**Exhibition of Hot Wife**

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This part of our marriage didn't just "happen" it evolved over a bit of time, although looking back on it sometimes it seems like only yesterday we sat by ourselves, sometimes at home, sometimes out in public somewhere and openly discussed various parts of our life together and how we might spice things up a bit, or how we might do this or that to turn each other on, not really dares, but just more conversations. These "talks" always seemed to lead us towards great sex afterwards and they are what kept us gravitating back to them on a greater frequency over time.

We are Laura and Grady and have been married for a number of years, we are empty nesters now and enjoying our newly rediscovered freedom the past few years. Having kids early on in life has been a blessing, now that we have "our time" once again. Both being retired now has some great advantages as well...we can travel as we please and see the world that we've missed out on when jobs and family burdened us in the past.

Exhibitionism has long been something in me that kept the pot stirred. Grady is my strongest encourager of that aspect of my life and between us we've allowed my inhibitions to be pushed aside and out of the way and that has led to many opportunities to show off my mature body over the years...yes it started out slowly, mainly cleavage and perhaps the tops of thigh high stockings that I tend to prefer over pantyhose.

It's only been in the last decade or so that I've taken things to totally new levels, but I must admit I wish I had started sooner. I can remember the first coffee shop visits we made, often in short skirts and blouses that buttoned down the front, allowing me to control the amount of cleavage shown which was totally dependent on how comfortable I felt with the situation. Grady has been a strong supporter and never pushed me too far from my comfort zone knowing that if he got too rambunctious with ideas or suggestions that I might jump back into my cocoon.

He would encourage me to sit in the coffee shop as he ordered my favorite latte...allowing me to find a good table that provided a number of others with a wonderful view. During the summer months what I wore was often light colored that seemed to really set off the bronze of my skin tone from tanning. Grady loves the tan lines that I can produce, calling them my sexy natural bikini.

These ventures out in public came only after a considerable amount of discussion at home and other places that we should give in to my "wanderlust" kind of ways and thinking. Neither one of us looks upon what I do, or what we do as cheating, to us it is merely a spice added to a recipe of a successful marriage. So there I would be watching as Grady stood in line, he would almost always be the first to spy my legs slightly parted sitting somewhere for the viewing pleasure of anyone who would look my way. At first he would make our orders and bring the drinks to our table sitting with me reading the paper or a book, making idle conversation as others were allowed more and more unobstructed views of my inner thighs, or the creamy whiteness of my tit cleavage. Unless I was working I would often go out without a bra and often times with no panties, or would remove them before showing off.

I was not blessed with overly big tits, so one year with his bonus Grady had them enlarged...and yes it was my idea to have it done...he just paid the bills for the work and we've been especially proud of my "girls" ever since. Others have certainly been appreciative of these "bolt-on" wonders as well.

So these first efforts of showing off were rather tame by the standards of things we do today. None the less, it is best to start out slowly and build up we think.

My thighs were slow to open, but for Grady as he stood in line, he got a straight shot up to my shaven lips. I could see he had one hand in his change pocket but it wasn't change he was messing with. He could make me so wet knowing he was watching, he set the stage for the others who caught a glimpse of what I was doing for him, the little "performance" I did to excite him. Once he sat down with me I tended to become a bit more demur until he started to coax and coach me to let others see the wonders of my body. The longer we stayed the more relaxed I got and opened up.

During those first years no one got to touch, they could only watch and admire from a distance. Grady was the best at offering the right words of encouragement that helped me overcome any shyness I might have had. I soon realized that my willingness to show off for Grady resulted in some wild sex when we got away and were alone, usually but not always back at home.

These first ventures into the coffee shops was fun and definitely did quite a bit to make me wet and highly aroused. It was a while though before I would admit to Grady of having thoughts of those other men moving close enough to touch me, maybe help him bring me to an orgasm with multiple hands and fingers wandering all over my body. But quite honestly I was having those kinds of naughty thoughts from early on.

When I did finally admit that to Grady he was fucking me from the rear as I was panting and telling him about how I fantasized of him and another man fondling me to multiple orgasms...I realized as I was telling him this his cock seemed to grow in thickness and he was getting so much more turned on. He hit my cervix wall in ways he had never done before...and I became putty with each of his deep strokes.

We graduated to some clubs and bars where I could dress a bit more slutty than the coffee shop scene would allow of me. We would get a booth and Grady would enjoy watching me flirt with other men, dancing with them, they seemed to catch on that he liked to see me being danced and fondled as he sat and sipped his drink and watched me having a good time. Each time though we would always go home alone and fuck like rabbits, sometimes vocally reliving what we had just experienced that night as we fucked for hours.

One weekend Grady suggested we try something a bit different. We had two other towns within an hour's drive of us and both had some hot clubs that we had yet to try out. Grady suggested that we pay them a visit. I was thinking sure why not, more dance partners to feel me up. But this weekend he added a little flair to our fun. He suggested I go into the club without him and sit at the bar for a while and see what happened, maybe showing off my cleavage in a big way or quite a bit of my thighs, I would be wearing lacy top thigh highs that I prefer over pantyhose. He would come in later as if he too were alone and hopefully enjoy my flirtations.

I agreed, but made him promise to keep an eye on things so some guy didn't try the wrong thing with me.

I got dolled up for this first venture like this, wearing a sheer red blouse that buttoned up the front, a half-cup bra under it that had red and black lace in the cups, a short jean skirt that also had buttons so I could show off as much or as little as I desired. Of course I had on my dark thigh highs with 4-inch lacy tops to them and a pair of short boots. At the time my hair was long and thick, it hung just past my shoulders in a wild curly fashion and framed my face in a wild woman sort of way.

When I walked into the club and found a seat at the bar that wasn't too far from the dance floor I sat and was eyeing the place, the lights, the glitter, the dark booths in several corners, the dance floor, and as I was looking around I know I was being checked out as well, my tits were attracting some ooglers and did my slightly parted thighs, but at that point no one could say for sure that I had left my panties at home.

I paid for my first drink of the night, but that was the only one that came out of my pocket. It wasn't long before I was asked to dance...a slow song that encouraged a closeness with my partner. He was a bit shy and even as I tried to encourage him he wasn't bold enough to touch anything...I was sure hoping the well had better prospects for the night. The next partner was better, he found excuses to pull me in close even though it was a tune with a lively beat to it. His hands roamed over my waist, up my sides, grazing against my boobs and he could for sure see my dark nipples growing harder as we danced. When I was in close with him I could feel his manhood hardening as well.

I think I was on my fourth or fifth partner when I noticed Grady walk in alone and sit at a table where he had a good view of the dance floor and also of my seat at the bar...he must have recognized my jacket. He never let on that he knew me or recognized me in any way...he seemed like an executive who was travelling away from home and wanted a drink to unwind.

He watched me openly flirt on the dance floor, he watched as men would stop to talk to me at the bar, their legs wedging between mine to open my thighs up, he saw a few that were bolder than others let their hands massage my thighs and knew as they did that it was turning me on. Their hands I know could feel the heat being generated by my pussy. Those were the ones who were the most fun on the dance floor, who were more open about fondling than others and I knew it was turning Grady on almost as much as it did me to be seen being fondled as they were doing.

He watched me like this for well over an hour, maybe two, and then as was our pre-arranged signal, he got up and left. I knew he would be outside with the car running and I would need to disengage and meet him. So at the end of a dance I told my partner I had an early morning meeting and needed to go, that a taxi was waiting for me outside.

My ride was indeed out there, Grady, his cock was out as he sat parked and when I got in I saw the stiff fat meat he had for me. I told him, oh honey I love that dick. In the parking lot I leaned over and kissed the tip of it tasting his precum and knew he was ready to fuck...as I did I worked two fingers inside me and he could hear them sloshing around in my pussy. Then when I pulled them out I gave him a salty taste and said my pussy was his to fuck.

On the way home which was just over an hour away, we pulled into a deserted country road and got out and he fucked me under the stars as I leaned against the trunk of the car. Oh yes this all was just the beginnings of my exhibitionism and it is a lifestyle that has only grown more intense and wild as the years have passed by...I only wish we had started so much earlier.