**Not So Mellow Yellow**

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When my husband and I were first married, I worked in a woman's boutique that sold trendy clothes to upscale woman. I received a nice employee discount and stocked my closet with tight pants, stylish mini skirts, dresses, etc.  
  
I was 21 years old and contrary to most women's opinion, I thought that showing an obvious panty line under my tight pants was very sexy. I love to wear teeny, tight bikini panties and also love the looks that I receive when I wear tight pants. I wanted visible panty lines.  
  
It is funny when you are young and trying to act grownup. My interpretation of a grownup woman was essentially to be a vixen. All of my skirts were very short and all of my panties were very teeny, tight fitting, and in bright colors, although that part hasn't changed.  
  
One evening we were invited to join another couple to go to a musical that was performed outside in a tent. I wanted to show how adult I was and picked a fabulous bright yellow sweater top and mini skirt combination from the store where I worked. I took my lunch hour to buy a matching yellow bra and teeny bikini panty set to wear underneath. I also found a pair of yellow fabric platform sandals to coordinate the entire outfit. I thought that I would be the star of the evening.  
  
When I got home, I had just enough time to change and head out to the tent theater with my husband. My sweater top and mini skirt fit like a glove and along with my platform sandals, I was showing a lot of leg. My husband wore a light blue dress shirt, navy sport coat and khaki's. We were ready to play grownup, or so I thought.  
  
We got to the theater parking lot and parked the car and then headed to the refreshment area outside of the tent where we were meeting our friends. When we walked up to them, our male friend looked at me and said, "Wow, you look great". I was quite flattered and thanked him for the compliment. A short time later his wife took me aside as our husbands talked and told me that she could see right through my sweater ensemble.  
  
It seems that as everything was outside except for the show itself, the setting sunlight was having a magical effect on my outfit. The light was making my top and mini skirt transparent, and my yellow bra and teeny panties were in full view for everyone to see. As I looked around at the other patrons, who were primarily 40 or older, I saw most of the men and some of the women giving me subtle and not so subtle looks.  
  
I went over to my husband and asked, "Can you see my underwear?" in a most tentative voice so as not to draw more attention to myself. He took a couple of steps back and looked at me. His large grin gave me the answer that I was dreading. He came close to me and whispered, "You might as well not be wearing the sweater outfit. I can see the lace on your bra and almost the stitching on your panties. I was mortified, and spent the next 10 minutes trying to hide behind my husband as well as our friends, since they both were now quite aware of my exposure.  
  
My intent for the evening was to show how sophisticated and fashionable I could be among the patrons of the theater, and instead I was giving everyone a good look at my yellow nylon bra and panties. And the sun was not about to set soon. The advantage and disadvantage of the summer sun is how late it sets in the evening as well as how bright it shines up to its last ray for the night.  
  
I know that I have told many stories about my exhibitionistic tendencies, but I wasn't intending to be an exhibitionist this particular evening. I was intending to be sophisticated, trendy, and elegant.  
  
We had made a point of being early, so for those next 30 minutes, I watched every male and just about every female look me over from top to bottom, i.e. from my neck to my thighs that is. I collected about as many smiles and winks as looks of disdain. I found myself back in the all girls' school receiving looks of disapproval from my religious custodian's.  
  
It wasn't until my female friend turned to me and said, "I think that you look great', that I was able to find myself again. I stepped away from my cover and spent the last 10 minutes before the start of the show standing openly in the setting sunlight with my legs apart in order to provide the best sunlit silhouette that I could provide. I again was reminded that I was different and to try and fit in only inhibited my true nature.  
  
I came to love that sweater outfit and wore it quite often that summer basking in the looks that I received whenever I stood in the direct sunlight.