**Naked Me**

by[xiab](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1213684&page=submissions)©

It was one of those early summer days that reaches deep down inside and stirs me. It was only the second summer I had experienced in Southern California after a lifetime in Pennsylvania. I could not believe how profoundly the almost constant 75 degree days, scented with jasmine and citrus, moved my loins. Most days I felt like I was living in Eden.  
  
I lay in bed, sheets thrown back, naked and spread-eagle this fine California summer morning. To my right was a sliding screen door. It was wide open with only it between the outdoors and me, as it had been all night.  
  
I stretched my petite, naked body to its fullest. I don't at all mind being small. At 5' 1" I've found certain advantages to being thus. For instance, I love the way my husband, more than a foot taller than me, manhandles me in bed. Men, all being taller than myself, are forever trying to look down my top, the joke being on them because there is next to nothing to see. But their efforts do make me feel desirable. My legs aren't long but they're shapely and the number of times my ass has been groped in my tight skirts and well fitted pants tells me all I need to know about that part of my anatomy.   
  
Although I live in a house full of men, my husband and two college age sons, I seem to spend half of my life around the house nude. My men are also frequently naked but not nearly as much as me.   
  
My penchant for nudity began at puberty. One day I found myself alone in the house. As I stepped out of the shower I noticed that my mother had not unloaded the dryer and all the towels were in it, downstairs. Knowing I was alone I ran, dripping wet and nakedness, to the laundry room. Covered in goose bumps I was so intent on finding a towel I didn't think about my nudity.   
  
After I dug a towel out of the dryer and wiped myself down I realized my nakedness. In this part of the house I felt really naked.   
  
I took some time to bask in the warm morning sunlight flooding the laundry room. The laundry room was a glassed in porch. It was almost like being outdoors with the large windows holding in the heat. The sun was just peeking over the twelve- foot hedge that separated us from the neighbors.   
  
I don't recall seeing my Italian, naked, olive brown body in such bright light before this. I reveled in the sight of myself. Fine golden hairs swirled around my belly, my nipples that had shriveled to tiny dark raisins capping off my budding breasts (which never managed to grow and look exactly the same today), and the tuft of pubic hair glistening with blonde highlights.  
  
It was a magical, life changing moment that literally thrilled me head to toe. Instead of wrapping the towel around my body I wrapped my wet hair in it and wandered through the house otherwise naked, experiencing every room on the first floor without clothes for the first time.  
  
From that time on I spent as much time as possible nude. Home alone most of every day that summer I was naked. Even in the winter when I found myself alone, I would sometimes crank up the furnace so I could be bare my body.   
  
In college I eventually lost my virginity. It was thrilling to finally let a boy see me naked and for me to be able to parade around a bit for him. I had a couple more lovers before meeting my husband, Casper. Even before we were married I seduced Casper into becoming less modest and he took to it surprisingly quick.   
  
He lived in a house with three roommates. Being the BMOC he was ceded an attic room, the one single room in the house.   
  
We quickly became sexually obsessed with each other. He loved my tiny body as much as I loved his large frame. It wasn't long before I had virtually moved in with him and was essentially living with four men.   
  
There was no bathroom in the attic so I had to go down a floor to use the facilities. This led to my first accidental flash of a roommate as I descended the stairs while he was exiting the bathroom. His view of my pussy was clear and directly into my lips.   
  
The buzz I got from that first truly accidentally peek of me descending the stairs wearing only one of Casper's shirts sent me flying back to our bedroom where I jumped Casper out of a dead sleep. After that the flashing was more frequent and often not so accidental.   
  
I would tell Casper about these incidents, figuring it was better coming from me than from the roommates. His reaction surprised me. At first he would laugh and make jokes about his mates seeing my bits and later his responses became apathetic, on the surface. It took me a while to notice but whenever I told him that I may have flashed one of roommates or they had voyeured me, our lovemaking, later that night, became more intense.   
  
Once to test my theory I told him about a flash exaggerating the amount of exposure that took place and the length of time I was watched. I told him two of the roommates came home to find me napping on the couch in one of Casper's shirts. The tail of the shirt was turned up exposing my pussy to them. I continued to pretend to be asleep as they stood at the foot of the couch watching. In reality it was only a bit of my ass that was exposed and I had quickly covered up. Sure enough, as I told him the story I "accidentally" bumped into his cock, which was rock hard. That night he was a wild man in bed. From that time on we never had any sexual doldrums, as I would use my storytelling talents to get him in the mood.  
  
Nevertheless, by the time we were married we were glad for the privacy of our own apartment and took full advantage of it by going about naked as much as possible. I have to admit I did miss the tickle of being seen by others.   
  
In warmer weather we rarely dressed until we had to leave home. When our boys were born, three years apart, our habits didn't change. Doors were never closed and the bathroom was shared without any modesty. My nudity was as common as theirs and as readily accepted.   
  
Neither the boys nor Casper did anything to hide their morning erections. I have a vivid memory of the first time I found myself surrounded by three mature, jiggling, rock hard pricks while I bent over the sink brushing my teeth as they did the same. When I later thought about the sight of the cocks separated from the bodies they were attached to, I can't say I didn't have an urge to at least touch them all. But that was the closest I ever came to having any kind of incest fantasy.   
  
Being nude among my men was more about the expression of freedom and sensuality. I knew they enjoyed looking and I enjoyed being the object of attention.  
  
Casper's transfer to California saved our marriage. Trouble began between us a few years into our marriage when Casper began a meteoric rise through the ranks of the company and he felt a pressure to perform. Casper couldn't believe the jobs and advances he was getting and didn't feel worthy. Nothing I could say seemed to help and he took to the bottle every evening. He was never an out of control drunk but he was a mean drunk, with a mouth I had never heard before. It was something I could not tolerate.   
  
I figured that if he was drinking at home he was certainly drinking on the road and I knew what that would lead to.   
  
When I started looking for evidence of infidelity it didn't take long to find it in the form of condom wrappers and other traces of being with women. Faced with that evidence he readily confessed.  
  
For several days after I got the admission out of him we didn't speak. However, I already knew what I was going to say. When he finally broke the silence by apologizing repeatedly I was ready for him. I told him that I wasn't sure that I could ever trust him again. We had taken our vows, he had violated them once, why wouldn't he again. After all we were only in our 30s there was still a long road to hoe.  
  
Instead of clinging to the antiquated notion of monogamy, if we wanted to continue in our marriage, maybe it would be better if we simply acknowledged that we would be fucking other people along the way. Then, when it happened we wouldn't feel disappointed or betrayed.  
  
"You mean you want to f..., er, have lovers too, I mean..."  
  
"You want to have all the fun?"  
  
"No. I mean..."  
  
"Look Casper. What you told me the other day was hurtful. Very hurtful. But let's face facts. You are a very handsome, fit man and you still will be far into your old age. You are going to be tempted again and again, either by your own horniness or the women around you. Not only that but you're on the road a lot and I don't want to always be wondering what you're up to out there while I'm home sitting the boys.  
  
"Up to now I don't think I've given you any reason to fuck around on me, yet you have. I mean, don't we fuck like bunnies every chance we get? Hell, I want it more often than you do. Even our boys at ages nine and five know what sex is thanks to the way you make me scream and the way I make you growl.  
  
"But still you feel the need for, for what? Variety?"  
  
"I don't know." He said submissively.  
  
"Well I think I do. And since you don't seem to want to break up our family and neither do I, I'm willing to chalk it up to the fact maybe we aren't monogamous people. But it has to be a two way street.  
  
"Look at me Casper. I've given birth to two boys and I can still fit into my college cheerleading uniform, I don't have a stretch mark on me and I am as horny as the day you met me. I know, my tits are small, tiny even, I but the rest of me is as tone and trim as the day you fell for me. And you knew about my tits.  
  
"Look, hon, it's got nothing to do with you, your breasts, it just... I don't know..."  
  
"I know it doesn't." I said calming down. "But it does have to do with temptation and variety. Look at the time we live in. All you read about is people just a few years younger than us having all the freedoms we just missed out on." Casper sighed, nodding his head.  
  
"Don't you think I've been tempted? You don't think the doctors at the hospital [where I worked in accounts] have hit on me? I've told you about the more laughable instances but there's been more, a lot more that weren't so laughable, that were actually quite serious. And some that involved hands. And in one or two instances, kisses I resisted but really didn't want to stop." Casper looked up with a confused expression.  
  
"Look," I continued, "you've changed the game but I'm making the rules. First, we don't embarrass each other. We don't flaunt lovers in front of each other. Be discreet, especially with friends and family. And if I'm going to meet one of them, I want to know ahead of time.   
  
"And as far as falling in love, I guess that's a chance we'll have to take. I love you, Casper and I love our boys but don't expect me to take this without me living my life too. Oh, and for godsakes be safe."  
  
I guess it sounds pretty ballsy to lay down such a proposition after single act of infidelity but, in fact, it wasn't.  
  
Casper's behavior had been the excuse I was looking for to relent to one doctor's insistent advances. It was a very hot affair that ended about a month earlier. The middle eastern doctor I was fucking at every opportunity (in my office, in cars, hotel rooms, and most exciting of all, in the night shadows outdoors) had to return his native country. It was just sex, very good sex. Casper never had a clue he was so distracted.   
  
And when my doctor left I missed my lover so much I began another tryst almost immediately. The idea of an open marriage had become thrilling to me. It was the way I wanted to live.   
  
Today, living in California the experience of our family nudity has been enhanced by the near year round sunlight and warm air. And there was a buzz of sexual excitement almost always running through me around the house.   
  
James, my oldest son, was only able to enjoy one full California summer of skinny-dipping and near year round nudity before leaving for college. However, his brother, Robert lived with us for a couple years before leaving for school. I can't recall anyone ever wearing a suit in the pool unless we had company and we often skinny dipped as a family or just mother and son.  
  
Our house was located on the outskirts of the town, population about 40,000. It sat on a hillside, terraced lot with other houses similarly located above and below us. Each house had a picture window facing the roof of the next house below and a small valley beyond. From one house to the other all that could be seen of the house directly below was the roof.   
  
One day I came home to find James and three of his male friends all cavorting in the pool naked. The pool is easily seen from our living room. They had no idea I was home and I must have spent an hour comfortably seated in an easy chair I arranged by the window admiring the beauty of their naked masculinity at play. During that hour I imagined everything from stripping and going down to join them, to having them come up to the house and (minus my son) gangbanging me. I was so wishing for it happen I had even undressed and sat naked, masturbating to the fantasy. How I wished that some accident of fate would make my dream come true.  
  
For years I had done yoga using a set of videotapes as a guide. Not surprisingly, I practiced yoga in the nude but in the semi-privacy of our bedroom when were in the east. I never shut the door and the boys were free to come and go. In the move the small portable TV I had used in the bedroom was broken and we were left with only a huge counsel model in the living room. So, I was forced to plug in the VCR there and practice there where our only other television was.   
  
The whole family was now witnessing the full variety of asanas I practiced naked on a daily basis. It was not any different to me but I never quite felt the same about it after my husband casually commented one day, "I know the boys have seen you naked all their lives but now I think they're seeing parts of you not even the sun has seen". He then playfully goosed me as an indication of how clearly my pussy and ass were on display. We both laughed it off and I continued my routines. Only now I felt myself to me be more on display.   
  
While I did salivate on occasion over the variety of pricks constantly on display before me I can truthfully say I never harbored any real incest fantasies. The idea of contorting my taut naked form with an audience was never without its erotic component. My exercises were frequently followed by sessions of self pleasuring in the shower to the idea of my exhibitionism.  
  
So, this beautiful summer morning. I wandered into the kitchen still naked. From there I could here Casper rummaging around in the garage through the kitchen door. I remembered he had plans to go through some as yet unpacked boxes to find material for an upcoming presentation for work.   
  
I made myself a cup of tea and stood by the kitchen table randomly reading newspaper articles. I always read the paper randomly since Casper usually got to it first. He never left the paper in any kind of order. Something I found kind of charming because he was usually so anal about organization that the mess he made of the paper was an insight into the chaos going on in his brilliant mind that I loved him for.  
  
Suddenly the word "NUDE" popped out at me in. It was a word not usually found in our humble hometown newspaper. Then I read that today was National Nude Day and that thousands were expected at Black's Beach about a hundred miles from where I was standing. "Well, I'm dressed for that." I thought. It crossed my mind to throw on a caftan and take the long drive to Black's.   
  
One of the first things I did when I heard we were moving to California was to look up our city and learn of the location of this world famous beach in relation to where we would be living. I had long heard of it and often saw myself strolling through its surf in the buff. I was disappointed to find it was a long drive to Black's but certainly doable in a day. I even went so far as to plot my route and burned the directions into my mind so that at any moment I got up the courage I could take off. I had many opportunities to go, with the traveling required by Casper's job, but it was just too daring a thing to do by myself though that is how I always imagined it.  
  
But today could be different. I could invite Casper? Or should I go alone? I'd be anonymous among the anticipated crowds. Was I that brave? Either way it was going to complicate something that should be simple and beautiful, so I decided to celebrate Nude Day right here at home by spending my first ever day and night nude. As much as I was naked around the house (certainly more than any of my men) I always ended up getting dressed at some point during the day.  
  
Then I saw another upside to celebrating Nude Day at home. Maybe seeing me naked all day might spark a conversation with Casper about the two of us going on a nude day trip or even vacation.   
  
Fixed on my declaration to remain nude I headed for the garage to see what Casper was up to.   
  
As I reached for the door that opened from the kitchen to the garage my heart skipped a beat. It occurred to me that this being a warm day Casper probably had the garage door open. With it open there was a clear view to the street about ten yards away. Then I said to myself "Screw it! That's part of what the Nude Day commitment is about. Besides," I thought, "maybe it will give Casper a thrill." I could still never get him to admit to getting turned on by me flashing or getting hit on (a story for another time). I took a breath, opened the door and stepped naked into the garage. Sure enough, the first thing I saw was the length of our driveway lined in oleanders leading all the way to the public street.   
  
I froze for a second trying to determine what I could see and if I could be seen. A car flashed by and I started. Then I realized that cars going downhill always go by too fast to comprehend what they might see in the depths of the garage.  
  
When he finally looked up Casper did a double take at my nudity but didn't seem to realize that I could be seen from the street at the end of the driveway.   
  
I offered to help but he declined, saying he knew where everything was it was just a matter of not making a mess getting to it.  
  
"In that case, I'm going to take a swim." No time to join me?" I offered but he declined.  
  
I grabbed a towel from the cupboard and left for the pool by the side door of the garage making it clear that I was leaving the house naked. I would usually wear my bikini down to the pool.  
  
At the top of the stairs I could see the houses across the narrow valley and knew that I was fully visible to anyone in their yard but really, as no more than a speck. Clearly a naked speck. Still the descent to the pool was wonderfully sensual and something of a thrill. Another victory for Nude Day.  
  
It was near mid-day and the breezes had died down. We had just bought new outdoor furniture for the pool including a redwood picnic table and benches. I started to drop my towel on the cement where I usually laid out when I got the idea to lay on the table instead. It looked much more comfortable than the hard cement not to mention it gave me better exposure to the sun.  
  
Since I wouldn't need my towel to lay on I folded it into a pillow. I looked up the hillside and scanned the level the house sat on. Still, no sign of Casper. But seeing our living room window reminded me of the day I spied on my son's friends and got a tingle of excitement.  
  
I stretched out on my back. It was much more comfortable than laying on the deck. I decided to do a few more yoga poses. This was something else new for me today. I had never done nude yoga outside. Feeling the breezes blowing parts of me the sun had rarely seen was erotic as hell. It made me feel exposed anew. I also recalled what my husband had said about what the boys could see of me.  
  
Finishing, I thought about how much I loved my California home. In all respects it was everything I had hoped it would be with a garden, a view, and a pool.

I was overjoyed the second I laid eyes on the property. It was only later that I would learn about one small downside to it.   
  
My neighbors were not just people we waved to occasionally. They were a couple in their 50s. She was an elementary school teacher, by all appearances very prim and proper. He was a mailman, Chuck. He was a geeky looking guy who didn't appear to be fit enough to be walking a mail route all day. I couldn't understand how he could walk so much and still have a paunch. His bald head was perpetually bright red. His nose was tipped up which left short little me always looking into his hairy nostrils when I talked to him. He had a little mustache that at 50 plus years still hadn't filled in completely, hardly any chin, and thick black glasses that made me wonder how he could read the addresses on the envelopes.   
  
Chuck and his wife were nice enough neighbors but as it turned out my workplace was on his mail route. Whenever he had to come inside to make deliveries he always made a point of stopping by my desk. There was a different tone to his conversation there. It seemed to be Chuck's version flirting. He would stand around trying to make clever remarks trying to maximize his time near me. When I talked to him at the house, where there was always the danger of one of our spouses interrupting us, he always kept it brief and kept his distance. Seeing me at work he would he would lean a little too far over my desk, hoping, I'm sure, for a glance down my blouse.  
  
Today, I felt a little exposed elevated on the table but I looked around and realized it only made me more visible to Casper if he came outside.   
  
I thought, "this is exactly where I want to be." I thought about my open marriage (a little kinky but pretty solid), two boys doing great, and a beautiful home but for one too familiar neighbor.   
  
Eventually the eighty degree temperature cooled and the warm sun lulled me into a deep sleep.  
  
I was awakened by a breeze that seemed to caress me. I could feel it lightly swirling around my nipples, just enough to turn me on a bit. I could not help but reach up and give each nipple a little pinch and I became even more turned on. The breeze persisted and I wondered if I could feel it on my pussy. I placed my feet flat on the table top and let my knees fall to the side.  
  
To my surprise I could feel the breeze swirling between my legs, across my bare lips sending a shiver of excitement. I couldn't believe it. I was being masturbated by the wind. It didn't last long. But now I was going to have to finish the job by hand.   
  
I ran my hands over my breasts giving them another squeeze and caressed my torso finishing by running my hands through my very short pubes. I spread my lips with one hand and ran one finger of the other across my clit creating strong pulse of pleasure. It was not long before I was feeling the first pulse of an approaching orgasm.  
  
Again I became aware of my exposure and something made feel like I should check my surroundings one more time. I don't know if it was out of caution that maybe I was being watched or out of a desire to be watched. I know I was wishing Casper would come out for a show then offer me his appreciation.  
  
I stroked myself in earnest now, my heart beating faster. The house was a blur as it faded from sight, my eyes closing.  
  
Suddenly I froze. As my eyes shut something almost subliminally caught my eye. There was something in the last glimpse of my house that didn't belong yet it looked familiar. What had I seen?   
  
Afraid to look again I played the image back in my mind. Oh my god, tell me it isn't! It couldn't be! It was Chuck! I had caught a glimpse of that bright red face among the ivy covering the hillside between our houses. Oh fuck! What the hell was he doing there? He had no business there. It was thick with ground cover. "Fuck!" I thought.  
  
His property sitting above ours extended beyond our house by about ten feet, a small, sloping triangle of ground cover. There was never anyone there because it was thickly covered in ivy. There was no need to tend that bit of land. It was watered by automatic sprinklers. Yes, it had a perfect view of the pool but I always thought of it as a no man's land. Why would anyone be there? Why would he be there?  
  
Had he been voyeuring me all this time? Was this the reason he was always so flirtatious? I took another peek through my eyelashes.  
  
"Goddamit!" There he was looking down on me. No, not just looking down at my nakedness, he was looking between my legs, at my closely trimmed pubic mound and my bare lips now swollen with excitement. He had an unobstructed view of my bare pussy while I engaged in the most intimate of act I perform. A chill ran through me and my knotted nipple tightened even more. "What the fuck, what the fuck!" I thought repeatedly to myself. Anybody but him. Frozen, my eyes closed, all I could see was that big red, goofy face. The most obviously lecherous, google-eyed man I have ever met. If he were passably decent or if it were a crowd of anonymous men that I could not identify it would be at least close to a fantasy but this was pure humiliation.   
  
In my head a montage of scenes played. His view of me, my view of him, an ariel shot, a close up view that he couldn't possibly have, my finger rolling around my clit. "Gawd, that bastard better not have binoculars."  
  
I never thought that I was one for humiliation scenes but as these views played out in my mind I realized my finger was continuing to slide around my clit and my excitement was not abating. It had everything to do with being trapped under the gaze of this most undesirable of men. The buzz of sexual excitement was growing. I didn't want it to but it was. "Oh fuck, what's happening," I wondered in an erotic haze. I couldn't stop myself. "Fuck you, old man you've seen this much look at it all!" A line from a poem came to me. "I am pinned and wriggling on a wall." That was me, spread wide with even the scarlet insides of my pussy on display.  
  
And fuck you, Casper. If you had come down here and we ended up fucking I would feel so imprisoned. If he had seen you fucking me it was would be much less of an intrusion than to see me in this intimate moment. Even if he could see your thick cock clearly sliding in and out of my juicy lips. I would welcome that over this.  
  
While my mind play out all of this my body was responding to my touch and from some perverted part of my libido I was being excited by it. I slid three fingers deep into my vagina seeking out my g-spot and while my other hand worked my clit. I even let one leg fall to the side giving him an even better view. I grabbed deep inside myself and my hips lifted off the table to facilitate my self-stimulation.  
  
A powerful orgasm was welling up inside of me. "Oh god he is going to get a show and I have no will to stop it." My back arched and my toned belly flexed. My toes curled, and as I approached climax my feet lifted off the table. "Fuck you, you bastard can you see my asshole too? Go ahead look at me you fuck, look at everything I have." Fuck me, I was fucked.   
  
I gasped and squealed and my vocalizations echoed around the pool and I knew he could hear me. I whimpered and squirmed on the table in the most exhibitionistic orgasm I have ever had. "Look at me Charles!" I wanted to scream. The orgasm rapidly approached (an image of Casper coming on the scene and realizing what I was doing and for whom only enhanced my excitement). My body spasmed again and again as I pictured Chuck now standing over me, looking deep between my legs, reaching out with his calloused fingers to explore inside of me. How long will this exhibition go on. Forever, a part of me hoped. Finally the orgasm was subsiding but I could feel the possibility of another one in the offing. I considered it for a second but I was actually wiped out by my athletic display.  
  
I lay there panting. My hand slipped off my hip while the other slid reluctantly exited my vagina.  
  
I lay splayed on the table, my arms hanging off sides of the table, my legs still wide open, and my vagina dilated like I had just been gangbanged. I lost consciousness.  
  
How long had I been there? What was I thinking? What did it matter? I had just let this homunculus voyeur me completely without regret.   
  
Then it dawned on me. I had been given a gift. A gift of freedom. The choice was out of my hands. Chuck had seen it all and I had nothing left to hide. Nothing. From anybody. There is no one on earth I would want less to have seen me but he had. He had seen every part of me at my most intimate. What did I have, ever to hide from anyone, now.  
  
When I was finally able to rouse myself Charles was gone and there was still no sign of Casper.   
  
I stared down at my brown torso my legs spread and considered what I had just done. Somehow I had no regrets. I looked to the place where Charles had perched and thought "Come back you fucker and let's do it again. Fuck me with your eyes again."  
  
Several minutes later I struggled to lift myself from the table. I started to walk, knees weak, I staggered up the hill to the house, leaving everything behind.  
  
I found Casper in the garage busy assembling his demonstration. When he looked at me he did another double take and asked what was wrong with me. "I fell asleep in the sun. How's it going?" I asked groggily.  
  
"Are you sure that's all? You look... you look had."   
  
"I'm fine." I said unconvincingly.  
  
"It's coming along. It'll be a while though." Casper said in answer to my question.  
  
With remnants of my powerful erotic experience still swimming throughout my body I said, "You missed a good show, right now."  
  
"Huh?" he asked still barely paying attention.  
  
"I was sunbathing naked by the pool."  
  
"Oh, I've seen that show. I like that show." He said absentmindedly.  
  
"Well," she added, "you aren't the only one."  
  
"What do mean?" he asked.  
  
"I decided to use the new picnic table as my tanning bed. Much more comfortable than the cement."   
  
"Makes sense." He responded.   
  
"Sooo," I continued slowly. "I was bit more visible than usual. I was laying on my back and I fell asleep. When I woke up I got this funny feeling someone was watching me and there was."  
  
"Really?" he said finally looking up from his boxes. "Who could see you?"  
  
"Your buddy, Charles."  
  
"Really? Charles?" He was processing the scene now, trying to be cool, I could tell. "How did that happen?"   
  
"I just explained what happened." He was pissing me off now. He always did that. He was always trying to be Mr. Cool but the fact that he had to shift positions at just that moment told me his big cock was growing. I could already anticipate the fucking I was going to get that night.  
  
Why couldn't he just pull down his pants and show me his boner, throw me on the pile of empty packing boxes and fuck me on the dusty mess in full sight of the public street at the end of the driveway. I can only think he's afraid of what he might unleash if he admitted to the excitement of my exhibitionism.  
  
"He's a lucky guy."   
  
"Really that's it? Your dufous neighbor just saw you wife completely naked, has been staring at her pussy for an hour and that's all you've got?"  
  
"Well, it's kind of a done deal and I can't really go up there and punch him out when, I assume, he was on his own property." And," he added, "I'm pretty sure you enjoyed it as much as he did."   
  
Was a dig at the affairs in my past or a simple statement of fact that he knew about me? Either way, I thought, "Fuck you!" I left the garage muttering one more little comment, "Little do you know."  
  
"What" I heard him ask as the door closed behind me.  
  
I wandered into my older son's room, the one facing Charles' hillside. To my surprise Charles was back, although he had moved on to another patch of the hillside ground cover. I saw some weeds piled up which would serve as his alibi should he be caught.   
  
Then it dawned on me where he had gone. He went inside to get off on my little show. He was going to have that piece of action in his head for the rest of his life. I didn't know whether to feel embarrassed or proud. I looked down at my body and thought about my moment of enlightenment about freedom and felt proud.  
  
I watched him and wondered what it would be like when I ran into him at work, Monday. It occurred to me that the one thing I didn't want was for him to think he had successfully spied on me. That he had a secret on me. I didn't want to suffer his leering that said, "I know something that you don't." That would make me feel like a victim.  
  
I had to let him know I knew. I took a deep breath and headed outside. I walked naked to the end of the house just below where Charles was squatting. He was no more than ten feet away, his back to me, and I could see him glancing toward the pool, obviously hoping for my return. I picked up the hose we used to water the flowerbeds we had there. The hose had a nozzle on it. I set it to spray and aimed it in the general direction of Charles.  
  
Part of the spray landed on his red hot neck and he yelped and almost slid down the hill. "Oh, sorry, Charles. I didn't know you were still there."  
  
"Uh, yeah." he said, inadvertently confessing to voyeurism. Turning around he was stunned by my naked presence and he almost fell again. I turned my back to him and continued my watering, leaving him to stare at my firm bare ass. I stole glances at him as I moved slowly around the small patch of lawn and the flower beds. Each time I caught him staring at me dumbfounded, mouth agape. I could feel his eyes crawling over every inch of me. "Get a good close up look, Charles. And fuck you Casper," for acting clueless in the garage, I thought.  
  
I decided to engage Charles in conversation to ease the tension on Monday. I turned to face him. We were no more than five feet apart and with the hose turned to the side I was going to let him look all he wanted. "Where's your wife? I haven't seen her in ages."  
  
"Uh, oh, uh, she's out doing her errands." he sputtered.  
  
"Our pool looks so tiny from here."  
  
"Um, not really."  
  
"I hope it doesn't bother you that we skinny-dip." I said, getting to the point.  
  
"Uh, no. Uh, not at all. We're open-minded." he responded trying to show a little grace under pressure.  
  
"Yeah? Really? Are you swingers?" I asked to freak him out.  
  
"Uh, no. No,no, no. Nothing like that."  
  
"No? Well, Casper and I have an open marriage."  
  
"Really? Well... th, that's great."  
  
"Yeah, it is." Even though I was already standing before him naked, it felt even sexier telling him that. I had never said it to anyone who wasn't a lover. It made me feel more naked.  
  
Charles was really agog now doing his best to memorize every nuance of my form. He ceased any pretense of weeding and stared unabashedly at my breasts and pussy. My nipples were tingling and for a brief moment I thought about letting him tug or suck on them. Oddly, having this homely man salivate over me as I stood before him naked made me feel like a goddess.  
  
He was sweating profusely. I took a step toward him and his eyes grew even larger. Then another but suddenly turned right, dropped the hose and walked toward house. With my back to him I let him have one more good look, this time up my ass. With my legs spread a little more than necessary I bent at the waist to turn off the water.  
  
As soon as I turned into my bedroom my hand went straight to my pussy. I looked up. I could have sworn I saw shadow disappearing down the hallway. I quickly stepped into the hall in time to see the door to the garage closing and I smiled to myself. I went to my bathroom and stepped into the coldest shower I could stand to cool my arousal.  
  
I spent the rest of my Nude Day picking up around the house before starting dinner.  
  
Little was said between Casper as we sat down to dinner. Staring at my bare breasts across the table he finally spoke up saying," You're really taking this Nude Day thing seriously, aren't you?"  
  
"Of course. You know me, any excuse to be naked. I was even thinking about going to a nudist colony. Did you know there are three within a 30 minute drive of here?"   
  
"Uh, no, I didn't" he said looking at me curiously and pouring another full glass of wine. "And even more resorts an hour away in Palm Springs." I was hoping this would create some sort of conversation but he let the comment hung in the air.  
  
I turned in early laying naked, the sheets still thrown back.From where I lay I could see him getting out of the shower sporting a woody.   
  
"Just as I thought." I smiled to myself. He calmed himself down by the time he got to bed but I could still see he had been erect. He was naked too. He turned out the light and grabbed me without saying a word and roughly pushed his way into my waiting pussy, bothering with only one rough kiss as a prelude. This was fine with me. I was ready for him.  
  
It was one of those nights Casper had decided to have me any way he wanted. I was like a rag doll as he threw me around the bed and slammed into with his cock mercilessly from the front, from behind, sideways, scissored and upside down. He stuffed his long fingers deep into my vagina tapping my G spot. I let myself go like never before screaming and writhing on the bed as he bent me to his will.  
  
He started and stopped fucking several times trying to delay his orgasm. We were both dripping in sweat when I was finally able to roll on top of him. I pinched his nipples and used my Kegles to give him one great orgasms he ever had... with me.  
  
Exhausted, I fell back and we laid head to toe. He loved my feet and I caressed his face with them wiping the sweat off his fore head with my toe.  
  
"What did you say as you were leaving the garage?" he asked breaking our long silence.  
  
"Nothing." I said coyly.  
  
"C'mon, you never let me have the last word and I know you were pissed."  
  
"You really want to know?" I teased as I played with his limp cock.  
  
"Yes." He said resolutely.  
  
"I said," pausing for effect. "If you only knew."  
  
"Knew what?"  
  
"You said that you knew that it turned me on to have Charles watch me. And I said 'If you only knew...' "   
  
"I knew I was right," he responded smugly.  
  
"I didn't finish. I was saying 'If you only knew what he saw.' "His cock was twitching back to life. I started sucking him and watching his face as I said, "And, yeah, I was pissed. I wanted you to fuck me and I knew you wanted to."  
  
"What does that mean?"  
  
"It means it was your loss. And I didn't tell you everything."  
  
"What could you possibly have left out? What did you do,spread your legs for him?"  
  
"Yes," He was officially hard now and I was really working my tongue on his sensitive bits.  
  
"What the fuck were you thinking? You spread your legs for Charles! What the... why!?" Despite his protestations he was rock hard now and I was giving him a hand job that had him leaking pre-cum.  
  
"I wasn't thinking. I was asleep. I had just woken up and my legs were spread. I wanted to feel the breeze between my legs so I spread them. I didn't see him 'til I was done." White lie.  
  
"Done? Done what!?"  
  
"Wellll..." I considered the truth but opted for another white lie. The truth would have been too much information for one night.  
  
"The breeze tickled me and I got the urge to touch myself. I thought if I was lucky you might be watching."  
  
"Touched yourself? What did you do?" I didn't answer right away I was sucking his cock now amping up his excitement before continuing.  
  
"I got myself off. I slid two fingers in me, like this." I spread my legs for Casper putting a foot on either side of his face and acted out a modest version of what I had done for Chuck.  
  
"Then I started pinching my tits like this, then I pulled my fingers out and spread my lips like this started playing with my clit."   
  
I was getting off for real giving this repeat performance and Casper was watching intently spreading my lips so he could see. It was nearly as exciting as my performance for Chuck.

I masturbated with all the enthusiasm I had for Chuck. In a few short minutes I was ready and said breathlessly "And then I came like this," spreading my legs.   
  
I undulated modestly compared to what I did for Charles. There would much time to be more graphic and honest version what I did. I stole another glance at Casper. Looking across my well muscled, spasming belly he watched my pussy having grabbed both my legs and spread them wide apart. I had a grip on his cock.  
  
"Fuck!" He gasped. I could barely hear him but he then said more to himself than to me. "He saw all that. No you didn't. Not even you would dare..."  
  
I moved into position to suck his cock once again and looked up at him and said, "You know I did. You know because you saw me standing naked a few feet away from Chuck daring him to touch me. I saw you watching us." I pounced on his cock sucking him with everything I had.   
  
Even if he couldn't say it I wanted him to know I knew my exhibitionism got him off as much as it did me. "Oh!" he groaned loudly. I covered his cock with my mouth again and in a minute, for the first time in years, he was coming for the second time in one evening... with me.   
  
Before I could finish he pushed me off his cock. I went flying across the bed and he started fucking me with a fury I had never seen from him. He cared not a whit for my pleasure all he cared about was fucking the hell out of me. He pinned my knees by my ears and slammed into me with all of his might. Finally he collapse on me in a sweaty heap trying to catch his breath. Whether it was for pleasure or punishment I'll never know but it fulfilled both of us.  
  
Done with me he fell back on his pillow. By the time I joined him he was out cold. I smiled to myself and replayed the entire day one more time before falling asleep.  
  
Happy Nude Day indeed.