**Innocence Ch. 01**

**by [PTremer](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=522348&page=submissions)©**

Prologue  
  
IT Security contracting is my specialty. The drawbacks are the traveling and long hours.  
  
My beautiful wife understands that I must be away several days at a time, even though I have deceived her concerning my contract work. She believes that my specialty, internet security, causes my frequent travel. Actually, it does, but she does not know the entire truth. We are corporate spies, and specialize in detecting and monitoring other interlopers.  
  
I work hard at making her life easier because I am away sometimes two or three days a week. I maintain an office with a small staff but so far, there has been no problem.  
  
I keep feeling there is something that I do not understand about her. What ever it is has not caused a problem in our relationship, but in the back of my mind, she is still a mystery in some ways.  
  
Last year at the Airport;  
  
I had been away, seeing to business on the west coast for two weeks and was ready to return home to my wife. We have been married for ten years now and I really miss her when I am away.  
  
We got married early, and now, even after ten years of marriage Patti still turns me on. She is 5'5", about 120 pounds and still exercises every morning to keep her shape.  
  
She had mentioned a surprise when we talked on the phone last night and I still did not know what it was going to be.  
  
We have been talking every night, I guess you could call it phone sex, we told each other our fantasies and helped each other embellish them more and more each night. We had not talked like this since we were dating in college.  
  
I can still remember how sexy she was when we first started dating, she was so innocent and naïve, I used to enjoy watching her in her short skirts and dresses, I don't think she was even aware of how sexy she was. Her long legs would turn heads when we were out but she didn't even notice people were looking.  
  
Anyway, tonight, I spot her first and as usual just the sight of her causes an instant stir in me.  
  
She is at the huge windows, trying to see through the small windows into the Jet way.  
  
On her tiptoes, leaning forward, her legs are long and shapely, the firm muscles show but not enough to spoil the perfect shape. Her daily exercise has kept her shape, just fine.  
  
I walk slowly around the crowd, trying to surprise her from behind.  
  
There are rows and rows of seats, all occupied, people are standing and sitting everywhere. The thunderstorm that bounced my flight so violently must have air traffic backed up, I have only seen it this crowded at holidays like thanksgiving, but this is August.  
  
The bright blue sundress she is wearing clings tightly to her firm bottom. I love the short sexy sundresses she wears; this one has white piping along the edges at the top and the hem. Her posture, straining forward too look outside, has caused the hem to rise up.   
  
As I approach, weaving between the crowded seats, I almost step on the legs of a teenage boy; with all the seats filled, he is reclining on the floor using his backpack as a bolster. His shirt has "Get Er Done" emblazoned on the front.  
  
I suddenly notice his gaze focused in one place. He has a perfect view of my wife's thighs and maybe more from his position. At first I start to kick him but not wanting to cause a scene, I refrain. The emotions that run through me are a mixture of anger and to my surprise arousal.  
  
I ignore him and slip my arms around her from behind. As I do, she jumps and turns toward me, her look of fright turns to delight when she sees me, she rewards me with an enthusiastic hug.  
  
I am sure the kid on the floor loves this. I know her dress has risen higher as she stretches her arms around my neck. I let the embrace linger anyway. Let the kid suffer. She is mine and I love her.  
  
As we are attempting to get on the escalator, the crowd is overwhelming. I try to stay beside her but the pushing crowd quickly separates us.  
  
I can see her seven or eight steps above me as I finally step on.  
  
There are several people ahead of me including four young guys, one of them is the kid that was on the floor just a few minutes ago. They are talking rapidly about some adventure they have shared. It sounds like they have been on spring break at a beach and they are comparing notes on the girls they had tried to meet. I do not think any of them had scored but they are excited.  
  
The kid from the floor must be picking them up. "Must be one the other boy's older brother," I think watching them.  
  
Patti has my carry on bag, which is heavy, I can tell she is straining. I watch, as a scarf I have brought her slips out and falls.  
  
As she bends to retrieve it, her short dress raises high against the back of her thighs and I can see the creamy white skin above her thigh top stockings. My pulse quickens as I watch her retrieve the scarf and try to stuff it in the top of my bag. The scarf is expensive silk and I watch as it slips out again. "She will never get it to stay," I think to myself.  
  
Behind me, I hear someone say, "Did you see that?"  
  
"No, what" the reply came.  
  
"Look up ahead of us, that gal has great legs!" the first person replies.  
  
I realized that one of the people behind me has noticed my wife's movement and is telling his friend, I know both are watching, as Patti bends to retrieve the scarf a second time. This is a strange situation knowing that these two are looking up my wife's dress. I can't do anything without causing a scene.  
  
As Patti bends for the scarf again, one of the young boys in the group ahead of me nudges one of the others and nods his head upwards. I watch as four more pairs of eyes stare intently at Patti's beautiful legs, quickly exposed to her upper thighs.  
  
The sight of her beautiful exposed legs has quickly caused me to harden, and the thought of others watching at the same time, aroused me in a strange way.  
  
I feel jealous and somewhat angry, but the strongest feeling is arousal.  
  
The two men behind me are speaking in hushed tones but I can make out enough to know that they are both hoping for another look.  
  
The first guy says," Let's follow her a bit, maybe if she stops in one of the bars, we can meet her and buy her a drink, who knows, we might get lucky".  
  
I start to turn and tell them she is my wife and to mind their own business but not wanting to cause a scene, I shrug it off. I cannot imagine Patti being "hit on" by these two strangers.  
  
Finally, the escalator gets close to the top; I can catch up and make sure these two do not get a chance to try to meet my young wife.  
  
At the top, I lose sight of Patti as the crowd carries her along. She is only 5'5 and I am too far behind to keep her in sight. At least the two lechers behind me have lost sight of her also.  
  
Stepping off, I strained on my toes to spot her but the airport crowd is just too big. She knows where baggage claim is so I am not too worried as I start in that direction purposely.  
  
When I get to baggage claim she is nowhere in sight, I wait several minutes but when she does not arrive, I turn back. Worried now, I begin retracing my path to the escalator, working against the crowd, trying to look in all directions as I walk.  
  
At the escalator area she is nowhere in sight, I walk quickly up and down the immediate area of the concourse. I am beginning to get worried as my cell phone vibrates in my pocket. Pulling out the phone, I see "Patti Cell" displayed and breathed a sigh of relief as I answered.  
  
"Hey Hon" she say, "Where are you?" The connection is scratchy.  
  
"Back at the escalator looking for you, where are you?" I could hardly hear over the static. I glanced at my phone and saw that the signal was very low, probably because of being inside the terminal.  
  
"I am outside baggage claim with all your bags, I've got some help so I am going ahead to get the car, see you outside baggage claim in a few minutes with the car" She said, then "click" she was gone.  
  
I immediately thought of the two lecherous men who had been behind me and felt a sense of panic, I tried to redial but the phone showed "network error".  
  
I turned and ran toward the front of the airport; my imagination was running faster than my legs would. Hoping she was not in danger and knowing that she may not realize that there could be a problem.  
  
When I finally got to the sidewalk outside I could only pace back and forth, it would not help to continue because I would only miss her since she had gone ahead to pick up the car.  
  
Standing there, I was helpless and had a bad feeling, wondering who was "helping" her.  
  
Just as my thoughts were deteriorating, the two men from the escalator came out of the building with their bags. I breathed a sigh of relief when I saw them.  
  
The feeling of relief is temporary, "Who in the world is helping Patti with the Luggage?" I wonder silently as I wait, looking for first sight of the car.  
  
It must have been twenty minutes before she finally got there.  
  
Her smile and wave were the most beautiful sight in the world as she drove up to the curb.  
  
"Hop in, big guy" she said through the open window with a mischievous grin.  
  
I climbed in the car and realized that my mind had been in a frenzy of worry over nothing.  
  
I watched her quietly as we drove toward home, finally relaxing a bit. I noticed once again how beautiful she is and how sexy too. Her breasts are straining the tiny pearl button at the scoop neckline of her little dress. The hem of the dress is high on her thighs and I could see the smooth skin above her stockings again. She is so sexy I thought to my self.  
  
"Who did you have help with the bags?" I asked.  
  
"Oh Hon, they were great, there were four high school guys from Calhoun waiting at the same carousel, one of them looked familiar. They kept looking my way. I know I should have known their names but I could not place them.  
  
I felt like they knew me because they kept looking my way so I introduced myself.  
  
It was such a coincidence, Jeremy and his brother actually live only a few blocks from us and they all go to CHS except Jeremy, he just graduated this past spring.  
  
I don't know any of their parents but I asked them to stop by our house sometime for a coke, to thank them for their help. "They were so sweet", she continued, "They even helped me load the bags in the trunk".  
  
She continued, "They really weren't much help in loading the bags in the car, I had to keep rearranging them, and the hanging bag kept sliding off the stack up against the back of the seat".  
  
**Chapter Two The Trip Home**  
  
"Sweet" I thought, wondering if they were the same four young guys ahead of me on the escalator, if so they had probably been following her hoping for another look up her dress.  
  
She points to a plastic solo cup and says, "Enjoy"  
  
I take a sip of champagne. "This is good I" think as she pulls into the traffic.  
  
A strange homecoming I think, beginning to relax.  
  
I wonder how long she will be able to drive, sipping on Champaign, her tolerance for alcohol is very low. I know she has brought this for us to celebrate my coming home.  
  
She usually becomes 'flirty' and a bit of a showoff when she has a few drinks, I love it because it usually leads to great lovemaking.  
  
I keep glancing at her out of the corner of my eye. "She is so sexy and doesn't even realize it." I think, gazing at her beautiful legs.  
  
Those young guys probably caused the hanging clothes to slide off so they could stand back and watch her lean into the trunk of the car.  
  
I could picture the scene in my mind and realized I was getting hard again visualizing Patti leaning over and reaching into the trunk, her short blue dress, rising, exposing her smooth thighs.  
  
My mind's eye also saw her leaning forward toward them, instructing them, which bag to put where, the top of her dress falling open, and the sight of her breast displayed perfectly by the VS bra. The more I thought about it the more aroused I got.  
  
I could picture her firm breast, captured by the light blue bra, and her nipples, the way the way they get so hard sometimes.  
  
I was lost in my thoughts when she pulled off the highway. "Got to have a rest," she said pulling into a station.  
  
My body clock was still on California time, I realized, as I looked at my watch, it is after midnight. I got out and walked around to loosen up, flying and driving all day was making me tense.  
  
I watched as Patti walked across to the building to find the ladies room. Her walk is not extremely provocative, but sensual, would be included in a description.  
  
Tonight there is a slight list to her walk, the champagne has made her a little drunk, and she's had several cups. I believe I need to drive the rest of the way.  
  
Alcohol is quite powerful for her, the more she drinks, the more carefree she is. This carefree mood seems to turn her into an extrovert. She becomes flirtatious and fun. She thinks teasing is fun and harmless, particularly since I never complain.  
  
The place where we have stopped is brightly lit but not crowded at all; I guess most people are in bed by now.  
  
When Patti returns, I am in front of the car smoking, she asks me if I will drive the rest of the way home. "Sure" I reply as she walks around to the passenger side.  
  
A pick-up truck has pulled in next to us, I notice the driver watching her get into the car and feel that same sense of arousal, and jealousy knowing he is watching my wife. Her dress climbing high as she gets into the car. It looked like the man's eyes were going to come out of his head.  
  
From my position as I walked up to the driver's side door, I could clearly see the man's face, his eyes glancing down into our car, my wife's hem was way up again.  
  
I hesitated, watching the man, before I opened the door. He timed it so that he got out of his truck and could look in the car at Patti.   
  
He said "good evening." to me. His eyes stray to Patti again.  
  
"Good evening to you," I replied.  
  
"Yes sir, it is a beautiful night," he said, starting away from our car.  
  
I could tell he was speaking more of my wife than the nice weather.  
  
As I got in, Patti rolled her window down and called to the man. When he stepped back to her open window, she asked, "How far is it to Athens." A weird question since we are headed home, not to Athens; I wonder why she asked that. The man spent several minutes explaining not only how far but the best way to get there. I am sure he was enjoying every minute, ogling my pretty wife.  
  
He finally walked on toward the store and I climb into my seat. "He likes my legs," she giggles. I realize that she was enjoying the attention. I laughed with her as I started driving toward home. Patti finished her third glass of the bubbly wine. Three is a lot when you are using solo cups.  
  
Patti fell asleep soon, but I was wide-awake, still on Pacific Time. My cute wife is definitely an exhibitionist, especially after a few drinks.  
  
I reached across, pulled her visor down and swung it up to the windshield, opened the mirror, turning on the vanity light on so I could see her as we drove. The light cast a dim glow all over her.  
  
Watching her sleep so peacefully, soon I could tell by her breathing that she was sleeping deeply. The bubbly wine had quite an effect on her.  
  
Driving with one hand, watching the road as best I can, I gently release the little pearl button that holds the top of her dress together where the scoop forms.  
  
The radio played smooth jazz. I let the top part of her dress slip open slightly, and felt my chest tighten, my arousal was becoming very strong. I did not want to wake her. I just could not resist this opportunity to enjoy the sight of her lovely form.  
  
She was wearing one of the VS bras, from last Valentines Day. The contrast of her creamy skin and the powder blue bra was a wonderful sight. The gentle rise and fall of her chest was very sensual.  
  
For several minutes, I was satisfied. Then I gently slipped the hem of the dress higher to expose her legs. I could feel my hardness straining and had to reposition myself to get comfortable.  
  
She was wearing matching blue panties trimmed with delicate lace and thigh top stockings. I wanted to touch her but was afraid it would cause her to wake up. I was enjoying this moment; it was like a forbidden thing.  
  
Even though she is my wife, I was taking advantage of her, in her sleep. This is voyeurism, I thought.  
  
Gaining control, I gently tugged the dress back into its proper position. I tried to fasten the button several times but could not tell if it was secure.  
  
We had traveled for about twenty miles, my mind drifting, suddenly I heard a thud and immediately feel the car pull hard to the left as one of the front tires went flat.  
  
I steered carefully to the shoulder and turned on my flashers.  
  
Patti was sleeping soundly, as I got out seeing the damage. After checking the spare, the missing spare, I new this was going to be a hassle.  
  
I climbed in and called AAA for a tow. Patti had not awakened while I was out of the car, but she stirred a little when I got back in. Soon she was snoring softly again.  
  
The tow truck did not take long to arrive, I had another drink and admired her while we waited.   
  
She woke briefly, her speech was slightly slurred, and I could see the tiredness in her eyes. After a few minutes, she was asleep again.  
  
When the truck arrived, two men piled out of the passenger side of the truck.  
  
The driver barked instructions as they began hooking our car, preparing it to be loaded on the truck.  
  
"You had better get your friend out before we load the car," the driver said.  
  
"Can we just ride in the car, my wife is asleep."  
  
"Sorry fella, against the rules, law says we can't have anyone riding in a vehicle while it is being towed or carried."  
  
"Give me a second, my wife is sound asleep" I replied.  
  
When they were ready to pull the car up on the truck, I began to wake her and finally half asleep, she got out.  
  
With Patti leaning against me, I watched as our car was loaded on the rollback truck.  
  
The driver said, "C'mon, we'll make room for y'all up here with us."  
  
He was in the truck already. One of his helpers climbed in and reached out a hand to help us in.  
  
I climbed in and turned to give my sleepy wife a hand. The third guy was grinning as he placed both hands on her bottom and pretended to help by pushing her into the truck.  
  
Patti, mumbled, "Sweetheart, don't be rude, you can squeeze me when we get home." with that, she more or less fell into my lap and immediately was out again.  
  
With four of us on the seat, it was tight. Squeezed between the two men, I balanced Patti on my lap, realizing that she was partially sitting on two of us.  
  
As the big truck bounced along, I was miserable, with the constant jostling.  
  
There was a strange man on either side of me and I strained to keep Patti on my lap, but asleep, she was dead weight. She kept sliding off my lap.  
  
My arms were beginning to ache, I could not keep her sitting up any longer. I said, "Excuse me," as I gently let her lay over the man on my left toward the driver.  
  
"Y'all must have been drinking," the man on my right, against the door, said as my tired arms finally let Patti lay over.  
  
"Yeah, we had a few on the way" I replied.  
  
I answered their questions and made small talk as we bounced through the night.  
  
Every time we hit a bump, it was a struggle to keep her from going forward. By now, both of the men were helping me hold her in our laps.  
  
As we got closer to town, the streetlights began to illuminate the inside of the truck. I could see that Patti was lying across all three of us, and her head was almost in the drivers lap.  
  
Both of the men were helping to keep her from sliding off our laps.  
  
Turning toward the driver, I could see that the man closest to him had his left hand hidden under his right arm and it looked like he might be have his hand close to Patti's breast. I could not tell for sure.  
  
The man next to the door had relaxed his arms on her hips; but I could not see his right hand.  
  
Lying across us this way, her little dress had pulled up so that the man next to the door had one hand resting on her silk covered leg. I still couldn't see his other hand.  
  
The driver asked for directions to our house, I watched his helpers as I guided him to our house to drop us off.  
  
We finally pulled up in front of the house and began to get out. The first man out, reached up to help Patti down.  
  
Her dress gathered almost to her waist as she slid down off the seat. Her toes just barely reached the running board of the truck.  
  
I saw the man leering as he "helped" her down. He let his hands slide along her legs as she felt for the step of the truck. He did not try to be polite, as he helped her to the ground.  
  
He definitely saw everything he wanted, I watched her slide down to him as started to climb down behind her.  
  
By the time I got down out of the truck, the first man was graciously holding Patti up with his arm around her, cupping her breast.   
  
They driver came around and said, "That will be $120 for the haul and fixing the tire, do you want to pick the car up in the morning or should we just bring it back here?"  
  
"You can drop it here" I replied as I counted out the twenties.  
  
I gently walked Patti to the door and got her to bed.  
  
I sat in the den and reflected on my homecoming. I still had an erection.  
  
Reflecting later, I think, I am aroused, knowing other men are looking at my wife. This was not really a revelation. It had been there all along but for some reason, tonight it seemed like every way I turned it starred me right in the face. That the men had touched her and instead of being angry, I had a sense of arousal. This was disconcerting.   
  
Patti had awakened as we pulled into the drive at home; she never knew how much the tow truck men had enjoyed her.  
  
In the house, she said, "Hon, I had the strangest dream on the way home tonight. I dreamed that you were showing me off to strangers."  
  
"Would you ever consider doing something like that?" she asked.  
  
"I love showing you off, every time we go out, but I haven't considered doing it on purpose."  
  
"That might be fun though now that I think of it." I grinned.  
  
"Oh you're crazy," she said dismissing my comment and me.  
  
There was nothing more said as we unloaded. Later though there was intensity as we made love before going to sleep, I could feel the excitement of "showing her off" as she had put it.  
  
Since that night, I have been more aware of her actions and my reactions. We have not discussed it, but she seems to realize that I get a kick out her showing off a little. It only happens occasionally, because it takes alcohol to loosen her up.  
  
The next morning the Tow truck men delivered our car back and seemed disappointed that the "missus" was not outside to greet them.  
  
They left me a coupon for a free oil change, probably hoping to get to see Patti again.  
  
I thought to my self, "Eat your hearts out guys!"  
  
**Chapter Three The Home Depot, Weeks later**  
  
Several weeks later I came home to find the lawn freshly mowed. I wondered about this since mowing is one of my least favorite chores.  
  
Patti met me at the door with a big smile, "What do you think?" she said sweeping her arm indicating the lawn.  
  
"Looks great," I replied, hugging her around the waist, feeling her soft and firm body.  
  
"Do you remember the kids that helped with the luggage at the airport, the last time you flew back from Oakland?" she asked.  
  
"Yeah I remember them, the high school boys," I answered, at the same time thinking, "how could I forget that night."  
  
"Well this morning they came riding down the street while I was out at the mailbox, when I recognized them, I invited them in for that coke I promised them for their help. Anyway, while we were talking, Jeremy, the taller boy said they could use the money if I would let them do yard work for us".  
  
"I didn't know what to offer to pay, but they offered to take care of the yard and pool for fifty dollars a month."  
  
I could not believe what I was hearing, this time of year; I had to mow at least once a week sometimes twice, to stay ahead of the sod we had put in last year.  
  
"That's cheap," I said.  
  
"I know" Patti replied, "I told them they could use the pool since they were such a bargain," she continued.  
  
"I hope its ok with you, Hon, I can afford the money from my household budget," she continued.  
  
"Don't worry about it sweetheart", I replied, "I think you made a super deal, now with the bulk of the yard work taken care of we can spend more time on the special garden you have been wanting".  
  
"Oh Hon, she exclaimed, "I was hoping you would agree, I've already started planning."  
  
"Can we go to the nursery this evening?" she asked   
  
"Sure we can sweetheart, do you want to go right now?"  
  
"Well, why don't we go for dinner too, I'll go up and change", with that she turned and went inside, I heard her quick steps on the stairs, she is like a little girl sometimes the way she gets excited..  
  
I fixed us a drink, took hers upstairs to her, and left it on the counter in the bathroom, she was already in the shower. I lingered for a few seconds, admiring her silhouette through the steamy glass.  
  
I returned to the den and sat down at the bar relax while I waited.  
  
I finished my drink, and was making both of us a second, when I heard the door of our bedroom open.  
  
I turned when I heard her on the stairs. She had changed into one my favorite outfits, a light green dress. The strong drink I had left for her must have influenced her decision on the dress because I usually have to beg her to wear this one.  
  
This dress is fashioned from a lightweight silk and cotton blend, with the little puff sleeves, it never slips off her shoulders. It has a drawstring running along the top edge all the way around, front to back.  
  
She wears it with the drawstring tied in a bow that creates a low scoop neck in front and a plunge in the back.  
  
The way the strings stop in front causes a keyhole shaped opening between her breasts.  
  
The key hole is just large enough to see the swell of her breast on either side.  
  
The dress is not too revealing but the way it takes shape when she has it on is amazing.  
  
The hemline is only three or four inches above her knees so it is not too short to wear for shopping or going out and you have to look close to see her breasts swelling in the small keyhole opening.  
  
I love to be around her with it on though, when she leans forward, the weight of the drawstring and bow knot causes the scoop neck to open. I love to watch her breast inside. I do not think she knows I can see both her nipples when she leans over.  
  
I will never let on because I am afraid she might stop wearing it. As I said, it is one of my favorites.  
  
This evening I can she is not wearing a bra, she never does with this dress, and I think she worries that the bra will show at the shoulders and the little hole in front.  
  
She has put on stockings and heels, and pulled her hair up, she looks delicious.  
  
"You look gorgeous" I say as she takes the drink that I have fixed her.  
  
"This is good," she says as she sips her drink. We sit for several minutes enjoying this quiet cocktail time and relaxing.  
  
"Do you want a roadie?" I ask moving to the bar.  
  
"That sounds great" she answers, standing and coming across the room.  
  
As she picks her purse up from the ottoman, I get a glimpse of her firm breast; I can see her nipples, soft and dusky pink. I can feel myself stirring even more than the drink.  
  
I take her hand and we head out for the evening, first we are going to the Home depot and later to dinner at a little Italian place that we both enjoy.  
  
I watch the dress move gently from side to side, as she walks ahead of me, her legs are long and firm, perfectly shaped.  
  
I open the car door for her as usual and receive a visual treat as she demurely lifts her legs and swings them into the car. Just for an instant, her hem lifts before she unconsciously smooths it down.  
  
I hand her the drink and she takes a sip, "This is new, what is it?" she asks.  
  
"It's called Long Island tea, I reply. She takes another sip and smiles. "I brought a thermos in case you liked it." I say.  
  
"This is good, I was thirsty for something light like this." she says, taking another long sip.  
  
**The Garden Center;**  
I am enjoying time with her as usual. I still love the way she dives right into something new and I know she has been planning this garden near the pool for several months.  
  
When we get to the Home Depot, we walk in together but I let her go on to the garden center while I head for the tool section to see what is on sale.  
  
After spending a while in the tools, I head over to the other side of the store, looking for my wife.  
  
A new model lawnmower catches my attention before I make it out to the plant section.  
  
After several more minutes, I walk out into the live plants, looking for Patti.  
  
I finally spot her, she has two of the nurserymen helping her put plants on a flat cart. I can tell the drinks have had an effect, she is flirting with the guys as they help her pick out and load the plants on the cart.  
  
I step quickly into the aisle next to them, I want to see how much she is playing and flirting with these guys. It is unusual for her to be shopping with a good buzz from the alcohol.  
  
I watch through the boxes on the rack separating us. "Spying again," I reprimand myself.  
  
I watch as she tells them exactly which plant she wants and exactly how she wants it placed on the cart.  
  
I watch as she bends forward to reposition a shrub. I can see the man is looking down the front of her dress, at the same time; the kid helping is looking up her dress from behind. They are working on both sides.  
  
As I watch, there is a silent communication between them. They are following her instructions but purposely being slow so that she keeps helping them and in doing so, they are enjoying my favorite dress.  
  
True to tradition, the alcohol has put her into a mood so she is letting them see more than normal, and her grin tells me that she loves the attention. She doesn't know how much she is showing, and I don't think she realizes that they are playing her from both sides.  
  
I move closer to get a better view and try to hear the conversation.  
  
I get closer still but still cannot make out the words. As I peer through a stand of small trees, I see her repositioning a shrub on the cart and from ten feet away, I can clearly see that the man helping her has a perfect view of her breast and nipples, he can probably see all the way to her firm stomach from where he is standing.  
  
He moves the shrub and she bends to move it back explaining that if they will listen they can load more of the shrubs on one cart. She pouts playfully.  
  
I back quickly out of my hiding place and walk all the way around so I can watch from another angle.  
  
As I pretend to read directions on a low box of plant mix, I position myself behind Patti.  
  
As I watch, she bends and stretches to reposition another plant on her flat trolley cart.  
  
I see that she glances up and looks at the reflection in the glass beyond and sees the men looking at her legs from behind her. She does know what they are doing.  
  
She straightens and hangs her purse on the handle of the cart. Then steps forward a little, widening her stance and bends from the waist again, this time displaying even more of her beautiful legs to the men helping her.  
  
She glances at the reflection and a small smile quickly passes over her face as she sees how much the men are watching.  
  
The men are definitely watching, it is a wonder they are not drooling all over themselves. The bulges in their pants are a sure giveaway as to their interest.  
  
The middle age man especially, each time she turns back to choosing the next plant, I see him grin at the kid helping him, both are enjoying this whole thing.  
  
I quietly work my way down the aisle next to them, separated by a variety of sapling trees.  
  
I need to work around to the aisle on the other side to keep an eye on them.  
  
By the time, I have accomplished this there is a third Salesperson helping!  
  
The third man ask if she will need any help planting this load of plants, He and Charlie, he indicates the older man, do a lot of work on the side.  
  
He says they are off three mornings a week because they have to stay late to help close the store.  
  
Patti says that is a great idea and digs in her purse for paper and pen. They exchange names and phone numbers.  
  
Patti asks if she will need fertilizer or anything to use while planting.  
  
John says they have some root builder on the next aisle that He and Charlie like to use.  
  
They roll the cart around the aisle to the other side, causing me to make a quick retreat and reposition my self. I am glad we have come late, there are no other customers around this late.  
  
I moved, and watch them roll along the aisle where I had been. They stop about half way down and John begins a spiel about the different products, finally explaining which one he thinks works best.  
  
Patti asks about the ingredients and he pulls one of the rolling ladder contraptions to a section with several rows of boxes up high. He climbs up the ladder, picks up different boxes, and calls their name.  
  
Patti again asks about the ingredients. John says he needs glasses to read the small print and suggest she come up and read for herself  
  
The older man comments that customers are not supposed to use the ladders but John interrupts him, saying that the store is closing and the garden center is empty except for them, there's no harm. Charlie the older guy shrugs and steps aside for Patti to climb the ladder.  
  
Even though he had protested, he has a strong grip on the base of the ladder as he watches my wife climb the steps.  
  
The higher she goes the better his view of first her smooth thighs and as she nears the top, even I can see the shapely curve of her bottom, I can see her thigh high stockings the creamy white skin above them and the sexy lace along the legs of her panties.  
  
As she reaches the top, she gives a shudder and says heights make her nervous. John volunteers to steady her and places a hand on each side of her slim waist.  
  
John hands her the first box with one hand then puts his hand back at her side.  
  
She carefully reads the contents, then places the box back and chooses another.  
  
As she reaches for the second box, she has to move more in front of John. He reaches around her and lightly presses himself against her.  
  
She does not acknowledge anything unusual, but straightens and reads the second box.  
  
When she finishes this one, she has to bend further for the third and rather than extend his arms to allow her movement, it looks like John actually presses against her as she bends and reaches for the box.  
  
I fully expect her to react to this obvious advance but she acts as if she doesn't even notice. The alcohol must be having a strong effect.  
  
Patti reads this box, on the shelf rather that picking it up keeping the contact for a minute or so.  
  
As she reads, she asks a question, John reaches across her shoulder to point out something on the label, and I watch as he presses himself harder against Patti.  
  
Needing help to read the labels, was an obvious ploy.  
  
The two men below are not only looking up her dress but also watching their buddy pressing himself against her.  
  
Finally, she settles for the second box she had read. My own erection is straining my pants as I fight my emotions.  
  
On one hand, I am angry because of the way Patti has let these men watch. She even let one of them press himself against her.  
  
My arousal is stronger than my anger, though as I feel my hardness. This is quite a surprise and causes me internal confusion.  
  
The two men on the ground continue to stare as she climbs down the ladder.  
  
John, the man who brought up the offer to work for her, asks what mornings are best for her.  
  
Patti replies that she is home most mornings, and comments that the plants need to be in the ground in the next couple of days.  
  
They agree on Monday morning at about 9AM.  
  
I have finally faced up to something that has been right in front of me for years.  
  
My normally conservative wife is actually an exhibitionist. Something I never realized all these years. I believe she loves doing this kind of thing.  
  
I decide to put a stop to this before it gets out of hand. I call out loudly before approaching.  
  
The store workers are disappointed at my arrival but we go ahead and check out, turning down an offer of help in loading the plants.  
  
In the car, she giggles and says "Those guys were really helpful in there, I think they were trying to look up my dress."  
  
"Can you blame them? You are beautiful and look exceptional tonight."  
  
She finishes off her drink, reaches behind the seat for the thermos, and tops both our glasses off.  
  
"This tea is really good, Hon, It doesn't taste very strong but I am feeling a little buzzed."  
  
"Me too, we may have to call a taxi before the evening is over. Are you ready for Louigi's?" I ask.  
  
"Yes, let's go." She says and giggles again

**Chapter Four  
  
Louigi's Restaurant**  
  
After loading our purchases, we leave the large store to go out for dinner as planned.  
  
We continue to the little restaurant on 5th street. It is a great restaurant and we come here frequently.  
  
Patti is being playful, joking about the men at the store. "They think I am pretty," she says giggling.  
  
"Well, they are entirely correct, you are pretty, and sexy too!" I reply as we get out of the car at the restaurant. She struts ahead of me and flips her hem up at me in a playful way.  
  
Louigi's is on the third floor of an old down town building, the entrance is by way of the original fire escape, the stairs are three flights with landings at each level.  
  
The landings have had urns added for smokers so there are usually people standing around smoking at each level.  
  
I follow Patti up the steps and cannot help but notice the way her hem bounces as she almost hops from one to the next. She stops every step or two, twirling and still talking about her plans for the new garden.  
  
Several of the male patrons have taken note of us as we passed each landing. I don't blame them, they caught a very quick glimpse of her great legs, and I'm sure they wished for more.  
  
When we get inside, the hostess tells us there will be a twenty-minute wait for a table so we have a drink in the bar.  
  
Patti asks if we can go outside for a smoke and I agree wanting a cigarette myself, so we take our drinks out on the landing and enjoy the warm night.  
  
Standing at the railing, Patti is watching the sky, commenting on the number of planes tonight and wondering where they are all going. I am looking over the edge at a couple on the landing below us.  
  
The couple is embracing and the woman has her head rested on the man's shoulder. The man is looking up at the stars until Patti lifts her leg to the lower rail as she relaxes against it.  
  
Now the man is looking at Patti and I wonder if she is making too much of a display. I return my attention to her as she turns back to me and lifts her arms around my neck.  
  
In the back ground, I hear footsteps coming up the steps and hear a woman say "Stop that", I look down as she hits her companion in the shoulder, realizing that as Patti raised her arms for an embrace, she also raised her hem and it definitely caught the man's attention.  
  
I wonder if she does all these things on purpose, her timing always seems to be just right to present someone with a quick glimpse of her beautiful body.  
  
Am I crazy or overly suspicious, with my preoccupation with her actions? I don't know, but the mixture of emotions is strong.  
  
We don't talk about it specifically, but I think she suspects that it turns me on.  
  
In addition, it really turns her on, especially when she drinks. The more she drinks, the more restless she becomes. The more restless she gets the more she enjoys teasing other men, which turns her on even more, which means great sex for me.  
  
I use the term restless because she seems to be in an almost nervous state. I can almost feel her energy when the urge begins. She looks relaxed, but the restlessness is almost palpable.  
  
The hostess calls our name, putting a stop to my thoughts.  
  
We go in and have a wonderful dinner, Patti is exuberant, talking about her garden plans. She also has the giggles, her playfulness is almost child like. I am caught up in her excitement and the meal and time together is wonderful.  
  
As we leave, Patti points out a couple walking out ahead of us and says the man has been looking at her all evening.  
  
She asks if it's ok to play with his head and I reply that it sounds like fun. She takes my hand and leads me outside, pausing on the main entrance landing near the railing. In a conspiratorial tone, she says, "Watch this."  
  
With that she reaches as high as she can, up on her tiptoes and puts her arms around my neck, I watch the couple as the round the turn below us and the man almost stops in his tracks, looking up at us.  
  
Patti asks, "Is he looking?", "Absolutely Hon, you have his full attention" I reply.  
  
I watch as the man misses the next tread and almost falls down the stairs. His Wife or girl friend is whacking him anyway. I hear her say, "Harold, you have been looking at that poor woman all night, it would serve you right if you broke a leg." Then she whacks him again and continues down, ahead of him in a huff.  
  
Patti heard it all and giggles like a little girl.  
  
"That will teach him to look up a girls dress." She says laughing. As we start down to the car.  
  
This has been another crazy evening, I guess that is why we are so good for one another, and she adds excitement to my life, even if it keeps me off balance.  
  
I know that I must watch over her, hopefully this is just a phase she is going through, because of our age and the sexuality we enjoy.  
  
I still need to make sure she doesn't get carried away, and place us in a difficult situation.  
  
I am a worrier and always have been. I need to lighten up as Patti tells me all the time. Her spirited giggling draws my attention again, this time I have no idea what is going through her pretty head.  
  
She is not stupid by a long shot; her innate intelligence is what allows her the position with Robinson House, the publishers.  
  
Her gift for editing is respected so much that they don't require her to be at her office unless it is to meet a client, all of her work is done at home, and her salary rivals my income. She is definitely not stupid.  
  
I mentally poke myself to get rid of the worrisome thoughts and back to enjoying spending the evening with her.  
  
I never know what is coming next.  
  
We drive through downtown and I see one of our old hangouts, O'Malley's, man has it changed.  
  
**Chapter Five**

# Out on the Town after dinner Driving through the downtown area we pass O'Malley's. The bright lights outside are harsh and garish. Just seeing the sign brings back memories. The bar has done well and now takes up an entire downtown block. From the people I can see, the patronage is more upscale than when we were just out of college. Pointing to the Bar, Patti asks, "Do you remember how we used to hang out here when we were dating?" "Those were some fun times!" I readily agree, remembering all the drunken parties. "Why don't we stop and see how much it has changed, we might see someone we know, what do you say, Hon?" she asks excitedly. "It's pretty late." I reply. "Don't be a spoil sport, you're the one who always says never waste a good buzz," she fires back with a grin. "Ok, let me find a parking space and we'll go in, have a drink, and check it out" I circle the block two or three times but there is no parking space available. Patti says, "Why don't we splurge and use the valet, I saw a sign back there last time we went by." I circle once more then pull up to the front for the valet parking. A neatly dressed young man comes out quickly to get the door for Patti, and she gives him a big smile and friendly hello as she gets out of the car. As he drives away, I again appreciate how beautiful Patti is, she still turns heads, standing there at the curb. I swat her gently on the butt as we walk toward the door. "I saw you flirting with that young man." "I wasn't flirting, he was flirting. I think he was looking at my legs. All I did was smile" she replies with a devilish grin. I swat her again and she leans back against me. "You are going to get in trouble if you keep teasing me," she whispers huskily. The music is booming inside, Patti follows me to the bar to get us a drink, and then we begin to explore the place. There has been a lot of change in the last ten years. The crowd is a throbbing mass of people; it is like squeezing through a human herd, constantly moving and swaying to the booming music. There are three main areas separate from one another; each has a live band playing a different style of music. It is almost deafening as you go from one large room to another but once inside each room, the different music can still be enjoyed easily. We end up drifting toward the back where a woman is singing blues with a three-man band accompanying her. Each separate area has two sets of doors like an airlock to separate the sound. After standing for a few minutes, we finally catch a booth and sit down. The music is fantastic, the woman has a great voice, and we dance to several of the slow songs. Patti has become very romantic, she holds me tight and rubs her body against mine while dancing and clings tightly even as we walk back to our seat. When the singer announces she is taking a break and will be back in fifteen or twenty minutes, Patti excuses her self to the ladies' room. I watch her sweet form as she walks away from the table. In seconds she is swallowed by the crowd. I sip on my drink and look around at all the people, there are at least a hundred people in this one Blues room. Most are our age or younger, I don't feel out of place at all. Maybe we should have come back to this place before tonight. I spot Patti making her way back across the room. Heads are turning as she squeezes through the crowd. "It's crazy in here," she says breathlessly, "I have never had so many hands helping me get through a crowd." She says with a mischievous grin. "You are just, loving this aren't you?" I ask. "Well, it's a lot different from college days; even the women get fresh now." I get another wicked little grin. Patti changes the subject, "I saw an awesome game room. You need to check it out. It's just beyond the rest rooms. The equipment looks really sophisticated." "I have never been to an 'Over twenty-one' game room in a nightclub. Sounds interesting, I'm surprised one of the guys at work hasn't mentioned it. "You want to join me?" When she leans over to pick up her purse, I swat her sweet rear again. This time she turns and gives me a sultry look before starting out ahead of me, in seconds we are separated and I just catch occasional glimpses of her ahead of me. When I catch up one the other side of the room, she pulls my head down and whispers, "I love the way you keep grabbing my ass and spanking me. Are you trying to make me be a bad girl tonight?" She swishes away before I can comment. The game room is amazing When we first walk in it looks like some kind of futuristic furniture showroom. There are several areas set up with sofas and chairs and huge LCD screens for people to watch the games being played. We stroll around the room looking and occasionally stopping to watch what people are playing. This is the most elaborate set-up I have seen. A pretty waitress brings us another round of drinks and we drift apart to enjoy some of the electronics. I get engrossed in a virtual reality RPG that is quite sophisticated, "I need to get Patti to try this," I think, exiting the small cubicle. Each RPG machine has an enclosed booth for two players to operate the machine by way of a console. After about fifteen minutes, the waitress finds me with another drink; I ask if she has seen my wife. She grins at me and says, "She is having a ball, isn't she? Check out the NASCAR section, I just took her a drink in there." The girl points to a double door that I had not noticed before. The doors are closed but has NASCAR lettered across them. I pay her for the drinks and walk over to this previously unnoticed section of the game room. There is a double set of doors. Opening the second set of doors, there is an immediate blast of sound, the noise of racing cars and crowds screaming in the background. Quite a soundproofing job I think entering the large room. This room is approximately 75' by 100' long and has low ceilings with two rows of cubicles lined up along a lower area between them. The array is set up so that players can race against themselves, or flip a switch and be in a queue to start a race with any of the other players in separate cubicles. Each cubicle has six comfortable seats for the people watching. Once there are more than three players ready to race, the electronic controller, lines them up and they are racing on the same track in real time. It is amazing. They can have multiple races going on at the same time and spectators can move around and watch different races. I walk slowly from one to another checking them out. In each cubicle, there is a single row of six seats along a railing looking over into a long pit where the actual cars are. The spectators can see the driver in the pit about six feet below them. There is a huge LCD screen that shows a split view, one side from the cockpit of the racecars, the other shows the race track. The cars are set up on a base that turns and tilts based on the maneuvers of the driver. When a driver goes into a curve, too fast the car literally fishtails out to the side. There is a lot of machinery working together to make this feel as real as possible. I watch as one driver looses control and crashes, the car violently bucks up and down as well as side to side. The front and rear of the car raises or lowers to simulate acceleration or braking and they lean when they go into curves. This is the most realistic set-up I have seen, recognizing some of the same technology we use in our business. The drivers are equipped with a helmet and face shield, and even have a communication system that allows them to talk to the other drivers in the race. The audio allows the onlookers to hear the conversations between drivers as well as communication from each driver's pit crew which at first I think is simulated. Then I realize that in the cubicles across the way, people are playing the game by managing the different car's strategy, pit stops, fuel and tire wear. Watching the big screen, it takes me several minutes to see that Patti is in the current race with three other participants, one is female, and the other two are guys. Patti's Pit boss is a man, but I haven't figured out how to tell which person is in which cubicle over there. I make my way down the row, peeking into each cubicle. About three quarters way down the middle aisle, I find her and work my way over to a seat so I can watch the race. Patti is in one of the race cars, with helmet and face shield on, it looks like she is really into this. She is aggressively driving and seems to have teamed up with a girl in another car. They help each other against the two guys they are racing. The picture on the screen is so realistic that I am captured watching the race. She is holding her own, ahead of both the men, and keeps changing positions with the girl she has teamed up with. Behind me, I hear a man speak into a small two-way saying that his driver has to make a pit-stop because the tread life on his tires is almost used up. He then steps out of the room. As soon as he says this, another voice comes on and tells the others that car 22 is pitting, if they need a stop this would be a good time. From the speakers we all hear the people talking over the system saying that they will be stopping for tires. The announcer also reminds them that their positions will be maintained and that the stop will be about 15 minutes because they need to reset some of the computers. The light is very dim where the participants are in their simulators but the huge screen illuminates the simulated racecars. Patti is strapped into the machine; the straps of the safety harness have her dress pulled way up. The smooth skin of her thighs covered in sheer stockings is clearly visible to all of the spectators. I stop watching the screen and watch my pretty wife control the car as she smoothly brings it off the track. When the screen stops moving I can see her visibly relax and slump a little, the tenseness of this race must seem real. The cars have no sides, only a seat with a five-point harness, steering wheel, clutch brake and accelerator pedals, and a digital dashboard. All of the hydraulics and mechanisms are exposed except for the rounded hump which runs under the seat from rear to front. The men start helping with the buckles and clips of the harness to let her out of the machine. There is a large clock visible overhead counting down the time until start-up. Her dress is in disarray she has tucked the front hem under because they use a realistic five-point harness that includes one strap between the legs. I can see that the strap that comes from under the front of the seat has pinned her dress way up on her legs and the crisscross of the upper part of the harness has pull the dress so tight that her firm breast are straining against the thin material. I am momentarily distracted because one of the men looks familiar. My mind churns to come up with a name. He looks like one of the men we had to eliminate a few years ago in Arizona. I make a mental note to check on this. Patti just lays her head back against the seat and lets them work on her. I watch intently as each man runs one hand under the shoulder strap and down across her chest to work it loose. There is a lot of contact. Patti does not seem to notice this or if she does, she does not acknowledge the contact. Though I can't see her face, her taunt nipples pushing against the thin fabric gives me the impression that she knows it, feels it, allows it, and is enjoying the 'accidental' touching. With the harness released, she throws a leg over the hump and swivels on the seat, one of the men holds her arms as she steps out of the machine. The other has his hands at her waist to guide her around the machinery. They both guide her through the semi-darkness to the steel ladder that accesses the pit. Both men have a hand on her back as she starts up the ladder. I meet her at the top and to open the gate in the railing that separates the pit from the spectators and help her with the last step. "That's quite a game!" I say. She is breathless with excitement. "That was awesome!" "It doesn't seem like a game, it is so real!" she continues, "Look at this!" and shows me the underside of her face shield. It has some type of graphics screen built-in," Patti says. "When the game starts, this screen comes on and you are actually in the car. When you turn your head you can see the other cars and the crowd and everything!" she takes a breath, "It's so real it is scary." We are interrupted by the waitress bringing another round of drinks; I pay her and leave a nice tip. From behind I hear a young man say, "I'll take over, Ms Patti." I turn to meet a freckle-faced, nerdy looking young guy; Patti goes by me and hugs the guy, "Donny, thank you so much for letting me take those laps." The guy replies, "Anytime Miss Patti, you actually improved my position. I want you to come back and race with me again, Soon!" he adds, "I practice here every afternoon from 1:30 to about 3:00 because it is almost deserted, It would be great fun if you can stop by sometime. Please," he adds with a serious look on his face. "One condition." She smiles, coyly. "Sure, anything!" he says. "You gotta let me have one more turn. Right now." she says with a pleading smile, "I think I have figured out how to win this race!" "OK," he says, "Anyway, Sherri said she really likes racing with you." From behind us, "Yeah, she has great technique, totally rad!" All three of us turn to see a pretty young woman dressed in black with purple hair. "I'm Sherri," she says introducing herself, "I wondered what was going on. The Geekster didn't tell me he was taking a break." Looking Patti directly in the eyes, "You have a real killer streak, Honey." she states. A horn blows and the lights dim and brighten a couple of times. A neon ring around the big clock highlights it counting down from five minutes. An announcer says, "Drivers, take your positions." The lights dim another notch and slowly the area becomes very dark. The only illumination comes from the huge screen. Without comment, Patti pulls the gate open and steps over to the steel ladder and begins the climb back into the pit. I move to the railing and see the two men below. Another man joins them; he gives a thumbs-up to the crowd. I turn to see the nerdy guy signaling back before walking away with the girl named Sherri. This quick exchange makes the hairs rise on the back of my neck. I look back down in the pit and watch one of the men help Patti put her helmet on and snap the electronic faceplate in place, then the other two lead her carefully to the racer. One of them slaps her on the ass and says, "Good luck little lady, you are really hot!" Patti takes her seat, swinging her leg over the hump. The third man pulls the strap between her legs before she has a chance to tuck the hem of her dress. He holds the strap below her chest as the other two bring the straps around her waist and down over her shoulders. They crowd close while making the connections. When they step back, they give each other a thumbs-up and walk away. I can see the tenseness in Patti's shoulders as she gets ready for the start. In front of the seat, her legs straddle a hump that appears to house some of the mechanics; the small gear shifter is mounted to one side of it. She tries to motion to the men to help her with something as the race begins; she quickly puts both hands back on the wheel and makes a slow start on to the track. Her dress is pulled tightly across her legs and a hint of powder blue shows. Both her shapely legs seem to be highlighted by the thigh top stockings completely exposed this time. I look around to see if anyone else has noticed and see that everyone in the small arena is very aware of the pretty sight before them. Two of the young women are whispering and giggling. The race continues, and the big screen is alive with the action, the view cycles from an overhead view of the track to cockpit views from each of the four cars. Every few seconds it shows the drivers strapped in their machines. I can see the muscles flexing in Patti"s arms as well as the taught muscles of her thighs as she continually works the accelerator on one side and the brake on the other. She begins wriggling in the seat, sliding herself lower toward the front of the car. That's what all her wiggling around was, they have left the seat too far back and she is straining to reach the pedals. She is in continual movement as she concentrates, overtaking one car and cutting off another as it comes from behind. I hear giggling again and look back to see an empty seat beside the two girls. It's difficult to make out much of what they are saying. On the track Patti and Sherri are working as a team. Next to me I hear, "Look at that new bitch's score, I bet Charlie is going to shit," says the girl with tight jeans. "Yeah, if she beats his lovely Daryl, he'll make her pay." the blonde girl says with distaste. "I think Charley and Daryl are fuck buddies." "You know they really got rough with that other bitch last week." "I heard," The first girl says, "And she hasn't been back either." I lean a little closer, trying to watch the action on the screen and hear this conversation at the same time. There is a column of numbers at the top of the screen that must be the score they are talking about. The girl with jeans says, "Didn't you beat Daryl a few weeks ago?" "Yeah and it was so-o-o sweet until they got me in the tunnel on the way to the winners circle," the blonde said with anger in her voice. "What happened? Did they hurt you?" "They almost raped me inside that damned tunnel. I came in third but my points were higher than poor Daryl." She looked around before continuing, "Charley held both my arms and Ben and Jerry had their hands all over me. I thought they were going to pinch my tits off." "Did you scream?" "I tried but they stuffed a rag in my mouth. Actually before it was over with, I was so turned on, I asked them not to stop." she said with a giggle. "Cheryl, I can't believe you said that!" "I was scared at first, but Charley said if I shut up, they wouldn't hurt me. Then that damn Ben started sucking on my tits and Jerry started whacking my leg with the biggest dick I ever seen." "How big was it?" jeans asked. The girl named Cheryl replied, "I don't know, but it was the biggest one I've ever seen. I think I'm going to beat that piece of shit Daryl again just so I can have a chance to try it out." "Girl, you are soo bad!" I hear another horn and figure out that this is the last lap of the race. I haven't figured out how the scoring works but I see that Sherri is listed as number four and Patti is number One. Next to me I hear, "Look at that! Let's get down to the winners circle and see what the bitch looks like when she comes out of the tunnel." I try the gate leading to the pit but it is locked. The two men are already working on Patti when the third walks up to help. They are blocking my view. I can't see the contact again during the removal of the harness. One of the guys helps her step clear of the machine. The guys are yelling and holding Patti's arms up in a victory dance of sorts. The third man gives her a big hug and smacks her on the ass, before helping get her helmet off. Patti has a huge grin on her face and is jumping up and down like a kid. She pretends to bow and one of the guys smacks her ass, when she turns around to bow the other way, they slap her ass again. It appears to be a congratulatory thing. The guys keep holding her arms up and turning her around and swatting her ass.

# Our waitress appears out of the rear end of the pit with a tray of what looks like champagne and hands a glass to Patti, She gulps it down and is immediately handed another. The waitress gets a couple of swats as well but they stop before she drops her tray. After handing Patti the last glass, she disappears and the congratulations continue. Patti was tight before the racing started and the champagne is making her giggly. She starts swatting the guys back and laughing every time one of them gives her a congratulatory swat. I watch carefully for that look that gets in her eyes sometimes. The lights come back up as the four of them disappear into what I guess to be the tunnel where the waitress came from. I quickly leave the cubicle to find the winners circle. It's not hard to find, there is a crowd all around a small round stage near the doors we had come through earlier. There is a well dressed woman with a microphone, waiting and talking to some of the people in the crowd. After a few minutes, she makes an announcement that it will be just a few more minutes due to some technical difficulties. My temper starts to flare and I begin pushing my way through the throng of people. When I finally get to the front, Patti is walking up a stairway to the left of the stage and the woman quickly takes her hand and leads her to the stage. Patti looks fine, in a disheveled sort of way. She is obviously tipsy, trying to balance on her heels but she is smiling. The woman proceeds to introduce her and present her with a small trophy. Patti accepts it but declines to make a comment. I finally catch her eye and she immediately heads my way, leaving the woman alone on the stage. "That one is a little shy but she is one hell of a driver!" the woman says and the crowd roars. I take Patti's arm and lead her to a quiet spot. I ask, "Are you all right?" "Yes, I'm fine, just a little overwhelmed." She replies. Her voice sounds different. "You did a hell of a job out there." "Thanks, Hon. I need a drink." "I missed part of the celebration, you disappeared and I wasn't sure where to." "There is a tunnel that leads under the floor to the stairs, it's a long tunnel. I'll tell you about it in the car." The two girls from the cubicle come up to us and congratulate Patti. The girl named Cheryl asks, "How was it?" "It was like being in a real race!" Patti replied. "No I mean after?" Patti gives her a strange look before saying, "Come with me, we need to talk." To be continued...