**[Nude Swimming (Part 1)](http://www.experienceproject.com/stories/Am-A-Female-Exhibitionist/3298073)**

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Hello there this is my first time posting on this site, I am an exhibitionist and have been since my late teens. In the past I ran a website called Accidental Alice but life got the better of me and for the past year or so I've just not had time to update it.  
  
This is not to say I have not been having fun in the meantime, usually I prefer things to appear accidental but I've also found that out and out exhibitionism is just as much fun when it is not expected.  
  
I've always had to be a little careful since I work in education these days but feel safe to post about my experiences on sites like this.

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Sometimes a fancy takes hold and I love the anticipation of waiting for it to be fulfilled, on this occasion I was working a temporary contract and commuting a long way from home so by the time I’d finished my journey each evening I felt too tired to visit the gym. I tend to get very grouchy if I cannot exercise properly so was delighted to find a pool that was both open late and not too much of a detour, so I got into the habit of swimming a few times a week.  
  
One evening while ironically waiting for the rain to stop I was reading the notices in the lobby, it seemed that the pool closed early on Mondays because they rented the place out to a nudist group, though new members were always welcome. Obviously being an exhibitionist among nudists is rarely as much fun as textiles but it occurred that on the last Sunday of October the clocks would go back and I would have a plausible excuse to accidentally expose myself to all of the pools users the following day.  
  
The journey home that night went far faster as my mind went into overdrive planning how to carry my plan out for best effect. I started with a little social engineering in learning the names and a little about each member of staff at the counter and buying a season card rather than paying per session, within a few weeks I was a regular and encouraged to just head straight through to the changing area as they would fill in my details later. This was fantastic as it meant no more queues (though it was rarely too busy) and it ensured that if I appeared to be in a hurry a quick greeting as I dashed into the changing room was all they expected.  
  
Towards the end of my first month I finally turned up later than usual on Monday, and said hello to the clerk and walked purposely towards the changing room and had almost reached the door before registering “Sorry Ali, you can’t swim tonight”, so I returned to the desk looking crestfallen and asked if there was a problem with the pool, noting how the windows looking out over the water had been masked off. The clerk said again how sorry he was but a private group had booked the pool for the evening so I wouldn’t be able to swim, which meant it would take further prompting for him to give me the information I needed. I asked a few questions along the lines of how much it would cost to hire the pool for an evening and if it was a children’s party before he finally smiled and looked around before announcing the big secret from the notice board that a nudist group swam there every Monday. I laughed and acted a little embarrassed before saying “well I best see you tomorrow then” and gave the impression I was about to head off before I paused and asked “...can anyone join?”  
  
This was clearly not the response he expected as he was now starting to look a little embarrassed himself while outlining how I could join and that the first time would be free. So we filled in the paperwork while my cheeks glowed bright red, as I headed to the changing room I said “I guess you’ll see me this evening after all then...” which I am proud to say caused him to stammer just a little.  
  
The changing rooms had some lockers but most people still used the basket system; a one piece steel coat hanger with a wire container hanging below from legs the length of my arm. Once you had placed your clothes and valuables back in the basket it was necessary to walk back to a manned recessed counter at the front of the changing rooms and pass it over in return for a numbered band. On the opposite wall there was a similar window into the men’s side of the changing rooms, a modesty wall with a large mirror prevented anyone from seeing into the changing area which meant the basket counter could be staffed by either a man or a woman.  
  
It went without saying that despite there being several lockers available I made full use of the basket system, having undressed and placed my towel into the basket I returned to the window and since nobody was there pressed the bell for service. I’d been wondering who would be the first to see me naked and my nipples were making it quite obvious I was enjoying this rather more than a true nudist would. While it was a little disappointing that one of the female attendants arrived it was clear from her surprised expression and empty baskets on the rails that most of the nudists probably used the lockers. I engaged in polite conversation indicating I was trying something new tonight and it was fun to watch her overextend when picking up the basket to have a quick peek below the line of the counter.  
  
Having quickly hung the basket on the rail she returned with my numbered snap bracelet and wished me a good swim as usual. As I headed back into the changing rooms I could see her blushing slightly as she stared at my departing back while smiling. With the bracelet wrapped around my ankle I headed up the stairs at the back of the room that led to the pool itself.  
  
There were people of all ages and sizes at the pool and while it goes without saying I certainly caught a few eyes it really was no different to the glancing looks I received most days... though it was fair to say the clothed lifeguard who I had chatted with on several occasions was paying more attention than most. Rather than dive straight into the pool I pretended to be completely oblivious to my nudity and wandered over to ask how his thesis was going, the response was spoken almost directly to the girls rather than to myself but under the circumstances this really was to be expected. Once I’d finished playing with him I used the stairs to climb into the pool, I had hoped that by taking two steps at a time he would have been able to see a little more than my fluff but it didn’t really work.... still I’m sure he appreciated the view. To be honest I was at the stage where I really needed to get in the pool before it became too obvious how aroused I was by showing myself like this.  
  
For the next hour I swam lengths in the pool and when resting chatted with people as they introduced themselves, the group really made me feel welcome and the lifeguard clearly enjoyed my backstroke. Shortly before the end of the hour the life guard changed and quite a lot of the group had already departed, I was about ready to go as well when I noticed the new lifeguard was my friend from the desk. Given that I could not recall him having been poolside before my suspicion was a quick change to the rota had been arranged.  
  
It would have been rude to disappoint him so I decided to return to completing lengths of the pool alternating between backstroke and breaststroke. Since it was a little quieter now I decided it might be fun to try butterfly but a single length really took the last of my energy. Now I was finished swimming for the night I used the aluminium steps to climb out the pool as far away from Chris as possible, once out of the water the air was quite chill and my left boob touching the aluminium hand rail as I climbed out the pool was enough to give me a very pleasant shock.  
  
Once I regained my composure I walked slowly along the poolside towards Chris so he could take a good look at me, to do otherwise would have been dangerous given how slippery the floor was. Since he was trying be a gentleman about and look the other way despite having watched me swimming naked for the last 20 minutes I called his name and asked him about the bike he was restoring so it would have been considered rude for him not to turn and look. Since I was walking quite slowly he had at least thirty seconds where he could see everything before having to pretend to focus on my eyes. After a little while the conversation came to an end and I finished by repeating my line from earlier that I guess he got to see me tonight after all before heading off towards the changing room door at the back of the pool... pausing every now and then to say goodbye to some of the people I had met that evening.  
  
The same girl was staffing the counter when I came to collect the basket like Chris she was clearly aiming to maintain eye contact as professional courtesy while really wanting to stare at the crazy naked lady, so I pointed out how the swimming was doing wonders for my abs so she could look down. Having received the basket I headed into the changing room and quickly dressed in my blouse and skirt only putting everything else in the bag leaving the pool, the girl had now left the recessed counter but the first lifeguard was staffing the front desk.  
  
Since I had not dried off properly the thin blouse was sticking to my chest a little and the pokies were standing to full attention, it seemed too good an opportunity to waste so I wandered over to the desk to ask if the pool had any other nude swim sessions. His response was both predictable and hilarious, while he had managed to be entirely professional while I was swimming naked in front of him he could not stop his eyes from wandering once the girls were almost covered. Sadly as I already knew there were no other nude sessions so I bid farewell and headed off into the carpark. I was really edging at this point and wanted to make sure I was still feeling this way when I reached home, since there was nobody around I took off my skirt and shoes and put them in the boot of my car (I have a pair of trousers that live in the boot of my car for those occasions I need an excuse for standing half naked in a carpark). Slamming the boot loudly I quickly ran round into the driver’s seat then drove home bottomless, while I’m pretty sure nobody realised it brought me back to peak every time a truck passed or I had to stop at traffic lights.  
  
After several traffic jams I pulled through the open gates onto my driveway ready to explode, with the security light still on above the garage I slowly slipped off my blouse waiting for it to extinguish then taking one final risk stepped out of the car completely naked. This of course caused the light to turn straight back on so fully illuminated I walked to the front of the drive stepping briefly into the front street daring myself to stay there until the light went out. All of the curtains I could see seemed to be closed but I could hear a car turning into the road just as the light went out which put me in a rather difficult position. Since I could either wait to be illuminated by the car headlights or dash back and let them see me at a distance, in the end I waited so long it ended up being a little of both as I ran behind the hedge as the car was just about to pass. They slowed down while passing the gate before coming to a stop, after about 20 seconds which felt like an hour the car moved off clearly having decided the fun was over. My heart now beating ridiculously fast I stepped back from behind the hedge and closed the loudly squeaking gates still naked and once more fully illuminated.  
  
The gates squeak is the sign that lets my husband know I’ve returned home and as usual he wandered through to get the door for me, on this occasion to find me naked and grinning like a Cheshire cat. He knows my hobbies well and had the common decency not to ask me about my adventures until after I was completely exhausted on the hall floor.  
  
This was of course only the first Monday swim session.