**The New Exhibitionist**

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*First time exhibitionist discovers a new delight*

One of the many things I love about my wife is that she is an exhibitionist at heart. That doesn't mean she wanders around the High Street in the nude or that she sheds her clothes off anywhere for every man she meets, although that might be fun. It means that she loves being a bit carefree and daring; stripping off to enjoying the feeling of the warm sun on her naked body and the sensation of doing something very naughty.  
  
She is a conservative mother of three with what you might call a super curvy figure. I like to think she looks a little like a glamorous 1950s pin-up girl. Being the pillar of the local community, you would never guess that she enjoys this little peccadillo. I remember discovering this about her when we first started going out together. She was about twenty-two and still living at home with her parents. It was a beautiful, still summer day and we had the place to ourselves. She suggested we go outside and sit on the grass in the backyard. When we got there and sat down, she took off her top to get some sun on her shoulders.  
  
She looked at me and said, "Do you think it would be all right if I stripped off? Do you think anyone can see in the yard?"  
  
"No," I said. "You'll be fine; no one can see you."  
  
I wanted to see what she meant by stripping off and how far she would go and I didn't really care if the whole neighbourhood was looking over the back fence! I couldn't help grinning as she pulled off her jeans and sat back in her bra and panties. I sat there looking her up and down and admiring her lovely curvy body wrapped only in her pretty, skimpy underwear, when to my utter astonishment, she reached behind her back and flicked off her bra letting her beautiful big breasts bounce free. Then she leaned forward, hooked her fingers in the waist band of her panties, and pulled them off too.  
  
There she was, naked. Totally naked; not a stitch on to cover herself and in full view of anyone who happened to look. I was extremely aroused and didn't know where to look. I wanted to look at her and drink in the sight of her beautiful naked body; her lovely big breasts, her prominent nipples, her honey blonde pubic hair, the curve of her hips and her firm, yet soft girlie tummy. And yet, I found myself looking around the yard too; could anyone else see her? Was anyone looking? She was naked and could be seen by anyone!   
She seemed totally relaxed, whereas I was nervously looking around; firstly at her, then at the windows of the houses overlooking their place. It was so exciting. I had never experienced anything like this before, and I was a bit confused, too. Should I look at her and admire her beautiful naked body, or should I look at the neighbours' houses to see if anyone else could see her? The dilemma was delicious; I was loving every minute of our special time together.  
  
When she got up and started to walk around the garden, I could see her large breasts swaying in time with her steps, and her pale white beautifully rounded little ass cheeks were blushing as I watched on intently. It was the glimpse of her intimate, very delicate glistening little folds of soft pink flesh high up in between her legs that did it; her lovely labia normally so carefully concealed within her own secret garden were fleetingly exposed like the petals of the velvety roses she was bending over to smell and admire. That caught my breath. I wanted her. She was clearly displaying herself to me and she was obviously enjoying herself. I could tell from the expression on her face that she was loving the effect her show was having on me, too. It was then that I realised I loved my exhibitionist girlfriend and that I had to make her my wife. I married her, of course.  
  
I learned a little about myself that day, too. I learned that I loved seeing my wife showing off her body. It was a complete surprise to me. I'd never really thought about it before, but I discovered that l loved the thought of others seeing her too. It was like sharing something special, like a beautiful work of art on display at a galley. To me, she is far too lovely to keep hidden away. I loved seeing her naked then, and after twenty five years I still find the thought of watching her showing off her gorgeous naked body a deeply satisfying expression of my love and admiration of my beautiful wife.