**I like to expose myself for my Boyfriend**

by Vanessa Evans

*All characters involved in any sexual activities in this story were over the legal age of consent when the events took place.*

*How I discovered that my boyfriend loves it when I expose my body to others; and so do I.*

**Part 01**

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It all started one night when we were at university party where the booze was flowing freely and one of the spaghetti straps on my [strappy V-neck tank](http://www.topshop.com/en/tsuk/product/clothing-427/tops-443/strappy-v-neck-cami-2131770?bi=41&ps=20" \o "Strappy V-Neck Cami) got ripped off in a silly drinking game. For the rest of that night I struggled to keep my right breast covered (no bra that night because my boyfriend, Ethan asked me not to wear one). What I did notice was that Ethan paid a lot of attention to me, and he didn’t seem at all worried that my nipple kept getting exposed.

When we went to bed later that night the sex was wonderful, and it went on forever.

The next morning I asked Ethan what had made him so horny at the party and he shocked me a bit by telling me that it really turned him on when my breast got uncovered and people looked at me.

At first I was a bit stunned, but after a while I realised that I too had got aroused when my breast had got exposed.

Perhaps now would be a good time to say a bit about myself. My name is Sophie. I’m 19 years old, I have a 34B 24 28 figure. I have light brown hair on my head and no hair anywhere else on my body. My pussy is very little girl like except for my clit which sticks out even when I’m not aroused. My high-up ‘B’s are very pointed and as solid as they come. They’re topped (fronted) by 2 gorgeous, suck-able, largish nipples that seem to think that they have ice cubes taped to them; and small, dark areolas.

Right, now that’s out of the way, back to how I discovered that I like to expose myself. As I said, I’d been accidentally exposing my right breast at that party and discovered that I’d enjoyed the experience. Not only had I enjoyed it but Ethan had enjoyed it as well. I was intrigued and needed to find out more, so when Ethan came to my dorm room to collect me the next night I put my thinnest, slightly sheer top on, with no bra and a short, denim skirt. Short at that time was mid-thigh.

Ethan looked a little surprised but said that I looked good. He couldn’t keep his hands off me that night and I did enjoy the attention that my semi-sheer top brought.

The next day neither of us had lectures, and the weather was warm, so we walked into town. As we walked through the park to get to town I raised the subject of my sheer top and Ethan suddenly got more affectionate. We sat on the grass and he started to put his hand up my skirt.

I was so scared that someone might see us, but at the same time I was so excited; my knickers got wet and my pussy started tingling. I wanted Ethan to do more to me, to rip my clothes off and fuck me right there and then, but I was too scared.

I managed to get Ethan to stop, but only after he’s got my knickers off. We sat and talked. Ethan told me that he loved the idea of other people getting quick glimpses of my goodies. I wasn’t revolted or anything like that by Ethan’s comment, I just didn’t know what to say. I told Ethan that I’d never even thought about exposing any part of my body except my arms and lower legs and I didn’t know what to think.

Ethan asked me how I felt when I’d worn a bikini when we’d gone swimming. I had to admit that I’d felt good. I cupped my ‘B’s and said that I was proud of them.

“And so you should be;” Ethan said, “they’re amazing. I just think that it would be nice for both of us if other people saw them. Tell you what, how about we try if for a while then have a sort of ‘review’ of how it’s gone and then take it from there?”

“So what are you thinking that we should do for this ‘trial period’? I asked.

“Well,” Ethan said, “how about you stopping wearing underwear and ‘accidentally’ give people a flash of your gorgeous girls and fuckable pussy?”

“You want me to flash my tits and pussy to strangers!”

“You can do it to our friends if you like.”

“I don’t know about that. I think that if I’ve got to do it to anyone then I’d prefer it to be a complete stranger.”

“You don’t HAVE to flash anyone if you really don’t want to. I just think that it would be a nice experiment to see how you feel.” Ethan said.

“Yeah I know that; but I’ve never done anything like that before. I’m just a bit nervous.”

“I can understand that, I’ll be with you all the way, and if at any time you want to stop you can. I’m not suggesting that you streak through the shopping centre or anything like that, just a bit of ‘accidental’ flashing.” Ethan said to comfort me.

“Well…….. okay then,” I said, “so you think that going without underwear is a good place to start? That isn’t going lead to much flashing.”

“Don’t take this the wrong way Sophie. But your clothes are a bit conservative. How about I buy you some new clothes while we’re in town?”

I should have been upset by Ethan’s remark, but I wasn’t. He was right. My family never had a lot of money (unlike Ethan’s) and I’d never had much interest in keeping up with the latest fashions. I’m more of a ‘practical’ girl. But what girl is going to turn down the offer of having some clothes bought for her? So I agreed.

We stood up and I asked Ethan for my knickers.

“How about I keep them for now? It’ll be a good start for you.” Ethan said.

“But I feel naked without them.” I replied.

“But you’re not, and you and I are the only 2 people in the world that know that.”

I couldn’t argue with that, and I guessed that it would be a good place to start. It wasn’t as if anyone was going to see anything because my denim skirt was nearly knee length.

As we started the rest of the walk into town I saw that Ethan had a hard-on. He obviously liked the idea of me being knickerless.

It wasn’t a hot day, but it wasn’t a cold or wet day either. It was slightly breezy and that breeze was going up my skirt; and it was a pleasant feeling. By the time we went through the doors into the shopping centre my pussy was pleasantly wet and I’d decided that I liked being knickerless.

We did what we’d original intended to do in town then started shopping for clothes for me.

In the first shop that we went into, Ethan picked out 3 skirts that were shorter than I’d ever look at for myself. My first reaction was ‘no way’, but then I looked at Ethan’s face; and his trousers. He clearly wanted me to try them on, so I did.

As I went into the changing room I remembered that I didn’t have my knickers on. I was going to have to be careful. As I went out to show Ethan the first skirt I felt terribly exposed. That skirt must have been no more than 12 inches long.

“Wow!” was all Ethan could say for ages. His trousers told me that he liked it. I did a twirl for him and he said the same think again.

“I take it that you like it.” I asked.

“Errr yes, you look amazing. What do you think?”

“Yeah, it’s nice, but it’s so short.”

“Sophie you look amazing, it really does suit those long, slim legs of yours; it’s perfect.” Ethan said. “What about the others?”

I went and changed into the second skirt. It was equally short, but I wasn’t so keen on it. Neither was Ethan, he said that it ‘wasn’t me.’ I wasn’t sure what he meant, but as I wasn’t keen on it either I didn’t ask him.

The third skirt was nice, but it was very thin, and flared; what’s more, it was a little shorter that the first one that I’d tried on. I felt like I had nothing on below my waist. If I wore that one out I REALLY would have to be careful.

Of course Ethan liked it. He asked me to do a twirl then told me that we were definitely buying that one.

I got changed back into my own skirt and we went and bought the first and third skirt. As we left the shop Ethan told me that when I’d done the twirl I’d flashed my pussy to a man and I hadn’t even realised it.

After letting me think about it for a minute, and blush because of it, he told me that the man was him; but it could easily have been any other man. That thought got me thinking; I’d flashed my pussy to a man, albeit Ethan and not realised what I’d done. The thought of what I’d done made me get a little wet rush. I’d enjoyed it; innocent, but guilty of enjoying it.

When we went into another shop to try on some tops Ethan asked me to change into the first skirt that I’d tried on while I was trying on some tops that we’d both selected. He also asked me to leave my bra off when I tried the tops on.

When I first went into the changing room I stripped naked; and on impulse, I opened the curtain and let Ethan have a quick look at me – full frontal.

Ethan grinned and licked his lips. I quickly closed the curtain when I saw someone move towards us.

I put on my first new skirt and one of the tops. I looked at myself in the mirror and thought that I looked good. The top was thin and I had 2 bumps where my nipples were. I opened the curtain and let Ethan see. As he stared at me I felt my nipples get hard, very hard. I felt daring, exposed and excited.

Ethan liked the top but asked me to try on another of the tops. I closed the curtain, but not all the way. I wanted Ethan to see me as I changed. I took the top and the skirt off. I put another top on, and the other skirt that Ethan had bought me, the one that made me feel as if I was bottomless. This top was equally thin; but it was slightly see through. Looking in the mirror I could see my breasts, still hard nipples and areolas.

As I opened the curtain I felt very exposed. My heart was pounding, my nipples hurt and my pussy was wetter that it had been all day.

My heart pounded even more and I blushed as I saw a man stood next to Ethan. Both were staring at me. I wanted to pull the curtain closed but I just froze.

“I like that combination; come and look at your-self in that mirror.” Ethan said, pointing to the big mirror at the end of the changing cubicles.

I stepped out feeling very exposed. Both men were watching me, but at the same time I felt good.

“Do a twirl.” Ryan said.

I did, and I heard the other man gasp. I should have looked in the mirror as I spun round, but I hadn’t.

“Do it again,” Ethan said.

This time I looked in the mirror and I saw my bald pussy. Bloody hell! If I’d seen it then Ethan and that man must have. I felt like my heart was going to burst.

“Again.” Ethan said

When I did it that time I looked at the stranger. His eyes were wide open and he definitely had a big bulge in the front of his trousers.

We all stood there silently for a couple of seconds then I heard a curtain open.

“What do you think of this one darling?” A woman said.

The man turned his head to face the voice and Ethan smiled.

“You look amazing Sophie,” Ethan said, “What about the other tops?”

I went back into the cubicle and left the curtain open a little further than before. I grinned at Ethan as I took the top off, letting him see me topless.

The third top was slightly more see through than the previous one. I opened the curtain fully and let Ethan see all of me.

“Come on out Sophie.”

I stepped forward, just as the stranger’s partner stepped out of her cubicle.

“Do you like this outfit?” The woman said.

“Oh yes!” the man said, but as I looked at him I saw that he was looking at me, not the other woman.

Ethan came over to me and whispered,

“Leave the curtain open when you try on the next top.”

My heart skipped a beat as I realised that Ethan wanted me to deliberately flash the man – assuming that his partner hadn’t dragged him away by then.

“Right I thought; if I’m going to do this then I may as well go the whole hog.”

I stepped back into the cubicle, making sure that the curtain was wide open. Standing facing Ethan and the man I undid the top and lifted it over my head. I looked at the man as I tweaked both my nipples; then unfastened the skirt. As it dropped to the floor the man’s jaw dropped. I thought about his obviously hard cock and wondered if he was going to cream his pants.

I looked at Ethan and as we made eye contact he blew me a kiss.

Turning round I bent at the waist, keeping my knees straight, and picked up the skirt. I could only imagine what the 2 men could see. Putting the skirt on a hook I picked up another top and put it on. Looking in the mirror I smoothed it flat with my hands, cupping my breasts as I did so.

I turned to face Ethan and the man again and said,

“How about this one?” I asked.

“Which one; left or right?” Ethan said.

“Very funny.” I said, cupping them both.

The next top that I tried on was thin and pink. The notable thing about it is that it has a lace strip at the top of the front. It’s designed to show your cleavage and the top of you bra, above you nipples. It has spaghetti straps so that you can adjust how high or low you wear it. When I put it on the straps were extended so when I pulled it on without a bra my nipples and areolas were clearly visible. Sliding it slightly to the side my nipples popped through the holes in the lace.

When I turned to face Ethan and the man the top was an instant hit. At first glance it just looked like any other top, but with more than a quick glance my exposed nipples were clearly visible.

I stepped back and closed the curtain. The show was over. I came out a few minutes later and told Ethan that I liked them all. I was wearing my original top and the first skirt that I’d tried on. My knickers were in Ethan’s pocket and my bra was in my bag.

As we walked to the check-out I said to Ethan,

“I can’t believe that I just did that. I’ve never done anything like that ever before.”

“Sophie, that was amazing, I’m so proud of you.”

As we walked through the shopping centre I felt almost naked. I gripped Ethan’s arm as we went.

“How do you fancy never wearing a bra again?” Ethan asked.

“What? I can’t.” Thinking quick I continued. ”There are places that I couldn’t possibly not wear a bra.”

“Like where?”

“At interviews; and Professor Smith’s lectures for two. He’s already given one girl a right bollocking for not wearing a bra.”

“Okay, in that case we’d better get you a couple of new bras.”

Ethan took me to a lingerie shop and selected 2 for me. There was nowhere to try them on so I let him buy them for me. When we got back to my dorm room I tried them on; one is a shelf bra, and the other is cup-less. I could see that I’d have to be careful what I wore them under at times.

Back at the shopping centre Ethan decided to buy me a couple of summer dresses and we went looking. All the ones that Ethan liked had spaghetti straps, buttons all down the front, and were low-cut. Oh, all were short, shorter than any dress I’d ever owned before.

Of course Ethan wanted to see me in them before he bought them. Unfortunately the shop wouldn’t let men into the changing rooms so I had to come out to show him each one. While I was changing into the second one Ethan went and found a third one. When I put it on and looked at myself I realised that it was intended that the wearer wore a slip or something under it; it was slightly see through. I felt nervous as I went out to show Ethan; but at the same time my pussy was tingling.

As we walked back to the university I felt like a very lucky and very happy girl. I’d got lots of new clothes, a fantastic boyfriend and I’d discovered something that I really enjoyed and gives me lots of pleasure.

That day was when I realised that I had started my ascent into the wonderful world of exhibitionism.

Back in my room Ethan asked me if I’d enjoyed my day. As an answer I slowly stripped naked then jumped on top of him, gave him a big kiss, and put his hand onto my very wet pussy. Guess what happened next.

From that day on I started wearing my new clothes most of the time, and rarely wore knickers or a bra. Even the other girls in the dorm commented on the ‘new’ me. Some told me that Ethan must be good for me. He was (is). I’ve never been happier.