**Dinner at Assmore Abbey**

by[MFFM](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=4422349&page=submissions)©

My girlfriend had landed a bit part in our local community theater, and said she'd be in rehearsals for the next several weeks, then they'd have performances over a few weekends. She got me a ticket for the final performance so I could be with her at the cast party.

She told me nothing about the play, except that it would be made up of comedy farces each about ten minutes long, and that she was in just one of them. As a beginner, she was cast in a non-speaking role. Also, she told me there might be some brief nudity. I thought, no problem!

On the day of the performance she was busy all afternoon with theater stuff, so we just met outside the playhouse just before the performance. She handed me my ticket, gave me a quick kiss, I mumbled something about breaking a leg, and she disappeared backstage. I found my seat, recognized several people I knew, and waited. The production had some forgettable title, but in the program I found the skit where her name was listed, and prepared to wait.

After five or six unrelated but funny and entertaining skits, the curtain finally opened on "Assmore Abbey". The set was a formal dining room with two very formal older people, the Lord and Lady of the house (think Sir Laurence Olivier and Dame Maggie Smith) seated at opposite ends of a long table, the Lord on our right and the Lady on our left, with four or five empty chairs on each of the long sides of the table. They're waiting for their meal to be served. They're discussing the maintenance of the estate, their horses, the queen's visit, how spoiled their grown children are, and other mundane stuff to do with English country life. A butler in formal attire appears with the Lady's meal. He stands to her left, on the far side of the table, facing us. With a grand flourish he places the first course in front of her. Then a maid enters from the right, stops at the Lord's left and turns toward him and, from our side of the table, her back to us, grandly serves him his first course. She's wearing a little maid cap on her head, and a mid-thigh length white apron over her formal black blouse, but in back there's no skirt! Her bare ass is toward us, the audience, but not visible to the Lady.

Hey, I know that bare ass! And I have the best view in the house! Now I see why she got me this particular seat. She'd told me there might be some nudity, but she hadn't said it would be hers! Oh, well, why should I mind sharing a view of my girlfriend's ass with a few dozen other people? In fact, I was rather proud that she'd do this. It's a really nice ass.

I overheard the woman sitting next to me whisper to her husband that when she saw the performance last weekend, the maid was wearing pantyhose but appeared to be naked now, and should they leave? The husband said no.

Like I said, it's a really nice ass.

The chitchat between the Lord and the Lady continues as they politely ignore the servants. Except that the Lord's left hand is all over his maid's ass. Throughout the meal he keeps talking with his wife, but with his left hand he's exploring my girlfriend's ass. The entire audience has an excellent view of that ass. The butler and the maid serve several more courses, with each new course the Lord's hand going further between his maid's, that is, my girlfriend's, cheeks and under her ass, her legs moving further and further apart, while the boring conversation drones on. He pulls his hand out to lick a finger. Then his hand goes back in, then he pulls it out and licks two fingers. With each intrusion she wiggles her ass a little.

The woman next to me whispers that last week the Lord only patted the maid's ass, and certainly didn't lick his fingers.

So now, not only is her ass on display, but the actor playing the Lord is finger-fucking her and licking her juices. After serving the next course, she uses her hands to spread her cheeks to show me, and a theater full of other people, what her asshole looks like as his finger makes little circles around it. By the way, it looks like a cute little pink starfish, as everyone in the city now knows.

Her legs move a little further apart, and each time he plunges his hand between her legs and up into her cunt she bends over more and when he withdraws his fingers we see that her lips are a little more open. As she bends over further and further, her cunt lips are wider and wider, people in the nearer seats like mine can easily enjoy the view of her asshole and the underside of her cunt and even the fine details of her inner and outer lips and the smooth pink in between. The stage is higher than our seats, and thanks to the footlights the audience gets a well-lit view under her bottom, the part of her she doesn't reveal to strangers even at a clothing-optional beach or while modeling for art classes. She'd always told me that the area between her cunt and her asshole was very private, but here she was on display, clearly lit by the bright lights along the edge of the stage. Her vulnerable area was hidden only occasionally by the actor's hand.

So now I'm sharing not only a view of my girlfriend's ass, but also her asshole and stunning views of her cunt and the pink inside her vagina. And not just visually-that actor up there is bringing her off!

The slurping we hear seems to be timed more to his fingers going in and out of her cunt than to the Lord and Lady chomping on their food. The woman beside me notes this.

We can see his fingers sliding in and out. We can see his finger working her clitoris. Each time he manipulates it she shudders with arousal. The Lady inquires why the maid seems to be shaking, and the Lord replies that the maid must be shivering from the cold. The audience is chuckling at the idea of what the Lord is getting away with, unseen by his wife.

Except for me. I was not laughing at what the Lord was getting away with. It's my girlfriend. I keep trying to make myself think that the person up there on the stage is really just a nameless character, but I'm just too familiar with her intimate parts to fool myself.

Several times when the Lord's hand enters her, she grinds her ass around in sensuous circles and moves back against his hand to take his fingers in further. We hear that slurping sound as he works her lips and clit.

And even though the maid's character was a non-speaking role, some of her moans and gasps were quite audible, even with her face away from us. The actors playing the Lady and the butler apparently recognized that a woman was having orgasms right in front of them, but managed to stick mostly to the script. They made up some impromptu dialogue about the maid maybe having stomach pains.

So now half the town knows what sounds my girlfriend makes when she cums!

By the time of the last course, the maid is bent way over to pick up the dishes, her legs are far apart enough for me, and everyone else, to see up under her ass, and even the pubic hair around her spread lips. The couple seated next to me make a remark about the shiny trails running down the insides of the maid's legs.

Now the Lord is licking four fingers and his knuckles. This time when he withdraws his hand we can see that her lips are still open and dripping. I, and, of course, half the city, are close enough to notice that her clitoris is wet and swollen from the Lord's finger having been there. A woman one row in front of me whispers something about being able to smell the maid's sex juices. Several people nod in agreement.

And I know for sure whose scent it is.

Finally, after the dessert plates are removed, the butler comes around to our side of the table to serve coffee, and we see for the first time that the seat of his black trousers has been cut out to reveal white underwear, and only now do we realize that while the Lord has been getting his jollies, the Lady's hand has been fondling her butler's ass!

The audience roared with laughter and applause as the curtain dropped. Three more skits, then the curtain call, with the director and all forty or so actors gathered on stage. My girlfriend took the curtain call in her maid outfit, facing the audience in cap, blouse, and apron, looking to be fully dressed since the apron came down to mid-calf. She looks like a maid reporting for duty, except for the growing wet spot on her apron.

As soon as the entire cast was on stage for the bow, she momentarily swept the apron aside and parted her damp pubic hair to reveal the bare lips we'd previously seen only from behind and below. Her flash was over in less than a second. Anyone with a seat near mine, and who didn't blink at that moment, caught a fleeting view of her open cunt and wet clit, her cum juices glistening in the glow of the footlights. But only for an instant, because then it was time to take the bow. As the other cast members bent forward, she and the butler quickly twirled around and took their bow by mooning the audience. No longer constrained by the dinner table, she bent all the way over, parted her legs, tipped her ass upward, and used her hands to open her cheeks. And looked back between her legs at the audience, especially at me. With her cum dripping from her cunt onto the stage, she held this pose during the extended applause, until the final curtain came down. Fortunately, the butler settled for a simple moon.

The play was over.

At my side, she attended the cast party in that same costume. Naked below the waist except for the apron in front, she worked the crowd, allowing feels of her ass, and so did the butler.

Many playgoers asked her about the seamless nude panty-hose she'd worn for the earlier performances they'd seen. She answered that tonight she wanted to see what effect one simple little wardrobe change would have on her skit. She hadn't warned the actor playing the Lord, so tonight she got to see his reaction the first time he put his hand on her ass and felt bare skin. He quickly caught on (who wouldn't?!) and she mouthed to him to stay on script, but to make this worth her while; she'd give him a little extra if he would reciprocate. He did, and this time the orgasms didn't have to be faked.

The wet spot on her apron kept spreading. So she took it off, but then someone pointed out the fluid still leaking from her cunt and down her legs, and that her pubic hair was matted with drying cum! And also that her clit looked even prettier up close. Oh, well.

She also told us that now that she'd been nude on stage, even though it was only below the waist, she'd be looking for scripts calling for her to expose her breasts as well. And that maybe after that she'd be ready for onstage sex, more than just the finger-fucking they'd all seen tonight. She was hoping that as her boyfriend I'd take some acting lessons so I'd be the one she'd be fucking onstage, but one way or the other she was determined to eventually do live theater sex.

As the party wound down, the cast gathered for group photos, so she had to put the apron back on, sex-soaked as it was, for the first photos. But for the final picture she held it aside once more, reprising her curtain call flash. In that picture the 'Lord' stands behind her, his hand under her ass and cupping her lips from beneath. All but his middle finger are in view. She collapsed with a final orgasm.

My mind was jumping back and forth: Is this my girlfriend, or is it the maid we saw up on the stage. Until she said to me that for this final performance she wanted to surprise me with a special treat, and that she was now primed to continue the treat when she got me home!