Some of my experiences...

Hi everyone. I'm 25, and I've been an exhibitionist for several years. I

have several fetishes, but most of them involve some sort of embarrassment

or humiliation due to being seen or exposed. I've started writing about

some of my experiences on Tripod. I love this board, and I thought there

might be some people like me hanging around here. Please check out my

little spot on the web, and email me if you'd like. The site is totally

free, no BS of any kind. I hope I'm not breaking the rules here, and if I

am I apologize.

Here's my homepage with my some of my experiences:

http://nakedgirlgina.tripod.com/nakedgirlgina/

Here's one of my experiences for the board:

Summer Story Part I

There are a lot of beaches near my home, which works out for me. I love the

sun! As it turns out, my love of the sun doesn't hurt my exhibitionist

side. One of the beaches Jake and I used to go to is fairly empty. It's

sort of in between two major beaches. The first major beach is like a big

local beach, where people from all over the area go. Then, if you walk for

awhile, you come to the second beach, which is more of a large tourist

type of beach. Often times when we went to the beach we went in between

these two beaches because it was a little more secluded. Not completely,

just less crowded than the local beach and the tourist type beach. This

particular area that we went to often had couples trying to get away from

the crowds, or individuals who wanted to be alone to read or whatever.

There weren't too many families or children in between the two beaches.

This allowed us to enjoy the day without having to deal with all the

children running around, or listening to loud radios playing songs we

didn't like.

So, one day, fairly early in our relationship, we started talking about

vague sexual stuff while at the beach. Jake was mostly probing me with

questions, and I was mostly trying to give open ended answers. He was

asking me what turns me and things like that. Then he asked me what the

most embarrassing thing that ever happened to me was. It was just one of

those questions that came up. So, I told him about the time I was at the

pool party and got thrown in the water wearing a white shirt and bra, and

how my top became see thru (go to the earlier stories to read about that).

Now, something you should know about Jake is that he is a good listener. I

mean, when we talk about stuff, he really listens. Because of this he

often picks up on things that other people don't. So when I told him about

the story, he paid attention. Something about the way I told him must

have rung a bell in his head or something, because he started asking more

specific questions about what had happened that day. How see thru was my

shirt, did people notice, were guys staring, how did it make me feel, etc.

I cautiously told him more details, without revealing my exhibitionist

feelings, or so I thought. Somehow though, he picked up on it. I could

tell he wasn't too clear on it, but he was on the right track. This made

me nervous, because I didn't want him to freak like that guy did that I

was seeing when I was 18. But Jake didn't seem upset. He just kept asking

more questions, leading me on. Then he said something like, "I think you

kind of liked it, in a way. What do you think?" Uh oh. He was directly

asking me if I liked it when my top ended up being see thru. I tried to be

vague, and only said something like it was kind of cool afterwards, but it

was embarrassing at the time.

Later that day, I was lying on my stomach getting some color. Jake came

over and started putting some suntan lotion on my back. While he did this

he untied my bikini top. I didn't think anything of it because no one was

around, and he was just trying to put the lotion on. Then he untied the

strings around my neck, but I didn't think anything odd about that either

as he put some lotion on the back of my neck. But then he leaned down and

whispered in my ear that he didn't think I needed my top right now, and

gave it a little tug at the same time. At first I didn't think I heard him

right, so he whispered it again, while tugging on my top. I was in shock.

I didn't know what to do. I started to protest, but he said something like

don't worry, I think it will be fun. Then I said what if someone sees? He

reassured me that the closest person was over 50 yards away, and they

weren't paying attention to us at all. Besides, he pointed out that I was

on my stomach anyway.

So, while giggling nervously, I leaned up a bit and he pulled my top out

from under me. He said something like, "There you go!" I was so surprised

that he wanted me to take my top off, but I figured he wasn't concerned

about anyone seeing me because no one was nearby. Then we just layed there

for awhile, making small talk. It was one of those moments where we both

knew something significant was going on, but we didn't discuss it. The

small talk lasted for about 15 minutes. That’s when he asked how it felt to

know that my top was on the blanket next to me instead of on me. I told

him it was a little weird, but not so bad because I was on my stomach on no

one was around. Then he asked me how it felt compared to what happened to

me when I got thrown in the pool wearing a white top. I told him this was

much less traumatic, because no one could see me, and no one was really

around.

That's when he suggested I flip onto my back! He almost seemed to say it

like a challenge. I told him I couldn't! He asked me why not? I told him

because I was topless! But he kept suggesting it, not really being pushy,

but just suggesting I try it. Finally, he said I should just try it, and I

could keep my hands or arms crossed over my breasts. I decided this was

ok, and I flipped over. I was leaning up on one arm, while the other arm

was crossed over my boobs. I was very nervous, but at the same time it

felt...exciting! I tried to act totally cool, like I was just going along

with his silly suggestions. But deep down, I was starting to enjoy this

little challenge.

Then he started asking me to put my arm down. We went back and forth on

that one for awhile. Finally, he suggested that I just try it for a minute

or two. Looking around I decided to go for it. After all, no one was

around, at least not close. So I dropped my arm, and sat there on the

blanket, with my breasts totally uncovered. Lucky for me, only the

seagulls noticed. I was very nervous, looking down the beach both ways to

see if anyone was coming. Often times people walk back and forth between

the two crowded beaches, but it was later in the afternoon, and the foot

traffic had slowed down.

Then Jake asked me how I felt being topless on a public beach. Just

hearing his voice say that sent mixed feelings rushing through me. I felt

vulnerable, liberated, embarrassed, and excited, all at the same time. Its

kind of hard to explain. But I didn't say any of that to him. I just said

it sort of felt ok, but that I wanted to put my top back on. Then he asked

me how it felt compared to the pool party incident. I told him it was

different because no one was looking at me, so in a way it was easier. But

at the same time, I was totally topless, so in a way it was harder.

It was then that he commented on how my nipples were very erect. I looked

down and couldn't believe how hard they were. They looked like they were

going to jump off my chest! I suddenly got even more embarrassed. You see,

I have very sensitive nipples, and they get erect when I'm excited. I know

this doesn't happen to all girls, but it does happen to me, and Jake knew

it. And I couldn't say I was cold, because it was way too hot out for that

to be true. I just muttered something about the wind, but I don't even

think there was a breeze. Then he said my two minutes was up, and gave me

my top, which I put on. After my top was on, and I was settled, he asked

me if my topless event was good or bad. I said I wasn't really sure. Then

he said that he suspected that I liked it, and if he didn't know better,

that I even seemed alittle turned on by the whole thing. I didn't reply,

and he didn't press the issue. We spent the rest of the afternoon in

typical beach fashion.

He was on to me, and I knew it...

If you liked hearing about my experience, please check out my homepage.

I'm interested in hearing from other girls who share similiar thoughts,

feelings, or experiences. Or, if your a guy who's dating a girl like me,

that's cool too.

email me at: nakedgirlgina@yahoo.com

Gina