**How I Met Irene**

by**[Talcumex](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1129549&page=submissions)**©

Hello, my name is Collette. Let me tell you about an acquaintance of mine named Irene. Irene was twenty eight when I first met her and she had just stepped away from a disastrous marriage before she had any children, fortunately for her. Irene loved the beach, and was one lucky girl who had a flawless olive complexion. She wasn't a beauty queen, but her complexion meant that she tanned extremely well. Now that she had separated from her former husband, she could go to the beach as often as she pleased. Irene's separation from Jake and her new found freedom had served her well. She was far more relaxed, now that she no longer had to suffer her husband's abuses and was free to come and go as she pleased.

But Irene had one peculiarity, a self obsessed penchant to sunbathe naked publicly, on textile beaches as opposed to nudist beaches, where she also spent time on occasion. I have deduced from my time with her, that Irene is an addicted exhibitionist. I met Irene for the first time on a busy public holiday at a free spirited local beachside town on the tropical coast. And I met her in precisely the situation I have alluded to. I was alone with my thoughts at the time, minding my own business and sitting on a spare timber bench seat, which I was lucky enough to find with so many people going back and forth to the beach, the beachside showers, and the shops and wherever else one might go on a public holiday.

I was wearing my red and green triangle top and a black g-string and enjoying an ice-cream. Eventually, I noticed a young woman who gradually came into my field of view, walking along in the crowd, beautifully tanned all over and who was, to my surprise completely and utterly stark naked. She appeared to be totally unperturbed by the fact that she was naked in a public place. She was certainly not oblivious to the fact either that she was naked in a public place, for I noticed she excused herself as she passed people by, along the board walk.

As I watched her approach the bench seat where I sat, she seemed very content; and people smiled at her as she walked by stark naked through the crowd with a warm, welcoming smile upon her youthful face. She came closer and then stopped at a viewing platform directly opposite where I sat and leaned against the timber hand rail to look out across the beach. Her extremely well tanned naked butt, was full on and very beautifully shaped, a real head turner to be quite honest.

A middle aged couple next to me got up and vacated their seats, whether in disgust at a nude woman's perceived brazen display of nakedness or not, I had no idea. Then the naked girl, turned about and spying the vacant seats, made her way across the board walk and sat down next to me in all her naked glory. I looked at her as she made to sit down beside me and spied tanned breasts and erect nipples, a neatly shaved vulva and all so incredibly well tanned. She smiled at me and mouthed the word hello, as she made herself comfortable.

Not surprisingly, I had a momentarily strong sense of erotic attraction; such that my vagina had noticeably and gradually moistened as she settled down beside me. I turned to her and made a brief comment to her about her show of public nudity and told her my name was Collette. She seemed pleased I had made comment, effectively affirming her nakedness in public, assuming I guess that I approved and I have to admit that I did. Her face was pleasant, friendly and kind; she was certainly not crude nor objectionable in any way at all.

Her long legs were very well muscled and looked like a sprinters legs. They were slightly parted so that her vulva would have been clearly visible to passers by. And she made no attempt to cover up, nor any show of false modesty per se. Of course I was well aware, that I was wearing a thong anyway and as such I guess I was also bare arsed in public as well. At length she told me her name was Irene. She seemed very nice and we conversed about a few issues for a while, but nothing too personal.

People walked by and as expected stared at Irene; whilst young teenage girls in a couple of cases were emboldened enough after seeing her nakedness, to immediately doff their bikini bras and strode topless along the boardwalk, giggling happily as they went on their way. Not a few men loitered in our vicinity to stare, obviously to get a good look at Irene's private "bits", before feeling too conspicuous and moving on. And teenage boys and young men made a scene or two, by whistling and making smart or more often, offensive remarks and obscene gestures all obviously directed at Irene.

Irene confided to me that she loved the adulation and clearly made the point that she was an exhibitionist. I asked if she'd ever been harassed by the police and told to cover up. But she said the police had been very good to her; this was only her third time out in the nude publicly, but the police had been polite and only given her a friendly warning. Finally I plucked up the courage to ask the questions I most wanted to ask her.

"Do you get turned on by parading naked in public like this, or is it just for kicks or do you genuinely just enjoy sunbathing nude wherever you choose?" I put it to her tentatively.

"Turned on? Oh fuck, yes!" She replied emphatically. "I have an extremely high libido. I love to parade naked like this in public. Mind you, it takes a lot of guts; but it's so erotically stimulating and thrilling; I inevitably go home and masturbate, it turns me on so much. But it's early days, this is only my third time out and I'm still testing the water; it's really scary, but so far it's been great, and many women have been so very supportive."

She turned to me and smiled so broadly that I knew without any doubt that she was not bullshitting me. I was getting wetter, and I knew then that I'd like to get to know Irene better. We spoke a little more and then we exchanged phone numbers and planned to get together some time. I took another good look at her body and started to leave, but somehow felt we'd be getting together pretty soon.

Then Irene said, "you don't have to leave do you? Would you walk with me a while, please; you're wearing a thong aren't you?" She said as she peered behind me.

"Yes I am. I love wearing a thong, which really turns me on. But maybe I'll join forces with you one day and go totally naked. I'd like that, I think." I admitted.

"Well, what about now, just take it all off, right here and now! Shit, it's not that hard really! Just let the men do the getting hard part." She smiled again with her innocent brown eyes. "Remember, doing this is a lot easier for us girls than it is for men; the police come down on them really hard if they wear anything briefer than board shorts. That's partly the reason I feel so at ease being naked publicly like this!" Her words were partly re-assuring; but I was edgy.

"Shit, are you kidding me!" I cried, looking about uneasily. Then, thoughtfully, "Ok! You're on." I reached behind me and undid my bikini strap and pulled off my bikini top, allowing my full well rounded firm breasts to be exposed to the invigorating sunshine. Surprisingly, it felt so incredibly liberating. Then I slipped my thong down over my knees and presto, I was naked. I placed my clothes in my beach bag and looked directly at Irene who seemed to be thoroughly delighted. "There. I'm naked!" I told her.

"You certainly are and you look just gorgeous, what a great body you've got Collette," was her immediate reply. I could feel my vagina swimming deliciously in response to the eroticism and excitement of the moment and of being naked in public.

"Come!" She said, "Let's walk together." We stood up totally naked and slowly we hoisted our beach bags and looking at each other, we waited for the crowd to adjust to our presence on the pathway, before setting off. "Whatever you do," she said to me, "smile; it puts them on the back foot immediately; giving us the advantage."

People stared at us, some smiled, some whistled; lots of men made a motion simulating jerking themselves off; more teenage girls, ripped their bikini tops off; but I felt fantastic and Irene was such a great comfort in that situation. I was so glad I'd met her. And there I was, walking nonchalantly and stark naked along the beach front pathway, with so many clothed day trippers and beach goers milling about us as we went along.

We received the occasional pinch on the bum; to which Irene called out, "Fuck off!! You insensitive cretin." I found Irene to be a little strong with the language, but it was all in self defence I guess. But generally, the walk was extremely enjoyable and the most erotic sensations coursed through my veins that I've ever known, as men ogled us and women gave a perceptible and agreeable nod of approval. I could understand how it drove Irene to masturbate when she returned to her unit; I felt exactly the same way for sure.

"Shall we sunbathe down here?" Asked Irene, who pointed to a moderately crowded part of the beach, where mainly women had gathered and a few male teenage surfers.

"Looks good," I admitted. So we made our way, still completely naked, off the main pathway, down onto the beach. People stared at us as we made our way along and showed mild surprise at our nakedness. But no one objected as we settled down to sunbathe in the nude.

We sunbathed for quite awhile, then got up and walked across the beach and entered the surf for a short swim among other bathers and then went for a short walk along the water's edge. All the while, men and teenage boys ogled us feigning masturbation and women smiled and nodded their approval. It was all very re-assuring and affirming and I was suitably encouraged by the response generally as well as with Irene's company.

We made our way back to our beach towels, and then as we dried off, Irene said, "time to go!" I agreed and we packed up quickly and continued our public naked romp back up to the pathway. Then Irene suggested we shower in a nearby shower pavilion before going to the car park. We entered the old red brick building, and were greeted by two naked women who were having a heated conversation about someone or other.

"Let's shower together!" Irene suggested. I looked at her, a little uncertain perhaps then shrugged my shoulders and nodded in the direction of the nearest shower. As we entered, I looked back to see the other two naked women silently staring back at us. The shower cubicle had no door but was deep and much more spacious than I'd thought.

"What a great morning!" Irene exclaimed. "That was extremely exhilarating."

"Yes, it was," I replied as I adjusted the shower nozzle and taps, "thankyou for asking me to accompany you." We stood there completely naked still, bumping into each other as we waited for the water to arrive. When it did the warm water splashed luxuriously over our hot bodies. When I looked up at Irene, I found her looking at me oddly.

Her tanned body was beautiful, but there was something in her eyes, that made me melt. Then she stepped closer pushing her nude body against mine, as the water droplets wet our hair and faces; her eyes meeting mine headlong in an unmistakable look of impending lust. I was mildly perplexed, but I had seen it in the eyes of other women I had known. The silence between us was undeniably loaded with eroticism. Then Irene placed her left hand behind my head, drawing me closer beneath the shower as her lips closed over mine in a kiss that was tender yet passionate.

I was taken by surprise, and our eyes met once more before she placed her right hand over my breast, teasing its erect nipple before she drew me tightly to herself once more. Our lips met in a full on wanton expression of lust. She kissed me and kissed me again her tongue probing and her eyes wanting more.

"Come home with me," Irene asked quietly, so innocently and so directly. My vulva was now so fucking wet with lust, I could hardly resist her now. The two women we'd seen as we came in, approached our shower cubicle and they looked in at us, then respectfully turned away, when they saw Irene lasciviously clasp my now yearning and eager body hard against hers and began kissing me feverishly again. I responded with equal passion and pressed my fingers up into her vulva, causing her to gasp audibly. We knew the two other women hovered nearby, watching and stealing glances as discreetly as they could.

"I can't today. But I will call you," Then I pressed my fingers hard into her extremely moist vulva, and listened to her guttural groans as I teased her clitoris gently and at some length.

"I want you," she cried, gasping in short breaths. "Make me cum, make me cum!" She implored me. "We must meet again at my place. I have a sun deck, when can you come?" She asked me hotly, whilst riding my fingers.

"Next Saturday, at 9am. Can you wait two days?" I shot back at her.

"Oh yes!" She gasped, then shuddered, then slowly washed herself as I watched her. "Two days time. You can call me anytime."

Then she washed me, and her caresses swept me into a heavenly state of erotic euphoria as the erotic tension between us only heightened in intensity. Inevitably her fingers swept deep into my vulva titillating my clitoris, with obvious expertise and erotic familiarity. I winced and groaned loudly and I didn't give a shit, who heard me or saw me in Irene's arms. When I looked round, I saw the two women were standing there unashamedly watching both of us. Irene turned about and saw them and told them to look all they wanted.

We finished showering, dried off and still completely naked set off for the car park further on around past the end of the beach. The car park was a sprawling, unorganised arrangement of vehicles, where both our cars were parked somewhere under the shade of massive gum and eucalyptus trees.

Still naked, we stopped at what I assumed was Irene's car. There were people milling about here, but we could hardly have cared given our state of excitement. "Thank you for today," Irene said to me quietly and appreciatively. Deeply moved and emboldened by these unforeseen erotic events, I stepped up close to her and pulled her face toward mine and kissed her once more with a passion I had never known before. Her response to my kisses was beyond my imagining as her fingers probed and excited my vulva once more. But our time was up and she dressed, got into her car and I watched her as she drove off.

I walked slowly and completely naked back to my car, passing several people whom I hardly cared whether they were offended or titillated or bemused. One guy stopped in front of me and pulled out his meaty looking erect penis and confronted me by offering to shove it up my fucking arse, (his words not mine). He looked like a Neanderthal and I told him so.

Home was heaven. I walked up to my unit, unlocked it and flopped onto my bed. Then dreamily I stripped off all my clothes again and began to finger my vulva, thinking all the while of Irene and our nude walk in public. I reached across for a magazine I had bought recently crammed full of bronzed nude male body builders with incredible muscular bodies and the most enormous thick fore skinned erections I'd ever seen and began to flip through the pages from one male body to the next.

But deep down I wanted Irene and hoped she would ring soon. Two days and we would flaunt our bodies nude in public again, I couldn't wait. And that's how I met Irene. Then I went down and hit the gym.

The END