**Naked on the Balcony**

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I was 23 years old when this happened. I had small boobs, 32A, before gravity, years and children swelled them up to the current 34A.

When my boyfriend and I arrived in Tunisia for our first holiday together we were surprised by the amount of topless women on the beach, definitely more topless than covered. At first I didn't want to join in, my boyfriend said he'd like me to go topless but didn't pressure me at all, told me if I was comfortable with it I should try it.

My resolve didn't last long. I was topless on the beach on the first afternoon and no one fainted at the sight, no one seemed to mind or even take that much notice. A service road (for the hotel) separated the beach and the hotel grounds and I did notice the delivery men looking at all the flesh with big grins on their faces, I thought that was strange as you would have thought they would have been very used to it, but I happened to be standing drying myself with the towel as one delivery arrived and I watched as the two non drivers seemed to lean out of the cab window and gawk at me. Our eyes met and I smiled at the two young men. I'm sure they were gawking at every woman on the beach but there I was, standing while the majority of topless women were lying down, and I didn't try to cover up. I was flashing the delivery men in a situation were it seemed impossible to flash, but I liked it. I liked being able to show my boobs to two young men (I think they were even younger than me) and not be classified as a slut for doing it.

We stayed on the beach until about 5pm and then, because we were new to the sun, decided to head back to the room for a shower and a drink on the balcony before heading out to find a restaurant.

When we got back to the room my boyfriend went straight to the shower as I went outside onto the balcony to hang the beach towels over the railings. I hadn't put my bikini top back on but had a cover up to get back to the hotel. However the bottom of it had gotten wet from my bikini bottoms and I decided to hang it over the railings along with the towel and our beachwear. I took off the cover up and strode out onto the balcony wearing my bikini bottoms and topless, just as I had been on the beach. I did this without thinking. I was enjoying the freedom from clothes and I didn't even consider that I would be exposing myself in public again.

As I draped the towels over the railings I became aware of a man some 30 feet away on the path below (we were one flight up and the rooms were not high, so I guess I was about 14 feet above the ground level and he was leaning on a tree smoking a cigarette and looking straight at me. We discovered later he was German, looked to be about 60 years old and of slight build, may be 5ft 7in 160lbs, bald except for above his ears and the back of his head and with a large nose. He was fully dressed and made no pretense of looking anywhere but straight at me. I stopped dead in my tracks, looking straight back at him. I didn't run or try to hide my boobs, I froze. Probably only for about 15 seconds but it seemed like ages, then I came out of my rabbit in headlights moment and had the presence of mind to continue smoothing out the towels, hung my cover up over the railings and ducked back inside ... and straight into the bathroom to tell my boyfriend what had happened.

Credit to him, he wasn't mad at me, he could see how excited I was and all he said was show me, he wrapped a towel around his waist and followed me into the bedroom, I almost sprinted out onto the balcony but my admirer was gone.

I thought the feelings I felt, when I allowed the delivery men to see my naked boobs on the beach was thrilling, but on the beach is one thing, here in the hotel compound in the semi-privacy of our balcony I was letting a man probably old enough to be my Granddad see me and I was thrilled.

Needless to say the sexual excitement in our room lasted well into the night!

The next day was more of the same, topless on the beach and back to the room by about 5pm. I shooed my boyfriend into the bathroom to take his shower while I volunteered to hang the towels out. I walked out onto the balcony still wearing my bikini this time and there he was, leaning on the tree facing our balcony as if he was waiting for me. I felt nervous. I knew I wanted to show him my boobs again and so I went straight to the front of the balcony and began hanging the towels out. I paused for a second I was trembling slightly. I couldn't believe what I was about to do, but I told myself not to think about it too long or I would chicken out. I straightened up and looked at the man -- I was close enough to see him swallow as I reach around behind my back to untie my bikini strings and soon it was hanging around my neck like a wet cloth necklace. I didn't look down to see what he could see, instead I raised my hands to behind my neck and untied the knot there to take my top off completely and hung it over the towel. I don't remember taking my eyes off him. I watched his eyes feast on my body, watched the tip of his tongue snake out from between his lips to apply moisture to his rapidly drying lips, then watched as he pulled on his cigarette as if sucking on my nipple. I didn't move, I just stood there a few feet away from him and let him stare. The path he was on was a public path and getting busy as people began drifting back from the beach. I suddenly became aware of a husband and wife walking down the path looking up to see what the 60 year old man was looking at and that was enough to snap me out of my sexually induced daze, I looked back at my voyeur, smiled a quick smile at him, and ran back into the room. Again I ran into the shower and almost raped my boyfriend. Always astute, he guessed that I had been seen on the balcony again.

The next day, as we lay on the beach, my boyfriend said it was time to go, I looked at him wondering why it was time to go, it seemed early, plenty of sun left, and he said -- nearly five o'clock, don't you have a date? I smiled and off we went.

The third day was a little like a repeat of the second. I was wearing my bikini and hung the towels then took off my top while watching my admirer watching me. I gazed into his face as I stood motionless allowing him to feast on me. Like the day before other people interrupted our intimate moment but this time instead of running away I simply leant on the railing and gazed off towards the ocean pretending not to notice that anyone could see me. As soon as the intruders had walked past my balcony I turned and looked at the 60 year old German. I looked deep into his eyes and then reached down to my hips and took off my bikini bottoms. I was naked. Of course I was also standing behind the towels so no one could see the lower half of my body but it felt very naughty to get naked and then smooth the bikini bottoms out as I hung them, along with my bikini top, on top of the towels over the railings. My German friend smiled when he saw the bikini bottoms, I smiled back, blew him a kiss and rushed into the hotel room, the bathroom, the shower and to my boyfriend.

The next day was a disappointment. My admirer wasn't there. But he was the following day. I really didn't plan it but somehow I felt I had to reward him for coming back to me. I threw the towels on a chair and walked to the front of the balcony. I smiled at him as he watched. I was wearing my bikini and we both knew I was going to take off the top. I did and hung it over the balcony, I was topless in front of this man again and it was very sexual, I was already feeling incredibly turned on. For the first time I decided to touch myself. I grabbed both my nipples and tugged on them quickly, then dropped my hands to the balcony railing. I had pulled my nipples, which always stood out anyway, and now they were like bullets, about three quarters of an inch long, I glanced down at them and then back to my watcher. He smiled at me as his eyes flicked from my face to my boobs and back.

I felt no doubts about what I had to do next. I hooked my thumbs into the waistband of my bikini bottoms and slowly pushed them down until gravity took over and they fell to the floor, I picked them up and hung them over the railings. I was naked in front of this old man again but this time there were no towels to hide behind. I was showing him my body, all of my body. I spun around to show him my bottom and leant back against the railing, one of the metal balustrades separated my bottom cheeks and I laughed, I spun around again and placed a foot on the bottom railing, making sure my split was between the railings so he could see me. I wanted him to see me, I was showing him and I was excited.

Eventually, I turned and raced for my boyfriend. I don't know how long I posed for the 60 year old German, it felt like a long time, may be it was but may be it wasn't. By now I loved being clothes free and from then on I took a change of bikini to the beach just so I could be naked for a few seconds while I changed, especially timing it for the hotel workers to pass or delivery men to leer at.

That was my first ever time showing my body off. It wasn't my last but in many ways it was the best flash.