**In Plain View**

**by [magmaman](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=424353&page=submissions)**

My wife of 15 years and I decided to take in the State Fair. Usually I ignore those every year, too many people, the place smells like animals, on and on with the excuses.  
  
But Lee wanted to go for some reason, so a hot Saturday morning found us making the 90 minute drive to the fairgrounds.  
  
Lee was dressed as skimpy as she ever does, at nearly 40 she has managed to stay right at 118 pounds. She looked pretty good in her soft pink halter top and white shorts.  
  
I suppose you could call me a bit of a pervert, if liking to look at women makes me one. Plus I get a kick out of watching Lee show off a bit. She will, but never any real nudity. About the most she will ever do is wear something a bit sexy. Slim hips, slim waist, slim bust, that is her. She might have maybe a quarter inch extra soft layer on her belly, so even being mature, she is quite a sight with her long black hair and lots of skin showing.  
  
One time we were even at a nude beach. I peeled down and hung it all out, but not Lee. She did remove her top finally after lots of coaxing, but she lay on her stomach and flatly refused to turn over. This did give a fine view of her unblemished ass with the thin piece of cloth tucked up her butt cheeks.  
  
A few guys changed direction to wander by closer to us as she lay there, even pressed to the blanket the sides of her titties were visible almost all the way to her nipples.  
  
As one pair of guys wandered by to check Lee out, I handed her a cold soda trying to get her to lift up and give them a peek. But as she reached up and took it, her tits never left the blanket.  
  
One of the guys gave me the thumbs up, that was the closest I ever got to getting her to show something.  
  
We wandered along checking out all the booths, I stopped at one that had a game throwing rings onto pop bottles. Fifty bucks later I managed to set one in place, and won Lee a fuzzy Tiger doll to carry along.  
  
The thing was half the size of a cow. I tried to carry it for her but she insisted, it was soft and she held it snugged up against herself.  
  
It was one of those fine times, we were happy and laughing. People were everywhere, some of the other women were rather scantily clad, too.  
  
I noticed a booth set back a small amount, there were lots of people gathered around watching. I figured it was a show of some kind, so Lee and I walked back to check it out.  
  
There was a canvas backdrop, and a young woman stood there as a huge hairy man sprayed paint on her. It took me a couple of seconds to realize she was naked except for just a tiny thong bottom.  
  
That got my attention.  
  
The man doing the painting was using brushes and a tiny little spray gun. In almost no time the dabs of paint became an American flag, it was interesting to watch. He even painted over her thong, in a matching blue with stars.  
  
He no more than finished with the young blonde before a heavyset older woman stepped up. Ignoring the crowd, she pulled her T-shirt over her head, baring her large floppy breasts.  
  
The man painted an Eagle complete with huge claws on her upper chest, each claw came down and appeared to be gripping the woman's nipples.  
  
What I really found interesting was after he was done they had both looked at a glance to be dressed in a colorful outfit.  
  
As we watched some of the people moved on to see other things, so we kept stepping forward, until finally we were standing right at the little wooden bench the man had set up to keep the people a few feet back.  
  
He had a table set up slightly off to the side, and this time he had a lady that looked to be 50 or so laying down on it. He had draped a thin sheet over the table to catch the overspray and he was painting her head to toe. I had been leaning over some to see past people in front, now Lee and I were the ones standing right in front.  
  
It took me a moment to realize this customer was completely naked and in full view of the crowd.  
  
We watched as he finished up the job, had the woman stand as he applied some finishing touches.  
  
I have to admit the man was good, the work was beautiful. I saw her hand him a $20 bill, he tucked it in his pocket and looked around. The lady walked out and headed away from us, completely naked in a crowd of people but not really looking naked unless a person looked closely.  
  
The man had managed to blend the woman's full bush in in such a way that it simply looked like a pair of shorts.  
  
He surveyed the crowd, his eyes falling on Lee. He smiled at her, she blushed.  
  
"Who's next? How about you, miss?"  
  
Lee shook her head furiously, her cheeks flaming.  
  
"You are so beautiful I will paint you for free." He told her, stepping closer.  
  
Lee again shook her head no.  
  
"How about I do a nice mask for you?" He pressed.  
  
"A mask?"  
  
"Yes, just across the eyes and face?"  
  
"It will look good on you, perhaps a Cat mask?"  
  
"Well...." Lee hesitated.  
  
"Go on, honey, why not?" I encouraged her.  
  
Reluctantly, she stepped past as the man held up the board for her. He placed two padded coverings over her eyes, using a brush he then began to stroke the paint onto her face. Quickly the outlines of a silver and black mask took shape, across her nose and eyes. He was done in less than two minutes.  
  
He lifted the pads from her eyelids, did some tiny touchups, then lifted a mirror for her to see. It was beautiful, I had seen a few others wearing masks in the crowds, now I knew where they came from.  
  
"Are you sure I can't do the rest? You are so perfect I really want to."  
  
"Free!" He encouraged.  
  
Lee looked at me. I was surprised, I could see in her eyes she was actually considering it.  
  
I smiled and nodded.  
  
"Go ahead, hon. You will look great!"  
  
Lee still hesitated, then her hands reached behind herself for the snaps on the back of her halter top. It was almost like in slow motion, my heart skipped a beat. Was she really going to bare her breasts for this man, for the crowd?  
  
Then she tripped the catch, the top fell loose. She slipped her shoulders forward and there she was, naked to the waist! There was a spattering of applause, this made her blush even more. Her neck and upper chest turned scarlet, but her nipples were like needles.  
  
The man calmly reached for his brushes, and began to mark out lines. The tip of the brush stroked across her right nipple, this caused her to jerk slightly.  
  
There must have been 50 people in the crowd watching as the artist began to work on her left nipple. Lee's eyes narrowed, a sign I knew very well. She was approaching orgasm from the brush strokes to her overly sensitive nipples.  
  
In no time at all her upper chest was covered, he had created a full design of a black panther's body. I realized looking at it that it was not complete. He had even had her turn, the tail of the creature curled up and over her left shoulder, reaching a good six inches back down towards her breast.  
  
Then he spread a sheet on his table, and had her hop on it and lay back. Her feet were pointing right at me and the others in the crowd. He was covering the painting with some kind of color that created highlights, like sun shining on the black fur.  
  
The artist looked up at me for a second and grinned. Then he looked at Lee again, she lay there with her eyes squeezed shut. Her mouth was slightly open, her breath coming in short ragged gasps.  
  
"Can you pull the top of your shorts down some so I can finish the legs?" He asked her.  
  
Lee opened her eyes, looked at him. Her expression was hazy, there was no way, I knew.  
  
Her hands came down, she pushed on first one hip, then the other, moving her shorts down a half inch or so.  
  
"They are too tight." She mumbled.  
  
She undid the top button, then the 2nd one. She pushed them down even more. I could see the top of her pubic mound. It was completely bare, I knew since she had a wax job just two days before.  
  
"Enough?" She asked the artist.  
  
"Almost. I can get this part now." He began to paint the legs. They splayed out and made the animal now appear to be in the middle of a leap, it's body turning, it's head was now blended into Lee's right breast. One of the white fangs lay right across her nipple.  
  
I realized that completed the hind legs and feet would need to be...directly on Lee's pussy?  
  
The man finished a portion, tugged slightly at the cloth. A tiny portion of her loins came into my view.  
  
I really expected protest, there was none. Encouraged, he tugged at the other side, then reached up and undid the 3rd button. The shorts gapped further. His paintbrush went quickly to work, he was using the soft fibers of the brush almost directly on her clit. From less than six feet away, I saw her clit grow, begin to expand. I was almost in shock, I would never in my life have dreamed she would do this, allow this.  
  
"This would be easier if we just took those off?" The man said.  
  
"OK." was her response, in a tiny voice.  
  
He wiped his hands briefly, reached up and matter of factly pulled the shorts down her legs as she lifted her hips to help. Then she lifted her legs as he stripped them off and set them aside.  
  
He turned and reached for his brush.  
  
"I need you to open a bit so I can do the foot and claws."  
  
Lee parted her knees a good foot or so.  
  
"A bit wider, please."  
  
She complied, opening her legs even more. I watched as the lips of her bare vagina parted, opening like a flower. The people around me were stone silent, some had their hands on the bench in front of us, leaning forward.  
  
I realized I had been holding my breath.  
  
The artist painted the hind foot, then added savage claws. Each claw appeared to be embedded in her upper thigh, the center of the hind foot covered Lee's crotch.  
  
As I watched, a droplet of moisture formed, then slid downward. He reached down with a napkin and dabbed it off of her.  
  
Then he had her stand up. He quickly added what looked like strings around her hips and a thin strap going down between her buttcheeks.  
  
He held up his larger mirror so Lee could see. She gasped, it really was beautiful.  
  
In the course of 10 minutes she had gone from clothed to completely naked to appearing clothed again. It was amazing.  
  
I overheard one man mutter, "Damn! I just have to become a painter!"  
  
Lee grabbed her shorts and top and stuffed them in her purse. Then she walked proudly over to me.  
  
"Well, what do you think?" Lee asked as we walked along, people from all walks of life doing doubletakes. Even with the painting covering her, it was obvious she was completely naked.  
  
There were even quite a few camara clicks.  
  
"I think we just might not make it home!" I told her.  
  
"I never realized. That was fun!"  
  
"That was so fucking hot!"  
  
"You didn't mind?" Lee smiled at me.  
  
"No, it was hot. I loved it!"  
  
"Good. Can we maybe come back tomorrow?"  
  
MGM