Paula Bradshae – Exhibitionist

How I became aware of exhibtionism, and how I took to it! If you like it, there is much more already written and it gets dirtier (in many ways)

I think I must be becoming an exhibitionist. My name is Paula and I have

been married to Dave for three years, we are both 28. We don't yet have

any children but we are hoping to start a family soon. It all started

when we went to Corfu for a fortnight two years ago. It was right at

the start of the season but it was pleasantly warm even in the

evenings. We had gone with another couple Cas and Stewart. They have

been friends of ours since before were married. Our holiday apartments

were next door to each other in the village of Dassia between Ipsos and

Corfu town. Naturally enough Cas and I went topless on the beach as did

most of the women there. Seeing some of the sights on the beach, I did

not feel too bad about my size 14-ish body. We had a great deal of fun

frolicking in the shallows wearing only our bikini bottoms. In the

evening we would walk down a track about 800m to the main road and

choose one of the tavernas in which to eat. The lads would wear open

necked shirts sometimes with shorts and we girls would wear sun

dresses. It was too hot to wear bras which pleased the lads no end.

Often the dresses were the sort that buttoned all the way down to mid

calf with some of the lower buttons left undone to help us cool down a

little. When sitting in the bar or at the table, the skirts would

either be pulled up over our knees or would slide apart to reveal our

legs a little. One night we decided to go to a disco and as the

evening wore on we noticed a lot of men were watching a particular girl

dancing. She was wearing a wrap around skirt which came to just above

her knees and a tee shirt, which although it had a scooped neck, it was

more revealing from the side as it was cut low under her arms. This,

as it moved allowed a fine view of the sides of her breasts. She was

obviously having a good time and was a very good and active dancer, at

one point, momentarily a quick flash of nipple appeared. It seemed

strange that the lads who had spent all day on the beach surrounded by

hundreds of topless women stood transfixed by the opportunity to see a

quick flash in what are not the best lighting conditions in the disco.

The movement of her skirt with it's scalloped wrap over gave a flash of

thigh and the men, more in hope than anticipation thought they saw a

glimpse of knickers. All the way back up the lane to our apartments

Dave and Stewart were jabbering on about this girl and how turned on

they were by the prospect of her clothes revealing a little more of her

body than was the intention. Cas and I said we thought that she knew

exactly what she was doing. When we got back to the apartment block the

pool looked super with the underwater lighting on, we were larking

about when suddenly Dave and Stewart grabbed me and threatened to throw

me in. They held me over the corner of the pool with Dave holding my

legs and Stewart holding me under the arms. My dress which was

unbuttoned up to mid thigh fell away and dropped into the water, they

soon realised this and lifted me up and down wetting my dress a little

more each time. I shouted as my bum dropped into the water, "You've

just wet my knickers" Dave said "It's your own fault you shouldn't be

wearing any". Inevitably we all ended up in the pool dressed as we

were. The next day, Dave's remark kept coming back to me, so I hatched

a plan wondering all the time if I would have the nerve to go through

with it. At dinner that night with my dress having a few more buttons

than usual done up, I announced that they wouldn't be able to wet my

knickers tonight as I didn't have any on! The lads immediately took

more interest when they realised I was naked under my dress. Stewart

then asked Cas if she had knickers on and she said yes and she didn't

know whether I was kidding or not. Dave said there was a very easy way

to find out, I was beginning to regret my action at the first hurdle.

We were sitting on the terrace of the taverna eating our meal, so I

though at least I was safe for the duration of that. However, Dave

suggested I move my chair back a little and undo a strategically placed

button just long enough for him to check. So with my napkin placed on

my lap I undid two buttons and moved the napkin away whilst Dave parted

the dress and patted my pubes. He confirmed to the others that what I

had said was true whilst I did the buttons up again. Stewart then said

that we couldn't have one lady at the table wearing knickers and the

other not doing so and asked Cas what she was going to do about it.

Nothing! that's what she was going to do! but I saw her mouth twitch a

little and the merest hint of a smile. Any way the lads persisted and

finally she agreed to take her knickers off too. So she disappeared to

the loo, the thing was, on that particular night she was wearing a

shortish skirt that was fairly full and it swished about as she walked.

 As she returned to the table, she was being very careful in the way

she walked and she was as red as a beetroot. The lads told her not to

worry as they asked her, "when was the last time someone had seen your

knickers without you meaning them to see them?" She felt better after

that. The lads were all for going to the disco again, but Cas and I

could foresee a particularly vigorous form of dancing suddenly becoming

the vogue! So we settled for a walk through the gardens of the two big

hotels on the seafront. It was a lovely feeling with a slight breeze

coming off the sea to feel the wind getting into a very intimate place.

Of course the lads could not keep their hands off us and as we turned

up the quiet lane to go home I found more and more of the buttons on my

dress were getting undone, Stewart had one of his hands over Cas's

shoulder and down inside her tee-shirt and the other up the front her

skirt. How we made it to the top of the lane without making love, I do

not know. From that moment on knickers were banned in the evening for

the rest of the holiday. As the holiday went on, our skirts got a

little shorter, or the extra button was left undone, we even persuaded

the lads to go out one night with just the shirts and shorts on, with

no underpants but it was a hilarious disaster, they both got erections

and were in danger of their pricks showing. Towards the end of the

second week we went for a night out in Ipsos, I was wearing a white

cotton dress which came about mid thigh and had a strappy top, one of

the straps kept slipping (why is there always one) but it bothered me

less as the night went on. Cas had on a silky dress which clung and

swung in all the right places. We ended up in the Foam Disco in which

at the end of the night they fill the dance floor with suds. We

decided to wait and watch the fun, enjoying our dancing. When the

announcement came that the next dance was to be the foam dance, I was

dancing with Stewart, he persuaded me to stay on the dance floor with

him and get covered in foam! Dave and Cas were watching from the bar.

When the foam started it was so thick and deep that I almost lost

contact with Stewart, them I found him clutching me and having a quick

feel in the confusion and under the cover of the foam. It was the

first time that he had touched me and although he was very naughty, I

didn't really mind, but I didn't want it to go any further, Just then

the other two arrived and we all danced in the foam together. When we

came to leave, I realised that my white cotton dress was almost

transparent, you could see the aorea around my nipples and the distinct

shadow of my bush. Cas's turquoise dress was also soaked through and

sticking to her hips and the tops of her legs. We tried to get a taxi

back to Dassia but none of the drivers would take us as we were too

wet, So we had to walk the two miles back to the apartments. I was

horrified but slightly thrilled to know that people could see I was

naked under my dress and the troublesome shoulder strap slipped and in

the end I just left it. When we got back, as our next night was to be

our last but one, the lads said we should do something special. We

planned to go shopping in Corfu town the next day and they said if we

promised to wear them, they would buy us a new dress each for the

evening. Cas and I said that we would, then the lads said that they

would choose the dresses! We had a super day sightseeing and browsing

in the hundreds of little shops in the narrow streets and having lunch

in a delightful little taverna. We then did the shopping for our new

dresses. Stewart chose a really nice print wrap over dress for Cas

which was fastened by two buttons one inside and the other outside, it

was a nice length too being about three inches above the knee. It had a

matching tie sash belt. Dave chose for me a really fine pleated dress

in a very pale green-almost white, which had a boat shaped neck, which

meant that it went in an almost straight line from shoulder to

shoulder, the sexy part was that in tended to slip off the shoulder a

little. It was just below mid thigh and it had a slit up one side to

my hip. It hung beautifully and the material was very light and

comfortable. We booked a table in a posh restaurant in Corfu Town and

went back to Dassia for a siesta and to get ready for the evening. It

was a lovely warm evening as we rode into Corfu in the taxi Dave sat in

the back with Cas and me whilst Stewart rode in the front. Dave held

both our hands and gave each of them a squeeze and said that he hoped

we would have a great night. We walked round the town for a while

before taking our place in the restaurant. Our table was in a little

booth in which we could all sit on a semicircular seat round the table.

As on previous nights we girls had had to leave off any underwear.

Dave kept "accidentally" brushing the top of my dress off my shoulder,

it was cut so wide that it only stopped slipping when the other side

came into contact with my neck! whilst sitting still and eating it came

down to halfway between my shoulder and elbow but there was no real

danger of my nipple popping out although the top of my breast came into

view. The waiter gave us a great deal of attention throughout our time

there. I found that I liked the attention particularly as Dave was so

evidently proud of me. Stewart has slipped his hand under the table

and parted Cas's dress so it draped down either side of her legs

showing her thighs and belly. She was sat quite close to the table so

only we could see. It was a great meal and we drank quite a lot of

wine and became a bit merry and noisy. After we left we were walking

down the street when we came to disco and decided to go in. The DJ was

really good, he was an English guy and played some great records

including some rock'n roll. I was jiving with Dave and were really

getting into the swing of things, my dress had slipped down to its

apparent maximum of half way to my elbow but I was jigging about so

much that it actually went past my elbow and my breast popped out. I

moved to adjust my dress but Dave put his hand on mine and stopped me

from doing so, I thought "what the hell" and carried on dancing. Later

during a smoochy number Dave and I were dancing up close when we saw

the other two dancing even closer, then I saw why, Stewart had undone

both buttons on Cas's dress and only the sash was keeping it closed. It

seems that they had been turned on by my dancing display and hence

their little act. We were all up for it when we got back to the

apartments that night I can tell you. Our last day was spent lazing on

the beach, then a siesta then packing (yawn) The only clothes we kept

out were our travelling gear and tee-shirts and skirts for us girls and

Shirts and shorts for the lads for our last night. We planned an early

night as we had to leave at 7.00am in the morning to catch our flight

home. So after a quick meal and a last few drinks and we started the

walk up the lane. As we turned the corner, Cas spotted a thread hanging

from my skirt. It was a floral print miniskirt and she pulled the

thread and the seam started to unravel, I tried to stop her pulling but

 she laughed and pulled even more. Soon the seam had opened almost to

the waist band and she began to look for a similar thread the other

side. Luckily for me the sewing was good that side. In the struggle I

grabbed one of the shoulder straps of her sleeveless tee shirt and

pulled it down her arm, there was a ripping sound the shirt tore all

the way down her back. The lads then joined in and pulled the other

side, soon her tee shirt was in two pieces either side of the lane and

she was left topless. the lads then started on me, Dave took the good

side of my mini and ripped it up the seam, so now I was left with just

two flaps of material front and back. We were still only 20 yds into

the lane and we still had to go past the well lit supermarket which was

still open! The lads took one flap each and then it was gone. My tee

shirt was just long enough to reach the top of my bush, so I slipped my

arms out of the shirt and let it go a little lower. Cas's skirt was

knee length with an elasticated waist so she pulled it up over her

boobs and it was just long enough to cover her bum. We were all falling

about laughing as we made our way up the lane, which was dark with only

the occasional light, when we met someone coming the other way, it was

our neighbours on their way for a last night drink. We said goodnight

as best we could as we passed, then I noticed the lads walking either

side of me suddenly, one grabbed me and held me when I saw the other,

Dave I think it was, reach for my tee shirt and pulled it down to my

hips. There was that tearing sound again, it was still in one piece but

didn't resemble a shirt at all, I was reduced to holding it up to my

front, with a bit going round my bum. I was giggling with nerves but I

found it also very exciting to be almost naked in public (well as

public as a quiet lane is at night). The big moment came when we got

back to the apartments, as we had to go past the swimming pool and

horrors, the under water lights were still on, worse, there were some

people in the pool! They had a grandstand view of our party as we

arrived, then Dave made a big thing about having lost the key, (he

hadn't of course) and kept me waiting in the reflected light of the

pool while he went through an elaborate search of his (two) pockets. I

was exhilarated when we got in and as we made love that night, Dave

asked me if I had enjoyed the evening, I told him I had enjoyed the

whole holiday and found this night very exciting. The next day on the

flight home, Dave said he looked forward to more of the same when we

got home, but I said it was a very different thing in a hot place where

no-one knows you to flashing in the local high street. A smile came

over his face and he said "I am sure we will think of something". About

a week after we got back, I had washed and ironed all the clothes we

brought back from the holiday, and they were stacked on the bed before

I put them away. Dave came in picked up one of my dresses and said "I

shall always remember the holiday of no knickers" ,I turned and kissed

him and said "yes it was exciting wasn't it"? "would you like me to do

it again?" You can imagine his reaction. "OH! Yes my darling". However

the practicalities of the sort of thing we got up to in Corfu, also

happening in the UK, were not the same at all. It was not yet full

summer (when is it ever?). You could not go out with bare legs and I

have never been a fan of stockings and suspenders, whilst tights (my

normal wear) would ruin the effect. I decided to try a pair of hold-up

stockings, these would be saved for an appropriate occasion.