**A Play Date**

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The first time that my husband took control of my exhibitionism was on a "Play Date".  
  
Our children were still young enough to require a babysitter. My husband had just started a new job, which didn't pay all that well in the beginning. I was a stay at home mom.   
  
And we had just purchased our first house.  
  
With potty training, cooking and cleaning, a new job, etc. we had very little time to ourselves.  
  
Money was really tight, which gave us very few opportunities to get out on our own and even less opportunities to play.  
  
One Friday our children were invited to spend the evening with their grandparents and we realized that we were finally going to have time to ourselves. So we arranged what we ending up calling a "play date" with each other.  
  
My husband told me to put on something nice, but not too dressy. I wasn't quite sure what to wear, but when I saw him in some nice beige khakis and golf polo, I thought that I had the perfect outfit for our date.  
  
I put on a light summer linen sheath dress with vertical beige and light blue stripes that I always loved to wear, because it showed me off just right and still was very comfortable. I also put on my favorite tan high heels.  
  
It was summer, so I applied a very light coat of baby oil (Which we seemed to have plenty of.) to my legs to give them a slight glow.  
  
My husband thought that I looked great and patted me on my bottom as we headed to the car. A shiver of anticipation passed through my body.  
  
We drove to a local Chili's for dinner, where we were two of the better-dressed people in the place.   
  
I could tell by the looks from a man at an adjoining table, that my dress was short enough to allow some great looks at my legs. I enjoyed the attention that I was getting from him as well as from my husband.  
  
The man seemed to be on a date as well, but I was garnering much more of his focus than his date was.  
  
We had a wonderful dinner. It was so good to be by ourselves on a real date, just like we used to before we were married.  
  
I had worked real hard to lose the baby fat that I had gained with having our children, and felt that I was back to looking good again.  
  
By the looks that I was getting from my husband and the other man, it seemed that my hard work had paid off.  
  
We lingered over dinner and dessert until the sun was about set, talking about anything and everything. It was so good to feel sexy again.   
  
This other couple was lingering over their dinner as well. I'd like to think that he was staying to keep looking at me.  
  
I mentioned the looks that I was getting from the man at the other table to my husband.   
  
As my husband paid the bill, he whispered to me that I should be careful when I slide out of the booth since my admirer would be able to see up my dress. I whispered back, "What a great idea!"  
  
As we got up to leave I glanced to see whether my admirer was looking my way, which he was. I made an exaggerated effort of moving one leg way out as I swung my body towards him to get out of the booth I was sitting in.  
  
By the change in his eyes I could tell that he was getting a very good look at my very white nylon bikini panties.  
  
I was wearing a very teeny pair of white nylon bikini panties that had two horizontal stripes of sheer material across the front of them, which gave a tiny peak if my trim.  
  
I stayed in this position for a moment as I looked up at my husband standing in the aisle and said, "How's this?"  
  
I could tell that he was a little shocked by my sassy display, but at the same time he was enjoying me being naughty.  
  
I finally stood up and smiled at my onlooker as I made a point of smoothing my dress over my hips and buttocks.  
  
I couldn't help but laugh when his girlfriend or wife hit him on the shoulder to regain his attention.  
  
I though of how much fun I used to have showing off while we were dating and now remembered what I enjoyed the most about it.   
  
I love the look on a person's face when they see something that they weren't expecting, and how they seem to enjoy it. In this case it was my white nylon panty up skirt and his look did not disappoint me: not one bit.  
  
It seems that even as a mom I could still bring out that look in a stranger's eyes. At least it worked with one gentleman.  
  
We got back into the car and my husband turned to me and said, "So you still like to show off, even now that you are a mommy". I replied, "Some things just never change, I guess. Hopefully you will still like me showing off when I am 70".  
  
As we drove away from the restaurant he turned to me and said, "Well, I have a little play date planned for us tonight, so you will have to do what I ask. OK?"  
  
I smiled and said, "I am at your command, Sir".  
  
My husband is in sales and travels all around the city and outlying areas, so he has a very good idea of what is where all around town.  
  
He drove me into a beautifully landscaped business park with four prominent four-story buildings that surrounded a small stream and walking path that went between all of the buildings and through the surrounding area. The parking lots as well as the walking path were well lit with old-fashioned globe streetlights, which created an almost ethereal glow on everything that they shown on.  
  
It was quite mystical, although I had no idea why we were here.  
  
We pulled into one of the building's parking lots directly under a streetlight, which lit up my legs and lap like bright moonlight inside the car. I could only imagine what it would do to my white panties.  
  
The walking path was directly in front of the car with one building to our right, another to our left and another a distance away, but directly in front of us.  
  
I noticed many lights still on in the buildings as undoubtedly some people were putting in long hours at work.  
  
My husband got out of the car and asked me to join him. I thought, "How romantic. We are going to take a wonderful stroll on the walking path". I was partially correct.  
  
My husband took my hand and we walked down the path. The path was lined with fragrant flowers and shrubs, and wrought iron benches. It was truly a beautiful place to be.  
  
We walked down towards the stream, which put us about a block away from our car and almost at the center of the four business buildings that all overlooked the path.  
  
We stopped under one of the pathway lights, and my husband wrapped his arms around me and gave me a tender kiss full on my lips. I just melted in his arms and pushed my body against his to enjoy his full embrace.  
  
We kissed and hugged each other for 10 minutes or more. It seemed forever since we had had this kind of time to ourselves.  
  
My husband followed the seam that is on the bust line of most dresses with his hand and found my hardening nipples. He slowly fondled them as a tremor of sexual excitement passed through my body.  
  
I am one of those girls who can have an orgasm without being touched below my waistline and I was very close to demonstrating this fact to my husband.  
  
As we continued to kiss and he continued to fondle me, I felt the first tremors of my approaching orgasm. Almost on cue my husband reached behind my back and pulled down the zipper of my dress. Then removing the linen fabric from my shoulders, he allowed the top of my dress to slide down where it gathered at my waist. I was now naked from the waist up.  
  
The combination of the warm humid air finding so much uncovered skin and the realization that I was outdoors in a public business park, resulted in the most delectable convulsions coursing through my body. It was like a sexual electric current had been attached to me and all I could do was to go with the flow. I moaned and writhed in pleasure as my orgasm took over.  
  
God, it felt so good to release my sexual demon after all of these weeks.  
  
As my convulsions died down, my husband lifted my dress up over my hips, knelt and kissed me on both hipbones as well as my lower stomach. The tremors were starting up again.  
  
I was no longer wearing a dress, but more like a blue and white striped linen belt.  
  
He ran his tongue just above the teeny elastic band of my panties as his hands cupped my bottom and I moaned in supplication.  
  
When he started kissing my inner thighs I again found myself on the edge. As I was about to orgasm again, he pushed the knuckles of one hand between my legs providing the most delicious sensation.  
  
It was more than I could stand as I again shook and shimmied in sexual ecstasy.  
  
Two orgasms in almost as many minutes.  
  
I guess that it had been a long time.  
  
Much to my surprise and amusement, my husband wasn't quite finished, as he led me to a nearby park bench where he pulled my dress completely down my legs and had me step out of it.  
  
I was now standing outdoors in nothing but my teeny white panties and tan high-heeled shoes. My outdoor nakedness brought my tremors back.   
  
My husband sat down on the bench and guided me to lay across his lap with my bottom up in the air. As he massaged my bottom, upper thighs and lower back with his hand, he told me that I had been very naughty at the restaurant tonight and needed to be taught a lesson.  
  
He had often playfully pretended to spank me, but had never really done more than give me a slight slap on my clothed butt. This time I only had on a pair of thin nylon panties and was exposed in a public setting directly under a park lamp.  
  
I have to admit that this scenario had me very excited, again! As he continued to massage me he suddenly lifted his hand into the air and gave me a good whack on my bottom. The sound echoed between the buildings.  
  
I couldn't stop myself, as my back arched and I let out a loud, "Oh God!" which created its own echo as well.  
  
I instinctively reached back with my hands to protect myself, but he was able to grab both of them by my wrists and lift them above my back pinning me in my current position.  
  
I know that I could have gotten loose, but I was too excited to do anything but continue to lie there.  
  
He continued to massage my lower half and then, whack, another exquisite bolt of pain and pleasure went through my body.  
  
Soon he got into a rhythm of massage and spanking and after just eight more whacks on my bottom, I was again doing the electric bugaloo. I was in absolute pure ecstasy as another orgasm ripped through my body. This orgasm was so intense that I found myself sitting on the pathway in a most unlady like fashion with my lower limbs all askew and unintelligible grunts issuing from my mouth.   
  
For those of you keeping score at home, that is three orgasms and the night was still young.   
  
This business parkway had turned into my personal sexual Garden of Eden.  
  
As my husband helped me up, and sat me down on the bench to recover, I could feel my wild side completely replacing my mommy mentality.   
  
Much to my delight my husband picked up my dress from the bench and said, "Don't follow me until I get back into the car".  
  
I looked at him in a feigned expression of surprise and said, "What?" He turned to me with a big smile and replied, "I think that you should walk back to the car in what you are wearing so you have a chance to cool off a little." Of course he knew that this would definitely not cool me off. In fact I could feel the heat reforming throughout my body.  
  
As I continued to sit on the park bench in my panties, which shown very, very brightly under the parkway lamps, I watched my husband walk back to the car with my dress hanging from one arm.  
  
It seemed like he walked forever to get back, and I realized that I was very visible sitting under a park lamp in panties that now seemed to glow in the lamplight. Have you ever noticed that white nylon literally shines in any light? I felt that I had on neon panties that yelled, "Hey everybody, look over here!"  
  
I wondered how many of the lights in the buildings had real people on the other side of the windows looking out at me.  
  
I searched the windows of the closest building. Did I see someone looking down towards me? I couldn't be sure.   
  
I was feeling the sexual glow building inside of me.   
  
And now besides the fact that my nipples were still at full attention, I was starting to feel those little tremors again.  
  
I didn't want to admit it, but my outdoor exposure was really turning me on.  
  
"Well", I thought, "Here goes". I stood up from the park bench and started walking back to the car quite obvious of my state of undress. I was sure that 100 sets of eyes (OK, maybe it was just one set of eyes) were watching me from the buildings and became very self-conscious of how I walked.  
  
Why is it when you feel that you are being watched, you become self-conscious of the silliest things?   
  
Despite my excitement at possibly being seen, I instinctively held my two hands over my breasts so that I wouldn't be so exposed.  
  
I was feeling so incredibly sexy and naughty that a part of me wanted to sit down on the nearest park bench and have my way with myself. I imagined sitting under one of the park lights with my legs spread wide with one hand down the front of my panties moaning and writhing in a dance of self-pleasure. Just the thought almost made me orgasm.  
  
About half way back I stopped thinking about how I was walking and slowly strutted back to the car still covering my breasts, but making sure to pause under every park light and shake my bottom towards the car.  
  
As I got to the car and opened the door, my husband smiled and said, "That is about the sexiest thing that I have ever seen." I replied, "Why thank you kind sir" and started to get into the car.  
  
My husband stopped me and said, "However you weren't told to cover your breasts on your walk back, so you have to do it all over again."  
  
I had so much sexual adrenalin flowing through my body I could only beam back at him and say, "I believe that you are correct and I will be happy to oblige", and head back down the walkway with my hands on my hips and a very exaggerated rotation in my gait.  
  
I was having the time of my life.  
  
I sauntered all of the way back to my original park bench, turned back towards the car fully extending my arms out to the sides to clearly show any and everyone that I was topless.  
  
I again started to return to the car, but this time much slower than before and at every park lamp I would hold my arms out wide to bathe in the glow of the globe light, and then straddle the park lamp with my legs and perform a standing version of a stripper pole dance.  
  
Did you know that a park lamp has a slight vibrational current that runs through it? This vibration between my legs was bringing me again to the point of no return.  
  
My earlier application of baby oil to my legs gave me an added advantage, as I was able to slide effortlessly up and down the pole.  
  
I was having so much fun and feeling so sexy.  
  
By the time I got to my fourth and almost last light pole, the combination of this vibration as well as feeling so sexy outdoors again rocked my body with convulsions as I squeezed my thighs around the light pole and lost all rational thought of place and time.  
  
I found myself again sitting on the ground. Only this time I was hugging a light pole that looked like it was coming out of a spot between my legs: and I mean really hugging it.  
  
As my fourth orgasm of the evening subsided and I was able to pull myself back up to a standing position, I noticed another car pulling into the parking lot and stopping only two cars away from our car.  
  
Here I was in just my panties and now clearly had another member joining my heretofore select audience. And this new member had front row seats.   
  
I ducked back into the small alcove created by a flowering shrub and the light pole and thought, "Now what do I do? I could hide here until they either get out of their car or they leave."  
  
"But what if they come down the pathway right to where I am hiding? I would feel pretty stupid."  
  
I was starting to feel a little panic, but at the same time the thought of being seen so close to a stranger and almost naked was taking over, particularly since I still had my sexual adrenalin flowing.  
  
I had rationalized or is it irrationalized that my husband had put me in this position, so if a total stranger saw me in nothing but my panties, it was his fault.  
  
As I was about to step out from my place of concealment, my husband came towards me with my dress in his hand. He handed it to me and said, "I thought that you might need this considering that we have company".  
  
I was so disappointed.  
  
I will tell you that every sexual bone in my body wanted to continue my topless stroll to the car and would have loved doing it. The thought of being seen in just my panties by a complete stranger had long been a fantasy of mine, and here was my change to act it out.  
  
I realized that I was addicted to that look that comes over a person's face when they see something that they shouldn't, just like the man in the restaurant.   
  
I wanted to see that look again: right now.  
  
I guess the combination of my years of Catholic upbringing and my husband's expectations forced me to suppress my real desires and I put my dress back on.  
  
I purposely did not pull my dress all of the way down, but kept it at a length that barely covered my panties. I still wanted a reaction from the new voyeur.  
  
The driver turned out to be a businessman who provided me with my last good look of the evening, as he blatantly stared at my legs and very short dress.  
  
My husband opened the door for me and for the final time that evening, I gave my last panty peek, as I pulled my dress above me panties and shook my bottom at my husband before getting into the car.  
  
As we drove home and I replayed the entire evening including the last look on the businessman's face, and had one more very discreet orgasm in the car.  
  
There was no doubt in my mind that I was an exhibitionist and loved it.  
  
And for those that might be concerned, my husband enjoyed quite an explosion once we got into the garage along with another one early the following morning.  
  
We spent a good part of the next day discussing my impulse for showing off and I am pleased to say that my husband said that he would do his best to get used to the idea of having an exhibitionist for a wife. He promised to never inhibit me as long as I was always open and honest with him.  
  
Our fabulous relationship still exists today and I continue to be my true self.