**The Start**

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As a budding exhibitionist, she was excited by the idea of 'flashing', but hadn't built up the courage to take the plunge. She discovered we both like very similar things and wanted to know how I found and explored a liking for 'being seen', mutual masturbation, and teasing.  
  
It set me thinking to back to my first experience, at nineteen. I was still a virgin, inexperienced, yet I was to find I was confident enough to follow my desires and get what I wanted. I was aware of my sexuality, had desires that I had up until now taken care of with my fingers, and so far had resisted dating, or the advances of fellow students.  
  
My Aunt, my guardian, after my parents had passed in a car accident, was a strong independent lady with a successful business.  
  
She taught that despite what feminists say, being an attractive woman in a man's world was never a disadvantage if you were smart enough to work with it and take advantage. Previously educated in boarding schools, I had little experience of being around boys until collage, but my Aunt gave me sound and sensible talks on men, sex and exploring my sexuality.  
  
She was open, honest and talked of the pleasure sex could bring, rather than just the sterile practicality taught in sex education classes.  
  
And in collage I had been pretty much a loaner, caught up in my studies as I wanted to do well. Still, I was also well aware of the looks I got from the male students, as well as the comments when we passed in the hallways. I found the attention exciting and started to wear my skirts a little shorter, my tops a little tighter, just for the thrill of the tease.  
  
My Aunt's property was a large, three bedroomed detached,my bedroom was the second largest, en suite facing the rear of the property with a small balcony overlooking a moderate tidy garden and the houses to the back. Which were separated by wooden fencing and a narrow footpath between.  
  
It was here my adventures began for me one Saturday after I had returned from a run.  
  
My Aunt was away, so I treated myself to a nice long soak in the bath, rather than taking a shower in my en suite. Drying off, I walked to my room naked, having forgotten to pick up my robe.  
  
It was dark outside, and the curtains open, causing me to pause momentarily at the door. Bedside lamps dimly lighted the room, so thinking nothing of it I sat on the edge of my bed and started gently rubbing body lotion into my skin.  
  
The security light to the rear of the house opposite came on briefly, and I thought I saw a shadow duck down behind the fence of their garden, then slowly peek over the top.  
  
Whoever it was had been facing away from the neighbour's house. With a surprising tingle of anticipation, I realised they must be spying on me as I sat naked.  
  
Rather than feeling embarrassed, I found it exciting.  
  
The person, (pervert?) stood as the security light faded and the garden became darker. I could just about make out the shape of him staring up at my balcony window, perhaps thinking I couldn't see out, as I hadn't reacted in any way.  
  
I was sitting sideways on to the window, in profile so he would be able to see the shape of my breasts, hips, thighs but little else.  
  
My heart raced as I wondered what he thought of my breasts.  
  
I had never been naked in front of the opposite sex before; even my doctor was female. I wondered if he would be able to see how prominent my nipples were, erect from the thrill of being caught.  
  
Suddenly I had an overwhelming desire for my spy to see everything.  
  
My reaction surprised me. But, I stood on shaky legs and turned slowly, giving him a fully exposed view of my entire body.  
  
My mouth was dry, and I was trembling all over, knowing that he could see everything from my breasts to the sparse neatly trimmed patch of pubic hair, leading down to the secret place between my thighs.  
  
A tremor of excitement went through my body at that realisation, I forced myself to take slow, relaxed breaths and act natural as if I didn't know anyone was there, so as not to frighten my spy away. I groaned, turned on and suddenly desperate to move a hand down between my legs.  
  
For a moment I wondered if it would be going too far, but then I found an excuse to do so and tease him further.  
  
Turning my back to the window, I bent from the waist, legs slightly splayed to retrieve the moisturiser from the bedside table. I didn't know whether the spy was close enough to see my bare pussy lips, but the thought that he might be able to sent shivers through my body.  
  
Shocked at the intensity of my feelings, of a need to be seen, I casually turned back towards the window, my thighs slightly apart.  
  
With moisturiser on the tips of my fingers, I rubbed a hand over my lower belly, travelling lower until my fingers passed through my pubic hair, I lingered briefly on my clit.  
  
Lost in the moment, I placed a foot on the bedside table and pressed a finger to my pussy. It slipped easily between my very moist outer lips to my opening.I curled two fingers inside myself, caressing the smooth, warm dampness there.  
  
Soaked, I then slipped them out and back to my clit.  
  
The 'naughtiness' of putting on a show soon got to me.  
  
Just the slight pressure of my finger tips was enough to give me an almost instantaneous orgasm. I gasped, keeping a finger busy until my breathing started to return to normal.  
  
Lifting my head slightly, I saw my spy standing openly by the neighbours garden gate.  
  
I waved  
  
He panicked and ran for the house behind.  
  
So it had been the neighbour's son who had been spying on me.  
  
He was a year older and a quiet, slight 'geek.' computer club sort, and I wondered if he'd spied on my room before. How many times had he caught a glimpse as I wandered around, getting dressed?  
  
My mind raced, had he been masturbating, while watching me dress?  
  
Rather than being annoyed, I was intrigued, wondering how he looked doing it and a little excited at the thought of me being the cause of his excitment.  
  
I quickly pulled on panties and bra, plain cotton nothing revealing, my robe and trainers, then raced downstairs, through our garden, over the path and into the neighbours.  
  
I knew his parents were out for the evening, so I tried the back door, found it unlocked and let myself in.  
  
Hearing the door click, he rushed into the kitchen and stopped open-mouthed.  
  
I stood hand on hip, robe not fastened, but not wide open.  
  
He stood speechless, his eyes roving over my legs, taking in the teasing glimpse of panties, the hint of a bra.  
  
His partly open fly betrayed what he had been about to do before I had interrupted him, along with the fist full of tissue.  
  
Before he could say anything, I took control.  
  
'So you like peeping at girls changing?'  
  
I asked.  
  
'Did you enjoy the little show I put on?'  
  
He flinched as I moved forward and pointed towards the tissues.  
  
'Looks like I caught you about to take care of something.'  
  
He went to answer, but I cut in.  
  
'Only fair I watch unless you'd like my Aunt to give your parents our CCTV.'  
  
I lied, the CCTV didn't cover the neighbours garden, but he wasn't to know that.  
  
'You want to watch?' he asked.  
  
'Is that all.' his voice was a little horse.  
  
It was a fair question, seeing as the way I was dressed.  
  
Why had I dressed this way?  
  
It would have been quicker and easier to pull on a hoodie and leggings if I was just confronting him. But I knew it was because of my new found desire to be seen.  
  
I didn't just want to watch.  
  
I wanted to play as I watched.  
  
The thought of watching and being watched was making my panties damp. I was a virgin, I didn't want sex yet, but I wanted to do something sexual, something to get off, other than touching myself alone in my room.  
  
'We are not doing anything except watching.' I said  
  
'No sex, no kissing, but I might let you touch a little if you promise to do as I say and nothing else.'  
  
He nodded his agreement so fast it was comical.  
  
I indicated to his trousers, 'undo them and make a start then.'  
  
He only hesitated briefly before pulling his jeans off, the end of his penis stuck out from the fly in his boxers, which were soaked at the front.  
  
'Have you done anything before?' I asked. My voice a whisper as I stared at the glistening tip of the first cock I had seen, in the flesh, so to speak.  
  
'No.' he answered, which was good because he would be as clueless as I was, but also easy to manipulate.  
  
'Have you?'  
  
I wanted him to think I knew what I was doing so just replied.  
  
'You shouldn't ask a lady that.'  
  
He went red, my heart was pounding, but I managed to keep an even tone as I said.  
  
'Show me what you do.'  
  
Dropping my robe, I stood there in just underwear and felt a tingle of excitement. I could feel my damp panties, had ridden up and knew they would be moulded to my pussy, a hint of 'camel toe' teasing the shape of me.  
  
He stared then, not even bothering to take off his boxers; he pulled his penis through the fly, and started rubbing his hand back and forth.  
  
Subconsciously. I traced a finger over the damp material between my legs, watching fascinated as clear liquid coated the shaft of his penis and dribbled onto the already soaked boxers.  
  
As his strokes got faster, I was acutely aware from my Aunts talks that inexperience meant lads our age didn't last long.  
  
I wanted to enjoy this as long as possible, at least until I had got off myself.  
  
'Stop.stop'  
  
'Just hold it for me to look at.' I said  
  
He looked at me stunned, slightly breathless.  
  
'I thought you wanted to see me do it.'  
  
My heart was pounding.  
  
'I do, just not right away.'  
  
He grasped my meaning and stroked it slower, the momentary pause had stopped things briefly, but I knew that wouldn't last.  
  
To distract him while I 'entertained myself' I said.  
  
'You can touch my bra.'  
  
He hesitated then clumsily cupped my breasts and brushed his thumbs over my nipples.  
  
He was watching to see how I would react as they stiffened against the soft material of my bra.  
  
'Gently pinch them between your fingers.' I said.  
  
He did as I asked, and I groaned with pleasure, even though he pinched them a little harder than I do when pleasuring myself. Rolling, and pulling them, almost painfully, sending new sensations through my body.  
  
Taking a breath, I grasped his cock.  
  
It jerked in my hand, and I thought he was going to do it straight away.  
  
He bit his lip, sucking in a sharp breath.  
  
It was a bit of a thrill knowing I was the first girl to ever to touch him like this, I backed him up against the kitchen table.  
  
Standing, legs apart, I guided the glistening head between my legs, pressing it to the wet material covering my slit and worked it back and forth against me, teasing both of us.  
  
Feeling it against me with just the thinnest of barriers moving between us was making me so wet. Knowing that he desired more if I allowed, pushing past my panties to sink inside, but depriving him, no both of us of it, was such a rush.  
  
Because I found as much as I wanted to feel what it was like, holding back, keeping control, being in charge, that was more exciting.  
  
Suddenly he cried out.  
  
'I'm going to do it.'  
  
He tried to pull away, and his cock sprang up between us, resting against the soft cotton covering my pubic mound.  
  
Not wanting to break contact I moved my hips up and down slightly, grinding against him, enjoying the feeling of his erection trapped between us.  
  
Hearing him moan in pleasure, I pressed harder into him, my bra rubbing against his chest, teasing my sensitive nipples.  
  
Suddenly, he grasped my cheeks and pulled me in tight, making me gasp in surprise, stiffened then shuddered against me. I felt something warm and thick squirting onto my belly.  
  
His cock throbbed, the shaft pressed hard against my panties, the tip jerking against my belly as for the first time ever someone covered me in cum.  
  
I liked the feeling.  
  
As I eased back to look down between us some of it even squirting up to wet the underside of my bra. He let out a final shudder and tried to move away, but I needed more.  
  
Grasping the slick, glistening end of his cock, I rubbed it hard against my clit, through my wet panties, his cum soaking them, making them translucent, my pubic hair clearly visable.  
  
It wasn't long until an orgasm hit that left me shuddering and twitching, juices flowing while I gasped for breath, just as he had been moments before.  
  
By now both my panties and thighs were soaked and slick, 'that was amazing' I thought to myself as I calmed down.  
  
Without speaking a word, I suddenly gathered up my robe and left.  
  
He shouted after me but was in no position to follow, although I was as damp and slimey as he was, if not more.  
  
The security light came on, and I briefly wondered if any of my other neighbours had seen me running around in my underwear tonight.  
  
My thought bringing not shame but a shiver of excitement.  
  
There were no comments from neighbours.  
  
However, I was to find out the CCTV did partially cover both gardens and had caught me running to the neighbours and back barely dressed.  
  
So I had some explaining to do.  
  
My Aunt listened as we talked openly about my experience.  
  
She gave advice, spoke to me about mutual masturbation, which apparently is what we had been doing, and then went into all the other fun ways people can share an experience without having full sex. I was keen to try the camel toe slide in particular, and years later it remains a favourite tease.  
  
So in an evening, I had learnt that I was an exhibitionist and voyeur.  
  
And that I liked controlling what a man sees, or touches.  
  
Because, although my neighbour had seen me naked, it was at some distance.  
  
In the kitchen, he'd touched just my bra and seen nothing intimate, only the shape of me where my panties had clung.  
  
I had found that being clothed, keeping things 'secret' was as exciting as being naked.  
  
I'd also got a thrill from walking around semi-naked and liked the thought of doing things in public, of being caught. I dared myself to go without panties for a day, just to see what it would feel like.  
  
Mostly, I had also liked the feel of his cum squirting on me and wondered what it would be like to feel it on my bare breasts, my ass, my thighs.  
  
My pussy.  
  
Perhaps he let me find out.  
  
Thats another story.  
  
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