**An Exhibishonist at Heart**

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I never imagined myself being an exhibitionist; the thought always seemed too perverse for me. Don't get me wrong, I love sex, and I have no hook-ups about my body, but willingly letting someone, or multiple someones, see me naked seemed a little too extreme for my taste. That is, until one night while in my dorm room.  
  
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It was 10 pm on a Friday, and I had just gotten home from working an 8 hour shift at the school bookstore, after having had a 3 hour class in the morning. I was exhausted and looking forward to my first Saturday off in a month. I knew there were multiple parties that I could have gone too, but I wanted nothing more than to enjoy a quiet night alone.  
  
My roommate told me that she was meeting her friends and heading to a kegger across campus, and that she would be spending the night in her boyfriend's dorm. I told her to have fun, and sat back to watch some TV.  
  
Nothing was on, so I decided to take me shower now. I grabbed my towel, and my bag of supplies, and walked down the hall to the showers. The floor was empty; most of the students heading out to parties. So I got the entire shower room to myself. I was able to take the time, and enjoy my shower. I even decided to try a little sculpting, shaving all of my pubes except for a little heart of red hair just above my pussy.  
  
After shaving my legs, and rubbing myself down with lotion, I covered myself up with a towel, and walked back to my room. I knew that I lived in a girl only dorm, but that didn't stop girls from sneaking in their boyfriends on a regular basis.  
  
I locked my door behind me, and placed my things back in my drawer.  
  
I grabbed the remote, and flicked through the channels again, hoping to find something on. I stopped when I got to the music channel, and saw my favorite song playing.  
  
Realizing that I was alone for the night, and that no one could see me, I immediately started singing and dancing along to the music. I was having so much fun, that I continued doing it for the next three songs.  
  
I only stopped when my towel came loose, and started to fall. I quickly grabbed it, but only after it had fallen below my chest. I froze there, my breasts exposed; coming to the realization that no one was there to see me, so there was no reason for me to be so shy.  
  
I let the towel drop, and my heart beat started to race. I couldn't believe that I was standing around naked in my dorm room, and I wasn't getting changed, or having sex; I was just standing there naked.  
  
I took several deep breaths, until my heart rate returned to normal, and started walking around the room, feeling myself get bolder as I did. Another catchy song started playing, and I decided to join in; singing and dancing around the room, naked.  
  
After a while, I decided it was enough and put on a pair of panties, and an old tee shirt that I usually sleep in when I'm not expecting company.  
  
I sat down on my bed, putting the pillow behind my back so that I could lean against the headboard. I flipped through the channels again, hoping to find something interesting on. It was approaching midnight, and I was getting tired.  
  
I stopped flipping through the channels, and sat up straighter when I noticed something I had just passed. I went back towards what I thought I had seen, and found that I was right; somehow, we had gotten a porn channel unlocked.  
  
Now, I'm no prude, I've watched porn before; heck, I've masturbated to porn a lot. I even had sex with a guy, while we were watching porn. But I had never actually watched porn without planning too. Usually, I had to be horny, and I would grab my laptop to watch some.  
  
But here is was, free on my TV. And it was in the middle of a good one, from what I could see. It definitely wasn't a cheap, low budget, mass produced kind of porn; it was high quality stuff.  
  
Some girl was sitting on a couch, watching porn herself; the irony of the situation was not lost on me. She had her pants off, and her panties were pulled aside so that she could masturbate.  
  
I found myself getting hot, even though there was only a girl on screen; I, like most women, was a little bi-curious, but I had never tried anything other than a kiss, once.  
  
I started rubbing my breasts through my tee shirt; squeezing them, and pinching my nipples.  
  
A ringing from my phone made me jump.  
  
I reached over and picked up my phone, seeing a text message. I opened the message, and saw that I didn't know the sender. "What the fuck?" I asked out loud, as I read the message.  
  
"You have some nice moves." The message said.  
  
Before I could understand what the message meant, I got another one.  
  
"It's a shame you covered up."  
  
"Covered up? What the hell is this about?" I started typing a reply. "Who are you?" I wrote.  
  
"Someone who appreciates beautiful things."  
  
"I don't know you."  
  
"Yes you do; you just don't know me that well."  
  
"What's your name?"  
  
"I can't tell you; it's a secret."  
  
"You have the wrong number."  
  
"I don't think so, Amber; I can see you reading my texts as we speak."  
  
"See me?" I said out loud, confused. "What are they talking about?" I looked around my room, wondering what they meant by that, and then my eyes fell upon my windows. My roommate must have wanted to get some fresh air today, and opened the windows; but she had forgotten to close the drapes after wards.  
  
I had danced around the room naked in front of the open windows, with the lights on, while it was dark outside.  
  
"Oh my God!" I shouted, jumping up and closing all the drapes quickly. "Oh my God!" I repeated.  
  
My phone rang again, and I looked at the message.  
  
"Why did you do that?"  
  
I knew right then and there, that someone had been watching me; and they somehow had my phone number.  
  
Another message came in.  
  
"Don't hide your beauty; show it to the world."  
  
"Leave me alone!" I texted back. "Stop texting me!"  
  
"I can't help it; I'm captivated by your beauty."  
  
I stood there starring at my phone, my heart racing again.  
  
"Please don't hide yourself from the world. You're too beautiful to hide away."  
  
I tried to control my breathing, but every text I got from this mysterious person kept me flustered.  
  
"You are like an eclipse; dangerous to look at, but too amazing to resist."  
  
As creepy as the whole situation was, I couldn't help but appreciate the words.  
  
"Please let me see you again; I beg of you."  
  
I still don't know why I did it, but I reached over and opened the drapes in front of the window facing my bed.  
  
"Is that better?" I texted, as I stepped in front of the window.  
  
"Yes, thank you."  
  
I looked around, trying to figure out who could be watching me. The only building high enough to see into my fourth floor window was just across from mine; it was a coed dorm. I figured that only a handful of windows could possibly hold this voyeur, but they were all blacked out.  
  
"That's right; I'm in here."  
  
"Which window is yours?"  
  
"I can't tell you that; that would be cheating."  
  
"It's not fair that you can see me, but I can't see you."  
  
"I found you on my own; you have to do the same."  
  
I sat back on my bed, leaning against the headboard and looking out my window. "Can you still see me like this?" I texted.  
  
"Yes; and I saw what you started to do before."  
  
My heart rate started to pick up again. "You did?"  
  
"Yes I did. It was hot."  
  
I sat there starring at the last text, getting excited for some reason. The fact that this mystery person had seen me naked, and then had seen me as I had started touching myself, seemed dangerous, and yet incredibly exciting.  
  
"Why don't you continue where you left off?"  
  
"I bet you'd like that."  
  
"I would like it a lot."  
  
I put the phone down on the bed next to me, and reached up to massage my breasts through my tee shirt. I looked over at the TV, and saw that the scene had changed, and that the girl was now busy sucking an older man's cock, while he was on the phone with his wife. He was telling her that he had just sent the babysitter home, and that he was going to miss her while she was away for work.  
  
This turned me on even more, since I had been a babysitter for my neighbor when I was younger, and I had always fantasized about banging the husband; he had been my first crush.  
  
I closed my eyes, and tried to picture him in my mind. I imagined him touching me the way I had always wanted him too. One of my hands slid down between my legs, and started pressing my into my pussy through the tee shirt.  
  
Then an idea popped in my head; I could pretend that this voyeur was actually him, and give him a show that would make him want me.  
  
A ring let me know I had another message. I opened my eyes and looked at it.  
  
"It looks a little hot in there. Maybe you should remove that shirt?"  
  
"I think you're right."  
  
I sat up, and removed my tee shirt; tossing it on the ground. I cupped my breasts, and pinched my nipples, while starring out my window, at my voyeur.  
  
"Your breasts are wonderful. I wish I could touch them."  
  
"Lookie-lookie; no touchie-touchie."  
  
I smiled and put the phone back down, before leaning back against the headboard again. My hands continued massaging my breasts, and pinching my nipples, as I watched the scene shift to the guy eating her pussy.  
  
My hand found its way back between my legs, and, without the tee shirt, was able to get a lot more pressure on my pussy through my thin lace panties. I looked out the window, again, and spread my legs, so that my voyeur could get a good view of what I was doing.  
  
I could feel my panties getting wet, and was about to reach into them, when I got another message.  
  
"Take them off, please."  
  
I smiled at the thought of teasing them, and not removing them, but since I had already gone this far, I decided that it couldn't hurt to go all the way.  
  
"What's the magic word?" I asked, already having decided to remove them, but wanting to play with them a little.  
  
"Heart." They wrote.  
  
I was so shocked that they had written that; there was no way they could have seen enough detail from that distance to have made out the heart shaped tuft of pubic hair.  
  
"Why do you think its heart?"  
  
"Because that's what I saw when you were dancing around."  
  
The thought that they must have binoculars, or a telescope if they could see that, excited me even more; it meant that they were going to get a really good show.  
  
I smiled, placing the phone down, and hooked my thumbs in the waist of my panties. I tried to remove them as seductively as I could, holding my legs up in the air. I tossed them down on top of my shirt, and lowly spread my legs; giving my voyeur a good look.  
  
"That is the most beautiful pussy I have ever seen."  
  
"It feels even better." I wrote, as I reached down with one hand, and started rubbing my pussy. "It's so wet, right now."  
  
"Show me."  
  
I put the phone down, and used both hands to hold open my pussy. I knew that if they did have binoculars or a telescope, they would see the moisture glistening on my pussy.  
  
"That looks so tasty."  
  
I slid two fingers inside my pussy, and then lifted them to my mouth, where I sucked on them for a few seconds.  
  
"It sure is."  
  
"Please, touch yourself some more."  
  
I reached back down and continued rubbing my pussy, while starring out my window. I wanted them to think I was looking right at them; but in reality, I was imagining 'him'.  
  
My fingers danced around my pussy, pressing all the right buttons, at just the right time; it was the most amazing masturbation session of my life. And when I finally came, I had the greatest orgasm ever; my whole body tingled for minutes, as the waves of pleasure cascaded through me.  
  
Once I finally calmed down, I looked at my phone to see that I had received several messages from my mysterious voyeur.  
  
"You look so hot."  
  
"I wish I was the one doing that for you."  
  
"Come for me."  
  
"That was amazing; you look so incredibly sexy."  
  
"This will be a night we never forget."  
  
I read them all, pausing on the last one. What had they meant by 'we', I wondered?  
  
"Who's 'we'?" I asked. "I thought it was just you."  
  
"I never said that." They replied.  
  
"Oh my God." I whispered, suddenly becoming self-conscious again. "How many were you?"  
  
"Just my girlfriend and I." They replied. "She's the one who first saw you."  
  
I relaxed a little, but still felt a bit uncomfortable about having just done that for more than one person.  
  
"You were so hot, that she couldn't control herself, and played along with you."  
  
For some reason, this made me smile.  
  
"She wanted me to send you this."  
  
The next message I got wasn't a text, but a picture of a pussy being fingered by a small female hand.  
  
"I've never seen her come so fast; you really turned her on."  
  
I looked back at the picture, but didn't recognize anything; not like I expected too, I didn't go around starring at other girls when they were naked.  
  
"She even had time to finish me off before you came."  
  
He sent me another picture of the same hand, but this time it had a huge cock in its grasp, and come was dripping down onto it.  
  
"She thought it was only fair to send you those, since you were so nice to us."  
  
I kept flipping back and forth between the two pictures; not believing what was happening.  
  
"Thank you for tonight; it's the most fun we've had in a while. Take care."  
  
I looked at the pictures several more times, my body starting to get hot again. I stood up and walked over to the window. I blew a kiss to the mysterious couple, and pulled the drapes closed. Then I went back to my bed, and sat down.  
  
I couldn't help but smile at the result of the evening, and wondered if there would ever be any more like it. I realized that I had thoroughly enjoyed being watched, and would not be opposed to having it happen again; in fact, I was looking forward to it happening again.  
  
I was so looking forward to it, that I couldn't wait; so I sat back, spreading my legs wide, and held my phone between my legs. With my free hand, I started rubbing my pussy, but made sure that the heart shaped tuft of hair was still visible; then I took a picture.  
  
I examined the picture, before typing a message. "I only think it fair that you also get a keepsake from tonight." Then I sent him the picture, and closed my phone for the night.  
  
I was hooked, and now knew that I was an exhibitionist at heart.  
  
THE END