**Sophia is a Kinky Girl**

by**[JBEdwards](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=3145872&page=submissions)**©

My boyfriend Mike and I had just finished making tender love. Mike got up to use the toilet, but as usual, I was not ready to get up. I need to remain in bed a while after making love. I've always been like that.   
  
Sadly, though, I had to get ready to go to work, and I believe in the importance of a good breakfast. So, I forced myself to get up. I did not bother to put on clothes. Since Mike used a rubber, I was not worried about dripping cum on my nice, clean floors.   
  
Mike emerged from the toilet and he came into the kitchen. He gave my behind a loving pat. "I love you, Sophia," he said, as he kissed my neck.  
  
"Oh Mike," I said. "You just love it when I make you breakfast in the altogether. And you're especially affectionate right after we do the deed."  
  
"And when you moan," Mike added.   
  
"Did I moan?" I asked, as I put the scrambled eggs on two plates.   
  
"It was barely audible, but yes, you did. Why do you moan so softly?" Mike asked.   
  
"I don't know. I guess I got started that way. When I was in college, it was too embarrassing to make noise like that when having sex. Roommates would hear me," I said, as I put out the toast, jam, and butter. I added, "I guess I just got in the habit of enjoying sex quietly. I still enjoy it you know. A lot."  
  
Mike replied, "People love hearing moans. You'd be surprised."  
  
"You mean that you, Mike, love hearing moans. I'm not sure people in general do. It embarrasses them to hear the intimacies of other people," I said.  
  
We argued to and fro about this for a while. It was stupid. Finally, I said, "Let's just agree to disagree, okay?"  
  
"Okay," Mike said. "But will you do me a favor? Moan loudly for me next time?"  
  
I said nothing as I put our plates on the table, adding tableware and napkins. I had already put down the juice and toast. Mike kissed me again, and sat down. He had shorts on, and I was nude.   
  
"Let's eat on your back porch. It's such a nice morning!" Mike said.   
  
"Good idea. I'll throw something on," I said.  
  
"No, you look beautiful as you are. I love looking at your boobs. Do it for me just this once. Please?" Mike said.  
  
"Neighbors might see me, Mike," I said.   
  
"They're either asleep, or busy getting ready for work, or have already left for work. Come on, don't be so shy. You have such a beautiful body, Sophia!"  
  
We did it. We ate breakfast on my porch. Mike had shorts on, and I was nude. It was thrilling. As it turned out, it was also the beginning of a change in my life.   
  
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Mike and I broke up about a month later. I was now alone. There were two residues from my affair with Mike: I now moaned loudly during sex, and I still made breakfast, and ate it, too, in the nude. Sadly, though, I had no reason to moan anymore, because I had not even dated a man since Mike and I broke up.   
  
How we broke up is a sad story. One time I slept over at Mike's. I was now accustomed to moaning loudly during sex. Initially it was to please Mike. But I enjoyed it too. In a way, it served four purposes: (1) Mike felt macho, having his woman moan up a storm due to his sexual prowess; (2) I actually got more turned on when I moaned, leading to an orgasm arriving faster, if one was destined to arrive; (3) Mike wanted to torment his roommate, in effect bragging how he was screwing me in the neighboring bedroom; (4) I felt like a slut by moaning that way, and it turned me on, even though I was not being a slut, just fucking my boyfriend. I had it both ways.   
  
Truth be told, I also liked reason number (3). One day near the end of our relationship, we spent the night at Mike's place, instead of mine. This time Mike had to leave early, and I got to sleep in late. I was therefore alone at Mike's. I was recovering from Mike's enthusiastic fucking a little earlier. I enjoyed the quiet. You could have heard a pin drop.  
  
I got out of bed and went to the kitchen to see what Mike had available for breakfast. Not thinking, and even if I had it did not matter because I was alone, I was making breakfast in the nude, as now was my habit after sex with Mike. So, it was a bit surprising when Mike's roommate Dan emerged from his bedroom. "I smelled the eggs..." His roommate said, and he stopped talking when he saw me there, nude. He simply stared at my nude body.   
  
What do you do in a situation like that? Well if you're stupid enough to get in such a jam, you still might thing of the obvious things to do: (1) run away, screaming; or (2) find something, very quick, to cover yourself with, even if it is only your arms and hands that you use. I did neither: I just stood there, paralyzed, like a deer caught in headlights.   
  
Dan and I just stood there, staring at each other for what seemed like an eternity, but was probably only a good two or three minutes, when I finally gained enough aplomb to cover myself with my hands and arms, and to apologize, "I'm so sorry, Dan. I thought I was alone in the apartment, and, well, I cook breakfast in the nude at my home, and ..."  
  
"It's fine, Sophia. No worries. You are a beautiful woman, and I am enjoying seeing your body. Mike is a very lucky man," Dan said, while I blushed. Dan told me that my entire body turned peach color. I had a full body blush.   
  
"Relax, Sophia," Dan continued. "Let's eat the eggs while they're hot. We can share them, okay?"  
  
I went to get dressed, but Dan followed me and said, "Don't get dressed on my account. I love seeing your nude body. You are so beautiful; it's like looking at a work of art in a museum."   
  
I know you will think I'm an idiot, but I fell for that. I remained nude. But something was going on that was not in my active consciousness: I liked Dan. I liked Dan in a way that was more than simply liking a friend. You know what I mean. But of course, he was forbidden, being Mike's roommate, so I did not allow those feelings to enter my head. But they were there, under the surface, to be sure.   
  
We ate the eggs, and I got up and made a second round of eggs, adding some toast and juice for Dan, all the while remaining nude. Throughout this time I sinfully enjoyed having Dan drool over my naked body. I thoroughly enjoyed showing off my body to him, too. I felt naughty, and feeling naughty like that is a turn on.   
  
Dan had headphones on, so I asked what he had been listening to. Now it was his turn to blush. He did not want to tell me, so I did not push. We sat in silence for a while. Finally, I got up from the table, and said, "Excuse me please, Dan. I'll go and get dressed for the day now."  
  
"No Sophia, please don't. I want to gaze at your body some more," Dan said,  
  
"That's not smart, Dan. We both know what you will want to do with me if you see me naked for too long. You're my boyfriend's best friend and roommate. We do not want to go there. I had better get dressed," I said. I turned to leave, showing off my sexy behind as I did. I wiggled it, just for fun.  
  
"Please stay, Sophia. Please," Dan was almost begging now. He was wrestling with something, and then with more drama than he intended to use, I'm sure, he said, "I'll tell you what I was listening to if you stay."   
  
There was something in the drama of it all that made me think it was important to know what Dan had been listening to. Obviously it was not just the latest hit music. Knowing Dan, it surely was not an educational podcast, either. I sat back down, still naked. Staying naked a little longer would not hurt. Dan got a little speaker, and plugged his iPhone into it. "This is you, last night with Mike," he said.   
  
To my horror, I listened to a good ten minutes of my sexual moans while Mike had ravished my body. It took me a little while to realize what I was listening to. When I did realize what it was, I cupped my hand to my mouth in horror. "How? Why?" was all I could say.   
  
"It was Mike's idea. The microphone feeds are in his room. I get it by Bluetooth in my room, and I record it onto my iPhone. I can now beat off to my imagination of what you're both experiencing whenever I want to do so."  
  
Dan then found a particular spot on the recording, and he played it for me, and he said, "What's happening with that moan, Sophia?"  
  
"Dan, this is outrageous. It's much too intimate. Turn that off, and erase it. Now," I said.   
  
"Sophia, I think you are an angel. If you were not Mike's girl, I would want to date you and convince you to fall in love with me. I am hard as a rock just looking at your luscious, naked, perfect body," he said.   
  
This was a great way to change the subject. It did affect me, perhaps profoundly, but it was not sufficient to change my mind. "Dan, I like you, too, but I don't want there to be a recording of my moans. You need to destroy it," I said.   
  
"How about if I never tell anyone it's you doing the moaning? This recording is priceless, Sophia. It's obvious your moans are not faked. You're not some porn actress. This is the real thing."  
  
Dan thought for a minute, and then he added, "I did not even have to tell you that it existed, you know. You can trust me," Dan pleaded.   
  
We argued back and forth for a while, and we finally made a deal. I would answer his questions about the recording. He would get to take me to his room and have fun with me above the waist for a little while. Then he would destroy the recording, and I would get dressed and begin my day.   
  
I knew this was a bad deal. It was even ridiculous, to describe to him my most intimate feelings, and to agree to limited sex in such a way. But to be honest, and I always try to be honest, the deal kind of turned me on. Being extorted for sex is an old and recurring fantasy for me.   
  
This was stupid, of course. I should have simply got dressed and left at that point, but I kept the deal. He played one particular series of staccato moans. I told him, "That's when Mike's cock touched my g spot, I think."  
  
He did four or five more, and to my surprise I remembered what had happened each time. This was forcing me to relive Mike's fuck in my head, while sitting there naked in front of another man. I don't think I had ever been this turned on before!  
  
Dan fooled around with his phone to find another favorite, and he played it for me, too.   
  
"Mike was screwing me then, and his cock kept gently rubbing my clit. Dan, this is embarrassing and humiliating," I said.   
  
"Yeah, I know," Dan said. "Want a copy?" I nodded.   
  
Dan then came to me, took my hand, and led me to his bedroom. He lay me on the bed. He put on the background music of my moans, and we kissed, while he played with my boobs.   
  
It was not part of the deal, but I was so turned on I was glad when it happened: Eventually he fingered me, too, and I moaned on top of the soundtrack of my moans. It was weird.   
  
Dan was fairly good at fingering a girl, and I was getting much too turned on. Dan had undressed and he had his hard cock pressed against my thigh as he fingered me. I was constantly aware of it, and tempted to let him lovingly put it inside me. Scared of myself, I put a stop to it.   
  
"I'm Mike's girlfriend, Dan. We should not be doing this," I said, as I began to squirm away from his fingers. Just then he found my g spot and I groaned. It was the exact groan on the soundtrack just then, and it made the soundtrack sound as if it were an echo.   
  
After enjoying his fingers another minute or two, I finally got away, and I stumbled back to Mike's room and found my clothes. I got dressed, and Dan kissed me goodbye, and I left, filled with shame, with guilt, with lust, and with a good breakfast.   
  
Dan's kiss had me aroused for the next hour, at least, as I could not get it out of my head.  
  
Mike found out about the limited sex I had enjoyed with Dan. We had a ferocious fight. I was mad at him for secretly recording my moans and for sharing them with Dan (which he claimed was not his original intention; it was Dan who was the tech wizard and had set it up for him. How was he to know Dan was such a pervert?), and he was mad at me for making out, naked, with Dan.  
  
The upshot was that it was over between Mike and me. Dan came after me once I was unattached, but I shot that down right away.   
  
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Anyway, now I'm alone. But I'm still nude in the morning around my apartment, until I get dressed to go to work, and I'm sure if I were to have some good sex, I would not only moan, but I would moan loudly.   
  
The nudity is the larger problem, especially because I eat breakfast, now alone, nude on my porch. I do have neighbors. They are not well placed to observe me, but if they crane their necks, well I guess it is possible.   
  
Okay, I claimed to be honest. The truth is that a few neighbors could easily see me nude out there if they wanted to do so. They would have to be home and awake and looking when I have breakfast, though.  
  
Again, I'm trying to be honest here, so let me add that after my experience with Mike's roommate Dan, it made me wet to think that someone might be peeping at me. I decided to imagine that there was in fact someone peeping at me, and I gave him the name of Tom, for the obvious reason. This was just a fantasy, however.  
  
There is, however, one particular man who is one of my neighbors. He's around 50 years old, or maybe a little older. (I'm 25, myself.) He is one of the few who could see me easily. Perhaps he did?   
  
In my mind, his name is Tom. Sometimes I see him on the street, walking his dog. We both say hello, but recently he has looked at me differently, and I can feel his eyes on my ass as I continue walking. I may have an overactive fantasy life, but I think he peeps.   
  
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It's been a few months. I was lonely. I decided to try to meet someone on line. As I was looking at one of the dating sites (no, it does not matter which one!), I was getting very depressed about being 25 and resorting to this. Just then, as if by magic, is when Dan called me. He asked me out.  
  
Well, I already knew Dan. Shit, I had already let him finger me that one time. He was nice, quite a reasonable guy, with a perverted creepy streak, sure, but was that so bad? I'm a little strange myself! I think Dan was a little surprised when I agreed to go out that same evening with him.   
  
It was reassuring to date someone I knew, someone whom I know is good at fingering a girl, than to meet a stranger by swiping right on a web site. Dan was a nice guy, and definitely not an ax murderer. The downside is that he is my former lover Mike's best friend. That's a big downside.   
  
Now came the big decision. What to wear? This was our first date, but he had already seen me nude during a prolonged breakfast, he had heard me moaning during sex with his roommate, and we had already made out with him even fingering me, so it was an unusual first date, shall we say.   
  
I took a bubble bath and went through my wardrobe choices in my head. I decided on a sheer blouse with a push up bra, and a mini skirt that was a beautiful shade of blue. Also, the skirt hugged my behind, in case he was one of those men who likes a girl's ass.   
  
I giggled when I realized he had seen me nude, and he had made out with me rather intimately, and I did not even know if he were an ass man or a boobs man! Well, I thought, we'll find out tonight, won't we?  
  
I put on the recording of my moans that Dan had given me, as I got dressed. I caressed my boobs a bit before putting on my bra, remembering how much Dan had enjoyed caressing them. Yep: he's a boobs man.   
  
As I pulled on my tight mini skirt, I remembered how much he had fondled my ass, and even how he had fingered my asshole briefly (God, that was hot!), and decided: Yep, he's an ass man. He's two - two - two men in one!  
  
Most of all, of course, he's a pussy man. Aren't they all ultimately pussy men? I thought, and I giggled some more as the speakers moaned away. I had yet to meet a man who did not want to get into my pussy. Most failed, I'm proud to say. On the other hand, perhaps a few too many succeeded, too.   
  
After all, I'm 25. I've been sexually active for, well, let's just say at least seven years. And with me, active means active. Quite.   
  
I applied perfume liberally, under my boobs, on my wrists, and on my neck. I chose a nice shade of red, not too aggressive, for my lipstick, and I put on mascara, eyeliner, and blue eye shadow.   
  
I stood back and looked at myself in the full-length mirror. Jesus, I thought, this is too much! I look dressed to fuck, and Dan is going to want me a bit too much! I decided to lower the temperature of my outfit but just then the doorbell rang. Too late.   
  
Was Dan early? I went to get it, my best smile at the ready, and I gave my smile to my neighbor, the one I call Tom, whom I always see when he is walking his dog. His real name is Bob. Completely flummoxed, and not knowing what to do, I invited him in.   
  
I waited for him to explain why he was dropping by for the first time. "You look smashing this evening, Ms. Bacchelli," he said.   
  
"Call me Sophia, please. We're neighbors, after all," I said.   
  
"Okay, Sophia," he said. "I'm Bob. Bob Gibbons." We shook hands, and then stood there awkwardly, with Bob staring at me strangely. Now I was sure he had seen me naked on my porch; he was undressing me in his mind, I was fairly sure.   
  
Finally, Bob managed to speak. "Do you by chance have a cup of sugar you can lend me? I need it for a recipe. I'm baking cookies."  
  
Relieved that was all he wanted, I smiled and went to the kitchen to get some. He followed me in. He said, "You can see my place from your kitchen. It's right over there," and he pointed.   
  
I realized if I could see his apartment from my kitchen, he could see my kitchen from his apartment. I wondered if he could see in when I was cooking breakfast nude? Of course, he could! The only question was: Had he seen me? The smart money said yes. Hell, the smart money screamed yes.  
  
He was standing behind me, very close, as I reached for the sugar canister. My behind grazed his pants, and damn if I did not briefly feel his erection. Perhaps more correctly, he had arranged for my behind to feel his erection.   
  
I was quite glad I had turned off the audio of my moans just before Bob dropped in. I ushered him out rather quickly once he had his sugar, since now Dan was due any minute, and in fact they met as Bob was leaving and Dan was arriving.   
  
As Bob left, I whispered to him, and to him alone, "Check out my kitchen late tonight." With that cryptic message in his ears, he left.   
  
Dan came in, took one long look at me, took me in his arms and kissed me. He took my hand and led me to my bedroom.  
  
"Dan, you said we're going out," I said, as he held me up against him, his hands going all over my ass. "I spent time trying to look nice for you. If we fool around first, I'll have to start all over. We'll miss the movie."  
  
Dan relented, especially because what I said seemed to give the promise that we could "fool around" after the movie. Dan took me for a nice dinner, where Dan did his best to try to get me drunk. He succeeded too, albeit to a limited extent. I tried to split the check, but Dan insisted he pay. I let him.   
  
When I'm taken to dinner on a first date, and do not want to put out for the man, I try to pay my share of the dinner check. That way I do not "owe" the man anything. When I let the man pay for me, in my mind at least, sex is a strong possibility.   
  
Walking to the theater, which was close by, Dan's hands seemed to be everywhere. We were in public, on city streets, and it was a bit embarrassing to be so flagrantly sexually mauled as we walked. I let him get away with it, however, because counterbalancing the shame and embarrassment by letting a man be so free with me in public, was the huge turn on I felt from letting a man be so free with me in public.   
  
Anyone seeing us would have thought I was a floozy, and that Dan had already laid me, perhaps many times. Maybe I am a floozy? I thought. Sophia Floozy Bacchelli? No, fortunately it did not sound right to my ears. No floozy here.

Then I thought of Sophia 'The Floozy' Bacchelli. That has a good rhythm to it. Uh-oh, I thought. I do not want to be a floozy! I could see it now: "I'd like you to meet Sophia, also known as The Flooze."  
  
We watched the movie, and then Dan took me to a bar for a drink. After two "nightcaps," I was thoroughly wasted. He took me home. We stood at my door and kissed, like people on a first date. It was our first date, actually.   
  
"Would you like to come in for a drink? We could listen to my moans, if you like?" I said. Now there's a line for a woman to invite a man inside on the first date, I thought!  
  
Dan gave me a huge smile. It was a winning smile. I realized just then he had been unsure where he stood with me. After all, I had shut down his earlier attempts to date me, and I guess he was thinking I would take things slowly, like most girls do. Was I moving too fast? Am I a hussy? A floozy? Sophia 'The Floozy' Bacchelli? Does it matter?  
  
I thought about my neighbor Bob. I turned on the lights, making it easy for him to see in, in case he was looking. I led Dan to the kitchen. "I've had so much to drink, Dan. You have, too. It's smart to drink some water." I knew Bob could see us in the kitchen.   
  
I gave us water, and as expected, Dan put the moves on me in the kitchen. I knew he was not going to waste any time, He could not wait to get inside me. A girl can tell.   
  
He began by kissing me. That's a nice way to begin. He then pulled back and slowly, even painfully slowly, unbuttoned my blouse. This made it eminently clear he had a green light, as I did nothing to stop him, and I made no protest.   
  
Quick as a bunny my bra was off. He played with my boobs, kissed me some more, and then my skirt came off. I was now wearing panties and high heels. We kissed some more, and I undressed him, too, down to his briefs.   
  
I got on my knees, right there in the kitchen, pulled down his briefs, and saw his gorgeous cock, all engorged and hard as a rock, all for me. All for little Sophia. All of that nice, throbbing cock was for Sophia 'The Floozy' Bacchelli. Yum.   
  
I gave him a nice, slow blowjob. I had rarely given Mike a blowjob, and since I was sure they had talked (Mike was a fuck a girl and tell his roommate a blow by blow account kind of guy, I now knew), I knew Dan would not be expecting one.   
  
When the time approached, I could tell. I was going to say, "Cum in my mouth, big boy," but it was not necessary, because he unloaded his stuff before I could even begin to speak. I swallowed it all, cock sucking champion that I am.   
  
I got us another drink, since especially in my case, I wanted to wash down the cum with something sweet. Cum can be salty, and Dan's was, well, very salty. I had port wine, and Dan had a beer. I knew Bob must be watching, so when Dan had finished his beer, I shocked both Dan and myself when I said, "I wonder how much of that beer bottle you can get inside me?"  
  
Dan stood up, pulled me up, and pushed down my panties. "It's just an idle thought," I said. "No need actually to try it, you know." I was getting nervous about what I had proposed. The beer bottle was a Corona, a long-necked bottle.   
  
Dan lay me down across the kitchen table. He spread my legs wide. This must be quite a show for Bob, I thought. He had probably never before seen my open pussy. Neither had Dan I thought, much more immediately. Holy shit, what was I doing?  
  
Dan first decided to try some cunnilingus. Oh my, I thought, Dan is my kind of guy! Mike had never, not even once, tried to eat me out. Indeed, nobody had ever eaten me out since my second college boyfriend did it my sophomore year. And the next night he fucked my best friend, so my time with my only pussy eater was quite short lived.   
  
I pretended to forgive him from fucking my best friend, just so that I could get him to eat me out again. It worked, too. But my best friend felt betrayed, and the guy ended up being dumped by both of us. He did not suffer much, though: He then tried to lay some of our other friends. He succeeded with two of them.   
  
Anyway, I love it when a man goes down on me, and I moaned up a storm. I thought about the soundtrack, but did not mention it because I did not want Dan to stop. Dan was reasonably good. He was better than my second college boyfriend, although that is a low bar to pass. He drove me to a wonderful orgasm, the best I'd had in quite some time, and as I lay there, enjoying the bliss, my engorged pussy exposed both to Dan and hopefully to Bob, too, I felt something cold at my entrance.   
  
Dan was slowly massaging my pussy entrance with the Corona bottle. Was he really going to try that? Holy cow. It did feel nice, if a little strange. I remembered my college French: "Ça change." Change is good. Little by little he got more and more inside me. I was groaning, and that turned to moans. It felt much too good!  
  
I like kinky sex. This was kinky. I liked it.   
  
My body was gradually warming the bottle. When he got the entire neck of the bottle inside me, he took my hand and told me to hold it in, putting my hand on the bottom of the bottle. I complied.   
  
Dan fished through his pants pockets (his pants were in a crumpled heap on the floor). He found his iPhone. He took a sequence of cell phone pictures of his accomplishment. He made sure he got my face and my boobs in the pictures, too, as well as the Corona bottle, sticking out from my cunt.  
  
"This is nice, Dan. It feels good inside me, now that it's warm. But you know what's even nicer than a Corona bottle?" I asked.   
  
"A Budweiser bottle?" Dan joked.   
  
"God, no," I said. I'm such a beer snob.  
  
"Dos Equis?"  
  
"Better, but no, again. Only one more guess, Dan," I said, smiling broadly. Dan was rock hard again. He was fully recovered and ready to play.   
  
"How about a hint?" Dan playfully asked.   
  
"It's where beer comes out, but it's not a beer bottle," I said, indulging in a little scatological teasing.   
  
"I know the answer. Let me show you, you sexy wench," Dan said. "Come to the bedroom."  
  
"No," I said. "Do me here, in the kitchen, bent over the table. Or better, do me rear entry, out on the porch."  
  
Dan looked at me, puzzled. But he was not going to pass up the chance to lay this sexpot that was me. I knew he had been fantasizing about me, doubtless listening to my moans on his audio recording. He probably had the audio memorized by now.   
  
If I wanted the porch, I would get the porch. I had already turned on the porch light when I turned on the kitchen light. I was giving my peeping Tom, i.e., Bob, every chance I could.   
  
He did not really question my wanting to have sex on the porch. I guess he thought if I could get off on the beer bottle kink, maybe I liked to fuck in the night air, too?  
  
Dan led me to the porch. I was still holding the bottom of the Corona bottle, while its long neck was inside me. We were both naked, and he kissed me standing up, while I held the Corona bottle. We kissed for a long time, and his hands caressed my ass. I gently pushed the Corona bottle up and down, giving myself a sweet little beer bottle fuck.   
  
A finger wandered around and ended up in the crack of my ass. Gradually Dan began to caress my asshole with his finger, and little by little he wormed it inside me. All this time we were kissing, rather passionately, and the Corona bottle's long neck was having its way with me.   
  
I had never done anal, but truth be told, I was up for anything that evening. I had an IUD, so I was not worried about pregnancy, and I simply assumed Dan was disease free. So pussy, mouth, or anal, in my mind I was giving him the full menu.  
  
I think Dan was surprised at my lack of a negative reaction to his ass probing. If anything, I kissed him even more passionately when he probed. In the meantime, I was considering proposing marriage to the Corona bottle.  
  
He slowly removed the Corona bottle. The bottle left me covered with my juices, and Dan gave it to me. I lewdly licked it clean. Done, I returned it to him. "I'll treasure this always," he said. He put it down, and he kissed me again.  
  
I was glad when he chose my vagina over my other end. I love nothing more than a rollicking, traditional fuck. And one exposed to the world (well, to my neighbors) out on the back porch? Even better, as far as I was concerned. I was going to give them a treat they had never before seen, except perhaps on the Internet.   
  
Thinking of the Internet, I broke the kiss for a minute. "Dan, what are you going to do with those cell phone pictures you took of me and the Corona bottle?"  
  
"They're just for me, Sophia. I would never betray you. Why? Do you want me to share them with Mike?"  
  
"No!" I screamed. Then for no apparent reason I giggled at the thought. "Show them to nobody. Promise? They're just for us. If you cannot promise me not to share them, delete them now, okay?"  
  
Then I added, "No sex until you promise." That should work, I figured.   
  
Dan promised. Too easy, I thought. But I took it. He put me on all fours. He teased me, also scaring me a little, by poking at my anus with the tip of his cock, but then he entered me for our first time in my usual place.  
  
After all this, we were going to make love officially for the first time. That's always a special moment for me. I don't give myself to many men, and when I do, it is meaningful, at least to me.   
  
He entered me slowly. Little by little more of his lovely cock disappeared inside me. I could not see it happen, since I was on my hands and knees. I faced away from Dan, but was perfectly positioned for Bob, should he be looking. I smiled at the thought.   
  
Rear entry is my favorite position. I've never told that to a man, I've just enjoyed it when a man chose to fuck me that way. This was the first time I had ever asked for it.   
  
I knew what Dan wanted, and I wanted to give it to him. I was a little intimidated because we were outdoors, and sound carries well late at night. But I did it, anyway: I moaned. I moaned loudly. It was easy; because he was fucking me so well it seemed natural to moan. The louder I moaned, the better Dan got with his fucking. Win, win.   
  
As I thought about my voyeur Bob possibly hearing my moans, I got so turned on I was close to orgasm. This was strange: Normally it takes forever for me to cum, and I rarely do on the first fuck of the evening.   
  
Could I really cum so quickly after Dan began to fuck me? Apparently, yes, I could! I could feel it build, as I thought about Bob and possibly others secretly watching us fuck. It pushed me right over the top. I screamed with pleasure as Dan fucked me hard and deep.   
  
I'm sure my scream of pleasure got everyone's attention. Dan's mine, Bob's, and possibly half of the neighborhood.  
  
Dan was fucking me so hard now, that he actually pushed me with his cock until my head was touching the screen of the porch. Any further and my head might go right through the screen!   
  
Fortunately, just at the moment when I thought the screen might give way, Dan let out a loud groan and emptied his balls deep inside me. I matched his groan with a moan, and raised him one.   
  
I figured the only way Bob could not have heard us is if his windows were closed and his TV were both on and turned up loud. He could also be asleep, or out for the evening? But I just knew he was watching: He could not have resisted the intrigue of my whisper as he had left my apartment earlier that evening.   
  
I had to stop this obsession with my voyeur Bob, and return to the man at hand, the lovely man who had just fucked me to paradise and back, the man who was on my porch and still inside me. His cock was not deflating. Is this possible?  
  
Dan pulled out, flipped me onto my back on the cold cement floor of my porch, and then thrust his cock back inside me. He began to pump away. I was pretty sensitive now, having just endured a wild fuck and a massive orgasm, but I was also truly starved for sex, and we would be giving Bob another show, so why the hell not?  
  
I matched his thrusts with my pelvis, raising it to meet him, and I moaned up a storm. I moaned louder and more intensely than I had ever done before. I wrapped my legs around him, pulling him deeper inside me. I groaned as his cock penetrated me as far as possible. I was felt as if I were an animal.  
  
Hell, I was better than an animal! Female animals don't moan (at least they don't to my knowledge; male tortoises do, I'm told. But not the females) when they're being fucked, and they don't say, "Oh my God, Dan, yes. Yes! Christ you're good. Don't stop, please don't stop," and then degenerate into a long sequence of moans. Animals don't do any of that. They just don't. We women have it all over animals, except of course for lions.  
  
A female lion in heat can have sex 100 times in one day, seven days in a row. To be honest, I don't aspire to that. I wonder if the lioness enjoys the sex? Now that's promiscuity!  
  
Remember that, Dan, I silently thought, the next time you want to do a sheep in heat. I giggled to myself at my thought. Do me instead. Use the sheep to make cheese. Use me to make love. Just like you're doing now. "Oh God, oh God, yes. Just like that. Oh, my."  
  
I got yet another load of Dan's cum. One nice thing about missionary position is that it's the best position to enjoy when a man empties his balls inside you. I don't know why, it just does. Well, now I am plenty full of cum, and this time Dan's cock did indeed deflate. He did not pull out, but eventually his cock simply fell out of my pussy.   
  
What a delightful time I had just had. "I am completely full of your cum," I said to Dan, kissing his chest as he lay on top of me. "Want to see?"  
  
Dan got up and led me to a chair on the porch. I manipulated things so that I could be facing Bob's window. Dan bent down and he spread my legs, placing them over the arms of the chair so that my pussy was completely open and exposed. He went inside and returned with his iPhone.  
  
While he was gone, I was on display to any neighbor looking. My legs were spread, and Dan's white cum was oozing slowly out of my pussy. Just in case Bob was looking, I winked a few times, smiling broadly.   
  
Dan returned with his phone. He took some close-up pictures of my pussy with his dull off-white cum slowly oozing out. He showed them to me. I smiled. "Want to clean me up, big boy?"  
  
"Sorry, lover," Dan said. "I cannot deal with that."  
  
"That's okay," I said. "I've yet to meet a man who could." I reached down and took a gob of cum on my finger and placed it in my mouth, lewdly licking it clean. I figured my mouth would now taste of his cum.   
  
"How about a kiss, instead?" I wickedly suggested. Dan could not resist an invitation to kiss me. We kissed a long time. Then he led me to the bedroom. As we left the porch, I waved goodbye. Of course, it was really a wave goodbye to Bob, and whatever other peepers might have enjoyed the show.   
  
Dan gave me a funny look. I said to Dan, "I'm waving goodnight to the porch, which hosted a wonderful time with you just now, lover." Dan smiled. I think he had figured out my more serious kink: I'm an exhibitionist.   
  
We made love one more time. Dan still resisted my ass. Then I made an excuse and sent Dan home. I had done most everything else, but I was not ready to for him to spend the night. Weird, I know, but that's how I felt.  
  
The next morning it had suddenly become cold, so I had breakfast in the kitchen, in the altogether as was now my custom. I was just done eating, and doing the dishes, when the doorbell rang. I grabbed a robe and went to get the door.  
  
It was my neighbor Bob. He was returning the sugar, and he had some cookies he had baked for me.  
  
"Thanks, Bob, chocolate chip cookies are my favorite. Want to come in for a few minutes? I have to get dressed to go to work fairly soon," I said.  
  
"On a Saturday?" Bob asked, stepping inside.   
  
"A woman's work is never done," I said. I giggled.  
  
"I brought you a thank you present, Sophia," Bob said, and he handed me a six-pack of Corona.  
  
"The long-necked bottles," I said. "How thoughtful," knowing full well why he gave me long-necked Coronas. "It's too early in the day for me, but would you like one?"  
  
Bob nodded and I cracked open a bottle. While doing so, I surreptitiously loosened the sash on my robe. I pushed the sides apart a little, to give him a little edge of my boob to drool over. With the sash loose, the robe might gradually open some more, I reckoned.  
  
"You have a nice place, here, Sophia," he said.  
  
"Isn't it just like yours? Aren't these apartments all cookie cutter copies?" I asked.   
  
"Yes, but mine is crowded with all of my photography equipment," Bob said.   
  
Alarm bells went off. What he is trying to tell me? This could be bad. Very bad. "Pray tell," I said.   
  
"Well, I'm a pretty good amateur photographer, if I do say so myself," he said. "I have a lot of equipment. Too much, actually. The night vision camera is impressive. It's military grade."  
  
"Good for you," I said. I bit the bullet, and nervously asked, "What do you like to photograph? Birds? Buildings? Landscapes? Nature? Maybe owls with the night vision camera?"  
  
"I like to photograph people," he said. "I had a few friends over last night. My poker buddies. They enjoyed looking at my photos, and other stuff," he said. "The night vision goggles were quite handy."  
  
"Is the other stuff right here, in front of you?" I asked. I was tiring of this cat and mouse game. I was calling his bluff, front and center.   
  
He did not answer. I knew the answer, anyway. He said, "I have to go, Sophia. Thanks for your hospitality. You're a lovely woman." As he left, I walked towards my bedroom to get dressed. I dropped the robe as I walked. If Bob had turned around as he left, he would have seen my naked backside. I really am wicked.  
  
The next few days were uneventful. I was very busy at work, and had little time to think about things other than work. Dan had not called. I wondered if I had freaked him out. Maybe he thought he does not need such a strange woman?  
  
Or maybe Dan just wanted to lay me, to lay his roommate's former girlfriend, to have another conquest, whatever, and he was done with me? Was I a daily newspaper just to be put into the recycling?  
  
The few days became a week. The week became a month. Next I knew It was three months, and I had heard nothing from Dan. Oh well; it had been fun. However I was beginning to get horny. Fortunately, I'm fairly good at suppressing those urges.   
  
I thought to myself: this is 2017. I don't have to sit around waiting for a man to call. I could take the initiative and invite him. Send him a text? Maybe a Facebook message? These were my thoughts when I checked my email for the tenth time that day, number 92 since I last saw Dan.   
  
There it was: an email from Dan had just arrived. It had his cell phone pictures of me making love to the Corona bottle. Thank God my face was not in the pictures. They were sexy pictures, and I got wet pretty quickly.   
  
My doorbell rang. Who would ring at 9pm? I was naked, in my bedroom, so I threw on my robe. I figured it was Dan, following up on his perfectly timed email. That's why the fact that you could see my boobs and my pussy through the robe did not bother me. It was not too blatant, anyway.   
  
All you could see through the fabric was a fuzzy view of my nipples and areolas, and if you knelt down you could sort of see my pussy, too. But Dan had already not only seen all of me, he had already enjoyed all of me. Maybe he wanted to do so again? That would be nice.  
  
I don't know why he would wait three months to pursue me. Probably he had found someone else, and that was over, and he wanted to see if I were still interested? Am I that much of a doormat?  
  
These were my thoughts as I went to the door. I opened it with a giant smile to help to seduce Dan, but it was not Dan: It was my neighbor Bob.

I had not thought about Bob for months. After the frantic time with Dan when I had fun exposing myself, I had reverted back to the life of a more normal woman, consumed by my job. But seeing Bob brought it all back. All of it.  
  
"I brought you some brownies," he said. "Be careful when you eat them. They have some special ingredients inside." I realized how much I liked Bob. I was happy to see him.  
  
I smiled. "Let me guess. I should not operate heavy machinery after eating one of these?"  
  
"You're sharp, Sophia. It's a pity you're so young. Otherwise...well, let's just say you're the type of girl I could fall for," Bob said. "But I must be as old as your father."  
  
"My father's 57," I said.  
  
"Hey, hey! I'm only a juvenile 53," Bob said, feigning excitement.  
  
"For some girls, that's a turn on, you know to be the girl's father's age," I said. "Not many, I suppose, but for some, I'd say definitely."  
  
"Yes, but it's not right. I'm too old for you," he said.  
  
"For marriage, I guess I agree. For an occasional roll in the hay, maybe not, you know?" I said. The idea of sex with my voyeur suddenly had an irresistible appeal to me. I did not mind the age difference; I was kind of aroused by it, in fact. Maybe it was suppressed desire to have sex with my father? Who knows? Who cares?  
  
"Maybe not," he agreed, and we both looked at each other. Finally, Bob was direct with me for what seemed to me to be the first time. "Are you one of those girls? I hope so," he said.  
  
I smiled and nodded. "The hay is this way, Bob." I took his hand and I led him to the bedroom. I picked up two ice cold Coronas on the way.