**Hot Stuff**

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The first time that I remember giving my future husband a glimpse of my true exhibitionistic nature was our first summer dating.   
  
I was 18 and he was 19.   
  
I had purchased a flowered mini dress that had a pair of white short shorts that went with it. The dress was so short it was obvious when I tried it on at the store; whatever was worn underneath would be on show. I am sure that is why I was so drawn to it.  
  
The first time that I put it on at home, my mother said with a bit of shock in her voice, "E, Your dress is too short to wear outside. You can't wear that on a date."   
  
I responded by lifting up my dress and showing my mother the white short shorts saying, "Mom, What's the big deal? I have shorts on underneath."   
  
She still thought my dress was too short. I loved that it was.  
  
I found myself resenting being told what to wear or what was too short. I heard this all day at the all girl's high school that I attended and was tired of everyone else's opinion of what was proper.  
  
My husband arrived for our date and as I walked out to the car with him, he also remarked at how short my mini dress was, and wondered if I was comfortable wearing it. When we got into the car I pulled up my dress and showed him the white shorts underneath.  
  
This was easy to do, since the simple act of sitting down brought the mini dress to the top of my legs. He seemed more relaxed with how short my dress was, however again I felt the resentment build in me as to what may or may not be proper. I silently seethed and thought that I was now an adult woman and should have free rein over my choices. No one else should have control over what I wore.  
  
We were going to a movie and then getting a pizza for our date that night.  
  
As both my mother's and my husband's comments reverberated in my head, I felt my rebel self take over. Once we got about a block away from my parent's house, I pulled my mini dress up to my waist, grabbed the waistband of the white lycra shorts, lifted my bottom up off of the car seat, and pulled my shorts down my legs and off. I threw the shorts into the back seat and said, "I prefer my dress without the shorts on," with a look of disdain that dared my husband to challenge me.  
  
I was wearing a pair of little, bright red nylon bikini panties with the words, "Hot stuff" and little orange and yellow flames embroidered on the front of my left hip.  
  
My husband had the biggest smile on his face and at the same time was concerned about my exposure. I very confidently told him that I didn't care if someone else saw my panties as long as he was getting the best view.  
  
My mini dress was so short that just sitting still in the car showed a teeny peek of red.  
  
When we got to the parking lot of the theater, my husband came around to my side of the car to open the door for me. I moved my right leg out of the door to get out, with my left leg still inside the car. I could tell by the look on his face that he had a very good look up my mini dress as well as a full frontal view of my panties. I reveled in the feeling that came over me as he stared at my exhibition.  
  
I loved all of the looks that I was getting from both guys and girls as we walked into the theater, bought our tickets and refreshments and settled into our seats.  
  
As the lights went down and the movie started, I pulled my mini dress up over my panties and left it there for the entire movie. Every time the lights on the movie screen got bright, the embroidered words "Hot stuff" and my flames glowed. I felt so alive and sexy.  
  
I didn't think that anyone else could see, since we were in a row by ourselves, and at the same time didn't really care.   
  
When the movie was over I pulled my mini dress down and we left for the pizza place.   
  
When we arrived, I received the same looks that I had seen at the movie theater.   
  
They could all be pretty much summed up by "Wow, that dress is short," and "I think I just saw her panties".  
  
We sat down and ordered. I knew that unless I had my legs crossed and my hand on my lap that my panties would show. I did keep my legs crossed as much as possible as I was able to tighten my thighs and squeeze my inner leg muscles resulting in a delightful feeling in my lower region. I also found that if I rocked my top leg back and forth the feeling intensified. However I didn't do a very good job of keeping a hand on my lap, as I am not an expert at eating without using two hands with pizza.  
  
As I became quite excited by the constant motion of my legs, I knew that I needed to stop before my exhibitionism turned into a version of the restaurant scene in "When Harry Met Sally" although my orgasm would be authentic.  
  
As I uncrossed my legs, I could easily tell by the look in people's eyes, which ones could see up my dress and I enjoyed looking at them right in the face until they looked away.  
  
You guys can be so obvious.  
  
Getting up to leave offered even a better view of my legs and panties, and I purposely looked right into the eyes of those with the best view to let them know that I knew what they could see. I swear that I even saw one young man mouth the words "Hot stuff".  
  
I was having the best time, and smiled all of the way out of the door.  
  
When my husband dropped me off, he asked me why I was so daring that evening. I told him because it was something that I wasn't supposed to do, and I was tired of being told what I should or shouldn't do. I was starting to become my own person and being and feeling sexy was a major part of me.  
  
I believe all of my religious schooling with its long list of dos and don'ts came home to roost that night.