**Barely Dressed At Sunday Brunch**

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It was Sunday and 75 degrees in Denver. The women were in their sun dresses and sexy sandals. My husband took me to Sunday brunch at a restaurant in the downtown area that's always crowded.

I'm 23 years old and my husband says my bare body is something that should be uncovered for all to enjoy, no matter where we go or what we do. I have taken that to heart and I love leaving the house practically naked. I am happy to dress how he tells me to dress and that means I am always a very scantily clad bare body babe who is eye candy on his arm to be stared at and lusted after.

The feeling I have when I am in crowded places with very little clothing on is so amazingly unbelievable. I love that people will stop and stare at me because they can see so much of my bare body. I feel so pretty, so sexy, so feminine, so desired. There's nothing like being someplace with no way to cover up and having men look at me like they want to ravage my body right then and there. They eye me up and down and point at me and whisper to whoever they're with. They look at me as though they want to impale my hot little pussy on their throbbing hard dicks.

Right then, right there. God, what a feeling.

This Sunday was no different. My husband told me to dress to tease men with a hot outfit and my bare body, so that's what I did. In reality, it's what I always do.

I wore a very short, bare belly spaghetti strap top that left the undersides of my 34C tits bare. One of the great things about this top is how easy it is for me to uncover one or both nipples. It came from a place called "Hottiesworld.com" before they closed their website. It is white lace material. It came with a lining, but I cut that out, so my nipples were visible through the holes of the lace material anyway. It left a vast expanse of my slender, tight, toned, sexy tummy bare.

I wore a long, light green skirt with an uneven hem that was custom made for me. It has a very wide slit all the way to my left hip, where it tied with two thin strings. My left leg was totally bare and I do not wear panties. I wear it very low, way below my hot pierced navel.

This skirt makes it very easy for me to expose my shaved pussy and leave her uncovered for my husband to see, touch and play with.

I wore black thin strap 4" high heel sandals. These are among my favorite because they have one teeny-tiny thin little strap that crosses over the base of my toes and that's all there is to them. They are the kind of sexy heels that scream fuck me. I wore a pretty anklet with dangles and one toe ring on my left foot. I wore two toe rings, one with dangles on it, on my right foot. I would be slipping my sexy little bare feet out of the sandals everywhere today to let my husband enjoy my pretty bare feet.

I had a long, colorful, dangle belly button ring, and a silver armlet on my left upper arm.

When I went downstairs to let my husband know I was ready to go, he whistled and told me I was his sexy siren. He said I looked delicious and commented on how bare I was.

"Do I look OK?" I asked.

"You look better than OK, you are going to be the hottest, sexiest, most watched babe all day long," he said. I smiled but I was nervous.

He wore a handsome-looking suit. He loves to contrast how bare I am with how he's dressed.

We walked out to the car and my body was soaking in the feeling of walking practically nude. I was leaving the house with almost nothing on, with the full intention of showing my bare pussy and bare tits and nipples in crowded places. I'm always a little nervous about what will happen, but I think the nervousness and vulnerability created by my skimpy attire adds to the exhilaration I feel when people see me in it.

On the way we decided to stop at Starbucks. My husband told me that I was to act as hot and sensual as I looked. All day. He told me that I was to have at least one nipple completely bare during our entire visit to Starbucks.

Wow. Wow. Even more daring and totally exciting.

During our walk through the parking lot, I stopped and told my husband to fix my top the way he wanted it. He did. He adjusted my tiny little top so that my left nipple was totally bare. God, I was so turned on. Both of my nipples were hard as rocks. People were already watching me.

My husband said if I actually spent our whole visit with my nipple bare, he would eat my pussy until I had an orgasm when we got back to the car. I love that man's talented tongue on my pussy, especially in public. I love it when other people see my toes curl when I have an orgasm when his tongue and mouth are working my excited cunt.

I would not cover my nipple. God, I felt so seductive and hot. My husband told me I looked awesome. I wanted to do something to have an orgasm in Starbucks. It's not hard for me to orgasm in public when I am wearing so little. My body and mind are so physically stimulated sometimes all I need to do is brush a nipple, or just knowing someone is looking at my bare pussy sometimes triggers one.

I was so lucky. What pretty girl wouldn't want to spend a few minutes in a Starbucks with her tit bare. And her pussy bare. And her tummy bare. And her feet bare. And her legs bare. And her back bare. Now you know why I love to be dressed that way in public. What a rush knowing my husband finds me so attractive that he wants to always show me off. I just feel so feminine, pretty, sexy, sensual, daring, naughty, erotic.

Girls, if you've never done it before, you have to try it. Pick a day when you vow to bare your body everywhere you go and just try it.

My husband opened the door for me and we went inside. As was usually the case, People stopped what they were doing to take a look. It's always a little embarrassing, but in a way that totally turns me on. We went to the counter.I think the young man was enjoying my outfit. Or was it my bare tit and nipple he was staring at. I just smiled big at him.

You would think I would be asked to leave. I have been... rarely. But not today. Not from Starbucks nor from the busy restaurant. Even though my outfit was so skimpy.

While we waited for our drinks, I turned around to see how many people were there. About 8-10. I felt very feminine standing there with so much of my skin exposed. I was very turned on. I told my husband I would be right back.

I went into the bathroom. I pulled my top down in back. Both nipples were bare now. I adjusted my skirt so that the wide slit was on the front of my left leg. I walked out.

I think people were just stunned because nobody said a word to me. They just watched. I sat down with my husband and he said you are absolutely amazing.

I crossed my left leg over my right. I let my sandal drop off my bare foot. Then I made a point of stretching my bare leg and pointing my sexy little toes on my bare, ankleted foot. My husband watched. So did some of the other people. I raised my arms above my head and seductively bit my lower lip. I didn't say a word, but my actions were screaming, "look at my pretty outfit, look how my body is bare for you to enjoy!"

All the while I was sitting there in a top that was so short the bottom of it was above my nipples. My crossed legs were totally naked and my foot was bare because my sexy sandal was laying on its side on the floor.

I was such a naughty girl. My husband sat down next to me and ran his hand down my thigh, over my knee, across my shin to my sexy bare foot. He asked me if I had any idea how sexy I was. "No," I said. He asked me how I felt. "Turned on," I said.

"How do I look?"

"Hot and very, very fuckable," he said.

My pussy was damp by now and my nipples were very hard. Everyone I made eye contact could see my naked tits, my entirely bare body. I loved the way I looked. I loved the way my lack of clothing made me feel. I was putting on a show with bare legs and one sexy little bare foot.

I was in heaven.

A man in his late 30s finally said something to me. "You're driving me crazy," he said. I just smiled and raised my arms up as sexy as I could. That just encouraged me to be a hot, slutty tease. I pointed my bare toes on my left foot some more and swung my leg. My pussy was on fire... and exposed. I loved that this guy was looking at my cunt, lusting after it.

My husband said it was time to go. I couldn't stand it. I slipped my pretty bare foot with its anklet and toe rings back in my sexy sandal and stood up. I told my husband I would be right back. I went back to the restroom and adjusted my skirt one more time. This time the slit was between my legs. This left my pussy completely exposed for the walk out of the store and through the parking lot to our car. I rubbed my finger up and down my pussy and it started glistening even more.

I was sooo turned on. I summoned my courage, opened the door and walked out. When I got to where people could really see me, I stopped and adjusted my top to make certain both nipples were totally bare. I was nude. I was in Starbucks. I smiled.

I walked up to my husband and he said you are so hot. I stood there next to him in that store and got incredibly turned on by my naughty display. I loved the way he looked at me with so much lust. I loved the surprise on other people's faces. My shaved pussy was visible to everyone. So were my hard nipples. I whispered to my husband, God I'm horny.

He started rubbing my bare shaved pussy. There were a few people who just watched. I was about to get finger-fucked in front of them. I put my hands on his shoulders, leaned up to his ear on my sexy little tip toes and whispered, "Make me cum".

"Right here, right now?" he asked as he massaged my clit.

"Mmmhhmm," I purred.

He walked around behind me. I snaked my arms up and locked my wrists behind his neck. My back was against the front of him. "Everyone is watching you," he whispered as he nibbled and licked the side of my neck. There were six people there who had been there for a while and a young couple who just walked in.

He went back to massaging my clit. "Ooohh," I quietly let out. I was anticipating his touch to become more intense.

I was not disappointed. He suddenly slipped two fingers into my wet pussy."Mmmm, don't stop," as I was getting finger-fucked in Starbucks. I got lost in the ecstasy and didn't let the fact that people were watching stop what was happening to me. I gained that confidence some time ago as I am always up for public sex with my husband in control. The knowledge that they could see my husband's fingers sliding up and down inside of my hot pussy was electrifying.

As my orgasm came closer to happening, I couldn't help but bring my hands down to my naked tits and start massaging my nipples. "Oh, Oh... God."

My little toes curled, and my hips rocked as I had my orgasm in Starbucks that Sunday afternoon.

It was definitely time to go. I quickly put myself together (as much as a pretty girl with almost no clothing on could put herself together.) I twisted my skirt so the slit was back on the side of my leg and I adjusted my top to make certain my left nipple was bare, just like when I walked in. I remembered it was supposed to be bare for the WHOLE visit. My husband grabbed my hand and we left.

"You are so hot, Lori. God, I love you," he said. I just laughed a little and said, "I love you, too... and I loved THAT!"

When we got back to the car, he quickly adjusted my skirt so the slit uncovered my pussy, pushed me back onto the hood (which was quite warm) and raised my top over my tits. He then pulled off my heels, dropped them to the ground, spread my legs and went down between my legs.

"Oh my God," was all I could get out as my fingers and hands immediately went to my nipples and tits.

His mouth was mauling my pussy while I was laid out on the hood of the car in the parking lot outside Starbucks.

It didn't take long, "Ooohhh, I'm cumming!" I tried not to scream. He kept sucking on my lips and clit with that marvelous mouth of his while my toes curled and my body convulsed for the second time in about four minutes. And we were still at the Starbucks.

I wondered what was to come in the restaurant.

We arrived for our Sunday brunch at the downtown Aquarium. It was absolutely teeming with people. I asked my husband, "Are you sure you want to go in here with me dressed like this?" "Yes, and I'm looking forward to being seen with you," was his response.

Here I was in this lace, see-through spaghetti strap top that was cut so short my underboobs were out. My nipples were totally visible. My belly was totally bare and I was wearing a sexy skirt that left my leg uncovered and very sexy high heel sandals that clearly said "fuck me."

There were so many people.

I was scared, embarrassed and really, really turned on.

My husband opened the door and I got of the car. I was about to walk into this place wearing practically nothing.

There was a nice breeze and I could really feel how bare I was. My tummy, my legs, my feet, my back, my arms, my tits, my ass, my pussy... everything!

My husband said, "I'm going to love finger-fucking you in there, with all of those people around." I told him, "I can't wait."

I didn't really think they would let us inside. I heard comments as we walked. As was generally the case most were positive and flattering. My husband says I get away with this because any pretty girl can be as bare as she wants in public. There were a lot of pretty women, but none were walking around as bare as me. I definitely fit the definition of "indecently exposed."

Anyway, we did get inside.

As I said this place is an aquarium. It has a very large, popular seafood restaurant inside where the big exotic fish swim by. But this afternoon, there just happened to be an exotically dressed girl in the restaurant.

Our table was right next to the glass of the aquarium. It was actually somewhat secluded which allowed me to be more bold than I could've been if we had been out in the middle of all of those people.

After all, I had another finger-fucking to look forward to.

I started feeling more comfortable with my situation, so we got up to get our food at the buffet. I was the talk of the buffet line. A lot of people stopped to stare at the scantily clad girl. I felt so good walking around doing very normal things while wearing my tiny little top that allowed everyone to see my tits and nipples. I saw myself in a reflection. No accidental flashing, just pure teasing and sexiness from a girl who meant for her bare body to be seen. I was very aroused as we went back to sit down and eat.

Part way through the meal I decided to go to the rest room. I did the same thing I did in Starbucks. I turned my skirt so the slit was almost between my legs. As I walked, my pussy was exposed with each step I took. When I got to the table, I turned the skirt the rest of the way to fully expose my shaved, glistening cunt to my husband and others nearby.

I sat down and there was no way to hide her. Then, I pulled my top up just enough to bare my nipples. This was how I looked as two bus boys came to clear our table. I was nude in this crowded restaurant.

My husband ordered a couple of glasses of wine and I remained totally exposed for the waiter.

My husband moved closer to where I was sitting. He started stroking my thigh. I spread my legs a little further. A handful of people had a clear view of what was taking place. I always wonder if they're just watching to see what happens to me next.

A finger made its way to my slit. I adjusted my top a little higher and moved one had to my right tit. I started gently touching my nipple. Both of them immediately got even harder than they were.

A second finger started rubbing up and down on my slit and my clit was getting a massage. My breathing quickened.

"Ooooh, that feels nice," I quietly said.

My anticipation was building. The heat and power of arousal built to a point where the ecstasy I felt overrode any sense of caring what people saw or said. I spread my legs even more and started pulling, pinching both of my naked nipples. My erotic, naughty display was inappropriate, but no one said a word.

My husband impaled my throbbing pussy with his fingers as a sexy girl in a mermaid costume swam by in the giant tank behind me. He massaged my clit with his thumb and it was game over. It took everything in me not to scream as my toes curled. The physical nature of my orgasm made it obvious to anyone who could see me that I just came.

I tried to gather myself a bit. My husband paid the bill and left a healthy tip, as always. It seemed our service was always really good when I was barely wearing any clothing.

I put my teeny-tiny little top back in place and as I stood, I adjusted the skirt just a bit so my pussy was only visible with every other step.

My show was over for the afternoon. But I knew I would be doing this again soon.

We headed home where the action resumed since I spent the afternoon turning my husband on with no relief like what he gave me out in public.