**Annie's Aprons**

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I've always enjoyed cooking... but a few years ago my creative juices started flowing more and more into the development of my kitchen skills. When we remodeled our kitchen, we put in large double ovens, more refrigeration space, more burners in my cooktop and lots of marble countertops. With this setup, I can cook up a storm!  
  
We're like most people these days... the kitchen is THE place to gather when friends come over for dinner. I can continue to prep various delicacies while friends snack on appetizers and enjoy their drinks. Our open-concept kitchen makes meal preparations part of the evening's entertainment. Subsequently, we invite a variety of friends to come for dinner several times each week. It's a great lifestyle!  
  
Oh... I almost forgot to mention... I'm almost always nude under just a cute little apron. A working kitchen is not a place for full nudity... except perhaps for cleaning up... too much risk of burns. But... I've found some absolutely darling aprons with a flirty flair. They're protective in front but are completely open in back. And... most afford a generous side-boob view that makes them even more fun. I think I have about 30-35 "entertaining" aprons now... each one unique, fun, and provocative.  
  
So... as you might imagine, our kitchen is a place where I can enjoy two of my deep passions... cooking and exhibitionism. My hubby, Anthony, says it's a wonderful combination. And... our friends seem to agree. They've even brought me new aprons to try on. Of course, I love this opportunity... playfully taking off one apron to model a new one. Not that I need one, but it's a great excuse for getting totally naked in my kitchen with friends watching. Mmmmm!  
  
My creativity runs strongest in my baking skills. Of course, most of cooking is science... but there is plenty of room for artistry also. It's great fun to experiment with new options in pies, cakes, pastries, cupcakes, turnovers, etc. I supply our friends, neighbors and community groups with a constant flow of baked goods... all prepped and baked in my cute little flirty aprons.  
  
Several years ago, I started baking pies and cakes for various non-profit fundraising events. At first, they were part of their dessert auction... tables at the event would pool their money to bid on the dessert they wanted to purchase and share after their dinner. My desserts were pulling in enough money that several were included among other items in the live auction part of a couple fundraisers. I loved being able to contribute these desserts for great charity causes... they started to pull in around $2,000 each. Then... my addiction kicked in!  
  
A couple years ago... I offered an auction item that included two custom-baked desserts over a two-month period, delivered and served by me in whatever setting the purchaser wanted. Since this was our favorite non-profit fundraising event of the year, I wanted to pull in some big money. But then... at the event, I got a little carried away.  
  
Ant and I know most of the big-money donors in our community. So... during the Happy Hour prep for the dinner and auction, I cruised around the room to chat with three of the men I knew would be most likely be interested in my enhanced version of the dessert package in the auction... and would be willing to bid it up dramatically.  
  
I told each of them I'd add a personal touch to the dessert package, if they won it... and that very few others would have this offer. I would... for this small group of donors only... deliver and serve both of the desserts wearing nothing but a small apron and matching FMPs. And... he could choose one of his guests to remove and take home my apron, leaving me to go home in just my sexy high heels.  
  
Needless to say... this offer got a great deal of attention from all three men. At events like these, I'm always dressed in what most people would characterize as 'provocative' outfits... yes, a significant show of both cleavage and leg. And... it's really fun that I'm not the only woman to enjoy the opportunity. I have enough friends who enjoy at least part of my addiction to make it appear that I'm not the only exhibitionist in the room!  
  
Two of the men have circulated in enough of our events to know I wouldn't be bluffing about such a daring offer, but one wasn't so sure. Jeff was a bit new to these fundraisers, even through Ant and I were pretty sure he was probably the wealthiest person in the room.  
  
Jeff and I were chatting in the middle of the room... standing together at a high table. I was ready to make the deal!  
  
Jeff said, "So, Annie... it sounds like you're prepared to add some value to your desserts."  
  
I was wearing a short black skirt, black FMPs and a low-cut black blazer. A significant amount of cleavage was already visible. Keeping eye contact with Jeff, I unbuttoned the top button of the two holding my jacket closed. It gaped open to show even more of my chest. His eyes went down, and then met mine again. A smile... and his eyes danced a bit. Ahhh... the negotiations would continue.  
  
Keeping my eyes on his... I unbuttoned the last button, letting the blazer fall open to show my whole cleavage and my bare flat belly down to the top of my skirt that was a couple inches below my navel. These are the times when my daily exercises come in handy. He glanced down briefly... his smile broadened slightly, and he met my eyes again.  
  
"Hmmm... you appear to be in great shape, Annie... I'll bet your whole body is tight like those abs," he said very softly.  
  
"Of course, my dear... I know you'll be respectfully discreet," I said with a small nod. With that... I leaned on the high table next to us with my right arm and parted my blazer with my left arm, totally exposing my left breast as I rested my left hand on my bare hip. Oh, man... I was soooo turned on I could barely stand it! I knew several other people around were watching... and that made the moment even more exciting.  
  
He looked down... took a deep breath, and said, "You're the real deal!"  
  
I casually stood straight and rebuttoned my blazer. "Yes, Jeff... I am. Nice chatting with you."  
  
An hour later, the bidding started for my dessert package. When the bid quickly rose to over $3,000, the auctioneer knew something was happening, and he glanced over at me with a knowing smile... looking over his glasses with raised eyebrows. I smiled back with very slight nod. He nodded back and went on with the bidding. (Note... when the auctioneer has seen you naked several times and knows you'll never hesitate to use your feminine whiles to meet your desires, you know he'll use that information to maximize the profit in the bidding.)  
  
When the auctioneer saw he was dealing with three serious bidders, he knew the game. And... he played it beautifully. One... to the other... then the third... higher and higher... back and forth. And... the crowd loved it!!  
  
The bidding slowed around the $6,500 point. The auctioneer was coaxing out additional bids at $500 increments. It was pretty quiet after Jeff increased his bid to $8,000.  
  
When the auctioneer asked our friend, Brad, if he was done, he shouted out, "$10,000." The applause was thunderous in the room. When the auctioneer asked Jeff and the other active bidder for an increase, they both smiled and waved him off.  
  
"All in? all done? Sold for $10,000... oh, my!" said my auctioneer friend.  
  
When the evening's festivities were finished, and everyone was leaving, Jeff came over to me and shook my hand. "You know, I was in it to win it," he said with a sigh. "But... the bidding got a bit too rich for me."  
  
I said, "Well... perhaps next year then."  
  
This made him smile. "Oh... that does give me some hope! And... by the way, I'm making another $1,000 donation tonight because of your enthusiasm and dedication to the cause. Thanks!"  
  
Before we left the event, I chatted with Brad briefly... thanking him, of course, for his generosity, and inquiring about whether his wife, Holly, knew about the "added value" I planned to provide in addition to the actual desserts.  
  
Brad laughed a bit, and said, "Of course! You know Holly and I are partners in all kinds of mischief. She encouraged me to bid high... and was delighted that I won the bidding."  
  
Just then... Holly walked up and gave me a big hug. "Oh, Annie... you are the life of the party. Your offer was so outrageous... and it'll stay as our little secret... unless you want us to share the details, of course."  
  
"We'll see," I replied. "I already told Jeff that I'll offer this same auction item again next year. Some details might bring even higher bids."  
  
My first dessert was requested just one week later. It seemed that Brad and Holly were eager to surprise several of their friends. They planned a dinner party for the next Saturday evening... dinner for four couples at 7:30pm with dessert at about 9:00pm.  
  
On Friday, Holly and I stepped through the choreography of the evening. She was only slightly surprised when I made it a dress rehearsal. I'd brought three of my cutest aprons to model for her. I had her sit at the table while I entered the dining room with a crystal cake stand, holding the stand in front of my chest so it wasn't obvious that I was naked beneath the apron. When I extended my arms to place the cake stand on the table, it became abundantly clear that I was at least topless. Holly was delighted! She chose the French maid's apron as her favorite, and we were ready for some fun.  
  
I was excited all day on Saturday as I prepared the dessert and prepared myself. The anticipation of being naked among a group of mostly strangers kept me thinking about it all day. Holly asked for a pineapple upside down cake... it's festive looking for a great presentation.  
  
I got to the house at a little after 8:30pm and entered through the kitchen, waiting near the pantry slightly out of sight from most of the kitchen. I could hear the group chatting away... obviously they were having a great time already. I'd worn just a short silky robe to drive over... and changed quickly into my apron to be ready when Holly announced dessert. A couple minutes before 9:00pm, Holly came in to make her final preparations. She saw that I was ready... picked up the dessert plates... and said, "Follow me... this will be soooo fun!"  
  
As Holly walked into the dining room, she said, "And now... we have a special surprise for you all... our dessert will be presented and served by the baker herself... a pineapple upside down cake by Annie." As I walked into the dining room, I could see the lights were dimmed and several candles provided most of the light on the table. I walked slowly to the end of the table where the cake would be served... and extended my arms to place it carefully on the table.  
  
I found out later that Holly and Brad had planned carefully to have a couple of their women friends at the end of the table where they would see my bare body first. Sure enough... both women looked first at the dessert, and then at my very visible side boobs and bare ass. One gasped slightly, and exclaimed, "Oh, my!" The other giggled a bit, and said with a quivering voice, "What a lovely dessert!"  
  
Most of the others just looked a bit confused. Holly said, "Annie, why don't you model your lovely apron." I turned to one side slowly... then to the other side... then completely around. Well... that got their attention. There was some clapping and laughing and cheering... Brad and Holly obviously chose a good group to surprise as there weren't any disapproving guests.  
  
When the group quieted down a bit, I asked Holly to turn some of the lights up again, so I could serve the dessert. As she did, I announced that my apron was going to be a gift to Brad who graciously purchased an auction item for three desserts at our recent fundraiser.  
  
I asked Brad to join me at the end of the table. While I faced the table with Brad behind me, I asked him to first untie the bow around my waist. As it fell loosely in front of me, my boobs were uncovered, bringing some appreciative exclamations. Then, I asked for the group to give me a drum roll on the table... as they did the drum roll, I asked Brad to untie the bow around my neck. The apron fell to the floor at my feet... I was completely naked... and the drum roll became cheering and applause. Oh, man... such fun... and my smooth yoni was soooo wet!  
  
The suspense was over, and it was time to serve the dessert. I had Holly turn the lights up again, and I served the pineapple upside down cake to her guests while totally naked. After a few minutes, it was natural yet exciting to be walking around among them with nothing on. I helped Holly as she served coffee, and then poured Port wine for several of the guests as a nice finish to the dinner.  
  
At about 10:00pm I was ready to leave. By the time I retrieved my light robe and walked to my car, I couldn't stand the sexual tension any longer. I sat in my car and stroked myself to a quick but intense orgasm... ahhhhh! When I got home, Ant was waiting up for me. As I shared the evening's events with him, my excitement rose again. And... my guy was there for me for a long and very satisfying conclusion to the evening.  
  
Brad called a couple weeks later. First... he told me how their dinner guests were still talking about my dessert presentation. One of the women had told him she thought it was the "best dinner party ever."  
  
"Oh, Brad... that's sweet," I replied. "You probably noticed that I had a lot of fun too!"  
  
"Yes, indeed... we all knew you were enjoying every moment," he said with a smile. "Are you ready for some more fun?"  
  
We arranged for me to return to their home late in the afternoon of the next day to plan the presentation of the second dessert. When I arrived, Holly met me at the door and showed me the way to Brad's "man cave." Wow! She wasn't kidding.  
  
The room had no windows and was lined with dark, polished wood paneling. To the left was a full bar with a large painting of a reclining nude woman behind the bar. In the middle of the room was a beautiful poker table with a classic poker room light hanging above it. To the right was a home theater area with several plush recliners in front of a large projection screen. Brad was behind the bar waiting for us.  
  
"Welcome to my sanctuary, Annie," he said proudly. "It's Happy Hour... can I make you a drink?"  
  
With our drinks in hand, Brad shared his thoughts about my second and final dessert presentation. He had a poker group that met most Wednesday nights. Five other men Brad had known for many years came over for drinks at the bar... a friendly poker game... and fine cigars. He felt this would be a perfect setting for my added-value dessert.  
  
We decided the dessert didn't need to be anything to heavy or decadent... he wanted something more fun. When I suggested chocolate eclairs, he agreed enthusiastically. He exclaimed, "Good friends... chocolate... single malt scotch... a great cigar... and a beautiful naked lady. That's the recipe for a great evening." We agreed on the next Wednesday at 10:00pm.  
  
I chose an apron that looked from the front like Marilyn Monroe's famous white dress that billowed up in a very revealing way in the movie, "The Seven Year Itch." It was a really flirty and fun apron most men would recognize. At about 9:30pm, I packed my apron and desserts into the car and drove over to Brad's house... again in just my silky robe and white FMPs.  
  
Holly assisted me when I got to the house. She'd already taken dessert plates, forks and napkins into the room... they were at the near side of the bar. I changed into my apron and asked Holly how I looked. She smiled and gave me two thumbs up... "The apron is very cute, but they'll really love seeing you in just those sexy shoes."  
  
At exactly 10:00pm, I knocked twice on the "man cave" door... opened it wide... and walked in with my beautiful eclairs on a crystal tray. The poker table and the bar were well lit... but the rest of the room was dark. It was perfect... the light over the poker table caught my white apron like a full moon as I walked closer. Because I was walking straight toward the table with my upper arms against my boobs, none of the men could see that I was bare under my apron. My excitement rose quickly as I approached the table... it was show time!  
  
Brad jumped up and enthusiastically said, "And, here's Annie with our dessert this evening. Annie, I've been telling my friends what a great baker you are."  
  
I replied, "Thanks, Brad... I'm happy to share one of my specialties tonight... chocolate eclairs. I'll put them over on the bar, and you can introduce me around." I turned and walked toward the bar... now Brad's friends got a full view of my bare back and my firm legs and ass. I love it when people are surprised to see my naked body for the first time. There was cheering and clapping... a couple wolf-whistles... a few happy expletives... and loud 'WOW.' I placed the dessert plate on the bar and walked back to the table to meet the guys.  
  
There was Carl, Big Mike, Little Mike, Jerry, Will... and, of course, Brad. After I made my way around the table for introductions, I looked at the poker table, and said, "It appears that I interrupted this hand... I'm sure you'd like to finish it before you have your dessert." Brad added that it would probably be best, so they took their places again.  
  
"Before you continue though," I said, "I'd like to add some luck and incentive to this hand." There was obvious interest among the guys.  
  
"Who is low man so far this evening?" It turned out that Big Mike was low man, even though he was probably 6 foot 6 or 7 inches tall. "Okay," I said. "I'm gonna stand next to you, Big Mike, to bring you luck." I went around to his chair and leaned by hip gently against his right shoulder. Not surprisingly... the other guys were kidding Big Mike about not being able to concentrate now.  
  
Then I said, "And... the winner of this hand not only gets the pot, but also gets my apron." Whoa... the room exploded with laughter and cheers. Then, quickly... they all got very serious about their poker hand.  
  
After a few more times around the table, it was down to Little Mike and Will. Before they turned their cards over, I stopped them briefly, and asked Big Mike to untie the halter part of my apron just to add to the drama. As the top of my apron fell to my waist, I was relieved to finally have my boobs out in the open... and the guys were predictably appreciative.  
  
Then... the moment of truth... Little Mike had three kings, but Will had a flush in diamonds. Yes... it got loud in the room again... but then got totally quiet in anticipation.  
  
I walked around to Will's chair... had him turn toward me slightly... and stood directly in front of him. I asked Will to put his hands up to hold the apron at my waist. He was obviously a bit nervous and was trying to be a gentleman, so I had to place his fingers inside the top of my apron, so he could grip it with his thumbs on the outside. I was already very turned on, but the touch of his fingers on each side of my tummy sent a little pleasure shock through me. Jerry was behind me, so I asked him to untie the final bow knot holding my apron... as he did so, both sides fell loosely to my hips.  
  
I asked Will to just hold it there for a bit... and gathered the other guys behind his chair for a better view. They all jumped up and pushed each other a bit, jockeying for position. Of course, Will had the perfect view. He looked up at smile... glanced again at his very close-up view of my boobs... and then looked straight at the front of my apron as he held it in both of his hands. I changed position slightly so my feet were about shoulder-width apart, put my hands on my hips, and said, "Will... it's all yours."  
  
He lowered it slightly and looked up again. I gave him another smile and a nod. I moved my hips from side to side slightly as he lowered it slowly. It was so much fun... and so arousing to watch their expressions. As the apron covered less and less of my tummy and then my mound, it became more and more obvious that I was totally smooth. When the slit of my yoni was finally exposed, Will took the apron away completely and sat back in his chair with his mouth agape. The silence of expectation was replaced with exclamations of surprise and delight. I was aware all of a sudden that I was very aroused as a slight movement of air hit my wet exposed yoni.

"Okay, guys... is anyone interested in dessert?" That broke the tension in the room. I walked over to the bar to serve the chocolate eclairs, and Brad went behind the bar to serve more drinks. The room was alive with laughter and conversation. And... I was totally in my element... naked except for my sexy FMPs among a happy group of nice people.  
  
As in most of my exhibitionist experiences... once I'm totally naked, everyone seems to relax a bit. Nothing is hidden... every part of me visible and in motion. And... because I was completely comfortable being nude in the "man cave," they became increasingly comfortable with me.  
  
After dessert, it was time to get back to some serious poker. I played the table in my unique way... standing next to one of the men for a hand, and then moving on for the next hand. I put my arm over their shoulders and whispered advice into their ears. At the beginning of one hand, I offered a nipple for a good-luck kiss... and that became an expected way to begin a hand. The funny thing was that that nipple-kiss seemed to actually work enough times to be noteworthy.  
  
At midnight, I had already stayed longer than I'd expected to... but I was having so much fun, I was surprised when I glanced at the clock. I announced that I was going after one more hand. Oh, man... the groans and expletives were gratifying for sure. For this hand, I made an exception and gave each guy a lucky nipple kiss. Fun for them... and a total turn-on for me!  
  
After the hand was won, I walked back to the bar to collect my dessert tray and serving implements. As I did, I glanced up at the painting behind the bar, and had a final idea. I took off my FMPs and used one of the bar stools to jump up, so I could sit on the bar. I quickly positioned myself in front of the reclining nude and struck a pose that I hoped would be similar to the one in the painting.  
  
I asked, "What do you think?"  
  
They were eager to look carefully between the painting and me. Suggestions were made to move one way or another... left hand down... hips forward... head back.  
  
Brad asked quietly, "Annie... ummm... I'm sorry, but I have to ask... would you mind if I took a few photos?" Total silence.  
  
"That's why I jumped up here, Brad," I said. "But... not to be shared in public. Take a few photos and have one framed in this room to remind you all of this evening."  
  
Brad left the room for a couple minutes as the rest of the guys gave me more hints of how to pose. He came back with what looked like a professional digital camera. He took a bunch of photos, and finally said he was finished.  
  
Posing on a hardwood bar wasn't very comfortable, so I sat up and swung my legs over the front of the bar, resting my hands on each side and stretching a bit. I purposefully left my legs open as I faced the guys. And... what a surprise... their eyes were fixed on my open yoni. Mmmmmm!  
  
I asked Brad to show me some of the shots he'd taken... wanting to make sure he had at least one that would make a good remembrance photo. He came over and showed me his camera's digital screen... moving through several of the shots.  
  
I whispered to him... as if talking about the photos... "Are my legs spread enough for the guys to get a good view?"  
  
He softly chuckled a bit, and then replied softly, "Oh... you are soooo fun... and soooo wicked! Open a bit more and shift to point yourself toward Little Mike... he'll love it!"  
  
So... I shifted my position closer to Brad, put my arm around his shoulders to get closer to the camera, and spread my legs to put my left foot on one of the bar stools. I knew this would give all of the guys an even deeper view of my open and wet yoni, especially Little Mike who was standing at the far left of the group.  
  
We continued to look at Brad's photos. He glanced down and chuckled again, saying softly, "Excellent! His eyes are bugging out! But... shit... I'm not part of this show."  
  
"Don't worry, Brad," I replied. "You'll get a personal viewing when you're ready to hang this framed photo." I leaned over and kissed him on the cheek... and watched him turn every shade of red. Hahahaha!