**Display**

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The party started out as so many of them had started before. There were ten or so couples, mostly childless so far, all of us professionals or self employed and most of us falling into the category of upwardly mobile.  
  
I guess Sophie would be the youngest, and I think she'd be about twenty three or so, and Ted the oldest, having recently celebrated his thirty-third birthday. The rest of us sat there somewhere in the middle, just like me, Mike Lee, and my lovely wife Jenny Lee.  
  
The party started to take a somewhat unusual turn when our hosts John and Cathy, began to tell us all about their very recent holiday in the Canary Islands, and how gorgeous the beaches were and how relaxed the local dress code had been.  
  
Yes, you heard me right; the dress code!  
  
"Most of the girls on the beach were topless," enthused John, grinning at the memory of it.  
  
"And around the hotel pool," added Cathy.  
  
How do you respond to that, I ask you?  
  
"What about you Cathy?" asked one of the wives, breaking the ominous silence, anticipating what all the husbands were surely thinking.  
  
"Well, when in Rome ..." she grinned sheepishly.  
  
"But you were in Spain. The Canary Islands are part of Spain, not Italy," butted in Claude, but he was always a bit slow on the uptake.  
  
"Take any photos?" Queried Jack, casually, an awful lot quicker on the uptake than Claude was, and I swear that every man there leant forward, eager to hear their reply.  
  
"Took a few," came the throw away comment from John, trying to act disinterested.  
  
Had them printed out," threw in Cathy, picking up a book like thing that had been sitting there ignored, ever since we'd got there. Ignored but suddenly the centre of attention, us guys cursing ourselves for not examining the damn thing earlier.  
  
"Look, this is one we took on the first day," the lovely Cathy carried on, me, like the others edging myself forward to get a better view.  
  
"This is one of the hotel."  
  
"This is one of the view from our window."  
  
"This is one of the dining room."  
  
"This is one of a donkey we saw."  
  
"This is one of ..."  
  
It went on and on, all of us making appropriate if somewhat mundane comments, as Cathy started to bore the pants off us.   
  
"Well that's about it," Cathy eventually announced, putting the book back down on the table.  
  
"But you're only half way through," objected Claude, possibly the only one of us that had actually been enjoying the viewing.  
  
"Shut up Claude," muttered Jack, ever the observant one, and always with an eye open for an opportunity.   
  
"Well the rest of them are a bit personal," whispered Cathy, fluttering her eyelashes rather coyly. "I don't think I should really show them to you."  
  
Translation, though I think even Claude caught on - 'They are pictures of me with my tits out on display, and they are sat there teasing you, daring you to have a look.'  
  
"Cathy," called out her husband at that point. "Can you come over into the kitchen and give me a hand with this bloody machine.  
  
"You'll have to excuse me," she giggled, visibly blushing, and made her way off into the other room.  
  
What's a man to do?   
  
Well you know and I know, but none of us guys seemed prepared to make the first move, especially with two or three of our wives stood there observing our discomfort.  
  
"For God's sake one of you look at it," declared one of those wives, my wife Jenny as it happened to my surprise.  
  
It was only a fraction of a percentage of a second, but Jack the dirty bugger beat me to it.  
  
Blimey - Jesus - Wow - Crickey - Shit! A whole lot of comments as we flicked through the pages, the earlier ones of Cathy in her tiny bikini quickly passed by, as page by page the shots gradually got more daring.  
  
Cathy topless, lying on her front.  
  
Cathy, dear girl, topless again but reading a book this time and the swell of her bare breasts partly visible.  
  
Cathy, still topless, lying on her side, her arm casually draped across her bare breasts, almost nearly hiding them.  
  
Then it got better!  
  
Cathy topless lying on her back this time, her bare boobs quite clearly out there on show.  
  
Cathy kneeling in the sand, her tits hanging there rather splendidly.  
  
Cathy stood up, a full length shot this time, rather blatantly sticking her chest out with pretty dramatic results.  
  
Cathy, clearly at the pool this time, stood there in just her bikini bottoms, apparently chatting amiably away to three young guys that none of us knew, as if it was a perfectly normal, everyday situation.  
  
There were more, the final one a close up shot of Cathy's naked sun-kissed breast, the smoothly dimpled texture of her skin clearly visible, the fine details of her erect nipples caught beautifully by the camera. It was Claude of all people who put into words what we were all no doubt thinking.  
  
"Just look at the tits on her," he commented, and who were we to disagree with that sentiment.  
  
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No, the evening didn't disintegrate into an uncontrolled orgy, and not one of the women discarded a single item of clothing. Us guys enjoyed our moment of unexpected pleasure ogling the photos of our pal's lovely, and somewhat under-dressed wife, and to my surprise, so did a couple of the wives who'd stayed with us.  
  
One of them was my wife Jenny, and that folks, is where this little tale took an unexpected turn.  
  
"Enjoyed that didn't you," Jenny challenged me when we eventually reached the sanctuary of our own home.  
  
"Yes," I grunted back. "It was a good party."  
  
"You know what I'm talking about Mike," she went on, smiling and not letting me off that easily.  
  
"Oh that."  
  
"Yes that."  
  
"Nice photos."  
  
"Nice tits."  
  
"Can't argue with that."  
  
"Better than mine maybe?"  
  
Now I'm no fool, but fortunately I didn't have to lie to answer that question.  
  
"Your breasts are gorgeous," I grinned at her lustfully.  
  
"Do you think your friends would agree?"  
  
"I'm sure they would, but..."  
  
"Maybe we should find out," Jenny interrupted me, teasingly.   
  
"What!"  
  
"Time for bed," she declared. "We'll talk about it tomorrow."  
  
Bloody hell!  
  
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Tomorrow came.  
  
It does tend to do so, but Jenny never mentioned her comments from the previous night, and frankly, I was too nervous to remind her.  
  
We went to work, we came home and had dinner, and there was a certain nervous tension in the air, one that I was loathe to confront.  
  
"Well," Jenny sighed eventually. "We can't keep pretending. What do you think?"  
  
"About what?" Pretty pathetic really, and the look she gave me indicated that she concurred with that opinion.  
  
""Those photos last night," Jenny eventually broached the subject. "That was a set up."  
  
"I guess so," I agreed. "It was pretty obvious really. Cathy knew jolly well that we wouldn't be able to resist peeking."  
  
"Not just her. John was in on it as well and wanted you lot to see those photos," she continued. "How do you feel about that?"  
  
"Up to him," I replied, shrugging my shoulders. "If he wants us to look at Cathy's boobs, then I'm not complaining."  
  
"I'm not talking about them Mike. I'm talking about us."  
  
"Us?" I mumbled, beginning to worry where this conversation was going.  
  
"Yes honey," she smiled at me sweetly. "How do you feel about other guys seeing my breasts bare?"  
  
"We've never been to Spain Jenny. Haven't got any photos like that."  
  
"Then we'll have to compromise won't we Mike."  
  
"You mean ..."  
  
"Yes Mike," Jenny interrupted me. "That's exactly what I mean."  
  
Oh shit!  
  
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Well that got me thinking and kept me awake that night, Jenny simply bursting into fits of giggles every time I'd tried to broach the subject with her.  
  
It was the following day, a Saturday, that she, out of the blue, bought the subject up again.  
  
"Have you thought about it Mike?" Jenny asked over breakfast.  
  
"Little else," I confessed, not feigning ignorance this time. "But I can't see as I'm all that keen on my pals getting to see you topless."  
  
"Why not?" she demanded, in a tone that suggested that it was a genuine question. "Some men love the idea of other men seeing their wives half undressed. Why not you?"  
  
"No idea really. Jealousy maybe," I replied, feeling unsure of my position. "You're surely not saying that you want to flash your tits off at other guys?"  
  
"I think I am actually," she sighed, watching my face to check my reaction. "I think I quite like the idea. I can understand why Cathy would have enjoyed it, but you don't seem to be able to see it from John's point of view."  
  
"Explain," I suggested. "Explain to me why you like the idea."  
  
"Quite simple really," Jenny started. "Men like to look at woman don't they. Pretty women that is."  
  
"Of course. It's natural."  
  
"Well it's equally natural and rather fortunate that women like to be looked at as well."  
  
"I guess I can go along with that," I agreed. "But not necessarily in the nude or anything."  
  
"Some do," she pointed out. "Some girls love it."  
  
"They're exceptional," I claimed.  
  
"You'd be surprised Mike how many girls would grab the opportunity if it came along and they could get away with it honey," she surprised me with, and I decided not to take the risk of asking her if she was one of them. "Look at them videos you enjoy so much on the internet. College girls on that spring break thing that they do over there. They seem to flock to take part in wet tee shirt competitions, and half of them end up in less than that."  
  
"They're probably drunk."  
  
"Maybe sometimes Mike," Jenny went on earnestly. "But drink just lowers your inhibitions. It doesn't make you do things that you really don't want to do."  
  
"Good point," I conceded. "But you've never done anything like that."  
  
"Never had the opportunity," she giggled. "But this voyeur/exhibitionist thing is a whole lot bigger than that. It's almost a part of the fabric of our society."  
  
"That's some claim."  
  
"Mini skirts," she burst out. "Skimpy tops, bare midriffs, plunging neck lines, high heels even in their way. Girls don't dress like that for their health you know, and seldom for their comfort. They dress like that because they want to be looked at and admired.  
  
"And lusted after," I laughed, now enjoying where this conversation was going.  
  
"Exactly Mike," my wife took up my comment. "Girls can look attractive with out showing a lot of flesh, but it's a whole lot more intense when we do so. You like me wearing short skirts don't you?"  
  
"Of course," I agreed happily. "You've got great legs."  
  
"And you like it when I go out without a bra on as well, don't you?"  
  
"You know I do," I agreed again, albeit a little more warily then before. "I like the way it looks. You don't need one in my opinion."  
  
"And you like it when men look at me. You like the way by breasts sway around, don't you. You get a kick out of other guys looking at me and being jealous of you, don't you?"  
  
I shrugged my shoulders in admission, unable to deny it. My Jenny in high heels, one of her tiny mini skirts and a loose top that let her braless C cup breasts sway around freely was a sight to behold. An awful lot of guys had enjoyed that pleasure, and I had to admit that I always got one hell of a kick out of it.  
  
"So what's the problem with letting them see a little bit more?" She posed the very awkward question.  
  
"Depends how much more," I answered, feeling myself getting drawn into her way of thinking, and not too sure how I felt about that.  
  
"Just a little bit more to begin with Mike," she said, with almost a hint of pleading in her voice. "I've been wearing my skirts shorter and shorter for the last year or so, and you've never raised a single objection. Quite frankly it excites me, and I now think I want to feel free to wear more revealing clothes when I go out."  
  
"Nothing slutty," I grunted, not admitting that I had indeed noticed the increasing brevity of her skirts lately, and had quite being enjoying it.  
  
"I don't do slutty Mike," she grinned, knowing she'd already more or less won the argument. "I won't do anything to embarrass you, and I'm not really intending to get my bare tits out in front of our friends. I just want show a bit more flesh. Maybe wear clothes that give more of a hint of what's underneath."  
  
"Sounds as if this is all leading up to a shopping trip," I laughed.  
  
"I've already started I'm afraid Mike," shut me up though. "I'll try my new top on for you if you want."  
  
Gulp! Swallow deeply and take a big breath, and by then Jenny had happily skipped out of the room to try her new top on.  
  
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"Bloody hell," I growled when she flounced back into the room several minutes later. The skin tight, low cut jeans with the high heel ankle boots had taken long enough to get used to, but the top ...?  
  
"What do you think?" Jenny asked, her eyes sparkling.  
  
"It's ...eh ... interesting," I mumbled, trying to recover my sense of balance.  
  
"You don't like it?" she responded, her face falling with disappointment.  
  
"I love it Jenny," I confessed. "I'm just coming to terms with how little of it there is."  
  
"It covers where it has to," she chirped, happy again, as she spun around in a circle for me to inspect the whole ensemble, and indeed it sort of did. Sort of!  
  
The object, and I'm not sure quite what to call it, other than a top, was made of a sort of black lacy material. Loosely fitting, it had a fastening behind her neck, and apparently little or nothing else to hold it together, the back flapping open as she moved, to expose her graceful bare back, and confirming that she wasn't wearing a bra, as if the way her unfettered breasts were bouncing around under the top hadn't already made that abundantly clear. It wasn't exactly see through, though it hinted fairly strongly that it just might be in the right lighting conditions, and if it had been any colour other than black, then I'm pretty damn sure that her nipples would have been clearly on display.  
  
"Nice!"  
  
"You like it then?"  
  
"Love it," I reconfirmed, my heart missing a beat as I caught a glimpse of the side of her breast as the top flapped open a smidgeon wider than before.  
  
"How about taking me down the pub for a drink then?" Jenny suggested, and squealed in delight when I agreed.  
  
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Oddly enough it was Jenny's nerve that faltered first as we prepared to go out. Deciding that she'd wear a light coat down to the pub, just in case as she put it, "We bump into any of the older neighbours."  
  
I could think of a few who wouldn't complain, but let her get away with it anyway.  
  
Then we got to our local pub and she chickened out again when she realised quite how many of our friends would be in there, from the cars parked outside.  
  
"Maybe we should go to the Red Lion instead," she mumbled uncertainly, her previous bravado deserting her. "You prefer the beer there, don't you?"  
  
"As you wish. It's always a bit quieter there as well," I consented, knowing full well that the beer had little to do with her wishes, and in fact a little relieved that I wasn't going to have all my boozy mates trying to steal an eyeful of my wife's breasts.  
  
Once inside Jenny scooted hastily over to a vacant table conveniently set in a far corner, and with her coat still safely wrapped around her, sat there waiting for me to arrive with our drinks.  
  
"Chickening out?" I grinned at her, handing her the glass of white wine she'd asked for.  
  
"No!" She all but snapped back, glancing nervously around her.  
  
"Can I take your coat dear?" I continued to tease her, pretty convinced by then that 'this' simply wasn't going to happen, and that as soon as we'd finished our drinks we'd be on our way back home.  
  
"No!" Jenny answered, just as I'd expected, and for the next twenty minutes we sat there sipping our drinks, and passing the occasional comment about the other patrons, carefully avoiding the subject of her coat.  
  
"Another beer Mike?" She surprised me with as I plonked my empty beer mug back down on the table.   
  
"I'll get them honey," she surprised me even more, leaping to her feet before I'd even confirmed my wish for a refill. Not in fairness that there would ever be any doubt about that.  
  
If she'd surprised me then Jenny was about to shock me!  
  
"Bit warm in here for this coat," she mumbled, as if to herself, unzipping it and laying it carefully on the bench alongside where I was sitting.  
  
"You sure about this Jenny?" I gasped, my insides suddenly doing somersaults as I caught more than a brief glimpse of more of her right breast than should have been on display as she bent over.  
  
"No," she replied, apparently honestly as a huge blush came to her cheeks.  
  
"Maybe you shouldn't Jenny," I croaked, my throat suddenly having gone bone dry. "I can see your breast when you bend over."  
  
"Better be careful when I bend over then, hadn't I," my wife stuttered, leaving me speechless, as she gathered our empty glasses and started on her way over to the bar. Her nervousness was making her walk uncertainly as she balanced on her high heels, and lord only knows what that effect that was having on her unrestrained breasts.  
  
All I know is that a hush fell slowly over the group of guys gathered round the bar, as one by one they became aware of Jenny's arrival in their midst. I'd witnessed the effect that her tight skimpy jeans and the arse that they contained could have on a group of guys on previous occasions, but she hadn't been wearing a top like the one she had on now. If the sexy strip of bare midriff between the top and her jeans didn't focus their attention, then the sway of her unfettered boobs would certainly do so. Then, already eyes wide open nearly popped out of their sockets as she passed by them, as they took in that the top she had on was to all intents and purposes virtually backless, and didn't have an awful lot of sides to it either.   
  
She could have slipped into the gap at the nearest part of the bar, but no, my Jenny had the bit between her teeth and walked, swayed, tottered or whatever you want to call it, almost the whole length of the bar, milking it, till two astonished young guys made a space for her, hardly believing their good fortune.  
  
Two young guys that is, that suddenly found themselves very popular, as the motley collection of men either side of them, suddenly wanted to be included in their conversation. To become their best friends!  
  
Comments such as,  
  
'Did you see them tits Fred?'  
  
'Look at the arse on that.'  
  
'She's got no bra on.'  
  
'Call that a top.'  
  
"I can see her tit."  
  
They filtered through the atmosphere to my worried ears, as I watched the mass of horny men crowd in on her.   
  
"Give the lady a bit of room lads," I heard the barman warn them off, just as I was about to take my life in my hands to save her, and fortunately the crush moved back a pace, leaving me a gap through which I could glimpse my lovely wife. Expecting her to look worried, I was surprised to see her smiling and laughing at some of the things the men were saying to her. Her frequent glances down at her front hinting fairly strongly at the subject of that most of the comments were probably referring to.  
  
So I sat there.  
  
And sat there.  
  
I sat there getting a bit pissed off, not objecting to the attention my wife was getting, but that I was still waiting for my beer!  
  
Then that was sorted out as well.  
  
"Here's your pint mate," I suddenly heard alongside me, as the barman, un-noticed by me appeared alongside me. "It's on the house and another one if you need it."  
  
"That's my wife up there," I gabbled, somewhat superfluously. "What's going on?"

"She's alright mate," the barman assured me. "They're not a bad lot in here and she'll come to no harm, and it's doing my bar-takings the world of good."  
  
"Maybe I should go and check up on her."  
  
"Maybe better if you didn't," he advised me. "I said they're not a bad lot in here, but the young lady is proving very popular and I don't think they want to lose her."  
  
"But that top she's wearing..." I mumbled, throwing my hands in the air, not knowing what else to say.  
  
"Right mate," he nodded in agreement. "I'd better get back there and make sure that those buggers don't relieve her of it."  
  
"What!"  
  
"Enjoy your pint mate."  
  
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It seemed like an hour or more, but probably wasn't, as I sat there and drunk my pint, and yes a third one that appeared, as Jenny held court at the bar, giggling at what the guys were saying to her, flicking her hair suggestively, and remaining sufficiently mobile to keep her breasts swaying. A couple of times an admirer chanced his arm and tugged her top to one side, but she rebuffed them with a laugh, pushing their hands away. Some, it has to be noted, enjoying more success than others, an untold number of phone cameras flashing off each time a cheeky nipple poked out.  
  
"I've really got to go now boys," I heard her call out above the din, and to my relief. "I think my husband's had enough for one evening."  
  
She playfully rebuffed the pleas for her to 'stay on a while', and with a crowd of them following pushed her way through the throng to my table.  
  
"Ready honey?" She demanded.  
  
"Yes Jenny," I gulped.  
  
"When are you coming back Jenny," several of them seemed to call out at the same time, obviously having found out her name.  
  
"Maybe tomorrow," she called back to them.  
  
"Promise," One admirer asked.  
  
"I promise."  
  
"Leave us something to make sure you come back," one bright spark piped up with, and the whole place went quiet, to a man the whole lot of them all thinking the same thought.  
  
"What do you think Mike?" Jenny asked me, grinning widely, her face flushed with excitement.   
  
I just shrugged my shoulders, beyond logical thought any more.  
  
"Here you are then boys," Jenny laughed, unsnapping the catch at the back of her neck, and shaking her bare breasts at them as she flourished the skimpy top around her head, eventually throwing it into the crowd.  
  
"I'll have that lads," I heard the barman's unmistakeable voice as he grabbed the small garment out of the hands of the guy who had caught it. "That'll go in the trophy case behind the bar."  
  
It was maybe that distraction that gave us two the opportunity to make ourselves scarce, Jenny apparently a little less keen to make our escape than I was. My efforts to slip quietly and unseen back along the high street to where our car was parked, were seriously ruined, by Jenny who insisted on waving and calling out to just about everyone we passed, the fact that she was by then completely topless evidently not concerning her too much.   
  
We managed to make it our car with serious incident, me vetoing her giggled suggestion that we should perhaps call in at our normal local that we'd rejected earlier, for a final drink.  
  
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"Sorry about last night Mike," Jenny greeted me as I joined her for breakfast the next morning after a somewhat rumbustous night. "Not sure what came over me."  
  
"No harm done," I assured her, trying to suppress the grin at the memory of my wife standing there in her high heels, skinny jeans and with her gorgeous tits out on display, surrounded by her admirers. "Except that you've lost your top."  
  
"We did promise we'd go back and get it though, didn't we," she replied with a teasing smile.  
  
"But you've got nothing suitable to wear," I teased back.  
  
"Yes I have," she pouted teasingly. "You haven't seen the little denim mini skirt I bought yet have you?"  
  
"And what top would you wear with it?" I demanded, laughing aloud at her cheek.  
  
"Well the one I left at the pub of course," my remarkable wife Jenny chuckled sexily.  
  
"You mean ..." I spluttered, the image of her waltzing back into that pub in just high heels and a mini skirt, and demanding her top back, just about blowing my mind.  
  
"Why not?" She cooed. "Last night was fun, wasn't it?"  
  
"You wouldn't?"  
  
"I might."  
  
"You couldn't."  
  
"I could."  
  
"Tonight?"  
  
"Why not?"  
  
"No bra?"  
  
"Of course not."  
  
"Panties?"  
  
"Optional. Your choice."  
  
Oh Fuck!