How it all began

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my wife's journey in to the realms of exhibitionism


Soon after moving in with my then girlfriend (now wife) Mandy, we soon settled into our daily routine. Always leaving the house around an hour or so before her, she always saw me off by the front door with a hug and kiss. What she wore during these farewells varied as to how far she had prepared her make-up and things. One particular day, she arrived to see me off wearing just her bra and panties and as always, planted a sweet little kiss to my cheek as we opened the door. As I left the house, she casually asked me if I could see the postman along the street, mentioning she was expecting a registered parcel. Having closed the door behind me I headed down the road, only to see the postman delivering around five doors along. I knew it would only be a minute or so before he arrived, so imagining her having to scramble around some for some clothes amused me somewhat. The thought then occurred that she may just think it was me returning and simply open the door as she was. That was when I felt a strange feeling; a mixture of jealousy and excitement at the thought that the postman may see her in her scanty underwear. The thoughts stayed with me all day and the more I thought about it the more I was getting unexpectedly aroused. I considered phoning her to ask but didn’t. So it was not until dinner that evening that I casually broached the subject. “Did your parcel arrive ok?” I enquired casually. “Yes, no problem, just after you left actually. Didn’t you see him down the street?” “Hope you had time to dress then.” “Actually no. When I heard the doorbell I just assumed you had forgotten your keys again and just opened the door. You should have seen the look on his face when he saw me. I don’t know who was the more embarrassed - him or me.” “What happen then, did he say anything, or just do the gentlemanly thing?” I replied, afraid to sound too interested. “Well I just stood there, unable to move for a moment, so I simply apologised, telling him I thought it was you. Then took the parcel and signed for it. I’m sure I blushed like hell, because he kept trying to glance inconspicuously between my boobs and my legs.” “Probably made his day as well,” I laughed. And that was it, but that night’s sex was amazing. Mandy was as horny as hell, and as we fucked, images of her standing almost naked in front of the postman really excited me. Our normal routine continued, with Mandy nonchalantly waving me off by the front door, until I reached our gate each day. A few days passed with our usual morning panics, Mandy scurrying around half dressed as I turned the place over looking for keys. Calling out that I was leaving, Mandy appeared in the hallway in just her lacy bra and pants. As my hand was on the latch she covered it to prevent me
opening it and planted a very sensual kiss on my lips. Had I had the time we would have certainly ended up screwing on the spot. After a playful struggle I managed to open the door and head down the short path leaving Mandy in the doorway to wave me off. As I reached the gate I teasingly asked if she was expecting another delivery or something. She just laughed and blew me a kiss before slowly closing the door. Whilst walking along the road which was almost clogged with busy rush hour traffic, the thought came to my mind, that anyone who was driving past would have probably seen her. Thoughts of their reactions unexpectedly aroused me, and I came to realise, that now I was almost wishing for someone to actually see my loving partner’s near nakedness. That night we were having an awesome session when I expressed how she had sent me off wild with desire for her that morning, and concocted a fantasy of her being seen by others next time. In the throes of excitement, she admitted that when she mistakenly opened the door to the postman, it had awakened new emotions inside her. When I lovingly pressed her further, she not only admitted that she had enjoyed his eyes caressing her near nakedness, but that after he had left, she was so turned on by these unexpected feelings that she could not resist the temptation to bring herself off. Her admission sent us both over the top, coming hard almost simultaneously. Over the next few days my mind was continually aroused by thoughts of her being seen by strangers, and decided that at the next opportunity, I would enjoy encouraging proceedings. It didn’t take long for another chance to arise, and thinking back Mandy must have encouraged it as well. She was upstairs as I was preparing to leave and shouted for me to wait. Moments late she appeared in a very sexy skin coloured bra and panty set. I gulped at thought of whether she may want to wave me off in such sexy underwear. Coming up close, she threw her arms around me almost devouring my mouth with her sensuality. Fuck! I was so turned on, my mind dizzy with the possible outcomes. Returning her embrace, I slid my hand behind her back, unclasped her bra, and slid it off her shoulders. Hoping she now realised I was also excited with the thrill by her recent behaviour. Still in a clinch, she moved her left hand to turn the latch, telling me I’d better go or I’d miss my train. As I tore myself away, I almost came on the spot when she let her bra float to the floor. I pulled her back to me to give her another deep kiss, secretly hoping that she would satisfy my new found cravings while she opened the door. My heart was thumping with anticipation as she pushed me off, allowing me a moment to take in her exposure, before seductively positioning her right arm to cover her shapely boobs, opening the door and urging me out. Walking with my head turned backwards, it was not until I reached the gate, that she simply took a pace back into the hallway, uncovered her breasts and waved. What else could I do but just stand there wave back enjoying her daring act until she closed the door. Making truly passionate love that night, we totally admitted our mutual arousal, intensifying sexual escapades, stimulated by Mandy’s recently discovered desires, and fantasied on how we would progress this exciting new obsession desire. Over the next few weeks Mandy continued to wave me off wearing very little, and even standing in the actual doorway on many occasions, inviting stares and waves from the drivers in clogged in the morning rush hour, which always led to a wild evening of lovemaking when I got home.