**An Exhibitionists memories**

My husband and I live on a very large tree farm in Northern Appalachia. The size of the property and the remoteness of the house permit he and I to go nude whenever the weather permits. He is very supportive of the fact that I am both an exhibitionist and I am also bisexual to a point. I have a small circle of girlfriends that come to our house and enjoy the freedoms of nudity and we often end up having sex. He also knows of my desire to have sex in public places where we will certainly be seen doing so. He does go along when I’m flashing people as my protector and also drives our van. He is naturally my sex partner if I’m doing it in public.

One of my favorite exhibitions took place in a city north of where we live. Our little village is extremely conservative and would have us burned at the stake if they knew about us. We had a power gate installed with an intercom and remote camera and the whole farm is well fenced. We also have a couple of dogs patrolling the grounds at night..

When we want to play, we go to this large city and have our fun in malls, restaurants and parks located on the outskirts. We also frequent bars in that city known for being very discrete.

One such bar was the scene of our favorite episode. My husband and I sat in our van and planned it to the minute. First, my husband walked in and sat on the stool to the far left of the bar. A few moments later, I walked in and sat next to him. I was wearing skirt and stockings and heels without panties in my way. I seldom wore them anyway. We ignored each other as if we were strangers. Soon, a man walked over and sat beside me, glancing down at my skirt, which had ridden up to reveal the lace tops of the stockings. I turned and gave the man a smile to encourage him. He soon was filling my ear with small talk and complimenting me on my looks and everything he could to hopefully get me aroused. I soon felt his hand on my thigh, testing my reaction. I simply held still and let him work a little higher. My skirt hid the fact that I was not wearing panties and the look on his face when he found it out was one of surprise and approval. I simply spread my legs a little more to let him get his fingers where he was headed. On the seat to my left, my husband was watching this and had a good view of the strange fingers probing me. I glanced down and saw that my husband was indeed enjoying the show. The stranger finally slipped a finger in my soaking wet slit and probed for my clit. He continued to probe until he had two fingers inside me and was massaging my clit. This was all in plain view of my husband, who was trying hard to hide his erection. As the man worked on my pussy, the front of my skirt was working higher and higher until my tummy was showing. The positioning of the stranger and my husband hid me from view of other bar patrons. He kept fingering me until I was almost ready to come. While he was fingering me, I had reached over and was slowly rubbing his member through his trousers. I suddenly felt my orgasm start to overtake my body and rubbed his cock hard until a wet spot in his trousers appeared at roughly the same time. My husband leaned over me when I had calmed down and whispered to the man that a round of drinks should be in order for masturbating his wife. We then enjoyed our fresh drinks and left the bar, laughing as we stepped out into the night air.

My flashing was not limited to men. I often flashed women sitting in restaurants, making my exposure less obvious than with men, knowing a lot of women would get very upset seeing me showing myself. One such time, we sat across from another couple and I slowly crossed my legs to test her reaction. At first, there was no reaction but on my second leg cross, she licked her lips and shot me a slight smile over her husband’s shoulder. She then decided to do likewise to me and crossed her own, baring her white panties to me as she slowly crossed hers. After a few minutes, she excused herself to her husband and left for the ladies’ room. As she passed our booth, she whispered for me to follow her. When I walked into the ladies’ room, she opened the stall door she was behind and stepped out in just her stockings and heels. She reached out and raised my skirt and then stepped close, rubbing her bare pussy against mine and holding my buttocks. She then planted a deep, probing kiss on my lips, searching for my tongue. She stepped back in the stall after handing me a slip of paper with a phone number on it. I tucked the paper in my skirt pocket and left her to dress. I called the number later in the week and, after several meets on neutral ground, invited her and her husband to our farm for a weekend. They were grateful to be able to go nude the whole weekend. She told me she talked her husband into coming after pointing out he would see me in the nude and possibly get to see her and I together. It proved to be a very enjoyable weekend. They still stop down a few times each summer.

Flashing took place in malls and stores. It was a routine in our car as we drove the interstate highway from home to the city. Last summer, we were going to South Carolina to visit one of the husband’s family. I went to a studio and had my body painted to look as if I was in a tee shirt top and blue shorts. The artist took special care to make it as real looking as possible. We packed up our small motor home and started south. All I was wearing was the body paint and my husband was wearing a polo top and had shorts at his feet to pull on if needed quickly. I wore only the paint until we stopped just down the street from his relative’s home. It was only then, I pulled on some shorts and a top after showering off in the camper. I have to admit it felt good to get that paint off me. It was water soluble paint and was easy to get off after sweating under it all that way. The artist had given me an ample supply of touch up to make repairs. During the trip, I had gotten out of the motorhome several times at fuel stops and nobody picked up on the fact I was actually naked. If they did, they hid their emotions. My husband and I went to several malls and restaurants in the area down there and I made sure my Yankee ass was seen by as many Southern boys and ladies as possible. The night before we left, IU waited until about three in the morning and walked completely around the block his relatives lived on, wearing only a pair of five inch heels.

After leaving South Carolina, we started home and decided to see how often we could have sex outside on the trip home. I stripped to the skin and he again had only a shirt on as we drove. At practically every rest stop and emergency pull off we saw after dark, we stopped and fucked on the parking area or in the surrounding grassy areas. We did manage to stop and fuck alongside the road in broad daylight but on busy I-95, it’s hard to find a safe place. On one such night stop at a pulloff area with a tractor trailer sitting and idling at one end. We pulled in like a tired motorist and sat there to see if the driver would get out of his truck. We got out of the motorhome and spread a blanket on the ground on the roadside of our vehicle. We then got down and fucked ourselves silly with cars driving by on their way to wherever. After we finished, we picked up the blanket and drove on. In one town near an exit, we got off and drove down the street, stopping at a school and picking a dark area of the well groomed lawn. We got out of the motorhome and lay on the grass fucking like two high school kids.

On the way home, we ran into a heavy rainstorm and pulled off the interstate to wait it out. My husband knew one of my favorite oddities is to fuck in a rainstorm with the rains beating n our naked bodies. He drove the van slowly along a road parallel to the interstate and found a grassy area with a place to park near it. We parked the van and lay in the grass and had absolutely great sex. Every time lightning would light up the sky, our naked bodies were as visible as during bright daylight. Two cars drove by in the storm but neither one must have seen us in the heavy downpour.

Our sexual escapades were not limited to our trip south. We had sex in every conceivable place we could and on more than one occasion, we were seen doing so. The thrill of being seen having sex is almost orgasm producing in itself. Sex clubs and certain beaches or camps are havens for this conduct but the thrill isn’t as great when you expect to see sex being performed. It is about as exciting as going to adult movie theaters or drive in movies.

We used to have a drive in theater in my home town back when my hubby and I were dating. It showed XXX rated movies and there was more action in the cars than on the screen. My husband-to-be had a big van with a mattress tossed in the back. He would take us to the drive in and back the van into a place near the back. He then opened the rear doors and we could watch the show and even make one of our own. The rules of the drive in stated that we had to be dressed to go to the snack bar or restrooms. All sexual activities were limited to inside the vehicles and all were subject to ID checks for underage.

The drive in’s managers were getting more and more strict with the rules and soon began to loose business to the tapes and DVD’s now readily available. The drive in went up for sale and was bought by my husband’s brothers, who immediately changed it into a private club with membership cards and all that stuff. A membership fee of five dollars got you access to the drive in and all the privileges. You were allowed to walk all around the premises completely naked and even have sex outside as long as it didn’t bother anyone. That was a slim possibility, because we all went there to see nudity and sex, both on and off the screen. I used to work the ticket booth in complete nudity and enjoyed every moment. The only places that required anything at all were the snack bar and restrooms, which required that bottoms be worn I never understood the bathroom requirement but the snack bar was a good place to keep things covered.

There was a small stage built in front of the screen where you could live out your wildest fantasy in front of everyone. It was required that you bring your own sheets or blanket for that action. The stage was opened about an hour and a half before the main movie started and closed as the movie began. It opened briefly during intermissions, then closed for the rest of the movie. My husband and I took advantage of that stage a few times. The constant hassle from law enforcement and health department officials, along with the widespread availability of tapes and DVD’s finally caused the closing of the drive in and an American institution.