**[How An Erotic Encounter Awakened My Exhibitionist Side](http://www.experienceproject.com/stories/Am-An-Exhibitionist/1498933)**

**T**his is a true story about how I met my most recent and wonderful partner, and the most erotic encounter of my life.  
  
It had been five years since I had separated with my last partner. I'd put up with so much abuse in that relationship that I'd now resolved myself to be celibate. For how long, I wasn't sure. Maybe for the rest of my life. I was in my late thirties and I had spent so many years feeling unfulfilled and unsatisfied with a loser who hardly seemed to notice me in bed and who seemed to see me as an object to satisfy his own sexual needs. I had spent these years pursuing more spiritual pursuits. I had begun to practice yoga and meditation, trying to put my life back in some order. Nevertheless, it is fair to say that I felt something inside me; a longing, or perhaps, looking back, a kind of lust.  
  
Then, just a few months ago, an old friend asked me to come to a party at her house. She knew I needed cheering up. I spent far too much time on my own, in my own introverted little world. I finally managed to motivate myself to go, dressing in a mid length skirt and long sleeved top - very modest, like most of my clothes. The party was quite crowded, and at first I was overwhelmed by this, being so used to my own little world. I sat down on a sofa and made myself as comfortable as possible.  
  
After some time had gone by, I saw this very handsome looking man looking my way. I trembled a little as he came towards me and introduced himself. He was much younger than me, in his twenties, but carried an air of been much older, like he had somehow seen a lot of the world. It turned out we had a lot in common. We both had an interest in yoga and stuff, and were both looking for something more out of life. We talked for a while. I felt strongly attracted to him.  
  
I hardly drink these days, but tonight I was making an exception and I was already feeling a little tipsy. He was admiring my hair, and began to stroke it with his hands. His touch was so sensitive and light that I shivered. His hand came down and on the way brushed against the side of my breast. I felt my nipples hardening, and began to feel very warm and wet down below. He complimented me on my top and once again his hand raised to stroke it, which I let him do. I didn't normally appreciate such quick advances. But with him it felt so right.  
  
After a short time of this he asked me if I wanted to go and find somewhere more private elsewhere in the house. This was something I would never, ever normally do. Good girls don't do that kind of thing, and I've always considered myself a good girl. But I was shocked at myself as I nervously nodded my assent. He gave me a long look and told me that he had never gone this quick before either, but that he couldn't resist me. I have to say, I couldn't resist him either, and I felt myself swept along by desire. So we made our way upstairs to find a room.  
  
Once there he resumed his delicate stroking of my body. I felt rooted to the spot; desire racing through me. I helped him to raise my top over my head, feeling powerless to resist this man. Finding that I didn't want to resist. He then cupped his hands over my breasts, massaging them tenderly. He reached behind me and unhooked my bra, which fell away, leaving my breasts totally exposed for him. He began to trace soft circles around my nipples, tweaking them, gently at first, then harder, then lowering his head to sensitively lick and suck them.  
  
My pussy was getting wetter and hotter and I began unthinkingly to rub it rhythmically against the side of his body. It had been such a long time since I'd felt turned on like this. Five years since I'd had sex. Noticing my movements and sensing the frustrated, long suppressed sexual desire that filled me, he lifted my skirt and slid his hand up there. Advancing agonisingly slowly up my inner thigh, he finally reached where I needed him to be. He deftly pulled my panties to one side and placed his fingertips tantalisingly on my wet sex for a few long moments. Seeing that I longed for more, he proceeded to rub me there, first slowly, then rapidly, at last relieving my pent-up desire.  
  
But, ever so teasingly, he came to a stop before I could come. Removing all my clothes, he sat me on the edge of the bed, pushed my legs apart and kneeled with his face in-between my legs, taking a good look at me. I had always been such a modest girl, a good girl, and now here I was, completely naked with my wet cunt on full display only inches away from the intense gaze of this man. This man who was still fully clothed and who I had only just met. I couldn't believe how erotic this felt. To be so exposed. To have this man I didn't know so close to my sex. So close that he would be able too see my pussy's glistening wetness. So close he would be able to smell my womanhood.  
  
I closed my eyes and, for some time, just let him look, even though my cunt was aching for him to touch me again. He told me that I had a beautiful vagina, something that no one had ever said to me before, and once more I felt pleasure, and lust, swelling up inside of me. Up until this moment, I'd never known that a woman could receive so much pleasure just through the simple act of exhibiting all of herself to a man. I had certainly never felt this way. But then this man was not like others I had met. He showed a genuine attentiveness. He really seemed to appreciate and respect my body like no man had ever done.  
  
That was when I felt him kissing my clitoris. I let out an excited moan. The next moment he was thrusting his tongue into my cunt, as far it would go, working me like I had never known. He was rubbing my clit expertly with his thumb; massaging it as he pleasured my pussy with his mouth. I had now completely submitted. I was in ecstasy, naked and like putty in the hands of this clothed man who seemed intent only on giving me pleasure like I had never experienced before. He made me come, two or maybe three times, upon which I entered a kind of paradisiacal world to which I had never been and where all I felt was sheer bliss...  
  
Then there was a knock at the door. Brought back to reality I frantically scrambled to get dressed. I opened the door and it was my friend. It seemed she was worried about me, and thought I may have run off to be by myself as usual, but when she saw the state I was in and the man beside me she looked, inevitably, embarrassed. We had better go back to the party, I mumbled, my head in a total whirl. I brushed my hair and straightened my skirt, trying to regain some composure.  
  
As I walked down the stairs and re-entered the party with my new man friend I thought about how intimate we had just been so soon after meeting for the first time. How he had looked at every part of my body, and seemed to love what he saw. I replayed how he had gone inside me with his fingers and tongue. I didn't regret a moment of it but wondered how I could go back to the everyday reality of a party after what that man had done for me.  
  
A few weeks later and we were making love frequently. I confessed to him that what I really found erotic that night was the way I had found myself totally exposed to a man I'd only just met. In short, I have discovered an exhibitionist part of me. I've bought myself some really short skirts and dresses, a first for me, and now when we go out I take every opportunity I can to flash my pussy to as many men as possible, usually by sitting across from them and letting my legs draw apart, pretending all the while that it's an accident.  
  
You're probably thinking what a slut... but after so many years of supressing my desire, I'm now just loving letting go. I don't know why, I just feel this irresistible urge building up inside me to let men see my most intimate and private parts. I love it, love it, love it! The feelings that go through me when I know that a man is getting a good view of that part of me are indescribable.

**[My Adventure In Exhibitionism Continues...](http://www.experienceproject.com/stories/Am-An-Exhibitionist/1501003)**

I've been so happily overwhelmed by all your wonderful comments that I have now got the courage to let you know what happened next, a few weeks after the life altering erotic encounter that I described in my first post here. I had already come to the realisation that it was the feeling of ending up naked and being intensely pleasured by an unknown man that had turned me on that night. I had now made up my mind that I wanted to try flashing men, in the hope that I could try and recapture just a little of the exhilaration I had felt that night.  
  
It was the night of another friend's party and I was looking for something to wear. As you will know from my previous post, all of my clothes up until this point had been very, very modest. Then I remembered that I still had a suitcase of clothes that one of my old lodgers had left in the house a few years ago after she had left to go travelling. I knew she was roughly my size so I took a look in the suitcase and found some really daring skirts and dresses. I ended up choosing a rather short mini skirt, the like of which I had certainly never worn before in my life. But the feeling of wearing it, especially as I stepped outside, was very exhilarating in itself as I felt the air against my exposed thighs. I was wet and I wasn't even flashing anyone yet!  
  
Arriving at the party, my friend was so surprised to see me turning up in such a skimpy thing that I don't think she recognised me at first! Anyway, I went in to join the party and found a spot that I thought seemed well placed for the activities I was planning to engage in that evening. After half an hour or so spent drinking, chatting, and generally building up my courage I finally decided it was about time to go for it. So, when the next cute guy came through the room in my direction I leant over to the side pretending to put my drink down. As I did so, I let my legs glide apart ever so slightly, just enough to ensure that this man would get a view of my pretty undies. A brief glance his way confirmed that he had caught sight of my display, as he looked disconcerted, and not quite sure where to look!  
  
Success at my first go! I was really happy, but soon realised, after a few more goes, that I needed to get these panties off. Pretty though they were, I felt the need to show off the sopping wet pussy that was underneath them. So I made a trip to the bathroom, slipped out of my undies, and placed them in my bag. Now, walking back into the crowded party full of men, I felt even more vulnerable and excited, wearing such a tiny skirt with nothing underneath. I couldn't believe I had wasted so much of my life not doing this! I got another drink and choose another good spot directly opposite a guy whom I struck up a conversation with. We had been talking for about ten minutes before I could build up the courage to make my move.   
  
I pointed out a painting I liked in the room, causing me to have to turn myself slightly in my chair, making sure that I left one leg where it was whilst the other parted... again, just enough. When I returned to face forward I purposefully didn't draw my legs back together, so I sat, for a good few minutes at least, in front of this guy with my legs apart giving him an unrestricted view of my naked pussy, which, by now, was wetter than ever. I kept seeing his gaze wander momentarily to that place between my legs, but again, the funny thing is that most of the time he looked disconcerted, not knowing quite where to look! Anyway, this experience still made me feel so incredibly horny that I could barely concentrate enough to hold a conversation.  
  
In the end, I must have let about seven or eight men see my pussy in that way that evening. This is quite something when you consider that in the rest of my life put together, only a few men had seen me down there. I even got to flash this cute guy I knew from work years back, and just to think he'll go away thinking it was just a freak lucky accident! I enjoyed myself so much and I'll never forget my first real flashing experience and would really recommend it to other women if asked. Most of the members of this site who've befriended me are men. I would love to know if they are many other women who feel the same things that I do, who feel the same rush of intense desire when I know a man is looking at me.  
  
I hope you've enjoyed this little story. I do plan to write about some of my experiences in more detail, to try and convey the sensations that come with being a female exhibitionist. But in this story I just wanted to let you know about how I got started.  
  
P.s. You're all welcome to become a friend and look at my pics. I love logging on and seeing new comments. Love it, love it, love it!  
  
Joanna xxxxxx