**I like to expose myself for my Boyfriend**

by Vanessa Evans

*All characters involved in any sexual activities in this story were over 18 when the events took place.*

*In part 01 I described how my boyfriend helped me discover exhibitionism. Part 02 describes some of our early adventures.*

**Part 02**

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**Part 02a – Ethan undresses me in a bar**

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The first time that this happened was in one of the university bars on a Friday night. The place was crowded and buzzing. We had to stand against a wall; Ethan had his back to the wall and I was leaning back on him.

Ethan was holding his beer in his left hand and his right arm was round me. I was wearing a buttoned crop top with no bra and Ethan’s hand had been on my bare stomach.

After a while Ethan’s hand started wandering up and it wasn’t long before he was caressing my left breast; right there in the crowded bar.

Ethan was making me feel sooo good.

One of our female friends came to talk to us and Ethan lowered his hand. As we talked his hand slowly went up, outside my top. Our friend stopped talking and her eyes were on my chest. I looked down and saw that 2 of the 4 buttons holding my top closed were open and Ethan was working on the third.

I looked at our friend and saw a big grin on her face.

Was Ethan really going to expose my tits in the crowded bar? The thought made my pussy get wet.

Ethan continued with undoing button 3 then started on the last one. My heart started pounding. Was this really happening?

It certainly was, the last button came undone and Ethan pulled the right side of my top over my tit exposing it to the whole bar.

By that time about half a dozen people around had noticed and a couple were egging Ethan on to finish the job.

Ethan cupped my right tit with his hand and put his glass down onto the nearby table.

I just stood there as Ethan gently pulled both sides of my top off my shoulders and down my arms. He left it hanging on my right arm – I had my drink in my right hand.

By then my nipples were rock hard and my pussy was dripping. I could feel my juices on the inside of my thighs.

I looked round and saw that we had a bit of an audience.

“What did you just say Claire?” I asked our friend, but neither of us could remember.

Ethan pulled me back against his front and cupped both my tits. I felt wonderful and asked him to take me back to my dorm room but he told me that he hadn’t finished his drink. He let go of one tit and picked up his glass. He slowly finished his drink while his free hand played with my tit and nipple. He kept rubbing my nipple between his finger and thumb as Claire and quite a few other people watched.

When his glass was empty Ethan put it over my right tit and moved it around until all my tit was in the glass. It looked stupid, but sexy.

After a few comments from people (men) watching, Ethan removed the glass and we left. It wasn’t until we were outside that Ethan let me put my top back on.

That was the first time that we’d done anything like that in public; but it certainly wasn’t the last. Whenever we went out on an evening I always wore a top that didn’t tuck in. I wanted Ethan to have easy access to my tits.

It was (and still is) quite common for Ethan to stand behind me and caress my breasts under my top. We’ve had quit a few people staring at us but so far, no one has complained to us.

In one busy bar one Saturday night Ethan pulled my top right up and off me. That went down well with the young men around us.

Taking my top completely off started to happen on an almost regular basis. What’s more it was usually followed by Ethan playing with my nipples and giving our audience a good show. Each time I got so horny that I almost dragged Ethan out of the bar and we went somewhere quiet so that he could fuck me silly.

Things progressed from just me getting topless. I started wearing micro skirts that were what I call ‘easy drop’ (Ethan calls them ‘get ‘em off quick’ skirts), ones with just a zip, or just one button; and more importantly, loose fitting so that as soon as the one fastener was undone the skirt would hit the floor. Ethan bought me 6 skirts like that; he says that I can’t have enough of them.

When Ethan first unfastened the one fastener on my skirt in pub I became an even bigger hit with Ethan and our impromptu audiences. To have my pussy on display as well as my tits was the guaranteed successful foreplay to a great night’s fucking. It certainly got me wanting to be fucked as soon as I was exposed.

It didn’t stop with Ethan getting me naked in bars, he’s usually behind me when he does it and he’s started fingering me while we’re being watched. It makes me sooo horny and I always open my legs a bit so that he has easy access to me.

One time after Ethan had got me naked in a pub we left the pub with me still naked and carrying my skirt and top. Just as we got outside a policeman and police woman were walking passed. The policeman grinned but the police woman told me to get dressed otherwise I’d get locked-up. A couple of men that had followed us out of the pub told her to stop being a miserable bitch and that no one was upset or complaining but she still made me get dressed. All the time the policeman just looked at me with a grin on his face.

**Part 02b – Ethan invites others to undress me in a bar**

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The first time that this happened shocked me a bit; but not for long. We were in one of the crowded uni bars late one Friday night and Ethan had his arm round me and he was caressing one of my nipples under my top. Some of his mates came up to us and started talking. Most of them could see what Ethan was doing and were looking at my chest.

After a while Ethan said,

“Okay, I can tell that you want to see what I’m doing to Sophie. One of you undo her top so that you all can see?”

My eyes opened wide but my pussy tingled as 4 hands reached forward.

“One of you.” Ethan said.

I looked down and saw 2 hands move to the buttons on my top. They slowly fumbled their way to opening the 3 buttons then backed away.

“Take her top off then.” Ethan said.

“Wow, Ethan’s actually going to let him do it.” I thought.

My nipples were already hard but they started to throb a little. So did my clit.

My top was pushed off my shoulders leaving one tit covered by Ryan’s hand and the other totally exposed. Ryan let go of me and took my drink from my hand. As I put my arm down my top slipped off and fell on the floor. I was left wearing only my little skirt and my shoes.

“Who wants to take Sophie’s skirt off?” Ryan asked.

Another pair of hands came forward and the fastener at my hip. I had to breathe in to let the hands undo the hook then the zip. Then I felt the freedom.

All of Ethan’s mates were staring at me, and so were some other people nearby; but no one was complaining or call me names.

I got wetter.

After what seemed like hours, but was probably only seconds, the conversations started again and everyone continued like there was nothing out of the ordinary – except that I was naked in the bar – again.

After about half an hour Ethan and I left with me carrying my skirt and top and rushing back to my room. Not that we were bothered about being seen, it was that we both wanted to fuck on my bed.

Ethan’s got men to undress me in bars a few times since then. Most times have been in town and I’ve had to get dressed before leaving. I remember this one time when he invited an old man to strip me. The poor old dear was a bit reluctant at first but with Ryan’s assurance and encouragement he came over and did the deed. I think that I made that old man’s day that night, especially when I leaned forward and pressed one of my tits into his face for a few seconds.

I said that I had to get dressed before we left the pubs, but one time Ethan dragged me outside, still naked, and straight into one of the taxis that was waiting outside. You should have seen the taxi driver’s little bearded asian face. I don’t know how we managed to get back to the dorm without crashing because every time that I looked his eyes were in the mirror looking at me as Ethan and I made-out in the back.

**Part 02c – In the Denim Shop**

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Ethan getting me naked in public isn’t just restricted to bars. One Saturday when we were in town we went passed a little shop that just sold Denim clothes. One of the mannequins in the window was wearing a mini, bib pinafore dress and I happened to say that I liked it.

Ethan’s immediate reaction was to take me inside and select a few for me to try on. He promised to buy me whichever one that I liked best.

With 4 dresses over my arm we went looking for the changing room. It didn’t take long because the shop was so small that it only had one changing room; and that was a curtain across one corner. It was anything but private.

There were mirrors on the 2 walls and the curtain formed the third side of the triangle. The thing was, the curtain was only just wide enough and you had to spend a few seconds getting it just right.

Of course Ethan wanted to watch me get changed, which meant that the curtain was half open and I was exposed to half the shop.

That didn’t bother me and I knew that Ethan wouldn’t mind. After all, I was getting new clothes out of it and there was every chance that I would be getting a pleasurable evening as well.

I was naked within seconds and putting the first dress on. It was nice, but didn’t feel like ‘me’. I’d fully opened the curtain to be able to spin round to see the full effect of the dress. Ethan had stood back to get a better view.

He wasn’t the only one getting a good view.

A man was looking through some jeans on a rack right outside the changing room and I bet that he didn’t know which pair of jeans he’d just looked at.

I didn’t close the curtain as I started to take the dress off and try the second one on. As I pulled the second dress on I looked at Ethan, and for the other man. I wanted to make sure that he was getting a good show.

That one man had become three men, all fumbling with something on the clothes rack.

The second dress looked horrible, and came straight off.

The third one was ‘interesting’. It didn’t have a bib, all it had was one inch wide ‘suspenders’ going up the front, over my tits then shoulders, crossing over on my back and down to the skirt at the back.

We both liked that one but neither of us could think of anywhere where I could wear it without getting arrested. Maybe I could wear it with a short, thin tank top; maybe a see-through one with the ‘suspenders’ covering my nipples when it was necessary.

The fourth dress was quite interesting as well; the bib part was only wide enough to cover my nipples until I moved. As soon as I did the dress would move one way or the other and a nipple would pop out of the side. The other thing about it was that it had button fastenings at both sides. Without them being fastened the dress would stay in place because of the straps going over my shoulders; but the sides flop over revealing my naked hips and upper legs.

Ethan had to put his hands in and caressed my pussy for our audience.

Ethan bought the third and fourth dresses for me. He said that the fourth one would be ideal for stripping me in crowded pubs.

I got wet(ter) when he told me that part.

**Part 02d – The Naked Village Walk**

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In bed one night, after we had fucked ourselves silly, I told Ethan that one of my fantasies was to walk through a town wearing only high heels.

Ethan smiled and said,

“How about this Saturday.”

“Err yes, sure, what have you got in mind?”

Ethan told me what he was thinking. As he told me the anticipation got me all excited. We fucked again before going to sleep.

That Saturday I packed a bag with a couple of dresses and some hair bands and we got the bus to a large village on the outskirts of town. From the centre we walked to one end and found a field with an open gate. As we went into the field the anticipation was amazing. I had butterflies in my stomach and my pussy was gushing. I wanted to jump on Ethan right there and then but he wouldn’t let me. He said that he’d seem a haystack in a field at the other end of the village and that he’d fuck me there.

I got naked apart from my heels (easy because I was only wearing a dress), quickly put my hair up and walked to the road. The plan was that Ethan would walk about 15 yards behind me carrying my clothes in the bag. If a problem arose he would run up and give me one of my summer dresses so that I could quickly slip on.

My heart was pounding and my pussy throbbing as I started walking along the road towards the houses.

My first contact with other people was a car coming out of the village. The driver honked his horn and kept going.

Then it was the postman. He just grinned and kept on with his job.

The road turned a corner and within seconds there were quite a few people walking about. Most ignored me but some stared as I passed them by. One old lady was muttering something but I wasn’t listening.

My heart was still pounding and my pussy was still gushing. I could feel my juices running down the inside of my legs.

As I got closer to some shops a couple of lads on bikes stopped and stared.

“Why haven’t you got any clothes on?” One of them asked.

“It’s a sunny day.” I stupidly replied.

They kept watching me as I kept walking. People were going into and coming out of the shops. Most ignored me either because they didn’t see me or they were too embarrassed to look; but a few did look.

I stopped outside one shop and looked in the window for a few seconds before walking on. Fuck, I was so nervous and so turned on. My inner thighs were so wet. The more people that looked at me the wetter I got.

I came to the end of the shops and continued passed houses. Less people were about and I got a little less nervous. Eventually I passed the last of the houses and I was out in the countryside.

Ethan caught up with me as we got to a gate into a grassy field. We climbed over the gate and went behind a dilapidated old farm shed. I’m not sure which of us wanted to get Ethan’s trousers off quicker. I know that I really needed his cock pounding in and out of my pussy.

Eventually our desires subsided and we used a full pack of tissues to clean ourselves up. As Ethan put his trousers back on I put on my dress, let my hair down and tidied myself up. We walked back to the bus stop, hand in hand, and very happy.

We never did make it to that haystack.

On the bus we talked about how it had gone. I was really pleased but Ethan thought that we could go one better. He wouldn’t tell me how, or where. He said that he wanted to think about it some more before he said anything.

I had visions of me walking naked through town on a busy Saturday afternoon.

**Part 02e – Body Paint Sports Clothes**

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One of my dorm friends is studying Art and she was looking for some girls to have their bodies painted. She was telling everyone that the girls could wear a thong – just as long as they didn’t mind it getting painted.

When she saw me she said,

“Oh Sophie, this is right up your street; how do you fancy having your body painted?”

“Tell me more.” I asked.

She told me that her Art class was painting a team of girls to enter a 5-a-side football competition. They would be the only all-girl team in the competition but they weren’t entering to win, just have a laugh and to see how their presence affected the way the other teams played.

I told her (Becky) that I didn’t have any thongs but that it didn’t matter, I’d get painted totally naked.

When it came to the appointed Saturday morning Ethan came to the Art classroom with me but he was turned away. Becky told him that it was Art students and models only; that he would have to go and watch the football competition.

In the classroom I saw 4 other girls wearing only thongs. All were in various stages of getting painted.

We got painted by both girls and boys, each doing part of the outfit. I was pleased that it was a boy painting the shorts on me; I got quite turned-on as his brush tickled my pussy.

When I was ‘done’ I looked at myself in the mirror. I was really impressed; the top had 4 colours and a badge just above my left breast. It really did look good; just like I had some tight, lycra sports gear on.

I looked round at the other girls that had / were being painted. They looked good as well but I could see where their thongs were which made me feel good. I smiled to myself as I thought that they looked like they had a sort of VPL; something I would never have – thankfully.

When we were all done, the sort of team manager called us all together and inspected us all. Then she praised the students before telling them that they were all invited to come along with the ‘team’ to watch the games. She asked a couple of the students to bring along the paints just in case they had to do a bit of paint patching.

I’d been expecting the games to be in the university sports centre and I was a little surprised when we were all led off campus and to a public sports centre. One of the girls wasn’t too happy about it being such a public place but the rest of us convinced her to imaging that they were on a beach on their holidays. One even said,

“You think that you’ve got problems, what about poor Sophie, she hasn’t even got a thong on.”

When we got to the sports centre we all got plenty of attention from the guys in the other teams. Becky, our team ‘manager’, asked us if any of us had ever played football before, I was very surprised that the others all had. Because I was the only one who hadn’t played before they allocated me the job of goalkeeper and Becky told me what I had to do. She told me it would probably be best if I half squat when the other team are about to shoot. She said that I’d have more chance of getting the ball if I had my knees bent ready to go whichever way that I needed to.

The first time that I bent my knees I felt the fresh air on my spread pussy. With those athletic guys running around in front of me I just knew that I was going to get turned-on.

I wondered if they’d be able to see my pink clit sticking out of the black paint shorts from the angle that they were at.

I think that it’s fair to say that I was hopeless in goal, but we didn’t lose by many goals. I think that the guys were distracted every time that I squat down ready to try to make a save.

Some of the guys got quite physical and quite a number of times one of them would tackle one of the girls in such a way that they both ended-up on the ground with one on top of the other. One of the girls thong got ripped and for half of that game she had to run round with her bald, pink pubis showing. She got them covered in paint before the next game.

We came last in the competition but we’d had a great time

After the games we all went back to the Art classroom and the students started peeling the paint off the other 4 girls. When a couple of them came to me Ethan (he’d managed to sneak in) stopped them and instead asked them to touch-up the couple of places that the paint had come off. Ethan whispered to me that we were going out that evening.

That night Ethan took me to the pub still wearing only my paint. All that most people in the pub saw was a girl in a football shirt and shorts. It was only the ones who looked closely that realised that I was actually naked.

When we got back to my dorm room that night Ethan told me to be careful, he wanted the paint to be intact for the Sunday’s outing. He wouldn’t tell me where we were going but I was still looking forward to it.

We had a very slow, gently fuck that night before Ethan left me to go and sleep. He told me to keep still all night. When I said that I didn’t know if I could do that he asked me if I wanted him to tie me spread-eagled to my bed.

I told him that I’d manage and that I’d take a rain-check on the tying down.

Ethan got to my room at about 9 o’clock the next morning. I’d already been to the bathroom but I’d had to forego my shower. I hoped that I wouldn’t smell later on.

As we got on the bus to go into town the driver stared at me as Ethan paid him. As Ethan moved out of the way the driver looked down at my black painted pussy and grinned. I had a wet rush.

Town was reasonably quiet and no one took much notice of me. I think that the youth in McDonalds realised but he never said anything.

Ethan and I walked round town for ages and I was a bit disappointed with the shortage of people who realised that I only had some paint on.

By the time we got back to my dorm room I had mixed feeling, On the one hand I was worked-up, but on the other hand I was disappointed by the lack of attention that I’d got. I told Ethan about it and he promised to organise something more revealing for me.

**Part 02f – Public Swimming Pool**

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Ethan thought that it would be fun for me to be exposed at a public swimming pool. He also wanted to see just how little I could get away with wearing.

Ethan ordered me some string bikinis online form a company in Australia and as soon as they arrived I modelled them for him and then fucked his brains out.

There are 2 swimming pools quite near to us; one is the university pool and the other is a public leisure centre. This has slides, a wave machine, water jets, sauna and a jacuzzi.

The leisure centre sounded to have more potential but we decided to start by going to the uni pool.

I took 2 bikinis with us, the most modest one that I own and a briefer one; one that Ethan bought me. Ethan wanted me to start modest and get more daring each time that we went. As it turned out the modest one was more modest than what most of the girls there were wearing. I went back to the changing room and changed into the one that Ethan bought me. It’s a string bikini that’s quite brief but made of thick material.

We had a good time with Ethan re-tying the strings a couple of times making them looser and looser. My tits popped out a couple of times and Ethan asked me not to notice for a while each time. My bottoms slid down so low that my butt crack was visible and one millimetre more and my front slit would have been visible. The crotch was so low that when I swam on my back Ethan said that he could see all of my pussy. It was a shame that no one really took more notice of us.

After that one time at the uni pool we decided to go to the public pool. Ethan picked out a lace string bikini. It’s quite brief but it covers the important bits; well covers them with lace. If you look closely you can see my flesh through the holes in the lace. Oh, I’d cut all of the lining out when I first got it.

We swam around for an hour and only one man (that we saw) looked closely at me.

The next time that we went Ethan picked-out a bikini made of some nylon type material. It’s yellow and is not see-through – until it gets wet; then I might as well not be wearing it. I’d tried it in the dorm shower so I knew that before we went and I was a little apprehensive, and excited. I didn’t want us to get thrown out within minutes of arriving.

Ethan thought that it might be a good idea if we walked around the place before I got wet so that anyone who was interested would see that it wasn’t see-through. We did that and no one really took any notice of me. Okay, one of the lifeguards and a middle-aged man had a good look at me, but neither said anything.

We jumped into the pool and swam around for a while and had a bit of fun in the waves machine. While I was stood there waiting for the waves I looked down at my chest and got reminded that my top was now see-through. I could even see the little bumps on my areolas, not to mention my rock hard nipples.

When the waves stopped we got out and went to the slides. As we walked I bent forward and looked at my crotch. I could easily see the front of my slit and the tip of my clit. I felt a little nervous and excited. Ethan said that I looked fantastic.

Queuing for the slides I saw 3 men look closely at my chest. I tried to ignore them but my pussy started to tingle. At one point I looked round and down to see a teenage boy staring at my butt. Ethan noticed me looking and told me to bend forward to let the youth look at my pussy. I did.

The lifeguard at the top of the slides stared for a second or so, but he never said anything. I did notice the front of his shorts change shape.

At the bottom of the slide I stood up and started walking towards Ethan. He was grinning so I realised that something wasn’t as it should be. I looked down and saw that my left tit had escaped so I pulled my top back over it, not that it stopped anyone seeing it.

Ethan liked the way I looked and decided that we were going to have another go, but before we went he took me into the main pool and re-tied the tie on my left hip. I couldn’t feel any tension when he’d finished so I looked down and saw that he’d tied it very lose. I checked my pussy and realised that the left side of my bottoms was hanging down.

It was still like that when we went to the queue for the slides. Of course Ethan had us wait until we got followed by some youths; and of course, Ethan had me bend over again. This time though my pussy wasn’t covered and I heard the youths tell each other to have a look before I finally stood up straight.

After that we went to the little café for a drink. The girl serving smiled when she saw that she could see through my bikini but she didn’t say anything. Ethan took me to a table near the entrance and sat me so that anyone coming in would be able to see all of my front. He told me to sit with my legs open. My bottoms were still lose at my left and when I looked down I could see that my left vulva wasn’t covered. Ethan had seen that as well and he smiled when I looked at him.

About a dozen people came in to the café area while we were at that table, but only one youth looked at me, then did a double take, then smiled as he looked up to my face. I smiled back at him.

After that Ethan decided that we would go to the sauna but we went via the changing room where he pulled out a thong version of my bottoms; same colour and same material. Before we went to the leisure centre I was sure that I’d get thrown out if I wore that thong but after being virtually ignored wearing a see-through string bikini I felt a little less nervous; after all, I’d seen a couple of girls wearing quite high cut bottoms with part of their butts hanging out.

We walked out of the changing area with my bits covered in only 3 small triangles of very thin yellow material; the top 2 still damp and slightly see-through. Ethan was obviously happy because there was a bulge in the front of his shorts.

I felt quite excited walking through the pool area and wondered if my thong bottom was getting see-through with my leaking pussy juices.

There was no one in the sauna when we got there and as we talked I asked Ethan if he’d got any speedos because I wanted to see the shape of his cock and maybe watch it spring out of the top. Ethan said that he’d get some before we went on holiday but he wasn’t going to wear them in England.

That was the first that Ethan had mentioned a holiday and I was about to ask him what he meant but a middle-aged man came in. He sat where he could watch me all the time. Ethan realised this and got me to turn sideways and sit with my back to the wall. I realised what Ethan wanted so I sat like that and opened my legs. By that time my thong bottoms were wet and totally see-through.

Ethan started asking me where I’d like to go for a holiday while the man stared at my virtually naked pussy.

We got too hot and went out and jumped in the plunge pool. Boy was that cold and I wanted to get back into the sauna quickly but Ethan stopped me and pulled the front on my thong forcing the material to the front of my pussy and the rear string in between my lips. Then we went back in and sat where we were. As I sat and opened my legs I heard the man give a little gasp. I looked down and saw that the string had disappeared and the material was only covering my pubic bone. What’s more, my clit was sticking out.

Ethan had noticed as well and what had been a very shrivelled cock was starting to bulge in his shorts.

As soon as that man left Ethan pulled me to him, pulled my thong down and started fucking me. We both came quite quickly.

I’d just managed to get my thong back on when a couple about our age came in. The man had a good look at me before sitting beside the girl. She was wearing a modest bikini.

After a while we decided to leave the sauna and went back to the pool. No one said anything about my exposed butt, nor my virtually exposed pussy or tits; although a few people stared at me for a while. The shorts on the lifeguard at the top of the slides looked quite uncomfortable when we were up there.

Ethan decided that we’d shower in the communal area and 3 or 4 men took quite a long time to have a shower whilst we were there. After that I asked Ethan to fuck me in one of the changing cubicles before we got dressed.

We didn’t go swimming again because we had too much uni work to do, but Ethan did undress me in a pub a couple more times before the term ended.

**Part 02g – Upskirt video**

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We thought that it would be fun to make a HiDef upskirt video. All the ones that Ethan had seen had been of pretty crap quality. Ethan got one of these GoPro cameras that are used by a lot of sports people and we had great fun going around town with me in a floaty micro skirt and Ethan doing his best to stick that camera under the hem.

The shopping centre food hall was the best because he could hold the camera on his lap and film up my skirt with my legs open wide. I even lay back so that he could get a better shot. One time frigged to an orgasm in a McDonalds and Ethan got the lot on a memory card. Now that was exciting.

Ethan’s promised to post them on the internet soon.