**Exposed**

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**Chapter One**  
The definition of an exhibitionist states, "an exhibitionist is one who acts or behaves in a way to attract attention or to display ones powers, personality, etc." So how does one become an exhibitionist? Particularly when they never exhibited any tendencies to show off while growing up.  
  
Does this urge to expose one's self lie dormant inside of them until the right catalyst comes along to awaken it?  
  
This is the story of one such woman's awakening.  
  
I grew up in a large conservative family in the Midwest. I was the middle child of 11 and don't remember any desire to be noticed or to break away from the pack. It was much more typical of me to fit in as best I could as well as to help out as often as I could.  
  
I have already mentioned being discovered by my parents playing a game of femme fatale with the boys in the neighborhood, where our hands were tied and arms extended above our heads attached to storage hooks in my garage. The boys had taken the opportunity to pull my girlfriend's and my shorts down around our ankles leaving us helpless exposing our flowered bikini panties. I had a funny feeling in the pit of my stomach watching them stare at me with my panties on display. It was a feeling of embarrassment mixed with exhilaration knowing that I was completely helpless and vulnerable. To this day I still get that funny feeling in my stomach anytime that I find myself in a similar situation.  
  
How I find myself in a similar situation is a part of this story.  
  
Everything that I had been told growing up made me believe that this was 'naughty' and not proper behavior for a "young lady", which may have added to the excitement of it all.  
  
However when my parents discovered our game of exposure we all received a good scolding leaving me ashamed of myself and not wanting to disappoint my parents again. At the same time I yearned to recapture that feeling of vulnerability.  
  
As every one of my girlfriends began to develop in late grade school, I remained as I was, soon becoming not only the smallest member of my grade, but also the least developed. Even when my breasts started to appear, they barely warranted a bra.  
  
I state all of these things just to make the point that I was the least likely to ever transform into an exhibitionist. I basically had nothing to exhibit.  
  
Then high school happened. I went to an all girls' religious academy, which turned many of us into rebels of one degree or another. My own method of rebellion as well as the group of girls that I hung out with was to roll the waistbands of our uniform plaid skirts until they transformed into micro minis. The nuns who monitored our behavior often singled us out making us kneel down on the floor. If our skirts did not touch the floor while kneeling we were sent to detention and made to say the rosary over and over again. We all smoked and when together on weekends would sneak liquor from our parents liquor cabinet and get slightly intoxicated.  
  
It was our way to deal with the complexities of awakening womanhood and, of course, boys.  
  
It is somewhat amusing for me to relate all of this as I quit smoking in my early 20's and hardly ever drink since I had children.  
  
This was the extent of my rebellious nature. I was neither sexual nor promiscuous and the thought of someone seeing up my skirt was not even an option.  
  
My desire to attract attention to myself was no more than any other young woman hoping to attract the attention of a young man. But I still craved that feeling of helplessness and vulnerability that accompanied my early exposure. It was the basis of many of my masturbatory sessions imagining myself outdoors stripped to just my panties. I never tried to understand this deep-seated desire thinking of it as pure fantasy.  
  
Then I met my husband to be. He was one of those young men who noticed everything about a young woman. He has told me that after two dates he essentially knew what style of panties I wore, which were really nothing to brag about. My under attire consisted mostly of white or pastel nylon or cotton bikini briefs. My more daring panties had either flower appliqués or white on white patterns in the material. I never even gave a thought to colors or patterns, strings or thongs. These were for sexually active girls who wanted to exhibit themselves.  
  
I was not that kind of girl.  
  
I met him innocently enough. We were both in line with our respective friends to see a concert. Seats were on a first come, first serve basis, so the idea was to get there early. As we stood in line we did what most young people do. We flirted with each other, which led to us sitting together at the concert. We exchanged phone numbers at the concert.  
  
I liked him. I liked him a lot. However something about him caused me to worry that he wasn't the right person for me. He had an aura or energy about him that made me feel submissive.  
  
If I dated him I felt that he would challenge my way of thinking about things and doing things. He might bring out a side of me that I didn't want to have exposed. I had no idea that my subconscious self wanted to be exposed.  
  
He called and we started to date, however the feeling of trepidation continued.  
  
He was attending college at a nearby university and lived in one of the dormitories on campus. Our dates began to consist of him riding the bus to pick me up and then taking me back to his dorm room. We were both very naïve and inexperienced in our sexual development. Undoubtedly this was a good thing as we were virtually always alone in his room. We would start out sitting on his bed, which doubled as a couch listening to music.  
  
It was almost like a game, a very sexy game. Soon he would put his arm around me rubbing my back. Just his touch brought my nipples to full erection. I would turn my body towards him and we would start to kiss. My entire body would become electrified with a sexual vibration. I loved how it felt and at the same time it scared me. It was so overwhelming and exciting to be so aroused without fully understanding it.  
  
I wanted to be physical, however that wasn't how I was brought up.  
  
Despite every part of me wanting to be touched, a good girl just didn't give in to her base nature.  
  
As our kisses became more passionate, I would find myself lying down on his bed allowing his hands to explore my body to a point. I relished how his hand would cup my bottom encased in the tightest jeans that I could get on. My lower lips would swell and throb as his fingers lightly squeezed my cheeks through my jeans.  
  
His other hand was finding other parts of me, as it would explore my upper torso.  
  
It took a few dates but eventually he worked up the nerve to place his hand directly over my bra cup on top of my breast. Now my nipples throbbed with the same tempo as my lower lips.  
  
I was so filled with conflict as my upbringing told me that good girls don't allow themselves to get groped in dorm rooms, but damn it, it felt so good.  
  
I would always find myself on top of him moving my lower half so it was positioned directly on his erection.  
  
I somehow kept myself from rubbing directly on it, but loved to push my lower abdomen against it. It made me very aware of how much I turned him on. It also made me notice a particular fixation of is.  
  
As I would lie on top of him, one of his hands would very subtly explore my panties. Most women's jeans can fit very tightly around our hips and buttocks while at the same time gaping at our waist. My jeans would always do that providing a very tempting access to my lower back and the waistband of my bikini panties. Without fail his hand would reach down the gap and I could feel his fingers play with the nylon fabric of my panties.  
  
As he touched my intimates the hard ridge pushing against my lower abdomen would become longer and more prominent.  
  
He had a thing for my panties and I liked it. I liked it a lot.  
  
Over the course of the school year his exploration would become more daring and eventually his hand totally disappeared down the back of my jeans somehow finding the room to take a hold of my nylon covered bottom. He would feel me all over essentially creating a visual image of my panties for himself. He would feel the stitching of the waistband, the sides that stretched tautly over my hips, how they covered my bottom, etc.  
  
The entire time that he explored my undies I could feel his penis twitch and throb against my stomach. It was electrifying to feel his hand all over my intimates knowing that they excited him.  
  
Once he knew that I wasn't going to object to his groping it was just a matter of time before his other hand found its way up and under my blouse or sweater and my bra and breasts received the same sensual treatment.  
  
I wanted to say "no" to his explorations, however I had never had a boy want to grope me and I liked how it made me feel. It made me feel sexy and desirable, which was a strange feeling for me.  
  
It was only our mutual inexperience that kept us from going further.  
  
Although I really wanted to, I never explored his erection through his pants. Again my upbringing prevented me from doing what I really yearned to do.  
  
Towards the end of the school year we graduated to what shaped my definition of what was sexy going forward. We started out as we always did, sitting together on his bed listening to music and talking. As always this evolved to kissing, heavier kissing, groping and again I found myself lying on top of him.  
  
This time he was a bit more persistent in his exploration of my panties. After he had pushed his hand down inside my jeans and groped my entire bottom, he rolled me over to the side of him. While I stared at him directly in his eyes I felt his hand reach down to the front of my jeans, his fingers unsnapped the front snap of my pants. I bit my tongue to keep from moaning out loud feeling the cooler air caress my now exposed lower abdomen. I knew that very soon he would be able to see my undies; something that he obviously had wanted to for months.  
  
It brought me back to the time in my garage as I helplessly watched my shorts being pulled down my legs.  
  
Here I was again filled with the sense of vulnerability and helplessness. It unnerved me to realize how I craved these sensations.  
  
I could have protested, but instead I sucked my stomach in to lessen the pressure on the zipper so it easily slid down the teeth opening up the front of my jeans completely. I stretched my arms above my head as if my hands were again tied above me.  
  
I continued to watch his eyes as he looked down at the opening that he had created in the front of my jeans.  
  
The change in his expression was unforgettable even to this day so many years later.  
  
He relished every aspect of my unveiling, as my jeans were now open almost to my crotch revealing the entire front of my panties. They were sky blue nylon bikini panties. I had purposely picked them out to wear that night as if I had a premonition that they were going to be exposed.  
  
I helped him pull my jeans down my legs reveling in his expression as he drank in my exposure. The littlest girl in her grade school, the girl with the smallest and least developed breasts, the girl that never drew any kind of attention, particularly male attention, was being visually examined one square inch of exposed flesh at a time. My lower lips clenched in a most delectable manner. I relished the feeling of being undressed. Having my jeans pulled off leaving me wearing nothing but a Guns N Roses t-shirt and panties in a men's dorm left me so vulnerable, defenseless, and apprehensive. The sound of activity just outside the door caused goose bumps to form on every inch of exposed skin. I had never felt such intense sensations. It was all so stimulating and thrilling to know that I at any time with a simple turning of a door handle I would be discovered in just my panties. Along with the look of unlimited pleasure that occupied his face, it was all so intoxicating to me. I wanted to feel this way and to see this look for the rest of my life.  
  
It was like my deepest sexual fantasy come true.  
  
He just looked at me as I lay with my jeans bunched at my feet. This may be hard to believe, but it never was about getting my pants off for anything else but to expose my panties and me. I didn't want anything else to happen and neither did he. That all came months later.  
  
The sexual electricity coursing through me was already overwhelming.  
  
Besides taking my jeans from me he had also exposed my deepest unspoken desires. I certainly wasn't going to share any of this with him especially since I didn't fully understand it myself.  
  
For years afterwards despite my various exhibitionist activities I could never admit these desires even to myself.  
  
I guess age allows many of us to drop our pretenses and admit who or what we truly are.  
  
My goal from that point forward was to do whatever it took to experience that look over and over again. I didn't realize at the time that this desire to see 'the look' again would still play such a dominant role in my life almost 20 years later.

**Exposed Ch. 02**

We were spending our second summer together, which allowed me to wear my bikini swimsuits in front of my husband. (I find it easier to call him my husband despite the fact that we were not married at the time.) Although my choice of swimsuits at the time covered much more of me than they do now, I loved how he looked at me. I could see in his eyes that he enjoyed seeing me exposed, as his gaze would linger on all of my unclothed body parts. It gave me a tingly feeling between my legs making me feel very sexy and more importantly, vulnerable.  
  
On one of these summer days we walked to one of the Great Lakes, which was only a few blocks from my house. We found ourselves sitting along the breakwater on a stack of boulders that had been artificially piled up to preserve the beach.  
  
It was a beautiful sunny day with a nice warm breeze coming from the lake.  
  
I rolled my shorts up my legs to expose my skin to the rays of the sun.  
  
My husband had an odd look on his face as we sat there. It was as if he were trying to decide whether to do something or not.  
  
I looked at him and asked, "What are you thinking about?"  
  
His response wasn't what I expected.  
  
He replied, "I want you to take your shorts off."  
  
I wasn't sure that I had heard him correctly.  
  
He was asking me to strip outdoors in a public place.  
  
I scoffed at his suggestion reverting to the belief that a proper young lady doesn't strip to her panties outdoors where anyone might see her.  
  
He tried to reason with me by saying, "No one will know. It will look like you are waering a swimsuit."  
  
I was wearing nothing that looked like a swimsuit bottom. My panties were bikini briefs in a white puckered cotton material.  
  
They looked exactly like what they were i.e. bikini style panties.  
  
It would be quite obvious to anyone who saw me that I wasn't wearing a swimming suit.  
  
So why did my stomach feel so quesey over the thought of it?  
  
My mind insisted that it was something that you just don't do. However deep within I could feel the stirrings of excitement over the prospect of being so vulnerable.  
  
My husband continued to encourage me and I continued to resist, but I was weakening. My conscious mind refuted his requests to expose myself in such a public place, however my subconscious reveled in the thought of feeling so unprotected and unveiled.  
  
I really liked how he looked at me in my swimming suits. And the few times that he saw me in my panties, I enjoyed it immensely.  
  
But this was preposterous. I proper young woman just doesn't do this sort of thing.  
  
Sure he had seen me in my panties, but it was always in a place where we were alone. Not outdoors and certainly not in public. I just couldn't do this, but why did the thought of it intrigue me so much?  
  
It felt so wrong and so right all at the same time.  
  
As he continued to encourage me, I said, "Well, I will just undo my button and zipper to get some sun on my stomach." I knew deep down that once I began the process of undoing my shorts, it would be just a matter of time before I found myself taking them completely off.  
  
I was trembling when I reached down and unbuttoned my shorts. I could feel his eyes on me as I watched myself pull my zipper down slowly so as not to reveal too much.  
  
My husband continued with his exhortations for me to remove my shorts. "After all, we are all alone. No one will see you."  
  
The funny feeling in my stomach just wouldn't go away. I had never had anyone ask me to strip for them. It felt as if I had no control or say in the matter, and at the same time I felt totally in control.  
  
Wouldn't a normal person simply laugh and say "I bet you would," to a request to strip, and then do nothing?  
  
I really didn't understand this at the time but I wanted to allow him control over my inhibitions. In this way, I had an excuse to be unrestrainted.  
  
After all, "He told me to."  
  
My shorts were now open revealing the top of my cotton bikini panties. The parts of me that were still covered were twitching in a very pleasant way.  
  
"Come on. Let's see." He exhorted me to show more, so I slowly took a hold of the sides of my shorts and slipped them a little further down my hips. Now my panties were visible almost to my crotch and the little spasms of excitement intensified.  
  
I looked at him as he stared at my open shorts. I liked the look on his face. A look of pure satisfaction and pleasure.  
  
The same look that intoxicated me when I was alone in his dorm room so many months ago.  
  
It made me feel sexy; very sexy.  
  
"They look just like your swimming suit," was his response, and even though I knew that my panties looked like panties, I lifted my bottom up off of the rock that I was sitting on and slid my shorts down and off of my legs.  
  
As my shorts made their arduous journey down my lower torso, a very specific kind of feeling invaded my body.  
  
I was aroused. I mean sexually aroused.  
  
This wasn't like anyother feelings of excitement that I had experienced. It was much more intense and almost overwhelming.  
  
I reveled in the complexity of thoughts and feelings that passed through me as I was being encouraged to strip. It felt naughty, bad, shameful, slutty, exciting, daring, and arousing.  
  
Here I was basically in the backyard of my neighborhood sitting in my white bikini panties. The thin material easily showed my dark tuft of pubic hair making it very obvious that this was not a swimsuit bottom.  
  
It was my underwear. That article of clothing that commonly remains covered, particularly outdoors and especially in a public place.  
  
And yet I made no effort to cover myself up.  
  
I was doing as I was asked to do. I was experiencing the act of putting myself on exhibition.  
  
Some people get off on being naked in public, as the thought of being seen without any clothes on excited them.  
  
I didn't exactly realize it at the time, but my excitement derived from wearing my scanties in a public place.  
  
I suppose that you could analyze it as more infantile based or a safer form of exhibitionism.  
  
It really doesn't matter as this is what excites me; and right at this moment I was very excited.  
  
The tingling sensation that coursed through my lower extremities was intensifying and intoxicating.  
  
I found myself constantly looking up and down the beach hoping that no one was about to come upon me. And yet at the same time the idea of being discovered unclothed made my nipples throb with excitement.  
  
My husband smiled as if he knew all along that I had this hidden desire to exhibit myself.  
  
I found myself handing him my shorts. So why didn't I keep them by my side in case I needed to cover up quickly? The sense; that he was in control; that I couldn't quickly get dressed if I needed to, only added to my arousal.  
  
I had subconsciously committed to being seen in my panties.  
  
My suppressed tendencies towards submission and exhibitionism had been unveiled at the same time that I had unveiled myself.  
  
As we sat and talked, I felt the warmth of the sun radiating over my crotch. It all felt so liberating. I can't quite explain, but I felt that my inner desires for vulnerability and exposure had been uncovered just as I was uncovered.  
  
I became so immersed in the feelings of arousal that I never noticed the group of college students approaching the very area that we were occupying.  
  
A sense of panic overtook me and I quickly extended my hand for my shorts.  
  
Whether my husband had any intention of returning them to me I will never know, as it was too late. The two males and two females were climbing over the large boulders right behind us and within seconds were taking their seats within 10 feet of us.  
  
They looked over at us saying "Hi". All of them glanced at my bikini briefs without any obvious reaction, however the entire time that I remained seated they would discreetly glance in my direction looking directly at my panties.  
  
My own reaction sent a flush of crimson color to my cheeks. I knew that the longer we stayed the more obvious it would become that I was sitting in my panties.  
  
I was surprised to find that the initial rush of anxiety as they approached us coupled with the feeling of embarrassment only added to my arousal. My impulse was to retrieve my shorts from my husband, get dressed, and to extricate myself from the situation vowing to never let something like this happen again. Instead I was glued to my spot trembling with excitement and embarrassment unable and/or unwilling to alter the situation.  
  
My heart was beating out of my chest and I had to force myself to take deep breaths in order to relax.  
  
As a child I remember being teased whenever someone could see my underwear. It ingrained itself inside of me that you should always keep yourself covered.  
  
But I was now attracted to a young man that wanted me uncovered; uncovered for his pleasure.  
  
And I liked how it made me feel; to accede to his bidding; to unveil myself, feeling vulnerable and exposed.  
  
My husband was the first to grow a bit uncomfortable telling me that it was time to go. I am not sure why, although I suspect that it was about how much attention I was attracting from the other young men.  
  
After all I was sitting close by them wearing nothing from my waist down other than my undies.  
  
I wasn't exactly sure what to do. Do I stand up providing my audience with a full view of my panties or to discreetly slide my shorts back up my legs in a sitting position leaving them guessing as to my attire? I choose the latter method to cover myself and when my shorts were back in place rose up and clambered down the boulders.  
  
I found that my excitement derived purely from the sense of being vulnerable and exposed and not from any overtly exhibitionistic act.  
  
I was so aroused by everything that had happened that day that I spent a good part of my bedtime vibrating with sexual arousal.  
  
I found that my excitement derived more from the feelings of vulnerablity and exposure than from any overt act of exhibitonism.  
  
I liked feeling sexy and uninhibited, but knew that I couldn't act this way on my own.  
  
I required someone to encourage me, and that someone was my future husband.  
  
As I had done so often before while alone in bed, I slid my right hand inside my pajama bottoms and across the warm skin of my lower abdomen pushing my fingers against my very swollen lower lips until they discreetly parted allowing my slick kernel of pleasure to present itself for further exploration.  
  
I was a bit surprised by my state of arousal quickly reaching orgasm.  
  
Lying there in that pleasant state of post orgasmic bliss, I vowed to shop for panties that better represented the young woman that I wanted to be.  
  
If I was going to be asked to strip in the future, then I wanted to give my future husband a show.

**Exposed Ch. 03**

Despite my new found penchant for wanting to be told to strip outdoors as well as my post orgasmic commitment to change my lingerie wardrobe, not much happened the remainder of that summer.  
  
I was getting ready to start college and my boyfriend was working full time and lived on the other side of town without having his own car.  
  
Circumstances just weren't in our favor to expand on our first experiment in outdoor exhibitionism.  
  
Although it certainly became my favorite memory for masturbating.  
  
However, since many of you readers enjoy a little more provocative tale, let me share with you another experience that definitely influenced my sexual future.  
  
When I did see my boyfriend our usual routine was to see a movie, followed by a visit to a local hangout for fries, and then some passionate kissing in the front seat of his parents car, before I reluctantly said "Good night" and walked up the sidewalk to the front door of my house.  
  
On one of these nights, we arrived at my house earlier than usual and began our necking routine.  
  
As we had more time than we normally did, the kissing became quite intense with my boyfriend moving his entire body up against mine.  
  
I could feel his erection pressing against my lower abdomen.  
  
As we continued to kiss he started to grind himself against me allowing me to feel his entire shaft and swollen head rubbing up and down on my stomach.  
  
I moved myself forward so his grinding motion would begin against my pubic bone and then work its way up towards my belly button.  
  
Although he wasn't pressing directly against my very swollen and moist lips, it still felt extremely arousing to have him grinding up and down the front of me.  
  
As our body motions began to sync so that I was moving my lower torso down as he was moving his erection up, his grip on me became vise like and I felt the first spasm of his soon to soak orgasm against my stomach.  
  
I honestly didn't know exactly what was happening. Neither one of us was very experienced in sexual matters.  
  
But it felt good as one spasm after another radiated against my stomach.  
  
I pushed against him as hard as I could to feel every little convulsion as his hot exhalations of breath caressed my neck.  
  
Something really sexy was happening and I wanted to know exactly what.  
  
When he was finally done, he moved back away from me and I couldn't help but to look down at his lap.  
  
The front of his pants had an enormous wet stain that covered him from waist to crotch and almost to both front pockets.  
  
OMG, I had no idea the amount of fluid that could be exuded from an erect penis.  
  
I was astounded.  
  
He was so embarrassed by his large wet spot and asked if he could come inside to wash the front of his pants off.  
  
I said "Sure." not wanting to admit how turned on I was by it all.  
  
It is funny to remember how nonchalant and experienced I acted when in reality I had no idea as to what exactly had happened other than an enormous amount of liquid had exploded out of his penis.  
  
Except for the distinct and earthy odor of his semen, I would have thought that he had accidentally peed.  
  
I kept thin thinking that I had caused this incredible liquid eruption. I felt so sexy and grown up.  
  
As we walked to my house, he untucked his shirt to hide the stain.  
  
Thankfully my parents weren't home so he could easily slip into the bathroom to clean himself off.  
  
Two of my sisters were in the living room at the time, so I sat down with them. I told them that my boyfriend had to use the bathroom before he drove across town to his home.  
  
They may have suspected something, but it certainly wasn't something that any of us would talk about.  
  
When my boyfriend came out of the bathroom, he looked fine with his untucked shirt hiding the now large water mark on the front of his pants.  
  
I kissed him at the door and he headed home.  
  
That night I couldn't stop thinking about what had happened and became quite determined to somehow see his erection along with an ejaculation.  
  
As I said before we were both very naive and raised in very sexually conservative environments, so this wasn't a matter of simply unzipping his pants.  
  
I had to plan my moves so as not to give any false signals, but at the same time to sate my overwhelming curiosity.  
  
For now my exhibitionist desires had been put on hold.  
  
Summer soon turned into Fall and any opportunities for erection exploration were indefinitely put on hold.  
  
I was doing miserably in an all girl's college and my boyfriend was still living at home and commuting to college each day.  
  
He now had his own car, but still lived on the other side of the city.  
  
We only saw each other about once a month, although like most teens, we talked on the phone almost every day.  
  
Then another momentous change took place.  
  
After my first semester in college, I knew that I was not cut out for higher learning and dropped out despite my parents encouragement to give it another semester.  
  
I found a job as a dental assistant; a short bus ride from my home.  
  
Being finally free of school as well as earning a living matured me in so many ways. I felt that I had finally grown into full womanhood and despite my parents insistence that I still live at home, I was an adult.  
  
At the same time, my boyfriend moved out of his house to share an apartment with a brother and a mutual friend just off campus.  
  
He was now no more than 12 minutes from my front door.  
  
Now every weekend we could see each other as we attended numerous college parties and get togethers, often finding ourselves at his apartment albeit for only a short time afterwards.  
  
And usually at least one of his roommates was home.  
  
When they weren't however things were quite a bit different.  
  
We would often sit on the floor, as there was no money for furniture other than a couple of kitchen chairs and a table, listening to music and making out.  
  
The threat of having either of his roommates walk in on us at any time kept us pretty safe, however there was no doubt that we both had some primary goals or should I say desires impelling us forward.  
  
I wanted to see his erection, and surprise, surprise, he wanted to see me in my undies.  
  
We would always start to make out and sooner or later would find ourselves kissing each other's bare stomachs as both of us would pull the other one's shirt up.  
  
I would use this opportunity to pull his pants away from his body so as I kissed his lower abdomen, I could look down the gap created and see the swollen head of his erection pushing against his tidy whities.  
  
So why didn't I just unzip his pants and pull it out?  
  
Remember that this was all new to me and for now all I wanted was a peak.  
  
When it was his turn he would create the same gap to catch a glimpse of my usually white hipster panties.  
  
As the winter began to turn to spring our hands began to explore a bit more. What do they say "familiarity" breeds? Well in this case it bred much longer look sees and explorations.  
  
Now I was sliding my hand inside of his pants wrapping my fingers around his throbbance exploring its length and shape.  
  
I loved how warm and smooth his skin was and knew that it was just a matter of time before I would have the courage to unwrap it completely from its cloth enclosure.  
  
His hands also went on explorations as he slid them inside my often too tight pants requiring a button to be unbuttoned and a zipper to be pulled.  
  
I loved how it felt to be undressed knowing that at any time my exposure might be discovered by an unintentional audience.  
  
It was right about this time that I began to fulfill a promise that I had made to myself almost 10 months prior.  
  
I'm not sure whether this drug store even exists anymore. It was one of those neighborhood drug stores that carried everything. I mean everything.  
  
At the time it was known as a five and dime as opposed to a drug store.  
  
My dental assistant job was virtually across the street from this store, so it was quite simple to walk over during my lunch hour and peruse their selection of novelty panties.  
  
I had been in the store many, many times over the previous years and always found myself looking at the colorful bikini style panties with various appliqués or stitching on them.  
  
I always wondered who would wear such sexy styles as the person who wore them must certainly want them to be seen.  
  
Now here I was, that person, going through the folded piles of panties concealing my own secret desire to be seen wearing them.  
  
On this particular occasion the knot in my stomach was the size of a grapefruit. Sure I had shopped for panties before, but I was always accompanied by a sister or my mother.  
  
My eye always focused on the brightly colored fabrics and teeny, tiny styles. However when a member of your own family is standing right by your side, it greatly inhibits a person choice of underwear: at least it did me.  
  
This time I was by myself, was a working woman, and had found a long hidden desire to show off.  
  
I wasn't just buying underwear; I was fulfilling a penchant for exhibitionism. I was picking out a scanty, barely concealing, wispy piece of material to be seen in.  
  
I was satisfying my need to be sexy and scandalous.  
  
As I picked through the numerous panties in all colors, some with cute little animal or insect appliqués, I suddenly found the perfect set. They were nylon bikini style panties in seven different colors each with a day of the week embroidered on them.  
  
Sunday was white with pink stitching.  
  
Monday was pink with red stitching.  
  
Tuesday was light green with yellow stitching.  
  
Wednesday was light blue with blue stitching.  
  
Thursday was yellow with green stitching.  
  
Friday was red with black stitching.  
  
And Saturday was black with red stitching.  
  
I believe that all seven sold for less than $10 and none of them had a lining. They were 100% nylon.  
  
My entire body reacted to the thought of wearing such sexy and fun undies. After all why would they put writing on each front if they weren't meant to be seen.  
  
I felt embarrassed as I took them to the front counter to pay for them. The older sales woman knew me from all of the previous times that I had been in the store, only this time I was buying panties in all colors with the days of the week embroidered on each one.  
  
I had become the type of person who would wear panties with words stitched on them.  
  
She looked over my purchase saying, "These are really cute." making me feel more grownup than I really was.  
  
I couldn't wait to get home to try them on. Waiting for the bus home at the end of my day was agonizing. Once it arrived and I got on, I kept wondering what any of the other passengers would think if they knew what I had in my shopping bag.  
  
I am sure that most of you reading this would think what is the big deal. But to me buying bikini panties in assorted colors with the days of the week embroidered on them felt absolutely scandalous.  
  
Once I arrived home I quickly locked myself in the bathroom and slipped out of my dental uniform and white cotton panties.  
  
Slipping on the first pair of thin nylon was like the first time I ever masturbated.  
  
My entire body came alive as I pulled the nylon material into place. It hugged every little curve and mound showing off my 19 year old body almost as if I were naked.  
  
My trimmed pubis pushed against the fabric revealing the course hair hidden underneath.  
  
I turned around to see my firm little cheeks tightly encased in the nylon fabric as it stretched suggestively between them.  
  
I had rarely worn nylon panties before(only the few times that I stole a pair from my older sister's drawer) and was a bit overwhelmed and completely aroused at how they looked on me.  
  
I couldn't help but to try on every color loving how they felt on my skin.  
  
Most of all, I couldn't wait to wear them on my next date.  
  
My first desire had now been fulfilled; I had sexy undies.  
  
Summer had finally arrived and I was no closer to seeing an erection, but I had an idea.  
  
The five and dime not only carried a selection of women's undies, but they also had some very sexy men's styles as well.  
  
Now as I am sure you know, most women never try to force things or do whatever it might take to get there way. Yah, right!  
  
It had occurred to me that a small bikini style of brief for my boyfriend might result in the head of his swollen penis sticking out from under the fabric giving me a very nice look at least a portion of his erection.  
  
According to the photo on the package, they fit low on the hips and well below the navel. they seemed perfect for what I had in mind.  
  
Keep in mind that I had spend most of my life to this point attending all girl institutions of learning. Despite any rumors to the contrary for the most part we knew very little about sex and had to improvise to educate ourselves.  
  
At the same time we had to maintain the perception of being ladies and always adhering to proper decorum.  
  
Despite one's strongest impulse a lady doesn't unzip a boyfriend's pants and yank out his throbbing erection so she can get a good look at it.  
  
Things of this sort must be attended to in a very subtle and seemingly unintentional way.  
  
My devised method was to provide my boyfriend with a very sexy present that should result in the glimpse of firm flesh that I was seeking.  
  
I felt so very deliciously devious as I took the pair of bikini briefs to the cashier.  
  
My days of girlhood where quickly coming to an end and I loved how it made me feel.  
  
I took them home hiding them in my shoulder bag, and then wrapping them in a decorative bag with my bedroom door closed .  
  
On friday I had a date with my boyfriend where I was resolved to give him two presents i.e. a good look at my friday panties and his own pair of bikini underwear.  
  
The rest of the week couldn't go by fast enough.  
  
Friday arrived and I put on my red bikini panties with Friday embroidered in black thread on the right front.  
  
I had a matching red triangle bra without any padding or inner wires. The underwire styles of bras were to come a few years later in my life.  
  
As I glanced in the mirror at myself, the knowledge that I intended to show my new bikini panties to my boyfriend brought a most delectable sensation to my lower erogenous zone.  
  
My throat went dry and despite my arousal, I was extremely anxious regarding my intentions.  
  
After all isn't this exactly the type of thing that a girl with loose morals would think about.  
  
However at 19 years of age, that inner voice of consciousness was quickly silenced by a teenagers impulsiveness.  
  
Too bad that this same carefree spirit didn't continue into motherhood, but then that is a topic that will be covered in later chapters.  
  
I liked the new me and despite my ingrained reservations I was determined to let me be me.  
  
Over my undies I put on a very short navy blue mini dress with a flower pattern and white lycra short shorts underneath.  
  
Despite my growing independence, my mother still insisted on saying something about my choice of wardrobe, particularly prior to my dates.  
  
As I came downstairs to wait for my boyfriend, she greeted me with, "Elizabeth, That dress is way too short. You will be showing off everything."  
  
Now I have a fabulous mother, and being a mother now myself, I fully understand that she was simply trying to make sure that I always portrayed a proper image.  
  
She had slowly accustomed herself to her daughters wearing mini skirts and short dresses, but still felt the need to comment when something seemed unusually short.  
  
My response was to laugh as I pulled the hem of my dress up showing her my lycra short shorts.  
  
"Mom, I'm wearing shorts underneath. No one is going to see anything." I lied.  
  
She still thought the shorts were too tight, but at least my undies weren't on display.  
  
I purposely didn't keep my dress up for long as the red outline of my bikini panties was clearly visible through the white shorts.  
  
Just as I let my hem back down, my boyfriend pulled up to the curb in front of my house.  
  
"Be back before 11:00 I yelled as I ran out the door."  
  
The moment I climbed into the front seat I asked, "Do you like my dress?" My boyfriend's response was just as I hoped.  
  
"It's really short."  
  
"I know. But I have shorts shorts on underneath. See."  
  
I pulled my dress up to show him my white lycra shorts.  
  
His smile was my excuse to tease him.  
  
"If I wasn't wearing the shorts, you could easily see my new undies." And with that said, I lifted my bottom up and off of the seat and pulled the white lycra shorts down my legs and over my feet.  
  
My bright red "Friday" panties were now on full display.  
  
I watched as my boyfriend's eyes glued themselves to my red covered crotch enjoying every second of his lecherous gaze.  
  
"Look they even tell you what day it is." I continued pushing my hip forward so he could see the black embroidered letters.  
  
The lump in his throat as well as his pants told me all I needed to know.  
  
"I don't think that I will be needing these tonight." and I threw the white shorts into the back seat.  
  
The entire trip to the movie theatre I watched my boyfriend continuously look at my bare thighs and barely visible red mound.  
  
My lower lips were spasming giving me the feeling of teeny tiny orgasms.  
  
When we got to the theatre, my boyfriend asked whether I was going to put my shorts back on.  
  
"Then no one would know what day it is." I responded with a laugh.  
  
I loved how nervous he was knowing that others in the theater might see my panties and at the same time excited to be with such a sexy girl.  
  
When we sat down in the theater I pulled my dress up just high enough to show him the word "Friday" bringing another big smile to his lips.  
  
Once the lights went down and the movie started I pulled my dress up to my waist revealing my red panties from crotch to hip.  
  
I don't think that my boyfriend ever thought that his almost year ago request for me to remove my shorts by the lake would unleash such a desire to be so daringly sexy.  
  
He loved to see me being so teasingly enticing, but at the same time I could tell that he was worried about the new edition of me.  
  
As with most young men of his age, he wanted me to be the sexy, carefree girlfriend when we were not surrounded by other people; kind of his own private pin up.  
  
However when it came to me being the daring one, it made him uncomfortable.  
  
I on the other hand loved the new me. The feeling of being a confident, independent, working woman with a very sexy side was perfect.  
  
I wanted to strut my stuff.  
  
For the entire evening I didn't care whether my undies were showing or not. I just wanted to have fun.  
  
I was not going to be one of those women who choose to wear a mini dress, but then spent the entire time making sure that my knees were tightly together.  
  
I certainly didn't spread my knees apart giving "crotch shots" to everyone, but at the same time, I didn't spend the entire evening worrying about who might be looking up my dress.  
  
I looked sexy, felt sexy, and wanted to act sexy.  
  
After the movie we went to a diner style restaurant and sat in a booth. Just the act of sliding into the booth turned so many faces towards my opening legs that I had to laugh.  
  
I loved the attention that my flash of bright red was attracting.  
  
The nervous tingling flowing through my body was absolutely intoxicating. I was on this incredible high and never wanted to come down.  
  
Alas, all good things must come to an end and it was time to go home. However I did have one final surprise for my boyfriend.  
  
When we pulled in front of my house and he turned off the car, I reached into my shoulder bag and brought out a little decorative bag with a bow on it.  
  
"This is for you." I cooed.  
  
Opening it up his eyes went wide with embarrassed delight as he pulled out a royal blue bikini brief.

When he kissed me drawing me close, I could feel his erection pressed against my stomach and knew that it was just a matter of time before I had my first good look of his oozing appendage.  
  
His hand reached down my back pulling on my mini dress so I could feel the hem slide from under my bottom allowing it to raise up my lower back.  
  
I raised myself off the seat as best I could to free the fabric.  
  
We still weren't to the point of exploring each other's crotches, but this too was just a matter of time.  
  
I felt his hand slide across the back of my nylon panties causing me to press forward and rub myself against his swollen flesh.  
  
I loved the feel of his hand on my barely covered cheeks wanting so badly to have him slide it between my legs.  
  
At the same time I wanted to explore the length of his erection with my hand, but good girls didn't do that sort of thing.  
  
Oh, how that would change as well.  
  
Despite my growing independence and sexuality, I was still influenced by my conservative upbringing.  
  
As I reminisce about these agonizingly small steps of sexual exploration I realize that they added to both of our excitement and anticipation.  
  
Finally after undoubtedly creating another major case of "blue balls" for my boyfriend, I retrieved my white shorts from the back seat and exited the car.  
  
As I stood up from the seat I gave a quick flip of my dress giving him one last look at my red tush and literally skipped into my house.  
  
I was getting that much closer to seeing his erection, as well as showing off my new undies at work.  
  
But I will save that for the next chapter.

**Exposed Ch. 04**

The rest of the summer pretty much duplicated our sexual cat and mouse game although he was getting longer looks and feels of my nylon covered assets and I was tactually exploring his erection by slipping my fingers down the front of his pants.  
  
With the addition of his own bikini undies, I was able to not only see his swollen head poking out the top of the elastic band, but feel the warmth of his stretched skin along with his heartbeat rhythmically pulsing just under the surface.  
  
I loved how firm he felt knowing that it was my sexiness that was causing this reaction.  
  
As I think about it now, I can only imagine how frustrated he must have felt to have me lying on the floor of his apartment with my jeans wrapped around my knees and my lithe and nubile fingers playing his skin flute.  
  
The poor man would ooze his opaque liquid causing me to wipe it with my finger letting its slickness slide between my thumb and forefinger.  
  
I liked how it felt and knew that from what I had witnessed the one night after our date, that there was plenty more from where this was coming (Should I be spelling this 'cumming'?) from.  
  
In the meantime I was collecting more tiny pieces of nylon in a multitude of colors and patterns.  
  
My undie wardrobe was expanding exponentially.  
  
What I didn't realize is what the effect of my shopping was having at my place of employment.  
  
I left college after my freshman year and was hired by our family dentist as an assistant and office administrator; probably the only way someone with no experience could get a position like this.  
  
It was a two partner dental office and I soon found out both dentists were "dirty old men".  
  
Not really in any bad way. It most aspects it was quite harmless as they enjoyed double entendres as well as young assistants in short uniform dresses.  
  
The other dentist had two assistants as he performed surgeries along with standard dental procedures.  
  
When I was interviewed I noticed that the other assistants all wore uniforms without the pants. Essentially they were mini dresses.  
  
Being only 19 and used to wearing short skirts and dresses, I really didn't give it a second thought.  
  
So on my first day I showed up in my crisp white cotton/polyester blend uniform dress with a zipper that went from my neckline to the hem.  
  
As with all of my skirts and dresses, it was short; I mean very short.  
  
As an assistant and office administrator I performed double duty which often had me assisting the dentist and when the phone would ring I would quickly leave his side walk out the door which was directly across from the reception desk, and with my back facing the dentist and the patient, I would bend over the desk and pick up the phone.  
  
It took me over 6 months to realize that each time I did this the dentist and if it were a male patient would stop whatever they were doing and watch my routine.  
  
My little bend forward resulted in my uniform dress to rise high enough on my derriere to show the bottom of my nylon covered cheeks announcing to the dentist and the patient what color and/or pattern of panties I was wearing.  
  
I did have on white panty hose, but preferred the sheer to waist style, so not much was concealed as I innocently bent over to answer the phone.  
  
So how did I finally figure it out?  
  
As the ringing of the phone was not a constant probability the dentist eventually devised a more constant form of exposure for me.  
  
Before the arrival of any patient I would be asked to pull his or her file leaving it on the top of the desk.  
  
Of course now everything is retrieved through the computer and easily displayed on the computer screen often found in the operating room.  
  
But this was then.  
  
Every time he had a male patient, once everyone was settled in the operating room, I would be asked to get the patient's file.  
  
As I walked out of the room an unusual silence would fall between the dentist and the patient.  
  
It turned out that they were eagerly waiting to find out what delectable color of nylon was hugging my taut little cheeks.  
  
I could tell that something was up (Yes, I purposely meant to use this word.)  
  
Over lunch when both dentists were gone, I told the other women that I worked with about the strange silence every time I walked out of the room.  
  
They responded in unison, "Oh my God, Elizabeth, he has been checking out your underwear since you started working here."  
  
A crimson red color filled my cheeks as my entire face grew warm.  
  
"What?" I replied in disbelieve.  
  
"Honestly, you had no idea that every time you bent over your desk to answer the phone or to get a file you were giving everyone in the operating room a good look up your dress?"  
  
I felt like such an idiot and yet at the same time, it gave me a strange feeling of being in control and I felt excited by this.  
  
These adult men in their 30's and 40's wanted to see up my dress.  
  
I was trying to display my best imitation of scorn and disbelieve, but it all felt so grown up and sexy.  
  
Then one of the other assistants said, "Who cares anyway? Let them have their little show."  
  
I realized that I didn't have to pretend to be upset. My co-workers didn't think anything of it and I wasn't going to either.  
  
As we all got to know each other better, on the particularly nice summer days after the dentists had left for lunch, we would often go up on the rooftop of the building and sunbathe in our bras and panties.  
  
Later one of the other assistants confessed to me that she had been giving her dentist handjobs and blow jobs in-between appointments, and in return she would receive large bonuses with her paychecks.  
  
I knew that my dentist would have loved a reciprocal arrangement, although he never came right out and asked.  
  
I was still learning the ropes so to speak and never would have considered it anyway.  
  
However here again it all made me feel so sexually grown up even though I had no experience to back up my feelings.  
  
But that was about to change.  
  
On a Friday in the summer, I had gone out for a lunchtime lingerie excursion and found a particularly tiny bright red string bikini.  
  
It was thicker nylon than I was used to wearing almost like a swimming suit, but how it fit was incredible.  
  
The front was well below the top of my pubic bone requiring me to shave off even more than I had become accustomed to. The back only covered about half of my cheeks creating very distinct panty lines whenever I wore anything tight. They were like a panty that hadn't decided whether it wanted to be a panty or a thong, and I loved them.  
  
The entire time that I had them on I could feel the tight elastic stretched across my cheeks and between my legs resulting in a most delectable feeling in my lower erogenous zone.  
  
If I pulled on the back to better cover my cheeks, then my booty smile was greatly exposed, and if I pulled them up to cover my exposed smile, the flesh of my round cheeks became exposed.  
  
I essentially was aroused all of the time.  
  
That Saturday, my boyfriend was over for dinner. As everyone was busy preparing the meal and setting the table, I took the opportunity to lure my boyfriend downstairs into our basement so I could show him my new red panties.  
  
I don't remember any plan to lure him downstairs. It was pretty much instantaneous and impulsive.  
  
I was feeling quite sexy and quite aroused.  
  
Once we got downstairs, I turned to my boyfriend and said, "I want to show you something."  
  
When I stepped out of my sandals, I had his attention.  
  
I stared into his eyes as I loved to watch the change in his pupils and the look on his face whenever he saw my panties, and slowly brought my hands to the waist of my skirt unsnapping the button and lowering the zipper.  
  
Once my skirt was undone I simply let go of it and with a little shake of my hips, it descended down my legs and puddled around my ankles.  
  
I lifted one foot at a time and stepped out of it.  
  
The sudden onslaught of damp, cool air raised goose bumps all over my bare skin as I watched my boyfriend's pupils grow very large and a very pleased and somewhat lecherous look overtook his countenance.  
  
"You like?" I whispered with a sheepish grin spinning myself around to feed his view fore and aft.  
  
My teeny, tiny red panties were starting to feel a bit moist against my skin, particularly between my legs.  
  
I loved how it felt to be so exposed in front of him. My lower lips were quivering in response to my bold strip tease.  
  
Immediately he was on me pressing his groin firmly against my stomach while both hands grabbed tightly squeezing the exposed flesh of my derrière.  
  
I had awakened the beast, which had been my intent all along.  
  
His hands tightly squeezing my cheeks created a very new sensation for me. The vise like grip that he had on my bare skin hurt but in a very sensual way.  
  
It seemed as if his raw passion and excitement resulting from my exposure was transmitting itself through his grip and I was feeling all of it.  
  
My entire body was vibrating just like it would whenever I masturbated and was reaching orgasm.  
  
Surprisingly, I pushed him back taking a hold of the front of his shorts almost cooing, "Now its your turn."  
  
I undid his belt slipping the end out from the buckle, unbuttoned the front of his shorts and then pulled his zipper down staring at my progress the entire time.  
  
As his shorts descended in the same manner as my skirt had earlier, I was able to see the extent of his excitement as the tip of his erect penis was making its way out from under the elastic of his bikini briefs.  
  
The entire front of his briefs was filled with erect flesh ending with a swollen mushroom shaped head.  
  
I had no idea how to perform a hand job, but certainly recalled how he had ground himself against my lower abdomen the summer before resulting in a soaked front.  
  
As I wrapped my hand around his shaft still enveloped in the fabric of his briefs, I unbuttoned the front of my blouse with my other one.  
  
My boyfriend ended all of his activities and allowed me to take over.  
  
Once my stomach was bare, I slipped the elastic of his briefs down to the bottom of his pulsating erection.  
  
His entire erection was now exposed pointing straight up almost begging me to take a hold of it.  
  
I wrapped the fingers of my right hand around his firm flesh and began to rub the very tip of his oozing penis against the flesh of my lower stomach sliding it across my navel.  
  
I must have been doing something right as his eyes began to gloss over and he started to make a low murmuring sound.  
  
I let go for just a second to completely open my blouse slipping it partially down my shoulders so the flaps wouldn't try to close.  
  
I knew that if he erupted on me, that I needed to have all of my external clothing out of the way.  
  
My skirt had been kicked away from my feet and now with my blouse completely open, I could get down to business.  
  
As he pushed his groin into me I renewed my rubbing motion noticing that anytime the indenture located on the lower part of the ridge of his helmet touched my skin, his entire body would vibrate.  
  
Obviously this was a sensitive spot, much like my nipples I thought, which were very erect I might add.  
  
His ooze across my stomach created a slick surface to easily slide his pulsating member back and forth across my abdomen.  
  
I liked how warm it felt in contrast to the damp cold air of the basement.  
  
I looked down at his penis as I played with it noticing by his sounds what seemed to work and what didn't.  
  
That little ridge just under the tip seemed to be the secret; so I concentrated my efforts there.  
  
I slipped my fingers slightly up so my thumb could rub directly on this spot.  
  
His breathing immediately took on a different tempo. It was more pronounced mixed with little moans of pleasure whenever my thumb would rub just below his ridge.  
  
As his moans became louder his pelvis began to thrust forward and back sliding his penis up and down between my fingers.  
  
I placed a hand over his mouth just as he let out a muffled, "Huh". His entire body went rigid as he threw his head back and arched forward pushing the tip of his penis into my stomach.  
  
I looked down to see the first emission of white pungent liquid spray across my stomach.  
  
I squeezed pushing the head of his erection tightly into my stomach as a squirt of goo was followed one after the other.  
  
I had to use my other hand to form a cup under his penis to keep his erotic distillate from soaking my panties.  
  
It was easily the sexiest sight that I had ever seen.  
  
He had a lot of liquid and it was all over both of my hands as well as my bare stomach.  
  
Before it could drip all over the floor, I raced into the laundry room emptying my hands into the laundry sink. Grabbing a towel from the laundry basket I quickly wiped my stomach just as my mother yelled down the stairs, "Dinner's ready."  
  
I turned on the faucet and soaked the towel in water as my boyfriend joined me in the laundry room.  
  
His penis was still pointing directly at me in a very luscious semi erect state.  
  
I finished cleaning myself off handing the towel to him. It was so sexy watching him wipe his disappearing erection.  
  
When he was done he grabbed me tightly into an embrace squeezing my buttocks once again. This was the first time that we had embraced with me wearing basically a bra and panties and him with his penis completely out of his bikini briefs.  
  
It easily could have started another go around, but dinner was served and I had to get my skirt back on.  
  
As he tucked himself away and pulled his shorts back up, I went into the first room retrieving my skirt and slipping it back up my legs while at the same time trying to button my blouse.  
  
Once we were back in order so to speak we joined everyone for dinner.  
  
The only telltale sign of our wonderful indiscretion was my red blotches. When I get very aroused the skin on my neck and breasts breaks out into red blotches. Obviously my breasts were covered, however my neck was completely covered in blotches.  
  
No one asked about it although I am sure that my older sisters expected something had gone on in the basement.  
  
My boyfriend on the other hand looked as fresh as a daisy even though just minutes before he had been ejaculating all over my stomach.  
  
Men!  
  
Once my boyfriend left for the evening I volunteered to do the load of towels in the basement to hopefully eliminate any final signs of our delectable debauchery.  
  
My red panties had made quite a debut and I couldn't stop thinking about it.  
  
Next: Wednesdays become my favorite day and an explosive road trip.

**Exposed Ch. 05**

Soon my boyfriend and I had slipped into a routine where I basically became his pin up.  
  
Every time we got together, he got to see what panties I was wearing. It is funny to think back to those days as they rarely involved any sort of sex other than heavy petting and having my nylon covered kitty and bottom rubbed, caressed, grabbed, slapped, and overall aroused.  
  
I guess if I had had testicles I would have had my own case of "blue balls."  
  
We both loved to get turned on until everything ached but still were reluctant to move any further forward than that.  
  
We both had been raised to believe that any sort of pre-marital sex was wrong. We became experts at foreplay, and at least for me, I would masturbate to orgasm following most of our dates.  
  
Then it started to change as it pretty much had to. How often can two young persons of the opposite sex or of the same sex for that matter continuously become aroused together without a climax.  
  
One night after one of our dates, we came back to my house after everyone was asleep. Because all of the bedrooms were upstairs, I felt pretty safe.  
  
As we settled on the sofa in the living room our heavy petting session began. Very soon both of my nipples were throbbing and poking provocatively against the thin material of my triangle cup style bra. My lower lips were swollen brought on by my boyfriends rubbing of my crotch through my extremely tight white jeans.  
  
His erection was pushed firmly against my thigh so I could actually feel his heartbeat as it pulsated begging for attention.  
  
This time I wanted more, and didn't crd about any consequences.  
  
Without really, after all we were in my parent's house, I pushed him away and walked into the dining room, depositing my tingling body on the floor.  
  
My boyfriend joined me and soon my t-shirt had been pulled up and over my head, down my arms and thrown haphazardly on the carpeting near where I lay.  
  
My nipples were like pebbles as he pinched and pulled on them through the fabric of my bra.  
  
Despite my recent change to sexy panties, I still wore the same style of bra that had covered my developing breasts just three years earlier. It was a very simple creation of two triangles of fabric connected by an elastic band with clasps around my back.  
  
Although the bra wasn't particularly sexy, it certainly showed my arousal as my nipples poked straight out against the fabric.  
  
His other hand busied itself with the clasp of my jeans followed by the zipper. I lifted my butt off of the floor allowing him to pull them free of my hips.  
  
I used my free hand to work them further down my legs until they were bunched at my ankles.  
  
Not exactly the best position for any free movement of my legs, but I wasn't exactly thinking about this as I had other thoughts going through my head.  
  
His magic fingers went to work on my lower lips which were easily found through the soaked nylon covering them.  
  
It felt like heaven, which might have been expected as I was wearing my Sunday panties i.e. pure white with a pink embroidered 'Sunday' across the right hip.  
  
But now it was my turn. I moved myself completely around so my 'Sunday' embroidery was almost in his face positioning my purring kitty directly on his chin.  
  
As I basically humped his chin, I unzipped his pants easily finding his very eagerly awaiting lollipop and freed it from its confines.  
  
There I now was face to face with his erection. I took a firm grasp of its shaft and watched as tiny droplets of liquid oozed from its opening.  
  
I wasn't quite sure what to do as I certainly didn't study oral sex in high school. I stuck out my tongue and licked his droplets away.  
  
His resulting moan told me that I was doing alright.  
  
His skin felt so warm in my grasp and I could feel his heartbeat against the palm of my hand.  
  
He was circumcised so I had a full view of everything. I liked how prominent the mushroom head was with that indentation along the ridge. I also noticed a long line down the bottom of his shaft that seemed to be his sensitive spot.  
  
I played with the tip using my thumb to rub his issuing goo all around. Then I would lick it clean.  
  
Surprisingly I liked the taste. It was a bit salty and very earthy. I never had a penis in my mouth but it seemed the right time to give it a go. (Rhymes with 'blow')  
  
He was doing such a fine job on my kitty as I continued to rub myself across his chin, it only seemed fair to reciprocate.  
  
As I continued to look at his erection, I felt a long drool of saliva drip out of my mouth and drop directly on the tip.  
  
It seemed that I was ready for a better taste.  
  
I wrapped my salivating lips around its enlarged head and began to treat it like a popsicle.  
  
So tell me! Why is it called a blow job?? I definitely was not blowing on him. I was sucking on his firm flesh like it was an all day sucker.  
  
The more that I sucked, the more excited I became. My saliva made his skin slick and slippery giving me the perfect surface to slip and slide my lips up and down. With each bobbing of the apple, I let his erection slip further and further into my throat, until it was hitting the very back.  
  
My gag reflex was almost non-existent undoubtedly due to my excitement.  
  
Very soon my entire body was in sync as my head bobbing now matched my crotch grinding and I was getting very close to my objective i.e. a fire works exploding orgasm.  
  
Our "uhs" were also in sync as we sounded like to vocal teens players smashing the ball across the court.  
  
Then the wave crashed over me and my entire body was enveloped in the most intense sequence of orgasmic spasms I had eve felt. Almost simultaneously, I felt My boyfriend's body tense as the warm firm flesh in my mouth convulsed.  
  
The convulsion was immediately followed by a squirt of a warm glob of liquid that hit the back of my throat.  
  
I wasn't quite sure what I wanted to do with this creamy deposit, but the decision was taken away from me as another spasm was followed by another squirt of liquid.  
  
I either needed to swallow my mouthful, choke, or spit it on the carpeting in my parent's dining room.  
  
So guess which option I chose?  
  
I swallowed trying to keep up with the flow of liquid sex filling my mouth. The entire sequence of spasm, squirt, and swallow was getting me quite aroused all over again.  
  
I kept my lips tight around his erection until the last spasm and squirt. I licked the remaining secretions as they slowly drooled from his liquid caulk gun, while again pushing my soaked crotch into his face.  
  
I was ready for round two or three or four, but looking to my right I realized the light that we had left on in the living room had been turned off by someone in my family.  
  
It was almost comical how fast my arousal left and was replaced entirely by panic.  
  
Had someone just watched our very lewd performance?  
  
It was time to send my boyfriend on his way and get myself to bed.  
  
I kissed him on the lips and off he went.  
  
I spent the night remembering every detail of our encounter then replaced by worry that I wasn't the only one in my family to have some rather lewd memories.  
  
Thankfully, it turned out one of my older sisters had come in from her date and thinking that she was the last one home, had turned the light off and gone to bed.  
  
Nothing was ever said or even hinted about what I was doing in the dining room, so as of today I still assume that my first try at oral sex went unnoticed except by a very appreciative recipient.  
  
Now you would think that after performing so well my lips would have gotten a consistent work out, but this just wasn't who we were.  
  
Despite our ever expanding sexual experiences we both were hesitant to talk about what we had done. So my boyfriend had no idea that I enjoyed treating his penis like a popsicle and he had no idea that I liked being stripped and fondled to orgasm.  
  
The roots of our upbringing ran very deep indeed.  
  
However, to contradict all of that, a particular practice that only occurred on Wednesdays started to become a routine.  
  
On Wednesdays, the dental office where I worked closed at noon. I almost always wore a light blue uniform dress that zipped from my neck to the hem. I purposely picked this color as it matched my 'Wednesday' bikini panties.  
  
Before I would leave the office, I would go to the ladies room and remove my panty hose.  
  
Thus there was nothing but a long zipper keeping me and my light blue undies from the light of day.  
  
The bus ride to my boyfriend's apartment was always a thrill.  
  
Sitting in my seat with my mini uniform dress riding well up my bare thighs made me feel so adult as well as sexy.  
  
Virtually every male passenger would check me out as they came on the bus with at least one always picking a seat that would give them a good view of my legs and very likely up my dress.  
  
I guess men like the look of someone in a uniform as well. :-)  
  
I liked the attention that I attracted although none of these men would ever know it. I would sit with a look of indifference on my face looking out the bus window using the reflection in the glass to see who was looking at me.  
  
I was never disappointed.  
  
I never did it on purpose, but knew that whenever I got up to exit the bus undoubtedly someone got to see that my panties matched my uniform.  
  
The four block walk from the bus stop to my boyfriend's apartment kept me on edge as I had plans for his penis on this particular Wednesday.  
  
I knocked on his door and when he opened it, I gave him a big hug and kiss allowing his hands to discover that under my uniform was nothing but a pair of nylon, bikini panties.  
  
Into his room we went. As he watched I took a hold of my uniform zipper and pulled it slowly down my torso.  
  
The first to reveal itself was my recently purchased light blue underwire push up bra. It was my first and cradled my tiny orbs as if they were flesh delicacies being served on an exquisite fabric platter.  
  
It had half cups, which really was all that I needed, however when I was excited, which was at the moment as well as most of the day, my hard little knots of flesh would poke out the top of the cups barely covered by the lace trim.  
  
I continued the passage of the zipper down my front showing off in turn my innie belly button, my appendix scar, and finally my pale blue 'Wednesday' panties.  
  
From this point it was a simple shrug of my shoulders that sent my uniform dress cascading to the floor.  
  
I sat on his bed pulling him over to me by taking a hold of his belt. Then I undid his pants, pulling down on them until they joined my dress.  
  
His erection was pushing provocatively against the fabric of his purple bikini briefs. Ones that I had purchased for him as I wanted to see as much of his skin as he was seeing of mine.  
  
I could have looked at him forever, but I was horny with a capital "H".  
  
I pulled the elastic of his briefs down allowing his firm reaction to my strip tease free of its fabric constraints.  
  
Laying back onto his bed, I pulled him on top of me and began to kiss him. Almost immediately I felt his erection push against my nylon covered crotch.  
  
My lower lips were already swollen and slightly parted giving the head of his penis the perfect target for my enjoyment.  
  
With every push of his hips, his swollen mushroom would rub along my equally swollen kitty giving me more than goosebumps all over my barely covered body.  
  
I positioned myself so his thrusting resulted in the maximum effect, using his erection as my masturbatory tool.  
  
Our breathing began to synchronize as we both headed towards orgasm. I came first barely preceding his squirt of white liquid that sprayed my entire upper torso.  
  
Now please don't think that we always shared orgasms. I was a bit slower to get there, but he was a fast learner and often spent the time to bring me up to speed before firing off his liquid fireworks.  
  
I had his creme pooling in my navel, running down the sides of my stomach, and decorating the half cups of my new bra.  
  
Note to self: In the future get your damn hand over his squirt gun before he pulls the trigger, and/or remove your bra.  
  
When he was done emptying his load on my bare skin, he wrapped a towel around his waist grabbing a wash cloth.  
  
I lay there trying to keep all of his jism on top of me as it continued to try to run down my sides to soak the comforter.  
  
He came back with the wash cloth soaked with warm water and gave me a wonderful version of a sponge bath.  
  
It was a fabulous orgasm for both of us and soon became a routine for my Wednesdays off.  
  
I would show up at his door with my zipper down and as he closed the door to his bedroom I would shed my dress and lie on my back on his bed.  
  
One particular Wednesday, he turned me over on my chest. He placed his throbber between my nylon covered cheeks and rubbed his erection on my backside. The motion pulled my panties up and down creating a very tantalizing wedgie effect.  
  
I arched my back to give him an ample target for his harpoon and enjoyed the feeling of his erection sliding effortlessly between my nylon covered cheeks.  
  
It didn't take long to hear his groan and feel a warm spurt of liquid splash across my back.  
  
This time my bra was off so nothing but flesh was decorated with his creme.  
  
Despite the lack of attention to my aching kitty, it still brought me close as I found being ejaculated on very arousing.  
  
It only took a couple of minutes of his manual dexterity between my legs to have me join in his post orgasmic well-being.  
  
We had turned the corner on our sexual exploits and I was loving it.  
  
Wednesday orgasms became our routine as I looked forward to my weekly baptisms of spunk.  
  
We were also becoming much more adventurous when not confined to a room.  
  
That summer we decided to visit an older sister of mine who lived in another state. It was going to be an all day's drive on a Turnpike.  
  
We were both extremely excited about taking a trip by ourselves and getting away from the city where we had both grown up.  
  
Have you ever noticed that when you first discover sex, getting away from familiar surroundings can bring out a different side of you?  
  
It certainly did for me.  
  
He came by my house to pick me up for our trip. I had picked something very special to wear for our excursion, never thinking that maybe I should try to keep his focus on the road as opposed to on my crotch.  
  
I had recently bought a light blue stretch denim micro mini skirt and a very bright geometric patterned pair of nylon string bikini panties.  
  
The pattern was in various shades of blue that coordinated perfectly with my skirt.  
  
The moment that I climbed into the front seat, my skirt slid up my thighs revealing the geometry lesson that I planned to give him for the entire trip.  
  
My panties were easily on display and would remain so unless I continuously pulled on the hem of my skirt each time I adjusted my position. Now why would I do that when I clearly could see his stick shift creating a tent on the front of his pants???  
  
I enjoyed his standing ovation and wanted to keep it standing.  
  
What I hadn't expected was the attention that I was going to receive from any motorist with a vehicle high enough to see inside our cabin.  
  
It made me quite self conscious as various truckers would follow alongside of us for miles.  
  
I was embarrassed but at the same time, I didn't do anything to cover my crotch. Just like on my Wednesday bus rides, I enjoyed the attention despite the feeling of embarrassment and lack of ladylike behavior.  
  
I still remember how conflicting it felt to enjoy being leered at like some sort of pinup, and at the same time feeling a bit ashamed of letting perfect strangers see my geometric patterns.  
  
The conflict of emotions seemed only to add to my excitement.  
  
Don't get me wrong. I had no desire to pull my skirt up to give them a good look, but on the other hand it would have been quite easy for my boyfriend to get me to do exactly that.  
  
I couldn't possibly tell him, but whenever I became aroused, my submissive nature would spring forward.  
  
I didn't even know what "submissive" meant, but I certainly wanted to be told what to do.  
  
The first time that we found ourselves on a long stretch of highway with no other motorists, I took off my seat belt, kneeling on the front seat to get two sodas out of the cooler in the back seat.  
  
As I leaned over the seat back my skirt rose almost to my hips, showing my boyfriend the effect of sitting for so long as a thin piece of nylon stretched tautly across my derrière.  
  
My cheeks were rosy from sitting as if I had been spanked and my geometric pattern was crawling up my smile.  
  
He told me to stay just as I was.  
  
I did as I was asked only to look over my left shoulder to see that while I was preoccupied with opening the cooler we had caught up to a motorist and there was the male driver with a big smile giving either me or my boyfriend the thumbs up.  
  
I was totally humiliated but again did nothing to cover up my exposure.  
  
It still hadn't occurred to me that I liked being on display; mostly because it just wasn't something that a proper young lady enjoyed.  
  
Also, I was still in denial regarding my developing tendencies.  
  
The next time we were on our own I reached over and undid my boyfriend's belt, button and zipper, so that with a little help from him I could slip his pants down enough to see his undies.  
  
I then began to play with him on and off as he kept glancing at my open legs and geometric crotch.  
  
Each time we would catch up to another motorist, I would use his pullover to cover his lap.  
  
Once we were past, up went the pullover and on went the stroking. I would grip his erection through his stretchy bikini briefs using the fabric to create enough friction to make him fully erect.  
  
I played with him for well over 30 minutes pausing either for motorists or a noticeable change in his breathing that indicated "all systems were a go."  
  
After I didn't think that he could take any more I let go of him pulling my skirt northward and spreading my legs wide.  
  
"Your turn." I cooed with a smile.  
  
His right hand went to work on my soaked triangle or was it a circle or a rectangle? No matter because in no time I was breathing like a race horse.  
  
There was a truck off in the distance and it became a race to see which of us would finish first.  
  
Do you notice that when you get to a certain point in arousal, there is no going back? I had reached that point just as we were pulling up to the truck.  
  
As its large body blocked my view on the right, I can only imagine the view that the truck driver had.  
  
My boyfriend's fingers were vigorously rubbing me through my nylon crotch and I was spasming as one orgasm after another took a hold and shook me from stem to stern.  
  
I seem to remember a long blast of horn as I shook in orgasmic bliss. It could simply of been in my head as quite a few instruments seemed to be playing.  
  
When I was finally done my audience had also disappeared as my boyfriend sped up to get away from our unintended (Or was it?) voyeur.  
  
Now it was my turn.  
  
My boyfriend's erection was as firm and deep red as ever, so I pulled the front of his briefs down and wrapped my fingers around his throbbing flesh.  
  
Much to my surprise, after only two pumps, white goo was shooting from his tip splashing across the inside of the windshield, across the steering wheel, and on the dash.  
  
So I guess he was a two stroke engine.  
  
It was incredible to see the force of his semen ejecting from his erection and flying across the windshield.  
  
It was also very, very sexy.  
  
I clamped my hand over the top of his penis, but the damage had been done. Can you say, "Clean up in aisle 2." Quickly reaching back into our cooler I pulled out a handful of napkins and packed his briefs with them covering his creme ejector as best I could.

We were a few miles from the next service area and thus drove with a windshield dripping with male excitement.  
  
Once we were able to pull over, we stayed away from the rest of the parked cars and I went into the ladies room to get a handful of wet paper towels.  
  
as my boyfriend cleaned himself up, I cleaned his creamy residue from the inside of the car.  
  
I am sure that anyone who watched me bend and reach saw all of the geometric shapes that they desired, but I was too intent on erasing the liquid climax from our windshield.  
  
We had a great week with my sister and my brother in law behaving ourselves the entire time.  
  
I guess decorating the inside of the car with sex was enough excitement for the week.  
  
The trip home wasn't quite as erotic as it was after dark and we both were tired after our week of sightseeing. However, I was able to discover how effectively a map light reflects off any colored nylon. I used my discovery to take a look at our atlas as frequently as I could, letting the light give my boyfriend a good look at my panties. I had worn a pale pink pair for the ride home.  
  
The light also revealed my dark muff barely concealed underneath the nylon.  
  
I should have known this much sooner, but he had a thing for panties. I can't really say that it was a fetish, but any view of my panties or panty lines would result in a very nice erection.  
  
I had discovered the "Power of Panties" at least as it related to my boyfriend's erection.  
  
I spent most of the trip letting him peek to his heart's delight and enjoyed every second of it.  
  
And as my "thank you" to him for taking me to see my sister, about 3 hours from home, I again turned on my map light, knelt sideways on the front seat, pulling my skirt above my waist, and proceeded to give him some very desired lip service.  
  
I loved how he squeezed my cheeks hard the more excited he got. And when he reached his long fingers across my bottom and down between my legs, we both had something to breathe hard about.  
  
This time all of his squirting occurred in my mouth.  
  
Quite the road trip.  
  
To this day, if we are alone on a trip I will reenact that same "Thank you."

**Exposed Ch. 06**

Our dating life pretty much followed a routine of going out on Friday and Saturday nights, often followed by a sojourn to our favorite parking spot.  
  
Yes, my boyfriend had an apartment, however, he shared it and neither one of us wanted to get a reputation for frequent sexual encounters whenever I visited his place.  
  
Besides the whole experience of being slowly undressed in a public setting had become my major turn on.  
  
I didn't realize this at the time as it was so common for everyone our age to "park".  
  
The typical routine for us was to find a semi-secluded spot along the local parkway and then climb into the back seat.  
  
As we kissed and fondled each other, whatever I was wearing would gradually be unbuttoned, unzipped, or pulled up and over my head, or down to my ankles.  
  
I would have to admit that the ultimate goal for both of us was to get me down to my bra and panties.  
  
As my outer layers were removed, the exquisite onslaught of tingling nerves would start its path from my head, across my chest, then around and down my back, ultimately finding its way to that very sensitive spot between my legs.  
  
I liked sitting next to my boyfriend wearing nothing but my undies. It felt deliciously naughty.  
  
The look on his face as he slowly scanned my almost naked body was like an aphrodisiac for me. I would plant myself in the corner of the back seat and watch him look me over.  
  
Combining this with the fact that I was in a public setting became pre-orgasmic for me.  
  
As his exploring fingers would find their way up my inner thigh I would undo his belt, unbutton his pants, and unzip his zipper.  
  
Then with a little help from him, I would pull his pants down until his own bikini briefs were on display always with his flesh stick poking provocatively against the stretchy material.  
  
As he played with my kernel through the thin nylon fabric of my panties, I would play with his erection until the head oozing with creme fully emerged from its cloth confines.  
  
His ability to bring me to orgasm got better and better with every attempt. As for my own abilities, it seems that I had become so adept at bringing him to a head that I always needed either a handful of tissues ready or my face with an open mouth hovering close to his penis.  
  
We had definitely overcome any of our inhibitions regarding sexual experiences.  
  
Now none of theses routines didn't come without its own peculiar kind of "oops".  
  
During our last summer as a single couple, I would often wear rather revealing styles of clothes as it pertains to material and/or brevity.  
  
One particular Friday, I borrowed a short short jump suit that my older sister had made undoubtedly for her own version of a boyfriend experience.  
  
It was bright yellow with a very shiny, stretchy kind of fabric, which in a certain light became almost completely transparent. However because of the shimmery fabric it played a trick on any voyeur's eyes as they wondered whether they really had seen what they had seen.  
  
It also had a front zipper that unzipped down the front from the neckline to the top of any low style of bikini panty that I might have on.  
  
The moment that my sister had worn it, I knew that I needed it for one of my upcoming dates.  
  
On the same day that I had been able to procure her outfit, I had visited my favorite lingerie store and found a bra and panty set in a similar bright yellow with a cute little bumble bee displaying a prominent stinger sewn on the right front of the panties and on the left front cup of the triangle style bra.  
  
It was the perfect set of undies to go under my sister's short shorts jumper.  
  
We went to a club that evening spending most of the time on the dance floor where the iridescent lighting made my jump suit virtually transparent.  
  
My boyfriend was getting quite aroused looking at me twirling and shimmying seemingly oblivious to all of the stares that I was getting.  
  
I on the other hand was anything but oblivious and was getting very aroused knowing that I and my yellow undies were on display.  
  
Neither one of us could wait to get into the car and find our favorite parking spot along the parkway.  
  
Once there I quickly climbed into the back seat with my boyfriend following right behind me. Once we were settled, I took a hold of the zipper of the jump suit and teasingly asked, "So do you want to see what everyone was staring at tonight?"  
  
I didn't wait for his answer as it was quite obvious by the pole forming a tent in the front of his pants what his response would be.  
  
I pulled on the zipper slowly unveiling my bright yellow triangle bra. As the folds of the fabric parted, my erect little nipples revealed the state of my arousal as well.  
  
I continued pulling the zipper down until it reached my navel. Each inch that the zipper descended the two folds of fabric of the jumper would separate more and more as if I were on the inside of a banana peel.  
  
The zipper stopped about an inch below my panty line. My entire body was vibrating in a most delicious manner as I watched my boyfriend's eyes become wider and wider as the zipper made its path down my upper torso.  
  
I pulled one arm out of a sleeve and then the other letting the top half of the jumper gather around my waist.  
  
"Do you like my bumble bee?" I cooed barely keeping a string of saliva from dripping out of my mouth.  
  
Whenever I am very aroused my mouth begins to water as if I am hungry for something. I wander what that something might be??  
  
Before I allowed my boyfriend to take a hold of the triangle of yellow material covering my left breast which sported the bumble bee appliqué, I raised my bottom up off of the seat and slipped the jump suit completely off my lower half throwing it haphazardly onto the front seat.  
  
There I sat with nothing on but my bright yellow bumble bee bra and panties. I was in a state of pure bliss as the sexual energy coursed through my entire body.  
  
I loved how it felt to be in front of my boyfriend with nothing on but a bra and panties, particularly when it was in a place or location where bras and panties are typically covered by another layer of clothing.  
  
I have come to call it my "Pin Up syndrome."  
  
The way he looked at me when I was wearing very little along with his very obvious erection tenting the front of his pants was so exhilarating. I wished that the moment would never end.  
  
Once I was disrobed the activity began. His right had pushed against the fabric of my triangle bra easily finding my hard little pebble. As he pinched it between his two fingers our mouths entwined and his tongue pushed its way through my open lips and I sucked on it just as I imagined that I would be sucking on something else in short order.  
  
I reached down and undid his belt, tugging at the clasp of his pants desperately wanting to free his hardened flesh so I could wrap my fingers around it.  
  
Everything about me was lost in the moment as I opened my legs to allow his other hand to play with my other hard little nub.  
  
Just at that moment a hard rap of metal resounded off the window just behind my head. I jerked in response to the very unexpected interruption quickly turning to look over my shoulder only to stare into a flashlight beam shining directly on my face.  
  
I blinked in disbelief as the bright light lit up my chest making its way down across my stomach to my lower abdomen eventually finding its way to my crotch.  
  
The light did what the club's iridescent lighting had done earlier in the evening only this time it was my bra and panties that seemed transparent.  
  
My boyfriend pushed away from me to quickly put his softening erection back where it belonged, particularly when we had an audience.  
  
This left my entire body uncovered and unprotected as another beam of bright light lit me up from the opposite window.  
  
If the beams had been hands I would have been thoroughly molested top and bottom as they explored every inch of my exposed flesh.  
  
My two dark nipples and equally dark mound were easily visible through the thin fabric of my yellow undies.  
  
As the flashlights were trained on every part of me other than my face, I could see that they were being held by two of the city's finest. Two policemen in full uniform were leering at me.  
  
I swear that my boyfriend could have been buck naked and he wouldn't have received a single ray of light.  
  
I on the other hand was on display front and center.  
  
Not only could they identify that the carpeting matched the drapes, but they could also ascertain how much the carpeting covered.  
  
Ever since I had discovered my predilection for teeny, tiny panties, going au naturale underneath was no longer an option.  
  
Besides shaving and trimming my private area made me feel so grown up and sexy.  
  
I finally came out of my shock and embarrassment enough to reach over the front seat and grabbed for my gold jumper.  
  
The lights followed my movement giving my official voyeurs a good look at my bottom.  
  
There was nothing that I could do other than to use my jumpsuit as a makeshift cover as their flashlights relentlessly followed my every movement.  
  
Another rap on the window came along with a motion to lower the window. I still wasn't dressed, but what could I do. I lowered the window allowing the beams of light to renew their scrutiny of my scanty attire.  
  
Meekly I asked, "Yes?'"in a quivering voice to the one standing just on the other side of the door.  
  
He asked to see our licenses under the pretense that we were under age and violating curfew as well as any sex with an underage minor statutes.  
  
Although the sex part had never quite got under way.  
  
So where do you think my handbag with my ID was?? If you said, "on the floor in the front seat", you would be correct.  
  
This time I gave them a very long and full view of my panty clad bottom as I leaned over the seat back until I could reach my bag on the floor.  
  
I literally was draped across the head rest and could feel the hot breathe of my door side voyeur on my bare back.  
  
The heat of the flashlight was now concentrated on my cheeks and panties.  
  
At this point I just gave up on trying to cover up as it seemed that I wasn't going to be given the chance anyway.  
  
As they shined the light on my picture ID and then on my face as well as my breasts and crotch, they supposedly confirmed my identity and age.  
  
While they confirmed my boyfriend's identity and age as well, the beams of light still never left me.  
  
I was totally embarrassed and humiliated.  
  
It is funny to think about this now as the two policemen were undoubtedly in their late 30's or early 40's which at the time made them seem dirty old men.  
  
Now that I am in my early 40's it has become a very sexy memory from my early 20's, although at the time it seemed dreadful.  
  
The fear that I had was that they would contact my parents and explain how they came across their daughter in the backseat of a car wearing nothing but her bra and panties with her fingers wrapped around her boyfriend's stick shift.  
  
They told us to go home for the evening as occurring to them we weren't allowed to park this late at night on the parkway.  
  
One of my favorite after date activities had been extremely curtailed.  
  
For the next two weeks, every time the phone rang, I expected it to be a policeman asking to speak to my father.  
  
I was a nervous wreck.  
  
Besides this experience just served to enforce my belief that what I was doing was wrong, possibly even against the law.  
  
I can only assume that I felt very similar to how a young boy with strict parents feels when he first discovers masturbation. You know that it is wrong or at least that is what your parents tell you, but you can't stop.  
  
I was addicted to the feelings that came over me when I was scantily clad in a public setting.  
  
I wanted to stop, but I just couldn't.  
  
The conflict between my taught beliefs of proper and improper conduct for a young lady was raging inside of me.  
  
Despite all of my misgivings, my Wednesday afternoon sessions with my boyfriend continued as I relished being spray painted with his liquid excitement as I lay in my light blue undies on his bed.  
  
We were playing with fire and eventually that fire had to get out of control.  
  
On one particular Wednesday, I was lying on my back on the bed in my Wednesday outfit with my boyfriend poking and prodding me with his flesh stick between my legs. My lower lips were drooling with excitement soaking through the crotch of my panties.  
  
I had gotten quite accustomed to seeing his erection and relished how it felt when he rubbed himself on me, but on this particular occasion I wanted to feel him inside of me.  
  
As he rubbed himself across my protruding kernel, he asked me if I wanted to "do it."  
  
I did, but I didn't want to all at the same time.  
  
I hesitantly replied, "We could try it, but you can't squirt inside of me."  
  
He didn't have a condom so we had to be especially careful.  
  
We were both still virgins from that aspect and I just wasn't sure how the first time would be and whether this was the right time.  
  
But my entire body ached for his penis to fill my salivating tunnel.  
  
I pulled the nylon crotch of my panties aside and gently guided his heat seeking probe inside of me.  
  
As he pushed I kept saying, "easy, easy."  
  
I let out a little "Oh" as the tip entered me. It was an unusual feeling having my opening pushed apart as the tip introduced itself to my inner sanctum.  
  
Another little push and out came another "Oh", but this time it was more from the unexpected tingling that was beginning to activate my nerve endings.  
  
I held on to his hips to keep him from thrusting forward as I wanted him to go easy.  
  
One more push and my head leaned back onto the pillow and a much more emphatic "OH" of pure ecstasy escaped from my open lips.  
  
My eyes had rolled back into my head and my hands had surrendered their grip on his hips.  
  
I moved my bottom forward and brought my knees up towards my hips giving him full access to my forbidden zone.  
  
He was all the way inside of me and all of my nerve endings were alive and vibrating.  
  
I now had a very warm cylinder of firm flesh filling my all too eager vagina.  
  
There was no discomfort or tearing of flesh. As it turned out I am one of those women that had an undeveloped hymen, and thus the door was already open.  
  
Every little movement by him or myself caused my nerve endings to scream in pure pleasure.  
  
At this point I must remark on the incredibly effective design of the male penis. The prominent mushroom head with its distinctive ridge opens the passage while going in and then activates every single nerve ending that lines he passage as it comes back out again.  
  
I could not believe the overwhelming sensations emanating from my most sensitive erogenous zone.  
  
I didn't want it to stop.  
  
We were both breathing hard. I mean very hard: like two locomotives racing towards oblivion.  
  
Off in the distance I heard him ask, "Are you OK?"  
  
I wanted to answer, "OH YAH!!" but all I could do was nod my head.  
  
He slowly moved his hips back causing his erection to slide out and then pushed it back in.  
  
Each movement brought me closer and closer to nirvana. I wanted to scream, "Yes, Yes, Yes, Yes," but restrained myself as his roommates were virtually right outside the door. His bedroom was located on the first floor just outside the living room.  
  
I bit the pillow instead as his pump continued to prime my well.  
  
The gusher was close and we both new it. Without hesitation my boyfriend pulled his erection free of my gripping muscles and splashed his excitement all over my stomach well up to my breasts.  
  
My orgasm occurred as he ejaculated on my glistening skin.  
  
Of course, as it is with those of us struggling with what we had been told about the sins of pre-marital sex, the guilt and shame followed shortly after.  
  
Instead of feeling blissful and satisfied, I was terrified that my first foray into unprotected sex would have a very complicated outcome.  
  
It didn't help matters that for the next week my period was late.  
  
My boyfriend was perfect about the thought of pregnancy as we discussed getting married.  
  
But then my period arrived about 6 days later than it should have and I announced to my boyfriend on a Wednesday with my dental assistant uniform completely unzipped showing off my light blue underwire push up bra and Wednesday panties.  
  
It was quite a few months before we repeated our performance at which time we had become engaged and no longer worried quite as much about any unexpected pregnancies.  
  
However my scantily clad exposures in public venues continued of which some do deserve special mention.  
  
A few of the more notable I will share with you next time.  
  
Also, what is it about being slapped on my posterior that makes my whole body tingle?

**Exposed Ch. 07**

Before I share the exhibitionist details of my married life, I do have some notable exposures that 'bare' (mispelling is intentional) mention.  
  
First honorable mention that I neglected to write about is what may have led up to the taking of my boyfriend down into the basement and essentially performing my first hand job.(See chapter 4)  
  
I had stated that I wasn't sure what caused my impulsiveness to make him squirt.  
  
As I continue to write about my early sexual experiences, more of the details from my past seem to become revealed.  
  
This is what I now remember to have occurred leading up to the basement splash.  
  
For the entire week whenever I would talk to my boyfriend, I hinted about my new red panties.  
  
By the time the weekend rolled around we were both quite desperate to expose them. I had on a white denim mini skirt that gapped at the waist any time I bent over.  
  
My boyfriend arrived at my front door for dinner, which was becoming more and more of a typical event as my family had accepted him wholeheartedly. My acceptance of him started with my heart but had definitely moved south in the past year.  
  
I led him into the living room and we both sat down on the front couch.  
  
As I leaned forward in the process of planting my derriere on the seat cushion, my boyfriend took the opportunity to slip his hand down inside the waistband of my skirt.  
  
He was so determined to get a hold of my satin covered cheeks that he shoved his hand far enough down my back to completely cup one of them.  
  
All of this was done while I was in the act of sitting down.  
  
Once my posture settled on the sofa, his hand was trapped inside my skirt gripping my barely covered cheek.  
  
As I wiggled enjoying the constant fondling of my bottom, my mother decided to walk into the living room to casually talk to my boyfriend.  
  
When you are young you think that your parents can't notice certain activities such as having your boyfriend's hand implanted down the back of your skirt.  
  
My mother never let on that she noticed anything, but it is difficult to believe that she didn't.  
  
The conversation was normal asking my boyfriend about school and his part time job, but I couldn't help fidgeting with his fingers constantly gripping my cheek.  
  
My entire face turned red with embarrassment causing my mother to ask if I was feeling all right.  
  
As I replied that I was OK, my boyfriend wriggled his fingers deeper down my back until the tips were at the front door of my most erogenous zone.  
  
I felt that if I parted my legs, my mother would see two fingers poking out from underneath my crotch.  
  
It certainly didn't help having my legs squeezed together as it forced his fingers right up against my lower lips.  
  
I was starting to perspire as the combination of extreme embarrassment and unexpected arousal was having its effect on me.  
  
Thankfully my mother had to get back to the kitchen and we were left alone just long enough for me to take a hold of my boyfriend's wrist extracting his magic massager from the inside of my skirt.  
  
Don't get me wrong. I loved having him fondle me especially on the inside of my clothes. I just didn't want another member of my family to walk in as I was getting close to orgasm.  
  
I took his hand pulling him through the house and down the stairs to the basement.  
  
Somehow I thought that I needed to get even for his fondling of me right in front of my mother whether she was aware of it or not.  
  
I was going to expose him and bring him to a boil with most of my family occupying the space right above us.  
  
Let's see how he likes to feel vulnerable and out of control.  
  
Somewhere between the first step and the last I seem to have lost my intent as it was my skirt that hit the floor leaving me standing just at the bottom of the basement stairs wearing a midriff t-shirt and a pair of bright red brazilian cut bikini panties.  
  
If you have been keeping up with my semi-autobiography, you know all that happened next.  
  
If not, please go back to Chapter 4 and you will get all of the wonderfully sordid details.  
  
The second honorable mention followed two months or so after my police exposure. My boyfriend and I attended a formal that was held at his University.  
  
It was a black tie dinner and dance that they held for the seniors every winter.  
  
I dressed in a formal gown while my boyfriend rented a black tuxedo.  
  
The event was extremely enjoyable spending time with his classmates and friends.  
  
Once the evening wound down and he proceeded to drive me home, we took a little detour to the parkway.  
  
The thought was that it was too cold for the police to be out and checking on parkers. Even if they were it would most likely be in a car and thus they would be spotted well enough ahead of time to get covered up.  
  
It was my intent to pull my formal gown up my legs allowing my boyfriend access to my thighs and possibly my panties.  
  
However once we got to kissing and fondling each other through our clothes my intentions of remaining somewhat covered flew out the window.  
  
As we embraced and french kissed each other I felt my boyfriend's hand move away from the front of my chest (Yes, he had been cupping my breast through my dress and bra.) locating the tongue of my zipper at the top of my gown.  
  
Down, down, down, the zipper went finally stopping basically even with the top of my derrier.  
  
His hand then slipped inside my gown cupping my left cheek and giving it a good squeeze.  
  
The mixture of pain and raw passion coursed through me and I found myself pulling the top of my gown off of my shoulders and down my arms.  
  
As the fabric settled around my waist my black demi-cup bra was completely revealed including the front clasp that kept it closed.  
  
My boyfriend's hand quickly slipped under the cup of my bra easily finding a very erect and hard little nub begging for attention.  
  
He pinched my nipple between his two fingers and I let out a loud moan of supplication.  
  
I wanted more.  
  
I took a hold of the clasp between the two cups of my bra and with a simple twist undid it allowing the fabric to drop away from my very aroused nipples and breasts.  
  
His face sank into my chest and I felt his tongue lick the very tip of one nipple sending heat waves down my torso and into my crotch.  
  
His other hand was sliding up my thigh highs looking to pet my purring kitty, but the voluminous fabric of my gown was inhibiting his progress.  
  
I wanted more.  
  
Placing both hands on my hips I easily slid the bottom of my gown completely down my legs and over my high heels and off.  
  
Without any thought given to any wrinkling effect, I balled up the fabric and threw it into the front seat.  
  
I was now sitting in the back seat of my boyfriend's car wearing nothing but a pair of black thigh high nylons, black high heels, and and a newly purchased leopard print string bikini panty.  
  
Any thought of being discovered by the "parking" police or even keeping a lookout for a police car was overwhelmed by the vibrations of sexual energy flowing through my body.  
  
I wanted more.  
  
I leaned back against the side of the back door and let my boyfriend do his magic as he alternately pinched, pulled, licked, and sucked on my extremely sensitive bare nipples, while his other hand polished my erect little kernel through the thin fabric of my leopard print panties.  
  
It didn't take long for my entire body to harden into one tense muscle as the pre-orgasmic wave of sexual energy pushed forward.  
  
I took in a deep breathe of air and gave myself over to the series of spasms and convulsions that now rocked my body.  
  
It was becoming obvious to me that being in any sort of public place wearing not much more than a pair of string bikini panties was my aphrodisiac.  
  
My boyfriend had become quite accomplished at masturbating me to orgasm, however my ability to come was greatly enhanced when I was so exposed in a public venue.  
  
The moment my clothes started to come off, my body was already reacting by poking my nipples forward, emitting warm and slick secretions into the crotch of my panties, opening my lower lips, and filling my tiny kernel with blood making it easily identifiable by his exploring fingers.  
  
Essentially I didn't require any stimulation other than to have my clothes removed leaving me wearing either a bra and panties or just panties.  
  
From that point forward my eventual orgasm was guaranteed.  
  
How I had evolved from such a sexually inexperienced young woman into an orgasm seeking exhibitionist was anybody's guess.  
  
The pattern had become almost routine. I wanted to be wearing as little as possible, although never naked, in a public setting.  
  
Parks, parked cars, basements, lake fronts, etc., etc. had become my stage for exposure.  
  
The cool air or the warm air that enwrapped my exposed skin sensually informed me that I was barely clothed.  
  
The look that enveloped my boyfriend's face told me that I was sexy, i.e. very sexy.  
  
The mixed feelings of helplessness, submissiveness, and anxiety combined to completely arouse me.  
  
I loved all of it. It had become my addiction.  
  
After my convulsions came to an end and before the warm glow of orgasmic bliss left my body I reached for my boyfriend's zipper and applied the same technique that he had performed earlier on my dress.  
  
Once it was down I easily found his throbbing erection. With a simple pull of the fabric of his bikini briefs out came his firm flesh glistening with dew and begging for a kiss.  
  
By the way, the zipper on a tuxedo pant is considerably longer than that found on a normal pair of pants. I could comfortably slide my entire hand into the opening and wrap my fingers around his erection.  
  
It was incredibly sexy to me to be able to work with ease inside the opening.  
  
I earlier told you about my tendency to salivate when I get very aroused. Well, this time was no different, and once I had my boyfriend's entire penis sticking through the opening, I leaned forward placing my head directly into his crotch and wrapping my already wet lips around his warm flesh.  
  
Lifting my lower body up onto the seat until I was in kneeling position I sucked on his champaign bottle with my leopard print buttocks facing up in the air.  
  
I am not sure exactly why, however, as I was in this position, he gave my exposed derriere a smart slap across one cheek.  
  
It stung sharply causing me to lose suction on his erection as a small gasp of surprise and pain escaped my lips.  
  
As my exposed flesh stung in the cold night air, that area right between my legs began to salivate.  
  
I can't explain what it was exactly, but his firm slap of my backside had gotten me aroused. As aroused as I got when stripped or stripping off my clothes.  
  
As the pain lingered my oral efforts on his erection renewed until my lips were sliding effortlessly up and down on his flesh.  
  
I felt another sharp slap across my other cheek, but this time it only served to further incite my performance.  
  
Was it my lack of clothing that gave me that welcome feeling of helplessness and submission to his assault on my derriere?  
  
Did a sense of being his sexual slave existing only to serve in whatever capacity he required of me arouse my primal nature?  
  
Did I have a secret desire to be nothing more than a sexual plaything and pin up to this young man that seemed to know my slowly unveiling longings?  
  
Or did I feel the need to be punished for what I may have believed to be my sexual deviancies?  
  
I honestly don't know and pretty much don't care, but I was aroused by his slaps across my derriere and obviously so was he. Very shortly after his second stinging application across my derriere, the cork of his bottle exploded heaving its first gush of hot liquid inside of my mouth.  
  
I quickly swallowed as the first gush was followed by another and then another. Each one hot and thick requiring me to swallow so as not to have it burst from my closed lips.  
  
It was as if he hadn't had a good orgasm in ages.  
  
I wondered how much of the spanking that he had given me was responsible for this abundant liquid outburst.  
  
I wanted to reach between my legs and finish what his slaps had started but wasn't comfortable enough as yet to masturbate in front of him.  
  
Instead I forced myself to calm down when all of the time I wanted to place myself across his lap with my backside present and accounted for.  
  
After we had put ourselves back in order and all of my erogenous zones had had time to calm down, he wrapped his arms around me.  
  
The silence was broken when he asked if he had hurt me when he spanked me. "It was okay," I replied tentatively.  
  
How could I possibly admit to him that I liked it. I mean that I liked it a lot.  
  
He then apologized stating that he didn't quite know why he had done it.  
  
I assured him that I didn't mind. How could I possibly let him know that I liked being spanked? Wasn't that something that sadists and masochists enjoyed?  
  
I certainly wasn't one of them. Was I??  
  
I had never been spanked as a child and only related the act to a form of punishment. It never occurred to me that a sharp smack across my buttocks would result in so much liquid activity between my legs.  
  
How could something that stung and burned result in my arousal?  
  
It made no sense to me other than feeling that something was wrong with me. I tried not to think about it, but it soon became the center of my masturbatory thoughts late at night while alone in my room.  
  
From that point forward my derriere was subject to any number of pinches, grabbing, and slapping particularly when I was wearing anything tight, which was most of the time.  
  
I found myself quite fond of the physical attention afforded it and began to encourage it whenever we were together.  
  
It aroused me then and continues to arouse me now.  
  
One final honorable mention to share.  
  
On a beautiful fall day as the calendar marched towards winter and the sun had not as yet lost its warmth, we took a trip to a local flower garden and nature conservancy. As we strolled hand and hand along the paths looking at the flowers, shrubs, and trees present their last burst of color, I felt my boyfriend's hand slip out of my hand and reposition itself on my lower back.  
  
The slight sense of touch so close to my newly discovered erogenous zone caused me to tremble in anticipation.  
  
It wasn't long before his hand slid downward across my awaiting buttocks giving my right cheek a hard squeeze.  
  
His firm grasp on my derriere easily awakened my animal passion.  
  
It barely remained dormant when we were together anymore.  
  
We exited the gardens walking across the parking lot to a nature walk through a woods. Although we weren't alone, my boyfriend's manual attention to my backside continued whenever no one was directly behind us on the path.  
  
We walked through the woods to an opening that contained a meadow overflowing with the tall grasses of autumn.  
  
Taking my hand, my boyfriend led us off the stone path winding our way into the meadow until we were about 40 yards away.  
  
He kneeled down pulling me with him until we were virtually hidden by the tall grass. It had become such a habit for me that I no longer noticed how quickly I would undo my pants whenever we were alone.  
  
Down went my hands to my front clasp and zipper effortlessly unveiling my latest panty acquisition.  
  
I had ventured from the somewhat revealing to the very revealing as my new bikini panties were completely sheer in a yellow fishnet type of material.  
  
When I say completely, I mean completely; front, back, crotch, everywhere.  
  
Other than brief glimpses, I had never put my trimmed mound on full display before. Now here I was barely a stone's throw from a public walking path with my pants pulled open showing off all of me in a slight yellow tint.  
  
The waist band had white daisy appliqués that completely bordered the top, but every part of my anatomy south of the daisy chain was exposed.  
  
I grabbed for the waist of my pants as my boyfriend attempted to pull them down my legs, but my effort to remain covered was halfhearted and a bit comical.  
  
My upbringing had taught me that a proper young lady does not allow herself to be stripped from the waist down particularly in a public area and certainly not with sheer panties on.  
  
The tingling started as my pants made their way down my thighs, over my knees, then down my calves eventually bunching up at my ankles.  
  
My boyfriend easily pulled them free of my tennis shoes and off my pants came.  
  
The tingling was intensifying and starting to invade my most sensitive erogenous zone.  
  
I laid on my back letting the sun soak through the sheer material causing my panties to seem even more transparent than they were.  
  
I could feel a drop of sexual dew beginning to exit from my lower lips.  
  
The sound of couples conversing with each other as they meandered along the meadow's border should have caused me concern resulting in a quick grab of the fabric of my pants and a urgent pull up my legs.  
  
Instead it only served to further arouse me.  
  
My boyfriend realized long before I ever did that I enjoyed, in fact I relished, being stripped to my undies in public places.  
  
It wasn't that I wanted to be seen by others, but the thought of possibly being seen by others was my aphrodisiac.  
  
As I continued to lay on my back he placed his hand on my lower abdomen letting his extended fingers play with the waist band of my panties.  
  
I didn't quite know what to expect as his usual attack was to slide his hand up my thigh until it found my moistening crotch.  
  
This time his frontal assault was from above instead of below.  
  
I sucked in my stomach in anticipation of what might follow.  
  
As he continued to slide his fingers along the waist band of my sheer panties, one finger after the other found itself under the elastic.  
  
He continued to move his hand back and forth across my abdomen until the fingers reached the very top of my trimmed muffin.  
  
This was the first time that he was touching any part of me concealed by my panties.  
  
Up to this point all of his fondling was through the nylon fabric of my undies. This time he knew consciously or unconsciously that I was ready for direct contact.  
  
I unconsciously moved my legs apart putting out my welcome mat to his arrival.  
  
Once he reached my mound the sliding motion stopped and I felt his fingers move straight downward until the tips of the longest two where exploring the opening space between my salivating lower lips.  
  
Bolts of sexual electricity shot through me. Until this day, only my fingers had ever occupied this spot.  
  
I was salivating like crazy from both sets of lips.  
  
His middle finger easily found my slick pearl and began to polish it slightly moving it up and out from between my lips.  
  
I arched my back in total supplication to his efforts luxuriating in the raw sensuality of his motions.  
  
I don't think that I had ever played with myself any better than he was at this time.  
  
It wasn't long before I was moving my groin in a rhythm to match his ministrations.  
  
My mouth emitted soft little groans and moans of Uh, Uh, and Oh, Oh.  
  
I reached for the crotch of his pants hoping to reciprocate, but he wouldn't let me.  
  
He wanted to watch me orgasm instead; unprotected, exposed, and submissive. So I did.  
  
As the spasms took over my body the feeling of the grass rubbing against the sheer fabric separating my bare skin from the earth only served to intensify everything as it was a continuous reminder that I was outdoors barely dressed and orgasming.  
  
God, it was the best orgasm that I had ever had; at least to that point.  
  
The entire time that I shook and shimmied in orgasmic bliss the sounds of people so close to us only served to reinforce my desire to have sexual experiences in public places.  
  
When you experience such incredible orgasms your mind stores the entire experience in great detail to try and duplicate it in the future as often as possible.

How many of us still remember decades later our first time experiencing any sexual act?  
  
I was now addicted to the combination of feelings that came with outdoor sex. The conflict of fear, anxiety, and unmitigated arousal was what I craved.  
  
I didn't know whether I would ever be the same again.  
  
Next: On to a married life.

**Exposed Ch. 08 Pt. 01**

**First Years of Marriage**  
**Settling in Period**  
Our first couple of years of marriage were pretty much routine both sexually and otherwise. We certainly had sex on a regular basis, since we now had a marriage license to make it totally acceptable. Although the frequency was greatly improved, there was something missing. It seems that stripping in cars or outdoors to show off was more arousing for me than sex in a bedroom.  
  
We experimented with various positions and places in our apartment, but I think we both missed the risk of being discovered. My husband preferred taking me while either wearing a skirt or dress with my panties still on. It felt more spontaneous than climbing under the covers and doing it and it reminded me of when we were still dating.  
  
I no longer delved into any risqué behavior such as outdoor exhibitionism other than what a normal twenty plus year old would choose to wear. Everything fit tight or short or both.  
  
My first job as a married woman was as a salesperson in a women's clothing store at the local mall. I had a great employee discount and the store catered to women my age and the manager encouraged us to wear things off the rack while we were working. Thus I could experiment with styles and fits to find what suited me best. I found that I really liked things extremely short or tight or both. I also liked materials that were a bit transparent.  
  
This all may sound like I wanted to be looked at, however it was typical of most women my age to dress a bit provocatively.  
  
My husband had a thing for sexy panties, which certainly influenced my own ideas of what was considered sexy. I liked how tight and tiny panties felt on me and enjoyed showing apparent panty lines or hints of what I was wearing with semi transparent fabrics. My bras were becoming more grown up. I wore mostly underwire styles preferring styles with half cups and lace trim. This way my breasts were always pushed up as if being served on a lace lined platter. It also placed my nipples just under the lace borders so they could be seen.  
  
My husband loved to pick out my bras and panties, often surprising me with presents of very sexy lingerie. I was developing quite a wardrobe of very delicate half cup bras, teeny, tiny bikini panties, and matching or coordinating garter belts and stockings of all shades and colors. I felt sophisticated and extremely sexy.  
  
I also was becoming more and more comfortable wearing clothes that showed me off.  
  
I previously posted the following story under the pen name HarleyFatboy1 with the title 'Not So Mellow Yellow'. It is a perfect example of my interpretation of how I thought a woman should dress when I was first married.  
  
I was 21 years old and contrary to most women's opinion, I thought that showing an obvious panty line under my tight pants was very sexy. I loved wearing teeny, tight bikini panties including the looks that I received when I wore tight pants, and/or short skirts and dresses.  
  
I wasn't purposely looking for attention, but as most young women I enjoyed any kind of confirmation that I warranted a second look. Working in a mall in a women's clothing store exaggerated my desire to look good as I felt constantly judged by other women. Whenever I received a second look from a man or a compliment from another woman I would feel really good which only further encouraged my fashion choices.  
  
It seemed that I had found my style and was becoming more and more comfortable with it.  
  
When you are young and trying to act grownup there does seem to be a tendency to show off. My interpretation of a grownup women was essentially to dress a bit like a vixen.  
  
One evening we were invited to join another couple to see a musical that was being performed outdoors in a tent. I wanted to show how adult I was and picked a fabulous bright yellow sweater top and mini skirt combination from the store where I worked. I used my lunch hour to buy a matching yellow bra and bikini panty set to wear underneath. I also found a pair of yellow fabric platform sandals to coordinate the entire outfit. I thought that I would be the star of the evening.  
  
When I got home, I had just enough time to change and head out to the tent theater with my husband. My sweater top and mini skirt fit like a glove and along with my platform sandals, I was showing a lot of leg. My husband wore a light blue dress shirt, navy sport coat and khaki's. We appeared to be so grownup and fashionable I thought.  
  
We got to the theater parking lot, parked the car, and then headed to the refreshment area outside of the tent where we were meeting our friends. When we walked up to them, our friends looked at me and said simultaneously, "Wow, you look great". I was incredibly flattered thanking them for the nice compliment. It turned out my look was bit revealing as only a short time later his wife took me aside as our husbands talked and told me that she could see right through my sweater ensemble.  
  
It seems that as everything was outside except for the show itself, the setting sunlight was having a magical effect on my outfit. The light was making my top and mini skirt transparent, and my yellow bra and teeny panties were in full view for everyone to see. As I looked around at the other patrons, who were primarily 40 or older, I saw most of the men and some of the women giving me subtle and not so subtle looks.  
  
I went over to my husband and asked, "Can you see my underwear?" in a very quiet and tentative voice. He took a couple of steps back and looked at me. His large grin gave me the answer that I was dreading. I was mortified, and spent the next 10 minutes trying to hide behind my husband as well as our friends, since they both were now quite aware of my exposure.  
  
My intent for the evening was to show how sophisticated and fashionable I could be, and instead I was giving everyone a good look at my yellow nylon bra and panties. And the sun was not about to set soon. The advantage and disadvantage of the summer sun is how late it sets in the evening as well as how bright it shines up to its last ray of light.  
  
Just like most women in their twenties and beyond, I enjoyed being looked at, but my intention for drawing attention was to be sophisticated, trendy, and elegant. Instead it was my semi transparent outfit that was getting the most attention.  
  
We had made a point of arriving early, so for the next 45 minutes I watched every male and just about every female look me over from top to bottom, that is from my neck to my thighs. I collected about as many smiles and winks as looks of surprise and disapproval.  
  
It brought me back to my days of dating when my "too short" skirts were critiqued by my mother. My insecurities were coming on in full force. It wasn't until my female friend turned to me and said, "I think that you look great," that I was able to compose myself. I was able to remind myself that I enjoyed being and feeling sexy and to try and fit in only inhibited my true nature.  
  
I came to love that sweater outfit and wore it quite often that summer no longer caring what else could be seen whenever I wore it. In fact putting it on would fill me with a sense of excitement and anxiety knowing that my undies could be seen through the knit material. This sense of mixed emotions only could have come about because the primary age group of the theater patrons was 10 years older than myself. If we had been all around the same age I doubt that I would have stood out so much.  
  
Little did I know at the time that the seed that had been planted while dating my husband regarding the feeling of excitement and anxiety was being nurtured and would come to influence much of my risqué behavior later in life.  
  
Our Next Two Years  
  
After two years of both of us working at the mall, my husband felt that he needed to start a real career. He began work at a company and had a desk job with potential to grow. I went back to working in a dental office along with wearing my very short uniform dresses.  
  
We both were enjoying the change although nothing really adventurous was happening sexually. We still confined ourselves to indoor sports with me showing nothing more outdoors than most other young women my age.  
  
I did however have a chance encounter that brought me close to exhibiting my earlier tendencies.  
  
My husband played on a company softball team and I would always go with him to the games. Every time we showed up he would be surrounded by a group of young women that worked in his department. They were almost like groupies. My husband is tall and slender with male model type looks and has always attracted looks from other women. I never felt that I was the jealous type but for some reason the way these women gathered around him totally ignoring me made me resentful.  
  
After one particular game as the team would always gather at a local bar, I found myself bothered by the attention my husband was receiving. As I was sitting at the end of the table feeling sorry for myself, a male coworker of my husband's came over and began to talk to me. He obviously could tell that I wasn't happy and possibly saw me as an easy target. He flirted with me eventually asking whether I wanted to go with him to his apartment complex and use the pool. I replied that I didn't have a swimming suit with me, which was an obvious statement. His response that I could wear my underwear caught me by surprise. It wasn't that I wasn't expecting this response, but it was my reaction to it. My entire body started to vibrate as the familiar waves of anxiety mixed with anticipation overtook me.  
  
Nothing about this young man would have prompted me to join him, however his suggestion that would have me strip in front of him made me tingle in a very delectable manner.  
  
I even went over to my husband to ask whether I could go just to get his attention and to let him know that someone was 'hot' for me as well. Although I could tell that my husband was upset he remained composed and told me that it was my decision to make. Neither one of us wanted to tell the other what they should or shouldn't do despite our own feelings on any subject.  
  
I went back to the other man and thanked him for the invitation but it just wouldn't be something that I would do. Little did he realize that given the right circumstances it would be exactly something that I would do.  
  
For quite a while afterwards I would fantasize about a scenario where I would strip to my bra and panties in front of a strange man while staring into his eyes to observe his reaction. I hadn't thought about this experience for years and I wonder if the man had been more sophisticatedly seductive whether I would have gone swimming with him.  
  
I am sure that if I had it would've been something that I would have regretted over and over again. Fantasies are so often better than the real thing.  
  
Don't misinterpret this revelation as a hidden desire to forego my wedding vows. I have always been madly in love with my husband and still am. It just is meant to show that under the right circumstances we all have our temptations.

**Exposed Ch. 08 Pt. 02**

***A Move to Another State and a Bonding Experience***  
As my husband progressed in his career, we started to find ourselves living in different parts of the Midwest.  
  
Our first move took us to an entirely different state than where we had grown up. It would be our first time away from our families and friends.  
  
My husband left first for a couple of weeks, while I finished out my two week notice to the dentist that I worked for.  
  
At the end of the two weeks I accompanied my husband's boss on a plane trip to join my husband.  
  
We were going to spend the weekend finding a place to live as well as to acquaint me with the city.  
  
I honestly can't remember why his boss was along as it seems a bit unusual now that I remember it.  
  
I intended to make a very sexual impression on my husband as I came off the plane and went shopping to find the right dress and undies.  
  
I found a white summer dress with cherries embroidered all over it. It fit perfectly to accent my posterior without being too tight.  
  
I also found that without adding a slip underneath that the rayon fabric had just enough transparency to give a hint of my bra and panties.  
  
I wore a matching bra and panty set in white. The bra was underwire with my usual choice of half cups making my breasts a much more prominent feature than their size would typically permit.  
  
The panties were small with the elastic making a seductive indentation up the middle of both cheeks.  
  
As I stated earlier the dress fit just tight enough in the bodice and back to provide a glimpse of the effect that my bra and panties would have if seen on their own.  
  
Adding a pair of white 4 inch pumps made the overall effect a bit over the top, but my intent was to be seen. And when I was seen, someone was going to want to take me as much as I wanted to be taken.  
  
I couldn't wait to see my husband's expression when he saw me for the first time.  
  
In my zealousness to achieve seduction I had never even considered what my attire might suggest to anyone else, specifically my husband's boss.  
  
He was a man in my husband's age group whose uncle was CEO of the company thus explaining the responsibility that he had been given which was beyond his experience and abilities. Besides all of that, he thought that he was God's gift to women and the tales of his numerous conquests at work were bandied about amongst everyone.  
  
The moment that he saw me, I knew that I was going to have a challenging plane trip.  
  
Our seats on the plane were together and the entire time he made suggestive remarks to me as well as placing his hand on my leg or arm anytime he wanted to emphasize a point.  
  
I was getting my first lesson in diplomacy as I feigned ignorance to his double entendre's while allowing his touches as long as his hand didn't get too close to my breasts or thighs.  
  
Thankfully the plane ride was only about 40 minutes.  
  
Once we landed he insisted like the gentleman that he wasn't that I precede him off the plane as well as down the gateway.  
  
I can only imagine what he thought of the view that I had innocently created for what I thought would be my husband's eyes only.  
  
The look on my husband's face made up for everything. As he spied me coming out of the gate I saw his eyes grow very wide as an expression of pure delight spread across his face.  
  
I also noticed that he wasn't the only one with such an expression as I seemed to be the center of attention to most every male standing anywhere in the near vicinity.  
  
I felt almost like a model on a runway with everyone watching me saunter over to my husband.  
  
Funny how the unwanted attention from my husband's boss was so easily replaced by the appreciated attention from so many strangers.  
  
I was thoroughly enjoying my brief moment of celebrity.  
  
My husband spent a few moments with his boss while I sat nearby flushed from the excitement of being stared at.  
  
Finally we were on our own.  
  
We picked up my luggage from the carousel and headed out of the airport.  
  
I was a bit sorry that my time in the spotlight was coming to a close.  
  
It was late in the afternoon so we went to get something to eat and while we caught up, I heard over and over from my admiring spouse how great I looked.  
  
Although this had been confirmed quite frequently at the airport I still loved to hear it.  
  
My husband then asked if I wanted to go to a movie, which I found a little surprising as I was dressed for a more intimate kind of activity.  
  
Besides I was feeling quite sexually charged ever since I saw him and was really hoping for an orgasm or two occurring in the very near future.  
  
A bit reluctantly I got back into the car and we drove outside the city limits into a more country type setting.  
  
I couldn't understand what kind of movie theater would be located out in the middle of nowhere until I saw the bright neon lights in the distance as well as a large outdoor movie screen.  
  
We were going to a drive-in.  
  
It was not exactly what I wanted or expected, but all of that changed once the action started. Then it became everything that I had wanted.  
  
We drove inside and parked making sure that we weren't right next to anyone.  
  
Once the movie got started my husband reached over to me and pulled me close to him. We kissed like we hadn't seen each other in weeks which was exactly the case.  
  
As we made out, his hands explored the top half of my dress fondling my breasts and nipples through the multiple layers of fabric.  
  
I decided to assist his explorations and unbuttoned the top of my dress.  
  
As he continued to squeeze and fondle my very receptive orbs, I groped the front of his pants easily finding a firm tube of flesh.  
  
We continued to kiss and feel each other until we were both breathing like freight trains going up hill.  
  
Just then the perfect solution to our need to go further presented itself. It started to pour. The rain obscured any and every view of all of the cars in the movie lot.  
  
With my dress already unbuttoned it became a simple matter for my husband to pull the shoulders down my arms and off leaving me topless except for my sexy white bra.  
  
I was busy with his pants in my effort to unleash his snake for a more intimate examination.  
  
He pulled me erect and up from my seat yanking my dress completely down so it was now settled around my thighs.  
  
Despite the rain I still looked out the window to guarantee that no one could see us.  
  
It certainly didn't matter to my husband as he plopped me back into my seat stripping me completely of my cherry embroidered dress.  
  
Just as we used to in our dating days, I was now sitting opposite him wearing nothing but my bra and panties.  
  
My husband's company car which we were occupying was a large model SUV. Possibly and most likely in anticipation of my arrival the back seat was folded down leaving a large expanse of carpet to lay down on.  
  
He signaled for me to climb over the front seat watching my behind as I struggled to maneuver myself into the back.  
  
Quickly joining me, his hands began to explore every nook and cranny that was only concealed by a thin layer of white nylon.  
  
I wanted to reciprocate but was lost in the pre-orgasmic feelings coursing through my body.  
  
Without even realizing it my bra had been removed some time during my welcomed molestation.  
  
The sense of being in a public place although somewhat concealed wearing nothing but a pair of very sexy bikini panties and matching white heels brought on my first orgasm.  
  
When the rain just as suddenly stopped I orgasmed for a second time not relating the change in my exposure to its intensity.  
  
I still wasn't fully aware of how aroused I would get being almost naked in public places.  
  
The full awareness or more likely acceptance of this was still years away.  
  
And as the final piece de resistance I received a good shagging.  
  
I couldn't have orchestrating a more perfect reunion.  
  
Other than our momentous reunion the move was a bit stressful taking me away from my family for the first time.  
  
Subsequently I began to gain weight which I never had to worry about before.  
  
The extra pounds added to the additional stresses of my husband's new position as well as adversely affecting our sex life.  
  
I no longer felt very sexy particularly when nothing fit well and I looked fat.  
  
As with most women the weight that I had gained settled exclusively in my hips, buttocks and thighs.  
  
Sex had become less important to me as I no longer saw myself as desirable.  
  
I was in a funk and my husband knew it.  
  
One Saturday he suggested that we do something different and asked me to put on one of my old dental assistant outfits which now fit extremely tight on me as it was at least two to three sizes too small.  
  
Thank goodness for nylon lycra fabrics.  
  
This one was in a deep burgundy color with a short sleeve top that zipped in the front much like a jacket.  
  
The pants were in the same color and pulled on instead of zipped or buttoned.  
  
I basically looked like a sausage encased in a burgundy skin.  
  
The nylon pants fit so tight that my panty line was completely visible, front and back, to the point that the stitching and flower design were readily apparent.  
  
I should have felt sexy, but instead I felt ashamed.  
  
My husband told me to pretend that I was at work.  
  
I reluctantly did as he suggested and while I was in the bedroom with my back to the door he snuck up behind me quickly gagging me and forcing me down on the bed.  
  
I was honestly scared. Although I had known him for close to 6 years now, I wasn't sure what he had in mind.  
  
Even when we think that we completely know someone, do we really?  
  
A part of me thought that my gaining weight had made him angry and that I was going to be punished.  
  
I am sure that he could see the look of surprise and fear in my eyes as he tied a scarf tightly around my open mouth.  
  
His look that caused me concern and at the same time send a very seductive tingling sensation down between my legs.  
  
I was getting aroused.  
  
I had never thought that the feeling of being helpless and vulnerable to another would be so exhilarating.  
  
I was forced to lie on my back on the bed while my hands and feet were tied to the bedposts with scarves.  
  
I put up a lackluster struggle only to hide the fact that I liked what he was doing, which only aroused me that much more.  
  
It brought back all of the memories of the game that I have written about previously. How as a young girl I played a version of cops and robbers with my girlfriend. The two of us would pretend to be helpless victims with our hands above our heads and tied to two pegs in my garage.  
  
This game went on for weeks when one Saturday we found ourselves again tied up. Only this time while we were helpless and to the delight of the other boys, one of our playmates pulled our shorts down revealing our flowered undies.  
  
Instead of feeling outraged, my girlfriend and I both enjoyed our unexpected popularity and notoriety among our playmates.  
  
This became the new routine until our parents caught us and ended my early sojourn into exhibitionism.  
  
Now over ten years later I was again helpless to my predicament and my panties were soaked with liquid anticipation.  
  
As I lay there not knowing what was going to happen next, my husband grabbed my breasts and gave them a good squeeze.  
  
I could feel the tingling right between my legs.  
  
He slowly unzipped my top until it was completely open.  
  
My nipples were as hard as little diamonds.  
  
The look in his eyes appeared to what I would imagine a sexy predator's would look like, and I was the unwitting prey.  
  
He pinched my nipples until I couldn't stand much more. I found myself struggling with my bonds trying to lessen the sensual stimulation that he was performing on me.  
  
He reached down between my legs, grabbing my crotch, and pushing two fingers firmly against my very swollen lips.  
  
Although I had two layers of clothing on, I might as well have been naked as I could feel everything.  
  
He began to rub me in a rhythm that had me rolling my eyes into the back of my head.  
  
I was helpless wanting him to stop just temporarily so I could compose myself.  
  
Feeling so aroused with every nerve ending on high alert without any chance to rest was almost too much for me.  
  
I wanted him to stop and to never stop all at the same time.  
  
Finally my husband sat back on the bed and grinned. He obviously was enjoying my predicament.  
  
He left the room and all I could do was to wonder what could possibly come next; other than myself that is.  
  
He came back with an item in each hand. One item was a scissors and the other was a massager that we had purchased when he was having back problems.  
  
I know that this might be hard to believe, but neither one of us ever considered another use for the massager until this very moment.  
  
He plugged the massager into the nearest wall socket and placed it near my hip. Then he took the scissors and slowly started to cut my uniform pants starting at the leg opening at my ankle and working up to my crotch.  
  
All I could do was to lie there feeling the skin tight fabric separating allowing the air conditioned air to form goose bumps on my exposed skin.  
  
When he almost reached my crotch he stopped and slowly started cutting up the other pants leg.  
  
It was feeling more and more like I truly was a captured dental assistant about to be sexually molested by a very handsome and devious captor.  
  
When the other pants leg was completely undone, he carefully slid the scissors along my crotch and snipped the remaining material freeing my lower half as well as completely exposing my red floral patterned nylon panties.  
  
Placing two fingers on the soaked crotch of my panties he easily found my fully awakened kernel.  
  
He reached for the massager and turned it to the lowest setting. The familiar hum was now approaching its unfamiliar target.  
  
I could feel the disturbance in the air caused by the vibrating head before it ever touched me.  
  
I took in a lungful of air not knowing what it would feel like to have it pushed into my wet crotch.  
  
The second the massager found home, I let out a long and loud moan muffled by the scarf tied around my mouth.  
  
My God, how could I not have known about this fabulous use for an electric vibrator.  
  
My legs jerked back and forth trying to open and close while pulling on my silk leg restraints as the most incredible sensations invaded my lower regions.  
  
When my husband flipped the switch to a higher setting, I almost went crazy.  
  
The orgasms started immediately.  
  
He just sat there watching my face contort into expressions of ecstasy as my entire body convulsed over and over again.  
  
Thankfully silk scarves had been used as my bonds as anything rougher would have rubbed my skin raw.  
  
When I thought that I just couldn't take anymore, he continued the onslaught until I was soaked everywhere.  
  
From head to toe I was dripping sweat receiving the most intense workout that I had ever known or felt capable of.  
  
Finally after the longest series of orgasms that I had ever experienced he turned the vibrator off and let me rest.  
  
As I lay there almost passed out from orgasmic exhaustion he untied one arm and one leg and slowly rolled me over onto my stomach.  
  
Due to my extra pounds my panties were stretched to their limit and barely covered my pudgy cheeks.  
  
He retied my free hand to the bed post.  
  
Without any warning he firmly smacked one of my cheeks with his bare hand. I let out a little yelp of surprise and pain as the smack really stung.  
  
I was about to voice a muffled complaint to his new idea, but at the same time that I felt the sting across my bare skin, another area of my body was reawakening.  
  
Something about being tied up and spanked was making me aroused all over again.  
  
With another swing of his hand I felt a second smack sting my other cheek. Again the stinging was followed by that same tingling sensation right between my legs.  
  
I certainly wasn't going to orgasm from this new form of fore play but it sure felt good.  
  
He could see by the expression in my eyes as it changed from one of shock and surprise to one of unexpected satisfaction i.e. that I was enjoying it.  
  
I then received a series of smacks as he hit one cheek followed by the other alternating with a very pleasant massage of my reddening bottom.  
  
My little yelps became moans as I pushed my bottom up towards him encouraging the continuation of my sexual punishment.  
  
Somehow he seemed to know when I had had enough. Any more spanking would have turned into just a painful experience as opposed to the very exhilarating one that I was having.  
  
The problem was that I was now aroused all over again.  
  
Once he untied me I took matters into my own hands and used my most effective oral technique to thank him for capturing me and treating me so deliciously.  
  
This turned out to be one of our favorite role play scenarios, very possibly a hidden aspect of ourselves that would have stayed hidden had we still lived close to my family.

**Exposed Ch. 08 Pt. 03**

Despite this new found kink in our relationship I rarely instigated sex as I wasn't happy with my weight gain at all. So I decided to do something about it. I had to accept the fact that I had a weight problem and started reading diet and exercise books to find out what would work best for me.  I started to watch what I ate which previously had been foreign to me and I began to exercise regularly. Within 5 months I was back to fitting into my old clothes. Just in time for the next summer.  
  
I will admit that I liked how I looked and wanted to show myself off. My interest in sexy bras and panties was renewed as well as teeny, tiny string bikini swimsuits.  
  
What I hadn't anticipated was how my progression back to a bikini body would result in revisiting a past experience that I had had with my husband, then boyfriend, when we started dating. He had talked me quite successfully to sunbathe publicly wearing just a t-shirt and a bikini panty. The very contradictory feelings that invaded my body on that day were about to be revisited this many years later.  
  
We were currently renting a two story townhouse that was connected in a row with 7 others. We all had a small patio in the back with a high fence that offered privacy. However all of our bedrooms were upstairs and the back bedroom looked out over each other's patio. So our belief in privacy was a bit of an illusion as our neighbor's on either side could see us anytime they were in their back bedroom and we were outside in our patio.  
  
As I lost weight it seemed to rekindle my husband's desire to put me in risqué situations. Something that he hadn't done since we were dating.  
  
Did I miss his creativity when it came to my exposure? Absolutely!! Was I willing to talk to him about it or even to admit to him that I missed it? Absolutely not!!  
  
I still had an ingrained concept that proper women did not desire to be undressed or coerced to undress in public places nor in seemingly private settings. Any female that did must have something wrong with them, or so I thought. Of course the problem was that I was one of those females.  
  
From what I can ascertain about myself, I am addicted to the contradictory emotions that are brought on whenever I am persuaded to expose myself. The feelings of extreme nervousness, a willingness to submit to another, the sense of daring, sexiness, vulnerability, recklessness, embarrassment, etc., all combined to cause my skin to vibrate with a most pleasurable energy. This along with the look in my husband's eyes when I did as he directed made me feel like the sexiest and most desirable woman on earth.  
  
Sure a part of me wanted to refuse responding to his suggestions with an assertive "No." After all wasn't I a grown woman, and shouldn't I resent being put on display for someone else's pleasure? But the sensations coursing through me easily stifled any thought that I might harbor to protest.  
  
He had found my suppressed desire and/or impulse to be stripped or told to strip in a public setting back when we were dating. And because he enjoyed putting me in these risqué albeit exciting situations I was pretty much and still am at his mercy. Lucky me, I guess?  
  
It had been quite a while since I had to deal with these conflicts, but again now in my middle 20's I was going to be faced with the decision of "Do I?" or "Don't I?"  
  
We had formed a habit on weekends of setting out towels on our back patio and lying in the sun. We both wore swimming suits. Since we were no longer living near our parents along with my new found confidence I found myself purchasing more revealing styles. I had always worn a two piece, but now my two pieces were very similar to my bras and panties. The bikini tops were underwire styles with cups that pushed my flesh up and out, while the bikini bottoms were much briefer than any of my previous two pieces often leaving elastic marks up the middle of my cheeks when I took them off not to mention my tan lines. I remember my husband making some sort of comment stating that I might as well be wearing my underwear. This was not meant as a complaint, but more of a compliment as to my choice of swimsuit attire.  
  
I would suspect that besides enjoying seeing me barely covered particularly outdoors, it represented a vulnerability and susceptibility on my part to acquiesce to his desires.  
  
One day as we were changing to lay out, I was undressed to my underwear about to don my bikini. My husband stopped me from going any further and cavalierly suggested that I should wear what I had on. I truly was taken aback by this and replied that our neighbors might see me. Granted I used to love modeling my latest underwear purchases for him, and I did sunbathe once in my underwear, but we were dating then. Haven't we all done things a bit over the top to gain the attention of a member of the opposite sex. Although I had no desire to tan in my bra and panties, that delectable vibration that I used to experience when I did perform for him was arriving unannounced. My mind and body are never in sync whenever he suggests an exhibition from me.  
  
Of course, he replied that even if they did, it would look like my regular swimming suit style. Isn't this exactly the same argument that he used on me when we were dating 5 years earlier? It worked then, so why wouldn't it work now?  
  
I had perfectly good swimming suits to wear outdoors that I was quite comfortable in, so why would I go outside in my bra and panties? In theory my husband's reasoning was valid, however I did not wear t-shirt bras, which easily could double as bikini tops. I preferred and still do prefer sexy bras with half cups in bright colors usually with contrasting lace trim where my nipples generally reside not wanting to be totally covered. They were definitely suited to have an arousing effect on the male viewer and not particularly suited for public display unless someone had a tendency towards submissive and exhibitionist behavior. This certainly doesn't describe me. Right?.........Right? And my style of panties were primarily bikini styles in either a very thin nylon fabric, a satin, or a silk. Often they had sheer panels strategically placed to seduce or various sorts of appliqués or embroidery clearly identifying them as panties and most certainly not a swimming suit bottom.  
  
On this particular day I was wearing a pale yellow demi-cup bra with white lace trim. The back strap and shoulder straps were very thin which did make it look like a bikini top except, as I had come to prefer, my nipples could be seen through the lace trim that bordered the top of the cups. The panties were in a matching yellow with the same white lace trim sewn vertically along the front of each hip. In the bright light of the sun they would become almost transparent particularly since I have very thick dark brown hair. I do trim but it is too painful to take everything off down below; the challenges of having an Irish heritage.  
  
His suggestion, if I can call it that, sounded quite sexy when standing in our bedroom, however now I was standing just inside the sliding glass door to our patio. The glare of the sunlight had me in its high beams and it brought a very different realization into focus. From what I could see just by looking down, both of my nipples and areoles as well as my pubis were clearly visible through the thin nylon material of my bra and panties. I definitely was having second and third thoughts about this latest adventure.  
  
My husband was enjoying my reluctance looking at me with a sly grin and a telltale erection poking forward against the fabric of his swim trunks. Opening the sliding glass door he placed his hand on my lower back and too easily directed me outside. I instinctively wrapped the large towel around my waist covering my yellow panties while at the same time looking at every upstairs window that had a view of our patio. I didn't see anyone looking out, however all they had to do was to stand a few feet away from the glass and I wouldn't be able to see them anyway.  
  
"Come on. Lay down," my husband said still sporting both the smile and the erection.  
  
I quickly unwrapped myself placing the towel on the concrete and laid down on my stomach. Despite any suggestion to the contrary, I felt like I was lying outdoors in plain sight of our neighbors wearing a bra and panty, which in fact was exactly what I was doing. Any pretense of wearing something that could pass as a swimming suit was ridiculous.  
  
My heart was beating fast and I was having a difficult time catching my breath. Every nerve ending was on high alert as I was sure that I was being spied on by one or more of our neighbors.  
  
I was about to call the latest venture off when I looked over at my husband and saw that look that I love. The look of complete pleasure that tells me I am the sexiest woman on earth.  
  
For the remainder of that summer this became part of our weekend routine although I did find my chance to have a reciprocal arrangement. Not quite a "I'll scratch your back and you can scratch mine," but close.  
  
One weekend we took a quick trip to Toronto and while we were walking through a quaint boutique area of shops I noticed a store dedicated to what I will describe as male exhibitionism on display. It carried a large array of bikini swimsuits that revealed more than your typical speedo. I guess the european cut made the difference. By plying my own suggestive and seductive wiles I persuaded him to try several on and begged him to purchase two pair.  
  
I now had my own 'boy toy' to look at when we were outside in the back. I enjoyed noticing how his measuring stick would grow in reaction to my exposure. More often than not it would barely be contained by the fabric of his very sexy banana hammock. It certainly resulted in some very heavy breathing exercises once we got back indoors.  
  
What I hadn't suspected was what his exposure might suggest for my future.  
  
As summer was coming to a close and we were hoping to get just a few more afternoons in the sun, as usual I was at the sliding back door in my bra and panty with my towel. My husband reached over undoing my bra strap and with very little effort on his part I found myself topless while being led outside the door. His latest variation of my outdoor exposure took me so off guard that I didn't even attempt to cover myself with my towel. There I stood in the bright sunlight with nothing else on other than a mint green bikini panty with series of eyelets across the bottom showing off tiny circles of white flesh where the sun hadn't shown. As is always the case for me, my tiny nipples were sticking straight out. If they had been any bigger I might have been able to hang my towel from them. I glanced over at my husband with a look of dismay only to find a totally different reaction on his face from the one that I had. He was enjoying my latest foray into outdoor exhibitionism immensely. In fact I could say that he was ecstatic over my additional exposure.  
  
The sun felt fabulous on my bare breasts lighting up my pure white skin with a sexy sort of iridescence. I still hadn't come to a full realization that I was topless outdoors. Or, just possibly, I liked how it felt to be wearing just panties. I definitely liked how my husband was looking at me. It made me tingle all over.  
  
Eventually reality came back to roost and the familiar fear that someone might be watching found me quickly lying down on my stomach to limit my exposure. However the tingling didn't go away for the entire time we were outside.  
  
I didn't want to admit it, but the outside air caressing my bare nipples was quite exhilarating along with the sense of being forced to show off even more of myself to my willing voyeur. After this one time our warm weather ended abruptly as it has a tendency to do in the northern Midwest and I wasn't required to repeat this latest exhibition for close to another 10 years.  
  
Our rekindling of one of our dating rituals ended abruptly as 6 months later my husband took a job that moved us closer to our families and shortly thereafter we began a family. My voyage into motherhood seemed to end any possibility of future outdoor adventures.  
  
Or so I thought.

**Exposed Ch. 09 Pt. 01**

**Two Children and Eight Years Later.  
  
An Interpretive Dance**  
  
Taking on the responsibilities of being a mother puts everything else away in a closet so to speak.  
  
Just finding time to ourselves seemed to be a thing of the past much less any thought of me putting on any private performances.  
  
My preference for being outdoors in something skimpy didn't entirely disappear as I found myself quite comfortable in a string bikini around my parents and my brothers and sisters as the accompanying photo can attest.  
  
I had had my first child a little more than a year previously and was quite proud of how I had gotten back in shape.  
  
I guess having my first child entitled me to no longer worry about family opinions or perceptions.  
  
It was almost like a rite of passage to become a mother and having my own child. It seemed to allow me to be more myself in front of my family.  
  
I still remember how it felt to step outside in my string bikini to the accompanying whoops and whistles of my brothers and sisters as well as their spouses.  
  
My stomach was filled with butterflies remembering how often my mother would ask me in an admonishing tone, "Are you going to wear that in public?" when I was still a teen.  
  
Now here I was in my early thirties wearing much less than what the term "that" meant and in front of my entire family.  
  
It is interesting how experiences that seemed a big deal when we were younger weren't anything like we perceived them to be.  
  
The photo was taken by my mother and remains a part of her family photo album. On the back of the photo she labeled it with the words "Club Lido."  
  
It was as if she were saying, "My daughter has become a woman."  
  
My interpretation of her wanting to control me was simply her caring about what message I might be sending to a young man on a date.  
  
Thankfully she doesn't know the entire message that I used to deliver.  
  
Two and a half years later my second child was born without any appreciable change in my outdoor activities i.e. I was still behaving.  
  
It was frustrating for me to periodically become very sexually charged without any opportunity for expressing my latent desires.  
  
Being sexually charged wasn't quite the same as feeling horny. It was more than that.  
  
When I feel sexually charged, I want to act out, to be and feel sexy, and most importantly to do something risqué.  
  
One way or the other something was going to give.  
  
That something occurred one summer day when my youngest was napping and my oldest was outdoors playing with the neighbors. I was taking a shower as it had become the last thing that I would do once my daughters were dressed and fed.  
  
On this particular occasion, I found that my body could feel virtually every single drop of water that hit it and then ran down. I was hypersensitive and becoming very aroused.  
  
I had often found myself quite aroused while performing common daily routines. It was another way that my sexual frustration manifested itself.  
  
Something as simple as vacuuming would find me straddling the vacuum hose making sure that it rubbed my lower lips as I moved it back and forth across the floor.  
  
Wearing a short skirt made it even more special.  
  
But this time it seemed different.  
  
This time it seemed that I needed to act on my hypersensitivity. My children were temporarily occupied which seemed to make the desire to do something almost overwhelming.  
  
I dried myself off as my entire body trembled with some sort of nervous anticipation. I put my robe back on and walked into our bedroom. Opening my lingerie drawer I was greeted with the sight of my very favorite pair of panties. They were a teeny string bikini style in a provocative leopard print.  
  
  
  
I should pause here in my narrative to give a better perspective of what leopard print undies were indicative off i.e. at least for me.  
  
From the first time that I saw a bra and panty set in an animal print be it leopard, cheetah, zebra, or other, I felt a stirring in my lower regions.  
  
I had and still have the perception that any woman that chose to wear animal print undies was sexually mature and confident, and wanted to show them off.  
  
I wanted to be that kind of women. So I bought my first pair of leopard print panties.  
  
The first time that I wore them I knew that something was different. I felt alive and sexually adventurous.  
  
I couldn't wait to have them seen by my future husband.  
  
Now here I was over ten years later in a much more abbreviated pair experiencing that exact same feeling.  
  
I wanted to act out and with my children temporarily occupied it seemed the perfect time.  
  
Maybe it is more correct to say that I needed to act out sexually. Like right now.  
  
I pulled on my barely there panties and immediately my nipples reacted as if I had stepped inside a walk in freezer.  
  
They were so hard that they ached from the swelling.  
  
Does this mean that I had a case of "blue nipples?"  
  
I could hardly contain myself as I wanted to grab my crotch and grind myself into orgasm. However my self-gratification would have to be delayed for now as I had other plans.  
  
Slipping on a pair of dark brown snakeskin high heels and taking a deep breath to calm myself, I walked out of our bedroom and down the hall with my heels making a distinctive clicking noise on the ceramic flooring.  
  
I felt just like that woman that I imagined when seeing my first pair of leopard print panties.  
  
Because we lived in a split level home, our lower level had full windows either facing out the back to our yard or across to our neighbors.  
  
I hesitated outside our family room making sure that no one was just outside the window facing our neighbors house by taking a quick peek through the entryway.  
  
Satisfied that I would have only one audience member I sauntered suggestively into the family room.  
  
My husband looked away from the TV, which had occupied his attention until my appearance, with his mouth agape.  
  
I relished the look of surprise on his face knowing that he would enjoy my planned performance.  
  
I slowly began to gyrate my hips letting my hands explore all of my erogenous zones.  
  
Caressing my tiny breasts with both hands I pinched my hard nipples between my forefingers and thumbs.  
  
Saliva was starting to fill my mouth and I could feel a small droplet of drool running out of the side of my mouth.  
  
A somewhat unusual side effect when I am very aroused is that I salivate. It seems that my extreme arousal gives me a sort of oral fixation for hardening flesh.  
  
With my head now rolled back and my eyes half-closed, I reached down between my legs rubbing myself until I could feel the moisture starting to soak through my crotch.  
  
Without any pre-thought whatsoever I found myself on our ceramic floor with my knees pushed wide apart leaning forward onto my extended arms. In this posture I could just barely rub the front of my swelling lower lips on the floor.  
  
I was like a cat or dog when they slide their romps across a floor only I was sliding my crotch.  
  
I stared into my husband's somewhat shocked but very pleased expression as I humped the floor into a state of pre-orgasm.  
  
The wetter that my crotch became the easier I slid.  
  
I had no plan to actually orgasm, but I was beyond the point of controlling my urges.  
  
With my leopard print covered cheeks squeezed as tightly as I could squeeze my entire focus was on keeping my protruding nub stimulated.  
  
While pressing myself firmly down against the floor and wiggling just enough to keep the erotic sensations constant a long awaited series of convulsions took over my body.  
  
I had never masturbated in front of anyone before as I considered it to be a very private and personal act of sexual release, but at the moment I was anything but self-conscious.  
  
I wanted to be outrageous, and I was.  
  
It had been too long.  
  
My head involuntarily arched back as my legs bent upwards at the knees as if my feet were trying to touch the back of my head. At the same time my crotch was pressed against the floor as firmly as possible.  
  
My eyes went out of focus as my concentration was no longer visual.  
  
Sweating from the exertion required to make love to the floor I was emitting little moans as my orgasm took over.  
  
I probably looked like a very satisfied spastic convulsing with every orgasmic wave until their frequency and intensity waned to a mild tingling sensation.  
  
I smiled to myself as I thought, "Well, that released some of my pent up frustration."  
  
However the emphasis was on the word "some" as I was far from completely satisfied.  
  
I most certainly was not done.  
  
I walked or sauntered suggestively over to my husband straddling his legs so my wet crotch was resting on one knee. Pushing my bare breasts into his face I encouraged him to lick and bite my eagerly awaiting nipples as I used his knee in the same manner that I had just used the floor.  
  
As the pressure was again building between my legs not to mention my husband's own filling squirt gun, I happened to focus out the window which was just over my husband's shoulder to see my neighbor and friend watching from behind a partially closed curtain.  
  
I don't think that I could have moved much faster springing off of my husband's lap and his encouraging tent pole. I ran away from the couch shaking with embarrassment and humiliation.  
  
The idea of having my neighbor watching me as I sexually performed rocked my sense of security.  
  
I had no idea how much of my show was seen by her, but she certainly had a perfect view of my nipples being sucked.  
  
I was absolutely mortified wondering how I would ever face her again.  
  
For just a few seconds it seemed to be the most embarrassing thing that could ever happen to me.  
  
I am sure that being so sexually aroused while at the same time seeing my neighbor's eyes looking directly at me caused my already overloaded senses to overreact.  
  
Obviously I knew that most couples have sex, but this felt so invasive of our privacy.  
  
Once I was out sight I began to laugh uncontrollably knowing that undoubtedly I would have done the same thing had I seen my neighbor and her husband having sex.  
  
My husband had no idea what had just happened until I motioned to the window and let him know that our neighbor had been watching my almost naked activities.  
  
He casually glanced over his shoulder and saw our neighbor's curtains quickly close.  
  
It just seemed so typical that the exact moment I needed to act out, instead of having to worry about our daughters walking in unexpectedly, I picked my moment to perform almost directly in front of a window that faced our neighbor's kitchen.  
  
Because we were on a lower level from her spy perch, she undoubtedly was able to see my lack of clothing and possibly my floor dance and resulting orgasm.  
  
To add to my frustration, almost immediately after scrambling away from the window our front door sprung open and the question, "What's for lunch?" sent me scurrying back to the bedroom to get dressed.  
  
I was once again resolved to behaving myself and fulfilling my role as a still sexually frustrated mother.  
  
My poor husband was relegated to hiding his physical reaction to my performance by quickly placing a sofa pillow across his lap while our daughter yelped and played in front of him, while I prepared our lunch with a soaking crotch and an unrequited yearning for what might have been.

**Exposed Ch. 09 Pt. 02**

**Office Antics**  
My husband and I were at that point where many couples get to with young children i.e. too busy with too little time for ourselves.  
  
It was frustrating to be so totally focused on everything else other than time to be together, but I just accepted that this was the way it was after you started a family.  
  
What we did in our twenties seemed to be long ago and no longer appropriate.  
  
I had pretty much put aside my fantasies of scantily clad adventures and had simply come to desire adult conversation and time to ourselves.  
  
Just to dress up and go out would be such a luxury.  
  
So we decided to set a specific evening aside for what we referred to as "our date night". We would schedule a sitter and go out to dinner or a movie or whatever else suited our fancy.  
  
It would be a perfect opportunity for us to be on our own and to catch up on each other's lives.  
  
Our first "date night" was fast approaching and I wanted to wear something special. I had my dress all picked out, but I wanted to have something underneath that made me feel sexy.  
  
I had purchased a black and white satin striped bra and garter belt set a number of weeks before, but could never find the right panties to coordinate with it. And besides we never had time to ourselves anyway, so it really didn't matter.  
  
But when I opened my lingerie drawer, there the set was front and center as if demanding me to put it on.  
  
I think that my lingerie drawer is talking to me.  
  
First, the leopard print string bikini panties, and now my satin striped bra and garter belt set.  
  
I committed to find a pair of panties that day so I could wear my lingerie set for our first date night.  
  
After my oldest had left for school I gathered up my youngest and headed to the mall.  
  
I decided to first check the department stores as they had more of an assortment than you know who.  
  
The moment I entered the lingerie dept. I saw them. They were the tiniest string bikini panties in black with white polka dots on the front and a completely sheer back. The borders of the panties had a decorative black lace scalloped edge, and the string sides were literally a string of stretchy nylon.  
  
A polka dot pattern seemed the ideal compliment to my striped satin bra and garter belt set.  
  
I didn't even try them on knowing that they were perfect.  
  
If anything they might be too small, which would still be perfect.  
  
I always liked the feeling of having my cheeks only partially covered, although I have never been much of a fan of thongs. Thus a bit too small panties fit me and my style to a T.  
  
The next night I was ready having put on a black short sleeve sweater dress with a squared neck line. It zipped up the back from my panty line to my neck.  
  
And, of course, underneath I had on my perfectly coordinated bra, bikini, and garter belt set. I wore black stockings along with a pair of brown snake skin pumps with 4 inch heels.  
  
One look in our full length mirror seemed the perfect antidote to having worn "mommy" clothes for so long.  
  
I hadn't felt so good about myself in quite a while.  
  
Feeling the sweater material of my dress against my bare skin made me feel exposed, which catered perfectly to my need to feel like I did in my twenties before a date.  
  
My attire really had nothing to do with the thoughts of having sex or exposure. I just wanted to feel sexy.  
  
It is much like when I would go on dates as a young woman. I liked to wear sexy panties and short skirts just to feel good about myself and to put that look in my dates eyes that told me I looked great.  
  
  
When I came to the door to greet my husband as he came home from work, he had that look in his eyes that I hadn't seen since my erotic dance in our family room.  
  
This seemed to be on its way to being a memorable night.  
  
How memorable it turned out to be was beyond my expectations.  
  
Dinner was fabulous. I couldn't believe how much I missed the exclusive company of my husband.  
  
Just to spend time in the company of another adult was a luxury that I had missed so much. And considering that the adult was a very handsome male made it that much more pleasurable.  
  
I loved the looks that we received from other couples. Even the wait staff seemed to pay us special attention.  
  
I harbored no thoughts of sex or engaging in any risqué behavior. It really was just about spending alone time together.  
  
I know, I know.  
  
You are wondering why I was wearing something so sexy underneath my dress, if I had no plans to play.  
  
As I stated before, I simply wanted to feel good about myself.  
  
And this is how I dress up for virtually any occasion i.e. weddings, formal parties, dinner dates, etc.  
  
I simply enjoy feeling sexy and provocative.  
  
Now to contradict my previous statement, by the time our meal ended I hatched a plan to hitch my dress up over my waist on the way home, then kneel on the front seat of the car, and suck on some creme boule as a special 'thank you' to my date for such a wonderful evening.  
  
It had been quite a while since I had given him an auto erotic experience, and since he always loved to see my nylon covered bottom bobbing up and down as I made his penis my personal popsicle, it seemed the perfect way to show my appreciation.  
  
I didn't want the evening to end and I thought that by providing some extracurricular activity on the way home my husband would want to schedule another "date night' as soon as possible.  
  
Yes, I can use my womanly wiles to get my way of I need to.  
  
And besides I do enjoy a little cream with my coffee.  
  
As we were heading towards what I thought to be home I started to reach for my seat belt as a prelude to my oral exam. At precisely the same time my husband told me that he needed to stop in the office to pick up some papers that he had forgotten.  
  
I was a bit surprised as he didn't like his current job or boss so the idea of bringing work home seemed unlikely.  
  
My initial reaction was to question him as to why, but since I hadn't as yet seen his office I thought, "Why not?".  
  
After all it would extend our alone time together and what I had planned for the ride home could wait a little longer.  
  
We parked outside and entered the building. He was in charge of a small regional sales office that was located on the seventh floor of an office building.  
  
The building was a red brick structure just off of one of the city's main arteries. We were there in a flash and pulled into the parking lot at the back of the building.  
  
He came around to my side and opened my door. As I slid out of the car I could feel the material of my dress stick to the fabric of the car seat.  
  
As I exited the car my legs were uncovered to the top of my thighs giving my date i.e. husband, a full look at my stocking tops, garter straps and the start of my black and white polka dot patterned crotch.  
  
I looked into his eyes and saw a slight change in his expression.  
  
It was the kind of expression that often filled me with nervous anticipation.  
  
We walked through the front door into a small lobby area and proceeded to the elevators.  
  
Once the doors closed he reached around my back and gave my bottom a good hard squeeze.  
  
It may have been my imagination or a projection of my own feelings, but there seemed to be a sense of urgency in his groping of my bottom.  
  
I knew then that I needed to follow through on my plan once we got back into the car.  
  
It was obvious that both of us were feeling a bit horny.  
  
What I couldn't understand was how goosebumps appeared all over my arms and legs.  
  
I have had my cheeks grabbed many times before, but there was something more to this particular molestation.  
  
I passed it off as my own pre-performance anxiety.  
  
After all having my head down and my bottom sticking up often left me exposed to the prying eyes of other motorists and tonight my panties had a completely sheer backside.  
  
I realize that I refer to myself as an exhibitionist, however if I was trying to be more accurate, my exhibitionist tendencies are more related to performing for a single individual.  
  
The thought of possibly being seen by others is very arousing to me, but I don't intentionally seek an audience nor desire one.  
  
So it seemed only natural to me to be a little nervous prior to our ride home.  
  
Despite the fact that we lived in a reasonably sized city, you never knew who might just happen to be driving alongside of you while you performed fellatio on your date.  
  
Years ago I had had my little running with the police while "parking" with my date and the memory had never quite left my mind.  
  
His hand didn't quite stop with groping my bottom, but explored the outline of my garter belt along with my back garter straps as they passed inside the fabric of my polka dot panties and then continuing down my legs to attach to my stockings.  
  
He already knew that I had on his favorite style of lingerie i.e. garter belt, stockings, and string bikini panties because of the peek that he was given in the parking lot, but his groping hand further confirmed it.  
  
I was trembling as we passed some cleaning people in the hallway on the way to his office. We both smiled at the crew and said, "Hi." I wondered whether they noticed my flushed complexion brought on by the sense of premonition that I had gotten in the elevator.  
  
Or maybe it was simply that my date's hand hadn't left my bottom since our elevator ride.  
  
It can be just a bit unsettling if not embarrassing to have your bottom squeezed while you are greeting a group of strangers.  
  
As we passed them I didn't dare to turn around to see whether anyone noticed.  
  
My apprehension was increasing with every step towards his office.  
  
My husband hadn't acted so overtly sexual since before we had children, and it was something that I was no longer accustomed to.  
  
He lead me down the hall to the front door of his office.  
  
All of the office doors were recessed with two large rectangular windows on either side to be able to see in and a small square sign with the company's name on the wall next to the door.  
  
He unlocked the door while at the same time giving me a little firmer squeeze on my bottom again feeling the outline of my string panties.  
  
I was getting wet.  
  
He opened the door closing it behind us.  
  
The front area was an open space with four desks and a small seating area for clients. I figured that it was where the administrative staff worked.  
  
The colors were in muted tones of gray and mauve. The furniture was all in light tan. It was all pretty nondescript except for a set of four large framed prints on the walls that were full of bright colors very similar to Roy Lichtenstein pop art.  
  
They completely changed the tone from one of a drab business setting to a much more fun one.  
  
I was sure that my husband had picked the art work out as it was his style to not be overly serious in any situation.  
  
I began to imagine what it would be like to work in an office such as this wearing stockings and garter belts as opposed to the typical pantyhose knowing that from time to time my dress would ride up high enough to reveal my garter straps and stocking tops.  
  
The thought of being seen by an attractive co-worker or executive sent a ripple of excitement through me.  
  
I was happy that my husband had decided to stop at his office, as I was most certainly getting into the mood of my planned performance for the ride home.  
  
As my imagination began to consider other possibilities I felt two fingers push the fabric of my dress into the space between my legs easily finding my already swelling lower lips.  
  
I gasped from the suddenness of his assault while simultaneously moving my feet apart to provide him better access.  
  
The pressure continued eliciting a soft moan to escape between my other set of lips.  
  
Releasing his hold on my crotch, I felt both hands take a hold of the back of my dress. Down came my zipper letting a rush of cool air caress my almost bare back.  
  
I was either too surprised to react or didn't want to when the shoulders of my dress were pulled down my arms.  
  
Before I knew it I was standing in the waiting area of his office wearing my coordinating stripes and polka dots.  
  
I am a mother of two young children, who truly thought that my days of risqué behavior were over, yet here I was standing in a regional sales office wearing nothing but a half bra with two nipples poking out over the top, a matching garter belt with black stockings, and a teeny, tiny polka dot string bikini panty with a completely sheer back and a soaking crotch.  
  
For God's sake a cleaning crew had just passed us mere seconds ago in the hallway, all of whom could easily reappear just outside the side windows of the front door.  
  
This is not how you treat someone who is trying to establish themselves as a role model for two young children.  
  
However it is exactly how you treat someone who has a submissive sexual personality.  
  
I do believe that we are all creatures with multiple personalities. How we behave in the workplace, at home, or sexually can and often are very different.  
  
My sexual personality which derives from what makes me the most aroused is to be submissive to another's wants and desires.  
  
I am far from comfortable being stripped to my undies in a business office or any other public place, however my sexual personality relishes it.  
  
My conservative mother personality reacted immediately and I quickly reached down to my ankles, to grab my dress, and pull it northward, however as I bent forward a hard smack stung my barely covered bottom.  
  
I jumped in response to his stinging retort on my rump causing me to walk right out of the black sweater dress.  
  
Getting myself covered quickly was no longer an option as my dress no longer covered any part of me including my ankles.  
  
Turning around I saw the look that always brought goosebumps to my skin and a funny kind of anxious feeling in my stomach. It was the same look that resulted in me being tied to our bed a few years prior with a massager applied to my lower lips causing me to almost pass out from the exquisite sensations enveloping my entire being.  
  
It was the sort of look that told me that my dress was only the beginning as I was about to be stripped of any sense of proper behavior or propriety.  
  
It was the look that told me that only one thing was now paramount to him, i.e., my total and complete submission to his desires.  
  
It was as if my just previous imaginings of working in an office setting were coming to life, although being stripped to my underwear hadn't quite been a part of them.  
  
I now knew that this was the reason that I felt such a sense of apprehension in the elevator. When you have lived with someone long enough you often can get a sense of their unspoken thoughts or desires.  
  
What I had sensed in the elevator was about to be played out, and I was nervous.  
  
Despite my concerns regarding our public locale my entire body tingled in anticipation of what might be in store for me.  
  
Leaving my dress lying on the floor just inside the door, I was lead to the office's single conference room.  
  
It was your typical conference room with a long rectangular table occupying most of the space with chairs set around it on all sides.  
  
Windows to the outside covered an entire wall, although at this height only the birds would have a good view of me in my undies or anyone looking through the windows from the hallway.  
  
A fact that I was still quite aware of.  
  
And with my dress now several feet away a tinge of embarrassment due to my unplanned exposure was bringing on a very anxious feeling.  
  
A part of me wanted to resist, but that part wasn't quite in control.  
  
The conference room light was left off, however the lights from the reception area illuminated the end of the table that I was directed to.  
  
The chair on the end closest to us was pushed out of the way and I was turned so my front faced the now unobstructed end of the conference table.  
  
His left hand reached around to my lower stomach finding the tiny space of bare skin that existed between my garter belt and panties. Slowly he slid it down until his fingers were inside the front of my panties. I felt his index finger locate my now protruding female nub as he kneaded it like a tiny roll of slick and slippery dough.  
  
I moaned as exquisite sensations invaded my erogenous zone.  
  
Despite my initial misgivings I knew that I would have no real resistance to whatever may happen next.  
  
My sexual personality had taken over.  
  
Possibly sensing my initial hesitation or simply following through on his own desire to control my submissive nature, I was bent over the large table as his fingers continued to perform their magic between my legs.  
  
I reached out to the sides grasping both ends of the conference table in essence splaying myself as if to indicate my full compliance to his sexual whims.  
  
My eyes were closed so I had no premonition of what would occur next, when I felt the second stinging slap of his firm right hand across my almost bare cheek.  
  
The sound of flesh on flesh resounded inside the conference room as did my vocal gasp of surprise and pain.  
  
The echo of my sexual expression was surprisingly arousing and my jerking reaction to his unexpected onslaught only resulted in a stronger sensation of delectable pleasure as his fingers rolled across my swollen nub.  
  
Another loud smack across my bottom send shivers up and down my spine as the combination of pain and pleasure took hold.  
  
Both sensations were almost indistinctive bringing a feeling of warmth across all of my exposed skin.  
  
Moisture was exuding from every pore and despite my earlier apprehension I was becoming very, very aroused.  
  
My very active imagination went into overtime and I now pictured myself as an assistant for this handsome executive, who was currently demonstrating his displeasure with my work performance by spanking me publicly over the end of the office's conference room.  
  
I further imagined the office staff gathered around to observe my humiliating punishment.  
  
Being stripped to my undies and publicly spanked was a very frequent fantasy of mine that often resulted in a very satisfying session of self-pleasure.  
  
Since the pleasure this time was being administered by my date it was almost as if my fantasy was real.  
  
My entire body was reacting to the physical and mental stimulation as every part of me vibrated in a frenzy of excitement.  
  
Coming back to reality, I tried to glance over my shoulder towards the other room wondering whether the cleaning crew was still roaming the hallways, but another smack across my willing flesh brought my focus back to my sexual longings.  
  
With my eyes shut tight I could see the small group of male and female co-workers gathered around the conference table watching my sheer nylon covered cheeks clench in anticipation of every stinging retort.  
  
The feeling of sexual and physical humiliation was bringing me closer and closer to the edge.  
  
I raised my buttocks slightly off of the table in a submissive greeting to his next smack continuing to emit little reactive grunts of pain and pleasure.  
  
As my final response to the multitude of stimuli my entire body tightened up as one single muscle and a series of uncontrolled and almost violent spasms overtook me. I was orgasming and making the guttural sounds to confirm it.  
  
No longer having any concern for who might hear me or be nearby, I gave myself over to the raw animal pleasure of not one, but multiple orgasms that took me over.  
  
I probably looked like a wet fish out of water flopping uncontrollably on the table top.  
  
I was not only wet between my legs but now over my entire body.  
  
Being spanked and felt up in an office setting seemed to be the perfect aphrodisiac for a woman that had properly behaved herself for the past many years.

However my indecorous predicament was far from over.  
  
Once I was finished vibrating, I was turned over and gently pushed back onto the conference table until my wet body was lying fully on the top with my stocking covered legs dangling over the edge.  
  
The sound of a belt buckle unfastening and a zipper being pulled down implied what might be about to happen next.  
  
Taking a quick glance towards the center portion of my date's torso currently positioned between my spread legs confirmed that his own physical reaction to the setting and recent activity was similar to mine without the ensuing moisture.  
  
Although that was about to shortly change.  
  
I reached down between my legs sliding the crotch of my soaked panties aside and guided his moisture seeking missile inside of me.  
  
My back inadvertently arched as he thrusted forward.  
  
My legs came up seeking a better position to experience the full onslaught of his flesh in mine allowing him to firmly take a hold of my thighs to keep me from sliding away.  
  
Besides the sounds of our grunting and groaning with every thrust of his pelvis, I could hear the sound that a squeegee makes when cleaning a wet window.  
  
My backside was so wet that it was squeaking as it rubbed on the conference table.  
  
The back of my sheer panties was sticking to the table top due to the excess moisture and with every thrust forward they would inch down my backside.  
  
It didn't take long for them to be rolled down so that my bare flesh was now sliding back and forth over the varnished wood.  
  
This was nothing about making love and had no similarity to it. This was about two very sexually frustrated adults letting out their primal yearnings on each other in order to satisfy their hunger.  
  
I was being jackhammered by a very horny man and enjoying it immensely.  
  
And having it done on an office conference room was wildly erotic.  
  
My half cup bra was yanked downward fully exposing two very hard and erect nipples.  
  
One of his hands freed itself from my thighs and begin to roll one of my nipples between a forefinger and thumb.  
  
I moaned aloud in response to this new stimulation wrapping my freed leg around his torso to provide better leverage.  
  
I wanted to feel every millimeter of him inside me.  
  
This time I didn't need to imagine anything. Any fantasy that I harbored regarding sex in an office setting was being fulfilled in a very dramatic and overt fashion.  
  
Although the lights in the conference room remained off, the lights from the reception area clearly illuminated all of my husband and most of myself from the waist down.  
  
After every third thrust or so I would lift my head and observe what was happening between us and the previously humiliating thought of being seen by the cleaning crew now became a secret fantasy.  
  
The sense of being a submissive participant and object of sexual desire made my orgasms that much more overwhelming.  
  
My first convulsion was joined with a convulsion of my husband's as I felt his hot liquid spew deep inside my vagina.  
  
I let out a loud, "Oh God!" grabbing the sides of the table to try and subdue the spasms overtaking my body.  
  
My outcry reverberated inside the room letting anyone within earshot know that I had been skewered in a most pleasant and effective manner.  
  
Both of us spasmed vocalizing our extreme pleasure regarding our actions with a chorus of uhs and ohs.  
  
Anyone nearby couldn't possibly mistake the sounds uttering from our open mouths from anything other than sexual bliss.  
  
When it was over, I lay spread eagled at the end of the conference table as my husband withdrew himself gripping his penis to not drip on the rug.  
  
We hadn't planned on any event that might require spot removal.  
  
Of course, I could have tracked down the cleaning crew still wearing nothing but my underwear with my still erect nipples uncovered and a soaking crotch to ask them to provide some help.  
  
Not!  
  
Have you noticed that following a good orgasm any fantasies that brought you to it quickly disappear?  
  
I slowly rose to a sitting position at the end of the conference table noting a sudden rush of cold air across my soaked back and bottom.  
  
Simultaneously a good dose of reality smacked me in the face.  
  
I glanced around now fully aware that I was wearing nothing more than my undies with two swollen knots of flesh poking out over the top of my half cup bra.  
  
Now the lights in the reception area seemed to be extensively bright and revealing to my state of undress.  
  
There was my dress still piled on the floor only a few feet from the door.  
  
The table top would certainly require a good wipe.  
  
Lowering myself to the floor I pulled the back of my panties up although the moisture on my reddened bottom didn't make it very easy to adjust myself.  
  
Looking back over my shoulder I saw that the conference table would require a good wipe due to our moisture laden activities.  
  
My earlier sense of anticipation's now replaced by a full blown anxiety that we would be discovered.  
  
By whom and what difference it would make didn't matter as panic had set in and I wanted to get dressed, cleaned up, and on our way home as soon as possible.  
  
Stepping back into my heels which had mysteriously come off during our erotic exercise , I exited the conference room, almost running to scoop up my dress, and redressed myself as I headed to the ladies room.  
  
See what I mean about pre-orgasmic fantasies disappearing post orgasm?  
  
On the other hand my husband simply zipped up and walked to the men's.  
  
I must say that you men do have a much easier time tidying up after a bout off long overdue sex.  
  
I on the other hand had to sit on the toilet for a number of minutes as the liquid residue of our recent pastime dripped out of me.  
  
Wiping off, pulling up my panties and then standing in front of the mirror in an attempt to change my currently disheveled look to the same one that I presented to the cleaning crew on the way in required some patience. Thankfully I had become accustomed to wearing my hair short, so post-sexual hair was easy to fix.  
  
When I came back to the office my orgasm inducing date was wiping up the residue leftover from our lovemaking from the top of conference table.  
  
When we walked back to the elevator with the only remaining evidence of our sordid activities in our minds.  
  
At least until I just shared it with anyone reading this story.  
  
I never went back to my husband's office after that, although this had very little to do with what had occurred on our date night.  
  
He was very unhappy with the company that he was with and the people that he worked for, so it didn't seem like a very inviting place to me.  
  
His unhappiness affected our date nights as well.  
  
We still enjoyed getting off by ourselves, but any desire for extracurricular activities seemed gone.  
  
I often emptied his squirt gun on the way home from our date while showing off my choice of panties, but neither one of us seemed very interested in going any further.  
  
However about 20 months after being skewered on the conference table my husband left his employer and began work for a company that suited him perfectly and what we began in our early 20's was going to make a huge comeback in our middle 30's.

**Exposed Ch. 10**

Once my children were old enough so I could do things outside of the home, I volunteered at their grade school to be a part time art appreciation instructor. I also became very active in a local women's group eventually getting elected as their president.  
  
I was fully emerged in the whole idea of motherhood as well as being an active participant in our community. Any thought of finding myself in any sort of risqué situation seemed just a fantasy that would remain unfulfilled. Now I was known by too many people and had a reputation to consider. Being seen outdoors in my undies by someone I knew would not just be embarrassing, but be utterly humiliating . I knew many, many more people than I had ever known before and virtually not a day went by that I wouldn't see one of them either at the grocery store, the school, or somewhere else that I commonly frequented. I was definitely dedicated to my growing role in the school system and the local community.  
  
The skewering that I experienced in my husband's conference room had become a very pleasurable but distant memory. I just seemed too risky to partake in any sexual endeavors particularly if it involved public places. I still used the memories of the conference room whenever I masturbated, but at the same time felt very fortunate that we hadn't been seen by anyone. It just didn't seem to be appropriate behavior for a mother or even someone my age.  
  
Despite my dedication to staying proper my sexy persona still would still show itself. I was developing a reputation amongst my peers of being the sexy mom. I was always the one in form fitted dresses and pants, and shorter skirts. Even when I tried to dress conservatively my personal sense of style drew attention. I hated panty hose and thus whenever hosiery was required, I wore a garter belt and stockings or thigh highs. My dresses or skirts were not necessarily that short, however when I sat down in front of a classroom to teach, the hemline would slide up my legs enough to often display my stocking tops and sometimes even my garter clips. I was quite oblivious to my exposure until the teacher of one of the classes informed me that my garter straps had been on display during my presentation.  
  
I flushed crimson red. However when the teacher asked me about wearing stockings and garter belts instead of pantyhose, I found myself becoming a bit of a lingerie consultant to a number of the younger female teachers. I even would put on a little show and tell for them when they asked to see my garters.  
  
My other forays into any sort of exhibitionism were restricted to the summer months and the wearing of a bikini swim suit while with my family at the beach. However a neighbor two yards over changed all of that.  
  
I started to spend quite a bit of time outdoors during the summer months either playing with my children or doing yard work. Yes, I am one of those women that enjoys mowing the lawn. My neighbor spend every sunny day outdoors in a thong bathing suit. I would see her and feel envious towards her care free attitude and eventually got the courage to ask her about her lack of concern over showing so much skin. From that point forward we became good friends and spent many an afternoon sitting in lawn chairs sipping iced tea and sharing stories of our lives. She was always in one of her thongs and I typically in short shorts and a tee.  
  
One afternoon she walked across the adjoining backyards appearing on the deck at my backdoor. It seems that she had been thinking about my statement of being envious of her and decided that it was time to do something about it. She asked what I was wearing under my t-shirt and cotton summer skirt. I responded that I had on my swimming suit. She told me to show her and those familiar feelings of embarrassment and anxiety that I thought were gone forever came tickling up and down my spine.  
  
The following photo collage is a reenactment of my neighborly striptease.  
  
I slipped my t-shirt up over my head to reveal my bright yellow triangle bikini top. "Oooh, I like that!" was the response I heard as I was concentrating on the elastic waistband of my skirt. My entire body felt as if it were being assaulted by live wires as I pulled my skirt down my thighs having to lean against a nearby chair in order to free one leg at a time. My disrobing was even a bit more difficult as each foot had a high heel pump attached to it. Once my skirt was off, I stood in front of her in a teeny yellow string bikini that barely covered the essentials although it certainly didn't compare to her thong.  
  
The following photo collage is a reenactment of my neighborly striptease. She had me turn around slowly so she could really look me over. It felt strange and sexy to be posing in front of another women. It wasn't anything sexual but sexy, if you can understand the difference.  
  
Her response was too perfect as she remarked, "If I had a body like yours I wouldn't wear anything outside." From that point on any time she saw me outside with shorts or another coverup, she would scold me and tell me to put my bikini on. For the remainder of that summer and the following few, I pretty much spent all of my time outdoors in a string bikini. It didn't seem so scandalous considering her own outdoor attire and I enjoyed feeling the warm sun on my exposed skin.  
  
It didn't take long for me to become quite comfortable in front of my neighbors and friends in just a bikini. In essence I had become a mix of the dedicated mother figure and the sexy woman that I had always wanted to be.  
  
I was still a long way from even considering my almost forgotten desires to be stripped or told to strip outdoors, but that was about to change.  
  
My husband had finally left the company that he disliked so much and had joined one that he was really happy with. It made such a difference in our relationship. He was happy again, which resulted in more of his focus being put on his sexy wife i.e. me.  
  
I rarely could pass by him without his hand squeezing my bottom or giving it a little pat. He loved seeing me in my tiny swimming suits and panties and began to focus the camera that we had purchased to record moments in our children's lives on me. I was his pin up model and loved everything about it.  
  
I would get quite aroused modeling my undies for him, however everything was kept indoors and only when our children were either napping or outdoors playing.  
  
My modeling sessions often led to sex but more times than not it was quick and not all that satisfying as either nap time would end or our daughters would come back indoors from playing. It became frustrating for both of us to get so excited and not have the time that we needed to fully take advantage of our sexual desires. But that was about to change.  
  
(I originally posted a portion of the following under the title "A Flash of Red" using my other pen name, HarleyFatboy1. What follows is the entire story of a trip that I took with my husband that is partially described in my previous posting.)  
  
That winter my husband was asked to attend a business seminar in Clearwater, FL. He asked his boss if I could come along to escape the Midwest winter. Much to my complete delight, his boss thought that it was a good idea and I found myself packing my recently adopted summer wear i.e. a couple of mini skirts, some summer tops, a nice dress for evenings, three string bikinis, and bras and panties, including a bright red one with sheer panels discreetly located on either side of my pubis.  
  
We arrived in Clearwater late on a Saturday with the seminar not starting until Monday morning giving us all day Sunday to ourselves. I had no idea how being away from home, without children, away from everyone that we knew, and in a warm climate would wonderfully affect my traveling companion's intentions towards me nor my reaction to his intentions.  
  
On Sunday we decided to explore Clearwater. We visited many of the boutique style stores located on the main drag; most of them displaying clothing dedicated towards showing as much skin as possible. I tried on micro minis, teeny string bikinis, and sheer blouses and swim suit coverups. Modeling all of these outfits for my admirer had an effect on my 35 year old body. I was experiencing that same overall vibrating sensation that I would have when I was sitting in the backseat of my date's car wearing just my panties and bra. The combination of being nearly naked mixed with a degree of sexual submissiveness always caused wonderful sensations throughout my erogenous zones. This was no different from when I was 19 showing myself off for a very appreciative audience of one.  
  
Once we arrived back in the parking structure connected to our high rise resort hotel, I exited the car, walked to the front, and leaned over the guard rail to view the row of high rises and miles of beach. Everything seemed so perfect. My companion came alongside of me taking me in his arms and planting a very passionate kiss on my ready lips. I pushed myself into him and could feel his already firm erection against my stomach. His hands gripped my bottom exploring the lines of my tiny bikini panties as I leaned closer into him. Unexpectedly he reached to my side and I felt the zipper of my mini skirt descending down my hip. With a little tug my skirt slipped down my bare legs pooling around my sandals. It was late Sunday afternoon and with the seminar beginning Monday morning their was a bit of activity in the parking ramp as seminar attendees arrived in their rental cars to check in. We were mostly obscured by parked cars although anyone with a keen eye would be able to spot me standing next to the guard rail wearing a short navy blue blouse and coordinating sky blue panties. Besides the occasional passing cars, their also was the occasional sound of rolling wheels scrapping along the concrete as people walked from their parked cars to the doors of the hotel. I should have immediately reached for my fallen skirt, but I felt no desire to protest or to cover up.  
  
Being away from home, away from anyone who knew me, and in such a warm climate made it almost seem natural to me to be barely dressed, particularly with a man that had a devilish grin on his face. an expression that I would see quite a bit of over the next two days. After all did it really matter if someone saw me embracing a handsome executive with my skirt draped around my ankles? This was a beach town where people of all shapes and sizes often came to uncover their pale white bodies and luxuriate in the sunshine. I just happened to have had mine uncovered in a parking structure.  
  
My arms wrapped around my companion's neck and I stepped out of my skirt completing his attempt to undress me. One of his hands again found my nylon covered butt, while his other one reached between my legs. Two of his fingers easily found my swollen kernel through the thin nylon fabric of my moistening panties. I was about to be fingered in a public parking structure. Despite my years of conservative behavior, my sexual fantasies always found me outdoors in public venues wearing little more than a pair of sexy panties. Now here I was experiencing one of them with as I was starting a very short trip towards an orgasm.  
  
I moved my legs apart to provide him better access to my accommodating nub.  
  
As my own body began to match the rhythm of his fingers with my pelvis moving back and forth to accentuate the sensations invading my crotch he suddenly stopped. I backed away letting my arms slip from his neck disappointed with his unexpected disruption of my trip down orgasm lane. Standing right in front of him I watched his fingers move to the top button of my navy blouse. He undid the first one, then the second, then the third as I stood perfectly still feeling the warm air on my exposed skin. When the last button was undone he opened my blouse exposing my two tiny mounds of flesh topped by two very hard and erect dark red nipples.  
  
I quickly turned around deciding that my topless torso would be better facing the open air than any prying eyes of seminar goers. Immediately he reached around me and two of his fingers again found my swollen nub while two others discovered my swollen nipples. I took a hold of the guard rail to keep my weak knees from collapsing and felt his own swollen anatomy pushing itself between my barely covered cheeks. As my tiny orbs bounced up and down in response to my bottom being humped by his erection, I was picked and prodded until I came.  
  
I don't have the sexiest orgasm dance as my body tends to be much more spastic than convulsive, so I used the guard rail as my secure perch while my hips went one way and my legs another. The orgasm was exquisite and when it was over I turned back towards my escort with my blouse wide open, my panties wet, and a big smile on my face as I planted a big kiss on his lips. This already was beginning to be a trip to remember.  
  
I didn't bother to button up or to put my skirt back on for at least 10 minutes as I reveled in the act of standing wrapped in my companion's arms with the warm air caressing my near nakedness. As any cars passed or pedestrians walked near my exposer did an excellent job of shielding any view of me from them.  
  
Standing topless in just my panties facing out towards the Clearwater skyline became a common theme over the next couple of days as every morning we would have coffee on the small terrace of our hotel room. I loved how sexy it made me feel.  
  
Later the same evening when we returned to our hotel room following dinner at one of the local fish shacks, I was in for another little excursion into exhibitionism. I was changing out of my clothes wearing just a pair of black string bikini panties when my executive sporting the same devilish grin took my collection of short shorts, mini skirts, blouses, and t-shirts and dropped them over our balcony. I pretended to scowl at him, but couldn't wait to find out what his latest scheme might have in store for me.  
  
He told me that my clothes had accidentally dropped over the balcony and that if I didn't want to find myself just wearing panties the next day, I would have to retrieve them. Placing my hands on my hips I made my best effort of showing indignation for his actions replying, "Oh really!"  
  
Our balcony was three floors above the roof of the convention center and just two doors down the hallway was the staircase that exited out onto the roof. My clothes weren't lost by any means, however they did require a person to walk down two flights of stairs, out an exit door, and past two hotel room windows to retrieve them. Although the person in question would be topless, as I purposely hadn't packed any bras, and in a tiny black string bikini panty. And that person would be me.  
  
I surprised myself by not even taking the time to consider my actions. Without any hesitation I opened our hotel room door and walked down the hallway to the stairwell door. However once our room door closed behind me a sudden realization of how little I was wearing sent a bolt of "what the hell am I doing" through my spine. Every little sound was magnified as I opened the stairwell door listening for anyone who might be present. When I thought that the way was clear I went down the stairs as quickly as two very nervous legs on high heels could carry me. In no time at all I was opening the door to the roof.  
  
Once outside it was glorious. The sun was almost set, the heat of the day was replaced by a cooler gulf breeze and my body luxuriated in the sense of freedom I felt. All of the pretenses and preconceptions of how a married mother of two should act were gone. Being outdoors on such a beautiful evening despite my lack of attire was glorious. I again became quite confident and comfortable in my state of undress.  
  
I walked past the windows of the two hotel rooms seeing the occupants of both sitting on their beds while watching TV having no idea that a 35 year old woman was right outside in nothing more than her panties.  
  
My very pleased voyeur was out on the balcony two stories up watching me so I did my best imitation of a showgirl strutting my stuff as I walked towards my discarded clothes. I picked them up and shook them at my taskmaster as if to show that his creative performances for me were having no effect. In actuality just the opposite was happening as I was extremely aroused. I hoped that his creative tasks would continue barely able to wait to be told what to do next. The tingling all through my body was heavenly in a most devilish way. His game of dares was a delectable version of foreplay that I didn't want to end. Every nerve ending from my head to my toes was on full alert. Making my way back to the stairwell door I held my discarded clothes in my arms although I could have easily gotten dressed first. I can't quite remember if it was that the thought never occurred to me or I didn't want to. The later does seem the more likely.  
  
Just as I reached for the handle of the door, a sudden fear ran through me. What if the door to the roof had automatically locked from the inside and I was at the mercy of someone else to get back inside. The thought of actually being discovered by someone while wearing just my panties petrified me and yet I could feel the tingling increasing, and I still didn't stop to get dressed.  
  
I could only imagine how embarrassing it would be to have someone open the door to find me nearly naked and yet a part of me wished that it would happen. I am not really the type to show myself off in front of strangers, but the idea of it happening accidentally does cause my heart to race a bit.  
  
I tentatively reached for the door handle and felt it turn in my hand. "Well, so much for needing someone's ones help." I thought to myself with a small degree of disappointment. With a little pull of the handle, I was back inside.  
  
I walked back up the stairs no longer listening for any noise of someone unsuspectedly coming upon me. I scolded myself for worrying so much. After all I now had my clothes to cover my breasts and a black string bikini panty could easily pass for a swimsuit bottom particularly in Florida, or so I wanted to believe. And besides it made me feel extremely sexy walking around wearing so little. I arrived at our hotel room door, knocked and reentered immediately throwing myself on top of my clothes thrower knocking us both back onto the bed. Bodily fluids flowed and orgasms followed.  
  
This really was turning out to be a trip to remember.  
  
The next morning when we got downstairs, the hotel had a beautiful buffet arranged in the hallway outside the meeting room, however the only places to sit were groups of eight chairs arranged around short coffee tables that were only large enough to hold each person's coffee and juice glasses.  
  
I was wearing a black denim micro mini skirt, a short red linen button up blouse, red heels, and those red panties with the sheer panels that I purposely mentioned at the beginning of this tale.  
  
I had assumed that there would be tables with tablecloths that would cover my very exposed legs when I sat down. "Oh well." I thought. I will just get a large cloth napkin to place on my lap and all will be well.  
  
I got into the buffet line with my husband, filled my plate with fruit, took an orange juice (after all we were in Florida), filled a coffee cup and looked for the typical silverware wrapped in a cloth napkin. Instead the silverware was open and, if they had had cloth napkins, they were all used and in their place was pile of small paper cocktail napkins. I was horrified. The only way to effectively eat breakfast was to sit in a chair along with 7 other people, with one's plate on one's lap. I knew that for at least 5 strangers sitting opposite me, (two seats were at my side and thus would not have the same view as the other people sitting with us), I was going to not only be showing my legs, but also provide a peek of red fabric. Why did I have to pick red this morning instead of black or some other dark color that wouldn't be so obvious? Is this what is known as a Freudian slip or is it a Freudian panty?

The chair opposite mine would only be about 6 feet away. My God, if my panties had been embroidered they would be able to read the cute little saying on them like "How do you like the view?"  
  
I quickly ran through my options, which were basically none. I already had a full plate of food in one hand, with a glass of juice and a full cup of coffee in the other, and my husband had already taken a seat. It is funny how my mind didn't want me to do something that would have people notice me and yet just the night before I had a secret desire to be caught in a stairwell in just my string bikini panties. Obviously the non-exhibitionist side of me was back in control. I found myself thinking about our thong wearing neighbor knowing that she would have no problem with this predicament.  
  
With a deep breath to boost my confidence I walked over to the table occupied by my husband. I looked directly at him, gave him a big smile, and sat in the seat opposite to him. I figured that if anyone was going to see directly up my skirt that it might as well be him, and he might understand the embarrassing situation I was in.  
  
As I sat down, my skirt immediately rose to a point where I could almost see my panties. I could only imagine what the view was for everyone else. I knew immediately who had a good view and who didn't simply by how their eyes opened wider and how quickly they tried not to stare. I was correct in my assumption that 5 of these young men would have a floorshow staring me with their breakfast. I sat down pressing my knees tightly together, but just the second of time that it took to place my plate on my exposed thighs, I already saw three sets of eyes look right where my plate was being placed. I gave a weak smile to everyone, and said, "Hello".  
  
They all smiled and replied in same.  
  
After a short while I realized that the best view of my panties could be had by those seated on either side of my husband, for whenever they reached over to pick up their coffee cups or juice glasses, the slight lowering of their heads was quickly followed by their eyes looking directly underneath my plate. It seemed evident that they could see the red triangle between my legs since they continuously took small sips of their drinks allowing them to lower their heads much more often than necessary. And when they reached forward for their drinks, their eyes were always looking right under my plate.  
  
I flushed crimson red at least twice while trying to keep my composure. It was embarrassing to me to have a group of strangers looking up my skirt knowing that it was certainly not my intent and yet I had no say in the matter.  
  
I understand the seemingly inconsistency of my story as just the day before I was on public display wearing nothing but panties, but there was no real public there. The excitement of possibly being seen was now replaced by the embarrassment of actually being seen. I guess that this inconsistency doesn't make me a true exhibitionist. But it does make me who I am. Of course it is flattering that a group of men would be so intent at staring at my legs and trying to see the color of my panties, but at the same time it is a bit unnerving to be the central focal point for so many male hormones. I truly wanted to not care, letting them look all they wanted to, but the bravado that I exhibited just the night before was replaced by that of a prim and proper mother of two.  
  
Did I ever claim to not be complicated?  
  
It does cause me to pose a question, though. Do most men think that we don't see them looking?  
  
Despite my best intentions, every time I reached forward to pick up either my juice glass or coffee cup, my knees would slightly part and all eyes would quickly catch whatever glimpse of red was available. Even those around the table, which I spoke to in general conversation, were rarely looking at my face when they responded to me. Instead they seemed to be looking for any shift in my position which would possibly show a flash of red.  
  
I focused my eyes on my husband's face and made my best effort to forget my predicament and enjoy breakfast.  
  
Finally breakfast and my ordeal were almost at an end. The seminar was about to start and everyone needed to be on their way.  
  
If I had thought about it I would have waited for everyone else to stand up first, but I was in such a hurry to stop showing off that I was the first to move. I moved my legs apart to stand up and knew immediately that I had just showed the entire front of my panties including my sheer panels. They say that the eyes are the windows to the soul, but in this case they were the mirrors to my crotch. Every set of eyes opened wide and an expression of pleasure and satisfaction showed on all 5 men's faces.  
  
To top it off, the act of sitting in a tight mini skirt had pulled my skirt up and while I was standing holding my plate, juice glass, and coffee cup I could tell that my skirt was no longer covering my complete backside. The very bottom of my red covered cheeks was visible to each and every man still sitting down.  
  
I quickly deposited everything on a serving tray located about four steps away and reached down to pull my skirt back in place. This time the 5 sets of eyes were joined by at least 10 more.  
  
I had very successfully showed a group of male seminar attendees my bright red panties fore and aft. Another hot flush of embarrassment formed on my face as I quickly kissed my husband and hurried off to our room.  
  
When I got back to the room I sat on the edge of the bed facing the mirror checking to see how much of me had I just flashed. It was more than I thought which was confirmed hours later by my husband who told me how much he enjoyed the view including my sheer panels.  
  
What I did next surprised me. I laid back on the bed pulling my skirt up to my waist remembering vividly that final look of pleasure that had filled each man's face. The thought that a handful of men found pleasure in seeing me embarrassed with my bright red panties on display aroused me. It aroused me a lot. Slipping my hand down the front of my bright red panties I masturbated until I had orgasmed repeatedly. I hadn't expected to feel so aroused following my embarrassing experience. The ensuing orgasms were incredible, and they brought my previous bravado back.  
  
Maybe I am an exhibitionist after all, but more of an exhibitionist in denial.  
  
I couldn't wait to experience the same feelings that had just created such incredible orgasms. I quickly showered, put on my also bright red bikini swim suit, a pair of high heeled sandals and hurried down to the pool, which just happened to be located right outside the convention center's back doors.  
  
For the remainder of the day, I laid on a lounge chair under a large beach umbrella (I burn very easily) enjoying the warm Florida sun. Every time the seminar took a break a large contingent of attendees would gather outside in the pool area with many spending their time staring in my direction.  
  
Unlike my breakfast experience, I felt no embarrassment but enjoyed each and every look that I was attracting. My husband would always join me and share comments that he had overheard after breakfast as well as following the first break. It seems that I was being referred to as the "hottie in the red bikini out by the pool."  
  
As he would share the comments with me, my nipples would harden pushing provocatively against the material of my red triangle top. They would remain this way long after he left to go back to the seminar. I was ready for another private massage session in our room, but the desire to be looked at kept me right where I was.  
  
This certainly had become a trip to remember.  
  
The submissive aspect of my sexual personality that I have referred to in other chapters was starting to become quite dominant on this trip as well.  
  
When I was alone in the room I would strip to either just a pair of panties or bikini bottoms and sit out on the balcony enjoying the warmth of the sun and air. Our room was high enough up so that a constant breeze from the gulf would keep my bare nipples hard. I would imagine myself as an administrative assistant on a business trip with my very handsome boss who required me to wear nothing but panties while in the room and short skirts and tight short shorts when outside. It wasn't difficult as my personal executive loved when my submissive nature came out to play.  
  
At the end of the first day I sat on the bed wearing nothing but my bright red panties from the morning and red high heels. My heart was pounding in my chest as I heard the door handle turn and in walked my handsome executive. His smile told me immediately that he appreciated my choice of attire and the obvious erection pushing against the front of his trousers told me that I might be in for some heavy breathing.  
  
He walked over to me so I was eye level with his physical approval. I immediately undid his belt and clasp, unzipping his zipper, and pulled his trousers down his legs. Ever since I had bought him his first pair of bikini briefs in college, he continued to wear this incredibly sexy style of underwear. He had on an ivory pair that showed off every detail of his hardened flesh. I began to salivate, which as I have mentioned before is one of the reactions I have when becoming very aroused.  
  
I slipped his bikini briefs down in front releasing his swollen head and shaft and wrapped my lips around it. I was being a very good administrative assistant in trying to relieve my executive's pent up stress and tension after a long day in a seminar. However it seemed that my executive wanted to relieve his tension in a different manner.  
  
He reached under both of my arms lifting me up from the bed, spun me around, and deposited me face down on the comforter. Quick slaps to both of my barely covered cheeks brought a moan to my lips and required me to swallow before I drooled on the bed. Then my executive pushed his swollen rod firmly between my nylon covered cheeks and began to hump me.  
  
When we were first married we tried anal sex, but it just wasn't for me. Not at all! However I love the feel of his hard penis between my cheeks as it rubs up and down.  
  
Both hands were pushing on the back of my shoulders essentially pinning me to the bed. Saliva continued to form in my mouth and I constantly had to suck in my drool. I stuck my bottom up as best I could to feel every sensation of his fervent humping. As he continued sliding up and down across my nylon panties occasionally his erection would hook the waistband yanking the fabric up between my legs. It was very similar to being touched between my open lips as the fabric rubbed across my swollen kernel.  
  
We were both breathing heavily when he stopped rubbing and pushed his plow as deeply as he could into my nylon covered furrow. Then with a loud grunt, I felt his spasm and a spurt of warm liquid splashed up my back. I almost orgasmed from the pure raw sexuality of it.  
  
Ever since I had taken my young executive downstairs into my parents basement and rubbed his long stem mushroom across my belly button I have reveled in the experience of being squirted on. The feel of hot, gooey liquid splashing across my bare skin is exhilarating to me. The look on his face, the tightening of his muscles, the grunt of satisfaction that escapes from his mouth, and long tendril of white goo that erupts from his erection make me almost giddy with pleasure. I relish the idea that I am the cause of such a sexy physical reaction, and love being a witness to it all.  
  
Now here I was pinned to the bed while my older executive baptized my bare back with his cream. I lay there as one squirt after another hit my upper, middle and lower back. It was all so erotic to me to be dripping from his liquid release.  
  
When he was done, he let go of my shoulders and raised himself off of me giving me one last smack across my sweaty cheeks for good measure. I continued to lay there relishing in the fantasy of being a sexually submissive administrative assistant. As my husband showered I masturbated to my thoughts and hoped that my executive wasn't finished with me. I then showered, got dressed, and we headed out for dinner.  
  
The entire time I simply vibrated in memory of my liquid indoctrination wondering what my handsome executive might have in store for his submissive admin. asst. next.  
  
I didn't have to wait long.  
  
Once we got back to our room, I immediately stripped to a pair of creme colored string bikini panties and went out on the balcony. I was quickly joined by my date who had stripped to his bikini briefs as well. I turned to him and began to stroke his reawakening asparagus into full bloom.  
  
I then turned around taking a hold of the balcony rail in hope for a repeat performance from before dinner. Only this time his spear was aiming a bit lower as he slipped it between my legs pushing it against my nylon crotch. I reached down pulling the nylon fabric from between my legs and guided his erection into my moist and warm aperture. I had to stand on the very tip of my tippy toes to give him the best access. As he slipped his erection inside of me a gush of warmth swept over my entire body. I arched my back letting out a long sigh of satisfaction as his hardened flesh filled my moist cavity.  
  
He started out very slow sliding back and forth as my tiny orbs jiggled over the baloney rail as if keeping time with his thrusts. As we both became more and more aroused his thrusts became faster and more forceful evoking a loud grunt from me each time he thrust forward inside of me. Soon my grunts were almost continuous as I pushed back each time he pushed forward trying to put him as deep inside of me as I could.  
  
It was so incredibly exciting to be getting speared from the back while looking out on the city, sand, and water.  
  
With one last smack of our fornicating flesh I felt his entire body tighten. His squirt gun released a gusher of creme that I seemed to feel all of the way up into my chest. I moved myself very slowly back and forth trying to milk every last drop of liquid from his organ until it slowly slipped out of me. My entire body was covered in sweat from our mutual exertion and my legs felt wobbly as I dropped to the nearest lounge chair.  
  
My handsome executive had just given his submissive admin. asst. a good going over and now she needed to rest.  
  
Tomorrow morning we would be on our way back home. I was sad to think that play time was coming to an end, but tried to remind myself that it didn't necessarily have to be true. Maybe there was a way to recreate some of our Florida experiences without being too risky, although it was the risky part that aroused me so much. I felt a wave of depression pass over me believing that our sexual escapades might be over  
  
As a final demonstration of my willingness to misbehave in the future I wore my khaki shirt dress which buttoned all of the way up the front. Once we settled into our seats and the plane was airborne, I discreetly unbuttoned all of my middle buttons spreading the loose fabric apart to give my horny executive another long look at my bright red bikini panties with the sheer panels. Every now and then he would slip his hand inside the opening and rub me in just the right way.  
  
I really hoped that this wasn't the end.

**Exposed Ch. 11**

**A Trip to Scottsdale**  
Well, it wasn't the end. In fact you might say that it was the beginning.  
  
My husband's new job had him traveling weekly, which greatly limited our alone time.  
  
Every chance that we had I transformed into his pin up model. Although we restricted all of my modeling to the indoors, I loved how sexy it made me feel.  
  
I became lost in my fantasies of submissive exhibitionism as he directed me through various poses wearing micro mini's, teeny bikini's, or various tops with just a pair of panties for bottoms.  
  
I was realizing what activities aroused me the most and being told what to wear or what not to wear and then posing was definitely one of them.  
  
I know that he really wanted to have me pose outdoors, but we were home and it just didn't seem appropriate or possible. I will admit that the thought of being outdoors wearing very little made me giddy.  
  
Our time in Florida was like an erotic fantasy to me, and I missed being my executive's willing assistant.  
  
Every Friday when he returned from a week away, I would meet him at the airport dressed in something showy and always in heels.  
  
One beautiful Fall day I met him at his gate wearing a patterned white dress that gave a hint of what I was wearing underneath as the fabric was a rayon that clung to my chest and bottom.  
  
And where the fabric clung a hint of what I was wearing underneath was available to anyone with a keen eye for such things.  
  
Sure, a slip would have been the appropriate item to wear underneath, but what fun would that be. I wanted my executive to not only notice me, but to want me badly.  
  
(I am sure that you have noticed that I am using various names to refer to my husband i.e executive, taskmaster, etc. and to myself as an administrative assistant. This is my way to share with you the fantasies that accompany my behavior. If I only saw myself as a wife and mother I doubt that I would have much to write about.)  
  
I could immediately see by the look in his eyes that my choice of attire and under attire had had it's desired effect. Even more so I could see that he was in one of his moods.  
  
The same type of mood that found me in a public parking structure in Florida wearing just a pair of panties.  
  
My stomach did a little somersault as I feared that I might have dressed too sexy.  
  
After all we were back home and in a place where someone might know us.  
  
We walked side by side to the parking ramp with his one hand on the handle of his garment bag style suitcase, and the other squeezing my butt through the thin fabric of my dress.  
  
I could sense the sexual urgency in his squeeze and knew that my dress wasn't going to remain as a cover for my panties for much longer or did I just hope this.  
  
It wasn't going to be our usual drive home.  
  
Instead he drove me to a park located near the airport.  
  
The sun was still shining exuding a warmth that caressed my bare legs and arms.  
  
It felt glorious.  
  
I was nervous as we both exited the car and I walked around to his side.  
  
He took me in his arms and kissed me. I pushed my entire body up against his and felt his rigidness rubbing my lower tummy.  
  
Other people enjoying the sunshine were near us but it didn't matter. We were simply a couple expressing our love for each other.  
  
I should have expected what happened next considering my earlier sexth sense, but it took me by surprise.  
  
His arms left my waist and both hands gripped the lower half of my dress pulling the hem well up my body.  
  
Immediately I could feel the warm air on my upper thighs as well as my lower back just above my panty line.  
  
There was no doubt that my dress was now well above my panties.  
  
I quickly looked around to see who might have noticed my sudden exposure, but no one was watching.  
  
As I always seem to do in these situations, I felt need to protest and quickly get my dress back down where it belonged, but I couldn't. I had slipped into my submissive nature before I ever left for the airport and if my executive wanted my ivory colored string bikini panties on display, then I needed to allow it.  
  
With my dress now covering only my top half I felt his hands begin to explore all of my intimate areas.  
  
My nylon covered bottom was squeezed and caressed while my crotch was being rubbed igniting a fire that I hadn't felt since Florida.  
  
Soon I no longer cared if we were being watched or not.  
  
I just wanted to be taken in any manner that this handsome executive wanted to take me.  
  
Every squeeze and every grope elicited a moan from my open mouth. I was beginning to salivate in more than one opening.  
  
I came while applying a vice like grip on my executive's shoulders.  
  
It was quite obvious that any unexpected or commanded exposure outdoors was my aphrodisiac. Being exposed or told to expose myself by another started my water works and nothing turned them off unless I orgasmed.  
  
Once my convulsions stopped, my executive opened the back door of our car pushing me back into the opening.  
  
I resisted placing my back against the door frame so I could remain standing. I had some plans of my own. Taking a hold of his zipper I pulled it down and slipped his engorged penis out into the fresh air.  
  
His one eyed cobra was standing straight up. It was mesmerizing to see in the bright sunlight, so smooth and pulsating.  
  
I found myself salivating as I stared at it, but I had other plans for this luscious tube of throbbing flesh.  
  
My executive is about 6 inches taller than I am even in heels, so our mid-sections don't quite match up when standing together.  
  
I needed to add a little height if I was going to slip his harpoon between my legs and use it to rub my awaiting lower lips.  
  
I stepped up onto the narrow panel of metal delicately balancing on my high heels placing my nylon covered mound directly opposite his swollen mushroom head.  
  
I now had a clear view over his shoulder of the park and its visitors, but my mind was preoccupied with what he had started.  
  
Using his hardened flesh to get the nylon of my panties nice and slick, I slipped a hand down to my crotch moving the strip of nylon covering my salivating lips aside and with the other hand guided him inside of me.  
  
I let my legs relax just enough to impale myself on his erection.  
  
From the back it looked like two lovers in an intimate embrace, which was a good thing, since our embrace had just become very intimate. As he began to thrust upward I wrapped my arms around his neck to keep balanced on my precarious perch and watched the people enjoying the Indian summer sun over his shoulder.  
  
To enjoy my moment I had to simultaneously move my knees as wide apart as I could while still slightly squatting to encourage maximum penetration.  
  
It really gave my thighs a workout trying to remain impaled while balancing on a 4 inch wide strip of metal.  
  
Oh, the things we do for orgasms, particularly when the opportunities are so few and far between.  
  
I was getting skewered right in public without anyone being the wiser unless they were watching my facial expressions.  
  
With every upward movement of my husband's pelvis my mouth would open wide as I threw my head back in sexual ecstasy.  
  
It was so incredibly arousing to be 34 years old and getting a good going over in plain sight of so many people.  
  
At one point a car pulled just a few parking spots away from us and the man who exited gave me a little smile of hello.  
  
All I could do in response was to wiggle my fingers that were gripping my husband's neck.  
  
He seemed to have no idea that at the same time that I acknowledged his "hello" I was riding my executive's pogo stick.  
  
I watched him walk around the front of our car as I let out a sigh of relief knowing that he couldn't see what we were involved in as our car door blocked his view of our lower halves.  
  
With one final thrust my executive's body tightened and I felt his hot creme coat my insides. I let out a long moan of pure satisfaction as I felt his liquid ejaculation with every convulsion.  
  
I didn't want it to end, but we couldn't stay unnoticed forever.  
  
Once we untangled reality came back in full force and we both knew that it was time to go. My dress was released to its original position, flesh was put away, zippers were zipped and we climbed back into the front seat as quickly as possible.  
  
We both laughed at what we had just done. More from embarrassment, but also with the realization of what kind of situations really turned us on.  
  
From that point on Friday's became our date night. I would get a sitter to watch our children and after picking my husband up at the airport, we would go out to eat and get to know each other again.  
  
Quite often before we headed home my undies would be on full display and some form of oral or manual ministrations would take place.  
  
It all occurred after dark and inside the car.  
  
We were still reluctant to admit or give in to our true desires involving my exposure.  
  
A repeat of our park encounter seemed out of the question and was relegated to the "once in a lifetime" stock pile of memories.  
  
Then my husband was given an assignment to go to Phoenix, AZ for a week and I was allowed to accompany him.  
  
He was going to be busy most of the time other than a night or two, but the chance to lie in the sun at a nice resort in Scottsdale was too good to pass up.  
  
Scottsdale was only a few minutes drive from where he would be working so he often stayed at one of the resorts while down there.  
  
His company believed in taking care of their employees particularly when they were on the road which for him was almost every week of the year.  
  
I was now going to be able to take advantage of their generosity.  
  
I packed light taking my favorite khaki colored shirt dress, a creme color blazer should we go out to dinner, a fabulous pair of pants in an aqua blue that had zippers on both legs that ran from the ankle to the waist, two pairs of high heels, assorted pairs of string bikini panties and matching bras, including a creme colored set with a matching garter belt and stockings.  
  
I thought that I had everything that I needed, and wasn't going to find out until my first day alone what I had left behind.  
  
The first night we were on our own, so I decided to put on little fashion show for my executive. Much to my surprise he had brought along the camera and recorded my sexy display of skin and undies.  
  
My stage was a large round table in a faux marble. I would begin fully dressed in either pants or a dress and then slowly remove my outer layer until I was just in my undies.  
  
The same red bra and panty set that would play such a prominent role over the next few days was my favorite.  
  
Having nothing on but my red undies was my ultimate fantasy causing little pre-orgasmic tremors  
  
Little did I know that just a mere 12 hours later my ultimate fantasy was going to become a reality.  
  
The next morning, we had breakfast together and my executive headed off to work. I went back to our room to change into my swimming suit wanting to get down to the pool as early as possible to secure a lounge chair with an umbrella to lay out under.  
  
I went into my suitcase and couldn't find my suit. I frantically moved everything checking each and every nook and cranny to no avail.  
  
I realized much to my shock that I hadn't packed a swim suit. I frantically went down to the lobby to check out an attached boutique only to find myself shocked for the second time in less than 30 minutes.  
  
The price of a bikini was outrageous, and besides I had a good assortment at home and certainly didn't need to spend money on another suit.  
  
I went back to the room thinking that my little vacation in the sun was ruined unless I wanted to spend a week in sunny Arizona sitting fully clothed under an umbrella.  
  
But what I wanted was to feel the warm sun on my bare skin.  
  
I can't quite explain how I reached this decision, but I am sure that it had quite a bit to do with my fashion show the night before, being somewhere where no one knew me, and my little compulsion to outdoors in my underwear.  
  
I stripped down to my red triangle bra and matching red string bikini panty.  
  
Looking at myself in the mirror I convinced myself that this could be my swimsuit just as long as I didn't go in the water.  
  
I thought that if I acted like it was my swimsuit, then it would be my swimsuit.  
  
I put on my khaki shirt dress over my bra and panties without buttoning it to act as my coverup and headed for the room door.  
  
Every nerve ending in my body was tingling as I turned the handle to open the door and I walked out into the hallway.  
  
I was about to go where I had never gone before i.e. I was about to walk through a Scottsdale resort wearing my silk bra and panty set for anyone and everyone to see.  
  
The butterflies in my stomach were the size of airplanes and I couldn't get my legs to stop shaking which didn't help as I was wearing my high heels.  
  
My mind kept screaming to turn around and go back to the room, but the incredibly strong sensations invading all of my erogenous zones kept me going forward.  
  
I had never felt so alive, sexy, and scandalous and certainly didn't want these feelings to end.  
  
I went down the elevator through the lobby responding to the greetings that I was getting from the staff at the front desk and out to the pool.  
  
There were only a small number of people there, mostly other women, and a young couple possibly on their honeymoon.  
  
I acted as if everything were normal although my insides were screaming that it certainly wasn't. I removed my shirt dress draping it on the back of my lounge chair, and walked around the pool to a small cabana taking two complimentary towels back to my chair.  
  
I was sure that everyone knew that I was in my undies, but somehow it didn't seem to matter. I was enjoying too much of the tingling sensations that had taken residence in my crotch.  
  
My little fantasies were getting their fill.  
  
I settled in for the morning alternating between lying in the sun and then under the shade of a large umbrella.  
  
I wore oversized sunglasses not only to protect my eyes from the sun, but also to be able to look at the other guests to see whether anyone was trying to determine what I was wearing.  
  
I can't quite describe what it is like to be in a public place with other people around while wearing just an unconstructed triangle silk bra and a matching string bikini panty.  
  
It is such a mixture of embarrassment, excitement, arousal, and anxiety. And the feelings don't stop.  
  
They are constant.  
  
I was sexually aroused and my hard little nipples poking against the silk fabric of my bra was visual evidence to anyone that noticed.  
  
As I lay there trying to concentrate on a book that I had brought along a young man in a hotel uniform approached me.  
  
He was tall, athletic, dark haired and quite good looking, which didn't exactly help. And his creme colored uniform pants fit quite well front and back.  
  
I thought for sure that I had been discovered and would be asked to leave.  
  
A sense of panic overtook me as he walked towards me.  
  
"Excuse me, ma'am, could I bring you anything to drink or eat?" he said standing over me. He seemed to be looking directly at my crotch.  
  
And by the positioning of himself in front of me it was difficult not to look at his.  
  
I wasn't quite sure whether he was looking at the small triangular piece of red silk material that was covering my pubis or the monogrammed 'Dior' located on the right side.  
  
Either way it made me feel like I was truly just wearing my underwear.  
  
A flush of crimson invaded my cheeks as I tried to compose myself.  
  
I stammered nervously asking for a strawberry lemonade.  
  
I watched his eyes give my bra and panties a good going over while a small grin formed on his lips.  
  
The same 'Dior' monogram was on my right breast as well.  
  
"Right away, ma'am," was his reply.  
  
When he came back with the lemonade he again spend some time noticing the details of my faux swimming suit.  
  
I would say that he was undressing me, but I had already performed that operation myself.  
  
I in turn stared alternately at his handsome face and his crotch, hoping that he couldn't see my eyes moving up and down through the dark lens of my sunglasses.  
  
It could have been my rather aroused imagination, but I am sure that he had an erection when he came back with my lemonade.  
  
For the next 3 days I wanted for nothing by the pool as this tall, could I refer to him as a cabana boy, was at my beck and call.  
  
I quite quickly adapted to being looked over by this young man as I lay by the pool. I also noticed that he was present each morning after that to greet me as I took my lingerie stroll through the lobby.  
  
I couldn't quite decide whether I was becoming known as the woman in red or the woman in her bra and panties.  
  
But every employee was beginning to know me.  
  
It felt extremely sexy to realize that the same attire that I was wearing under my clothes was being worn outdoors in public without my clothes.  
  
My routine was to spend 90 minutes at the pool in the morning, button up my dress and have lunch, then unbutton it and head back to the pool for another 90 minutes.  
  
I then would retire to my room where I hand washed my bra and bikini letting them hang dry for the next day.  
  
Needless to say I spend the entire time in a constant state of arousal, which may explain my behavior when my executive returned after a day of work.  
  
The first night my husband and I were required to have dinner with his clients.  
  
I immediately bonded with two of the female executives, who both loved my pants with the side zippers.  
  
It was late when we returned to our room, so we went to bed.  
  
The second night we were on our own and went to The Borgata for dinner. The Borgata is an outdoor mall with some fabulous restaurants and boutiques built in an old Spanish style of architecture.  
  
I really loved the feel of it particularly at night as the lighting is very subtle providing shadows and unlit nooks and crannies.  
  
Other shoppers can be all around, but you still feel that you are by yourself.  
  
This sense of being alone influenced the activities of this evening.  
  
At dinner I shared with my husband that I had forgotten to bring a swimming suit and instead of spending money on a new one, I was wearing my red bra and string bikini panty.  
  
I could tell by his expression that he was quite fond of my decision and seemed to have some ideas of his own.  
  
Following dinner we decided to walk through the Borgata. As we left the restaurant he suggested that since I was showing off my undies at the pool, I should feel comfortable unbuttoning my dress.  
  
I gave him a smile of compliance while reaching down and unbuttoning a button towards the bottom of my dress. I usually wear it with the lower two buttons unbuttoned to show off my legs, however with the third one being undone the top of my stockings were now exposed.  
  
But it seemed that my executive wasn't quite satisfied. Another button was undone revealing the bare flesh of my thigh above my stockings along with my royal blue garter straps.  
  
I was starting to vibrate.  
  
I was told to unbutton another and my silk creme colored crotch peeked between the folds of my dress.  
  
But at the pool I was in nothing but my underwear was my executive's response, so one more button had to be undone. Now my entire string bikini panties could be seen any time the flaps of my dress swung open.  
  
The vibrations were intensifying.  
  
With the lower half of my dress undone we casually walked into boutiques and along the pathways of the Borgata.

Anytime someone else was present I would casually hold the flaps of my dress closed, which wasn't exactly what my executive had in mind.  
  
As an admonishment for my shyness another button had to be undone. My dress was now open to a point above my navel exposing everything underneath from the top of my garter belt on down.  
  
My executive took my one hand in his so it was more difficult to keep my dressed closed.  
  
We walked through shops and public areas with my dress flapping open as I walked.  
  
Because of how my dress hung only my legs were exposed when I walked although the exposure was to the top of my creme colored stockings including my royal blue garter straps.  
  
It still felt like everyone could see my panties and moisture was forming between my legs.  
  
When we found ourselves in a less traveled area of the mall I was instructed to pull open the flaps of my dress so my executive could take some photos of me.  
  
I am sure that by my expression you can tell how uncomfortable and unwilling I was to be exposed.  
  
Okay, maybe I enjoyed it a little bit.  
  
In reality I absolutely relished being his "pin up upon request".  
  
I gladly and quite willingly showed him my fore and aft reveling in how my entire body vibrated in response to his instructions to unveil my lower half.  
  
When he had taken all of the photos that he wanted, he came over to me slipping one of his hands up between my legs.  
  
I let out a little gasp not realizing how much I wanted to be touched there.  
  
I leaned into him and let his magic fingers do their work until my entire body was soaked in sexual sweat.  
  
Then I came.  
  
I was finally realizing how strong my orgasms are when undressed outdoors.  
  
When the convulsions were over I could barely stand as my legs wouldn't support me. So we both sat on a bench letting the cool dessert air provide me its special form of resuscitation.  
  
When I had regained my strength, we strolled hand in hand back to our room.  
  
I vowed to return the favor before our stay ended.  
  
Our final night in Scottsdale was spent inside as my husband picked up dinner on the way from his work.  
  
I greeted my executive at the door of our hotel room wearing just a pair of lilac panties, with my beige stockings hanging unsupported on my legs and heels.  
  
Out came the camera to again record my seductive attire.  
  
I was told to pose in various positions using an overstuffed chair as my stage.  
  
I now knew how aroused he would become when I was semi-nude and at his command. I also knew how aroused I became in these same circumstances.  
  
My challenge was to reconcile these desires when we were back home, no longer safe from discovery by people we knew.  
  
But at the moment I wasn't particularly concerned with the future. I was lost in my role play.  
  
Once the camera was set aside I approached my executive removing his shirt and hanging it on a hanger for him.  
  
My nipples could have held the hanger as they were sticking straight out and as hard as diamonds.  
  
A fact that did not escape my executive's attention.  
  
I walked back to him and pushed him onto the bed while leaning over him and kissing his stomach as low as his pants would allow me.  
  
Slowly I undid his belt, the clasp of his suit trousers, and yanked down his zipper. I opened his pants wide to see his erection protruding over the top of his micro bikini briefs.  
  
I could feel the saliva building inside my mouth.  
  
I took off both of his shoes and socks and then pulled on his pants legs until his pants were completely off.  
  
Again as I had done with his shirt, I hung his pants on a hanger and placed it in the closet.  
  
A good executive assistant knows how to control herself and to perform her duties properly even when sex is imminent.  
  
Coming back to my executive, I leant over him placing my hand directly on his erection giving it a good rub from bottom to top.  
  
My executive moaned with pleasure.  
  
I walked to the side of the bed and kneeled on it so my lilac covered bottom was positioned towards his face.  
  
Leaning all of the way forward I slid my hand inside of his briefs taking a hold of the base of his pointer and licked the tip.  
  
His entire body arched causing his pointer to rise towards my open mouth.  
  
Moving my right knee over his upper torso I straddled him and began to slip his leaking monte blanc into my mouth.  
  
Since my executive has a thing for panty covered bottoms I decided to provide him an unobstructed view while I sucked him dry.  
  
My impromptu performance seemed to work. In no time at all I felt the first squirt of white ink hit the back of my throat.  
  
I didn't stop until the well was dry.  
  
It was my kind of evening.  
  
The flight back home was much like the one following our Florida trip. I felt a kind of sadness believing the situations that arouse me the most would be few and far in-between.  
  
I wasn't aware that my executive had plans for his assistant that would fulfill her suppressed desires.

**Exposed Ch. 12**

My husband/date was still traveling quite a bit for business so we continued our weekly date routine.  
  
As it is my custom to please I always wore dresses or skirts along with heels on our dates making sure that my bra and panties coordinated with my outfit.  
  
This is a habit that I have had since I started picking out my own clothes and undies.  
  
Our dates made me feel just like the first ones i.e. when we first started to date. I couldn't wait to show off what I was wearing underneath.  
  
Our routine was pretty much the same. After dinner or a movie we would drive home often using a route that was neither quick nor full of other cars or pedestrians. My date would place his right hand on my knee slowly making it's way up my leg while at the same time lifting the hem of my dress higher and higher until my panties were peeking out.  
  
My heart would beat faster as my anticipation of what would come next filled my mind.  
  
Once his hand arrived at my nylon covered crotch the conversation would always go something like this:  
  
"I think that you should take your dress (or skirt) off?"  
  
"Really?" I would respond coyly. "I don't know if that is a good idea?"  
  
My hesitancy paled in comparison to my desire to comply. The minor trepidation that I had entirely hinged upon the possibility of being seen by someone; especially someone that we knew.  
  
"Who would see? You're in the car," would be his response.  
  
I would look outside to make sure that we were truly alone.  
  
When we were dating and parked somewhere I couldn't wait to strip for him. Stripping for him would always get me so aroused.  
  
I would think about this and wonder why growing older made me so cautious. I seemed to have very little hesitation when we were somewhere else. In another place or when I was younger, I would strip upon command.  
  
I wanted to be that same person now.  
  
I wanted to do as I was told and see that look on my date's face as I undressed. I wanted to feel the excitement that I felt as I removed my clothes.  
  
I wanted to experience how it felt to be wearing just my bra and panties while my date remained fully clothed.  
  
It was what made me aroused.  
  
As these thoughts passed through my head I would begin my striptease.  
  
My fingers would be trembling as I fumbled with whatever style of clasp or enclosure held my dress up.  
  
As the clasp released, my apprehension would increase knowing that my performance was about to begin.  
  
Leaning forward in my seat I would work the dress' zipper down my back until the folds of fabric parted exposing the bare skin of my upper back along with whatever bra I had chosen to wear that evening.  
  
Depending on the time of year I would feel the onslaught of warm or cool air on my exposed skin confirming my evolving exposure.  
  
Once the back of my dress was apart I would slip my arms out of the sleeves working the top of the dress down to my waist.  
  
My date would immediately see my hardened nipples as they created little pointers under the thin fabric of my bra.  
  
If I had on a half-cup bra, which was more often than not, my dark red nipples would be sitting on top of the cup begging for attention both visually and physically.  
  
There was no way to hide my arousal not to deny the cause.  
  
By this time my date's magic fingers would have found the moisture located at the very center of my crotch and began to rub me gently between my nylon covered lower lips.  
  
My hardened appendage would be pushing out from between my lips welcoming his attention.  
  
My breathing would become pre-orgasmic alternating between heavy inhales and exhales accompanied by little moans of sexual delight.  
  
Very reluctantly I would take his hand from underneath my dress allowing me to lift my hips off the carseat and slide my dress down my legs and over my heels.  
  
Almost 20 years later I would again be sitting in the front seat of his car wearing just my bra and panties. Placing his hand back upon my upper thigh I would encourage his quest to make me moan.  
  
My eyes would close so I could concentrate on the sensations invading my lower erogenous zone. Almost unconsciously I would part my knees and push my crotch forward into his massaging fingers.  
  
While he worked downstairs I would work upstairs pinching my hard little nipples until I couldn't stand it anymore.  
  
At this point any thought of someone seeing me was utterly forgotten. I was in my sexually charged state of mind looking only to achieve orgasm.  
  
With a loud cry of "Oh God" I would come, performing my orgasm dance on the front seat, wiggling and gyrating this way and that until the last pleasurable convulsion vacated my body.  
  
Little beads of sweat would coat my exposed skin regardless of the time of year. Simultaneously as my entire body relaxed into the post-orgasmic glow, I would feel a warm flush of embarrassment fill my cheeks.  
  
I was embarrassed because of how aroused I got by the simple suggestion to strip. It was as if I didn't want to admit it to him or to myself.  
  
However, it was way to late to conceal my sexual peculiarity.  
  
As I think of it now I am sure that it was too late 20 years prior. My husband knew from the beginning what aroused me the most.  
  
Despite my orgasm I would remain aroused wanting to return the favor. In fact is was much more than a wanting. I needed to return the favor.  
  
Giving pleasure was as much a part of my desire as being asked to strip.  
  
Turning my torso towards my date I would reach down between his legs to find his nice hard cylinder of flesh currently concealed under two layers of fabric.  
  
The first layer was removed by a simple unzipping of his fly along with undoing his belt and clasp.  
  
Now the cylinder was quite evident as it filled the front of his nylon bikini briefs almost poking out over the top of his waistband.  
  
I would take a hold of his erection through his briefs wrapping my fingers around the shaft and pump it as often as it took for a small amount of liquid to leak through the nylon.  
  
Then the fun would start as any reoccurring paranoia about being seen would again magically disappear. Lifting my legs up onto the car seat to get myself into a kneeling position I would lean forward sliding the waistband of his briefs down fully exposing his dark red and hardened flesh.  
  
Down my head would go bringing my panty covered bottom up.  
  
My mouth would be dripping saliva as I wrapped my lips around his sausage. I would hear the faint click of the map light going on putting a spotlight on my nylon covered cheeks.  
  
Besides his panty fetish, my date loves bottoms and as my mouth bobbed for his sausage it was a view that would arouse him the most.  
  
I guess I should have told him to turn the light off, but as I have stated before, once I become aroused any remaining scruples about being seen become quite insignificant.  
  
Just as with myself it never took very long before the convulsions of his orgasm began and I would feel the first squirt of hot liquid hitting the back of my throat.  
  
I would slow down my head bobbing using my tightly wrapped lips to milk him of all of his creamy goo never removing my mouth until all of his convulsions were over. Making sure to lick the top of his member I would collect any remaining ooze.  
  
Until this point I wouldn't even consider that I was barely dressed and performing fellatio in the front seat of a car with a light shining on me.  
  
But once it was all over my self-consciousness would return in force. Often quickly getting redressed wondering what the hell I was doing.  
  
 The combination of my age and my status as a mother that would have me feeling that we shouldn't be doing this sort of thing. It was like we were still horny teens and not a mature married couple.  
  
But it was never very long before I found myself looking forward to our next date. Just thinking about it would fill my mouth with saliva.  
  
  
  
The attached photo is an example of how I often found myself in the car with a considerable amount of my skin showing. On this particular date I began with a red and white striped satin blouse along with a pair of fitted white linen men's style trousers. I had deviated from my usual short dress, which may have been why my bra ended up in the back seat along with my blouse and pants.  
  
The jacket was suede and my very tiny rose colored bikini panties coordinated perfectly.  
  
My date insisted on taking a photo of me once we returned home.  
  
As a side note: I do apologize for many of my photos since we did not own a digital camera until just a few years ago.  
  
The pictures that I post are of a decent quality in print form, but lose much of their clarity once I scan them to my computer. Then when I edit them to make them a bit larger, they lose even more.  
  
On this particular date I was required to be topless while performing my auto erotic duties.  
  
Also, I wasn't allowed to put anything back on until we were almost back in our neighborhood.  
  
My tiny headlights were on full beam all of the way home along with the map light.  
  
Our dates were the perfect response to our sexual needs fulfilling the requirements of what aroused us the most.  
  
I was almost constantly feeling sexually charged and incredibly sexy.  
  
It pretty much carried over into my daily life as well. I found my choice of clothes for a mother in her mid 30's tended more towards the sexy side. Not in a "Hey everybody look at me" way, but my dresses and skirts were a little shorter than all of my friends and my pants were a little tighter.  
  
And I virtually aways wore heels.  
  
I liked how I looked and how it made me feel.  
  
But as they say, "All good things must come to and end."  
  
Our good thing came to a sudden halt towards the end of the summer.  
  
We started a home improvement project that filled our nights and weekends.  
  
The project was to install wood floors, crown molding, french doors to our deck, and finally new paint for our walls.  
  
Once the project began I spent my evenings and weekends in an old pair of jeans, a t-shirt, and sneakers crawling around on my hands and knees pulling up carpeting, a carpet pad, and looking for errant staples that needed to be pulled up from the sub floor.  
  
Not exactly a chance to show off my sexy side unless I wanted to endure the cuts and bruises resulting from too much bare skin.  
  
After the floor was down to the sub floor, I was assigned to painting baseboards and crown molding strips in the basement, while my handyman replaced our sliding glass doors with french doors and began to install the wood floor.  
  
I enjoyed helping out but at the same time was feeling more than a bit frustrated that my time had become so plain vanilla. I was either volunteering at my children's school, participating in a local women's group, or performing my handyman's assistant duties.  
  
Nothing that involved involuntary stripping, arousal, sucking, or swallowing was included in my daily routine.  
  
I wanted a bit of color. I just didn't realize how much.  
  
My body actually ached with an urgency to feel sexy and submissive.  
  
My handyman wasn't in the best of moods either.  
  
Something needed to change.  
  
On one particular Saturday, I was in the basement stirring the paint for our walls, leaving me entirely by myself.  
  
The urge to misbehave was more than I could stand.  
  
I tried taking deep breathes in an effort to calm myself down.  
  
If you have ever found yourself in a similar situation, you know how extremely difficult it can be to make a sexually charged urge to go away.  
  
It seems that nothing other than giving in to it will do the trick or maybe that was just something I told myself.  
  
Anyway I stopped my stirring and went into our bedroom, which was also located downstairs as we had a split level house.  
  
Surrendering to my overwhelming desire, I stripped off my jeans, t-shirt, sneakers, bra and panties.  
  
Reaching into my lingerie drawer I picked out a matching white bra and string bikini panty set. Both had sheer lace panels that would show my now very erect and throbbing dark red nipples and glistening pubis.  
  
Just the thought of what I was planning to do had me in a lather.  
  
I added a pair of white high heel pumps, a white sweat band to give an air of painter assistant to my ensemble, and work gloves.  
  
I had transformed myself into a panty clad painter's assistant and couldn't wait for the painter to see me.  
  
The throbbing inside of me was in full force and quite exhilarating.  
  
I went back into the basement area picking up the paint can, a paint tray, and a paint roller.  
  
I headed up the stairs knowing that my brief trip to the living room would take me right past the open front door.  
  
I could have easily pushed the door partially closed while I walked past, however I had been denied for weeks now and "Ms. Panty Clad" wanted to feel vulnerable.  
  
I needed to feel the anxiety and apprehension that comes with the possibility of being seen.  
  
I walked up the stairs stopping on the landing to look outside and saw a neighbor mowing their front yard, two other neighbors standing in the street talking, and numerous kids riding their bicycles.  
  
None of them noticed me, but it didn't matter. Just knowing that people were close by had me drooling in a number of areas.  
  
The vibration that I had missed for the past 4 weeks was alive and well and doing its' best to keep me aroused.  
  
What did surprise me as I stood at the door looking out was the twinge of self consciousness that went through me. It was the unwelcome reminder to myself that I shouldn't be doing this, particularly where a friend or neighbor might see me.  
  
It seemed that my absence from performing had brought with it an unwelcome side effect.  
  
I quickly dismissed it as nerves and headed up the rest of the stairs.  
  
My painter's back was to me when I walked towards the step ladder.  
  
As he turned towards me he started to say, "Did you bring the paint?", but his words stopped mid-sentence.  
  
His look was exactly what I had hoped for. It was the look that told me that he couldn't be more pleased with my transition.  
  
My painter got his camera and for the next 15 minutes had me pose for him in my painter's assistant outfit.  
  
I have stated before that one of the fantasies that I have harbored since my teens was to be a pin up model.  
  
Being barely dressed while posing for photos is something that I relish.  
  
I love how I feel when my photographer tells me how to pose essentially showing myself off to him.  
  
I get the same feeling when I include my pin up photos with my stories.  
  
Despite being quite aroused I found that every little noise coming from outside was magnified making it seem that at any moment someone was about to appear at our front door.  
  
Each and every sound sent a bolt of anxiety that gripped my stomach.  
  
My nerves were on edge. They were too on edge.  
  
It was as if I had crossed an invisible line of what I would or would not do at home.  
  
I have often modeled for my photographer, but always when we were completely alone and all of the windows and doors were closed.  
  
This time anyone appearing at our front door would immediately see me in some very revealing lingerie and this knowledge filled me with anxiety.  
  
My mother and age anxieties had taken over.  
  
Finally I couldn't take it anymore.  
  
I quickly slipped downstairs changing back into my original jeans and t-shirt and the panty clad painter's assistant existed no more.  
  
My painter was quite disappointed when I returned fully clothed.  
  
Despite the fact that my urge to act out was overwhelming it seemed that the urge to behave was even stronger.  
  
For the next two weeks I relived this moment.  
  
I scolded myself for being so "chicken."  
  
I became convinced that my desires to feel vulnerable, submissive, and scantily clad were specific to conditions that felt safe. That in reality I wanted to suppress my urge to act out at home regardless of how aroused it got me.  
  
I would think about our dates and that seemed OK, but being barely dressed in our living room in the middle of the day with all of our doors and windows open appeared to be beyond my limits.  
  
I felt frustrated and depressed.  
  
My husband noticed the change in me. As I later found out, he had plans to put me back to work so to speak.  
  
It was time to put up the crown molding. The lengths of molding were mostly over 6 feet long and required two sets of hands to hold them in place.  
  
My handyman would require my assistance to hold the molding in place while he used his nail gun to secure it.  
  
I appeared in our living room dressed in a pair of old denim shorts, a red t-shirt, and the work boots that I typically wore to cut the lawn.  
  
I used to operate our power mower wearing just my bikini swimsuit and a pair of flip-flops until my husband informed how dangerous this was.  
  
He took me shopping to purchase a pair of steel toed work boots, which added a unique look to my lawn mowing attire.  
  
My handyman took one look at me in my work attire and said, "Come with me."  
  
We went downstairs into our bedroom where I was instructed to remove my shorts.  
  
My body reacted immediately to his instruction to strip.  
  
Tingling started to erupt all over me  
  
Underneath I had on my leopard print string bikini panties.  
  
"Perfect" he said as he saw them.  
  
He then took a hold of the bottom of my red t-shirt rolling it up from the waist until it reached the very bottom of my bare breasts completely exposing my lower torso from my rib cage to the top of my panties.  
  
I was told to wait while he disappeared into the work room bringing back with him a carpenter's apron, which he tied around my waist.  
  
The last additions included work gloves, safety glasses, and a baseball cap that he put on my head backwards.  
  
I took a quick glance in the mirror at the finished product and the sexual vibrations increased immediately.  
  
The apron covered little more than the expanse of bare skin from my navel to the top of my panties.  
  
My leopard print crotch was fully on display in the front as well as the very bottom of my tiny breasts.  
  
From the back I was essentially exposed from where my t-shirt ended and my work boots started.  
  
This time going up the stairs past the open front door was my favorite moment. My stomach was in knots, my hands and my legs were shaking, and the little fleshy appendage located just inside my lower lips was vibrating non-stop.  
  
This time the sense of apprehension and anxiety was exactly the way I liked it to be.  
  
Is it possible that having my handyman tell me how to dress as opposed to me doing it on my own made the difference?  
  
Over the next few years I was to find out that this was exactly the case.  
  
The submissive part of my sexual personality needed to be activated for me to forget about everything else.  
  
Once it was, any thought of acting my age got thrown out the door.  
  
Once we got upstairs I again posed for pin up photos only this time without the overwhelming anxiety.  
  
Just like last time I heard every noise coming from outside that might indicate that someone was coming to our front door. This time I was thoroughly enjoying myself.  
  
My sexual personality was out in full force. I didn't really care if someone came to the door. At least I felt that way.  
  
The mixture of anxiety and arousal was intoxicating for me making it difficult to concentrate on my assistant duties.  
  
More than once my handy man had to smack my leopard print bottom to get my attention.  
  
His hand across my almost bare flesh certainly got my attention, but not exactly in the manner that he had intended.

I was becoming pre-orgasmic.  
  
It was the most exhilarating time that I had had since our dates ended.  
  
When we were finished with the molding my handyman took me downstairs to the workroom. I was leant over the work table having my t-shirt pulled up to my neck exposing my bare breasts.  
  
My hard little nipples scraped on the rough wood surface of the work table eliciting little moans of pleasure from my pursed lips.  
  
We were both so aroused that it took no effort at all to slide the nylon fabric covering my drooling lower lips aside and slipping his loaded nail gun inside of me.  
  
With my hands braced on the work table I was taken from the back until all of the nails in My handyman's gun emptied into my very slick and willing receptacle.  
  
Yes, I got nailed in the workroom.  
  
We hadn't had sex since we started our home improvement project. This was the perfect ending to my time as the handyman's assistant.  
  
It definitely served as an incentive to do more of the same.  
  
Following my handyman's assistant performance my husband was acting a little funny all week.  
  
He was much more attentive than usual. He couldn't walk past me without squeezing my bottom or touching my crotch through my clothes.  
  
It seemed that he had a constant erection as well.  
  
I liked everything about it.  
  
When the weekend came he suggested that we take a break from the remodeling. Our daughter's had been bugging us about taking them to their middle school playground, and he thought that we should comply.  
  
I didn't think anything of the fact that he brought our camera. After all he was always taking pictures of our children and myself when we were together.  
  
It was a beautiful late summer day, and I decided to wear a short sleeve black cotton blouse along with my striped denim mini skirt and an old pair of flip flops.  
  
Probably not what most women in their late 30's would wear to a playground, but it was comfortable and I had no intention of climbing around on the equipment.  
  
My intent was to enjoy the outdoors and to get some late summer sun on my legs.  
  
Any sort of activity involving climbing would most certainly cause my mini skirt to reveal much more than I cared to, especially around other people.  
  
The playground was located behind the school with three distinct play areas for various age groups. Besides the three playgrounds, the back of the school had an extensive open area that filled over an entire square block.  
  
The older kids playground was crowded and the adjacent open area had people flying kites, throwing frisbees, or sitting on blankets enjoying the weather.  
  
We definitely weren't on our own.  
  
As our daughters went over to the second play area that resembled a large wooden fort, my husband/photographer took out his camera to take some photos.  
  
After a while we left our daughters on their own and walked to a play area that was somewhat secluded and vacant of children.  
  
This area was made up of various tire swings and tire climbing structures.  
  
As I was standing while hanging onto a thick chain that supported a series of tires strung together to create a long climbing area, my photographer told me to sit on one of the tires and to smile.  
  
I carefully lowered myself to sit on the top half of one tire only to realize how unstable the entire string of tires was.  
  
As I placed my weight on the tire it flipped backward lifting my knees up higher than my waist.  
  
Grabbing for the adjacent tires to keep myself from falling backward I could feel the hot rubber of the tire underneath me sliding up the back of my thighs bringing the hem of my skirt up with it.  
  
Within a matter of seconds my mini had slid up and over my nylon covered cheeks exposing my black silk string bikini panties to my photographer.  
  
Click went the shutter of the camera.  
  
My immediate reaction was to quickly look around to see whether anyone had seen my rather clumsy attempt to sit on the tire as well as my resulting exposure.  
  
When I could see that no one was the wiser I looked straight at my photographer moving my knees wide apart and gave him a flash of my own camera.  
  
The same tingling that started when I was told to take off my shorts was beginning on the playground.  
  
Thinking that our little modeling session was over I regained my feet pulling my skirt back down to its' proper position.  
  
My photographer had other plans.  
  
He told me to climb up onto the top of a stacked group of tractor tires. Being no dummy I knew that climbing the tires would bring my skirt back up to its' previous level.  
  
But I was enjoying our little playtime and so far no one had noticed us.  
  
In flip flops I was not the most graceful climber and my awkwardness only aided the ascension of my skirt.  
  
I heard the click of the camera shutter as I was half way up the stack and then again as I settled myself on the top tire.  
  
My crotch was perfectly level with the camera so I knew what kind of picture would result.  
  
A warm flush of sexual energy crept into my lower extremities.  
  
His little game to expose my undies was starting to get me aroused.  
  
I hadn't worn a bra and I could feel my very erect nipples rubbing against the cotton fabric of my blouse. If it had been any other color than black, I am sure that my hardened little nubs would have been quite apparent.  
  
My lower lips were starting to drool.  
  
The thought occurred to me that I was experiencing a different kind of foreplay. Each time I was directed to pose I was getting more aroused.  
  
Now all I needed was the "Oh God! Yes! Yes! Yes!" moment.  
  
I was starting to forget where we were and who was around us.  
  
I climbed down from the stack of tires about as gracefully as I had climbed up. When I reached the ground my skirt was again to the very top of my thighs and my silk covered crotch was more than peeking out.  
  
Pulling my skirt back into position I heard my photographer say, "Why don't you just take it off?"  
  
And there it was; the "Oh God" moment that I had been both dreading and waiting for.  
  
My heart skipped a beat, my stomach clenched, and my eyes widened as I stammered, "Someone might see."  
  
It wasn't an objection, but more of a stall to let the voice of reason step in and bring me down from my high. But I knew that I was too far gone to hear it.  
  
I am sure that you can understand. There seems to be a point in a person's sexual arousal that pushes them towards whatever makes them more aroused no matter the consequences.  
  
I was at that point. My desire to feel submissive, vulnerable, and sexy had silenced any voice of reason trying to be heard.  
  
Here I was outdoors in a public place being told to remove my skirt.  
  
My sexual personality was dominant.  
  
The old Meatloaf song kept playing in my head. "What's it going to be girl (Boy)? Yes or No?"  
  
Without focusing on anything that might cause me concern I reached down taking a hold of the hem of my skirt with my left hand and with my right hand grasping the zipper.  
  
Down the side of my leg traveled the zipper. I could feel the metal teeth separating against my bare skin.  
  
Time was frozen as my hand and zipper reached the bottom of my skirt and with an almost imperceptible click my skirt came completely undone.  
  
My state of arousal was almost overwhelming knowing that my left hand now held a triangular piece of denim fabric that just moments before had been my skirt. I was standing in a public playground wearing a cropped black cotton blouse, a pair of flip flops, and a black silk string bikini panty.  
  
Not the kind of attire you would see on a playground with other families present.  
  
Yet here I was showing off my undies.  
  
Thankfully the kids on the playground could not see me since the stack of tires totally concealed me from their view.  
  
I could however look directly across the open field adjacent to the playground and see all of the people there.  
  
One father was staring straight at me.  
  
For just a brief moment I thought about covering up, but the onslaught of sensations invading all of my erogenous zones was too delicious to bring to a halt.  
  
"Oh my god!" played continuously in my head as I stood in the full light of the sun.  
  
I had become the principle character in my own sexual fantasy and I didn't want it to end. I was in a trance created by the incredibly aroused condition that I was in.  
  
It is funny how I remember very little of the details other than the feelings that had overtaken my senses.  
  
Until I saw the attached photo I had no memory of the following:  
  
  
  
After removing my skirt I had tucked it away behind one of the tires as if to make sure that nothing concealed my exposure.  
  
I was looking directly towards the voyeur with a sly little grin on my face having no qualms about being seen.  
  
Over my left shoulder as well as through the space between the tires you can see houses. I wasn't just on a school's playground, but in a neighborhood as well.  
  
Eventually the sound of our daughters playing behind me replaced my fantasy moment with reality and I reluctantly knew that I needed to end my performance.  
  
My exposure may have lasted as long as 5 to 6 minutes, however my throbbing nipples, and salivating lower lips took well over an hour to dissipate.  
  
To the benefit of my photographer I felt sexually charged for the rest of the day and well into the night.  
  
I can't tell you how many times over the following weeks I replayed this moment again and again in my mind. The memory of warm air on my bare legs, the smell of the playground's wood chips, the sense of submission to my photographer/husband's desire, the mixture of feelings and sensations that accompany being barely dressed in a public place, and the puzzled look on the man's face some 150 feet away trying to figure out if what he thought he was seeing was real had become my aphrodisiac.  
  
I would become pre-orgasmic every time I thought about it.  
  
Although I felt a sense of relief that I hadn't been seen by any of the children or anyone that knew me, at the same time I couldn't wait to do something like it again.  
  
My hidden desire to act out had fully manifested, however I promised myself to be very careful of how, when, and where I allowed it to manifest again.  
  
In the following chapter's you will know how well I did with my promise.