



Be Careful What You Ask For

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Published on Lush Stories on 14 Nov 2011

How my husband started me on a life of exhibitionism and sharing

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/exhibitionism/be-careful-what-you-ask-for-1.aspx>

Even before we were married, my husband wanted me to allow other guys to see my tiny boobs and hard nipples. I didn't understand why he wanted me to do this and I didn't think other guys would be interested in seeing my minuscule breasts. I did notice how excited Dave would get when I would go braless in public and leave several buttons undone. I began to feel more comfortable going braless and did so almost all of the time.

While we were still in college (we met when we were both freshman) Dave talked me in to letting him take pictures of me wearing sheer tops and no bra. These were Polaroids, as this was many years before digital cameras. I found out he wasn't real careful about where he would leave them and several of his frat brothers saw them. Maybe that's why several of them started to hit on me. Dave never knew about this and I guess I enjoyed the attention they were giving me, not knowing the reason behind it.

When one of them got a bit too aggressive, I questioned why he thought he could get away with trying to force me to expose myself to him. He told me about the pictures he'd seen and just thought I was "easy".

I confronted Dave about allowing the guys to see my pics (without telling him about the flirting) and he told me the first time was an accident. He said he mistakenly left them on his dresser and his roommate saw them.

Carson told Dave what a fox he thought I was and loved seeing my hard nipples exposed through a sheer blouse. After that, Dave said he would leave a pic under a magazine in the living room to see if any of the other guys would say anything to him. They didn't, but they did come after me.

I found myself getting excited thinking about all the guys seeing my pics. After pretending to be really angry at Dave, I asked him to be more careful with them. I even let him take more pics, including a few showing my pussy.

We ended up getting married after graduating and moved back home. It so happened that we graduated from rival high schools and grew up 10 miles from each other, but never met until college. Since none of his frat brothers lived near us, I thought I no longer would be in contact with any of them.

Dave persisted in his desire to see me braless and wearing revealing clothes. He also continued to take pictures. We started using a Kodak camera, which required sending the film out to be developed. Sometimes we would get the pictures back in the mail and a couple would be missing. We thought that maybe they were overexposed (no pun intended) or something until we discovered that the negatives were included in the return packet. Dave told me that he thought whoever developed the film must have kept a couple pics for themselves. The idea of this happening got him unbelievably turned on. I must admit, the the thought of some stranger wanting to keep my pictures for their own enjoyment excited me too.

A few years later, one hour photo development places opened and we would take our film to one of them. Several times, we found that they developed doubles, without our requesting them to. Since they only charged us for singles, we never complained.

We also noticed that not every negative would have two pics. Now we knew that someone was definitely keeping copies of some of the pics for themselves. Dave would ask me how a felt about some guy looking at my pics and masturbating. I asked him, naively, if he thought that was really happening. I found myself getting excited thinking about that.

He suggested that I go by myself to drop off the next roll of film to get developed. I wore a slinky black dress with the neck pulled low, just barely covering my hard nipples. A young man was working and he seemed to recognize me, even though I had never seen him before. I put the roll on the counter and leaned down with my elbows on the counter and whispered to him to please make doubles again. He turned bright red and said, "yes ma'am", knowing that we had never asked for doubles before.

I then stood up, pulled my dress at the waist, exposing my nipples to him and said, "I think there are a couple in there that you'll really like". I turned, pulling my dress back up above my nipples and caught a glimpse of my husband ducking down an aisle.

I didn't know that he had followed me and saw the whole thing. He now knew how much I really enjoyed exposing myself and teasing other guys. I caught up to him and we both smiled embarrassingly at each other. He suggested we go home and pick out something for me to wear when I came back in an hour to pick up our pics. I put on a sheer white top with a vest over top.

We returned to the store in about 45 minutes and a different young guy was at the counter while my friend from before was working the machine. Obviously, the new guy knew what had happened when I dropped the film off because I could see the disappointment in his face when he saw I wasn't wearing the black dress.

I felt badly for him so I pulled my vest open and allowed him to see both of my breasts and hard nipples through my completely sheer blouse. As I stepped to the counter, I noticed, to my horror that as my pictures came out of the developing machine, they were visible to anyone who approached the counter.

By this time the guy at the counter collected himself enough to say, "Your pictures will be ready in just a minute Mrs. S-----". It suddenly came to me that we left our name and phone number every time we dropped pics off to be developed. I smiled, thanked him and told him to call me Jo. As I looked back at my pics rolling out of the developer, I saw that triples were being printed. The first guy quickly

separated them, put two copies of each pic in an envelope and handed them to me, staring at my still exposed breasts. I asked him how much I owed him and he told me they were on the house. I told him I wanted to check them out and pulled them out of the envelope. I took one copy of each pic and handed them to the counter guy and told him I wanted to know which were his favorites the next time I come in.

My husband couldn't believe how excited I was or how brazen I was in teasing those two. Our adventures escalated from there and we continued taking pictures. With the advent of the digital age our games with the one hour developers ended. Dave accumulated a vast collection of digital pictures and stored them on our computer and on floppy disks (anyone remember them?).

One night I caught him on a web site looking at pics of other women. I asked what he was doing. He was very embarrassed and told me it was a site where men shared pics of their wives and he was just imagining guys looking at me. I told him he better never put my pics on the Internet and he promised me he wouldn't.

About a month later I turned the computer on and a website came up that Dave had evidently been viewing. I was shocked to see some of my pics on there as "sexywife104". I was furious until I read some of the comments. I found myself getting turned on and ended up rubbing my clit and having an unbelievable orgasm as I looked at the pics he had posted and read the comments.

I then did some searches and found other sites and posted pics myself. I wrote anonymous notes with the names of the sites and mailed them to Dave's friends, including his brother. The note said that pictures were discovered on these sites that they might find interesting and to look for "sexywife104". I kept going back to check comments and loved that his friends were seeing my breasts and pussy.

Author's Note: This story turned out to be way longer than I intended! I apologize and hope I haven't bored you. I want everyone to repost my pics in your profile and everywhere else on the Internet. I

want you to make me an Internet slut and I hope all of my husband's friends find them. I also want my friends to find them. Will you help me out? Please let me know where you post my pics if you do. Thanks. Jo S...By the way, we did see Dave's frat brothers again. Carson discovered my pics on the Net and called Dave. We made arrangements to go skiing at Killington, VT but that's another story

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