**Hemingway Beach**

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I was a young woman when I first came to realize the effect my body had on men. Because I was an ugly duckling and then a late bloomer, I became hyper-aware when men started to notice me and quickly learned to appreciate it. I loved that my looks made them nicer to me and got me special favors and attention. It wasn't until I was old enough to purchase my own clothing and escape the overprotective clutches of my parents, though, that I realized that men noticing my body had another effect. It was also a tremendous turn on for me.  
  
I remember very clearly the first time my teasing and showing off got me turned on. I'd gotten my first car and decided I would take the 45-minute drive from my little town to a nearby bigger city to explore. I spent the afternoon shopping in their huge mall. I tried on so many different outfits that day and the sexier and the more revealing the better. I knew I wouldn't know anyone there and so I left my inhibitions behind. The best clothes seemed to be from the young misses' departments of the high department stores, but were well out of my modest budget. They may have been out of my price range, but I tried them on, one after the other and modeled them for myself in the mirror. In my little fantasies, someone would accidentally walk in on me or would be peeping underneath the dressing room doors. It seemed such a waste for no one else to see how amazing I looked. One of my last stops was a small bargain boutique that catered to young women and I saw they had a considerable clearance rack of summer clothes. I tried on several things and discovered that I had just enough money, especially if I skipped lunch, to buy a pair of skimpy shorts and a cropped halter top that I really loved. They were both so skimpy that I had to remove my underwear see if they looked. My bra and panties were literally sticking out all over when I first tried them on. Without the underwear, I looked sizzling hot. I remember thinking that I was just as hot as the girls in the magazines my dad had hidden in his nightstand. In the dressing room, I quickly counted the money and figured that I had just enough, with less than a dollar to spare.  
  
My math was good, and I made my purchase with $.82 to spare. I was floating on a cloud when I left that little store and, such was my excitement, that I went straight to the food court restroom and changed into my new outfit. The day's previous clothes and underwear were folded up and in my shopping bag as I emerged from the restroom completely transformed into the hottest tart anyone would see that day! If I had any more money I would've gone straight into a shoe store for some heels, but the little sandals I had worn shopping would have to do and luckily they were pretty good fit for the outfit.  
  
I took a few coins from my last little bit of money and bought myself a drink from a vending machine and perched myself in the most visible spot in the food court and slowly nursed it, blissfully aware of the attention I was getting from everyone. After my exhibitionistic refreshment break, I spent the next hour strolling the mall. At one point, I pretended to rearrange my purse right outside of the arcade, where the wide-eyed stares came with a couple of catcalls as well. Especially when I "dropped" my lipstick and had to slowly bend waaaaay over to retrieve it. When my feet could take no more I headed back to the parking garage. Sliding into the seat, I was still positively elated and hornier than I had ever been. For the first time in my life, right there parking garage, I masturbated in public--one hand in the panties and one foot on the dash! It was the first time I had ever connected showing my body to others and sexual excitement. It was exhilarating, and I knew there was no turning back.  
  
The years that followed brought a lot of other sexual experiences. I slept around a good bit through college, married twice, and even had a brief lesbian affair. Throughout all of this, nothing could touch the excitement I felt from showing off my body in public.  
  
So, there I was that Friday morning, in Florida on a business trip, single again and, though I was in my mid-40's, in the best shape of my life. I travelled often and when I was able, I looked for opportunities to sneak off somewhere and indulge my exhibitionist side. On this morning, I left Port St. Lucie Florida and made the 45-minute drive south to a little beach I read about on the internet that was notorious for being tolerant of skimpier bathing suits and sometimes topless bathing. It wasn't a nude beach, but it was named after my favorite author and that was good enough reason to head down there for me.  
  
After reaching the beach, I drove its length a couple of times and scouted things out. It wasn't a very busy beach, but it was quite beautiful, and I did see a handful of rather scandalously skimpy bikinis.  
  
I chose a spot that seemed most alluring to my particular kink. There were two sets of couples on one side and a group of young guys throwing a football and drinking beer on the other. I walked out to the spot and set up my blanket and folding lounger. I was wearing my mirrored sunglasses so that I could subtly watch the reactions of those around me. I wanted to know about it if someone was checking me out, that was half the fun of it! I was also wearing cut off denim shorts and a white linen shirt over my tiny red bikini. When my little spot on the beach was set, I slowly took off the shirt and put it on the blanket. I did a series of simple yoga stretches and got exactly what I was looking for, the attention of every single man around.  
  
Now that I was sure that I had their attention, it was time to unveil my new g-string. Slowly, the shorts came down. I carefully folded them and put them next to the shirt, bending deeply and turning both directions to do so, to be sure everyone got a good view. I like to think that I appeared graceful and sensual, but the reality was that my heart was beating very fast I was so excited. I had been fantasizing about this moment for months.  
  
Not wanting to be too obvious, I took my seat on the lounger and began rubbing tanning oil on my long legs. My legs were probably my best feature. They were long and lean and when I walked you could see the muscles of my thighs and calves. Rubbing them now, they were still a little shaky from the excitement of earlier. I was also feeling a bit nervous about what I was going to do next.  
  
After about 15 or 20 minutes on the lounger, I felt steady enough for the next step. I slowly stood and, did a couple more yoga stretches, unhooked the back of my top and let it fall. This was the first time I had stood so brazenly naked public. It was well over 90°, but my nipples were as hard as if I were in the Arctic Circle. I squirted some tanning oil into my hand and began to oil up my upper body. I turned several times during this slow exercise to be sure everyone got the view that they wanted.  
  
Now was my moment. I have been scantily clad in public more times than I could ever tell you. I have flashed my boobs countless times as well, whether showing off in nightclubs or on one of my several trips to Mardi Gras, but never have I been fully naked in public. Through my peripheral vision, I could see that the young guys had completely stopped throwing the football and had all turned to face me. I could also see that the couple closest to me were both propped on her elbows were staring directly at me. My heart began to pound again, and I knew that this was time. Slowly and as carefully as if it were made from a delicate gossamer I took off the G-string. I stood completely erect gently folded it and bent deeply to put it next to the other clothing.  
  
I was naked now and everyone who cared to look could see me. My still perky b-cups proudly flaunted their naked pink jellybeans to the sun as I reached both hands over my head for the upward salute pose. I did the same facing east, west and then north.  
  
When facing the boys to the east, one of the boys, a handsome athletic young blond, let go a "holy shit!" and got punched in the arm for it by a couple of the other guys. They didn't want their show interrupted by some loudmouth. They probably would have strangled him he made another sound. I did my best to hide my smile.  
  
Satisfied that I had given everyone the eyeful they wanted, I returned to my lounger and pretended to read my book. With the help of my mirrored sunglasses, I could see I still had the frequent attention of my neighbors. Before long, two by two the boys took turns strolling in front of me and, seeing my attention so deeply focused on the book, feasted their eyes on me hungrily. I overheard a whisper wafting on the breeze at one point saying, "What I wouldn't give to fuck her right there on that blanket!"  
  
Gradually, I let my legs spread further and further apart and one set of boys got a view all the way up to my glistening slit. It was glistening all right, I don't know when I was ever wetter. It was my ultimate fantasy, I was naked and doing my best to be sure anyone around me who wanted a look could have it. It was an exhibitionist's heaven. When the attention began to wane, I saw drops of perspiration all over my oiled body and decided it was time to rinse off.  
  
Again, I stood, did another little stretch, and slowly walked to the water. My toes reached it and it was much colder than I thought, but I was committed. I walked in up to my knees and started splashing the water over the rest of my body. I did it to get accustomed to the cold water, but also to give sexy little bathing show to my admirers. To my satisfaction, I could see that not only did I have the undivided attention of the young guys, but both sets of couples were propped up on her elbows and watching. If I could've seen the look on the ladies faces, there might have been some jealousy, but this was my moment and I wouldn't let anything spoil it. I imagined instead that they wanted me in their beds as well.  
  
Gradually I made it in up to my neck. Accustomed to it's cool now, I luxuriated the water. My naughty fingers reached down and found my hard clit and wet opening. I was facing the beach now and everyone within sight was watching me as I began to strum my hard little button. I only meant to give her a little tease, but it felt so good that I kept up the delicious rubbing. In my mind, the world around me could see exactly what I was doing underwater, but I knew they probably couldn't. In seconds I felt the familiar early rumblings of an orgasm and decided today she would not be denied.  
  
As my fingers moved faster and faster, my mind wondered how many of my admirers were beginning to figure out that I was playing with myself. These thoughts were so deliciously erotic to me that, despite the cold water and less-than-perfect conditions for masturbating, before I knew it I was on the precipice.  
  
When the first wave of pleasure hit me, I did my best to hide my ecstasy from the audience. A half a second after though, it hit me that this was my moment, my fantasy, and I did not want anything hidden or restrained. I let the waves of pleasure come over me and have their way with me. I threw my head back over and over and released the unmistakable moans of climax. I don't know what my audience was doing as I rode the mighty orgasm to its completion, but in my mind, they were hanging on every second and I was fulfilling their deep voyeuristic desires as well as my exhibitionist fantasy.  
  
When my ecstasy was complete I lay back in the water and floated for a moment on my back. The sun warmed my exposed naked skin and soon I knew it was time to head back to the shore.  
  
My audience was still watching, as I slowly and seductively emerged from the water. I sauntered over to my blanket, placed my clothing and beach towels into my bag, and folded my lounger. I was completely at ease in the world, naked in the eyes of my admirers as I walked up the short boardwalk to my car.  
  
As I pulled open the car door, I looked back over to the group of boys and saw the handsome blond kid waving goodbye. All eyes, as far as I could see, were watching me now. I gave him a flirty little wave back and then blew him and the whole beach a big goodbye kiss.