**Shown Off**

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**Chapter 1: How it started**  
  
Josh was my first boyfriend. He was everything I dreamed of in a guy. He was strong, handsome and funny. I did my best to make him happy.  
  
We were both in highschool. I met him at the football pre-season party. I was a cheerleader who totally fell for him. My friends got really jealous when they found out I was dating him.  
  
After a few weeks of dating, both of us lost our virginities together. And after that, we fucked like rabbits. I was already on birth control for my skin so Josh was able to fuck me whenever he wanted. And I enjoyed giving him pleasure. In our small town, it's not like we had much else to do.  
  
It was a weekday night and I'd just been fucked silly by Josh after school. As I put on my clothes, I couldn't find my panties. We looked all over with no success.  
  
"It's ok babe, I'll bring them once I find them," Josh assured me.  
  
I was wearing a sundress that day so I had no issues going without my panties. Josh walked me home and we decided to take a shortcut through the woods.  
  
While walking through the trail, I tripped. Like a massive fall.  
  
I was on my back with my dress pulled up to my belly, pussy completely exposed. And to make matters worse, an older man walked by us. He got a full view of my shaved pussy.  
  
The man laughed.  
  
"Uh oh, better cover yourself up!"  
  
I turned as red as a tomato. I scrambled to get up and be decent. Josh pulled me up and there was a strange look in his eye. He looked extremely excited. He hugged me close.  
  
His heart was going a mile a minute. And I felt his big bulge against my stomach. He was horny beyond anything I'd seen.  
  
Without any words, he took my hand and pulled me off the trail and into the trees.  
  
"Josh what are you doing .."  
  
My voice trailed off as Josh pushed me onto the ground that was relatively soft.  
  
He hiked my dress up roughly, exposing me from the neck down. He yanked my bra down, my 32C breasts plopped out.  
  
I heard him unzip his pants as he simultaneously put my legs on his shoulders.  
  
I bit my lip as his large cock entered my pussy for the second time that day. Normally Josh was a gentle lover. But in that moment, he was ravishing me.  
  
I came hard on his cock just as he unloaded another thick load into my hole.  
  
He collapsed next to me. Little did I know that one innocuous fall would shape my sex life going forward.

**Chapter 2: Forest fuckings**  
  
For the next few weeks, it was clear something had changed in Josh. It was like his fetish was realized. Almost all of our fucking occurred in the park. At first, we would go deep in the woods and I'd just have my dress pulled up and rammed.  
  
But slowly I found myself getting more and more naked. I would protest but Josh would always convince me. I'm not sure why he had the power over me that he did.  
  
And I also noticed that the distance from the trail was getting shorter and shorter. It scared the hell out of me but all it took was a "Please baby, for me?" and I was putty in his hands.  
  
So that was how I ended up totally naked, riding Josh's cock on the actual trail in broad daylight. And it should be noted that Josh was fully dressed, he enjoyed it when it was just me being naked.  
  
I was terrified someone would see us. Josh on the other hand, seemed very nonchalant about it.  
  
I still remember that fuck. I was sweaty, terrified and incredibly aroused that I had done so much to please Josh. I still remember the look of pure pleasure in his face as I impaled myself on his cock over and over.  
  
But I realize now that I was complicit in increasing Josh's appetite for risky behavior.

**Chapter 3: A new wardrobe**  
  
Josh embraced our new dynamic of him pleading and me acquiescing to his demands.  
  
It was a Saturday right after my public trail fuck. Josh picked me up in his father's old pickup. I asked him where we were going but he was acting coy.  
  
We drove over to the next town and went to a department store. I was thrilled, I had some shopping to do. But once inside, Josh took out nearly $250 and said he was going to buy me new clothes.  
  
"Oh Josh, you spoil me," I remember naively telling him.  
  
"But I get to pick them out, ok babe?"  
  
I agreed of course, not knowing his real intention. I did my own shopping and met him at the fitting rooms where he had a small pile of clothes.  
  
We went to the attendant, a young man, so he could count the items before we got a fitting room.  
  
I could feel the heat radiating off my face as I saw what Josh had picked out. The attendant gave a knowing smirk as he counted 4 outfits skimpier than the last. I couldn't even look at the man.  
  
"Nice choice," the man remarked as he handed me the last item, a bikini.  
  
I rushed inside. Josh followed me into the fitting room. I wanted to object to all of the clothes but he gave his signature puppy dog pout and I couldn't say no.  
  
Slowly I took off my dress and started trying on the first item. It was basically a tube top that showed off way too much midriff.  
  
"Josh...my bra straps will show in this."  
  
"Well obviously silly. That's why you don't wear one."  
  
And with that he expertly unhooked my bra, allowing it to fall to the ground.  
  
I swallowed nervously and put the top on. Now my, my boobs aren't double Ds, but they were straining against the thin fabric. If you looked closely, my areola were visible against the light pink.  
  
I looked at Josh incredulously. There was no way this was decent to wear outside.  
  
But before I could voice my opinion Josh said we should try the full length mirror outside. I was in just my panties but I knew Josh wouldn't take no as an answer. I hesitantly peeked out and walked to the mirror. It looked scandalously revealing. Josh stepped behind me and squeezed my breasts.  
  
I instinctively moaned and protested.  
  
"Shh, he'll hear you," Josh whispered in my ear.  
  
I bit my lip as I let Josh manhandle my breasts. After a minute of massaging and pulling at my nipples, they were sticking out prominently through the top.  
  
"Perfect," Josh said cheekily.  
  
We walked back to the fitting room with my head hung low.  
  
I tried on another top. A tank top that seemed to show off way too much cleavage. He tested it by easily pulling my boobs out from the top and nodded approvingly.  
  
I awkwardly stuffed my boobs back in and grabbed the skirt on the hook.  
  
"Nah ah ah", Josh teased.  
  
I felt him his hook his fingers on either side of my panties and braced myself as he yanked them down.  
  
I shuddered as he rubbed my clit.  
  
"Why do you say no when you're so wet haha".  
  
I couldn't respond. It was true.  
  
The skirt had a zip in the side and a snap button on the top to secure it.  
  
I put it on, shocked that it came up only mid thigh. I twirled for Josh and he didn't look happy.  
  
"Excuse me, can we get assistance here?"  
  
I was mortified as Josh held the door open and the attendant came in.  
  
I saw the man's eyes grow wide as he took in the sight. My still hard nipples straining against the low cut tank top and wearing a skirt that was too short. I looked like a hooker.  
  
"Hi, do you have a skirt in a smaller size?"  
  
Was he serious?  
  
Apparently he was.  
  
"Of course sir, what size is that one?"  
  
Josh turned me around and stuck the tag out, pulling the skirt slightly open. The attendant invited himself to look at the tag, and my bare ass crack in the process.  
  
I was humiliated.  
  
"Ok so that's a small. I'll try to find an extra small."  
  
He ran off eagerly. I was furious. I was stewing while we waited. Josh just stood outside.  
  
He came back in with the new skirt. I looked ridiculous in it. It hung low on my hips and stopped right above my crotch. My ass was barely covered. If I hadn't shaved, a large part of my bush would've been exposed.  
  
"Perfect!"  
  
At least Josh was happy.  
  
I saw the familiar look in his eyes and felt his cock pressing against my ass. He pulled me out to the mirror outside again. I knew I couldn't stop him.  
  
He pulled my boobs out the top and bent me over. My ass and slit were instantly exposed.  
  
I covered my mouth as he entered me. Apparently all the humiliating exposure had made me dripping wet. He slid right in.  
  
He pounded me in silence for 10 mins. I looked at myself in the mirror get used like a plaything. My boobs swayed forward with each thrust. Partway through I noticed the attendant watching from the corner of the reflection. I made eye contact with Josh and realized he noticed him too.  
  
But none of us said anything. Instead, Josh increased his grip on my waist, quickened his pace and came inside me. He pulled out and made me suck him clean. He then pulled me into a deep kiss and thanked me over and over.  
  
The old Josh was back. And I felt amazing that I'd pleased him so well.  
  
I was so happy I didn't even say anything as I tried on the too small bikini. The attendant winked at me as we walked past him. I was horrified. We purchased the clothes and went home, exhausted but satisfied.

**Chapter 4: The Promise**  
  
"Josh, are we sure about this?"  
  
I had a very concerned look on my face. I was totally naked of course.  
  
Josh was in my room. My parents were out. He had all my panties in a pile in front of him. The scissors in his hand looked menacing.  
  
"Babe. I want us committed in this. Don't you want to do this for me?"  
  
He gave me a look that made my heart skip a beat.  
  
I groaned and nodded.  
  
In a matter of seconds, all my panties lay in tatters.  
  
And then like an animal, he pinned me on the floor, holding each hand apart.  
  
He kicked my legs open and started grinding his jeans clad bulge into my spread pussy. The rough denim sent jolts throughout my body.  
  
He growled in my ear.  
  
I don't know who this Josh was but I couldn't deny I was incredibly turned on.  
  
"I can't believe I have such a gorgeous girlfriend with a perfect body. I want to see it naked anytime I want. When we fuck, I want nothing on you, absolutely nothing. I want to show you off. I don't care who sees. I want your tits, pussy and ass bare. Always. I want to be able to touch you, fuck you, see you anywhere and everywhere. Promise me you won't cover it up baby. Promise me."  
  
I was so flustered I replied with a meek "I promise."  
  
Even till today, I'm not sure if Josh said "I don't care who sees" , or if he said "I want everybody to see". That was forgone argument anyway. I was in a daze from his talk.  
  
I heard the familiar sound of his zipper unzipping followed by his thick cock pushing into my pussy. I moaned as he pushed all the way in. He started kissing my neck as he started thrusting. I loved this part.

**Chapter 5: School shenanigans**  
  
I had to admit it felt really weird not wearing panties anymore. It seemed to make my pussy even more sensitive and I found myself aroused more often than not. Josh was thrilled by the new development.  
  
He would find every reason to take me alone somewhere in school and push me against a wall. He would groan as his hand snaked into my pants, only to be met by my naked pussy flesh. My going commando seemed to turn him on like nothing else.  
  
He would make out with me intensely while his fingers violated my clit and lips with no concern. I would moan into his mouth as his fingers pushed into me.  
  
I learned very quickly I could no longer wear light colored pants because of the wet spots from my pussy. I had to restrict myself to jeans and dresses. And dresses meant I had to be very careful with how I sat. But I did it because I cared deeply for Josh.  
  
I had to leave all the new outfits Josh bought me with him or my Catholic parents would've killed me. This was, of course, something that Josh and his horny teenage brain took full advantage of.  
  
Everyday after school we'd go to where his truck was parked and make out outside the driver side door. During this, he would slowly take all my clothes off until I was butt naked. Then, he would go sit in his truck and hand me the outfit of the day through the driver window. I would scramble to put it on, still standing outside. He found my rush to get dressed very amusing.  
  
Because of our after school activities, it was fortunately always deserted in the school. But the fear never lessened.  
  
It always struck me as a little unfair that I was always the only one naked and risking everything. But it gave Josh so much erotic pleasure that I told myself to suck it up.  
  
In the beginning, this whole clothes debacle occurred behind the school at the end of the lot.  
  
But I noticed overtime that the truck was being parked closer and closer to the school. I pleaded with Josh that it was too risky but his boner always took over his judgement.  
  
Eventually, he was parked right next to the school, less than 100 yards away.  
  
Often times, he'd strip me and start kissing my neck from behind. He'd then turn me around and give the side of the school a full frontal view of me. He'd hold my hands behind me, kick my legs wide open and play me like an instrument.  
  
If anyone in that side of the building chose to look outside, they would have had a perfect view of my nude teenage body, getting my excited pussy fingered by my boyfriend behind me.  
  
To this day, I still don't know if anyone at school had ever seen me in the parking lot. If they had, there were certainly no rumors spread about it.

**Chapter 6: Parking lot rodeo**  
  
I was lucky my bedroom was on the ground floor. I was able to jump out of my window easily.  
  
It was 11 pm on a Friday night. My parents were in bed. Josh told me to sneak out exactly at that time and he'd pick me up. I had no idea what he'd planned. I was almost dreading it but damn if I wasn't horny.  
  
I scurried out in my pajamas. I didn't bother changing. I knew I'd have to wear what he brought anyway.  
  
I was relieved to see Josh parked under a street light next to my neighbor's house. The passenger door was locked, he rolled down his window as I walked to his side.  
  
"Hey babe! Hurry, get naked."  
  
"I can't Josh! My neighbors will see."  
  
"No they won't. Just do it quickly."  
  
I knew by now that I had no choice in the matter. I disrobed. He took my clothes, rolled up his window and lowered the passenger window instead. I let out an exasperated sigh and ran to the other side. He tossed the skirt and tank top at me. I hurried to put them on. My bare ass was facing my parents' bedroom window. I can never forget that detail.  
  
And of course he'd parked under the street light. I was lit up like a Christmas tree.  
  
I got dressed in my slutty outfit and got in the truck. My annoyance at Josh melted away as he pulled me in for a deep kiss. I was left breathless once the kiss broke and he started driving.  
  
He refused to tell me where we were going. He did however, pull my breasts out from my top and make me sit with my legs wide open. The micro mini skirt rode up completely and became a glorified fabric belt around my waist.  
  
While driving, he made sure to never leave my exposed pussy unattended with his right hand. I was positively gushing. Thank goodness he had leather seats.  
  
Every time there was oncoming traffic I would instinctively cover up my breasts. This annoyed Josh greatly. He eventually had me sitting on my hands. I was humiliated as car after car probably got a glimpse of my teenage breasts, all while my sensitive pussy was being fingered.  
  
We eventually pulled into the rear parking lot of the abandoned bowling alley. This place was in the middle of nowhere. It was pitch black.  
  
"Josh what are we doing here?" I inquired.  
  
"Something I've been fantasizing about for weeks. You'll help me make it real, won't you?"  
  
There he went the puppy dog eyes again. I nodded.  
  
"You're the best, babe. Sit tight while I prepare."  
  
Josh gave me another deep kiss and rubbed my clit reassuringly.  
  
I watched him walk out to the front of the truck. He had a large bag with him. It was so dark I couldn't even see him properly. He appeared to be laying out a box of some kind.  
  
After a few minutes, he was back in the truck. He had an excited smile and I swooned a little. He was so handsome when he smiled.  
  
He pulled my face close to his and kissed me again. He gently brushed my hair away from my left ear and whispered what he wanted me to do.  
  
My eyes grew wide with nervousness as I listened to his instructions. I swallowed hard, my throat had gone dry. He put my hand on his crotch. Even through the thick jeans, I could tell he was rock hard. He wanted this badly. I was not going to disappoint him.  
  
I walked gingerly towards where he'd been earlier. My eyes slowly adjusted to the darkness. My bare feet prickled from tiny rocks on the paved lot.  
  
I reached a picnic blanket. There was a small plastic box on it that came up to my knees. On the box was a flesh colored dildo stuck on using its suction cup base.  
  
I swallowed hard again. I'd never used a sex toy before. Fortunately, it was similar in size to Josh's 7.5 inches. Maybe a tad larger.  
  
I touched it with my hand. Josh had been sweet enough to lube it up for me. I had to do this for him.  
  
I put either foot on each side of the box. The dildo pointed threateningly towards my pussy.  
  
I looked ahead and could see Josh's truck. I couldn't see him though. I took a deep breath and slowly started lowering myself down.  
  
Josh's truck revved suddenly. His high beams came on. I jumped and was momentarily blinded. This was the other part of Josh's plan. I was frozen. I became acutely aware of how exposed I really was.  
  
What was I doing? I was butt naked, standing above a slicked up dildo, and there was a goddamn spotlight on me in a public parking lot. Did all girls do this for their boyfriends?  
  
I was snapped out my mental crisis when Josh flashed his lights. I took a deep breath.  
  
I resumed my position and lowered myself slowly. I gasped as I felt the toy enter my pussy.  
  
The lights flashed again. It was a reminder.  
  
I placed my hands behind my head, remembering Josh's instructions. I clenched my teeth and kept lowering myself until I felt the balls of the fake dildo press against my pussy lips.  
  
What a sight I must have been. Naked, hands behind my head, with my pussy bottomed out on a thick dildo.  
  
"Make sure you go from the tip to the very bottom on every single stroke..." Josh's authoritative voice echoed in my head.  
  
I whimpered as I raised myself only to lower myself again. The dildo was slightly bigger than Josh and I could feel it straining inside me, stretching me.  
  
Pain and pleasure was radiating outwards from my pussy as I started riding the dildo. I had my eyes shut because of the headlights blinding me.  
  
After a few minutes, I heard the truck door opening. I peered through my eyelids and saw Josh leaning against the front of his truck, getting a closer look at my self-imposed debauchery. I heard a flash and whirring sound. He was taking pictures on his Polaroid camera.  
  
I wanted to object but I noticed he was fully naked and stroking with his free hand. My pussy gushed a little when I saw him. My lust gave way to reason.  
  
I was thankful for the extra lubrication because that's when the urgent whispers started.  
  
"Faster."  
  
"Harder."  
  
"Spread your legs wider."  
  
"Pull on your nipples."  
  
"Ride it faster!"  
  
"Harder please baby. Slam it down hard!"  
  
I was now fucking myself with the dildo at a frantic pace. And I was still taking it tip to base on every stroke. My poor pussy was struggling to keep up. The pain was building, but so was the pleasure. My pussy was too recent a virgin to handle this onslaught.  
  
"Faster babe please, fuck yourself silly." Josh growled with pure lust in his voice. I could hear him take more pictures.  
  
"I can't go faster!" I cried out into the night sky. I practically screamed it.  
  
It was true. I was in good shape from cheerleading but my thighs were on fire.  
  
"Ok babe, I'll help you out."  
  
Before I could comprehend what he meant, I felt his ragged breath on the back of my neck and his strong hands around my waist. I felt him pull me all the way up, leaving just the dildo's cockhead in my gasping pussy.  
  
Then, without warning he slammed me down with all his might.  
  
I screamed bloody murder. I started seeing stars.  
  
"That's it babe. Scream and fight through this. Please, let me do this to you. I need to do this. Let me show off what you can do."  
  
His voice quivered like this was all too much for him. He raised me by my hips and slammed me down again, eliciting more shrieks that ran through the still air.  
  
This carried on for 10 more minutes before I physically escaped him and fell onto the blanket.  
  
I had one of the most intense orgasms of my life in that moment. I was practically convulsing. I was letting out moans that made me sound possessed.  
  
A few minutes passed and I was still twitching. I heard the camera go off again. I looked up to see Josh standing over me, shaking the recently created photograph. There was a long string of precum hanging from his hard cock.  
  
"I love you," he said so sincerely that I welled up.  
  
And just like that all was forgiven. I almost forgot the throbbing pain in my pussy and thighs. I regretted none of it.  
  
We were both drenched in sweat. I felt him get on top of me. I should have been exhausted but three simple words had revitalized me. I spread my legs to give him a better angle of attack.  
  
His cock entered my pussy like a hot knife through butter. I must've been gaping but Josh moaned like I was the tightest pussy in the world.  
  
He fucked me for an hour that night with multiple orgasms for both of us. I will never forget it.