Realizing I'm An Exhibitionist

by marlowking©

A number of years ago, I used to frequent the local nude beach. Wreck Beach is

tucked under the cliffs of the university on Vancouver's west side. To access

it, you have to climb down lots of steep, home-made steps cut into the side of

the tree and brush covered cliff face. Being somewhat inaccessible, there were

very few police patrols and the few times they did patrol, they arrived by boat

so we all had plenty of time to hide our alcohol and marijuana. For the most

part, Wreck offered a glimpse into a self-managed community of hippies,

naturists, voyeurs, exhibitionists, and gay men. We all got along well and

looked out for one another. It was a safe place to spend an afternoon.

During most of my twenties, I was what you'd call Rubenesque. A little soft, a

lot curvy and happy with my 5'7" body. My B cup breasts were firm and

well-rounded with big, dark pink nipples that would perk up at the slightest

attention. The straight hair on my head was a little lighter than the dark brown

curls between my legs. My long, inner pussy lips were kept hidden behind my

untrimmed pubic hair. The dark golden tan I worked hard to maintain made my long legs appear even longer.

At the time I didn't consider myself an exhibitionist. I just thought I liked

the feel of the sun on my bare skin. The fact that I got turned on wasn't

something I focused on. That is, until a perfect summer day when I couldn't

think of anything else.

Most often, I went to the beach with friends but this particular sunny day was

mid-week and my friends weren't able to come with me. I'd never been there by

myself before but knew the environment was a safe one so didn't worry about

being naked alone. Plus, the extra vulnerability of being a naked, lone woman

excited me.

Twenty years ago, shaving one's bush wasn't the 'in' thing and I was no

different from my peers. Views of pussy lips weren't that easy to find, even at

a nude beach. But that was about to change. Before heading out to the beach that

day I trimmed my bush and shaved between my legs, leaving just a patch on top.

My inner lips were clearly visible now.

I found a nice spot far from the main section. With a log behind me that I could

use as a back rest, I thought it would be a quiet place to settle in for a few

hours. Not too far back from the water but far enough not to be affected by the

tide. I laid out my blanket, stripped off my clothes, laid down with my back

against the log and opened my book.

There was a man who used to scour the beach for discarded cans and bottles (even

soda cans were worth 5 cents a piece in British Columbia). I'd seen him there

all the time. I guessed it was his way of making a living while enjoying the

laid-back atmosphere and nudity of his daily patrol. He was a slim, Arabian man

of about forty. His dark hair and deep tan coupled with the sarong he wrapped

around his waist made him appear a bit exotic and I found him quite appealing in

a dangerous sort of way.

That day, I noticed the can collector looking right at my pussy as he walked by.

He was being discrete but his gaze was clearly lingering longer than I was used

to. I knew that my bald pussy put my inner lips on display, even between my

closed legs. The rush of excitement from his attention got my hormones raging.

I thought about how I could capitalize on it the next time I saw him coming by.

I decided to put my empty beer can in a place that would afford him the best

vantage point of my nether regions when he came back to retrieve it. When I saw

him approaching, I spread my legs a few inches.

He slowly made his way closer to me and I buried my nose in my book, pretending

to be deeply engrossed in it. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw him lean down

to pick up the can I had so carefully placed a few inches past my outstretched

legs. He paused a few seconds before he straightened up then hovered a little

longer before moving further down the beach.

It was only after he moved on that I realized I had been holding my breath. My

heart was pounding, my nipples were erect and I could feel the juices starting

to coat my pussy. For the first time in my life, a stranger had looked intently

between my legs in public and I loved every moment of it!

I wanted the thrill to continue so I made a point of keeping alert to his

return, knowing he had to pass my area to get to the main section of the beach.

Shortly, he made his way into my field of vision. I spread my legs just a little

further apart and bent one knee up a bit. Still not fully exposed, far more of

my snatch was now on view that the last time he came by. I watched him walk

directly in front of me, almost stepping on my blanket. His pace slowed and his

eyes were riveted to my labia.

Exhilaration washed over me and I was hooked. For the rest of the afternoon, my

focus was going to be on exposing more and more of my pussy to the stranger.

After a refreshing swim, I made my way back to the blanket but not before

adjusting my pussy so that my inner lips were dangling freely between my legs. I

felt the slippery juices of my excitement as I rearranged myself for increased

exposure.

My second can of beer was now finished and I put it in the same place as the

last one. After about ten minutes, the exotic stranger made his way to my end of

the beach again. As before, I spread my legs a bit and bent one knee. When he

leaned over to pick up the can, he got a view of my spread outer lips and my

inner lips just starting to open, like a flower in springtime. I wiggled my hips

a bit and covertly watched him watching me.

As the afternoon progressed, he seemed to be coming by more frequently and

hovered around my area so I got lots of opportunities to spread my legs and

squirm a bit.

He got more brazen and kneeled down to pick up my empty can, which I had placed right between my spreading legs. He was no more than 2-3 feet from my exposed pussy, perfectly illuminated in the sun's rays. He would take his time to kneel, as if it was an effort for him to do so. Then he would appear to struggle to

rise, taking plenty of time to catch his balance before reluctantly moving on.

By late afternoon, I was really horny and wet. At last, the stranger worked up

the courage to simply sit down near my feet. I had a book in front of my face to

pretend I didn't know he was there. Then I spread my legs wide and bent both

knees, pulling them up to my butt. I lazily slipped a hand between my legs and

idly rubbed my inner thigh, inadvertently pulling my lips further apart. My

engorged clit was poking out if its protective hood and staring at its admirer.

I could feel my wetness oozing out and I'm sure it glistened in the sun as he

stared. I couldn't see his whole body but from his movements, I deduced that he

was jacking off through his loose sarong.

The excitement was just too much so I threw caution to the wind and slipped a

finger through my wetness, stroking up towards my throbbing clit. All pretenses

aside, I put the book down and looked at the man gazing intently at my pussy. He

smiled at me and continued to rub his cock while I circled my clit with my

finger. I inserted a couple of fingers from my other hand into my soaking hole

and moved them in and out while my hips started to move in rhythm. He didn't say

a word but his smile grew wider and his hand more frenzied. We stayed like that,

masturbating ourselves for each other until first I had an orgasm and then he

did. Without a word, he cleaned off his member and ran his hands through the

sand a few times before getting up and walking away.

And so, an exhibitionist was born.