**[Trying To Influence My Wife To Exhibit. Beach Day.](http://www.experienceproject.com/stories/Am-A-Female-Exhibitionist/1890442)**

My wife and I enjoy our time at the beach, we are in our late 20’s. She has a very fit and curvy body with wonderfully sculpted A cup breasts. In the past she has been an extremely conservative individual, but over the last year I have influenced her to be much more open and wear very provocative outfits. Over the course of the summer I continued purchasing her more and more risqué bikinis to slowly comfort her in to wearing daring outfits that would keep my eyes glued to her body. It’s amazing how different seeing your spouse exposed in public is than seeing her in privacy.

The last bikini of the summer is a light pink ruffled bikini from the company Legs Avenue. I purchased it online and removed the lining before presenting it to her. When she first put it on I could make out the traces of her lightly puffy areolas both in form and in contrast of color. This excited me and I kept hoping the water would reveal more. It was a slightly chilly day and by the time we took a couple photos in the parking lot at the beach her tiny nipples were erect. The nipples were so easily visible through the light fabric they could easily be made out for 20-25 feet. When her nipples become hard her areolas contract and become a darker shade. This could be observed from much further distances and I couldn’t wait to see how many men would notice. After the photos she took off her shorts and I couldn’t believe how contouring the bikini bottom was against her labias and this excited me even further.

As we reached the beach I chose a spot very close to the water so the beach walkers would pass by often and have chances to steal glimpses of what was available. This was much more daring than I had been in the past but I had brought a lot of alcohol for my wife and knew her inhibitions would dwindle. A hotel employee walking towards us was the first man to see the goods I was offering. He was a middle aged man in his late thirties or early forties and he walked right up to us and offered to help us with our towel that was blowing in the wind. My wife politely declined and bent down to continue smoothing the blanket against the wind. As she did her bikini slightly gaped and her areola was on display. The gentleman was using her distraction to stand just behind her and check out her ass, missing the opportunity to see her breasts. This was understandable because the bikini has a mini back and is also a little small on her so it has a tendency to ride up her crack. When she got up she turned to face him and I don’t know if her areola was out or not but his eyes were darting to her chest and away. Even if it wasn’t out, they can still be seen through the fabric. The man lingered via small talk as long as he could but eventually returned to putting cushions out on the wooden beach chairs.

Our beach day had officially kicked off and I began by preparing her some alcoholic beverages. They were little test tubes with flavored vodka and I opened a lot of them all at once. She thought this was absurd but I reassured her I was going to drink most of them anyways. I drank the first one and even though it was delicious I told her it was awful and couldn’t drink another. Not wanting to waste them, she drank the remaining six. We proceeded to build sand castles while having a couple beers. On her empty stomach I could tell she was getting very tipsy. She was getting hungry and I suggested we first wash the sand off in the water even though it was chilly. We splashed around in the chilly water and then decided to walk down the street for some food. I emerged from the water first and when I turned around I couldn’t believe my eyes. She looked almost naked in her now very sheer bathing suit. Unfortunately, she put shorts over her now very obvious vulva structure and landing strip shaving preference. She normally shaves bare but I asked her to leave a small strip hoping it would show through if wet. I was right.
We walked down the main strip and every man that passed could not keep his eyes off her sheer bikini top. This normally bothers her, but she wasn’t noticing so I realized she must be getting drunk. Eventually, the light fabric dried and it was back to normal. You could still make out her areolas, but I had already been spoiled by the wet show so it was not as stimulating. I told her to loosen up the neck tie on her suit because it was too tight and giving her skin impressions. It wasn’t really, but now when I walked beside her I could see into her top revealing her puffy areola and tiny nipple.

We decided on a pizza restaurant and went inside. We ordered from an older man who looked to be a perv so I sat us at the booth directly in front of the counter having her sit on the side that would expose her gaping to him. He was obviously attracted to her from his presence at the register and I ordered her a beer. As I returned to the table I realized just how agape her top was and was sadly disappointed nobody was around to see it. The older gentleman finally returned to the register area and I studied him in the reflection of a poster frame on the wall.
That’s when it happened; I saw him slowly turning his head and then become permanently fixed. He had spotted the straight sight to her nipple and was transfixed. I watched him anxiously and nervously trying to look occupied while keeping constant contact and occasionally adjusting his pants. He had no idea I was observing him the entire time. When our pizza was ready he brought it out, I almost laughed at how stealthily he delivered it trying to take in the closer view as long as possible. When his presence was known, he spoke up and his voice was shaky and nervous. There was a perfectly cleared out section on his end of the table but he decided to lean across the table and put the pizza on the other side. I could only see the back of his head during this but he was facing her exposed breast with his face less than two feet away.
He returned to the register and looked on, but had now been spoiled by the previous proximity. He returned to the table and looking flustered asked us how our meal was and offered her a complimentary beer. He stumbled off and headed to the back, probably to handle an erection so I decided to give him a surprise. I reached across the table and said to my wife, ‘you have food on you’ and nonchalantly pulled the fabric towards me. I got an adrenaline rush as I realized I had probably gone too far and I could see her entire areola with room to spare from straight across the table. When the man finally noticed, I could see him become blind with lust. He didn’t notice me looking directly at him or had assumed I now knew she was exposed and didn’t care. I watched him look around as a light bulb came on in his head. Lucky for this guy, nothing goes on in a pizza shack at 2pm on a Friday this late in the year. I headed towards the bathroom but did not enter, just kept my head around the corner. When he reemerged and realized my absence he headed straight for the table. He cleared the table and used a rag to wipe the table. He was cleaning like his life depended on it and even maneuvered his head just inches from her chest. In her now drunken stupor she was oblivious. I stepped back and flushed the toilet and he headed away. I watched as my wife finally looked down and realized why she was getting so much attention. She reacted in shock immediately covering herself and becoming red. I knew for sure she had no idea, and I watched her tighten her top. When I returned I could see her nipples were rock hard through her top and she made no mention of the show. I think it turns her on and embarrasses her all at once. The man begged us to return sometime and we left.

When we got back to the beach I convinced her to take a couple more shots and she reluctantly complied. My goal was to see how careless she could get but my plan backfired, or so I thought. She laid down for a nap. Sometimes when my wife drinks, she passes out and there is absolutely no waking her. She laid on her side and did just that. I proceeded to do some devious planning in my head. I moved her elbow down and had her top ready. When I saw a man coming from that direction alone I would pull the top to the side and let most of her boob remain exposed. I would face her way so he couldn’t see my face and pay attention to the pace they kept. One man even paused for several seconds just behind us and after they carried on I would look at their footprints and some would actually change course and shorten their strides near our blanket. After several times of this I became bored.
I moved around to her back side and gave her a massive wedgie. I really wanted to expose a small amount of at least her outer labia. I developed a process, I would walk past a man that was approaching us and then turn to follow him and observe his reactions. I would try to expose more and more of her pussy with each pass and many men would often come back for seconds. I progressively photographed each phase to remember the day. Eventually I wanted more and decided to risk waking her. I knew if she woke like this she would be angry. I ventured and moved her knee towards her chest. This exposed a much longer length of her pussy and I was able to manipulate the fabric better. I twisted it and tucked it upwards exposing some inner labia. This new exposure also allowed the sunlight to reach her pussy completely illuminating it. I decided to go out into the water and swim behind the next walking man. I realized the next man was the one from earlier in the morning that offered his services for setting up our blanket.
As he drew near and saw her exposed pussy he remembered her and began looking around for me. He spotted me and pointed out to the ocean telling, ‘look dolphins.’ I turned to see him looking at her pussy and ass exposed. Every time I would look his way he would point behind me and say look there they are. I would pretend to turn but then look back at him. He was moving around getting better angles and when he would look my way I would look out and then turn back towards him like I was oblivious. I admired his dolphin craftiness so I let this go on for about 2 minutes. Towards the end he got very bold and would move up close bending over for a look. Then I saw it!
He had his cell phone out and had been taking pictures this whole time. I felt so many emotions, I was excited, I was scared, nervous, and afraid of what my wife would do so I headed back in and he walked off without saying a word to me. He walked down the beach about 75 feet and began studying his cell phone. As I looked past him I saw the dolphins. I’ll be damned he was right.

I spent a while playing out all kinds of scenarios of what I would say when he came back never noticing that the tide came up and in one rush wet our blanket. It went up to my wife’s hips and she didn’t even wake. I shook her violently to wake her and we moved our things several feet back. She lay on her back and went straight to sleep. At this point I know not much would wake her and began playing with the front of her bikini bottom while she slept. I tried everything to create lip cleavage but it was too provocative and not easy to cover so I warmed water in my mouth and dribbled it on the pussy region. This made the area sheer and every fold was traceable. I did several more exposures for men and then decided to just wake her.

She woke up oblivious to the whole ordeal and was feeling horny. She proceeded to pose for several photos and would flash me when we stood close. I positioned myself so others could potentially see too and when the sun was setting over the horizon I convinced her to do some wave splashing with her suit undone. There was an older bald man in the ocean who was one of the few people left at the beach, he appeared to be studying her and even though she kept saying she didn’t want him to see her, her actions spoke otherwise. Even doing handstands not 40 feet from him with her pussy exposed and the fabric pushed aside. She frolicked topless and would always emerge from the water facing him.

We packed up and on the ride home she got naked in the passenger seat and began carelessly fingering herself with legs on the dashboard. This is nothing like she would ever do and I think we made a lot of progress in realizing exhibition turns her on. As you can see from the final pics when we got home she was very wet and we had a great time. I later showed her the photos being exposed but didn’t tell her anyone saw. But deep down, I think she knows I was showing her off.