**Dinner in the French Quarter**

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*This story is not entirely true and not entirely fiction. The description of events involving the shopping trip and the waiter in the restaurant are true with only slight artistic embellishment. The three men, however, represent plans for the future, rather than characters from the past.*  
  
  
  
As soon as we entered the restaurant, I knew immediately that it was the right place for what we had in mind. The lights were low with candles on each table, creating a romantic mood and affording ample opportunity for some sexy fun. It was early so only a few others had drifted in for supper. We picked a table against the back wall and sat on adjacent sides facing outward. Dina, my wife of ten years, was on my left. There were three or four other couples that were waiting to order or had started eating, plus one table with three well-dressed men – probably in New Orleans for a convention. The three men were to our left about twenty feet away and the others were mostly seated in front of us near the opposite wall or in the center of the restaurant. It seemed perfect for a little mischief.   
  
We talked for a while, almost as if it was going to be just an ordinary dinner out. We both knew different, but we also knew we had to pace the evening to savor every exciting moment.   
  
We had gone shopping for a special bra and a new short skirt the night before, as a prelude for our Saturday night of fun. She had tried on several bras in Frederick's of Hollywood, and each time opened the door to the dressing room to get my opinion. All of the bras exposed her nipples in one way or another. Some were shelf bras that left the entire top half of the breast exposed and some were full bras but with holes or slits that exposed the nipples. I certainly enjoyed the view as she modeled each bra, as perhaps did a few lucky guys who were browsing with their girlfriends.   
  
The skirt we bought was no less interesting – a simple straight black skirt made of thin stretchy material. And short – it was very short. It hugged her legs and tended to ride up if she spread them a little. When she was seated, it afforded a tantalizing view to anyone in front of her. I could tell from the night of shopping that Dina was in a mood for adventure and I could think of nothing else all day Saturday.   
  
As we waited to order our food, I couldn't take my eyes off of Dina's breasts. The bra she bought the night before was black with transparent mesh material that was mostly covered with small black embroidered flowers. However, each cup had a vertical slit that exposed her nipples and much of the surrounding skin. Even in the dim light of the restaurant, her white skin and pink nipples were visible through her sheer black blouse. The contrast of the light skin against the black bra captured the eye like a steel trap. I couldn't believe my normally shy wife was so eager to show her breasts to anyone who might come close enough to see.   
  
"Wow," I said, "Can I just fuck you here on the table right now?" only half joking.  
  
"Calm down boy," she replied, "The night is young and I have a few surprises I think you'll like."   
  
When the waiter came to take our order, I could tell immediately that he noticed her breasts. His eyes paused to absorb the view and the sly smile on his face was a dead giveaway. Dina acted as if nothing was out of the ordinary and made no effort to block his view. In fact, she seemed to sit up just a little straighter and push her breasts out, as if she was presenting them for inspection. As I sat there enjoying both the view and the drama, I wondered what sort of mischief she had in mind for the rest of the night.  
  
As we waited for our food, I couldn't resist a little fun. I reached over and put my hand high on her leg. She just smiled. Slowly I adjusted her already short skirt until her shaved pussy was peeking out from under the hem of the skirt. The tablecloth hung down about eight inches on all sides and prevented others from seeing, but I had a great view of desert even before the main course had been served. "Now move your chair back just a little and spread your legs just a little more," I instructed. She eagerly complied, knowing that the tablecloth still protected her modesty. This was not something we hadn't done many times before, but whenever anyone would come close, she would always close her legs or put a napkin on her lap. This time would be different.   
  
"I have something special to request," I said. "I want you to stay exactly like that until after the waiter has served our food. Don't move the chair or the skirt or your legs even a little bit"   
  
"You must be crazy," she replied, but she didn't move and I could tell from the look in her eyes that she found the idea exciting. As the minutes went by, I occasionally put my hand on her thigh and slowly stroked her silky smooth skin. Some of the strokes went all the way up and I gently caressed her pussy with my fingers. She closed her eyes and smiled as I traced little circles around her clit with my index finger, then ran it down between the lips to feel how wet she was. These little forays didn't last long and were interspersed with periods of just holding hands and an occasional brief kiss. Still, I hoped that she was becoming so excited that she would resist her instinct to cover up when the waiter returned.   
  
Eventually, it became apparent that the three men at the table to our left were watching. They were perhaps twenty feet away and sitting off to our side, and so they could not see Dina's pussy. However, they could see that her short skirt was hiked up and that I was stroking her leg. It must have been very clear to them that we were having a little fun. They probably thought that she was flashing her panties. Of course, they had no way of knowing yet that Dina wasn't wearing panties.   
  
Eventually, the waiter came to serve our food and, as requested, Dina did not move. It was a moment to remember. I felt embarrassment, a need to protect her, and a rush of sexual excitement, all at once. It was a potent emotional cocktail. Although the restaurant was a little dark and the shirt did not reveal more than a portion of Dina's pussy, and that in the shadow, the waiter must have known that he was being included in some sexual play. Thankfully, he didn't drop anything or give any obvious sign of what he saw. However, it was clear from sly smile on his face and the polite way that he asked whether we needed anything else that he was not unhappy. Perhaps he was wondering how the game might unfold as the night progressed.  
  
I cut my eyes to the left and to see that all three of the men at the neighboring table were following events with interest. They had apparently figured out that we were having some sort of sexy fun and were waiting for the next scene.   
  
Nothing much happened while we ate our dinner. Dina adjusted her skirt and closed her legs. She squirmed in her seat from time to time and flashed me her pussy in the process, but nobody else could see. Eventually, the three men spent more time eating and less time looking our way. The waiter provided excellent service and checked on us frequently, but he was probably disappointed that the view had changed.  
  
As we ate, a plan began forming in my mind for one final exciting scene to occur just as we were leaving the restaurant, and I began to worry that the three men would finish their meal and leave before we did. They were an important part of my plan.  
  
As we waited for the check, I described the scene to Dina and told her what I wanted her to do. I could tell from the look on her face that she wasn't enthusiastic, so I played my trump card and accused her of cowardice. That always prompted her to do even more than requested, just to prove how adventuresome she was.   
  
On queue, she looked down and noticed some imaginary crumbs. She pushed her seat back a little and began brushing the phantom crumbs from her blouse. Of course, this required numerous strokes over her ample breasts. At one point she briefly stopped to gently squeeze her left nipple through the sheer fabric. Then she continued brushing crumbs from her skirt and legs. In the process, she spread her legs and the skirt rode up high. She paused briefly to gently stroke her pussy; then continued to chase away the offending crumbs. When finished with this, the three men were again following her every move. They still couldn't see her pussy, but they could tell what she was doing.   
  
Then Dina pushed her chair back a little more, adjusted her skirt, and placed a napkin on her lap. When the waiter returned with the check, her modesty was protected. After a quick look at the check, I put four $20 bills on the table and indicated that I needed change. When he bent over to pick up the bills, Dina casually removed the napkin from her lap, wiped the corner of her mouth with it and then placed it on the table as if she was preparing to leave. This afforded the waiter a close up view of her spread legs and exposed pussy. This time there was no partial exposure or shadows to hide any detail – the shirt was positioned so that her pussy was fully uncovered and clearly visible. Again, she acted as if everything was normal and that she wasn't even aware of the exposure.   
  
Perhaps the incident earlier in the evening had prepared the waiter to expect something like this, because he now seemed more relaxed. He paused for a moment, still bent over in the process of picking up the money. After one or two long seconds, he took his gaze off Dina's pussy and looked into her eyes and then mine, then he gave us both a big smile and started to leave. I told him I didn't need any change after all, and he smiled again.  
  
We immediately prepared to leave, but Dina had one final step to take. With her shirt still hiked up; she swiveled in her seat until she was facing the three men. They now had an unobstructed view and could see that she wasn't wearing any panties. Of course, they weren't nearly as close as the waiter had been. After a brief but noticeable pause, she stood up and we both headed to the door. The skirt fell down to once again restore her modesty.   
  
As we left the restaurant, we both glanced back toward the three men. While they had been quiet and still only minutes before as they watched the unfolding events at our table, they were now very animated and abuzz with conversation. "What got them all stirred up?' Dina queried with a sly smile.