**Naked at a Public Pool: Trial Run**

by[Naked1](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1447981&page=submissions)©

My wife and I read Literotica together…in particular, the exhibitionist and voyeur section. We discovered it several years ago, and it has given us some wonderful ideas for our sex life.

We both love exhibitionism and voyeurism, although, Christen is more of the exhibitionist and I more of the voyeur. I do sometimes exhibit for her, but she’s more of a natural at it than me.

One of our recent adventures was inspired by a story we found on Lit, where a husband and wife went to a non-nude public swimming pool, and the wife exposed herself…totally naked…to everyone there.

That story turned us both on…so much so in fact, that Christen expressed a desire to actually try it.

Now, we are both adults, and we realize that much of society disdains exhibitionism. However, we have discovered that with care and planning, many people actually react positively to it…if it is presented in a non-threatening way.

There is a large community recreation center with an indoor/outdoor swimming pool a few towns away from us. We figured that would be the ideal place for us to live out this particular fantasy. But in order for Christen to be know if she would be truly comfortable doing it, we decided to take a trial run at a motel swimming pool first.

We chose a budget type motel with a swimming pool in another city for the trial run, and decided to check in during a weeknight to minimize the chances of the pool being too crowded.

At about 9 p.m., we arrived in our room. The pool officially closed at 10, according to the sign, so we figured we’d have enough time to find out if this is what Christen really wanted to do.

In the room, Christen stripped.

One of the things I love most about my wife is her incredible body. At just over 5 feet tall, Christen possess a pair of 38 DD’s that just won’t quit. The rest of her is no slouch either. She was born in Ottawa, Canada, and is fair skinned, with natural blonde hair and ice-blue eyes.

She’s kept herself in shape throughout her life…her legs are muscular, and she has a natural hourglass figure. She also keeps her blonde pubic area trimmed in a neat triangle.

In short, my wife is hot.

Seeing my wife naked always excites me and this time was no different. As she bent over the bed to dig for her swimsuit from our bags, her magnificent bare tits hung in front of her, and I felt my cock twitch at the sight.

I was already dressed in a pair of shorts, t-shirt and flip flops.

“God babe you make me hard,” I said, eyeing her gorgeous nude form.

Christen smiled, looking back at me over her shoulder as she pulled out two swimsuits.

“Remember honey,” she said, holding up the two suits, “we’re here for a purpose…now, which one?”

The suit in her left hand was a red, two piece tie-up bikini, while the other one was a teal one-piece.

“See, I figured that the two-piece would be easier to slip out of and back into again, but if the point is to be naked, then the once-piece might make it more exciting because I might have difficulty getting back into it quickly if I needed to.”

I mulled a moment.

“Hmm,” I said, “I see your point. Well, for the trial run, how about trying the one-piece?”

Christen nodded, satisfied and slipped into it.

I could see that how the one-piece suit might give her more difficulty as she stepped into it, pulled it up over her legs and waist, and worked it over her large breasts.

“Damn, you look hot,” I smiled.

The suit hugged her curves and pushed her awesome tits up and together…they nearly spilled over the top of it.

Opening the door, I peered out.

The pool was deserted. It was dark outside, but the lights around the complex and the pool provided plenty of light to see by. Christen would be visible to anyone who happened by or even peered out of their motel room window.

The office sat just across from the pool.

We walked the short distance to the pool and took up seats side by side at one of the umbrella tables around it.

“Well, here we are,” I smiled.

Christen nodded, and glanced around, taking stock.

Slipping her shoulder straps down, she pulled her arms out of them, one at a time, and pushed the suit down, allowing her breasts to spill free from it.

I saw her nipples harden.

Standing, with her gorgeous tits free, she turned in a circle, looking the place over. There was nobody around.

Then, she pushed the suit further down, over her waist and hips, down her knees, allowing it to drop to her ankles.

Finally she stepped out of it…leaving her completely naked.

My cock rose and throbbed in my shorts at the sight of her, naked outside where anyone could happen by and see her.

Christen walked naked around the pool, then sat on the edge opposite of me and placed her feet in the water.

Suddenly, one of the doors to a room behind her opened, and a man stepped out, dressed in swim trunks. He carried a towel around his neck.

My wife’s eyes met mine. Picking up her suit from the ground, I balled it into my fist and held it.

As the man approached the pool, Christen slipped into the water.

“Evening,” the man said, entering the pool area.

“Evening,” I nodded in return.

“Hi,” Christen waved from the water.

She was crouched in the shallow end…the water just covering her nipples.

After laying his stuff on one of the chaise lounges, the man sat on the edge of the deep end and slipped in.

“Nice night for a swim,” he remarked casually towards Christen, as of yet unaware that she was naked.

“Sure is,” she smiled back, with a wink at me.

I sat, glued to the edge of my seat…my wife was completely naked in the pool in front of a total stranger, and my cock throbbed at the thought of it.

The man swam towards the shallow end, passing within a few feet of Christen.

Then, stopping, he stood up and leaned against the wall of the pool, hanging his arms over the edge of it and allowing his legs to float.

“You folks from out of town?” he said pleasantly, making conversation.

“Yes, we’re visiting some relatives,” I said.

“I love swimming at night,” he said, “it’s so relaxing.”

“I agree,” Christen smiled at him.

With that, she stood up, revealing her dripping, naked breasts to him.

His mouth dropped open and he stared, but said nothing, as she sauntered to the wall and took the same position, allowing her legs to float…as well as her breasts…not two feet away from him.

“It is relaxing, isn’t it?” she said, smiling again at the man.

His eyes devoured my wife’s naked tits.

But regaining his composure, he shot me a glance, then smiled.

“I swim quite often,” he said, “best exercise there is…” he was obviously trying not to stare.

Christen kicked her legs a bit, causing her to rise to the surface…exposing her entire naked front to the man. In the light of the pool, her naked body, and blond pubic hair glistened.

The man’s head turned and he stared openly at her nudeness.

“I agree,” Christen went on casually as if she weren’t totally naked, “I swim for exercise too.”

By now, my cock was pressing hard into my shorts, and it was becoming difficult to breathe. I could see by the lights that Christen was excited too. Her aureole was plainly swollen, and her nipples stood out hard and pointy.

The man was obviously shaken, but still said nothing about her nudity as she continued to float, totally exposed.

“Well, I guess we better go in,” I said, “the pool closes in a few minutes.”

“Okay honey,” Christen smiled. “I didn’t realize it was that late already.”

Pulling herself up onto the edge of the pool next to the man, she sat a moment, revealing all of her naked glory as he stared openly.

As luck would have it, a couple, a man and a woman, appeared from the office. They’d apparently just checked in and were head towards their room.

Christen stood just as they passed. They got a good look at her naked body…snapping their heads around towards her.

The woman’s mouth dropped open.

Smiling, Christen waived at them.

Dumbly, they actually waved back, before continuing to their room.

Once inside, I saw the light come on…and the curtain in the window pulled back slightly from one side.

Walking over to me, Christen stood and faced the man in the pool.

“Damn,” she said, I forgot my towel.

“There’s no use putting my suit on dripping wet. Are you ready honey?” she smiled at me.

“Nice meeting you,” my wife waved at the man in the water. The pool was officially closed now, but he remained in place…I figured that I probably knew why.

“Yes…” was all he said…with a bit of difficulty.

Christen left her suit off and walked totally naked as we made our way back to our room.

That night we had great sex of course, but afterwards, talking about the pool experience, Christen kind of frowned.

“What’s wrong honey?” I said.

“Well, being naked at the pool in front of that guy was exciting, but I mean, it wasn’t enough really…”

“Go on…” I said.

“The fantasy we read took place at a more crowded pool. I know this was a trial run, and I enjoyed it…but I think I definitely want to try a bigger place with more people…during the day.”

The following morning, as we arose and started to prepare for check out, Christen looked out the window.

It was already warm enough and there were two women and a man lounging by the pool.

Quickly, as I packed, she donned her red bikini…leaving the ties very loose.

Reading her mind by her actions, I smiled. “Are you doing what I think you’re doing sweety?” I asked innocently.

“I have to know if I’m ready for the recreation center,” she smiled facing me. The ties on her suit dangled; tied loosely…she hadn’t even tied them in a knot…she’d just crossed them once and let them hang.

As we walked to the pool, her bottoms kept coming undone. She had to grab them to keep them from falling away from her hips to the ground. Her top fared no better, slipping down to reveal her breasts several times.

Once there, we said hello to the people around the pool. The man took stock of Christen, roaming her with his eyes.

As I took a seat on the opposite side of the pool from them, Christen stood at the deep end.

With a glance at me, and a smile for courage, my wife dove head-first into the deep end…leaving her bikini behind.

Christen swam to the other end of the pool, pretending not to notice that her bikini had come completely off and was floating to the edge at the deep end.

The man noticed however, and stared in disbelief Christens’ naked body moved through the water.

Finally, at the shallow end, my wife took the steps up and out of the pool.

“OH MY GOD!” one of the women stopped in mid-conversation and both of them turned their heads…gaping at Christen.

“SHE’S NAKED!” the other one said.

Whipping his head around, the man stared too…a smile broke over his face.

“OH MY GOD!” Christen mimicked the woman in feigned shock, pretending to just then notice her nudity.

“Where’s my suit?” she said frantically, looking around, pretending to cover herself with her hands (and doing a terrible job of it.)

Gallantly, the man stood up, trotted to the deep end and retrieved her bikini. Coming around the pool, he stood in front of her and handed to her.

Dropping her arms to her sides, Christen revealed her totally nude body to him, the women, and anyone else who may have been looking, and smiled.

“Thank you so much,” she said, looking up at him from underneath her bangs…it was a coy move that never failed.

“You’re, uhm…welcome,” he said, his voice almost shaking a bit as his eyes gorged on her naked tits.

Instead of putting her bikini on though, Christen stood a moment longer.

“That was so nice of you,” she said sweetly. “Thank you.”

With that, she raised herself to her tip toes and pecked the man on the cheek.

“George…” one of the women said, not too happy sounding. “You’ve given the poor woman her bikini back, now come on back over here.”

George blushed. I noticed a tent forming at the front of his swim trunks, as he turned and trotted back over to the women.

With her bikini still in her hand, Christen walked back around the pool towards me. Her large breasts swayed slightly from side to side, her hips moved teasingly.

One of the women leaned in and whispered something to the other.

George was seated again, and all three of them gawked openly at my wife.

“I think I’m ready,” Christen said. Her eyes were on fire. Her nipples were hard and pointed, and despite the fact that she was dripping wet from her dip in the pool, I noticed a fresh slickness dampening her inner thighs.

It was time to go check out. Christen stood, naked, in broad daylight at the pool in front of the three people, and still did not put her suit back on.

“Are you going like that?” I smiled.

My wife was silent. Her blue eyes bored into mine. Her chest rose and fell with her excitement…her lips parted, and then she spoke in a low, throaty voice…

“I’m so wet,” she whispered.

With her back to the group, she whispered again. “They’re looking at me aren’t they?”

“Yes,” I said simply.

“Oh god,” she stammered low, barely able to speak… “I’m so turned on babe…”

With that, I offered my hand and she took it. Still clutching her bikini in her other hand, we walked out of the pool area to the parking lot.

Behind us, the busy street was alive with traffic. Several cars away from us, two men and two women exited their car in conversation, oblivious to my naked wife.

I unlocked the car door, and Christen slid into the passenger’s seat.

“Be right back honey,” I said, as I headed for the office to check out.

My cock throbbed, and my mind raced, already planning our day at the recreation center.