**Caught by Strangers**

by[Nicewife344](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=3003868&page=submissions)©

First of all, I'm definitely not an exhibitionist! I do however have a knack of being caught out unintentionally, showing something that I'd rather keep covered up.  
  
I wrote this story on another website, which I no longer use, so apologies if you're already adversed with this.  
  
As it's approaching my 10th wedding anniversary, I thought that I'd share what happened to me in public on my honeymoon.  
  
My husband Steve and I had booked a lovely villa on a beautiful Greek island. As it was our first experience together we'd gone all out and rented a place with a nice private pool.  
  
Our time were spent enjoying each other, eating & often drinking too much. It was so hot that throughout the days I'd worn various skimpy outfits, short thin see through dresses etc that I'd felt a little uncomfortable in, but hubby loved.  
  
We'd been to the local beach almost daily and had sat in various parts each time, so about a week in, hubby suggested we explore a little further. A 10 minute trek across the sand revealed that this was the nude part of the beach. About half the people were naked and enjoying the sun. Steve put our stuff down a little away from everyone and I stripped down to my bikini. To his disappointment I couldn't bring myself to take even my top off.  
  
The following day, I felt a bit of a prude for not even going topless so agreed to strip off in our villa pool (despite our neighbours villa overlooking our back yard) we had a nice lunch and a little wine. I put on my bikini and we got in the pool. Steve untied my bikini top and tossed it about 20 feet away. He cheekily also untied my bottoms and they received the same fate! Steve gave my breasts a good grope and suck, before sticking his two fingers deep in my pussy. As he grabbed me from behind, I felt his cock inside me.   
  
After that I was quite tired and opted to lie on the sun lounger at the end of the pool and catch some rays au natural. The lounger was located directly in front of the neighbours balcony window type thing, but that was closed. Steve went inside to take a shower.  
  
I fell asleep immediately and must have lied there for about two hours, when I heard voices coming from next door. At first I ignored them, I remember that it wasn't until I heard the click sounds of a camera that I actually opened my eyes. I looked up and to my horror two older Greek men were sitting at a table on the balcony looking down at me. My legs were wide open and my lips on full display to them, not to mention my 36C breasts! They had been enjoying a late lunch and my body and had possibly got some souvenir snaps?   
  
I slowly got up, resisted the urge to run in screaming and walked quickly inside. Steve was asleep on the sofa, I woke him up and protested what had happened. To my astonishment, he said that he'd heard them about an hour or so before and had tried to warn me but I had "ignored him".  
  
I asked him what we could do? Surely it was illegal to take voyeuristic photo's? Then Steve reminded me of all the nude and topless photo postcards of unsuspecting tourists' that we`d seen in the souvenir shops etc At that moment I hoped that I wasn't going to be immortalised on a postcard forever?   
  
A few days passed and we kept running into our neighbours in the street etc, they were always very friendly, but I felt embarrassed that they'd seen me naked. I decided to be a lot more careful now and vowed to keep my bikini on.  
  
We got to our last day, cleaned the villa up, met with George the owner and got our deposit back. He was a lovely guy and had even took us the airport and said to call him if we needed anything.  
  
When we got to the airport, we checked in our luggage to suddenly be told that our flight had been overbooked and if we agreed to take the last flight back we'd be financially compensated. It was 1pm now so we had 10 hours to kill.  
  
We called George and he said we could use the villa pool, as he had a spare key to his back yard hidden, but he wasn't able to meet us to give access to the house. We got a taxi back to the villa, found the key and entered.  
  
It was so hot and we wanted to get in the pool, but now had no swimwear as everything was at the airport in our suitcases. At that moment, I lost my inhibitions, stripped down to my sexy wedding undies and then naked and got in, Steve followed my lead totally oblivious of our neighbours. I even lied on the lounger not caring who saw me, in fact I felt so horny that I might be seen that lied on my back, legs opened.  
  
it was now 3pm and I suggested that we go to the beach. Steve had no idea that I meant the nude one that a week earlier I was too scared to go topless on. So without further ado we were on our way.  
  
We arrived and found a spot among an array of naked bod's, Steve went off to rent some beach mats and a parasol. As soon as Steve was out of sight, I stood and stripped everything off, I didn't hesitate. By the time Steve came back, I was sitting naked on my dress applying sun lotion. He was quite taken back that I was naked so quickly, no gradual stripping, no build up. He slipped out of his clothes and put lotion on.   
  
It felt so amazingly liberating to be naked, I was a little annoyed with myself, for not trying it sooner. We lied in the sun and walked hand in hand to the water, it was fantastic and free. There were a few people in swimming suits etc but that didn't faze me.  
  
After an hour or so, it was time for Steve to cover up as he has pale skin and he doesn't take chances after previous incidents. As he got changed, this prompted the naked German girl beside us to ask if he'd changed his mind? I noticed she'd shaved her genitals as had her boyfriend. I explained about his skin and we got into a discussion about skin types. As I'm half Italian, I've inherited my father's olive skin more than my English mother's.  
  
As time went on, people began to leave and I remained naked. Steve and I even went on a walk together, we passed many fully clothed people, people in swimsuits but no nudes! Steve still had his camera, so took a picture of me in my birthday suit. After that, we were approached by a local man who offered to take a picture of us together. It felt odd being photographed naked by a stranger but kind of sexy. He even showed us some rocks to use as scenery and took a few pics of me alone, sitting on one.  
  
By the time we returned to our spot it was about 6pm, all the nude people within view had either covered up or disappeared? Steve subtly looked around and confirmed that I was the only one still naked.  
  
He said "I supposed you're going to get dressed now."   
  
"Do you really want me to?" I replied with a silly grin on my face.  
  
He smiled back and said "it's up to you, but I think everyone on this beach has seen you naked by now."   
  
I lied back on the mat and said "just a little longer, the sun's going down, why don't you strip too?" knowing Steve wouldn't.  
  
Steve shook his head.  
  
10 mins later the man came to reclaim the beach mats and parasol, leaving me laying on my dress on the sand.  
  
There was now absolutely no reason to really be naked, but I didn't care, Steve even suggested I put my underwear on, as men were now checking me out as they walked past. This only made me want to stay like that. I couldn't believe that someone as shy as me, would want to be seen like that?  
  
About 7.30, I conceded and put my white silky panties and bra on, as a few clothed young men had started to sit fairly close to us for a good perv.  
  
I stayed like that until the sun started to set and only put my dress on, once the sun sank from view.   
  
We headed off into town and got a taxi to the airport.  
  
On the flight home, Steve asked if this was beginning of my exhibitionism, I told him it could be?