**An Exhibitionist's Day Out**

by marie5555

I have heard about those men who get jealous of other men looking at their wives or girlfriends, but Dave had no trace at all of this defect. He enjoyed it, admitting it turned him on to know others were looking at me, lusting after me, and who envied him for having me.  
  
We were having a day out, back in the years BC (Before Children). Back then we had an open-topped two-seater sports car, with a soft roof that could be put up in the event of rain and very low seats that were tilted slightly back. As usual, I was to dress for the day out in clothing picked out for me by Dave, so I knew before I started that I would be showing as much as we could legally get away with.  
  
I was right. For the initial stage, I was to wear a tennis dress, very short, with tennis shoes, and nothing else at all. Dave was wearing tennis shorts and a white tennis shirt. We were driving out to a large public park near Preston, some twenty miles from where we lived, a town we did not visit often. We never used our own town for our sexy games, preferring to go where we were unlikely to be recognized.  
  
As soon as I was in the car, with the seat belt fastened, it was clear I was going to have a lot on display. Even before we started off, my skirt was already gathered almost at my waist, pulled up by the straps of the seat belt. As we drove along, I knew every driver in a vehicle higher than our car, which meant about ninety-nine percent of all traffic, could see down into our car, and see my whole body, with all my legs showing.  
  
I tried pulling the hem down, only to get a loud warning cough from Dave. The rule was that I was not allowed to adjust the hem of my dress. I would only get two warnings. After that, Dave would stop somewhere safe and fix leather straps to my wrists, which would then be clipped to snap-hooks he had fitted to the sides of my seat, stopping me from being able to move my hands at all.  
  
The top three buttons of the dress were unfastened, so I was showing a reasonable amount of cleavage, not that I had too much up top to put on display. thirty-four C was my bust size then, and it is not much different even today. As usual, we got plenty of friendly honks from drivers who enjoyed the view, and as usual, I was blushing furiously for most of the drive.  
  
We got to the park, chosen because we knew from previous trips that it had tennis courts and unusually, some seating for watchers. Getting out of a low-slung sports car without showing anything is hard enough at the best of times. In a tiny tennis dress it is impossible, so anyone watching was treated to a nice display of leg, bum and even a quick flash of my shaved pussy. Did I mention that the dress was usually a size too small for me?  
  
Dave got the racquets and balls from the car boot, and we found a court, always one of the centre ones nearest the seating if Dave could get it, and we started playing. Dave was the better player but he did not try too hard, the main purpose of the game being to make me show as much as he could.  
  
Bending to receive a serve was bad enough, as that showed all my naked bottom to those behind me. Serving was even worse, as the tightness of the dress meant if I raised an arm, the whole dress got pulled up high to show all that I had, and obviously when serving, both arms were raised, one after the other. After we had been playing for a while we had gathered quite a number of watchers, mainly men on their own, although there were a few females watching me with interest.  
  
I was blushing, of course, most of the time. Once we had finished the game, we went back to the car, and Dave took a bag from the boot which contained clothing for us. He had it easy, being able to slip off his tennis shirt and put on a t-shirt, then slipping his shorts down when nobody was around, (he had boxers under the shorts) and slipping on a pair of trousers and trainers. I was stood there in just a single item of clothing.  
  
We walked into the park until we came to some low bushes, and Dave indicated that I could change behind these. It was fairly near to a well-travelled path, but it seemed the best option. Dave handed me a dress, and I quickly slipped the tennis dress off, and pulled the other dress over my head, swearing as I found all the buttons were fastened so I could not get my head through the opening and had to pull it off again to undo the top few.  
  
Thankfully, I only saw one man walking along who seemed to have seen me changing. The second attempt was more successful, and I was at least covered, partly anyway, in a short black satin mini-dress and heeled knee-high boots. I looked down, noticing that the satin dress showed my nipples clearly through the thin fabric. I could see the car journey home was going to be fun wearing this dress.  
  
Once I was ready, we went back to the car, and Dave decided it was time for some lunch. It was only a short walk to a nice pub that we knew, so we left the car where it was and went to eat. The main room of the pub was "olde worlde" style, imitation oak beams on the ceiling, solid wooden tables and chairs, and a long bar with high stools for those who preferred eating and drinking there rather than at the usual tables. Needless to say, Dave decided we would be fine at the bar.  
  
You ever tried getting onto a bar stool in heels and a tight, very short dress and no knickers? I managed it but everyone in that area must have seen everything. At least I had a good meal, along with a glass of wine. As we were finishing, Dave told me we were going to the town centre to look around the shopping mall.  
  
That meant him finding more opportunities to make me show all that I could. We walked the short distance to the mall, Dave ignoring the lift (elevator) and insisting on us using the escalator to the upper floor. Halfway up I looked round to see about eight men stood on the lower stairs and enjoying the sight of my exposed rear.  
  
We wandered around the shops, just browsing. Then Dave had the idea that I needed a new pair of shoes. I tried telling him I had enough, but he insisted, and dragged me into a shoe store, a very nice up-market one with chairs for customers to sit on while trying on the shoes, and store assistants to look for the desired style, colour, and size, and to help you try on the footwear.  
  
He told me to see if I could find something nice with heels, maybe a sandal, then left me to the mercies of the assistants while he looked around, pretending he was not with me. I found one that I liked, and an assistant, Jan, mid-twenties and blonde if you must know, rushed over to take the single shoe from me, vanishing into the back room to find its mate.  
  
When Jan came back, she kneeled in front of me, ignoring my assurances that I could manage, and insisted on helping me to remove my knee boots. They are not too easy to remove, and she had to put some effort into it, raising my leg in the process, and so seeing quite clearly that I was not wearing anything under the dress.  
  
I was expecting shock or outrage at the discovery. What I got was Jan smiling, then "accidentally" sliding her hand high up my inner thigh, almost to my wet pussy, as she helped remove the second boot. When putting the sandals on, she took every opportunity to raise my leg higher than needed, smiling each time she managed to expose my naked slit to her view.  
  
She helped me stand, a hand pressing against my bottom as she did so, then casually running fingers along the hem, stroking my exposed buttocks. By now I was squirmingand could see Dave off to one side, enjoying the show. After walking in the sandals for a few moments. I decided I might as well have them, and told her they were fine.  
  
She took them off for me, and would not hear of me putting my boots on by myself, taking great trouble to raise each leg high before sliding the boot on, then rubbing gently all the way up and beyond to smooth them to my legs. Before letting me stand, she slipped a card into my hand.  
  
"My personal phone number is on the back," she whispered, "call me next time you come to town alone and want some company."  
  
I smiled at her, and once standing, kissed her softly on her lips.  
  
"I may well do that, Jan," I told her quietly, "Thank you."  
  
One thing Dave never knew about me back then was that, while I was totally faithful to him regarding men, only having those men he approved of and encouraged me to enjoy with him as part of a threesome, as far as I was concerned I was free to enjoy what women I wanted, without him ever knowing I was bi.  
  
As we left the store after he had paid for the shoes, he asked me, "What was that all about?"  
  
"What was what about?" I said, playing dumb.  
  
"The kiss, you kissed that assistant," he told me.  
  
"Oh that, " I smiled, "she had been very sweet and helpful, I was just saying thanks. It is what we women do."  
  
He seemed satisfied with that reply and so let it drop. After all, it had been his idea to go in there. We walked around a little more, looking in shop windows, and wondering if we needed coffee, which we did. We found a coffee shop, one of a chain that has deep low sofas and armchairs scattered around, and went in for a drink.  
  
This time, Dave led us to the sofa, putting our drinks onto a table nearby, before sitting down. As soon as I started to sit, I realised it was lower than I had thought, and I overbalanced, landing in the seat with a bump, my knees high and open as I squirmed to sit more upright. God knows how many got to enjoy that little display, but it was clear from the smiles on some faces that they at least had seen what was on offer.  
  
At least by crossing my legs, I was able to hide most of what I had, even if it did mean showing most of my bottom. After the drinks, I had the fun of standing up again, preferably without giving half the town a display of bum and pussy. It took some squirming around but I managed it, limiting the show

to just a few sightings of my bare butt.  
  
On the way back to the car, we were passing a side street, when Dave stopped me, then turned to walk down the road. I could not understand why we were going along this street, there was nothing I could see apart from a newsagent's, the corner shop, "we sell everything" type of combined newsagents, post office, tobacconists and sweet shop. It was quite a decent sized shop for a little back street, and I could see several customers going in and out even as we walked towards it.  
  
"What are we looking for?" I asked Dave, "anything special?".  
  
Dave looked in the shop, smiling at what he saw.  
  
"Go in that shop," he told me, "and get me a copy of the Reader's Wives magazine."  
  
He took out his wallet and handed me a ten-pound note.  
  
"When you get to the counter," he went on, " tell the guy on the till that you want to see if your photo is in it this month."  
  
I looked at him in shock.  
  
"Oh no, Dave, " I stammered, "I couldn't, I would die of embarrassment."  
  
"No, you won't," he assured me, "you will blush and stammer and feel like a slut, but you will get so turned on, you know you will. Now go on."  
  
He sent me on my way with a hard smack on my bottom. I walked into the shop, trembling as I walked across the shop floor to the magazine shelves. Oh, wonderful, the men's magazines were all on the top shelf. When you are only five foot three, maybe five foot six in heels, you tend to avoid top shelves. At least I was wearing heels.  
  
Standing in front of the shelf, looking up at the magazine I was there to get, I knew I could just reach it if I stretched up as far as I could. Oh yes, in a short, tight dress that will ride up the moment I reach up. I looked around.  
  
There were about eight in the post office queue, mainly women but a couple of men. A few mother and child pairs looking at sweets and chocolates, and around ten men mainly looking at newspapers and magazines, including four youths who were standing right near the part of the shelf I wanted.  
  
I was tempted to ask someone to reach it down for me, but that would have been too embarrassing in itself. There was nothing for it, I was going to have to do it myself. I waited for a couple of the women to leave the shop, then reached up, having to go on tip-toe to reach the magazine, and sure enough, feeling the dress ride up almost to my waist, showing everything I had to those watching.  
  
There was total silence as I stood back down holding the mag, most of the men smiling broadly at what they had just seen. I walked unsteadily over to the till, the man already there standing to one side to allow me to be served first. I recited the lines I had been told to say, hoping as I did so that my voice would not break or fade.  
  
"I want to see if my photo is in it this month," I told the man on the till my voice shaking a little but clear enough.  
  
He took the offered banknote from me, handing me the change, all without a word, he just stared at me with a wide smile on his face while the male customer stood watching and smiling broadly. The four youths were stood behind me at the till, and I felt a hand stroke my still exposed buttock, then another squeezed my bottom.  
  
I left the shop quickly, almost running to where Dave waited. I was burning with embarrassment, but as Dave had promised, there was a wonderful warm wetness between my legs. After that, we went back to the car and set off home.  
  
This dress rode up just as badly, if not more than my tennis dress had done, and we had not been on the road long when I felt the need to pull it down. That earned me the first warning cough. Shortly after, a stray gust of wind came out of nowhere, blowing my dress high and I tugged at it without thinking. That got me a second warning, something I had not had in ages.  
  
A while later we pulled up at some lights, right next to the pavement. It must have been getting on for four in the afternoon because there were a lot of schoolkids around on their way home. A group of older lads were walking past us when they stopped, looking at me in the car.  
  
They looked about eighteen or so, certainly in the final year, or even at college. Having about eight sets of randy eyes staring at all that was on display was too much for me, and I pulled the dress down to cover myself more respectably. Dave said nothing, and I thought I had got away with it, but a few minutes later he pulled into a parking area.  
  
"Three times. You know the rule," he told me, "pulling the dress down is not allowed."  
  
"But the lads were staring," I protested, "and you could see clearly on their faces what they were thinking. If I had been alone they would have had me out of the car and stretched over the bonnet."  
  
"Don't give me ideas," he warned me, "or I might drive round looking for them to put on a gangbang for me."  
  
He took cuffs out of the glove compartment.  
  
"Wrists," he ordered, fastening a leather cuff to each wrist.  
  
Getting out of the car, he came round to my side, clipping my wrist cuff to a snap-hook fitted at the side of the seat. Then back to his side to clip the other cuff in place on that side of the seat. Now I couldn't move my hands at all, so no more trying to hold on to some semblance of modesty.  
  
As we drove homewards, the dress rode up inevitably, gathering around my waist, and only just covering my wet slit. By then I was feeling so randy, I would have given anything to be able to touch myself, just there, with one finger, just to tease it and make myself come, but with cuffs clipped the way they were, I couldn't even stroke myself.  
  
As more was showing, we had more than the usual number of honking horns calling out their satisfaction at the display of leg and thigh. All of which merely increased my arousal and my frustration. I must have been moaning because Dave pulled into a car park. He reached a hand down between my legs, eyebrow raised as he felt the wetness already there.  
  
"Mmm, is somebody feeling horny?" he asked, "somebody needing to come?"  
  
I nodded, helplessly,  
  
"Please," I murmured, "please?"  
  
"Okay, I can give you something to help," he told me, "but you will have to wait until we get home for me to take it out. Agreed?"  
  
"Yes, agreed," I stammered, "anything."  
  
He reached again into the glove box, pulling out one of my medium vibes that we had taken on a picnic a week or so earlier and never needed to use. He turned it on, listening to the deep throaty buzzing.  
  
"Batteries seem fine," he told me, "open wide."  
  
He slid the vibe into me, and I grunted with pleasure as I felt it start working its magic deep in my soaking slit.  
  
"We should be home in about twenty minutes tops," he told me, "until then, you can sit and enjoy however many climaxes it gives you."  
  
I smiled happily, not caring about anything as the vibe buzzed away, only just hidden under my dress. I could feel my pussy muscles contracting around the vibe, as it took me slowly but inexorably towards a climax. When it arrived, I lay back, relishing the sensations as I came, feeling juices pour from me, and I remember thinking, 'thank God the seats are leather and easy to wipe clean.'  
  
I started to relax after coming, but the vibe continued its work. Once I climax, I get incredibly sensitive, so much so that I cannot bear to be touched until I come down from the high the climax has given me. Bondage climaxes ignore the "no touching" rule and the vibe carries on, forcing me towards the next climax.  
  
We were going through another small town, shops and pedestrians both sides of the street. I could feel another climax coming, and was trying to ignore it, to put it off as long as I could, but the vibe was insistent, and I was coming right there in the busy street, with other drivers guessing what was happening to me from the way my head was thrown back and my whole body shaking helplessly as I came and came.  
  
Horns were honking all around as we drove on, and still, the vibe buzzed. I could see we were not far from home by now, just a few more minutes. But by now my pussy was ultra-sensitive, and the climaxes were getting more powerful. Another arrived moments later, and I screamed as it hit, my bottom bouncing on the car seat as far as it could move, and my arms and legs trembling as the climax went on and on.  
  
By now my legs were wide open in an attempt to reduce the effects of the vibe, but it was not helping much, although it must have been a treat for other drivers to witness. Even as we pulled into our street, Dave driving straight into the garage, the next climax came, and I was whimpering helplessly as the juices poured from me, and Dave was taking the vibe out at last.  
  
I lay there trembling and twitching until I had recovered enough to walk, then Dave helped me into the house. I wondered when he had unclipped my cuffs, I had no recollection of him doing it. As he poured drinks for us both, I was starting to feel much better, even to the point of wondering what special favour I could do for him in thanks for a lovely sexy day out.