### My Wife the Exhibitionist

My wife had always been a rather modest person during the first years of our marriage. Although she wouldn't hesitate to dress in sexy clothing and lingerie for me in the privacy of our home, she had reservations about dressing that way in public, or at least I thought she did. Here's a few of my experiences that I thought your readers might enjoy.

It all started when we were living in Southern California during the late seventies and early eighties. We were in our early thirties, I was in the Navy and was gone quite a bit of the time. To help pass the time, she enrolled in a local community college to pursue a degree in accounting. While there, she became a liberated woman and her entire outlook changed. On my return from a 6 month cruise to the Western Pacific, she greeted me on the pier braless in a short mini dress! She had dyed her hair from its original black to a strawberry color that enhanced her olive complexion and transformed her entire demeanor. I was truly astonished. So, what follows is a collection of the results of her newly found liberation.

One of my first memories of her newly-found exhibitionist tendencies came one evening at a party we had at our house with some of her college friends. The crowd was a bit younger than us and most of the girls were dressed in tight shorts, jeans, tank tops or tube tops. With the exception of my wife, not one of them was wearing a bra. (I was in seventh heaven!) She had on a pair of designer jeans, a thin blouse, and sandals. She was wearing a white push-up bra and you could see it clearly through the material of the blouse. As the evening wore on, she decided to remove her bra, and went into the bedroom to do so. When she came out she was a sight to behold. Her beautiful breasts were visible through the blouse. She came up to me and asked me if I could see the brown part of her breasts. I told her that I couldn't, which made her a bit more comfortable. I couldn't keep my eyes off her the rest of the evening.

She began to go braless most of the time from that point on. We had a swimming pool in the back yard that afforded privacy and she spent hours sunbathing in the nude. Her 5-foot figure became a beautiful bronze color, including her 34c breasts and mound which she had begun to shave. Her selection of outfits became more and more risque. Tight jeans, short shorts, halter dresses, semi see-through blouses tank tops, and tube tops became her standard dress. I loved it. For the first time in her life she began wearing bikini bathing suits and the one-piece suits she bought had deep, plunging necklines.

One afternoon, she came into the family room and told me she was going to the grocery store to do some shopping. I normally don't go with her on missions like that but when I saw what she had on, I changed my mind. She was wearing a pair of the shortest shorts I have ever seen her in, so short that most of her ass hung out of them and the front covered just enough of her lovely pussy to keep her from getting arrested. It was then that I noticed that she wasn't wearing knickers! Looking at the shorts from the side revealed a good portion of her shaven pussy and lips. I couldn't believe my eyes. Her top was bright red cotton and was kept up by two thin tied straps on each shoulder. She had adjusted the straps so that the front and back of the top dipped as low as possible. If she bent over, her tits were almost totally exposed. On her feet were a pair of brown flat sandals that exposed almost all of her very pretty size seven feet. So, trying to keep my hard on unnoticeable, I accompanied her to the store. We entered the store and began shopping. I noticed that guys were looking at her and she was loving every minute of it. So was I. Walking behind her was a sheer delight. The tanned cheeks of her ass hanging out of the shorts left nothing to the imagination and a few times her pussy peeked out of the front. The temperature by the freezers caused her nipples to get hard and they pressed into the cotton blouse. What a sight she was. I walked up to her and whispered to her that I could see almost everything she had and she just responded with a smile. She made it a point to do a lot of bending over to retrieve items from the bottom shelves. When she did, I could see her tits and rock-hard nipples clearly. The movement caused by the bending managed to loosen one of the ties on the shoulder straps and, when she bent down to pick up a can on the bottom shelf, the strap untied completely. The blouse fell down on one side totally exposing her breast. A couple of guys had noticed it and stopped to take in the view. Without missing a beat, she calmly got up, waited a few moments until they had gotten an eyeful, and then pulled the top up over her tit and asked me to tie it for her. I'll never forget that day.

Another time we went out for dinner with some friends to a rather high-class restaurant in San Diego. She wore a pair of camel colored slacks and a dark brown see-through blouse. Because of the place we were going she decided to wear a bra, but it was also see-through, a dark brown Lily of France model. She topped the outfit off with a pair of very sexy 4-inch backless heels on a 1-inch wooden platform. When she walked out of the bedroom straining to keep those sexy shoes on her feet, she was one sexy lady! The blouse and the bra made the exposure less daring, but looking closely, I could see nearly all of her lovely 34Cs. She had not buttoned the first three buttons of her blouse, which exposed her chest to the top of her bra and exposed her cleavage. Walking into the restaurant raised more than a few eyebrows. At dinner, our male companion couldn't keep his eyes off her and she knew it. She flirted with him most of the evening by moving close to him and brushing her breasts against his shirt. His wife didn't seem to mind and a good time was had by all. We ended up swapping partners a few weeks later.

But that's another story.