**Ex girlfriends**

I’ve always had a fetish to show off my girlfriend. Something about other men wanting them and the beauty of a women being exposed in public. Whatever it is, I know I love watching my girl showing off.

Over the years I have dated several ladies who did actually enjoy the thrill of public exposure. This site seems like a fantastic venue to revisit some of those thrills.

My first exhibitionist girlfriend was actually my first real love. At the time I had no idea I would like such a thing, but Charlene was to enlighten me. She was a gorgeous Tia/American girl I met when I lived in Guam. She was about 5’2” with long black hair and a tiny fit body to die for. I was 17 and she was 18 at the time and we actually met on a photo shoot for Kawasaki Jet Skis. She walked around for 3 days in front of me wearing the tiniest bikinis. It drove me wild. Near the end of the shoot we got to talking a bit and the conversations got to “are you seeing anyone.”

Turns out she had just broken up with a controlling boyfriend. Through the conversation I gathered that he didn’t like her modeling in bikinis or lingerie.. I jokingly assured her that I was the opposite and would let my girlfriend model nude.

Immediately after the final day of the shoot we went out on a date. The drinking age in Guam was $1.25, so after a movie we ended up in a bar. When she got a little drunk she went off about her ex-boyfriend that led to conversations about her modeling which led to conversations about her exhibitionist streak. I learned that she had had nude photos of herself taken the week she turned 18. It was for her portfolio, but she admitted to doing it really just to see what it was like. By the end of the night we were making out and in her drunken sexual state she seemed enthralled with me not minding her wearing whatever she wanted or that she posed nude. We ended up at a beach where she stripped naked. She wanted me to keep my clothes on while we walked hand in hand down the sand. We came within 50 feet or so of people, but the darkness hid her well and she would just snuggle up close to my side. We came to a rock outcrop and she all but attacked me and had me fuck her right there.

Within the first two weeks of us dating, she entered a bikini contest. This would be one of many and I never saw her loose. As if to test me she wore the tiniest pink g-string you could imagine. This contest did not allow removal of tops, but by the end there was little left to the imagination to Charlene’s body as she posed on the stage. Her nipples flashed a few times and her bottoms were so small everyone got glimpses of her beautiful folds. By the end of it, I was hooked on showing her off.

When she made it back to me, she was wearing a sarong around her waist. I took it off her immediately when she got to me. She gave a big smile and asked if I liked the show. I jokingly responded that I still like the show. She was happy to walk around the beach bar half naked. She even seemed happy that I made her go to the bathroom so I could watch her walk. I also found at this point I really liked watching the guys watch her too.

That summer I walked her naked on the beach many nights. She became more daring with me as her protector and supporter. Her most blatant public exhibition was behind a fence that looked down onto a parking lot. It was about a 15 foot ledge and to drive from the parking lot to where we were would take at least 20 minutes. Was had scoped the place out for a few weeks and she was dying to give it a try.

On the day we decided to do it, there was a tropical depression near by. We decided it would be perfect to have it raining on her and we could probably get away with it for longer. Once we arrived, Charlene got out of the car wearing just a white tight t-shirt that was just long enough to cover her pussy, but not the bottom of her ass. Within minutes her breasts wear clearly visible. She walked around posing to me as we waiting for someone to see. Whenever we saw a car or someone walking, Charlene would hide a little until she was certain it was a guy. After about 30 minutes, small delivery type truck pulled in. Charlene immediately assumed there had to be a guy driving it and walked up to the fence removing her wet t-shirt and exposing her entire nude body. The truck started to pull into a spot, but then stopped. It was obvious the driver had spotted her and then pulled into a spot just below the fence. I was still in the car and now couldn’t see the truck pulled up close to the ledge. I watched Charlene as she leaned against the fence smiling and giving an almost shy waive. I could hear two guys calling up to her as she posed every way she could on that fence giving the men below a show. Every time they asked her a question she would put her finger over her lips to quiet them. After about 5 minutes another car slowly pulled by and stopped for the show. I could tell by the look on Charlene’s face that she was having the time of her life.

We had decided that she would only do this for 10 minutes so we had time for our escape. By dive watch alarm went off and I called her back. She gave a few last minute sultry poses and then walked back to the car. The men called for her to come back and so she did for one more flash. She blew them a kiss then made her way back to the car. We didn’t even make it out of the area before she was crawling on top of me while I was driving. I couldn’t believe how out of controlee horny it made her.

We dated for two years and she ended up at FSU with me. During that time she developed a real fetish for posing nude in front of male strangers. She would go to a photo shop and ask if they would do nudes. Her cover was that it was for her boyfriend’s birthday. She did this 5 times while we were together. For me it was very erotic knowing she was posing erotically for another man. Each set would be more and more revealing. The first time it was like Playboy, the second like Penthouse, then Hustler then Puritan. I could really tell she was getting into it and we always had mind blowing sex. The fourth time she used several dildos in the shoot and the photographer took blatant close-ups. Charlene even told me how the photographer would adjust her panties and even adjusted the dildo a few times.

The 5th photo shoot was outright sexual. In a few of the shots there was a man wearing just jeans and a cowboy hat. A few of the poses had her laying down spread infront of him while she masturbated and looked up at him. In one she was laying totally nude on top of him with his hand on her ass as she gazed into the camera. I admit I really liked these and during sex the conversation turned to her having sex with another man. At the time I did not like this thought and so we left it at her teasing men.

Later I found some “missing” photos of that shoot. There must have been at least 50 photos of her having sex with the stranger in the cowboy hat. I won’t get into too much detail but essentially the man had her in almost every way. What still stands out in my mind today was the look on Charlene’s face…she was defiantly not being forced. I never said anything to her. I figured she had gotten carried away, and in all fairness it seemed like she was going to tell me but I had shut her down. I even admit that I would take those photos out every now and then.

Anyway, after that I figured I could get her to do anything. Before I could really find out, I went to boot camp for the reserves and when I came back she had found someone else. I was never sure, but I think it was the “cowboy.” The pain of the break up faded, but not the fire for my new found fetish.