**First time I wore a topless dress in public**

by [taniadaniels](https://www.sexstories.com/profile782600/taniadaniels)

I will never forget the first time I wore a topless dress in public. It was at a dinner dance at my husband Richard’s company Christmas celebration. To be honest it wasn’t exactly an official topless dress, just a black lace evening dress with a scooped back that I was wearing back to front, to allow both breasts to hang out completely free and fully exposed.  
  
I can’t really take credit for deciding to wear it that way though, as it had been totally Richard’s idea, and also his idea for me to actually appear in public at his firm’s ‘do’ for, in his words “let the lads see what fantastic tits you’ve got Tania!”  
  
I must admit I was feeling rather nervous as I walked in on his arm, very conscious of the fact that without support or control they were bouncing and swinging slightly as I moved. I think every pair of eyes present, both male and female, were fixed on my naked boobs. Some were obviously loving the sight, mainly the men, and some were hating both my breasts and me, and they were mostly the women.  
  
The open hatred from the females didn’t worry me in the slightest. I had spent most of my exhibitionist life being both envied and disliked by the majority of my own sex, what with micro mini skirts when in my teens and deep revealing necklines in later years, but this Company dinner dance was the first time I had completely bared my breasts from my first entrance.  
  
“You look stunning love.” my husband assured me under his breath “breath in and stick your chest out.”  
  
Don’t get me wrong, I had been both topless and naked on Spanish beaches for years, but that was when I was one of many girls displaying their wares for both admiring and lustful eyes, and with being just one of the many I felt comforted and safe; and I could always cover myself with a towel if it all got too much for my delicate nature.  
  
On this latest occasion however, I had neither a towel or similar unadorned female company to allay my fears, and was stuck in a dress that had my tits fully on naked display. Much to my chagrin Richard decided to walk the full length of the massive hall with my bare bosom bouncing and swinging with each step, to reach the table to which we had been allotted.  
  
“Ah Richard!” greeted his Managing director “and this vision of loveliness is your wife?”  
  
“No just someone who looked forlorn outside Mike!” joked my husband.  
  
“I AM his wife!” I snapped “Tania, pleased to meet you.”  
  
He shook my outstretched hand vigorously, causing my boobs to bounce even more than previously, much to the amusement of the three ladies at the table.  
  
“Sorry!” Mike apologised, gazing at my breasts.  
  
“It’s ok, they seem to have a mind of their own.” I replied with a nervous giggle.  
  
“They are lovely.” he mumbled almost incoherently as he gazed at them, and gave an anxious glance to his wife sitting by his side.  
  
“Thank you kind sir!” I replied, my nervousness being bravely replaced by a hint of defiant confidence at the obvious disapproval of the fully clothed woman. I breathed in deeply and thrust them out even more.  
  
“My pleasure,” he replied again “come and sit next to me.  
  
I smiled at his wife, unable to hide her seething envy by his side. Her loathing of me seemed to spur Mike on even more to compliment and flirt with me, something that pleased me and amused my husband - as much to my delight he was loving every second of this encounter. A hand on my knee a la Harvey Weinstein was accepted by me as a compliment, much to Richard’s relief, and I allowed it to rest there innocently as he continued to chat.  
  
“I love the dress,” he told me, his eyes firmly fixed on my tits “did you have it made specially, errr …..“ he hesitated “ … to expose your .. errr … breasts?”  
  
“Richard designed it!” I announced with pride.  
  
“Good man!” replied Mike “well done Rich!” he glanced at his wife “I will have to design one for you Millicent!”  
  
The look on Millie’s face was a picture, with her forced smile saying something like “Over my dead body!”, but actually regretfully saying “if I had a body like Tania I might appreciate it Mike,” through gritted teeth.  
  
“You don’t mind me talking about your breasts do you Tania?” he asked.  
  
“Hardly Mike!” I replied with a girlish giggle “or I wouldn’t show them.”  
  
“Good girl!” he told me as he patted my knee.  
  
“I was happy that my bare breasts became a topic of conversation and observation throughout the meal, and pleased that the other two women on the table didn’t appear to share Millie’s distaste for my exposure, and actually praised me for my bravery.  
  
“You should have been braver and discarded the underskirt love!” Richard whispered in my ear during the pudding course.  
  
“I haven’t any knickers on darling,” I chuckled.  
  
“Great!” he replied “Your bush would have appeared as a g-string through the semi transparent lace.”  
  
“You are naughty!” I whispered back.  
  
“Why don’t you be naughtier and go to the loo and take if off?”  
  
“You want me to?”  
  
“Yes!”  
  
I shrugged and made my apologies as I left the table en route to the ladies toilet. Fortunately I had brought quite a large evening bag in which I hid the underskirt, before returning to the table completely naked under the revealing lace dress. I’m unsure as to whether anyone realised that the visible triangle between my legs was not a g-string at that point, but Mike certainly discovered as much later, as he asked me for the waltz which followed. His searching hands on my bottom as we danced told him in no uncertain terms that I was bereft of cover on my nether regions.  
  
The other two men at the table were actually surprisingly encouraged by their respective wives to ask me to dance, although with the first being a barn dance, and the second a jive, neither of them had the same opportunity to discover my lack of underwear - although in the jive I gave everyone a wonderful display of bouncing boobs, lol.  
  
The evening came to a close with me thankfully having the last waltz with my husband, and Mike with Millicent, as I dare not visualise what might have happened if Mike had danced it with me, together with the trauma that might have ensued back at his household afterwards. I knew that Richard wouldn’t have minded as he hasn’t got a jealous bone in his body, and trusts me completely.  
  
“I think you enjoyed the evening didn’t you Tania?“ he quipped as we drove home “I’m bloody certain Mike did, might come in handy when promotions are being handed out!”  
  
“You mercenary sod!” I snapped “so that’s why you encouraged me to go commando as well as topless?”  
  
“Don’t pretend you weren’t pleased?”  
  
“I won’t! ‘Cos I was!” I laughed “Loved it all .. Which is more than I can say for Millicent. I hope Mike doesn’t get into too much trouble.”  
  
“He can look after himself, don’t worry about that!” Richard assured me.  
  
“When can I wear the dress again?” I asked excitedly.  
  
“Without the underskirt?”  
  
“Oh yes!” I replied “and commando too!”  
  
We both enjoyed a mutual laugh - followed by a mutual frolic in bed.