**How I Met My Sexhibitionist Wife**

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There are guys who brag about having bedded scores of women (best to divide by four), and sometimes a woman will reluctantly admit to how many lovers she's been with (for this, multiply by at least four!). But what about a woman who has enjoyed many partners and can fondly name and describe most of them? And loves uninhibited sex, especially in public.

My wife is such a woman. First I'll describe how we met, then tell you what she told me of her past, and finally I'll bring you up to the present.

Here's how we first met:

On a solo walk along the shoreline at a public beach I saw what looked like a beach party. A dozen or so adults sharing food, drink, and conversation, all in beach attire. All except for one, and she was naked, darting in and out among the other party-goers, laughing and playing grab-ass or tag or some such game with one of the males. She finally caught him and pulled him down onto a blanket, and freed him of his shorts. Now on their blanket and both naked, they slid their bodies one along the other, rolling over, switching positions, then, with some of the others watching and others paying little or no attention, she locked her legs around him and they began fucking. After their shared orgasm, the pair fondled each other a while longer then got up and put their clothes on: he into his shorts, she into a short skirt and a halter top.

After a few minutes of mingling with the crowd she got naked again and began pursuing a different fellow, and when she finally got him down on her blanket she pulled his face into her open crotch and had him eat her. Then she pushed his shorts down and pulled him up over her body. Even from my distance I could see his cock ramming in and out of her. When they finished, he stayed down, probably exhausted, but she rolled him off, hopped up, got back into her clothes and rejoined the crowd.

Right away I was attracted by her trim body, pretty face, and engaging smile and her small breasts tipped with magnificent long stiff nipples. Just the fact of her being naked got my attention, but seeing her fucking right out in the open fascinated me. She didn't seem to be ashamed or humiliated, but instead seemed to draw a certain energy from being nude and having open sex. Because I'd just watched her fuck two different guys, I figured she wasn't attached (at least in a monogamous sense), so when she seemed to be alone for a minute I approached, contributed the six-pack I was carrying, and introduced myself, being careful to not refer to her just-completed activity. That caution on my part turned out to be unnecessary, because within minutes she said she had noticed me while she'd been fucking, and that it was OK for me to have been watching, and said to stick around if I wasn't offended, or a cop, or a religious wacko, because there might be more to see. She turned out to be a smart, mature, professional woman who was very self-confident and not concerned with what others thought of her, as recently evidenced. And she apologised for the large sopping wet spot at the front of her tiny skirt.

She claimed to not be a nudist, but that clothes got in her way when she wanted to fuck, and as we were talking she got naked again, lay back on her towel, leaned up supported by her elbows, and spread her legs. Now from close up, I stole a glance at the perfect folds of her smooth and glistening outer lips and the fresh cum of two recent deposits oozing from between the inner lips. The small patch of neatly trimmed pubic hair did little to conceal her open slit. As I was sitting directly in front of her and less than a meter away, I couldn't help staring at her nice tits and especially her very prominent nipples while she talked with me, a couple of girls, and the fellow kneeling next to her. Then she caught me as my eyes shifted to her unhooded clitoris, but immediately put me at ease with an understanding smile, spread her legs a little wider, and said it was OK to stare at her cunt, even using the word 'cunt'. She then used one hand to pull the face of the other fellow she'd been talking with directly into her crotch and had him eat her, all the while talking with the rest of us. With the sweet scent of her arousal added to the sea breeze, she then pushed his bathing suit down and pulled him up over the nakedness of her own body and took his cock into herself to begin screwing him missionary-style for a few minutes, then pulled herself up onto hands and knees to be taken from behind. All this time I'm just sitting there (astounded), people are all around, and once she got a comfortable sexual rhythm going she turned her head toward me and between thrusts explained that the two fellows she'd been fucking just before I appeared and the one she was fucking now as we spoke were men she was dating at the time and not strangers or random pickups. Along with three others she said she'd fucked earlier that afternoon. Wow! As she fucked she continued our conversation, explaining that she might enjoy fucking me too, but not until we got to know each other. After finishing with this fellow, she got up, squatted behind a bush to pee, then put her clothes back on and went to the cooler for another beer.

Wow! A woman who can strip and fuck with others watching, and casually carry on a conversation. And with many partners one after the other the same day!

As the sun got lower someone built a bonfire and by then I had ingratiated myself into the party so I stuck around. By the light of the fire she stripped again to fuck some of the days' earlier partners once more, then got into her clothes again. After a while, three late arrivals who turned out to also be guys she was dating showed up and she immediately took off her clothes and the four of them started playfully grabbing at each other and rolling around on her blanket, with much nipple-kissing, ass-grabbing, vulva-licking, rib-tickling, finger fucking, laughing, squealing, tit-squeezing, and much panting. When she finally got their shorts off she started grabbing and stroking their cocks, and didn't stop until she had alternated each into her cunt several times, every penetration just in-and-out, lasting only a few seconds until she settled in with one of the three for some slow and deliberate fucking. This blew my mind: Fooling around with so many different fellows in the span of a few hours, while partying with a bunch of friends. By the way, this was not a nude beach; it was a secluded corner of a public beach and most of the people making up this small crowd were in swimsuits. Only she and the men she fucked got naked, and even then only for sex. All nine of them!

Besides being smart and beautiful and successful, I learned that she had always been sexually aggressive. She claimed the social freedoms men take for granted, and so took all the partners she wanted. She noted that a man can climax only a few times a day at most, but being a woman she was always ready for her next orgasm, and would take as many men as necessary to get them.

I know all this because she will happily tell anyone about her sex life. In our first conversations, she explained her style upfront, said that if anyone got jealous they could leave. Said she'd continue fucking guys she was then seeing, and that she'd keep fucking them all as long as she was enjoying it, which at the time she certainly was. If she had plans with one, she'd let the others know. And if you wanted to watch, it would be between you and the other guy; she was OK with it. But no sharing, and only one at a time. She said that even though she might physically be able to handle more than one, she preferred to concentrate her emotions on only one man at a time, even if it was only for a few moments.

She seemed to be either the friend or lover of everyone there, and kept up conversations even while fucking or having her pussy licked. Whether she was nude and having sex, or standing around clothed with a beer or food in her hand, she was the same person, funny and entertaining, and eager to make me, the newcomer, feel welcome in her circle of friends. She freely spoke of her nudity and screwing, and how she liked the internal feeling of her clitoris when it stiffened, and once again told me that if we got to know each other better she might want to fuck me as well. She explained that she didn't ever fuck anyone new right away but first had to get to know them. Then, if we became friends and took a liking to each other, we'd fuck. Before she had to leave, we exchanged phone numbers and agreed to see each again.

The middle of the following week I called her to make a date, but she beat me to it by inviting me to join her and her crowd at the beach on the weekend. When I got there the party was already in progress and I saw that once again she was naked.

As I approached, she was lifting herself off the cock of a fellow she'd apparently been screwing cowgirl-style, and as she rose a thread of silvery fluid stretched between her labia and the tip of his penis. She whisked the juices away then came running over to me. She pulled me back toward her recent partner, and introduced me as her date for the day. Next she wrapped her naked body around me then pulled me over to her blanket, pushed the other fellow out of the way, and pulled me down and rolled around with me for a bit. Then she got me out of my shorts and pulled my face into her crotch. (She still hadn't said a word directly to me, but I accepted this as a friendly greeting.)

Up close, her cunt was absolutely exquisite, with the perfect lines of rose petals splayed open to reveal her shiny pink opening, all slick and wet and glistening in the sunlight. I was about to nuzzle her clit when some silky white fluid gently flowed out of her and onto my lips. I knew this was the very recently-deposited cum of another man, or men, but I chose to ignore that mental image and proceeded to enjoy the openness of her legs and all that was displayed between them. After she orgasmed several times from the attention I gave her clit, she pulled me up on top of her and took my cock into where my tongue had been. Entering her was unlike any previous woman I'd ever been with. After a tight entrance, being inside her was like a whole new world. The lining of her vagina was soft and warm and silky, but the walls were elastic and she was able to pulse her muscles in waves up and down the length of my cock as I eased in. In spite of being surrounded by many people, some taking notice of us but most not, I was trying to concentrate on the pleasure. With her entrance still comfortably tight around the base of my cock she kept pulsing her vaginal muscles along my cock until I reached the very innermost part of her, where I felt a soft, warm spongy floor that just seemed like magic.

I was lost in my thoughts, thinking wow, this is what a really good fuck feels like, when I noticed two lifeguards riding their ATV toward us. I asked her if we were about to be busted and she said "No, I've fucked him a few times and she still owes me for going down on her. No problem." Still under me, she waved to them and they continued on. She continued fucking me as she casually spoke with some of the people around us. Then she abruptly stopped, focused her eyes on mine, and asked me to arch my pelvis up and use the tip of my cock to tickle her navel from inside her-impossible, of course, but a mental picture to strive for. I did this motion as best I could, resulting in the most wonderful response I had ever known from a woman. She looked into my eyes as she continued pulsing her vaginal muscles around my cock, as I felt the electric tingling from all over my body moving from my extremities and concentrating in my groin. She stiffened and shuddered repeatedly as my very soul emptied from my eyes into hers and my sexual being flowed from my cock into her cunt. She shook all over and finally went limp. The best fuck of my life! And when she returned to Earth a few moments later, she said this was the best fuck of her life, too, and that if we could do that again she'd let me fuck her any time. We did it again, and that sealed the deal. Now I became conscious of our audience, and I realized from their comments that they'd been watching. I felt a little embarrassed, but she reveled in the attention and I could see that their comments brought back her strength. Evidently, sex and being an exhibitionist was her source of power.

With my now soft cock just sliding out of her, she rolled us onto our sides so she could introduce me to a few folks who had just arrived. They were completely oblivious to her (our) nakedness, and she chatted with them as normal. I just lay there, trying to believe all this. We finally stood up, she gave them each a hug, I got back into my shorts, but she couldn't find her clothes so stayed nude until she found a towel to wrap herself in.

Later, after everyone else had left, she and I were alone on the beach and we shared the stories of our lives.

She claimed to not be a nudist, but loved being an exhibitionist. And she preferred the term 'sexhibitionist' because she enjoyed public sex. As long as she could pick her partners, she was uninhibited about displaying her nakedness and sexuality and, eventually, even her orgasms in public. I think that of all the things she told me about herself, that is what fascinated me the most. I'd always been interested in sex and nudity, and especially in trying to understand the brave women who actually enjoyed being naked and having sex in public, free of inhibitions. She had been raised in a loving family in Southern California. She'd been a good student and went on to college where she experimented with nudity and sex and found that she enjoyed it. There, she developed a reputation as a streaker, enjoying the excitement of casting off her clothes and running naked and the thrill of possibly getting caught.

Her introduction to public sex came when she tried to join a sorority. For initiation she and the other pledges were arranged in a circle, naked and facing inward and bent over at the waist. The boys came around and fucked each girl's twat from underneath her ass and then moved around the circle to fuck the next one. After a while, she noticed that some kept coming back to her, and after a while all of the boys were lined up behind only her. That pissed off the other girls, so she was barred from the sorority. But it taught her that boys liked to fuck her, and that she enjoyed fucking them. And that people liked her ass. She realized that while the other girls felt humiliated being naked and getting fucked in public, she felt invigorated. The public sex energized her. She began thinking of ways exploit this interest.

She finished her BA and worked in an office for a while but got bored with it. She knew she had no shame of being naked, and that she felt no humiliation having other people observe her having sex. She confided that at first, she kept her orgasms from public view, but after having a few in public when she lost control, she realized that her orgasm was the most intimate aspect of herself that she could display, especially with her eyes as she comes. So she just let herself go, and after that, felt proud each time she climaxed in public.

She really needed a way to harness her combination of a desire for public sex and her total absence of shame. So she decided to check out the porn industry. She moved to Los Angeles and performed leading roles in a few hard-core porn movies, which turned out to be commercially successful. She was successful because in the intercourse scenes she insisted on screwing for real. This created an authenticity that just couldn't be achieved through simulated sex. She loved the sex and laughed all the way to the bank about actually getting paid to screw in front of an audience. But she soon left because she just didn't like the industry's general sleaziness, and ran into troubles with the union when she insisted on choosing her own partners. She did, however, use her real name in the films (Angela, but they did drop the final 'a'), since she was proud of what she was doing. With a successful film career behind her, she returned to school to complete a Master's in economics and was now teaching at a local university.

But she still wanted to have sex in public, so she tried swingers' clubs, which she could attend when she brought a male partner. But most of her dates didn't last long, because they couldn't handle seeing her having so much fun with the other men, and also the other women didn't like having her there.

That brought her to the lifestyle she had chosen for herself when I met her: dating like everyone else does, but selecting only men who are OK with her 'sexhibitionism' and socializing with men and women who didn't mind that she fucked her partners at their gatherings, like the beach parties they had nearly every weekend.

About those get-togethers: Weather permitting, they'd gather at the beach. Other times they met in each others' homes. If she felt like fucking, she'd just strip off and do it. Sometimes, if none of her usual partners were there, she'd just strip off and spend the day or evening as the only one naked. And maybe make a new friend to fuck.

She modeled nude for several art groups, and was in great demand for holding poses most models were too modest to do. And when being posed with a male model, she insisted that his cock be inside her rather than simulated if the position called for it, because then her smile would be authentic.

She told me about some of her naked exploits, some involving dares and some with Halloween costumes. She never wore panties, and her breasts were pert enough that she rarely wore a bra. She was proud that her nipples made noticeable points under the fabric of her garments. When playing billiards, she would often distract her opponents by stretching her legs over the edges of the table to position her bare cunt over the pocket they had called. Her favorite Halloween costume was just a hip-length military jacket barely long enough to cover her ass, the cap, and heels. She was a thrill-seeker, having bungie-jumped, scuba-dived, sky-dived, and rock-climbed, all nude. She had run several half-marathons, wearing only her number placard, and had been in many World Naked Bike Rides. She'd been arrested at Key West Fantasy Fest for trying to stretch the rules by having sex in the open; otherwise, her total nudity, even without body paint, while daring, was acceptable there.

As for the number of partners she'd taken, she was aware of the rule of four ("multiply by four the number a woman gives you"), but didn't play games like that. She just gave you the straight number, as best she could. She could list the names of the fifty-eight men she'd chosen to have intercourse with, and for each she could lovingly describe the setting, what his cock felt like inside her, if she had come, and how long they had stayed intimate. Those were the men she'd chosen and could name. But she said there were many more that she couldn't even give a number to: partners from her porn films, art modeling, the sorority initiation, and the ones she'd had intercourse with on dares or from group situations like the swinger's clubs. One thing she made clear was that she had enjoyed nearly every fuck. If she didn't, she just didn't fuck the guy again.

She frequently took nude roles in the local community theater. In one, she was an ephemeral spirit representing the conscience of all the other actors, appearing naked behind each in turn and stage-whispering the moral thing to do. In Lysistrata, the play they were now running, she spends the entire final act center-stage on a throne with legs spread wide while her exposed clit, nipples, and vagina are debated by the other actors.

For our second date, she got me a ticket to that week's performance of the play, and sure enough, for over fifteen minutes there was her open cunt, spread wide and brightly lit for all in the audience to see. Her face was made up and she wore a long hairpiece, and I wouldn't have recognised her except for my familiarity with her cunt. Then the play was over, and she took the curtain call nude, the only actor to do so. I was invited to the cast party, where she shed her wig and swathed herself in thin transparent gauze material exactly like the other females had worn on stage. I was quite proud to accompany her.

As we dated, she continued fucking other partners of her own choosing, as I was free to do. Eventually she stopped fucking other men in private but kept on screwing them in public, saving her private fucks for me. She told me that this was the point in her prior relationships when she usually broke things off: if the fellow wouldn't continue to fuck her in public, or got jealous of her doing so with others, she dropped him. As long as I would fuck her openly and abide her openly fucking others, she would be exclusive to me in private. But as time went on we spent more time with each other and there was less time for anyone else. For both of us, the others dropped out. Our relationship grew, becoming exclusive both emotionally and sexually. At our group gatherings she still wanted to fuck in front of others, but I became her only partner. So there we would be, only the two of us naked and fucking on a beach blanket with the others watching or not. After some months, and a change in the seasons, she wanted a change of venue so we sought out new friends at a different beach, continued our outdoor sexual activities, and soon married.

That brings us up to date.

She'll still do a spontaneous streak, goes nude in our or a friend's swimming pool, and, since she wears no underwear, is always ready to flash. We get down to Key West for Fantasy Fest, and ride in the WNBR when we can find one. Her costume for both events is to be totally nude-no clever cover-ups or body paint. Just sandals, sunhat, and sunglasses. And wedding ring.

She still likes being the only one naked, and at parties she's naked but behaves as though she's clothed, mingling and conversing with the other people, until she decides she wants to fuck, and that's what I'm there for. If nudity is not appropriate for a given gathering, the short dress she wears commando allows her to be ready for a discrete fuck, sometimes against a wall in a crowded room to see if we can get away with it. But she always picks her own partner-me!

So today, many years later, we still find ways to fuck in public. On a hotel room balcony. Beside a well-trod hiking trail. On a boat near a crowded waterway. Under a campground picnic table. On a campground picnic table. In a riverbed beneath a footbridge. On our front lawn at night. And, of course, at certain beach parties!