**Confessions of an Exhibitionist**

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This is my confession. They say it is good for the soul. I want to be completely honest about this, so here goes. I guess the truth is that I just like being naked in front of a camera. I suppose that might sound a bit weird to some people, even most people, even me sometimes but there it is. I am not so keen on being naked in front of lots of people but being naked in front of a camera and the guy working the camera and knowing that the pictures will be seen by lots and lots of horny guys who are going to get excited by them - that does it for me. I love it. It excites me and makes me tingle and it makes me feel really naughty and it makes my pussy all wet and, well, you get the picture. So I often spend my free time completely naked in front of a camera with a big smile on my face and a building feeling of excitement between my legs. Of course the guy taking the pictures is always my boyfriend, of the moment, and so when the excitement builds enough he can always put down the camera and plow me senseless. I like that part too. Showing myself off for the whole world as foreplay and then getting fucked silly once the feeling of pure naughtiness is more than I can bear. I would recommend it to anyone although I doubt it is a thing that most guys could enjoy the way a girl can. I could be wrong about that but it doesn't seem likely.  
  
After a good seeing to and a bit of a rest we then get to looking at all the pics and deciding which ones to post for all the world to see and then I post them. I usually do all that naked too. That process, culminating in another set of sexy pictures of me being visible on the web for anyone who wants to look, is also incredibly arousing. I usually end up leaving a little stain on the office chair and my left hand invariably strays down to my pussy as my right hand finally clicks the button to release my latest nudey pictures onto an unsuspecting world. God, there is nothing like that feeling. Knowing exactly what you are about to do, just how downright naughty it is - and then doing it. It never gets old, at least not for me. It makes me feel alive. It makes me feel like a very, very bad girl who should be spanked and punished and fucked to within an inch of her sanity. It is such a sexy feeling. Feeling sexy is pretty much the best thing in the world for me. I mean what's not to like about feeling sexy? And why wouldn't you want more once you've had any? I think I might be addicted to feeling sexy. Which isn't to say addicted to sex. Actual sex doesn't always have to happen.  
  
Of course having posted the pictures isn't the end of it. That's just the start. Then there is all the time I spend looking at them on the web site and seeing the view count go up and the comments come in. Now when it comes to making a girl feel sexy that is some pretty intoxicating stuff right there. The increasing view count constantly reminds me of all those nasty, horny, dirty boys staring at my pussy right now and wishing they could fill me up with their big hard cocks and fuck me till I scream. Which makes me feel super sexy all over again every time I look and see it is bigger than before. As for the comments. Well, some of them are illiterate and some of them are just rude but they all make my poor little pussy feel slippery and alive. Getting that kind of feedback explicitly about my vagina and my boobs and whatever else they like to drool over is just so wrong. Which makes it so incredibly exciting.  
  
Am I ever going to regret showing my pussy off quite as much as I have? I don't think so. I figure if I had done it once and never again then I still did it and it could come back to haunt me. So once you get past that, in for a penny in for a pound. I am already past that point of no return so I might as well enjoy myself, right? "I want you to take your knickers off and show me your pussy." I still remember the very first time my boyfriend (at the time) said that to me with a camera in his hands. He had persuaded me to let him take some sexy pictures of me and he was working on me to get naughtier and naughtier. I knew what he wanted before we started and I was already excited by the idea even then. I didn't put up much resistance. I let him talk me into it. I was secretly really pleased that he'd had the nerve to ask. I remember thinking he deserved a blow job afterwards for being such a good dirty boy. I think his reaction to me doing what he asked and letting him photograph me and the big smile on my face as he did played a significant part in my enjoyment of it. As soon as we started looking through them afterwards I knew almost immediately that it would take a team of wild horses to stop me from sharing my pictures with a wider audience. It was there in my mind right from when I looked at the first one. "Oh my God what if someone else sees these? What if anyone sees any of these? Christ my pussy is on fire." The very first time I sat naked at my computer and uploaded my pictures and waited and worried and built up my nerve and knew I couldn't not and finally pressed that button to publish my pussy for the whole world to see I had the most intense orgasm of my entire life right there on the chair. After I came down from that and started seeing the views and comments come in and realised what they did to me, I climaxed again. Right there on the office chair. Again. Completely alone and totally overcome by my own lust. Awesome.  
  
Then there are the blow job pictures. I love blow job pictures. The first time I let a guy take pictures of me giving him a blow job he looked down at me half way through, with his cock in my mouth as I smiled up at him directly into the lens, and he said "Baby, that is the single most breathtakingly sexy thing I have ever seen." If that doesn't make a girl feel good what does? So blow job pictures became another obsession of mine as well as showing off my pussy at every opportunity.  
  
It isn't a big step from there to the facial thing. I mean if you are going to get completely naked, pose, smile, and suck a guys cock while he snaps away to his heart's content then at some point he is surely going to cum. I mean he has to eventually. I mean I would be a bit upset if he didn't. So if he is going to cum, where is he going to cum? Sure, he could cum in my mouth and I could just swallow it down like a good girl should and that would be that, but have you been following me so far? I like the pictures. I like the camera. I want to see something for my trouble after the fact. So really it just makes sense for him to cum all over my face and then take lots of pictures of me smiling, covered in cum, giving him a cummy blow job. Which are just the best blow job pics of all actually. When a guy stays hard after he cums and you can suck his cock some more and get some really, really sexy cummy blow job shots. God they make my poor little pussy flow like the freakin' Nile when I look at them afterwards. "You dirty little slut." I always think to myself, even though I am not really a slut. I don't just fuck anybody. And I don't even change boyfriends very often either. Unless they won't photograph me or don't like me posting on the web. Then I dump them pretty much immediately. But I certainly do like to look nice and slutty.  
  
Sometimes I prefer to just say naughty, rather than slutty. Just for the understatement of it. Especially if I am introducing a new boyfriend to the whole idea for the first time. I might leave a camera in the bedroom somewhere pretty conspicuous so that the subject can come up at the right time. Sometimes he will get the idea on his own and ask me if I have ever been photographed nude before. Sometimes I have to bring it up myself. Either way we always get to the point where I confess to having posed for some naughty pictures before. Then I ask if he would like to see. They always say yes. I think it's the look on my face when I ask them. It always makes me smile when I ask them. So then we look at some of my favourites from my collection and by the time we get to the cummy blow job ones after calling them my naughty pictures the guy is usually like, "Fuck me, you weren't kidding were you?" And that makes me feel deliciously naughty all over again. I can always tell then if he is going to be into it or if it is going to freak him out too much. If he is good to go I don't say anything, I just hand him the camera and then start sucking his cock and looking up into his eyes. We start there.  
  
Once a guy is into it and we have done it a couple of times we can really start to play with ideas and discuss what we are going to do next. So even during the day we can talk on the phone or by text or email all about how to light me and pose me and make me look sexy and show off my pussy the best or my boobs or my cummy face. So that is a whole other lovely sexy thing that comes out of it. The chatter throughout the day building up to the actual session in the evening when the anticipation has been built to maximum and my pussy is already drenched before we even start. That's some good conversation to be involved in right there. So much more exciting than talking about what's for dinner or what's on the TV. But maybe that's just me.  
  
Obviously with the camera firmly established as an acceptable bedroom accessory and with the photo sessions getting me so worked up and ready to fuck it must be obvious that I also have lots of pictures of me with a cock in my pussy in addition to all the blow job ones. I am not denying that. Once a guy is into it, and I want him to be into it, then he is going to want to do that and I am not going to stop him. I just don't personally like them as much. I think my pussy looks prettier without a cock in it. It is still very exciting and deliciously dirty to pose for a photo with a cock in my pussy, it's just the end results aren't usually that great. I think I would need to get two guys involved to do it properly. One to provide the cock and one to take the pictures. I have never done that though. Only ever had one boyfriend at once. And since I am pretty obsessed with my own pussy by itself I have never really felt the urge to take that step.  
  
As I said before, as much as I love being naked in front of a camera I am not into being naked in front of lots of people. I have never wanted to be a stripper for example. Not even at an amateur night or something like that. I love the comments on my pictures but I do like a nice solid physical distance between me and the commenter. Just in case. Does that make me a bit shy? Probably not. I did have a boyfriend once who was very, very bad. We had been on a walk out in the woods somewhere in the late autumn. It was getting a little colder as winter approached so there weren't a lot of people about but the light through the trees and the brown leaves were very pretty. He had a camera with him and suggested that we take a few naughty pictures there in the woods. There was no one around and it seemed like a nice sexy thing to do. I was excited because it was his idea and it caught me by surprise and I liked that. So I took of all my clothes and gave them to him so they wouldn't get damaged or stained by anything on the ground and I started posing away. He spent a few minutes taking pictures and when it was done I just saw this really naughty expression cross his face. I just knew what he was thinking immediately. We both started running at the same time but he was faster than me and I had nothing on my feet. I had nothing on my anything. I had to stop and then spent the next 15 minutes slowly picking my way back to where we had parked, all senses at full alert for any signs of other people. I managed to get back to the car without being seen and thank God he hadn't driven off. He thought it was a blast but I hated it. Although there was some thrill element to it I was far too scared to enjoy it in any way. We didn't last much longer after that because I didn't trust him anymore and he didn't understand why I had hated it so much. He thought it was hilarious.  
  
I remember once when the subject of exhibitionism came up. I had never really thought about it much, been too busy enjoying it. But somehow the word exhibitionist had crept into the conversation and I was a bit taken aback. I remember asking, "Do you think I am an exhibitionist?" The boyfriend looked at me with a confused expression and said, "We are looking through about 200 pictures of you showing off your pussy trying to decide which ones to post on the internet to show you off looking as sexy as possible and you are seriously asking me if I think you are an exhibitionist? Well, yes. The answer is yes. Just completely and utterly yes." So that made me face that word for the first time and learn to accept it as part of who I am. I don't really like the word to be honest but it is definitely me and there is no denying it.  
  
So anyway, that's my confession about my favourite hobby. That's what I like to do and I have confessed it all to you, complete stranger. Because I am an exhibitionist and I like to show myself off. If you ever happen across my pictures on the web be sure to have a really good look at my pussy and then tell me all about how much you want to fuck me with your lovely, big, hard cock. Don't be shy.  
  
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