**Remembering When**

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Hi, this is Valerie again.  
  
My husband (Darrin) and I were cleaning out one of the closet the other day and came across some of the first pictures he took of me. They were old, faded, and yellowed; some were even in black and white. These were some of the first pictures he took with his new camera back then. It was a twin reflex Yasika Mat 124. It was a very good camera in it time, a lot of professionals used them back then. I was 18 years old and a senior in high school when I met Darrin.  
  
It got us remembering some of the early attempts of showing off my body. I never overexposed my body on purpose until after I meet Darrin. Before I meet Darrin I enjoyed wearing short dresses and skirts and it never really bothered me when some guy got a peek up my dress and seen my undies. I never really admitted it to myself back then but I actually enjoyed it a bit. I decided it as just one of the things that happened when you wore short skirts and dresses so there was no need to get concerned about it.  
  
I remember this math class I had where the teacher had the boys sit on one side of the room and the girls on the other. My class before this one was on the other side of the school and I was usually one of the last to arrive so I usually ended sitting in the front row. There was nothing between me and the boy's. So they had a good chance of looking up my skirt. I'd given up trying to prevent them from looking and now I looked forward to just let them look if they wanted. Some days I would feel adventurous and slide forward in my chair and spread my legs a couple inches wider for them. But it always seemed like it was unintentional.  
  
I use to love wearing one of the half dozen or so sizzler skirts I owned around town and to school. My high school allowed us to wear anything we wanted as long as it wasn't vulgar or indecent. These sizzler skirts were so short they barely covered my ass. The skirt and the panties were made out of the same material, in other words they were really tennis skirts. I never wore underwear under those matching panties. It felt like I was wearing two pair of underwear and I didn't like that. We could even go braless to school, which I did most the time since I was small breasted back in high school. It was the late 60's and early 70's, so it was the 'IN' thing to do back then.  
  
Darrin and I had been dating a couple weeks when he dared me to wear regular white bikini panties under one of my sizzler skirts instead of the matching panty out on one of our dates. I did and for some reason it excited me. I knew I was flashing my panties all night long and my pussy had them soaking wet when I got home. I enjoyed showing my panties and found that the only time I wore the matching panties with my little skirts was when I went to school. Except for the last couple weeks of school, after I got married, where I had some extra fun intentionally flashing my panties to all those horny little boys. I had this one halter sizzler dress that you could actually see the bottoms of my ass cheeks while I stood straight up and I found I could expose my ass to the top of my panties if I bent over even half way. Darrin was also happy to help show my panties my pulling up my dress or skirt a bit while we danced or just hugged.  
  
One day while we were out shopping for a couple sexy halter-tops. We found ourselves in the panties section and he insisted buying a couple sheer sting bikini panties for me. After we purchased a pair of white and black ones he suggested I remove the pair I had on a put on the white ones. I nervously agreed and went to the bathroom and changed them out. They felt so different than the cotton panties I normally wore; they were so light, and felt oh so sexy. I knew they were see-thru and I knew if I bent over now, people would see more than just my panties. I remember feeling my heart beat from the excitement I was feeling between my legs.  
  
I took a deep breath and walked out the door to my waiting man. From the pounding in my ears I barely heard him when he asked how they looked on me. Without thinking of where I was, I surprised him when I lifted my skirt right in the middle of the store so he could see and asked what he thought. He actually pushed the skirt down then reached around and grabbed both ass cheeks as he gave me a big kiss. We went and bought three more pair of sheer white sting bikini panties and left. From that day on I only wore my sheer panties when I wore my short dresses or skirts.  
  
Darrin found out one day about three weeks into our relationship that I sometimes when without underwear when I wore pants or shorts. We were making out pretty heavy one night and when he got his hand inside my shorts he found out I had no panties on. I told him I hadn't bothered to put any undies on when I got dressed that morning. That surprised him so I told him I often went without underwear when I wore pants. He asked if I did without under dresses. I told him I had a couple times but they had to be long dresses because I didn't want to show anybody my bare ass or pussy.  
  
About a month and a half into our relationship, we were going to go out and eat and then see a movie. I remember dressing sexy for Darrin. I was wearing a stretch white top [to show off my braless breast] and a very short red plaid skirt and my black see-thru panties. After dinner I grabbed my purse and excused myself to go to the bathroom, during dinner I decided to surprise Darrin by removing my panties and going to the movies without them. We had recently started having sex almost on a daily basis and he sometime joked about the undies getting in his way, so I thought that tonight I would remove that little problem ahead of time. I was a little nervous walking across the restaurant with only an inch or two of skirt covering my ass but the way I enjoyed people seeing my ass and pussy through those sheer panties I figured, what the hell. Go for it, have fun, I might just enjoy it. I just wondered how long it would take Darrin to discover my lack of panties.  
  
The movie had been going only a couple minutes when I felt his hand on my thigh; I slowly spread my legs for him. I was looking at his face, in the light of the movie, when he reached my uncovered pussy. He stopped and his eyes got big and I whispered to him, "Surprise!" He asked how long I had been like that. I lied and told him; "Since I got dressed for tonight." That was the first of many, many times of going pantyless in public wearing a short skirt or dress. I found it exciting then and still enjoy doing it today. Except today I don't even own any panties to wear. I threw them out years ago.