**Ten Years an Exhibitionist**

by[BrainyJaney](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=2873788&page=submissions)©

I moved home after college graduation. Right back into my old bedroom. My social life went from crazy campus life where you could find somebody to hang out with no matter what you wanted to do, to having dinner at the same time every night with my parents. This series covers the next ten years or so.

A couple months after I moved home, my sister and BIL bought a house about ten minutes away, so I hung out with them a lot. In fact I became a regular at their house on the weekends. They always had beer and wine in the fridge, always had music playing, and always had something going on. My BIL had also recently gotten a big bonus check and bought a hot tub.

My sister and BIL were the only people in my family who had an inkling that I had become a party girl at college. My aunts and uncles would all made jokes about me "letting loose" but then I would tell a story about me drinking two whole beers or whatever and they would all laugh. My letting loose was universally thought to be G-rated.

My older sister and her husband weren't so sure. One night I had played strip poker with them a couple years ago, right before they got married. And they had frequently seen me get drunk at their house, which I never did in front of other family members. But they truly had no idea about the crazy side of me that had come out in college.

I had been home for a couple months at this point, and it was weird how easily I had slipped back into my pre-college personality as a nerdy book worm around my family and high school friends. The thing is that when I got drunk, the college me would sometimes rise dangerously close to the surface.

One Friday night I was hanging out at my sister's house as usual. Some friends of theirs had come by and played basketball for a few hours, but they had all left and it was just me, my sister and BIL sitting on the deck drinking. It was after midnight and we were all quite buzzed when BIL suggested we get in the hot tub. We all thought it was a good idea so BIL went inside to put some beers in a cooler and get some towels.

After BIL went inside, my sister said that she would find a bathing suit for me, and I just laughed. It was a long running joke that she had gotten the boobs in the family. At 22, I was still a medium B cup, and she had been a solid DD cup since she was 16. Needless to say, we didn't share clothes very often.

"Do you guys ever go in the tub naked?" I asked my sister. I could feel my heart beating faster, just asking the question.

"Sure, sometimes. Late at night," she replied. "If it were up to my husband, we would always go naked," she laughed.

"So let's do that, let's go in the tub naked. It will totally surprise him," I suggested.

"Are you serious?" my sister looked at me with wide eyes.

"Yeah, I don't care. He's already seen me naked that night when we played poker. It will be funny to see the look on his face," I answered.

My sister started to reply, but was interrupted when BIL returned carrying a small cooler and three beach towels. He had already put on a bathing suit.

"Are you guys ready?" he asked.

I jumped up and answered for both of us. "Let's do it."

We walked around to the side of the house where the hot tub was located. My heart was racing at the thought of getting naked in front of people for the first time since I moved home.

When we got to the tub, BIL put down the cooler and towels and started working on removing the cover. My sister looked at me with her eyebrows raised, silently asking, "Are you sure you want to do this?"

I just smiled, pulled my t-shirt over my head, and dropped it on the grass. I quickly reached behind and undid the clasp on my bra and dropped it on top of my shirt. My idea was to have us both get completely naked before he finished getting the cover off. That way we could surprise him when he turned around. I looked at my sister, nodded my head at BIL and then down at my growing pile of clothes to convey my plan.

My sister shook her head a couple times, but when she realized what I was doing, her face lit up. She loved pulling surprises on her husband. She quickly started un-dressing.

BIL got the cover off and turned around to tell us everything was ready.

I was standing completely naked with my hands on my hips, and my sister was down to her panties.

BIL looked back and forth between his wife and me with his mouth open. I saw his eyes dart up and down as he tried to keep eye contact, but couldn't help checking to see if we were actually naked.

My sister pushed her panties to the ground and said, "Surprise!"

BIL said he was very surprised, and this was a particularly good surprise.

"Well, what are you waiting for?" I said to BIL.

"What?" he asked.

"Get naked!" I answered.

"Oh, yeah, of course," he stammered. He set his beer on the ledge of the tub and pulled off his shirt and then dropped his trunks. I let my eyes wander down and noticed that BIL's penis looked fuller than I remembered from when we played strip poker a few years ago. He was not hard, but had what one of my college boyfriends called a chubby.

We were just about to climb into the tub when BIL said, "Shit! Hold on, I forgot to check the chemicals."

The hot tub was new and BIL was obsessed with doing everything right with the filter, the water level, the pump, and especially the chemicals that kept the hot tub water clean. He apologized and said he needed a minute to check things out. He went into the garage, still naked, to get the test kit.

Once he was gone I asked my sister, "Do you think he was surprised?"

"Uh, yeah" she replied. "Are you really ok with this or are you just drunk?"

"Look," I said. "You guys have both seen me naked before, so who cares?"

"Ok. I know BIL isn't going to object. He loves getting naked, and loves getting me naked. I just want to make sure you are ok."

"I am totally ok," I assured her. "This isn't the first time I have skinny dipped."

I got another shocked look from my sister, but before she could respond, BIL came back with an armful of plastic bottles and a flashlight. I skipped over to his side and asked if he needed help. He handed me a couple of the bottles and kept the smallest one and the flashlight.

"First I have to test the water," he explained. "The color on this strip will tell me what we need to do."

He un-screwed the lid on the small bottle and withdrew a narrow strip of cardboard. He dipped the strip into the tub and counted to ten. Then he pulled the strip out of the water and shook it a couple times. Finally he picked up the flashlight and flipped it on to look at the strip and see what the color was.

At the time I thought it was an accident, but now I know it wasn't. When he turned on the flashlight and pointed it at the strip, it was also pointed directly at me. I jumped a little at the sudden illumination, but BIL was showing me the strip and asking what color it was closest to, so I just focused on that. At one point I looked down and it looked like my naked body was on an operating table it was so bright.

My nipples were crinkly and tight under the bright light, but BIL kept the discussion on the chemicals. He asked for one of the bottles I was holding, and then handed me the flashlight. He measured out a scoop of something and asked me to shine the light so he could see. He dumped the scoop into the tub and turned on the jets and said that we needed to wait about five minutes.

I was still holding the flashlight, and I playfully pointed it at BIL and he shook his hips making his dick flop around and then turned and flashed his un-tanned white ass. Then I pointed it at my sister, and she shook her boobs. She grabbed the flashlight and pointed it at me and I half bent over and mooned them. We were all having fun being naked, and we hadn't even gotten into the tub yet.

We all got a fresh drink and stood around talking, naked, but without making a thing about being naked. If this had happened in today's world of cellphone cameras I guarantee we would have taken a bunch of pictures of us together naked.

It was really weird for me emotionally. On one hand it felt great to be naked in front of other people, especially after a few months of total lockdown. On the other hand, it was my sister who really didn't count, and my BIL who occupied a strange dual position in my mind. He was truly like a brother to me, but he was also good looking and from what I had heard from my sister he was great in bed. And despite his attempt to be discrete, I repeatedly caught him checking out my boobs and pussy, and that would give me a charge every time.

After a few minutes, BIL declared that the water was ready and we all climbed into the hot tub.

Based on what I have read on this site, this is where most of the other stories start, "The three of us climbed into the hot tub naked..."

But for me this is where this true story ends. We stayed in the hot tub naked for almost an hour talking and drinking. But because of the way my sister and I set the tone, coupled with the fact that we all stood around naked, playing with a flashlight before we got into the tub, the time in the tub wasn't really that exhibitionistic.

Don't get me wrong, being naked in water is about the best thing in the world. With a good buzz, and in the company of friends, there is almost nothing better. And I was still very aware of what I was showing. When I sat with my boobs above the water, or sat on the edge to cool off I could feel my heart quicken. I caught my sister and her husband groping each other under water a few times, but I also noticed that anytime I was showing something, BIL was aware and subtly watching me.

We looked at the stars and talked about life and finished the beers in the cooler and then decided to call it a night. We got out of the tub, grabbed the towels and dried off, picked up our clothes and headed inside. I slept on the couch, BIL chased my sister up the stairs to their bedroom.

That was the first of many naked experiences in their hot tub over the next 5 years.