**A Glass of Wine with Public Nudity**

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It was an unusually warm, sunny November day in the south with a high in the 80's. My husband and I decided to spend the day together shopping and having "fun" in a nearby small town known for its cute shops and interesting items. As a southern raised lady, I've always been very shy about nudity, but my husband loves it when we show off my large, natural 38DD tits to others. Over the years we had a number of very exciting experiences, so I looked forward to these days of play. I chose to wear a short, summer dress that plunges very low between my breasts showing plenty of cleavage and was held on my shoulders by two thin straps. Underneath the summer dress I wore no bra. I convinced myself the straps would show and the low-cut back would display the back of the bra, so the dress really could not be worn with bra. I thought that during our day I could "unknowingly" let the straps slide off my shoulders resulting in me innocently showing my breasts to others.  
  
After a couple of hours of shopping with some "accidental" strap slips that left me a little exposed at times, we decided to get something to eat at a local pizza restaurant. To this point my bravery had prevented much exposure because as the strap slid and the dress dipped, I would grab it just in time to keep my nipples hidden. Given the beautiful warm, sunny day, I asked the hostess at the pizza restaurant for a seat outside in the patio area. This outside area was adjacent to a busy street with many shoppers walking nearby. I thought that with a glass of wine or two, I might become "unaware" of my dress slipping and end up showing my breasts more to please my hubby.  
  
The hostess sat us at a table nestled towards one end of the patio area. There was a larger group of both men and women obviously on a lunch break from work sitting at the table next to us, so I sat with my back facing to them. This meant I was facing the street with only one table, that was currently open, between us and the sidewalk. I was happy when a younger, male waiter stopped at our table to take our order. As the waiter stood at our table, I ordered a glass of wine and, holding my menu up, I slid the strap off my left shoulder so that it could begin to fall off my shoulder and down my arm. My husband noticed immediately as I caught his gaze staring at my ample cleavage and a hint of one areola. When the waiter left to get our drinks, my husband whispered to me, "that's hot and I think our waiter may pay us a lot of attention now".  
  
Sure enough, in moments the waiter came back by to drop off some parmesan at our table (we had not even ordered yet) and then came back again very quickly to drop our drinks off. I giggled when he returned once more to drop silverware at the table. He had come to the table four times in about four-five minutes and each time he made sure to stop between me and my husband and leaned over facing me to put things on the table. When he came back moments later to take our order, I had rewarded him by sliding the other strap off my shoulder and now my dress was just hanging likely caught on my large, very hard nipples barely still hidden from view. As he wrote down our order and made numerous suggestions, he stood right behind me leaning over my shoulder definitely trying to get a full look at my naked breasts.  
  
After we ordered the hostess came walking by leading three men dressed in business casual attire to the table in front of me. They appeared to be in their thirties and work colleagues from the conversation and their clothes. One of the three men sat with his back towards me, but the other two sat across the round patio table from him with one man sitting directly facing me. I noticed my husband frown a little at their arrival likely assuming my flashing would end with the additional audience. I quickly finished the remaining wine and adjusted in my seat which allowed the second strap to slide a little more down my arm. At this point my dress had slipped very low showing most of the top half of both breasts and even more cleavage down the middle. I noticed both nipples were barely covered at this point. My husband told me that he liked what he saw as he reached to adjust his growing cock in his pants.  
  
Our waiter again returned to ask us if we needed anything else so I ordered another glass of wine. He reached across me to pick up the empty glass and I felt him brush lightly across my shoulder. He then lingered at the table with us searching for some small talk while his eyes moved overtly up and down my mostly exposed tits. Enjoying his attention, I did not cover them back up or return the straps to my shoulders; I just sat and allowed him to enjoy the view.  
  
After the waiter had left the table, I noticed the man that was sitting at the next table facing me continued to glance my way; he was clearly watching me without trying to seem obvious. I could feel his look, but initially refused to return the glare. My husband also noticed the man watching and mentioned it to me.  
  
After a few minutes sitting there with most of my breasts on display, I became more comfortable with my exposure. The waiter brought our food and we began eating. Occasionally I would adjust my position a little or the wind would pick up and my dress would slip down more allowing one of my nipples to come completely into view for a split second. When this happened, I would take my time to grab my strap and replace it without ever completely putting it back all the way on my shoulder. This would always result in the strap immediately falling down my arm again leaving me on the verge of being topless.  
  
The stranger at the next table was now consistently watching me (almost staring) and I occasionally locked glances with him while I continued eating my lunch and talking to my husband. By this point I noticed that this stranger must have told his companions because the second man sitting towards me was watching me and the third man had shifted his chair around the table some to allow him the sporadic look. I whispered to my husband "those men are all looking at me". I leaned over and reached under the table and placed my hand on my husband's crotch to feel how hard the experience was making his cock. Suddenly I realized that my movement leaning over had caused my dress to dip even more and momentarily both breasts came all the way out for our neighbors. I leaned back and replaced the straps again to their places at the top of my arms but not on my shoulders.  
  
My straps continued to fall down my arms as I moved naturally to eat and continue the conversation with my husband. Our neighbors were now openly watching me, our waiter never strayed too far from our table, and people walking along the sidewalk would often take second glances as they noticed my near nudity. I was feeling a little more comfortable with my exposure by this point. The table behind me had left so it was just my husband and I with our neighboring table sitting on the patio and I had already "accidentally" showed my entire breasts to them and our waiter. My husband leaned over to say "you are really out there. Are you sure about this?"  
  
I looked back at him and said "this is what you want - what you like - isn't it?" I watched him and looked towards all three guys at the next table as I reached up, grabbed the top of my dress, and pulled it down even further to fully expose my erect, pink nipples. I arched my back and took another sip of my wine feeling my pussy burn with heat. I was now sitting there completely topless with three mean at the next table staring intently wondering what I would do next. Ok, this was really turning me on too. I slowly reached between my now spread legs and gathered the bottom of my short dress pulling it up to my waist allowing a view of my white lace thong-covered pussy.  
  
The waiter made it back to the table (at least the tenth time he had visited) to ask if we needed anything else. We had already paid the check so I did not realize he was coming and I did not have the chance to cover up. Now the waiter was standing between my husband and I, right beside me, with both breasts and lace-covered pussy fully exposed to him. I answered, "no, I think we are good." But as he turned to leave, a mischievous thought hit me. I said, "sir, could you help me out for a moment?" He stopped and came back to stand between us. "Could you tell me which nipple is harder?" He shockingly stared, so I continued, "I think you may have to feel them to make that decision. If you'll hand me that desert menu, I'll hold it here so it will look like you are helping me decide on a desert."  
  
He handed me the small menu which I held up in front of me on the table. He proceeded to point to the carrot cake, and then moved his hand down the menu to tweak my right nipple. Realizing it was ok, he cupped the breast and then circled the nipple with his finger. He said, "that is a great one. You may want to consider the chocolate cake too." He then moved across and stroked the nipple on my left breast. He replied, "it is a tough call. They are both so good, but my favorite is the one on the right."  
  
The guys at the next table and my husband watched every moment of that with their mouths wide open. I was so wet and turned on that I leaned over to my husband and said "let's go." I pulled up my straps enough to cover my nipples but left much of my breasts still exposed as we walked (well almost ran) out through the restaurant.  
  
We made it to the parking garage where our car was parked. Once we made it up the stairwell to the third floor, I pulled my husband's hard cock out and stroked its shaft. I let the dress fall all the way off my shoulders again as I stroked, then kneeled down to lick and suck him right there. Feeling his cock throb and expand in my mouth and my pussy juices run out, I turned around with my dress now hanging at my waist so that he could fuck me right there. He lifted the short dress over my ass and rested it on my back and began to pound me until my tits began to swing in a unified motion. He held my arms behind my back and turned me facing the stairwell door so if someone walked through they would see my nude tits bouncing as he pounded me from behind. As he fucked me harder and harder, he stretched my arms up and placed them on the stairwell in front of me. He then quickly grabbed my dress that was bunched around my waist and in one quick motion pulled it over my head and dropped it on the floor. I was now completely nude getting fucked hard as he grunted and thrust his cock into my pussy like I prefer. We heard the door at the bottom close and steps coming up the stairwell but I told him "oh, don't stop." With a few more thrusts he was coming sending his hot cum into my pussy that was vibrating with excitement.  
  
The footsteps now were now frighteningly close below us as my husband stepped back and quickly pulled his pants up. I grabbed my dress and tried to get it back on, but it had turned inside out when it came off so I was not able to get it back on before the stranger turned the corner to walk up to our landing and his eyes landed on me. I covered my breasts and wet pussy with the dress in my hands only to see the strangers was one of the businessmen who had been sitting at the table next to us. He stopped and stared as he did before but then said, "don't cover up for me, honey. That was hot and your tits are hot. We'll we see you next week, I hope."  
  
I stood up and dropped my hands to my sides full exposing my nude body to him and smiled responding "maybe, but next week, you'll have to help me with picking a dessert. Deal?"