**Denise's Intro to Nudity**

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A story about how Denise came to enjoy being naked in public.

**... A little background:**

At the beginning of this saga, I was divorced guy who always had a thing for nudity, mainly to voyeur the female body. Strange as it may sound, just reading the words naked or nude sets off a little tingle within me. Beyond simple nudity, I had always been particularly intrigued by nude beaches. Intrigued I guess, because I found it exciting to see the average every-day women enjoying themselves in a public atmosphere while completely nude. It all just seems so socially unacceptable, so wrong, yet somehow being so very, very right. To me, a nude beach seemed to be a perfect atmosphere to relax and play.

And I'm sure I have a bit of exhibitionist in me, which is another reason why the nude beach scenario has always fascinated me. That is, I would never feel comfortable while shocking or upsetting anyone with my nudity, but at a nude beach, well, it is the norm.

But up until that point in my life the opportunity to explore the nude beach experience had never presented itself. At the time there were no legal nude beaches in my area. And a nudist resort was out of the question with no one to enjoy it with. Until Denise came along, neither my first wife nor anyone I ever dated showed any desire to participate in any such activities.

**... The nude beach:**

Then I heard about a remote beach in our area that saw some very limited and discreet nude use. The following summer I took a long hike down toward that beach and voile!

Sure enough I saw what appeared to be some naked people widely scattered throughout the dunes lying or sitting out in the sun. The beach was very wide in that area, so the average beachcomber or fisherman along the shore might not realize there were nude sunbathers in or near the dunes. But a curious person with a sharp eye would surely notice the overabundance of bronze skin. It looked like paradise to me. But as a single male, I wouldn't have been comfortable getting naked just then and there without a partner.

That following weekend I took my then-girlfriend Lisa to that are without first giving her any hint of what to expect. That did not work out well, but it wasn't unexpected. The reason I hadn't prepped her on what she might encounter, was that Lisa was a major prude. It was a shame for us guys that she was such a prude, since she had a killer body with huge tits. Lisa was built a bit too round and full to be considered thin, but I'd consider her perfectly proportioned considering her D+ tits that stood right up there. She had no trouble getting naked in the bedroom, and loved sex, but nothing more than that. Turtle neck sweaters and buttoned-to-the top blouses were her normal attire. I had hoped that she might see things differently in such a remote beach area, and hoped that I might have persuaded her out of her prude-shell. But there was not a chance of that happening. It was in my estimation, a real crime for her not share that that most desirable body with the world.

Even after Lisa and I found a spot far from others, with no one in direct view of us, she refused to even put down a blanket and sit with me while wearing her matronly one-piece bathing suit. She was very upset that I would even bring her to such a place. But from my perspective, nothing ventured, nothing lost. Because if I had told her we were going to a beach that had discreet nudity, she would have simply refused to go. Things were never the same between us after that day.

**... Denise is a breath of fresh air:**

The following spring I met Denise, a most beautiful young lady. I thought and hoped that I had finally found that someone special. Unlike Lisa, Denise dressed a bit sexier and was a much more open-minded person, and was more imaginative in the bedroom. I was really, really getting to like Denise.

It was obvious that Denise enjoyed showing off some cleavage and her long legs. With summer approaching, we had an unusually warm day. I met Denise for lunch at an outdoor café. When I arrived, Denise was already seated. Since it was a work day, Denise was wearing her normal business attire. She was looking wonderful as usual. But it was immediately obvious something was different. Through the thin silky blouse she was wearing, I could clearly see her nipples poking right out there! And the shape of her full, round C-cup breasts was evident. It was evident that she was not wearing a bra.

My first thought was wow! And then I thought how risqué it all seemed to me. While she certainly looked absolutely stunning, I wondered how she felt about showing herself in public, especially outdoors on a bright sunny afternoon with every detail in plain view. I didn't want to make a big deal of it, but complimented her about how especially great she looked while purposely and slowly dropping my eyes down toward her nipples. She smiled and said she thought I'd like the view. Oh yes, no doubt about that!

After ordering our lunch, I asked her how she felt about sharing that wonderful "view" with everyone else at the café. She blushed and said it was fine with her. I told her it a really fine with me too, and she just smiled. That was yet another huge plus for Denise in the "keeper column". Denise was the girl for me.

Photographing a nude woman had always been another dream of mine, a dream I had dabbled in, but was never really fulfilled. That was soon to change. I suggested to Denise that she would be the perfect model for some erotic boudoir photos. When we got started, Denise seemed to be truly enjoying posing for my camera in a nightgown, a teddy, a boa, and a few bras and panties. It was going very well. I soon realized that she beyond just enjoying posing, because she was getting her panties very wet. We fixed that, no more lingerie. After some more fully nude photos, her poses quickly evolved into some very graphic poses which Denise was initiating and thoroughly enjoying. Wow!

But about that time, I put the camera aside. I just had to taste her juices. As much as I wanted to take many, many more photos, my libido got the best of me. So began another sex-fest-evening. So it turned out that Denise was the perfect nude model. Excellent! I love this woman!

Now that summer was approaching the time had come for a trip to the beach. Yes, that beach. But would Denise be up for a trip to that nude beach? I expected she would, knowing the way Denise liked to dress, how comfortable she was being nude for the camera, and her liberal attitude toward nudity in general. So I laid out the plan. She seemed to be more concerned about the long hike to the beach than the nude factor! Yes, I really, really love this woman.

So off we went, hiking down the beach for a mile or two. And when we came to that spot, I was pleasantly surprised that there seemed to be more people around than the previous summer, and they seemed to be slightly more bold in terms of being seen from the shoreline. A few folks were lying out on the open beach up against the dunes, but still far from the shoreline.

I really enjoyed walking into the dunes with beautiful Denise, knowing that we were on the threshold of getting nude in the great outdoors. We were hopefully about to become nudists-in-training. Denise seemed to take the whole atmosphere in stride. We found a little spot by ourselves and I got naked, and Denise removed her top, her great C-cup tits seeing sunlight for the very first time. Shortly thereafter, she slipped off her bottoms, and there we were, naked under the sun. It was a most excellent afternoon indeed. As might be expected, the occasional passerby, aka gawker, would come near us which made Denise a little uncomfortable. She was quick to roll over so as not to be totally exposed. But all in all, it was a perfect day.

We made that trip to the beach quite a few times during that summer. We always stayed hidden in the dunes for the most part. Denise was becoming much more at ease hanging out in the nude, moving about freely and not minding at all when someone passed by. One time a clothed couple walked near us and Denise was comfortable enough to smile and wave and say "hi" to them. I was surprised that Denise was so carefree and sociable while being naked. I was beginning to think that Denise was more comfortable being nude than I was. Not a bad thing, not bad at all.

That winter I researched what was hopefully the perfect vacation spot for us. For our first vacation as a couple, we decided on a five day visit to a couples-only resort in Jamaica called Eden II, located near Runaway Bay. FYI, this resort has since changed names and themes more than once since our visit. The major attraction for us was that Eden II offered a nude beach as part of the facilities. Although they didn't actually advertise it openly in their brochure, it was mentioned in the small print. At that time, there were a few other options available, including Hedonism II in Negril, but it seemed like it might be a little much for novices like us.

I think we were both a little nervous about our upcoming vacation, wondering what the nude beach situation would be like. Wondering if we'd be comfortable being nude in the presence of others, and I wondered if Denise would even have the nerve to get nude in close proximity with others.

Upon arriving, it seemed like a really nice resort. Sadly, the first few days the weather was rainy, so no one spent much time on the beach. We investigated the nude beach, which was merely a tiny fifty foot wide lawn area with a few chaise lounges, screened on three sides by a hedgerow, and open to the beach and ocean. It was designated the nude beach by a tiny little sign facing the beach at the hedgerow.

Also, what seemed so noticeable to us but apparently no one else was that nowhere on the premises was there any mention of the nude beach other than that tiny sign.

During the few brief beams of sunshine between showers many couples flocked to the main beach. Yet not a sole even went near the little nude area. And that included us. We were waiting for someone else to be the first ones. We wondered if any of the other guests knew that the nude area even existed. I made it a point to casually mention the nude area to a few couples we met at dinner and at the bars. Each seemed surprised, and knew nothing about a nude beach.

With our anticipation growing and shower persisting, Denise and I didn't speak much about the nude beach. But when we did, we wondered aloud if we'd ever get a sunny day, and if so, would we be comfortable getting naked. Especially if we were the only ones at the entire resort naked. We both pretended to be brave. But would we lose our nerve? That was the question.

On our next to last day, we awoke to a sunny day, perfect blue skies, the showers were finally gone. Denise and I without saying a word knew it was now or never. By late morning we could see from our balcony that the main beach was getting quite crowded. As a deterrent to us chickening out, Denise suggested we don't wear our swim suits, just short and tops. Great idea, I thought. I was glad to see that Denise was really excited and determined to get an all over tan.

Denise and I headed for the nude area, still apprehensive to say the least. We walked side by side down the main beach past the hedgerow as if we were walking right by. Both of us were thinking that we wanted to see who, if anyone was at the nude area, and give ourselves one last chance to change our minds. We later poked fun at each other for acting so indecisively.

I'm not sure if I was relieved or disappointed to see that no one was there. I'm sure Denise felt the same way, mixed emotions. That is, if others had been there we would surely have been uncomfortable never having been naked in close proximity to others. On the other hand, if no one was there nude, just how uncomfortable would we be, being the only ones nude at the entire resort?

Regardless, after that moment of hesitation we turned and marched hand-in-hand up the beach and behind the hedgerow. Now just barely out of sight from the main beach, we sat down on lounges, set out our towels and made ourselves comfortable.

I told Denise that here we were at a beach paradise wearing shorts and shirts, but no bathing suits. What are our choices? Denise laughed, and said we have no other choice, still laughing, pulling her shirt over her head freeing her lovely breasts. So in a matter of seconds there we were, naked, looking out at the beautiful ocean. It was a special feeling, us lying there naked, with just a hedgerow between us and a hundred or so people wearing bathing suits. I was very glad we had gotten this far, and especially glad that Denise seemed to be enjoying herself in nudity.

After lying out in the open with the sun beating on our naked bodies for a while, we were getting got thirsty. So I pulled on my shorts and made a trip to the tiki bar at main beach. That hit the spot, and soon made another trip for more drinks and some snacks. Maybe it was the alcohol, but Denise suggested we go for a swim. I was dumbfounded. I hadn't even considered this. I was about to ask if she meant nude, but since we didn't have bathing suits with us, there was no need to ask.

This would mean walking down to the ocean nude, in plain view of the countless other bathing suit clad couples at the main beach. I asked if she was sure she wanted to that, because I wasn't so sure myself. Yes, she wanted to take a dip, a nude dip.

I felt so proud, walking hand-in-hand with my beautiful GF down to the ocean, knowing all those eyes were on her. I think all of this was almost more than Denise could stand! She was squeezing my hand so tightly, trembling with excitement as we walked to the water, knowing she was the only woman nude, now in plain sight of all those couples.

After swimming around and playing in the water for a while, we headed back to our little private spot. Walking up the beach and now facing all the guests I could see that all heads were turned in our direction, each I am sure trying ever so hard not to be obvious. I turned to Denise and saw she was grinning ear to ear, very much enjoying every moment.

Soon as we were behind the hedgerow we both started laughing, and I grabbed Denise and kissed her long and passionately, stopping only to tell her how much I loved her. I was so happy for Denise. She was having such a wonderful time. I was also happy for myself, happy that I found the perfect woman.

It wasn't long before it was clear that we attracted quite a bit of attention, because soon after our walk down the beach to take a dip in the ocean, a couple wandered by our end of the beach, trying to ever so nonchalantly check us out. Then another couple strolled by, a short while later another couple. We loved it! Until then, no one had even walked down to that end of the beach.

A short while later, one couple who had just passed by returned to the nude area, and after some hesitation got naked as well. Then another couple came, and then another. One the next and final day of our vacation there were at least six couples using our little beach. I'd like to think that it was Denise's new-found exhibitionistic streak that made the nude beach lawn area so popular.

Denise later confided in me that our first walk down to the ocean was definitely the most exhilarating experience of her life. She described it by saying that her emotions ran simultaneously from embarrassment and humiliation to liberation and ecstasy. I think I know what she meant.

After many other experiences at different clothing optional resorts and nude beaches we are still in agreement. There was never anything quite like that first day, walking down the beach totally nude in front of a hundred or so clothed strangers.