**Emerald**

by[**JenniferGreen**](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1033378&page=submissions)©

Jeremy  
  
I met Emerald when I was looking to cast a young actress for a play I was directing in London. She didn't get the part, she was a bit young for it, but I was enchanted with her straight away. I saved her phone number and rang her up a couple of weeks later. My wife and I have a discreetly open marriage, as long as I don't carry on too overtly, she is content with the kids and the dog at home in Sussex.  
  
Emerald was stunning. Tall and slender, with beautiful green eyes flecked with gold, and light brown hair similarly streaked with gold. She was a decent actress, but her real gift was an uncanny ability to sense what an audience, and later on a lover, wanted, and give it to them wholeheartedly. She was very eager to please; thus I could sense a nascent exhibitionist. Like many actors, they have an overwhelming need to be seen to feel they exist, are alive. I knew she would probably be a wonderful lover.  
  
I've been a voyeur all my life. I love the way a flash of unexpected exposed flesh can make the most mundane situation sing with heat and eroticism, turning on everyone in sight. In my youth I loved reading and watching erotica, and it's a natural progression for a director to want to carry that into the theater of their own life. So I began ringing her up, taking her out to dinner, getting to know her. She was delightful and charming, and although she had some type of boyfriend back in the United States, that's a long way from London.  
  
When I had her confidence, I began to spend the nights at her flat she had in London. She had some money in her family which helped with her acting career, which was the usual struggle to break into. She worked very hard though and I assured her I would help her all I could, which I did from time to time.  
  
While she was a good actress and could hide her feelings from me, in our increasingly enthusiastic lovemaking I could tell from her response that she was getting very attached. I didn't discourage her, she knew I was married and couldn't leave my wife, but she seemed content with our situation, and didn't trouble me about it much. Americans are so much more open-minded about these things!  
  
One night after a particularly delightful bout, I held her and stroked her hair, and asked her about her fantasies. I told her I had voyeur and exhibitionist tendencies, and wanted to share this with her. She was very interested, and said in fact she had always fantasized about that, but never much acted it out. I said, "Well, I'm the director, and you have the part!" She laughed good-naturedly. I told her the next time I see her, I would like her to be wearing something particularly fetching and a bit sluttish, just for fun. She laughed again and said she would.

**Emerald**  
  
Jeremy was everything I've always loved in a man. He's handsome, kind, very successful. He was unfortunately also married, but that wasn't a problem for me at the time. I was trying to break into acting in London, and between workshops, auditions, voice classes, and running around, I had no time for a fiancé or husband. But he was wonderful to me, and we got along great. We usually got together once or twice a week, his wife lived outside of London and he had a small flat in town, or we stayed at my place.  
  
The first time he asked me about if I had any exhibitionist fantasies, I almost choked. You see, I love to be watched. I believe it's why I became an actress.  
  
Perhaps it's because I'm the youngest of several children, the baby of the family is the natural entertainer. We also crave attention. I always fantasized about finding someone I could live this out with sexually, so I was a thrilled when he started to talk about it.

**Jeremy**  
  
The first time we had public sex was in a park. It was the middle of the afternoon, on a bright, sunny day. I had brought a blanket, and she had wine and cheese and snacks. We drank some wine, and I had told her to wear something a bit naughty, and she did, a beautiful short black filmy minidress. It was low cut, and she looked breathtaking in it. I waited for the wine to take it's effect, and then kissed her, and whispered in her ear to take off her panties and hand them to me. She looked at me quizzically, and then did exactly as I asked.  
  
I stared into her eyes, tossed the panties on the blanket, and then reached down and caressed her foot. I slipped off her sandals and sucked her toes, as if each one were a tiny cock. She became visibly aroused, and started to breathe fast. There were a few people mingling around, but not a huge crowd, still some men seemed to sense what was going on and seemed to linger nearby.  
  
I kissed her legs, sliding up her dress and then suddenly put several fingers deep inside her cunt. I asked her to spread her legs wider, and slowly pulled up her dress all the way. Her cunt was wet, trimmed, and quite beautiful. Like most exhibitionists she enjoyed the opportunity to become aroused in full view of strangers. She sighed, closed her eyes for a moment, and lied back. She was as aroused as I've ever seen her. The sun was shining on her open cunt, my hand moving slowly deep inside her, her legs were spread and her dress was up around her waist. I'm afraid the sight of her spread before me, her hair flowing, her eyes wide and beautiful, and her delicious cunt wet and inviting, was too much for me. I unzipped my trousers and took her right there. Her long legs were soon wrapped around my back, and we both rocketed to a quick, forbidden climax, and then I rolled off of her and pulled her skirt back down without a word.

**Emerald**  
  
The first time we had sex in public I was extremely turned on, excited and embarrassed all at once. I thought we would get arrested right then and there, but apparently the British authorities have a bit more forgiving attitude about this sort of thing. I also was at the time rather smitten with Jeremy, and by then would do anything for him. He asked me to wear something revealing, and I did. I enjoyed the way the men were looking at me, walking in the park, holding Jeremy's hand. In fact it aroused me, just feeling the sun on my bare legs, the men's eyes on me, my braless breasts moving under my dress. It was a warm day and the wine we had soon went straight to my head. When he sucked my toes, and then just plunged his fingers right into me, I knew I had to be taken right then and there. I spread my legs, and he fucked me hard and fast, and although I knew some men were watching me, it only turned me on even more.

**Jeremy**  
  
After that first time in the park, our relationship took a distinctly more erotic turn. Like many creative people, I find it very pleasurable to think, feel and have sexual adventures every chance I get. Emerald was the perfect partner for me. She was very attractive, bright, somewhat submissive, eager to please, with a healthy libido and almost unlimited sexual appetite and imagination. A voyeur's dream.  
  
We would have a public escapade every few weeks or so. I knew she would not tolerate too much exposure, and I had to keep a delicate balance. In the meantime, we were also screwing once or twice a week, at her place usually, she seemed more comfortable there.  
  
For our next public encounter, I asked her to go shopping with me. I said I wanted to buy her something very sexy. She loved shopping like most women, although it usually bores me. However with a beautiful exhibitionist on your arm it can be much more enticing. We went into a Victoria's secret. Many of the women who work there are also into showing off, or watching, I suspect. I asked her to find some things she liked, but they had to be very sexy. She blushed prettily and soon found some very nice black and pastel colored silk things. I told her to try them on. She did, and I asked her to come out and model them for us. I could tell she was embarrassed, the salesclerk was clucking over her, and a fortunate customer or two had a eyeful of my beautiful slut, but soon I paid for the things, telling her to leave her favorite one on, she'll be wearing it out. She complied and we headed out along the street. After walking a block or two, I asked her to unbutton her blouse, to the very bottom, and show off her beautiful new bra. She had a skimpy miniskirt on, and heels, and looked quite fetching with her lacy bra and beautiful body exposed. It was late afternoon, and people were heading home from a dreary day at work. You can imagine their pleasure at seeing this sight.  
  
Suddenly I pulled her into an alley, along a side street. It was a busy section of town, but I had to have her right then and there. I pushed against her, I felt resistance for an instant, but I pushed my tongue into her mouth as I slid my hand up under her silken panties, and felt her melt. I ordered her to take out my cock and suck it. I knew she was conflicted, in most exhibitionists it is a sweet thrill for the arousal to overpower the socialized inhibition. She was so aroused, I knew she couldn't refuse me. In fact she took my cock deeply, and buried her head in my pubic hair. She sucked for dear life, and soon I couldn't bear it any longer. I whispered harshly in her ear, "Turn around slut, and let me fuck you in the street like a whore." At this point she moaned, closed her eyes, turned around and offered her ass to me. I lifted up her skirt, grabbed her panties and took them off, tossing them aside, and pulled her lips apart. She was drenched, and I was rock hard. I went in deeply with one unbearably pleasurable thrust, and she started moaning with the excitement of it. I could hardly keep from cuming straight away, but held off with difficulty until I felt her ready to explode. I fucked her hard, directly, and soon felt her cunt tighten around my cock. My balls were pulled up tight, and in that indescribable moment of ecstasy, we came together. It was unbelievable.  
  
Afterwards I looked around me and saw two or three men discreetly watching us. I could sense their arousal, like pack animals, and it made me all the more aroused. When we were finished, I tried to collect myself, zipped up my pants, and pulled her skirt down around her again. She had to steady herself against the wall, and I just held her for a moment. Then she turned around and gave me a deep, passionate kiss.  
  
This woman was driving me mad. I knew if I wasn't careful, we would probably get arrested, so we became a little more circumspect after that. Still, I had her in a dark movie theater, on the beach at night, and in my car in several well-lit parking lots. And we still did it every chance we could in her bed.  
  
I had a wonderful time with her. We were together for over a year, very happily. Then she got a supporting role in a film in Los Angeles, and had to move back to the states. I still keep in touch with her, we are good friends, but I will never forget what we did together, and how much she enjoyed an appreciative audience.

**Emerald**  
  
Jeremy was one of the most wonderful, erotic lovers of my life. We were made for each other: a director and an actress, a voyeur and an exhibitionist. I miss him to this day, and although I had to move back to the United States about a year after we met, I would love to see him again if I ever get back to London.  
  
Since then, I tell any potential lovers I may have that I'm an exhibitionist, and they need to be able to be comfortable with that. A couple of the men have refused, and left; but most are happy to oblige me. I've been had in parks, offices, on rooftops, in cars, on beaches and even on a train. Jeremy was the first for me though, and I'll always be grateful to him for opening up this side of me.