**Denise Caught Nude**

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*A story about exhibitionism; Denise was surprised by neighbors while sunning nude.*

New neighbors moved in across the road from us recently. Denise briefly met them while checking our roadside mailbox, and they were just returning from a jog around the neighborhood. They introduced themselves as Bob & Ellen. They talked about the neighborhood, their new home, and mentioned that they noticed we had been doing some work around our home.

Denise told them about our newly renovated family room and kitchen, as well as our expanded patio area and additional landscaping. They were very interested as they were planning to build a deck or patio for themselves with possibly a hot tub. Since Denise was on her way out and already late for an appointment, she suggested they stop by sometime soon to see what we had done.

According to Denise they seemed to be low-key, mellow and laid back types. She said they looked to be a little younger than us, about early-forties. Bob was average looking with a crew-cut, lanky, and about 5'10. Ellen was about 5'5, a solid build, not stocky but not skinny. Both appeared to be well toned. And like us, they never had kids.

The following Saturday was a gorgeous day and Denise decided to get some sun out on our patio. I would have loved to join her, but I needed to be out most of the day on business.

Early in the afternoon Denise strolled out onto the patio and positioned the chaise lounge for maximum mid-day sun exposure. She laid her cover-up aside and settled down on the lounger. She considered walking around to lock the gate.

That gate was the only entrance to the rear yard & patio area, located at the rear corner of the house. Beyond the gate, one would need to walk about twenty feet around the raised patio area and some doubled-up lattice screening before stepping onto the lower patio area.

But like so many times before, Denise just didn't bother to lock the gate.

I should mention that Denise regularly sunbathes nude on our patio and I join her whenever I can. Denise loves the sun on her luscious, mature 5'3, 36C, and 115 lb. body. The multi-level patio provides sufficient privacy for us on the very lowest patio level.

There are quite a few homes in fairly close proximity to ours. But we created some privacy with strategically placed lattice screening, as well as some shrubbery in other areas, and two large garden-sheds which are each located with privacy in mind.

After sunning for a while, Denise slipped on her cover-up and went up to the kitchen to get something to drink and grab her trusty old iPod. Then she did something she never had done. She walked back outside, nude, purposely leaving her cover-up inside.

That in itself is debatably daring. Because both the sliding door to the family room, and the door to the kitchen, open to a different upper level of the patio. Each of those upper areas is visible to a few different back yard neighbors, but only from their second floor bedroom windows. But since she'd be exposed for just a matter of seconds while coming and going, it wasn't all that risky.

But sunning nude on the lower patio without a cover-up at hand was different. I could imagine how especially naughty Denise felt, knowing if she were to be surprised by someone while sunning, there would be no cover-up to grab and nowhere to hide.

I suspect that she was fantasizing about the unlikely chance that the new neighbors might stop by and wander around to the back when no one answered the front door.

After sunning for another hour or so, Denise heard someone coming through the squeaky gate. She heard voices, so she knew it wasn't just me coming down the walkway toward the patio. Was it the new neighbors?

What to do? I could imagine Denise's excitement!! She briefly considered bolting for the kitchen door. But with only a matter of seconds to get there, it was too far away. And while the door to the family room was closer, she wasn't sure if it was unlocked. Denise thought she'd be even more embarrassed getting caught running naked for the door than the alternative.

Denise had the iPod next to her, so she quickly put in the earbuds although it wasn't turned on. She pretended to be asleep and to not hear them. With the lounger near to, and facing the edge of the lattice, they'd surely get an eyeful and quietly leave. Perfect, in Denise's little world!

She said that her heart was pounding so hard and her head was spinning. Denise was peeking from behind her dark sunglasses, and could hear them still talking as they came closer.

A few seconds later, they walked past the end of lattice screen and into view. Stopping dead in their tracks there was utter silence. Denise could see they were in shock. What a rush for Denise! They slowly backed off the patio, and around the corner and out of sight.

The only thing Denise could think was how she'd need to suppress her giddiness the next time they met. Because with them knowing that they had seen her completely nude, and Denise knowing they had seen her nude, yet likely no one mentioning a thing about it! It would seem all too silly, yet both very stimulating and fun at the same time.

But then Denise heard them whispering from behind the lattice. They weren't moving. Denise was puzzled; she thought for sure that they would simply slink away. But it was not to be. Suddenly from behind the lattice Bob called out loudly, "Denise, are you out here?"

A split second later, there they were standing just a matter of feet from Denise. This completely surprised her, realizing that they purposely wanted her to know that they caught her nude sunbathing!

Denise said she sat up, truly shocked. And of course, she had nothing to cover herself with. Bob & Ellen froze where they were, and acted surprised too. Denise's first reaction was to put one arm across her breasts, but stifled that response. Denise spoke first saying, "Oh God, I'm sorry!"

Ellen said "no, no, we're so sorry we intruded! We had no idea! We'll stop back later if that's OK."

Denise hesitated a second or two before replying. She found it odd that they were still standing there gawking at her, apparently waiting for her to reply. You'd expect they'd be turning away, or at the least inching their way back around the lattice screen. But no, she felt their eyes scanning across every inch of her naked tits and neatly trimmed pussy.

Denise told me that it was at that moment that she had an inkling of what might be going on. It was obvious that they were in no rush to leave. Was it their curiosity? Were they nudists themselves? Considering they saw her naked, retreated, conferred, then came back to ambush her, they were likely curious at the very least.

So after hesitating for that second or two, Denise replied,

"No, no, it's fine. It's my fault. I should have locked the gate."

Bob and Ellen are standing there still frozen and not saying a word. Then Denise asked, "Does my nudity offend you?"

They both stammered, "No, no, no..., Not at all!"

Well of course not, they purposely surprised her! Then Denise told me that she totally fibbed to them.

"It's not a big deal, don't worry about it. My husband and I spend a lot of time nude at various clothing optional resorts. So I'm perfectly comfortable being nude in the company of others, even those wearing clothes."

Little did that they know that Denise was quivering with excitement; her pulse rate must have been through the roof. She was far from being "perfectly comfortable" while sitting there nude in front of the new neighbors! While it was true that we have visited quite a few clothing optional resorts, it could hardly compare to the situation she was in at that moment.

As Denise continued speaking to them she got up from the chaise lounge. With her standing directly in front of them, if their mouths weren't agape before, they were then! At that point Denise realized that it was not likely they were experienced nudists.

Denise then asked them that if they'd like to have a look around, because it'd be silly to come back later since they were already there.

Bob had this blank look on his face, but Ellen stuttered "OK".

Denise proceeded to stroll around the patio giving them a tour, showing them the different patio tiers and pointing out the details and pitfalls of the construction project.

Then Denise led them out into the yard, pointing out the different types of plants, shrubs and foliage, describing how many were specifically chosen to offer privacy. Denise showed them the two decorative garden sheds I had built, each at a different location, each a different style and shape, and one an extra high roof peak for obvious reasons.

Ellen mentioned how she was amazed that some strategically placed lattice, evergreens, other shrubbery and a couple of sheds could create such a private environment.

Denise asked if that was the effect they would be trying to accomplish in their yard.

Ellen nodded, "Yes, but we didn't think it would be possible with other homes having a complete view of our backyard. But after seeing your patio and yard, I am getting some good ideas and new hope for our own secluded backyard retreat".

Denise thought she'd use Ellen's mention of "our own secluded backyard retreat" as a means to draw out their true reason for their interest in her nudity. So while with raised brow, and smiling broadly at Ellen, Denise asked, "So Ellen, were you and Bob hoping to get all-over tans in your secluded retreat?"

They both seem surprised, and then looked at each other. Bob's face had turned bright red! Denise said she knew that she guessed correctly. Ellen said, "Yes, if it were possible."

Denise needed to know more, and asked Ellen if they had ever sunned nude before.

"We visited Mexico recently, and were surprised to see a few women topless. On our second day, after some prodding from Bob, and a few Tequila-laced drinks, I hesitantly took off my top. After adjusting to the situation, and another drink, I was surprised to find that it was a pleasant experience."

That's when Bob finally got into the conversation. "After she finally took her top off, she left it off for the rest of the week! I was so proud of Ellen, the prettiest woman on the beach. And the bravest too, she was the only woman there to walk down and into the ocean topless."

Now with Ellen blushing, said, "Oh Bob, stop it!"

Ellen went on further, "We were thinking that for our next vacation we might try a clothing optional resort. And we thought an all-over tan beforehand would be a great idea. That way we wouldn't look out of place if we took the plunge and got naked."

"Not a bad idea, I'm sure you'd fit right in and have a great time."

With that, Denise invited them into our home to show them the remodeled family room and kitchen. She decided to walk up to the family room sliding door to go inside, still wondering if it was unlocked or not. Standing there on that upper level of the patio she found that the door was indeed locked.

With them standing beside her, Denise proudly and boldly showed them that from where they stood, that neighbors could in fact see her from their second floor bedroom windows and said, "So let's not be standing her for long!"

Ellen, with raised eyebrows, just said, "oh yes, I can see that."

Then Denise escorted them down across the lower patio and up to the kitchen door. Then showed them that at least one neighbor had a view of that spot as well.

Once in the kitchen, Denise said that she could only focus on her cover-up lying across the back of a kitchen chair. She knew she should put the cover-up on, so as not to over-do the nudity thing. But she was torn. Fuck it, Denise thought, and ignored the cover-up. She was really loving the feeling of being totally naked with these folks.

Denise went on showing the kitchen and answering their questions about layout, the time and disruption involved, etc. Then it was onward to the family room, but a lot less to show and talk about there.

So it was back to the kitchen where Denise offered them a seat, and a beer, water, wine or a coffee. Bob said he'd have a beer, and Ellen said a little red wine would be nice. Before they sat, Ellen surprised Denise and said since it was such a beautiful day, why not sit out on the patio.

Denise said "Great idea!" Denise also poured herself a glass of red wine, and they went out and sat at the patio table and chairs on the lower level. After some chatter about their possibilities for their "backyard haven", Denise was still curious and steered the conversation back toward their expectations of a clothing optional resort.

Well, that turned the conversation completely around, with Ellen and even Bob now pummeling Denise with questions about our experiences at those resorts. They were asking what places we might recommend, what actually goes on at such resorts and if I thought they might be comfortable being nude. I think they were less anxious about choosing a C/O resort as a vacation destination after our conversation.

Denise said she felt it was time to throw an offer out there. She told Bob and Ellen that since they don't yet have a place for it, they could "borrow" our patio from time to time to work on their all-over tans. But as payback, maybe we could "borrow" their hot tub when they get their "secluded backyard retreat" completed!

Bob and Ellen were a little taken aback, and just looked at each other.

Then Ellen said, "Oh, thank you very much! That's something we'll need to think about."

With that response, it was obvious they were a little skeptical. Denise thought they might be understandable shy about getting naked in front of us. So Denise added, "We could arrange for you to use the patio when we weren't home, so your privacy would be ensured. Just don't forget to lock the gate!"

They both chuckled nervously, and Ellen said, "Bob, do you think that's something we could try?"

Bob was smiling, and looking at Ellen. "Yes, maybe we could do that. I think we'd like that."

Denise said, "Good, so it's a deal. I know we're visiting family out of state next weekend, so if the weather is nice, feel free to come on by." With that, I noticed they both looked at each other with a little grin.

Then Ellen thanked Denise for being kind enough to share her experiences with them. But Ellen looked at Bob's watch and they said they had to get home. They had to hurry and get ready for an early dinner engagement that evening.

So Denise walked them out to the gate! She had never done that before while nude. Since the cyclone link gate is less than a hundred feet from the road, she could possibly be seen by a curious passerby.

I had just gotten home myself and thought I might go around back and surprise Denise if she was still sunning. Imagine my surprise when I walked down the side of the house toward the gate and there was Denise, nude, speaking with two clothed strangers!

I presumed they were the new neighbors, and chuckling to myself, I wondered how the hell Denise got to be standing nude at the gate with them. I was introduced to the neighbors, and they seemed really nice. Meanwhile, I'm trying to keep myself positioned so as to block the view of her beautiful bronze body from anyone on the road.

We didn't talk for long, as the neighbors needed to get home. As soon as they were out of earshot, I asked Denise what she was thinking, standing there nude at the gate. She knew I wasn't angry, just curious, and made the somewhat valid excuses about the gate being far from the road, people seldom walk by, etc.

I said "OK, but how about our next-door neighbors Joan and Bill?"

Between the neighbor's back yard and our gate, there are only a few sparse trees, with a clear view of their back yard, not to mention a few windows on that side of their house.

Denise had this stupid look on her face and said, "They're probably not home." I snickered, shaking my head. Denise never ceases to amaze me. I grabbed her nose and gave it a playful tweak, put my arm around her shoulder and we walked back around to our patio, being sure to lock the gate behind us.

I told Denise that I had a rough day and plopped down in a chair at the patio table. As I was peeling off my shirt, Denise said she'd get me a beer and went up and into the kitchen. She came back with a beer and a wine for herself. I asked why she didn't put on her cover-up coming and going to the kitchen like she usually does.

Denise replied, "I've become a different person since you left this morning. I'm feeling especially daring and naughty."

I said, "Yes, I can see that! But how did you come to be the nude hostess?"

"As I'm sure you've guessed I've had a very interesting day. If you have an hour or two, I can tell you all about it!"