**Discovering My Exhibitionism**

by[**JBEdwards**](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=3145872&page=submissions)©

My name is Joan, but everyone calls me Joanie. Unlike some other girls, I can date exactly when my exhibitionism began.

Growing up, I spent a lot of time in front of a mirror, regarding my changing body. I noticed every flaw: one breast bigger than the other, my thighs slightly too large, my hips a little bigger than I'd like, and of course every slight thing wrong with my face. I ended up thinking I was, at best, only moderately attractive. Somehow I conveyed this lack of confidence in my looks to the boys in my high school, and entering college I was without much experience on the boy-girl thing, and certainly without any sexual experience.

Things changed one night in college. I was a freshman, and I had a good friend Mary in my residence who was a sophomore and she invited me to a party she was going to attend. It was a lot of fun, and there was music, dancing, and lots of punch. The punch was good, but I began to feel its effects after a while, and I knew I had drunk a bit too much for my own good.

People began to filter out of the party as it got late, but Mary stayed and so I did too. The music was good and the two of us were having a good time with the four remaining boys, in whose suite of rooms the party was being held. They kept plying us with more punch. The boys were named Mike, Steve, John, and Tony. They were sophomores.

At one point Mike proposed a game of poker, and my friend Mary readily agreed. I agreed too even though I knew little about the game. I had played it only a couple of times before, when my brother had taught me the rules. But I liked that we were sitting and not drinking while we played. Soon it was not long before both my friend and I had lost all of our chips, and we were broke. It was then that Mike proposed we switch to strip poker. We were reluctant at first, but the boys assured us we were in charge of ourselves, and could stop at any time we felt uncomfortable.

Well, it did not take long again before both of us girls were down to a bra and panties. My friend Mary had gotten me to keep playing up to that point by pointing out that a bra and panties were not much different than a two-piece swimsuit. Of course she was right, except that swimsuits are worn at the beach in public, and underwear in front of four boys, drunk and late at night, did present some differences, as I was well aware. But the alcohol had removed many of my inhibitions, so I went along to get along.

I thought Mary and I would call it quits once we were down to our underwear, but Mary went right on playing, so I did, too, even though I was unsure what would happen. No boy had ever before seen me in a bra and panties; I had almost no experience at all. Mary however obviously had some experience with boys, so I was following her lead. We both got lucky and won some hands, and soon two of the boys were down to their briefs.

I did enjoy seeing the muscles in their chests, and their chest hair was sexy. Mike also had muscular legs: not too much, just the right amount. I was getting interested. But then Mary lost again, and it got very quiet. Mary was reluctant to continue, but the boys convinced her that fair is fair, and she had played on knowing she was only in a bra and panties.

Intimidated by the four of them behaving in unison, she stood up and she slowly removed her bra. As she got up to do so, she turned around showing her back to the boys while she removed it, swaying her hips suggestively, and then she slowly turned around covering her breasts with her hands and sat down. She stayed that way, with her breasts covered with her hands, and the game continued. I had to hold her cards for her.

Before long three of the boys were down to their underpants, only John had more clothes on. Mike lost the hand, and had to remove his briefs, which would render him naked. He stood up to do so, and like Mary had before, he made a show of it, tossing his briefs to Mary, who caught them above her head, giggling as she did so. Of course she was too drunk to realize it in time, but by catching them she removed her hands that were covering her small but perfect breasts, and the boys began to cheer and whistle. Her face turned beet red, but she gave up and let the boys soak up the view. Of course I got to see her breasts, too, and I began to feel not too bad about my own. Indeed, my body I felt compared favorably with hers.

My breasts are bigger, about as big as breasts can be, and still allow one to go comfortably without a bra from time to time. I began to get more confidence about my looks. The gold cross Mary always wears around her neck hung down between her breasts, and that looked very sexy to me. I felt guilty that it did. I noticed Steve's penis grew hard and erect as he studied Mary's breasts, and this was the first time I had seen an erect penis in the flesh, and not just in pornography. I began to get a little wet down there, the first time for me that had happened without some self-stimulation.

Then the game resumed. I continued my lucky streak and Steve lost and got naked. But then Mary lost again. In spite of being drunk, she would not remove her panties. So the boys said she could make out a little with one of them instead, and after she make out session the game could continue. She chose Steve, and they kissed a lot, and Steve ran his hands all over her breasts.

Steve had a gorgeous head of hair, and sort of dreamy good looks, so I could understand why she chose him. Tony had that sort of Italian lover look, and had he lived in ancient Rome he could have been a model for one of the marble statues. Mike was not classically handsome, but he was sexy for some reason I could not put in words; he had an air of mischief in him that you could see in his eyes. And John was clearly a shy geek, and reminded me of the male equivalent of what I had been in high school. Been there, done that.

After a while of this petting in front of all of us, Mary and Steve stopped and the game resumed. John lost a string of hands and all the four boys were naked. Mary was still in panties, and I had on a bra and panties. Then I lost. The boys chanted "Take it off" repeatedly, and put on some bump and grind music, and not wanting to be labeled a prude, I did as Mary did and made a show of removing my bra, dancing to the music in what I hoped was a strip tease sort of dance, and covering my breasts with my hands, and then I sat back down at the game. My breasts were too big to cover completely, but I did the best I could.

Mike threw his briefs at my face, and like a fool I caught them before they hit me, and then of course I too had been tricked into revealing my breasts, and I was embarrassed, thinking the boys would make fun of them. But of course I was wrong, and they loved them, and I got lots of complements. Both Mike and Tony got erections looking at them. They seemed transfixed. I was amazed my naked breasts could have this effect on two good looking and nice guys, and in my drunken state I was both reassured and flattered. In fact, I was secretly thrilled.

The game continued and Mary promptly lost again. The boys said she had already used up the make out option and had no choice. Reluctantly, after a healthy swig of punch for courage, she finally removed her panties. And I give her credit: She made an impressive show of it, dancing to the bump and grind music better than I had, and displaying all of her charms in a very sexy way as she did so. All of the boys were really turned on at this point, and so too was I, albeit to a lesser extent.

Now everyone was naked except for me, and only my panties were keeping me from being naked, too. The boys were unwilling to give up, even though it was late and they had got Mary naked, so the game resumed. My head was swimming; I saw where this was heading and did not know how I could possibly handle the situation. I could have grabbed my clothes and left at this point of course, but I did not want to abandon Mary who was now seeming to have a good time, and enjoying the show. Mary was my best friend at college. So I was relieved when it was not me but Mary who lost next.

Of course she had nothing left to lose, being naked, so I thought we would just go on playing, but the boys said since she had no more clothes to remove, she had to have another make out session. She again chose Steve, but the other boys cried "Unfair!" since he had already had some fun with her, so she chose Tony. This was a mistake I guess, because Tony was skilled at pleasing women, and after they started kissing and his hands felt up her breasts, they next moved down to between her legs, and before long she was lying down and had two fingers inside her. She had her eyes closed and while not making any sounds, clearly she was enjoying it. After a while her whole body began to shake and vibrate, and I guess she must have had an orgasm. Tony removed his fingers once she orgasmed.

She now lay there, eyes closed, smiling, and relaxed. Her legs were spread and to my surprise Tony climbed on top of her and stuck his penis in her and began to fuck her. And to my shock, she did absolutely nothing to try to stop him! So the other three boys and I watched, and this was of course the first time (other than in videos) I had seen two people having sex. I could not take my eyes away. Mary wrapped her legs around Tony and was writhing around as he went in and out, moaning happily.

When they were done, Mary got up to use the bathroom, and I followed her in (still wearing my panties, of course) to talk with her privately and make sure she was OK, and Mary told me she had never been so turned on and excited. It was not her first time having sex, but having it in public like that was a super turn on. I told her I had enjoyed watching it, and she smiled at me, her eyes twinkling.

When we came out, the boys applauded (for Mary, not for me, I assumed), and we both smiled. Then the game resumed! Now I was down to panties, and of course it did not take long for me to lose. The boys, being gentlemen, saw my extreme reluctance, and offered a make out session instead of removing my panties, and I readily agreed and chose Mike. I was not going to choose Steve since he already made out with Mary, and Tony had just fucked her so no way I was even going near him. John was too geek, and he reminded me of what I did not like about myself. That left Mike, the sexy one (or at least I thought he was sexy).

Mike put on some slow dance music and asked me to dance. With the others watching we got up to dance, and I put my arms around his neck as he pulled me close, my breasts crushing against his chest. His chest hair felt so nice against my naked breasts. We embraced in a long kiss, as his hands roamed over my back. Then, while kissing me, he stuck his hands down my panties, massaging my ass. I let him do it, thinking he was getting his money's worth with this make out session. Besides his great kissing, his hands, and his chest hair were turning me on. And of course, I was very drunk, and did not have the best judgment. Then I happened to look over at the others and they were all four (Mary included) watching us intently, and I suddenly got super turned on, and began to understand better what Mary had been talking about. My cunt was significantly wetter.

Suddenly, still while kissing me, Mike moved one hand from my ass around, always inside my panties, to the front and he began to finger me. To my surprise and shock, I just relaxed and let him do it, and enjoyed it. He was the first boy ever to finger me. But then after getting me hot and bothered, he double crossed me and with both hands gave a quick shove and my panties dropped to the floor. I was horrified and embarrassed completely, but Mary shouted "Good for you, Joanie!" and the boys applauded and all congratulated me, and somehow that changed everything, and I just stayed naked. Each of the other three boys congratulated me and each gave me a nice kiss, open mouth and lingering. Each also fondled my breasts and ran their hands all over me as I stood there, my cunt dripping a little, stark naked, being molested by four naked boys. I enjoyed all the attention, and was amazed that all four of the boys wanted to kiss me and feel me up at the same time. I was thinking I had to re-think my appeal to men, since in high school I had thought it was close to zero. Their erections pressed against my stomach, which felt great. I was enjoying this. As I let my guard down and relaxed, Tony tried to manipulate me so that he could stick his cock in me. Fortunately I was not that drunk and quickly pulled away.

Then Mary said "That's enough," and we got dressed and left before anything like a gangbang could get underway, as that was definitely where this party was heading. However we did not leave before John, the fourth boy, had taken a bunch of pictures with his cell phone of many of the goings on.

I could not get this evening and party out of my mind. The next day I felt embarrassed and ashamed at what I had done. But I also got sexually excited when I thought about it. I had nobody I thought I could tell or speak to about these almost contradictory feelings, except for Mary. I went to see her, but she was hung over with a bad headache, and crying. She could not believe she had sex with a boy she had just met, and in front of others to boot, and on top of that John had sent her a picture and even a short video of her orgasmic shaking when Tony fingered her. I ended up consoling her, rather than discussing my own feelings. It's hard to pour your heart out to someone who is constantly in tears.

A couple of days later Mary was back to normal, and then I could talk with her about the events, and she and I agreed that it was a turn on for both of us to be nude (and in her case much more) in public. She however never wanted to do anything like that again, whereas I could not stop thinking about it. I told her how I was good girl and was ashamed of what we had done, and yet when I thought about it, along with the shame I felt it was very erotic, even intensely so. She said she could understand that mixture of emotions, but she did not offer any insights about my contradictory emotions; I was on my own on that score.

At the end of the week, Mike called me. I don't know how he tracked me down, all he knew about me was that I was named Joanie and was a friend of Mary, but he did. I guess Mary must have given him my number, but if so, she never mentioned it to me. He asked me out, and while I knew he was dangerous, I agreed. We had several dates, and in all of them he seemed to want to show me off in public.

On our first date he took me to a nice restaurant, and somehow managed to get us to be served wine, not easy, since I am only 18, and he is 19. It was really delicious and I was very nervous, so once again I drank too much. Once Mike saw that I was good and drunk, he asked if I would do him a favor, and unbutton a few more buttons on my blouse, so that he could enjoy watching my cleavage as he ate. This was an amazingly inappropriate thing to ask on a first date, but after the strip poker, maybe it did not count as a first date. And maybe since he had seen my naked and felt me up, it was not even that inappropriate.

I was wearing a bra and he had already seen all I had to offer, so I complied. It is only now as I write this that I realize he wanted to show me off to random other people at the restaurant. Later after the food came, I excused myself to use the bathroom, and he asked if, while there, I would remove my bra.

I thought he was sexy, and I was already enjoying showing him my cleavage (and apparently other people, too, seated at nearby tables, not to mention the wait staff), so while in the ladies room I actually did it, putting my bra in my purse. My breasts now jiggled a bit as I walked, and my nipples poked in my blouse, and I looked in the mirror and could tell I looked hot. I got several long looks as I walked back to the table, and Mike gave me a broad smile.

Without my bra I had buttoned up the buttons I had undone for Mike when I had my bra on. So I was not too nervous returning to the table, despite that it was fairly clear to anyone who looked closely that I was now braless. I thought just knowing I was braless would be enough for Mike, but again somehow Mike prevailed upon me to unbutton the same buttons, so I looked a bit risqué. He told me later that when I leaned forward to hear him better at one point (the place was noisy) he could see my breasts completely by looking down my blouse, and it really turned him on. So too could, I guess, the waiters looking down at me, who became very attentive to our table. He also told me he was deliberately talking softly so I would lean forward to hear him, but I had already guessed that. There was an older man seated at the next table who also clearly enjoyed the view. My cunt became quite wet by such thoughts.

After dinner we walked around and talked, and at one point he led me to a little alcove and pushed me up against the wall and kissed me with passion, but gently. It was a great kiss, and of course it was followed with him unbuttoning more of my blouse, so that the slightest wrong movement would expose my entire breast, to those people passing by who cared to look. I don't know why I let him do this, and I still blame all the alcohol.

Next he took me to a bar, and somehow got us both admitted despite our ages (my revealing blouse may have played a role), and I was on display there (or more precisely, my breasts were) to a large number of men at the bar, all of whom enjoyed the view. Several men asked me to dance, and Mike made no objection, but I declined. Some lively music came on, and since there was no danger of slow dancing, I accepted a man's invitation to dance.

This was a mistake, because he kept spinning me around, and it caused my left breast to break free from the blouse, and I was so drunk and dizzy from the spinning and the booze that I actually did not realize it. A roar came up from the men, and it took a few minutes for me to realize that I was the cause of the roar.

Angry and humiliated, I asked Mike to take me home. He complied, and even though we made out passionately at my doorstep and he even removed my panties and fingered me as we kissed, I did not invite him in. He had also lifted my skirt, exposing me down there is any passers by. This turned me on further, to my surprise. Not inviting him in was my one victory, albeit a quite small one in the grand scheme of things. But it did keep me a virgin for a little while longer.

The most amazing date I had with Mike was when he took me to a movie. It was a western, so the theater had mostly guys in it, and I was one of the few girls. We sat in the back row, alone, and twhen the movie began he kissed me. I was not interested in the movie, and I enjoyed his kissing, so that was OK. But then he began to unbutton my blouse, and I resisted and protested, but he kept at it. Secretly I did not mind as I remembered how turned on I had been at the restaurant.

Sure enough after a long struggle he got my blouse unbuttoned and my bra off, and then my blouse off completely. I was now naked from the waist up in a theater filled with men! Fortunately they were watching the movie, except for a few who went to the john or to get refreshments, and they each got an eyeful both on the way out, and again on the way in. They must have had bladder control problems, since they kept going back and forth throughout the rest of the movie, and soon their friends were joining them. I was something to see in that theater that night. I was embarrassed and turned on, both.

Mike seemed thrilled he had done this, exposing me to others was a real turn on for him, and then he began on my skirt, sticking his hand up under it and massaging me through my panties. I protested, but not enough, and began to get very turned on, and then he somehow removed my panties. He bunched my short skirt up around my waist, making me essentially naked in the theater.

He continued fingering me with his talented fingers. The other hand was all over my breasts, and tweaking my nipples. One man changed seats to the back row and just stared at me as Mike had his way with me, apparently preferring our show to the movie he had paid to see. That made me nervous but also turned me on further, to be on display to a stranger like that as well as all the men who walked by ostensibly to go to the men's room, but in reality to get more looks at me and what Mike was doing to me. This exhibitionist element made Mike's ministrations that much more effective, and I had my first orgasm that a man had ever given me. It was more powerful than the ones I had got by masturbation.

Mike had me sit on him, raising me in elevation so that much more of me was visible to anyone who looked our way. I suspect he had been planning to fuck me like that, since he had also unzipped his pants and let his erect cock out to play. But shortly after he did that, and before he could pressure me into letting him fuck me (and at that point he probably could have succeeded), the movie ended and we had to scramble to be presentable as people began to get up to leave the theater.

We were too slow, and around 10 men saw all of my naked body before I had time to cover up. Mike had deliberately slowed me down when I frantically tried to cover myself up. I hoped they would not lurk outside to see who it was who flashed them, when we finally left the theater, fully dressed of course, except Mike had pocketed my bra and panties. I had to leave the theater commando. Mike took me home and I invited him in, and we had sex, my first time ever. It might have been more exciting in the theater, and it was a bit anticlimactic after the movie theater orgasm, but I enjoyed it a lot.

Now that I had put out for Mike, he wanted to see me constantly. I resisted sex, not wanting to seem too easy, and trying to maintain some self-respect. One time however he got me drunk again, and brought me home to his place, which he shared with Tony, Steve, and John. We had noisy sex in his room, and then I had to use the bathroom. He gave me a tee shirt to throw on, and I think he must have planned it in advance. The room was dark, and I did not realize the tee shirt was see-through. I did however realize it was short and barely covered my private parts, and I do mean barely. When I walked out into the well lit main room, his three roommates were there, and they once again got to see all of me due to my transparent tee shirt, thanks to Mike and his tricks.

I was pretty angry with Mike, and when I returned from the bathroom I did not want to go into the bedroom where Mike was. There was music playing, and Steve asked me to dance, and taking my revenge for Mike's trick, I said yes. I figured I was in no danger because it was clear I was Mike's girl, and these were his roommates. Similarly, nobody had tried to put the moves on Mary once she and Tony had fucked. As usual I was wrong.

Tony told me that Mary was coming over anytime now, which surprised me since I thought she would never go near any of these boys again, but Steve and I had fun dancing, while Mike was still in his room; I guess he had fallen asleep. Then came a slow song, and as we danced Steve's hands began to roam, and damn it, I let them! So much for my thoughts he would not try anything. Boys will be boys, I thought to myself.

Before long Steve had removed the skimpy transparent tee shirt, and I was dancing nude in a room with three boys, the other two watching. This was both scary and pretty thrilling to my exhibitionist side. This was the scene as Mary entered, and she giggled and said "Oh, it's that kind of party, is it?"

She did a strip tease! So now the two of us were naked in the room with the three boys, and Mary said "What's wrong with this picture? Aren't you boys overdressed?" and then quickly everyone was naked and dancing.

You know where this is going, I suspect. Steve started kissing me, and while I had just had sex with Mike, I nevertheless let him kiss me and let his hands go where they pleased, which was of course between my legs. As he fingered me I began to get weak in the knees, and soon we were sitting on the couch, my legs splayed, my cunt on display for all to see, with two of Steve's fingers in it, and everyone watching me, including Mary, who Tony was rapidly seducing.

I could not believe how brazen I was being, but nevertheless I was in heaven. Tony pulled Mary on top of him, and they began to fuck with Mary sitting up, her breasts bouncing around as she moved up and down on his cock. This gave Steve, John, and me quite a show. After we all watched them go at it for a while, Steve started kissing me all over and moved me around to access all parts of me with his talented mouth. Doing this at one point he managed to manipulate me onto all fours and then quickly entered me from behind before I realized that was his plan.

I was pretty naïve about sexual positions, since sex with Mike in the missionary position a couple of times was my only experience. As I said earlier, I was very drunk and as I had never done it doggy style before, it was thrilling and felt great, but also creepy since Steve was only the second man to have sex with me, and the first man Mike I had fucked only an hour ago was sleeping in his bedroom 10 feet away.

I looked up and saw that John was watching us go at it, and stroking his dick, and Tony now had Mary on all fours, and while he pounded her from behind, he was staring at Steve and me as we fucked. This further turned me on, both watching them do it while I was doing it, and watching them watch me. I realized Tony was staring at my boobs, dangling beneath me and bouncing around as Steve pumped in and out. I gradually realized he was lusting for me, while humping my best friend Mary. Talk about a creep!

Apparently John got tired of only watching, and he walked over to me with his erect cock waving in my face, and I had seen just enough porn to know what he wanted. I said, "No way!" and also shook my head no while moving back and forth rhythmically as Steve pounded away, but then John grabbed my head and my hair and forced his cock into my mouth. At this point I just gave up and gave him my first blowjob.

I looked over and saw both Mary and Tony were watching the three of us go at it, and Mary was smiling as Tony continued to nail her, and Tony looked impressed and as if he wanted to trade places with one of Steve or John just then. I practically came from seeing the voyeuristic lust in their faces. I was so turned on I thought I might faint. I did not faint, but I had such a powerful orgasm I collapsed onto the couch, and then both Steve and John came all over my back.

At this point Mike emerged from the bedroom, and got Mary to give him a blow job while Tony still pleasured her from behind (that man had staying power!), and Steve, John, and I got to watch. Mary, always it seems more adventurous than am I, let Mike fuck her right after Tony withdrew and shot his load onto her back, and unlike Tony, Mike came deep inside her. Tony seemed OK with it. I was upset Mike did that, and also upset Mary let him, knowing that I liked Mike and thought I was his girl friend. I knew Mary was on the pill, as was I, so pregnancy was not an issue. I was also a little jealous that Mike had just cheated on me with me watching, but I did not feel I had any moral authority, since after all I had just taken on Steve and John at the same time in his suite of rooms!

When I awoke, back in my own bed and alone the next day, the alcohol that Mike had plied me with had worn off, and as I recalled the previous night I became horrified. I realized I had had sex with three boys in one night, although John had not fucked me, but still! John had only been sucked, but he seemed pretty pleased. I later learned I had given him his first ever blowjob, so it was a first for both of us. I never imagined I could do such a thing. I was disgusted with myself. Worse still, I enjoyed every minute of it, and even with my disgust I got turned on just thinking about it. Clearly my times with Mike had brought out a very strange and dangerous side of me.

Moreover as I reflected a little more, it became clear to me that for these boys, and probably any friends they bragged to, complete with John's pictures and short videos (and I can only imagine how many men that might have been), Mary and I were not their girl friends; we were their sluts. That was not a pretty thought. And right then I decided the four of them were toast; they could prey on some other naïve freshman girl, but not on me any longer.

Consequently my sex life became almost nonexistent, and I was able to concentrate on my studies (my major was computer science, very time consuming), occasionally masturbating to relieve the pressure. But I continued to think about the thrill I got by being on display, first to the four boys plus Mary, then to all those men at the restaurant and the bar, and of course especially at the movie theater. I thought about it a lot.

But I needed a break from all this craziness, and refused all invitations from dates, including all four of Mike, Steve, John, and even Tony, who apparently was ready to cheat on Mary with me. No luck for these guys, or any of their friends, who had heard the stories and perhaps seen the pictures, and wanted a piece of my ass as well. I learned how not to drink and how to say no.