My first flash

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*It was exhilarating*

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My husband and I have always been a bit fascinated and intrigued by the stories we heard of women flashing passing motorists. During the topic of conversation the thought of flashing my 36Ds or my butt heightened my arousal. When asked if I would flash my crotch? I rushed to say, "Yes."

I immediately felt a rush of sexual excitement to hearing myself answer yes to the question. My husband played it off by saying, "That's not a big deal anyway." He went on to say, "Showing your pink lips and hole, now *that's* fucking flashing."

The definition of flashing that my husband envisioned was much more explicit than I was thinking. His words planted seeds that would soon come to bloom for I desired to sexually grow if the opportunity presented itself.

This past fall on the way to a wedding we were running late, which was nothing new for us. I had no choice but to finish dressing on our way to the wedding.

My husband was excited as hell for he knew that I never wore panties under my pantyhose and this occasion wouldn’t be any different. His intense fetish keeps me encased in silky nylon hosiery practically twenty four hours a day.

Sitting sideways with my feet under me facing my husband, I began putting my makeup on. Looking into the vanity mirror I applied my eye liner and lipstick. As I went to do my eyelashes I noticed a tractor trailer along side of us, noticing him looking at me. I smiled and went back to putting on my makeup.

Glancing up for we came to a stop. “Traffic. Fuck we’re going to be late!" I said.

My husband said, “That’s NY for you on a Friday."

Since we were completely stopped, I figured it would make for a perfect time to slip into my pantyhose. Still sitting sideways I carefully opened the package of pantyhose. I prefer seamless pantyhose. Wolford’s fatal 15s are my favorite. The shade I chose for this occasion was noir, that’s a black.

I kicked off my sandals, slipped out of my mini skirt and sat naked on the fine leather seats from my waist down. I quickly rolled my fingers into the sheer silky nylon and slipped my pedicured toes into them, then the other foot. I crouched over to work my pantyhose up to my knees then thighs. My nostrils filled with the sensual scent of pussy. Lifting my ass off the seat, thrusting my pelvic forward I then pulled the remaining sheer pantyhose over my naked ass and pussy. The sheer nylon formed an immediate camel toe and matted down my dark hairy bush giving meaning to the borough of New York, Flat bush.

Just as I slipped completely into my pantyhose, traffic let up and we needed to exit. The same tractor trailer that was sneaking peeks earlier was now along side of us again. I totally wondered if he was watching me as I slipped into my pantyhose. I asked my husband if he thought the driver noticed my slipping into the pantyhose.

He hesitantly stated, "I noticed the driver staring the entire time."

"Why didn't you say something?" I asked.

My husband said, "Sorry. It excited me."

I looked out my window and once again the driver was staring. Already turned on, making eye contact with my admirer I adjusted my legs so he could have a better look. I made sure to put my silky nylon feet high on the dash; he honked his horn.

Our exit was coming up. As we passed him, I remembered my husband's definition of "flashing". I spread my legs further apart, slid my hand under my pantyhose rubbed and fingered my pussy, making sure he saw my wet lips and pink hole. He honked and flashed his lights.

I think we enjoyed this as much as he did.