Emma's Awakening

by docBlueÂ©

My wife Emma and I have a very close and loving relationship in our fifteen-year

marriage. We have raised beautiful children and built a nice home for ourselves.

I have always been in awe of Emma's beautiful face and extremely curvy body. At

forty-one years of age she remains a beauty.

Emma has always been very conservative, yet stylish, with her wardrobe. I would

catch men looking at her and was aware of how much more looking would happen if she dressed the way many younger woman having figure likes hers seemed to dress.

This was fine with me; she was my little secret treasure.

A very innocent event that occurred while our family was on a weekend getaway

seemed to be the impetus for change in both her conservative nature and my

desire to keep it that way.

After a long hot day at an amusement park in eastern Pennsylvania, the family

was ripe to take in some water rides in the park. The long lines for these

particular rides made the amusement even more refreshing once we were able to

get on. We found that the heat of the day steered us more towards the wet rides.

I had encouraged Emma to wear a bathing suit under her clothes in case we

decided to bring our children to the Watergrounds, an area of the park where all

the rides you were expected to get a good soaking. She declined because she was

not as comfortable wearing her suit under her clothes all day and figured she

would just stay clear of most of those rides anyway. So she wore cotton shorts

and a sleeveless cotton shirt over a summer bra and light panties. As the day

wore on the rides escalated in height and spray, I indicated to Emma that she

might get wetter than anticipated. I was thinking mostly about what her tan

colored blouse might show. I didn't think she really understood my concerns

because she was always a bit oblivious of her own beauty and this time was no

different.

Well, we all got on a ride call the Typhoon. We were the lucky group who sat in

the front seat of the car, having three rows of four people in total. As we

stepped into the row we realized that the seats were very wet. We exchanged

knowing glances as we realized this was going to be a very wet experience. The

ride was not very exhilarating in the beginning. I was thinking that maybe we

should have taken a roller coaster instead, but as the trip progressed there

were four or five places where streams of water hit the car and startled us.

Suddenly the car went under a waterfall. Emma came out looking liked a drowned

rat just before the ride sent us down a fifty foot drop where the water swelled

up against the sides of the tunnel and dropped down on the inhabitants of the

car, absolutely drenching all aboard.

When we came to a stop, Emma was the last to get out. I looked back at her and I

thought I was looking at a contestant from a wet T-shirt contest. Her tan blouse

was plastered against her skin. Her very sheer bra was almost invisible, framing

her tits quite nicely. I looked around to see what I could find to her to cover

up, but found nothing. We made our way off the ride coming out onto a landing on

the way to the exit. As we came down the steps I noticed a few men who had been

watching the people come off the ride point in our direction.

My eyes shifted in the direction of their view where I found my wife holding her

hands in the air looking down at her clothes. By the expression on her face she

realized her nipples were protruding, but I don't think she realized that the

shirt was see-through at this point. She did notice the men looking at her and

shook her head as if to say, 'Can you believe how wet we got?'

I looked over at the two guys most notably staring, looked back at my wife's

tits, showing clearly through her top, and shook my head as if to say, 'Yep,

those are her tits, what can I do?' And in reality, there was very little that I

could do?

Emma looked at the two men again, turned and came up to me saying, "I think I'm

showing a little too much."

"No, you're showing everything Emma." I responded.

"You can't see that much, it's just that my nipples are..." Click! I took a quick picture with my cell phone camera.

"Take a look." I said quickly playing it back.

"Oh my God!" She stared at the image in amazement. "I'm completely..."

"Yes you are! I'm not sure what we can do about it though because we don't have

anything to dry off or cover you with, we're all wet too."

The kids, oblivious to any of our concerns, continued to rollick in the wet

spray, as they exited through a tunnel that blasted water at them. It was here

that Emma surprised me. Maybe because there was nothing she could really do, or

maybe because she found it suddenly titillating, she stood in front of each and

every one of the water blasters, letting her body become more saturated.

The two guys from the landing had made their way to the far end of the tunnel,

enjoying Emma's little show as we exited. Two more men, waiting for their kids

outside, suddenly stopped short and stared as Emma came out of the tunnel, her

arms above her head, shaking the water our of her hair. I'm sure they had seen

some nice skin that day, but I noticed that most women had a swimsuit on beneath

their clothes or openly wore a bikini top; sexy, but not see through. Yet here

was Emma, arms raised, dark nipples centering her uplifted and very visible

tits. All she need to do was shake them left and right and it would be no

different than watching her in a topless bar.

"Wow!" I said with a laugh, scanning down Emma's blouse. "I never thought I'd

see you like that in public! We'd better find a place to dry." I added as she

and the kids, followed behind.

It took us about five-minutes to find a place to sit down in the sun. During

that walk many men and women took in the site of my wife's wet see through

shirt. I found myself semi erect at this thought. Though I had always kept

Emma's assets well hidden, there was something about my wife being looked at

this way that now aroused me. I found out that night during a particularly

satisfying night of sex in our room at the hotel (yes, the kids had their own

room!) the episode had aroused Emma as well. -----

It wasn't until some weeks later that Emma and I discussed the event. It was a

warm summer night and it had just started to rain. Emma had on a very light

sleeveless shirt over a sheer bra. We were home alone together and I suggested

she come outside to our backyard and stand in the light drizzle with me to be

refreshed.

She joined me in the light rain drizzle. The yard was quiet, no birds or

squirrels. All three of the neighbor's homes visible from our yard showed no

sign of life in their yards or in the darkened windows. It made us feel as if we

were the only people in that part of town.

There is something exciting about that feeling of being alone, but not entirely

sure we were really alone stirred ones hormones. I was holding Emma's hand and

could tell something stirred in her as well. The rain was now falling harder and

Emm's shirt began to have that wet T-shirt look to it.

"Emma, you're starting to look like you did that day at the amusement park.

Unfortunately for us, I am just a crowd of one tonight." I commented playfully.

She must've liked the idea because she put her arms up and let the rain fall on

her face and chest as it came down harder.

"I have to admit you turned me on that day." I said.

"I have to admit that I was very turned on too." She replied bashfully.

"I thought you'd be a bit panicked about being out in public like that." I continued.

"I thought so too, but for some reason it was very exciting. I felt like a

temptress or a dancer at one of those clubs. The way people were staring so!"

Then she surprised me and put her hands to her chest, swayed her hips, and

danced subtly as if she were onstage in her wet shirt.

"I guess you didn't mind?" I added, mildly surprised.

"I know you didn't mind." She smiled bashfully. "But yeah, I enjoyed it too."

She giggled. She stopped dancing and looked at me a little more seriously, "The

way those men were staring." Emma stared off into the quiet empty yard. "I mean,

I felt like they were raping me with their minds the way they looked at me.

I noticed that Emma was subtly squeezing her breasts. Then she shook her head as

if she were clearing the though, "I'm sorry I didn't prepare for that trip

better. I would NEVER do that on purpose!"

"Actually, I saw you in a new way, Emma. And I I liked it a lot. I must admit.

It excited me. You're a very sexy woman. I'm not asking for you to be a topless

dancer", though the imagery was appealing, "but maybe we can be a little more

daring." I figured I'd try a little push in that direction while the karma was still good.

"What did you have in mind?" She leaned forward and nudged her forehead against

my chest.

"Well, like now for instance. Would you take off your shirt?" I said daringly.

"Out here in the backyard?" Emma's voice was loud with surprise. "Paulie!" She

yelped. "Not out here. Someone might see."

"There's no one here to see anything." I said quietly but expectantly.

Emma looked at me and saw that I wasn't joking. She grabbed the bottom her

blouse and started to raise it over her head and then stopped. Looking down and

slowly raising her eyes, she looked deep into my gaze and realized that I was

getting excited. When I said nothing, she continued to remove the shirt and

tossed it to the ground. She stood in just a smooth sheer bra letting the rain

met the bra away. It material formed against her breasts nicely. It was low cut

so her generous boobs were only half contained inside the bra, but the wet cups

clearly showed her breasts, each nipple clearly centering the view.

I'm sure we both wondered if anyone was watching, even though the whole world

seemed to be standing still. And like that day in the park, we were both getting

excited with Emma's exhibitionism.

"Mmmm, the rain feels nice." She said as she breathed in and closed her eyes. .

I think she was thinking about walking around with her tits on display that day

and feeling the sensation again.

"Okay, the rest now."

"WHAT?" Emma wasn't thinking I meant to take it all off.

"I want to see the rain fall on your naked breasts, Emma."

Her eyes darted around our yard, making sure we were still alone. " I guess

there's not much difference at this point." She said looking down at herself.

She looked at me and reached behind her back. My penis was erect in

anticipation, which she took notice. Then she pulled her bra away from her body

and held it down while she leaned her head back and again closed her eyes.

It was incredibly sexy to see her standing outside with the rain coming down on

her bare breasts.

I moved forward and leaned down, taking each breast in my hands I leaned closer

and took one nipple into my mouth.

Emma breathed in hard as my lips touched her skin and my tongue flickered at her

erect nipple. Her hand moved now to find the bulge in my pants.

"Paulie, it seems like you want people to see my titties!"

"Well, I don't know about that. But, I do hear that couples do daring things in

strange places. Maybe we can try a little something."

I continued to caress Emma's tits until she grabbed my hand and led me up the

porch and inside the door. We didn't make it very far. Anyone who might have

come to the back door would have seen us making love on the floor and up against

that same door. At one point Emma's tits were pressed against the glass as she

pushed her ass out to me to let me caress it and reach down to her very moist

private parts.

For some time after Emma referred to our little session on the porch as, "you

remember ... that time when we were being very bad in the rain?"

I certainly did! And I now wanted to do something like that with Emma again. As

I came to find out, so did she.

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"Emma, the kids are at Rob's house until late tonight. We have some time alone.

I was wondering if you wanted to go for a ride."

"Sure, where to?" Emma volunteered.

"Just a ride. It's a warm evening. Let's just head west and see where we end

up?" I offered. "Maybe we'll stop and get some ice cream somewhere."

"Sure, I'll get ready." Emma started toward our bedroom.

"There's only one thing, though." I said emphasizing the 'one'. "You have to

wear that peasant skirt with nothing underneath. And no bra under that blouse

either!"

"Are you crazy Paul?" She looked at me, but my reaction didn't change. But hers

did as a knowing little smile broke out on her face. "Are we going anywhere

where people might see me?" "I'm sure we can find a dark quiet spot away from

prying eyes." I allayed her fears, though was secretly hoping people would see

her!

"Okay then, I'll be ready in a few minutes!" Emma kind of skipped down the

hallway and into the bedroom. I had an erection just thinking about it. I was

wondering how I was going to contain myself on this trip, knowing she wasn't

wearing any undergarments.

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We started out quietly, both of us nervous about what we were going to do. Emma

and I had our hands on each other's legs as I drove. My mind kept thinking about

the fact that she had nothing on under her top or skirt. I started to pull her

skirt up over her legs and rub my hand against her left leg. I looked over,

whenever I could, wanting to look at her but trying to keep my car on the road.

After a few minutes, I rested my hand on her left thigh, which was now fully

exposed; her skirt was bunched up just inches below her privates. Emma looked so

sexy, I wanted to take her right there, but we were on a slightly busy county

highway.

I could see Emma's face blush and feel her excitement as well. I had noticed

that I was low on gas and decided how to heighten our excitement by exposing

those sexy legs.

Emma was surprised as I pulled off the road and into a gas station stopping at

the full service pump. She was even more surprised when I held her hand back as

she tried to pull her skirt down.

The gas cap on our car is on the passenger side. As the attendant walked toward

the car I lowered the passenger window indicating for him to come to Emma's side

of the car.

"Yes, can I help you?" He said just before he caught site of Emma's thighs,

which were showing within two inches of her pussy (not that he knew). "Um, how

much did you say?" He stuttered not knowing if he missed what I said while he

looked down on Emma's legs.

"I didn't tell you yet." I responded, hinting that I knew he was distracted.

"Twenty regular, cash." I added after a moment of silence.

I tried to pry Emma's legs slightly apart but she wouldn't budge. Instead I

moved my hand up her left leg until and pulled that side of her skirt up

exposing her left hip. It was incredibly sexy seeing her entire left hip and leg

exposed, showing there was nothing under her skirt. Of course the attendant

couldn't see it from his viewpoint.

"Paulie!" She blurted out. "Another inch and he'll see my privates!"

"Another inch and I'll see your privates is more like it." I responded.

Emma put her left hand on mine just in case I decided to make another

adjustment. The attendant was just behind her window no doubt taking in the view

of her legs. When the pump stopped, he pulled out the hose (how Freudian is

that, I thought?) and hung it on the pump.

I had the money in my right hand, which was lying on Emma's very exposed left

thigh, as he came back to the window. His eyes immediately focused on the money.

I only had a ten-dollar bill, not the twenty that I needed. I pretended to

muddle around in my wallet looking for another ten dollars while Emma anxiously

sat there with most of her legs exposed to the attendant. I glanced over and saw

that his eyes now roamed from Emma's thighs to her shirt. Her large breasts were

quite noticeable under that soft knit top and with the window now open, her

nipples hardened in the cool air, making the shape of her breasts even more

noticeable. I extended my left hand to the window, my right hand firmly pressed

down on Emma's left thigh for support, and handed he attendant the money before

raising the window. He was no doubt happy he worked this shift at the station. I

saw him walk over to the other attendant, likely relaying the story.

The other attendant looked over as I drove away.

Emma let her breath out, "I can't believe you did that Paulie." She said all flushed.

"What? All he saw was a sexy pairs of legs. Besides, we'll likely never see him

again."

"It's just, well, there's nothing under this skirt and I wasn't really sure how

far you were going to pull up my skirt! I mean ... the thought that he might see

my privates!"

"What about that thought, did that excite you?" I wanted to know the affect on

Emma.

"I was nervous, but I have to admit, I was very tingly the entire time. I think

I might even be ... um ... never mind." She caught herself, but I knew what

happened.

I slid my hand over Emma's thighs and between her legs. I quickly spread my

fingers and stroked my pinky between her legs. I could feel her dampness.

"Paulie!" She blurted out. "Don't do that. Concentrate on driving this car,

you're going to crash it."

"Then I think we need to find a place to pull over then." I suggested.

"You mean? You want to ... in the car?"

"Yes, just like a couple of teenagers at a drive-in." I added, stroking her

thighs lightly and sliding my pinkie slowly along the inside lip of her pussy.

I turned off the main highway and wandered onto a dark country road. I drove

until I saw a cutout off the shoulder of the road. It was dark and at least a

half-mile from any homes. It looked like as good a place as we were going to

find.

I pulled Emma's skirt above her hips and looked down at where her legs met her

body. I leaned over and let my left hand roam between her legs as my right hand

pulled her knit top above her breasts.

Her milky white breasts and pink nipples were suddenly more visible as

headlights briefly lit the inside of our car. A light colored sedan car came

down the opposite side of the curving rode. We both paused for a moment as it

went on its way.

You sure it's safe here?" Emma said nervously.

"Safe? Not from me." I responded playfully, but also to allay her fear.

That moment seemed to heighten Emma's excitement. She parted her legs more,

giving me room to work on her ever-dampening pussy lips. I leaned down to take

her left nipple into my mouth. Emma started to rock her hips to my hand while

leaning her head back and moaning as my lips and tongue worked her nipple. At

some point I lifted her blouse over her head. She raised her arms to let me pull

it off and dropped it onto the floor in front of her.

So here we were like teens at a drive-in movie. Emma was topless in my car,

skirt up around her waist, close to orgasm. She was using her free hand to rub

my cock and trying to open my pants. Emma was too close to orgasm to concentrate on me, which was fine with me. I'm not sure if she saw the bright lights just before she howled her pleasure and quickly rocked her hips against my hand, or if she noticed the lights as soon as her orgasm was over, but about thirty

seconds passed after the car pulled up behind us and Emma was still topless in

my car. I looked in the mirror and realized it was a police car because of the

driver side spotlight.

"What's that light?" Her senses quickly focused.

"It's a police car."

"Oh shit!" Emma burst out. She never swears, so I knew this was serious. "My

top!"

"Here it is, on the floor." I quickly retrieved it and handed it to her. "He's

stepping out."

Emma leaned forward, pulled her top on, and quickly tried to button it and

straighten it out. She barely finished pushing her skirt down over her legs.

I lowered the window as the officer reached my side of the car. "Hi officer. Any

problem?" I offered.

"Please step out of the car Sir." He stated flatly. I surely wasn't expecting

this response.

"Sure, but is there any particular reason? We just stopped to look at

directions." I tried to quickly come up with a plausible explanation, not

knowing why he wanted me to step out.

"Yes." He responded. "I passed your car coming the opposite way about twenty

minutes ago." Had it been that long I wondered?

"That's a long time to look at a map. When I pulled up behind you, you both

reached down towards the floor of your car. That gives me cause to investigate.

What were you reaching for?" He said after asking for my license.

"Officer, I think you're overreacting." I was going to say we were putting the

map back, but I wasn't sure he would buy that excuse. He seemed serious, so I

didn't want to make that mistake.

"I was just reaching down for my wallet and my wife was probably reaching for

her purse."

"Maybe that's true and you have nothing to worry about. A quick look should be

no problem then." He said coolly. "Please step out of the car, Sir."

Why was this guy hassling two adults, I wondered? I slipped out of the door and

stepped towards the back of the car.

"Hands behind your head sir." He said as I stood up. He quickly patted me down,

then shined his light into the car and looked around. My wife's hair was a

little frayed from our earlier activity and probably looked strangely dressed

having thrown on her blouse so quickly. In the bright light I was sure her

braless figure was noticeable.

I took the opportunity to blame her dishevelment on him. "Please officer, you're

scaring my wife."

"Don't mean to Sir, but I have to do my job." He said with no emotion. "Please

step to the back of the car Sir. Keep your hands above your head. Ma'am, I'll

need to you step out too."

"Why her?" My question sounded more like frustration now.

"I have to check the car, Sir."

He walked me to the back of my car and paused while my wife stepped out of the

car. "Stay there a moment Ma'am." He said loudly enough that she would hear him

clearly from where I was standing.

He then patted me down quite thoroughly. It was uncomfortable having him pat me

up my legs just to my crotch. "Stay here please." He added.

When he moved toward the passenger side of the car I realized he was going to

pat down Emma too! Then it hit me, "Oh shit, she's got no underwear on!" If he

patted her down like he did to me, he would surely be feeling her body almost

au' natural.

I said something, but he didn't even register it.

"Officer. Really, do you need to do this? We've done nothing. Can't you just

check my license?"

"Ma'am please put your hands behind your head." Then he looked over to me. " I

told you what I saw. You are in a no trespassing area and the sign says 'no

overnight parking'. We can start with that. If you are not hiding anything here,

then I'll plan on letting you go on your way. Now please turn toward the squad

car Sir."

"Hiding? You mean like drugs or something? Oh, please!" I was getting angry and

was also trying to prevent my wife from being felt up by this guy.

"You'd be surprised at the people we find Sir. Now please turn toward the squad

car, Sir, so I can do my job."

I was incensed that I had to turn my back to him. Before I turned around I saw

Emma with her hands behind her head. That pose accentuated her chest and ass.

She looked hot and he was about to put his hands on her!

Some thoughts quickly flew through my head. Did he see her topless in the car?

Was he doing this knowing what we were doing? My mind started to wander. I

realized he couldn't possibly have seen into the car. Maybe he'll just give her

a quick pat and we'll be on our way. I turned my head to peek. What followed was

no quick pat.

He stood facing Emma and moved his hands along her forearms, around her elbows, down her upper arms, and onto her shoulders. With her arms still above her head, he reached behind her and slid his hands straight down her back. I wondered if he noticed there was no bra strap. When he did that Emma's shoulders and chest rose up in response. In the light of the squad car headlights, I could see

Emma's nipples rise up through her knit sweater in the cool air. She stood there

in the light as if she were on stage, her sexy clothing clinging to her curvy

body. He stepped back, slowly gazed at her chest, and look up at her knowingly.

He stepped forward and moved his hands down her sides and around her hips. As he squatted down to pat along the outside of her legs, the officer's face was

inches away from her chest. Another man has never touched Emma sexually, so the officer's hand on her was something new to her. Emma took deeper breaths in

response making her noticeable chest even more noticeable. I could see him

alternate his gaze between her protruding nipples and her face a few times.

Though I was angry, I didn't want to tick him off any more, because my protests

had fallen on deaf ears so far. At the same time, a part of me was mesmerized

watching someone's hands move freely about my wife's body, especially given that

she was clearly braless as her nipples extended her knit top. I closed my eyes

and envisioned him lifting her blouse and caressing her tits.

I shook the vision off as I opened my eyes while he paused at her ankles. I

wasn't sure of the protocol at this point, but I knew that after had he reached

my ankles, he moved up the inside of my legs. Sure enough, he started the same

routine on Emma. His hands touched the material and the peasant skirt gave way,

accentuating her shapely legs. He patted the inside of her lower legs, then her

thighs. When he reached the top of her leg he made that cupping motion at her

crotch. Her skirt was made of very thin material and with it pressed firmly

between her legs the true shape of her legs and crotch were manifest in the

squad car headlights.

Emma took in a short quick surprised breath, stood up taller for a moment as her

eyes widened. She was either very sensitive, just having had an orgasm ten

minutes earlier, or very surprised where he touched her. He probably now knew

that she wasn't wearing panties, but I wondered if he had just felt her puffed

up pussy lips when his hand came in contact with her crotch.

He stood up and faced her; her nipples were now rock hard. In the light they

clearly helped defined the shape of her breasts. I was about to say something

when I realized I had a rather large erection.

The policeman flattened his hands, reached out, and slowly moved them up over

her abs. When he was just below her breasts he said, "excuse me Ma'am", before

sliding his hands under her braless tits and moving them around the outside

curves of her breasts. As if he couldn't see them well enough before, he now

knew exactly what her tits felt like too. Emma's response amazed me. Her lips

were slightly parted and her head slightly tilted back which meant she enjoyed

the feel.

Lowering his hands he spoke to Emma again, "Turn toward the car Ma'am." He

continued with no emotion.

She turned on command and he moved his hands to the top of her hips and then

down over her derriÃ¨re. When he patted the upper inside of her thighs her dress

conformed to the shape of her ass. He was surely taking advantage of this rare

perk to his job, but I wasn't sure I could do anything about it. In fact, I

imagined him lifting up her skirt and displaying her bare ass. The image went

way as he backed off. I started to question the legality of this search as he

walked Emma over to me. "Stay here please, Ma'am."

"Paulie. Can he do that?" Emma suddenly whispered to me after the office had

moved away from us and climbed into the car.

I pretended I didn't know what she meant. "Sure, he can search our car if he has

a suspicion. What can we do? Let's just let him get it over with and get our of

here." I replied.

"I can't believe this is happening to us, especially tonight." Emma was anxious

and had stepped about five feet away and turned towards me; directly in front of

the police car's headlights,

I turned and watched the officer looking inside the passenger door. He moved

around the seats, shining with his flashlight, opened the glove compartment,

shuffled some papers, and then stepped out. He actually seemed relieved and

relaxed. I think he really believed we had a weapon or something. He started to

walk back toward us when I noticed that Emma's peasant skirt was somewhat

translucent in the headlights. I could make out the shape of her legs through

the skirt right up to her crotch, but no detail, thank god. It was an impressive

silhouette.

"Emma, I can see right through that skirt, you'd better get back here." I

blurted out.

I think the officer noticed because he paused, smiled, just before coming over

to us.

"Alright, everything looks fine. Sorry to bother you, but I have to check. That

wasn't a good place to pull over; in a no trespassing and no parking zone." He

admonished me.

I was going to object that we weren't exactly "parked", but decided to get going

before he came up with something else. It had gotten colder and Emma had her

arms across her chest holding her shoulders to keep warm. We started back to the

car when the officer added; "You should dress more warmly Ma'am. Never know if

your car is going to break down." He smiled as to be polite, but he was subtly

letting her know what he felt and had probably surmised why we were parked

there.

Emma and I did not say a word as we drove back toward the highway. She was the

first to break the silence. "I can't believe that happened! Did he think we were

selling drugs?" I said nothing as she continued. "And he searched us!"

I pretended not to know what happened. "He searched you too?"

"Didn't you see?"

"No, he had me facing the police car."

Emma was quiet for a few moments probably wondering if she should tell me about

his search. "Paulie, that guy touched me everywhere." She admitted.

"It was just a search Emma, he did the same to me." I knew it was different, but

didn't admit it.

"But I have nothing on under this." She continued. "He hands actually went under

my breasts and he ... he touched ..." Her voice lowered.

"He did what?" I pretended to be annoyed, but no longer was. "He groped you?"

"Well, not exactly. The back of his hand pushed against my crotch when he patted

my legs." She tried to clear any misunderstanding as to the extent, but probably

also realized she couldn't prove anything. "I'm sure he knew I wasn't wearing

anything."

"He did that to me too. As long as he didn't grope you, there's not much we can

say."

I put my hand on her leg and she did likewise as we remained quiet for a few

more minutes consoling each other.

"Of all the times I let you talk me into this, this is the night we get

searched! I felt naked out there." Emma's voice was easing up and she was now

smirking at the situation.

"Yeah, I should have known better, sorry." I apologized.

"What are the odds that this would happen?" She said as if to console me.

After a pause I added for levity, "You know, you looked almost naked."

"What do you mean?"

"Your nipples were so hard and in that knit top I could see the entire shape of

your breasts."

"I'm sure he noticed that too." She shook her head incredulously.

"And that skirt hugs your butt so well too. I never noticed before, but with no

panties on, I certainly did this time." I began to be curious about how she felt

out there.

"That's why I felt naked. The material was so thin that I felt like I didn't

even have the skirt on. You know, for a moment I thought he was going to lift my

dress!" Emma admitted.

I think she was surprised that I remained quiet. She looked at me then added.

"Oh my God, could he have done that if he wanted to?"

"I suppose so if he thought you were hiding something." I lied to make her dwell

on it some more.

"If he did, he would have..."

"He would have seen the most beautiful ass he's ever seen." I tried to make

light of it. I also wanted her to think that I didn't see anything of what went

on.

"Paulie!" She blurted out. "How can you say something like that after what we

just went through?"

"Because it's over now and I was just picturing your skirt up above your naked

ass." I rubbed her left thigh showing that I was kidding, but my hand was high

up on her leg.

"It's easy for you guys not to worry, wearing pants." She put her hand on my lap

too, but her hand slid over as we turned a corner and she felt the bulge in my

pants.

"What the? How can you have an erection now?" She wondered aloud.

"Well, with you talking about you feeling naked and having your skirt lifted up,

I couldn't help but visualize it." I quickly responded.

Emma shifted in her seat, looking at me a little more questioningly. "But I was

talking about another man lifting my skirt." She paused to judge my reaction.

"Are you turned on by the thought of someone lifting my skirt?" She said, an

astonished look on her face.

"Emma, I was just imagining you with your skirt up and no panties. I mean, we

just had sex not too long ago." I tried to deflect her comments.

Emma's suddenly looked at me seductively. "No, I just had sex. Now that I think

about it, we were interrupted before I got to you."

"That's understandable." I answered as Emma started caressing my crotch. "What

are you doing?"

"Finishing what we started." She whispered as she pulled open my zipper and

fished out my cock.

"Emma, you're going to get us pulled over again." I said as I held my breath.

"Maybe we'll get searched again." She teased. "Maybe the officer will lift my

skirt this time." Emma's flicked her tongue across her upper lip.

When she said that, I visualized him not only picking up her skirt, but also

reaching his hand between her legs. My erection quickly grew about two inches.

She noticed too. "Oh my Paulie, that DOES turn you on! ... I can't believe it?"

She said with an astonished look on her face.

"Gee Emma, who wouldn't get an erection knowing you have no panties on, then

talking about lifting up your skirt?" I protested so that she wouldn't think the

officer's involvement had any influence on my reaction.

"Well, I'm sure the officer knew I didn't have any panties either." She teased.

"Then he was thinking the same thing." I admitted, though I'm not sure why.

"So you're saying he probably had an erection and was thinking about lifting my

skirt too?"

"No doubt" I answered honestly. "Probably would have if I wasn't there."

That answer turned on a switch in Emma. She looked down at my engorged cock.

"Well then," she started to tease me. "I didn't want to you to get upset, but

seeing your reaction..."

"What?"

"I think I should tell you what happened when he searched me." She added with a

mischievous smile.

I was now curious because I did see what happened and I wondered what Emma was going to say about her experience. She started by truthfully telling me how the

officer had felt her up, but she for some reason she decided to go much further

in teasing me.

"He slid his hands under my tits and held them for a moment."

"He did?" My cock moved involuntarily in her hand.

Emma looked down, let go, and gave it a little smack.

"Emma!" My body bucked a little and I was starting to worry about keeping the

car on the road.

"He'll have to wait for my story." She said petulantly.

"I'd better pull over before we have an accident." I said nervously, but it was

true, I had to find a place to pull over again because I might have an orgasm at

any moment anyway.

I was just coming upon another service station, so I quickly pulled in but

parked away from the pumps toward the rear where the air pumps were.

"Ready now." Emma said impatiently.

"Very!" I said as my cock stuck up from my pants.

"Like I said, he rubbed my tits, Paulie."

"He did?" I said as I stared at her nipples rising through her knit blouse. Emma

took a look to confirm what I was staring at.

Yes, and his thumbs rubbed my nipples both times." She exaggerated in response.

"He slid he hands over my ass and cupped my cheeks too."

"At least you had your dress on." I was trying to convince myself to calm down

as she spoke.

"His hands were warm and the material was so thin, I felt like he was touching

my naked body Paulie!"

The truth of her admission made her sound upset, but Emma took hold of my cock

again to test my reaction. She found it hard as steel. From that point on Emma

teased me as much as she could. Though most of it was true, it was a very quick

encounter, but Emma made it sound like it lasted a long, long time.

"I could feel every inch of his hand and I started to wonder if I even had my

skirt on. I'm sure he knew it would feel no different if I hadn't."

"Then, he slowly moved both hands up my legs." She said as she briefly touched

her hand to my cock. "He moved up the inside of my thigh." Emma suddenly paused as if she was starting an orgasm. "And when he got to my crotch, he cupped it in his hand. I could feel the curve of his hand between his thumb and index finger."

"That's assault Emma. You should have said something to stop him." I challenged

her story.

"I should have, but I ... I pulled his hand against my crotch." I noticed that

she had lifted her skirt above her waist and was now pulling my hand to her

crotch.

"You're so wet." I blurted.

"That's what he said." She said to me licking her lips.

"He asked me to hold up my skirt ... and I did." Emma said just before her lips

touched my cock. I exploded in orgasm.

After the stars lifted from my eyes, I continued Emma's little fantasy, " So he

did see your ass after all. I slid a finger into her as pussy. "I supposed he

fingered you then."

She paused, not expecting that. "Hhhhuh! Yes ,,, he did. He looked over to make

sure you weren't watching and slid two, big strong fingers, right in. Emma

pushed two of my fingers into her wet pussy.

"Two?" I said because Emma wasn't usually this aggressive.

"Yesss!" Emma was now feeling very aroused either by my fingers or her story.

"I'm surprised he didn't ask you back to his police car." Now I was getting very

dirty with my wife.

"He said I was a tease and if you weren't there, he would have bent me right

over the hood and stuck his big cock in me." Emma was equally dirty now. I had

never heard her talk this way before.

With our car parked, I was able to move my fingers deeper into Emma's pussy. She

raised her leg in reply. Emma started to moan as I slid my finger into her wet

pussy.

"Did you want that Emma?" I urged her to go on.

"I want it now, Paulie!"

"I didn't know you were such a bad girl?"

"I feel like a bad girl tonight." She purred.

Now it was my turn to tease her. "I don't think I can give you that big cock

right now, you just drained me, Emma.

"That's okay, you were doing just fine." Emma's disappointment showed a bit, but

she clearly wanted stimulation.

My wife looked at me breathlessly when I suddenly stopped playing with her body.

"He's right, you are a tease." I said,

Emma gave me a worried look, thinking I was upset about if after all and about

to admonish her.

"That stuff didn't really happen Paulie. It was just a quick search." She tried

to soothe me.

"Step out of the car Ma'am." I mimicked, trying to calm her concerns.

Emma stared at me with wide eyes, but then seemed a bit relieved. She stepped

out of the car. I opened my door, got out and went around to join her.

"Hands above your head." She complied and looked edible. All I could think about

was how lucky that cop could have been. I could see where this was going and it

excited me to think about the possibilities. But I needed time to recover. My

brain went into overdrive as I watched her react to our role playing. Soon I was

to find out that it was the best move of my life.

"Wow!" I said looking her up and down. "I think I'm going to need some water

first. This might take longer than usual." I warned. "Can you go get a bottle of

water over there?" I looked over to the service station store and handed Emma

five dollars.

"In there? Like this? There are a lot of people in there." Emma said with

anticipation in her voice. She meant that it wasn't some dark road and she'd be

very visible. This outfit is very revealing." She warned me.

"I know, but you're a big tease. I'm sure you'll enjoy it." I said chastising my

wife. "But before you go." I took hold of her blouse and opened the only three

buttons at the top and then stretched the opening to show some cleavage. Between

the cleavage, her erect nipples, and the way the top stretched around the curves

of her breast, there was little mystery as to their shape and size. If the

officer had seen her this way, he would surely have extended his search.

"Oh-kay?" Emma sounded skeptical and wasn't sure where this was going. She

half-smiled hoping this was still a game, but not totally sure, as she headed

towards the doors.

When Emma reached the lights of the store area, heads started to turn. With her

open v-neck top and raised nipples, it was obvious she wore nothing beneath her

knit top. She walked in the front door, letting the bright lights of the store

shown through her skirt just as it did when she stood on display in front of the

police car headlights.

The silhouette of her legs and hips were visible through the thin material,

reminding me of those 'x-ray glasses' ads I saw as a kid. Heads were being

turned all around the store. I followed her inside to get a better view. Once

inside, Emma stood at the open freezer door deciding from brands of bottled

water. She turned just in time to catch me walk in the door, but lowered her

eyes as if I was just another customer. I noticed her nipples were rock hard

from the cold air at the freezer door.

The store was busy, about six men were inside, and all of them stole a quick

look without being obvious. When Emma bent down to take two bottles from a lower shelf, I was sure they could see the dark line between her butt cheeks through the light tan peasant skirt. I heard one man with an Indonesian accent blurt, 'Oh my!"

She took the water to the counter where the cashier didn't even look up at her

face, but kept his eyes down on the register. I walked up behind her and gently

put my hand on her hip. The cashier glanced up at me, at her chest, then back

down into the change drawer and didn't look up again as he handed Emma her

change.

I glanced behind me and saw that the men who were watching her at the freezer

were now looking toward the cashier's counter. I took the liberty to put my hand

just below Emma's right cheek and pressed the skirt against her skin. At that

point the color of her skin and her ass could vaguely be seen. The officer

probably had not seen this in the dark, because if he had, I think Emma's

exaggerated version of the search would have really happened!

With everything that just happened, I could feel that I was fully recovered and

ready to go.

Three men in their early twenties came through the door as we stood waiting for

our change. At least one caught sight of my hand against my wife's ass. He

stopped just inside the doorway and tapped his two buddies. If that weren't

enough for them, Emma suddenly turned, exposing the sight of her braless tits in

that knit top, now unbuttoned. "Holy shit!" One of them blurted out without even

trying to whisper. I'm sure some of the men in that store thought she was either

a dancer or a hooker.

"Emma, I think you're showing off more now than you did at the Water Park that

time!" I said to her as we walked toward our car.

"I wore this because you said we wouldn't have an audience." She paused. "Here's

your water." She gestured as if she'd wanted to say, 'now what?'

"Seeing you beside the car, I didn't realize how much that cop really saw ... or

felt." I looked at her waiting for a reply, which was slow in coming.

"I told you I felt naked." She said quietly with a touch of guilt in her voice.

We made our way out of the store and over to the car.

"Let's see just how naked you felt!" I said brightly to change the mood. I put

the bottle of water on the hood of the car and placed Emma's arms above her

head. She offered no resistance and I knew she wanted to relive that experience

with a different outcome before we entered the store. I was now recovered and

ready to be that naughty cop for her.

I looked back towards the bright lights. There were people about thirty feet

away getting gas and going into the service store. Emma followed my eyes and

turned to look. Their presence didn't slow us down. In fact, our exhibitionism

seemed to inspire us.

I moved my hands down her sides and over her hips. "Oooooh, I can easily tell

there are no panties." I moved my hands around and under her breasts, lifting

them slightly. "He felt you here too?"

"Yes." She said calmly studying my face to see my reaction.

"Wow. He certainly knows what your tits feel like."

I'm knelt at her ankles and moved my hands up her legs. I could hardly feel the

skirt. My hand cupped her groin; I could feel her swelling pussy lips against

the outside of my hand. "Here too?"

"Yes." Emma said more bravely. I wondered if she had enjoyed it the first time

just as much.

"Nice." I brushed my hand right against her womanhood. "Now turnaround."

She did and I moved my hand around her ass. This felt like the sexiest part to

me, because this was how her ass must have looked like to the others in the

store. "He did this too?"

"Yes." Her voice was now more lustful.

I took the water bottle and poured some water on her skirt. Her skin came

through, as the water soaked into the material.

"What the!" Emma was surprised.

"I like that!" I stared for a moment before I lifted her skirt. She helped hold

it up, as a slight breeze blew across my wife's naked ass.

I explored Emma's ass, moving my hand between her legs, gently caressing her

very wet pussy. Emma released a loud moan.

I continued to play with her when I heard what sounded like the three men we

encountered earlier come out of the store and walk in our direction. I figured

it was their car that was parked about five empty parking spaces away.

"We'd better get inside." I whispered to her. I opened the back door and Emma

crawled onto the seat. I slid in next to her and resumed caressing her. One hand

pinched Emma's nipple while the other hand resumed between her legs. I pulled

her across the seat, on top of me where I sat.

I pushed her knit top above her breasts. Emma lifted her body up as she raised

the top over her head and off, while I quickly unbuttoned my pants. She sat back

down atop me in the backseat, topless in my car for the second time that night,

and unaware of why I had moved us inside the car. I rolled her skirt up around

her waist and positioned her over my waiting erection. She was very wet and I

entered her with little resistance. It was surreal watching cars come in and out

of the station while I fucked my wife. At this point it didn't matter. I lifted

my body so that my mouth and tongue could work on Emma's tits while I fucked

her.

"Ooooooooh." Emma responded, her lips pursed and her eyes squinting seductively.

I realized I let my wife fantasize about having sex with the policeman who just

felt her up not more than thirty minutes ago. In fact, I was acting it out! Sure

it was just a fantasy, but this one was based on some reality and Emma responded

strongly to it. I wondered if my sweet, innocent wife could actually be a closet

exhibitionist.

Emma was practically nude, bouncing topless on me in the back seat of our car.

We looked over after hearing some loud voices and saw the three guys looking at

our car. Emma tried to lean down to hide herself.

"No" I answered quickly. "Stay up like that for a little bit." My mind was now

racing with testosterone instead of common sense. Though it was likely dark

inside our car, I was sure my wife's bouncing tits could be seen if someone

looked hard enough. "You were right. I do want someone to see your titties."

She put her arms behind her hair and turned toward them "Like this?" She shook

her shoulders, rocking her tits back and forth. Then she took them into her

hands and caressed herself while turning her head to the side. She gave them

quite a show.

I could hear them cheering and saw some arms pumping in the air.

I was massaging her clitoris through all this and she responded with a huge

orgasm. I felt a cascade of wet cum over my hand. A chorus of cheers and

whistles filled the air as Emma leaned forward onto me, her bare back still

above the window. I quietly came again too.

"We'd better get out of here before the crowd gets bigger." I suggested looking

over and noticing a few more people behind the guys.

Emma got out of the backseat of our car on the side facing to the group of guys.

Her dress fell over her legs, but not before showing the dark patch between her

legs. Her bare breasts bounced as ran around to the passenger door. She made no

pretense of covering up. I jumped over the seat and quickly started the car.

They moved toward our car and shouted to Emma as we slowly drove past them,

"Hey, me next!" and "Nice tits!" and "Don't go, I've got something for you!"

Emma pulled on her top as we got entered the road again. "That was one of the

biggest orgasms I've every had." She said breathlessly.

"Me too." I said quietly.

We were both quiet on the way home probably wondering how we went from trying to be a little daring, to my underwear-less wife being felt up by a policeman, to

fucking in a car in front of other people. That was quite a huge leap in our

intimacy for one evening.

I wondered how we accelerated into this behavior so quickly. I also wondered

about the ramifications to that role-play, because she really had no clothes on

under her skirt or top when the officer felt her almost naked body. He did

really did get a nice handful of my wife's tits and ass during his search! Emma

even wondered whether he had an erection while doing it. Sure it was a fantasy,

but he had a real face. I wondered if she pictured him or me while we fucked in

the car?

Even weeks later, I need a cold shower when I think about that night. Emma's

been very quiet about it and a little offish. I'm not sure if she's embarrassed

by how she behaved or if she now wonders about herself. It's now obvious she

enjoys attention to her body. She probably wonders why her husband was turned on by what happened.

I'll ask her in due time, but I'm hoping she is okay with what we did. For me, I

can't wait for another adventure like that again.

by docblue - 01/2008