My first real embarrassment in showing my body came during my senior year in college. My boyfriend at the time and I took a hike in a nature reserve. It was in the middle of the week and no one was around. When we were way deep into the reserve, my boyfriend produced a camera and suggested that we take some naturalist pictures. Unlike me, he has no problem losing his clothes and walking around naked. Well, after I took several pictures of him naked, he persuaded me to take off my top and bra for some topless pictures. He likes my breasts which are a little on the large side in relation to my petite frame. About 30 minutes later and a great deal more of persuasion, I found myself completely naked and following the photographer directions of my boyfriend. Though there weren’t any spread eagle pictures, several showed me off completely both from the front and back. The pictures taken were in color and on film; digital cameras were not around then. At the time, I didn’t think much on how they would be developed. My boyfriend, who was in the science department, could develop film and make prints. Unfortunately, he could only develop black and white film. Being somewhat of an exhibitionist, he simply dropped the film off at one of those small film shacks found in the middle of parking lots. When the prints were supposed to be finished, my boyfriend had to run an experiment, so I had to pick them up. I wanted to secure these embarrassing pictures as soon as possible. When I arrived at the photo shack, it was manned only by a young guy, probably a junior or senior in high school. Instead of just ringing up the price and giving me the envelope he started to flirt with me. Though this was apparently a summer job, he acted like some kind of photo expert. Just then, he opened up the envelope and took out the pictures!!! He wanted to make sure the prints were ok. I instantly turned red as he started flipping through the pictures. I didn’t know why I didn’t stop him. I am quite shy around strangers. He looked at each picture, stopping longer on the pictures of me than of my boyfriend. After he recovered from his initial shock, he became quite talkative, acting as if this was a normal interaction. He asked where the pictures were taken and with what kind of equipment. The equipment was a cheap instamatic! I couldn’t believe it!! I was having a discussion with a teenage kid over pictures of me naked!!! My face was red. I could feel the heat. My whole body was tingly. It seemed like an hour, but probably less than 10 minutes. My heart was really beating when I walked away from the photo shack. It took me a couple of minutes before I could drive away. When I told my boyfriend about it, he thought it was great and made me repeat the story. It fired him up and we had amazing sex that night. From then on, he tried to get me to go braless on our out-of-town trips, especially on cold days and get me to purchase stuff if there was a teenage guy at the counter. Those trips are other stories.