Voyeurism and Exhibitionism

by BOSTONFICTIONWRITERÂ©

I offer conclusive evidence of the scientific difference between voyeurs and

exhibitionists.

"Brenda, wouldn't you agree that guys are voyeurs?"

"God, yes," said Brenda wiping a wisp of blonde hair that fell across her blue

eye. "Guys are pigs."

For the time being, I let that comment go unchallenged.

"If you agree that guys are voyeurs or in your words pigs, would you agree that

women are exhibitionists?" Now, here is where I get a real argument I said to

myself.

"Are you calling me a slut?" She took a step forward as if she was about to deck

me.

"No, Brenda, I'm not calling you a slut. I'm calling you an exhibitionist."

"You might as well call me a slut if you are calling me an exhibitionist." She

furrowed her brow and folded her arms across her bust. "You just stated that I

enjoy exposing my body."

"Brenda, just because you are a woman and women are exhibitionists doesn't mean

that you are a slut. You enjoy men looking at you, admiring you, wanting you,

and lusting over you."

"It depends on the man, Freddie," she said moving her lush hair back with a toss

of her head. It drives me crazy when she does that. She is so pretty and when

she tosses her long blonde hair with her head, I imagine her doing that while

she is sucking my cock, if only she would.

"See? I told you."

"You told me what?" She shrugged and made a face of exasperation at me.

"That women dress the way they do to attract the opposite sex, most times,

unless they are lesbian, of course."

"Okay, I'm listening, but you had better not be calling me a lesbian," she said

pointing a manicured finger at me.

"You wear a skirt don't you?"

"Duh? Yeah, I have one on now Sherlock. So?"

"Well, you're showing a lot of leg, there Brenda, and may I add very sexy legs."

She had shapely legs from hours of gymnastics, dance lessons, swimming lessons,

and ice skating. I looked down at her tits. "And what about your blouse?"

"What about my blouse," she said looking down at herself and making sure that

she wasn't showing anything.

"I can practically see your tits."

"You cannot," she said looking down again and rechecking the condition of her

blouse and buttons.

"See? I told you that I could see your tits, well, your bra anyway."

"Gees, Freddie, that's because you're now standing on a chair, staring down at

me, and purposely trying to peer down my blouse."

"Yeah, well, I was just using the chair as a demonstration aid to show you that,

uhm, had I been 7' or taller, I could look directly down your blouse."

"Well, there aren't too many guys that tall, Freddie. And those who are that

tall are too busy playing basketball to waste their time looking at my B cup

boobs."

"Okay, then what about the way that you're sitting?"

"What's wrong with the way that I'm sitting?" Again she looked down at herself,

crossed her legs, and pressed down her skirt with her palms.

"I can see your panties."

"You're crazy."

"Most times, I can."

"You can't see my panties." Again she looked down and checked the position of

how she was sitting.

"Well, not now because you have your legs crossed and you know that I'm looking,

but other times, you sit like a guy and give the guys a great view of your pink,

yellow, blue, green, and white panties."

"Gees, Freddie, now that you mention it, those construction workers were staring

across at me when I was sitting on the steps eating my lunch with Connie today."

She blushed. "I thought I was sitting with my legs closed, but they probably

could see under my upraised legs and up my skirt. Eww! You guys are such gross

perverts."

"My point precisely, Brenda. My point precisely."

"How do you mean your point precisely? That all guys are gross perverts?"

"No, but this is further evidence to support what I was saying before that guys

are voyeurs and women are exhibitionists."

"Okay, I'm starting to understand your meaning, I guess."

"Moreover, the reason that guys are voyeurs is because women are

exhibitionists."

"Okay, I'm following you so far."

"Good, allow me to elaborate. Let's say that instead of wearing the short skirt

that you are wearing now, you put on my baggy pants." I unbuckled, unzipped, and

pulled off my pants and handed them to her and stood before her in my briefs

while staring at her.

"Okay, I understand where you are going with this, I think." Why are you staring

at me?

"I'm waiting for you to take off your skirt and put on these baggy pants."

"Just 'cause you have no modesty whatsoever and pulled off your pants in front

of me, I'm not going to take my skirt off in front of you Freddie."

"You're a girl, Brenda; put them on the way that girls put on pants when they

don't want guys to see their panties."

Brenda put the baggy pants on under her skirt before removing her skirt.

"I saw your pink panties again when you lifted your leg to put on the pants."

"Pig!"

"No, not a pig, but a voyeur, Brenda and I'm proud of it. There's the

difference. You say pig and I say voyeur, which is the French word for viewing

women in their underwear or naked or something like that, I think, but don't

hold me to it. I never had French only Italian."

"Whatever," said Brenda putting her hand on her hip. "Now what?"

"Take off your blouse and put on my extra-large shirt," I said unbuttoning and

removing my shirt. Now, standing in front of her wearing briefs and a tank top,

I handed her my shirt.

"Freddie," she said stomping her foot, "I'm not about to remove my blouse with

you standing in your underwear while watching me."

"I'll turn my back."

Brenda removed her blouse and put on my shirt.

"Okay, now I'm wearing baggy pants and your extra-large shirt. What's the point

of all this?"

"Gees, Brenda, suddenly, you look so hot in my clothes." I stepped forward and

hugged her allowing one hand to feel her round, firm ass through my baggy pants

and the other hand to feel the firmness of her supple bra clad breast.

"Freddie, get off of me, now."

"The point is Brenda that, uhm, I'm confused," I said looking down at myself

standing in my underwear. "Maybe, I'm an exhibitionist."

"Yeah, and maybe I'm a voyeur," she said leering at he impression that my cock

made in my briefs. "Did you know that I can practically see your cock through

the thin material of your underwear?"

"You cannot," I said looking down at my growing erection.

"C'mon, let me see your cock. Take off your underwear and show me your big

prick."

"No!" I took a step back. "I'm not going to show you my cock, Brenda, you pig."

She stepped forward, reached her hand out, and felt my cock through my briefs.

"Pig!" I slapped her hand away and she pushed me back against the wall. She was

too strong for me. She kissed me deeply and reached down and stuck her hand in

my briefs. I could feel her cup my balls and wrap her fingers around my cock. I

felt so used and so abused. I felt so violated. I felt like a piece of meat.

"Help! Rape!" I mouthed the words in a hushed whisper only no one could hear me.

Brenda fell to her knees, took my cock in her mouth, and started giving me the

blowjob of my life.

Well, that theory of mine about men being voyeurs and women being exhibitionists

went down the toilet, but at least I tricked Brenda into giving me a blowjob.

Ah, life is good when blondes are beautiful but dumb.