**Vacation Workmen Take Advantage**

by SexiMom

My husband and I took a weekend off alone to unwind at a family vacation home in upstate New York. We hadn't visited since the roof had been lifted expanding the upstairs of the A-frame. Huge skylights (4 feet x 4 feet) had been added in each room upstairs. Unfortunately, one leaked and needed to be repaired. We were told the roofers had another job, but planned to place a large tarp over it that next morning, and would complete the job as soon as possible.

I felt particularly horny being alone in the countryside. On the ride up my husband talked about taking daring pictures of me... the more exhibitionist and daring the better. Part of the game was to not get caught showing off to anyone but him. I'm torn with contrary sexual urges, wanting to be respected and proper but also wanting to be lusted after and used. I know I'm hot, at 5'4", slender, with 36D breasts. I like being photographed outdoors, nude. Now that my daughter is starting to get lustful looks before me, I'm even more eager to be seen. Luckily, she wasn't with us... and I enjoyed watchful eyes of men who considered me a young MILF.

On the ride up to get-away, he reminded me of the nude pictures taken of me in the field out west, and earlier pictures of me nude leaning on a motorcycle in a park. He reminded me how, though at first embarrassed and hesitant, I got carried away when my sister pulled me onto the stage at a strip club, and the crowd cheered wildly when I unbuttoned my first blouse button and insistently cheered me out of my blouse, my pants and then my bra, showing off my breasts to the cheering crowd (http://www.kristensboard.com/forums/index.php?topic=21475.0). I was getting hornier with every mile, and knew I would attack my husband when we finally arrived.

Pulling in, I nearly attacked him in the car, but he insisted we pace ourselves. As soon as we entered, he popped open the champaign we brought, which we drank while climbing the stairs to the bedroom, shedding clothes along the way. He talked graphically about what we'd do tomorrow. Our bedroom, which had the skylight needing repair, had two twin beds. Expertly building on my exhibitionist fantasies, my husband made love to me passionately on my bed. While he forcefully pushing into me, he explained I could not put on my nightgown that night, since the roofers would want to spy on my naked body through the skylight in the morning. As he pounded into me, I came strongly, passionately crying out, imagining the roofers were watching as we fucked, and remembering the strip club where sympathy for my sister caused me to be molested by men pushing dollars into my panties, copping a feel as they did. I had no clue if my husband really wanted me exposed to the roofers, but the idea pushed me over the edge. After, we both fell asleep nude in our adjacent twin beds. It was rare for me to sleep totally nude. Though I pulled my sheet over me, I made the conscious decision to remain nude. Would he actually want them to see me? I fell asleep in a sexual fantasy world.

In the morning I awoke to clattering and banging, perhaps including door knocking, but I wasn't about to answer the door. It (groggily) occurred to me that the roofers were probably ready to put the tarp over the skylight. Then I realized we were both asleep nude with the large skylight just beyond the foot of the beds! Still wet and horny from my exhibitionist fantasies, I couldn't help kicking the sheet off of my nude body, feeling sure I wouldn't follow through. My husband appeared to be sleeping soundly, with his sheet covering even his head. Did he really want me to be seen? Did I want it? I could easily pull the sheet back over me. So how long did I dare stay uncovered? The skylight was feet from the foot of my bed. The sunlight poured in, warming my already hot naked body. My breathing picked up. I was in total control. Able to easily flip the sheet back over my nakedness, I could hide my body from the roofers. But, if I dared, I could re-imagine the men at the strip club sticking dollar bills into my panties to slide their hands on my pussy. My heart raced, knowing I wanted to be bad, but afraid to follow through.

More clattering sounds. My heart raced. Should I keep the covers off exposing my body? I laid on my back, with my legs slightly spread, gently fingering my exposed pussy. Would my husband be mad or excited if he knew? More clattering at the roof. I froze, moving my fingers from my pussy. I could see shadows, and then feet at the edge of the skylight above. First one set of boots, then another. The noise got VERY quiet. From their vantage point directly above my feet, they could scan up my naked legs, seeing the sunlight play on my exposed blond pussy, and most probably viewing my 36D breasts and erect nipples. I know my head was at an angle that wasn't visible. My eyes could remain wide open watching them lust for me. I could even see them quietly waive a third man over to the skylight. With my heart racing, I could tell how eagerly they lusted for my body. The dampness in my pussy begged for touch. Feigning ignorance, avoiding any upward glance, I sat up in the bed, rubbing my eyes and swinging my legs to the side of the bed. I stretched my arms outward (not up!), and rubbed my eyes again, feigning total confusion and grogginess. Then my hands fell between my legs, providing a momentary relief by secretly fingering my pussy. From the shadows, I could tell the three men were totally transfixed. Secretly, I knew they needed to grab their cocks even more than my pussy begged for touch. That gave me great satisfaction.

I stood up. Slowly, still avoiding any look upward, I walked across the room under the skylight. Had the glass not been there, the men could have almost reached down and grabbed hold of my breasts as I walked beneath. Still feigning total ignorance, I walked to the window in front, and peaked out of the curtain. I could hear their feet quietly reposition. They now had a great view of my shapely ass, and not a one of them made any motion that would have alerted me to their voyeurism. I just knew the added sunlight from the front window had to have improved their view, if that was even possible. I was afraid the earlier clattering may have also awakened my husband. Unsure what his reaction would be, my heart raced even faster. I was afraid I might even come, just thinking about the situation.

Slowly I turned. I knew they were frozen motionless, just watching my ass. But I wanted to expose my 36D breasts again, and have them dying for another glimpse of my pussy from their perch above. Spotting a tee-shirt, I smiled. Picking it up, I walked directly under the skylight and stopped. It took my best acting skill. Looking down, I shook the tee shirt (and my tits). I slowly, yes, VERY SLOWLY, looked down and put my two arms into the tee shirt. In a single motion, I lifted the shirt up to my head, causing my eyes to be covered as I looked upward, standing with my arms to the skylight. I paused. With my arms upstretched I knew the size of my uncovered tits was enhanced. Still, only my head and arms were covered by the tee, and I realized that through the fabric I could just make out their figures in the sunlight. Had there been no glass, the roofers could have reached down and grabbed my breasts. I smiled, knowing they each believed they were just incredibly lucky.

I wiggled my shoulders, as if to drop the tee shirt down, but truly wanting to show off my tits. I knew they could clearly see my nipples while my eyes were still covered, and they could boldly look directly on. My nipples were now as hard and as erect as they could become. I turned, so that as the tee shirt came down, my eyes would be away from them. I bent over slightly while pulling the tee shirt down, knowing my ass was now front and center to their view. They surely believed I was still totally clueless. Walking toward the side of the room I pulled the tee shirt down, with the blond hair on the back of my head to the roofers. A last tug and it covered even my ass. (I suspected a view from below would have still exposed my pussy, but that was all they'd get to see).

Only a few moments after their view was obstructed, as I reached the door at the side of the room now wearing the tee shirt. I could hear the activity on the roof begin again. It only made the silence of their voyeurism all the more apparent.

Too my surprise, as the tarp was pulled across the skylight and the viewing port disappeared, my husband began to stir. Had he seen my secret slutty show? He got up, groggily, and moved over to me, now in the hall just outside the bedroom door. "Hi honey", he said, and sidled up to me. Giving me a big good morning kiss, he pressed my body up against the door frame of the neighboring bedroom door. His hands reached my sides, then slipped under my tee shirt. Sliding hands up to my tits and erect nipples, he lustily massaged them. Too my surprise, he next asked "did they get a good show?". I feigned confusion and grogginess, "I don't know!".

His hands on my breasts were most welcome, as my cunt begged to be fucked. He asked, "Did you get a view of the roofers watching your body?". "Oh," I answered, "Is that what was going on?" The clattering on the roof could still be heard as the workmen gathered their stuff and climbed down. My husband's hands took possession of my body, roaming. One hand slid down to my pussy, and I felt my knees buckling as his finger touched my clit. The slipperiness gave away my intense sexual arousal, and enhanced my electric feelings. Over my husband's shoulder, my eyes caught a glimpse of some motion at the second bedroom's skylight. The last roofer was walking to the ladder and glanced down at me! As my husbands finger slipped into my wet pussy, the roofer's eyes briefly locked onto mine. Momentary fear coursed through my body, and my tremor was taken as sexual response by my husband, whose hands continued to explore. The workman continued by, but his sly grin revealed he could see my naked hips, the absence of panties, and the groping of my husband as he passed by.

Unaware of this most recent exposure, my husband said "We are going to have some outstanding fun this weekend! Prepare to be well fucked." He pulled away and looked into my eyes, grinning. The bottom of my tee shirt dropped down over my pussy and again just covered my butt, as he stepped back. He smiled as my body shivered from excitement. In his sexy deep voice he instructed, "Go make a pot of coffee. I'm going to take a leisurely shower and come downstairs." I was ready to comply with ANY instructions. I nodded weakly. He turned and walked toward the upstairs bathroom. Still leaning against the door jam, my hands found their way down to my pussy to give some necessary reinforcement to my physical condition. Knowing I would be well fucked today, I moved toward the stairs in a haze. Beyond this point, my memory becomes foggy and seems unreal. Thinking back, the rest seems a dream, and not possibly real.

Heading down, my heart began to race again. I hadn't heard the roofers truck pull away yet. As I rounded the corner at the bottom of the stairs, I could see the truck out the kitchen window. Two of the roofer were loading the truck in the distance. I glanced around though the windows for the third roofer whose eyes had locked onto mine just moments before. I was compelled by my husband's instructions to make my way to the coffee pot, unsure if I wanted to be spied on again. With my mind racing with wild sexual fantasies and recalled experiences, I prepared the brewer and turned it on. The third roofer appeared at the door, grinning, and tapped lightly on the glass. Scared, I felt compelled to answer the door, and hoped my husband hadn't heard the tap. I thought my tee shirt provided enough coverage to be socially acceptable, but knew he had seen I had no panties on.

At the moment I cracked open the door, I could hear the shower turn on upstairs. The roofer opened it the rest of the way, but very politely said, "Ma'am, we covered the skylight so it won't leak." His polite demeanor took me by surprise, and I thanked him. "We'll be back later to fix the leak." I caught my breathe, and said "Ok." Stumbling, I foolishly muttered "I hope you weren't offended seeing my husband and I..." I know my voice trailed off with my breathlessness. He smiled, and stepped forward. His handsome physique and authoritarian manner gave him control. "Ma'am, you couldn't offend with such an outstanding body..." and he unexpectedly reached forward, placing his hands on my hips and raising my tee shirt to show off the body he referred to...

I was conscious of the shower sound upstairs. I took a deep breath. A scream would need to be loud to be heard by my husband. The roofer wasn't seeing anything I hadn't already (secretly?) shown him. He continued to pull the tee shirt upwards. I gasped. His attentive smile was captivating. As my arms were pulled upward, I made no effort to resist. As my head slipped out, and the shirt reached my raised arms, he stopped, with my entire body exposed and my husband unawares upstairs in the shower. Twisting the tee shirt pulled my wrists together and I suddenly realized how helpless I was. And, more to my surprise, how helpless I really wanted to be. Now, if I had called out for my husband, it would be obvious just how far I had let things already go. He pulled my arms down, my tee shirt now only served as a binding on my wrists. With my entire body exposed and now being manhandled by this stranger, he took control as if he had always owned me. He placed my bound hands on his jeans where I could feel his cock hardening.

Now I was afraid of my husband completing his shower and coming down, perhaps getting mad at me for my foolishness. The whole world now seemed unreal, as he he opened his zipper and firmly placed my hands on his cock. Pushing downward on my shoulders, I knew what he needed, and dropped to my knees. my own hormones drugged me. He dropped his pants as he fucked my mouth. My hands enveloped his balls and my sex uncontrollably overtook my body. As his sperm filled my mouth, I remembered being so relieved to hear the shower continuing. He kept his hands forcefully around my head, and I was surprised how quickly his hardness returned. He stood me up, and placed my butt onto a kitchen bar stool. The tee shirt had now loosened, still around my wrists. I couldn't believe it when he moved his cock head up against my pussy lips, hoping to fuck me before my husband came downstairs! I was so wet, his hard dick easily slipped in, and his hard pounding was already bringing my to a climax!! As I felt him ejaculate, I also came, while listening to the continuing sound of the shower. He smiled when he pulled out. And, then the shower stopped. Pulling up his pants, he politely said "We should be able to get back at 2:30 to finish the job, ma'am." Turning, he let himself out, and I was still catching my breath. Lifting my tee shirt back over my head, it dropped back down over my body. The coffee had stopped brewing. "Honey," my husband called out, "how 'bout bringing a cup of that coffee upstairs?"