**[My girlfriend likes to show her pussy](http://www.sexstoriespost.com/stories/story/57717/)**

I have known about my girlfriends exhibitionist side for quite some time now. Having learned this from her telling me true stories of her past, and how she loved to walk around her house naked with the curtains and shades open.

See, I have this thing about hearing a girlfriends true stories of their past. Some of them have been honest, and others have tried to amuse me. However, you know deep down when someone is telling a tale or if someone is telling you a true experience.

I like to learn of these events most while having sex. This way you can gauge their reaction, and learn what their favorite episodes were. Or you can get to know what really turns them on.

However, another way to have fun with this is to have them tell you a sorted, but true, tale from the past while they are texting you as I take care of things myself on the other end of these stories.

Or, you can even give them a “homework” assignment of sorts and ask them to send you an email containing one of these stories for when you get home so you can handle things yourself while thinking about her within the story line of what she has sent you.

I want you to picture my girlfriend, whether necessary or not. She is an absolute true beauty. She could be categorized many ways depending on her dress or makeup, or lack there of.

At 5’2”, blonde hair, blue eyes and weighing in at a mere 95lbs, she normally looks like the girl next door. However, her fake C cup tits, and perfect little ass can accentuate her physique, and matched with the right outfit, makeup, and attitude, she could be every mans desire.

I want you to imagine this little angle as I do. She has told me more of her exhibitionist side, and some of the roots of it. She has told about her attending a catholic high school and how she felt panties unnecessary.

She has told me of letting teachers get a peak of that beautiful pussy of hers, and how wet it made her knowing they were going home to fuck their wives while thinking of her. She has even admitted to letting a teacher (in her high school days) peak so he would make her captain of the soccer team. She would sit at her desk and spread her legs enough to where she knew he could see and just watch him looking at her. She would tell me of how wet her pussy would become knowing what it was probably doing to him.

She has told me about the same teacher taking liberties and actually running a finger up her slit as he walked past her seat on the school bus.

I have a suspicion she fucked him, but she has yet to admit it. It took me a year and a half for her to admit he touched her pussy.

So, armed with the knowledge of this appetite of hers, I have found myself dabbling in her world which is uncharted territory for me.

I am a very jealous, controlling type. Feeling that her pussy belongs to me and is for my eyes only. And before the ladies reading this story get upset with the possession thing, know that I give the same respect in return. My cock is hers, and only hers. I am a true monogamist, probably one of the only men left who will admit it, and who is dead honest about it.

So, venturing into showing her off in any way is quite a step for me, but at the same time turns me on to a place that can not be explained. Probably because of how excited it makes her.

The first time I lead the way into this new sexual side to our relationship was one night after a few stiff cocktails. We went back to my house where I have an in ground pool with a hot tub that spills over into it. I suggested a skinny dip with the pool and patio and pool lights off. She asked that we keep them on, both of us fully aware of my neighbors still on their deck, enjoying a beer or two themselves.

At most, these neighbors were 100 feet away, with an unobstructed view into my backyard. I would be lying if I said I didn’t know what we were about to do.

Watching her parade around my patio, completely nude, and knowing how much she enjoyed it gave me the hardest cock I had ever grown in my life. I was so hard it hurt.

We wound up swimming around the pool, splashing and playing until I couldn’t take anymore. Something came over me and the only thing that was going to quench my desire was to fuck her, right there without caring who could see.

So, I suggested we head back up the patio and into the hot tub.

Once inside I pulled her onto me, facing me and slid my now solid cock into her. I had never felt her so wet. I had never seen that look in her eyes. I had never heard her make those sounds.

We fucked, and fucked hard. The whole time I just watched her. I watched her lean backwards so the onlookers could see her face contort, so they could se how hard her nipples were around her perfectly expensive tits.

When she came, she was loud. I would ask her to get louder. I would ask her if they were watching since my back was towards them. I would ask her if she was enjoying herself.

I eventually flipped her around and fucked her from behind so hard she was screaming. I still couldn’t see where the eyes were behind me and I didn’t care. I only cared about how much she was enjoying being fucked in public and it was having the most incredible effect on me that I must have dumped a quart into that hot little pussy of hers.

Lets skip ahead to two nights ago when we left the bar at almost sun up. In fact, by the time we got to her place it was 7:00 in the morning. We had taken a few pit stops, one at her favorite spot on the beach, where I wanted to fuck her but the sand fleas put a stop to that.

She also has a built in pool but, since she lives with the surrounding people, and had to face them after I had gone, we really didn’t do much at her place. And I didn’t want any of her male neighbors thinking she was approachable. So we tried to keep things respectable there.

However, being 7:00am on a Saturday morning, my hormones got the best of me. While sitting in her screened in porch, I suggested she go put on a shear nightgown with nothing on underneath. I immediately seen that glow in her face telling me this was something she wanted.

While she was gone, I thought back to a conversation I overheard with her female roommate. The roommate had commented on the new neighbors. Obviously there was a discussion on there sexual preference. The roommate, in my presence, admitted she had found out the two guys who just moved in were not gay.

This took me for a bit of a loop since I had heard nothing of new neighbors. And as a man, thinking like a man my question to myself was “why are you asking each other that question? Are these guys who moved in pretty? Too good to be single or not gay”

With that question still lingering, here we were, at 7am and I just told her to go put on something sexy. With her knowing full well of my sexual appetites and that I was going to fuck. Where and how was a sure question for her.

When she came back outside to where I was sitting, I couldn’t believe what I was looking at. I couldn’t believe what was about to be mine. I had seen her in these types of clothing before, while we were just crawling into bed, but it never looked as sexy as it looked right then. It was a silky blue nightgown that came just above her ass. I could almost see the bottom of her her pussy or maybe I just knew where it started and ended from experience. Either way, I couldn’t control myself. I toll her, picked her up and laid her on her back on the patio table. I hiked up her nighty, the little bit I needed to and just looked at her in the morning sunlight.

Her pussy was soaked, and you could tell just by looking at it. Her legs spread automatically with the most inviting sight I had ever seen.

All I could do was stare as I dropped my jeans and underwear and stuck my cock straight into her. She let out this low moan that I will never forget.

I proceeded to move in and out of her slowly. Just watching myself go in and out of her. Just watching myself disappear and reappear from her pussy as it wrapped, and sucked around me.

I reached up and let one of her tits free. I could tell she loved this by the way she looked at me with a contorted face.

She would lay there as I fucked her slowly, and when she did look at me I would ram it into her hard. Just to watch her face, watch her completion change from pink to red. To watch her enjoy herself being fucked where anyone , if awake, could look out their window and watch her getting fucked.

During this slow fucking, I noticed her looking towards the house that contained the new neighbors. And as I noticed it, I recounted the conversation. I remembered the conversation and what I surmised the reason behind it. So I started thinking she wanted someone in that household to see her. To see her sprawled out on that table with my cock in her. And it really fucking turned me on.

Something let loose in my mind and I got within hers. I tried to read her mind and tried to guess at what she wanted them to see. I took her legs and spread them far apart. I took out both of her breasts so they were on constant display. I fucked her and watched her look at the house, the windows of the house, then back at me.

I watched her cum multiple times. I listened to her louder than normal screams. I wondered if she was trying to draw attention. I was sick with excitement as I watched her excitement.

I didn’t talk to her, I just watched her enjoyment. I tried to add to it by showing more of her body. I took long deliberate strokes as she turned beat red in orgasm.

I finally spoke and told her to take the nighty off and bend over the table. She told me it may be too much but I could see it was a half hearted attempt at being a good girl. Within seconds she was throwing that gown to the floor and laying her body over the table for me to enter her from behind.

This time, I had a need to fuck her. To make her scream. To help her get that attention. To let her be seen.

I wanted to look up and see someone watching us almost as much as she wanted it.

I only fucked her for a few minutes this way. I don’t know why, but I grabbed her and pulled her inside. I put her on the dining room table and fucked her for a few minutes more, in front of her bay windows.

I was in a sexual zone. I wanted to enjoy this as much as, and for as long as I could. I wanted her to enjoy this, as I enjoyed her satisfaction.

We ended the morning in her bed, slowly fucking as she told me more about how she liked to show off. How she liked being the bad little girl with her pussy on display.

I didn’t come that morning, we both grew too tired for me to finish. We had great sex when we awoke a few hours later, neither of us mentioning what transpired. There was no need.