Life as an Exhibitionist

by femghostwriter Â©

My husband and I live on a very large tree farm in Northern Appalachia.

The size of the property and the remoteness of the house permit he and I

to go nude whenever the weather permits. He is very supportive of the fact

that I am both an exhibitionist and I am also bisexual to a point. I have

a small circle of girlfriends that come to our house and enjoy the

freedoms of nudity and we often end up having sex. He also knows of my

desire to have sex in public places where we will certainly be seen doing

so. He does go along when I'm flashing people as my protector and also

drives our van. He is naturally my sex partner if I'm doing it in public.

One of my favorite exhibitions took place in a city north of where we

live. Our little village is extremely conservative and would have us

burned at the stake if they knew about us. We had a power gate installed

with an intercom and remote camera and the whole farm is well fenced. We

also have a couple of dogs patrolling the grounds at night.. When we want

to play, we go to this large city and have our fun in malls, restaurants

and parks located on the outskirts. We also frequent bars in that city

known for being very discrete.

One such bar was the scene of our favorite episode. My husband and I sat

in our van and planned it to the minute. First, my husband walked in and

sat on the stool to the far left of the bar. A few moments later, I walked

in and sat next to him. I was wearing skirt and stockings and heels

without knickers in my way. I seldom wore them anyway. We ignored each

other as if we were strangers. Soon, a man walked over and sat beside me,

glancing down at my skirt, which had ridden up to reveal the lace tops of

the stockings. I turned and gave the man a smile to encourage him. He soon

was filling my ear with small talk and complimenting me on my looks and

everything he could to hopefully get me aroused. I soon felt his hand on

my thigh, testing my reaction. I simply held still and let him work a

little higher. My skirt hid the fact that I was not wearing knickers and

the look on his face when he found it out was one of surprise and

approval. I simply spread my legs a little more to let him get his fingers

where he was headed. On the seat to my left, my husband was watching this

and had a good view of the strange fingers probing me. I glanced down and

saw that my husband was indeed enjoying the show. The stranger finally

slipped a finger in my soaking wet slit and probed for my clit.

He continued to probe until he had two fingers inside me and was massaging

my clit. This was all in plain view of my husband, who was trying hard to

hide his erection. As the man worked on my pussy, the front of my skirt

was working higher and higher until my tummy was showing. The positioning

of the stranger and my husband hid me from view of other bar patrons. He

kept fingering me until I was almost ready to come. While he was fingering

me, I had reached over and was slowly rubbing his member through his

trousers. I suddenly felt my orgasm start to overtake my body and rubbed

his cock hard until a wet spot in his trousers appeared at roughly the

same time. My husband leaned over me when I had calmed down and whispered

to the man that a round of drinks should be in order for masturbating his

wife. We then enjoyed our fresh drinks and left the bar, laughing as we

stepped out into the night air.

My flashing was not limited to men. I often flashed women sitting in

restaurants, making my exposure less obvious than with men, knowing a lot

of women would get very upset seeing me showing myself. One such time, we

sat across from another couple and I slowly crossed my legs to test her

reaction. At first, there was no reaction but on my second leg cross, she

licked her lips and shot me a slight smile over her husband's shoulder.

She then decided to do likewise to me and crossed her own, baring her

white knickers to me as she slowly crossed hers. After a few minutes, she

excused herself to her husband and left for the ladies' room. As she

passed our booth, she whispered for me to follow her. When I walked into

the ladies' room, she opened the stall door she was behind and stepped out

in just her stockings and heels. She reached out and raised my skirt and

then stepped close, rubbing her bare pussy against mine and holding my

buttocks. She then planted a deep, probing kiss on my lips, searching for

my tongue. She stepped back in the stall after handing me a slip of paper

with a phone number on it. I tucked the paper in my skirt pocket and left

her to dress. I called the number later in the week and, after several

meets on neutral ground, invited her and her husband to our farm for a

weekend. They were grateful to be able to go nude the whole weekend. She

told me she talked her husband into coming after pointing out he would see

me in the nude and possibly get to see her and I together. It proved to be

a very enjoyable weekend. They still stop down a few times each summer.

Flashing took place in malls and stores. It was a routine in our car as we

drove the interstate highway from home to the city. Last summer, we were

going to South Carolina to visit one of the husband's family. I went to a

studio and had my body painted to look as if I was in a tee shirt top and

blue shorts. The artist took special care to make it as real looking as

possible. We packed up our small motor home and started south. All I was

wearing was the body paint and my husband was wearing a polo top and had

shorts at his feet to pull on if needed quickly. I wore only the paint

until we stopped just down the street from his relative's home. It was

only then, I pulled on some shorts and a top after showering off in the

camper. I have to admit it felt good to get that paint off me. It was

water soluble paint and was easy to get off after sweating under it all

that way. The artist had given me an ample supply of touch up to make

repairs. During the trip, I had gotten out of the motor home several times

at fuel stops and nobody picked up on the fact I was actually naked. If

they did, they hid their emotions. My husband and I went to several malls

and restaurants in the area down there and I made sure my Yankee ass was

seen by as many southern boys and ladies as possible. The night before we

left, IU waited until about three in the morning and walked completely

around the block his relatives lived on, wearing only a pair of five inch

heels.

After leaving South Carolina, we started home and decided to see how often

we could have sex outside on the trip home. I stripped to the skin and he

again had only a shirt on as we drove. At practically every rest stop and

emergency pull off we saw after dark, we stopped and fucked on the parking

area or in the surrounding grassy areas. We did manage to stop and fuck

alongside the road in broad daylight but on busy I-95, it's hard to find a

safe place. On one such night stop at a pulloff area with a tractor

trailer sitting and idling at one end. We pulled in like a tired motorist

and sat there to see if the driver would get out of his truck. We got out

of the motor home and spread a blanket on the ground on the roadside of

our vehicle. We then got down and fucked ourselves silly with cars driving

by on their way to wherever. After we finished, we picked up the blanket

and drove on. In one town near an exit, we got off and drove down the

street, stopping at a school and picking a dark area of the well groomed

lawn. We got out of the motor home and lay on the grass fucking like two

high school kids.

On the way home, we ran into a heavy rainstorm and pulled off the

interstate to wait it out. My husband knew one of my favorite oddities is

to fuck in a rainstorm with the rains beating n our naked bodies. He drove

the van slowly along a road parallel to the interstate and found a grassy

area with a place to park near it. We parked the van and lay in the grass

and had absolutely great sex. Every time lightning would light up the sky,

our naked bodies were as visible as during bright daylight. Two cars drove

by in the storm but neither one must have seen us in the heavy downpour.

Our sexual escapades were not limited to our trip south. We had sex in

every conceivable place we could and on more than one occasion, we were

seen doing so. The thrill of being seen having sex is almost orgasm

producing in itself. Sex clubs and certain beaches or camps are havens for

this conduct but the thrill isn't as great when you expect to see sex

being performed. It is about as exciting as going to adult movie theaters

or drive in movies.

We used to have a drive in theater in my home town back when my hubby and

I were dating. It showed XXX rated movies and there was more action in the

cars than on the screen. My husband-to-be had a big van with a mattress

tossed in the back. He would take us to the drive in and back the van into

a place near the back. He then opened the rear doors and we could watch

the show and even make one of our own. The rules of the drive in stated

that we had to be dressed to go to the snack bar or restrooms. All sexual

activities were limited to inside the vehicles and all were subject to ID

checks for underage.

The drive in's managers were getting more and more strict with the rules

and soon began to loose business to the tapes and DVD's now readily

available. The drive in went up for sale and was bought by my husband's

brothers, who immediately changed it into a private club with membership

cards and all that stuff. A membership fee of five dollars got you access

to the drive in and all the privileges. You were allowed to walk all

around the premises completely naked and even have sex outside as long as

it didn't bother anyone. That was a slim possibility, because we all went

there to see nudity and sex, both on and off the screen. I used to work

the ticket booth in complete nudity and enjoyed every moment. The only

places that required anything at all were the snack bar and restrooms,

which required that bottoms be worn I never understood the bathroom

requirement but the snack bar was a good place to keep things covered.

There was a small stage built in front of the screen where you could live

out your wildest fantasy in front of everyone. It was required that you

bring your own sheets or blanket for that action. The stage was opened

about an hour and a half before the main movie started and closed as the

movie began. It opened briefly during intermissions, then closed for the

rest of the movie. My husband and I took advantage of that stage a few

times. The constant hassle from law enforcement and health department

officials, along with the widespread availability of tapes and DVD's

finally caused the closing of the drive in and an American institution.

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