my peeping-tom friend. I was a little embarrassed but for some reason I had to talk to him one last time. I asked how his party went, and he said that his friends had never been so entertained in their lives. I then told him that it’s to bad that he was leaving that evening since his week was up, and probably wouldn’t see me again.   
  
He then said, “ That’s ok, they make really nice video cameras with zoom lenses nowadays.”   
  
I just stood there dumbfounded with my mouth open, as he walked away with that damned silly grin.