**Going Commando**

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I've always been a bit of an exhibitionist. The majority of the porn I watch or the stories I read involve variations of women flashing or getting fucked in public. Whether it's in the bathroom of a bar or nightclub or in the backseat of a car in a crowded parking lot, it didn't matter. It was all the same to me and it was unbelievably sexy. I always pictured my wife as the woman in these scenarios. Even if the fictional man was a stranger and not me, it got me going but that's a whole different fantasy in itself. When I met my wife, Kate, she was very reserved and conservative when it came to sex. She was great in bed, theres no doubt about that. But it never really left the bedroom. She didn't have any outrageous fantasies or kinks like mine so our sex life was very vanilla. For the longest time I kept my fantasies to myself. I thought it would hurt her if she knew I secretly longed for her to show her body off in public. She wouldn't understand that it was only the potential of others seeing her that I found exciting.

It was Valentine's Day that I finally decided to introduce this concept. We had reservations at our favorite restaurant and the idea came to me as I watched Kate getting ready in the bathroom. We had just finished showering and I was already dressed in charcoal slacks and a light blue button-down shirt. As I sat on the bed putting on my shoes I looked up to see my wife's beautiful naked body standing at the bathroom sink. She was applying makeup in the mirror and curling her long dark hair, moving her hips slowly to the music coming from the iPhone dock in the bedroom. Kate was a knockout. 5'9 and incredibly fit. She spent most of her youth and teenage years swimming and playing volleyball and her body showed it. From her toned calves and thighs and tight stomach to her slender yet muscular shoulders she looked like one of the female athletes in the ESPN body issue. Her 36C tits weren't as perky as they were when we met but they were still incredible. Big and full with large nipples that begged to be sucked and nibbled on. A fat ass, the good kind of fat, that was still firm enough to bounce a quarter off of. I still don't think there's a better view in this world than the one I get when I'm fucking my wife from behind. She has an ass to die for.

"How does this look, love?" Kate asked, interrupting the dirty thoughts I was having as I watched her. She turned to me and was pointing at her face, or more specifically the makeup on her face. She's been experimenting with darker makeup because I thought it complimented her pale complexion better. Her dark eyeliner and purple eyeshadow looked unbelievably sexy but not as sexy as the crimson lipstick she had bought earlier that day. My eyes must have widened to show my approval because all she did was smile seductively at me and turn back toward the mirror to put on some finishing touches. Once she was satisfied she walked over to the closet and pulled out her new dress I had gotten her for our date night. She laid it on the bed and went to her dresser. She bent over at the waist, keeping her legs straight because she knew I was watching. She gave me a good look between her legs at her bald pussy lips. Any time Kate bends over, her pussy and asshole are on full display and she knows it drives me crazy. She stepped into a black thong and pulled it up her taught legs as she stood. She didn't bother with a bra tonight because the dress was meant to be worn without one. It had some built in support but it still wouldn't stop her nipples from poking through the fabric, which I loved. She pulled the dress over her head and smoothed it down her hips and stomach before doing a little twirl for me. She looked like a goddess. It was a tight fitting dress, jet black and sleeveless. Even though it offered no cleavage whatsoever, her tits still looked fantastic straining against the thin fabric. The hemline was a bit drastic and more risqué than any other dress she owned. It fell maybe two inches below her ass cheeks and she'd be fighting to keep it down all night.

"Well?" She asked.

"Jesus." I barely managed as I stood. "You are going to turn some heads tonight."

"Oh Whatever!" She laughed as she hit me playfully on the chest. "The only head I care about turning is yours."

I walked to her and took her hips in my hands and then kissed her on the lips. I reached for the hem of her dress and lifted with both hands.

"What do you think you're doing? We're already going to be late." She jokingly complained.

"I'm just going to change one little thing." I said, pulling her dress up to her stomach.

I dropped to my knees in front of her, eye level with her black satin thong. I curled my fingers around the waistband of her panties and slowly pulled them down. Her dark curly bush came into view slowly. Kate's lips are waxed clean but she still leaves a full patch of hair above her pussy. I loved it. She keeps it trimmed, maybe half an inch long. I continued pulling her thong down and she sighed when she felt my breath on her exposed cunt. I had her panties at her feet and I helped her step out. I planted a kiss on her bare lips and pulled her dress down as I stood.

"There," I said. "Much better."

"Umm, I cant go out like this. This dress is way too short and everyone will see me!" She protested.

"No one will see, babe." I reassured her and then added, "And so what if they do?"

I'm not sure how she'd react to the last part and her internal struggle showed on her face.

"Fine." She smirked at me. "You better help keep me covered, pervert."

I took her in my arms and kissed her, grabbing her big ass at the same time. She pulled her heels on, I grabbed my wallet and we were out the door.

Campo definitely isn't a classy restaurant. It's a high end ultra lounge that happens to serve great food. It was special to us though because it was where we first met. The staff knew us and treated us well and we took care of them in return. We informed the hostess of our reservation and she sat us in a booth in the corner overlooking the dance floor. Kate, not used to wearing such a short dress opened her legs a little too much when she sat. She quickly remembered the length of her dress and the fact that she was commando and shut her legs quickly with a tiny squeal. I'm pretty sure I was the only one who saw and I chuckled at her embarrassment. She laughed it off too.

The waitress popped over and asked for our drink order.

"Whiskey and soda." Kate responded. "A double." She added.

I ordered a beer and our drinks showed up in less than two minutes. After a couple rounds we ordered food. It was delicious and we topped it off with a few more rounds. Now that dinner was out of the way we sat back and relaxed, taking in the crowd and the music. Kate was a lightweight and after five or six cocktails I knew she was feeling pretty good. I watched her as she started to sway with the music in her seat. She caught me staring and shot me shy smile. She leaned over in the booth and kissed my cheek before telling she needed to pee. While she was scooting out of the booth her dress rode up a bit and I caught a glimpse of her dark bush. She wasn't so drunk that she forgot she wasn't wearing panties so she was very careful not to flash anyone else when she stood. I loved the way the dress hugged her big ass and I felt my cock stir as I watched her walk away. I ordered two shots of tequila from the waitress and the drinks showed up as Kate returned to the table. Instead of taking her seat immediately, she grabbed the shot glass and raised it to toast me before downing it.

"I want to dance." She said to me as she started bobbing to the hip hop song that filled the bar.

I wasn't going to say no so I climbed from the booth. She took my hand and led me to the dance floor. The floor was crowded but we found enough room for the two of us without bumping into too many people. The first three or four songs had very up tempo beats and we danced in front of each other, hands in the air and just moving to the beat. Kate was facing me and I watched her tits bounce in her dress as she swayed in time to the music. Her dress kept riding up her ass so every few seconds her hands would be at the hem, pulling it back down into place. Every time she did she smiled at me nervously and I just shrugged. As we continued dancing, the alcohol was having more and more of an effect on her and she was really losing herself in the music. Her hands were roaming up and down her body. Her eyes were shut and she was moving very freely. She turned away from me and I saw her ass cheeks peeking out from under her dress. She must not have realized because she made no effort to pull her dress back down. Her dress creeped up ever so slightly with every move she made. Now half of her ass was on display and my cock was swelling knowing that if anyone glanced in her direction they would be in for a treat. Before anyone could get a show, she looked back at me with a devilish grin and quickly pulled her dress down. She did it on purpose!

I grabbed her by the hips and pulled her ass into me just as the song changed. A gritty beat came over the speakers and she started grinding against me. I knew she could feel my cock through the little fabric separating us. She raised her arms behind her and ran her hands though my hair before grabbing me by the back of my neck. I let my hands roam over her body. Over her hips and stomach then quickly across her tits. I leaned down and kissed her neck. Her skin was slick and salty and her scent was intoxicating. I watched beads of sweat drip down her neck to the collar of her dress. She was breathing heavily and I felt her tits heaving as I took them both in my hands. Her nipples were pressing hard against the fabric of her dress and I ran my fingers over them lightly. She let out a soft moan and ground her ass harder into my crotch. She was completely lost in the moment and when I looked down over the front of her body I saw that her knees were bent in such a way that anyone in front of her would have a clear view up her dress. I wasn't going to tell her and I knew she was too wrapped up to notice or even care. I looked out across the dance floor and saw a young guy staring wide eyed at my wife and it made my cock twitch. I knew he could clearly see her pussy and that her lips were probably wide open due of the way her legs were spread. Instead of telling her to close her legs or getting angry that another man was staring at my wife's exposed cunt, I got even more turned on. My left hand continued rubbing my wife's tit on the dance floor but I let my right hand slip over her stomach and down to the hem of her dress. With one swift motion my hand swept over her sweat moistened bush and cupped her pussy. I couldn't believe how wet she was when I ran my middle finger down her slit and slipped it into her. It took her a moment to realize what was happening but when she did she shot straight up and turned to face me.

I couldn't quite figure out how to read her expression. It was a look I hadn't seen before and for a second I thought she was going to slap me. She looked me dead in the eyes but she didn't look angry. She wasn't smiling either. She grabbed my hand and started walking toward the back of the bar. I knew I was about to get an earful. When we got to where it was quiet enough to talk I thought she'd stop but she kept walking me further into the back of the building until we came to the bathroom door. She looked around and went in, pulling me in with her. The bathrooms in this bar were private, single use facilities with locking doors. Once inside she kept walking toward the sink and I locked the door, figuring we would need some privacy.

"Babe, Im sor..." I started. But before I could finish the sentence she leaned back against the sink and pulled her dress up and bunched it around her stomach. Kate was always sexy to me but looking at her now, there was something so raw and animalistic about the way she stood there. Her skin from head to toes glistened with sweat. She was breathing heavily, her big tits lifting and falling with every breath. There was a slight shake in her hands while she held her dress up at her belly. Beads of sweat ran down her tight stomach and into her thick, soaked bush. Her pussy lips were swollen and protruding between her trembling thighs and I could see how wet she was from across the room. I walked toward her in a daze, almost floating across the bathroom floor. Our eyes were locked onto each others and her hands were on the button of my pants the second I was within reach. I felt my zipper come down followed immediately by her hand fishing my throbbing cock out of my boxers.

Her hand felt amazing wrapped around me and I let my pants fall to the ground. No time was wasted, she pulled my cock towards her and rubbed the head up and down her slick cunt, coating me in her juices. I grabbed her by the hips and lifted her onto the sink, at the same time pulling her closer to me and shoving my full length deep into her. She let out a sharp gasp and wrapped her hands around my neck, digging her nails into my skin. I've never felt her so wet. With every thrust, her juices would spurt around my cock, soaking my thighs and balls. I looked into her eyes and she stared back intently while I was fucking her with everything I had. Purple tears streamed down her face from her mascara. I'm surprised we didn't break the sink off of the wall with how I was pounding into her, harder and deeper with every thrust. More than once there was knocking at the bathroom door but we ignored it. I knew anyone standing on the other side could hear my wife's moans and cries of pleasure. It was such a rush, knowing hundreds of people were only ten or fifteen feet away while I drove my cock in and out of my wife's hot cunt. I imagined what would have happened if I hadn't locked the door. What if someone walked in? What if someone watched while Kate's big tits bounced under her dress? What if they saw my cock stretching her tight, hairy pussy? My thoughts got dirtier and dirtier. What if someone walked into the bathroom right now? The door is right behind me so the first thing they'd see is my back, Kate's feet locked around my waist. Between my legs they'd see my balls slapping against her ass. They'd see her tiny pink asshole, soaking wet from the juices gushing from her cunt. Would we let them watch? Would we let them join? Kate started bucking hard to meet my thrusts and I wondered if there was any way she was thinking the same thing. Her breathing became more rapid and she started to whimper. This was a sign she wanted to cum.

"Fuck me. Fuck me. Fuck me." She growled. My wife doesn't usually talk dirty in bed and this got me going even harder. "Oh. My. God! Yes! Fuck me! Harder harder harder!" She continued.

I felt her pussy clamp down and my cock and she dug her nails deeper into the back of my neck. "Don't stop don't stop don't stop! I'm gonna cuuuuuuummmm....Uhhhhhhhhh." The last bit came out as a deep guttural groan. Between the sounds she was making and feeling her orgasm, I couldn't hold it anymore. I pulled out and unloaded stream after stream of hot cum all over her stomach and bush. I took a step back and took in the sight as I caught my breath. My wife's body was covered in sweat, my cum dripping down her stomach over her bush and pussy. Her cum running in streams down the inside of her thighs. Her face broke into a huge smile as she pulled her dress back down. I pulled my pants back up and made myself presentable while she checked her hair and makeup in the mirror. Once she was satisfied, she grabbed my hand, kissed me on the cheek and led me out of the bathroom.

I wrapped an arm around her and pulled her into me as we walked.

"Lets go home." She said with a satisfied smile. I don't think she noticed all the knowing eyes on us as we left the bar. I know I did and I thought, did my wife just become an exhibitionist?