**Showing Out**

By Catmoore

"Good afternoon Missus Moore, sorry to disturb you" I heard as if from a far.

'What the hell's that?' I thought wondering whether I was dreaming.

I realised that I had dozed off. The glass of wine at lunch and the warm sun had got to me.

Daniel our relief gardener was standing off to one side from where I was lying on a sun lounger. Jerry our usual gardener was on holiday.

'Oh fuck' I said as I saw him. 'Bollocks' I muttered to myself pulling the bra of my bikini across my bare boobs. I had forgotten that he was working on the Tuesday this week and not Jerry's usual Wednesday.

"Yes Dan, what is it?" I asked feeling massively embarrassed.

"I need the weed killer and fertilizer."

When I had shown him where they were kept my embarrassment had subsided. I had walked with him across the patio to the little courtyard behind the garage where we had a small shed where we stored such stuff. I had been acutely aware of the thirty something guy's eyes on me as he followed me and then as we went into the shed together.

I was wearing a fairly brief bikini, black with some yellow markings. As it was a two-year-old model I knew it fitted me quite snugly, especially across my bum and boobs. I also knew that as I walked my hips would sway, my bottom would wiggle and my, nowadays D+, boobs would jiggle.

Looking for the stuff in the relatively coolness of the shed I didn't realise until we emerged and I saw his gaze on them that my nipples had hardened.

As he went off to get on with his work I realised that the embarrassment had changed to another sensation – arousal.

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I have no idea what made me do it. I was in Berlin on business a couple of weeks later. I was alone and the weather was gorgeous; sunny and low-eighties with a light breeze. I was going shopping late in the afternoon prior to a business dinner in the evening and I decided to go without my bra. Even more to the point, I wore a scooped front, blue and white hooped top. It wasn't that low cut, but if I bent forward most of my breasts were on show and even though the material was heavy cotton the outline of them was, at times, quite evident. I knew all of that as I had spent a few minutes in front on the mirror checking my appearance or, as it could be described, practising.

As I strolled along the streets and round the shops, the attention wasn't continual, but it was regular. Not everyone looked at me, but numerous men and a few women did and that gave me a hell of a charge. I was extremely aware that my boobs would be wobbling and swaying and that all the time my aroused nipples would be making interesting protuberances in the material.

"May I show you anything else?" The short, dark haired, German shop helper asked looking deeply into my eyes. That made my heart pound a little.

"Such as?"

I had bought a couple of tops and a scarf in the small, stylish boutique.

"We have everything, skirts, dresses, coats or.................." she said in impeccable English leaving the sentence unfinished.

"Yes I know" I replied gulping a little as I realised that she was staring at my breasts.

"Underwear perhaps" she smiled running her gaze very obviously up to meet mine then dropping it again to where my nipples were pulsating with sensation.

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The feelings were coming over me more frequently now. The urge to do something, show something and be looked at was occurring more regularly with shorter intervals than ever before. I had experienced this need for many years, but until recently, coincidentally it seems when I passed my forty-fifth birthday, I had been able to control it with relative ease. That was no longer the case. Now I was more frequently giving into the temptations, the desire, the wish the tremendous urge to show myself sexually to others. Although I had resisted acknowledging it before I was being forced to accept that I was an exhibitionist.

I lead a typically English, middle class life. We have a big house in its own grounds, Richard, my husband has a top of the range Rangerover and I have a BMW 330, we have a holiday home in Florida and we part own a villa in Tuscany. I work freelance editing articles and writing copy for a friend's ad agency and I do some voluntary work. Richard is a corporate lawyer and is on the board of governors of a private school nearby. We both belong to the local golf club and I am a member of a tennis club in the next town to St Albans where we live. We are financially well off with both of us having inherited from our parents and me having sold a family business; Richard was the lawyer who helped me sell the business and we ended up celebrating the sale in bed. Pillars of society or so it seems on the surface!

Richard has always enjoyed photography and spends a fortune on cameras, lenses and lights. About ten years ago he first persuaded me to pose for him in 'glamour' shots. At first these were just swimsuit and underwear shots, but gradually we got braver and we moved on to topless then nude. Looking back, I guess that was the start of my realisation of my exhibitionist streak. I had resisted posing for him for probably a couple of years I guess, although the suggestion did excite me. That said, when we started I was so nervous. Inevitably, I guess I quickly overcame that and soon the camera became my lover and the lens the cock that I wanted to fuck me. That never happened, but Richard did, and wonderfully too, often on the carpet and once or twice out in the garden. Every time we had a session we had fantastic sex that was much better than when without the stimulus of the camera.

Realising that I was an exhibitionist scared me. It was a hard concept to take on board, but the evidence was overwhelming so I had to accept it.

I needed to find out more. With my lawyer of a husband travelling so much and my two children at university I had time on my hands, too much really, but it did mean I could use the net for research.

I learned a lot very quickly

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I was a keen tennis player and belonged to a local club. My husband Richard was not interested so the club was own domain, he never came there and I didn't include him in anything, not even the social events.

Recently I had started back at the gym. I made it about three times a week for an hour or so; twenty minutes stretching, twenty on the cross trainer and twenty swimming. Then half hour or so in the steam room, sauna and spas.

My research and general feelings told me that both of these were ideal for my, what I knew was becoming a compulsion. I sort of hoped that the fix I got from them might stop me trying to find a bigger fix from other activities.

I had always enjoyed wearing tennis skirts, tight tops, training gear and swim-suits. I liked the feeling of freedom and the glances and stares at my bare legs, my breasts emphasised by tight clothing and my bum in a swimsuit or lycra crops.

Now I was relishing it even more and, of course, I was playing to it. The tennis skirts were shorter or more flared. The tops were lower-cut and tighter across my breasts. The panties under the skirt and the bras under the tops were not sports gear, but were straightforward 'intimate apparel.' I stopped wearing anything under the tight cropped, pedal pusher pants in the gym and in the pool area I took to wearing bikinis instead of one piece suits.

The gym was more of a 'meat market' than the tennis club. The latter was more discrete, but underlying that there was still a great deal of come on and suggestive behaviour. There was a number of guys aged thirty to fifty I guess whose wives were not members. They were always on the prowl. Then there were the married couples who wanted, it seemed and it was rumoured, to partner swap; something Richard would never stoop too, well at least not with me. And then of course there were the coaches; young men, fit and virile who gave lessons to everyone, particularly older women. It was strongly rumoured and I had no reason to doubt it that they did a lot more with those older woman than give lessons. Being a fairly proficient player I had no need for lessons, though I was often tempted by the 'lot more.'

That said, I loved the feel of their eyes on me when I was on court or sitting around after playing having a drink. I enjoyed them looking at my tits leaping all over the place, my bum wobbling under the thin skirt and my bare legs on show. I got a kick from them seeing the outline of my bra through my top and the occasional explosion of one or both nipples as I was on court. I exaggerated my movements so that my top was stretched across my tits more frequently and so that my skirt flared away from me flashing my 'unsuitably for tennis really' flimsy panties. I thought about wearing a thong under there, but felt that was probably going a little too far.

It was the same at the gym. Tight clothing, no panties, ordinary instead of sports bra, revealing tops, lots of flesh and bouncing boobs and wobbling bum cheeks. I loved the guys mainly, but the occasional female too looking at me, ogling me and maybe mentally undressing me.

In the pool complex I would sit in the steam room and let the perspiration flow so that my bikini was soaked. As others looked on in the steamy, foggy environment I would rub the perspiration in so that I touched my body all over. I would arouse myself even more as I covertly ran a small towel across my tits.

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With the gym and tennis 'fuelling my habit' I was 'at it' so much of the time now. I would do my housework or writing in the nude and wander the garden topless. In addition to my, almost, daily gym or tennis 'flash' I was most days doing something else. When shopping wearing a revealing top, tight trousers or shorts with no panties so there was no VPL. 'Forgetting' to wear a bra, shorter skirts either very tight or flared and of course nothing under them. I had urges to pull the skirt and flash everything or to get my tits out in public, but of course I didn't. After all pillars of society don't do such things.

But they can and do indulge in research. What an Aladdin's cave' of information googling exhibitionism produced!

There's a mine of technical psychobabble trying to explain it, loads of photo sites, which are just excuses for porn, quite a few blogs and a number of sites you can join, which I did. There was one in particular letmehelpyoubeseen.com that I enjoyed.

It was more an email and blog, but it also offered a range of services. In some ways it was a little like Samaritans for a coach was assigned to each member to whom you could then relate.

Mine was Paul. He was in his late forties and from the posted photo I saw he was well-built, with dark hair greying at the temples and a nice, well-tuned physique.

We exchanged emails to get to know each other. He explained that he was a naturist as well as a committed exhibitionist, but avoided flashing in fear of being arrested or being tagged as a paedophile. He also explained that many exhibitionists were also voyeurs, but with a bias towards one or the other; a sentiment with which I agreed

"I only flash when it's very safe unless I am with a woman" he told me on the phone after we had been exchanging emails for a while.

"And what do you then?"

"We kiss and caress in public enjoying people seeing us touch and fondle each other."

That interested and excited me a little. The prospect of being fondled in public was a big turn on.

"Ok and?"

"We have sex in places where we might get caught" he thrilled me even more by saying.

The coaches on the site are available to their 'exis' as we are termed, but do not push themselves. As Paul and I got to know each other so I agreed to his suggestions to camshare. I didn't dare use my home laptop as that was provided by and looked after by Richard's firm and I was suspicious at what they checked up on. So I bought a notebook with a built in cam and microphone that I kept hidden.

The first time we cammed I was incredibly nervous. He was every bit as attractive as his photo. He was wearing a white tee that was stretched tightly across his broad chest; he looked good.

We got on equally well talking and seeing each other as we had in exchanging emails. We did that about every other day for a couple of weeks and we became quite close. I liked him.

It never ceased to amaze me, though, just how frank and open people can be with the anonymity of the net shrouding them. I told him everything that I did, the clothes I wore, how I felt at the gym and so on. He advised me that I wasn't that unusual and explained his feelings and actions, which were not that dissimilar to mine, but from a male point of view.

"I would love to walk down the street with my hard dick out" he explained replicating the feelings I had about lifting my skirt or getting my tits out that I had earlier explained to him.

"Well you could always do that Cat."

"How do you mean, in public?"

"Well not very public."

"What then?" I asked as I saw his hand go to his belt.

"On here."

"Oh I see, what you and me?"

"To start yes."

"What do you mean to start?"

"Well letmehelp really does do that you know?"

"Do what?"

"Helps."

"How?"

"Well by setting up cam groups, arranging photo sessions and providing escorts for flashing evenings or for visiting dogging venues."

"Cam groups?" I asked.

"Yes. Where a number of people all log on and watch your cam."

"And I do what?" I asked feeling flushed at the thought of the answer I knew I would get.

"Whatever pleases and excites you."

"You mean flashing?"

"Yes if that is what you want to do Cat" he said softly as his fingers fiddled with his belt."

There was a longish pause as we stared at each other. He broke it with.

"I want to expose myself to you."

"What?"

"You heard Cat I want you to see my cock."

"Oh my God."

"Do you want to see it?" He asked undoing his belt. "Or do you want to show me something?"

My mouth was dry and my heart was pounding with excitement and expectation. He had hit the nail right on the head for what he suggested I realised was exactly what I wanted. I wanted to flaunt myself at him, flash my body to him and have him watch me as I exposed myself. I hadn't thought much about looking at him, but if the price of being an exhibitionist to him was being a voyeur of him it was such a small one that it was worthwhile.

"Well Cat?" He asked gently.

"Yes" was all I could gasp.

"Both?"

"Yes Paul. Yes both" I whimpered as I watched him undo his zip.

I was fascinated watching him slide his jeans and boxers off in one go. He wasn't wearing socks, thankfully. The tee shirt was long so his cock was covered. He took hold of the hem of the tee. His eyes bored into mine from my screen as raising his bushy eyebrows he asked.

"Yes Cat, shall I?"

"Yes Paul" I said in an almost inaudible whisper.

My temperature must have soared and I am sure that he would have heard the pounding of my heart as he eased the tee shirt upwards slowly revealing his fully erect dick. It and he looked lovely and I realised there and then that he was right and that I was a voyeur as well as an exhibitionist.

He stroked his cock and asked.

"Ok Cat?"

"Yes Paul, very much so."

"So?"

"What?"

"You know what I want you to do Cat as that is what you want to do as well isn't it?"

I knew what he meant of course.

"Yes Paul it is" I replied my shaking fingers going to the top button of the tight, crispt, white cotton blouse. There were already three, which was arguably one to many, buttons undone. I undid another and knew that he would be seeing my white bra and the flesh of my breasts.

"And what is that Cat?" He asked as one of his hands ran across his fairly hairy chest as the other slowly pumped his thick, circumcised cock that I so easily could visualise in my mouth or up me. That made me shudder.

"I want to flash at you Paul."

"Yes Cat yes, but what do you want me to see?"

"My breasts, I want to show them to you" I said undoing the remaining buttons.

"Yes Cat show them to me let me see them. Flash your tits at me Cat."

I removed the blouse.

"Oh yes they look awesome" he groaned staring at my tits and seeing my nipples through the thin lace.

"Take it off Cat, bare your tits for me."

He seemed instinctively to know what I wanted to do.

I quickly unclipped the bra and removed it as I watched him pumping his cock more purposefully.

"They are lovely, so lovely" he grunted as without thinking I cupped both of them and caressed them. "Is that nice Cat?"

"Mmmm" I muttered.

"What's better the touching or the flashing?"

"Oh Paul I don't know, they are both so good."

We finished there. Well for that afternoon. But inevitably we did it again although we didn't go further that time either. We arranged to 'meet' online the next afternoon.

"Why don't we wear dressing gowns" he suggested. Of course I knew why, but of course I agreed.

I was immensely excited getting ready. I live in a horrible, big, old and draughty Victorian pile of a house that has been in Richard's family since it was built in the eighteen fifties. The only part of it that I like is the large conservatory that I had built on a few years ago. That is my place where I work and often play. It's the only pleasingly warm room in the house as it has underfloor heating

It seemed odd undressing in my bedroom at just after lunch and putting on a dressing gown. I selected a white, silk robe. It was mid-thigh length and just had a tie, no buttons. Even standing up straight, it gaped a bit at the front and, of course leaning forward as I did several times in front of the mirror, it seemed to leap away from my breasts to reveal most of them. 'Fuck' I thought I am even getting turned on flashing to myself!!!

I did my ash-blonde hair leaving it down, fixed my make-up and slipped into a pair of mid-height heeled sandles.

I went downstairs at just after two to get ready for my online meeting with Paul. To add to the atmosphere I took the notebook into the conservatory where I expected to undress and flash for him. Although, it is not overlooked, the windows surrounding me heightened the sensations I got when I had paraded around it naked before. I could hardly imagine what those feelings would be like as Paul and I exposed our bodies to each other.

"Are you going to undo it Cat?" Paul asked after we had been chatting for no more than ten minutes. I was terribly nervous and tense.

Smiling I said coyly. "Are you Paul?"

"Of course" he said pulling on the tie on his dark blue gown. "I'll show you mine if you show me yours" he laughed.

That made me smile and feel less nervous, but still my fingers were shaking as looking down I took the tie in them. I looked up and gasped when I once more saw Paul's wonderfully swollen cock.

"Ok Cat, like it?"

"Mmmm" I murmured undoing the tie and slowly opening the robe. It was the first time I had been naked with him.

"Oh God Cat you are gorgeous. Stand up please."

I let the gown slip off me and stood up facing the camera and Paul's gaze. That sent tremendous shudders of desire and sheer pleasure through me. As I watched his eyes roaming up and down my naked body. I felt it taking in my legs, my landing strip of pubic hair and my glistening lips poking through them. They ranged upwards, across my tummy and waist and onto my breasts. I felt fantastic.

"Turn round Cat, show me the rest."

The buzz going through me as I slowly turned round revealing my bare bum to him for the first time was tremendous.

"You are fucking gorgeous Cat" He muttered as I completed my slow twirl and faced him again.

With my confidence boosted from stripping for Paul, the Adrenalin rush I was getting from standing in the middle of conservatory naked and from his generous comments I smiled and said.

"And I can be gorgeous fucking too."

"Oh yes I bet you can my dear and that's exactly what I want to do."

"And that is?"

"Fuck you Cat, I want to fuck you."

"On here you mean?"

I had told him when we started this that I had no intention of meeting. Although Richard was far less forthcoming with sex nowadays than he once had been, I still sort of loved him and felt that I should remain faithful. Even though I could no more tell him about my exhibitionism as I could about what I was doing with Paul and there was absolutely no way that he would indulge in it with me, I didn't want the mess and lies and cheating of an affair. Equally, I had never done one-night stands or had recreational sex so the idea of meeting someone on the net and seeing them in real life held do appeal for me.

"Yes, of course, what did you think? After all I am a happily married man you know" he smiled.

"Touche" I responded watching him stroking his erection.

As if with a mind of their own my hands cupped my full breasts; they felt great and I pinched my nipples that inevitably were like two pebbles.

"That looks good Cat keep going."

I wasn't sure what he meant although I had a good idea. So far the three or four times we had cammed he had been naked, but I had only been topless. We had both touched ourselves, but hadn't gone all the way or cybered as I understand it is called. In my mind 'tonight was the night' as it were. We hadn't actually said that we would mutually masturbate, but I had steeled myself to do just that. After all I rationalised, why agree to wearing dressing robes?

As he pumped his cock with one hand and cupped and squeezed his balls with the other I let one of my hands slip down my body. It stopped on my tummy.

"Go on Cat, go on, touch yourself there."

"Do you er, um, are we er."

"Going to fuck on here are you asking?"

"Yes" I croaked.

"Yes Cat if you are comfortable with that. I want to fuck you. I want you to watch me masturbate and I want see and hear you cum. Can I Cat, will you fuck yourself as I look at you?"

His words smashed into my mind. They were perfect for the occasion, they were precisely what I wanted to hear and he was suggesting exactly what I wanted to do. It was the ultimate act in my short career as an exhibitionist; there could be nothing more exciting I was thinking as I replied

"Yes Paul, yes you can" I whispered sitting down my eyes glued to his hand pumping his cock that now looked incredibly appealing.

"Then fuck yourself Cat, fuck yourself as I watch."

I lay back in the chair and opened my legs.

"Stay right like that, let me see you, let me see your cunt Cat."

He had never used that word to me before, but I loved it. Used properly I think cunt is such an evocative word.

"Let me show it to you Paul, have a look at my cunt."

I opened my legs further and ran my fingers round my lips. That felt good, but I got almost as much sensation as I watched his eyes staring at my cunt. 'This is real full on exhibitionism' I thought to myself loving every moment of his 'inspection.'

"Oh God this isn't going to last for me Cat."

"Good. I don't want it to. I want to cum. Paul please, please make me cum."

"Yes Cat I will come on baby, come on" he groaned pumping his cock faster.

I found my clit and started to rub myself alongside it. With my other hand I squeezed my breasts and pinched and pulled my nipples. I was quickly climbing up that wall of sensations that rises up to the peak of an orgasm. It felt lovely. I was nearly there.

It was an incredible set of feelings.

To be masturbating as a man looked on was amazing enough, but at the same time be watching him jacking off looking at me was beyond my wildest dreams.

"Cat I'm cumming."

"Yes Paul, yes" I groaned as those lovely feelings took over my mind and body.

"Oh Cat, yes, yes, fuck, fuck, fuck" he grunted as I watched his cock shoot a long spurt of cum upwards so that some of it splashed between his nipples and the rest landed on his stomach and chest.

At that point I was engulfed by my orgasm and my eyes were shut tightly.

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Naturally, I suppose Paul and I flashed each other through to full orgasms a few more times. Whilst to an extent that was satisfying my basic exhibitionist urges, my need for more, for different and for bigger experiences were increasing. I felt that I was losing control, that something was taking me over and that I no longer could direct myself. I was so close so many times to doing what I had discussed with Paul, raising my skirt or getting my tits out. At times, I surprised myself with my self-control for the urge was so strong.

I explained this to him and he offered a solution, well two in fact.

"Why not do a cam show?" He suggested.

I agreed.

"And you are used to being photographed, why not join a letmehelp photography group?"

"How do they work?"

"A number of guys mainly, but occasionally some women too get together and photograph a model" Paul explained.

I said I would think about it, but deep down I knew that I wanted to do it and that I probably would agree.

The cam show was arranged for an evening a week or so away.

The day before Paul confirmed that there was likely to be an audience of between six and ten. That made me gulp, but excited me.

I thought about what to wear and decided on a dress. It was the sort of garment where I could raise the skirt and flash my pussy and bum and where I could easily get my tits out and fulfil the ambitions I had held for some time. I wore nothing under it and that made me feel great.

"Will you be watching?" I asked Paul.

"Of course, I wouldn't miss it for the world."

"Will there be sound?"

"Yes, we want to hear as well as watch you cum."

As it happened and as daft as it sounds, I hadn't thought of that. My mind had been focused almost entirely on flashing, but of course I now realised they would want more. And as I thought about it and recalled the several times I had, as Paul called it, fucked myself for him so I realised I wanted to fuck myself for them as well. Other than being fucked in front of loads of watchers, fucking oneself in front of ten guys was as near the ultimate flash as I was likely to come.

Paul came on first by himself.

"You look lovely" he said.

I was wearing a blue and yellow patterned dress. Its hem was just beneath the knee, it had a tight top, a flared skirt and narrow, spaghetti shoulder straps. It was low cut and a lot of my boobs, my upper chest and my arms were on show. It was the perfect flasher's uniform.

"Thanks. What's the form?" I asked feeling hellishly nervous.

"When you are ready I will let the others know and they will log on. There will be small images of them along the top of your screen. These will be straight from their cams. They can't see each other, but they can all see you. If at any time you wish to see the view they have of you just press ctrl v. You will get a full screen view of yourself. You know how to zoom in and out don't you?"

"Yes."

"Are you ready then?"

"Yes."

"Ok it will be a few minutes until they are all logged on, be patient."

I had again selected my conservatory for this venture. As it was dark outside and I had to leave the lights full on for the viewers, the sensations were enhanced by the darkness through the windows. Even standing there fully dressed I felt aroused by being so much in the spotlight.

I saw the icons lighting up as the audience logged in. I counted them there was twelve.

"Ok Cat?" Paul asked.

"Yes" I replied my throat going dry and my nerves jangling.

"Well over to you then, it's your show. Best of luck."

There were a few more 'good lucks' from the others who were all men I noted.

I stared at each icon trying to make eye contact as I had been taught in my presentation skills training courses. As the tutor had told me. 'Look right into as many as you can, give them come to bed eyes and let them think you want them to fuck you.'

Although the icons were small I could make out their faces and saw several smile and a few wink and wave.

I walked around the conservatory letting them all have a good look at me as I prepared for my 'show.'

I had practised it a few times in front of the mirror and had started with Paul, but he couldn't wait so we fucked ourselves instead. "Don't worry you'll be great" he reassured me.

As I strolled around I probably exaggerated the wiggle of my bum. I made eye contact with and smiled at most of the onlookers and then stood still in the middle of the room. Taking hold of the hem of the skirt I raised my eyebrows and asked quietly.

"Yes."

I heard several 'yes' replies and a couple of 'go for its' as I slowly pulled my skirt upwards. It slid over my knees, onto my upper leg and along my thighs. I was almost quivering with excitement as the hem reached my upper thighs. I held it there for a moment and then in one smooth movement I pulled it up further so that it was round my tummy, but still just covering my pubes. The gasps, 'fucking hell' and the 'oh my Gods' thrilled and encouraged me to ease it up further so that my two inch wide landing strip of tawny pubic hair was on show. That was greeted with sounds of approval.

"Oh yes Cat."

"Wonderful."

"Lovely flash babe."

I gave them a twirl so they saw my bare bum as well. Bending forward I gave them a better view of that and then stood up straight knowing that with the way I had trimmed my pubic hair that the wet, pinkness of my lips would be clearly revealed. There were more satisfying sounds of approval as I did another twirl before letting the skirt fall back in place. Reaching up I slid first the left and then the right thin strap off my shoulders and let them dangle down my arms.

I walked around like that for a moment or two knowing that the neckline of the dress had slipped a little and that I was nearly showing my nipples. Whilst I badly wanted to do that, I resisted for a while as I looked at the watchers and saw their keen anticipation. Propping myself up against the edge of my partner's desk with the green leather top, I cupped my breasts. I squeezed and stroked them giving myself even more sensations to those I was gaining from being watched. Hearing the sounds from the guys prompted me to go further more quickly than I had planned.

"Fucking lovely Cat" and "Nice rack babe" greeted my tits as they were on display for all of them.

I felt exhilarated as I walked round the brightly lit conservatory with the darkness outside. That made me feel even more on display and the idea that someone, although it was unlikely, might look in and see my wanton exhibition increased my arousal.

"Take it off Cat" someone, maybe Steve said suggesting exactly what I now wanted to do.

Several things hit me at once: I wanted to be naked for them' I wanted them to ogle me and I wanted their eyes on my body. But it was now more than that. I wanted to go further, I wanted to do more for them and more for me. I knew now that I wanted to experience the ultimate flash for yes, I acknowledged that I wanted to fuck myself as they looked on.

The top of the dress was already dangling round my waist with the narrow shoulder strap hanging down. It had a line of elastic just beneath my boobs so it was easy to pull on that, open up the dress and start sliding it downwards. With my bare boobs wobbling as I struggled it past my waist and tummy, I loved the feeling of revealing myself even more. The rumpled garment slid easily down my legs and onto the floor around my feet. I was naked apart from my heels, I felt fantastic.

I walked around for a while making sure I stayed within the range of the lens of the cam. I let them see me from all angles as I moved, and bent and twirled and touched myself. I was becoming more and more aroused and knew that I would not have to work hard to make myself climax. Momentarily, I wondered whether I could make myself cum merely from the sensations of exhibiting myself to an audience. But to some extent that would have defeated the purpose of what I was doing for I wanted to do it in front of them. Yes, I wanted to fuck myself in front of an audience.

Sitting in the chair where I remembered this all began when I first 'met' with Paul I stared intently at the cam and slowly brought my hands up and cupped my breasts.

The delicious soft, smoothness felt wonderful in my hands and soon my body was being filled with those glorious feelings as one's arousal intensifies. I closed my eyes and forgot about the watching men. I gave into the sensations and focused on providing excitement and pleasure to myself.

Generaly masturbation is such a selfish and unsharing experience. But masturbating in front of a dozen men was certainly not that. Their comments indicated the enjoyment I was giving them and the anticipation they had of me, which I fully intended to satisfy.

I enjoyed my breasts and nipples for some time, but could hear them asking for my, for me to go further down my body and to open my legs. There was even one comment that I was sure was from Paul.

"Show us your cunt Cat."

So I did to groans and moans of appreciation.

I rubbed myself between my legs. All round my lips, on my clit and inside my cunt taking me further and further towards a climax. But there was more. Leaning sideways so I was outside the cam's coverage I opened the drawer in my desk.

"Oh yes baby" greeted me when my hand came back into focus and they saw the long, thick black vibrator.

"Shove it up Cat" I was asked and of course I did.

Opening my legs wide, easing myself forward, lifting my feet up and placing the soles of them on the edge of the seat of the chair I placed the head of the vibrator right against my lips. Running my gaze round the watchers I slowly eased the implement forward until it was at least five inches inside me. I turned the dial at the end to begin the buzzing as it vibrated. My other hand still squeezing, caressing and rubbing my nipples and tits I held the shaking plastic in place for a while then began slowly to ease it in and out. As it went deeper and deeper almost up to its full length of seven inches so I started to cum. My eyes were closed, my mouth was open and my head was rolling from side to side as I really did find the ultimate flash; fucking yourself as others look on.

The End - Showing Out