**Showing Off**

by Margaret

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These are some of my early memories of showing myself to others. I intend to write more later to bring things to the present day.

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Hello, My name is Margaret. I'm now 49 years old and, before time slips further away, I'd like to share these memoirs of my passion for exhibitionism.

It all started when I was very young. I was showing my cousin my "peach" as he called it and he was showing me his "wiener". I suppose we must have been about 6 or 7. I am a year younger than him. We were caught by our mothers who told us it was rude to do that but I heard them giggling about it a few minutes later in the other room. I liked showing myself off already and didn't intend to stop.

After that I made a lot of opportunities to show off my young body - to anybody really. We lived in a ranch-type home, or a bungalow as the Europeans call them. My bedroom was on the side of the house and all visitors had to walk past my window to get to the front door from their cars. I used to wait until I heard them saying their goodbyes and get ready. It was usually dark by the time they left, so I would switch on my bedroom light and pretend to be doing my ballet exercises - naked - when they walked by. I didn't have much to show off yet but I loved the feeling of knowing that they could see me, and thinking I was oblivious to their gaze.

As I grew older my exhibitionism techniques improved. There was a friend of the family; I called him Uncle Edgar, though he wasn't really related to us, who I used to enjoy showing off to in particular. I was, I suppose, about 9 by this time. I purposefully sat on the floor with my back against the chair opposite where he was sitting and raised my knees up together under my chin with my ankles a foot apart, showing him my knickers.

I loved to see his eyes darting backwards and forwards to my crotch. Once when the kids had been outside playing in the garden, splashing each other with the hose, I sat opposite him in my usual position but this time I had pulled the crotch of my swim suit to one side, exposing my young, hairless pussy to him. I loved it and I think he enjoyed the view. No physical contact ever took place but I used to rub my little cunny like crazy later, in bed.

My parents split up when I was about 9 or 10. I was totally bewildered by it all really. My Dad moved out and I would see him occasionally but he moved to the coast and our visits got less and less. I continued with my exhibitionism, showing myself when I got the chance.

My next real memory is about summer camp. We were down by the lake, boys mostly sticking with boys and the girls all together. I knew that about 6 or 7 of the boys used to hang out behind one of the boathouses, doing what, I don't know, probably smoking a cigarette, stolen from a Dad before camp or other pranks done by 13 to 16 year old boys. One day I slipped from the group of girls and made my way over to the boathouse.

When I reached the side of the building I made a fair bit of noise and listened as the boys hurriedly hid, probably fearing they'd been caught. Then I walked around the corner to the back and, pretending I didn't know they were hiding, started to pull my shorts and knickers down to take a pee. I could see a couple of the boys' heads popping up and down and pretended not to see them.

I actually stepped out of my shorts and knickers and, spreading my legs quite wide bent my knees slightly and peed right in front of them. At least two of them were only a couple of yards or so away. Halfway through my performance one of the bigger boys stepped out of hiding and ran towards me, laughing and pointing at my pussy. I pretended to be embarrassed but I couldn't stop 'midstream' so I let him get near and he got a real close-up.

At 14 I had some hair on my pussy now and he commented on it and told his friends to come and take a look. I feigned panic and fell backwards, totally spreading my legs for the now 3 or 4 boys in close proximity. The first boy grabbed my legs and held them open and called the others closer. I didn't scream or cry out. He wasn't hurting me and I loved the attention. One of them mentioned my pubic hair again and I, thinking I was being tough, bet him he didn't have any.

This shut him up immediately but the first boy said, "Oh no, look at mine then," and, releasing my legs, which I made no effort to close, pulled the waistband of his shorts down, exposing his pubic hair. The other boys egged him on, telling him to "show her your prick!"

At this he pulled his shorts all the way down, exposing his penis to me. The other boys were telling me that "I'd never seen a whopper like that before" and I have to admit it seemed huge to me at the time. I hadn't really seen one since the days of my young cousin. It was semi- erect and he was shaking it around proudly in front of us all.

One of the other boys took advantage of the distraction and leaned over and roughly rubbed my pussy and whooped to the other boys that he'd done it. I started to feel a little scared as first one hand then another did the same thing. They even tugged on my pussy hair. It did, however, have the effect of spreading my pussy lips open to their gaze. The first boy's penis was now standing almost straight up and he was staring at my exposed pussy and slowly stroking his penis.

One of the other boys told him to "show her how you can fetch." He then began to furiously jerk his fist up and down his penis. I was in awe and absent-mindedly started to run my finger up and down my slit as I watched him. The other boys were encouraging him and his face was turning redder and redder.

Suddenly his body stiffened and his hips bucked forward. He let out a moan and his sperm dribbled from the head of his penis. I had been frigging myself all this time and the boys were now quietly watching me.

I held my pussy lips wide and rubbed my little clit furiously with my middle finger. I looked at their faces. I was in heaven at their astonished looks. I felt the familiar feeling building in the pit of my stomach and pushed my pussy up towards them as I came, my juices running down my crack.

After that I showed the boys my pussy nearly every day, sometimes to as many as 20 of them. I made a couple of them show me their penises but my pleasure came from them looking at, and even touching, my pussy.

One of my Mom's dates, Herb, would come over to the house quite regularly, and I got on quite well with him. Herb was a very nice man. I was in my bedroom when I saw him pull into the driveway one day. My mother greeted him from the garden where she was planting flowers. They exchanged a few words and he asked where I was.

My mom told him that I was inside listening to records or something. He told her that he'd bought me some candy and she told him to take it into the house and surprise me. She continued gardening and I saw him, through my sheer curtains coming, to the front door.

I immediately sprang into action. I removed my knickers and lay back on the bed, pulling up my skirt around my waist and spreading my legs towards my bedroom door. I started masturbating and closed my eyes until I could just see. My door slowly opened and I carried on rubbing my pussy as his head appeared around the door, at the same time calling my name.

He was all the way in the room in one step and he just froze. I stopped and sat up on the bed, pushing my skirt down in mock embarrassment. He stuttered and stammered that he was so sorry and I did a great job of being totally embarrassed. He scurried out of the room and I couldn't help but smile to myself. I heard him outside with my Mom, but he didn't mention the incident to her. I don't think he ever did!

My exhibitionism seemed to stop for a few years, or I can't remember it too much. The main reason, I suppose was that my High School years were spent at an all-girl Catholic school. Of course, we would "date" boys from the neighboring boys' school and I even indulged in a little sexual activity. I had intercourse, if that's what you could call it, twice. My biggest thrill was watching the boy's face as I removed my clothing.

The next "fun" time I had was on spring break when at college. We were in Fort Lauderdale, having a great time drinking and flirting with all the guys on the beach. A girlfriend and I had rented a room in a Bed-and-Breakfast type of place as our parents thought this was safer than a big hotel. The owners of the place, Nancy and Ted, were a middle-aged couple. They seemed ancient to us but were probably as old as I am now.

The bedrooms were off a hallway, and the bathroom and toilet were in the hallway too, separate from the bedrooms. We were placed next to Nancy and Ted's bedroom, probably to ensure no hanky-panky occurred.

One night as I lay in bed I heard Ted come out of his room and, mumbling something to Nancy, proceed down the hallway to the toilet. This was next-door to the bathroom and I snuck out of our room - my friend was asleep already - down to the bathroom, trying not to make a sound.

Once inside the bathroom I turned on the small light above the mirror and sat on the side of the bathtub with my robe wide open with one leg raised on the side of the tub and my legs spread, pretending to be washing my foot. My plan worked when Ted pushed open the door and flicked on the light. I pretended to be startled and didn't move a muscle. Ted's eyes immediately went to my pussy.

I pretended to regain my senses and stood up and closed my legs, covering my pussy with one hand and putting my arm across my chest, as if to hide my boobs. Of course, I made sure to leave one boob on show. He didn't say a word, just standing there for what seemed like ages, until he turned without a word and left, closing the door behind him. Again I loved it.

A couple of days later we went down for breakfast and Ted was sitting in his chair in front of the window, reading his paper. He glanced up and went back to reading. I sat on one of the dining chairs at the side of the table facing him and pulled my heels up on the seat and, knees together, opened my ankles a few inches until I knew my pussy was showing. I was so excited but he didn't look up for the longest time.

Finally I saw the newspaper go down and he lifted his head. I was chatting across the table to my girlfriend, who knew nothing of what I was doing, being hidden by the table between us. I looked out of the corner of my eye and saw Ted staring at my pussy, which, by now was open and wet. I slowly turned my head towards him and as he lifted his gaze and our eyes met, I smiled at him, not moving my position at all.

He looked stunned for a couple of seconds and then smiled himself and looked at my pussy again. I slowly moved my hand from on top of the table, and, while still chatting to my girlfriend, spread the lips of my pussy wide for him. I was soaking and I slowly, nonchalantly inserted a finger into my vagina, all the while still talking to my girlfriend, who could see nothing of this. I looked over at Ted again and inserted and removed my finger several times. He couldn't take his eyes off the view. After a few minutes I stopped and put my legs down, closing my robe.

That same night I repeated the scene from the other night and waited, legs spread on the edge of the bathtub, for Ted. He duly appeared and this time, closed the door behind him, locking it. He told me I was a very dirty girl, all the while with a grin on his face. As he approached me I told him to stop right there. I told him that he could look but not touch.

He grudgingly said, "OK," and moved to sit on the small stool at the make-up mirror. I spread my legs as wide as I could and started to run a finger up and down my slit, which was already very wet. I fingered myself as I had done at breakfast, then I turned my back to him and bent over as far as I could and spread my cheeks for him. I turned back and he was pulling out his penis. I sat on the bathmat with my back against the tub, spread my legs and started to finger my clit. I watched him jerking his penis as he watched me frig my pussy.

Within a few minutes he raised his butt up from the stool, took a couple of steps forward and stood over me and grunted as the sperm spurted from his penis and into my hair, face and onto my boobs.

I never missed a beat and continued masturbating. He staggered back onto the stool and watched me as I shuddered through my orgasm. Not a word was said for the next couple of minutes and then I stood up, wiped the sticky mess from my face, chest, and, as best I could, my hair and walked out of the bathroom and went to bed.

Things were a little strained the next morning at breakfast but it was our last day, so after breakfast we packed our suitcases and took a taxi to the airport. I kissed both Ted and Nancy goodbye as if nothing had happened and thanked them for their hospitality and told them we'd be sure to return.

We never did.

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