**Looking Back**

**by [R\_Peterson](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=366315&page=submissions)©**

**Looking Back (a true story)**  
  
Looking back, the signs were all there, I just didn't put them all together until that evening in the hotel.   
  
There was the time she returned from grocery shopping, all excited, and anxious to tell me the story. It seems that she was bending over, picking out vegetables, when a man rounded the corner, stopped and exclaimed: WOW! She turned, smiled, and continued on with her shopping. She had taken his reaction as a compliment and wanted to tell me. She still had the same outfit on that she was wearing when she told me the story. It was a matching set of short-shorts that showed off her great legs and sleeveless blouse. As she turned in the kitchen I saw she was not wearing a bra and I knew exactly what the "WOW" was all about.  
  
There was the time that we were making love in the family room down stairs. She was dancing around the room, removing a piece of clothing here, and a piece of clothing there until she was completely naked. She danced up to the double sliding doors and started to pull the curtains around her, hiding her naked body from me, but showing that beautiful naked body to the outside world. While she moved, I caught some movement outside and saw that two men were cutting the grass next door. I was pretty sure they got an eye full, though they continued to cut the grass. If I were them I would have stopped and stared.  
  
Early in our marriage she was shy about posing for nude pictures. Over the years that changed and I have collected quite a number of excellent naked shots of her. As the years went on she got more daring. She posed naked at the beach on a roof-deck. There were the pictures at the park where she quickly got out of all of her clothes, posed for 50 pictures, laid down on the blanket and motioned for me to join her. We made love in the woods at the end of the photo shoot. As we finished we heard a tractor motor start up. We looked up and saw a man in a tractor on a ridge above us. He had gotten to watch us make love.  
  
Then there was our weekly love making in the bedroom. Over the years it began to change. She started leaving the window open. She then started to dance naked in front of the open window. She kept changing where we made love in the room, moving closer and closer to the window. Until one day, she got up, stood in front of the window completely naked and motioned for me to enter her from behind. The noise from outside, along with the summer breeze made the session very exciting along with the possibility that our neighbors could see us if they where watching. We did not see anyone. It was the excitement of the possibility that excited us both.  
  
I was beginning to wonder if I had married an exhibitionist. I wanted to ask her if she enjoyed being an exhibitionist but was afraid to bring the topic up. I did ask her once if she was interested in showing off a little and she said "No way". But after the session at the window I was starting to wonder again.  
  
Then the company threw a party in the city and we decided to stay overnight at the hotel. We checked into the room late afternoon. It did not take long to finish unpacking and begin getting romantic. She excused herself, took a few items into the bathroom, and said she would be out shortly. The room was on the 6th floor and overlooked a number of buildings directly across from our room. I do not remember who opened the curtains, but they were completely pulled back, with a wonderful full few of the city from our bed.   
  
She came out of the bathroom in her new 4" heels and a transparent G-string, nothing else. She stood in the small hallway of the room, facing the mirrored closet, turned on the hall light and started to dance. I was pretty sure that if anyone was looking into the room, she was on full display for me and them. I was excited about the possibility and looked out, but saw no one looking back. She danced her way over to the bed, turned around facing the window and laid down. That was my cue to come over and start to play. I did not need to be asked again.   
  
She laid down on the bed with her legs hanging over the edge, and spread her legs. She was on full view of anyone looking into the room. I moved over placing one hand on her breast and the other between her legs. She moaned and I started to move my hand with the rhythm of the movement of her hips. She started moving faster and I undid one side of the G-string and pulled the material away from her pussy.   
  
She let out another moan as if she knew she was on full display and enjoyed it. Her hips moved faster. I replaced my hand between her legs and moved two fingers slightly into her moist cunt. She clamped down on by hand, starting to move with more determination. I slid my other hand slowly down from her breast, lightly over her ribs, over her tummy, and finally stopped at the top side of her bush. I began to play with her pubic hair. She loved both hands down by her pussy and it did not take long for her to cum. She arched her back up off the bed, opened her mouth, threw her head back and let out a very loud sound of pleasure. Her organism lasted for a good 40 seconds.   
  
She kept her eyes shut while her organism continued, taking all the feelings in, while shaking. Then she opened her eyes with a smile and a "thank you". I have always loved her orgasms and this was another that I enjoyed watching.  
  
She lay there for a little while longer and then got up. She knew I loved watching her move around the room naked, so she moved into the hallway again and started to dance. As she danced she slowly moved towards the center of the room and my eyes followed her with no difficulty. The heels were all that remained. She danced to the center of the room and then asked me a question that I continue to play back in my mind that I never expected: "Do you want me to move over to the window?" I did not answer right away, it felt like an hour before I said anything, my mind raced with thoughts that said YES and NO, and then I heard myself say YES.  
  
She did not say a word, but moved quickly over to the window, turned facing me, with her back to the outside. Anyone watching from outside would be looking clearly at a back of a naked lady. She danced some more, turned facing the window, and moved up closer to the window, still dancing. She was on display for all to see. She was playing with her breasts, looking down at the street, when I moved up behind her. I started to play with her breasts, holding her from behind, when I looked out on the street and saw what she was looking at.   
  
There was a man at the bus stop looking up. He clearly could see us and could see her naked. She did not run, but moved her ass up against my erect penis. It did not take me long to enter her from behind. Using her arms she braced herself up against the window and we moved together, looking down with the man looking up. It did not take me long to cum. I was too excited. I came quickly, remained standing for a long time, and then slid out of her, moving back into the room. She stayed a little longer at the window and then moved away. We ran to the bathroom laughing. Cleaned up and jumped into bed to hold each other naked.   
  
We did not talk about it until the next day over breakfast. We shared our thoughts about the session. We both enjoyed the experience and looked forward to doing it again. Before we left the hotel that day, we made love again, at the window.  
  
I did not need to tell her. She knew. I had married an exhibitionist years ago and only now learned that wonderful secret.

**Looking Forward**

**Looking Forward (The 'Looking Back' story continues)**  
  
I had just learned that my wife liked being an exhibitionist. So it was no surprise to me when we had our next sexual adventure it would involve her showing off. We scheduled our next weekend away. I didn't really know what to expect, but I was hoping for the best.  
  
We had booked two nights in a country hotel that overlooked the river. It was a romantic setting on the third floor, with a Victorian room, fireplace, Jacuzzi bath, and a fine restaurant. We needed the long weekend away from the kids. We knew it would be sexual, we just didn't know how sexual it would be.   
  
We checked into the room late in the afternoon. After settling in she slipped into the bathroom. By this time she knew about my fetish with her in high heels. I married her for her legs and two kids later, she still had great legs.   
  
I had brought along a movie that she loved to watch: "9 ½ Weeks" starring Kim Basinger. She came out in her heels, a g-string and nothing else. The heels forced her to take short tip-toe steps, pushing her breasts out, accenting those great legs, forcing her to move gracefully around the room while naked.   
  
She moved over to the bed and lay down with her naked ass in the air. I moved over to the bed, removed my clothes and lay down beside her. I stroked her back and hit the remote to start the movie. My fingers walked over her body then moving my hands over her back I dropped my hand down to her pussy, under to her breasts, and back to her anus. She wiggled and started to grind. The movie continued to play and the scenes she loved came and left. If I had forgotten which scenes she liked, her body movements reminded me as I played with her.   
  
I moved onto the bed, on to my back. She moved on top of me, placing her wet pussy against my mouth, holding herself up by her arms, in a position that allowed her to view the movie while grinding against my mouth. My tongue was having a field day darting in and out of her pussy, with an occasional flick across the clit. She was starting to move with determination against my mouth, clamping her legs against my head. I could not see the movie, it did not matter, I was enjoying tasting her cunt and feeling her climbing excitement.   
  
The movie had come to her favorite part when Mickey Rourke makes love to Kim outside in the rain. I knew we were at that point of the movie because I recognized the music. My wife was clearly getting more excited. She started to grind more against my mouth, and my tongue shot back into her wet pussy and up along her sensitive clit. Her movements became faster, the music was getting louder. I reached up and around to slide my finger into her ass. As Kim Basinger came on the screen, my wife came on my mouth. Her excitement lasted a long, long time while her body quivered from the orgasm. She continued to hold herself up and then collapsed on top of me, exhausted, and satisfied.  
  
She laid there for a while, letting her orgasm continue. It did not take very long for her to get up off the bed. She was satisfied and she now wanted to return the favor. She removed the g-string and was now naked except for the heels. She started to move slowly, dancing for me in the room. She danced away from the bed, moving towards the balcony door. The door had a full length window, covered by a blind. She pulled the blind up, moved closer to the door pressed her breast up against the window.   
  
The balcony overlooked the river and a bridge. I suspected that anyone looking up coming across the bridge would see a naked lady in heels pressing her naked body up against the door. I was certainly enjoying the show from behind. She was making moves that rivaled some of the best strippers I had seen in my earlier years.   
  
She whirled around showing her naked ass to the world and her naked pussy to me. She moved her hand down between her legs, and slid two fingers into her wet pussy. She must have enjoyed the feeling, because she let out a moan, arched her back, threw her hips out, her head back, while still dancing in front of the door. She continued moving, stroking, moaning for awhile then turned again, to face the window. She continued to play with herself, legs spread, facing the door and enjoying the moment, acting as if people were watching and she knew it.  
  
I moved towards her, grabbing her by her waist, rubbing my erection against her ass. She felt me behind her, she stopped moving, and she pushed her ass into my erection. I reached down and placed by erection between her legs, and she pushed back. Later she told me that I had entered her ass. I was surprised, for it felt wet and large so I thought I had entered her pussy. We started to move together, as I moved in and out of her wetness. She raised her arms to the door and braced herself against the glass. We continued to make love, moving faster with each of my thrusts.   
  
We were looking out through the glass in the door towards the traffic passing over the bridge, when she surprised me by reaching down, opened the door, and then pushed the door open. It opened out to the balcony. She was now very clearly exposed to anyone that was looking, standing naked in the doorway, with her arms above her head, bracing herself while I continued to move in and out of her from behind. The traffic slowed. I am sure a few that looked up saw a naked lady standing within a door with a man moving behind her. It did not take me long to cum when I realized that they were watching. I am sure she knew exactly what she was doing. I came hard, fast and satisfied.   
  
After I came, I remained inside of her, holding her, enjoying the feeling that I just received. She appeared to be enjoying the fact that she was on display for the world in all her nakedness. I pulled out, moved back into the room. She stood, naked, dripping, with her arms still up, on display to the cars on the bridge, until I had reached the bathroom. She then moved back into the room, away from the outside view.   
  
It was intense for both of us but the session was not over. After making love, we enjoy lying naked in each other's arms on the bed. There was no talking, just the fast beating of our hearts and the movement of our hands over each other's body, touching, feeling each other's skin in the glowing aftermath of our love making and exhibitionism. We had enjoyed the session.  
  
We were like newlyweds that weekend. We stayed in the room over the two days, naked, making love in front of the window, only to leave to get a bite to eat. The fire we had when first we married had returned.   
  
We were enjoying this new chapter of our lives that we had entered.