**Exposed: Ways of an Exhibitionist**

by[AnAmericanDarling](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=756782&page=submissions)©

Maybe one of the reasons I like to write erotic stories and poetry is that fact that I'm an Exhibitionist. Whether people approve or not, I like to get my fantasies and wild ways out there. I get a strange thrill out of knowing people may be rubbing themselves or jacking-off by the words I have written. Being an eternal banana-enthusiast, I particularly like the latter.

This all began when I was 19 or 20. It started out by wearing skimpy outfits. I was never big on mini-skirts and heels (I could never walk in heels without falling over). I would wear tight jeans, tight sweaters, tight t-shirts, and short, snug denim shorts. Though this is hardly an act of sex, I got a great rise out of knowing men -- particularly older men -- were getting a lift from seeing me. I liked knowing that they were picturing me naked or fantasizing about fucking my tight little gash.

I had a ball when I was young. I was first discovering sex and having the time of my life. I may have been a late bloomer, but the gardens were mine and mine alone to wander in and explore. I remember making out with a man on a dancefloor who was about twice my age, at which an old catty shrew yelled at us to "get a room!". Meow!

When I was 21, I had my first steady, serious boyfriend. One day, on about an hour-long trip home from a day out, we were driving on the interstate. He was in the driver's seat and I sat beside him in the passenger seat. I never saw his cock before (this was our first date) and, on a young impulse, I unbuckled my seatbelt, scooted over and took his cock out. He was hard and I put my mouth on him. He was a big boy. I sucked on him and he lovingly stroked my hair as I gave him head. He managed to stay on the road, and with my head down and my butt up, I was hoping some passing cars would see me blow my much older boyfriend. I was slightly afraid we might get in trouble, but we never did.

When he and I dated longer, we made love in his car. It would be nighttime and he'd park in a vacant parking lot and we'd just go for it. Man, he was a good lay. And, judging by his actions and words, I was good for him too. I remember those summer nights: he'd expertly undo the clasp of my bra while we kissed. That's what started it all for me. I needed no more encouragement than that -- and he knew it. I was like butter in his big hands.

Over the next few years, I had a very adventurous life. I became involved with a different man -- let's call him Lee Strasberg. I moved in with Lee after only a few days and we thoroughly enjoyed each other's company. When we first met for breakfast in a family diner, I ordered my food with a side of sausage, which I suggestively ate, slightly giving it head before giggling and eating it up properly.

When I shacked up with Lee, he had a male roommate who lived in the bedroom next to our bedroom. I honestly didn't know too much about this roommate, but it didn't seem to matter to me as long as I was with Lee.

At night, Lee and I would noisily make love and I was hoping that his roommate would hear our cries of ecstasy. I didn't know if the roommate was involved with anyone or not, but I liked the thought of him hearing our fucking session.

Lee's house was in a of kind out-of-the-way neighborhood, down a long dusty path, and one time when he and I argued, he walked out of the house, and I childishly stomped out after him in slacks and a bra. I don't know if anyone noticed or cared that I was in my underwear, but I liked the fact knowing that some man may have noticed me, my midriff exposed, and the swelling of my tits spilling out from the top of my bra in broad daylight. It was shortly after he saw me dressed like this is public that he and I went back to the bedroom.

Though I could've gotten in serious trouble for some of the shit I pulled when I was younger (particularly that blowjob-on-the-highway incident), I wouldn't withdraw these experiences or memories for anything in the world. I've always gotten strange thrills and chills with being watched or heard in a sexual situation.

The bedroom -- no matter where it takes place, who's with you, or who can hear you -- is one of the most complex and joyous places in the world. Once you've got it figured out below the equator (wait, does anyone really have it figured out?) then you're good to go.

With all that out of my system (and joyfully so), I must get to my chores around the house of cleaning up a little, cooking a nice dinner, lighting some candles -- and leaving the windows open. Do you want to come over?