

Self-Discovery

by Caroline Covington

I love being looked at; I absolutely adore it when men look at my body with admiration and desire. I initially experienced this sensation about 20 years ago during my first visit to a clothing optional beach. My husband and I, early in our marriage, discovered that there was a legal CO beach in the town in which we were vacationing. He immediately suggested that we go, and I readily agreed, feeling comfort from his support.

When we arrived, I noticed that the beach was quite crowded, with men outnumbering women. But I was reassured to know that not a soul would recognise us. So, with a deep breath, we entered the CO area, staked our space, spread the blanket and... stripped. The effect was immediate: I was exhilarated by my nakedness under the bright sun, fully illuminating my body for an array of strangers' eyes.

Shortly after shedding my clothes, I sensed that many of the men were indeed glancing surreptitiously at me. My husband also noticed this and asked if I enjoyed the attention: I confessed some excitement to being the focus of discreet voyeurism. What an understatement! I was on fire! I welcomed the looks, for I was fit and confident in my body. My breasts are small, but my nipples are responsive to the slightest arousal, and that day I was in a constant state of perky titillation. But the prime causes of attention were likely my legs and their culmination. According to my husband, I have long, shapely stems that are capped by a dark bush with inner lips that protrude even when not stimulated. Prior to going to the beach, I had shaved my legs and bikini line. By today's standards the pubic hair that remained was copious, but at that time it was an adventuresome, eye-catching trim that left me feeling truly exposed. Given the blaze that had been kindled between my thighs by sun, strangers' gazes, and naughty whispers from my lover, I dared not look at myself.

The hot sun was unrelenting, its heat seemingly concentrating on my clitoris; the numerous eyes that were at the ready to steal a peek further served to multiply my arousal. We lay there people-watching or, more often than not, admiring each other and whispering about

the possibilities if the beach were deserted. Both of us were highly charged, and I revelled in the sun and occasional appreciative look. I did not have to touch myself: I knew that I was both very wet and very swollen. My blood, it seemed, had rushed to my pubic area, leaving me slightly dizzy and giddy. In addition, my husband would softly tell me, with great frequency, that my lips were glistening beautifully and that I was resplendent, redolent, and ripe. His praise served to churn my juices all the more.

The day was so hot that it was impossible to stay on the beach without going into the water. Now, it was one thing to be spied upon by a small number of men in the immediate area of where I was laying naked; the possibility of easily covering myself always existed. However, it was quite another to actually get up and make the relatively long journey to the water, without a stitch or cover, among an audience of observing men. I realised that walking down to the water would be somewhat easy: the crowd in front of us had their back to me, and once I passed by, my back would be towards them. On the other hand, the return trek would place me, wet from ocean brine, on a veritable catwalk. All of this flashed through my mind in an instant as we got up to go into the water.

It was so wonderful to swim and play in the waves in the nude! To feel the ocean caress me with open access to my most intimate place was truly breathtaking. My fingers, I recall, under the cover of water, couldn't resist wandering to my nipples, squeezing, tugging, and rolling them. Did my hand wander down to fondle and explore my opening? Perhaps briefly; I feared losing control, for I was close to the edge. Instinctively, both of us kept our distance from each other, knowing that a simple touch from either of us would have had cataclysmic effects. Neither of us wanted to waste an iota of this magical energy in such a mundane way. We were greedy; we wanted it all for later. My husband left the water first and headed back to the blanket; he later confessed that he wanted to witness the eyes furtively following me as I walked back. Unintentionally, it turned out, I gave him and anyone else that was looking a risqué sight to see.

As I emerged from the cool water, my breasts were covered in droplets, and my nipples, not surprisingly, were extremely erect and hard. Mindful of my attentive state, I prepared for my upcoming

display of nakedness. With nervous anticipation and excitement, yet with as much calm as I could muster, I walked past numerous men who, from behind their sunglasses, were in all likelihood greedily examining my body. I also imagined that they were focussing on either my breasts or pubic area, most likely scanning both. I admit that this thought electrified me. However, unknown to me, perhaps from the last wave or perhaps from briefly stroking myself while in the water, my pubic hair had been pasted backed to either side, providing an unsheltered view of my inner labia. Only upon my return to the blanket did I find out about my earthy exposure from my husband, telling me in fine detail that my inner lips were completely visible, swollen, fat, and openly prominent—perhaps even gaping—and that my clitoris, or at least its hood, was clearly obvious. I'd like to say that I was overcome by embarrassment, but, truthfully, I could feel myself becoming more moistened than I had been all day. I was literally flowing. The fact that my lips and opening, my most secret and intimate parts, had been on widespread display gave me an enormous tingling sensation.

We whispered about this and other things the rest of the day. Many more saunters were taken to the water. As the day progressed, I became more and more at ease with my public nudity, enjoying the power of my sexuality, real or imagined. Once, on getting out of the water, I feigned innocence and bent—supposedly to examine some shells—giving a few select men a brief but very revealing view. The border between tasteful nonchalance and shameless display may have been crossed in that instant: I'd like to think not, but at that point I didn't care.

My husband was clearly turned on by my displays and delighted with my freedom and coy exhibitionism. The sexual energy between us was palpable, yet we prolonged our stay at the beach, using it as foreplay. That evening our lovemaking was intense, with plenty of sizzling graphic talk. We woke often during night to touch each other gently, initiate, and build to yet another round of wonderfully wanton sex.

Every few years we will visit a nude beach. The water feels just as intimate; some men still look, some even with approval; and I always

get that damp, glowing sensation. The thrill is still very much there but never like that first glorious day.

I'd love to receive your feedback on this story.

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