**A Night Out in Bristol**

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Mandy, my wife and lover is about 5'8", wavy blonde hair, quite slim and very attractive. Her well defined breasts are a perfect 36c, which I think are just divine, However she will not always readily show her assets, but if the mood is right, she will become more adventurous especially with help from the odd glass of wine, Both Mandy and I get aroused by our exhibitionistic foreplay and in fact, it really turns me on knowing that carefully selected guys get the opportunity to enjoy my wife's subtle exposures.  
  
We recently managed a short break not far from home at the new Holland House Hotel in Bristol. We spent the day just ambling around some shops looking for a new skirt and top and my wife made sure she kept my undivided attention by tempting me with the odd glimpses of her firm cleavage when suitable moments arose.  
  
We saw a sheer black blouse draped on a manikin in a boutique and I urged her to try it on. She looked stunning; the fabric was very fine and clingy and sculptured her body perfectly accentuating the shape of her bust and immediately aroused me. I was just disappointed that there was no one else around to see her modelling it for me, so told her if she promised to wear it that evening I would buy it for her.   
  
We took some time in our hotel room, having a couple of drinks and getting ready for the night on the town. Mandy had dressed for the occasion in a plain black skirt, not too tight, cut to just above her knees and made more provocative with a sexy slit up the front to mid thigh. On top of that, she wore her tailored tux-style black jacket; this jacket only has two buttons, which button up quite low, creating an extra plunging neckline. Under the jacket was the new sheer blouse with the top few buttons undone, drawing my eyes to the cleavage spilling over her black lacy bra. Her heels were as always, fairly high, emphasizing her buttocks and gave her a sexy yet sophisticated look. She always looked very sexy and in control in this type of "boardroom" outfit. She looked just fantastic, and I told her so.  
  
She teasingly asked me why I hadn't asked her about what else she was wearing. With that she got off the chair, reached down to part her split line and started to mischievously draw her skirt up her legs, then with a impish grin stopped short and told me I'd have to wait until later.   
  
She loves to tease me, endorsing her power and I'm sure my disappointment showed in my face, even though I continued to feel that familiar tumble deep in my stomach. Mandy was obviously pleased with her ability to get me aroused by such a simple gesture so a few moments later, after some badgering she gave in, and lifted her skirt to show off a little white g-string. The patch in front was tiny, just enough to contour and cover the swollen cleft of her freshly shaven mound, a smirk of satisfaction crept over her face as I admired what she had done to impress me. There was no mistaking that she had already established her frame of mind; she was obviously as randy as hell.  
  
Soon enough it was 8.00 o'clock, we gulped what was left of the wine and we were certainly getting into the swing of things. We needed to head down to the reception to get our taxi for the short ride to the restaurant.   
  
Standing in the doorway as I held it open, she suggestively held her jacket open and said "Do you think I can get away without the bra?" tormenting me with expectation that she might actually take it off, there and then. Fuck I was catapulted into a seventh heaven immediately, still not sure, whether or not she was going to go through with this as I stammered my encouragement.   
  
Then watched mesmerized as she nonchalantly stripped off the jacket and blouse, removed her bra, threw it back it back into the room and replaced the blouse and jacket.   
  
Fuck she looked so hot, the sheer fabric of the blouse now scarcely concealed her perfect breasts, her dark areolas drawing my eyes to her enticing pert nipples. The butterflies in my belly somersaulted at the thought she might go out dressed so seductively so close to home. I love her going out without a bra, flaunting her beautiful breasts to strangers, knowing they would be able to see her charms whenever she allowed, and that I am there to watch their reactions of surprise and pleasure.  
  
I eagerly ran my hand over her blouse, delighting in the feeling of her hardened buds under the sensual fabric. I was elated and didn't need to point out to her the effect she had had on me.   
  
As we passed through reception she caught a glimpse of herself in a mirror, her pert nipples now poking exquisitely through the thin fabric leaving nothing to the imagination and thought it best to button up for the time being.  
  
The taxi arrived and we were quite impressed as the driver got out and opened the door for us to slide in, he was obviously a man of the world as he knew exactly where to stand to watch Mandy swing into her seat. During the short drive through the city, we got closer and more intimate. I unbuttoned her jacket so that I could feast my eyes on her delicious breasts, and felt her up like a horny teen-ager. Her nipples were already aroused and her silky blouse seemed to have generated some sort of static energy and now clung to her breasts like a second skin, clearly showing she was naked underneath. I knew she wouldn't be able to resist teasing the driver with a titillating view of her unmistakable exposure.   
  
We arrived at our destination about twenty past eight and waited with almost breathless excitement as the driver moved around to open the nearside door. I stepped out first and watched with anticipation as Mandy slid across the seat and obliged the driver. Her blouse still clung to the contours of her breasts and her hard nipples could be clearly seen, poking aggressively into the fabric of her blouse.   
  
The driver was initially a bit taken aback when he realised, that she knew, he was ogling her breasts. His lecherous eyes almost popped as she slid across the seat, then consciously dangled her high heel momentarily as her skirt slid up her thighs, allowing him a perfect view of the luscious valley between her thighs   
  
He was then well aware of our little game and just silently mouthed "Fucking hell" before enthusiastically offering us his card should we require a ride back. In all fairness the guy had tried to be discreet but there was no way he could have kept his eyes away from her.  
  
It was a delicious thrill, knowing that the driver had seen her scantily covered crotch and when she winked I knew she had been stimulated by this tease as well. I only wished the moment could have lasted longer so he could have seen more.  
  
I knew tonight was going to be especially exciting as we walked up the few wide steps to the doorway of a little Italian restaurant. Mandy was obviously in a very aroused state as we entered and only pulled her jacket together loosely in case it might have been inappropriate. The restaurant was fairly crowded and we were given a cosy intimate table at the back, away from the bar. It was just perfect and what I had hoped for.   
  
During the course of the evening we relived the episode in the taxi, and as to what the driver had actually been able to see, arousing each other with many "what if" scenarios. The wine flowed freely as the waiters continually topped up our glasses. Throughout the meal Mandy kept her jacket on but it was easy to see the shape of her breasts and the imprint of her nipples pressing through the thin fabric. No doubt the waiters saw this, but she did not deliberately flaunt herself. She looked just tantalizing.   
  
Then Mandy said she had to go to the loo, and raised her eyebrows promisingly. I watched and waited, my heart pounding with excitement, anxious for her return. Moments later, I was thrilled to see her weaving her way through the restaurant, I could see that she had loosened all but the bottom button of her blouse, the sides of the jacket swayed loosely and her tits bounced and swayed as she walked, her puckered areolas and firm nipples were now clearly apparent, as was most of the bare flesh of her cleavage and the swelling slopes of her breasts. Anybody that looked saw her.   
  
She returned to her seat, justifiably proud of her exposure, the sensation was incredible. She was almost breathless with the excitement of her boldness and conscious of how powerful her seduction could be. It seemed as if she was proudly offering anyone the privilege to enjoy her luscious tits.   
  
By this time were very high, partly due to the wine, but mainly from the sexual energy she was generating I told her how brilliant she was, but greedily craved even more in the way of a visual stimulation.   
  
My hand began to caress her while gradually folding the material of her blouse away from her left breast, baring more and more of it to my view, It seemed to take forever because I was proceeding so sensitively, but at last enough of Mandy's breast was uncovered, so the edge of her nipple must have been in plain view from the side and being so turned on, Mandy had made no move to stop me. She seductively ran her tongue along her upper lip seemingly daring me to continue so I finally took the big plunge and pulled the thin fabric away from her, uncovering her very erect, clearly excited nipple.  
  
It was just at that time that the waiter returned to see if we needed more drinks, we did, but when the waiter looked at Mandy, I'm sure he forgot the reason for his visit to our table. Mandy pretended not to notice, as his lustful eyes took in her relaxed exposure, but then caught his eye and smiled appreciatively, allowing him to continue his indulgence by making polite conversation  
  
I was more than happy to take advantage of the situation and asked the waiter's opinion, before ordering a couple liqueurs, and then, after I ordered, Mandy changed her mind, to order a Baileys just to prick-tease a little longer. His cock must have started to stir, because he sub-consciously put his hand in his pocket and tried to move it around to a more comfortable position as he reluctantly he left of our table.  
  
I was trying to look deeply into her eyes at the same time as I was savouring the beauty of her partially uncovered breast. I don't think I succeeded very well, but she was so aroused now anything was possible. She leaned over to straighten my collar, which had the effect of releasing her complete breast. I couldn't resist the temptation and sexily rubbed the back my cold desert spoon against her hardened nipple. Mandy made no move to stop me then closed her eyes momentarily taking a sharp intake of breath, truly savouring this pleasurable sensation. I had never seen her look and act so wanton, the sexuality heightened by the fact that we were doing it furtively in public.   
  
After caressing her nipple for several minutes I moved to the sheer fabric to just drape loosely over her areola before the waiter returned. We continued these activities through two more coffees, and revelled in the waiter's voyeurism as he brought each of the refills individually. It was with great reluctance that we eventually realised that it was time for us to go and asked for the check.   
  
Just before his return, I again used the spoon to move the sheer fabric away so as to completely reveal her excitement to him. When he arrived, his gaze never left Mandy breasts. He obviously knew that I was enjoying showing off my wife's lovely tits and was openly happy to take advantage of the situation. I pretended to check and then re-check the bill to draw out the eroticism of the moment.   
  
Seeing my very attractive and obviously sensual wife blatantly flaunt her perfectly aroused nipple to him was truly breath-taking. Mandy just could not help knowingly drop her gaze down to her exposure then back into his eyes before giving him a sexy wink as we left.  
  
The moon outside was bright and the evening temperature quite comfortable so we decided to walk back to the hotel along the quayside. The side we were walked on was a sort of paved piazza, with house barges moored along side. The other side of the river, probably about 40 yards across, was lined with apartments fronting on to the river. There were many other couples in the vicinity and a few groups enjoying the warm evening. I slid my hand down the inside of her waistband and caressed her cheeks as we walked. We stopped and kissed a couple of times along the riverside. The atmosphere between us was electric; she was as turned on as I have ever seen her.  
  
It wasn't too difficult to find somewhere discreet to persuaded her to allow me remove her blouse. Then proceeded to remove her jacket, and released the remaining button of her blouse before slipping it off her shoulders and crumbling it into my pocket then putting her jacket back on, having kept her completely topless for a short while in a public place, simply intensified our mood   
  
We moved to the quayside railings at the river's edge, and held each other in a passionate embrace, kissing and fondling. I felt her hand gently reach down to caress my hardness then she looked sensuously into my eyes. I instinctively knew what she wanted and turned her around to face the river. I held her from behind, nibbling her ear and nape whilst slowly cupping, then exposing her naked breasts to the full view of the river and the apartments beyond.  
  
I pulled her skirt hem upward, and then slid my right hand inside the slit in her skirt to the touch of warmness and swelling between her legs. My fingers continued to snake their way in side the tiny dampened g-string, and at my touch her legs opened wider, allowing me the pleasure of her slippery hot pussy.   
  
Such had been the intensity of the build up, that within in few moments, her knees buckled slightly as tremors raced through her body. It was beautiful, she had cum being exposed to anyone who had looked out their window, and saw her near nakedness. Fuck it was extremely electrifying.  
  
She twisted her neck around to kiss me, as we stayed in that position, savouring what was a truly erotic moment then took a couple of photographs as mementoes before taking a long romantic walk back to our hotel, only stopping in a small park along the way to confirm our passion, kissing and cuddling.  
  
While we waited for the lift I joked that I would be happy to hold her jacket for her in the lift she was "warm". She refused impishly, but as there was no one in the lift, willingly undid the buttons but stopped short of removing her jacket. I admired her beauty from the other side of the lift as the bell chimed, her jutting nipples proudly exposed as the doors slid open, as I courageously prayed there was someone in the corridor.   
  
Whilst walking to our room in the deserted corridor, she said she was hotter now and sexily peeled off the jacket, then handed it to me. Desperate to prolong this thrilling experience as long as possible I drew her to me, kissed her, our tongues danced in each others mouths as she ran her hands down to massage my aching hardness. I even pretended that I had left the key inside and spent time checking my pockets for a minute or two, basking in the pleasure of watching my wife standing in the hallway of our hotel, openly baring both her breasts and hoped some else may come along, but no one did.  
  
We stepped into our room, which was on the first floor and opposite the other wing of the hotel and gave an unobstructed view of the parking area. She led me over to the low level window, illuminated by the car park security lights. Momentarily she released her hands from mine and unzipped her skirt allowing it to fall to the floor, Wow! All the attention from the evening's events had made her insatiable and really courageous.   
  
I dared her to face the window and stood behind her. She gripped my hands with hers and encouraged me to feel the softness of her breasts. I hugged her tightly and cupped my hands under her breasts to caress her nipples, kissing and touching, my hardness straining to be released, ground into her back. Such was my lust and desire I was desperate for her to be seen.  
  
Our hearts skipped a beat as a car arrived and parked just 20 yards from our room. Virtually powerless to move, we watched as a middle aged couple took their cases from the boot. The man looked up momentarily then did a second take as if to confirm his original view, and then as they hurried his wife across to the foyer, he turned several times before disappearing into the entrance. The rush was incredible.  
  
Moments later we watched as the door to the foyer opened. The guy was returning to his car on his own, clearly now able to concentrate unhindered as he walked in our direction. Immediately my stomach tumbled as adrenalin pumped into our bodies. I whispered "Shall I" as I slid my hands to her waist and hooked both thumbs into the ties of her juice sodden g-string and slowly inched it over her hips. We were now pushing the boundaries, never before had we gone so far as to actually present Mandy's complete utter nakedness in this way. Now we had his complete attention, he stood discreetly next to his car transfixed by the sight before him.  
  
My wife was now standing in the window of our hotel panting from the excitement of this erotic exposure. This middle aged stranger was now so close we could tell he was openly enjoying his unexpected experience. His gaze easily captured her swelling curves, even in the subdued light, as she thrust her mound toward him and, daringly spread her legs to reveal her perfectly camel toe,   
  
I stood behind her and brought my hands up to fondle her soft breasts, kneading the flesh and squeezing her pert nipples between my fingers. I could feel our hearts pumping simultaneously as we both knew what we were about to do. My fingers slipped down tantalisingly over her belly my fingers spread out as they tenderly sank to encompass her shaven mound. Her lips gaped slightly as my fingers slid in slowly and easily. Soon, her whole body was thrusting against my fingers. I knew she was already approaching another orgasm.  
  
Our hearts beat faster at this unexpected bonus to our foreplay, my middle finger delved and probed her slippery wetness then circled her protruding bud for our mutual gratification. Thoughts of consequences crossed my mind, but now we were to far gone to care. Mandy brought her hand to cover mine, her eyes locked on our voyeur as she pressed my fingers harder and deeper into her, moans of pleasure escaped from her lips as she worked my fingers in a frenzy of rhythmic motions. Her head jerked back as intense waves of ecstasy began to wrack though her body then reached out to the window for support and her legs began to crumble as her orgasm began to fade.   
  
Eventually we stumbled back to the bed and collapsed; she turned to face me and told me that was the most powerful orgasm ever. Then raised her hand and switched on the bedside lamp, fully illuminating the room to enhance our exhibitionistic behaviour before pushing me back onto the bed to fully enjoy the culmination of the energy she had generated.  
  
We spent the rest of the night enjoying each others pleasures and fantasising that others may be able to see our passion.