**My first experience...**

By BNT

Hi all,

I just stumbled upon this story forum, and I have to say, I'm impressed. I just somewhat recently became into being a little public with my body, so I'd like to post a true story about the first time I was ever... exposed at all. It's not nearly as bad as some of the ones I've read, but for me it was a HUGE deal.

First, a little background on myself. I'm 5'6", light blonde hair about shoulder-length, and very fair-skinned. And 32C, if you're wondering about that. And most importantly, I was completely shy and innocent. I had one boyfriend (the one at the itme of this story), and we'd only kissed. He'd never seen me in less than a one-piece bathing suit.

So, it started during my sophomore year of college. I was 19. That was the year I joined a sorority. My boyfriend at the time warned me that I might have to step outside my comfort zone. Everything was fine and dandy until Halloween rolled around, and I mentioned the fact that I wasn't sure about a costume.

My sisters took care of that -- they made me a baseball player. On its own, it was probably the most scandalous outfit I've ever worn: the skirt was a good two inches shorter than any other I owned and was paired with knee-high white socks and sneakers. The top was the bigger thing, though. It was a friend's who was notably less busty than me, so it was already tight, and it had a zipper all the way down the front, from more-than-decent as far as cleavage goes all the way to my waist. What's more, it was too tight to comfortable wear a bra with.

We went to a fraternity Halloween party, and I was nervous at showing so much skin, but excited at the same time. I kept pulling the zipper up, to about midway down my chest (high enough where no cleavage was visible), but my sorority sisters kept seeing me and insisting I unzip it a bit. I did start to notice guys staring more when I showed a bit more, so finally I relented. I left the zipper about halfway between either nipple -- showing plenty of cleavage, but not indecent.

I was talking to a couple cute guys when one of my sisters strolled between us and yanked on the zipper -- she pulled it halfway down my stomach. Instinctively I reached to cover myself, but she hollered back, "Leave it there!" and for some reason, I did. It didn't show THAT much much of my boobs themselves, it just showed more of my center body.

The guys I was talking to couldn't take their eyes of my cleavage, but the conversation died off and I went to talk with my sisters. I told one of them that one of the guys was kinda cute, and I wanted to get his attention more. She responded my unzipping my top all the way to the bottom and letting it fall apart. I shrieked and covered myself again, but she insisted this would work, so finally, reluctantly, showing skin from my neck to my waist down a two-inch slice of the middle of my torso, I went back to talk to him.

I was initially impressed -- he kept eye contact for the first several minutes, but eventually I noticed him staring lower, almost exclusively. After about five minutes of that, I looked down and realized why: one of my sisters was standing behind me, gently pulling my top apart, revealing my breasts to him and anyone else. I shrieked and pulled it closed and screamed at her, and she ran off, but then the guy interjected, "You have nothing to be ashamed of. They're fantastic." I was surprised at how heartfelt I took the compliment -- I would've thought I'd be offended, but I was legitimately touched.

So, somehwat instinctively, I opened my top again and let him check 'em out for a few more seconds. I turned so red. For the first few seconds I felt like I was having an out-of-body experience, and then finally I realzied: I'm standing here, in the middle of a crowded party, showing my previously-unseen boobs to a guy whose name I don't even know. Suddenly overcome with embarassment, I ran out of the party -- but the entire way home, I left my top open, enjoying the breeze on my bare bosom. It wasn't until later that I realized I'd ran a half mile basically topless.

When I got home, I immediately got on my webcam with my boyfriend, who was long-distance. I left my top open (and eventually took it totally off) and told him what had happened. He was extremely turned on, which at the time was relieving that he wasn't mad at me, but in retrospect was disheartening that he didn't mind that some other guy had seen me topless. That was the beginning of the end -- I dumped him a couple months later, and since then, my tendency to, uh, show off has grown. But that's a story for another time :)