**My First Outdoor Exhibition**

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My husband and I were now dating quite regularly and I greatly enjoyed his approval of my showing off. I lived only a few blocks from one of the Great Lakes along with miles of parkway that contained all kinds of walking paths through woods, ravines, playgrounds, etc. It was very easy to find secluded areas where I would playfully lift up my short skirts or pull my shorts completely off to elicit the visual reaction from my husband that I was becoming to crave. I had accumulated quite a collection of colored and patterned nylon bikini panties and enjoyed showing him what I was wearing that day. Interestingly we had not as yet had sex other than kissing and groping each other through our clothes. My husband seemed to have a true understanding of my need to show off as not being a sexual advance towards him, but more of a desire to draw his attention to me. At the time I had no idea how sexually frustrating this might be to a young man, particularly since I was having so much fun. After all he got to see me in my panties, right? What more could he want?  
  
One day as we headed through the park on our way to the lake front, I shared with him my early experience of being tied up in the garage with my shorts pulled down. How at an early age I found that I enjoyed the feeling of exhilaration that came over me when I was outdoors and exposed. As we walked to the lake I was able to explain how excited I now would get when his eyes showed the pleasure and raw excitement that he felt whenever I stripped for him. He shared with me that he has always loved seeing pictures of woman in their panties and as a young man, he would look through the lingerie sections of his mother's catalogs and cut out the pictures that he liked best. The thought of a young a young woman showing off her panties outdoors was one of his fantasies. It seemed we were a perfect match.  
  
Once we got down to the lake we climbed over the huge rocks that were piled up as a levee and sat on some flat ones to enjoy the sun. I rolled up the legs of my shorts and pulled my cotton top up to my rib cage to soak in the sun. As we sat there, my husband suggested that I take my shorts off stating, "Most panties look like bikini bottoms anyway". The thought of sitting out in public in my panties seemed so against the social norm and at the same time played to my earliest fantasies. I replied with some reluctance, "What if someone comes along?" My husband said, "So what? Just act like you have a swimming suit on." I am sure that a "normal female" would have looked at this suggestion as ludicrous and dismissed it as improper. We have already established that I am not that kind of "normal" female.  
  
I undid my clasp and pulled down the zipper of my shorts, looking around to make sure that we were alone. I kneeled on the rock that I had been laying on and slipped my shorts down to my knees. I was wearing a cotton-lycra pair of white panties that were puckered like a seersucker material. At the time, my mother washed virtually everything in hot water, so my cotton panties fit quite well from the material having shrunk from the heat. When my husband saw them, he said that they looked just like a swimming suit bottom unless you got as close to me as he was. I put my shorts under my bottom to sit on so my panties didn't get dirty and found the outdoor setting combined with the knowledge that I was in my panties quite a turn on. I could easily tell that my husband enjoyed my exposure as well.  
  
We had lain in the sun for at least 30 minutes, when we heard other people approaching our spot. I quickly sat up and saw a group of college kids our age heading right for us. My initial reaction was to quickly put my shorts back on, although I realized that they were close enough to see me getting dressed and would clearly know that something was going on. Besides I really enjoyed the delicious feeling of naughtiness that accompanied my exposure. As my heart quickened its pace, I laid back down on my rock and very shortly had the band of young men and women climbing the rocks within 20 feet of us and sitting down to enjoy the lake view and sun. We said "Hi" to each other and although I received quite a bit of attention, since I was the only one in a bikini bottom, there seemed to be no recognition on their part that I was sitting outdoors in my panties. My heart kept racing as I luxuriated in the knowledge that I was being so brazen. I had to concentrate in order to keep myself from getting sexually excited from this situation.  
  
After another 30 minutes or so, we decided to leave, so I stood up, picked up my shorts, and climbed back over the rocks in my panties. I was the center of attention and loved every second of it. Once we got off of the rocks, I put my shorts back on and we walked back to my house. My husband told me how much he loved seeing me exposed with a group around, and I admitted the same.  
  
That night as I lay in my bed alone with my thoughts and memories of the day, I slowly reached a hand down the front of my shortie pajamas and allowed the sexual excitement that I felt on the rock to rebuild inside of me as I quickly reached orgasm.  
  
I now had added another dimension to my desire to show off, which was much more "improper" and consequently much more exciting.