**Sylvia's Early Exhibitionism**

by[PrettyPerkys](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1060649&page=submissions)©

Rae has been my best friend as long as I can remember. She is from a well-off family with a swimming pool and we were inseparable as we were growing up. We often had sleep-over's at each other's home and spent many hours discussing sex in all its mysterious variations, at least from our inexperienced perspective. We had both long agreed that her father, Rob, was just about the sexiest man imaginable and he was devoted to Rae and by default to me. I began to fantasize about him, wondering if he might be peeking down my top or checking up my skirt, but I never actually caught him doing it. While lounging around their pool I sometimes found myself wondering if he was scanning my body from behind his sunglasses and secretly began to hope he was.  
  
At school and around my friends, I found myself being more casual about leaving my legs spread and bending over a little more to allow better views, if anyone happened to show interest me. During our high school years I developed much slower than Rae but by the end of our senior year I began to catch up, then almost overnight lost my baby-fat and felt I had finally developed a woman's body instead of a girls'. I'll admit I became pretty impressed with myself and enjoyed all the attention I was attracting from the boys.  
  
The summer before we were due to leave for college, both Rae and I celebrated our birthday by driving across the state line to where the legal drinking age was 18. We got really hammered and just barely made it home safely, probably one of the dumbest things we had ever done together. When we admitted it to Rae's parents the next morning they were understandably mad at us and insisted that in the future if we were going to drink, we do it at home and stay out of cars and off the highway. From then on they treated us like adults and we felt totally grown up and comfortable around them, even sharing a glass of wine at dinner or having a couple of beers during their barbeques.  
  
As that summer wound down and we prepared to go off to college, Rae invited me for one last sleep-over. The weather had been gloriously warm and we spent all day by the pool, feeling free to raid her dad's supply of beer more often than we probably should have. Knowing it was the last time I was going to be seeing him for a long time and definitely feeling the effects of the beer, I became even more flirty than usual. I deliberately began to tease him, but always making it look accidental. Of course Rae was well aware of what I was doing and could barely contain herself from giggling. When I rubbed suntan lotion on my chest I let my bikini top slip down enough to almost expose the tops of my nipples and then I would take my time pulling it back up until I knew he had the opportunity for a good look.  
  
When Rae said she was going inside to get us another drink, she winked at me and whispered that she would take her time. Soon after she was gone I asked Rob to come over and rub some suntan lotion on my back. He jumped up as I turned over onto my stomach and sprawled out on the chaise lounge, reaching back and casually untying my straps for him. I crossed my arms in front of me and used them as a pillow—knowing full-well it would completely expose the sides of my breasts. He poured way more lotion than he needed and began spreading it generously from my neck down to my bikini, barely skirting the crease of my ass before sliding back up along the sides of my ribcage to my shoulders. Each time his hands came closer to my breasts I would sigh and raise up slightly, just enough to make him wonder if I was doing it deliberately or not. He was definitely getting excited—I could feel his hands trembling slightly and I'm sure he knew I was getting turned on, too. I felt a rush the first time his fingers actually brushed along the sides of my breasts and I let out a low moan, but before he could touch them again Rae came out of the house and he quickly shifted his attention to the backs of my legs instead. Nothing more happened that afternoon although I could feel the tingling thrill of his fingertips on my breasts all day. That evening we all shared a bottle of wine at the family dinner, watched a couple of old movies on TV and went to bed quite late.  
  
I woke up in the middle of the night and couldn't go back to sleep. I slipped out of bed quietly so as to not wake Rae and went to the bathroom, then on a whim wandered down to the family room. The door was slightly ajar and there was a light flickering from the TV, but no sound or other light in the room. Thinking we might have left it on by mistake, I pushed the door open silently and walked in to discover a soft-core porno flick playing on the TV and Rob sprawled out on the couch with his pajamas spread wide open, slowly pumping his hard cock. His eyes were glued to the screen and he didn't notice me watching him as I stood there, shocked but fascinated by the scene before me. It was the first time I'd ever seen a live man jacking off, even though I'd watched it on web-sites and had even played with a couple of my boyfriend's cocks. I must have made some kind of involuntary noise because he suddenly looked back and saw me standing there. He jumped up, pulling his pajamas together and stammering, "Oh my god, Sylvia. I'm so sorry."  
  
I managed to mumble something inane like, "Uhh, that's okay . . . it's my fault," and hastily backed out and returned to the bedroom. I crawled into bed next to Rae and lay there listening to her sleep, my heart pumping like crazy. I was so excited and horny it was all I could do to keep from masturbating, but I was afraid I'd wake her up if I did. I lay there most of the night thinking about Rob, replaying in my mind what I had seen and wondering what we would say to each other when I saw him in the morning.  
  
When Rae and I walked into the kitchen for breakfast he was sitting at the table drinking coffee and Rae's mom sang out a cheery, "Good Morning. How'd you sleep, girls?"  
  
Rae just said, "Okay," and I glanced at Rob before I answered. I could see the fear in his eyes and knew I had him 'by the balls,' so to speak.  
  
I looked at her and said, "Great!" Then I looked right in his eyes and smiled broadly and added, "And I even had a wonderful dream." The relief on his face was obvious and he even managed a faint smile back.  
  
Later that year when I was home from college on Spring Break, Rae invited me to stay over again. It was the first time I'd seen Rob since that exciting night and I had never told her about what I had seen her dad doing. We giggled for hours after going to bed, getting caught up on all our secrets too personal to have shared via email or phone, discussing our dates and boyfriends and our respective colleges. We'd both lost our virginity since we last saw each other so we had lots and lots of titillating stories to share. We awoke late Saturday to find an unseasonably warm day and while eating brunch Rae begged her dad to open the pool early for the season. He was reluctant at first, saying it was way too early, but since he could never say 'no' to either Rae or me he finally relented. I had a sneaking suspicion that the chance to see me half naked by the pool again weighed heavily into his decision, too.  
  
Late that afternoon he came to our room and told us the pool was ready for us to jump in. I blurted out that I hadn't brought a bathing suit and he just shrugged and told me to borrow one of Rae's. She quickly agreed and said, "Sure, no problem."  
  
I shrugged my shoulders and said, "Okay, why not? We'll be right out."  
  
Rae reached into her drawer and pulled out a couple of bikinis and quickly started to undress. She grinned naughtily when she handed one to me, saying it was pretty old but it would do the trick. Because I needed to go to the bathroom before changing, I didn't pay any attention to it and by the time I got back to the room she had gone out to the pool.  
  
I stripped and started to put on the suit. The bottoms were tight but stretchy enough to wiggle into, and when I looked in the mirror I was glad I'd been waxing my landing strip, since it was barely covered. My breasts had definitely grown larger than Rae's and I could quickly tell there was going to be more of a problem with the top. When I put it on I definitely faced more challenging logistics—it was way too small. I loosened the straps to try for more coverage but when I pulled the cups together to minimize my cleavage the sides of my breasts became completely bare. I also quickly realized the lining was so thin it would emphasize my nipples more than hide them when it got wet. It was the skimpiest suit I had ever worn and I was more than a little nervous about having Rob see me in it, but more than a little excited, too. I took another look in the mirror and grinned to myself before marching bravely out to the pool.  
  
Imagine my disappointment to discover Rob wasn't there. Rae and I splashed around for an hour or so and then flopped onto the chase lounges to work on our tans. At some point she looked over and examined how her old suit looked on my body. Her eyes almost popped out and she grinned wickedly. "Wow" she said.  
  
I looked down and—wow, indeed—it was as revealing as I thought it would be.  
  
"I picked that suit for you on purpose," she confessed, "but I didn't realize it would look that hot." We giggled and she said it was a shame her dad wasn't there to appreciate how perky I looked. "I know he'd love checking 'em out," she giggled, nodding her head at my protruding nipples. I was feeling really naughty and admitted I was sorry he wasn't there too, and teasingly admitted that I'd also love to see his reaction. Rae quickly picked up on my sexy bravado and dared me to go in the house and get us another beer, saying she thought her dad was probably in the kitchen getting ready to barbeque. She knew me well enough to know that I've always hated to pass on a dare, and of course I was secretly hoping he would be there so I jumped up and went inside.  
  
He wasn't in the kitchen but after I grabbed the beer and started back I met him as he was walking out of the living room. We were in the hall and I stopped in front of him with a beer in each hand, not moving except for my chest heaving as he stood there and silently stared at me. This time he made no pretense of NOT looking; he almost devoured me with his eyes. I watched him look back and forth from breast to breast for what seemed like an eternity until I finally managed to 'apologize' by saying, "Uhh, I guess Rae's old suit is a little too small for me, huh?"  
  
"No . . . no," he said, "It's great." He looked up at me when he answered, but then very deliberately dropped his eyes back to my breasts. "Actually," he stammered, "it looks beautiful on you." He grinned wickedly and added, "It brings out your best points."  
  
I giggled and felt myself blush as I very quietly said, "Why, thank you, kind sir. I'm glad you like it."  
  
We heard Rae calling for her beer from outside so I moved slowly past him and walked down the hall, making sure to wiggle my ass as provocatively as I knew how. Rae looked at me conspiratorially as I walked toward her and I knew I must have been grinning like a Cheshire cat. "He noticed," I said simply, and we both fell into a fit of laughing.  
  
An hour or so later Rob came out to the pool deck and told me that my Mother was on the phone and wanted to talk to me. I jumped up and bounced past him to the kitchen where she told me she wasn't feeling well and wanted me to come home early. Rob had followed me back into the kitchen and was standing there watching while I held the phone. I was fully aware that he was enjoying the view and I could feel my nipples harden even more under his gaze. I hung up and told him I had to leave right away and asked him if he'd go tell Rae while I gathered up my stuff and got changed. He looked disappointed but said "Sure," and walked out toward the pool. I went into Rae's bedroom and deliberately left the door open as I started to throw my things into my backpack. I was secretly hoping he'd come right back in, knowing full-well that he'd be able to look in and see me if he did.  
  
I took the suit bottoms off and slipped into my panties and jeans, then reached behind me and untied my bra-top in the back. I let it fall forward and started reaching up to lift the halter strap over my head when I heard the slider door open. I hesitated, wondering if it would be him or Rae and secretly hoping it would be him. I stood frozen like that for what seemed like an eternity, with my breasts barely shielded by the clingy material. I finally sensed someone was there and glanced toward the door. Sure enough, Rob was standing in the hall looking in with such a look of rapture on his face I knew instantly that he was totally in my power and that I had to let him see all of me. I slowly lifted the suit over my head; let it slide down my arms and into my hands. I hesitated for just a moment and then deliberately turned directly toward him and dropped it to the floor. My arms hung against my sides and I stood there proudly, my chest heaving and giving him a full-on view.  
  
His eyes were glued to my breasts, his mouth open. I could feel my hands shaking like a leaf and my nipples felt like they were about to explode. As we stood there staring at each other his hand moved slowly, almost unconsciously to his crotch. My eyes followed it and were greeted by the sight of his hard cock straining against the thin material of his running shorts. I watched as he began to touch himself, rubbing the outline of his erection as it quickly grew before my eyes. I let my hands slide up to cup and squeeze my breasts, not surprised to feel how hard my nipples had become. My cunt felt like it was on fire and I could hardly refrain from plunging my fingers into it. He took a hesitant step toward me but before we touched, we heard the door from the pool slide open.  
  
Rob bolted instantly, disappearing in a flash. I grabbed my bra and was clumsily trying to hook it up when Rae popped through the open door and into the room. I finished dressing and threw the rest of my stuff in my backpack, trying to avoid her gaze. She looked at me quizzically and I knew I must have looked flushed, but I just mumbled something about my Mom and she nodded her head and didn't say anything. I kissed her lightly on the cheek and left, telling her I'd call later.  
  
As I went to the front door Rob was standing there looking nervous. I could tell he was afraid I might say something to Rae and was terrified of what could happen. I looked down at his shorts and saw a small wet spot where his erection had previously been so obvious and I felt an incredible rush. For the first time in my life I understood the power women have over men and I instantly felt a surge of self-confidence and knew I was going to use it on him again. "You better change those shorts before Rae notices," I whispered. As I stepped past him, I let my fingers brush lightly against his crotch. He smiled weakly and I winked and walked away.  
  
Later, when Rae and I were talking, she mentioned that she'd noticed I seemed flustered when I was leaving her room. She came right out and asked what it was, saying she suspected it must've had something to do with her dad. I grinned and said that I hadn't been flustered—I'd just been really turned on.  
  
She instantly knew that I'd let him see me changing. "You little slut," she grinned and we both broke into laughter.