**Wendy's Adventures**

by[AdventurousWendy](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=4656224&page=submissions)©

**Wendy's Adventures Pt. 01**

**At the Lake**  
  
I have never told this, or any other, story about my wife, as she is entitled to privacy. But with this being an anonymous story board, I thought I would tell a few of her escapades.  
  
My wife's name is Wendy. A cute name for a cute girl.  
  
We met when she was a senior in college and doing an internship in my office. I had a girlfriend at the time, and although Wendy and I were attracted to each other, we didn't go out together, except for lunch a time or two a week. Usually, the other intern was with us, but sometimes we were by ourselves. Because she was my intern, and because I had a girlfriend, I never asked her out. We just did non romantic lunches.  
  
Once we were walking back in the rain. I had an oversized umbrella up, and we were both holding it. She shifted her grip on the umbrella and put her hand over mine. It was if an electric current burned our hands. I later found out she got the same feeling. I still have that umbrella somewhere.  
  
She graduated that August, and about 5 months later my girlfriend and I broke up. So, I called Wendy, we went out and then started going together. Although she had engaged in oral sex with a few guys, she had not had full sexual intercourse, either vaginal or anal. She had a lot to learn.  
  
It took her awhile to learn to reach orgasm during intercourse, but once she did, she took to it like a duck to water. Her comment after the first time: "So that's what it's all about. Wow!"  
  
She is 5' 6" and pretty, with wholesome "girl next door" looks, which make her a poster child for the girl you would want to meet your parents. Wendy has light brown hair and a nice body. She has very fair skin (like a blonde or a redhead), and her eyes are a striking green. When she looks at you, you know you are being looked at. Her breasts are 34 C with a perfect teardrop shape. Her nipples and aureola are small and pale. Her butt is rounded and well shaped with a narrow waist. Her pubic hair is a also a light brown, same as her head hair. Both bleach out some during the summer when she sunbathes naked. Her vulva are nice and full with slightly protruding inner labia just below her clitoral hood. A very nice presentation.  
  
As she is very fair skinned, all of her interior pussy is a bright pink turning to red when she is aroused. She has a cute little asshole that is pink as well.  
  
She grew up in the South in a conservative Baptist family, and was taught to save herself for marriage. She didn't think she would make it that long, but she did want to save herself until she was in love. I happened to be her first love.  
  
Back then she weighed 125 pounds (now 130 pounds) and was in good shape. She enjoyed sex but was normally rather passive until toward the end when she was about to cum. Oh, she humped me back as I was humping her during the act, but she was never the aggressor. She might initiate sex, but once started, she would almost always want me to take over. Sometimes, however, when she was on top, she would set the pace and be in charge. As she was reaching orgasm, she would hump me harder and moan a bit. It was easy to know when she had her orgasms. Sex was fun and satisfying for both of us.  
  
After we had been together a while, I realized she was a budding exhibitionist. When we would go to the lake, she would get naked as soon as we pulled the boat into shallow water. She would sun naked on her air mattress and on the beach. She would get up and walk naked to wherever she wanted to go. Over time, she got braver with her exhibitionism, and enjoyed having sex where she knew she might would be observed.  
  
She was braver than I was. I could usually talk her into finding a more secluded spot for sex, but sometimes not. Once she was naked and sunning herself, she didn't care who pulled up in a boat or walked by. She wouldn't put her bikini back on. Her standard comment to me was, "I was here first." She is now an experienced little exhibitionist, with perhaps several thousand men having seen her naked over the years. A bunch more have seen her topless.  
  
Our favorite cove for nude sunbathing is a relatively small, slightly curved cove about 70' long. We only had one boat join us in this cove the whole time we used it. If there was another boat there when we arrived, we would go elsewhere for privacy. Sometimes fishermen would slowly pass close by while fishing. This didn't faze Wendy one bit. She enjoyed the strangers' eyes on her naked body. She wouldn't cover up or slip in the water. She was there first.  
  
So, on the day the other boat pulled into the cove, we had been there an hour or so. Wendy had gone into the woods to pee. The beach is about 20' wide with a path going back into a small shady clearing about 15' from the beach. She would go beyond this clearing to pee. We used the clearing for other more intimate activities. The boat pulled in while Wendy was in the woods. There were two older couples and a boy, maybe 10 years old in the boat.  
  
I thought, great, now we are separated with her clothes in the boat. When I saw the boat coming toward us, I slipped off my air mattress and sat down in the shallow water. I'm not an exhibitionist, and it does nothing for me to show myself. One of the guys got out of the boat and walked into the woods off to the left of where Wendy had gone in. I had no idea what we were going to do with her separated from me and from her clothes. I need not have worried.  
  
The man was in the woods for a few minutes when he came walking out. About this time I saw Wendy come walking out the woods toward him, about 30' away from him, his boat and from our boat. She was stark naked, of course. I thought, damn girl don't you see the boat and the man walking toward you? Her cute breasts were lightly bouncing, and she had a slight smile on her face. I knew then she had seen the boat and the man. The man stopped dead in his tracks and stared at her. She smiled at him, continued on toward me, paused at the waters' edge, reached down and got her air mattress. I noted that she gave them a very good side view of her hanging breasts as she bent over. She later told me this was intentional.  
  
She got on the mattress with her bare butt sunny side up. She was facing me, with her business end facing the people on the boat. Occasionally her feet would go in the water on either side of the air mattress to reposition herself and to keep the wind from turning her around. When she did that, her pussy would be completely exposed and her lips would open to show some of that pink stuff she has—probably a bright red by now, I thought. I absolutely could not believe what she had done and what she was continuing to do. This was my shy and mostly innocent wife letting these strangers see all of her intimate girl bits.  
  
After a few minutes of this she reached down and found my cock. It was rock hard. She said, "I see you are enjoying this as much as I am." I thought, "Well, maybe not quite as much." I mean, she had a wicked little smile on her face that was flushed. She was obviously aroused.  
  
I knew how wet and red the interior of her pussy would be by now, and wasn't sure I wanted these strangers to see it in that condition. Hell, I wasn't even sure I wanted them to see her naked. This was very early in our marriage before she began to expand her exhibitionism and before I began to be accustomed to it. In fact this was probably her first act of wanton exhibitionism. It was shocking to me, but at the same time it was arousing, as she had noted when she felt my hard dick.  
  
After she found my cock, she began to stroke it. I mean, here she was naked in front of strangers and jacking me off under water. She was brazen. Wendy whispered to me, "Don't cum, I have another plan for you." Yea, Wendy and her plans.  
  
I don't know how long we had been in the water with the other boat there, but it seemed like hours. Wendy continued to stroke me under the water. She said to me, "I'm horny as hell, and if they are still there in 10 minutes, I'm gonna to fuck you right here." That scared me. So much for the wholesome, "girl next door" appearance, and for her passiveness. She then said, "I want to turn over and let them see the front side, but I haven't worked up the courage yet." I was glad she had had no alcohol to drink, or she would already have done it. And probably fucked me as well.  
  
I could tell the situation was escalating beyond my ability to control it, but I was still rock hard. Finally, one guy started pulling up the rear anchor, and the other got out of the boat to push it off from shore. That galvanized Wendy into action. She immediately got on her back on the air mattress so all of her front side was visible to them.  
  
She wasn't content with just lying there on her back and letting them look at her body, She had to put her feet in the water on each side of the air mattress so she could maintain her position without the wind moving her around. This meant her pussy was spread and facing them not 20' away. The guys took their time preparing to leave. All eyes were on Wendy's body. The boat slowly backed out, with everyone getting a good long look, and then started to turn to face the open water. Wendy smiled and waved goodby to them. Both guys and the boy smiled and waved back. I have no idea what the women thought about Wendy's display of raw female sexuality. I have an excellent idea of what the men thought.  
  
When they were gone, I wasn't sure she had actually done what I thought she had done. Then she excitedly started talking about it, and I knew she had actually done it. She said while she was in the woods, she had seen the boat pull in and saw the guy get out of the boat and walk into the woods. She decided to wait until he started back to the boat before she made her appearance, and did her walk, to give him the best view of her nakedness.  
  
Wendy started kissing me, and I knew what was coming. She wanted to fuck me right there in the shallow water, exposed to whoever might pass by in a boat. I wasn't that brave. I stood up, got the towels from the boat and started walking toward the path back to the cleared area where we would have at least some semblance of privacy. I was still on the beach, but right at the beginning of the path, when she stopped me. "Here, right here; this is where I want to do it," she said.  
  
She took the beach towels from me and spread them out where we stood. She slowly pushed me down and stood over me. I could see her wet, red and swollen pussy. I knew then the people on the boat had seen it all and had seen her in her aroused state. I had mixed feelings about that.  
  
While it made me feel a little sick that strangers had seen my heretofore innocent wife in that condition, I also found it intensely arousing. Wendy immediately impaled herself on me and began to fuck me. No foreplay needed. She positioned her breasts over my face. I could see them bouncing as she pounded me. She took one breast and put it in my mouth. "Suck it, suck it hard," she commanded.  
  
I don't know how long it lasted, but it was erotic love making. Nor do either of us know how many, if any boats passed by, or how many, if any, fishermen slowly made their way past us. All I could see were her tits bouncing in my face. She had no way of knowing either, as she was facing away from the water with her pussy and asshole totally exposed to public view. When she came, she came hard, with her loudest and most intense orgasm of our time together so far. So much for her being a passive lover.  
  
That wasn't the only time Wendy exposed herself at the lake and was this aggressive with me, but it was the first and is the most memorable.

**Wendy's Adventures Pt. 02**

I previously posted a story about Wendy's exhibitionism at the lake. I really should have started off with some of her earlier and perhaps tamer escapades before we got married. But quite frankly, given the stunts she pulled after we were married, I had forgotten about her pre-marital exhibitionism.  
  
As these are true stories, Wendy's adventures won't be nearly as far out as many of the stories we read here. So, if you are looking for really wild stuff, you won't find it in Wendy's stories. I suggest the reader find her lake exhibitionism story and read it for her background.  
  
I can post these stories without fear of outing her, as friends and family would never have an inkling Wendy would be this bold. Even her prior boyfriends would have no idea, as she didn't start showing off with me until we had been going together for almost a year and had been in a serious relationship for all of that time.

**Apartment Adventures**  
  
When I met Wendy, I was still living in the apartment where I lived when I was in graduate school. I stayed there as the rent was relatively low, it was close to the university entertainment district and it was close to the downtown area of the city where I worked. I had landed a well paying job, out of school and was putting money aside for the day I wanted to buy a house in the suburbs.  
  
Wendy is 5' 6" with light brown hair and light brown pubic hair. This was in the days before women shaved, or waxed bare or to a landing strip, so she had a full bush that she kept trimmed during the summers for her bikinis. She has 34 C breasts with a nice tear drop shape. Her nipples and aureola are small and pink. She is pretty with wholesome "girl next door" looks. A girl a guy would be proud to take home to meet his parents.  
  
My apartment was a third floor walk up. The front door, seldom used, opened into a hallway with three other apartments on the third floor. The stairway went down to a lobby that opened onto a busy street. The doors were double doors, mostly of glass. From the street and sidewalk, about 10' away, the lobby was fully visible. The apartment mailboxes were in the lobby directly in front of the double glass doors.  
  
Across the street from the apartment was a music club, a bar/restaurant and a small grocery store directly across the street. The grocery store was later turned into another restaurant. Farther down the street was another bar/restaurant, a soda shop/restaurant, a pizza parlor and several other businesses. It was a busy district with lots of auto and pedestrian traffic in front of the building.  
  
The back door from the kitchen opened onto a covered porch, and the exterior back steps going down to the parking lot. If one has seen photographs of tenements in Chicago with the exposed exterior back stairs that doubled as fire escapes, that is exactly what my apartment house looked like from the parking lot. An alley runs next to the building into the busy street in front of the apartment.  
  
When Wendy would come to visit, she would come up the rear steps from the parking lot and to the back door at the kitchen. The kitchen window and the window in the door really had no coverings. There were frilly things for decoration, but they afforded no privacy from the outside.  
  
The windows in my kitchen and living room looked into the apartment building next door, about 40' away. As I was almost always wearing something when in those rooms at night, I never closed the curtains in my living room. After she came along, neither did she, even though she was frequently naked in those rooms after dark. Just didn't seem to bother her that the neighbors could see her naked.  
  
Although I have written this as if she immediately started going naked in the kitchen and living room after dark, it probably took her 9 months or so before she started doing it. After a few weeks of her going naked after dark in those rooms, I realized she actually enjoyed it.  
  
After we had been going together for awhile, she started staying over on the weekends. She would come over on Friday evenings and often leave from my apartment for work on Monday mornings. She would also visit me some during the week nights.  
  
One Friday evening about 6:00 pm (after dark), she knocked on my door. We had been going together about 9 months to a year at this point. When I went to the door to let her in, she was standing there stark naked with just a small bag that only contained toiletries and make up. I was shocked, probably for the first time in our relationship. As I let her in, I asked her where her key to my apartment was. She said, "It's on my dresser at home; I didn't have a spare pocket to put it in."  
  
When she got in the apartment, she promptly put her arms around me and kissed me. She said, "I'm so horny, I can't stand it."  
  
I told her I had just gotten home from the office and needed to shower first. That was OK with her. She wanted to know if I had gotten the card in the mail she had sent me the day before. I told her I didn't know as I hadn't yet checked the mail. It was still registering on me that she had left her apartment naked, driven over naked, walked across the parking lot and up to my apartment all while stark naked.  
  
She said, "I'll get the mail while you are showering."  
  
"But you can't go down there; you're naked."  
  
It then seemed to register on her that she had no clothes on, or with her. She went into the bedroom, grabbed my blue chambray work shirt, put it on and said, "How's this?"  
  
"But you haven't even buttoned it up." I replied.  
  
"So what, I'm just going down to get the mail."  
  
And off she went, with the shirt flapping open and all of her female assets on display. In the future this is the way she would dress to get my mail. She wouldn't bother with buttoning it. There was a lot of traffic in front of my apartment building looking into the lobby where the mailboxes are. Wendy was getting braver and was finding her exhibitionist sea legs.  
  
That particular shirt, when buttoned, barely covered all of her butt in the rear; it covered all of her pubic hair and her labia in the front. It was like an extremely short micro mini dress that wouldn't even be suitable for a dark nightclub.  
  
The card she had sent me was in the mail. After I had opened it and commented how nice it was, she said, I'm really hungry; can we go out and get something to eat before we have some fun? I'm actually hungry enough it would interfere with my enjoyment of sex."  
  
Again I told her we couldn't go out as she had no clothes.  
  
She said, "Well, I have this." as she tugged on the chambray shirt. "I'll even button it up." Wow, what a concession.  
  
"No, Wendy, we can't go to any restaurant with you dressed that way."  
  
"Why couldn't we get some carry out; we wouldn't be in the restaurant very long?"  
  
"You don't understand, Wendy, you aren't going in any restaurant dressed like that, even for two minutes, at least not while you are with me."  
  
She mulled that over, and said, "OK, we'll just do drive through." That seemed a reasonable compromise, so off we went. Wendy, wearing only the buttoned chambray work shirt, walking down the steps and to my car, which fortunately was parked only about 25' from the bottom of the steps. It had been dark for awhile, so at least there was that.  
  
When Wendy sat on the seat, three wasn't enough of the shirt to sit on, so her bare butt was on the seat. She could keep her pubic hair covered if she wanted. On the way to the restaurant she was teasing me by pulling the bottom of the shirt up to expose her bush.  
  
When we got to the drive through, there was a guy inside handing out the orders. I looked over at Wendy and saw a devilish smile on her face. I looked down and saw she had the shirt pulled up to expose some of her pubic hair. It was too late to make her cover herself as he was already handing me the boxes.  
  
Fortunately, we had an uneventful ride back to the apartment, except that Wendy unbuttoned the bottom 2 or 3 buttons on the shirt. This gave her the ability to easily show me all of her bush and labia as she was sitting in the car. Unfortunately my parking spot was no longer available, and we had to park a long way from the stairs next to the alley.  
  
I noticed a guy walking down the alley from the rear of the car (when there is a half naked girl in your car, you notice everybody). When he got directly opposite the car on the passenger's side, Wendy opened the door, put one foot on the ground, reached back inside the car to get one of the boxes with her other foot inside the car. So there she was, essentially naked from the waist down, with her legs spread and a stranger not 10' away. Although it was dark out, the alley and the parking lot are well lit, so if he happened to look, he got to see it all. I later asked Wendy if he had looked, and she said, "Oh he looked alright, a nice long look. I certainly hope he didn't see anything." Yeah right.  
  
We got upstairs with no further problems and had our dinner. After my shower we went to bed. I felt her pussy and it was soaking wet. Wendy said, "Yep, it has been an exciting evening." She was especially active in bed that night. I was to find that when she exhibited herself, it made her extra horny, and when she was horny, she liked to exhibit herself. With Wendy, it was an arousing cycle. When she exhibited herself, she became more sexually aggressive. Her exhibitionism seemed to trigger something in her brain that got her motor running.  
  
The next morning we awakened, and Wendy said, "Well, what are we going to do today?"  
  
"I have no idea as you have no clothes."  
  
"I know what my obvious choice is!" She was still turned on from the night before.  
  
That morning I realized she was going to have to get back home on Sunday, and she had no clothes. When I asked her about it, she said, "That's still a long time off. I will worry about that when the time comes. I will probably get home the same way I got here and do it after dark." A brave girl.  
  
As Wendy was naked in the apartment some of the time, she would have to put something on when a friends of mine would come over. Her clothing of choice was my blue chambray work shirt, of course. She would go to the door wearing only that and let them in.  
  
When I would get on to her about it, she just didn't see the problem. "If I keep it buttoned, which I do, and keep it pulled down, which I do, they really can't see anything. Even when I am sitting on the couch, if I keep my legs together and keep it pulled down to cover my pubic hair, they can't see anything except my bare feet and a lot of leg." She had a point, so I quit getting on to her about it.  
  
As far as I know, the guys never got to see any of her girl bits. True to her word, she kept herself covered when my friends were over for brief visits. She didn't want them to see anything either, as she had her reputation to protect. This only happened a few times with one or two of my friends, so it isn't as if it were a frequent occurrence.  
  
I later found out Wendy had been pranking me about coming over naked and not having any clothes with her. She had left her apartment wearing a shift. When she got to my apartment door, she had taken it off and tossed it behind a small table I had in the corner of the porch/landing that we used for outside socializing. It only appeared that she had been naked leaving her apartment, driving over and walking across the parking lot and up my stairs. When I told her she really had me going, she said, "I may be brave, but I'm not that brave, nor am I stupid."

**Wendy's Last Apartment Adventure**  
  
Although there are other Wendy adventures during my time in the apartment, which I will get to later in this post, while I am on the topic of the apartment, I thought this would be a good time to tell about her last escapade while I was still at my old apartment.  
  
The university area my apartment was in is a multinational area, partly because of the university and partly because of a large medical community. Directly below me were two or three young Indian students who had moved in at some point after the time Wendy started coming over.  
  
Evidently they hadn't been in the country very long as they were absolutely fascinated by American women in general and specifically by Wendy. Wendy had to be more careful about her modesty after they moved in.  
  
When they heard footsteps on the stairs, they would crowd around the window to see who was coming up the stairs. If it was Wendy, they would then wait for her to get to their landing and start the steps up to my landing. If Wendy was wearing a skirt, they had a very good view up her skirt of her rear on the steps a little above them and of her front side as she switched directions on the stairs. The stairs were open so there was nothing to block their view. Their living room window was right next to the stairs, so all they had to do was look out and up.  
  
Wendy felt this was an invasion of her privacy as she had not consented to them looking up her skirts or dresses. It didn't much bother me as all they could see was a lot of leg and her panties. She now made it a point to always wear panties when she wore a skirt or a dress to come to my apartment. Most of the time she wore jeans or shorts, so to me it was a non issue.  
  
Wendy liked to wear my chambray shirt with jeans or shorts when we went out on informal occasions. She has attractive legs, so she would opt for shorts in nice weather. One of her favorite tricks was to tease me by taking off her shorts or jeans in the car, and sitting there bottomless as we drove back to my apartment. Of course she wasn't content to just sit there, but would turn to face me, pull the shirt up and part her legs. If she had taken her shorts off in the car, she would leave them off as we walked from the parking lot to my apartment. This seemed to get her little motor running. When she was walking from the car to the apartment, the shirt would almost always have the bottom buttons fully buttoned.  
  
After the Indian students moved in, she no longer felt comfortable doing this as they would see the her bare butt and the rear shot of her labia on the first part of the stairs going up, after the landing on their level, and the front side of her bush and her labia on the second part of the stairs. We never knew when they were in the apartment. Sometimes the lights would be on in all three of the rooms that faced the parking lot, and sometimes not. Sometimes only the lights in the bedroom would be on, or only the kitchen.  
  
When they heard the footsteps on the stairs, the lights in the living room, if on, would be turned off, and they would go to the window. Sometimes we could see their faces, and sometimes not. Wendy just didn't like any part of it. As it turned out, what she didn't like was the lack of control over the whole situation, and the fact that she felt as if she were an animal in a zoo.  
  
I was in the process of moving out of my apartment. On the last night Wendy would be there, we went out to get something for dinner and had some beer as all of the work had already been done. On the way back to the apartment, Wendy was getting frisky in the car and took off her jeans. Then she became quiet. This was usually a sign she was plotting something.  
  
As we pulled into the parking lot, I was expecting her to put her jeans back on, but she made no move to do so. She got out of the car, and said, "I'm going to let those guys see what they have been wanting to see since they moved in." She started walking toward the stairs. Thankfully, we had a parking spot that was close to the stairs. I could see her hands move to the bottom of the shirt, and the way it became wider on the sides, I knew she had unbuttoned several buttons. She was ahead of me, and was saying something back to me as we walked. She later told me she was talking to alert the guys that she was on her way up the stairs.  
  
As she started up the stairs, I could see she had unbuttoned all the buttons and tied the front tails of the shirt together at the waist, just above her navel. She was naked from the waist down. Her breasts were mostly visible, except for the nipples and the aureola.  
  
She took her time climbing the first 5 or 6 steps, letting anyone in the apartment know she was on the way. At the small landing, level with their window, she paused briefly, looked down at me and said something. Again she was giving verbal signals that she was there. Also she was giving them a view of her nakedness before she started the climb up the stairs that would put her above them and give them a view of her femininity from a different angle. Wendy was giving an erotic performance.  
  
She started up the steps that put her slightly above them. What a view she was giving of her beautiful bare ass and the rear view of her labia. She was un-hurried and sensual as she climbed the steps. Then she came to the next small landing and started up the opposite way, facing their window. Her pubic hair and labia were fully exposed. All I could do was stand there in awe of my girlfriend, her beautiful body and the ease with which she exhibited it.  
  
When I came in the apartment 30 seconds behind her, she was excited at what she had done. Her words tumbled out as she had told me how she had planned it and how she had executed it without a hitch.  
  
I said, "But Wendy, I didn't think you wanted them to see up your skirts, even wearing panties, and here you are baring all for them to see."  
  
Her response made sense, "I didn't like the way they were doing it; it was like I was a trained monkey in a zoo. I would walk up the steps, and they would watch. I could do nothing about it. This way it was on my terms. I showed them what I wanted them to see. I went out on my terms." And boy did she.  
  
While this story is about the last night we were in the apartment, there are other stories that happened while I was still living at the apartment.

**The Laundromat**  
  
About two miles from my apartment was a laundromat where we would do our laundry. She would bring hers from her apartment, and we would do that chore together, making it more fun. The road it was on was a major thoroughfare going into downtown. The laundromat had large storefront windows in the front and was bright inside with fluorescent lighting. When we got there on this particular night, the laundromat was empty, and there were multiple empty washers and dryers available. As was her custom, as well as mine, she would get one washer for light colored clothes and one for dark clothes.  
  
She first filled her dark clothes' washer and then put her light clothes in the second washer. She paused a minute as if thinking about something, and took off her blouse and then her jeans. I'm thinking WTF? Facing the wall, she placed these items on top of an unused washer. She was wearing a bra and panties, which I felt was odd as she seldom did when she was with me. Then, she turned facing me and the windows, smiled and took off her bra and then her panties. She stood there naked, facing me with them in her hand and a smile on her face. She said, "Well, I guess these need washing too." She turned, put the items in the washer, retrieved her shirt and jeans from the top of the closed washer and turned toward me again. Only then did she get dressed, facing me and the windows.  
  
I was praying that no one would walk in. It was dark outside and very bright inside, and anyone walking by, or driving by, got a good view of Wendy's very naked body.  
  
I later determined the only reason she wore a bra and panties that night was to give her a reason to strip naked and put her underwear in the wash. Would she have done that if other people had been in the laundromat? I don't know, but I doubt it. We weren't married yet, and she needed to be relatively conservative in her activities so she wouldn't scare me off. By this time I was becoming used to her antics, and was beginning to enjoy them. I just didn't want my friends or family to find out about the other side of her life.

**NYC Trip**  
  
We had planned a trip to NYC to see a concert and visit with friends in the City. We also wanted to visit some friends in the Baltimore area while were up that way, so we decided to drive.  
  
When I went to her apartment to pick her up, she was wearing a dress that buttoned up the front with maybe 6 or 7 buttons. I thought that odd as she seldom wore dresses, and especially not on a road trip. When I asked her why she was wearing a dress, she said, "I'm not wearing anything under it."  
  
"OK, but that doesn't answer my question of why?" I responded.  
  
"You'll find out," she replied. Uh oh. I knew she had hatched some type of plan, and I was going to be right in the middle of it.  
  
When we cleared the urban traffic and were on the interstate, She let me know her plan: "I intend to unbutton one button for every hour we are on the road. Once a button is unbuttoned, it may not be buttoned again."  
  
I wasn't sure how I felt about this, but decided to play along. She noted the time and said, "In one hour I'll unbutton the first button." I thought, OK, let's see how far she will take this. I shouldn't have doubted her resolve.  
  
When the first hour came, she, true to her word, unbuttoned the first button. Not too bad, nor were the next two buttons, but by now her breasts were visible if she leaned forward.  
  
We stopped for gas, and she got out to go to the restrooms. As she walked, I noticed how thin and clingy the dress material was. It clung to her well shaped butt and her breasts. As she bent over the drink box looking for a soda, I noticed that with the right angle, her bare breasts were visible.  
  
We hit the road again, and by the time she was unbuttoned to her waist, she was beginning to get interested in the game. Although she was reading a book, she was looking over at me on a regular basis and checking the traffic. As there wasn't much holding the dress together, it would occasionally gape open exposing her breasts when she shifted her position.  
  
I saw her look at the clock and start to go for another button. I told her we would be making another gas stop in a few minutes, and she might want to hold off until we got back on the road. Her response? "A rule is a rule," and she unbuttoned it. Well, she only had one more button until it would be completely undone. But at this point it might as well be that way.  
  
She got out of the car, holding her dress together, and went to the rest room. I was pumping the gas when she came out of the restroom holding her dress together. She saw me watching her, gave one of her wicked little smiles and let the dress go without regard to who might be in the parking lot. Fortunately the last button kept her from being fully exposed and somewhat protected her modesty. One of her breasts was bare and jiggling as she walked to the car. I did notice her hurry her step a bit, which made her breasts jiggle a little more. I think that bit of exhibitionism made her a little nervous. It made me a lot nervous.  
  
When she got back in the car, she said, "Wow, what a rush!" I moved the car away from the pump and went to the restroom. When I came back she was sitting in the car with one of her breasts bare and not a care in the world. Now, I should mention that the parking lot was mostly empty, but still, there she sat, with her bare breast, for anyone to see who drove or walked by.  
  
I knew that in less than one hour the last button would be undone. Had no idea what she had planned after that. As we drove on the interstate, either one or both of her breasts would be exposed, depending on her position.  
  
Finally the appointed hour was on us. Without ceremony, she undid the final button, spread her dress wide, and said, "Wow, I thought that would never get here." She turned toward me in the seat, and said, "Like the view?" She was essentially naked as she had pulled the sides of the dress apart and away from her body. Her pink little nipples were rock hard, her light brown pubic hair was glowing in the sun, and her labia were clearly visible under her trimmed bush. I was totally turned on and had trouble focusing on my driving.  
  
After she was through toying with me she told me she was going back to her reading and wanted me to keep an eye out for truckers, as she would hate for them to see her naked. Ha! A bunch of them had already gone by in the opposite direction, and she had made no move to cover herself. Her inner labia and her clitoral hood were peeking out from her outer labia, and they were an obvious bright red and glistening. I wondered how long they had been like that.  
  
She was leaned against the passenger door facing me with one foot on the seat against the back of the seat and the other on the floorboard. She was giving a good spread view to anyone in the opposite lanes of travel. Probably only truckers would be high enough to see in the car, though. She wasn't brave enough to hold this position the entire time and would go back to a more modest position, only occasionally going to the full spread for a few minutes.  
  
The truckers would blow their air horns in appreciation of the view. She would hear the air horn and comment that I had forgotten to tell her to cover up, but it was OK, as, "I think they like me." Plus they had their CB radios to alert other truckers to the view, so they were all looking for my car with the naked girl inside.  
  
We finally got to the hotel about dark. Wendy thought it best that she not go with me to check in. I thought that an excellent idea. A good thing as the first person I ran into was a guy I knew from my neighborhood when I was a kid growing up, and with whom I had gone to school.  
  
I don't remember what we did for dinner that night or even if Wendy wore her unbuttoned dress, but I doubt it. That dress had served its purpose. I don't think she ever wore it again. But I do remember the sex. Wendy had a huge and extended orgasm, brought about by her day long arousal session.  
  
The motto for Virginia used to be (and may still be), "Virginia Is For Lovers." As we were leaving the state the next morning for Baltimore, we passed one of those signs. She smiled and said very softly and lovingly, with her head on my shoulder, "Virginia truly is for lovers." And we were in love.  
  
We spent a night in Baltimore with friends, then off for the final leg to NYC.

**The City**  
  
We arrived in Manhattan in late afternoon. We were visiting a friend of ours from graduate school (she had transferred to NYU because of a personal situation) and her physician boyfriend, Chip, who was doing his residency in NYC. Their apartment was small but comfortable. The living room was a nice size with a small kitchen and a very small loft bedroom, just off the living room that our hosts shared. The living room had large windows that looked out over a courtyard and other apartments just across the way. For the winter, Chip had put up a clear sheet of plastic over the windows to help insulate against the cold. Even though the winter was mostly over, the plastic was still up. As it turned out, it was a good thing. I don't remember if there were any curtains for the windows, but if so, they were never closed.  
  
For sleeping we had a small mattress on the floor in the living room. There was a sofa in the living room with the end facing the windows. Evidently Wendy had been plotting how she was going to seduce me in the close quarters of the apartment, because as soon as our friends went to bed, she stripped off naked and smiled at me. She took me by the hand and led me to the couch where she took off my clothes and went down on me. When she got me suitably aroused, she got on top and impaled herself on me with her rear facing the windows. One lamp was still on.  
  
I asked about performing with all of those people potentially watching. Her comment was that the plastic would blur all of the detail, and no one watching would see much of anything. She may have been right.  
  
I was very aware that anyone watching was getting a free live sex show, even though blurred. I found it distracting. Wendy had been naked for about 20 minutes when she impaled herself on me, so there was plenty of time to draw an audience. She was very much aware of our potential audience as she wanted to have her business end facing the windows.  
  
This performance had her so aroused it didn't take her long to cum. I think she tried to put it off as long as possible so she could prolong the enjoyment of her performance. After maybe 10 minutes, she let go and had a huge orgasm. I wasn't far behind her. I don't know that we discussed our performance, but I do know it was quite the turn on for her as she was still horny the next morning.  
  
That night we slept naked on the mattress on the floor under sheets and a blanket. We awakened before our friends; we got up, brushed our teeth and went back to bed. We were fooling around under the covers holding and loving each other. We both got very aroused. Of course the events of the trip to Baltimore and the sex the night before were still fresh in her little mind. That got her motor running again.  
  
While facing me, she lifted her left leg up so I could make penetration. She was extremely wet, and I slid right in. We were slowly and gently making love on our sides with her left leg over my right leg when Chip walked into the living room. He stood and talked to us for a minute. Wendy whispered, "Don't pull out." So there we were joined under the blanket while talking with Chip.  
  
He went to the kitchen to make coffee, and that's when that bad Wendy had her orgasm! It was, by necessity, a quiet one. She was totally turned on by having sex under the covers while Chip was in the kitchen and was talking to us. I think I was too distracted with him in the next room to get off. Chip, of course, knew what was going on. He later told me that's why he only talked to us for a minute before going to the kitchen. The kitchen had a large pass through window for serving that opened in the living room, so Wendy didn't have much privacy when she had her orgasm. She was so aroused I doubt she had much control over when she had it. At least she kept it quiet so Chip didn't hear her moans.  
  
That's all I remember about that trip, except for the concert, which was also great. Chip and I hung out in the City doing music stuff that first full day, and Wendy and our female friend did something together as well.  
  
This is the first time I have discussed Wendy's escapades on that trip. Neither of us want our family or friends to know her secret hobby. No one would ever think she had another side to her life.  
  
I think the next story will be about Wendy's first trip to a nude beach and our 2nd wedding anniversary. I had a request from a reader to do a story about her and the nude beach. Have no idea how he knew she had been to one. I guess with her activities on the beach at the lake, he had a pretty good idea of her proclivity to get naked in public. A nude beach experience would be a natural extension of her antics at the lake. Yes, she has had nude beach experiences, lots of them. I will tell about her first in the next part.

**Wendy's Adventures Pt. 03**

My parents have a condo on the beach on the Gulf Coast of Florida, They spend the winters there, and Wendy and I use it during the summers when they aren't there.  
  
We had been together 4 1/2 years and married for almost 3 when we planned our vacation for our 3rd wedding anniversary.  
  
For our anniversary, Wendy had a plan. It seems she always has a plan. She had wanted to go to a nude beach for the past several years. After doing some research, she found a nude beach in Miami. Her plan was to drive over to Ft. Lauderdale from the condo, stay in a hotel there and go to Miami (Haulover Beach) for day trips. She also had a few other things planned. One that she revealed to me was that she wanted to be naked and walking on the beach on her third wedding anniversary. She felt that would be kinky. As it turned out, that was the least kinky thing she did that day.  
  
Wendy wanted to stay in the Hilton on the Strip, which faces the W hotel on the south side of the Hilton. When we checked in, she had me request a room on the south side of the hotel. She previously had told me the purpose of this, but I wasn't sure she would go through with her plan. It was bolder than anything she had done in the past.  
  
We had a nice room on the 6th floor facing the W. Also on our floor was the pool. We had a large patio/deck that had a walkway going by our patio to the pool. Our patio/deck faced every room on the north side of the W. That W is a big hotel. Our sliding glass doors were a window into the most intimate part of our lives, if we chose to open the curtains. Well, our curtains were never closed, either day or night. More about that later.  
  
Haulover Beach is a state run nude beach in Miami. The nude part is probably 400 yards long, overlooked by Trump Towers just to the north side of the nude portion.  
  
On our first trip there, Wendy was a bit nervous about skinning off her clothes in public. She had a beer to help her get over her inhibitions. Although she had been naked in public many times in the past, there weren't that many people present, and they weren't that close to her when she undressed.  
  
We rented chairs and an umbrella, and Wendy, like a good trooper, got naked. After about 30 minutes she was brave enough to get off the chair and go in the water. A little later she was brave enough to walk the entire section of the nude portion of the beach without any clothes or inhibitions. It was nice to see her nicely shaped breasts jiggle as she walked the beach. I enjoyed showing her off.  
  
One day as we were leaving the beach, Wendy was bent over her chair packing up. The guy next to us had turned his chair facing us to get more of the sun (and maybe to get a better look at Wendy while she was in her chair). He was about 4' away from Wendy. I whispered to her, "Give him a good view." So she bent way over, giving him a closeup view of her cute little pink asshole and a rear view of her labia. While she gave many views that day, that was probably the best one. It was certainly the closest view. She enjoyed parting her legs while seated on the chaise and letting passerbys see her goods.  
  
On our anniversary she came up with the idea to spread her labia with the fingers on one hand and then removed her fingers. Her labia remained partially parted with her clitoral hood and her inner labia visible. She would have to repeat the spread every 10 minutes or so to keep her labia open. She did it so the guys could see her very pink interior. She liked the kinkiness of that. In fact she liked it so well, she continued to spread her womanhood for the rest of the days we were there.  
  
There are open and communal showers at the entrance to the beach. We would shower at the two showers each day as we left the beach. Of course we would shower naked. Usually we would shower together, but Wendy had no problems showering with another man if only one shower was available when we got to the showers. She took particular pleasure in showering with another guy on her anniversary.  
  
One day the two showers on the beach were full with a short line, so we walked naked down to some other showers at a restroom not far away. As we showered, I noticed more and more men were gathering around to watch Wendy shower. She put on a good show for them, lathering her breasts and massaging them, making her little nipples as hard as small pebbles. She would spread her cheeks to get her butt hole clean and her pussy lips to get it clean. She gave all the guys a good show. Wendy was the only girl there, and it registered on me that we were the only naked people at the showers.  
  
For several weeks I wondered why Wendy had been such a naked attraction at a nude beach. I mean all the guys had to do was to walk 100 yards to the beach to see other naked women. Well, maybe not nearly as pretty and as well put together as Wendy, but still naked. I later learned that restroom was not part of the nude beach; It is part of the non nude portion of Haulover. So that's why she was such an attraction! Good thing the park rangers didn't come by or we would have been in trouble.  
  
Each night we would go to dinner and Wendy used this a an exhibitionist opportunity. Her usual attire was a micro mini skirt with no panties, and a top with no bra. On the morning of our 3rd anniversary, we caught the water taxi down to a restaurant for brunch that had been recommended to us. There was a good opportunity for Wendy to show what was under her skirt as she got in the boat. We saw that at the front of the boat the seating was along the sides of the boat, with the passengers facing each other. On the left side, as we got on the taxi, there were 4 or 5 young guys seated on the bench seats. The bench seats across from them were empty.  
  
Wendy grabbed my hand and led me to the middle of the bench seats opposite the guys. I immediately knew what she had in mind. As she sat down, she positioned her skirt so it just barely covered her pubic hair when looking at it from our perspective, that is looking down. From the front, the vantage point of the guys, her light brown pubic hair and labia were visible. Just to remove any doubt, Wendy slightly parted her legs so they could get a look at her womanhood. What a turn on for both of us, and especially the guys for whom she was showing off.  
  
The taxi ride took about 30 minutes during which time the guys had an unobstructed view of my wife's pussy. The longer the ride took, the more aroused she became and the more she parted her legs. I could hear her breathing quicken and knew she was getting more and more aroused. She was holding my hand. Her grip became tighter and more moist as the ride progressed. While she never fully spread her legs, they were sufficiently far apart by the time we reached our destination for those guys to know she was a full fledged female.  
  
As we reached our destination, she reluctantly got up to leave. As she climbed the 3 or 4 steps to the exit, her bottom side was visible to the guys below. She turned, smiled at them and gave them a cute little wave. She told me she had seen bulges in each of their shorts. It pleased her that she had shown her pussy to those guys and had given them erections on her wedding anniversary. She really delighted in being naughty on this special day. As we wanted to spend most of the day at Haulover, we caught a regular taxi back to the hotel. It was less than a 10 minute trip by regular taxi rather than a 30 minute trip by the water taxi.  
  
A restaurant we particularly enjoyed was on the Strip down the street from the W and the Hilton. It had a raised outside dining area that overlooked the sidewalk below. The first night we were there was what gave Wendy the idea we would use the next time we went.  
  
The first night she had on her usual miniskirt and a top that unzipped partially down the front. She had unzipped it a bit too far, and her breasts and nipples were exposed each time she leaned over a bit. We had a male waiter who got some good views of her bare breasts. And she kept her legs parted so whoever was in the right angle could see her womanhood. We didn't notice anybody taking a good look between her legs. She was disappointed in this.  
  
But the best plan was the second time we went to the restaurant. This was for our anniversary dinner. Wendy said she wanted to get there a little early so we could get a table directly next to the sidewalk.  
  
When we got to the restaurant, there were two tables that would suit our purpose. She took a chair next to the sidewalk at an angle facing the oncoming pedestrian traffic on the right side of the sidewalk and about 4 or 5 feet above it. She had it all planned out, including the best angle for her voyeurs to view her.  
  
Her chair and the business part of her would be right at eye level, or maybe just a little above. Perfect for what she had planned. Prior to leaving the hotel she had a glass of wine to bolster her courage. She got another glass upon being seated. We had a waitress this time, but Wendy thought what the hell and let her see her breasts, as if she were a guy. Not sure what the waitress thought, but she did look. The busboy was male, and he enjoyed the view.  
  
Although she is an exhibitionist, she is still a bit shy about showing off in new situations. This was a new situation. The wine would smooth the transition from being a regular diner to being a diner with her femininity exposed to passersby.  
  
I couldn't see her pussy, but I could see her legs. When first seated her legs were together. As she relaxed with the wine, they began to part. By the time the meal arrived her legs were parted as much as they would be. She wanted to part them so her pussy was easily seen, but not so far as to appear purposeful She wanted it to appear accidental. That was her thing, to make it appear accidental. Sometimes she was successful, sometimes not.  
  
When a guy would see her labia, and then look up at her face, Wendy would smile at him. He would then know that was no accident. We were at the restaurant for probably an hour during the daylight hours with her personal girl bits on view to whoever walked by, Don't know how many guys got to see it, but she estimated maybe 15 or 20. She lost count after she saw 7 of them look at it. I saw her smile at 4 or 5 of them. The whole thing was a turn on for us.  
  
But the best part was the hotel business at night. Wendy told me she wanted to do something special for our 3rd anniversary. I just didn't know how special. Before we left for dinner, I noticed her paying special attention to the living room area of our large suite apartment. I asked her what she was doing. She responded, "Making plans."  
  
"OK, plans about what, Wendy?"  
  
"If we had sex on the floor in front of the sliding glass doors, the entire north side of the W could watch us."  
  
Now that was an ambitious plan.  
  
She had already sat on the deck drying and combing her hair in the afternoons while naked. 100% of the north side of the W could see her out there just nonchalantly combing her hair. It was a turn on for her. But this plan was several steps above that. And I would be involved. I asked her if she was up for it, and she responded, "Let's do it!" I started to feel tingly inside and my knees were a bit weak. I'm not an exhibitionist and only participate because she needs a partner on some of her escapades. I have, however, learned to enjoy fucking her with an audience, as long as they aren't too close to us.  
  
I have moved beyond merely being an enabler; I am a participant, reluctant at times but still a participant. Also, at times I am a co conspirator.  
  
We would need a blanket to place on the floor so we wouldn't get rug burns. She excitedly began to look for a blanket. Wouldn't you know it, there was no blanket in the room. I didn't know whether to be disappointed or relieved. Wendy was most disappointed. I felt bad for her.  
  
Wendy got quiet and again was surveying our domain. I asked her what she was doing, and she said she was thinking. I asked her what she was thinking about, and she said, "An alternate plan." She explained her alternate plan to me at dinner, and it was a good one. We would lose some of our audience, but we wouldn't get rug burns.  
  
After our dinner we walked back to the hotel. Wendy was slightly tipsy from the wine, and intentionally so. What she had planned was her biggest escapade yet. We walked, held hands, and I congratulated her on being so daring at dinner. I mean I never thought she would do something like that. We were holding hands and occasionally she would put her arm around me and hold me like that for awhile.  
  
When we got back to the hotel, she had another glass of wine and began analyzing the situation after she took her miniskirt and top off. It was dark outside, the lights in the room were on and the curtain on the sliding glass doors was open as wide as it would go, having not been closed since we got there.  
  
She said that good lighting would be essential so our voyeurs would get a good show. I could tell she was serious about this. There was a table and lamp next to the wall the doors opened from. She moved this lamp over to the opposite wall where it was placed behind the sliding glass door curtains that were bunched up next to the doors on the non opening end of the doors. She explained that would remove any glare from the lamp on the glass doors, and the light wouldn't be between us and our audience. As she was doing this she was walking around naked drinking her wine. She then positioned a fairly large chair so that the maximum number of rooms from the W would be able to see what was going on in the chair. I was beginning to see the entirety of her plan.  
  
She said the longer she walked around naked in the room, the larger the audience we would draw. To be so young (I think about 27 on this trip), she certainly knew what she wanted.  
  
There was a sofa against the interior wall, one end of which faced the sliding doors. The sofa itself faced the center of the room where the chair now was. She asked me to help her pull the sofa out from the wall some so she would be visible to more rooms once we started. She then said the chair out in the center of the room was too obvious, so she moved it back toward the wall a little bit. Behind that chair was a wall that separated our bedroom from the living room; it was a big suite.  
  
After being suitably fortified with her wine, she was ready to get started. She sat down on the couch, motioned me over and started kissing me while I felt her breasts. She had been in a state of arousal for much of the day because of the water taxi ride, the beach and the dinner. She estimated that maybe 20 to 30 men had seen her private parts today. This didn't include the nude beach where she walked naked on the beach as planned. This activity kept her going all day and into the evening. Now she was going to take advantage of that sexual arousal.  
  
After a few minutes of aroused kissing, she lay back against the arm rest of the sofa, put her left foot on the floor and the other spread as far as she could get it. Her right knee was bent and her leg was pulled back. She may have had it on the back of the couch. Wherever it was, she was fully spread and totally exposed. She was facing the sliding glass door.  
  
I looked at her vulva and could see she was aroused and leaking. Because she is so light skinned, her pussy on the inside is very pink, as is her asshole. When she becomes aroused the interior of her pussy turns a bright red. It was red. She had been anticipating this since before dinner.  
  
She wanted me to masturbate her for our audience, so I started gently rubbing her clitoris, occasionally going in her vagina and rubbing her G spot. She said, "The longer we do this, the larger the audience we will have for our performance." I told her our performance had already started. She then wanted me to take off my clothes. I did so, and my cock was at full attention. She then started sucking me to make sure I was interested. I was.  
  
When she was ready, she led me to the chair and had me sit down. She then started giving me a lap dance rubbing her pussy around on my shaft with her back to the sliding glass doors. When she could stand it no longer, she impaled herself on me with a gasp. About 70% of the rooms on the north side of the W looked straight into our room, and she was riding me at night with the curtains open and the lights on.  
  
She was totally getting into it, and asked me to spread her butt cheeks. She wanted to give our audience a good look at her pussy getting hammered and her cute little asshole. So I obliged her. She said, "Spread it wider!" I took my fingers and spread her asshole so wide it was bound to be uncomfortable. She wanted the voyeurs to be able to see up inside of her. She knew that some men were more attracted to women's assholes than their pussies, and she didn't want to leave anything to the imagination.  
  
As she was humping me, I could see some people had come out on the balconies at the W and were watching. I told Wendy this, and she moaned. I saw one guy come out, take a look at what was going on, go back in the room and return with his wife. They watched awhile then went back inside and turned the lights off. Not brave at all. I mean anyone can have sex with the curtains closed and the lights off.  
  
As Wendy is building toward orgasm, I can feel it in her asshole. It has small spasms that portend several large spasms as she cums. I was rubbing it for her when I felt it open a little and start the small spasms. I stuck my finger in it and began finger fucking her asshole, as she likes this. Then I realized our audience wouldn't be able to see her "wink" with my finger stuck up there, so i pulled it out and let them watch as she winked at them. Boy, did she! I think she had 7 or 8 large spasms, with resulting winks for our audience.  
  
Wendy collapsed on me. She was spent. I needed to cum, but doing it there in front of all of those people was distracting for me. Plus I was worried about offending someone. So I stood Wendy up, who was weak in her legs, and took to the bedroom. There I fucked her in missionary until I got off. After the sexual tension mounting during the day, we both were happy to finish each other off. I got up and turned off the lights we had left on in the living room. Wendy and I lovingly held each other as we went to sleep on the 3rd anniversary of our marriage.

**Wendy's Adventures Pt. 04**

Wendy has enjoyed reading the stories I have written about her escapades. It gets her aroused to relive those memories, and our sex life has been more active since I published the first one.  
  
She had the idea she would like to try her hand at writing a story about our latest excursion into the land of kink. She asked me if I would help her. Of course I said yes. While our educational levels are the same, I have done more writing over the years than she. I helped her with some proofing, but this is her story in her own words.  
  
Over the years of going to the Gulf Coast to my in laws' condo, we have met a lot of people and made some friends. Most all of those friends are normal people, but one couple is not. She is an exhibitionist. She has a boat at a marina about 40 miles from the condo.  
  
I have found that exhibitionist females tend to find more of their kind and enjoy hanging around with them. Their husbands all know the score and go along with the program so there is no drama when things start happening. Let's call my friend with the boat, Sandra. That isn't her real name, but her identity needs to be protected. Most exhibitionist females don't like their normal friends and family to know about their hobby.  
  
Sandra has another exhibitionist friend at the same marina with a very large boat. The two of them like to have adult parties on their boats. I have been on Sandra's boat before, with Sandra and her husband. We got naked to get some sun, but that was about it.  
  
Sandra and her friend decided to have an adult Halloween party. They liked the idea of a Halloween theme as that would be a good excuse to be freaky. Sandra told me most of the invited guests had been to their parties before, so they knew what to expect. The ones who had not been before were told to expect nudity. If they found that offensive, then probably they should decline the invitation.  
  
I asked what type of costume I should wear. She said anything that shows a lot of skin. Sandra has hosted and been to several of these parties before. She explained that she and her co hostess were going to wear their hostess aprons and nothing else. These small rounded lace aprons tie around the waist and hang down to well above where the hairline is or would be, if they had pubic hair. So the hostesses will start out the party essentially naked. Sounds like my type of party. Sandra does have blonde pubic hair that is trimmed to a landing strip.  
  
I immediately went online to find a suitable costume. I found a mesh catsuit with large 1" meshes. It would cover nothing of significance. I, too, would be essentially naked. The estrogen from the three of us will be palpable, and probably from a few other of the females, as well.  
  
This was exciting. I showed it to my husband who approved. I call it a catsuit because it came with a mask, some cat ears, and a tail. It covers the body, arms, legs and feet with the mesh. I ordered it with expedited shipping.  
  
I would have to wear a mini skirt and a top which I would skin off as soon as I got there. Also I would need to wear shoes, which I would probably leave on. The catsuit is crotch less which would allow me to accidentally give spread views to worthy subjects. I can't believe I am actually contemplating doing this. Sandra says there won't be anyone there I know, except some people from the marina who also like to get naked. This means I will be able to get as naked as I want and do what I want to do. This could be interesting.  
  
I am beginning to get aroused thinking about this. As my husband would say, my little motor is humming away. I have never been naked at a party in this country before.  
  
I definitely am going to save myself for this party and not masturbate or have sex for three days before the party. I want to be good and horny when I get there. I am much braver when horny, and especially braver when I have had alcohol and am horny. That is sometimes a dangerous combination. The two hostesses are also saving themselves for the party. I explained this to my husband and suggested he do the same.  
  
I woke up Wednesday morning with a dampness between my legs. All I could think of was the party and what would happen. I had a general idea of what would happen because of conversations I had with Sandra, but I didn't know what I would end up doing. I just knew it was exciting to think about. I hadn't been naked in front of strangers in several months, and I was ready.  
  
As we left for the party, we discussed what we would feel comfortable doing. We felt comfortable with my showing everything, including my spread vagina and my spread butthole, if the mood was right. We also felt comfortable having sex while others watched, if it went that far and the mood was right. We knew going in it would be an adult party and everyone invited had been told the same thing. So no one there should be offended by what they see there. Based on that, I wore my catsuit with ears and a mini skirt with a blouse over the catsuit. I didn't even take my mask. My husband said he would be comfortable with public sex as no one would be offended.  
  
When we got there, our hostesses were in their little sexy aprons and nothing else, so I went below and stripped down to my catsuit. When I came out, and my husband saw I was basically naked around all of those people, he quickly got aroused. We stayed in the main salon as it was still daylight, and we didn't want to draw any attention to us. Boat people are fairly use to nudity, but you never know who might complain or call the police, especially during the daytime while at the marina.  
  
Several of the women had on bikinis that had the tops missing. The guys were all getting their eyes full. We drank a while and talked. Several of the single guys came over and chatted my husband and me up. I spoke to the few people I knew from the marina and met a few new people. Pretty soon it was perfectly natural to be wearing the catsuit and nothing else.  
  
After an hour or so, one of the women who had been wearing her bikini bottoms went below and came back with her bottoms in hand; she was naked. I thought that was a good sign, excused myself, went below and came back with my catsuit in my hand. I, too, was naked. My husband told me I was a brave little thing.  
  
Soon our hostesses lost their aprons, and 4 of us were stark naked, and the night was young. By now there were probably 25 or 30 people there. About 10 to 12 couples and 4 or 5 single guys, as best I could tell. May have been a single woman or two, but I'm not sure.  
  
I enjoyed walking around naked and showing off. As Sandra said, I was the new girl in town, and all the guys were interested in what I had brought to the party. They could pretty much see all of it, except for what was hidden between my legs. That would come later.  
  
The hosts and hostesses had bought BBQ and country style ribs from an excellent BBQ restaurant not too far from the marina. It was very good. I dropped some juice from one of the ribs on my bare nipple. My husband noticed, leaned over and licked it off. The guys around me liked that. Both my nipples were at attention. The party was getting better.  
  
Thus far I had maintained my modesty and had kept my legs together. As the alcohol relaxed my inhibitions, my legs began to relax as well. I had to keep them pretty much together as I was wet down there, and didn't want everyone to know how aroused I already was.  
  
The boat we were having the party on is a very large cabin cruiser. It is of near shore seagoing size and maybe 50' to 60' in length. The brand is Carver, which is a plush multilevel yacht. The party also spilled out onto the dock and two other boats in nearby slips. So there were several parties going on with the large Carver being the center of activities. It was now dark, and I enjoyed being able to walk around naked on the dock and visit the other boats.  
  
By this time it was getting late, and all of the people with boats at that particular dock who were not at the party, had left, and we had the dock to ourselves. I had enough alcohol and was horny enough that if any of the men had wanted to feel me up at that point, I would have let them. But no one asked, and I didn't volunteer my breasts to anyone. That would have been more forward than I am comfortable with. My thing is to show off, not be felt up. But some touching did come a little later.  
  
My husband, a guy we met named Brad and I were walking on the dock back to the Carver, when Brad said, "You certainly have a nice ass." He and I were side by side with my husband a few feet in front of us.  
  
"Thank you very much, you can touch it if you like." I said.  
  
I think he was a bit surprised, but he put his big hand on my butt cheek and squeezed it as we were walking. One of his fingers was right at my anus; I could feel it there on the starfish and the sphincter muscle right next to the opening. After he squeezed it several times, he said, "That was nice, thank you for letting me do that." He then removed his hand and we continued to walk to the Carver. He complimented me on having such a nice firm butt.  
  
Earlier, my husband and I had discussed the boundaries. As I said, there were no limits on what I could do in showing off, but we agreed the men couldn't touch my genitals or butthole. That is marital territory. We agreed they could touch my breasts and my butt if the situation arose and if I felt comfortable with it. His finger got as close as possible to the opening of my anus without touching it. It was on my sphincter muscle at the opening. I'm sure he could feel that muscle and knew exactly where he was.  
  
When we got back to the boat, the hosts and hostesses decided it was time for a moonlight cruise. Now that was a sight. The two hostesses were hopping around naked getting the lines free so the captain could maneuver out of the marina. They had hired an experienced boat handler to be the captain so the owner/host could drink and enjoy the party.  
  
As we cleared the marina, more of the women lost their bikini bottoms and were dancing naked on the aft deck and in the salon. The aft deck is off of the salon on the main or mid level. The cockpit is on the top level and the stateroom and cabins are on the lower level. There was a small salon down there as well. We had plenty of privacy as it was dark with lighting on the deck, and there just weren't many boats out at that hour. We cruised not far offshore in the moonlight.  
  
By this time I was a little under the influence and a lot horny. I hadn't had an orgasm since Sunday, and I could feel it. I found out the hostesses had been saving themselves for about the same amount of time. I could feel the wetness between my legs and knew my inner labia were red and swollen, as was the rest of my womanhood. By now I felt that my vagina had probably dilated and would be obviously opened if I showed it to anyone. My legs starting parting a bit more, and I knew the guys seated and standing opposite me could tell I was aroused by the physical condition of my genitals. I had never been naked in a crowd like this while in an obviously aroused state, and it felt wonderful.  
  
My husband and I were on the rear deck along with another naked woman, several of the single guys and another couple or two. Unconsciously I had begun to gently touch my clitoris as it was all so arousing. My legs were becoming more and more spread without my realizing it. My husband had his arm around my shoulders and was gently rubbing my breast and my nipple, which was rock hard. The other couples were fooling around with each other as well. The single guys and the naked woman were watching. She was rubbing herself a bit. I don't think she was solo, but her partner may have been in the main salon.  
  
Soon my legs were spread wide. My husband removed my hand from my pussy and started rubbing me, spreading me apart and exposing my vagina for everyone watching. He wasn't rubbing my clitoris, but would rub my anus and spread it apart for viewing. Occasionally he would go in my spread vagina and touched my G-spot. He intentionally wasn't touching my clitoris because he didn't want me to cum yet. He knew I was aroused and on the verge of cumming.  
  
I was pretty much out of it by this time, but I remember Brad, a couple other single guys and a few others had their eyes laser locked on my swollen, wet and red pussy, as well as my butthole. It all became too much, and I had a huge orgasm with all of them watching. It was just glorious.  
  
Well, my husband wasn't happy with me as he wanted me to cum while I was fucking him. But it was too late for that. I am a one and done type of girl.  
  
Finally, I was totally relaxed, for the first time since Monday and maintained the fully spread position while the guys continued to look at my spread girl parts. I know my vagina was opened to the max because of my arousal. It was a nice feeling to be that exposed in a group of people. Two of the women were interested in the condition of my pussy as well. I doubt they had ever seen anything like that before. So there I was, spread out like a common slut while the crowd looked at my swollen pussy and asshole that had just winked at them a bunch of times. I don't know how many times, but I know it was more than 5 as the orgasm just kept washing over me.  
  
My husband wanted to fuck me, but he wanted a little more privacy than doing it in front of all of those people, especially as I had already cum. Had I still been in heat, he would have let me fuck him right there.  
  
Several more had joined the group to see what was going on out where we were. At that point two or three watching would have been OK with him, but what we had was a crowd. They were getting a good view of the new girl; I don't think I disappointed them, except they probably wanted to see me get fucked. Earlier I had been aroused enough to fuck my husband while they all watched, but that was my undoing; I was too aroused and had a premature orgasm before I could even mount him.  
  
I don't know how long I lay there and rested, but was finally able to walk again. I assumed a more modest position, and my husband helped me up. We walked back through the main salon and saw that our hostesses and another woman were giving their version of "Spread Your Legs." We watched for a while and then continued on looking for a more private place.  
  
We found an unused cabin on the lower level and decided it would do. Without any preliminary introductions, my husband put me on the bed, stuck it in and had at me. He left the door to the cabin open, and some of the people on the lower level could watch me getting fucked. My vagina was so dilated, and I was so well lubricated, that I could just barely feel him in me. What I could feel was his hand on my ass spreading my cheeks apart and his little nuts bouncing on my exposed asshole. Some of those people were getting a good show.  
  
It didn't take him long to cum, and after clean up we rejoined the group in the salon. By now couples were looking for private or semi private places to have sex.  
  
My husband and I had a small berth in the main salon to ourselves. We got some more wine and talked to the people who remained, and the ones who returned after their trysts. By now I was back to normal and just enjoyed hanging out naked in a social setting.  
  
We hung out naked and drank some more until the evening was over for us. Our hostess got us a blanket, and we went to sleep on the small fold out berth. By now the captain had brought us back to the marina, and those who wanted to abandon ship had done so. Many, knowing it would be a late night, had arranged to take Thursday off.  
  
I awoke to the smell of fresh coffee and bacon cooking. Several others were up as well. I got out of bed and realized I was still naked—of course. Looked for my clothes, but couldn't find them. I did have my pocketbook with our tooth brushes and toothpaste, so at least I had a fresh mouth. I figured that anyone who didn't get to see enough of me naked last night would have another opportunity this morning.  
  
The captain was still there. He was one of the guys who had watched my performance the night before, after temporarily turning over the helm to another experienced boater. He told me that was the most erotic thing he had ever seen. He said the only way it could have been better would have been for me to have had sex with my husband while they all watched. I said, "Just wait for the next party; I was only getting warmed up last night!" I told him I intended to fuck my husband in front of the audience, but the situation was overwhelming for me, and I had a premature orgasm. I also told him about the quick sex on the lower level while others watched. I explained he didn't miss much of a show as I just lay there as my husband spread my anus for the audience and hammered me for two or three minutes before he juiced me good. He said he would have liked to have seen that.  
  
While we were talking, two other couples who had boats there came by when they smelled the coffee and saw the movement on the boat. They had been invited to the party, but couldn't make it. Well, I was still naked as I had no clothes, but it didn't bother me and didn't seem to bother them. I wasn't too worried as I figured my clothes were in one of the cabins that was occupied with the doors closed. As it was, I got to walk around naked in front of some new people. I loved it. We ate our breakfast, then sat around with coffee and chatted.  
  
One of the guys said, "Looks like it was a good party; sorry we missed it."  
  
The other one looked at me and said, "Damn girl, where are your clothes?"  
  
"I don't know," I replied, "but I hope I find them. Would hate to have to ride home naked."  
  
My husband responded, "Yeah, don't throw her in that briar patch!"  
  
I found out they had not yet been to one of the parties, so I didn't tell them anything about it. Sometimes it is better to let people find out for themselves. I think they now have a pretty good idea of what goes on.  
  
Being naked around those clothed men got my motor running again, but I realized it was time to go home and have sweet and loving marital sex with my husband without an audience. The party was over.  
  
I found my clothes in one of the cabins, so I didn't have to go home naked. As my husband said, "That was a good thing."

**Wendy's Adventures Pt. 05**

For a while I had wanted to go to France and to a nude beach. My husband was doing research on the internet and found St. Martin, which is a French/Dutch island in the Caribbean and is much closer than France. One of the beaches there is Orient Beach and is one of the prettiest beaches in the world. One end of Orient Beach is owned by Club Orient which is a nude resort. We weren't ready for a full nude resort experience, but were intrigued by the idea of visiting a nude beach.  
  
He found the newest hotel on the French side was the Alamanda. The pool, as well as the beach in front of it was topless but not nude. We decided we could walk down to Club O and see what it was all about. We ended up staying on the beach naked at Club O every day after our first day there. We took to it like the proverbial ducks to water.

**First Trip To St. Martin**  
  
At Club O there is a beach restaurant named Papagayos and a beach bar called the Perch. You will hear me talk about them later. We spent a lot of time there. But all of that came in later years. Here is the story of my first ultimate female exhibitionist experience and some of our experiences at Club O. I call it the ultimate exhibitionist experience because it is the most a female can do to show off—have sex with her partner while being watched by another man, other men or a couple. Never ever thought that would be me! The ultimate male exhibitionist experience is a bit different.  
  
On our first trip to St. Martin we stayed at the Alamanda. We had asked for a second floor room for a view of the beach, but they were full, so we had a ground floor room. Funny how our getting a ground floor room would change our lives forever. The room had a patio that opened (sliding glass doors) toward the pool and the breakfast area. There was a sidewalk from the office/pool area to the beach that was to the rear of our patio . We would sit out there naked for coffee in the mornings and late in the day for cocktails before going to dinner. There was a waist high wooden fence and some bushes around the patio, so we had some privacy when sitting out there without our clothes. If someone had walked up to talk to us, we would have been caught, but neither of us cared.  
  
One night we came back to the hotel after dinner and drinking (too much drinking, as it turned out!). I took off my skirt and top (wore no underwear on the trip) and lay on the bed naked. My husband was naked also. I was watching the Olympics. The curtains were opened about 6 ft., the way they had been during the day. After being on the beach naked all day, it didn't seem to be a big deal to be naked in the hotel room with the curtains open. A lamp by the bed was on.  
  
My husband started fooling around with me. I was getting aroused and very aware that the curtains were open. That added to the excitement. I was wet. My husband was hard. I climbed on top and completed penetration. He asked me if I thought we should close the curtains. I replied that they were only open about 6 inches; he said more like 6 ft. I said it was ok the way it was. He responded that if I wanted to give them a show, we would give them a real show. He turned us around so that my rear end, with everything exposed, was facing the sliding glass doors. The doors were only about 3' away from the end of our bed. I was humping him harder and harder, very aware that if anyone was out there I was giving them a free live sex show. It was intensely erotic.  
  
We had been naked in the room with the curtains open for quite a while before this started, so there was plenty of time to draw an audience. Also there was a lot of vegetation around the patio, so someone could stay there without being observed by other guests (found out the next night that this had, in fact, happened!). Didn't take long for us to reach orgasm.  
  
While my husband cleaned me up, my business end was facing the sliding doors, legs were spread with my femininity wide open while he wiped me clean. During this clean up session, my vagina was also open as I had just gotten fucked, and it was still dilated. So all of my pinkness was open to the world, and watchers could see up inside my vagina. The people outside the sliders got a lot more than they could have wished for. It was a very graphic session. The clean up session alone would have been worth the price of admission.  
  
After my husband finished cleaning me, I got up and was going to close the curtains, but thought what the hell, that horse is out of the barn. Those curtains never did get closed!  
  
I found that I enjoyed that type of display—never had done it before—and decided to get a ground floor room again the next year so that we could repeat if the urge came over us. At that stage of our career we didn't want to be the first to suggest a ground floor room as we didn't want to appear to be a pervert to the other.  
  
The next year we decided to stay at Cap Caribes in a ground floor room. By this time we had admitted to each other that we enjoyed performing for others. We liked the view from the second floor, but we like giving the view even better.  
  
Our room at Cap Caribes had the sliding glass doors on the back side of the hotel with a large privacy fence between us and the beach. The fence was about 60' from our room. There was more privacy there than at the Alamanda. My husband liked it much better. He said that anyone back there watching wanted to watch and that we wouldn't be offending anyone.  
  
We would have sex with the curtains open all the way and my business end facing the doors. Of course my husband spread my butt cheeks so our voyeurs could see it all. I winked each night for our unseen audience. This was before I discovered the pleasure of his finger up my butt when I orgasmed. So they got to see all 7 or 8 of my spasms. When doing it in front of an audience, I will wink 7 or 8 times. With regular sex, it is about 4 or 5 spasms. The orgasms are much stronger and last longer when I think someone is watching.  
  
I would be naked in the room, walking around, before sex so we could draw an audience for the performance. I would go down on him, and he would go down on me after spreading my labia and rubbing my clitoris for our audience. I would be on my back and he would spread me wide open, exposing my dilated vagina. I would then get on top and repeat the performance we had given at the Alamanda. We had sex each night we were there with the curtains open and the lights on, and I was totally exposed for each of those performances. He felt more comfortable having sex at Cap Caribes as we weren't right out in the open as we were at the Alamanda. We had a bit of privacy—we thought.  
  
In June we went back to Cap Caribes to survey the scene of the crime of so many years ago. We found our old room, and noticed a few things we hadn't seen before. We had never been out the sliding glass doors in the back of the room, so we didn't know what was back there. Well, we found out!  
  
Unknown to us, there was a walkway behind our room about 20' away from the sliding glass doors. This walkway connects the beach, the pool and the front part of the resort. Wow! When I saw that I started getting wet. We were much more exposed and popular than we had originally thought. They got a good show.

**Club Orient**  
  
After a couple of trips to Orient Beach, and spending our days at Club O Beach, we decided to take the plunge and stay at Club O. Glad we did, and we haven't looked back. Here are some of my recollections about our Club O experiences taken from notes I made at the time. Club O was destroyed by hurricane Irma in 2017; it is now only rubble, but I am writing about it as if it still exists, because in my mind it does. Plus my notes were made contemporaneous with our trips, so they are written in the present tense.  
  
The Club O restaurant is Papagayos on the south end of the beach, almost at the end of the Club O property and the end of Orient Beach. The Perch is a beach bar restaurant on the opposite end of Club O property, getting close to the non nude portion of the beach. It is heavily frequented by the "boat people," who are clothed tourists from the cruise ships. They enjoy walking the nude portion of the beach getting an eyeful of all the naked people. The women look at the naked men as much as the men look at the naked women. Some of the women will take off their tops and walk topless. A very few will take the bottoms off as well.  
  
There have been times that I was the only naked person in the Perch. Everyone else was clothed. The tourists loved it. I loved it. Just something about being the only naked girl in a bar populated with clothed men (and some women). Once we were on our walk down Club O Beach—naked of course. We were walking at the water line when I spotted a large crowd of clothed people by the taxi stand at Pedro's (just beyond the Perch). They evidently were waiting on their bus to take them back to the ship. I immediately saw an opportunity. I changed my course to one that would put me right in the middle of the crowd. It was a large group (maybe 50 or more) of Japanese tourists. I walked right through their group. Most of them had cameras, so there may be pictures out there documenting my fearless walk through their midst. But not to worry as I, as always, was wearing a hat and sunglasses. Walking naked through that crowd got my little motor running.  
  
Orient Beach is about 1.3 miles long with only the Club O part being nude. The rest of it is topless. The Club O portion is maybe 500 yards long. The whole beach is one of the prettiest in the world.  
  
This was a good trip with excellent weather. We both went naked 99% of the time. We only got dressed when we left the property and on our walks all the way down the beach, most of which is non nude-topless only. He wore swim trunks, and I wore just a G-string, which covered only my genitals and my pubic hair—what little I have. Can't have much as small as that G-string is.  
  
Most of the women on this part of the beach were prudes. If they sunbathed topless, they would put their tops on when they walked down to the water, or went anywhere away from their chairs. I was the only female I saw to walk the entire beach, and back, with my breasts bare and wearing only a barely legal G-string with my entire butt exposed. And I have a nice butt. Correction, I have seen women from Club O walk the beach topless. Not sure if I saw any this trip or not.  
  
One day, I wrapped a pareo around my waist, and went on the walk wearing only that. That particular pareo only barely covers my butt and my genitals. On the walk back, the wind was blowing pretty good and the front of the pareo would blow up exposing my genitals. On the way down, it probably blew up exposing my butt. I couldn't see it, and wasn't concerned.  
  
The combination of the wind and of my pulling the pareo back down eventually loosened it so that I couldn't even keep it on. Finally, seeing no Gendarmes around, I just took it off and did the rest of the walk naked. A lot of the guys enjoyed that. The women, not so much. Too bad. Get your bodies in shape, and you too can show them off.  
  
The entire beach used to be nude, and that is the way we would do our walks when it wasn't real crowded—such as the early morning hours when we would walk the entire beach naked. But the prudes have taken over, and it is no longer legal to be naked on all of Orient Beach—just the Club Orient part.  
  
For happy hour we would go to Papagayos and usually meet friends there and for dinner afterwards. Almost all of the women would wear a wrap to happy hour and dinner, but I went naked every night. I was usually the only naked girl in the restaurant for dinner. My husband and a male friend we met said I was a was a brave girl and a good little nudist. Their thing, and mine too, is that it is a nudist resort, why dress for dinner? I enjoyed walking through the restaurant naked during happy hour getting the drinks when all of the other women had something on. It is the only restaurant I have been too where I can do that, so I enjoy the experience of being naked at dinner, especially when the other women are wearing something. I have been naked in the Perch a whole bunch of times, but I view the Perch as more of a bar, even though food is available.  
  
The very first night we were there was the Managers' party. I initially went naked, but noticed that all of the women but me had something on. I went back to the chalet and put a pareo around my waist. My husband got on to me for that. The next week at the Managers' party, I just went naked and was the only female to do so. It was a bit of a turn on. I made sure to walk around and show off a bit and let the men see what I had. I have the body for it, so I guess that is one reason I have no modesty and enjoy going naked when it is legal to do so.  
  
That night after the managers' party and after dinner and too many glasses of wine at Papagayos, we were in our Chalet with the sliding glass door curtains wide open-about 12'. They were still open from the daytime before we went to dinner. It was now dark with the lights on. My husband was talking about the first time I attacked him and fucked him in the room at the Alamanda at night during our first visit to the Island. Thinking of that night began to get me interested.  
  
Every now and then I could see a couple walking by outside on the way back from Papagayos. Our chalet was two down from where we stayed last year, and was on the path people take coming and going from Papagayos. Actually it is on the beach, but people walk between the chalets and the water. We were both naked and I was getting aroused. I leaned over and started sucking him to get him hard. When he was suitably erect I impaled myself on him and started doing him right there on the couch with the lights on and people walking by outside. I was facing the wall and couldn't see them, but he could. I could feel him spreading my butt cheeks to give good views of my pussy getting fucked and of my little pink asshole. I think having the people walk by was a little too much for him as he lost his erection. I wanted to keep on until I climaxed, but he was too chicken. I wanted to be watched while I had my orgasm.  
  
That was the only night on that trip he would let me do that, but we did it plenty during the day while people were walking by. The view looking inside isn't as good during the day, though. But we both enjoy doing it in the daytime in front of the sliding glass doors, so that's where we had sex each day.  
  
The total width of view is about 12' with the curtains fully open, but my husband was usually too chicken to have the curtains open that wide; hell, 1/2 the wall would be exposed to the beach! So, he usually had about 6' to 9' exposed. The last few times, he was braver and had all of it opened. Other trips we have done it to completion at night, but that is really brazen. My husband doesn't like doing it at night with the curtains open. I am the exhibitionist of the family; he is just an enabler.  
  
It was a turn on to have sex during the day watching all of those people walk by. I would do him in reverse cowgirl with him seated on the couch so we could both see the people go by on the beach-about 30' away. When they would look in and see us, it would put me right on the brink of an orgasm, but I usually was able to pull back and continue the show. Sometimes they would walk right by our patio on the way to Papagayos, which put them about 10' away from the sliding glass doors. Now that is close! In fact, it got to be a bit distracting for me, so I would usually turn around and fuck him in regular cowgirl while he was seated facing the beach. That way he could watch the people, and I could fantasize about them walking by and watching us do it. He said about 30 people per session would walk by. My butt was facing the doors, and he sometimes would spread my cheeks wide to give good views of me getting fucked and my redeye spread wide open. I'm sure that during each session some of them got a good look at my most intimate body part.  
  
When I have an orgasm, my tight little butthole relaxes and becomes much looser and larger My husband says the term is "winking." It relaxes so much that if my husband's finger is on it when I cum, his finger will just slide right in. I really enjoy that. I fantasized that several men got to see me wink and then watch as my husband inserted his finger. I get wet just thinking about what they probably saw.  
  
After I had my orgasm, he would take me to the bedroom and finish doing me in there to get his nut. There were two windows in the bedroom. There were blinds on the windows, but we never closed them. After sex, we would go to Papagayos for happy hour. It is embarrassing to be standing naked at the bar and feel cum running down the insides of my thighs. It was probably visible coming out of my pussy too! Ah, the perils of public nudity. Fortunately, a restroom was not far away so I could clean up in there.

**Beach Exhibitionism**  
  
I was disappointed in the quality of the male cruise ship passengers (boat people) on this trip. There were more of them than last year, but the cute factor just was mostly missing. As a result I didn't give very many spread views. One day there were so few of them, and the quality was so bad, that by 2:30, I had given no views. I was frustrated. We went to happy hour at the Perch and got some alcohol in us. My husband finally said, "Hell, just show it to any male who is not gross." So, a lot of men got views who ordinarily would never have seen my spread feminine charms. I, reluctantly, had to lower my standards.  
  
The way I am built, when I part my legs in the reclining position, my outer labia pretty much open on their own. So, I don't have to do much to give views of my inner labia. On this trip no one got to see all the way up to the opening of my vagina while we were on the beach. My inner lips normally cover the opening. I would like to find a way to cause the inner lips to spread along with the outer lips. That would give a good view of my flower and might expose the opening of my vagina. Edit Note: On our last trip, I learned to spread my inner and outer labia with my fingers and then remove my fingers. I think the opening to my vagina is visible for perhaps 5 to 10 minutes after I spread. That is a turn to know I am fully exposed and am not doing anything to protect my modesty. My husband knows the opening to my vagina is exposed, but it no longer seems to bother him  
  
Several days, during happy hour, when the alcohol was in me, I got the desire to go have sex, come back to the beach, spread my legs and let the boat people see the cum leaking out of my vagina and down my butt hole. I told my husband, and he was willing to donate the semen if I was brave enough to give that view. That made us both very horny. I was getting wet, and he was starting to get erect so we left and walked back to the chalet. Fortunately, our chalet was right on the beach just a couple of minutes from our chairs. He made it back before his erection was very noticeable.  
  
We left our towels on the chairs as we were going to fuck quickly and be back in 20 minutes. This was the first day he opened the curtains all the way so that 12' of glass doors was exposed. Now, it wasn't as if someone could just look in and see all the details of my exposed body parts and what we were doing. There was some glare on the glass doors that hindered the view when people were in certain locations outside the doors. Otherwise, it would have been as if we were fucking on the patio with no impediment of view and no privacy. I couldn't do that.

The thought of my spreading my legs so other men could see the semen seeping from my vagina got us both turned on (that is really pornographic!), and we both came quickly with him depositing a nice load in me. We did it on the couch in missionary so the semen would go deeper and stay longer. He didn't bother to clean me up, as we were going to let all of it leak out while on the beach. Funny thing is, once we both got off and calmed down, we no longer had any desire to let other men see semen leaking from me. So, we never did that view the way we intended. It would get me aroused thinking about it, but once the act was over, and the semen properly deposited, we both had lost the urge for me to exhibit myself in such a pornographic manner. He loaded me up several times with good intentions, but we both had lost the urge once the act was completed. We did go back to the beach after sex with me spreading my legs, so some men probably got to see the semen seeping out, but it wasn't as pornographic as we envisioned.

**Nude Yoga**  
  
The following is a story about a yoga class I took. My husband thought to make notes on it, so I will let him tell this story.  
  
On Wednesday mornings, there would be a yoga class in a pavilion on the Club O beach at the far end. Wendy decided to take the class. I asked her (jokingly) if she was going to do it naked. She said she probably would. On the morning of the class, she walked naked down the beach to the class, and a little while later I followed. She later told me she walked naked to the class and didn't take any clothes so she couldn't chicken out.  
  
On the way I met up with a friend of ours, and I told him Wendy was doing a yoga class nude and asked if he wanted to walk down with me and watch. Of course he said yes. He had seen her naked for 4 or 5 days on the beach and at dinner, but I think he knew a yoga class would be different. What I didn't know was how much different.  
  
When we got to the pavilion, there were maybe 10 people in the class with two men and the rest were women, including the instructor. Several of the women were topless, but all wore bottoms except for Wendy. We watched for a little while, and I honestly couldn't believe Wendy was doing it naked. I had never seen a yoga class before, but Wendy had been doing yoga for several years. She well knew what was going to happen. When they did those poses, everything Wendy had was on display; she was wide open. Her pussy and asshole were both spread for public viewing.  
  
Wendy's spot on the wooden slightly raised floor of the pavilion was next to a path that connects two portions of the beach. There wasn't a lot of traffic, but there was enough to make it interesting. When the guys would walk by, I could see them do a double take when they looked over and saw a naked female exhibiting herself in those poses.  
  
We stood there and watched for awhile. I think both our friend and I couldn't believe what Wendy was doing—that she was so free and unconcerned about her body. Then I realized our friend was getting to see her spread pussy and open asshole when they did certain poses. This just wasn't something he should be seeing.  
  
I knew we probably would never see the other people in the class again, so that was OK for them to see her opened up like that. But we would be seeing our friend again. Had I known how open and vulnerable her girl bits were going to be, I never would have asked him to come with me.  
  
So we left, but not before he saw it all. He was only one of two men we knew personally who got to see her girl bits spread like that. The other man was a guy we knew from Club O. On our last morning there, Wendy and I were on the beach getting some early morning sun. As it was the last time we would be on the beach for a year, Wendy was giving views to any man who walked by.  
  
Normally she doesn't spread for men who are naked as they might be our neighbors at Club O. But this time she made an exception as she didn't recognize the guy (at first), and what the hell, it was her last day. So there she sat, spread open with everything on view—outer lips open to expose her inner lips and clitoris—as the guy walked by. He spoke and walked up to us. Wouldn't you know it, he was a guy we knew from another trip and had been talking with during this trip. He stood in front of Wendy and was enjoying the view. She said she didn't know what to do. As he had already seen everything, she didn't want to show her embarrassment and put her legs together, so she just held the position as if it were the most natural thing in the world for her to be sitting there talking with him while her femininity was on display.  
  
Turns out we ran into he and his wife as we were checking out of Club O and headed to the airport. We both come to the Island the same time each year, so we said we would see them again next year. Those are the only two men we know personally who have seen Wendy's spread womanhood.  
  
The next year we went back to Club O, but there were no yoga classes. Wendy would have done it naked again, had there been classes. Her comment was, "I mean, where else can I do nude yoga?" She has a very good point.  
  
A few months after our trip to St. Martin in 2017, Club O was destroyed by Irma. There is no longer any trace of the pavilion where Wendy had once again shocked me with her exhibitionism. The concrete pad is there, but that's all.  
  
We visited the Island in 2018, but had different accommodations as Club O is no more. We visited the ruins several times. On one of those trips we saw where the pavilion once stood. I pointed out to Wendy where we were. She looked longingly at the site and said, "Damn that was fun. It makes me aroused just thinking about it." Yep, that's my Wendy.

**Post Club O**  
  
On our trip last year we stayed in a studio apartment across from Orient Village On most days we would do our usual beach walk for exercise after breakfast, then come back, have a shower and head out to Club O Beach about 11:00. The resort is rubble, but there is a chair/umbrella concession on the beach as well as a smaller version of the Perch, known as the Perch lite.  
  
On this particular day, shortly after we got to the beach, we both noticed the Perch Lite was full with maybe 30 to 40 clothed people there. Our plan had been to have Bloody Marys with lunch about 11:30 or 12:00. When we saw the crowd, both my husband and I realized the opportunity (he now thinks the same way I think). We decided to immediately get Bloody Marys, have lunch around noon and then go back for more drinks. Of course I would be the one to get drinks, as usual.  
  
So I stripped naked by our chairs and umbrella and went to the Perch. What a rush. When I got to the bar there was one other naked woman there, a small French woman with very small breasts. Hers was the body of a child. She left shortly after I got there, and I was the only naked women in the bar with all of those clothed Americans. It was quite the thrill to walk up to the bar, place my order and wait for it with all of those eyes on me. When I got our drinks, I turned and walked out giving them all a good view of my butt as I made my way back to our chairs.  
  
We had our drinks, had lunch and my husband said, "I'll bet you want to go back to the bar for more drinks?" Of course I did. He knows me and how much I like being naked among a bunch of clothed men. There is just something deliciously bad about doing that. It was about an hour after my first trip, and there were plenty of fresh eyes at the bar. So when I went to the bar I let them see what they wanted to see.  
  
After we finished those drinks, I was getting sleepy. My husband suggested I go to the viewing position, spread my lips with my fingers, go to sleep and let whoever passed by get a good look. What an excellent suggestion! So I did. It was a bright sunlit day, so my entire femininity was open for inspection. It was a complete turn on. Unfortunately, there wasn't that much traffic in front of me. Although whoever passed by got to see it all. As my husband says, as long as they don't see the entrance to my vagina, I am still protecting my modesty. That's his thing, for me to protect my modesty (Hah!) Actually, when I use my fingers to spread my labia, the entrance to my vagina is visible. He knows that and really doesn't care.  
  
So, I slept spread like that for maybe 30 minutes or so. Have no idea how many men got to see it. I was horny when I awakened.  
  
We had some rain before 2:00, so we left the beach and came on back. Had some fun at the apartment while I thought about being naked at the Perch and spread out at the beach. That gave me a really nice orgasm, the thought of all of those people seeing me spread open like that. Then we had naps and waited for happy hour. It was a short day, but a good day.  
  
So, it was a good trip even if we couldn't stay at Club O. I got to go naked most of the day and get fucked whenever I wanted. Gave some good views while spread on the chair and gave pleasure to a bunch of men—some worthy and some not. But that is the way it is when pickings are slim and the quality is lacking. In addition to the views on the chair, about 200 men got to see me naked at the Perch Lite. Normally it's no big deal for a man to see me naked, but when they are clothed, in a large group and I am the only naked female in the bar, that is a very big deal for me.  
  
We are planning another trip back to the French side this year, As Club O hasn't been rebuilt, we will stay in the same studio as last time and make our daily trips to the Club O Beach. A bunch of guys are going to get some good views. I'm beginning to leak in anticipation.

**Wendy's Adventures Pt. 06**

Even though this is labeled as Part 6, it is the seventh story in Wendy's series. For background, I suggest the reader click on Wendy's name and read the previous stories. I have written some of them, and Wendy has written some. It turns us both on to relive and write about her past escapades. In this series, she wrote the first several stories, which are a collection of some of her escapades, as well as few of her thoughts on exhibitionism. She wrote most of the last one.

**Miscellaneous Stories**  
  
When we are at home it is difficult for me to find ways to expose myself. I have to be fairly conservative as I don't want to be outed as a hobbyist. Where there is a will, there will usually be a way as the following stories illustrate.  
  
My husband and I went to our local park for a hike on the trails up and down the hills. I wore a pair of blue jean shorts that have no crotch. Can't tell there is a hole there while I am standing or sitting unless I part my legs. The hole is large enough to show my genitals as well as my anus if I am properly positioned.  
  
As we parked the car, there was a man two parking spots over who was facing me. When I got out of the car, I spread my legs wide and reached back inside the car. This gave him a good view of my pussy sticking out of my shorts and spread wide open. Yep, he got the full view.  
  
As I wasn't yet aroused, it wasn't red, inflamed or wet, but it still opened up for him to give him a good view. Within a few minutes, it was wet and I was as horny as a hoot owl. It was a rush showing him my womanhood, and it got me going.  
  
On one of the wooded trails we hike, there is a bench at the top of one of the hills overlooking the valley. This bench has a back on it. I formed a plan to get my husband to sit down on this bench. I would then pull his cock out, suck him to get him hard and then fuck him. I wouldn't have to take my shorts off as my pussy is available even with the shorts on. I would take my top and my sports bra off and would be topless so he could fondle my breasts while I rode him. I would be facing the trail and would be able to see who was passing by about 20' feet away. It was a very dangerous plan with a high potential for being caught. That made it even more arousing. I decided that if a woman was on the trail I would get off of him and sit down with my back facing the trail. If a man was passing by, I would keep fucking my husband with my breasts bouncing to give the man a good view. What a rush!  
  
The bench is about 20 minutes into our hike. By the time we got there, I was as wet as a running faucet. We were standing there looking out over the valley, and I put my husband's hand on my very wet pussy. He was shocked at how wet I was, and thought it was all due to my showing the stranger my pussy. I explained to him that I did get aroused having the man see it, but I had something else in mind.  
  
I would like to tell you that we had sex and three men passed by and got to watch, but alas, my husband was a big chicken. He turned me down. So, I took off my top and sports bra and told him I was going to do the rest of the hike topless, no matter how many people we saw, unless he let me fuck him on the bench. He wouldn't give in, so we took off for the rest of the hike with my breasts bouncing away and nipples erect.  
  
Wasn't long before a guy on a mountain bike came flying down the path. He got a good look at my bare breasts. A minute or so later, his buddy came flying down. He, too, got a view. Then a guy came running by. He took a double look. My husband said, "Don't you really think you should cover them? We are only 11 minutes from our house." I didn't think so at all and was enjoying letting the guys see them. I told him I was going to do the rest of the hike topless because he wouldn't fuck me on the bench. And if he gave me a hard time about it, I would strip off my shorts and finish the hike naked, which I wanted to do anyway.  
  
Even though we were close to our house, we were in a different community and we both were wearing hats and sunglasses. I wasn't concerned about being recognized. People would be looking at my bouncing breasts and not our faces. They were doing more than the standard jiggle; the rough terrain was causing them to have a nice bounce to them. I was loving every minute of it.  
  
A few more men, several women and a couple walked by. Each time I would smile brightly and say, "Good morning." I was totally turned on and my little motor was going so fast I thought it would pop out of my chest. I seriously considered taking my shorts off and going stark naked, but thought better of it.  
  
As we were approaching the end of our hike, I was getting concerned about when I would put my top on. Where we were parked there is a pavilion next to the parking area. We know some of the people who hang out there with their dogs. I didn't want any of them to see me topless. My husband was pissed at me for what I had done. I wanted to get fucked when we got home, but he wouldn't do it now because of his anger over my showing my breasts. I developed a strategy.  
  
I stopped on the trail and put my hands on my hips and said, "I told you I was going to do the rest of the hike topless, and that includes going back to the car past the pavilion. I would like it, but I don't think you would, so I'll make a deal with you. I will put my breasts away if you will give me a good fucking when we get home. I wanted to do it on the bench, but you are such a chicken, I can't have any fun."  
  
"I think you are having plenty of fun, and that you are probably leaking like a faucet," he responded. "But yes, if you put away your tits, I will fuck you when we get home. There are certain situations when I just don't want other men seeing my wife exposed, and this is one of them."  
  
So I covered my breasts and became a decent married woman again. Well, I was married, anyway. Probably not all that decent.  
  
I was really aroused when we got home, so I gave him a good hard fucking thinking about what it would have been like to have gotten caught doing it on that bench, as well as thinking about the man seeing my spread womanhood when I got out of the car, and all of the people who got to see my breasts. It was a nice orgasm.  
  
I like to water my plants on the front porch while naked. My husband said I wasn't brave enough to water the ten or so box woods in front of the porch while naked. Now that is a rush. I can usually hear a car on the road before it gets in front of the house. That normally gives me a chance to get back on the porch and partially hide behind one of the columns. If I am too far from the porch, I just have to freeze like a rabbit and hope for the best.  
  
Bicyclists are a different story, however. I can't hear them and have been caught a bunch of times. My husband sometimes goes on the front porch to smoke a cigar. He says he can always tell which of the bicyclists have seen me naked as they will always look over toward the porch to see if they can catch me again. The women don't look. I don't much worry about the bicyclists as they aren't local.  
  
Our next door neighbor is divorced and has a son who spends some weekends with him. I have noticed the son spending a lot of time outside while I am sunbathing naked. The neighbor likes to cut his grass with his tractor while I am outside naked. There is only one area from which he can see me. He spends a lot of time cutting that section. Occasionally I will subtly spread my legs to give him a better view. My husband says the neighbor has seen me naked so many times, that it no longer does much for him. I don't believe that for a minute! Also, I don't think the son will ever get bored watching me sunbathe. If he times it just right, he can watch me get up and walk in the house naked. So, he gets to see me from the front and the rear. I have a nice rear. I imagine that when I leave, he goes in the house and jacks off thinking about my exposed girl bits. I think of it as a public service: I am giving the son free sex education classes! He starts college in the fall, and he will know the female anatomy when he gets there.  
  
As I have posted in another story, my favorite thing is to have sex at night in hotel rooms with the curtains open and the lights on. No telling how many people have watched my husband and me have sex in the hotel rooms. As a guess, I would say several hundred. I like being the aggressor in that situation and will always fuck him in cowgirl with my business end facing the sliding glass doors or the windows. We often do it while seated in a chair or on the couch with me in the lap dance position (cowgirl).  
  
Another thing I will do when bored is to put on a light colored short skirt or dress, with no panties, and head out to a big box store. Sometimes I go with my husband and sometimes I go solo. If I am lucky, and time it just right, there will be a man walking by as I get out of the car. If solo, I will put my left foot on the pavement, with my right foot on the floorboard of the car. I will reach back with my right hand to get my pocketbook, giving a good spread view to my victim. It's hard, though, to flash like this unless there is a lot of traffic. I have better luck inside the store. I seem to always find something interesting on the bottom shelf when a man is around. Then I will squat down with my legs spread, or legs spread with a knee on the floor. This gives the guy a good look at my womanhood. The light colored material allows sufficient light under the dress so my important parts are well illuminated.  
  
My best score yet was a group of college students getting supplies for a party they were having that night. As usual I became absorbed with something on the bottom shelf and went into my spread position. I was actually talking to the guys about their party while they were staring at my spread pussy only a few feet away. I had already flashed two or three guys earlier, so I was in fully aroused mode—red and inflamed—and was leaking like a faucet. About that time, my husband walked around the corner, saw what was happening, turned around and went the other way. I almost had an orgasm just talking to those guys and letting them get a good look at me. If I had kept it up another few minutes, I would have cum right there. But I wasn't sure about getting off there in public in front of those guys and whoever else might walk by. It would have been very obvious what was happening to me. I decided it would be more appropriate to save myself for my husband.  
  
When I found my husband and told him the rest of the story, he told me I should have asked them if they wanted a naked waitress for the party. Now that would have been a good idea. The whole experience, including the first two or three guys, had me so aroused, my secretions were running down the insides of my thighs. I could feel it squish as I walked. I carry panties with a panty liner in my pocketbook for occasions such as this. A quick trip to the restroom for clean up and putting on my panties had me ready for polite society. As we left the store, I kept an eye out for the guys to offer my services at their party, but, fortunately, we didn't see them.  
  
I am lucky to have a husband who allows me to practice my hobby and even participates with me. He isn't as brave as I am, but he goes along with most of my shenanigans and even makes some pretty bold suggestions. It was his idea for me to wear the crotch less shorts and the miniskirt with no panties, as well as the blouse unzipped enough to expose my breasts to anyone with the right angle (while on vacation). For example, waiters get to see all of my breasts. I make sure to bend over just a bit so they get a good view. And my nipples are always hard when wearing that blouse so it is obvious I am bra less. This is discussed in a prior story. It is one about our wedding anniversary in part 3 of the series. I was really bad that day.  
  
We will be going to the Los Angeles area later this summer. I have a feeling some lucky people are going to watch live sex shows while we are there. First I will walk around in the hotel room naked to draw an audience. Then I will get my husband involved and let the voyeurs watch as we have sex with me on top. Also, I have been thinking that while in LA I will order a pizza and then answer the door and pay for the pizza while naked. Some women wrap a towel around themselves and "accidentally" drop it while paying for the pizza. I don't think I will need to use that subterfuge. I will just go to the door naked and give the guy a really good view.  
  
Over the years I have had a lot of men tell me they wish their wives would loosen up and be as free in showing their bodes as I am. I tell them that won't happen unless two factors are present:  
  
First of all she must be an exhibitionist. I was born that way and think all exhibitionists are the same. She either has it or she doesn't. I think there is at least a little exhibitionism in all women, and most have a lot of it.  
  
Secondly, she must lose her inhibitions. In my case my desire to expose myself overrode my natural and and learned modesty, my inhibitions and any humiliation at being naked in public. All modesty must be left behind when embarking on an exhibitionist career. If she can't do that, she will never be a full fledged exhibitionist. Oh, she may expose herself some under certain circumstances, but it won't be a hobby for her.  
  
On the other hand, I have had several women tell me they would like to do what I do, but their husbands would be appalled if they did. Some say they tried it and got an instant rebuke. Some say they have gotten away with it by making it appear accidental. They have come up with novel ways to show off while making it appear to be an accident.  
  
Others have devised different ways to expose themselves even in the presence of their husbands without their knowledge. One friend of mine wears short skirts and no panties when they go somewhere together. Her husband is the only man who doesn't know she isn't wearing panties! She also dresses that way when she is solo. She says she has probably shown it to 500 men over the years, and her husband doesn't have a clue. He got onto her once for exposing it, so she had to be surreptitious after that. For her it is so arousing to let a stranger see it, she goes home and masturbates after the fact. She says she won't have sex with her husband after showing it, as she doesn't want him to get the benefit of an activity he vetoed. Too bad her husband is so uptight as they could have a lot of fun with it together.  
  
OK, enough of my musings; time to get back to the stories and let my husband tell one about one of our scuba trips. We had many, and most were like this one. Oh, the guys we met liked those scuba trips.

**A Scuba Trip**  
  
I can't remember when I first realized Wendy was an exhibitionist, but it was before we got married. In the right circumstance, she was free in showing her breasts, nice teardrop shaped C cups. It didn't happen often but when it did, she got a rush from it. Even when it happened accidentally it didn't bother her. For example we would take frequent scuba diving trips. Several times a day on the dive boat, while fooling with her scuba equipment, one of her breasts would pop out of her bikini top. Normally she would put it back in as soon as it popped out, but if she was carrying something, such as her bag or a tank, she would leave it out until she got where she was going, put her load down and then cover her breast.  
  
One of her breasts would almost always pop out while we were loading equipment on the boat from the dock or offloading back onto the dock. So not only did the guys on our dive boat get to see Wendy's breasts, guys on other boats at the marina, and bystanders around the dock, all got to see her breasts as well.  
  
I thought this was happening more frequently than by mere chance, so I asked her about it. She asked me if I remembered her telling me about her breast popping out twice one night during her scuba class at the pool? Yes, I remembered it. I also remembered going on her check out dive with her and seeing the guys in her class who had gotten a look at her breasts. This was early on in her exhibitionism, and I wasn't sure how I felt about other men seeing her bare tits. She told me that on the first day it happened, she had tied her top looser than usual as she was in a hurry and didn't stop to retie it. She found that with a loose tie, one of her breasts would come out whenever she wanted, and sometimes when she wasn't expecting it. It gave her a rush. From then on she tied her top loose on the scuba trips. Sly little thing, that Wendy. By using that one trick alone, she got to expose her breasts to well over 200 men on our various scuba trips.  
  
Later, after she got a new bikini. I began to notice on the scuba trips her light brown pubic hair would be sticking out one side or the other of her bikini bottom, usually on the right side. It was down low enough that I thought she probably hadn't seen it, so I mentioned it to her. She just looked at me, smiled and said, "Can you tell what color it is?"  
  
"Of course I can," I replied, "It's sticking out there for the world to see."  
  
"Good, I like for the guys to know what color my pubic hair is. By the way, as you might have surmised, It's not accidental, I pull it out on purpose."  
  
At this point in our relationship, I had become accustomed to strangers seeing my wife topless and naked, but these were guys we were spending a week with. We would have lunch together most every day and usually have dinner with them at night as well. We socialized constantly, and they got to see her tits several times a day as well as constant exposure to her pussy hair. If we went to a restaurant at the marina straight from the dive boat, she would wear her bikini. Of course her pubic hair was on display at the restaurant as well. Not only did our dive buddies see it, but so did the other customers. And she would usually manage to pop a breast out at least once at the restaurant.  
  
It was a different experience for me to have guys we know socially see her exposed, and I wasn't sure how I felt about it. After I became more accustomed to her exposing herself, and seeing how much fun she had with it, I too, began to enjoy it and later found it arousing, just as she did.  
  
It was probably on one of these scuba trips that she stopped wearing underwear while on vacation. Her favorite top was a thin, clingy fabric spaghetti strap top that left not much to the imagination. She also had a micro mini skirt she would sometimes wear without panties. She didn't do this when we were out with our scuba friends as she would have been almost constantly exposed to our friends. That was too much, even for Wendy.  
  
She had several thin spaghetti strap tops that allowed her high beams to be visible. She had a white one that was semi transparent. Her nipples and aureoles were visible under the fabric. She would wear this top when we were out with the scuba guys. Her thought process was that they have all seen them bare, so this is a conservative look for her.  
  
Wendy had always been rather caviler about letting other men see her breasts, but now she was showing off her lower unit as well. This was usually done at the lake where she was totally uninhibited in her nudity. She was also becoming more uninhibited around our house (when we lived in the suburbs). This was somewhat troubling for me, and I asked her if she thought it was a good idea to walk naked in the living room at night with the lights on. She didn't see a problem with it as she said we had curtains on the windows. I pointed out the curtains were sheer and covered absolutely nothing even when completely closed, which they usually weren't. She mulled that over for a while and then said, "They have all seen me naked by now, so they're used to it. It's no big deal." Well, I thought it was a pretty big deal to me for our neighbors to see my wife naked on a regular basis. After our conversation, she did cut down on the frequency of her trips into the living room. I noticed she mostly did it when she was horny and wanted to have sex. I think this kind of set the stage for her and increased her arousal. As I was one of the beneficiaries of her behavior I learned to keep my mouth shut and let her do her thing.

**The Swimming Pool Escapade**  
  
After our marriage, her exhibitionism was manifesting itself more and more. At my apartment complex where I had moved after my apartment in the university area, there was a pool by the office/clubhouse building. There was a tall wooden fence around the pool area and two gates on each side of the shallow end area. We were now living in a house in the suburbs I bought a few months before we got married. Sometime after we got married she came up with a bold plan.  
  
Her plan was for me to drive her to my former apartment complex on a Sunday morning when no management people would be in the office, and she would walk naked through the pool area. We started fleshing (no pun intended) out the details. She approached this as if it were a military operation. She had never been arrested and certainly didn't want to start with a charge for indecent exposure, thus the attention to detail.  
  
We picked a Sunday morning for the operation. She thought there would be fewer people in the morning than there would be in the afternoon. Wendy wanted there to be people there, but didn't want a crowd. She was really excited the night before and had a hard time getting to sleep. She woke up even more excited the next morning, had her shower and got everything nice and clean as she knew some of it would be on public display. As it turned out, more than just some of it was on display.  
  
At that time Wendy had a trimmed bush with the hair on her outer lips kept short or shaved so her femininity could be easily viewed. She would usually groom down there every couple of days in order to keep it clean. She never knew when she might have an opportunity to expose herself—targets of opportunity, as she called them. About once a week, she would ask me to shave around her asshole so it would be smooth also. That morning she asked me to shave it for her.  
  
She put on a loose dress and was naked underneath. The dress could be skinned off in a hurry and put back on just as quickly. Her plan was for me to let her out of the car on the right side of the pool fence. The fence couldn't be seen through, so no one in the pool area would know she was coming until she appeared on the inside of the gate. She would get out of the car, walk naked to the gate, go in the pool area, turn to her left and put her toes in the water as if checking the temp and then turn and walk to the other gate where she would leave the pool area and get in the car so we could make our getaway.  
  
The reason for turning to walk to the pool itself is that is where most of the people would be while seated around the pool, and she wanted to give them a good frontal view of her body. She is an exhibitionist after all! She would need to be in the pool area for one to two minutes as that is how long it would take me to back up, drive around the pool and to the parking area on the far side of the pool. She would need to take her time and give them a show. She wore a large hat and sunglasses to protect her identity in case someone was there who knew her from my time at the complex. Also her hair style had changed, and it was no longer straight and long.  
  
On the way to the complex she was excited and ready to get there. The day before I thought she might chicken out, but seeing how excited she was in the car, I knew it was a go. She skinned off the dress as soon as we pulled in the complex drive. I could see her nipples were rock hard. She had wanted to go completely naked, but was afraid the soles of her feet would get burned on the hot concrete so she wore flip flops. As she said, they didn't cover anything anyway. Her feet might as well have been bare.  
  
I pulled into the parking spot closest to the pool, and Wendy got out of the car. She quickly walked to the gate, then slowed down, opened the gate and nonchalantly walked into the pool area. The gate closed behind her, and I could no longer see her. I backed out and drove over to the left side of the pool and took the closest available parking space to the pool. I waited for what seemed like an hour, but wasn't more than a couple of minutes. Then here came Wendy, calmly walking naked out of the pool area. From this side and angle I could see there were a lot of people at the pool. More than we had expected.  
  
She walked to the car got in and was giggling and laughing. "Well, I did it, and the pool was packed. There must have been 50 or 60 people there. I walked in, saw how many people there were and had to make myself calm down and slow down. I walked over to the pool, took my foot out of my flip flop and tested the water. I noticed two cute guys in the pool, so I had this great idea to squat down, spread my legs and touch the water with my fingers. As I did so, I mentioned that it was too cold for me to go in. Both of them were staring straight at my spread womanhood. I thought I would cum right then and there. I held that pose for maybe 30 seconds, and noticed that everyone around the pool in front of me was looking right at my pussy as well. They were getting a view that only a husband should get. I then got up and slowly walked out. I am turned on and leaking like a faucet. How does it look?"  
  
She turned toward me and spread her legs. She was wet, red and inflamed. Her inner lips and her clitoris were sticking out maybe an inch or so from her outer lips. She was right, it was a view that only a husband should get. She was ready to get fucked. I had to suggest to her that she put her dress on. She was so turned on she was giving views to the oncoming motorists. No telling how many truck drivers got the spread view. Finally, she put on the dress and returned to her role as a modest housewife, except she was fingering herself under the dress. I had to tell her to stop as I was afraid she would cum then and there. I wanted the full brunt of her arousal and passion once we got home. And boy did I get it.

**The Pool Boy**  
  
At our house we had a small swimming pool with a concrete deck around it. We also had a privacy fence that allowed us to sun and swim in the nude. Wendy took full advantage of this feature.  
  
Across the street and slightly up a hill to the left of our house was a neighbor's house that overlooked a portion of the pool area. A single guy owned the house and had a friend of his living there. Both were nice looking. Not surprisingly, Wendy picked the portion of the pool visible from their house to frequently sun herself. She would normally do this on the weekends when the guys were home and on days their girlfriends weren't there. She could tell if the girlfriends were there by the cars in the drive. I noticed she wasn't careful about keeping her legs together, as I thought she should, but would nonchalantly lie there with them open, giving a good view of her femininity. My thing was, if she was going to sunbathe naked, she should at least protect her modesty by keeping her legs together so she didn't gape open.  
  
When I pointed out to her that the guys probably had binoculars and could zoom right in on her private parts, she said, "I hadn't thought about that. I guess if they have binoculars, I have no secrets from them and have probably knocked their eyeballs out a few times." Instead of being more modest in keeping her legs together, it made no difference to her, and she continued to sunbathe with her legs apart, facing their house. I didn't make a big deal out of it as it seemed to turn her on, and I was the beneficiary of her arousal. Plus, we didn't know those guys, so I thought in the overall scheme of things, it was no big deal.  
  
After a year or so of living there, a neighborhood boy, Jeff, asked if he could clean the pool for us. The price he quoted was reasonable so we said yes. He would come over on Saturday mornings and do the cleaning. He had just turned 18 and would graduate from high school in two months (this was early April). He would start college in the fall. A lot going on in his life, and it was going to be even more interesting.  
  
The first time he came over, we were expecting him and Wendy was wearing her bottoms but no top. When he walked through the gate Wendy immediately got up, went in the house and put on her top. Of course he got a good look at her breasts. I'm sure she planned it that way. The next Saturday, she was slower to get up and go inside. The next time we were there when he came to clean, she just left her top off and sunned topless in front of him and talked with him some. I noticed a bulge had formed under his swim trunks and mentioned that to her. "Yeah, I noticed that too. I think he likes me."  
  
A few weeks later, she was at the pool naked when he came over. She said, "Sorry," and quickly went in the house to put on her bikini bottoms before she came back out. By now she was completely comfortable being topless in front of him. Over the next few weeks she would be naked when he came over. Each time she was slower to get up and was more nonchalant in her actions.  
  
After she had been naked in front of him several times, I had to go to the office one Saturday morning. I asked her what she was going to do while Jeff was there and I wasn't. She said she didn't know yet but would tell me about it when I got home.  
  
When I got home, I parked out front and went in the front door. Through the sliding doors leading to the pool I saw my naked wife and Jeff with a semi boner putting his swim trunks on. I thought, "Damn, looks as though that went well." I wondered if she had fucked him without talking to me about it. I knew she liked exposing herself to him and was hoping that would be about all she did. After Jeff left, I walked outside to find out what had happened.  
  
Here is what she told me:  
  
"The more I thought about it, the more I wanted to spend time naked in front of Jeff. So far it had only been topless or brief periods of full nudity. I wanted this time to be different with you not around to inhibit me. After you left for the office, I had my shower and stayed naked afterwards. I didn't yet know how much I was going to show him, but the thought of being naked in front of him was arousing. I mean he is a cute guy with a nice bulge in his swim trunks when he sees my breasts. I wondered how he would react with my being naked in front of him for an extended period of time? The more I thought about it, the more I wanted to show him. I also wondered if he would show me his cock.  
  
Close to the appointed time I went to the pool and lay down on my chaise lounge, reading a book. When he walked in the gate, I told him good morning and asked him if he minded if I didn't get dressed. With my husband at the office there was no reason for me to be covered. He said he didn't mind a bit (Hah!).  
  
He cleaned and I read, or pretended to read would be more accurate. Behind my sunglasses I was keeping my eyes on him and the nice bulge in his trunks. I could feel my wetness spreading and knew it would be wet and nice and red inside. A good time to let him see more than just my pubic hair and outer lips. I put both feet on the deck with my legs gently spread. I knew in this position he would get to see my parted outer lips and some of my redness inside. I was really getting turned on.  
  
After a few minutes, I decided to be more brazen. I put both feet on the chaise, with the right leg straight out, but slightly bent at the knee, brought my left foot up level with my right knee and pointed my left knee to the left side. This gave a decent spread view of my goods. By now I could feel my wetness running down onto my asshole and knew I was fully aroused and showing it. What I didn't know was how much Jeff knew about the signs of female arousal. If he knew even a little, he would know he was looking at a fully aroused female.  
  
He had been here for about 30 minutes now, and he had had a bulge in his trunks the entire time. I was beginning to get more interested in what he had and what it looked like. I decided to find out.  
  
When Jeff finished, I asked him to come over and talk a bit. I pointed to a chair directly in front of me and asked him to sit down. This gave him a close up view of my aroused womanhood. He, too, was wearing sunglasses, so I couldn't tell exactly where he was looking, but I had a good idea. I noticed he was no longer trying to hide his erection, but was letting me see the bulge in his trunks. This aroused me even more, and I asked him if I let him see all of mine, would he let me see his? He stammered out a shaky "yes," so pulled my right knee up and spread both knees as wide as I could. I was fully spread with Jeff getting the full brunt of my arousal.  
  
Then I reached down and was rubbing my clitoris a bit before I took my fingers and spread first my outer lips and then the inner lips wide open so he could see the opening to my vagina. I was about to cum. Then I reached down and spread my butt cheeks apart so he got a good look at my anus.  
  
I went back to rubbing my clitoris and knew I wouldn't last long. I told him he had seen all of me, and I had nothing else to show him, so it was time for him to let me see what he had. He pulled his swim trunks down and out it came. Looked to be about 6" and thick. His balls were large and hung down nice and loose. When I saw it, I went over the edge: pelvis thrusting and soft moans coming from my throat. It was an excellent orgasm, even though I didn't get fucked.  
  
When I regained my composure and opened my eyes, Jeff was already shooting his load. He had projectile ejaculate with the first few drops landing on my leg, and the remainder landing on the concrete deck at the foot of my chair. When he was steady on his feet, I told him I was finished for the day, and that he should get dressed before my husband got home. He pulled his swim trunks up and left, and here you are. What did you see?"  
  
I told her I had only seen the last part just before he pulled his trunks up and that I thought she may have fucked him without talking to me about it.  
  
She responded, "No, and I'm glad I didn't. It was fun masturbating for him, though. Do you mind that I did that?  
  
"Yes, I do mind. I think it's pushing normal boundaries letting the neighborhood pool boy see you sunning naked. When you masturbate for him, the boundaries are well crossed. I mean he is a neighborhood boy, not some stranger we met in a hotel room. You know he will talk to his neighborhood buddies, and they will all talk about what a slut you are. I really don't want my wife to have that reputation in our own neighborhood."  
  
"Well, we need to talk about this some more. I really enjoyed it, and there is a lot of summer left."  
  
I figured I ought to put off going to the office on Saturdays for as long as I could. Although the deed had already been done and there was no undoing it. It wasn't the fact that Wendy had masturbated for him that bothered me as much as it was what Jeff would tell his buddies. I didn't want my wife to be the talk of the neighborhood and pick up the slut label. I looked down at the concrete at the foot of her chair and saw a big puddle of Jeff's semen. Yep, he had enjoyed himself with my wife. That really brought home to me what they had done.  
  
The next Saturday I was in the study and Wendy was sunning naked when Jeff came to clean the pool. She didn't even bother to put her bottoms on or to cover up. As he was cleaning the pool, she walked over to him and was talking to him. After a few minutes, she came in the house to get a refill on her water. I asked her why she was naked in front of him.  
  
"Well, I don't see the harm. He has seen me naked on several occasions, and I have masturbated for him. It just isn't a big deal. But it is going to be a big deal for you, because as soon as he leaves, I am going to fuck your ears off. It turns me on to be naked in front of him, and you will enjoy my arousal. I'm not going to masturbate for him anymore, but I am going to expose my naked body to him for the arousal it brings me and then have sex with you or Jill off after he leaves. Locally, he is the only guy I expose myself to in person, and I need the excitement it brings. I do wish he weren't a neighborhood boy, though."  
  
It appeared it was a bigger deal for me than it was for her. I asked her what they were talking about, and she said she had told him I was concerned there would be talk in neighborhood, and that we didn't want that. She made him promise to keep his mouth shut about what they had done and about her being naked around him, or she would have to put her bikini on when he was cleaning the pool. That seemed to be a reasonable compromise I could live with.  
  
The next Saturday I went to the office knowing she would let Jeff see her naked but she wouldn't masturbate for him. When I pulled into our street, I saw Jeff's car just leaving our house. Well that was close. I went to the pool as soon as I walked in the house. There I saw Wendy lying back on her chaise gently rubbing herself. She was glad I had gotten home before she had rubbed it off as she wanted a good fucking. I happened to look down at the deck at the foot of her chaise and saw a large pool of semen. I asked her about that and she said she had let Jeff jack off while he looked at her naked body and she spread for him. She reminded me the prohibition was against her masturbating for him, and that I hadn't said anything about him jacking off for her while she provided the visual stimulation. She was fully turned on, and I benefited from her arousal. I decided to let things continue that way during the rest of the summer. Each time I would come back from the office, Wendy would be on her chaise, fully aroused, and there would be a pool of semen on the concrete at the foot of her chaise. I benefited greatly from that arrangement.  
  
One Saturday morning when I hadn't been to the office in a week or so, Wendy asked me if I was going this morning. I told her no, that I was caught up. She then told me she wanted to spread for Jeff and watch him jack off. She wanted me to stay out of sight inside the house when he came over. OK, I could do that. She hadn't mentioned anything about my not watching so a plan formed in my voyeur mind.  
  
When Jeff came over, I was in the house, but was watching through the curtains in the upstairs guest bedroom. Jeff cleaned the pool for about 30 minutes while Wendy sunned and read. I noticed her legs were parted to give him a good view. When he finished he came over and sat down in the chair she had positioned at the foot of her chaise. By now her legs were fully spread, and she was opening her womanhood for him and gently rubbing her clitoris. His shorts quickly came down and he started masturbating while looking straight at her pussy. The whole thing was getting me turned on. He didn't stroke long before he shot his load. The first few drops landed on Wendy's foot and lower leg, and the rest, as usual, landed on the concrete deck. I was fully aroused but didn't want Wendy to know I had been watching, so I went into our bedroom and stripped. In a few minutes, up the steps she came, naked, fully aroused and ready for sex.  
  
I realized this arrangement was beneficial for all of us, so we continued it until Jeff left for college in September. I tried to stay caught up with my work during the week so I could watch the two of them interact on Saturday mornings. I never told her I was watching, and don't know if she knew or not. I think she almost reached orgasm a time or two while performing for Jeff, but was able to catch herself and save it for me.  
  
After Jeff left for college, Wendy and I had lost our main form of entertainment on Saturday mornings and she was getting bored. Time for Wendy to find a new adventure.

**Wendy's Adventures Pt. 07**

Wendy is 5' 6" and pretty, with wholesome "girl next door" looks, light brown hair and a nice body. I was proud to take her to meet my parents the first time. She has very fair skin, and her eyes are a striking green. When she looks at you, you know you are being looked at. Her breasts are 34 C with a nice teardrop shape. Her nipples and aureoles are small and pink. She grew up in a religious family, and was taught to save herself for marriage. She didn't think she would make it that far, but did want to save herself until she was in love with the guy. When we started going together, she was a three hole virgin. That only lasted two weeks.  
  
It took her awhile to learn to reach orgasm during intercourse, but once she did, she took to it like a duck to water. Her comment after the first time: "So that's what it's all about. Wow!"  
  
Back then she enjoyed sex but was rather passive until the end when she was about to cum. Oh, she humped me back as I was humping her during the act, but she was never the aggressor. As she was reaching orgasm, she would hump me harder, her body would spasm and she would give a quiet low moan. It was easy to know when she had her orgasm. When she was top, however, she would set the pace and take charge.  
  
After we had been together a while, I realized she was a budding exhibitionist. When we would go to the lake, she would get naked as soon as we pulled the boat into shallow water. Over time, she got braver with this, and enjoyed having sex where she probably would be observed. She was braver than I was. I could usually talk her into finding a more secluded spot, but sometimes not. Once she was naked and sunning herself, she didn't care who pulled up in a boat or walked by. She wouldn't put her bikini back on. Her standard comment to me was, "I was here first." She is now an experienced little exhibitionist, with thousands of men having seen her naked over the years.  
  
At first her willingness to get naked in public was a bit shocking, considering her relatively shy personality, but in time I got used to it. After a while I found that I enjoyed it, not as much as she did, but it was fun to see her naked in public and semi public places without a care in the world.  
  
My parents have a condo on the Gulf Coast of Florida. We would go down for two weeks in the summer when they weren't there. That is where this story begins on this particular vacation. Wendy wanted me to incorporate a story she wrote about our first time having sex on the beach at the very beginning of this vacation. So I think I will let her tell her story about our sex on the beach before I proceed with the remainder of our vacation.

Wendy:  
  
My husband and I usually take one or two trips a year to his parents' condo on the beach in SW Florida. When I am in an environment that has sun, sand and water, it brings out the worst in me. I become very adventurous.  
  
I had always wanted to have sex on the beach. Sure, I have done it on beaches at different lakes a bunch of times, but I wanted to do it on a real beach, where I could hear the waves as they hit the beach. When I would bring it up with my husband, his response was, "It's just too crowded." And he was right. But I was determined. Then a plan started forming. As he is fond of saying, "With Wendy, there is always a plan."  
  
On most days in SW Florida, thunderstorms form in the late afternoon—convection thunderstorms fueled by the late afternoon heat and the ever present humidity. When one starts rolling in, the beach quickly clears. They usually come in from the South, so that part of the beach empties first. My plan was to be ready for that to happen. I told my husband and he was OK with it, a bit skeptical, but still onboard with it.  
  
Even though the beach is across the street from the condo, there is a large parking lot in between. Total distance is about 200 yards to the beach, so I thought we should drive over and park the car. Timing would be everything, and I didn't want to be caught out in a thunderstorm as we were coming back from what I hoped to be my latest adventure.  
  
On this particular day we had our showers and were ready. Sure enough, I could see a thunderstorm building to the South and out to sea. So we got in the car, drove over and started walking down the beach headed South. I only saw one person on that part of the beach. It had cleared out quickly. Hopefully, he would soon be off the beach, and we could implement the plan. Since it was a guy, I decided if he wasn't off the beach by the time we got to our spot, I was going to go ahead and implement the plan anyway. It would just be his lucky day. We knew there would be no one coming from the parking lot/restaurant area because of the approaching storm. By the time we got to our spot, the guy was gone. Too bad; he would have gotten a good live sex show.  
  
On this stretch of the beach there are large and very nice beach houses along the shore. The place I had in mind was a small cut out area where the waves had dug out a little semi secluded spot. It was about 3' into the bank which was maybe 2' high at this point. So we would have some privacy from the part of the beach we had just come from, about 400 yards from the restaurant/parking lot area. The only problem was the houses that overlooked the beach and our spot. My husband was reluctant because anyone in two of those houses could look out and watch us. For me that only added to the excitement.  
  
He was reluctant until I stripped off my bikini and stood there naked in front of him. We put the beach towel down, careful to not let any sand get on it. He pulled off his swim suit, and I was presented with a nice boner. There we were, standing naked on the beach with houses in front of us. What a rush! I was beginning to leak. We stood there and kissed for a bit before we got on the towel. I didn't want to prolong it because I was afraid of someone in one of the houses calling the police. Plus the thunderstorm was headed our way.  
  
We then lay down and continued kissing while he fondled my breasts and fingered my very wet womanhood. I got on top and easily completed penetration. I was humping him pretty hard as I was really aroused. I could see the houses in front of us, but it no longer concerned me; I was getting close to orgasm. Then I saw a guy come out of the house to our left. He didn't see us and was rolling up a garden hose maybe 80' from us. I was humping my husband harder and faster when I saw him look up and notice us. My breasts were bouncing like crazy as I was really pounding my husband. His looking at us put me over the edge, and I had a huge orgasm while we stared at each other. I told my husband about the man and told him we needed to get out of there.  
  
As I was standing up, I turned around to give him a look at my cute butt, then turned facing him, bent over, gave him a view of my hangers, picked up my bikini and stood there to give him a good view of my front side. I held that pose for a few seconds while my husband slipped on his swim trunks. Then I put my bikini bottoms on, picked up the towel and we quickly got out of there. I put my top on as we walked on the beach back to the parking lot.  
  
Fortunately, there was no one else on the beach, either coming or going, so the only one to have seen us was that one man. I gave him a very good show, and he gave me a great orgasm. I hope he went inside and jacked off after we left. My husband? He didn't get to nut as I got off of him as soon as I was finished. It was my fantasy after all.  
  
We made it back to the car and to the condo before the rains came. My husband's memory is different; he says we got soaked in the rain. I took pity on my husband when we got back. I lay down, spread my legs and let him stick it in me. I was still wet from having just gotten fucked. He rutted around for a minute or so and got his nut.  
  
That all worked out better than I had planned. Not only did a stranger get to watch me as we had sex, he got to watch while I had my orgasm and we stared at each other. I discussed all of this with my husband at dinner, with both of us getting aroused again. I'm not sure what he thought of another man getting to see me naked, watching me have sex while my breasts bounced and finally to watch as I had my orgasm. Not sure he bought into all of it, but it did arouse him as we had sex again after we got back to the condo.  
  
Every time we would walk down the beach in front of his house, I would make sure to wear the same bikini I had worn that day. I wanted him to know I was the one who had performed for him. Never saw him outside, but I like to think he saw me from the house and jacked off again.  
  
So, that is my story of the first time I got fucked on a real beach. It was absolutely delicious and set the tone for what was to later come on this vacation.  
  
Not far from the condo is the marina where I did the adult Halloween party (Wendy's Adventures, Part 4). We would occasionally visit our friends there for other and more tame parties. Oh, there was nudity, it is a boat after all, but no Halloween craziness like we did at that party. I was bad at that party. And many of those were people I knew and we would see again. Even when I would see the guys again and knew they had seen up inside my vagina and my spread anus, it didn't bother me. In fact it was arousing to know how much of me they had seen. I had given views only a husband should have. They have all seen me naked since then, but not spread like a common slut.  
  
I would like to have a do over of that party. This time I think I could hold out until I impaled myself on my husband. I would love to fuck him in front of our audience. What an orgasm I would have.  
  
We sometimes have cook out parties on that boat. There are grills on the shore as the swing out grills on the boat are way too small to cook for a group of people. One of my favorite activities is to strip naked on the boat and walk on the dock to the grill on shore where our host is cooking steaks or burgers. The guys tend to congregate around the grill. After that first night at the Halloween party when I walked naked on the dock and had my butt groped by Brad, it has become a sexual trigger for me to do that. I love to walk barefoot and feel the texture of the wooden dock on the soles of my bare feet. It is a turn on for me. I carry my flip flops so my feet will have protection after I leave the dock.  
  
So, after walking barefoot on the dock, by the time I get to the grill I am already a bit aroused. Then I see guys there who have never seen me naked before, and I start to leak. I love the shocked look on their faces when they see a naked girl walking toward them with her breasts jiggling. What fun. I will stay and talk with them until time for more wine, then they get to see the rear view as I am leaving.  
  
By the time the cookout starts, the marina management has long since left the premises, so there is little chance of my getting in trouble by walking naked on the dock and hanging around the grill. Plus, most of the day trippers have left their boats for home. I have never seen a Deputy's car there. It is one place where I can be naked in public and not worry about getting in trouble. I take advantage of it to the delight of the guys.  
  
It's more fun for me to be naked in a public place than it is to be naked on the boat. The farther I am from my clothes, the more of a rush it is for me. Just knowing anyone could drive up at any time puts me on the edge, especially when my clothes are more than 5 minutes away. Plus, I find it arousing to be the only naked girl around a group of clothed men. And my husband doesn't mind that I spend time naked at the grill with the guys. He knows the most I will let them do is to squeeze my butt or feel me up. In a setting like that, my pussy and anus are marital territory, and strangers don't get to finger those private areas. On the other hand, my breasts and my butt are public property.  
  
Even though I enjoy being fondled, I will say the guys at the parties have never touched me, unless I have invited them to do so. Usually it starts out with one of the guys at the grill complimenting me on having nice breasts (or a nice butt). I will thank him and tell him it is OK to feel them if he likes. When it comes to matters of sex, men are fast learners. As the guy next to the one who complimented me sees his buddy fondling my breasts, he also gives me a compliment. Well, he too gets to feel me up. So around it goes with me getting felt up by every man at the grill. Then someone thinks to compliment me on having a nice butt . . . . It's OK for the guys to grope my butt cheeks and to even put their finger on my anus and rub it, but they can't put it inside. My anus is an erogenous zone for me, and it is quite the turn on to have other men rub it. At first both my anus and my pussy were off limits, but we have loosened up since we started this. I don't think my husband knows just how much I have loosened up as the grille area isn't visible from the boat. And that's good as I wouldn't want him to see all the guys feel me up and grope me. That's slutty behavior, and I don't want him to think of me as a slut, but to respect me.  
  
When I return to the boat for more wine, I will stand around and talk to our hosts and the other guests. By this time other women are naked, or at least topless. The aft deck has a shower head, and I use it to my advantage. After walking around naked and standing by the grill, I am usually sweaty and smell of smoke. So, it's time for a shower. Usually there are some guys hanging around the aft deck who will be my audience. I start showering while they watch. I spread my labia to get my womanhood nice and clean. After my genitals are clean, I will then turn around, and, with my rear facing them, stick my butt out a bit, spread my cheeks wide and wash my butt hole. I make sure they get a good look at it all the way up to the redeye. I mean, I am taking a shower; they ought to know to give me some privacy and not stare. Such fun because they do stare! Not sure my husband knows I have done these tricks. Some things husbands are just better off not knowing.  
  
After I am clean, I will talk to whoever is on the aft deck until the food is ready. It is arousing to know the guys I am talking to have seen my spread pussy and have seen all of my asshole. When the food is ready, I usually sit cross legged on one of the couches with my plate next to me. Any guy across from me gets a good spread view of it. What fun! By now I have had enough wine that I don't worry about keeping my legs together while seated. I may have one foot on the deck with the other foot on the seat. While not a full spread, it does give a good view of my genitals. Probably a view only a husband should get. But I am an exhibitionist after all, and my husband is used to it. I think he likes for other men to see me naked and to see my spread pussy.

Mr. Wendy:  
  
Sex on the beach and nudity at the marina had gotten her little motor running at high speed. Every night when we went to dinner, she would dress revealingly. Usually she would wear shorts or a mini skirt and one of her midriff tops with spaghetti straps. The top was thin, clingy and showed off her breasts and her hard little nipples. Not much was left to the imagination as she never wears a bra or panties while on vacation. Evidently dressing this way was a turn on for her as she wanted sex every night after dinner. She had strong orgasms each time.  
  
The condo is on the 4th floor with a balcony we would enjoy in the late afternoons and evenings after the usual afternoon thunderstorm was through the area. It was neat to watch the sun set behind the ocean.  
  
A day or so after our sex on the beach, we began to notice a young blonde guy riding his road bike in the late afternoons in the parking lot. We called him the "Bicycle Guy." Once we noticed his bicycle on the balcony in the building directly across from us and one story up, so he had an excellent view down into our balcony and our condo. Wendy became excited when I pointed this out to her. He was there with another guy and a woman. We later learned it was the bicycle guy's brother and the brother's wife.  
  
Early one evening as we were leaving for dinner, Wendy, out of the blue, said, "I would like to get some strange, and there's the guy I want." She pointed to the bicycle guy who was riding toward us, having just turned into the parking lot. I was totally stunned. Stunned that my wife would be this forward and aggressive about having sex with another man. It was totally out of character for her, except perhaps for her exhibitionism.  
  
We went to dinner and probably discussed her doing him, but I was still in shock and don't remember much of the conversation. When we got back to the condo we sat outside in the dark on the balcony, had drinks and continued talking about the Bicycle Guy. She had taken off her top and shorts. She was naked, and I was beginning to lust after her again. We had done it earlier before dinner, but our needs were growing, especially considering the nature of the discussion.  
  
I had not told her no, but was discussing it with her. She was making her case for having sex with him. She noted that she had only had one sexual partner her entire life, and I had had a bunch of them. She wasn't looking for parity in numbers, but would like to do it with someone else to see what it was like. She said if I said no, she would accept it. She made the point that we could try it this one time, and if either of us was uncomfortable with it, that would be the end of it; she wouldn't ask again.  
  
After I got over my shock (it felt like a gut punch), I began to consider her argument in favor of doing him. As we were talking about it, we were discussing the ground rules and any limits on what she could do with him. I placed no limits on her. She could do whatever she felt comfortable doing. I realized that I had implicitly agreed to her having sex with another guy without actually saying yes. Then the idea began to turn me on. I couldn't believe I was getting sexually aroused thinking about my sweet little wife with another man. But there it was. At the same time it left a sick feeling in my gut. I was conflicted over the idea.  
  
She was getting aroused as well. She pulled my shorts down and started giving me head while I fondled her breasts. Up until about a year ago only a few guys had the honor of fondling them. Through high school and college she had been very circumspect in allowing guys to enjoy her sexual favors. She was saving herself for her first love. She loosened up quite a bit after we got married.  
  
After a few minutes of this I put my hand between her legs and found that she was soaking wet. The topic of the conversation had definitely turned her on. We went back in the condo and had some of the best sex we had ever had. I think she was probably fantasizing about doing the bicycle guy.  
  
The next morning when we awakened, I suddenly realized what we had been talking about the night before, and was hoping she had forgotten about it. That little sick feeling in my gut was beginning to stir.  
  
We went about our business the next day as normal, and didn't discuss the bicycle guy anymore. After she had her afternoon shower and had washed her hair, she went on the balcony in her beach coverup to dry her hair. After a few minutes I saw she had removed the cover up and was sitting in the chaise naked. Anyone in the 8 story condo across from us could look out the window and see her, and anyone on the main road or the parking lot could see her as well. That didn't bother her one bit.  
  
She came in after about an hour on the balcony, and walked in naked without putting her coverup on. I asked her why she was sunning naked. She explained that she wanted to get the ball rolling and thought that if the bicycle guy saw her naked, he would get interested. So much for her forgetting about our conversation of the day before. She did that several times with no results. Neither the bicycle guy nor his brother was out there when she was out. Of course they could have been watching from the window, but we had no way of knowing that.

She had been hoping he would notice her and call the apartment. The way the condos are set up, the internal phone numbers are easy to figure out, based on the floor and the location of the apartment on the floor. She had figured out his phone number, but wasn't brave enough to call. As it turned out he and his brother had noticed her and enjoyed watching her dry her hair in the afternoons. He just hadn't been brave enough to call her, probably because of me. And they didn't come on the balcony to watch as they were afraid that would spook her and send her back inside. Hah!  
  
This was back in the day before it was common for women to shave bare, shave to a landing strip or to wax. She had a bush that she kept neatly trimmed for her bikini. One day she lay on the bed with a pair of scissors and a towel underneath her. She asked me to trim her up. She said that with the hair, it would be difficult for him to see her womanhood, and that she had another plan in mind. Her outer labia are nice and plump with a part of her inner lips and clitoral hood barely protruding. It is a nice looking pussy.  
  
I asked her how much she wanted me to trim off, and she said enough to make it very visible. So, I got to work on her, trimming off almost all of the hair on her labia. After I made her femininity visible, I trimmed some off the bush so it would be a better match. Then she turned over and asked me to shave around her butthole. I didn't know exactly what she had in mind, but I did know I was trimming her pubic and anal hair so another man (or men) could better see her pussy and her most intimate of body parts—her asshole. I didn't know how to feel about that, but it was arousing. But again I was conflicted as that little sick feeling in the pit of my stomach was stirring.  
  
I did a good job that she was satisfied with. As I was trimming her, I noticed she was getting aroused. She had her shower, washed her hair, and walked naked to her chaise on the balcony. She didn't even bother with the coverup. As I watched her through the sliding glass door, I knew what a good view she was giving to anyone in the opposite building with her labia now fully exposed. She would put one foot down on the deck on one side of the chaise and the other foot down on the other side. Occasionally, she would bring one foot up on the chaise while the other stayed on the deck with both of her legs slightly parted. Her business end was directly facing the bicycle guy's condo. She was giving a view that only I should have. But I did find it arousing, and I knew it was arousing for her.  
  
Still the target had not made an appearance on the balcony. After her hair was dry, she came inside, and we started discussing dinner and what to do about sex. At around 5:30 the bicycle guy and his brother came outside and sat on the balcony with drinks. Wendy suddenly sprang into action. She put on her coverup, naked underneath, got some shells we had collected over the past several days, a large bowl of water and went back out on the balcony. She squatted down with her legs spread and began to wash the sand from the shells. There she was, all spread apart with the two guys about 70' away, getting a good look at her aroused womanhood. And so was anyone else looking out of one of the windows on that side of the building.  
  
Again I was shocked at her actions, but as I realized what she was doing, I began to get into it. When she becomes aroused, her inner vulva become a bright red. As she is fair skinned, her inner vulva and her asshole are naturally pink.  
  
I knew the view the guys were getting, and it was a turn on for me. This is the main reason she wanted me to trim her: so she could spread and let them see all of her without it being covered with hair. She was ignoring them and making it appear she was simply washing sand from her shells and had no idea they were out there. A good little actress, that Wendy.  
  
After 5 minutes or so of exposing herself in different positions with her legs spread, she came back inside. She was soaking wet. No need to discuss anything about when we would have sex. She peeled off her coverup, and we did it with her having a tremendous orgasm. At dinner that night all she could talk about was the bicycle guy and the views she gave him. I reminded her that the other guy also got the same views. Her position was that he was just collateral damage. For me it was doubly exciting for two men to have seen her spread labia. After a while she agreed with me and noted that I appeared to be really getting into it.  
  
As it became obvious he wasn't going to call her, she came up with a plan to meet him.  
  
The next afternoon she was sitting outside while naked and drying her hair. Suddenly she jumped up, came inside, grabbed her coverup, hastily put it on and ran out the front door, saying she wouldn't be gone long. I hoped not as she was naked underneath the mesh coverup. In the front it folds over and ties with a belt, so there is overlapping coverage that blocks just a bit of the view of her breasts and pubic hair, but they are still very visible, especially the dark pubic hair. From the rear, her butt is clearly visible, almost as if she is wearing nothing. A view from either the front or the rear makes it obvious she has nothing on underneath. I couldn't believe my wife was going out in public dressed that way—essentially naked. As it turned out, she was only going to the parking lot, but still . . . .  
  
The summer is the low season, and the resort was about 1/3 full, so it isn't as if people were everywhere. She had spotted the bicycle guy riding around the parking lot (it is a huge parking lot with 5 high rise condos), and she was going out to intercept him at the rear of our building.  
  
When she came back about an hour later, I was concerned about other people seeing her while she was in the parking lot and asked her if any cars had gone by. She said, "Yea, probably 3 or 4 and a couple of walkers."  
  
"You do realize you were standing in the parking lot essentially naked don't you?"  
  
"Hmm, I hadn't thought about that. Well, I hope they got a good look at me," she giggled.  
  
Again I explained that I didn't want her to get reported to management and have my parents find out about her wanton nakedness. She said she understood and wouldn't go in the parking lot dressed like that again. But she still wanted to sit naked on the balcony. I told her I thought that would be OK as long as she didn't spread her legs. Some parting of her legs as she had done in the past would be OK, but no full spreads. She reluctantly agreed. I think she was planning on giving the bicycle guy and his brother a full spread while on her chaise in the next few days. I told her that when she spread for the bicycle guy, he wasn't the only one to benefit from the view, but anyone on that side of the building could see all of her pussy. That didn't bother her a bit, but I was concerned she would get reported. So we reached a compromise: she could sit naked on the chaise with her legs parted but not spread. If she wanted to spread her legs for the bicycle guy, she could do her shell trick with her coverup on. Her coverup wouldn't cover her pussy, but it would make it less obvious what she was doing. It would appear accidental. If my parents hadn't owned the condo, I wouldn't care how much she spread her legs. I had become used to her being a wanton exhibitionist.